

THE NOVITIATE;

OR,

A YEAR AMONG THE ENGLISH JESUITS.

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P R E F A C E.

A TRUNCATED biography, like a cone in the same condition, seems to require some account of the eliminated section. The author must disclose so much of his previous history, as will be necessary to enable the reader to comprehend, and duly to appreciate, the events that must, to a great extent, be intimately connected with the former.

The past, the present, and the future in the life of man, are three interjections in one and the same sentence ; and the reader whose heart can sympathise with the feeling indicated by the first, will respond, like the vibration of the musical string, to the sigh that saddens the second in the dirge of life.

I was born in an island situated between the tropics—a Swedish colony. My parents were of German and French origin : at the time of my birth, and long after, they were sufficiently wealthy.

My father was a "liberal" Protestant, my mother not a "bigoted" Catholic: still, of six children five were devoted to the baptism of Rome, and only one conceded to that of Luther.

To my seventh year, I was permitted to grow in health and strength, unmolested by study of any kind. Scorched and tanned by the vertical fierce sun of the tropics; battling ever and anon with the wild waves, and borne on their crests as they lashed the rocks of our sea-girt isle—with hook and line, seated on some solitary boulder, the waves breaking around—or with my father sailing in our pleasure-boat far out to sea, on that ocean which I had so often to cross in after life—or engaged in some handy-work at home, learning to use every mechanical tool—for my father prided himself in being able to work at every trade, self-taught: such was my childhood.

In my tenth year I lost my father. In my twelfth my mother took me from school, and consigned me to the care of a priest to prepare me for my first communion; or as she said, "to break me in." The dogmas of the faith were then imparted to me for the first time. The seeds of religion sank deep in the virgin soil—I embraced the faith with rapture—went to confession every week, and to communion every fortnight. Such was the result of two months; *exclusively* dedicated to the study of religion in the house of the priest. With religious fervour came.

zeal for the conversion of heretics. I studied controversy. In my twelfth year I strove to propagate the faith. I attacked the forlorn hope of my father's religion—my elder sister; and she was converted to the faith of Rome. I often think of the day when she surrendered to me her poor Common-Prayer Book to be transferred to the priest, at his request—then to be consigned *emendaturis ignibus*, to the cleansing fires!

My mother destined me for the medical profession: I studied it two years, vowing myself, meanwhile, to the priesthood. I obtained her consent, at length, and was sent to England. At St. Cuthbert's College, commonly called Ushaw, near Durham, I remained rather more than five years.

Within the first year after my arrival, I lost my mother: and then my night of bitterness began—every letter I received from my home gave a pang! By intense application to study, and increased devotional fervour, I strove to forget the fate that impended.

I was now a poor student on the funds of the college—pledged to the priesthood. Tolerable success in my studies tended to soothe the pangs of pride in humiliation.

Controversy continued to be my favourite study. It cost me "the faith." I argued myself into doubts.

By my nineteenth year I had read more than the course of studies required, or allowed, in classic and

general literature; in natural and moral philosophy: for I have never lost a day in idleness of mind since the hour when I first went to school, in my seventh year.

About this period a hope flashed on my mind, that I might be able, by returning to the world, to retrieve the fortunes of my family. This hope sounded a truce to my temptations against the faith, from which I longed to escape by a life of action; and I resolved to resign the certainties of the priesthood for the hopes of my dreams.

The reader is now in possession of all the information he requires, concerning my previous history.

In the Narrative that follows, he will find the next stage of my journey,—

“ While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest !”

ANDREW STEINMETZ.

Fakenham, Norfolk.

Feb. 1846.

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THE NOVITIATE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following narrative is an autobiography; with this distinction, that it is only the history of one year of my life—only twelve months: but a year of peculiar interest in a man's life, it must be allowed. During that time of trial, what opportunities of self-examination have I not had? In it I lived over again the past—I sought to anticipate the future. Separated from the world, from kindred, and friends—from all the ordinary pursuits and objects of life—from their anxieties, hopes, and fears—I gazed upon the world as a dispassionate observer, who was to mix in its concerns, perhaps take an active part in its management, without entertaining a thought of self, or having any individual interest to forward. I was trained in spirit as men are trained in body who have to struggle desperately for mastery, or to per-

form feats which seem impossible to ordinary mortals. The novice of the Society of JESUS has to pierce into his own mind, to examine the depths of his nature, to consider his affections, to feed (so to speak) on his own heart. *He* has wrenched himself from father and mother, brother and sister, friends and connections—in a word, from society, root and branch, in order to be reconstituted as an individual, according to the plan and system laid down by IGNATIUS of LOYOLA. His battle has been with “nocturnal fear” and “the noon-day devil;” he has wrestled with the angel; he has gone through the fires of temptation; and if he has *not* become a Jesuit, he can look back dispassionately on the process through which he has passed; and, perhaps, instruct his fellow-creatures with the narrative of his experience, without indulging any ill will towards those who permitted him to try their method.

It is this that I purpose to do in these pages. My object is truth alone. I desire to exhibit the Jesuits and their course of instruction exactly as I found them and it. I have no motive for concealment or exaggeration. It has been usual to exhibit the men among whom for a time my lot was cast, as either angels or devils; I shall merely represent them as I found them. I would rather that my statements should be accused of wanting interest than attempt to make them startling by the insertion of fictitious details. I leave others to furnish materials for romance. My aim is less to amuse the idle, than to afford information to those serious and earnest

minds, who, surveying the rapid growth and expansion of Jesuit power, ask whether the movement is for good or for evil—who would fain know something authentic of the training, organization, and government of that tremendous Society, which once enacted so great a part in the history of the world, and now again appearing on the scene, changed to suit the changes of the world—adapted to its new wants, wishes, conditions, trials, and temptations—aims once more to obtain supremacy over the mind and actions of mankind.

At the same time, I trust that there is no breach of confidence in divulging the doings of the Novitiate; since the object of all the discipline of training-houses of every description being honest and honourable, there can be no rational objection to the means being known to all the world. No promise was exacted from me to that effect; therefore, it is to be presumed, the reverend fathers were not ashamed of anything that took place in the Novitiate—at least, I hope not.

Since I left the Novitiate, I have often spoken of my experience to my friends, and, as they have been interested with my recital, I have imagined that a narrative of my spiritual training and progress, under the influence of the famous "Exercises" of IGNATIUS, may be instructive at this time, when pious people seem to be convulsed all over the world—yearning after change, desirous of novelty, uncertain what to do with their souls. Let them not fancy that the Jesuits will be inactive spectators of any movement

that takes place in the religious or political constitutions of the world. They are spread abroad over the earth; they are mixing in all societies; they have their institutions in the midst of the most crowded marts of life. People must not imagine that the "Wandering Jew" has demolished the Society more effectually than the "Provincial Letters" of old; and still less must they opine that the severe measures against the Jesuits in France have materially damaged the "cause"—far from it: the hydra will put forth more heads than have been lopped off; and, what is more, I will venture to predict that the secret machinations of the redoubtable conspirators will, before very long, be found to have given them a pretty solid foundation even in this country, the bulwark of Protestantism. The Jesuits are tough fellows; every man amongst them has all the strong motives for action, which give force, energy, intention to the whole body, and the whole body moves as *one* man. To my mind the Jesuits, or rather Loyola, has devised a system which gives to his sons all the properties which the Creator has given to "matter:" that is, the true Jesuit has mobility, divisibility, malleability, compressibility, tenacity, elasticity, and porosity. It is to all these *mental* qualities of these wonderful workers that we must ascribe their signal triumphs in every quarter of the globe, and their *greatness* even in defeat and desolation. They have such fascination that their deadliest enemies have, in the moment of their extreme peril, declared themselves their "friends indeed." Witness the conduct

of the Russian cabinet at the time of their suppression: the very power which had pertinaciously resisted and proscribed their attempts, received them with open arms when rejected, even from the paternal bosom of the "Holy Father," who disowned his best supporters! It is no wonder that these men look upon themselves as the objects of special Providence, and walk forward, muffled in portentous gloom, to the grand consummation which they still believe will make amends for their past humiliation. But that gloom is a blind only to their enemies: there is a beacon-light in their van,—they fancy, at least, that they see it, and they march on confident of victory.

I confess that I cannot refrain from admiring the unflinching tenacity of these men. To the philosopher there can be but one opinion with regard to their practices, doctrines, and morality; but putting these questions aside, I propose to show them forth in a psychological and social point of view: how they twist and wrench, and bend and dove-tail poor humanity to serve their purposes, that is: "*For the greater glory of God*"—the standing motto, as every one knows, of the Jesuits.

Bold or submissive—firm as a rock, or pliant as a willow—the Jesuit must know his "time for all things"—when a virtue must be possessed or feigned, or a vice be absent or dissembled. Thus *without*, he is a *Proteus* of wonderful versatility—*within*, always and for ever the same—*man of obedience*—fashioned

and trained in heart and mind strongly to will, and promptly to act—and yet, if it should seem more expedient, content to bide his time! He has had certain principles of action drilled into him over and over again; he has been made to acquire a perfect mastery over himself; he has been set to study himself before the mirror of perpetual self-examination; he has been humbled to the very dust in ten thousand trials, in all which he has stood firm to the test; he has been “inspired” with the belief—as firm as his belief in God—that obedience to his superior can never be wrong; he has been impressed with the conviction that he has no tie on earth or in society, but to his *order*: something more than a *nominis umbra*—indeed, its very name is guaranteed immortality, by the exalted source of its derivation!

Again, the Jesuit is a *picked* man. No one will be admitted into the Novitiate, who is the least *deformed*; he must be guiltless of any public or notorious crime; he should be born in lawful wedlock. He must have talent of some kind: rather more than average abilities. For the rest, it will be shown hereinafter, what care they take to teach the novice the useful art of “behaving himself in company.” Talk of “Hints on Etiquette!” The Jesuits can show you a huge folio on the subject, written for the study of the novices by one of their own Society; which, as all the world knows, can boast of writers on every subject from the most trivial to the most important.

I shall have occasion to speak of the origin and progress of this Society, but I have first to narrate the commencement of my personal connection with it.

CHAPTER II.

THE INSPIRATION, AND RECEPTION AT STONYHURST.

I SHALL never forget the glow of enthusiasm that sent the blood rushing through my heart when I first conceived the idea of becoming a *Jesuit*.

It was in London—in Fleet-street. I can point out the very stone of the pavement on which I stood at that eventful moment. Hardly an instant was given for consideration. The idea took complete possession of my mind, and I believed it to be an inspiration. I turned on my heel, wended my way to — street, knocked, was admitted, and stood in the presence of a—Jesuit, for the first time in my life.

My resolve, though it assumed the character of religious enthusiasm, was not, I must confess, wholly free from worldly feelings. My position at that time may be stated in the very words which I addressed to the agent of the Jesuits. I was in a strange land, disappointed in all my hopes, friendless, despairing; and—with every reason, as I thought, to be so—dis-

gusted with the world—ay, disgusted with this beautiful world, which offers an equal share of bliss to all, if we would only learn to adapt our minds to the state in which we find ourselves, and would fall back, in the very midst of the worst destiny, on the soothing, and, I may say, proud conviction, that because we are permitted to *live*, therefore are we the favoured retainers of a beneficent Providence, which has some work for us to do.

The reverend gentleman listened to my animated address apparently with interest. When I concluded, he put several questions to me respecting my former life, the place where I was educated, and finished with assuring me that, if I could get testimonials of my good conduct from the president of the college in which I had been brought up, there was every probability of my being received into the Novitiate. In the mean time he advised me to go to the library of the British Museum and read the "Constitutions of the Society." He promised me that he would write to the Provincial on the subject, but said that some time would elapse before a final answer would be given. "Still," he added, "you may hope for the best."

If my enthusiasm was great before I entered the house, it was transcendent when I left! Despair was changed into hope! I looked up to Heaven, and breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. I blessed the misfortunes that had hurled me into poverty, apparently but to lead me to the destiny which was appointed for me by Heaven.

It is singular how great a change was wrought in my feelings by this brief interview with the reverend father. His hopeful words, acting on my mind then excited to the highest pitch of religious enthusiasm, made me believe myself under the especial guidance of Providence: this belief affected the course of my conduct, and made even trivial circumstances appear to me direct interpositions of Heaven.

I was aware that I could not enter the library of the Museum without a recommendation; but I did not hesitate to enter boldly, search the catalogues, and write for the book I wanted. I was now in the hands of Providence; and the barriers of human will, against such a motive, were as nought. One must have felt this species of enthusiasm to comprehend it in its fullest extent.

I was not disappointed. The book was brought to me without a question. I considered this trivial incident as another Divine interposition. I read with avidity the pages which were to me a new Gospel or "good tidings" of the happy vocation to which I was called: nay, as I conceived, *predestined*; for I now clearly discovered that every circumstance of my life was but a link of the celestial chain that extended from my birth to the bosom of *IGNATIUS*!

Week after week I called on the agent, but no answer had been sent. My visits were short, but still long enough for scrutinising questions as to my "vocation." I stood the test—my enthusiasm had increased, not diminished. Though, strange to say,

I had read every book that had been written *against* the Jesuits, and saw reason to believe many of the charges, still I set them all aside with this sincere exclamation: "Whatever they have been, or *are*, Heaven calls me to this Society. I, at least, will be an *honest* Jesuit!"

At length an answer came—I was accepted!
"Thank God!" said I to the agent, "then I have not lived in vain!"

But, *medio de fonte leporum—surgit amari aliquid*; I was in debt for my lodgings! When aware of my circumstances, the agent gave me the requisite sum of money—thus, thought I, Heaven has repurchased my body as it had my soul! I was affected to tears by my emotion, and by the mark of confidence and regard which was given me on the threshold of my Novitiate.

In the month of February, 1838, I left London for Stonyhurst—the world for religion—*myself* for "the phantom of hope!"

On reaching Liverpool, my first visit was to a priest who had been my master of elocution at college. With this kind gentleman I spent a pleasant day. My fervour was increased by his religious and philosophical conversation.

On the following day, I set out once more for Stonyhurst—my first stage being to Blackburn. I arrived at Blackburn in the afternoon; and, not having money enough to pay for a conveyance, I left my trunk, and set out on foot for the college, ten or twelve miles distant. It was a brilliant frosty

night of February. The silent stars looked down on my pilgrimage as the eyes of approving Heaven. Oh! what a future seemed opening before me! I felt as **IGNATIUS** must have felt when he set forth to dedicate his body and soul to "our Lady of Montserrat;" but I regretted that I had no arms to hang up on her altar as trophies of the "Queen of Heaven."*

Accustomed to long walks from one end of London to the other, I felt my strength redoubled by the hopes whose first earnest of fulfilment was now in my grasp—my admission to the Novitiate!

Mile after mile on the frost-flinty road I measured—my thoughts far away in the brilliant future.

In spite of my inquiries at the few cottages I passed, I missed my way twice—till at last the towers of the ancient mansion cast their lengthened shadows towards me, as the moon, declining to the west, lavished upon their aged heads that inspiring light in which "ruined battlement and tower" seem to dream of "other days"—seem to meditate their history, pensively, sadly, as one whose regrets awake no kindred feeling of pity or of love.

I knocked, was admitted, and led to a parlour, where I did not wait many minutes before one of the Fathers made his appearance. He was the rector of the college at that time—a man of mild, bland features, and tender expression. He has since then been sent forth to the vineyard, and has had the gratification, as I have been informed, to "re-

* **BOUHOURS**—*La Vie de St. Ignace*, liv. i.

ceive into the church" more than one, or two, or three of the Tractarian harvest.

I was received with welcome, and congratulated on my zeal which had not grudged a walk of twelve miles in the holy cause. "Welcome to the Society of JESUS!" said the gentleman just alluded to, cordially grasping my hand—and his kind manner compensated for the uncouth bluntness of another Jesuit who came in shortly after.

A good supper was kindly prepared for me; and after a short conversation—for the Fathers commiserated my long walk—I was shown to my room—to sleep and dream of my happy lot!

On the following day, which was Sunday, I "offered up the mass" in thanksgiving for the glorious vocation which was vouchsafed unto me; never doubting that I had at length found the destiny to which I was born, and had only "to go forth and conquer."

On the Monday I was formally enrolled: my name, age, &c., being recorded in the book kept for that purpose. After the lapse of two days, which I spent very agreeably with the reverend fathers, I was told that my room was ready to receive me at the Novitiate, and that the "Father of the Novices" would be glad to see me as soon as possible. I must state that I had passed much of my time since my arrival with different "Fathers," whose care was to prepare my mind for my future life in the Novitiate, and to *observe my character*, according to the custom of the Jesuits.

The "Constitutions" require twelve or twenty days, and even a longer period, as the Superior may think fit, to be spent by the future novice in this preliminary probation. Formerly a separate part of the establishments was consecrated to this ordeal. No intercourse was permitted with any one not deputed by the Superior, and those who had the candidate in charge were to instruct him in those concerns of the Society which he might safely know; whilst by the same intercourse the Society would become more fully cognisant of his character "in our Lord."* This is a convenient set-phrase which may be called the talisman of IGNATIUS; for almost every page of the "Constitutions" iterates it with such seeming solemnity, that one is well nigh apt to believe that the "Constitutions" are one thing, and the Jesuits another—a belief to which I admit my inclination.

Notwithstanding the rule of the "Constitutions" just given, I was not kept longer than three days as a "guest:" very few questions were put to me. I could gain but little information concerning the Society from my companions; so that although my time passed, so to speak, very agreeably, I was not sorry when I received the order to start for the Novitiate.

I think I am fully justified in saying, in the introduction, that the Order is changed to suit the changes of society: perhaps the sequel will further attest this judgment. The changes may be small, but they show a clever adaptability to meet the re-

* Const. Part i. cap, 4. et Decl. A. Part i.

quirements of the age. If the Jesuit owes his *youth* to the spirit of the "Constitutions," he has to thank the obloquy of fame, the design of his order, his segregation from humanity, for his *manhood*—that manhood which no honest man envies in the mind of him whose greatness stoops to craft—whose virtue dallies with vice—whose gifts to humanity are bribes to the frivolous, and whose religion, if it is not the advancement, the aggrandizement of his order, is certainly the lever which is made to work to *that* unconquerable lust of his burning heart—that advancement, that aggrandizement of his order!

CHAPTER III.

IMPRESSIONS.

THE impression made on my mind by the "Fathers" of the Society, at my first interview and in subsequent conversations, was by no means such as I had expected to receive from the sons of IGNATIUS. BONAPARTE said, "Qu'il ne faut jamais se faire de tableaux;" but I am a physiognomist: I love a fine face, and still more a fine head. Aware of what the "Constitutions" require on that score, I was disappointed with the specimens of Jesuits who had me in charge for the few days before I went to Hodder-house. I had pictured them to myself as keen-eyed, quick, and intellectual: I found them generally the reverse. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact (which should be known), that the Jesuits in England send out their best men to work "in the vineyard;" apparently conscious that, if the out-posts be well defended, the inner fortress must be secure. The agent in London and the Provincial were thus exceptions. The former, from the very first interview, seemed to me a something of former days: there was that in his flashing

eye, massive brows, and dark features, which told a history to come that might be not unlike the past. He was a man of few words, and spoke without "superlatives," according to the practice of Ignatius.* He seemed to me a man of strong passions, and yet eminently prudent. His glance was vivid, but it did not centre in my eyes: it fell somewhere below the eyelids. I never enjoyed that pleasure, to me most gratifying, of mingling glance with glance in the heart's uprightness. His exterior, though rather portly, was imposing from its altitude; and he sat like one whose mind is never idle, and whose portrait, if taken by a hundred different pencils, would still present in each the same expression—like that of Dr. Johnson, or Napoleon.

Of his acquirements I was unable to judge, my visits being very short—shorter than I wished. Of his natural endowments I am perfectly convinced: he has tact, energy, and penetration. His extreme caution was exhibited in the fact, that he positively refused to apply for an introduction to the library of the Museum for me: "he did not wish to come forward." I asked him to lend me the "Constitutions;" this, he said, he was not allowed to do.† Hence my successful attempt to "dispense" with the regulations of the library—an attempt which would be very difficult in the present organization of the reading-room.

A curious incident, which I will now relate, may enable the reader to appreciate, according to its true

* Bouhours, *La Vie de St. Ignace*, liv. vi.

† According to *Rule xxxviii.*

standard value, much of the Jesuit-discipline to be detailed in the sequel:—

At the agent's request I wrote for testimonials to St. Cuthbert's college, stating to the president my intention of joining the society. I forgot to give my address in the letter; and not having received the reply on the expected day, I went to the agent to tell him of my disappointment. On being admitted, he pointed to a letter on the mantelpiece; I opened it and found that it was the president's letter. I read it off to the Jesuit: it began with stating why it was sent to the agent's well-known address, viz., on account of my omission; and proceeded to testify that, in the absence of any moral fault, I had given indications of considerable mental extravagance, impatience to discipline, &c.; and he left it to the agent to decide whether my subsequent trials in the world had sobered my mind to the requisite submission.

Having read the letter aloud, I handed it to my judge, saying, "Will this 'character' do, sir?"

"Certainly," said he; "these are not impediments: means will be given you in the Novitiate to conquer and govern your mind."*

I should, perhaps, inform the reader that I had already presented my testimonials of success in my academical career at college.

I often tried to gain his ideas on his profession; but a very laconic answer, which referred me to the

* This opinion was perfectly in accordance with the *declar. b.* Part i. cap. 3. Const. Sed quia accidere posset, aliquem hujusmodi defectum aliis præclaris Dei donis compensari, &c.

“Constitutions,” was all that I could ever get from him. I remember, on one occasion, I alluded to the charges made against the Society. “What do they accuse us of?” said he, freezingly. I was rather startled by this apparent ignorance, and, in self-defence, stumbled on the Paraguay affair. “It is all false, sir,” said he, “from beginning to end;” and he began to give me some spiritual advice. This is curious; but the fact is, I believe, that the Jesuits are, for the most part, kept in total ignorance of their own history in general. A discretion is used in this matter, as in the permission to read the Scriptures generally among Roman Catholics; and only “the great and glorious deeds” of Holy Father IGNATIUS (as he is called, *par excellence*) of Father XAVIER, Father CAMPION, Father PARSONS, &c., are familiar to the uninitiated. I say uninitiated; for the members of the society, like the wheels in a clock, have different stations, more or less removed from the main-spring; and it is only after a long and severe probation that the favoured members are admitted to the grand concerns of this mysterious body.* Even the spiritual books written by accredited Roman Catholic divines are not permitted to be read

* Primum ne libellus iste (Compendium Privilegiorum) uspiam rursus typis sine permissu nostro edatur. Deinde ut exemplaria, quæ singulis Domibus et Collegiis distribui curavimus, ut *Superiorum*, et *Consultorum* usui præcipuè inserviant: in suis quæque Domibus, et Collegiis semper retineantur, nec inde ad alia loca asportentur. Poterunt tamen cum facultate Provincialis commodato nostris ad ea perlegendam concedi—sic tamen, ut diligenter priùs admoneantur, ne ea circumferantur, neve ostendantur, et multò magis, ne dentur externis. Ordin. Præp. Gen. c. xi.

without extreme caution. I need not state the fact, that no Jesuit is allowed to read a book without the *permission of his superiors* ;* this is an all-important rule of the "Institute."

The Provincial I saw seldom, except at meals, during the few days in question ; and but very few words passed, otherwise than professional, when he admitted me into the society. He seemed eminently a man of business, and one who knew the value of a flattering hint ; for when, on referring to the Jesuit calendar of remarkable *socii*, he observed the name of the one for that day—which, as chance would have it, was just the *half of my own patronymic* †—he wished me joy of the good omen, and shook hands with gratifying emotion. I afterwards met him in the Novitiate, when he spoke very feelingly on the downfall of the society.

But, for the most part, I saw few indications of talent, or even of extensive information, amongst the "Fathers" introduced to me. To one of them I put the question, "How it happened that, amongst so many clever men of the society, no triumphant answer was put forth to meet the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal?" "There was," said he ; "but Father Daniel's reply was heavy—it lacked the wit of Pascal." I expected this answer, and dropped the subject. The same gentleman was, I remember, very anxious to prepare my mind to submit, as he said, to the Novitiate. One of his remarks I think worth recording. He said—"Sir, I am only anxious lest a mind, used to inquiry, should compel you to ask too frequently,

* Reg. viii.

† Andrew Metz, a German.

in the practices of the Novitiate, *Cui bono?*” “But,” said I, “the object—the end—how sublime!—to the greater glory of God! Shall I not *thus* answer the rebellious *cui bono* of pride?”

I was sincere, and he exulted in my devotion to the sacred cause.

Whilst passing through the library of the “seminary,” I observed some works on geology; and upon my asking the “master” if he favoured a science so replete with strange inductions, he replied, “We must keep pace with the age; these are eventful times; we must be armed at all points.”

I must confess that, notwithstanding the kindness shown to me on all sides, my enthusiasm—nourished as it had been by the study of the “Constitutions” of the Society, and by preconceived ideas of Jesuit intellectuality and austerity,—suffered considerable diminution during the few days that I spent as “a guest” at the college, previously to my entrance on probation. It was not, perhaps, the fault of the Jesuits to whom I allude, that I found them less intellectual, less austere, than my ideal model; but it is in accordance with the promised scope of this narrative that I should signalise the minutest fact that can throw its reflected light on the system to which those men belong. In my intercourse with them, it was assuredly their object to influence my mind so as to fall in with their views on every subject;—the conduct, the manners of each member, therefore, were to me the criterions of what the “training,” which I was to undergo, had left in the Jesuits in question. From the

impressions made on my mind by the "Constitutions," I expected to find extraordinary virtue; from their history, I looked for extraordinary men: in both expectations I was painfully disappointed. Few men could be more indulgent to poor human nature than I always have been, and am at the present time; but I was certainly "scandalised" at hearing, on the *Sunday* after my arrival, a daily newspaper read, over "our wine" after dinner. I was unedified at the irrepressible merriment of one of the fathers, when ridiculing the manner and expression of some absent individual on whom the conversation turned. Had I found these Jesuits as austere as LA-TRAPPISTS, I should have been more at ease, with regard to my "vocation," than I was at finding them, in the matter and manner of their conversation, passable "men of the world." Indications of bodily "mortifications" were certainly invisible: the men alluded to were decidedly well-conditioned, evidencing that the good things and comforts of this world are not always "of none effect" on the bodies of those whose minds are systematically devoted "to the greater glory of God." Whether the phenomena alluded to were equivocal—in fact, whether there was a "mental reservation" in what seemed of the world so worldly,—I will not undertake to decide. I state impressions: apparent inconsistencies, which damped the ardour of my enthusiastic devotion.

On the other hand, turning to my own individual tastes and habits, there was much to console me—there was much to flatter hope. I was to live among

men whose very name has become a pass-word to literature—men who considered intellectual eminence worthy of emulation, and had the means, by sequestration from the world and by ample wealth, of encouraging every talent and predilection to their greatest development: by determined exercise, rendered doubly efficient by the soul-satisfying motives of conscience—the greater glory of God—the good of religion—the exaltation of the sublimest hopes that can warm the heart or guide the pen. I saw around me all the traces of dignity in ease. The time-honoured walls of the old lordly mansion, now a hall of literary pursuits; the land and tenements attached—in times of old exclusively appropriated to the support of individual wealth—perhaps, of pride and sensuality,—now sanctified, so to speak, by being heaven-destined to administer to the corporeal necessities of those who had left all things in order to feed the souls of men unto eternal life. Such were my reflections. Applying them to my own motives—my own hopes, the sweetness at the heart which ensued easily induced me to overlook, to palliate, what seemed discordant with the beautiful harmony which thus could unite in my imagination things human and divine: a harmony of all that is of heaven, heavenly; with that only of earth which is rational and necessary—and *no more*.

I have now given the reader a faithful reflection of my mind and sentiments at the time in question; and I trust that all my subsequent conduct, as detailed in these pages, will be found consistent with this reflec-

tion. If I misled myself in the desperate step which I took, it is in my power now to make amends by a conscientious account of my experience during the year that followed my admission into the Society of the Jesuits : or, as I then fervently called it, the Society of JESUS.

CHAPTER IV.

ADMISSION TO THE NOVITIATE.

At length, accompanied by two or three members of the Society, I went to "Hodder-house"—so the Novitiate is called. I was received at the door by the Father of the Novices, who seized my hand with rapture, kissed it, and, leading me to the little chapel, knelt down, to offer, I suppose, a thanksgiving similar to mine of the previous Sunday. I was much affected by the fervour of this venerable-looking man: his hair grey with age, and his countenance furrowed by care or religious mortifications. I found him throughout a kind, simple man; but was always at a loss to imagine the cause of a perpetual sadness which dimmed his features.

A "brother-novice" led me over the various parts of the house, and then I was introduced to all the novices, who were assembled in the "recreation-room."

All the novices wore long black cassocks, with a strip of the material of which they were made hanging down from the shoulders: to typify, I believe, the

wings on which, by meditation, the soul soars to heaven. They had caps which seemed very much the worse for wear—a fact which was afterwards explained by another, viz., that for the sake of “mortification” the old clothes and cast-off habiliments, &c., of the students at the college were consigned to the use of the novices. There was nothing, however, in their countenances that indicated excessive austerity, or much success in the art of looking religious; which, of course, is to be acquired only by practice: by *after-practice*, when the devout novice shall have been transformed into a devoted Jesuit, *factus ad unguem*, fashioned to a nicety—according to the memorable pattern exhibited by Ignatius to his followers, namely, “as soft wax in the hands of his superior, to take what form he pleases!”

After this introduction, the novices left the room. I remained with the brother who had me in charge, and whose duty it was to apprise me of all the regulations of the establishment: the hours of rest and rising, the things that might and might not be done—in fine, he was to be my dictionary, my encyclopedia for the week, to be consulted on every emergency in my difficulties touching the “exact science” of probationary discipline. He was a little man, not very prepossessing in features, but nevertheless very obliging, and extremely attentive. I may observe here, by the way, that it was most unfortunate for my “vocation,” as the result proved, that I could not harmonise with the men with whom I came into im-

mediate contact : somehow or other, *desideravère oculi quicquid*, my mind or my heart always found something wanting ; so that I was always, as it were, on a bed of thorns, even when in full devotional bloom.

As the wintry evening had closed in, we remained at the fireside in the recreation-room, till the bell rang for supper. My companion then instantly rose, and rehearsed the *Angelus* ; to which I responded as well as this sudden appeal to my religious memory (somewhat weakened by worldly pursuits) would allow, and then accompanied him to the refectory.

The novices stood in front of the tables on both sides of the room ;—the Superior entered, went to his table near the fire-place, and said grace in Latin, the novices repeating the responses with ready exactness and solemn cadence.

During supper I could not help observing that the novices never raised their eyes from the square foot of surface that included their plate and cup : this was “keeping custody of eyes,” as I shall afterwards explain more at large. I saw their faces, but they did not see mine ; so that, by sympathy, I imitated their pious demeanour, feeling, as it were, ashamed of my worldly curiosity.

The silence, too—for not a word was spoken to ask for aught or in thanks for the supply—had a solemnity in it which had never struck me before ; though, from my youth upwards, I had been accustomed to eat where “no talking was allowed.” All that was needed was before us, or the vigilant “waiters”—

conscientious novices as they were—anticipated every want.

As soon as the novelty of the scene had produced its first effect, my attention was directed to the reader, who was delivering to us the axioms on politeness alluded to in the introduction. These axioms were composed in Latin: good Ciceronian Latin; which indeed most of the ancient Jesuits wrote on every topic prescribed or sanctioned by Holy Obedience. I regretted that I had not fallen in with that book before; for at that period of my life, I was engaged in collecting the most remarkable axioms of all writers ancient and modern.

The fact of this book being read to the novices was highly gratifying—I saw in it the presage of the men who were “to be armed at all points.”

When about half an hour had elapsed, or rather when all the novices had finished their meal, the Superior rose—a simultaneous but orderly rising of all the novices followed—grace was said and responded to—the Superior led the way, and we followed him to the chapel, where we remained for a few minutes, and thence proceeded to the recreation-room.

All the novices knelt down on entering the room for a second or two, and then commenced the clatter of tongues, once more joyfully free.

I have not a distinct remembrance of the topics discussed during that hour of recreation. One thing, however, was evident, there was nothing spoken that the most scrupulous ear could object to: the subjects mooted being either devotional, or Jesuitico-historical.

It was a strange sensation, that: I mean that produced by being in the company of young, buoyant men, who did not *blush* in speaking of *religion*, and the practices of devotion! It struck me at the time, as worthy of remark, how soon the human mind adapts itself to influences from without, after once the idea of uncompromising necessity is impressed upon the will. Here were youths who left college only the year before,—here were two full grown men who seemed to have known the world. They had spent but one year in the Novitiate, and yet they talked of the soul's concerns as if they had passed their lives with Jerome in the "howling wilderness."

Was it the necessity for *talking* only, on *any* subject, so urgent to those who are condemned to "solitary confinement"—that agony without death? or was it the suggestion, the interpretation of the soul now triumphant over the body and its lusts, in this solitude where the "flesh" was made—was compelled to be "obedient:" ay, "even unto death?"

I am inclined to believe the latter opinion; for I cannot think it possible, judging from my own experience, that a novice under the Jesuits, can simulate, or dissimulate, without detection, even if "unconverted" in that awful purgatory. Of this opinion, perhaps the reader will be convinced in due time.

On the other hand, he must totally discard the idea that there was aught of melancholy or outrageous cant in our conversations; very far from it—we were rational on the most irrational absurdities;

for we were, for the most part, young, unsophisticated; with minds of wax, which the innate spirit of devotion—that solace of every woe,—had complacently impressed with her beautiful image.

On this first evening of my probation, I was gratified with the animated conversation on all sides: frequent peals of laughter resounded on my startled ear,—for the reader must be told that there are many amusing, highly exhilarating stories in the “Lives of the Saints,” and in devotional “tradition;” and surely it is as possible to laugh piously as it is to laugh profanely. But in the very midst of this enjoyment—at the very height of this reciprocal exultation of heart, suddenly a bell rang.

This was my first lesson in the Novitiate. As if struck dumb, the syllable, half uttered, was cleft in twain, and a dead pause ensued. In silence we ascended the stairs, and entered the chapel. We knelt. After the lapse of about ten or fifteen minutes, passed in silence, the Superior entered, and, kneeling on the steps of the altar, said the “Litany of the Virgin,” and a few other short prayers, concluding with his blessing. Then followed the kissing of a relic, of **IGNATIUS** or **XAVIER**, I forget which: the father held the glass case in his hand, which we all kissed in succession as we filed off to bed. As I had “a retreat” of a week’s duration to pass through, in order to be in a fit condition to perform the duties of a novice, I went to a spare room reserved for the purpose, and the novices retired to the dormitory: which I shall afterwards describe.

Here I received a visit from the Superior, who explained to me the nature of the "retreat" upon which I was about to enter, and left me, after committing me to the care of the angels and the saints. I slept very soundly till morning, when I was wakened by a scratching noise on the curtains of my bed; as soon as my ears were opened, I heard the words "*Deo gratias!*" to which I responded (not being acquainted with the proper answer), "Very well!" and made all haste in dressing, as I had been called after the other novices, since it was one of them who gave me the "*Deo gratias!*" I went to the lavatory, or washing-place, and there I found my "brothers" performing their ablutions, all in silence, in tin pans over a stone trough. After the given time was elapsed, the bell rang, and as all were ready, we entered the chapel for "morning meditation." Thus began my first day, after my first night, in the Novitiate.

Here we will leave the novice for a while, to return to him after having described the scene of his future struggles.

CHAPTER V.

THE THREE HOUSES : WAYS AND MEANS : SILENT
INFLUENCES—PROGRESS.

By the name of Stonyhurst, a Roman Catholic seminary for the education of youth under the direction of the Jesuits, is commonly understood. But, as in most things, there is more here than meets the eye. The Society of the Jesuits is regularly established in England.

The Catholic Relief Bill is but a foil to the Jesuits where it pronounces their non-existence. That bill forbids Jesuits—and members of other religious orders, communities, or societies of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows—from coming into the realm, under pain of being banished from it for life: excepting only natural born subjects who were out of the realm at the time of the passing of the Act. Such religious persons may, however, enter the United Kingdom on obtaining a licence in writing from one of the principal secretaries of state who is a Protestant; and may stay such time as such secretary shall permit, not exceeding six months: unless the

license is revoked before the end of the six months.* A Jesuit by his vows is legally or civilly dead (this is the Jesuitical *formula*) and the society by the law of the land is legally dead ; but both the Jesuit and his society are vegetating in full luxuriance.

“Man makes laws, but God breaks them,” say their friends, with questionable logic, when commenting on the progress of the Jesuits in the United Kingdom ; and certainly, if we can ennoble a cause by tracing it to the councils of the Eternal, human logic and matter-of-fact deductions are struck dumb by the awful conviction, and we tremble at the thought that the avenging thunderbolt is about to be hurled against the bold, presumptuous mortal who dares to lift the veil !

But the Jesuits, notwithstanding a few indiscretions in their history, rarely expose themselves to pains and penalties without a substantial, visible, tangible safeguard. They remonstrated by their delegates against the stringency of the Act in question ; but it was intimated to them *sub rosa*, that they need be under no apprehension, as “they might drive a coach and six through the said act.” They believe that only the Attorney-General can bring an action of ejection against them, and, consequently, the “coach and six” permission is a *virtual* set-off on the part of a lenient government against the interesting disgrace of a *verbal* proscription. *Est naturalis favor pro laborantibus*, says Quintillian ; and the generous Englishman, of all men, is the last to strike the

* The Act of the 10th Geo. IV. c. 7.

fallen foe. One thing is certain, however, the Jesuits hold up their heads in the high places, and move on, like all things at the present day, with "*Occupet scabies extremos!*" tacked behind them, and, "*For the greater glory of God!*" blazing in their van.

In the very heart of the Metropolis they are now building a magnificent church, to be served, it is said, by twelve Jesuits,—mass every day, and a sermon after every mass! This looks like progress, certainly; and what is still more curious and significant, no begging-box goes round—no subscriptions are solicited: as if by the lamp of Aladdin, the edifice rises rapidly,—a monument to attest the shielded audacity and the obedient munificence of the quiet, peaceful, harmless Jesuits!

I am informed by a competent authority, that the *Tractarians* prefer "to be received into the Church" by the Jesuits: four have been received by one Jesuit in London. Commenting on these mystifications, a Roman Catholic periodical emits the following unintentional pleasantry, and well-seasoned sarcasm:—

"We can—we do forgive them,—that urged by the clamour of their opponents, many of them exhibit towards us an extreme degree of intolerance, by way of *proving* their abhorrence of such of our tenets as they do not *as yet* hold, and exhibiting themselves as good and *true* men to the eyes of their brethren. All this we can readily excuse, because we know how natural is such misguided zeal to our frail nature; but yet, even in this temper against us, such is the

force with which the modicum of truth they have received has operated, that their voices have been raised to swell the shout with which we hailed the late great triumph of truth and humanity over error and persecution. For that shout we thank them, and for all wherein they have sinned against us we forgive them heartily, and wish them strength and grace to *persevere in the path along which they are now journeying.*"* The Jesuits seem to argue thus.

If your neighbour's servant is defrauding his master by digging in your garden, whilst he is paid by that neighbour for work supposed to be done, are you not justified, considering the benefit you receive, in mystifying the conscience of that servant, by persuading him that he is only performing an act of charity?

I was informed in the Novitiate, that the present tenement of the Jesuits at Stonyhurst was presented to the fathers by the late Cardinal Weld (or his father, I forget which) and a curious story is told of the place. It is said that the old mansion was built by special permission of Queen Elizabeth for one of her courtiers, a Roman Catholic. It happened that his son and heir, when a mere boy, one day while walking in the grounds, swallowed some poisonous berries and died. This event so afflicted the father that he retired from the place in disgust. The deserted mansion was given over to desolation, and

* Catholic Mag., March, 1839, quoted in the Catholic Directory for the present year as something "remarkable and almost prophetic," p. 174.

fell, at length, into the hands of the Jesuits : through the munificence of the pious Cardinal. The Jesuits soon set to work, rebuilt and added, cultivated and improved, till, at the present time, they possess an ample domain of some thousand acres of excellent land, three flourishing establishments, and a splendid church.

The " College of Stonyhurst" was, for a long time, the chief Roman Catholic school for the education of the nobility and gentry of that persuasion. Of late years Ushaw-college, Prior-park, Oscott, &c., have risen into eminence ; not without a slight feeling of jealousy—or, perhaps, I should say, holy emulation—in the respective parties. The number of pupils varies ; at the time of which I am speaking, I believe, it was about 150 : it has amounted to near 300 in more prosperous times. The stipend is, for children under twelve years of age, forty guineas ; for those above that age, fifty ; and for students in philosophy, one hundred guineas.

The course of studies professed, comprises the Greek and Latin classic authors, composition in Greek and Latin prose and verse ; regular instruction in reading and elocution, writing and arithmetic ; English, French, Italian ; history, sacred and profane, and geography. The higher classes receive lessons in algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. The philosophical course embraces logic, metaphysics, ethics, and natural philosophy, with chemistry and the higher mathematics. There is in the college an extensive apparatus for experimental philosophy,

an astronomical observatory, a chemical laboratory, a collection of minerals, &c. There is also a considerable and increasing library of approved works of history and of general information; of which the scholars have the use, on paying a small monthly subscription. Masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, give lessons to those whose parents may desire it. All are closely examined, four times a year, in what they have learned during the preceding quarter, and rewarded accordingly. At the annual exhibition which precedes the vacation a considerable number of prizes, consisting of books and silver medals, is distributed among those who have made the most distinguished progress. I have quoted the foregoing almost literally from the prospectus of the college.

There is a "theatre" in the college. When I visited the apartment so called, it presented no appearance of a theatre; but I was told that all the necessary apparatus could be erected with very little trouble, all being in readiness for the appointed time. According to my informant, the dresses were all in character, and some of them very costly. The performances take place at the annual exhibition, or at Christmas; and are either tragic or comic, or, as at other theatres, a tragedy is followed by a farce. All the performers are students of the college; some were named to me as "stars," and one had established his fame in the character of Richard the Third.

One of the Jesuits is appointed to superintend the proceedings, in other words, to be "manager."

As many of the students learn music, and as the music master resides on the spot—and is thus enabled to “lead” the band—we may infer that the profane model which suggests the main idea is faithfully imitated: the overture and the interludes calling forth the plaudits of a delighted audience. The friends of the students are invited to be present on such occasions, and are most liberally entertained by the authorities.

Doubtless these Jesuit-theatres—for they were “open” in most of the Society’s colleges in former times—present the *beau idéal* of the theatre: as far, at least, as the morality of the thing is concerned; and if the Jesuits had the good sense to attempt the reality of the thing, rather than its mockery in the religious “mysteries” of old, their good taste and artistic consistency would be incontestible.

I must leave other discussions arising out of this delicate sensual gratification afforded by “religious men,” to be settled by my intelligent readers; contenting myself with the opinion, that there was much in it, as in most things Jesuitical, to captivate the multitude: and surely if the Jesuits are not decidedly honest in their motto, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, they may be so in their standing rule to weep or laugh, to whine or smile, as occasion suits, *ad captandum vulgus*.

A curious anecdote was related to me, to the effect that a popular actor, whose son was educated at Stonyhurst, expressly desired that the youth alluded to should not be permitted to take a part in the

theatricals, fearing lest he might imbibe a taste for that profession. When informed of this, it struck me as "a palpable hit:" a hint to the reverend fathers, that the thing was not exactly consistent—at least when carried out to the extent which prevails, or prevailed, at Stonyhurst.

It may be proper to mention that ecclesiastics of the Roman Church are positively forbidden by the canons, to be present at any theatrical exhibition. Truly there may be a distinction drawn between public and private exhibitions of the sort; but I certainly never could have imagined that "dispensations" might extend, in this matter, to "a priest of the Church:" which, however, I can state as a fact. On entering one of the great London theatres, a few years ago, I met such a priest issuing from "the house of scandal;" and on expressing my astonishment to this gentleman (who was an old acquaintance, and *not* a Jesuit) he told me with evident peace of mind and quiet of conscience, that the "bishop" had given him a "dispensation" in order to perfect himself in the practice of elocution! . . . Here, it is clear, the *end* justified—may I not say, sanctified?—the *means*.

To show how necessary this dispensation was to my young friend in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," I must inform the reader that the canonical penalty for such a transgression is excommunication *ipso facto*! . . . But the frail omnipotence of Rome—with its ever-varying unchangeableness, its limping, halting, infallibility—what will it not

concede to *expediency*, if we only cease to be heretics!* . . .

All the regular masters at Stonyhurst are Jesuits, either in orders or destined for the priesthood. The students are never left to themselves: an official, commonly called "prefect," is their constant attendant, whether in the common room of resort, on the play-ground, or walking in the vicinity on play-days.

The strictest regularity prevails throughout the establishment. The students rise at an early hour, attend mass, and proceed to the "study-place," where they prepare for their respective schools or classes. No talking is permitted in proceeding from place to place, nor in the dormitory or public sleeping-room, nor in the refectory or eating-room: where signs-manual interpret the silent cravings of the stomach. During dinner and supper some book is read by a student appointed for the purpose, in accordance with one of the rules of the Novitiate, viz., that "whilst the body is refitted, the soul, too, may have her food." The usual mode of correction is the rod; but never severely administered; for flagrant misdemeanours expulsion is reserved. But the confessional obviates, in a great measure, the necessity for the lash. Obedience — that talisman to all who are connected with the Jesuits — is inculcated with awful solemnity; and the example of

* Clement XIV. received some indirect compliments from Voltaire very kindly: he enjoyed his joke and told him, through his old friend the Cardinal de Berris, that he would willingly take him to his heart if he would end by becoming a good *Capuchin*.—Saint-Priest, *Châte des Jes.*

“St. Aloysius,” a saint of the society’s own production, is held forth to the young student for his imitation. Besides, the “Good Virgin,” who adopted Aloysius, will bless only those who strive to follow his footsteps; and obedience was *his* great virtue: so the pious youth resolves to be like St. Aloysius, and learns “to bear the yoke” from his youth, until he becomes transplanted into the Novitiate; where all the nascent virtues of the society, *par excellence*, are duly watered and expanded into bloom. The conversation of the masters and prefects is always calculated to inspire a deep veneration in the students for the society and all its concerns; and apparently unintentional reports* circulated about such and such a one who is “doing so well” in the Novitiate, insensibly inspire an undefined wish in the unthinking youth, fast approaching the term of his “humanity studies,” to be received there. Then he ventures to express half a wish to his “spiritual adviser”—the keeper of his conscience—who tells him to *think* of the matter—to ask the aid of “Mary and her Divine Son,” and then to follow the finger that points the way—to the Novitiate, as a matter of course.

It is not to be wondered at that this insidious course has buried in the Novitiate the sons of noble-

* This view of the case is not fictitious: it results from the conversation of the “fresh novices” who came to Hodder during my year; and the “such a one” alluded to in the present instance was myself. I shall scrupulously avoid recording any deduction unfounded on facts, seen or related to me, in the Novitiate. My information respecting the Jesuits in England, Stonyhurst, &c., was there obtained.

men and the wealthy of the land. There is a very *nostalgia* generated in tender minds, which makes them *cling* (as if under the fascination of the serpent) to the spot where their minds first budded into spring, and to the men who possess the tender secrets of their youthful indiscretions, which Heaven has long since forgotten! It is through the confessional that drips the potent fluid, which encrusts the heart with a coating impervious to all external influences that do not pass first through the medium of the "father of the conscience," who reigns in undivided and undisputed possession over the mind.

The priests of the society are enjoined to display these arts of seduction—nor are motives of ostensible religion here wanting to gild the "soft impeachment." They are to invite those whom they meet on any occasion, *vel levis amicitie*, and even to conciliate the parents of their pupils to the society.* Among the questions put to the novice before his admission, he is to be asked "when, where, and by whom he was first moved* to enter the society." These questions are suggested by the characteristic caution of the Jesuits; and their answers must necessarily tend to explain character by the circumstances to which they refer. It might be inferred that such influence from without is contrary to the spirit of the "Constitution," if not to fact; but I

* Cum occurrunt nobis in viis, invitare eos quolibet occasione, vel levis amicitie, tum etiam parentes discipulorum nostrorum conciliare Societati.—Instr. iv. 3. Edit. Rom. 1606.

find in the "Examen" which precedes the "Constitution," the following pertinent declaration:—

"Should he affirm that he has been induced,* (although it is *lawful and meritorious*) still it will apparently conduce to his own greater spiritual utility, if a certain time be prescribed to him; that, by thinking of the matter, he may commend himself entirely to the Creator and his Lord, just as if no one of the society had induced him.†"

Not far from the "college" is the "seminary," which is a new building, tastefully built and remarkably well laid out in the interior. It is exclusively occupied by those who have passed through the Novitiate, and, having taken the three simple vows of voluntary poverty, perfect obedience, and perpetual chastity, are continuing their studies for the priesthood. The rules of the Novitiate are here considerably relaxed, as far as spiritual occupation is concerned; but still*the seminary may be considered as a prolongation of the Novitiate.‡ This, indeed, may be said to last for ever; for the Jesuit, as will be afterwards shown, is always under *surveillance*, always in a state of probation. This might be unendurable, but for the conviction that there is no escape from it, and that all the members of the Society are subject alike to its influence. The teachers in the "college" are drafted from this establishment.

* *Fuisse motum.*

† *Exam. Gen. cap. iii. 14.*

‡ *Aquav. Inst. xiv. n. 1.*

I now return to the Novitiate, or Hodder-house, as it is called. It is situated on the sloping bank of a streamlet from which it derives its name.

In speaking of this Novitiate the English Jesuits always call it Hodder, and a stranger visiting Stonyhurst, would never be informed of its existence, certainly he would not be taken to see this supernatural curiosity. The Jesuits are invisible people, known by their effects only—a species of “processionary caterpillars:” interesting silk-worms that live in societies where the eye of the incurious observer sees nothing but a tree and its waving foliage. Here they spin, when young, a kind of silken tent, divided into cells. They may be seen to issue from it in the evening in procession. One of them advances at the head, and seems to act as a guide; two then follow, next three; then four, and so on: each rank containing one more than the preceding. To complete the comparison, I must state that the larva when first hatched is in weight about one-hundredth of a grain; but just before its metamorphosis it increases to ninety-five grains, or 9,500 times its original weight.* The quiet, imperceptible expansion of the Jesuits—when other men are sleeping through ignominious dreams—is not less certain—is not less wonderful! There may not be a large majority of extraordinary men in the society at present, but there are not a few “large figures” among the Jesuits that make up a good round “sum total:” if there be many small items of a penny each, a few large entries of many shillings and some

* Rud. of Zool. p. 279.

pounds will raise a very fair "deposit" for this established bank to let out at all manner of "interest." In possession of their perfect system of training and government—I mean with reference to their objects in view—*all* their men may be considered as useful members—useful for some purpose, like the copulative conjunction, "expressed or understood."

The situation of the English Novitiate has suggested these reflections. The river winds round it on one side and the high banks opposite shelter it in that direction. Fronting the road are plantations in various stages of growth—like the members of the society: the sapling that you may bend as you like; the full-grown tree that, by the rustling hiss of its leaves, seems to mock the strong winds of the tempest; and the "old tree," quite dead at the pith, but still passably verdant in its deceptive branches. Hodder-house reminded me somewhat of Abbotsford, the residence of "the great magician," which is invisible till you have entered the gate—like the genius of its amiable in-dweller that bursts upon you as an angel's visit, or the calm sweet light of a hospitable hearth to the traveller when the stars of heaven have ceased to twinkle.

The house is an ordinary-looking building, apparently not built for the purpose to which, in the lapse of wonder-working time, it is now devoted. A neat gate opens upon a well-gravelled walk, winding to the front-door of the Novitiate, whose threshold is crossed only twice by the novice: once on entering, a n

then on his departure—either to the world once more, or to the *second* House. This word brings to mind the strangely, curiously concocted, and most fascinating system of judicial astrology: the Jesuit has his destined “house,” like the child of fate, and looks forward to it with a faith and a hope that stagger not. In truth, though the system be not *divine*, it has much of *divination*.

A few shrubs adorn the front of the house, opposite which is a ground for foot-ball. On the slope to the river is a kitchen-garden, cultivated by the novices, with the aid of a lay-brother attached to the establishment: he is mentioned at the end of the present chapter as “cook,” but he made himself, as every Jesuit should, “generally useful.”

The interior comprises a small chapel; a public dormitory divided into compartments about eight feet by five in dimensions, with a green curtain in front; the Superior’s room; a spare room for *casual* novices (like myself) to perform their introductory retreat in, and for the use of strangers, who go occasionally for the same pious purpose; lastly, the kitchen, lavatory or washing-place, and another large room, which is used as a school-room for very young children (under seven years of age) sent to Stonyhurst. One of the novices of the *second year* is appointed schoolmaster to these little ones. Just over the school-room is *their* dormitory, and a little chapel where they hear mass; for they might otherwise be a distraction to the novices.

At the back of the house, in a dwelling quite sepa-

rate, lived the laundresses of the Novitiate, whom we never saw.

I have not mentioned servants' rooms, simply because there were no servants in the Novitiate. Every man in the Novitiate was a Jesuit, or to be one. The very cook was a Jesuit, commonly called a "lay brother:" that is to say, a man who took the simple vows of the society, and dedicated his trade or craft to the service of the society. His assistants were lay novices also. These men have, of course, more work than prayer; or, at least, quite as much of one as of the other. Thus, in the palmy days of the society, there were all manner of workmen belonging to the Jesuits; thus rendering it totally independent of the world at large: and thus, we can imagine what this wonderful combination of the trades, the sciences, the spiritualities of this nether world could effect in swaying the destinies of humanity. In those days when a Jesuit, *proprement dit*, went forth on his "mission," he was attended by his lay brother,* who went with him in the two-fold capacity of a servant and a spy on his actions: for all are bound to keep a watch on their brethren as well as on themselves. If they "manifest themselves," they must "manifest their brothers."†

There are funds belonging to the Novitiate exclusively, resulting from pious bequests and donations; the novices, consequently—who are always considered

* Or by a *socius* in orders, Const. Part iii. cap. 1. Thus in Non-wich there are two—in LONDON, three, &c.

† Reg. 9 and 10. Can. 10, Congr. 6.

by the "Constitutions" as without friends, kindred, home, and wealth, except in the society—pay nothing for their board and lodging. On entering the gates of probation, the novice gives himself to the society, "for the greater glory of God;" and the society undertakes to be his mother, father, brother, sister, friend, and only acquaintance.

True, a man cannot at once forget all these tender ties, unless by the hand of death they exist not; but the progress of this consummation is not the less certain for being gradual. I never heard during my year a word mentioned of "kith or kin." Of the undying thoughts that rise in spite of ourselves, I can, of course, say nothing with regard to others. I heard the voices coming from afar, like voices of a dream, and I frequently asked myself, "Can you all forswear humanity?" But the "spirit of Ignatius" whispered, "He who has left father," &c., let him believe that he must *relinquish* father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and whatever he had in the world: yea, let him believe that those words are addressed to himself—"He who does not hate father and mother, and more, even his own soul, cannot be my disciple."* Thus was the sacred text perverted, to countenance an unnatural dissevering of all the ties that the God of our common nature has woven together—a web which, hack and tear it as we will, still repairs and renews itself for ever!

* Exam. Gen. ch. iv. 7, a rule of the SUMMARY to be got by heart by the novices.

CHAPTER V.

THE RETREAT—DOUBTS AND WAVERINGS—THE
INVESTMENT AND BLESSING.

I NOW resume my narrative where I left off, viz., with the commencement of the Retreat.

The first meditation was on the "End of Man," that is to say, on the object for which man was created. I dare say few of my readers have the least idea what is here meant by meditation. It is a difficult art. A man may be annoyed by disagreeable thoughts for days and weeks together; but in this case the mind is *passive*—thoughts impinge upon it like the excruciating drops of water falling on the head of the regicide of old, when every drop, as he remarked with unutterable anguish, felt like the blow of a mallet. This is meditation in spite of ourselves, and we would be glad of some "distraction" or change of thought. But ascetics understand a very different thing by meditation: the mind must be fixed and retained on *one* idea or sentiment, until it is completely exhausted in all its bearings and applications to the spiritual state of the meditator; and all change

of thought, commonly called "distraction," must be instantly checked as a wily *temptation of the devil*. In proof whereof we read in a book, recommended by the learned and pious pastors of the Romish church, and written by a Jesuit, as follows, speaking of this "distraction:"—

"At other times it may proceed from the malice of the devil, as is stated by some of the Fathers of the desert, who, by God's permission, saw in spirit some devils sitting upon the heads of the religious, to oblige them to sleep; and others putting their fingers in their mouths to make them yawn."*

I had been accustomed to meditate from early youth. At the Roman Catholic college, where I was educated, the more advanced students had to meditate daily for the space of an hour before mass; and, during the annual retreat, meditation was an important part of the proceedings; but I never knew what meditation was or might be till I became a Novice. It is among the Jesuits that one must live in order to know the true nature of a religious retreat, and of meditation or mental prayer. This is considered the highest order of prayer, the most acceptable to God; for it is supposed to bring the fervent soul into the immediate presence of the Divinity, when, by the enlightening of that grace which descends on the compunctious spirit, we behold ourselves as we are—all our wants, all our imperfections, all our stains and spiritual wounds. "Happy is the man," says the master of ascetics,

* Rodrig. Christ. Perf. chap. xxiv.

“ who can reject every distracting thought, and can centre himself completely in a holy compunction !”

I will endeavour to give the reader an idea of the method, by the following meditation on the Last Judgment.

As I have forgotten none of the strong thoughts—none of the stirring emotions of my Novitiate, the exposition will be as easy as it is authentic.

JUDGMENT.

“ But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light.

“ And the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken.

“ And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds with great power and glory.”

POINT I. I began by impressing my mind with the certainty of the coming event, and made thereon a firm, fervent act of faith. I reasoned with my soul on the *necessity* of that judgment. Throughout all time the good have been oppressed, afflicted, scorned by the judgment of men; that judgment must be reversed. God himself will right them on that awful day. They have sighed in bitterness of heart: “ O Lord, my God, in thee do I put my trust : save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me : Lest he tear my soul like a lion, rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.

“ O Lord my God, if I have done this : if there be iniquity in my hands : If I have rewarded evil unto

him that was at peace with me; (yea, I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy:)

“Let the enemy persecute my soul, and take it: yea, let him tread down my life upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust.

“Arise, O Lord, in thine anger, lift up thyself because of the rage of mine enemies: and awake for me to the judgment that thou hast commanded.

“Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end: but establish the just: for the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins.”

On the other hand, the bad exult in prosperous iniquity—all things succeed to their liking; they are favoured, comforted, exalted by the judgment of men; that judgment must be reversed. God himself will condemn them on that awful day. They have said in their hearts exulting: “God hath forgotten: he hideth his face: he will never see it.”

Among which class shall I be on that day of joy to the good, and of woe to the wicked? How stands it with thee, my soul? What hast thou done, what hast thou not done? Were this the day, the hour of judgment, art thou prepared? Consider the numberless graces of Heaven which thou hast abused. Thou wast bred in the true faith—instructed in its saving words—snatched from the world of scandal before it had made thee its own—placed in the garden of the saints, where thou wast sheltered from every blast of evil, and cherished with the warmth of celestial breathings “with healing on their wings.” Of what avail have been all these blessings? Hast thou less

reason to fear the coming judgment? Dost thou not still linger on the brink of the rushing stream that hurries on countless myriads to destruction? Hast thou not ever and anon turned a listening ear to their seducing appeals, as from their treacherous bark they have waved their hands to thee, inviting thee to join in their ceaseless revels by night and by day—little thinking that all their frivolous and pernicious joys are only pains glossed over with pleasures,* soon to be uncoloured, unvarnished, laid bare? Then the *judgment!*

POINT II. Consider *who* will appear at that final judgment—that judgment which shall *never* be reversed—which will proclaim the exclusive existence of joy which “it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive”—and of woe equally inconceivable—unutterable! *Then* there will be no Purgatory to expiate the temporal penalties of sin—mere human frailties: *then* there will be no earth where we may retrieve the past! All who appear *then* to judgment, will hear a final blessing, or a final curse! *Who* shall appear? All who have sprung from the first-created man—from the beginning of time to the day of tribulation—the great and the little—the rich and the poor—the learned and the ignorant—Christians and infidels—Jews and Gentiles—obedient children of the church and heretics—sincere believers and philosophers; all, absolutely all of every age, of every land

* *Αὔπαι ἄρα ἦσαν ἡδοναῖς περιπεπεμμέναι.*—Socrat. in *Œconom.* c. ii.

shall appear to judgment. *Thou*, my soul, shalt be there!

On that day of what avail will be the dazzling glory, and endless renown of mighty conquerors—the power of riches—the power of learning that destroys as many as it saves,—this proud learning which thou covetest so much! Of what avail will it be to thee, my poor soul, if thou hast not on “the wedding garment?”

Sincere Christians, the elect and the rejected—among which wilt *thou* be? The obedient children of the church and the disobedient heretics; among which wilt thou be? Once more thou hast been reconciled to the faith; what a mercy! what a favour! Wilt thou remain faithful to the end—to the *judgment*? Tremble at the awful thought!

POINT III. Imagine the scene of judgment; see, as it were now, the God of glory; Jesus the crucified, now the glorified, coming in majesty from on high in his chariot of celestial fire that illumines the whole earth from bound to bound, surrounded by all the angels of heaven,—thrones, principalities, dominations, cherubim and seraphim, hymning renown and glory to Him alone, who was, is, and ever will be worthy of all honour and praise.

The trumpet sounds! Phalanx on phalanx, and troop on troop roll in position, instantly, at that sound. Behold!—the two divisions stand widely apart. Behold them! *read* the features of the wicked; then turn to those of the good.

All stand again in the *flesh*—in the flesh wherein they have sinned: but oh! dreadful pang! They are now seen by all; by friends and by foes,—by angels and by devils,—just as they were seen when in the flesh, by God alone. Every hidden crime—every humiliating frailty that human vanity was so anxious to conceal, to palliate, to *justify*,—all will be laid bare. God will even *thus* deign to make this appeal to his creatures for the *justice* of his judgment! . . . How stands it with thee, my soul? Hast thou confessed all? Lacks there not some cherished sin, or tender failing that thou hast not thoroughly repented of, not wholly discarded?

Now turn to the good. O entrancing change! All the stains of human sin have been wiped away, and the hearts of the saints reflect the divine thoughts of good that beam from the breast of the Redeemer! It is as though they had *never* sinned; for they were born again in grace. The troops of martyrs with their crowns of glory; the troops of confessors with their wreaths of light; the holy virgins, with Mary at their head, close beside the God of purity, next to his bosom,—all, all smile heavenly smiles, and wait exulting to ascend with their Strength and their Hope, the Redeemer, to the joys that never end.

Once more the trumpet sounds,—list! 'tis the JUDGMENT!

“Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!”

“Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!”

A shriek!—a wail from bound to bound! The sides of the doleful valley, with sounds of endless woe,* echo to the dreadful judgment. Hell, the insatiate, is now satisfied at last—filled with the eternal dead!

A cry of joy!—a shout of exultation, from bound to bound! The heavens open, and the choirs of the angels and the saints sing welcome to the children of God; and the gates of heaven gently, gently close on them—eternally blessed—for ever good, and, therefore, for ever happy!

This may be considered as a faithful specimen of my meditations in the Novitiate. The scriptural phrases occur in the "Office of the Dead," appointed to be said or sung for the benefit of the souls in purgatory. I have given the version of the Protestant Bible; but in the texts in question, it does not differ materially from that of the Roman church.

Of course I have only recorded the most prominent thoughts and sentiments, on the most impressive of which I would dwell, and, as it were, steep my soul in anguish or in bliss,—in harmony with the key-note of the wonderful counter-point in question, which, with "dulcet symphonies and voices sweet," or "stunning sounds, and voices all confused," sweetly soothed, or harshly racked my helpless soul, when I resigned her to the impulse of "thoughts that wander

* ——— *su la proda mi trovai
Della valle d' Abisso dolorosa,
Che tuono accoglie d' infiniti guai.*

Dante, *Inf. Cant. iv.*

through eternity." In truth, those thoughts were *burnt in*—they can never be erased. Not a day of my life passes without some occurrence, some remark that I hear or read, bringing to mind the thoughts and sentiments which I cherished as the distinctive marks of a disciple of Jesus, ere I perceived the reverse of the cunning transparency which exhibited the *Jesuit*.

Other speculators require a certain degree of craft in the novice whom they admit to a share of their "privileges;" but only the Jesuits require perfect simplicity—innocence without guile—in their novice; cruelly concluding that such a nature is best adapted for that perfect, blind, entire obedience which "recognises *God* in his superior."*

The foregoing specimen of meditation is from my last retreat in the Novitiate—the great retreat of thirty days—which will be described in the sequel. When that retreat took place I had made considerable progress in the art of meditation: during the retreat now in question the subjects of meditation were to my mind, in a great measure, "like water dripping on a hard rock," that rebounds and flows off, scarcely moistening the polished surface. I had certainly been accustomed to reflect, to think deeply; but the subjects of such reflection were congenial, were scientific, philosophical; I could always come to satisfactory conclusions—conclusions as to the admirable design of Providence, the beautiful har-

* Ut constanter applicet animum, Deum in Superiore cognoscat. R. P. Claudii Aquav. P. G., Indust. esp. v. 6, Rom. 1606.

mony of creation, the destined moral government of the world, and that wonderful retributive justice which is dispensed to all men in reward for physical, moral, intellectual obedience to the laws of nature, or in punishment for physical, moral, intellectual infringement of the same Divine legislation. That was philosophical meditation. As will be presently evident, this habit of thought, far from being of service in my present meditation, only tended to "distract" my mind—to thwart the influence of the topics selected for my spiritual transformation.

But there was "a necessity upon me;" I must *advance*: to fall back at the very gates of the stronghold which was about to surrender, would be absurd, disgraceful.

Patiently, humbly, then, I listened to the words which explained to me the form and method of my first meditation.

I was enjoined, first, "to place myself in the presence of God;" that is, to make a firm act of faith in his omnipresence; secondly, to ask his aid well to perform my meditation, and to derive the expected benefit therefrom; and, thirdly, to invoke the assistance of the Virgin, the saints, and angels. The meditation lasts one hour. The *subject* was given on a slip of paper, and was divided into three points, giving the heads of the argument that was to be discussed between the soul and its inclinations, or, as phrenologists would say, between the superior sentiments and the animal propensities.

We meditated in three positions—kneeling, stand-

ing, sitting—a quarter of an hour in each position ; and, as by the last quarter the soul was supposed to have gone through that severe scrutiny which was to produce the *resolution of amendment*, we knelt during the last quarter, and made supplications to God, the Virgin, the saints and angels—to God for *grace*, to the Virgin, &c., for the *aid of intercession*. This distinction is accurately made by Roman Catholics ; but the Jesuits certainly carry their veneration for the Virgin to an extravagant extent.

At first this veneration, or *hyperdulia*, as it is termed, was but very indifferently embraced by me ; but after a while, when my *feelings*—the ardent feelings of one on whom woman's beauty always made an impression—were sanctified by the apparently virtuous source of their excitement, then it was that the worship of the Virgin was established in my heart to the fullest extent. If she was not my God, she had the power of my God, united to the fondest love of the fondest mother !

There was a time when I could make a satisfactory distinction between the worship of God and that of Mary ; but it was before I became a novice. I trust that I am justified in using the word “ worship ” with reference to the Virgin, since in the *Libellus*, or prayer-book, which I used at Hodder—now open before me—the words *Modus colendi* are the same that would be applied to the Creator. An extract from the book will render that meaning more evident :—

“ All gifts, virtues, and the graces of the Holy Ghost himself, to whomsoever she wishes, in the

manner she wishes, and when she wishes, are dispensed through the hands of Mary.

“Give her thanks, therefore, for all the benefits which she has obtained for thee from Christ, but particularly for those which thou especially knowest that thou hast obtained by her intercession; such as the remission of the sins whereby thou hast offended God,—thy preservation from many sins,—many holy inspirations, greater fervour and devotion, greater relish for holy things; a desire of virtue, particularly of humility, chastity, meekness, charity, sobriety,—a more ardent desire of promoting thy salvation and that of others—a brighter genius, a better memory, a keener intellect, greater diligence in study, and the like blessings, which, from the name given to her Congregation, thou seest and feelest, have been increased in thee. Yield and offer thyself entirely to her, beseeching her to take thee under her guardianship and patronage, and to vouchsafe to defend thee—protected by her safeguard—from every danger of body and soul.”

In accordance with this advice, the name of Mary was constantly invoked by the novices: it was oftener uttered than that of God or the Redeemer. In truth, whatever *verbal* distinctions are made, the *virtual* effect is certain—God is *contained* in *Mary*: if she be not *God* to the deluded fanatic! The misguided Israelites forgot the God whom they could not see nor imagine, and fell down and worshipped the molten calf, which they could see and feel when present, and imagine when absent. Herein the

human sympathies and cravings act in perfect accordance with their seducing nature. Thus, if I could not see or imagine my God, I could mentally see and imagine Mary; and oh! how beautiful is she pictured to the mind in the glowing, thrilling, gushing words of her worshippers, who have exhausted every metaphor, expended every figure of the beautiful, the sublime, the sweet, in eulogizing "the Queen of Heaven*!"

I pity the mortal thus deluded into idolatry, whilst I denounce the carnal system; for who that has had a kind, fond mother—of whom, though long since laid in the cold grave, he often thinks, weeping sweet tears—can resist the impulse which urges him to seek and to find in Mary all that he loved in his kind, fond mother, infinitely enhanced by the *power* to bless him with the dear suggestions of a mother's heart?

I have been speaking of emotions which were not yet awakened. At the commencement of my retreat, my mental movements were simply mechanical; or, to develope the figure, my mind worked on the *horizontal* principle—afterwards the *lever* was substituted with wonderful success.

I had four meditations each day, the intervals being filled up with verbal prayer, spiritual reading, an examination of conscience, preparatory to confession, and a walk in the garden for relaxation. On the last occasion I was accompanied by the "brother" who had me in charge for the week. This

* See note A at the end of the Volume.

indulgence was doubtless kindly intended to ease the pressure of the solitude into which I was suddenly thrown from the turmoil and busy scenes of life. In general, according to the requisition of Ignatius, a person, in retreat, must be left entirely to himself and his spiritual director, who should not visit him oftener than is absolutely necessary: the influence—the impulse being given in a certain direction, he is left to sail as the inner breathings blow: as long, at least, as the coast is clear and the light-house visible; if not, he should prudently take his “pilot” on board ere his tiny bark founders on the hidden shoal.

It must be manifest that few minds can be capable of this mental exile, which the “Spiritual Exercises” of Ignatius suppose to exist. A habit of abstraction—of self-communion, is not to be put on as a garment; a spiritual divorce from thoughts and sentiments to which we have been long wedded, cannot be obtained without considerable difficulty: if the will accuses the heart, the latter still makes out a strong case, and it rarely happens on such occasions that a reconciliation is not effected. Apparently aware of this obstacle, the Jesuits are cautioned not to administer *all* the “Exercises” to every mind; but only “to a select few, and such as may seem adapted to greater things.” The opinion of Ignatius on this subject is curious, and may throw some light on his system. He is said to have dictated the following sentiments:—“It does not appear to me that any one is to be exhorted to go through these exercises, unless he has these or the most important of these dispositions—first, that he should be so

constituted as to give hopes of becoming very useful to the house of God, if he be called to his service: secondly, if he has not as yet acquired those arts and sciences which give evidence of this utility, he should at least be young and clever enough to make it evident that he may in time acquire them: thirdly, he should be free to dispose of himself, even so far as to embrace the state of perfection, should God call him to that state: fourthly, he should seem inclined to spirituality, and have a comely and agreeable personal appearance:* fifthly, he must not be so addicted to anything as to seem unable to be separated from it without difficulty, and be trained to that equanimity which is required for this business of the soul, to be properly carried on with God.†

Supposing, then, that the most important of these dispositions were sufficiently evident, the reader will now accompany me in spirit through my first retreat among the Jesuits.

I will describe the scene of my retreat. As you entered the room, on the left was my bed, decently hung with homely curtains; opposite the bed was a small table upon which was a crucifix, and beside the table was a cushion to kneel on—imagine a chair, and my room is described. At some distance from the part of the house occupied by the novices, I

* *Habituque corporis honestum ac decentem habeat.*

† *Direct. Exerc. Spir. c. i.* This is an interesting little book, in my possession, printed in 1600, and bearing the following inscription on the title page: *Coll. Soc. Jesu, Louanii*—thus it belonged to one of the colleges before the suppression, viz., that of Louvain.

heard nothing, saw nothing of them, except during meals.

I have an unpleasant recollection of the first day, or rather of the first morning. A comparison will be the best exponent of my position. Travelling in Scotland several years before, I made an excursion on foot, visiting Melrose, Abbotsford,—and venerated the memory of the Scott over his tomb at Dryburgh. On leaving this thrilling memory of the past—rendered still more acute by the association of the warrior's tomb hard by, and the damp chill cloisters of the abbey through which I had previously strolled—I strayed from the road, and struggled for a footstep with the weeds and briars in general possession of the river's bank. I stood beneath the rough but thoughtful statue of Wallace. Thence following the winding stream, I journeyed on, hoping to find an easy *fording-place*; but the farther I went the deeper it seemed to become. The day was far spent—to return would be long and tedious—but how to cross that impassable stream? I strained my eyes up the river towards the chorus of “giggling waves”* that were hurrying down to mock my dilemma; but the rolling river rolled on, deep and broad, and seemed to say: “If you would reach your *home*, throw off all that will encumber you in the only path that I can give you; tie up that *all* in a bundle, and hold it high above your head, to be useful again when necessary: but you

* Ποντίων κυμάτων ἀήριθμον γέλασμα.—Prom. *Æsch.* 90.

must take to my bosom—you must strike out boldly—advance, and God speed to you!

I did as the stream seemed to advise, and swam across to the opposite bank.

If the reader will *spiritualise* this my little adventure, translating it into mind from body, he will conceive my mental position on that first morning of my “retreat.” I will not offend his ingenuity by pointing to all the similitudes; and should they not be apparent at first sight, I am now to open my mind and heart to him with such unhesitating confidence, that from imagining my distress on the river’s bank—from witnessing my struggle with the rushing stream—his transition will be easy to my solitude; where the world and all my fascinating hopes were the bank on which I stood, and the unpitying stream was adequately represented by the mental ordeal through which I had to pass, ere the home I was seeking could be reached.

I have spoken of my enthusiasm. I now began to discover that, in embracing so rapturously the idea of becoming a Jesuit, I had given but very little thought to what Jesuits have to *believe*. The sight of that crucifix in my room produced an emotion of which I had never been conscious before! And whilst fixedly gazing on that awful image of hideous anguish,—*feeling*, as it were, the endless pangs of those cruel wounds that suspended what they tortured,—the spell of my dreams was broken: a desolating reality stood before me, and I seemed to hear those uncompromising words of life:—“He that

taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

The Jesuits had presented themselves to my excitable imagination as gods of intellect; whose mental omnipotence and beneficence had showered innumerable gifts on every department of knowledge, human and Divine.

My ambition was certainly equal to my enthusiasm, and the "inspiration" which agitated my mind seemed an earnest, not to be doubted, of a glorious future in this world at least: for the thought of another world is not a haunting spirit of youth. Conscious of possessing a will whose efforts have rarely been unsuccessful, by the unflinching industry and application which are its instruments in the pursuit of knowledge, I had resolved to strive for the highest, the noblest wreath of intellectual renown. A TURSELLINI in classical learning—a BOSCOVICH in mathematics—a TIRABOSCHI in general literature—a BELLARMINO in ecclesiastical learning and controversy—or a BOURDALOUE in sacred eloquence: such were my models, to be selected by my superiors for my imitation,—to be imitated by me. How ravishing was the thought! how strong and sublime the hope! But it was the last high eminence that glimmered to my mind's eye from afar, like the constellation of the Southern Cross—flaming above in majesty, and beautiful amidst the beautiful—to the mariner in his midnight watch when doubling the "Cape of Hope." I pictured myself standing in the pulpit, pouring

forth the forceful words of resistless conviction, and the conquering appeals of sweet persuasion. Oh! how my heart beats even *now* when I think of that entrancing thought—those fascinating hopes! The desire of inspiring my fellow-men with exalted thoughts of man's high destiny, and with expanding sentiments of large, god-like benevolence towards all that is man, even now makes me regret sometimes, that it is not my calling "to preach the gospel" . . .

All these thoughts and hopes vanished as I stood gazing on that crucifix: the fire of my human desires grew dim: was eclipsed by the cloud of that agony, pain, humiliation,—the withering *scorn* of men! These must now be the objects of desire, for it was spoken: "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me!"

To one who is keenly alive to every internal and external impulse, the emotion produced by the sight of the crucifix was like the sight—to the hopeless merchant—of his long-desired ship, laden with all the riches of the East, wrecked and sunk as it enters into port. Then, for the first time, I became aware of the unfitness of my mind for religious practices, as suggested by the faith of the Romish church. True I had not been, as I am now, totally separated from that communion; but there were many points of "dissent" in my creed, which certainly drove me to the very brink of heresy. Still I was a Roman Catholic—as it were, a believer under temptation: a state in which, perhaps, many of that communion live and die! From my eighteenth year I had

doubts—temptations against the faith. Controversial works had been my favourite study: I endeavoured to arm myself in defence of the Church; but it was this very process that produced the doubts that threatened my final separation from the faith which I, not unfrequently, and successfully defended.

During the few weeks that intervened between my first interview with the Jesuit who was then the London agent of Stonyhurst, and my departure for the Novitiate, I had been to confession and communion. At the request of the Jesuit, the priest who absolved me gave me a testimonial of his unqualified belief as to my "vocation." My enthusiasm stifled my doubts; but they returned with the greater violence when I had been a day or two in the company of the "Fathers" at Stonyhurst. I have already enlarged on my disappointed expectations: if it was not the fault of these men that they did not edify me, it was doubtless mine that I was scandalized. I am willing to give them the benefit of the doubt: content to state facts and impressions without exaggeration or suppression.

In this frame of mind, then, I had to meditate on the saving truths of Christianity, as unfolded and applied by IGNATIUS to the "ground-work"* of the Jesuit.

I meditated on "the end of man." The subject had long been familiar to my thoughts. I had worked out the problem: to my own satisfaction at least; and not the most unimportant corollary deduced,

* Ad fundamentum. Exerc. Spirit.

was the conviction that we have considerably unsimplified the plain words of Revelation, and have been unaccountably deaf to the suggestions of Nature: which, after all, is revelation more or less obscured or invisible to the eyes of the thoughtless and the sensual. The "prelude—" for there were preludes to each meditation—was quite in accordance with my religion or philosophy: if the candid reader will not be terrified by the legitimate use of a much-abused term, which, like the holy name of the Redeemer in the word "Jesuit," has been piteously degraded from its original acceptance.* "Man was created for this end—to praise and revere the Lord his God, and by serving Him, to be saved at last."†

I embraced the pleasing theme as an old friend: but I could not help thinking, ever and anon, that *my* thoughts on the subject were not those of the *Jesuits*, however firmly convinced I was that they were in perfect accordance with the doctrines and life of JESUS. In the doctrines and life of the Redeemer I had found nothing wanting; whereas the Jesuits would require from me the unqualified *profession* of the Romish faith: which had been likened, in my imagination, to certain tropical nuts whose kernel is inexplicably involved in a hard, tough, intertwined husk enclosing a harder shell. For I was willing to admit that there was *some* truth in the system: some signs of vitality, some indications of soundness: a period of decomposition so

* See note B.

† Exerc. Spirit. Med. i.

grateful in rich viands to the epicure. How easy is the transition from the "flesh-pots of Egypt" to the flesh-pots of religion! And what a splendid mental epicureanism is the religion of Rome! And how the Jesuits of old enhanced its attractions by their orthodox expediency in the ticklish matter of morality! But I am anticipating a momentous question—I return to the "end of man." Some of the motives held forth for a grateful return to the Creator, in consideration of all His manifold blessings, were satisfactory; but I outstripped the scope of the "point," and expatiated in universal nature for the unnumbered motives that suggest the name of the all-wise, all-good, eternal God, to the heart as well as to the mind of the grateful worshipper. And to crown all, God himself took the form of his favoured creature, and thus exalted man still higher in the grades of creation: hence, perhaps, the noblest secondary motive of Christian morality—namely, not to degrade that which was glorified by a God made man

I need not say that I was but little "distracted" during the meditation: if the whole train of my thoughts, strictly speaking, was not a palpable distraction throughout, according to the ideas of Ignatius. However, the hour passed off very agreeably.

According to practice, the Father of the Novices visited me after the meditation. He seemed, as it were, the divine physician feeling the pulse of my soul. I "reported progress" to his satisfaction.

My next meditation was on "sin," and was less

satisfactory. My philosophy totally revised the "points." I found them inconsequent throughout: confused, absurd. That is, of course, according to the views which I had taken of the subject: having apparently reconciled the morality of pure revelation with that suggested by the laws which govern external nature in which we move, by the bodily and mental structure or organization with which we are endowed, and by the bodily and mental rewards and penalties which perpetually remind us of a superintending Providence.

I became uneasy. I thought of arguing the points with the Superior: but a moment's reflection convinced me that I came to be converted not to convert. Was it possible for me to assent to the doctrine? If not, how could I be a conscientious, an honest Jesuit? . . . I told the Father despondingly that I had been sadly distracted in this meditation. He smiled benignly; said he was not surprised at it, and with great "unction," as sentimental piety is called, he unfolded the *cause* of the failure: which, he said, manifestly resulted from the *flesh* battling with the *spirit*!* "Never mind, brother!" said he, sweetly, "grace will be given you to see all things clearly: by-and-by all will be well!" The apparent candour of his sentiment nearly extorted from my heart the confession of my heresy; but he continued

* I find this cause among the many given by AQUAVIVA in his *Industria*, cap. 3, viz., *Ex desiderii et inordinato affectu erga aliquid, quod subinde recurrit et animum pulsat, mentemque ad se importanè revocat.*

his pious instruction with such seeming gratification, that I was unwilling to blast the hope which he had so fervently and confidently expressed.

By this time, I had half convinced myself that my hope of becoming a Jesuit was very uncertain; for the idea of subscribing to their doctrines with a "mental reservation" never entered into my mind.

"Death" was the subject of my third meditation. I grappled with the grim tyrant, and brought him to a parley. This time I could give a good account of my soul, as far as its peace and quiet were concerned; for the wise, and merciful, and beneficent ends subserved by death throughout creation, filled my mind with sweet thoughts of the Creator's universal love. By a curious contradiction, it was impossible for me to follow the leading ideas of the "points." I could see nothing terrible in death, or the simple cessation of the body's functions, after having done their appointed work. Further, from the constant tendency of all organic nature to give pleasure: to bless with comfort some one or other of God's creatures, I had been deeply impressed with unbounded faith in the Creator's goodness and love; so that I looked beyond the grave with unshaken hopefulness, despite the consciousness of my infirmities: since I had remarked, as every one must, that the physical blessings of nature are freely dispensed to all—to the unjust as well as the just; though their pleasures are confined to those who use and do not abuse them.

Such were the thoughts that entertained my first hours of the Retreat: it is evident that they were not

in the spirit of **IGNATIUS**. This state of things was not to continue: the trial was at hand.

“Judgment,” “Hell,” and “Heaven,” were the following topics. . . . I confessed my doubts: I could conceal them no longer. My views of the subjects were totally at variance with the doctrine of the “points.” I could not reconcile them. I despaired for my “vocation,” and wept with bitter anguish. The good Father endeavoured to calm my agitation. Of course he did not argue with me: that was out of the question; for “the devil is not to be argued with.” He advised me to pray: to pray fervently for aid: it would be given: the tempter would vanish. He said he would pray for me: ’twas natural that I should not be easily surrendered by the Evil One: but the will of Heaven would be accomplished in me in spite of all his efforts!

These his last words were to me like the last and conquering remedy of the physician to the desperate patient.

“The will of Heaven would be accomplished in me, in spite of all his efforts!” This appeal to my ruling sentiment was electric in its effects. Instantly I determined, with all the strength of my will, to believe: and I believed! From that moment, the few doubts that rose up against me were easily vanquished. I felt totally changed in opinion on every subject. I prayed with fervour, meditated with comfort, and was eager, “like a giant prepared to run his course,” to begin a new life of action as well as of sentiment!

Strange! inexplicable! if the sentiment was not an illusion. Here was an inspiration of faith produced by an appeal to a sentiment which was certainly intimately allied to vanity; or at least to a self-idea, that mere human pride may suggest as a motive of rational ambition! I have felt the force of this omnipotent flattery, and therefore can pity the deluded "converts" who seek in the MIDIAN of Romanism that sensual spirituality which is not permitted to the faithful pilgrims of the desert. More of the *letter* of the law is required of the Roman Catholic than of the Protestant, but not more of the *spirit*, if so much; since the heart must be strong in *faith* to live up to the doctrines and model of JESUS, when the allurements, the pleasant devices, the "soft impeachments" of Romanism are not admitted into the sanctuary: where, in spirit and singleness of heart, the spiritual worshipper seeks God, and God alone.

Henceforth I have to describe myself as a devout believer: tempted, but still striving to resist—to conquer the thoughts that were ready, at every moment, to rise and appeal for a dispassionate judgment.

With faith came compunction. I was anxious to unburthen my conscience to my spiritual director. About the middle of the Retreat I began my confession.

This, of course, was essential. Whoever is admitted into the society must, on his entrance, make a general confession of his whole life, to be repeated every six months after: on account, it is said, of the manifold

utility to the spirit which is evidenced in that performance.* It was a general confession, then, that I had to make: a confession which included all the sins of my past life up to that time.

This great undertaking is performed by Roman Catholics at their first communion; and only occasionally afterwards, according to the advice of their spiritual directors, which is influenced by the supposed state of the penitent's soul: for it is considered useful to rouse the lukewarm to a fruitful effort, when their relaxed vigilance is preparing a grievous fall.

It is only necessary to confess "mortal sins;" for "venial sins" are not "matter for absolution." The distinction between a mortal and a venial sin, is, in most cases, easy enough; as the "intention" of the penitent, together with the "circumstances," decides the judgment of the expert casuist; who has been diligently instructed in all the intricate, and frequently disgusting shades of human frailty. By a mortal sin is meant a sin which causes "death to the soul:" in other words, which would consign the soul to eternal perdition. It is defined as a wilful infringement of the commandments of God, or of the church, in a grave matter, by thought, word, or deed. A venial sin is defined to be a slight dereliction of those duties which result from the commandments of God, or of the church, in a light matter; or in a grave matter, without perfect consent of the will; and consequently *pardonable*, as the Latin word, rather incongruously, is made to signify: for by implication

* Exam. Gen. cap. 4.

we might conclude that a mortal sin is *not* pardonable. *Absolution*, however, is always given—"to make sure;" and for this purpose the penitent is requested "to accuse himself of some particular sin of his past life, with a fervent act of contrition."

In my confession to the ather of the novices, I was candid and minute to the utmost. Every sin of my past life: every propensity, was confessed without reluctance. I *never* felt shame in confession. I looked upon the priest as the vicegerent of the Almighty, and often exaggerated rather than diminished my guilt. To the Jesuit I told all—absolutely all: his every question received an unhesitating reply. It is commonly thought that Roman Catholics do not tell *all* in confession: for myself, I can only say that the idea of a sacrilegious confession and communion was always horrific to my mind; and I have even confessed a nightly *dream* on the morning of communion, in order to be "spotless" for that astounding ceremonial. Gratified, doubtless, by my candour; exulting in my fervour, and triumphing in the victory gained, the good father poured forth the honeyed words of consolation: assuring me that "all the past was past" and would be forgotten, and that it was now, by a most especial grace, granted me to make amends by a life of meritorious deeds in the holy Society of Jesus. Then followed the absolution, which he pronounced with strong emotion, and concluded with the words "Go and sin no more! pray for me!"

In the evening he brought me my cassock, with

the *discipline* and the *chain*; and, with a fervent blessing and prayer that I would wear it in holiness and sincerity, he commended me to the Virgin and holy Aloysius, and left me—a saint in anticipation: for I was determined to wear the garb in the manner recommended, and I certainly endeavoured to my utmost to do so during my eventful year; as the Jesuits can testify, and *have* testified.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NOVICE—A CONTEMPLATION—RESULTS.

ON the following morning I received the sacrament, or the Eucharist, as Roman Catholics call it, at mass. The recollected demeanour of the novices during that ceremony—their hands joined on the breast—using no book, but with eyes downcast in mental prayer,—the apparent fervour of the Superior: seeming to weep as he ejaculated the words that others repeat as a task,—these signs of a religious life I had not appreciated till the morning of my first communion in the Novitiate. I cannot forget the mere sensation of the gown, which, as it were, veiled all that was worldly in me from my eyes, that now would fain forget every object that they had ever rested on with pleasure. That gown transformed me as much as any other influence in the Novitiate. On all occasions it was a monitor to me. I always put it on with pleasure, and could have wished never to appear without it: for to me it seemed to suggest the resolve to attain perfection. I considered it in the light of a contract made with

Heaven—a covenant which cancelled the past, and gave me a rule of life for the future.

I remember my sensations on that morning, as if they were of yesterday. My meditation was most interesting by its comparisons and association of ideas ; which enable me to call to mind thoughts as far back as my sixth year, and have rendered easy the task of reproducing my mind in the Novitiate. Thus all things that the eyes can see, the ears hear, the hands touch, the nostrils smell, the tongue taste, have been made to me records of thoughts to be recalled to mind at any moment.

On the morning in question, during that meditation, I likened my soul's condition to scenes that I had witnessed after a hurricane within the Tropics.

The roar of the winds, that have raged from every quarter in succession, has ceased—the shout of the sailor striving to save his ship from the shore—the crash of falling rafters—the screams of women, have heard their last echo ; and the sea, the terrible deep, that seemed in its fury last night about to engulf the little island, now smiles in its thousand ripples, curled by the morning breeze born from its own cool bosom,* as the rising sun in the east pours his life-giving radiance, on the isle now waking from its troubled sleep.

Let us go forth and see the work of the hurricane. Here are the remnants of a wreck, the greater part of which is now floating far and wide on the wilderness of ocean, soon to be covered with moss, and weeds,

* The sea breeze.

and shell-fish, and then to become a shelter for the fish that seek their food, only to be preyed upon by others larger and fiercer than themselves.

There, see! are numerous shells and curious mosses thrown up from the treasury of ocean—useless where they were—but if some clever hand will cleanse them from their dross, and polish and sort them, how beautiful they will be—those shells of every hue; and yet not tinted in vain, but for some wise end, some bounteous purpose, some providential destiny.

Here is a dead body—cold—stiff! Poor sailor! the ocean, thy adopted mother, has wafted thee kindly once more to a home—the home of the grave; and strangers will bury thee in a strange land, far from all that may love thee; and no mother will weep over thee a mother's tear, nor sister wreath a garland of the wild flowers, that daily she may renew.

Observe that man. Sadly he sits beside that wreck; he was the owner of the vessel which but yesterday rode gaily at anchor in the harbour—a strong, tight bark, ready for a voyage. He laments, uselessly bewails, his sudden loss: the wreck must be broken to pieces, sold by lots, all to be burnt, or applied to uses for which it *seemed* never to have been destined.*

Such was my contemplation. I likened the world that I had left to the hurricane; my present state was

* The foregoing contemplation is, in every particular, a scene which I witnessed in the West Indies in my tenth year.

the calm that followed, and the rising sun was the quickening spirit of religion.

The remnants of the wreck were my remaining propensities and failings; those that were floating far and wide were my evil deeds—their *scandal*, that might be made an excuse to sin by others whom I had influenced, and thus the Evil One would find his prey.

The mosses and shells were the faculties of my mind—Will, Memory, and Understanding—which would now be divinely trained and directed to the work of edification.

The dead body—the carcass—was self-will—was *self*, now no longer living, if it was still unburied, and resigned to decay without reluctance, in spite of the heart's suggestions.

The disconsolate owner of the stranded bark was the spirit of the world, that might now lament in vain the wreck of all that it had in me—all that was now to be burnt or applied to other uses,—uses which the spirit of the world could not conceive.

My first day after the retreat was a holiday for me in both senses of the word: recreation for the body as well as gladness—exultation for the mind.

Two of the novices were ordered to take me for a walk in the vicinity. We conversed cheerfully on the rules and regulations to which I was now to conform; and they seemed *surprised*, I remember, to find me so happy in my lot—so eager to run the race, to fight the battle, to ascend “unto the holy mountain.”

On meeting my brothers at recreation after dinner, I received congratulations on all sides—radiant, sweet looks, that seemed to reflect the emotions of gladness I felt in being called to their brotherhood.

My duties began in the afternoon, I think, with “manual works,” but my probation did not virtually commence till the morning after. A preliminary idea of life in the Novitiate will be given in the following chapter; meanwhile I shall enable the reader to judge of the results of the Novitiate in my individual case, by transcribing a portion of a letter written to a friend in London, within a month after my admission. With this friend I corresponded during the year. It is necessary to state that he was my fellow-student at college, and is a *Roman Catholic*. His letters were always given to me open: that is, with the seal broken; my letters were given to the Superior open, and he sealed and sent them to their destination: whether they were read, or merely glanced over, I cannot say. This was perfectly understood and agreed to on my part. I merely mention the fact as an elucidation: the extraordinary sentiments which my letters contained went forth “by permission,” either read or glanced over. I state the fact, the reader must draw conclusions.

This letter, which has been kindly returned to me at my request, bears date the 8th of March, and is headed thus:—“From my sweet Hermitage at Hodder.” Curiously enough, the name and day of the month are in Greek. It is written on a large sheet of paper. The first twenty or thirty lines relate

to some literary matters I had on hand when I left London: totally foreign to the present purpose, except a certain note which was to have been appended to a passage, and which called attention to a curious old book written by a Jesuit—the same which is alluded to in the introduction as “Hints on Etiquette.” The letter proceeds as follows:—

“However, now it (the note aforesaid) must be *anathema!* for although our good Superior gave me leave in the first instance to write the note, he has since expressed his doubts whether it might not be *detrimental* to the Society, by exciting researches which may be directed to a wrong end, in these times of atrocious scandal. To such reasons I submit unqualifiedly; nay, to the slightest intimation. You will, therefore, call on ——, and request him to omit the note, without explaining reasons, but merely by *second thought*. However, I leave all to your good judgment, do what you think fit, and you will do right. There was a time when I might have preferred my own darling will in such a moment; but, thank God! I make the sacrifice with pleasure, so that you may consign it ‘emendaturis ignibus’ aut, ‘in mare Creticum portare ventis,’ and God be praised! On its end I said, ‘Laus Deo semper,’ as I said in its beginning, ‘Ad majorem Dei gloriam’—now, *anathema sit!*”

“And now, my dear friend, having eliminated these preliminaries, let us turn to our honey-comb, and sip of its sweets. Daily I grow more and more enamoured with this terrestrial paradise; daily my

heart overflows with love to my God, who has been so singularly kind to me! I shudder when the memory of the past rises in judgment against me! How I fluttered on the abyss of infidelity! You remember the wanderings of my mind—the specious arguments she framed on the basis of impassioned flesh. Yes, I was almost a Deist, and imagined I served God in simplicity of heart. But the winter is past, and the spring-flowers of repentance have budded in my poor soul. For all God's mercies may his holy name be blessed! I talked to you of a 'system' which I had framed; I have given it to oblivion, fearful of the curse pronounced by the oracle of Truth—*Corrupti et abominabiles facti sunt in studiis eorum, &c. &c.* Now I am cured; now I begin to relish the milk of Truth; and, from the midst of my soul, I exclaim—How happy and enviable is the mental condition of those, who, cradled on a *boundless* Faith, and cheerfully sleeping on a magnificent Hope, can feel edified by every act of piety—can relish every legend, however absurd in its conception, and rest secure as to the merit of their minutest practice, in the presence of their God! The sceptic, puffed up with a proud exaltation of mind, may smile, and see an exemption from all such 'absurdities' in the abyss of God's mercy; but he must still confess that his faith is but weak, and his hope but frail; for if we 'would enter into life, we must become as little children.'

* * * * *

“Yes, my dear friend, without virtue no one can be happy. I was high-spirited before, but only now,

since I have left all to gain all, do I feel a joy which is inexpressible; in truth, my heart bursts with exultation, and I had almost said, 'Enough, enough!' . . .

"All with us is so regular; every minute appropriated; all my brethren so charitable, so loving, so filled with that piety which, albeit I have it not so abundantly as they, I can still admire it in them, and bless God. Oh! would that you were here, my dear friend! Next to heaven, I cannot wish you anything greater; for these solitudes only lack the 'beatific vision' to make them heaven itself! Eminently favoured by nature, as you shall see when you come to visit me, (which must be in June or July), they are fit for *angels*, not men.

"Oh yes! my soul, let us a thought of love express; for now the spring begins to rise from out her vestal grave, and, pure as virgin's heart, ascend her buds. Her breasts are fair, her locks stream beautifully down, and lo! her feet are sandalled by the flower-awakening showers. Haste! my beloved! my soul! and with thy breath invite the primrose and the daisy to adore, with us, our God, when Spring shall ope her eyes. Invite the roses of the bowers, and daisy of the everlasting fields; bid them, too, come and deck the garland for the Saviour's altar; and *His* lily, too, honoured of flowers! innocent and modest-eyed, with downcast look, and virgin purity. Come all! and let us sing the praises of our God, because the Spring doth come to gladden all. The hills, the mountains, the dales, the bosky

dells—all shall re-echo to our song, because all shall rejoice! The flocks, the herds, slowly emerging with their unbound feet, shall come to our acclaim; and lo! the birds will chorus join, and all creation will a hymn upraise to God eternal! Lovely Spring! O time of flowers! time of the loves and song of little birds! Now breathes my soul a pious aspiration to her Love, my Saviour! Blessed is Thy name, because Thou art the Love, the Life of all—thrice blessed is Thy name!"

Excuse this long quotation from a little work which I have conceived for *you*, particularly, to be entitled, "Solitude; or, the Spring-Flowers of my Hermitage." I shall give it to you, *permissu superiorum*, when concluded, if you come to see me next June or July. It will be religious, or *mixto-religious*—it will treat of the *heart* and its eternal love. The above is an extract from it. I intended to send you the *proœmium*, but have not time or room. I find it a wonderful help to piety to record the burstings of sudden religious feeling, and have found many of my inveterate *presentiments* overcome by writing down the contrary inspirations of the moment. These thoughts occur when I am at my "silent occupation"* in the garden, and my soul is so entranced with delight that, in truth, the body "*dulci laborum decipitur sono*"—they

"Dissolve me in sweet extacies,
And bring all Heaven before my eyes!"

* That is, "Manual Works," which are described in the next

The other morning, as I was in silence beneath the garden-willows, I heard the thrush warbling its little hymn to its Creator. I rejoiced with it, and imagination bearing me to distant climes, I felt the delicious dream steal over me, and thus my memory narrates my thoughts—an offering to the God of all things and of Spring.*

* * * *

And now, my dear friend, I must tell you my joy for the pious resolution of our good friend —. God be praised! I have not ceased to pray for you both. Yesterday's fast and exercises I offered up for you—to-day's for our *perseverance in our good purposes*—and now I must beg you to pray for me, that I may be faithful to the great grace which has been vouchsafed to me—that it may be in truth *eduxit in solitudinem, et quoniam voluit, saluum me fecit*. Do take your resolution with determination—*certa veriliter et prosperè procede*. Remember the adage, *consuetudo consuetudine vincitur—cella continuata dulcescit*—retirement becomes sweeter and sweeter, and the end of it is “a perfect possession of one's self”—a conviction that we walk in God and with God, and that angels attend us. But the election must be speedily made—delay were fatal. An eternity is at stake—present graces may never be offered again—seize them now — “for Heaven suffers violence, and the chapter. We were cautioned not to write about anything that took place in the Novitiate—hence the mystery of the allusion.

* This is an ode written in *French*—it is given in the Appendix.

violent bear it away." It is related* in Hilary de Cost's "Eloges des femmes illustres," that Jane, daughter of Alphonsus V., King of Portugal, was sought after in marriage, on account of her incomparable beauty, by the greatest princes of Christendom. Three particularly desired her hand—Louis XI., for his dauphin, Charles VIII.; Maximilian of Austria; and Richard III. of England. But she, elevating her thoughts still higher, renounced the marriage of earthly kings for that of the King of Heaven; to whom she sacrificed the beauty which she had received from his hand, and became a recluse in the very austere monastery of Alveiro, of the order of St. Dominic. The conduct of this young princess may serve to symbolise that of our soul. We may say that she is beautiful, because she serves God, and therefore must love Him—*amando Deum pulchra efficitur*.

And she is sought after in marriage. The princes of darkness have all desired her.—Mammon, the god of riches and the pride of life—Lucifer, the god of *human applause and ambition*—and Asmodeus, the god of *pleasure and sensuality*. But she has rejected all their offers for the Divine spouse Christ Jesus. Let us make her choice eternal. If we love a creature, however beautiful or amiable, our love still craves on, and there is no fuel to satisfy its burning: but if we love Thee, my God! where shall it end? or when shall the soul exclaim "Enough?"

* Vide St. Jure, *Connais. de Jésus Christ*.

Thou art beyond all space, all time—and at the thought of Thy name, the soul swells and is exalted. In Thee, as in an abyss, we may lose ourselves in infinite and eternal love—may ascend to the highest heaven where Thou livest midst the blaze of seraphim and cherubim—or descend to the lowest of hell where Thou art terrible in the furnace of Thine anger! We may see and love Thee in all Thy creatures—in the modest primrose which first salutes the spring, or in the grandeur of the centenary oak. We may love Thee in the song of the friendly linnæ that pipes its little accent of praise, or in the thunder and crash of elements when the devastating hurricane rages, and to Thy name sings “*Venite adoremus!*” Come let us adore! for thou art an unfathomable and boundless ocean of being—Πέλαγος γάρ Σὺ ὀυσίας ἀπειρον καὶ ἀόριστον.

My dear friend, you know the sincerity of my heart—believe me, if I now hold a different language to you than I was wont to indulge in, I love you, and therefore would wish you as well off as myself on the Great Day!

Tell —, * he has done well—but has yet *more* to do. Let him consider the case well! Still for ever yours—adieu—and pray for me, both of you—that *I may persevere*—that is all—I am, thank God! *very happy.*”——

Such were the “results” of *three weeks* in the Novitiate. That a total change—a metamorphosis,

* Alluding to a friend whom I had advised to embrace the *priesthood*—he took my advice—at all events he has become a priest!

had taken place in my mind, is, perhaps, very evident; and the enthusiasm of the letter will prepare the reader for what is to follow. Every previous train of thought in my mind was broken up; new roads and by-paths were being made through its wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.

A DAY'S OCCUPATION.

THE reader may perhaps remember a pretty little fable (*Der Adler*) of Lessing:—"Man once asked the Eagle, 'Why dost thou bring up thy young so high in the air?' The Eagle replied, 'Would they, when grown up, venture so near the sun if I brought them up low down on the earth?'"

The plan of Ignatius is just the reverse: he clips the wings of the will long before the joyous scenes of nature's freedom tempt it to soar. He begins with abasement—humiliation—complete subjection—degradation, and ends with (the certain result) "perfect obedience." This he ensures by never-ending practice: of this he is convinced before he says to the trembling novice, "Proceed!"; and this, finally, he secures by a vow—pronounced freely, fervently, in the presence of his representative and a witness—to the Eternal God! If I am asked what is the essential characteristic of a Jesuit in the estimation of his superiors—the characteristic which alone gives value to every virtue or talent—without which characteristic

in its most unscrupulous, in its blindest extravagance, the society disowns, discards him,—I say that characteristic is perfect obedience. This is the very soul of the society,—the heart, the mainspring, the fulcrum, the foundation, the royal *bank* of the society which is always *solvent*, however large, sudden, or unexpected the demand may be! In his Superior the Jesuit “lives, moves, and has his being;” the will of the Superior is to him the will of God.*

We rose at five, or half past, I forget which. The brother porter (of whose office, more anon) walked from curtain to curtain, which he scratched, uttering the words “*Deo gratias!*” “thanks be to God!” to which every novice replied, “*Deo gratias!*” and rose instantly. As soon as he was out of bed he pulled the upper sheets over the foot of the bed, and, “collecting himself,” that is, thinking of God, or making some pious ejaculations, he dressed himself as speedily as possible, but still with the utmost decorum, without bustle or noise. When completely dressed, and not before, he emerged from his cell.

One after another we filed down to the back regions of the house, where there was a pump, and there we performed the first menial duty of “Holy Obedience.”

* See *CONSTIT. passim*—but more particularly Part vi. c. 5, where it is decided that the guilt of *sin* is attached to disobedience when the Superior commands, “*in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or in the Virtue of Obedience!*” The subject will be fully discussed in the sequel.

This was done calmly, seriously, piously,—for we walked in prayer. I doubt not that the reader will imagine that we must have been tempted to smile and indulge an excusable merriment at many of our occupations. At first, such symptoms of frivolity were apparent; but after a week or two, it was astonishing how seriously the very thing that had seemed so comical inspired sentiments of devotion. But the reason is obvious. CLEMENT XIV., the pope who abolished the society of the Jesuits *cooked for himself*, whilst a prey to the dismal malady that proceeded from, or followed that suppression,—because “poniards and poison were incessantly before him.”* CINCINNATUS the Roman, victorious over the enemies of his country, returned in triumph to Rome, but laid down his office as dictator, and retired to *plough his fields*. DIONYSIUS of Syracuse, and LOUIS PHILIPPE, it is said, were not ashamed “to keep a school.” A hundred examples of the like nature crowd to the mind, and all give evidence that when the human will is firmly directed by any motive, human or divine, things despised, abhorred before, become invested with honour—inspire sentiments of esteem and affection. The first repugnance will give place to satisfaction; and the *motive* held forth, whatever it may be, will induce us to outstrip the letter of necessity in the spirit of love.

“ Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure,
The sullen prestage of thy weary steps,

* Count A. de Saint Priest—Fall of the Jesuits, p. 91.

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return."*

From the pump aforesaid, we proceeded to the lavatory; washed, and returned to our cells to brush our hair.

We had not much to brush. When I went to the Novitiate my hair was long, and fell to my shoulders. The contrast, when I saw the jail-fashion of the novices, was unpleasant; and I had the weakness to retain the "honour of the head," despite the tacit admonition. I expected every day an order to conform, but it *never* came; till at length, ashamed of myself, I sacrificed the toy of vanity, and was religiously shorn by the cook.

"Hyacinthine locks," then, were out of the question,—few retained more than an inch or two,—but still we brushed the stubble, and brushed it well, for there was "merit"† in every action when performed by holy obedience.

The reader must bear in mind that not one word but the "Deo gratias" has been spoken, and nothing has been seen but what was immediately before the eyes. We walked with looks prone to the earth; no one durst raise his eyes from the ground: "for the custody of the eyes" was never relaxed except during recreation-hours, and even then "much might be done" in the spirit of the rule.

The rule of the SUMMARY, which fashions the exterior of the novice, is the following:—

"All should take the most diligent care to guard

* SHAKSP., Rich. II.

† CONST., Part iv. c. 6.

the gates of the senses,—particularly the eyes, ears, and tongue, from all irregularity; and preserve themselves in peace and true internal humility,—and to exhibit this humility by silence, when it is to be observed; but when they are to speak, by the circumspection and edification of their words, and modesty of their looks, and demureness* of their steps, and every movement—without any sign of impatience or pride: in all things procuring and deserving that the best of everything should be given to others, esteeming in their mind, all others, as it were, their superiors, and by outwardly exhibiting with simplicity and religious moderation, the respect and reverence which the rank of the party demands: and thus it may come to pass that, taking thought for each other reciprocally, they may increase in devotion, and praise God our Lord, whom each should study to recognise in another as in His image.†

Twenty minutes, or half an hour, I forget which, elapsed from the time of rising—the clock gave its notice—the brother porter rang thrice successively—we marched into the chapel. After a short prayer in silence, the porter read the “points” of the meditation. We meditated kneeling, standing, sitting, and kneeling again, for the space of an hour.

The chapel is about the size of an ordinary parlour. Benches, with long cushions in front, are placed transversely, and along the sides.

The porter's place was near the door, and any one quitting the chapel had first to ask his leave.

* *Maturitate incessus.*

† *CONST., Part iii. c. 1, 4.*

The Superior meditated in his room, I suppose ; for he only came in for mass. In the Superior's absence, on all occasions, the Porter, a novice of the second year,* was, as it were, Superior : we could not even leave the recreation-room, the garden, or playground, without his permission ; which, of course, was *always* given. Any irregularity in the applicant as to the frequency of the application, or otherwise, would be reported to the Superior ; who, if he thought proper, would reprimand the delinquents, either privately or in public, by a "brief:" of which more anon.

Meditation ended, the Superior entered, and rehearsed the "Litany of Jesus,"—a sweet, affectionate appeal to the Redeemer, which makes every thrilling incident in the life of the Man made God, a source of ardent hope and steadfast confidence. Standing before the chest of drawers that contained the vestments, the Superior robed himself, muttering the prayers which the Romish Church prescribes for the occasion : but there was no *looking-glass* before him, as I have seen on other similar occasions, when the thought occurred to me, that if *vanity* suggested to the priest that use of woman's "best companion,"—still,

"Vice sometime 's by action dignified."

Mass commenced ; and we joined in spirit in the awful "Sacrifice."

As soon as mass was ended, we rose—eyes down-

* That is, a novice who had passed one of the two years of probation.

cast, head inclined a little, not much—hands joined on the breast—and walked decorously to our cells for half an hour's "spiritual reading."

This was Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection."

If the Jesuits were asked to produce a book which contained their *recognised* morality, "Christian Perfection," by RODRIGUEZ, would be, I imagine, the book selected: not "ESCOBAR," "LESSIUS," "BUSEMBAUM," &c., though published with the *necessary** "*Facultas, approbatio, licentia, consensus et permissio*,"† whereby the respective works became the exponent of the Society's indoctrination.

Accordingly, "Rodriguez" is put into the hands of the *Novices*, who must be conquered by the sweet spirit of *Heaven* before they can be ruled and fashioned by the spirit of *men*—for I will spare the antithesis. Admirable means and worthy of a better end!

I relished the book exceedingly: my half hour before breakfast always passed agreeably even when tormented by the restless "chain," of which more in the sequel.

Our breakfast consisted of oatmeal porridge, with milk and bread. Grace was said in Latin. We ate in silence and "recollection,"‡ and with downcast eyes.

* Const. 5, d. 0. I was reminded of the mandate by the *Provincial* when he admitted me.

† See Lib. Theol. Moral., by ESCOBAR, 8vo. Lond. 1659, which exhibits all the above credentials duly signed and dated.

‡ Thomas à Kempis will explain what is meant by this technical term of asceticism. "My son, you should diligently strive, in every place and action, or external occupation, to look within thyself, unfettered, in self-possession; and let all things be subjected to you,

The porter alone was exempt from this restriction, for he had to see that others did their duty. When all had finished he rose—we did the same—grace was said—we followed him to the dormitory.

A minute or two elapsed and the bell rang. It called us to the chapel for a lecture on the rules of the Novitiate. Each novice had a little book called "The Summary." "The Summary" is written in Latin, and contains about thirty rules, extracted from the "Constitutions," for the guidance of the novices. We had to get these rules by heart; but some how or other I could never say them well. I have penanced myself over and over again for this defalcation; have tried every means, but could never succeed. I always stammered and broke down. This was very annoying to me. My memory is naturally very quick and tenacious. I easily learned and retain to the present time the "Odes of Horace;" but the rules of "The Summary" have not left a vestige behind as far as the Latin construction is concerned; though the duties involved I shall for ever remember: I learned them by *practice*.

The lectures read to us were composed by one Father Plowden, formerly master of the novices at Hodder. They were remarkably well written, always well arranged, luminous, full of vigour, and not unfrequently facetious. I enjoyed these lectures. And yet, strange to say, it was the lecture which

and not yourself to *them*: that you may be the lord and ruler of your actions, not their servant and slave."—De Imit. l. III. c. 38.

referred to the downfall of the society, and the charges brought against it, that first shook my resolution to become a Jesuit. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind by the concentrated ferocity with which the character of an English priest* who had written against the society, was assailed. In reading the passage the meek Father of the novices seemed to tremble at the words of wrath.

After the lecture we assembled, in groups of three or four, in the dormitory, for the purpose of repeating as much of it as we could remember; making notes upon a slate: for on a subsequent day we had to appear in the chapel to be questioned on the sense and spirit of the rule as explained in the former lecture. I think a quarter of an hour was the time allotted to this rehearsal. At its expiry the porter went to the end of the dormitory, and cried out "Deo gratias!" Every voice was stopped: it was the order "to make our beds!"

Our beds were comfortable, though of coarse materials: hard, "mortifying" mattresses to the sensual. The bedstead was so constructed as to turn on a hinge; so that, after making the bed, we strapped the lower part and turned the bedstead up, securing it with a belt, so as to leave more room in our little cells. I say *cells*, but the Jesuits are not *monks*: they scorn the very notion. A wooden partition, which did not reach

* Referring, perhaps, to the fierce dissensions between the regular and secular clergy of England, many years ago. I think a full account of the matter appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine.

Tantene animis cœlestibus iræ!

the ceiling, divided the dormitory into compartments, giving to each novice about as much space as a passenger has in a packet-ship for his berth. Each compartment contained a small desk (*without a lock*, of course) and a chair. A crucifix was suspended over the desk, and I think there was a pot containing "holy water." In the desk were our books, papers, discipline or whip, chain, &c. I say *our*, but I am wrong: *meum* and *tuum* were to be totally forgotten. A quarter of an hour was allowed for making beds. Then came "manual works." These were divided into *in-door* and *out-of-door* works. When there was no *lecture*, an hour for each division—on other occasions, half an hour.

I could not help admiring the neatness and facility with which the novices worked in every department. Only a few lessons were requisite in the first instance, and then each seemed to become master of the respective art, whether it was that of sweeping, dusting, shoe-cleaning, &c. Indeed, after a year's training in these mysteries, I think a man might conscientiously, in a case of emergency, undertake to make himself "generally useful," as "a servant of all work."

In-door manual works consisted in all the functions of domestic economy. You went to the porter, and said "Deo gratias!" He replied, "sweep the dormitory, clean knives, clean shoes, sweep the recreation-room, sweep up the hearth, dust the chairs," &c.

Sometimes the "Deo gratias" would be answered

by, "go to Brother So-and-so, in the refectory." Brother So-and-so would then order you to sweep the room, or set the benches, or lay the cloths, or plates, or knives and forks; and when he had nothing more for you to do, he would answer your "Deo gratias!" by another "Deo gratias!" and you went again to the porter.

The porter would then, perhaps, order you to go to another brother. This brother, on hearing the "Deo gratias!" might order you to go and fetch the "tub;" or perhaps he would go with you, as it required two persons to lift it. This tub was set ready by the lay-brother at the kitchen door. You carried the tub to the back region of the house, and then you washed, and wiped the utensils there deposited; and then you scrubbed the *sedilia*, swept out the adjacent localities, made all neat and tidy, and returned the tub aforesaid to where you found it. This part of manual works was considered the most trying to pride; and, consequently, it was not ordered to new novices. For my part, I often longed for the order, in my fervour; and when it was vouchsafed me, I was rather grieved to think that perhaps the companion selected for me was chosen in order to diminish my repugnance—which certainly did not exist. At all events, my companion was a son of Lord —, a Catholic nobleman. I may mention that at the time of which I am speaking there were in the Novitiate, besides the gentleman just alluded to, the son of a baronet, and two near relatives of another Roman Catholic nobleman. Before I left I think we numbered about twenty novices in all.

Other occupations consisted in dusting the books, cleaning out the chapel, polishing plate, &c. &c.—in a word, every domestic work was performed by the novices, excepting cooking ; which was, however, in the hands of the lay-brother, and an assistant who was a lay-novice.

When the appointed hour was passed, we were ordered into the garden. Here we were sent to dig potatoes or root up weeds—to pick fruit, or sweep away dry leaves, to roll the play-ground, or clean the walks,—according to the season.

The “custody of the senses” is strictly kept during all these various operations. Imagine the scene—its pious regularity—sanctified homeliness—beautiful poverty—and perfect obedience. Sometimes several worked in company. On such occasions I have been reminded of a scene I beheld when sailing past one of the West India islands—a “gang” of poor negroes on a hill side—naked to the waist, whilst the tropical sun blazed cruelly hot: but little they recked that terrible sun! They stood in a row—curved to the work—and their hoes went up and their hoes went down, like the hammer of a clock that seems to *curse* with its clash the tyrant time!

All the works, then, were carried on in perfect silence: the eyes fixed on what was before you: they were indeed, never raised on any account as we walked through any part of the house, on any occasion whatever.

When the time was very nearly expired, on giving the porter the “Deo gratias,” he said “Deo gra-

tias;" which meant that he had nothing more for you to do. You then went and washed your hands, put on your cassock and slippers—for slippers were worn in the house to favour silence—and remained in your cell for the next order.

This time the "Deo gratias" meant "study"—which lasted an hour. The term is apt to mislead: no profane study is allowed in the Novitiate. The "study" of the Novitiate is asceticism, spirituality. But then this was acquired through the medium of the languages with which the novices were acquainted: the languages were "kept up;" nothing was to be lost in the Novitiate except individuality or self-will. For instance, I was ordered to read a little German, Italian, and Spanish daily, though only for a quarter of an hour. All the novices had acquired the French language, and were well grounded in Latin.

The subjects for "study" were appointed by the Superior. It might be the lives (in Latin) of eminent Jesuits who suffered "martyrdom" in Holland, in England, and in Japan; or it might consist in translating from St. CYPRIAN or BERNARD, or the "Confessions of St. AUGUSTINE," &c. The discourses of BERNARD on the Canticles were appointed to me, and they certainly well accorded with the glowing enthusiasm which filled my soul with "love divine." It was during this hour that we wrote letters to our friends, concerning which I shall speak in its proper place. These, of course, were necessarily *sermons* in their way. During this hour we wrote our short dis-

courses to be preached to our brother-novices—for we had sermons of this sort, I think, twice or thrice a week. In a word, the hour was industriously employed in the manner prescribed by the Superior. Had you been permitted to enter the dormitory during that hour, you would never imagine that every cell contained an active, intelligent, thoughtful soul engaged in a mighty struggle, without a doubt of victory: and yet it was intent on one grand consummation, namely, to die to itself in order to live in perfect obedience. I need not say that the stillness of the tomb prevailed on all sides; and if ever my thoughts wandered, the sound of the wind, or of the rushing waters of the stream below when the wintry torrents gave it voice, seemed an admonition as it were of the eternal trumpet that has yet to proclaim “Awake, O dead!” But I must not anticipate my visions and my dreams. I had enough, Heaven knows! I shall hereafter narrate one or two; and the reader will then believe me when I say that I wonder at no recital of the kind in times of old or times present.

About twenty minutes before dinner, the “*Deo gratias*” was given out by the porter. We went and washed, and at the sound of the bell we said (to ourselves) what Roman Catholics call the “*Angelus*.” It consists of three sentences and three Ave Marias in memory of the Annunciation of the Virgin MARY. We then went to chapel.

The reader may perhaps fancy that we have not had much time for sinning; but he is mistaken:

we went to chapel for the examination of conscience. We remained kneeling during this quarter of an hour.

It may be asked what we examined our consciences to find? I will state a few novice-sins,* and the result of this proceeding will render the matter perfectly intelligible. Suppose a novice walked rather hurriedly—it was a fault. If he contradicted his brother in conversation—it was a fault. If he failed in the custody of the eyes—it was a fault. It might happen that he spoke more to one than another—it was a fault. He laughed too loudly—that was a fault. In fine, he has not “done his best” in every public duty—this is a fault. These are sins; but every novice has some particular *failing*, which he has determined more or less fervently to vanquish: here, then, is an interesting battle to fight. I will copy from my diary† at Hodder, five resolutions made on the “day of St. Stanislaus.”

* “The Constitutions, Declarations, and Order of Life do not bind under penalty of sin” in the usual acceptation of the term: but it was difficult—I speak from experience—to divest the mind of the fear. The mystification, therefore, just alluded to, answers the end in view. Those who stand beside the roaring cataract of Niagara can hear, but indistinctly, if at all, the report of a cannon, but in the chapel where we meditated in the Novitiate, you might hear a pin fall, or the heart beat. In after life a Jesuit may sin against the Constitutions, &c., without scruple; but a novice—I speak from experience—has a conscience whose nerves, like the fingers, ears, and smell of the blind, keenly admonish or rack with affright.

† I regret to say that I have lost a whole volume of that diary—it would have been very useful on the present occasion.

“ RESOLUTIONS ON ST. STANISLAUS.

“ Henceforth my continual thoughts will be Jesus, Mary, Stanislaus. O Lord, it is good for us to be here! Let me make three tents—one for Thee, one for our sweet Mother, and one for Stanislaus. I will wait upon you—not daring to enter—but standing without, and ministering. O sweet! O most sweet Jesus! never more permit me to be separated from Thee!

“ Res. I.—To do everything in the best manner.

“ II.—Never to go to public duties with dirty shoes, &c.

“ III.—To keep my room in order.

“ IV.—To conform to the will of others.

“ V.—To do nothing extra without the consent of the Superior.

“ JESUS! MARY! STANISLAUS.”

I find also an entry thus:—

“ December* — Review and Renovation. Defect in observing the 29th Rule—Occasional vanity. Resolution—Five or ten minutes' prayer daily to St. Ignatius to obtain the spirit of the 11th, 12th, and 29th Rules.

“ Noster autem JESUS, tanquam agnus mansuetus, omnem austeritatem abstulit!”

Every novice kept a small piece of paper (one is

* That is, about a month before my secession—it is manifest, therefore, that my fervour in self-reformation had not subsided.

still in my possession), ruled with seven lines, for every day in the week, and he made dots on the lines, accordingly as he broke his resolution. The number should, of course, diminish on the lines with the days of the week.

The subjoined is the form of the Soul's Day-book for casual entries—the two lines referring to the two daily examinations.

Thus, by sheer necessity, were the sins to diminish in number by the end of each week !

Had you been in the chapel during this examination, you would have wondered why some of the novices left their places and went into the Superior's

room, one by one; returning after the lapse of a second or two. The Superior stood in his room, the novice knelt before him, and said :—" Holy Father! I have done such and such a thing, for which I beg permission to perform such and such a penance." The Superior gave leave, if he thought proper; or commuted the penance into something else, more or less severe. It must be remembered that only public faults could be thus proclaimed; but, of course, with permission, public expiation of a *private* fault might be made.

The clock struck—we went to the refectory. We stood around—not all, for the novices who had gone into the Superior's room were now kneeling on the floor, with their arms outstretched at full length in the form of a cross. The superior said grace; those who were standing took their seats, and those who were kneeling began their " public confession."

As there were penitents every day, the novices were divided into three companies for that purpose; five or six in each company doing penance in rotation on the appointed day.

Kneeling, as I have described, and the Superior standing in his place, the first penitent would stoop, kiss the floor, and confess, as follows :—

" Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having neglected the custody of eyes on one or two occasions, for which fault holy obedience enjoins me to do penance."

This penance was probably a *De profundis* for the souls in purgatory—that is, he repeated to himself

the 130th Psalm, kneeling where he was, with outstretched arms.

The second penitent would say:—

“Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in talking too loud during recreation, for which, &c. &c.”

He probably had to say the “Miserere,” or 51st Psalm.

When the psalm was concluded, the penitent kissed the floor again, rose and went to his place at the table.

The third penitent would say:—

“Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having been too positive in maintaining my opinion, for which fault, &c. &c.”

His penance was, perhaps, to rise after having dined, with his can in his hand; he then went to a brother, knelt before him, and presented his can to be filled: he drank the drink of humiliation, kneeling.

A fourth would say:—

“Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having spoken somewhat sharply to a brother, for which fault, &c. &c.”

He went to the brother and kissed his feet.

The fifth might be the *porter*. He might say:—

“Holy Father! I acknowledge my faults in having neglected several duties, and in scandalising my brothers by my worldly remarks in conversation, for which faults, &c. &c.”

He stooped, kissed the floor, rose, and, proceeding

from brother to brother, he kissed the feet of *all*, the Superior included.

This penance affected me very much when I first witnessed it, which occurred during my retreat.

Sometimes the penitent would eat his dinner *kneeling*, at a small table placed for the purpose in the middle of the refectory.

On one occasion a novice prostrated himself at the threshold of the door, crying to each brother as he stepped over him, "Pray for me, brother!" This penance occurred but *once* in my year. It was during the awful time of the "thirty days' retreat;" and the penitent was—*myself*.

The penitent chose his penance; or rather the penance presented itself to his mind in the similitude of an inspiration. So much, indeed, was this symptom a part of my mind's distemper during my Novitiate, that the idea of what I wished to do remained in my mind as the remembrance of the penance performed. Thus, upon reflection, I am unable to say whether I actually prostrated myself—as my mind suggested, or only *knelt* by the door and repeated the words. When I wrote the passage I had a full conviction that the penance was performed as I have given it, but a few days since the thought suddenly occurred to me that I had requested permission to perform that penance, but it was commuted by the Superior into the last mentioned modification.

Of course we dined in silence; but a rule of the Summary enjoins that "whilst the body is refreshed, the soul, too, may have its food." Accordingly we had

a reader. The first thing read was the "Roman Martyrology," that is, the notice of the saint for the day; then followed the "Fasti Societatis Jesu," giving the commemoration of the saint of the society, or eminent member, for the day. If there was no "Brief" to be read, the reader proceeded with the work in hand.

The work in hand was, of course, appointed by the Superior, and always spiritual, or directly in accordance with the scope and aim of the Novitiate. When I first went to the Novitiate, the work was the one alluded to in the first article, as "Hints on Etiquette." I regret that I can neither remember the name of the book nor of the author. Every sentence was an axiom on politeness, and in accordance with the most rigid opinions on that subject. It was written by a German, and in Latin. I need not state that the "Martyrology" and "Fasti" were also in Latin. Among the works read in the refectory during my year, I may mention the "History of the Church of Japan," detailing the exploits of Xavier and his companions; "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez; "Difference between Temporal and Eternal,"—a truly awful affair; "The lives of the Saints," by Alban Butler.

After dinner, we went to the chapel for a few minutes; this being a visit to the "blessed Sacrament:" for the "holy elements" were constantly kept on the tabernacle of the altar.

This visit ended, we walked demurely to the recreation-room.

I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, "At last!" but

we have not done with prayer and "recollection" as yet. As soon as the novice entered, he knelt down and said an *Ave Maria*, to place himself under the protection of the Virgin.

If the weather permitted we adjourned to the garden, where we paced up and down the walks, chatting on "profession" topics, pleasantly, quietly—entertaining each other by what we had read, and stimulating the spirit by original thoughts, if any, expressed in the glowing words of sincerity: for I cannot imagine it possible for a man to be a hypocrite in the Novitiate. I judge from myself. It requires an overwhelming fervour and determination to conquer human nature in order to submit to the Novitiate for two long years without intermission. And who is the man that can play the hypocrite in the midst of so many rules and regulations, goading him on every side: in the midst of so many eyes that have him in charge—ay, that have his immortal soul in charge, for which they have to answer according to the "spirit of Ignatius?"

An hour was allowed for recreation. At its expiry the bell summoned us to the chapel for another visit to the "blessed Sacrament." It was now two o'clock. "Manual works" began our afternoon duties. These lasted only one hour; half an hour in the house and half an hour in the garden. Any work left unfinished in the morning had then to be completed: for it must be remembered that, as soon as the bell rang, whatever you were doing must be instantly relinquished, or you committed a fault against

holy obedience. In-door work in the afternoon consisted chiefly in preparing the Refectory for supper; out-of-door work as usual.

The remaining hours before supper were employed in reading, writing, rehearsing the Rosary, &c.

The Rosary is a devotion to the Virgin, consisting of one hundred and fifty Ave Marias, of fifteen Pater Nosters, and the Gloria; with a Meditation, during the rehearsal, on the principal incidents in the life of Mary and Christ. This always seemed to me rather strange; for I could never comprehend how one could pray to God or the Virgin whilst thinking of something else. I used to say the prayers, and then meditate for a few minutes.

During this portion of the day the novice might be sent for by the Superior to be "advised" or "lectured," or "questioned" on his spiritual progress. Or he might go to the Superior with his "difficulties," after asking leave of the brother porter to leave the dormitory: for no one could leave the room without permission. The novice scratched the curtain, the porter whispered "Come in!" and you stated your wish, which was always granted.

The curtain was never to be closed until you retired, if on any occasion you had to remain a few minutes in a brother's cell*—nor could you go to it without leave.

Towards six o'clock (when we supped) the porter went to the end of the dormitory, and sang out "Deo gratias!" This meant that you had to go to your

* Const. P. iii. c. 1. D. p. 109.

brother monitor. Of this personage I shall speak in the proper place.

This duty ended, we retired to our rooms, and after the lapse of a few minutes the bell rang for supper.

During supper we were read to, as during dinner; excepting the "Martyrology" and "Fasti."

I may mention that there were two novices appointed by turns to wait at table. They wore a long white apron as a badge of their office during the performance of their functions.

Our dinner was always plentiful and substantial. Supper consisted either of sliced meat or rice puddings, crowned with preserves and milk. We had beer and water to drink. Most of the novices drank water, but the jug of beer was always there. By long standing the beer sometimes got sour: in that state I have drunk it for "mortification." I cannot say whether it was *always* drunk with the same intention.

I must here state, that we were enjoined to satisfy our appetite—no mortifications were allowed in this matter. The Superior once said to me, "Brother Steinmetz, you do not eat enough—you require all you get to preserve your strength for the duties of the Novitiate: 'tis hard work, and nature must be supported."

On the other hand, any "pampering" was instantly checked. When I first went I once or twice used some vinegar. I was checked for this. On another occasion I ate mustard with boiled meat—I was told that this was irregular: nor was I permitted to eat

meat without salt and mustard when I took it into my head thus to "mortify" the spirit. The Superior, in his admonition, remarked, that in this cold climate such accessories tended to promote digestion. Reasons are not often given to novices, but this worthy gentleman did sometimes kindly explain the why and wherefore to me.

After supper we had another hour of recreation, which was, as before, preceded by the "visit" and "Ave Maria" aforesaid. In summer we walked in the garden; in winter we remained at the fireside. I must state that there was also a stove in the dormitory.

The Superior sometimes visited us during recreation, and told us such pious news as he thought would interest us.

At eight o'clock the porter rang his bell. We now went to chapel for another examination of conscience, which lasted a quarter of an hour, as before.

Then followed the reading of the "Points" of the meditation for the next morning; the "Litany of the Virgin;" the "Blessing;" the "Kissing of the Relic."

This last duty was performed thus:—the Superior held the relic in his right hand, and a small napkin in his left. After presenting it to the lips of one novice he wiped it, and so on. I must say that I never thoroughly conquered my repugnance to "submit" to this kissing; but "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" was my adopted motto: I forgot the act in the intention.

From the chapel we retired to the dormitory. In

an instant you might hear all the beds creaking on their hinges, and resuming the horizontal. We got between the sheets as soon as possible, "right tired" in body and mind, and never likely to suffer from want of sleep. A few minutes after, the porter came round, scratching at each curtain with his "Deo gratias!" to which each novice responded: if he had not fallen asleep, which sometimes happened.

If it was a "mortification night" the novices remained sitting in their beds, waiting for the tinkling of a small bell; and then each administered to himself, on his back, bared for the purpose, the "discipline:" of which more hereafter.

Such is a day's occupation in the Novitiate—not *every* day's occupation, but one that may serve as a sample. Other duties of the Novitiate required deviations from this "order of the day."

I think the reader will readily agree with me that if Eugene Sue intended his terrible "Moroc"* to typify the Society of the Jesuits, the idea of that "tamer of wild beasts" was well imagined. One must either break down in the Novitiate, or break forth a being of another world. Le Sage intimates that a monk should be more or less than a man; and I will add that a Jesuit should be a—Jesuit. Perhaps by the time we part the reader may be enabled to form some distinct, definite idea of this wonderful being.

* See "The Wandering Jew."

CHAPTER VIII.

CUI BONO, OR WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT?

THE details of a day's occupation in the Novitiate have produced, I doubt not, various effects on my readers. Some have smiled, others have laughed, some have shuddered, others have been indignant. Not a few, I trust, have penetrated beneath the rippling surface, and have caught a glimpse, as it were, of the "hidden things" that lie at the bottom. All have asked "Cui bono?"

I shall now endeavour to answer the question.

One striking fact must, however, have surprised the reader. He must have exclaimed: "What! no mention of the BIBLE among the books set before men studying Christian perfection?"

I answer, *None!* We did not read the Bible; or, if any did so, they did it privately and by special permission. But, in point of fact, why should a Roman Catholic read the Bible? By so doing, he only exposes himself to temptation against the faith: he may "wrest the Scripture to his own perdition." All "proximate occasions" of sin must be avoided:—the Bible is such to him—therefore the Bible would be avoided! Observe, the Roman Catholics do not admit this matter-of-fact argumentation—not

they, indeed! They will tell you to read, of course: but beware of interpreting contrary to the promulgated doctrines!

Of what use, then, are the Scriptures to these men? For the study of the priest, who will take care to read and explain them to his congregation.

Besides, they are necessary in order to prove that the "Church" is the Church; and then the "Church" returns the favour by proving that the Scriptures are the Scriptures—as beautiful a "vicious circle" as was ever circumscribed by the compasses of sophistry.

For my part, I read the Bible when a boy: I read it when at college. Roman Catholics are not forbidden to read the Bible; only a discretion is used in the permission to read: such is the distinction, which answers the important end in view, viz., subjection to the Infallible Popedom.

I return to the question. The scope and end of all the training in the Novitiate were, to teach the meaning and practice of the Three Vows which were to be made at the end of two years' probation. Its aim was to lay a deep, broad foundation, whereon the "Society" would build, as it thought most expedient: ostensibly "for the greater glory of God," but virtually, effectually, infallibly for its own advancement. This is not an unfair assertion. I conclude thus from facts. Is not a devoted life-and-death love of the Society considered the first sign of a true vocation to it? Is not this love cherished, fostered, stimulated by every motive human and divine? It may be objected that such characteristics

must be more or less common to the members of every association, and are essential to its existence. I admit the objection, and affirm that it only renders my assertion more probable. Further, if my impressions in the Novitiate be worthy of attention, I say that every conversation in which the concerns of the Society were discussed, tended to plant and water this conviction in my mind. It was always "what *we* (the society of Jesuits) have done—what *we* are doing—what *we* will do." Every man strove to render himself acceptable to the Society: the sample, the pattern being given, every man knew the number of stitches and shades requisite to knit together the "coat of many colours" which adorns the favourite son of Ignatius.

"Begun by God," it is written, "the Society must be preserved by Divine, not by human means";* but still care must be taken that it be increased in number,† and prayers must be said for its preservation and increase. As the past was, so will the future be; if human nature is the same for ever.

And yet one is inclined to doubt the fact. Were there ever such men in the Society? Many reasons may be alleged for the negative opinion. For how could men, dead to the world, crucified with Christ, who made themselves a holocaust to God—formed by so many constitutions, so many regulations; tried by so many probations, admonished by so many illustrious examples, aided by so many annual retreats, so many meditations, reading, daily exhortations—by

* Const. § 1. p. 61, and P. x. § 1.

† P. i. c. 1, Const., and Part ii. cap. 1, § 1.

so many holy sacraments, vows—by so many divin words and illuminations,—fall off so basely to such an extent as to think of Egypt in the Holy Land, —after having put their hands to the plough, to look behind,—forgetting the Divine glory, their salvation, the edification of their neighbour, wickedly to indulge the suggestions of private affection and human necessity, basely to consult their own interests; and, as far as they could go in this direction, to dare to shake the foundations of obedience, annul discipline, and destroy the work of God without hesitation !*

These are not my words. The whole paragraph is faithfully translated from the epistle of GOSWIN NICKEL, the General of the Society, to the Fathers and Brothers of the same Society, in the year 1656: about one hundred years after this Divine Society was established.

All this is perfectly natural. It is human nature; and this is all I contend for. I affirm that these human motives weld the Jesuits together: the Divine motives being, as it were, the bellows in the hands of the clever “Superiors,” wherewith the passive metal of the society is rendered malleable, porous, and ductile.

In *this* fact is the element of decay. But human reason discovers its errors always too late; and the deceitful heart cheers itself the while with the short-lived hopes, which, like wintry suns, have but a small arc to describe in the jealous firmament of day.

Ever and anon the voice of a just man rises supe-

* Epist. ii. Gosw. Nick.

rior to the clamours of the multitude, and cries, Beware! but the torrent rolls on—the abyss is dug by the falling waters; and the fate of great names has a place in the map of history!

The modern Jesuits, like those of old, march on: who shall arrest their progress? They themselves—the Jesuits. They are working their own ruin; and the more influence they gain in this country, the nearer they will approach destruction. Their history will always be the same, because the essentials of their institute are unchangeable. The veil of mystery, which dims the sight even of the subordinates of the Society, gives them the prime fulcrum of diplomatic craft. But it is too human to be an element of long life. The man who cannot, in every action, look in the face of day, and say to the witness, Is it not well?—works not as the champion of Truth, but the menial of Error, and its tyrant—Self.

But is there no understanding in the first instance as to the precise position that a man might expect to fill in the Society? Expect! why a tractarian might as well expect, in becoming a Roman Catholic, to become Pope! No, no; a Jesuit can expect nothing, as far as his individual ambition is concerned.* He must consider himself perfectly worthless, till the voice of God—that is, of his Superior—shall call him forth from penance to power, from prayer to politics, from obscurity to renown. But from his birth in the Novitiate, to his death in the Society, all that he is permitted to think himself is, that he is only a too-

* For the various denunciations against ambition, vide *Const. P. x. p. 9, c. 1, A. P. viii. c. 6.*

fortunate fellow-labourer in the Society of Jesus. Meanwhile, he must patiently gnaw like the beaver—he must float down the felled trunk like the beaver—he must gather and carry mud like the beaver; and he must “lend a hand” to build up the dam and the habitation like the beaver; but he must be content with his allotted nook: his “angulus terræ,” in the absolute monarchy wherein his lot is cast. If not, he must put forth his ambitious claims, like the clever pope of old, in the celestial form and figure of consummate wisdom, unapproachable tact, discretion, and humility, such as to deceive Lucifer himself.

Eugene Sue’s “Rodin” is quite a misconception: his habitual filth alone is enough to ruin the character: a Jesuit must be clean—clean as a lancet, a dirk, a stiletto, or a tiger’s fangs.

Voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, perfect obedience; these are the three symbols of the professed piety of the Jesuit—these are the bulwarks of his lofty ambition. The pains taken by the trainer, and the determined efforts of the trained, point forward to a boundless reward—universal power immovably based on mind, on conscience—a power whereon the sun shall never set.

During those hours of recreation in the Novitiate which we were permitted to spend in solitude, I would sometimes take the “Summary,” skim through the thirty or forty rules it contained, and endeavour to understand my intended profession by seeking out its requirements in the perfect Novice.

As I frequently revolved the subject, and as all my thoughts during that probation, particularly towards its conclusion, were strong, serious, never to be forgotten, I have now only to summon them from the "dark backward, and abysm of time," and give them words, that they may bear witness. I shall be an impartial interpreter to myself, as it were, of those mystic thoughts—that wild infatuation, strong fanaticism—and with the serious reader I shall strive to profit by the awful lesson.

VOLUNTARY POVERTY.

It was difficult for me to conceive how a man could take a vow to remain poor, or to become poor, and yet possess all that he could rationally desire of the world's comforts. We were decently clad—we would always be so in all likelihood: we were well fed; there was no probability of being starved; we were sheltered; in every region of the globe the Society would hereafter possess its "three houses." What, then, was to be the meaning of the vow which we were to make to God, or rather to the Society? It is as follows:—We were taught to believe that we could possess without feeling that we possessed. We used, we did not take. We consumed—not we, but the Society in us—and the Society was to us as God; for it said to us, "Consider the lilies of the field," &c. Self-abnegation was the specific which was to effectuate this frame of mind: this sublime

“mental reservation.* On this topic I find among my papers, written at Hodder, the following conclusion: “I must divest myself of myself, so as not to desire health more than sickness, riches more than poverty, honour more than ignominy, a long life more than a short one; finally, in all things, singly desiring and choosing those things which rather conduce to the end for which I was created, viz., to glorify God in the Society of Jesus.” Such is the Jesuit’s interpretation (as expounded to the novice) of the Beatitude, “Blessed are the poor in spirit!”

That transcendent philosophy, that divine Christianity was held forth to us as perfectly attainable by prayer, practice, and the peculiar grace which we were taught to believe was vouchsafed to him who was called to the Society. No ordinary virtue was sufficient in a Jesuit: the name did not suggest a model without expecting a copy faithful to the divine original.

Hence we became menials for His sake; hence we gloried in humiliation; hence we exulted in spirit when thwarted in the dearest wish; hence we would always, in every action however trivial, fervently breathe, “Father, not my will but thine be done!” and hence—the Society being the exponent of the will of the Eternal—we would be prepared for any fate whilst in its service: seeing that we must necessarily be indifferent in all things.

* See Const. P. iii. c. 1, § 7. Exam. c. 4. P. vi. c. 2. But, in point of fact, there is no end of the praises, explanations, &c., of this vow in the Institute.

So much for the enthusiasm, the fanaticism : of the thing. Let us now indulge a few matter-of-fact, common-sense reflections on this very curious topic.

If I remember aright, there was in the lecture which explained the rule enjoining the self-abnegation necessary for this vow, an attempt to show how the Society could possess riches whilst each member thereof vowed poverty. I think the argument rested mainly on the necessity of possessing funds in order to carry out one grand object of the Society, viz., the education of youth. It is clear that no other excuse or explanation will hold ; since, by the distinct engagement of *IGNATIUS*, a Jesuit would expect no *viaticum* or pecuniary support in his "mission : " he was to go forth as an apostle ; that is, provided with faith, hope, and charity, to which he was to superadd, "For the greater glory of God ;" without a thought for the body, which Heaven would take care how to support.

It is then on *educational* grounds that the Jesuits excuse themselves from being poor in body as well as in spirit. But then why take the vow at all, if it becomes virtually a dead letter? What! not take the vow! this would never answer. And why not? Because, when a novice has money, it is clear that he will have to make it over to somebody before he takes the vow ; but surely he would make it over to the Society in preference to anybody, therefore the vow is retained.* Again, it is by no means clear that

* There is a delicate piece of dexterity in the injunction respecting the distribution of property. The distribution should be made to the

these men of piety must absolutely have funds in order to fulfil the engagements which the Society has undertaken. They should give their services according to the rule which enjoins every Jesuit "freely to give what he has freely received."* From the stipend which the pupils pay, it is clear that a large annual surplus must fall into the coffers of the Society. Who owns this money? Not the Jesuits, but the Society, they will tell you; and will seem perfectly satisfied with the equivocation. It follows that the vow of "voluntary poverty" is only a by-way of enriching the body and accumulating funds, which may be applied to whatever purpose is thought expedient: labelled and ticketed "To the greater glory of God." When the Jesuits put themselves under some religious association or government, to depend entirely on that association or government for the means of subsistence and education, then they will be consistent in this vow; but then they will be shorn of half their power: and that time will never come. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* is the motto of those who feel that they were born to command.

truly poor, and not on account of relationship—*propinquitatis*—Exam. e. 4, 2; and if any one wishes to give his property to the Society, he must resign it freely into the hands of the General. Part. iii. c. 1, 9.

* This rule is clamorous:—"Meminerint se gratis dare debere, quæ gratis acceperunt; nec postulando, nec *admittendo stipendium, vel eleemosynas ullas, quibus Missæ, vel Confessiones, vel Prædicationes, vel Lectiones, vel visitationes, vel quodvis aliud officium ex iis quæ Societas juxta nostrum Institutum exercere potest, compensari videatur.*"—Const. P. vi. c. 2, 7.

PERPETUAL CHASTITY.

We read that ALOYSIUS "received of God so perfect a gift of chastity, that in his whole life he never felt the least temptation either in mind or body against purity, as JEROM PLATUS and Cardinal BELLARMIN assure us from his own mouth." Again:—"He never looked at any woman, kept his eyes strictly guarded, and generally cast down; would never stay with his mother alone in her chamber; and if she sent any message to him by some lady in her company he received it, and gave his answer in a few words, with his eyes shut, and his chamber-door only half open. * * * * It was owing to his virginal modesty that he did not know by their faces many ladies among his own relations, with whom he had frequently conversed, and that he was afraid and ashamed to let a servant see so much as his foot uncovered."* We read also that, after a visit from the Virgin MARY and JESUS CHRIST, IGNATIUS had all impure images wiped from his heart. Angels came down and "bound the loins" of THOMAS AQUINAS, and thenceforward he was "never annoyed with temptations of the flesh." The reader may consult the "Lives of the Saints" for more examples of such Divine interposition.

These examples were objects of our intense admiration. But who could aspire to such matchless purity? Only those who were "humble, watchful,

* Butler—Lives of the Saints—Aloys.

and obedient." Hence the humiliations to which we were constantly subject—the state of servitude and degradation, corporeal and mental, which our training was intended to effect. And is the habit of chastity thus to be acquired? This question must be answered in the affirmative; and that such is the case will be evident from this simple axiom, that any of the sentiments being predominant in the mind, obliterate, or *tend* to obliterate, the rest. I am tempted to enlarge on this topic; but the discussion would be out of place, and enough has been said to direct the application of the principle. Doubtless some encountered more difficulties than others; but the awful necessity which was upon all to acquire the mental habit, at least, of this virtue, enhanced our fervour in embracing the infallible means held forth to us, by being to the best of our power humble and obedient. The peculiar views of my philosophy tallied well with many of the regulations of the Novitiate. The infinite variety of occupation I never could sufficiently admire; and in a very short time I felt convinced that the object and scope of all the training were to give to every faculty of the mind, every sentiment of the heart, that peculiar bent which emphatically stamps the Jesuit. In my private interviews with the Superior, I frequently expressed my thoughts on this subject with enthusiasm. He listened to me with delight; and he once said, "Brother! the grace to understand these things is not given to all—be thankful for it." In the matter of chastity, particularly, I found in the books as-

signed to me sufficient to convince me that "love divine" in all its objects—but most to the Virgin and other female saints of the calendar—was but human love, with all its raptures: only it was shorn of its grossness. How have I exulted—how entrancing were my thoughts and feelings—when reading the discourses of BERNARD on the Canticles! particularly the one on the words, "Osculetur me osculo oris sui!" "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth!" Oft have I repeated to my "Brothers" those words of its conclusion—"Show me, O most sweet! O most serene! show me where thou goest to pasture, where thou reposest at mid-day! My brothers, it is good for us to be here, but behold! the malice of the day calls us away." I got passages by heart—I translated others—and my soul swam, as it were, in an ocean of delights. Easily, then, was the idea of carnal pleasure denied access to a mind which luxuriated, so to speak, in ethereal delights unknown before: for never have I experienced pleasures so intense, complete, absorbing, as that which frequently resulted from spiritual contemplation and meditation in the Novitiate. I had my trials, of course—my diseases, as it were; and a curious dream which, as it was pronounced good by authority, I shall now relate for the amusement of the reader. I had been troubled during the day with certain thoughts and remembrances which we will call "temptations." I had told my distress thereat to the Superior: he consoled me; said it was natural; I must not be disheartened. I fell asleep

and dreamt. How keen is the mental vision when the mind, by its strong nervous excitement, seems to be totally independent of the body, which it commands and holds in subjection! I dreamt that I saw in the heavens a beautiful woman, clad in azure, star-bespangled. She looked down upon me benignly, and with her finger pointed to her brow, which was encircled with a luminous band. On that band I read, in my dream, the word *ATRERIA*; and in my dream, I interpreted the word to myself thus:—“*ATRERIA—ἄ non Τρέω trepido—INTREPIDITY;*” and I seemed to hear a voice, which said—“Yes! by intrepidity you shall conquer.” I need not say that I awoke in consolation. I told my dream—it was approved—I was happy!*

It was this exaltation of sentiment, thus turned into the “proper channel,” that enabled me to fall in with the extravagant devotion of the Jesuits to the *VIRGIN MARY*; and whilst I prayed to the male saints of the calendar with warmth, I poured forth my soul’s languishings to the *AGATHAS*, *THERESAS*, *PERPETUAS*, with rapturous devotion. I “took advice” on this matter, and it only called forth this remark, viz., “that *ST. THERESA* always preferred the advice of holy men to that of holy women.” This was meant to keep in check the natural tendency of my heart; but the remark brought to mind the strange sentiment of *BALZAC*, viz., “That the most malicious man cannot say of women as much evil as

* What rendered the dream more striking was, that I had never seen nor heard the word *Atria*, nor have I met with it since.

they think of themselves." I repeated the words to the father, and he said they were quite true! Still it is curious how the human mind strives to reconcile apparently contradictory feelings. It is a significant psychological fact that men prefer female saints for their patronesses, and that women prefer male saints for their patrons.

In this explanation which I have given, it was absolutely necessary to bring myself forward: and only myself; but I may be permitted to give a curious instance of the strong emotion that still, amongst "holy men," goes by the name of "love divine." The verses were repeated to me by a brother novice, and were composed by "ST. FRANCIS of Assysium." The burning translation of ALBAN BUTLER, himself a very exemplary priest, is quite equal to the original:—

"Into love's furnace I am cast!
 I burn, I languish, pine, and waste!
 O love divine, how sharp thy dart!
 How deep the wound that galls my heart!
 As wax in fire, so from above
 My smitten soul dissolves in love!
 I live, yet languishing I die,
 Whilst in thy furnace bound I lie.

* * * * *
 The tree of love its roots has spread
 Deep in my heart, and rears its head.
 Rich are its fruits, they joy dispense,
 Transport the heart and ravish sense.

* * * * *
 While throbbing pangs I feel, my breast
 Finds love its centre, joy and rest.

Love's slave, in chains of strong desire
I'm bound, nor dread edged steel or fire.

• • • •
The hills shall melt, back rivers roll,
Heavens fall, ere love forsake my soul !
All creatures love aloud proclaim—
Heavens, earth, and sea increase my flame—
Whate'er I see, as mirror bright,
Reflects my lover to my sight."

I found the whole ode a splendid piece of sentimentality, and asked the brother to give it me; he said he would, if permitted. Permission from the Superior was obtained—he gave me the verses, and I did not read them over many times before they became part and parcel of my heart.

Such direct helps as these, particularly among the philosophical Jesuits, render the habit of chastity comparatively easy. The physiologist will understand me when I say that the chastity referred to is a mental habit.

PERFECT OBEDIENCE.

We heard comparatively little about the vows of poverty and chastity; but every moment of the day we were reminded of that of obedience. If chastity was the crown, and poverty the *robe*, obedience was the head and the body to wear them: it was to be the virtue of the Jesuit. No boundaries, no limits, were set to this virtue—it was infinite space for ever enlarging! It was to extend over body and soul, as if we had "sold them to the devil!" One single example, which was held forth to us for a "sign,"

will enable the thoughtful reader to apply the principle in all its bearings. It was to show the nature of blind* obedience and its reward. A certain holy man was ordered by his Superior to water a dry stick set upright in the ground. He obeyed without a question, or a thought of a question—and behold! the stick put forth branches and grew a beautiful tree!

True, we read that “for no reason in the world, for the pleasure of no man, was any evil to be done;” but were we to judge what was evil? Did the holy man referred to judge what seemed to be absurd, useless? The will of the Superior is “as it were the will of God;” and were we to question His morality? If “there was a way which seemeth good unto man, but leadeth unto death,” there might also be a way which seemeth evil unto a man but which leadeth unto life!

Now, then, for the cardinal points: the north, south, east, and west of this mighty argument! Consider the fact of twenty thousand men thus obedient to the will of one man—the General of the Society! From the highest official next in succession—the provincials in their respective countries in every region of the world, the masters of colleges, the professed, the simple socii, the lay-brothers,—down to the aspirant Novice: all ready, eager to obey the will of this one man, without a question or a thought of a question—as if he were God himself! Consider the possibility of this man being bought over

* Const. Part vi. c. 1, § 1.

or bribed, or from himself possessed of some "Napoleonic idea," to bring all his forces to act on any given point: all his forces of intellect, eloquence, secret influence of the confessional; in a word all the arts, human and divine, at his command! I ask, who shall resist this man? It is not a question whether such has been or will be the case, but whether such might not be the case? To say that there would be some honest, worthy men among them, who might question the morality of the mandate, is quite beside the question; the majority must always yield a blind obedience, for this is essential to the very existence of the Society. The love for the Society has been shown to exist to an unlimited extent: all desire its advancement and prosperity. Each member, therefore, is satisfied that every mandate of the General will tend to those grand objects of desire; and, consequently, as his temporal welfare depends on the temporal welfare of the Society, his own individual interest is involved in blind obedience; for it is not to be supposed that the inculcation of a splendid "indifference to all things," has anything to do with the prosperous condition of the Society: to *that*, indeed, the Jesuit must not be indifferent.

CHAPTER IX.

ECONOMICS OF THE NOVITIATE—THE MASTER,
MINISTER, MONITORS.

THE day's occupation has doubtless given the reader an idea of the training pursued in the Novitiate. In that article I have alluded to many matters on which I have now to enlarge.

It was a common axiom with us, that he who went through his novitiate with perfect satisfaction to his superiors, would give the best proof of a true vocation to the Society. It is in the Novitiate that the Jesuit learns the fundamental principles of his art: in after life, he has but to apply or enlarge on those principles—all, of course, in accordance with the direction of holy obedience; for I need not say that a *carte blanche* in the portfolio of a Jesuit sent out on his "mission," is quite out of the question. He can do nothing without the "permission of his superiors."*

Every *ordinary* duty, then, which he has after-

* Debet iis à Superiore dari instructio in scriptis—non tantùm de negotiis, sed etiam de personis. C. P. vii. c. 2; *ibid.* N.

wards to perform, has its representative in the Novitiate. This will appear in the sequel. The Novice studies to learn these duties; meanwhile the Superior studies the Novice: hence the terms novitiate and probation are synonymous. To speak anatomically, his mentality is dissected from his cranium down to the metatarsal bones; the keen scalpel laying open every viscus, every organ; and the judgment thereon being deliberately weighed and recorded, as if only a dead body was on the table. But I forget—IGNATIUS, on his deathbed, enjoined every Jesuit to be in the hands of his Superior, *perinde ac cadaver, iust like a carcass*.

The character, attainments, qualifications of every Jesuit are thoroughly known to his Superior;* and not only to his Superior, but to the General himself, though constantly resident in Rome. This must not be understood to mean a mere general idea of these attainments, qualifications, and character; but a real, certain knowledge, resulting from repeated tests on a thousand different occasions. A statement of the age, attainments, character, country, and, I think, “form and figure,” of every member, even in the Novitiate, is annually, immediately after the “manifestation of conscience,” sent to the General at Rome, by the various provincials from every part of the world where the Society is, as in England, established.

Besides, in these annual reports, the state of religion, prospects of the Society, &c. &c., in the respec-

* Oportet eos esse notissimos Superiori. Ex. c. 4—35.

tive countries, are given with the same precision.* Letters, also, in Latin, occasionally pass between the Novices of one country and those of another. This correspondence, of course, is only intended to unite the confraternity more closely together; and as such it is "part of the system." We wrote a letter to the *Roman* Novices whilst I was at Hodder; and having had much to do with the Latin construction (the *matter* was furnished by the Novices of the second year), I can answer for some of the *hopes* therein fervently breathed, as bearing the fruit of fulfilment in these days of Tractarian conversion. If our JOSHUAS only could go forth to smite AMALEK, we could stand on the top of the hill, and hold up our hands in prayer for victory against the "heretics," whose land we piously coveted: for it was a "good land, that beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon!" For this consummation we prayed daily — for this all Roman Catholics pray daily: and they will continue to pray till they enter the promised Canaan, and "mass be sung in Westminster Abbey!"

"Novices are sometimes *interchanged*: thus an Englishman might be sent to the Roman Novitiate. Some of the Jesuits at Stonyhurst passed their novitiate at Rome. The utility of this is obvious. Foreign languages are acquired without loss of time: not that the languages are grammatically studied in such circumstances; but most assuredly a facility of expression is therein acquired; and we may rest assured

* Vide *INSTR.* xviii. pro CONSULT.

that the person thus selected to go abroad is perfectly qualified to make the most of his opportunity. No men "seize Time by the forelock" with such a prompt and resolute grip as the Jesuits.

From all that I have said it is clear that the selection of a Jesuit to work in any given "vineyard"—whether by the Provincial or by the mighty General—is, on most occasions, an easy matter.

It may be thought that this general training, to which all are subjected alike, would necessarily produce a similarity in the characters of all. It produces a similarity, but no more : and yet—

——— *Facies non omnibus una,—*

Nec diversa tamen—qualem decet esse sororum.

The training is intended eminently to effect a habit of perfect obedience ; for, strange to say, perfection in this "virtue" is considered a preservative against every crime which would disqualify a Jesuit.

The following is the rule in all its fervour. After having alluded to the vow of Chastity, whose model is to be the purity of the angels, Ignatius proceeds to speak of Obedience, "which all are most* to observe, and study to excel in—not only in things of obligation, but even in others—although nothing but the sign of the Superior's will should appear without an express command. They should have before their eyes God the Creator, and our Lord for whose sake obedience is yielded unto man : and, that this may follow in the spirit of love and not with the perturbation of fear, care must be taken, so that we may

* *Plurimum.*

all strive with a steadfast mind not to set aside aught of perfection which we may be able to attain with Divine grace, in the absolute observance of all the Constitutions, and in corresponding to the peculiar design of our Institute:—and we should strenuously strain every nerve in our power in manifesting this virtue of obedience, in the first place to the Pope, and secondly to the Superiors of the Society. So that in all things to which obedience can extend with charity, we should be eagerly ready* at its voice, just as if it came forth from Christ the Lord, since we yield obedience to one who holds His place, and for the sake of His love and reverence—in anything whatever, and indeed, even a letter [of the alphabet] begun, being left unfinished† [at the word of command].

“ Directing to that end all our powers in the Lord, that holy obedience be always perfect in all its attributes, in the *execution*, in the *will*, in the *intellect*—with great agility, spiritual joy, and perseverance, performing whatever we have been enjoined to do—persuading ourselves that all things are just—rejecting every opinion and judgment of ours which may be contrary, with a certain blind obedience; and this indeed in all things which are ruled by the Superior—wherein (as has been said) no kind of sin can be defined to enter. And each one should persuade himself that those who live under obedience, ought to allow themselves to be borne and ruled by

* *Quam promptissimi.*

† *Litera à nobis inchoata nec dum perfecta relicta.*

Divine Providence through the Superior, just as if they were a carcass which may be borne in any direction, and permits itself to be handled in any manner—or like an old man's staff which everywhere serves him, and for whatever purpose he who holds it in his hand, wishes to use it. For thus the obedient man ought to perform with alacrity of soul anything whatever to which his Superior may wish him to apply himself, for the aid of the whole body of the Order*—being convinced as of a certainty that he will conform to the Divine will by that means, rather than by any other whatever that he could apply, by following his own will and judgment.”†

The novice who strives to attain this perfection of obedience should have Divine superiors. Has the reader ever imagined it possible for man to expect, or have yielded to him such prostrate submission as this rule exemplifies? Does the reader think that it can possibly exist? He will say no! if he has not penetrated into the depths of his own mind—if he has not been accustomed to imagine the various circumstances, in which as a human being, he might be tried, tempted, proved as by fire—and if, uninstructed by this species of experience open to all, he is yet to be convinced that the human mind can be brought to believe anything when its predominant sentiments are trained to bribe the rebellious will to subjection.

No man can be more intensely convinced than I am of the resistless force of Divine religion—

* *Religionis.*

† A rule of the Summary. Const. P. vi. cap. I. 1.

God-inspired in the humble soul: an impulse that may have all the energetic fervour of enthusiasm, combined with religious sobriety, such as charity in her sweetest mood, breathed into the heart which truly said—"Not *I*, but Christ in me!" But for this Divine religion I look in vain in the Jesuits. I found its *sentiments* inculcated by the spirit which presided over my meditations—I looked above me for a model; but found it not. As the prophets of old, they were trained in a school; but they became not prophets—and yet they would go forth as such! It was a painful thing, this: to seek what one wished to find, and yet to seek in vain.

Perhaps the impression was unfounded—doubtless the friends of the Jesuits will think it so. The former I should be happy to believe, the latter I cannot allow to have any weight in the balance of facts—of conduct, that my eyes beheld and have perused.

How *humanly* all things progressed in the path *quasi* Divine, will be evident in my narrative: still more in the history which is to give completeness to this exposition of the Jesuit mind.

Let it be distinctly understood that, philosophically, I give the Jesuits unbounded credit for the tact and cleverness of their system. This view of the matter will not recommend it to the sincere follower of Christ; but it may tend to place a momentous topic on its right footing, and give a key to the secret of the rise, decline, and fall of the Jesuits.

To such a Society, union is absolutely necessary—union of thought as well as of action. The will of the

Superior should settle every doubt: answer every question, without appeal. Obedience, then, is the bond of union.*

Among the many motives held forth for this union of thought and action, or execution, I find the following, in the Declarations superadded by way of running commentary to the Constitutions, viz.—“There are also other reasons, namely, because there will be for the most part literary men amongst us, and who will have not a little influence by favour with princes and men of high rank, and the people.”†

We will now inquire into the method of effectuating this obedience.

Obedience—in its ascetic acceptation—is not peculiar to the Jesuits: all monks were, or should have been; are, or should be, obedient. Obedience *in the Jesuit acceptation* is certainly peculiar to the Jesuits; and it is rendered so by the peculiar functions which the Jesuits have to perform. This distinction should be borne in mind by those who ask if the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, &c., do not vow obedience? Bearing this distinction in mind, they may quote whole treatises of BERNARD, BASIL, &c., without touching the main question. IGNATIUS himself shall tell us what sort of obedience he means. On the occasion of certain “misguided” mortifica-

* Unio magna ex parte per Obedientiæ vinculum conficitur. Const. P. viii. c. 1.

† Sunt et aliæ rationes, qualis est, quòd ut plurimum literati erunt, et gratiâ apud principes et primarios viros, ac populos, non parum valebunt. Const. P. viii. c. 1.

tions and austerities, IGNATIUS addressed his celebrated Epistle, "On the Virtue of Obedience," to his devoted followers. He begins with stating that obedience is the only virtue which produces and cherishes the other virtues; that, properly speaking, it is the virtue of the Society, and the character which distinguishes its children; that thus other religious orders might surpass them in fastings, in watchings, and in many other austere practices, which each of them observes piously, according to the spirit of their vocation; but as to what concerns obedience, they ought not to yield the palm to them; and that their vocation obliges them to render themselves perfect in that virtue.

He then establishes, on reasons deduced from the Scriptures and the Fathers, three degrees of obedience. The first and the lowest consists in doing what is commanded. The second is, not only to execute the orders of the Superior, but to *conform our will to his*. The third, to consider what is commanded as the most reasonable and the best, for this only reason—that the *Superior considers it as such*. In order to attain this degree so elevated—which is called the obedience of the understanding—he says that we ought not to care whether he who commands is wise or imprudent, holy or imperfect; but consider in him only the person of Jesus Christ: who has placed His authority into his hands, in order to guide us; and who, being wisdom itself, will not permit His minister to be mistaken.*

* Bouhours, *La vie de St. Ignace*, liv. v.

On his deathbed Ignatius exclaimed:—

“Write! I desire that the Society should know my last thoughts on the virtue of obedience.” I shall only quote one, as most of them have been given already. The following is significant:—

“VI. If the Superior judges that what he commands me to do is good, and I believe that I cannot obey without offending God—unless that be evident to me—I must obey. If, however, I find a difficulty by some scruple or other, I will consult two or three persons of good sense, and I will abide by their opinion. But if I do not yield after that, I am very far from the perfection which the excellence of a religious state demands.”*

This last bequest speaks out clearly enough: it needs no “declaration,” no commentary. But a question arises—was there, then, a necessity to foresee the circumstances in which a Jesuit might scruple as in temptation?—might fear to offend God by pleasing man?—might object to *sin* “by virtue of Holy Obedience?” In the seventh congregation of the Society it was decreed, that whoever said to the minister commanding “I will not do it,” falls into a “reserved case”†—that is, a crime the absolution from which is exclusively vested in a higher functionary of the Society.

I proceed to develop the philosophy of this interesting topic.

* Bouhours, *La Vie de St. Ignace*, liv. v.

† CONGR. 7. D. 45. *Ministro qui dicit, Nolo facere, in casum incidit reservatum.* Index Gen. Inst. S. I.

How are the novices conquered?—how are they made to conquer themselves?—How are the Jesuits conquered?—how do they conquer themselves?—so as to execute, with hand and heart, blind in will, obscure in intellect, any and every command “with no less eagerness than a child in the extremity of hunger obeys the voice of the nurse that calls it for food.”*

If all physicians and surgeons would study physiology with the perseverance that its necessity in the correct diagnosis and proper treatment of disease seems to demand, doubtless the art of medicine would become something like a system—*one* system instead of a thousand. Jesuit casuistry and spiritual nosology are based on a most respectable knowledge of mental physiology. In reading some of their casuists, one is astounded by the extraordinary minuteness of criminal distinctions, which smell of phosphorus, in every page. They have made a terrible use of the confessional. On the other hand, their “spiritual books” give evidence of deep thought. Take the following in the matter of disobedience: I quote it in proof of what I have said with regard to the sentiments in the motives to obedience.

“If any command is abhorrent to self-esteem or self-respect, the difficulty of obedience results from pride; we must here apply the examination of conscience, meditations; and remedies are to be administered by considering what an empty thing is pride, particularly in a religious man, who professes a contempt for himself, and declares himself to be crucified

* S. BASIL. cit. ab AQUAV. in Instr. pro Super. de OBED.

to the world. If any work is imposed, or any office to which we feel a repugnance, the difficulty flows from an unmortified nature; but if, on the contrary, we have to leave an office to which we are rather inclined, the difficulty emanates from the very same inordinate affection for that office, or a person with whom it brings us in contact. If the difficulty of the work frightens us, fortitude is deficient; and in like manner in similar cases. Let us humble ourselves then, and striving to attain the aims before us, we may gain a glorious victory over self.”*

The same renowned General of the Society thus explains the conquering discipline of his troops:—

“It will be advantageous if the Superior should sometimes command the subject to hold himself in readiness to do something as yet uncertain, in two or three days, which, perhaps, will be against his will and mind, but still he should resolve in his mind that he will never positively consent to the contrary.”†

Only *divine* motives are ever to be held forth, and yet,

“Let the Superior frequently enjoin him to do trivial things in which he knows that the subject finds no difficulty, so that he may thus accustom him to do something towards the command of something else; when he has done it let the Superior praise him, encourage him, &c.”‡

Again, “Sometimes let the Superior select something certain, in which the subject finds great diffi-

* AQUAV. De Spir. cap. 4, 7.

† Id. Ad curand. anim. morb. c. 5.

‡ Id. De Perfect. Obed. c. 5.

culty, and let him tell him to prepare himself to do it in the course of two or three days, as if he is to do it by common consent. When he has done it, if with alacrity, let him be cheered and encouraged, showing him that it will come to pass by that example that all things will become more easy. If he has done it with difficulty, let his patience be praised, promise him victory, telling him that he may easily conquer and by degrees may become stronger by this exercise.

“Let the Superior sometimes condescend so far as to pass over that order to comply with which he feels a great repugnance; but in so fatherly a manner that the subject may understand that it was a *pious dispensation* and sweet condescension, only in order that he may profit by it and gain vigour, and after having become stronger, be able to bear with alacrity what is now above his strength. Meanwhile, although the Superior may do this on his part, let the subject, however, know that he has diminished his merit and strength, which he would have increased if he had conquered himself with magnanimity.”*

To give *examples* of Jesuit obedience would be to narrate the history of the society.

It is the human will—considered as a *cause* and not an *effect* by the majority of moralists—that the Jesuits seem most anxious to direct; esteeming all other mental phenomena as purely indifferent: that is neither good nor bad in themselves, but only so in proportion as they are directed by a will *quasi* perverse, or *quasi* right, according to their notions.

* Id. ut antea.

In effect the Jesuits are more philosophical than other ascetics. They do not strive to change nature, but only to direct it from one object of appetite to another. Thus they endeavour to sanctify (so to speak) ambition into what they call apostolic fervour : thus IGNATIUS, from a warrior, aspired to be a saint. I remember reading in the Novitiate—I think in a Latin life of XAVIER—some very striking remarks on this subject, the conclusions whereof may be enunciated as follows : viz., that the characters of men were all wisely ordained for some purpose—that they were not to be radically altered—indeed, that was impossible—but only directed into a proper channel, so as to sail prosperously down the stream of Grace, which leads each to the same ends by different means. There is something worthy of consideration in that exposition of Jesuit-ethics ; and though liable to extravagant abuse, it is perhaps a good principle whereon to build a rational and religious system of education.

Thus, whatever is altered in a man's mentality by the Jesuits, his *ruling passion* is not virtually changed : it is held in check—it is trained—it is purified—sublimated according to their notions—but it is still there—*coiled up* as an everlasting mainspring which is wound up at stated times by Holy Obedience, and keeps the whole system in accurate movement : whether laid by, like the chronometer after a voyage, in one of the "Three Houses," or when—like the chronometer, again hung on gimbals in the cabin of the ship tempest-tossed on the waste of waters—he is

set adrift to work his way in the latitude and longitude of a heretic-world.

The same principle is applied to genius, talents, and their predilections. The whole history of literature in every language attests this fact: the Jesuits know their wants, they have the means to supply them, and they shape their course accordingly.

What are the means taken to discover the real character of the novice?

I have spoken of my "general confession" on entering upon my probation; but there are other means still to be mentioned—and these, the most important of all. To show how such means are applied, I shall now draw a sketch of the various functionaries in the Novitiate, and describe their respective functions in operation.

THE MASTER.

It must be evident that the master of the novices fills an important office in the society. Very peculiar tact and discernment are required in the man whose duty it is to discover all that is in the heart within, and at the same time render all that is outwardly unpleasant bearable, at least, if not sweet and palatable. From the immense importance attached to obedience, the reader must not conclude that perfection in this quality is absolutely "the one thing needful;" though, assuredly, like charity, it "covers a multitude of sins." There are other qualifications which are certainly essential in a Jesuit. All these qualifications constitute what is called a "vocation" to the Society of Jesus. These the master

of the novices has to discover, and *two entire years* are allowed him for this investigation. Other religious confraternities require but one year for probation before the vows are taken.

This simple fact alone declares something of no small importance in the eyes of the philosopher; and all will be convinced that the qualifications required must be both extraordinary and difficult to be discovered. If I may be permitted to express by a single word what the spirit of IGNATIUS requires in his novice, I say it is *malleability*. The master of the novices once said to me, "I have reason to hope for the best because you are so *amenable*—in this sense, that you are easily led by the heart." This forced and peculiar meaning which he gave to the word has stamped it on my mind as a philological curiosity.* It is then a nature which is easily worked that is required in the novice destined to become a Jesuit—a gentle, confiding, candid, ingenuous heart, which, like the clear still water over pure white sand, reflects the thoughts unspoken, but still well shadowed, of his Superior, as truthfully and as beautifully imaged as the pictured heavens with passing clouds, momentary gleams, shade mingling with light, towers and battlements, a cottage and a church, a prison and a palace, trees and sign-posts, cattle and labourers, children and birds of passage, the straight and the crooked, the hurried, the slow—there, on

* *Amenable*—that may be moved, brought to answer inquiries, to account for actions; or may it not rather be—subject to the jurisdiction of a *Mesne* Lord; to be summoned before him, adjudged by him; and then—subject to trial or examination. See Richardson.

that still mirror of the lake which takes every impression without a murmur, and asks not why nor wherefore !

It must be difficult to find such a nature : approximations, therefore, must satisfy where perfection cannot be found. Here the tact and discernment of the master are constantly required.

Again, he must be a man of great patience and natural kindness of disposition, to bear with all the little afflictions which the novices must give him, in spite of themselves. Doubts and fears, bitterness and sadness, come upon them at times, and often,—they rush to him for aid and consolation. But if too many of these crotchets molest the mind—in other words, if a novice is “too scrupulous” he will not do for the society. When at Hodder, one of the novices disappeared rather unexpectedly—I say unexpectedly, because he was with us at night, and we only missed him at recreation. I asked a novice of the second year why Brother —— had left? The answer was to the following effect, and nearly in the very words: “Brother —— was too scrupulous: men of strong minds are wanted; when holy obedience has spoken, all doubts and difficulties should vanish.” I confess that I was pained for the departure of our friend, who was truly an amiable youth; and I was by no means satisfied with the cause. How the report was put into circulation, or whether my informant was correct, I know not; but I have many reasons, in my own experience, for taking his words in their literal and fullest sense, as develop-

ing a fundamental principle of the system in question. To show that few other considerations, if any, will induce the Jesuits to deviate from the model on which all their men must be fashioned as to their essentials at least, I may state that the gentleman who left under the circumstances mentioned, was the son of a baronet.

It is the Father of the Novices who has to scrutinize, advise, and pass judgment on these secret matters. He heard the sacramental confessions of the novices every Saturday, preparatory to our communion on the following day. If any particular saint's day occurred during the week, we went to communion without going to confession; a fervent act of contrition being considered sufficient. Besides this sacramental confession, he would send for every novice once a week, in order to have a private conversation with him as to his spiritual progress. These interviews were always interesting to me, and they were frequently prolonged beyond the time which was allowed to others. Indeed, these were the only occasions on which I could fully express the thoughts that occurred to me during meditation. We often had very animated conversations on all the topics connected with a spiritual life; and it was most gratifying to observe the pleasure which beamed on his countenance at observing the total change which had taken place in me, in the short space of a few months.

Again, the Master of the Novices must be highly gifted in what is called the "discernment of *spirits*:" that is to say, the peculiar influences from within

that retard or promote spiritual progress. His conclusions in this matter direct his advice, and determine the selection of books for the study of the novice. As I shall afterwards relate, his discernment on one occasion raised me from the depths of bitterness to exultation: instantly, suddenly as the lightning-flash that lights up a hemisphere,—I thought the man was inspired.

A mother's gentleness is also requisite to inspire that confidence which has no secrets. In this respect the man selected to guide us at Hodder left nothing to desire: in unbosoming my heart to him I often thought of my mother. Oh! how sweet it was to be thoroughly known, thoroughly understood—even as I was to Him from whom nothing is hid!

“I have now before me,” says one of the Generals, “the true image of our novice—the more perfect form—but we need the reality. All my anxiety and difficulty consist in this, namely, how to describe the model and the likeness of this ideal perfection to which the imperfect flesh itself is to be moulded. It is not by himself that this novice just escaped from the world, and still intensely burning with its flame—it is not, I say, by his own unassisted mind that he is fit to receive the doctrine and transcendent wisdom which Christ unfolds to him in the inculcation of self-abasement—an infant lately born to life cannot swallow hard bread. It is the duty of the mother to crumble the food of such a little one, and make it soft in her own mouth, and, as Augustin observes, give it to her child, after having changed its nature in her own milk. What the mother eats, the infant eats

but as the infant is unable to eat the bread, the mother incarnates the bread, and by the humility of the breast* and the juice of the milk, feeds the infant with the same bread itself.

“The Superior or Master of the novices is their father, mother, and nurse. His duty is to break the too solid bread, to grind it once more with his own teeth, then change it into milk and present it to the novice. * * * * *

“If the novice is fed with this milk, we may promise ourselves to find in him the virtue which is expected in those who are far advanced in the path of religion and perfection. For, if St. Bernard most elegantly calls twilight the hope of the sun, and names a flower the hope of the fruit, so in like manner we may call the best and perfect novice the hope of the best and consummate professed.”†

After this, I trust that my idea of the man to be selected to fill the post of Master of the Novices is perfectly in accordance with the spirit of the Institute.

THE MINISTER.

The second functionary in the Novitiate is the Father Minister. When I went to Hodder-place there was no father minister; but about six months after my arrival one was appointed. It would appear that the father minister is nominated somewhat with the same view as the “coadjutors” of the Roman Catholic bishops, or “vicars apostolic” in England, viz., in order to succeed to the higher office in the event of

* *Humilitatem mammillæ.*

† *Epist. Fran. Piccolom. Præp. Gen. S. J. 1650.*

death or other translation. He is a kind of immediate superintendent; is generally, if not always, with the novices, and consequently advises and reprimands as he thinks fit and expedient. When I say reprimand, I wish it to be understood that there never was any harshness in the exercise of that function. At all events, the reprimands applied to try *my* "spirit" were kindly and meekly expressed: a harsh word was never spoken in the Novitiate, though unpremeditated slips of the tongue might to a vigilant conscience occasionally assume the form of uncharitableness; in which case they were duly expiated by a public acknowledgment and penance.

The father minister, then, is an additional instrument of probation—another eye to the omniscient ARGUS, none of whose eyes are ever asleep; and it is precisely because no lute with notes melodiously sweet can charm these eyes to repose, that this modern Argus—the Society of the Jesuits—fears no surprise: lives on, if not for ever.

The Father Minister at Hodder, at his very first appearance, cast a shadow on my mind and heart. There are natures which are attracted or repelled at first sight. An innocent babe will scream at the glance of one man, and sweetly smile at that of another. Surely this voice of nature—this unquerable instinct—must be oftener right than wrong. At least, such is my idiosyncrasy; and it was unfavourably affected by this Jesuit, the father minister. When I first raised my eyes to his countenance I felt a shock similar to that of electricity, and a foreboding

seemed to tell my heart that I could not live with one whom it was impossible for me to esteem and to love. He came at a time, too, when my mind was assailed by doubts as to my "vocation;" and I well remember that at the sight of his features I thought of the *front door* by which I had entered the Novitiate.

I remember that thought!

This may seem strange—preposterous; but there are self-ideas—strong thoughts—sweet and bitter thoughts—that stamp themselves on the mind and memory for ever; to be recalled ever and anon, like the scenes we have witnessed—the events which constitute our history, whereby we have been made happy or wretched.

I strove to overcome my repugnance to this man—I confessed it to the Superior—I prayed for aid—I tried to *reason* myself out of it; but that *was* the "rock on which I split:" reasoning was the hundred arms of the polypus that entangled and stifled the pious wish whenever it floated within reach on my little "sea of troubles." I shall have to speak of this Jesuit again towards the close of my narrative; but a few words are necessary here in order to justify my repugnance. Of all the Jesuits whom I met at Stonyhurst, this man seemed the most insincere. I never heard a word from his lips that could edify or inspire devotion—he always seemed tired in body or mind of something that was never to be disclosed. This last remark may apply to the "Fathers" generally; and it was to me a matter of wonder how men could have been trained as I was in the Novitiate,

and yet be so cold, unimpassioned on the most vital topics of religion, as I found them ;—though, it must be confessed, they brightened considerably on all occasions when the affairs of the Society were discussed. Far be it from me to write ought that may wantonly wound the feelings of any one. I denounce the *system*—not the men who were kind to me : except so far as they are inseparable from it. I *pity* them ; therefore have I undertaken to attempt a dissection of that system, which, amongst all its other contortions, wrenchings, and twistings of the human heart and mind, renders even the godlike virtue of brotherly love and human kindness suspicious in its manifestations.

Aversions must necessarily occur at times among men living together : the mysterious influences that make the most vigorous plant droop to decay in a single day, a single hour, may have their representatives in the human heart. We are not always the same : the plant of love has its Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter ; and though its seasons are subject to considerable perturbations, still, doubtless, in every heart its Spring and Summer are well remembered.

Against the aversions alluded to, I find certain “cures” prescribed by Aquaviva in his Instruction for the Superiors of the Society. The patient “ must be stimulated by the confessor, and he is not to be permitted, as in other imperfections, to delay in overcoming his aversion, in discarding all bitterness, and in being reconciled to his brother, persuaded as he

must be that neither his prayers nor other actions can be such as they should be, unless this imperfection be amended. The Superior must see that he be reconciled as soon as possible with his brother, and must by no means permit, should the thing ever occur, that the common signs of salutation, conversation, and duty, or the like, be reciprocally withheld.

* * * * *

“ Let the Superior speak to the brother who is the object of aversion, in order that the latter, although innocent of any cause of offence, should, nevertheless, overcome evil with good, should humble himself, be the first to go and blandly address the delinquent, and by all means entice him to brotherly love. In fine, let the Superior, or any other mediator, settle the matter entirely and without delay.”*

In the Life of Ignatius, a curious instance of this aversion is related, together with its sudden cure, by the magic of the eyes. I must preface the anecdote by a few remarks. Of all the faces that the limner's art has handed down to posterity, as the compendious records of the renowned or notorious dead, that of *IGNATIUS* of *LOYOLA* always seemed, and seems still to me, unlovable amongst the least lovable. I have before me now a well-executed engraving of his miniature, and it produces the same repugnance that I felt in the Novitiate, without the pious wish to overcome the feeling. And yet “ he could bend the minds of his followers in whatever direction he pleased.”

* *AQUAV.*, De impat. & aversio. 2, et seq.

RIBADENEYRA was young, and not very regular nor prudent; his extravagance went so far as to shake off the yoke of obedience, and to feel so strong a repugnance to IGNATIUS, that he could not bear the sight of the holy Father: such was *his* secret aversion.

IGNATIUS sent for him one day, and only said two or three words to him. In the instant, RIBADENEYRA threw himself at his feet, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—"I will do, Father! I will do whatever you like!"*

In my case the cause was too deep, too continuous to admit of a radical cure: the disease was organic. With the exception of my Superior—the Master of the Novices—no Jesuit that I conversed with left a pleasing impression on my mind. Doubtless, obedience under such circumstances would indeed have had "great merit;" but my faith in the possibility of thus rendering myself acceptable to God, was too weak for a Jesuit.

I must do justice to the immediate object of my "aversion," by stating, that on one occasion he *jocosely* animadverted on the "prevarication and equivocation" of certain English Jesuits during the times of persecution; including, or directly alluding to, PARSONS and GARNET, if I remember rightly. But though this was only "in jest," still I felt inclined to open my heart to the man: even for that candour which, by a little charitable twisting, might, to "the

* BOURBOUR—*Vie d' Ignace*. liv. vi.

simplicity of the dove," seem not to be "the cunning of the serpent."

Had I gone among these men as an enemy, I would now suspect my impressions; but I went as a friend, as a passionate admirer: and surely it was scarcely my fault, if the peculiarities of their minds did not please me—*veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ!*

THE PORTER.

The porter was one of the novices of the second year. He continued in office for some time: there were but three different porters during my year. All the general and particular orders of the Superior came through him; and, though without any power resulting from his office, he directed, as we have seen, all the movements of the novices during the public works. He was expected to be more watchful over himself, *because* he was porter, in addition to his being a novice of the *second* year: which was itself an influential motive to perfection in all the duties of a novice. He was expected to give an account of all the novices—to report any public infringement of the rules. Whatever was needed by the novices was to be asked from him; whether clothing, shoes, pens, ink, and paper. These were always liberally supplied; in accordance with that part of one of the rules of the Constitutions, which enjoins every Jesuit "freely to give what he has freely received:" a doctrine which it is difficult to reconcile with the *educational revenue* derived by the Jesuits in most parts of the world. . . .

The porter was thus, as it were, housekeeper in the establishment. He rose first, and went to bed last; after having bolted the outer doors, put out the fire and the lights, and wound up the pious old clock on the stated days. That old clock! I think I hear it now clicking its on-for-ever and contented pulse, as its obedient children passed by, but never greeting it with a friendly look. It stood on the landing, opposite the door of the dormitory, close to that of the chapel: we therefore passed it frequently; but if I did not see its face in the first days of my first retreat, I have never seen it: and yet I often think of that good old clock—that venerable old clock!

MONITORS.

Every novice had his monitor. Sunday-schools and union-schools, and likewise the Methodists (who, by the way, have borrowed a few rules and regulations from *IGNATIUS*), have made the word monitor quite familiar to the language; but its original philological meaning has not been preserved. The Jesuits, and, I believe, the Methodists, use it pretty much in its strictest sense: certainly it means something in the Novitiate.

The monitors were appointed by the Superior. At certain times—for these were not perpetual curacies—all the novices were ordered to the Refectory just before "Manual Works." They stood around, and the porter at the end of the room, with a paper in his hand, read off, in Latin, the appointment of all

the minor functionaries by name :—the waiters for the week, the readers, the monitors reciprocally, and the *porter*, if the will of the Superior had put a period to his functional existence : and that would be the first intimation he would have of the *supersedeas* issued against its continuance. Power, over mind or body, is pleasant to the human heart. We soon habituate ourselves to the possession ; and however unselfish we are, it will be found, if we probe the heart, that we never part with it without some “trifling” reluctance. **IGNATIUS** knew this : the Jesuits know it ; and so they habituate the novice to this bitterness by times : for no one knows how long he is to discharge any office. As is the porter in the Novitiate, so is the Jesuit everywhere. No handwriting on the wall forewarns him of his fate : with the shriek of the prey-bird, or the stunning crash of the whirlwind, “Othello’s occupation’s gone !” The highest are levelled to the lowest, and beneath them ; the most glorious plume is snatched from the cap of one, to be placed in that of another : unscrupulously, unhesitatingly, suddenly, by Holy Obedience :—

“ — hinc apicem rapax
 — cum stridore acuto
 Sustulit : hinc posuisse gaudet.”

The duty of the monitor is to remark any irregularity in the novice whose monitor he happens to be, and to *admonish* him of it at the appointed time. I think this occurred twice a week. As I have said before, the porter gave the signal by his “Deo

gratias." The novice then went to his monitor (who should be in his cell in readiness), scratched the curtain, entered as soon as permission was given, and with downcast eyes said "Deo gratias." His monitor mentioned whatever he had observed amiss in his conduct; concluding with "Deo gratias," which was a dismissal, and then went to his own monitor: if he had not already received his admonition. This was a painful duty to perform; particularly if you had to admonish one considerably older than yourself, as was my case. I fulfilled the duty once, and I think but once. I took refuge in that concentration of the heart and mind which strives, at least, to see no evil in others: a consummation to which all may in a great measure attain, if we anatomise our own heart and its suggestions. The novice, when admonished, was expected to receive the admonition with grateful humility, and resolve to avoid the fault admonished. Of course, no question was asked as to the *when?* or *why?* of the time and reason of the objected imperfection: you listened, but never rejoined.

If the monitor had observed nothing, he said "Deo gratias."

"To the greater glory of God!" was the *end* held forth to us, in all that we were taught to think, to feel, to do; and it was certainly not impossible to console our nettled self-love with "hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim"—"we give and take"—sanctifying the worldly motto with an aspiration in "the spirit of holy Father IGNATIUS."

In a state of primitive Christianity—or among the Jesuits if they could reproduce that golden age,—how beautiful would be that reciprocal anxiety or rather solicitude for each other's spiritual welfare! But when one has felt, as I have, the fearful temptations of bitter thought which the practice multiplies for poor humanity—already sufficiently tempted—it requires but little reasoning to convince us that it subserves the unalloyed selfishness of the Society, much more than the cause of religious amendment in the individual. “He who toucheth pitch,” it is written, “shall be defiled therewith”—there are defiling things in our nature which not even the Jesuits can sanctify by the *end* of their application.

True, the novice is aware of this regulation before he enters into probation; but the previous knowledge of their existence does not diminish the pang or the poison of the sting of the mosquitoes in the pestilential swamps of America, when the traveller *feels* their sting, or hears their sepulchral serenade: a thousand times more annoying than the silent sting.

To an honest man—to a generous heart, counsel, advice, a friendly admonition must always be acceptable: “a word to the wise” should be the motto of every man, because every man should strive to attain the perfection of his state; but by rendering such reprimands the result of a systematic *espionage* (I rejoice that there is no *English* word to express it), you open the way to unholy selfishness in its deadliest rancour, precisely because it can work unseen as the blast of pestilence.

Of what import will it be, if I admit that all things may be endured for the sake of Him who endured all things for us? Let those things be endured as He endured them, namely, when they *came* upon Him as man—but let us not lead ourselves into temptation whilst we pray to be delivered from evil!

Perhaps my conclusions would have been different had I beheld better effects of the training than it was my misfortune to witness: had I seen a pure, mortified spirit in the Fathers generally—an honest consistency with the dazzling models of my daily meditations. But I looked around in vain: I waited in vain—my gorgeous dreams dissolved in the presence of the sad reality. I therefore am compelled to admit that I was constantly “tempted” to think the “Fathers” with whom I associated—whose looks, eyes and words I could study—as eminently self-seekers: men of an association; not of the “Constitutions,” where these described my model.

This impression was never thoroughly overcome; and the last interview with the Provincial, when I made known my determination to leave, *engraved* on my mind what had only been traced or sketched before: it will be given in full in its proper place.

Training gives the Jesuit power to do what other men cannot do—as it does to the acrobat, the tumbler, the equestrian: what the latter effect in the brute muscle and limb, the former display in mind and morals. All have, doubtless, motives strong enough to rouse the most uncompromising exertion.

CHAPTER X.

GAMES.—RECREATION.—MISSIONARY DUTIES.

THIS is a strange combination of topics : it will not, however, appear so very strange at “the end of the chapter.” The Jesuits do nothing in vain : at least without an object ; and their “Philosophy in sport” is as admirably devised as it is, in the long run, perfectly successful. In effect their whole system is a gigantic speculation—a cunning stratagem—a splendid deceit—a most bewitching artifice. And yet, like the conjurer, it is by natural means that they exhibit supernatural manifestations. Whatever be the mental deficiencies of the Jesuit, like *IGNATIUS* himself, he must have, he has, *tact*—such tact, precisely, as a tiger would acquire were its original cunning modified and *trained* by the patient, wise, discreet elephant. Such a result would evidently be a remarkable phenomenon in zoology ; and such is the Jesuit-mind in psychology—nothing more, nothing less. The Jesuits are *terrible* because they are *natural*. We do not habitually fear the devil as much as we do a bad man—and a child can tell you the reason.

My admiration of the wonderful *adaptability* of the human mind has been so vastly increased by the study of these men and their system, that I have great pleasure in returning the favour, by enabling others to deal fairly with them: to do them justice, as honest Milton, in "Paradise Lost," seems to have intended by his gorgeous development of Satan and his awful theory. They are conscious of their "cleverness." Perhaps one of the best specimens of *harmless* Jesuits was my old friend the master of the novices at Hodder; and yet the following incident rather staggered my esteem of this gentleman—it suggested "temptations." The reader shall judge. One day I was ordered to mend a torn leaf of the missal. I required some india-rubber: there was none to be had. I suggested a piece of bread as a substitute. He accordingly led me to the kitchen, seized a loaf, and taking a knife in his hand he cut a slice, not in the usual way, *towards* the breast, but *from* him; observing, "Remember, Brother Steinmetz, *le Jesuite coupe, mais il ne se coupe pas*"—"the Jesuit cuts, but he takes care not to cut himself." He smiled—I did the same—but I certainly wished he had forgotten the maxim. At the end of my work, however, he partly did away with the bad impression by delicately praising my work; adding—" *Qui dedit tibi pietatem, dedit et scientiam*"—"He who gave thee piety, gave thee also skill." The latter anecdote certainly shows a delicate perception of the pleasant and beautiful, if the former does not point to an acknowledged and systematic craft: still it seemed to

me as if any clergyman should say (in jest, of course, which makes the matter *worse*); "Do as I *say*, not as I *do*."

But cool cleverness is essential to a Jesuit—a patient cleverness united to a soul possessed in patience—whose joy at success is subdued, and whose annoyance at failure has no voice. Means were given to us in the Novitiate to acquire this frame of mind. We played at backgammon, chess, and draughts. I know not whether dice, and so absorbing a game as chess, are conducive to "holy living;" but I do know that the former, at least, are positively forbidden to the priest by the Council of Trent; and I also know that we found them very useful in curbing the temper, and in giving us numerous opportunities to afflict, mortify, contund, the spirit—the rebellious spirit.

Our times of play were the recreation-days. Although these days came round every week pretty regularly, still they were occasionally stopped; and they were always *announced* by the porter in the usual way, thereby giving us to understand that they did not come as a matter of course.

We also played at football, and here slight ebullitions of temper were sometimes seen; but the repentant brother, on his knees in the Refectory, was sure to make ample amends for his misdemeanour.

I have felt the pleasure of apologising for an unpremeditated word of anger, and I have experienced the pain of receiving such an apology, mingled though it was with pleasure; but I had neither pleasure nor

pain when I beheld a brother kneeling, and heard him confess a trivial contradiction, and felt the kiss of his lips on my feet: only then reminded (not that *I* had been offended), but that *he* had committed a fault against brotherly love! I had neither pleasure nor pain on such occasions: I was simply *humbled*—lowered still more in my own estimation—more resigned—more contrite.

Truly there is something of Heaven in this generous humility of the heart, expiating all its guilt in a noble acknowledgment, by loving kindness prompted, and with Christian simplicity expressed!

Recreation superseded manual works and the lecture, so that it lasted about three hours; sometimes in the forenoon, sometimes in the afternoon, when we now and then went out for a walk in the vicinity.

The porter announced the order to that effect. We made ready as expeditiously as possible, by doffing our cassocks and donning our coats,—and great coats in winter,—putting on thick shoes, and taking our sticks and hats: thus equipped, we walked demurely to the recreation-room, said the usual “Ave Maria” kneeling, and then went and stood in a line opposite the door which opened into the garden—for I must repeat that we never went through the *front* door of the Novitiate except *twice*: oncé on entering for the first time, and then on departing from the gates of probation. Standing in a line, then, presently the porter appeared, and stood on the steps of the door, with a paper in his hand. This was a list of the different companies into which we were divided;

generally a second-year novice was in each company; the novice first named had the company in charge. When each company was named it filed off, the leader rehearsing the Litany of the Virgin MARY in Latin, and his companions answering the "Ora pro nobis" in sonorous cadence. As this Litany has been mentioned before, I may state, for the information of the reader, that it consists chiefly of eighteen laudatory epithets of the Virgin, as the mother "of the Creator," "of the Saviour," and "of Divine Grace." Next follow thirteen incongruous and middle-age metaphors or tropes, expressive of certain mystic qualities which Romanticism has ascribed to the "Queen of Heaven." She is then stated to be the "health of the sick," the "refuge of sinners," the "consolatrix of the afflicted," the "aid of Christians;" and the Litany winds up with invoking MARY as the queen of angels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and of all the saints.

It is repeated rapidly, and the sound reminds one of that husky guttural note with which the palanquin-bearers of the East supply the place of a pedometer, and kill monotony: to their own satisfaction; at least, if not to that of the traveller.

The list was in Latin, the Litany was in Latin, and we *talked* Latin for the first hours of recreation, on *all* occasions. To those whose tongues are habitually tied, I doubt not that Hebrew or Chinese would soon be sufficiently mastered as a vehicle of thought when the ordinary locomotive of the mind is forbidden "to run." Few of us found much difficulty in conversing

fluently, particularly as our topics were invariably spiritual or Jesuitico-historical, and of course most, if not all, our reading in the Novitiate was in Latin. Generally the Father Minister was in one of the companies, and he was often in mine. There were three or four in each company—very seldom only two. The object of this is evident—the conversation of two is much more likely to become irregular than that of three.

I was once reminded of the wisdom of this regulation. It happened that two of us—another novice and myself—were permitted to go out without the usual third. From one thing to another, our conversation—according to the usual phases of that social Proteus—turned on the noble sacrifices that have been made for the sake of religion; and I charitably alluded to one of our brothers, who, being the son of a nobleman, was content with exchanging that high honour for the obscurity of the Novitiate. My companion, to my great surprise, treated the idea very lightly, informing me that the novice alluded to was only a younger son of a nobleman not very rich.

But not stopping here, he very lucidly explained how *he* had made a much greater sacrifice by leaving considerable property in the world.

“After all,” said I, “perhaps it does not matter much what we have left in the world, provided we have left our *self-will* there also.”

Thus I managed to give the conversation another turn; for it was evidently not very edifying on that tack. I did not report the error, though doubtless

I ought to have done so. Let me now make amends for my irregularity by a few remarks flowing directly from the subject.

People are apt to lay too much stress on what "converts" resign for the sake of religion. For my part I value their mental much more than their bodily sacrifice. Philosophers of old—pagan philosophers—have shown their contempt for riches in many a beautiful anecdote. I am aware that their motives have been unkindly called in question by the moderns; but if we undertake to find out the motives of men without decided proofs of their tendency, we may offend as much against true morality as against logic.

Again, how many men have thrown up most lucrative employment, with the certainty of vast pecuniary inconvenience before them, when merely their *self-love* has been wounded by an insulting word of their employer?

The love of literature, of music, the love of women, of the bottle, has seduced thousands into desperate resolutions, fraught with worldly ruin.

I do not suggest these hints by way of depreciating the "great sacrifices" in question, but simply to show that they are at most but negative criteria, if there be such things in the chaos of mind.

The poor labourer, who despite the bitterness of the hour—pinching poverty—with many a little one beside him to feed, and but little to feed their craving mouths withal—unpitied by the rich man whose mansion is inconvenienced by the *sight* of

his humble cottage hard by—such an outcast of men—so desperately tried in the fire of temptation—if he can feel his honest heart beat with devotion, can look up to Heaven—can think sweetly of his merciful good God, saying, “Thy will be done !” *Then* is there a sacrifice indeed : a whole burnt-offering whose odour ascends undeviating, unscattered, unspent, to the judgment-seat of God !

Still, perhaps, taking a worldly view of the question, the novice just alluded to, and those who are interested in “conversions” may be very right in estimating them according to pounds, shillings, and pence ; as the computation is thereby rendered extremely easy to all.

Guided by a sort of traditionary map, we always managed to avoid other companies, though we frequently contrived to reach the outer gate about the same time, so great was the punctuality of our leader.

We were not allowed to speak with another company if we ever fell in with one—nor with any one else we might meet : we merely raised our hands to our hats in salutation, and silently passed on. We were not even allowed to speak to the scholastici of the seminary on such occasions.

All seemed happy as we set out, particularly during the summer months ; and very often, as soon as the Litany was concluded, one of the company would burst into a fit of laughter !—a sort of pent-up torrent-like full-heartedness that could not be resisted any longer. This must not remind the reader of what

Cicero says of the ancient augurs of Rome when they got together:* at least I should be very sorry to hear the remark paralleled to the incident just described.

We went as much as possible by unfrequented paths: by the river's bank and its beautiful vale; or through the meditative woods, where the love-notes of the summer-birds oft recalled, to my affliction, that true and real inspiration of heaven—music and song: which, in our solitude, I rarely heard, except in dreams of the night. When we were permitted to go to the church at the college, to be present at high mass on the great festivals, the sound of the organ was ravishing, ecstatic. To the sensual, music may be sweet, but to the spiritual, it is divine: a child of the imagination, it is maimed and crippled by grossness.

In our walks we were careful to preserve "custody of eyes," and we rarely saw the faces of those whom we met. I shall never forget the pang that shot through my frame, when once, on passing a stile, I inadvertently raised my eyes and beheld—a handsome woman!

It required some days for me to recover from this shock; and I must say that the Superior perfectly convinced me, at last, that "'twas quite natural." Mark, here, a curious fact. In my contemplations my soul was frequently in company with the beauties of the saints—to the present time I am sometimes reminded of *familiar* faces, but I was happy in those

* Namely, that they could not look each other in the face without smiling at the deceit they practised.

visions. Was it the idea alone that there was no danger in the latter case, and some in the former, that thus changed bliss into misery?

It was during recreation that we were often sent on our missionary duties—particularly on Sundays.

Once for all, I will now state, that considerable relaxations are made in the Novitiate in England. Novices in the Roman Novitiate have, I was told, a much harder time of it. I remember one particular instance of its severity was, the custom for one of the novices to eat his dinner at the gate with the lowest beggars of Rome; who were fed there, apparently in order to give the novices one trial more. By the Constitutions the novice is required to go on a pilgrimage, to attend for the space of a month in some hospital, and to teach the Christian doctrine to the children of the poor. We had only the last duty to perform at Hodder. Hereafter, when "mass is sung in Westminster Abbey," doubtless our English novices will go on a pilgrimage, and attend at some hospital, in their picturesque cassocks, walking demurely, keeping custody of eyes, and working miracles by edification.

The Jesuits have established a school for the poor near the college; and the novices instruct the children in the Romish faith. Besides this general collection, we went to various poor families, and catechised the little ones who were assembled for the purpose. To judge from the crowds I saw at mass on the first Sunday I spent at the college, the Roman Catholics in the vicinity are very numerous; and, doubtless,

are annually increased in numbers, if not in fervour : for the *Catholic* or *Universal* Church delights in numbers, mere numerical force being an essential "mark of the true church." It is indeed remarkable, that the Roman church, like the Roman republic and empire of old, should be satisfied with nothing short of universal power! And it is also a curious fact, that as the tough Germans of old gave the first mighty blow to the latter, so has a tough German of modern times given another such blow to the former: a blow from the effects of which she will never recover; any more than her predecessor in tyranny, injustice, and craft.

If tyranny, injustice, and craft, be crimes against the mere *body* of man, that called for a mighty and lasting retribution, why should the retribution for similar crimes against his *soul* be lessened in extent, or shortened in duration? . . . It cannot be! The men of Rome exult in this "reaction," as they call it, which is making "St. Mary's, at Oscott," a true "refugium peccatorum," a refuge of sinners. But, perhaps, from among the very men whose captive chains clank in their triumphal thanksgiving, there will be shot the "lethalis arundo," the deadly arrow that will pierce and cling to the side of their "Mother Church" in the appointed time. It is not children that they are receiving, but full-grown men, who have been accustomed most pertinaciously "to think for themselves." They began with being reformers: and it must be confessed with some of the boldness of reformers. Will they be content to "change their

skins:" to become sheep, from having been, as it were, wolves: to smother the cunning and the clever thought, which seems so flattering to one's own vanity, in the cold, dead ashes of papal infallibility? We shall see!

On our return from our walk and missionary duties, we begun the Litany again, just as we entered the outer gate; and as we walked slowly on departing from and returning to the Novitiate, we generally finished before we reached the steps aforesaid. We went to the recreation-room, said the "Ave Maria," deposited our sticks, &c., put on our cassocks, and, if not otherwise ordered, we might remain in our cells, or walk in the garden; but we generally assembled altogether, on the same days, in the recreation-room, or in the garden, for conversation: the porter announced the termination of the hour prescribed for Latin conversation.

For our missionary duties we were directly and indirectly prepared; indirectly, by all our reading; and directly, by the short sermons which every novice in his turn had to compose and deliver; and by a course of Christian doctrine which was read in class. The book was in French, and each novice, when his turn came round, standing at the end of the Recreation-room, translated it into English, as if he were reading an English book. Time was given to prepare for the lecture; and some of the novices, I remember, gave the *viva voce* translation with considerable neatness and elegance. The Superior was always present, and he sometimes put questions to the novices on the

topic discussed in the book, which was written by a Jesuit.

The morality of the catechism which we read at Hodder was, as far as I remember, that of Roman Catholics in general; nor do I think there was anything read to us from it contrary to the notions of Christians in general on questions of simple morality. I must state that the passages read were appointed by the Superior; and we never had the book on any other occasions but those when we had to read over the passages preparatory to translation. The time given was barely sufficient for the work, much less to read more; even if we would do violence to conscience by reading without permission, which, of course, was contrary to rule.

Our sermons were short discourses—delivered *viva voce*, in like manner—on the virtues and vices, from texts of Scripture selected by the Superior. A short, clever model of the discourse was given to us, to be committed to memory and imitated as closely as possible; and we had to rehearse the model before delivering our imitation. We had also to compose and deliver longer sermons after the great retreat—a list of the subjects with the preacher's name being deposited for inspection on a table in the dormitory. On this table, I may mention, by the way, were a few books; to read which, general permission was given. These books were small pious tracts, the only one of them worth mentioning being a life of Segneri, a renowned preacher of the Society.

There was a library in the dormitory containing two or three hundred volumes of miscellaneous spirituality, which, however, we were not permitted to read without express leave from the Superior; but, as we had to dust these books occasionally, I remember having seen among them a copy of the Bible and the sermons of Bourdaloue.

We delivered our sermons without gesture, keeping custody of eyes, after the manner of the last-named celebrated orator.*

A sermon, or the catechism, or a translation from Cyprian, alternated in the afternoons, twice or thrice a week. The sermon was generally criticised by the Superior, or the minister when he was appointed; and sometimes keenly—I suppose “to try the spirit.”

From what I have said the reader will judge what care is taken to prepare the novice for his future functions. Indeed, with the Romish priesthood in general, divinity is not an afterthought—is not a matter

* I was told an interesting anecdote of this celebrated preacher. As it was related in the Novitiate, I suppose we may rely on its authenticity.

On one occasion BOURDALOUE had to preach a sermon on some very serious topic—I was not told what—and had retired to his room for his previous meditation.

Being a few minutes beyond the appointed hour, he was sent for—when lo! they found him with a fiddle in his hand, scraping a lively air, to which he was dancing with all his might and merriment! On being surprised, he said:—“Pardon me! brothers; but the fact is, I was so depressed in spirits by the terrible subject, that I have been striving to rouse my heart by this little foolery.”

It is said he never preached a more powerful sermon than the one which followed “this little foolery.”

left in a great measure to individual piety, honesty, and zeal; but a first necessity: a kind of mother's milk which is imbibed betimes. Hence the tenacity with which the Roman faith sticks to the mind—a tenacity which gains strength with every year of the mind's growth. It is a well-concocted system, adapted to suit every weakness of the human mind; which it knows how to exalt into the semblance of strength, by argument and example suited to every capacity. The like principle is not less evident in Mahomedanism; whose tenets are inculcated and practices enforced, in the earliest youth of the believer. A hatred of all other religions is sedulously imbibed by the follower of MAHOMET, as by the Roman Catholic; and the *Koran* is decidedly a parallel to *infallibility*. Man is the puppet of both superstitions: both are contrived to mystify his mind with similar illusions, in the many outward practices which evolve its inward graces.

I must not forget to call the reader's attention to another means of preparation in the Novitiate for the "sacred functions"—I mean meditation. To me it is a matter of wonder that the Jesuits are not all orators—extemporaneous orators. Truly, if all meditate according to the plan set down by IGNATIUS, they can never lack ideas. But sincerity, and earnestness are the founts of eloquence—certainly of sacred eloquence: as the word means, it is *speech out of the heart*.

Perhaps, however, all things cloy on the mind as on the palate, in time. And who shall give life to

the heart when all its sympathies are no longer felt—or lie inactive till the will of self interest or of a party shall command them to feel as they were wont? Let it die, and be dead for ever—if it cannot live to its God and humanity, constant and true in word and deed!

If I may be permitted to speak of myself, I will say that, when I left the Novitiate, it would have been an easy matter for me to preach a sermon extemporaneously on most of the topics of Christian morality; and I record the fact with candour and thankfulness, that the habit of meditation acquired in the Novitiate gives me great facility in rivetting my mind to any subject suggested by the will or the fancy: and for any length of time, without “distraction.”

CHAPTER XI.

EFFECTS OF THE TRAINING.

THERE are certain hardy bulbous plants in my garden which I have repeatedly removed, even when in full flower, from one bed to another, as fancy directed, for the sake of a pleasing contrast. Despite the transplantation, these plants have flourished as vigorously as ever, after every removal. I feel a kindred affection for these plants. Their hearty acquiescence and submission in every fate, and apparent determination "to do their best" in all circumstances, I cannot help associating and comparing in idea with my own career through life. Perhaps, however, my transplantation to the Jesuit-Novitiate is the one which will outlive in my memory every other: in recalling that period of my life I seem to contemplate another self, distinct from my present individuality. This statement will, I trust, exonerate me from the charge of egotism in speaking of myself with seeming admiration. I wish to contribute a few striking facts to the mysterious science of mind—to psychology—

nothing more; and I trust that the reader's candour will not accuse me of vanity in the exposition. I have far higher aims and intentions. In other respects, history furnishes examples similar, if not identical, of such transplantation—among the rest, **ALCIBIADES**, the Athenian, leaving the delights of Athens, conformed with the rules and regulations of the ancient Jesuits of Greece: the hard, tough, uncompromising Spartans.

ROBERT DE' NOBILI, the Jesuit, became a Brahmin among Brahmins—conforming with all their ceremonies and customs:*—but he was a *Jesuit*—and the parallel diverges.

Nevertheless, the malleability of the human mind is evident. I may, then, describe the effects of Jesuit-training on my mind after six months' probation. To enable the reader to judge of its extent a retrospect is necessary: I must give him an idea of what I was before I underwent the operation.

After spending nearly six years in England—years of intense application and mental industry—I took ship for America. I spent my twenty-first birthday in an island of the Western Archipelago. With the last remnant of a ruined fortune I resumed my travels, visited several of the islands, returned to the United States, crossed the Atlantic once more to France, travelled the Continent, and finally, in the following year, took refuge in London: possessing very little more than hopes wherewith to meet "the evil of the day."

* Joavency, Hist. S. I. p. 5, l. 18.

From an enthusiastic student I had become as enthusiastic "a man of the world." But in the midst of the whirlpool into whose eddies I unscrupulously ventured, thoughts of my previous "vocation" rose up ever and anon, like the buoyant remnants of a wreck which has gone down, suddenly rising and striking the sides of the forlorn mariner, who dreads their violence more than that of the raging waves. My forlorn condition in London was interpreted, as I have said in the introduction, into a judgment of Heaven against my prevarication—hence my self-love was gratified by this providential character which my poverty assumed; and, as my intentions were honest and honourable, I never gave my poverty a thought as to its having influenced me in the least: besides, the reception of one of the first Jesuits, BOBADILLA, by IGNATIUS himself, was, so far at least, quite identical with mine. Certainly, in offering a refuge to merit of every kind, the Jesuits are the most extensive patrons in existence!

The reader's imagination can now easily picture to itself the effects of a sudden introduction to the world from the strict seclusion of a Romish college, on a mind, all whose studies had tended to invest it with the keenest sensibility, the most passionate admiration of the beautiful in nature, in art, and, I will add, in woman.

These effects, these habits, did they not tempt the mind to cast "a longing lingering look behind" as I journeyed up the winding paths of that, to me, heaven-indicated Sinai? What! a mere "philo-

sopher" this week, mingling in the gay and sad scenes of London's gorgeous wealth and heart-rending penury — and, the next week, a "true believer," humbled, contrite, and yet happy! I answer, even so! Scarcely a week elapsed, and I felt as though all my life had been spent in the Novitiate. Strange as this seems, it admits of an easy explanation. It is simply this:—Sentiments hitherto but superficially excited were now stirred, so to speak, throughout their whole breadth and depth, by the wand of a religion whose handmaid is enthusiasm. It did, indeed, seem "good for me to be there," where my destiny would be evolved for me by the direct interposition of Heaven! Now, it was that which I was seeking; and the clever system which had taken me by the hand, pointed to the "everlasting hills," that seemed to my deluded eyes "already near." Little did I think that "Alps on Alps" would arise ere the long-desired Pacific of my fate (as to the way-worn traveller in the far-west) would rise to view and hail me to its bosom. In truth, there was poetry in the thoughts that sent me among the Jesuits; there was poetry in the feelings inspired and maintained by their system; and there was poetry in the triumph gained over me. "Brother," said the Superior to me, after a friend from St. Cuthbert's College had visited me, "they come to see the tamed lion!" Had that friend described me as he saw me at Hodder, he might have said:—"His eyes were downcast, his features pale and trembling, his voice was soft, like that of a woman who loves strongly."

After I returned to the world, the friend with whom I had corresponded from the Novitiate remarked to me, that from my letters he had feared lest my enthusiastic religion should end in insanity! In concluding this topic I will only add, that I attained in a short time so complete a mastery over mind and heart, that at the slightest thought of evil, the vigilant conscience shuddered, as the body starts, in a solitary walk, at the rustling of the leaf suddenly falling.

A few extracts from my letters may justify my friend's remark just alluded to. The letter was written about six months after my admission:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe that in my last letter you could perceive a strain of feeling not in consonant with your present situation. Your mind, feelings, and dispositions, you exclaim, have undergone a total subversion. I rejoice at it. It is a blessing of God for which you cannot sufficiently thank Him. You have hitherto been amusing yourself in criminal desires—flying from your God, and striving to fly from yourself! You remind me much of poor Orestes of olden time, who would compensate for his terrible torments by flying from himself, taking refuge in dissipation: but in the hey-day of merriment the furies were upon him, and death had then been welcome! Be not offended at my comparing you to a poor pagan, for you will, I trust, in a very few minutes, allow, that in point of fact, you are little richer in true magnanimity of soul than the poor pagan who had no sweet Redeemer—no good priest to compassionate his infirmities—tried in all

things,' as the Apostle exclaims, 'for an example.' But let us proceed. Before I appeal to your reason, however, let me breathe a sweet perfume to your heart: a black sky is as a troubled heart, but the rain falls, and the sky is gladdened, so by a flood of tears will the heart exult. The mind is at ease when the passions are still, but she suddenly starts when the passions, like bats, are disturbed from their repose. Nevertheless, like some celestial melody, swelling from instrumental harmony, through tone and semitone, alt and tenor, through treble and through bass—such is the enduring harmony, the entrancing melody of that soul whose passions God attunes, touches and modulates into the chorus of his love.

“Upon deep reflection, a question occurred to me in these words: All things considered, whose enjoyment is the greater—that man's who has had the contentment of all his passions, or the enjoyment of another man who has *subdued* them all—who has left not a wish uncontrolled by reason and religion? . . . Now, my passions being decidedly the best judges in this case, at least, I appealed to them—instantly they exclaimed—the last!—the last!—we cannot govern ourselves! And reason confirmed the sentence, and religion, who sat beside, rejoiced thereat, and I have chosen the better part.

“As you *are*, my dear friend, what are you? Without religion, without virtue, without God! Can there be conceived a state of greater or more deplorable dereliction! Your heart is like a

morass teeming with immundities that spring up incessantly and scatter their disastrous seeds in every direction. You admit every desire, every thought, every suggestion of your soul's enemy. You dally with him—you expose to him the source of your weakness, and behold! the infernal Dalilah despoils you of your only defence—then she exclaims in glee, the Philistines are upon you!—you are taken, thrown down, your eyes plucked out!—that is, you are blinded by your passions, now become unruly. If your conscience were well, your will would not be diseased. I cannot imagine how you can remain in your present condition, seeing yourself thus without God, utterly unable to bear up against the afflictions of life. It has pleased God to give you riches, &c. What, if by a single stroke, very possible if not probable, He deprived you of all, and left you naked! God in his mercy avert so terrible a visitation! But, my dear friend, are you in the right way to avoid the exterminating angel? Do you expect to confirm God's temporal mercies by the most inveterate spiritual barrenness? And if the Almighty, provoked by your hardness, (which your present calamity ought to soften,) fulminated against you the avenging terrors of his justice, what corner of the earth would shield you when the breath of His name strikes dismay in the uttermost caverns of hell? Look, my dear friend, to yourself, to your poor soul, to your true earthly comfort! To yourself—you have bad health—is this not a sufficient warning? To your soul, if you die suddenly in your present

condition, can you expect heaven, or purgatory, or hell? Three tremendous alternatives! To your bodily comfort, for, in truth, from your obduracy, I do really fear for you, my friend. O beware of the judgments of God! They are terrible. 'He hath made some to wither away and hath destroyed them, and hath made the memory of them to cease from the earth.' Again I say—again I intreat you, haste to be reconciled! For God's wrath may be at hand, and may His mercy protect you in the day of trouble. If you have sinned, have we not all sinned? The Apostle exclaims 'in multis offendimus omnes,' and if you have not been ashamed to sin, why be ashamed to own your sin? This is ungenerous, unworthy of you! Beware of the secret passion that perchance clings with you still to the flesh! Oh! spare no pains to eradicate the hellish monster—the hideous Gorgon whose very face is death to the soul. * * *

“From considerable experience in this world, I am sometimes inclined to hold it for certain that disappointment in every affection of the heart is the only certainty of our existence here, death alone excepted. *Certes*, I have had my desires, and many, perchance most of them, accomplished, but I can confidently assert that I was *disappointed in all*. I would particularly recommend this consideration to you. The hearts of the young and ardent may be said to teem with desires, as the bottom of the sea with weeds. They are all doomed to be disappointed. The fact is that we form our notions of things, *at second hand*—*on se fait de tableaux*—and was there ever a fool who,

in his particular pursuit, owned himself at fault ?

* * * *

“ For the rest, my dear friend, be not offended at my freedom with you. You know my heart, what would I not do to bring you to God ! I have commenced a *Novena* for your consolation and reconciliation with offended Heaven, and under the patronage of our blessed Lady and St. Francis Xavier, I hope for success. Be of good heart ! Remember, *Quem diligit Dominus castigat ; flagellat autem omnem filium quem recipit* ”

CHAPTER XII.

THE FEAST OF IGNATIUS.

At length the joyous holiday came—the Feast of **IGNATIUS**. The novices whose probation was ended took their vows, and fresh aspirants to the blessings of **IGNATIUS** knocked at the gate. The novices whose second year was ended took the vows in the morning. The other novices did not know when this ceremony was performed; but, as all the usual occupations of the day were suspended, we saw them depart to the seminary, all apparently glad of the change. I was told by one of them that only the lay-brother—the cook of the establishment—was present, besides the Superior, when each novice was admitted to the room to take his vows. He also said that the object of the vows being taken in private was to guarantee the Jesuit from legal conviction, inasmuch as it is contrary to law to take such vows in England. This was perfectly new to me, and the intelligence was at least unpleasant: it reminded me of the agent in London, who, finding from what I had said to him that I made no secret of my intention to become a

Jesuit, cautioned me "not to say anything about the matter to any one." He gave me no reason for his caution, but I have no doubt now that he alluded to the clause of the Act of the 10th Geo. IV., c. 7, which makes it "a misdemeanour in any Jesuit, or member of other religious body described in the act, to admit, or to aid in or consent to the admission of, any person within the United Kingdom, to be a member of such body; and any person admitted or becoming a Jesuit, or member of other such body within the United Kingdom, shall, *upon conviction*, be banished from the United Kingdom for life." It may be questioned whether the law against smuggling is more stringent—but there can be but one opinion as to which is enforced. Verily, the act is a thoroughfare, and the Jesuits "drive their coach-and-six through it" with admirable dexterity.

The following is the formula of the simple vows taken by the novices, who then become scholastici or scholars of the Society:—

"Omnipotent, Eternal God! I, N., although in every respect most unworthy of thy Divine presence, still, confiding in thy infinite bounty and mercy, and impelled by the desire of serving thee—vow, in the presence of the most holy Virgin MARY and thy universal celestial court, to thy Divine Majesty POVERTY, CHASTITY, and OBEDIENCE perpetual, in the Society of JESUS; and I promise to enter that Society in order to live and die in it,* taking all things in the sense of the Constitutions of the same Society. Of

* *Ut vitam in eâ perpetuò degam.*

thy immense bounty and clemency, therefore, through the blood of JESUS CHRIST, I pray and beseech that thou wouldst vouchsafe to accept this holocaust in the odour of sweetness; and as thou hast granted me the desire and permitted the offering, so mayst thou grant me also the plentiful grace to fulfil it. Amen."

I need scarcely state that the vow was pronounced in Latin.

On the same day, as I have said, the fresh novices came from the college at Stonyhurst. I think there were six, two of whom left after a week's probation—all students from the college, averaging in age from seventeen to twenty. These were accompanied by all the "Fathers" and students from the seminary; and our little garden was roused from its "sober sadness" by the joyful greetings of many voices exulting at the "harvest home!" and the goodly prospects of the revolving year.

Then it was that we "heard the news" from the four points of the compass—from Rome, Switzerland, France, Germany, Ireland, India, Jamaica, &c. &c.; then it was that we saw the men who *made* "the news" in England; then it was that I had another sight of the Provincial and the London agent, whose distinguished air was a study—I would turn back and meet that man fifty times, merely for the pleasure of studying his expression. If he ever becomes General of the Society, the Jesuits will enact exploits for history.

Immediately after the accession of fresh novices commenced the grand Retreat of thirty days, or the "Spiritual Exercises" of IGNATIUS.

The book of the "Spiritual Exercises" is the grand "Inquisition" of the Jesuits. The Jesuits assert that **IGNATIUS** composed that famous book; but a Benedictine affirms that it is copied from the work of a Spanish Benedictine whose name was **CISNEROS**. The question, however, may be settled, if the reader can believe what **IGNATIUS** asserts; namely, that he was inspired by the Virgin **MARY** herself in the composition; or rather, that "the book was truly written by the finger of God, and delivered to St. **IGNATIUS** by the holy Mother of God."*

There may be doubts as to its authorship, but there can be none as to its efficacy in the dissection of conscience, if the prescribed "Exercises" are sincerely performed. A retreat in a retreat—for such is the Novitiate—seems unnecessary; but the important changes which **IGNATIUS** intended to effect in his novice required a broad and deep foundation to be laid beforehand; and this is to be done by the Thirty Days' Retreat and its "Spiritual Exercises."

* "A beatâ scilicet Virgine per manus sancti Ignatii Patris nostri. Est enim liber Exercitiorum verè digito Dei scriptus, et à beatâ Dei Matre sancto Ignatio traditus. Homo Orat. à J. NOUËT. S. J. 1843.—"The internal responses," says another Jesuit, "which the Holy Ghost gave to St. Ignatius," &c. &c. Having once asked Father Laynez if he thought that God had revealed to the founders of orders the form of their institute; and Laynez having said that he thought it very probable, at least with regard to essentials: '*I am of your opinion,*' replied the saint; and it was doubtless his own experience that dictated his opinion." *BOUHOUS*, l. iii.

The age in which Ignatius lived may palliate this presumption; but the traditions are still ripe in the Novitiate—I heard them at Hodder!

On the day when it commenced all the novices had "recreation"—all were sent forth to take a long walk in the country round, most of the usual duties being superseded. In the evening the Retreat commenced with the reading of the "Points" of the meditation for the next morning, as I have stated with regard to my first Retreat: indeed, the meditations of that retreat consisted of the most prominent meditations of the "Spiritual Exercises:" as it were, the grand Retreat abridged. There were four meditations daily, with spiritual reading and walking in the garden for relaxation; but during the week we had no intercourse at all with the other novices, who were now beginning their *second* year: they, of course, had made their great Retreat the year before. Silence was the order of the day: during the whole week we spoke to no one but the Superior. At the end of each week we had a holiday—a truce, as it were, between the soul and its spiritual enemies. On that day we mixed with the other novices, played at football, or walked in the vicinity.

A few remarks on the Spiritual Exercises may be acceptable to the reader.

The pious ALBAN BUTLER says:—"Though the Saint was at that time unacquainted with learning any farther than barely to read and write, yet this book is so full of excellent maxims and instructions in the highest points of a spiritual life, that it is most clear that the Holy Ghost supplied abundantly what was yet wanting in him of human learning and study. The spirit which reigns in this book was that of all

the saints. Frequent religious retirements had been practised by pious persons, in imitation of Christ and all the saints from the beginning : likewise the use and method of holy meditation were always known, but the excellent order of these meditations prescribed by **IGNATIUS** was new ; and though the principal rules and maxims are found in the lessons and lives of the ancient fathers of the desert, they are here judiciously chosen, methodically digested, and clearly explained.”*

With the exception of the first sentence of this exposition, I agree with the writer. I give **IGNATIUS** credit for his judgment in selection, sagacity in arrangement, and wonderful tact in adaptation. Next in rank to the genius which conceives “things unattempted yet in verse or rhyme,” is the vigorous talent which collects the diverging rays of the former into that focus whence a new fire is born, as it were, from old materials—old though they be as the rays of the first created sun.

Again—“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights:” perhaps the unnatural division of knowledge into human and divine, has marred the efficacy of both in directing the grateful heart of the creature to the Creator. All knowledge that has not a positive tendency to evil should be considered divine ; as it must necessarily tend to expand the mind and heart with thoughts of grateful love to the Author of all good things.

* *Lives of Saints, IGNAT., July 31.*

Here, however, is a book admitted to be a compilation; and yet the direct agency of the Holy Ghost is called in to inspire what was already known to men: namely, "what was wanting in IGNATIUS of human learning and study."

The Spiritual Exercises have worked miracles of conversion in all times; the commonest of which was the greatest: I mean the creation of the *Jesuit*.

I shall endeavour to give the reader some idea of this mental process.

All the exercises or meditations are divided into four weeks; but this division refers more to the subjects of meditation than to the number of days. Each week's ending should find the soul inspired with appropriate and peculiar sentiments.

In the first week we meditated on the end of man; the object for which he was created; and the various pursuits which thwart the accomplishment of that object: namely, the pursuit of riches, glory, knowledge, and power. The nature and enormity of sin; its penalties; judgment; hell; were prominent topics of this week's meditations; preparatory to the "general confession," which all the fresh novices had to make: myself included, though I had made one only a few months before. In fact, the "Exercises" require a general confession, as a part essential of their effects.* But, even had it not been necessary, I would have requested permission to make mine; for my increased devotion and spirituality discovered during my medi-

* Exerc. Spir.

tations numerous forgotten "crimes and misdemeanours," when conscience was probed by the searching scrutiny of self-examination. Great, indeed, was my affliction: I shed tears of contrition, and repaired to the confessional for that absolution which would speedily reconcile me to an offended God.

I desired to *feel* that I was free from all sin; and I felt so—thanks to that miraculous tribunal! Protestants must walk in uncertainty as to the absolute remission of their sins; but Roman Catholics know, even in this world, that their "sins are forgiven them." Nay, more, even the temporal penalties due to their sins are remitted by "indulgence;" and wonderful to tell! they can even send *one* soul at a time from purgatory to heaven! I hold now in my hand a piece of paper given to me at Hodder, whereon is written a prayer, for the rehearsal of which, before a crucifix, after having received the sacrament, a full remission of sin is granted, together with the liberation of one soul from the pains of purgatory—*unius animæ à purgatorii pœnis liberationem concessit!* The "indulgence" is stated to have been granted by PIVS VII.*

This is, doubtless, the most important week. In it the beginning, or foundation,† is to be laid: that

* PIVS VII., in perpetuam concessit plenariam peccatorum remissionem, et unius animæ à purgatorii pœnis liberationem, ab omnibus lucrandum, qui, corde contrito confessi, et sacrâ refecti synaxi, ante sanctissimi crucifixi imaginem, hanc orationem, quocumque idioma, piè recitaverint.

† Principium sive Fundamentum.

is, a total indifference to all things in themselves; preferring only such as conduce to the end for which we were created.

The difficulties that may be expected to arise in the soul of the self-reformer are obviated: at least an attempt is made to that effect.

He must, on first rising in the morning, call to mind the sin or defect which he particularly desires to discard. At noon, and in the evening, he must examine his conscience, to see how far he has succeeded in this particular; having imprinted every lapse of thought or deed on his memory, by pressing his hand on his breast on every occasion of offence. After the examen he must enter these debts of conscience on the lines of his Sin-book before described;* continuing the practice day after day, and comparing one day with another, till he is free from sin.

Ignatius then proceeds with some instruction: 1st, on the various ways of sinning by thought, word, and deed, "most useful for the purgation of the soul, and the confession of sins:" 2ndly, on "the emoluments of a General Confession."

The method of meditating is then given. Each meditation has two or more *preludes*. The first is the "composition of place." In every meditation or contemplation on sensible objects, such as CHRIST, we must fancy, according to some imaginary vision, the visible place, representing what we contemplate: such as a temple, a mountain, where we may find Christ Jesus or the Virgin Mary; and other circum-

* Page 107.

stances which enter into the argument of our contemplation. On the other hand, if the topic of speculation be not corporeal: such as the consideration of our sins, the composition or construction of the locality may be as follows. Imagine that you see your soul in this corruptible body, as it were confined in a prison, and both body and soul, or the whole man, exiled in this valley of misery amongst the brute beasts.

The second prelude is to beg of the Lord that which you desire, according to the argument of the proposed contemplation. For instance, if we have to meditate on the Resurrection of Christ, we must beg to be inspired with the joy wherewith we may rejoice with Christ rejoicing; but if on the Passion, we must beg for tears, pains, and anguish, in order to sympathise with Christ suffering.

In the meditation on Sin, we must beg for shame and self-confusion: considering how many men have been consigned to eternal perdition for mortal sin: ay, even *one!* and that we have so often merited damnation by sin.

A preparatory prayer, to consecrate the intention, and two preludes, must precede every meditation and contemplation: the prayer always the same, the preludes varying with the subject.

Colloquia, or familiar mental conversations, conclude the meditations. In the one on Sin, we must imagine Jesus Christ present before us, nailed to the cross. We must ask ourselves the reason why the infinite Creator himself became a creature, and

deigned to descend from a life of eternity to the death of time for our sins. Moreover, we must press the argument to ourselves; asking what hitherto have we done for Christ, worthy of being remembered? What shall we do at length? what ought we to do? And looking on him thus nailed to the cross, we must express the suggestions of our minds and affections. In a word, it is the peculiar property of the colloquy, that it is as it were the address of a friend to a friend, or of a servant to his master; at one time begging some particular grace or favour, at another time accusing ourselves of some fault—sometimes proposing our difficulties, asking advice and aid. To conclude with the *Pater noster*.

The sin of the angels in revolt, the sin of Adam, our own sins, are the three points of the first exercise; the memory, understanding, and will being respectively affected and influenced by cause and effect, sin and its consequences.

Following up this beginning, we are to review our whole life, recapitulating where we have lived, our usual topics of conversation, and the various occupations in which we have been engaged.

We must perpend—deliberately weigh—our sins themselves, their foulness, the heinousness of each according to its nature, even if they had not been forbidden.

A conscious comparison of ourselves with the infinite Creator, must cover us with confusion at our presumptuous littleness; and yet so corrupt, so depraved in mind, loathsome in body—in fine, like an

ulcer or impostume, whence issue so great a discharge of sins and pestilent vices.*

Then consider the attributes, the perfections of the God whom we have offended; opposing them all to our vices and defects—to wit, His power, wisdom, goodness, and justice; to our extreme weakness, ignorance, malice, and iniquity!

The soul will then burst forth into exclamations, impelled by this vehement commotion of the feelings; wondering greatly how all God's creatures, instancing each, could have borne with us so long, and permitted us to live till now. How the angels, bearing the sword of Divine justice, have endured, guarded, and, by their suffrages, even aided us: how the saints have interceded for us: how the heavens, the sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies; the elements and all manner of animals and productions of the earth, instead of punishing, have preserved us: how, in fine, the earth opening beneath our feet has not swallowed us down, throwing open the gates of a thousand hells, where we should suffer eternal punishment.†

This meditation is followed by *repetitions* of the first and second just given, and of the third,—new *colloquia* being introduced in the third, viz., with the Virgin Mary, with Christ, and lastly, with God the Father.

The Virgin Mary is asked to “impetrate” the Son, the Son to “impetrate” the Father, and the Father

* *Tanquam ulcus, sive apostema—ex quo tanta sanies peccatorum, tantaque vitiorum lues defluxerit. Exerc. Spir. 2.*

† *Exerc. 2.*

to give the grace of perfect repentance; which should result from having dwelt anew on the various topics of the meditation which affected us most: for it must always be remembered, that we should suffer the soul to dwell on such topics as made the most impression.*

The fifth meditation is one of the most singular in the whole book—certainly the most characteristic of the system, whose influence on the minds of men I am now endeavouring to explain. The subject is Hell.

The first prelude gives the composition of place: viz., the eyes of the imagination must behold the length, breadth, and depth of hell. The second consists in praying for an intimate knowledge or consciousness of the sins for which the reprobate are suffering; so that if ever we should forget the love of God, the fear of punishment, at least, should restrain us from sin.

The first point is to *behold*, in imagination, the vast conflagration of hell, and the souls therein, enclosed in certain flaming bodies: as it were in a prison of fire.†

Secondly, to *hear* in imagination the wailings, the shrieks, cries, and blasphemies against Christ and his saints, issuing thence.

Third, thoroughly to *smell*, even with the smelling of the imagination, the smoke, brimstone, and the horrid stench of some sewer or filth and rottenness.

* Illis diutiùs, diligentiusque immorandum est.

† Animas igneis quibusdam corporibus, velut ergastalis inclusas.
Ex. 5.

Fourthly, to *taste* in like manner the bitterest things; such as tears, rancour, the worm of conscience.

Fifthly, to *touch* in a manner those fires, by whose touch those very souls are burnt up.

In the colloquy with Christ, we must call to mind the souls of those who are condemned to hell, either because they would not believe in the coming of Christ; or if they believed, did not live in conformity with his precepts, either at the same time when Christ lived in this world, or after and subsequently. We must then give thanks to the same Christ most fervently, for not having permitted us to rush to such destruction, but rather has, to this very day, treated us with clemency and mercy.*

Other meditations may be given by the Spiritual Director, such as Death, Judgment, &c.

The place where the retreat is to be made should be, as much as possible, remote from "the busy hum of men"—some solitude wherein the terrors of conscience will make the strong man tremble as the babe in the cradle when the wolf comes to devour it.

According to Ignatius, the first exercise should take place at midnight—the second in the morning at rising—the third before or after mass, before breakfast—the fourth about the time of vespers—the fifth during the hour before supper. This distribution of time is common to the four weeks, but it may be varied, with additions or diminutions according to the age, habit of mind and body, or temperament of the in-

* Ex. 5.

dividual. Under the title of "additions," Ignatius gives the following regulations for the retreat. After going to bed, and before closing the eyes to sleep, a few seconds must be spent in thinking of the hour of rising, and the meditation then to take place.

To collect one's thoughts as soon as the eyes are open, directing them exclusively to the subject of meditation; and for the sake of greater modesty and confusion, to set some such example as this before the mind: namely, how a soldier would stand before his king and royal court, blushing, anxious and confused, if he were convicted of having committed a grave misdemeanour against the king, after having received from him many benefactions, many and great gifts. In the second exercise, considering how much I have sinned, (continues Ignatius) I will fancy myself bound in chains; and soon to be placed before the judge, as a culprit is wont to be dragged to the tribunal, bound in irons. Imbued with such thoughts or others, according to the subjects of meditation, I will dress myself.

Thirdly, at a step or two from the place of meditation, I will stand for a short time, as long as it might take to recite the *Pater noster*, raise my soul on high, and contemplate my Lord Jesus, as present, and seeing what I am going to do: to whom I ought to do reverence by an humble gesture.*

Fourthly, I will enter upon the contemplation, sometimes prostrate on the ground, with my face

* Reverentiam, cum humili gestu exhibere.

downwards, or on my back ;* sometimes sitting, or standing, and composing myself in that manner whereby I may hope more easily to obtain what I wish. Here two things must be borne in mind : first, if I obtain my desire whilst on my knees, or in any other position, I shall seek no more : secondly, in the point wherein I shall feel the desired devotion, I ought to rest at ease without any anxiety of passing on, until I am satisfied.

Fifthly, after the exercise, either sitting or walking for a quarter of an hour, I will consider with myself, how my meditation or contemplation has succeeded : if not well, I shall seek out the causes with sorrow and the resolve of amendment ; but if well, I shall thank God, resolving to follow the same method afterwards.

Sixthly, I will avoid the thoughts which produce joy, such as that of Christ's glorious resurrection ; because any such thoughts impede tears, and the grief I should feel for my sins : which grief is then to be sought after, by rather indulging the remembrance of death or judgment.

Seventhly, for the same reason, I will deprive myself of all light by closing the doors and windows whilst I am there, except whilst I have to read or eat.

Eighthly, I will refrain from all laughter, and words that induce laughter, with the greatest care.

Ninthly, I will not set my eyes on any one, except for saluting or taking leave.

* *Pronus aut supinus jacens.*

Tenthly, I will add some satisfaction or penance, &c.—rejecting, in the matter of food, not only certain superfluities (which is the part of temperance, not penitence), but even necessities; and the more the better, avoiding, meanwhile, any injury to nature, or great debility or infirmity. In the manner of sleeping, and the condition of my bed, removing not only what is soft and comfortable, but even other things that are requisite, as much as may be without serious danger of life or health. Sleep is not to be abridged, unless one has been accustomed to indulge it to excess. With regard to the flesh, I will inflict on it and make it feel pain, by applying and wearing haircloths, ropes or iron bars, or by inflicting stripes and lashes, or by other kinds of austerity. In all which, however, it seems more expedient that the feeling of pain should be in the flesh only, and should not penetrate the bones, &c.

Wherefore, let us rather use whips made of small cord, which afflict the surface, but not the inner parts, to such an extent as to injure health.

Few of these “additions” were observed at Hodder, particularly with regard to the last mentioned macerations. On the other hand, all the advice as to the mental phenomena was strictly inculcated, and influenced *all* the training in the Novitiate; which, in one word, is assimilated throughout the year to the four weeks of the Spiritual Exercises.

Supposing that the soul has turned her back on all the “pomps and vanities” of this world; is broken in by contrition; is convinced of her destiny, and

ready to embrace it—a great model is proposed after the manner of **IGNATIUS**.

The second week begins with a grand contemplation of the kingdom of Christ, in the similitude of an earthly king. Synagogues, villages,* and towns, through which Christ journeyed, stand before the eyes in the pious panorama which the fancy of Ignatius always constructs for the interested soul.

The king speaks—we listen. “I intend to conquer all the regions of the infidels. Whoever will go with me must be ready. He must not use any other kind of food, raiment, or any thing else than he sees me use. He must also stand out with me in the same labours, watchings, and other occasions, in order that each may share my victory and bliss, accordingly as he shall partake in my labours and difficulties.”

A prompt response to this offer must be made by acceptance of the terms; or else, mark the consequence, ye generous hearts, but still full of vanity! “If any one refuses, of how much blame will he be worthy among all men, and what a cowardly soldier he will be thought!”

All who are in their senses will be eager to offer themselves to the service of Christ.

But the rebellious flesh, the senses, self-love, and the love of the world must be stormed. Then the terms of surrender:—“Behold, O King, supreme and Lord of all! Although most unworthy, still, confiding in thy grace and assistance, I offer myself

* Villas.

entirely to Thee, and submit all that I have to thy will; attesting in the presence of thy infinite goodness, and in the sight of the glorious Virgin thy Mother, and of the court of Heaven, that this is my intention, this my desire, this my firmest resolve; that, provided it conduce to the greater increase of thy praise and my service, I may follow Thee as closely as I can, and imitate Thee in bearing injuries and all adversity with true poverty of spirit, as well as of worldly goods; provided, I say, it please thy most holy Majesty to choose and receive me for this manner of life.”*

This contemplation, which may be said “to come to the point,” is to take place twice in the day. Doubtless it has given many an “indifferent” penitent to the Society, at the time when, by the permission of popes, princes, and prelates, the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius recruited its ranks in every region of the globe. And wonderful to think! a man *entangles himself*—falls by his own mind, as if by his own hand—a most fascinating and irresistible mental suicide. Ignatius gives us the weapon; we commit the fatal act; the Society buries, embalms, or burns our lifeless carcass!

“In this and the following weeks,” Ignatius observes, “it would be useful to read out of the New Testament, or other pious book, such as the ‘Following of Christ,’ and the ‘Lives of the Saints.’”†

* Exer. 1. Heb. sec. The above may be called the shadow of the vow “cast before;” the latter resembles it most sisterly.

† Exer. Spir. Heb. sec.

At Hodder we read the second, but not the first. The second week, then, is passed in meditating on the life of Christ—the Incarnation, Nativity, Circumcision, &c. ; all presented to the mind according to the spirit of Ignatius, and brought home, by the same spirit, to bear with conquering energy on the soul: supposed, as we have seen, to be “indifferent to all things,” but still ready to decide on the election.

There is some wisdom in this. The mind should come unprejudiced to the study of every subject, otherwise she had better remain in primitive ignorance: the jaundice of the mind, like that of the eyes, is the never-failing source of erroneous judgment.

All the incidents just named were to be contemplated as if we were present at the very scene in person: the soul, meanwhile, in her ardent colloquy, endeavouring to derive strength in her resolutions of amendment, by the hope of assistance from the fountain of Divine grace.

The views of Ignatius are always striking, sometimes magnificent. Thus on the Incarnation, the preludes exhibit the three Divine Persons in the act of looking down upon the earth, densely peopled with its inhabitants, who were dropping into hell. In the eternity of their Godhead, they decree that the second Person should assume the nature of man for the salvation of the human race. Accordingly, at the time prescribed, the archangel Gabriel is destined to be the messenger to the blessed Virgin Mary.

Then the imaginary vision, just as if the circumference of the universal earth were spread before the eyes, with all her habitants—nations unnumbered! The mental eyes look around, and in a certain part of this spreading earth, they discover the little house* of the blessed Virgin at Nazareth, in the province of Galilee!

I *behold* all the men who are the objects of my contemplation,—all men dwelling on the face of the earth, so different in manners, movements, and actions; some white, others black; some enjoying peace, others agitated by wars; one man weeping, another laughing; one in health, another diseased; some at the moment of birth, others, in their turn, in their last agony; and so on according to the almost countless varieties of human action and passion.

In the midst of this scene, I raise my eyes and contemplate the three Divine Persons, from the royal throne, beholding all the races of men on the surface of the earth, living like the blind—on all sides dying—descending into hell.

Then I let fall the eyes and see the Virgin Mary in her little house, with the angel saluting her at the eventful moment; bringing home always the thought to myself, and from such a contemplation deriving some fruit in the soul.

The various personages in this drama must be *heard*, as well as seen. I hear “men in the world conversing, *blaspheming*, and *abusing* each other.” I direct my hearing heavenward, and hear the Divine

* Domuncula.

Persons in heaven discussing the redemption of the human race: from heaven to earth once more—to a little room descending, I hear the Virgin and the Angel negotiating* the mystery of the Incarnation. From reflecting on each and all, or by applying the circumstances to myself, I shall study to derive not a little fruit.

I have heard the words of these personages, I must also see their *actions*—see “how mortals injure one another, strike, murder, and rush all to hell! . . .”

Then,—“How the most holy Trinity executes the work of Incarnation.”

Thirdly, “How the Angel fulfils his mission,† and the blessed Virgin, with most humble demeanour, gives thanks to the Divine Majesty.

“Directing the reflected light of all these incidents to ourselves, we may gather fruit as we proceed.

“In the colloquy I shall diligently seek for the expressions wherewith I may worthily address each Divine Person, the Word incarnate, and his Mother; praying, according to the emotion I shall feel in my heart, for whatever may aid me to a greater imitation of my Lord Jesus Christ, as it were just made man.”‡

This contemplation will give the reader an idea of the plan by which IGNATIUS leads the soul into his enticing trap. How sweet are the baits suspended there! how delicious the odours around that make us ask—Whence come they? these odours! but they

* Tractantes.

† Fungatur legatione.

‡ Exer. Spir. Heb. sec.

are so sweet, so delicious, that poor human nature bribes the judgment to believe them divine—they are so sweet—so delicious!

Every meditation, and every contemplation, are scenes of a drama—instinct with life: its pleasures and its pains, its vices and its virtues, and every corporeal sense—the five senses all—must perform, each, its function: metaphorically at least, to aid the deception.

Merely to see and hear the personages in contemplation is trivial; we must, with a certain interior taste and smell, relish the suavity and lusciousness* of the soul imbued with divine gifts and virtues, according to the personages.

Again, we must, “by means of an internal touch, feel and kiss the garments, places, footsteps, &c., where we may expect a greater increase of devotion, or any other spiritual gift.”†

Such is the “application of the senses” to the uses of the soul.

It is towards the end of this week that occurs the famous meditation of “The two Standards,” in which **IGNATIUS** sanctified his previous warlike notions, just as he has applied all his natural predilections and refined sensuality to the purposes of his religion. We contemplate two camps in battle array—two generals appealing to us, eager to enlist us in his service. In the rear of each general is his respective city or stronghold. One general is **JESUS CHRIST**, his city Jerusalem; the other is Satan, his

* Dulcedo.

† Ibid. ut antea.

city Babylon the Great. The latter displays a splendid banner on which is inscribed his watchword—“**RICHES, HONOUR, PRIDE!**” On the standard of the Redeemer appear the words—“**POVERTY, SHAME, HUMILITY!**” “**To arms!**” is sounded on all sides—we must instantly decide in whose ranks we will fight—shall it be with Satan or with **CHRIST?**

Having joined the ranks of the latter, having made the “election,”* we must learn how to conquer by patience and submission—by non-resistance unto death; these being the arms of the novice, and of every Christian who wishes to enlist under the recruiting flag of **IGNATIUS**. The third week, therefore, we contemplated the passion of Christ—we walked in the awful procession from the garden of Gethsemane to the hall of Caiaphas—to the tribunal of Pilate—we witnessed the hideous flagellation, and seemed to hear the sound of the remorseless lash! and thence we repaired to Calvary to see the end. It was the contemplation which follows the Crucifixion, viz., the lament of the holy women at the burial of Christ—the mother’s anguish, the friend’s affliction—that I most remember. My eyes filled with tears—thoughts of sincere sadness filled my soul—my sentiments assumed the form of verse, and when informed of the fact, the Superior, at my request, gave me leave to write the verses!—Truly if anything can bind the soul irrevocably to a system,

* Exer. Spir. Heb. 2.

it is this facile humouring of the mind and temper — this identification of things human with things Divine!

Still we were “persuaded that our progress in spirituality, would be commensurate with our estrangement from the love of self and of our own convenience!”*

The fourth week is the Sabbath of the Retreat. The “glorious mysteries” then make amends for the gloom of the preceding weeks, when no thought of gladness was permitted to distract the soul determined on its self-affliction.

Now the scene is changed. We stand by the sepulchre of Christ, in the little house of the blessed Virgin: the form, parts, and other peculiarities of which, as a cell or oratory, we examine with diligence one after another.† We must think of those things only which give spiritual joy, such as the thought of glory. The light of day is to be admitted; in spring and summer we must be cheered by the sight of the verdant herbage and of flowers, or the loveliness of some sunny spot; during winter by the now seasonable rays of the sun or a fire; and so on, in like manner, with regard to the other befitting delights of body and mind, wherewith we can rejoice with the Creator and our Redeemer.‡

* Exer. Spir. Heb. 2.

† Heb. 4.

‡ Heb. 4. The edition from which I have translated is that of NOUËT, with notes by ROOTHAN, the present General of the Society.

Other writers have thought proper to dismiss the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius with contempt or abuse. For my part, I am of opinion that nothing can be gained by misrepresentation, certainly with

The contemplation of Divine love concludes the retreat. - The perfections of the Creator, the joys of the saints and angels, become the subjects of affectionate meditation. The soul has made its choice—its wings are fledged—it soars triumphant to the empyrean of “love Divine.”

My enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch during the latter part of this retreat. I could not help speaking from the fulness of my heart to my “Brothers,” of the gushing consolations that entranced me with delight. Sometimes I was unconscious of existing in the body—my breast within seemed to glow with a fire that gently warmed but did not consume! I saw no difficulties in perfection—all things were easy to him who loved strongly. All that I did gave me intense satisfaction; my heart yearned for some great occasion when the sacrifice would be made complete: martyrdom or a natural death would have been sweet in that exaltation!

I was imprudent enough to speak of my sensations to some of the “Brothers:” the Superior sent for me, and mildly reprimanded me for the indiscretion. He said, “Brother, your consolations, if spoken of, may discourage those who have not been thus favoured; but beware! the time of ‘dryness’ will come! So, moderate your exultation.” It came—that time of “dryness,” as ascetics call that sterility of thought, that disgust for prayer and meditation and all spiritualities, which must naturally follow intense unremitting application to any pursuit, carnal or spiritual. regard to the *Jesuits*—the *reality* exceeds the *fiction* in terrible import!

CHAPTER XIII.

DRYNESS—REMARKABLE CURE—OPINIONS.

ASCETICS understand by "spiritual consolation," that joy of the soul, that alacrity, gifted with which, it finds no religious duty irksome, but, on the contrary, highly pleasant, and performs all its functions with inexpressible satisfaction. The "gift of tears"—that is, the flowing of tears during meditation—is esteemed the highest degree of "consolation." It is said that few—even of the greatest "saints"—have had much "consolation" in their earthly pilgrimage. ST. THERESA passed, I believe, two and twenty years of her life in "spiritual dryness,"* which is the antithesis of "consolation." Her "merit" was consequently greater, since she persevered in all the practices of devotion, despite the denial of consolation, or the heavenly encouragement vouchsafed to piety. A'KEMPIS exclaims with a pious sneer, "That soul rides pretty easily whose steed is the grace of

* Ribaden. p. 799. "The fervid Ignatius often found all the liquid pleasures of the inward man quite dried away."—Bartol. p. 20.

God !”* thereby implying that it is an easy matter to persevere in devotion when its practices are pleasant to the soul.

The time of aridity is therefore a time of trial ; when the soul is left as it were to herself, to battle with the cunning tempter, who then endeavours to terrify her with all manner of doubts and fears, disgusts and bitterness. This is the ascetic view of the subject. What is the true cause ? If a man takes much wine, it will produce on his mind, first exhilaration, then delirium. If for several days he works incessantly at his desk, the result will be total exhaustion of idea, and extreme fatigue. Here are effects whose causes are apparent to “the meanest capacity.”

Enlightened physiology traces mental effects unerringly to physical causes, and, *vice versâ*, physical effects to mental causes. If the “Saints” could have been enlightened in this matter, how soon would they have shaken off their desolation by giving their over-toiled faculties a short respite, or a change of exercise !

The Jesuit system, by varying and alternating corporeal and mental application, obviates, to a considerable extent, the pernicious effects of this mental lassitude ; or, in the language of asceticism, this exile of the heart. Still the constant return of the same duties must sooner or later dispel the charm which deludes the mind by novelty. To youths trans-

* *Satis suaviter equitat, quam gratia Dei portat ! De Imit. Christ. l. ii. c. 9.*

planted from the nursery-bed of a Romish College, the extra confinement and prayer are only a good "set-off" against "tasks and lessons." They consequently "submit" to the Novitiate with tolerable ease: they only enlarge that obedience which the Jesuits have, from their early years, drilled into them with prescient solemnity. Of course all are here *completely* tamed—at the college they were only caught, and they came to the Novitiate with the mark of the *lasso* on their necks. To them the duties of the Novitiate soon become mechanical, and they bear the yoke easily.

It is very different, however, with those who went to Hodder from worldly pursuits: full grown, mature men, with habits long formed, and inclinations long used to gratification. I often pitied one of my brother novices in this respect. I am *sure* that the Novitiate was a hard trial to that poor fellow.

For myself, I was in my twenty-second year; and, though I had been in the world, still I had contracted no habits which a strong effort of the will could not overcome. I never felt the duties irksome, but I suffered intensely for several days from a dismal depression of spirits. Doubtless it was brought on by mental application and confinement; but, as a matter of course, I considered it a trial and the work of the enemy. Hideous dreams by night and bitter thoughts by day—remorse for the past, despair of the future—I could not think of Heaven!

It seemed to my desolate heart that I was destined to commit some horrible crime—inconceivable

though it was, and impossible to a will long resigned to Heaven and bent on perfection: and yet the visible, tangible thought rose up and mocked me with the awful words: Thou art doomed!

Such was my desolation. The Superior's watchful eye perceived my sadness; he questioned me, I told him of my soul's unrest. He ascribed it to a *natural* cause. "Brother," he said, "you need a change of occupation—your mind yearns after its former studies—what would you like to read? What say you to ST. CHRYSOSTOM?" I was already half cured. I wiped away my tears, for they were flowing fast, and assented to the proposal. He went into the library, which opened into his room, and brought me a huge *folio*, saying, "Here, brother, read this and be happy!" I thanked him, took the book, went to my cell, opened the *folio* at random, and the first words that caught my eye were as follows:—

"To STAGEIRIUS, on Providence. It was befitting, my dearest friend, STAGEIRIUS, that I should now both be at your side, and together with you thoroughly share your affliction; and by exhortation of words, and ministering to you by services, and taking a share in everything else for your comfort, lighten in part, as much as I were able, your sad *despondency*."

Here, then, was a pious man, suffering from the same malady that afflicted me! I was now the patient, and ST. CHRYSOSTOM was my physician!

Oh! how soon was my sorrow changed into gladness even by the few lines of the introduction. I was, above all, struck with the beautiful expressive word of the original *συνδιαγαλαιπωρεῖσθαι*, which requires to be paraphrased in English by "together with you thoroughly to be afflicted." No modern language but the German can express its meaning by a single compound verb: perhaps, a German may translate it into *durch-mitleiden*; but still some of the original force and descriptiveness is lost—unexpressed.

It is needless to state that my cure was as perfect as it was instantaneous. Sadness fled from my heart, and joy was restored to it, as to its own loved dwelling—eager to return! To borrow a beautiful comparison of the same author, "as a bird when it hath flown from its nest, so is man oppressed as a slave, when he becomes a stranger far from his own home."* I found the treatise throughout strikingly apposite to my own case; the symptoms of the malady of his friend were singularly similar to those of my own distemper; and the forceful yet tender, the argumentative yet passionate appeals of CHRYSOSTOM, compounded a *panacea* to which I am happy to append my testimonial. I have now before me an analysis of the tract, with translations of the most striking passages, all written at Hodder at the time in question.

I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, "What a strange coincidence!" And so it appeared to me, nay more, I

* "Ὡς γὰρ ὄρνειον ὅταν ἐκπερασθῆ, ἐκ τῆς νοσσίας αὐτοῦ, ὕπνω ἀνθρώπος δουλοῦται, ὅταν ἀποξενωθῆ, ἀπὸ τῶν ἰδίων τόπων.—Chrysostr. De Provid.

could not help considering it as another providential interposition; for, as I have said, I opened the book at random, and it opened at the very beginning of that address to STAGIRIUS concerning his despondency and the adorable providence of God! Whether the Superior expected that I would light on that treatise sooner or later, and so derive consolation, I know not now; but I certainly thought he was *inspired* to bless me with the means of cure.* And yet the thoughts that occurred to me whilst reading that book were, I may say, additional stones that paved the way to my emancipation from the Society. My mind listened, deeply thinking, to these words that follow:—"Let us shake off this dust (the prejudice of the ignorant and their superstitions), for thus the violence of this grief will be rendered tolerable and light, provided we yield not ourselves to be hurried by the distemper over the precipice; but rather let us be solicitous to *look back* and rationally consider what is expedient—*ἀλλὰ καὶ διαναστήσον σεαυτόν*—rouse thyself!"

The reader would doubtless wish to know whether similar influences to those which I have hitherto detailed, were brought to bear upon my fellow-novices. I know not. I could not help telling them, sometimes, the "strange things" and the burning thoughts that occurred to myself; but whether they were more

* It is but fair to state that the book had been evidently very little used, and, for an old edition, was quite new; the tract *Προς Σταγ.* was not the least "thumbed." The incident was a casualty rendered remarkable only by the state of my own mind; just as the accidental opening of a window refreshes the patient under burning fever.

discreet, or less "favoured," I cannot say. They seemed to me—all of them—sincere in their determination to be strict conscientious novices; and, though at all times some one or other was evidently "in desolation," yet, on the whole, I may safely say that they seemed satisfied with their "vocation." As all allusions to mere "worldly matters" were to be utterly discarded from our conversations, we had to speak of "things divine," or of the *Society*: its heroic apostles, its martyrs, its present state, its progress. Unless the last-mentioned topics are to be included in "things divine," I say that "things divine" were frequently substituted by "the Society and its concerns." There was a difference in the conversation of the second-year novices: these, I could not help remarking, spoke very pointedly on the vow of *Obedience*. From them I heard the tropes and metaphors which IGNATIUS has bequeathed for a sign to his faithful followers. "I must be," said they, "like soft wax in the hands of my Superior, to *take what form he pleases*." Again, "I must look upon myself as a corpse, which has *no voluntary motion*; or as the staff in an old man's hand, which he uses *according to his own convenience*."

This is *not* "tyranny! oppression! a gross insult to common sense!": not the least in the world: it is only the perfection of holy obedience, nothing more. How can there be tyranny, oppression, where men are willing and eager to do all that is commanded? The enemies of the Jesuits never stumbled on a more stupid argument than this: it is the very essence of

ignorant prejudice, and only serves to interest us by the comparison of EUGÈNE SUE, whereby he assimilates the Jesuits to the *Thugs*, who also make *corpses!*—a pitiful conundrum, but quite legitimate according to the principles of the paranomasia in question. But we will take quite a different view of the subject; expressing our thanks to the party who *suggested* the objection.* Here, then, has Holy Father IGNATIUS selected three metaphors to “give an idea” of what sort of obedience he expects to find in his Jesuits. These metaphors are—1st, wax; 2d, a corpse; 3d, an old man’s stick. Very expressive, certainly. But he did not stop there; he subjoined the property of wax, namely, “to take what form he pleases;” he intimates the passiveness of a corpse, “which has no voluntary motion;” he declares the unscrupulous adaptation of an old man’s stick, “which he uses according to his convenience.”

Now, in all fair play, I ask, if a man becomes, in the hands of his superiors, as this wax, this corpse, this old man’s stick, in the manner that IGNATIUS superadds by way of explanation—I ask, “in the name of common sense,” will that man not do *whatever* his Superior commands? He will, you say, but “where no sin lies!” Will your wax demur to be made into a RAVAILLAC by Madame TUSSAUD? Will your corpse refuse to be dissolved into rank corruption? Will your old man’s stick aid his steps, but refuse to “knock down” “according to his convenience?”

* Notes, &c., on the Jesuits, by “John Fairplay, Esq.” 1845.

Here is no "confusion of tongues," indeed! Here is *argument*—argument suggested by yourself. True, we were told that "holy obedience would never exact what was contrary to the will of God." Alas! what crimes have men not committed under the sanction of conscience!—a false conscience, of which you know how to declaim.* The boundless confidence, the *divinity* with which you are invested as "Superiors"—a mystification which you constantly keep alive—suppresses every question or thought of a question in your wax, your corpse, your old man's stick; and your Jesuit will be true to his calling in all things: superadding, if you like, "*where no sin lies*;" for that is *necessarily* understood, and would not be more satisfactory if you printed the words in *italics* as long as a line of longitude.

Many of these thoughts occurred to me in the Novitiate, but I resisted them, treated them as "temptations." I listened to the conversations of our second-year novices, humbly seeking to be enlightened. Had they been more *fervid* in their sentiments, generally, doubtless they would have pleased me more. They were, however, always courteous, as, indeed, the rules require. They seemed for the most part to be the sons of the English gentry and nobility or titled families, but younger sons. There was, however, no distinction as to rank or wealth. Punctu-

* *Conscientia erronea—quæ objectum aliter ac est, agnoscit. Conscientia autem hujusmodi assolet jam invincibiliter, jam vincibiliter errare!*—says the accommodating ESCOBAR. Lib. Theol. de Consc.

ality, the spirit of the rules—obedience—these were the only distinctions in the Novitiate, and they rebounded to individual credit with the heads of the Society.

Whether in a climate different to that of Britain, a climate where the glow of a more ardent sun sends the blood in quicker motion through the veins, the physical temperament could be repressed as easily as in the austerity of a Novitiate in the north of England, is a question which I will certainly not answer in the affirmative. But still I see no reason to doubt the adaptability of means to ends by the *Jesuits*, in order to meet the obstacles of climate; particularly in the matter of the second vow. Of the scrupulous purity of my own mind I have spoken. I could not possibly be expected to express an opinion of others in this matter otherwise than favourable. On the other hand, if any particular *legislation* presupposes *crime*, I say that the disgusting minuteness of several matters in the lecture on that vow, staggered my belief in the omnipotence of all rules and regulations against depraved nature. That lecture completely disgusted me—I shuddered as the Superior read it. I had nothing to write on the slate when we assembled for that purpose in the dormitory; and to my horror—I must speak the fact—to my horror, I say, the whole lecture was minutely repeated on the following day; and, to make the matter worse, the Superior *sternly* questioned the novice who stood before him as to passages which the latter seemed inclined

to pass over! There are subjects on which one must speak enigmatically: this is one; and the reader must solve it to his own satisfaction.

All special friendships—all preference for one “brother” more than for another—were strictly proscribed. One day the Superior sent for me; he said, “Brother, I wish to warn you. Brother — seems inclined to court your society; treat him coolly—avoid his conversation—until he learns to conform to the rules.” Strange! I actually felt an affection for the youth that very moment—I felt inclined to *love* him for his apparent love for me! Of course, the “brother” was lectured for his misdemeanour; but I must confess, *I*, at least, had not before been conscious that he had any extra affection for my poor self. I was at the time struggling with doubts, and this incident did not allay them. I complied as well as I could with the injunction, but from that day certainly felt more inclined to my “admirer” than to any other “brother.” It was only two or three months after, that I left Hodder, and the affection thus sown *by the Superior* brought forth mutual tears as we parted—perhaps for ever—on that memorable leave-taking which was publicly vouchsafed to me on my departure from the Novitiate. Truly, this last struggle was the greatest; and, had not my mind, as it were, taken arms against my heart on that occasion, I know not how much longer I should have continued “a child of *IGNATIUS*.”

Such a public farewell was not given to any other novice that left—three left during my year—and I

leave it to the Superiors to say what induced them to grant me that signal favour—that favour which well nigh laid me at their mercy once more! Ἄλλὰ καὶ διανόστησον σεαυτόν. “Rouse thyself!” whispered my mind, and my heart said, “perhaps it was right!”

CHAPTER XIV.

VISITS FROM FRIENDS.—LETTERS.—FESTIVITIES.—
STRANGERS' RETREATS.

THE novice must learn to forget his father, mother, brother, sister, and friends; except in his "universal prayer" for the salvation of all mankind. This requisition is at least consistent: a Jesuit must necessarily forswear all the claims of kindred. The Society is everything to him—all the world nothing: that is, of course, as far as the sympathies are concerned. The novelist has invented a strong case, in which the most sacred feeling of our nature—*mother's love*—is unscrupulously thwarted, resisted, crushed. Whether such a case has ever occurred, or will ever occur, matters not to the question; but such a case, in the circumstances supposed by EUGENE SUE, I believe to be quite in accordance with the spirit of Jesuit policy. The rule of the summary on this subject is, I remember, one of the longest: it mentions all whom we had "to leave" in the world, viz., father, mother, brother, sister, and friends, in order to be adopted by the Society; and the strong words of the rule were

enforced by the stronger words of the lecture thereon. My impression, after that lecture, was that a total oblivion of all human ties was to be the result, and the test of our true vocation to the Society of Jesus; whose well-known words were made to sanction the requirements of **IGNATIUS**.

In the Novitiate, of course, the novice is only in a state of probation; some relaxation as to the strictness of the letter and the spirit must, therefore, be made: besides, it would not "look well" if all intercourse of friends were interdicted. Permission is therefore, on application, granted by the Superior, to friends and relatives sometimes to visit the novices: except during the great retreat. During that time, some friends from St. Cuthbert's College wished, as I was afterwards informed, to see me; but permission was refused. We saw our friends in a parlour below the Superior's room; and as they generally, if not always, came attended by some of the Jesuits from the college, the meeting was a public one: permission was, however, granted me to accompany my fellow-collegian to some distance on his way back to Stonyhurst. As we always "heard the report" when strangers came, I can say that the visits were very few during my year: whether resulting from application not being made, or refused, I cannot state; nor have I a positive opinion on the subject, unless I appeal to the spirit of the rule and its exposition in the lecture thereon.

The same lecture dwelt with considerable earnestness on the correspondence by letters, which we were

permitted to carry on in the Novitiate. I remember that allusions were made to the topics that might *not* be introduced: namely, what took place in the Novitiate; and an attempt was made, by a strange inconsistency, to assimilate the "secrets" of the Novitiate to those of a private family: whereas only divine motives were held forth to us in all the practices to which we were expected to "submit." Surely the method of training pursued by any body of men, whether as to intellectual or moral development—open to all men who choose to enter—must be to all intents and purposes a *public* matter. Let the world know what you do, how you do it, and why you do it; and then this very expressive little pronoun will *honestly* as well as grammatically resign its place to a substantial, tangible, or conceivable *noun*. The world will judge and decide whether you are "honest in the sacred cause." Suppose a novice like myself had written his experiences in the Novitiate, praising everything, lauding the "fathers" to their hearts' content, &c. &c. This would not *displease* you, though I am convinced it would not *please* you, for you do not like these things to be known; hence our letters were only to contain spiritual exhortations to piety, and expressions of joy at our "vocation."

The letters written to us were opened by the Superior before we received them, and those that we wrote were given to him open, to be sealed and sent by him if he thought proper. Shortly after I went to the Novitiate I wrote to a friend in London, requesting

him to send me a German and a Spanish dictionary. He sent the books. The Superior ordered me to his room, and reprimanded me for writing for the books without permission; adding that "now I was to ask the Society for what I wanted, not having a claim on anybody, nor anybody on me." I was on the point of replying, that if he had told me so when he saw the request in the letter, I would have erased it; but ere the first word was out of my mouth he said, "Nay, brother, when holy obedience speaks there should be no reply." I begged pardon for my forgetfulness, he gave me the books, and I left him; but the thought *would* rise, "if he knew of my sin beforehand, why did he not anticipate the completion of the act?" But perhaps he did not read my letter, or perhaps he wished to render the books a monument of rebuke to me; or perhaps anything else: for I was quite mystified by this queer, very queer incident. We had to ask permission to write letters, and we wrote them during "study," or during that portion of "recreation" which we might employ as we liked: that is, in reading, or writing, or walking in the garden, or playing at chess, &c., in the recreation-room, if more than two novices were there at a time. All extra *prayer* was discountenanced: he who did well what was prescribed in that matter did all that was required. I may here state that every precaution was taken lest the novices should suffer in health by the austerity of the Novitiate. A physician from the neighbouring town came at stated times, or was sent for when required. When a novice was indisposed

his religious duties were considerably relaxed; he took up his abode in the infirmary, which was a room adjoining the recreation-room, and two novices, by turns, were constantly with him, to entertain him with conversation. To show the *tenderness* of the Jesuits on proper occasions, I may state a fact which occurred at Hodder. One of the novices was attacked with a severe inflammation of the eyes. The patient's eyes had to be frequently bathed with the prescribed lotion: he found, or fancied that he found, the touch of one of his "brothers" more gentle than that of all the rest, and requested that the brother alluded to might be sent always to give him relief. The wish was granted.

With these relaxations may be mentioned the festivities which the novices enjoyed from time to time. On great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, the feast of Sts. Ignatius, Xavier, Aloysius, and Holy Innocents, we always made merry. On the eve of the last-named festival, the Superior would come to the recreation-room, with a number of small slips of paper in his hand, each having a sentence from A'KEMPIS, or some other ascetic, inscribed on it: except one, on which was written, I think, "Ego sum innocens"—"I am the innocent." We each drew a slip, and the novice who drew the one in question was to be *Porter* for the next day. I have now the one which I drew: the maxim inscribed is thus translated: "For nothing in the world, and for the pleasure of no man, is evil to be done."*

* A'KEMPIS.

Of course the office of porter, thus assumed by *chance*, was like many similar chance-appointments in the world, very clumsily discharged. But the fun of the thing did good to the mind, and we were always permitted to laugh when we could not help it—not unfrequently some quaint remark or strange story in the lecture on the rules, or in the reading in the Refectory, set us off in a fit of laughter: the more irresistible from our efforts to suppress that *lene tormentum*, that gentle torment and fascinating tyrant of the human breast. Doubtless, by agitating the diaphragm, laughter promotes digestion; and of “all the ills that flesh is heir to,” most assuredly those resulting from a disordered stomach are the most common and disastrous—it has been said, that “we dig our graves with our teeth.” So we laughed and laughed again, feeling all the fresher for the pleasant excitement; only we endeavoured to laugh like “religious men:” that is, as little as possible in imitation of BALAAM’s monitor.

On these festivals we went to High Mass at the church. We walked two a-breast, with eyes downcast, in silence, to that part of the church appropriated to the novices exclusively. It is the eastern transept or gospel-side of the altar: the western was occupied by the Superiors and the scholastici of the seminary, &c. We were expected to edify all our brethren by our pious, demure, and recollected demeanour. There is a private entrance to this part of the church, and we were invisible to the congregation. I need not say that High Mass, the

sermon, and the organ's celestial tones, and the song of human voices, were at least a desirable gratification ; if they were not a necessary relief to us, children of solitude—pilgrims in the desert of the heart.

We returned to Hodder as we came, recognising no one that we met ; unless the long robe was visible, and then we raised our hands to our hats in salutation : every novice, according to the rule must touch his hat or cap to his Superior, and when the latter entered the recreation-room, we always rose and stood until he was seated.

After dinner we assembled in the recreation-room, as usual, and after a convenient interval the bell rang : we returned to the Refectory, where our eyes beheld the now innocent baits of sensuality—cake, fruit, and wine. We sat down, the Superior at the head of the table, and indulged in holy merriment. It was a pleasant, rational symposium, that might be quoted as an example of creation's gifts used but not abused : the blessings of the Creator without the superadded curse of the creature. On those occasions we chatted, we laughed ; we laid up spirit and strength for another stage in our pilgrimage.

At the conclusion of the feast, we made ready to attend at "Vespers," or the evening song of the church, and thus had another treat of music. After vespers we took a walk, and returned to Hodder to resume our onward march to perfection.

These were the only breaks in our monotonous life : if the casual sojourn of strangers coming to make a retreat may be excepted. Several came during my

year: one was, as I was told, a "convert." In general they were kept entirely apart from the novices; but this gentleman was permitted to take his meals in the Refectory, and thus was doubtless edified by the pious demeanour of the novices. I think, however, that the public penances were suspended during that week: but I cannot speak with certainty as to this fact. Of course their retreat consisted in meditation, confession, and communion. A strange occurrence connected with these strangers' retreats once "frightened us out of our proprieties." One morning, during the most solemn part of the mass, the Superior's door was thrust open, and we heard some one crying out in the tones of a madman, "Father ——! Father ——! Oh, Father ——!" We were terrified, of course: but the lay-brother went into the Superior's room whence the noise proceeded, closing the door after him, and we endeavoured to "recollect ourselves" for the "awful sacrifice" that was thus interrupted. As we were forbidden to speak of such unpleasant, unedifying occurrences, I never heard any explanation of this most unaccountable manifestation. Still I was reminded of it on one occasion, when a novice told me the following anecdote. He said that when inquiries were instituted to discover the "pretended" diabolical influences of the Jesuits, one man, in evidence, was asked what he saw in his "retreat" among the "holy fathers." His reply was: "I saw a huge beast, a hideous monster!" Highly gratified with the prospect of finding irrefragable evidence as

to the supposed malpractices, the inquisitor winked to his assistants, chuckled, and mended his pen to take down the desired evidence with extraordinary care.

“ Well, my man, let us hear exactly what beast, what monster you saw.”

The man replied :—

“ I saw—*myself!*”

A decidedly pretty story ; which shows that EPICURETUS was quite right, when he said that “ every pitcher has two handles :” in other words, that the Jesuits have always had, as they have, friends as well as enemies ; only, unfortunately for them, one handle was wrenched off altogether when the pitcher got *full*—a casualty that *may* chance again.

CHAPTER XV.

MORTIFICATIONS.—REPRIMANDS.—BRIEFS.—THE
CHAPTER.—MANIFESTATION.

IF the reader is accustomed to contemplate, to study the growth and development of plants, he has an inexhaustible source of pleasure and instruction. Last summer I remarked a beautiful sprout of honeysuckle rapidly intertwining the trellis of my verandah: it was then a brilliant purple, soft and succulent; to-day I observed it again — it has become tough, yellowish *wood*, as hard as a brick. What time and growth effect in the plant, time and training produce in the Jesuit. There are all manner of plants in the Society, and the skilful gardeners that have this interesting conservatory in charge know by what soil, manure, and temperature to guarantee the production of the desired bloom and fruit. Chesterfield tells us that the Superior of the Roman College, after having exultingly alluded to his philosophers, mathematicians, orators, &c., exclaimed, “ *Ed abbiamo anche*

martiri per il martirio se bisogna—and we have men for martyrdom if they be required!”* This is very fine, it is the very moral of my exposition: the Jesuits have men adapted for *every* enterprise. The boast of the Roman Superior, if it does not reduce the whole argument to the capacity of a nutshell, certainly gives us the kernel thereof without the trouble of cracking.

To produce men who shall be fit for every situation, so that they shall come off without “being cut themselves,” as the good father observed to me, they must be used to bear without shrinking, as the Spartan youths bore the lash, that severe ordeal of our nature,—the rebuke, the reproaches of friends and enemies. Many a public character would deserve well of the present generation, and of posterity, were it not for this pusillanimity, this coward-vanity. Not that I believe the Jesuits become insensible to such pangs: I believe nothing of the sort. They retain—they have “temper;” but they learn to curb it: to cover it with smiles: hence they are true “men of the world.” LAINEZ certainly belaboured BEZA and

* Letters to his Son, L. 236. In letter 176, alluding to these *chevaliers d'industrie*, he says:—“Among your graver company, I recommend (as I have done before) the *Jesuits* to you; whose learning and address will both please and improve you. Inform yourself, as much as you can, of the history, policy, and practice of that Society, from the time of its founder, Ignatius of Loyola, who was himself a madman. If you would know their morality, you will find it fully and admirably stated, in *Les Lettres d'un Provincial*, by the famous *Monsieur Pascal*, and it is a book very well worth your reading.”

his fellow-reformers with splendid abuse; and the Provincial and London agent were rather severe with me when I left; but then "circumstances alter cases:" there was no necessity for "dumb-show" on these occasions. I allude to these facts without the slightest acrimony: seven years have been quite sufficient to make me "forget and forgive:" besides I think "'t was all quite natural."

And this particular training, how is it applied?

First, as to the external man. Our habiliments, during manual works, were sublimely ridiculous: I was often reminded, when working in company with another "brother," of certain crustaceous animals in the West Indies, which I have seen lugging a shell five times too large, into which they had insinuated their tiny bodies, doubtless without a thought of the previous in-dweller. Coats vastly too large; trousers decidedly too wide or too narrow, too short or too long; waistcoats in the same predicament, all patched, greased, threadbare; and the greenish trousers that I had on when I went to the Novitiate, I brought away with an extensive cataplasm of sober quaker-brown.

This appears ridiculous enough: still the thing tried us—it tried me, this beggar's garb; but soon I got used to it, and the object was gained. This was the only thing, among the Jesuits, that ever virtually reminded me of the vow of voluntary poverty. So much for the mortification of the outer, or rather the external, man; for there were three gradations: the

inner man, or the spirit; the outer man, or the flesh; the external man, or the integuments, looks, carriage, &c.

Of the second gradation I shall speak anon; I pass to the first, namely, the mortifications to contund the spirit. These were reprimands, which came, when you least expected them, in various forms. You might not be conscious of the alleged misdemeanour: perhaps it had not been committed; but you received the reprimand in humble silence, and battled, as well as you could, with the old Adam 'within, that *will* strive to throw the blame on somebody or something else. Perhaps a penance would be superadded: you performed it with rapturous fervour. Take a case in point. "It happened that the pious and learned **JEROME PLATUS**, whilst he was his (Aloysius's) master of novices, thinking his perpetual application to prayer and study prejudicial to his health, ordered him to spend, in conversing with others after dinner, not only the hour allotted for all, but also the half hour longer which is allowed to those who dined at the second table. Father Minister, not knowing this order, punished him for it, and obliged him publicly to confess his fault; which he underwent without offering any excuse. The minister, learning afterwards how the matter was, admired very much his silence, but, for his greater merit, enjoined him another penalty for not telling him the order of his master."*

This story was a "staple commodity" of admiration in the Novitiate—I often heard it quoted. To my

* Butler—Saints' Lives—Aloys.

mind it suggests other conclusions besides that which is intended by the Jesuits. If the reader remembers the form of public confession of faults given in a "Day's Occupation," something very much like falsehood appears in this "acknowledgment" of ALOYSIUS, which had "great merit;" but holy obedience enjoined him to say he was guilty of a fault, and he obeyed, and had "great merit." What crimes has a Jesuit to commit in order to have greater merit? At least this is the view I take of the matter. These men invest themselves with lofty pretensions to piety when they figure before us in the field of life—let them be uncloaked, laid bare, that we may distinguish the interloper from the rightful heir.

Such reprimands might proceed directly from the Superior's own observation or inclination, or from reports made to him by the porter and "brother novices." It happened, during the first month of my probation, that, whilst in conversation with some of the brothers, I spoke rather slightly of the "Visions" of St. THERESA. I observed no visible effect that my incredulity produced on the hearers, and the conversation turned on other topics. The very same evening the Superior sent for me, and mildly rebuked me for my heresy; giving me a reason for my future orthodoxy, by saying, "that very clever and learned men believed in the said visions"—an argument which, I confess, enabled me to "take in," as I advanced, a vast deal of "doctrine" that I was "tempted" to eschew. He did not inflict a penance; but I trust that my subsequent enthusiasm in all the major and minor probabi-

lities and plausibilities of Romanism “did away” with my primitive incredulity.

It was a bitter thing this to comply with—I mean this spy system—but it was “for the greater glory of God:” what should not that motive induce us not to do? And yet Englishmen must find it a sticking pill. True, we have informers, but they are as much detested here as they were at Athens, and the language perpetuates that abhorrence by having applied the Greek name, sycophant, to a very shabby individual.* For my part I will only say, as a certain facetious worthy said of his eating pease, I *once* told a fault committed by a brother; but I felt so essentially ashamed of myself, that the incident is as fresh in my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday.

As there was no regular “confession of faults” during supper, whenever a novice was then seen on his knees, we might be sure that he was doing penance for some reported offence against the rules and regulations.

In the Novitiate, though many things were fearfully true to their name, yet some were characteristic equivocations—such as the discipline, chain, chapter, and the brief: of which last mortification I am now to speak.

Imagine the novices pleasantly engaged at dinner,

* “They say, they did forbid in the old time that men should carry figs out of the country of Attica; and that from thence it came that these pick-thanks which bewray and accuse them that transported figs, were called *sycophants*.”—North. Plutarch. The term is derived from two Greek words signifying an *indicator of figs*.

satisfying the grateful stomach with savoury food, and the pious soul with holy thoughts. The Martyrology and Fasti have been read. One novice has the cup in his hand, another his fork to his mouth, a third is dividing his meat, a fourth is masticating. Suddenly the reader solemnly entones, "By order of holy obedience!" Now look!—the cup is down—the fork deposited—the meat relinquished—the teeth forget their function—the mouth is closed in the death of obedience. The hands are joined on the breast—each throbbing heart is asked by vanity, "Is it I? Is it I?"

Now listen to the brief.

"By order of holy obedience!

"Brother —— is hereby reprimanded for his general unedifying conduct—want of punctuality—hurried gait—bustling demeanour, totally unbecoming a novice of the Society of Jesus. He must remember what is required of him by the rules of the Summary, and entirely discard the habits of a schoolboy. Holy obedience enjoins him to kiss the feet of all the brothers as soon as he has dined."

The reader sat down, and dinner proceeded as if nothing had taken place, except the crimson blush on the cheek of the brother whose brief has just been read. Briefs did not come often, but they always made an impression. Soon after my admission I received a brief, reprimanding me for "sitting with my legs sprawling at church, a manner totally unbecoming a novice of the Society of Jesus."

The brief was in English; and the one given may

be taken as a faithful imitation of the Superior's style, as well as a correct exposition of the "subject-matter."

The "chapter" was quite a different affair. It superseded the sermon or translation of which I have spoken. On entering the recreation-room we saw a cushion in the centre: this announced a "chapter." We sat down, the Superior entered, and filled the seat at the end of the room. After a pause he named one of the novices. The novice rose, walked to the cushion, and knelt. Another pause ensued. Then the Superior said, "Brother ——, mention what you have observed amiss in the conduct of Brother——:" that is, the novice kneeling on the cushion aforesaid. The brother obeyed if he had anything to say, if not he remained silent. Another novice might be called on, and so on, according to the Superior's discretion. Then followed a solemn lecture to the penitent—mild though severe; for our master of novices was a kind man by nature. I was told that a former master of novices—the Father PLOWDEN before alluded to—was remarkable for the severity of his admonitions. Two or three novices might thus be made to go through the ordeal of reproach: I should state that they were generally, if not always, novices of the second year.

No allusion should ever be made in conversation to the reprimands, briefs, chapters, or penances—they were sacred subjects: like the name of the Eternal to the children of Israel.

The brief and chapter referred to public faults.

These the Society requires to be known ; but it requires more—it requires to know secret propensities, hidden inclinations—it seeks to rival the Divinity in its knowledge of the human heart. Hence the frequent interviews with the Superior—hence the annual manifestation of conscience to the Provincial. These manifestations—as we were undisguisedly, pointedly, unmistakeably given to understand by the lecture on the subject—were to have all the sincerity, nothing-concealing candour of sacramental confession without that consolatory safeguard of the latter, sacramental secrecy. The object and intention of the Provincial are *bonâ fide* to make use of the knowledge gained by manifestation. Observe, we were perfectly aware of this : no man is deceived as to what is required of him in becoming a Jesuit—that is, in one word, a total surrendry—no capitulation—no by-clause—no codicil—soul and body like wax to the designer, mind and will like a corpse to corruption, hands and feet like an old man's staff—these are conditions which every man accepts in becoming a Jesuit.

Accustomed as I was to “tell all” to my indulgent Superior, I should not have felt the least repugnance to open my heart to the Provincial. This was not the Provincial who admitted me, but his successor—a man of hard features, rough and cog-wheeled in manner and expression. I did not like the man. Still I “manifested” myself, and his advice and observations were like the sensation produced by passing one's hand along the teeth of a saw.

A whole day was set apart for this annual manifes-

tation. The Provincial occupied the infirmary for the day, and sent for each novice in his turn. A report is subsequently sent to the General at Rome, touching the character, &c., of all the novices. Anticipating the analysis of the constitutions, I may state that monthly reports are forwarded to the General by all Provincials, and quarterly communications to the same potentate by the heads of the houses of the *professi*.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHAIN—THE DISCIPLINE, FASTING, &c.

THE expositions of the rules of the Summary read to the novices were argumentative; but all the arguments by which they were enforced were deduced from the nature or definition of the three vows which we were to pronounce at the end of our probation. From our expressed determination, the main gist of the argument was assumed; therefore, this line of argument, if not strictly logical, was perfectly justifiable in point of fact and common sense. Appeals were occasionally made to motives of worldly prudence—one such appeal, with regard to “manifestation of conscience” to the Provincial, struck me, at the time, as being the best argument in the exposition. It was as follows:—If a man is not thoroughly known to his Superiors he may be sent to an appointment where his “ruling passion” may be tempted beyond resistance—decidedly a clever forethought, and worthy of consideration and application by all whom it concerns. The alleged motive—like “Ad majorem Dei gloriam”—is good, very good; but it

would follow from this argument that all the secular clergy of Rome must be chosen to a great extent blindly to fill their various appointments. I leave the respective parties to argue the point. One thing is pretty certain, however; this very manifestation—rendered as it is virtually identical with sacramental confession, and to a very certain extent guaranteed authenticity by that confession; this manifestation, I humbly submit—is the mighty lever of the society, which, outstripping ARCHIMEDES, has found a fulcrum in the consciences of men, whereby it has moved the world: and may move it again. But it is the heaven-influenced nature of all despotism that it works out its own ruin: and so the fulcrum sank—and the lever was shattered—and the world was at rest once more. Space is not allowed me to pursue this argument through all its interesting labyrinths: I have given the clue to it, have signalised the fact—the object of pursuit—the beauty and the beast—and the reader may investigate for himself. But as the physician, whilst he requires a perfect knowledge of all the symptoms of disease, also expects that his drugs be swallowed, so IGNATIUS, knowing the diseases of the soul, applies his specific. The second vow is acknowledged to be the greatest trial of the Romish clergy in general; perhaps the Jesuits may be included: at all events we had our nostrums—our preservatives in the Novitiate. These were the discipline and the chain. I confess that I have been anxious to reach this point of my narrative, in order to set the reader's mind at ease on this subject; and

I think it prudent, now at least, to remind him of the "Mountain in labour, a Fable."

The highly imaginative Romish Church has found in the Scriptures allegories, facts, and words to ticket all the "sights" in her phantasmagoria—a perfectly easy process from the very nature of the book, but by no means more satisfactory to the thoughtful Christian than the said tickets, in other phantasmagorias, are to the extensive traveller. Among the rest, the extravagant efficacy of bodily macerations, in the matter alluded to, may be said to be deduced from the remark* of ST. PAUL; just as the famous "hair-cloth" may be said to be derived from the food whereon the horse was fed whose mane and tail compose it: or, in fact, from the soil—good mother earth—that fed the grass, that fed the horse, &c.

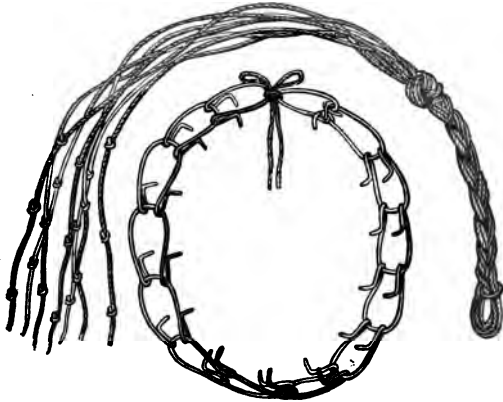
The use of the discipline, "whereby to subdue and punish the flesh," has been recommended by most of the "Saints." Three thousand lashes, says BUTLER, with the recital of thirty psalms, were a redemption of a canonical penance of one year's continuance.† Luckily it is not stated whether these three thousand lashes were to be inflicted on the monk's own back, or on that of any other "beast of burden;" so we may suspend the judgment of incredulity, and solace ourselves with harmless merriment.

I am far from denying the efficacy of vigorous

* "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." 1st Corinth. ix. 27.

† Lives of the Saints. Feb. 23.

exercise, bodily or mental, in the matter in question. I consider such means physiological specifics: this, and what has been said before to this effect, are all that the present occasion renders necessary, or permits. I will now describe the "discipline" and chain of the Novitiate, which are delineated in the subjoined wood-cut.



The discipline or whip is made of whipcord. It is a kind of cat-o'-nine-tails, duly knotted at the ends of the tails. The chain—this name has doubtless conjured up phantoms which I must unfortunately dispel—the chain was made of steel-wire, exactly the thickness of that indicated in some knitting-books as No. 23: or about the diameter of whipcord. The wire was bent into the shape of a horse-shoe, so as to form links, the extremities being twisted so as to keep the links together, and allow of motion up and down; and at every link the super-

fluous wire projected about half an inch, not rounded off nor pointed, but just as it was cut or filed. I have just constructed one, and think that there must have been about a dozen or fourteen links with the two prongs on each. I must describe these "helps to holy living" in operation.

They were not constantly used, but only at stated times, such as during Lent; but at any time with permission. During Lent we used them twice a week. The porter gave out "Mortification!"—we understood him. After he had gone the round of the curtains with the "Deo gratias—thanks be to God!" we made ready by uncovering our shoulders—each novice sitting in his bed—and seized the whip. The time the porter took for these preliminaries presupposed an equal alacrity in the other novices: we were always ready when he rang a small bell, and then, oh! then, if the thing edifies you, gentle reader, be edified; if it makes you laugh, laugh to your heart's content, at the sound of twenty whips crackling like a hailstorm on the twenty innocent backs in question. I think we were restricted to twelve strokes: they were given as rapidly as possible: all ended almost at the same instant. In the excitement, very similar to a shower-bath, we could not help tossing the whip into the desk; and then, diving into the sheets, felt very comfortable indeed! Perhaps, after the chorus of flagellation, you might hear a young novice giggling; "it was quite natural," he could not help it!

Why have I described this foolery in this merry

vein? Because it is a foolery, and the "holy fathers" must consider it as such: but more, I maintain it to be a most pernicious foolery, and conducive to anything rather than the end proposed. The reader must imagine my meaning.

———— Manat

In venas animumque!

A foolery as it is, why do the Jesuits prescribe it to the novices? It serves to keep them alive, to kill monotony; to flatter their minds with the idea that they are "doing something" in the labour of perfection, *cædi ferarum ritu*, after the manner of the wild monks of old and their three thousand lashes! If a good stiff rope were used, the purpose, by physical pain, might be attained; but the whip at Hodder only excites: it tickles. Oh! I remember it well: it was hideous to me. And yet, in the outrageous fanaticism of the Great Retreat, I asked leave to self-administer an extra flagellation: determined to "punish" myself; but I failed: I left the room essentially ashamed of myself, and irrevocably disgusted with this erotic instrument of "compunction." The chain was less objectionable in this respect: it gave some pain, but more annoyance. It was worn on the morning following. We tied it by the two strings, which were attached to the extremities, round the middle of the thigh, next to the skin; drawing it tight enough to hinder it from slipping down, which sometimes happened. We wore it about six hours, taking it off for manual works.

Let the reader fancy his thigh tightly gripped in the embrace represented by the image of the thing.

Every one knows that even the blunt end of a bodkin, though gently pressed, will, after a given time, produce considerable pain in any part of the body where the cuticle is not sufficiently hardened to shield the nerves from pressure. Thus, after a time, the prongs of our chain produced a continuous dull pain, such as that which the teeth of a playful spaniel gives the hand, when he holds the member but bites it not. It was put on as soon as we rose out of bed. My fancy often likened it to the huge centipedes of the West, crawling round the limb, that felt a sudden sting if it made the slightest motion: for it was when we moved that we were truly "mortified." As we meditated, breakfasted, heard the lecture, repeated the lecture in the dormitory, with the chain on our thigh—the right thigh—sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, moving to and fro from different places—it often happened that we struck the prongs into the flesh (however careful degenerate fear might make us), by coming in contact with the lid of a table, the seat of a chair or bench. I could not walk without limping both in body and in mind; for the chain was a perpetual source of "distraction." I was constantly reminded of it, and where it was; and consequently, by the natural association of ideas, it was to me, at least, a real "proximate occasion" of temptation; though not of sin, and so perhaps my "merit" was increased. If my own experience is worth anything, I tell the Jesuits that their "discipline and

chain" totally defeat the alleged object of their use ; and appeal to the principles of physiology in proof of my opinion. In this matter, at least, we may say with perfect truth—*nocet emptia dolore voluptas!*

The efficacy of fasting is not so doubtful. All or most men eat too much : superabundant nourishment, as Dr. Johnson might have said, effectuates plethora in body and mind. Periodic fasting may thus, in some measure, bless us with the boon reserved for habitual temperance.*

The Church of Rome does not require any of her members to fast before their twenty-first year is accomplished. By fasting is understood one full solid meal a day, with a "cubic inch" of bread, or six almonds, in the morning, and a slight collation at night. Many people confound fasting with abstinence ; but they are totally distinct : all Fridays are abstinence days with the Roman Catholics, but not days of fasting ; except in Lent. By abstinence is meant an abstaining from meat of all kinds—eggs, fish of every kind being lawful canonical substitutes. Thus the Church of Rome has kindly taken the descendants of the Fisherman under her patronage, whilst she lays claim exclusively to the descendants

* Food is the main stimulant of the system ; hence its withdrawal is beneficial in all acute diseases. The passions may be termed acute diseases of the brain, when they riot in excess ; consequently fasting operates on the passions by the physical medium. Apoplexy, morbid affections of the stomach, derangements of the liver, many diseases of the heart, may be averted or subdued by well-directed fasting. Now many of the mind's diseases are sympathetically deduced from the morbid state of the respective organs diseased in the fore-mentioned cases. Thus the efficacy of fasting is manifest, besides being "highly meritorious," like everything else done "by authority."

of the Apostle. Queen ELIZABETH produced the same effect by means more direct and satisfactory: namely, by her statute against the consumption of meat on certain days of the week.

It must be evident, however, that what would be fasting to one stomach would be only temperance to another, and the temperance of the latter would be positive fasting to the former; consequently "advice" must be taken in this matter: then follow "indulgences and dispensations."

To a man, like myself, who seldom eats anything for breakfast, conscience must be appealed to in order to settle what is to be the *quantum sufficiat* of orthodox fasting. Being of age at Hodder, I fasted during Lent, together with two or three other novices similarly conditioned. I may observe here, that the Jesuits by no means approve of excessive corporeal austerities: health of body is essential in a Jesuit: sound health is as requisite in the candidate for admission into the Society as into her Majesty's regiments. Our method of fasting was as follows:—We had a small piece of dry toast and a cup of excellent coffee in the morning: we had a good dinner of fish, or meat; if it was not a day of abstinence as well—that is, every other day. Sunday is neither a fast nor abstinence day in our cold latitudes, though formerly, in the palmy days of "modern Rome," a Black Lent was occasionally fulminated on the faithful, when even Sundays were included as days of fast and abstinence.

In the evening we had a slight collation: I forget what it consisted of, but it was quite satisfactory;

the fasting-diet at Hodder was just what has always constituted my ordinary fare whilst in "the world." Obedience sanctified the pious wish to "punish" the flesh, although it denied the fulfilment.

On Sunday, those whose stomachs had virtually fasted during the week might recruit their strength by indulgence.

Sunday! day of rest, by Heaven appointed for the joy of soul and the comfort of body! Day that brings the poor labourer to his grateful bench, beside the partner of his toils, in the midst of his little ones, who have reason to bless God for the strength of those arms, those work-hardened limbs, whereby God gives them food and raiment! Sweet day! we did not feel thy blessings in our solitude. Little reminded us that the angel came down on that day, and stirred the pool of affliction, so that many were comforted even in that world whence we had fled to seek consolation, as it were in the desert!

We received the sacrament at mass, and then read Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection," as usual, for half an hour before breakfast. After breakfast we made our beds; and, after an interval spent as we liked, we went to "Conference"—so I think it was called—in the recreation-room. Here one of the novices translated a chapter or two of a work by THOMAS à KEMPIS on Asceticism—not the "Following of Christ," but another work of the same author: the title I have forgotten. After conference we went to our cells, and read or wrote or walked in the garden, either with another brother or alone, repeating the "Office of the

Virgin Mary" in Latin, which occupied a good hour, as far as I can remember. I am not sure whether the occupation just mentioned did not precede the "conference"—at all events all the morning Sunday duties have been mentioned. After dinner, there being no public confessions on Sunday, we had recreation for an hour; then came "Vespers," which were read by the Superior, the novices repeating the alternate verses of the psalms and responses. After vespers we went out to catechise the children of the poor, and proceeded on our walk, when the time allotted to that missionary duty had expired. On our return home, everything went on as usual, precisely as on any other day.

Such was our Sabbath in the Novitiate: if it has not edified, I trust that it has not scandalised, the reader.

CHAPTER XVII.

REFLECTIONS.—THE SUPERIOR'S RETREAT.—A GENERAL ORDER.—A PANG.

My narrative is now drawing to a close. Having just recalled and meditated the events which I am about to describe, I feel a sadness of the heart: the sadness of human sympathy at the remembrance of those hopes which it was my destiny to nourish into bloom, and again my destiny to cause to wither and to die! At this still hour of the wintry night, meditating, I have cast my eyes ever and anon on the exotics that adorn my window and its inner arch. The few flowers that remain droop and are withering, but the vigorous *Cobœa* that intertwines the arch is as verdant as when the summer sun kissed it with his beams: it will bloom when they woo it again. An exotic, as I was, transplanted from the world into the conservatory of Probation, my soul put forth its forced bloom in this winter of youth—the brilliant flowers pleased the gardeners of my soul—and in the height of that blossoming, as in all beautiful sweet things, it seemed that no blight could ever mar the well-pro-

tected plant. But the blight came; and the plant which had been forced to bloom, to please the eyes or cupidity of its trainers, dropped the flowers that had pleased so well. Meanwhile the arch of reason, with its everlasting verdure, lived on transparently bright; hoping for a natural spring, an appointed summer.

Eleven months of my probation had passed away. Occasional doubts, frequent doubts, as to my fitness for the Society of the Jesuits had marred the joys of that solitude which I may be permitted to call the oasis of my life: since there, only, did I feel the immeasurable supremacy of mind over body. Had I meditated less fervently, had I been less sincere in my ardour for perfection, doubtless I had become a Jesuit; but the very moment that I felt the full force of the awful vow—perfect obedience to man—at that moment my dream was passed—I exclaimed: The die is cast! Poverty, be thou once more my mother! World of my fellow-men, be thou once more my battle-field! I can at least die with self-respect; that last and satisfying solace of those who have “fallen on evil days!”

Again I seemed to stand alone. I had long endeavoured to distinguish between the “greater glory of God” and the greater glory of the Society of the Jesuits. I had fixed the idea in my mind that in this matter, as in everything else, the end was distinct from the means; and though on one occasion I heard the same thought expressed by a novice, yet I am compelled to declare every other remark

pronounced in the Novitiate, whether by novices or Superiors who visited us, brought home the growing conviction that we were prepared to take our "shares" in a grand speculation which was to invest the entire earth in its grasping monopoly.

I looked for faith ; I found self : its interests and its cravings. In the men who had been trained as we were, I saw no indications of that training. We were taught to keep every sense in restraint—I was often scandalised by the trivial remarks, eager curiosity, *unreligious* deportment of the men who were far advanced in the grades of the Society. What, then, has become of all this training—has it been of no effect? See the same Jesuits in the world, —demure or gay, mild or severe, learned or ignorant —worming their way like *IGNATIUS*, who never spoke in conversation with strangers until he had divined the characters of all his hearers from what they had uttered. The "Fathers" were natural with us ; it is in the world that they become supernatural—that they show how they were trained. Unsatisfactory as was the opinion I formed of the intellectual attainment of those whom I met at Stonyhurst, I doubt not, (and I candidly record the fact) that each and all had their peculiar talent : their tact, adapted to some peculiar emergency. These opinions are sincere. I stand by them. No party feelings, no base motives, have influenced me : the very important fact that I have lived among these men has made me scrupulous lest I should emit aught that may mislead the minds of those who read for instruction. I believe what I have written :

what I write; and sincerity makes me earnest in the cause of truth. If I say beware! I speak as one who has seen: who has felt. The reader is now, I trust, prepared to accompany me to the end.

In the month of January of the year following my admission, the Superior of the Novitiate made his annual retreat. He resigned his office, for the time, to the Father Minister. It was a time of edification to us all. He did penance like the humblest novice. He knelt in the centre of the Refectory with his arms outstretched; he kissed the floor; he kissed our feet—the feet of all the novices. Once he dined kneeling at the small table, in the midst of the room: an old man, grey with age, weak in health, knelt during dinner on the hard cold floor; and when he had finished he joined his hands on his breast and continued kneeling till grace was said. He worked in the garden during manual works; and I think, but cannot state the fact for certain, that he said “Deo Grattias!” in my hearing to the porter, and had some task appointed for him to do. I liked this man. I like him still; and will only say that his conduct during that retreat filled me with sorrowful admiration. I leave all other reflections to the reader. There are sacred thoughts which only Heaven should know.

Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens!

Saturday came, the day of sacramental confession. An order came down that we were to confess to the Father Minister.

I have felt some shocks of the mind and the heart

in my hitherto short career; but few are more keenly remembered than that given by the order to confess to the Father Minister. What had I to confess? Perhaps a little negligence in this, a trivial omission of that duty, nothing more; and yet, had my soul been guilty of the foulest sin, confession could never have been more repugnant to me than on that sad day. My mind was overcast—the sudden chillness of that shadow numbed my heart. In all that I did the thought dispelled devotion. I went to the Superior—he could not see me. The man who could console me, turned me away: directed me to go to the minister—the man I was flying from! . . . I left his door agitated and sad. I met the minister: gracious Heaven! he reprimanded me for walking hurriedly! He did not stop there—“he also thought that I might speak less dictatorially in conversation—my bearing was proud.” And yet it had seemed to me that I was beloved! I went to my cell and wept bitterly: resolved to go once more to my good old friend, struggling helplessly as I was against obedience. I knocked, he came to the door. “Brother!” he said, “what brings you here after my order?” One word was enough to speak all, and the word was uppermost—“May I not confess to you, Father?” I asked, weeping. “Holy obedience has spoken,” said he firmly, but mildly and sorrowfully; “go, brother, and obey!” . . . He closed the door once more, but the victory of love was gained: I determined to go: I conquered myself: I went. I remember that moment well—full well! When I

have seen the struggle of woman's features striving to unharmonise their expression with the thoughts that rack the heart, then have I thought of myself on this memorable day.

My confession took but a few minutes: the minister absolved me. I rose determined to leave the Novitiate.

I had yielded in weakness—was conquered to do what my mind and heart rejected. Such was obedience! such might be obedience hereafter: and it might not be so innocent. Confidence in my Superior won the day: it might win it again! On the following day, Sunday, my sadness was changed to serenity; though it must have been evident to all that there was something more than usually weighty on my mind. Whilst walking in the passage, the minister met and asked me “if he could be of any use to me with his advice?” This question surprised me, but I humbly declared that I did not need the proffered service. On that Sunday night occurred the fearful storm which did so much damage on sea and land, in the month of January, 1839. When I went out to work in the garden, on the following morning, the first object that caught my eye was an old thorn-tree torn up by the roots. “T was natural,” gentle reader: I compared all the hopes, the enthusiastic hopes, that I had built on my “vocation” to the Society of the Jesuits, to that strong tree which had stood the appointed time, but was uplifted by the breath of Heaven. That tree might have been shaken, disengaged from the soil so

as to seem to be living still, though dead at the core—but no! it was an honest tree; it would cling by no offset when the main root was wrenched asunder. . .

In the evening I went to the Superior; he came to the door. “Well, brother, what now?”

I replied, “I have resolved to leave, Father —; and would wish to apprise the Provincial of my resolution.”

“You shall see the Provincial to-morrow, brother; in the mean time be calm: do not resist the grace of God!”

Had he looked in my face then he would have seen that I was calm: that there was joy in my looks; but his eyes were downcast, and he saw me by the mind, not by the faithful eyes.

That night I slept well, and went through my morning meditation with “unction:” that is, with spiritual relish and virtuous resolve: with glow of heart and light of mind.

At ten o'clock the Provincial sent for me, and the following interview took place in the parlour; beneath the room where the Superior was then in “retreat.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PROVINCIAL—LES ADIEUX—
A BLESSING AND A PRAYER—THE DEPARTURE.

IT was during manual works. I hastily put on the gown which I was soon to resign: I put it on for the last time. At the parlour-door, then, I tapped; the voice which I have described before bade me enter. The man to whom I had “manifested” sat before me: I saw him smile for the first time. Kindly he requested me to sit—I obeyed. Then ensued the following questions and answers:—

“Well! how now! what has happened?”

“Sir, I wish merely to say that I am unfit for the Society—I must leave.”

“Leave! why must you leave?”

“Because, sir, I am unfit for the Society.”

“But you did not think so when you entered.”

“You have given me the means to know myself: I have gained that knowledge.”

“Have you been induced by any one from without to take this resolution?”

“My letters have been given to me always open;

you would have been apprised of such influence. I am not influenced from without."

"Then you wish to re-enter the world, in order to indulge your passions?"

Was this an allusion to my "manifestation?" . . . I replied, "It seems to me, sir, that your conclusion is neither just nor necessary."

"But what reason have you to leave?"

"I have said it—I am unfit for the Society."

"Well! we cannot force you to stay."

"I am poor; I have not the means to pay for my journey to London. . . . May I depend on the charity of the Society? It may be in my power hereafter to refund all that I have cost you."

"Oh! certainly, we will see to that. But this is very annoying!"

A pause ensued—I rose and said:—

"May I leave without delay?"

"When you like!"

I think I hear the growl of these last words: they were the very antithesis of CHESTERFIELD'S advice, namely, to yield with seeming pleasure when you cannot resist with certain effect. I thanked him, left the room, and went to my old friend, the Superior, to apprise him of the result. He heard me with evident sorrow, but merely said, "Very well, Brother Steinmetz, God's will be done in all things!"

I requested him to permit me to stay till the following day, in order to prepare myself, by confession and communion, to re-enter the world of temptation. He kindly assented. I went to the chapel and

prayed fervently. Returning to my cell, I began to read over my diary—calm, collected, cheerful. I had not been seated many minutes when the porter came and told me that the Superior wanted me. I was glad to hear this, for I could have wished to have one more conversation with him before we parted for ever: in this world at least. But, alas! it was not for conversation that he sent for me. He merely said, "Brother Steinmetz, I know that your departure will give pain to the novices: your stay under such circumstances will throw a damp on their minds; so, perhaps, all things considered, you had better leave to-night."

All that this kind man ever requested or ordered me to do I did from my heart; on the present occasion the justness of his remark was evident at a glance: I assented without a murmur.

In the course of the day the lay brother brought me the sum requisite to pay the coach-fare to London, with a pair of trousers and a hat of a very antique fashion: rather a tight fit, but still very "thankfully received," like all similar "contributions." He informed me that a chaise would take me to a neighbouring village, whence the coach started for Manchester, and from the last-named place I would go by railway to London.

I dined for the last time in the Novitiate. I saw and heard the "public confessions" for the last time; and for the last time I spent the hour in company with the novices about to be my "brothers" no more. It was a heavy hour—a dull hour; the inner works

seemed running down, and the hands marked midnight.

After recreation, manual works went on as usual. I remained in my cell; visited the "sacrament;" prayed with fervour.

About five o'clock I was told by the porter that the novices were in the recreation-room to bid me farewell.

Agitated by the rushing emotion, I went to the room and saw my "brothers" standing around. All seemed affected—none more than myself. It was, "Good-by, Brother Steinmetz! Good-by, brother!" I shook hands with each, and one wept. The interview lasted but a moment or two; and yet how my resolution staggered—how my heart battled for the mastery!

The novices left the room. I remained, and sat down overpowered by the scene I had witnessed: by the emotions I felt. The Father Minister remained also: he was sitting beside me. He seemed pained at my departure: in fact, he said mournfully, "Brother, I am sorry that you are leaving us." I did not reply; I was stunned, as it were: my tongue was tied; and there was no one beside me whose words, whose looks, whose heart could set it free.

As yet I had not taken leave of the Superior. He sent for me. He gave me the testimonial which I had requested as to my conduct in the Novitiate, saying, "I suppose this will do." It was as follows:—

“ I hereby testify that Andrew Steinmetz, Esq., during his stay at Hodder, conducted himself in every respect as a Christian and a gentleman.

(Signed) “ THOMAS BROWNBILL.”

I give the above from memory. It was short enough and gratifying enough to be remembered without an effort: the last words particularly; and though it would be a consolation to have the document in my possession, yet it would be at present, perhaps, unimportant. I felt the loss of it, however, on one occasion—one bitter occasion; and I certainly then denounced the unjustifiable unkindness with which it was taken from me. It happened thus:—When I reached London I thought it advisable to write a note to the London agent who had been instrumental to my admission, apprizing him of my secession, and enclosing the testimonial in question; requesting him very urgently to return it, as it was my only fortune. The friend in whose presence I wrote the note advised me not to send the testimonial: which, in point of fact, was by no means necessary to the party; but my feelings overruled the caution: I sent it. I waited: no reply came: no testimonial. I wrote, and wrote again, and at last “gave it up:” resigned to my fate, and determined to prove a character similar to the one attested by the kind Father of the novices.

Some time after I called on the London agent. It was on a Sunday morning. I had written to him before,

asking if he could recommend me to any literary employment. My letter was unanswered. On the Sunday morning, then, I called, and knocked: the servant said, "Not at home!"—but it unluckily happened that the gentleman at that very moment emerged from a side door in the passage, apparently just about to enter a carriage which stood at the door. As soon as he saw me he said with flashing eye and rapid words:—

"Sir, I can do nothing for you!"

"But the testimo—"

He rushed into the carriage: there was a lady in it; and the last syllable of my word shrunk back from the ear that closed upon it, like the carriage door slammed in the face of the poor man begging for bread.

Still I must defend: at least must palliate, the unkindness of this Jesuit. It would never answer for a man to carry about a testimonial from the Novitiate, in a country where, by the law of the land, no such place should exist; and doubtless my poor old friend, the master of the novices, was "reprimanded" for granting me the testimonial. If so, 't was a pitiful thing!*

But to the conclusion—to the end of my connec-

* Since the above was written my Hodder letters have been restored to me by the friend to whom they were addressed. In the last letter, apprizing him of my intended departure, I have found, to my delight, a testimonial written by the Superior on the page opposite to the address. I remember having requested him to state in the letter that I left of my own accord,—but I am unable to account for

tion with the Jesuits! The kind Father was too much affected to speak much during our last interview. It was short. I knelt before him: he blessed me; and, making the sign of the cross on my forehead, he prayed that I "might never swerve from the faith."

A few minutes after the chaise drove up; I entered; and the gates of Probation closed upon me, departing as joyful as when I entered: for my mind and heart bore testimony to good intentions, honourable motives; on both occasions equally strong, equally salient. I had left poverty in the world; I had deserted poverty: perhaps one of my best friends; for it has advised, admonished, and, I trust, improved my heart and mind. I was now again to be reconciled to poverty, and make amends for my apparently equivocal dereliction. And we were desperately reconciled. I knew the fate that awaited me: I was prepared for it; and I received the cup brimful and foaming with that bitter drink, which has rendered a time of comparative rest and comfort sweet, cheerful: the very nurse of memory and its ever-attendant meditation; which it varies with endless alternation of the word "insists" being used by the Reverend Father, unless he meant that there was no need of it. Here is the testimonial: *

"Mr. Steinmetz insists upon my giving your goodness a testimonial that his conduct here has been everything creditable and praiseworthy; which I beg hereby to do most fully and cordially.

"Sir, your obt. sert.

"THOMAS BROWNBILL.

"*Hodder Place, Jan. 15, 1839.*"

* A fac simile of this Testimonial is given.

FACSIMILE of a TESTIMONIAL
from "The Master of the Novices,"
in favor of the Author of
"The Novitiate,"
on his leaving Sloughurst.

Mr. Steinmetz insists upon my
giving your goodness a
testimonial that his conduct
here has been every thing
creditable & praiseworthy;
which I beg hereby to do
most fully & cordially -
Sir your Ob.^t ser.^t

Thomas Brownbill.

Kadder-Place

Jan 15. 1838.

instructive topics; never flagging, always interested, and yearning for the fulfilment—the blessed fulfilment—human happiness: the harmony of body and soul by Heaven united to work together; then the future—the mystery explained to rejoicing hearts, to exulting minds for ever!

T

AN ESSAY
ON
THE CONSTITUTIONS,
The Confessional Morality, and History of the Jesuits.

INTRODUCTION.

THE JESUITS have had, and have, opponents; they have had, and have, apologists. The former have accused them of every crime; the latter have met every charge with unscrupulous denial.* The violence and misrepresentations—in many instances, falsifications—of their opponents, excite strong suspicion in the minds of the candid, and disgust in the lovers of truth and fair-dealing. Their apologists do not exhibit less rancour—but excite a stronger suspicion, if possible—by waiving the main gist of the argument to trumpet forth the achievements of the Society, in Science, the Arts, and the work of “Conversion.”

* Saint Priest observes: “The system of apology which the Jesuits have adopted, has uniformly led them to deny everything—even courageous and honourable acts—to serve a temporary purpose.”—*Fall of the Jesuits*, p. 5.

This was the successful manœuvre of DEMOSTHENES, in his oratorical encounter with ÆSCHINES.* If their cause were to be judged by the giddy, frivolous Athenians, perhaps the dexterity of the Jesuits would serve the temporary purpose : there are minds that will be made blind to a hundred crimes by the sudden blaze of one, two, or three “glorious deeds” claimed by the accused, and undenied as matters of fact, though admitting of a damaging investigation. The apologists of the Jesuits have undertaken to prove what was not denied ; but the tendency to abuse—the time-serving expediency of the Society, or a large number of her members, hurried forward in the slippery path by the “pressure from without,” to which, “by virtue of holy Obedience,” they were exposed—the vices of Intellect running riot in the intoxication of renown—the vices of the Will irresistibly tempted to abuse its influence on the minds of men, and the consequent *price* of that ambition, to-wit, confessional laxity in the sacred matter of morality ;—in a word, questionable *means* resorted to when the *end* in view *seemed* to be good, *was* manifestly *expedient*—these are the topics which I find cleverly avoided, or Demosthenically dismissed.

VITELLESCHI, a General of the Society, is more candid. He compares the Society to the skies : the Society is Aurora ; IGNATIUS is the sun ; the members are the stars, “during so many years, and in so many lands, shining with the splendour of virtue, eminent and perfect.” “But if,” he continues, “any *comet* of disastrous result, compounded of the foul and pestilential vapours of a

* See his Oration *Περὶ Στεφ.*, in which the damaging charges are very summarily slurred, at the very moment when the syren-notes of the orator, by modulating on his achievements, have entranced his excited audience.

world too near, should light its deadly flame among so many benign and propitious fires, we should not, on that account, condemn those skies, since even in the beautiful skies of nature we sometimes unwillingly behold the same anomaly."* A bad Jesuit is therefore a comet; but a comet is a functionary in the celestial systems; it is a secondary cause, produced and propelled by a great Designer: then, may we substitute this Jesuit for the comet, and the spirit of Jesuitism for the great Designer?

Thus, then, much has been said in favour of the Jesuits—more against them; accusations have been denied, countercharges have been brought, and even questions of history still remain uncertain, undecided.

I am surrounded with books of every description about the Jesuits. They have all been written with one professed object in view—TRUTH. Truth has been contemplated by all; but in how many different ways have they gazed at her charms! Some have peered with one eye, others with half an eye; some "with spectacles on nose," others with quizzing glasses; and not a few with that vacant stare which sees *nothing!* It is thus with the affairs of the Jesuits; any and every mind may find something to praise or blame in these extraordinary men, and their extraordinary achievements.

"Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse!"

Such is the lenient motto that will soften down my argument to the requisite tone of sober Truth. If the conclusions evolved be against the Jesuits, that result will issue from facts of undeniable vouchers, and reason-

* Epist. 4 R. P. N. Vitell. 1639. The letter was written to the Society on a joyous occasion—its centennial anniversary—but its sad foreboding must have marred the joy of every member.

ings based on the admitted principles of human conduct—on the philosophy of the human will.

My object in this Essay is to enable the reader *to judge for himself*. Its materials will be taken, for the most part, from Jesuit writers and historians. The charges on which it will be my misfortune to insist, shall be *in the words of the Generals themselves of the Society*.

VITELLESCHI, CARRAFA, PICCOLOMINI, NICKEL—all Generals of the Society—shall accuse the Jesuits of the past: the Jesuits of history; and their own historians shall be quoted for the facts on which the argument of this Essay shall be raised, without exaggeration as without extenuation; for, if I err, I err from the *mind*, not from the *heart*.

I.

IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.—THE SOCIETY.—ITS RISE.

Lycurgus undertook to reform his countrymen. His laws continued in force seven hundred years.*

MOHAMMED, with ten followers, went forth on his “divine mission;” and within twenty years from the moment of inspiration, his followers amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand.

Islamism has lasted more than twelve hundred years.

The Society of the Jesuits has existed three hundred and twenty-five years; for the Brief of Clement XIV. was one of those measures of expediency which weak, imbecile governments emit, only to inconvenience a great

* Lycurgus flourished 884 years before the Christian era.—Lemp., Plut., &c.

many people without advantaging any : mental reservations all—successful equivocations.

It was a “Brief;”^{*} intentionally such; not a “Bull;” and almost as wide a thoroughfare to the Jesuits as the Catholic Relief Bill, which proscribed them in Great Britain. The Jesuits boast of both;† and well they may; for it is highly flattering to feel convinced, that both our friends and enemies are respectively less severe or less unkind than appearances indicate.

Who was Ignatius of Loyola? He was born the year‡ before BOABDIL, the Moor, surrendered by capitulation the Albayzin and Alhambra, and delivered up to FERDINAND and ISABELLA the keys of Granada. The age of chivalry was gone for ever—its excitements remained: the poetry of the human passions was now to be sung in the terrible notes that DANTE listened to in the realms of woe.

We are contemplating the age that is to bring forth a LUTHER. It is easy to discover, in every direction, the beginning of an insatiable spirit in the heart—the very heart of Roman Catholicism; variously modified, but

* A “Brief” is a letter which the Pope writes to kings, princes, or magistrates, and sometimes to private individuals: they are generally written on paper, and refer to *brief*, succinct, unimportant matters. The matter of “Bulls” is more important: their form is more ample: they are always written on parchment. The name is derived from *bullæ*, the leaden seal which is attached to the document. On one side of the seal are the heads of Sts. Peter and Paul, on the other the name of the reigning Pope. On the briefs or *messe bolle*, there is only the impression of the Apostles.—Dizonar. di Erud. di Moroni.

† La sentence de Clement XIV., paraît sous forme de bref et non de bulle, afin qu'elle soit moins solennelle et plus facile à révoquer. Cahours—a *Jesuit*. I have before alluded to the opinion respecting the Relief Bill, page 33.

‡ 1491.

acting even reckless of means, and tending directly to its end.

It was at the very foot of the papal throne that the mine was sprung: ITALY pioneered the way to the human mind escaping from its fastness.

Who was Ignatius of Loyola? A French army has marched into Spain—the province of Guipuscoa is overrun—the invading forces lay siege to Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre. A Spanish officer in the garrison endeavours, but in vain, to inspire the troops with courage to resist the invaders—they must capitulate. Besieged and besiegers come to a parley in the citadel; the severe terms of surrender are proposed; a base compromise is about to be effected, when that Spanish officer, seizing the hopeful moment, launched into furious invective against the French. The conference broke up—the election was made—“To arms!” resounded on all sides. Now look to yon fortress; sword in hand the warrior heads his devoted band to the breach; now compelled to fight by the clever stratagem of the leader. Hand to hand, and foot to foot—the struggle is for victory or death; but fortune or Providence decides the day—the hero of the fight falls desperately wounded. The hero of that fight was IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

He was born in the castle of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, a province of Biscay. His father was a nobleman; his mother not less illustrious by her extraction. Inigo, or Ignatius, was the youngest of eleven children. Bred in the court of Ferdinand V., in the quality of page to the king, he was taught all the exercises calculated to make him an accomplished officer, the profession of arms being the object of his choice.

In the army he gave tokens of distinguished valour; and by declining on one occasion to share the booty of a

captured town, he won the universal good-will that such generosity always creates in the hearts of men.

If the love of glory was the god of his soul, gold was not its idol. In such a man the love of woman rules by its own right: he was addicted to gallantry, and full of the maxims of worldly honour, vanity, and pleasures.

Dexterous in the management of affairs, he had no tincture of learning; but the place of science was adequately supplied by a natural cleverness; and from his tenderest years he evinced a discretion but rarely witnessed in youth.

He was well made—of an ardent temperament—haughty in demeanour—even violent in disposition; and yet he could compose his features into that soft, seducing expression which few men and fewer women can resist.

His leg was broken in the fight. As soon as the patient's condition permitted, he was carried to the castle of Loyola. His surgeons were now of opinion, that it was necessary to break the bones anew, in order to replace them into their natural position, having been badly set, or jolted out of place by the movement of the journey. He submitted to the cruel operation without a groan.

The result was nearly fatal. A violent fever ensued, and he was given over by his medical attendants. Resigned to his fate, the warrior slept; and in his sleep beheld St. PETER, who cured him with his own hand! "The event," BOUHOURS, the Jesuit, remarks, "showed that this dream had nothing false in it:" when he awoke he was found out of danger—his pains ceased—his strength returned. I omitted to state that Ignatius had composed a poem in praise of St. PETER.

This miraculous recovery seems to have left him unconverted; for, finding that the bone protruded, even

after the miracle, and marred the elegance of his boot,* our interesting admirer of grace and fitness in all things, determined to resort to the bone-nipper for that perfection which the apostle of his dream had not thought necessary: he had the deformity cut away without uttering a word—without changing countenance!

This was not all: he had the limb stretched by a machine of iron! But vain was this struggle for the sake of the world of beauty, which requires elegance in its votaries! To his despair—the operation justifies the word—to his despair the experiment failed; and he remained crippled ever after—one leg shorter than the other.

Still confined to his bed, Ignatius asked for a book to while away the tedious hours. He wanted a romance; some work of chivalry; but though the castle of Loyola was just the place for such fabulous stories, there happened not to be one there at the time in question: they brought him the Life of Christ, and the Lives of the Saints, instead.

It would amuse the reader to recount the highly spiritual conclusions which the biographer ascribes to our gallant, after the perusal of the works aforesaid; but this brief narrative will not admit of the detail. The reader must consider Ignatius a changed man—converted.

He left the castle of his ancestors, and went to the monastery of St. BENEDICT at MONT-SERRAT; where, before the miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, he devoted himself “to Mary and to Jesus,” as their knight: according to the martial notions which inspired all his interpretations of thoughts divine.

It is necessary to state that the Virgin Mary had also appeared to him in the castle: she held the infant Jesus

* Qui empêchait le cavalier de porter la botte bien tirée.—Bouhours.

in her arms, in the midst of a blaze of light. It was on this occasion that he was freed for ever from all the troubles of concupiscence.

What wonder, then, if on his journey to the shrine, he coolly deliberated whether he was not called upon to *kill* a poor Mahometan, who spoke disrespectfully of the Virgin! Returning in pursuit of the blasphemer, he left it to chance to decide, by dropping the bridle of his horse: determined to kill the man if the horse took the fatal road. But the animal was more charitable, more virtuous than its master; it took the other road (which was actually a worse road than the poor Mahometan's) and spared Ignatius—the converted sinner, blessed with holy visions—from the commission of a mortal sin!

He now began a life of excessive bodily maceration; beating himself with an iron-chain four or five times a day, fasting rigorously, and bewailing the crimes of his youth. He was tried—he had his temptation: the devil spoke to him internally. All the temptations are given by the learned biographer. But he triumphed; and if he has not said that angels came and ministered unto him, still he affirmed that, whilst rehearsing the office of the Virgin Mary, he was elevated in spirit, and saw as it were a figure, which clearly represented to him the most holy Trinity!

Devils had shaken the room where he prayed; but of what avail was their impotent foolery against one so strong in faith, without the merit of belief?

The most remarkable of all the favours that he received, says his biographer, was a rapture of eight days' duration. They thought him dead, and were on the point of burying him, when he opened his eyes, and, with a tender and devout voice, exclaimed—"Ah! Jesus!"

"No one knows," continues the same authority, "the

secrets which were revealed to him in that long ravishment: for he would never tell; and all that could ever be extorted from him was, that the graces with which God favoured him were inexpressible."

After these events he composed his Spiritual Exercises, and undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Indeed, it would appear that his intention was to labour for the conversion of souls in the East. However, after visiting the holy places, he returned to Europe, and was miraculously saved from shipwreck, to be subsequently imprisoned on a suspicion of heresy. Escaping from the Inquisition, he went to Paris, with the intention of supplying the deficiencies which his Divine knowledge still left in his enlightened mind. He entered at the university; but, experimenting with his Exercises on some of the students, he got into trouble: these youths sold all they had, and gave the money to the poor.

Meanwhile, it must be evident that Ignatius has hitherto been a very extensive traveller for a man without funds, subsisting on charity; but such is the fact nevertheless. Doubtless it was his own experience that induced him, subsequently, to bribe the Pope's good will to his enterprise, by stipulating for no pay or support in the missions of the Jesuits.

In Paris—as elsewhere when he made the attempt—he was more anxious to extend the practice of his Exercises than to advance in science; for when a man gets a hobby of any kind, he is irresistibly inclined to ride it for ever. At Barcelona, for instance, he forgot everything he read; and whilst conjugating the verb *Amo, I love*, he could only repeat to himself, "I love God," or, "I am loved by God." And at Alcala, where he attended some lectures in logic, physics, and divinity, he only confounded his ideas by the multiplicity of his studies; and

learned nothing at all, though he studied night and day.

He managed by his dexterity to exchange a public whipping, at the college of St. Barbara, for a public triumph. It seems that Ignatius had been admonished not to interfere with the studies of the students by his devotional practices; he disobeyed, and the punishment was announced. But by a single interview he operated so effectually on the principal of the college, that without replying, the latter led him by the hand to the expectant students, all ready for the sign to inflict the penance;—then threw himself at the feet of Ignatius, and begged his pardon for having believed the evil reports against him; and, rising, pronounced him a saint!

After this the reader will not be surprised to hear, that Ignatius now began to collect followers: the Spiritual Exercises were operating. PETER LE FEVRE, or FABER, was his first convert; XAVIER, afterwards a saint, was his next; and Laynez, Salmeron, Bobadilla—all famous men in the Society—subsequently enlisted. Moved by the pressing instances and exhortations of Ignatius, they made a vow to renounce the world, and to preach the gospel in Palestine; or, if that design were thwarted, to offer themselves to the Pope, to be employed in the service of God in what manner he should judge best. They pronounced this vow aloud in the subterraneous chapel at Montmartre, after they had all received the sacrament from Peter Faber.

Claudius Le Jay, Codure, and Brouet afterwards joined the band; which, with Ignatius, now amounted to *ten* men—of different nations—of widely different dispositions and attainments, but all devoted to Ignatius.

They went to Rome. The Pope, Paul III., received

them graciously, and permitted those among them who were not priests to be immediately ordained.

War having been declared against the Turks by the Venetians, their pilgrimage, it is said, was rendered impracticable. It was at this time, and whilst the band remained at Vicenza, that Ignatius enjoined his companions to call themselves "the Society of Jesus"—"because they were to fight against heresies and vice under the standard of Christ."

From this place he set out for Rome. On the journey, whilst in prayer, he saw the Eternal Father presenting him (Ignatius) to His Son; and he saw Jesus Christ bearing a heavy cross—who, after having received him (Ignatius) from His Father, said these words to him: *I shall be propitious to you at Rome.*

He related this vision to his companions, in order to fortify them against any contrarieties that might stand in their way.

"This vision," says Bouhours, "is one of the most remarkable that St. Ignatius ever had; and it is so well vouched for, that it admits not of a doubt." It is a striking, awful—I had almost said hideous fact—that this presumptuous mortal, referring to this (his vision) actually wrote these words: "When the Eternal Father placed me with His Son!"*

Again was Ignatius well received at Rome. All his companions soon followed at his command; and he proposed to them his design, and motives, of forming themselves into a religious order. They agreed.

Three cardinals were appointed by the Pope to examine the merits of the application made by Ignatius: they at

* Quando el Padre Eterno me puso con su Hijo. Bouhours translates *puso* into *associa* ou *mit.*—Vie d' Ignace, l. III.

first opposed it, but afterwards changed their opinion: it is said, "on a sudden." One of them avowed that the order seemed necessary to remedy the evils of Christendom, and arrest the progress of heresy then spreading all over Europe. Possibly the disinterestedness of the promise to serve his Holiness with desperate devotion, and without the expectation of any pecuniary support, had considerable influence in the determination that followed—the Jesuits would be "a cheap defence" of the Pope-dom. Paul III. confirmed the Institute of Ignatius, by a Bull, dated September the 27th, 1540. The number of the professed was at first limited to sixty; but the restriction was taken off two years after by another bull—the scheme having proved eminently successful.*

II.

THE SOCIETY—ITS CONSTITUTIONS—PROGRESS.

The Society being established, IGNATIUS deemed it necessary to begin with electing a commander-in-chief—or general; for he would not resign his martial notions; they might certainly be sanctified—rendered innocent.† With this view he summoned his little troop to Rome—not *all*, for some of his men were already at important posts. True to its subsequent history, the Society was

* For all the facts recorded in this Section, see Bouhours, *La Vie de St. Ignace*, and Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, July 31.

† All the facts stated in this Section are from Bouhours, or Butler quoting Jesuit historians. This general notification is thought more advisable in order not to encumber the text with references.

already in position to influence the minds of kings. XAVIER and RODRIGUEZ were at the court of Portugal; FABER at the Diet of Worms; and BOBADILLA had express orders not to leave the kingdom of Naples before the affairs committed to his management were accomplished. The absent members had left their votes; the suffrages were collected—IGNATIUS was elected General.

Ignatius was afflicted and even surprised at seeing himself elected General!—What! A man who had been favoured with Divine visions—who had been enlightened so as to see through the mysteries of faith—who had been placed or *associated* by God the Father with God the Son—such a mortal considered fit to govern! Impossible!

Ignatius, as modestly as JULIUS CÆSAR, *refused* the dignity—nobly but gently pushed away the proffered diadem!

This refusal only served to confirm the electors in their judgment: still, obedient to his request they spent four days more in prayer and penance, before the next election. Ignatius was again elected!

Surely the Divine will is now manifest. Ignatius is of a different opinion: he makes another effort to escape. He says that “he will put the matter into the hands of his confessor; and if the latter, who knows *all his bad inclinations*,” which the reader is aware, were all wiped away by the Virgin Mary—“if his confessor shall command him *in the name of Jesus Christ*, to submit, *he will obey blindly*.”

It is needless to state that the said confessor “told him plainly that he was resisting the Holy Ghost in resisting the election; and commanded him, on the part of God, to accept the appointment.”

One curious question arises here. For whom did

Ignatius vote in the election? Surely if this man did not think himself qualified, he should have named the companion whom he deemed worthy of the high function; particularly as he had called the electors to Rome for the express purpose of the election. But the sentimental votes recorded by BOUHOURS, lack that of Holy Father *IGNATIUS*. XAVIER, CODURE, SALMERON, have left their votes on the grateful page; and doubtless every other vote was equally fervid — but it seems that we must remain perfectly mystified as to the conduct of this modest saint on that interesting occasion. It exhibits *character* however, and therefore have I dwelt on the incident: I have to depict *IGNATIUS* in the sequel.

Anticipating the celebrated “Constitutions,” *Ignatius* issued a few regulations for the guidance of his soldiers; the sum total whereof was “to have God before their eyes always” as much as possible — with Christ for a model; to see God in their Superiors: obedience being an infallible oracle, &c. Mutual charity, silence, and religious deportment, were enjoined; and if they should fall into any sin that might become public, they were not to despair; but rather “to give thanks to God for permitting them to commit a fault, and for teaching them the weakness of their virtue.” Lastly to press forward gaily, but not excessively so, in the Divine work; undeviating, unflinching.

XAVIER was sent to India by a Brief; SALMERON and BROUET were despatched into Ireland by the Pope; LAYNEZ went to Venice; FABER to Madrid; BOBADILLA to Vienna, and LE JAY to Ratisbon. *IGNATIUS* remained at Rome to be inspired in the concoction of the Constitutions.

Meanwhile, at the very time when Luther was engaged in purging the church of Romanism, *Ignatius* was use-

fully occupied with purging Rome of its licentiousness: both excellent works and worthy of being recorded on the same page. All mankind owed a debt of gratitude to Luther for the light of mind; and the streets of Rome were a monument to Ignatius for the darkness which he rendered innocent.*

From the contemplation of this pious work, we will turn to the famous Constitutions of the Society. The Institute of the Jesuits is contained in fifteen distinct works; the book of the Constitutions being the ground-

* See Bôuhours, for the account of this reformation of the public sinners at Rome. It is usual to talk very finely on the public depravity which is said to have "followed" the Reformation; but if the holders of such an opinion will take the trouble to investigate the history of the church at the period which immediately *preceded* that event, they may perhaps be disabused of that opinion. In truth, the corruption of morals—enclosed though it was by the universal church—was rampant throughout society. The conduct of pontiffs was ambiguous, if not highly criminal; bishops, priests, monks, and laity alike slid in the slippery path, that seemed to stretch from the sanctuary itself. See Cornelii Aurelii Gaudani Apocalypsis, seu Visio Mirabilis super Miserabili Statu Matris Ecclesiæ, in Caspar. Burmanni Analect. Hist. de Hadriano VI. See also Mosheim, Eccl. Hist. vol. ii. b. 4. c. 1. See also Villani, Istor. c. 9. As far back as the tenth century, vice rioted in the papal chair. "John XII.," says Villani, "was a man of evil life, tenendo publicamente le femine, and hunted and hawked like a private gentleman, and did many guilty and furious things." The "infamous Borgia," as even Reeve, the Roman Catholic, calls him—began the sixteenth century as Alexander VI. Dante, Petrarch, and Battista of Mantua, have immortalized the crimes of popes, monks, and priests, in the chorus of guilt—their books were in the libraries of cardinals: Sadolet and Bembo knew long passages by heart, which they recited, notwithstanding the papal censure by which they were prohibited. Battista wrote these verses:

Vivere qui sanctè cupitis, discedite Româ ;
Omnia cùm liceant, non licet esse bonum.

—See Jewel's Apolo. c. 4.

work of the system : strongly, deeply built ; with a knowledge of mental architecture unsurpassed, except in the Spiritual Exercises of the same cunning Builder.

Subsequent Rules, Decrees, Canons, &c., are stated to have resulted from the spirit of the Institute, which they are intended to uphold and enforce.

The Constitutions are divided into ten parts. They are preceded by a "General Examen," to be proposed to all who wish to be admitted into the Society of Jesus. According to this Examen, the end of the Society is not only to give to each member the means of working out his own salvation and spiritual perfection, with the grace of God ; but with the same grace diligently to apply himself to the salvation and perfection of his neighbour. To attain this end the better, three vows are taken ; namely, of Obedience, Poverty, and Chastity : understanding Poverty to mean that the Jesuit will not and cannot have any revenue for his own maintenance, nor for any other purpose. This is to be understood not only with regard to each member in particular, but also with regard to the churches and houses of the professed. No stipend nor alms are to be received for masses, sermons, lectures, the administration of any sacrament, or any other pious office which the Society, according to its institute, can perform. Such emoluments are lawful to others, but to the Jesuit they are forbidden : God alone is to reward the child of Ignatius.*

The *professed* Jesuits are those who make, besides the three vows just mentioned, an express vow to the Pope and his successors ; to set out without excuse, without a viaticum or travelling expenses, to any part of the world—among Christians or Infidels—"for the prosecution of such matters as tend to divine worship and the good of

* Exam. Gen.

the Christian religion"—a very *comprehensive* formula assuredly!

As to externals, the manner of life—for just reasons, having the greater service of God always before them—is common: the Society does not assume, by obligation, any of the ordinary penances or macerations of the body. These are left to the dictates of individual piety and the judgment of the immediate superior.

The members of the Society are divided into four classes.

I. The *Professi*, or *Professed*.

II. The *Coadjutors*; who are admitted into the Society for the divine service and aid of the Society in matters spiritual and temporal. These are the temporal *coadjutors* or *lay-brothers*; they bind themselves by the three simple vows only.

III. The *Scholastici*, or *Scholars*; whose future position in the Society is to be determined by their respective qualifications. They may become either *spiritual* *coadjutors* or simple priests of the Society; or be permitted to enter the ranks of the Pope's life-guard aforesaid, after mature deliberation on the part of the authorities concerned.

IV. The *Novices*. These are admitted indeterminately: their respective talents will hereafter assign their position in the Society. They must be "indifferent;" that is, totally resigned to the god-like will of the head that governs.

A probation of two years' duration precedes the vows of the temporal *coadjutors*; and of the *scholastici*, who are to become *spiritual* *coadjutors*.

Another probation of one year's duration precedes the last vow of the *Professi*, or *Professed*.

Although the Society may have colleges and houses of

probation, endowed with revenues for the sustenance of the scholastici before they are received into the ranks of the professed, still, revenues of this kind cannot be expended for any other purpose, according to the apostolical letters; nor can any of the members, even the coadjutors, make use of the same.

So much for the "ways and means" of the Society in its original conception.

I shall now endeavour to give the outlines of the system; refraining from such minute details as would not interest the general reader—always translating the text of the original, or giving its substance.

PART I.

The more endowed the applicant for admission is with natural talents or acquirements, and the more trying the experiments have been in which he has stood the test, the more fit will he be for the Society. The Society requires sound knowledge, or an aptitude to acquire it, in the candidate, united to tact in the management of affairs; or certainly the gift of a good judgment to acquire that discretion. He must have a good memory, both quick and retentive. The desire of spiritual perfection must be in the will; coolness, constancy, and determination in action. There must be zeal for the salvation of souls; "which is the cause of the love that the candidate has for the Society."

Elegance of expression is particularly to be desired;* being very necessary in his intercourse with others; and a handsome or agreeable person,† which usually edifies those with whom we have to deal: good health and

* *Exoptanda est sermonis gratia.*—P. l. c. 2.

† *Species honesta*—*Ibid.*

strength of body are essentials. The age for admission to the Novitiate is fourteen and above; for Profession, five and twenty.

The external recommendations of nobility, wealth, reputation, and the like—since they are not sufficient if others be wanting—will not be necessary when other qualifications are possessed. Still, as far as they conduce to edification, they enhance the fitness of the candidate.

The impediments to admission are previous apostasy from the church, and heresy; having committed murder, or being infamous on account of some enormity; to have been a monk or hermit; being married, or a slave, or partially insane. These are stringent impediments; but the Pope and the General can grant a dispensation even in the case of these impediments, when it is certain that the candidate is adorned with such divine gifts as to be of great assistance to the Society—always understood, “for the service of God and our Lord.”

Minor impediments are, apparently indomitable passions, and such a habit of sin as to give little hope of amendment; inconstancy of mind; “a defective judgment, or manifest pertinacity, which usually gives great trouble to all congregations.”

Among the questions to be put to candidates are the following:—Whether any of his ancestors were heretics? whether his parents are alive? their name, condition as to wealth or poverty, their occupation? whether he has ever been in pecuniary difficulties, or is bound by any claim to his parents or relatives? whether, discarding his own opinion and judgment, he will leave that point to the judgment of his Superior or the Society? how many brothers and sisters he has? their situation, whether married or otherwise, their occupation or manner of life?

with regard to himself, whether he has ever uttered words that may seem to have pledged him to marry? or has had, or has, a son?

A severe scrutiny as to his spiritual bent, faith, and conscience, follows this domestic inquisition. If the candidate has any property, he must promise "to leave all," without delay, at the command of his Superior, after he has been a year in the Novitiate. But he is to resign his property to the "poor;" for the Gospel says, "give to the poor," not to relatives. Thus he will give a better example of having put off his inordinate love towards his parents, and of avoiding the usual unpleasantness of distribution, which proceeds from the said love; and thus—the opening to return to his parents and relatives, and to their very memory, being closed beforehand—he may persevere firmly and fixedly in his vocation.

He may, however, give *something* to his relatives; but this must be left entirely to the discretion and judgment of the Superior, and those who are appointed by him to investigate the claim to relief or benefit.

All ready money that he may have must be given up, to be returned to him should he leave, or be found unfit for, the Society.

Any defect in the integrity of the body—disease, weakness, or remarkable deformity; being too young or too old, or bound by civil obligations or debt, constitute minor impediments. But in case of these minor impediments, as in the major, the Society can grant dispensations.

PART II.

The power of dismissal from the Society is granted by the General to the various Provincials, or rulers of a province (like that of England); and to local Superiors

and Rectors, in order that, in the whole body of the Society, the subjection of holy Obedience may be continued—that the inferiors may clearly know that they depend on their immediate Superiors; and that it becomes them very much, yea, is necessary, that they should be submissive to them in all things. Caution is advised in the matter of dismissal; and the caution is to be increased according to the position in the Society which the delinquent happens to hold—a suggestion of mere human prudence which is self-evident.

In important cases, Provincials should not dismiss without consulting the General. I need scarcely state that a case becomes important, not by the *guilt* of the delinquent, but by his *rank* in the Society.*

The causes of dismissal are, “Incorrigibility in certain depraved affections and vices; even should they not scandalise others, on account of their secrecy.”

Secondly, If it be contrary to the good of the Society to retain any one: the good of the whole body should be preferred to that of the individual.

Of course, any of the impediments being subsequently discovered in probation, may be just causes of dismissal.†

So far the Constitutions. But a Declaration runs on hand in hand to the following effect;—“How far certain faults,‡ which are said to be contrary to the divine honour and the good of the Society, should be tolerated,—since the matter depends on many particular circumstances, of persons, times, and places,—it must necessarily be left to the discreet zeal of those who have that matter in charge.”§

Dismissal is to take place as privately as possible, so

* Part 2, c. 1, Decl.

‡ Defectus.

† Part 2, c. 2.

§ Ibid, A.

as to cherish the good-will and charity of the delinquent towards the Society;* and aid should be given him to embrace some other state of life. Charity should offer him her hand at dismissal, and defend his memory in his absence;† at least, such is the import of the passage which I have thus condensed.

Those who leave the Society of their own accord are not to be sought after, unless for very good reasons. “Should they be such as we should not thus resign—particularly if they seem to have left on account of some violent temptation, or deceived from without by others—we may endeavour to bring them back, making use of the *Privileges* conceded to us for this purpose by the Apostolic See.”

The Privilege referred to pronounces “excommunication *ipso facto*” against any Jesuit who returns to the world after having taken the vows—from the guilt of which he cannot be absolved, except by the Pope or a Superior of the Society. By another such mandate, eight days are allowed him to return, under the penalty of excommunication *latæ sententiæ*, which is a case reserved to the Pope; and all who aid, advise, or abet the fugitive are obnoxious to the same penalty.

By another mandate, the General and other Superiors can summarily, and without the form of judgment, reclaim, take, and imprison the delinquent, and compel him to undergo the merited penance, just as if he were an apostate, calling in the aid of the secular arm.

Nay, even those who are *dismissed* from the Society—unless they enter some *other order* with permission of the General, the Provincial, or the Pope—are forbidden to

* Ibid. 6.

† Ibid. 8 et 9.

hear confessions, teach or preach, under penalty of excommunication.*

These severe enactments seem to scoff with the hiss of contempt at the words of the Constitutions, where the spirit of mildness is enjoined in this proceeding, *without exception—omnino, in spiritu mansuetudinis procedere.*†

What wonder, then, that the “secrets” of this Society have rarely transpired, at a time when such terrible penalties hung in all their Apostolical horrors over the head of the apostate!

Why should a Society *need* such a defence, if its motives, its means, its exploits were honest? Some idea of the power of the Jesuits in the day of their greatness, may be formed from what we have just read: as we proceed, the argument will be developed with fearful iteration in the same strain.

On being re-admitted, the fugitive must perform his appointed penance, undergo another examination, make a general confession, and be subjected to other tests and trials.

PART III.

The training and preservation of the novices are amply discussed in the third part of the Constitutions. Having already thoroughly developed the subject, I shall now confine my remarks to those matters which

* *Comp. Privil. Apost.* All the Superiors have the power to “inflict corrections and punishments”—provided they are deliberate and mature, “they may proceed freely” in the matter—*liberè procedere possunt.*—*Ibid. Correct.*

† Part 2. c. 4, 5.

were not enforced in the English Novitiate; or such particulars as have not been incidentally mentioned.

It is not thought necessary that the novice should resign the property he may happen to possess at the time of his admission, unless the Superior should command him to do so, after the lapse of a year; "judging that in property of this kind, he may have an occasion of temptation, or be impeded in his spiritual progress, since he may cling to his wealth with some immoderate affection or confidence."

Anticipating a delicate question, the prudent legislator says:—"Whenever at his entrance, or after his entrance on the practice of obedience, the novice, being moved by his devotion, wishes to dispense his property or a part of it, to the subsidy of the Society, doubtless he would do a work of greater perfection, alienation, and abnegation of all self-love, by not descending with a certain tender affection to particular places, applying his property to *this* purpose rather than to *that*, according to its suggestion: but rather earnestly wishing the greater and more general good of the Society,* he should leave this matter to the judgment of him who has the care of the whole Society, whether the property is to be applied to another place rather than to that which is in the same province; for *he* (the General) can know better than any one else what is proper to be done, and what is most urgent in all places, taking into consideration, kings, princes, and potentates, lest any cause of offence be given them."†

Each novice is to have his settled confessor; and the latter should know what cases of conscience the Superior

* "Instituted for the greater glory of God, and the universal good and utility of souls."

† Part 3, c. 1, 9.

reserves to himself for absolution. Such cases shall be reserved to him as may seem necessary or very proper to be known by him, in order that he may the better apply a remedy.

Temptations must be anticipated : so that if any one is observed to be inclined to pride, he should be exercised in lowly occupations ;* and so on with regard to the other propensities.

Women must not enter the houses of the Society, nor the colleges, but only the churches ; unless they are remarkable for their very great charity and dignity : then the Superior may give them a dispensation to enter —always for just reasons, *justas ob causas*—in order to see the houses, if such be their wish.

Public punishments should be awarded to public faults. If the novices do not go to confession within the prescribed time, their food must be stopped, till they take the food of the spirit. If any one goes to another confessor than the one appointed, he must repeat all that he has confessed to his proper confessor ; who being thus ignorant of nothing with regard to his conscience, may better assist him in the Lord. The third part concludes with the following general observations :—

“ With regard to the preservation of our temporalities, besides that care which charity and reason impose on all, it will be right to assign this function to some one in particular ; in order that he may take care of them as the goods of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For other necessary functions, likewise, and those particularly which are more decently performed at home†

* *Rebus abjectioribus.*

† Such as the functions of the washer-man, barber, and the like : who should be in the house if possible. *Ibid.* H. The head-tailor at Stonyhurst was a temporal coadjutor, lay-brother, or Jesuit. How

than abroad, care must be taken that the necessary number of officials be appointed ; and it is expedient that the temporal coadjutors, or lay-brothers, should learn to perform these offices, if they are ignorant of the art—all for the glory, &c.*

PART IV.

The colleges of the Society are governed by Rectors and their assistants.

If the revenues are insufficient for the support of all the functionaries, alms may be begged, even from door to door, if necessary.

After prescribing the species of devotional exercises to be administered to the scholastici, their studies are enumerated. The languages, logic, natural and moral philosophy, metaphysics, theology, and the Scriptures, enter into the prescribed course ; the time allotted for each being unlimited, and dependent on the judgment of the Rector after examination.

The scholars may be trained in all these faculties ; but, as they cannot excel in all, each must be made to excel in some one or other of them, according to his age, genius, inclination, and previous acquirements.

In the books of heathen writers, nothing must be read that can offend decency. They must be expurgated ; and

many more such officials were or are in the English province, I cannot state. Alluding to the time when the Society numbered all manner of workmen among her temporal coadjutors, I asked a Jesuit at Stonyhurst, if anything of the kind existed at the time in question ; he said, “ *Not as yet.*”

It would be a curious inquiry to find out, how poor ignorant operatives are *made acquainted with the fact* that the Society is open to them also? But, in point of fact, “ *licite et cum merito moveri*” possum !

* Part 3, c. 2.

the Society will "use the remnants as the spoils of Egypt."*

The books written by Christians, although good in themselves, are not to be read if the author be a suspected character, lest there should result a partiality for the author. In every department, such books as may or may not be read, must be determined by the authorities.

All impediments to study must be removed, whether resulting from devotional practices, or mortifications indulged in to excess, or unseasonably.

There must be a library common to all; but its key must be confided to those whom the Rector may consider trustworthy, and each student is to have what books are necessary.

Assiduity in the classes, repetitions of what they have learned, the solution of difficulties that result, public disputations, private conferences—all these train the Jesuit mind, and give it that perfection which induced the philosopher to exclaim—"Talis, quum sis, utinàm noster esses!"† This enthusiastic admiration of Jesuit *art*, in so great a man, must be excused, if not shared, by all; and we have only to lament—sadly to regret—that our admiration, as well as that of the philosopher, must be confined to the "*application and ability of those masters in cultivating the minds and forming the morals of the young.*"

The Latin language is to be commonly spoken, and perfection in style is to be acquired by diligent practice.

Emulation must be excited by competition; two students being opposed to each other by a pious challenge.‡

* Ut spoliis Ægypti Societas uti poterit.

† BACON, quoting the words of Agesilaus to Pharnabazus.—De dign. and Augm. Scient.

‡ Sanctâ emulatione se invicem provocent.

A specimen of their composition may be sent to the Provincial or the General; and an additional impulse is given to emulation by the fact, made known to every student, that he will be examined in all his studies at their conclusion.

Public schools, for general education, may be opened.

In these, instruction in Christian doctrine must be attended to; monthly confessions enjoined; and corporal correction must not be wanting when necessary, but not to be inflicted by a Jesuit. There should be a public corrector: if one cannot be had, some means of castigation must be devised, either administered by one of the scholars themselves, or in some other convenient manner.

For these spiritual services the Jesuits should receive no pay, according to the Constitutions; should receive no temporal reward; they give freely what they have freely received—*dare gratis quæ gratis accepimus*; but an endowment is permitted for the support of those who are employed in the various offices of the college.

The Rectors of colleges are appointed by the General, or by those to whom he delegates the appointment. They may be deprived of office by the General, but are absolute whilst in command. The Rector is aided in his duties by a minister or vice-rector; and minor officials march in the train of obedience—each with his meritorious contribution to the common fund of philosophical comfort and spiritual perfection.

The Society may undertake the direction of universities, where, besides the humanity studies, theology, and philosophy, Arabic, Chaldaic, Hindostanee, and the Turkish language may be taught; indeed these languages are to be taught in the colleges, when the future “apostles” are being prepared for their arduous mission among the Gentiles.

Logic, physics, metaphysics, and mathematics must also be taught, but only so far as the scope of the Society admits.

The course for a master of arts occupies three years and a half; for divinity, six. Strictness in the examination for the degree is enjoined; and ambition is held in check by the uncertainty that exists as to the position to which a successful candidate may be promoted.

The fourth part concludes with a minute assignation of all the officials in the universities—evidencing considerable tact and discretion, as usual—not forgetting the standing motto* of the Jesuits, which palls upon the ear like the sound of a musical string struck as you turn the screw in *tuning*—till it snaps and makes your blood run cold. The “*Ratio Studiorum*” and “*Ars Discendi*” of the Jesuits exhibit an admirable course of studies, adapted to every capacity by its easy and smooth development, and calculated to bring forth every hidden gift which nature conceals so often—apparently apprehensive of that tendency to abuse the gifts of Heaven, to which the human will is exposed.

The limits of this work will not permit me to give an analysis of the Jesuit method. The task would have been equally pleasant and easy; since the method was fully carried out at the college where the author was educated—a *secular* college, but originally organized by some English Jesuits, as I was informed at Stonyhurst. Indeed, my memory now brings to mind very many rules and regulations, which point to the Jesuit system as their source.

The main characteristics of the Jesuit system of education are, regularity, adaptation of the subjects to the student's capacity; frequent repetitions;—and perhaps

* For the greater glory, &c.

the most important—due time is given for each department to be *studied exclusively*, such as a year, two years, three years or more, for each. A student of common capacity, who has to ascend regularly from the lowest to the highest school, would require *sixteen* years for the course! I believe the system to be a good one, but the time required will never permit it to be more than partially applied by those who agree with Bacon—unless *time* is no object in the end proposed.

Each pupil has his *pedagogue*, or tutor, who prepares him for the classes by explaining all his difficulties, whilst the pupil construes the classics: thus, he first learns the portion to be construed; secondly, he reads it to his tutor; thirdly, to the master; fourthly, he should read it over to himself afterwards; fifthly, he will be examined at the end of the quarter in all that he reads; sixthly, likewise at the end of the year. Truly this is enough to weld knowledge to the brain, however adamantine it may be by nature!

PART V.

The fifth part treats of the qualifications requisite in the professed members. Considerable progress in learning and the prescribed essentials of a perfect Jesuit, are the introductions to this distinction—I mean the permission to take the fourth vow—the vow that admits the favoured member to his position in the body of the hydra.

PART VI.

This section treats more at large respecting the nature, extent, and motives of obedience; reverence to superiors; manifestation of conscience by every member, once a year, to the local Superior; and inculcates unlimited confidence in his judgment in all things—since “he holds the place

of Christ himself in regard of those who are beneath him by holy obedience."

It also treats of Poverty—"the firm wall of the order." No innovation is to be made in the thorough, perfect interpretation of this vow: to which effect a promise is required from the professed.

The professed must live on alms in their houses; and no one must try to induce persons to leave endowments to the houses or churches of the Society: the pious gift must flow, as by inspiration, or by a natural syphon, from the heart of charity.

The injunction to receive no stipend for any service is again most solemnly given: indeed, from the numerous repetitions to this effect in the constitutions, one can scarcely imagine how the Jesuits could transgress—unless, with "*veterem cecinere querelam,*" they smile, and sleep, and dream the sound away!

To avoid all appearance of avarice, there must be no box in the churches of the Society to receive the offerings of the faithful.

The Jesuits must not accustom themselves to visit the great, unless for pious purposes.

Jesuits cannot succeed to property (*hereditariæ successionis non erunt capaces*). The houses and churches are included in this prohibition; which is intended to preclude "all litigation and disputes."

The Jesuit's dress must be decent, but homely: silks and precious stuffs seem repugnant to poverty, and therefore must not be used.

No Jesuit can submit to be examined before a court of justice, in civil or criminal cases, without special permission of his Superiors; and in certain cases no Superior can grant permission: such as criminal or defamatory cases.

PART VII.

The Missions of the Society are now under consideration. The whole earth is open to the Jesuit. At the word of command from the Pope or the General, he is ready for every fate: to share the luxury of kings, whose "conscience" he must govern; or to be devoured by cannibals who prefer his flesh to the spirit of his religion.

The General sends out his missionaries whithersoever he pleases; and must select them according to the qualifications required by the circumstances in which they will be placed. The strong and healthy, the trustworthy and tried—*probati et securiores*—the discreet and insinuating—*qui discretionis et conversandi gratiam habent*—the well-favoured in person—*cum exteriori specie*—men of genius and peculiar talent, orators and skilful confessors; all must be sent where their respective qualifications are most required, or are likely to reap a plentiful harvest.

The missionaries, being sent in company, must be *contrasted*: the talent of one must co-operate with that of another; or modified effects must result from the union of different natures.

With a very fervid and fiery temper—*ferventi et animoso*—let a more circumspect and cautious spirit be joined: a single missionary should not be sent; and more than two, according to necessity, may be despatched by the General.

The seventh part concludes thus:—He who has talent for the composition of books may compose them; but he must not publish them before the General has seen them and caused them to be examined.

PART VIII.

Exhorts to union and enumerates the means that conduce to that end.

It will be expedient not to admit "a great crowd"—*magnum turbam*—to profession; but only select men: a precaution which is also to be observed with regard to the coadjutors and scholastici.

Prompt, humble, devout obedience, well exhibited in his previous conduct, must accompany the distant missionary; if not, his companion must excel in that virtue by way of a holy check.

A constant correspondence is to be kept up with the Provincial, and all must conduct themselves according to his will.

Obstinacy is to be prevented from causing disunion; either by removal to another scene of action, or by expulsion.

The local Superiors, or Rectors, must write to their Provincial *every week*, if possible; the Provincials and others to the General *every week*, if in the same country; if not, *every month*; and the Provincials must write *every month* to the rectors, and oftener if necessary.

Frequent correspondence among all the members individually and collectively, one with another, tends to edification and the knowledge of those whose occupations are therein contained. The General may distribute copies of the various letters among the provinces; so that all may become acquainted with the matters interesting to all, distant or near.

Every fourth month there must be sent to the Provincials, from the houses and colleges, a catalogue of all the members; succinctly noticing the qualifications of each, *ad clariorem omnium cognitionem*.

A general congregation of the Society is called to deliberate on matters of great moment and difficulty—to elect or to depose a General, if that can ever take place—or for the purpose of dissolving colleges and houses, or a transfer of property. It must be determined by the General; but his assistants, the Provincials and Rectors, can, by a majority of votes dispense with his assent: or rather *he* should then consider the thing meet and justifiable. Only the professed and some of the coadjutors, if expedient, are to attend in a general congregation. For the election of a General, none can vote but the professed; and the General elected must be a professed.

Any underhand attempt to influence a vote by individual ambition, deprives the delinquent of the vote “active and passive;” and whoever does not denounce such conduct, if known, is “excommunicated *latæ sententiæ*.”

The mass of the Holy Ghost is to be celebrated on the day of election. At the sound of the bell, all must proceed to the place of congregation; one of the members delivers an exhortation on the subject: the doors are closed: none can leave, nor have anything by way of support, but bread and water, till the General is elected.

If “the Holy Ghost moves them” to an unanimous election, the object of their choice is the General elect. If not, each elector writes the name of the object of his choice, and his own likewise; the votes are collected, and the election goes by plurality as usual.

When the General is elected all must kneel before him and kiss his hand. The person elected cannot refuse to undertake the function, nor object to the reverence aforesaid: all repeat the *Te Deum laudamus!*

PART IX.

The General is elected for life. His qualifications must be great piety and the spirit of prayer; he must be exemplary in all the virtues; calm in his demeanour, circumspect in words. Magnanimity and fortitude are most essential attributes. He must have extraordinary intellect and judgment; prudence rather than learning; vigilance, solicitude in his duties; moreover his health and external appearance must be satisfactory. He must be middle-aged; and due regard is to be had to the recommendations of nobility, or the wealth and honours that he might have enjoyed in the world.

His power is simply absolute—absolute as to the appointment of officials, the disposal of the temporalities, admission of fresh members to the Society,—absolute in the power of “dispensation.” To the Pope alone is he subservient.

He cannot be deprived of office unless he commits some mortal sins of a delicate nature, and external—*in externum prodeuntia*—or wounds any one, or misapplies the revenues, or becomes heretical.

He has five assistants, corresponding to the great provinces, to aid him in his function.

PART X.

Treats of the means of preserving and increasing the whole body; exhorts to perfect obedience and discipline; forbids any Jesuit to affect any dignity in the church; which he cannot receive without a positive command from the Pope; enjoins the care of health, moderation in mental and bodily labour, and observance of the Constitutions; which all must read every month: at least that portion of them which concerns himself.

Such are the Constitutions of the Society of the Jesuits. The despotic Richelieu termed them a model of administrative policy; but surely *any* form of government can rule men if they can be induced to bind themselves by a vow of perfect obedience, and be kept in awe by penalties similar to that of expulsion from the Society of the Jesuits.

A principal share in the composition of the Constitutions is attributed to LAINEZ. They were written in Spanish and translated by Polancus, the founder's secretary. As the anecdote previously given* intimates, IGNATIUS wished it to be believed that he was inspired in the composition. According to his biographer, "a flame was frequently seen over his head, just as tongues of fire appeared on the heads of the Apostles." Indeed the supernatural visitings that were vouchsafed to Ignatius, as recorded in the various biographies of this remarkable man, are of a nature to make one laugh with horror!

For my part, I look upon the "Spiritual Exercises" of IGNATIUS as a more remarkable work than his "Constitutions." The former effectuate that frame of mind without which the Constitutions would be ineffective. It is the training under their constant influence, that stamps and moulds every Jesuit with unerring precision, as to the various mental qualities which enter into his composition.

But the natural cleverness of the founder is still brilliant in the prominent essentials of his institute.

LUTHER was raising his mighty voice—whose echoes still resound—against the sordid avarice of the hierarchy: priests and prelates. IGNATIUS stipulated for *no pay* to his troops, however important might be their functions. Again the monks were out of date, if not contemptible;

* Page 194.

but Ignatius soon convinced the cardinals that **nothing** was further from his intention than to institute an order of monks: his Jesuits would wear the dress of ordinary ecclesiastics or totally conform to that of the people among whom they lived. Here was another “capital idea;” and of wonderful use in after times.

Thirdly, there was to be no public rehearsal or chaunting of the Breviary among the Jesuits—no canonical hours: the Jesuits must be here, there, and everywhere. This was a bold innovation; but it took place in the age of LUTHER, and was, I repeat, a capital idea.

Fourthly, the Jesuits were placed under the immediate protection and patronage of the Pope. The servants had but to serve faithfully and the master would be kind—and he *was* kind to an astounding extent, as we shall presently see. So much for the sagacity of this first Jesuit, as to outward matters. Look within: see how he thumb-screws the novice, and yet preserves the integrity of the man—whatever that may be; for it must be evident, from “the Novitiate,” and the analysis of the Spiritual Exercises, that every passion of our nature is therein appealed to and roused to the fiercest excitement to be hereafter applied by the Society. Meanwhile the charms of Holy Obedience woo and win the destined Jesuit by all the allurements of bodily comfort, or glorious peril; in the bosom of friends, or in the wilds of the savage. But that manifestation of conscience and declaration of each other’s faults; how they tend to exact discipline in the letter of the law! Or if the Jesuit indulges his corrupt nature, how strong must be his motives to imitate the cunning Spartan, who was permitted “to carry off things by surprise,” but severely punished if detected!

Ignatius *isolated* his Society, and thus made it strong

by union. The Jesuits were not to receive any ecclesiastical dignity unless imperative circumstances made the step *expedient*; as when the common cause* would be decidedly advanced—as in the case of BELLARMINO.

The grand merit of the Constitutions is, that they lay a foundation round about the “hanging garden” of the Spiritual Exercises; and sustain the props thereof; like the Banian tree, always striking in new roots and striking out new branches. Herein is the focus of my admiration of this wonderful Spaniard. He may never have guessed, imagined, or foreseen that the voluntary beggars of his order would rise to the right hand of princes and sway the destinies of nations. Nevertheless he laid such a foundation, that any superstructure, whatever might be its magnitude, could be raised thereon. He was a shrewd man, and yet highly imaginative: a calculator, and yet no gambler. Another LYCURGUS he was: but a Lycurgus of a deeper mould and higher powers. He was a man of one idea: “too much learning had not made him mad.” His was a Spanish will; which means a haughty, indomitable will—that would have bridged the Red Sea if the waters had not parted—“If by ordinary means I cannot succeed,” said he once, “*I will sell myself* rather than disband my German phalanx!” His mind was endowed with the cunning of the fox, the constructiveness of the spider, and its patience withal, the sagacity of the elephant, and the cool, sound common-sense of—*Oliver Cromwell*. IGNATIUS was no fanatic, no more than CROMWELL; but both knew how to make and manage fanatics to serve a purpose.

IGNATIUS made his religion the basis of his commonwealth: thus he gained the appeal to a motive as omnipotent as it is inexplicable. He made talents of the

* *Quasi, Ad majorem Dei gloriam!*

highest order its ramparts and defence. Aware that universality of talent is in general too diffuse for effective operation, the Jesuit seized the salient point—the peculiar talent—and fortified it by a well-directed and exclusive exercise. As a mechanic has a lever for one movement, a screw for another, a wedge for a third; so had he an orator for one enterprise, a statesman for another, a philosopher for a third, and a gentleman—a man of the world—for all. Such an institution could not fail to be successful; and its success, to a superficial observer, would appear the result of mere intrigue or divine interposition—“so wisely did they charm”—whereas it was the necessary consequence of genius (which is power) acting against dulness (which is weakness) in the midst of circumstances that favoured its success: nor was *novelty* the least important of secondary aids.

Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Enisus, arces attingit igneas!

The Pope of Rome, the kings of the earth bethought themselves that such men would be valuable friends to them in subduing the masses; at that time set in commotion by the ardent breathings of Liberty, civil and religious. The advent of this spirit then for the *second* time born again, was heralded to the universe by the trumpet-note of Luther; who was goaded to the onslaught by unjust contempt in the first instance, and by subsequent persecution.

And the kings of the earth made friends with these men—gave them their hands—and with their hands, *full* purses—and for a time they worked together in amity.

The Pope of Rome set the example; and with few exceptions the Jesuits served him well; faithfully to the end. Doubtless it was their interest to “keep in” with the arbiter of their fate; still it was surely the “unkind-

est cut of all" when that mighty Bull drove his horns into them! But he *was* the *last* to worry them—like the ass-kicking the decrepit lion almost defunct—and that *was* some consolation!

What were the favours lavished upon them by the Popes?

Herein, I apprehend, is the key to the history of the Jesuits: I mean the *privileges* granted to them by successive Popes; for a permission to do, in this matter at least, points to the deed—particularly if facts of history stand recorded in the colours to match. Before answering the question, let us see what *progress* the Jesuits made in their early career.

At his death in 1556—sixteen years after the establishment of the Society—Ignatius was bewailed by upwards of a thousand Jesuits, in twelve flourishing provinces.

XAVIER—like Alexander the Great in rapidity and duration of conquest—had overrun the continent of India—numbering the suddenly made captives to his Christianity by thousands and tens of thousands: the times of the Apostles were come again—to *all appearance*. From his strong-hold of Goa to Cape Comorin, his progress was the "triumph of the faith." "In the space of one month, as he himself informs us, he baptized with his own hand, ten thousand souls"—about four hundred a day!
 . . . "Here the Saint seems to have received the gift of tongues for the first time; here he wrought many miracles; he restored the sick instantaneously to health, and raised four from death to life, as is juridically proved."*

Japan, Africa, America, the isles of the sea,—every nook of earth became familiar with "the greater glory of God." The golden age of the church was restored—

* Reeve's Hist. of the (Roman) Church, p. 461.

Heaven compensated Rome for her eternal and temporal losses!

This was magnificent! And the Jesuits were the divine instruments of this bewildering crusade—this metamorphosis that eclipses the wildest of Ovid.

How could the REFORMATION escape? For every *one* heretic that the apostate Luther made, a thousand savages leaped into the church, and made the sign of the cross with holy water:—*the Jesuits taught them.*

By “a wonderful and inscrutable ordination of Providence,” these men were no less triumphant in Europe: all vied to do them honour—the rich, the great, the noble knocked at their gates, humbly begging to be admitted into the Society of Jesus—in its glorious entrance into the Holy city, whilst all men were shouting Hosannah! Hosannah to the sons of David! FRANCIS BORGIA, duke of Gandia, became a Jesuit: it was he who afterwards said; “Like lambs have we crept into power, like wolves have we used it, like dogs shall we be driven out—but like eagles shall we renew our youth.” He was a General; and, like Ignatius, was canonised—sainted by the Pope, to gratify his favourite children, the Jesuits: the usual number of miracles were duly attested.

Germany, Bavaria, Austria received the Jesuits with open arms; privileges and foundations dropped upon them like the golden shower of Jove.

In controversy dexterous, if not always triumphant, they fascinated by their well-composed exterior, and charmed by their eloquence. They fulfilled the object of the Pope, and did some service in checking the spread of the Reformation.

LAINÉZ, the successor of IGNATIUS—more learned than the latter, if not equally astute—gave a greater development to the system: expanded the hand that the one idea

of Ignatius closed and shut alternately as occasion suited : the sciences began to flourish in the virgin soil of the Society. The church had been accused of fostering ignorance ; the Jesuits disproved the charge : they opened schools to all the world.

AQUAVIVA confirmed and promoted this expedient measure. Mild and affectionate to their pupils, and yet learned in all things human and divine, the Jesuits captivated the hearts of their youth,—delighted the ears of all who came within the influence of their magic. Prizes, marks of honour, gymnastic exercises, theatrical representations were certainly no longer mere human things ; since they tended to rouse the intellect, give grace to the body, a pleasing address to the whole outward man ; and as such, might surely promote “ the greater glory of God.”

From these public colleges, how easy and successful was the choice of a future historian, mathematician, statesman, orator, man of business, apostle, martyr—in a word, *Jesuit!* Mariana, Bellarmino, Tursellinus—but the catalogue would fill pages—blazed to the world like fire-ships of equivocal destination to the enemies of the Popedom.

At length, in 1618, numbering thirteen thousand one hundred and twelve members, and thirty-two provinces ; having houses in France, the Rhenish provinces, America, China, India, the Moluccas, and Philippines—the Jesuits might be said to have fought their way valiantly to the grand consummation. Four years after, in 1640, the Society celebrated her “ secular year,” or centennial anniversary—“ an infant of a hundred years,” just doubled !

On that occasion VITELLESCHI, the General, addressed to the Fathers and Brothers of the Society a memorable

Epistle. It was an occasion of triumph—a glorious jubilee for all. But prophetic sounds boomed, with the stifled muttering of the muffled horn sounding the dismal reveille in the morning-watch of the camp, when the scouts have announced the enemy at hand.

After feelingly bewailing the tendency of mankind to make all the members of a body responsible for the crimes of a few, he urges the necessity to *act* upon the maxim; quoting the words of Augustin—"What *thou* doest, the *Society* does, on whose account thou doest it, and whose son thou art." With strong words of earnest impeachment—and yet so *cautiously*] that he prefers to quote old dead authors and Scripture, rather than bring a pointed accusation—he insists that the primeval ardour and spirit of the society must be restored.

"Thy youth shall be renewed as the eagle's." On this theme he quotes a curious exposition of Augustin, giving the diagnosis of the eagle's disease; to the effect that there happens to have grown on the tip of the beak of this queen of the birds a stony induration, the upper and lower beak being united by a sort of fleshy tie or membrane, so that they cannot open to feed: hence, says he, she is sorely distressed by the languor of old age, and pines away for the want of food. But, he adds, she is instructed by nature to retrieve her better days; for, striking, and worrying, and rubbing the excrescence of her crooked beak against a stone, she wears away by degrees the morbid obstruction, and at length opens a way for food. Then she sets to, in right good earnest, enjoys her meal; the vigour of all her members return—her feathers shine again; with the rudder of her wings she cleaves the upper air as before; she becomes, after her old age, a young eagle.

Vitelleschi continues:—"I do not deny the truth of

these observations; let the authors whom Augustin reads answer for it. I am satisfied that somehow in this manner, whether by the infirmity of age, or some carelessness on our part, an indescribable mass of affections, curved to the earth, and desires, is gathering on the lips of our hearts—whence, as it were by fleshy curbs,* the mouths of the mind are violently closed, so that they cannot be opened to heaven, and be refreshed by Divine food. The royal prophet lamented the same affliction in a different figure:—‘I am stricken as hay, and my heart is dried up:† behold our languor and old age! But what is the cause? ‘*Because I have forgotten to eat my bread.*’

“But whence can we suspect the cause of our insipidity in Divine things?—our laborious irksomeness in recollection?—in checking the wanderings of our vague imaginings, frequently tending to that direction which is least to be desired, because we have not repressed them when we could? What is that tenacious and entangling love‡ of the lowest objects—the world, honour, parents, and worldly comforts? That greater authority conceded to the rebellious flesh and blood, rather than to the spirit—in *actions*, for I care nothing for *words*—that enervated, exhausted weakness in resisting the petitions of the adversary in our conflicts with the domestic enemy—perhaps not entirely yielding, but still not evidencing that alacrity and exaltation of mind to which the name of victory is given? These are the fruits of tepidity and of a dissolute spirit; which, unless it is raised betimes and warmed anew, is clearly approaching a fall and destruction.”§

* *Carneis lupatis.*

† The reader will remark this forced application of the text.

‡ *Tenax amor et viscatus.*

§ *Epist. 4, Mutii Vitelleschi—Ed. Antwerp. 1665.*

Remissness in the Superiors; the fear of giving offence to the inferiors; too great indulgence, favouritism, self-love, self-interest,* excessive care and solicitude in worldly matters—such are the notes of preparation prophetic of a fall, that Vitelleschi kindly and most cleverly alludes to in this curious epistle; which, he says, to use his own metaphor, “has been ploughed out of his own and inmost heart, and the very blood of his soul—for it would be his last to the Society.”†

The conclusion is strong and urgent:—“I eagerly call all to witness, and proclaim to them that, with Bernard, I expect an answer of your benignity to this Epistle; but an answer of *deeds*, not words.”‡ The letter is dated November the 15th, 1639.

A subsequent Epistle—that of the General Vincent Caraffa—exhorts to a preservation of the primeval spirit of the Society. Caraffa pointedly alludes to infractions of the vow of Poverty, dividing the various delinquents into five classes, and thereby throwing some light on the various animal instincts that prevailed in the Society. He indirectly alludes to the indiscriminate literary pursuits of the Jesuits, as contrary to the spirit of the Society; “for how monstrous will it be to consign the chalice which is dedicated to the altar, to profane uses, following the example of the sacrilegious Balthasar! But the matter is not a little more serious when the mind of a religious man is defiled by the refined knowledge of empty topics.” The following passage is certainly important:—

* *Privatus in seipsum amor cum proprii nominis, et commoditatum acriore studio conjunctus.* It is clear that I have not exaggerated the text.

† *Utique scripta ex peculiari meo et intimo sensu, et animi sanguine exarata.*

‡ *Omnes cum B. Bernardo impatientius obtestor, iisque denuntio expectare me ad hanc Epistolam, benignitatis vestræ responsum; sed responsum facti, non verba.*—*Ibid.* sub fin.

“If you ask me, what it is to read unchaste books; books conceived by the instinct of the evil spirit, composed and published in his own type, to indicate to men the way of destruction, as if it was not already known, and precipitous? [If you ask me this question] you will hear me repeat that it is to drink to the devil in the sacred cup! It is to labour to gratify the devil and afflict God, as far as possible. For, if this proscribed reading of such books prevails in the world, how much more detestable is it in a religious man—in a Jesuit*—in a student of the sacred pages—in one who is appointed for the conversion of souls, and, by the function of his institute, for the defence of the faith! Nor does the excuse avail, namely, the language and eloquence of such books, whose brilliancy some allege as a cause of their reading—to acquire that recommendation.”†

After pointing out the mighty evils that overwhelm the spirit by this practice, and alluding to profane, worldly conversation in general, Caraffa says:—

“Nor can I possibly pass over in silence, that these errors result, in a great measure, by the error of the Superiors.” ‡

That the practice existed, may be evident from the following:—

“I speak particularly to our younger scholars, and I wish this exhortation to penetrate deeply in their minds; but I enjoin the Superiors that if they detect any one (which Heaven forbid!) reading such books, or having them in his possession, let them, without admitting any

* *In homine de Societate.*

† *Nec valet excusatio linguarum et eloquentiæ quarum inde nitorem se petere nonnulli causantur.*

‡ *Nec posse videor tacitus præterire, quæcumque hîc errantur, magnam partem Superiorum errore venire.*

excuse or intercession, send him at once back to the Novitiate, there to imbibe the spirit of religious virtue, which he has not hitherto tasted."

Some pertinent advice follows, such as to refrain from all worldly affairs—"they are not ours—they are foreign:"—*nostra non sunt, aliena sunt.*

"Our Procurators should be more *cautious*; for although they seek what is just, by lawful right, still they seem to seek it with avarice and cupidity;* and exhibit too much avidity that smells of the world."

Nevertheless, I find in the "Instructio pro Procuratore" the following very pertinent language—in reading it, one fancies it is the character of a griping attorney. "The office of Procurator is defined in five heads. 1st, he must preserve the goods and rights of the college. 2ndly. He must take care that the revenues do not decrease, but rather, be augmented. 3rdly. He must exact with the greatest diligence the debts that are owed to the college. 4thly. He must see that the goods and moneys be properly disposed of. 5thly. He must take care to be able to give an account of what he has received or delivered. Whence it is especially evident that to this function would be destined a very prudent, skilful, and faithful man, one who is not engaged in any other occupation which can impede his duty." After this summary, a minute detail is given, most cleverly enumerating all the particulars to which he has to attend in his farming-book—the number of acres, quality of land, products of wheat, wine, olives, fodder, and wood, &c. "He must be present when the products are measured, sown, and collected, and when the vintage takes place, and the olives are pressed; and must not trust too much to the rustics. At the same time, he must get back what

* *Avarè et cupidè videntur petere.*

he has lent to the labourers, and must recover from other debtors at stated times, and must not be too indulgent; for, by conceding a long delay in the payment of debts, it comes to pass at length that they are not paid at all."

And yet, will the reader believe it? this gripping Procurator is, in the three last lines, told to confide in "Divine Providence."*

Caraffa concludes effectively thus:

"I can add nothing more to this Epistle, for *if this be done, it is sufficient—si hoc fiat, sufficit*—to renew the Society, and to restore her to her primitive complexion and health: but I again and again desire that these words should not vanish into the air, but be ratified by deeds and things." To aid them in this object, he strongly recommends "all to renovate and bring to perfection their piety in the worship of the most holy mother of God."†

In 1653, the General Goswin Nickel signalled "with grief" those members who were devising specious arguments for relaxing the vow of Poverty; Decency and Necessity were the pretexts—"names clearly innocent in themselves, and therefore more adapted to deceive." These are the words of Nickel; he says there were six hundred machinations of the devil, whereby they were endeavouring, with all their might, to subvert the vow of Poverty.

"But although this true vanity and pride, under the false name of Decency, may affect all; still they affect much more easily those who perform splendid functions, particularly those who frequent the courts of Princes."

* Inst. pro Adminst. Rer. temp.—Proc.

† Epist. R. P. N. Vincent, CARAFFA.

After alluding to the love of individual comforts—inclination to particular places—he proceeds thus:—

“What shall I say of those who, when they are ordered to remove to another place, carry away so many moveables, that if one may judge the matter by the baggage, you would think that a whole family, not a single man, was migrating! Suppose one of the men of our ancient Society, not as yet acquainted with baggage and effects—were to meet these men thus burthened? PETER FABER, for instance, who returned the precious gifts of a cardinal, saying that he was one of those who carry all their goods with them.”

Extravagance in the purchase of books calls for animadversion; “nor are those to be praised who consign the books which they have bought with the alms of pious men, to another college, and thus defraud the one wherein they happen to dwell.”

Intermeddling in the temporal affairs of their relatives—its sad effects—the difficulty of curing that disease—are feelingly brought forward.

“But what of those who, relinquishing the culture of the Lord’s field, and of their neighbours, turn themselves to the negotiation of worldly affairs!”

Extravagance has been lashed; its opposite vice, avarice, too, has unfortunately “crept in.”

“There are those who honour their hardness of heart and filth (the vice of their nature) with the name of economy and frugality; and whilst they are gripping—*tenaces*—they wish to seem to be lovers of poverty. Hence they hoard up much, lay out little; clutch what they have, and dispense even what is necessary with a sparing hand; and, lest their inferiors should complain, they thrust in their faces everywhere and lament, the penury of the establishment!”*

* Epist. 1, R. P. N. G. Nickel.

Three years after this epistle was written, the same General wrote a desperate and stirring manifesto "to the Fathers and Brothers" respecting "the pernicious provincial and national spirit" which had begun to spread disunion in the Society. I have already quoted* a striking passage from this letter; and will only add that NICKEL justifies the severity of his animadversions by the *numerous letters—non unis literis*—which he had received on the subject, and admits his belief that the complaints and representations were substantially correct.† . Eight years after, NICKEL resigned.

Again I ask what were the privileges conceded, what were the powers confided to these men: these Jesuits, whose characters we have just read by the pen of their own Generals? For though all could not have given cause for the various strictures in question, yet a considerable number, if not a large majority, must have been obnoxious to the charges; since a General's epistle was considered necessary on the subject, and was couched in the strong terms we have read: though tender and cautious in vituperation.

What are these privileges? Some are held in common with other Orders, some are peculiar to the Society. All are granted by the different Popes who cherished the sons of Loyola.

The Jesuits might absolve sinners from any and every crime—from all ecclesiastical censures, pains, and penalties, with only one or two exceptions.‡

Alexander VI. permitted the General and Provincials to absolve all Jesuits who, living in the world, might

* Page 119.

† *Ego quoque subesse aliquid, idque non levis momenti, tot querelis, scriptiouibusque suspicer.*—Epist. 2, Gos. Nickel.

‡ Com. Priv. Absol.

incur an ecclesiastical censure *propter delationem ligaminum, seu ferramentorum ad partes infidelium*. This privilege was afterwards extended to all the Superiors and other confessors of the Society.

The Jesuits may build churches, chapels, houses, &c., anywhere and everywhere; and no one is to molest them in the undertaking. They may sell, exchange, or otherwise transfer all their property, moveable and immovable, present and to come—*pro illorum utilitate seu necessitate*, to any persons, of every rank and condition—in other words, might *trade, traffic, barter, or sell*.*

The power of excommunicating those who might presume to leave the Society, has been mentioned.

There is no appeal from the correction of the Society.

Powers hitherto confined to bishops—such as the solemn consecration of churches, vestments, &c. were conceded to the Jesuits.

Whoever seized the goods or money of the Society—or belonging to persons thereof—whether colleges or houses—unless restoration be made in three days, incurred the penalty of excommunication.

All the “merits” of all other religious orders in all regions of the world, resulting from fasting and other spiritual good works, are shared *suo jure* by the Jesuits.

The Jesuits may commute or compound all vows—may “relax” each other’s oaths, without the prejudice of a third party! *Juramenta sine prejudicio tertii, relaxare possunt nostri*.

They may impose censures, penalties, even pecuniary fines on all who rebelled against them, or otherwise offended, when constituted judges and conservators:

* This is one of the most explicit of the Privilegia. See *Compendium Privilegiorum, Alienatio*, § 2.

they might even place a country under an "interdict" or minor excommunication.

The General and Provincials can grant a dispensation to Jesuits (*Nostris sibi subditis*) in the irregularity incurred by *homicide*—provided such homicides are not certain that they actually killed, &c. Again, the General *in foro conscientia*, can dispense with persons of our Society in all irregularity, even in those cases, which are reserved to the Pope—namely, "in the case of *death*, cutting of the limbs, and great effusion of blood, provided any of these cases be not *notorious*: and this, on account of the *scandal*!"

I omit other convenient and comfortable dispensations which the Jesuits can grant in favour of the tender passions.* They can or could dispense with the prohibition of eating meat on certain days, fasting, &c., when they thought proper, either with or without the advice of a physician.

According to Escobar, "a dispensation is an act of jurisdiction whereby any one is exempted from the obligation of a law, or by which the obligation of a law is suspended."

They and their lands and tenements are exempted from paying all taxes, even the papal tithes.

The Jesuits might postpone the mass without scruple: of course, for "just reasons"; they might also, in like manner, compensate for any part of the divine office omitted, by repeating the Pater Noster or Ave Maria.

Immunity was granted to all who took refuge in their churches; and all persons were prohibited from laying

* *Possunt nostri Confessarii, si sint verè docti, &c.; dispensare in foro conscientia ad petendum debitum cum iis, qui consanguineum aut consanguineam sui conjugis, post matrimonium, carnaliter cognoverunt. Privileg. Dispens. 8, See 9 and 10.*

hands on such fugitives, under penalty of excommunication. In the word churches, says the Privilege, are included colleges, houses, gardens, offices, all places.

Numerous indulgences were granted to the Jesuits for the performance of the most trivial actions: also to the fathers and mothers of the Jesuits, were they even in Purgatory, in *Purgatorio existentes*.

Under penalty of excommunication all are forbidden to impugn the "Constitutions," &c.

Even during the time of an Interdict, the Jesuits could open their doors, say mass, hear confessions, &c.

The Jesuits might practice medicine, provided they did not perform operations.

Such are a few of the privileges of the Society. The Jesuits possessed the power of bishops in most matters; they were omnipotent in the confessional. We will now consider their *casuists*.

Did the Jesuits ever teach or touch suspicious topics of morality, or topics of suspicious morality?

As far back as 1612, AQUAVIVA deemed it necessary to issue three stringent mandates "in virtue of Holy Obedience, and under penalty of excommunication," against any members who should inculcate lax morality respecting the vow of obedience, the vow of chastity—and respecting the murder of tyrants, kings, and princes.*

In 1614, the same General issued a similar mandate against the publication of any work in which the last named topic was discussed — *unless* first approved of at Rome, and acknowledged.†

The Fifth Congregation, "in Virtue of Holy Obedience," forbids all Jesuits to intermeddle in the affairs of Princes, on any account whatever.‡

* *Censuræ Collectæ* in Congreg. VIII.

† *Epist. C. Aquav.* 2 Aug. 1614.

‡ *V. Congreg. Can.* 12, Dec. 47 and 49.

In 1651, Piccolomini sent forth his *Ordinatio* respecting the questions that might and might not be mooted by Jesuits. In the introduction to this mandate, he says :

“ There are not wanting serious complaints from the various Provinces, respecting certain teachers of Philosophy and Divinity, both in the eighth and ninth Congregation.”*

A list of permitted and forbidden topics is subjoined—all curiously illustrative, of “ the activity of the Jesuit mind,” at that period—mere trifles and momentous questions following each other in admirable confusion: the diurnal motion of the earth, and the motion of the planets being among the *proscribed* topics. The “ hypothesis” had not yet become a “ theory.”

Six “ other propositions” are superadded—“ not that he believes any member of the Society has taught them—but because they have been *brought forward by the deputies.*” The first proposition is the following :

“ God is the cause of sin.”

All the other five propositions refer to the attributes of the Divinity. The General continues :

“ However, we do not at all censure all the aforesaid propositions ; but we only forbid them to be taught in our schools—for the sake of greater uniformity, and more solid and copious fruit in the hearers : nor should the authority of any authors be alleged, if perchance any of these propositions be found in their works, or in the books already published by our men, even with some approbation—for it were to be wished that *many of the Revisors had been more diligent and severe.*”†

It follows from what we have read, that the conscientious or more *prudent* members of the Society were

* *Ordinatio pro Studiis, super.*

† *Ibid. ut antea.*

em graciously, and permitted those among them who are not priests to be immediately ordained.

War having been declared against the Turks by the Venetians, their pilgrimage, it is said, was rendered impracticable. It was at this time, and whilst the band remained at Vicenza, that Ignatius enjoined his companions call themselves "the Society of Jesus"—"because they were to fight against heresies and vice under the standard of Christ."

From this place he set out for Rome. On the journey, whilst in prayer, he saw the Eternal Father presenting him (Ignatius) to His Son; and he saw Jesus Christ bearing a heavy cross—who, after having received him (Ignatius) from His Father, said these words to him: *I all be propitious to you at Rome.*

He related this vision to his companions, in order to fortify them against any contrarieties that might stand in their way.

"This vision," says Bouhours, "is one of the most remarkable that St. Ignatius ever had; and it is so well attested, that it admits not of a doubt." It is a striking, awful—I had almost said hideous fact—that this presumptuous mortal, referring to this (his vision) actually wrote these words: "When the Eternal Father placed me with His Son!"*

Again was Ignatius well received at Rome. All his companions soon followed at his command; and he proposed to them his design, and motives, of forming themselves into a religious order. They agreed.

Three cardinals were appointed by the Pope to examine the merits of the application made by Ignatius: they at

* Quando el Padre Eterno me puso con su Hijo. Bouhours trans-
es puso into associa ou mit.—Vie d' Ignace, l. III.

first opposed it, but afterwards changed their opinion: it is said, "on a sudden." One of them avowed that the order seemed necessary to remedy the evils of Christendom, and arrest the progress of heresy then spreading all over Europe. Possibly the disinterestedness of the promise to serve his Holiness with desperate devotion, and without the expectation of any pecuniary support, had considerable influence in the determination that followed—the Jesuits would be "a cheap defence" of the Papacy. Paul III. confirmed the Institute of Ignatius, by a Bull, dated September the 27th, 1540. The number of the professed was at first limited to sixty; but the restriction was taken off two years after by another bull—the scheme having proved eminently successful.*

II.

THE SOCIETY—ITS CONSTITUTIONS—PROGRESS.

The Society being established, IGNATIUS deemed it necessary to begin with electing a commander-in-chief—or general; for he would not resign his martial notions: they might certainly be sanctified—rendered innocuous. With this view he summoned his little troop to Rome—not all, for some of his men were already at important posts. True to its subsequent history, the Society was

* For all the facts recorded in this Section, see *Statutum Societatis S. Ignace*, and Butler's *Life of the saint*, July 25.

† All the facts stated in this Section are from *Statutum Societatis*, quoting Jesuit historians. This general quotation is deemed advisable in order not to encumber the text with references.

seriously alarmed by the extravagance of opinions that had begun to characterise the Jesuits.

The Jesuits are fond of quoting *Voltaire* in their defence. The authority is suspicious : it has just about as much weight in the question as the authority of Jack Sheppard would have when quoted by a highwayman in his own defence. In a letter which *Voltaire* wrote to a Reverend Father, alluding with considerable pungency to the Provincial Letters of Pascal, he says :

“ *De bonne foi*, is it by the ingenious satire of the Provincial Letters that we should judge of the morality of the Jesuits? Assuredly, it is by Father BOURDALOUE, by Father CHEMINAIS, by their other preachers, by their missionaries.”*

I would agree with *Voltaire*, if I could permit myself the mental reservation, *subintelligendo*, as to the public morality of the Jesuits.

Was it at all likely that a public preacher would dare to hold forth, in the pulpit, such doctrine as Escobar, Hurtado, Salas, Busembaum, &c., infused into the young confessors of the Society for inculcation in the *confessional*?

Herein is the terrible peculiarity of this Society; that its moral needle, turning on the pivot of expediency, points to Heaven and Hell, as steadily as the magnetic needle points to the north and south.

It is the *good* inextricably blended with the *evil* that stamps the Jesuit system with its unenviable originality.

Again, if the men whose immoral opinions and permissions I am about to unfold, had been *profligate* in their outward conduct, we might be disposed to overlook the attempt to corrupt; thus rendered, comparatively, impotent by the acknowledged character of the authors.

* Lettre de Volt., au Père La Tour.

But the case is different. The Jesuit casuists were men of "character" in the Society: ESCOBAR died an "exemplary" member of the Society of Jesus!

What reason could an "exemplary" teacher have for inculcating "rather lax opinions"? He shall tell you himself.

"But if I often seem to adhere to rather lax opinions, that is not to define what I think myself, but to put forth what the learned shall be able to apply practically, without a scruple, whenever it shall seem *expedient* to quiet the minds of their penitents."*

Another question—what proof have we that others before him inculcated these "rather lax opinions"?

Again he shall answer:

"This I candidly declare that I have written nothing in the whole book that I have not received from some *Doctor of the Society of Jesus*."

Consequently his book has the "Faculty, Approbation, Licence, Consent, and Permission of the respective functionaries, and professes to be an exposition of the opinions, in cases of conscience or casuistry, of *twenty* doctors of the Society, for the instruction of young confessors—in Questions and Answers. A question is proposed:

"Q. Is it lawful to ask an oath from the man who, I fear, will swear falsely?"

"A. It is lawful, provided he is not *asked* to swear falsely; and there is a just cause for asking the oath, such as necessity, such as utility; because I am not held to

* *Quod si sæpe videor me laxioribus opinionibus adherescere, id certè non est definire quod sentio, sed exponere quid sine conscientie læsione Docti poterunt, cùm eis visum fuerit expedire, ad sedandas penitentium animas, ad praxin adducere—Escobar y Mendoza, Lib. Theol. Moral. 8o. Lugd. 1659. The quotation is from the preface. The book is in the Library of the British Museum, Press Mark, 848 c.*

abstain from asking the performance of an action (with serious loss) [to myself], which *action* any one may do either well or ill"*—*bene et male*; that is indifferently, as far as the mere *action* is concerned.

"Q. Is it lawful for a man who takes an oath, to make use of amphibology or equivocation; namely, uttering an oath which is understood by the persons present, in the common sense of the words, in which, however, the swearer *sub-understands* something different?

"A. Sanchez replies in the *affirmative*—Sum. tom i. lib. 3, c. 6, n. 15. I (ESCOBAR) *confirm the opinion with practical examples*. Being interrogated by a Judge, on oath, if you have killed Francis; if you have killed him in your own defence, you can deny it, *sub-understanding as to criminal homicide*. Less. l. 2. Dub. 9, n. 47. If it is a *probable opinion*, that the tax imposed on anything is unjust, and therefore a tradesman compensates himself by using false weights, or in any other way:—being afterwards interrogated by the Judge, he can deny the whole with an oath—*sub-understanding that he has acted unjustly*. Sanch. Sum. tom i. lib. 3, cap. 6, n. 29. A priest being interrogated, having heard a sin in confession, can answer, even adding an oath if necessary, that he has heard nothing of the sort—*sub-understanding, as a private individual*. You have concealed some necessary effects, lest they be taken by your creditor, and you may be compelled to beg your bread:—when interrogated by the Judge, you can swear that you have nothing concealed—*sub-understanding what you are bound to bring forth*. A man may swear to a robber that he will give him his money, without intending to give it; using this *mental reservation*, I will give it if I am bound. A guilty wife, being asked by her husband if she has sinned against

* Escobar, Theol. Mor. Exam. 3, c. 3.

him,* may swear *negatively* ; conceiving in her mind a different day to the one on which she committed the crime. Coming from a place which is falsely believed to be infected with pestilence, when interrogated you can swear that you have not come from that place—*sub-understanding, as from a place of pestilence.* Omnia ex Sanchez et aliis.†

“ Q. Is it lawful for a man belonging to an Order (*Religioso*) to kill a calumniator who is spreading serious accusations (*crimina*) against his Order, just as it is lawful to any one, in defence of his honour, to kill with management, *cum moderamine interimere* ?

“ A. *Father Amicus* (whose eight volumes, *De Cursu Theologico*, have just come to hand), tom. 5 de Just. d. 36. sec. 7. n. 118, does not dare to adhere to the affirmative opinion, lest he may seem to go against the common one. Nevertheless he thus strengthens it by argument. If, says he, this is lawful to a layman, on account of his honour and fame, it seems much more lawful to a clergyman and a man of any Order (*Religioso*) ; inasmuch as the profession, learning, and virtue, whence the honour of a clergyman and a member of a religious body is produced, are superior to the dexterity of arms, whence

* *Adultera rogata a marito, an admiserit adulterium.*

† *Esch. Theol. Moral. Tract I.* By a curious coincidence, I find this last “ practical example ” used by Garnet, the English Jesuit, of gunpowder-plot notoriety, in a paper dated 20th March, 1605-6 : it is given as an illustration in the same vein as that of Escobar, but is supposed to have been written by Francis Gresham. “ Let us suppose,” says he, “ that I have lately left London, where the plague is raging : and, on arriving at Coventry, I am asked before I can be admitted into the town, whether I come from London, and am perhaps required to swear that I do not : it would be lawful for me (being assured that I bring no infection) to swear in such a case that I did not come from London ; for I put the case, &c. &c.”

See *Criminal Trials*, vol. ii. p. 316.

worldly honour arises. Then, again, it is lawful for clergymen and members of a religious Order, to kill a thief, in defence of their property (*facultatum*), if no other means of defence are at hand; therefore it is lawful also in defence of their honour.*

“ Q. A nobleman is on the point of being slapped or cudgelled by any one:—will it be lawful for him to kill the aggressor before the act ?

“ A. Lessius answers in the affirmative, Lib. 2. cap. 9. Dub. 12. n. 77., because it is the greatest disgrace in some regions to suffer slaps and cudgellings to remain unavenged. However, I limit the sentence to *noblemen*—for slaps and cudgellings are not disgraceful to plebeians.†

“ In fine, if a nobleman at court, or a military man in the camp, being challenged (*provocatus*) should stand, merely on his own defence, with the hope of coming best off, *cum spe praevalendi*—if he will be deprived of his dignity, office, or favour of his prince on account of the suspicion of cowardice,—Layman does not dare to condemn the man — Laym. l. 3. t. 3. p. 3. c. 3. — the same man is excused by Hurtius, Lessius, Filliucius, Navarrez. Hence, even others say, for instance, Sanchez, 2. Mor. c. 22., and others, that it is lawful to kill the man who is plotting by false accusation or testimony, &c., to a judge, such things whereby you are sure to be killed, or mutilated; or even (others concede this with more difficulty), to lose your temporal goods, honour, &c.; because it is not an attack then, but a just defence; it being settled, that you are certain of the injury intended, and cannot escape by other means. But Lessius, Filliucius and Layman dare not defend this sentence, on account of the *danger of great abuses!*‡

* Exam. vii. n. 45.

† Tract I. Exam. vii.

‡ Escob. De Duello—Tract I.

“ Can a nobleman accept a challenge, *duellum*, in defence of his honour, *nobilitatis*? He can. The reason is because in such a case the acceptance of the challenge to defend his honour, is the only means.*

“ Q. What is a probable conscience ?

“ A. That, which embraces a judgment from a probable opinion. That is called a probable opinion which depends on reasons of some importance. Hence, sometimes, one doctor alone, of very grave authority, can effect a probable opinion ; for a man especially given to learning would not adhere to any opinion, unless induced by the force of a great and sufficient reason.

“ Q. Is it lawful to follow a probable opinion—leaving a more probable one ?

“ A. It is lawful, yea, and safe ; provided no danger impends, to avoid which, prudence, or justice, or charity may dictate that the opposite opinion is to be chosen.

“ Q. Can I accommodate myself to the probable opinion of others, leaving my own which is more probable and safer ?

“ A. Yes, evidently ; nor would I, in the action, act against conscience ; provided, I think, that the other opinion which I follow is probable.”†

In fact, it is the *intention* that is to distinguish the action—*intentio enim discernit actionem*.‡ You have but to impress your mind with the idea that you wish to “ fulfil all justice,” and then break the commandments—you may “ believe like angels, and sin like devils!”§

In fact, perjury, as the reader has seen, duelling,

* Escob. De Duello—Tract I. § 12.

† Escobar, De Conscientiâ—Theol. Moral. sub init.

‡ Filliuc. Tract xv. c. 11, n. 331.

§ I heard that phrase applied to the Irish, when I was a child. It was uttered as a quotation.

fraud, falsehood in all its ramifications,* murder and violence,—these are the crimes which I see permitted by the casuists of the Society which calls itself of ——— I will not blaspheme that adorable name by recording it in juxtaposition with these atrocities!

Other misdemeanours I see permitted in like manner—too foul to translate—disgusting beyond endurance! In reading the passages, I knew not whether to wonder more at the astonishing *physiological* inquiries which the authors must have made, than at the shameless effrontery with which the immundities are minutely detailed.†

Other most pernicious inculcations might be adduced.

And yet ESCOBAR says in his preface, that he has not maintained a single proposition which cannot be confirmed by the “gravest doctors” out of the Society‡—thus involving all Romanism in the mire of this demoniac morality!

How far ESCOBAR could have made good his boast, I leave others to determine; but I do not believe that any other casuists ever equalled the Jesuits in confessional levity, *when it was expedient, cum eis visum fuerit expedire.*

Much of this immorality is to be ascribed to the practice of sacramental confession; for, when the conscientious conviction of simple right and wrong is deemed in-

* Vide Vincent. Filliucii, Tract xxv. c. 11, n. 331. (Edit. Lug. 1634.) *Questiones Morales*—in the Library of the B. Museum—press mark, 7⁹⁰ m.

† See Azor. Institut. Moral., Lug. 1613, Part iii. l. 3, c. 11 D. Item, c. 21. Item, c. 31.—See Busembaum, *Medulla Theol. Moral. Pat.* 1729—Lib. iii. Tract iv. c. 3.—See Dubium iv. § 3.—See Escobar *De Luxuriâ*, Exam. 8.—See Tract i, § 67. *Et alibi.*

‡ Nullam enim propositionem quæ non possit gravissimis extra Societatem Doctoribus confirmari.

sufficient to determine guilt, the specious, interested distinctions of man run riot in the darkened chambers of the heart's desires.

The royal road of right and wrong is cut up into a thousand intersecting by-paths, and the tyrant-will of the usurper who sits in the confessional, permits or forbids the deluded creature of the God whose right he has usurped, to luxuriate or not in those perilous by-ways, just as his own heart whispers—by weakness urged, or by the moment's whim determined!

THE SOCIETY—ITS DECLINE AND FALL.

Here let us recapitulate. Ere we contemplate effects, let us estimate causes—causes efficient, working to a desperate end!

In the Novitiate we have seen how the man is put in possession of himself—we have examined the Constitutions and their mistress, the Spiritual Exercises—we have penetrated into the character of the Founder—glanced at the state of the world at the time of his speculation—witnessed its success in every region of the globe—weighed some of the *privileges* entrusted to them, and found them heavy.

“For the greater glory of God” was the loudly-proclaimed motto in that bewildering, bewitching first scene of Act the first. We have done justice to the performers—we have bestowed upon their efforts due applause—and, *then*, we quietly listened to the Generals, the heads of the

Society, cautiously, but severely, lashing the characters of his own troops, now become as it were desperate free-booters!

In this conjuncture, an exclamation escaped us, “There were then *some* honest men among the Jesuits!”

And yet, observe the bent of these animadversions: it is not so much the interests of religion, the cause of God, that will suffer from this prevarication—but the good odour of the Society—its influence—power! Listen to GOSWIN NICKEL, the General, 1656.

“Let the elements be separated into their primitive parts, and be restored each to its own nature and place: as a compound they are no longer disturbed; but the compound has evidently ceased to exist, is utterly annihilated.

Why have the empires of the Assyrians, Greeks, Persians, and Romans, for a long time vast and powerful, vanished from the earth, if not by the dismemberment of their Provinces, and by breaking down the barriers of union? Our Society, if I may compare the least with the greatest; our Society, I say, from the holy compound of different men, by the uniting force of the Holy Ghost, has been gathered together into this most beautiful body; by the same force it has grown up, by the same it is spread to the utmost limits of the earth. Woe to us if this vital bond is ever relaxed!”*

True, the famous watchword “For the greater glory of God” was muttered ever and anon with clenched teeth; but the gasping mouth opened wide, oft and oft, when the political integrity of “Our Society” called for attention. “’Twas natural”—’tis natural—but let us see the *natural effects* thereof: to these the Society is hastening as the devoted stream within sight of Niagara’s fall to be

* Epist. ii. De Nation. Spirit.

engulfed in its everlasting eddy, wherein the uprooted tree and the dead man's carcass reel in a wild, whirling dance of death.†

The following apparently well authenticated passage from a sermon preached by Dr. Brown, *Roman Catholic* Bishop of Dublin, in 1551—shall prelude the events I am about to record.

“ But there are a new fraternity of late sprung up, who call themselves Jesuits, which will deceive many, who are much after the Scribes and Pharisees' manner. Amongst the Jews they shall strive to abolish the truth, and shall come very near to do it. For these sorts will turn themselves into several forms; with the heathens a heathenist, with the Atheist an Atheist, with the Jews a Jew, with the Reformers a Reformade, purposely to know your hearts, and your inclinations, and thereby bring you at last to be like “the fool that said in his heart, ‘There is no God.’” These shall spread over the whole world, shall be admitted into the councils of princes, and they never the wiser; charming of them, yea, making your princes reveal their hearts and the secrets therein, and yet they not perceive it; which will happen from falling from the law of God by neglect of fulfilling the law of God, and by winking at their sins; yet in the end, God, to justify his law, shall suddenly cut off this society, even by the hands of those who have most succoured them, and made use of them; so that, at the end, they shall become odious to all nations. They shall be worse than Jews, having no resting-place upon earth, and then shall a Jew have more favour than a Jesuit.”*

The natural jealousy of mankind would necessarily be

* This sermon is stated to have been given to Sir James Ware, and may be found in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. v. p. 556. See Mosheim, vol. ii. p. 85.

roused by such unparalleled prosperity as the Jesuits enjoyed two hundred years after their establishment; but how soon would that weakness of our nature be changed into righteous indignation, when the objects of jealousy become the subjects of guilt!

It is manifest from the strictures of their own Generals that the Jesuits were mingling in politics; consequently, despite the denial of these men, who “deny everything,” I shall rapidly glance at all the charges brought against them as historical facts; leaving the reader to decide for himself as to their probability. If my opinion is of any weight with the reader, I say that I believe every charge recorded in these pages to be extremely probable, if not positively true. The clever precautions which the Jesuits display in all their movements and exploits have mystified both their enemies and their friends. I am the enemy of no man. My object is simply to place a momentous topic in its truest possible light—would that all error were purely abstract, “indifferent”—so that we might cherish the *man* to our bosom, whilst we consign his *error* to its fittest abode!

To the thoughtful reader, accustomed to draw conclusions as he reads, the history of the Jesuits is already traced—and that, too, by the pen of their own Generals! Let us once more pause—and sigh—and palliate, if possible, what we cannot justify. For the sake of humanity let us feel for the frailties of human nature.

The Jesuits were never in obscurity. Like Minerva from the head of Jove, the Society sprang forth from the brain of Ignatius, full-grown, armed, ready for battle. Hers was the infancy of years only, not of vigour and action. All the first disciples of Ignatius became eminent, extraordinary men.—How similar to a feature in the career of Napoleon is this fact in the life of Ignatius!

The Council of Trent suspended its sessions owing to the temporary illness of Lainez ; Xavier, Salmeron, Bobadilla—all the first ten are historic characters. It was vigour from vigour, as fire from fire.

In a few years the Jesuits—the clever, polished, *gentlemanly* preachers and teachers—engrossed the suffrages of all who, in every age, find an irresistible charm in novelty. The Jesuits, to the annoyance of their predecessors, became “fashionable” confessors. They were recommended by their very name to every Christian ; and the sworn disinterestedness of their motives invested them with that conscious power of the man on whom sordid gold makes no impression ; except that of unmitigated contempt, when the heart speaks forth its words of fire.

Years rolled on ; the fame of the Society, like the flame of the lamp that illumines the universe, blazed brightly forth—it was the “greater light” to the first men who could not imagine an eclipse of that luminary which shone so intense in its dazzling—so glowingly warm !

But the wonderful rise, progress, and eminence of the Jesuits could not take place without the usual concomitant of all distinction (merited or unmerited)—jealousy—then cankering envy. This fact must be borne in mind by those who sincerely seek truth in the judgments of history.

Meanwhile, despite a few unimportant checks in its earliest career, the Society advanced. Cherished by Popes, fondled by princes, beloved by the people, it was but natural that the Jesuits *should* strive to render themselves acceptable men to all who came within their influence. Hence the development which they gave to all the sciences—their indefatigable exertions in the education of youth—their missions at home and abroad—linking all ranks together by the magic influence which they brought

to act on the consciences of men. This is the philosophical view of the subject that may be translated into their motto "For the greater glory of God," by the Jesuits and their friends: and yet all the authentic extracts which the reader has perused in the foregoing pages dissolve this beautiful motto into that disenchanting philosophical view!

Their temptations were too great. The exaltation of mind to which the *Society* ostensibly aspired was the badge of each member; but scattered as they were in every part of the world, whither they were expressly invited, or sent on speculation, provided amply with all the credentials of talents human and divine, how was it possible for these Jesuits to act otherwise than as men under strong temptation? The energetic denouncement of their General, GOSWIN NICKEL,* under the form of a gentle doubt, insinuates the inefficacy of all the many "helps" to perfection in certain characters, to whom he alludes; historical facts in every age attest this axiom of daily experience; why will not the Jesuits acknowledge that they grasped at too much for mortals to hold—that they inserted their hands through the fatal hole, seized the enticing bait, clenched their fist, and were caught?—for they could not relinquish that fatal hold! Why will they not acknowledge that in every region of the globe their influence extended far beyond the pale of religion—that, qualified as they were by talent and training, many of their body, "as confessors of kings," presided over the fortunes of empires, undertook the negotiations of princes, dexterously achieved exploits far above the reach of men endowed with only ordinary experience and ordinary knowledge of the human heart. A frown may ripple the saddened face of Religion at the avowal; but philosophy,

* Novitiate, page 119, et seq.

worldly justice will smile and admire: or if we permit a jealous scruple to suggest the words "*Non Jesu ità!*"* we shall be forced to admit, that by the scope of his talents, such exploits were *natural* to the *Jesuit*. With a similar candour we will proscribe the absurd denunciations of those who consider every Jesuit a rogue by profession—who exhibit the Society of NICKEL, CARRAFFA, PICCOLOMINI, and VITELLESCHI, as the systematic corrupter of mankind—as if the very sentiment of self-preservation which is sublimely characteristic of that Society, were not, of itself, sufficient to scout the atrocious temptation, in any and every phase of its appearance! The writers who thus poison the minds of those who ask for the food of mind, may flourish in notoriety, but cannot promise themselves that peace of unmolested conscience which results from the pursuit of Truth. That the Jesuits of old were men of different nations—of different characters—placed in different circumstances—with different obstacles to overcome—and yet tending—all of them—to the binary end, the spread of the Roman Faith *and* the "good" of the Society, is, perhaps, the surest clue to their history; whilst an adequate knowledge of the Institute, and a thorough perception of its training, are necessary to evolve a judgment as to the powerful temptations to overlook the guiltiness of *means* in the glorious *end*, that must always knock at the hearts of those whose minds have in the process of training, been familiarised with self-deceit in the Jesuit-theory and practice of obedience. I have endeavoured to supply the premises of this judgment. It only remains for me to signalise such events in the history of the Jesuits as are not only admitted, but put forth by the Jesuits themselves; after having briefly catalogued, as it were, those charges which I should be glad to omit

* Jesus did not so!

if they were not necessary in the balance of judgment. In forming his conclusions, the candid reader will bear in mind that he is judging a body of men whose scientific labours alone entitle them collectively to respect and admiration; and the irreproachable lives of many of them individually, compensate, to a vast extent, for the errors of those who abused their high powers, their talents, and the witchery of their training, for purposes incompatible with the "design" of the Order. Their General's injunction in 1639—to all the Fathers and Brothers of the Society, namely, "What thou doest, thy Society does, on whose account thou doest it, and whose son thou art,"* should render our judgment less severe; seeing that the grand exponent of the Society's will endeavoured to stay the abuses that threatened infamy to all its members. There is something awful in Vitelleschi's words that immediately follow his quotation just given: "This thought," says he, "ought not to render us careful of the good esteem of the multitude only, but also, and much more, of that Divine judgment whereby the sin of one man is often punished in the whole people."

Another important fact must be borne in mind—the *numbers* that went forth sanctioned by the name of the Society. There were upwards of *twenty thousand* Jesuits in all parts of the world, for many years previous to the suppression of the Society. In juxtaposition with this fact, place the perfect training in all arts human and divine, of talents above mediocrity, if not transcendent—consider all that these pages have unfolded—and then you will be able to judge whether the Jesuits of old were not the dupes of ambition under some specious misnomer—and whether the interested schemes of Popes and Kings did not urge them to the fearful retribution that must,

* Epist. iv. M. Vitell.

sooner or later, descend on those who strive to serve men better than God. The history and downfall of the Jesuits are the "pillar of infamy" to the chair of St. Peter—an everlasting satire—a burning sarcasm on the Popedom; and a perpetual reproach to the memory of those royal ingrates whom they served too well—served with the devotedness of men who felt convinced that they were also serving themselves.

Talent, always eminent, belonged to the Jesuits—determination that no danger could check, was theirs—dexterity and craft (call it "pious" if you please) were their constant or usual characteristics as a natural result—hearts and minds of sublime piety from time to time burnt brightly in their firmament; and, if there were not "ten just men" to save them from destruction in the evil day—— but I must not anticipate this tragi-comedy of the Popedom! Let us contemplate the declining vitality of this renowned Society.

The edict of Nantes was one of the first measures of Henry IV. of France: it confirmed and re-established all the concessions that had been made in favour of the Protestants. The conspiracy of Barriere followed—a Jesuit rector of the college of Paris, "is said" to have been one of the accessories to the conspiracy, which was defeated. Soon after another fanatic attempted the king's life: Chatel had only been a pupil of the Jesuits; but they were attainted of the crime, and banished in 1594; in consequence of the suspicions produced by that crime, and its real or forged approbation by Guignard, a Jesuit, who was hanged. I lay no stress on these charges; and will even palliate the doctrine of "tyrannicide" that may be found in the works of Jesuit casuists—particularly in Busembaum's lucubrations; which, it is not denied, became the text-book in the seminaries of the Society.

Other writers of the age maintained the same doctrine*—hence it was an age of plots and massacres: the murder of Henry III. was certainly not very charitably bewailed by the Father of the Faithful, Pope Sixtus V.

Why do I signalise these facts? these characteristic events of the age when the Jesuit schools were flourishing—when they might have preached the mild doctrines of the Redeemer—might have pacified the spirit of anarchy and rebellion, if they had deemed it expedient so to do? Here is my reason: because, the Jesuits and their friends are fond of pointing to the events of the French Revolution as the consequence of *their* moral influence being taken away by the suppression of the Society!

Henry IV., at the request of the Pope, or induced by the Jesuit Cotton, his confessor, recalled the Society in 1603. Like CÆSAR, kind and forgiving, he acquitted them of the charges brought against them, and gave them a college; whence a Brutus went forth, and the “good Henry” was murdered by Ravailac, a pupil of the Jesuits. This unfortunate coincidence (like a dolphin and flying-fish meeting anon) was, doubtless, fortuitous; it *proves* nothing—I lay no stress upon this fact, though I have used it “to point a moral.”

The conduct or machinations of the Jesuits in England are detailed in every history. Perhaps the severe measures of Elizabeth against the Catholics, are mainly to be attributed to the machinations of the English Jesuits. The suspicion of treason became synonymous with Romanism—and Romanism (to the affliction of the secular priests) became identified with Jesuitism—and Jesuitism was apparently doing its darksome work of treason incessantly, indefatigably determined.†

* Dumoulin, Bodin, Arthusius, Buchanan, &c., Catholic and Protestant.

† See “Important Considerations,” by Watson, a Catholic priest,

Perhaps the destruction of Elizabeth was the day-thought and the night-dream of the Jesuits. The armament of Spain that sank "in the yeast of waves"—vanquished by God and man—may be called a tribute of his country to the *manes* of IGNATIUS! PARSONS flourished in those days: PARSONS, that legion of Jesuitism! His disguises, perils, and escapes are the standing budget of the Order—of that Order whose aim—if we may conclude from the sum total of its achievements—seems to have been an accomplishment, or a desperate parody on the words of the Apostle: "I am made all things to all men." At these words let us turn from *Garnet* and the Gunpowder Plot, to contemplate the *Brahmins*, and *Pariahs* of the Society of Jesus.]

Alluding to the facts which I am about to narrate, the Jesuit from I quote, makes the following observation:—

"Great sacrifices imply a mighty will; and in the soul of the new apostle, the ambition of evangelical conquests equalled its generosity."

In 1605, Goa witnessed the disembarkation of an Italian missionary, whose age was twenty-eight. ROBERT DE' NOBILI was the scion of a family which had given two popes to the church, and a cardinal Bellarmin to the Society, besides tracing its descent to the emperor Otho III. Aquaviva had resisted the pious ambition of the missionary; but at length yielded to "the inspiration of God," when the Jesuit's *family* consented to his departure. This seasonable deference to the feelings of nature must speak for itself:—it looks well.

The exigencies of the case, now presented to the Jesuit mind, may be stated in a single sentence of the Jesuit detailing the political machinations of the Jesuits. He was executed for treason in 1603. This very interesting tract is republished by Whittaker & Co., edited by the Rev. J. Mendham.

historian:—"The Europeans were deeply despised, and the Christians of the country lived under the opprobrium and burthen of an universal, indestructible anathema."*

I must suppose that the reader is aware of the contempt and aversion which all the *castes* of India evince for the unfortunate *Pariahs*; and the utter destitution and immorality resulting from that inhumanity. It was from the lowest castes alone that hitherto the Christians of the Jesuits had been made; or, to use the forcible expression of the Jesuit, "The water of baptism had rarely moistened any but the brows that never blushed." Even Xavier was baffled by the Brahmins; "nowhere did he work more miracles than in the peninsula of India; and yet no noble castle surrendered to his preaching."

DE' NOBILI conceives a grand project, and "his Provincial and brothers give him their approbation—the Archbishop of Cranganor his benediction; he puts it into execution."

Avoiding all intercourse with Europeans, he put off their dress, resigned their customs; and, penetrating into the interior of the country, dwelt in a hut, after the fashion of the Brahmins. He took care to anticipate detection by the rapidity of his first movement. He chose to himself a servant, poor, but from a noble *caste*. He carefully learned all the habits and ceremonies in use among persons of quality, in order to copy them with scrupulous exactness. He mastered the *tamul*, or vulgar tongue; learned the language of the Court, and the *Sanscrit*, or the language of science and religion. So rapid was his progress, that in a short time he might have been supposed a native of the country.

And now prepared for his undertaking, he exhibited himself in the costume of the penitent Brahmins. From

* P. A. Cabour—Des Jesuites—Sec. Part. p. 148.

the time of his arrival he had lived a life of austerity ; abstained from flesh-meat, fish, eggs, wine, and all intoxicating drinks ; living on milk-meats, vegetables, and rice, and of these eating only one meal a day.

When the Indian Brahmins beheld the European Brahmin dressed like themselves, speaking as well as themselves, resembling them in every feature, from the tuft of hair at the top of his shaved head, down to the socks or clogs, in which he moved with ease, despite the goading peg of wood by which they were held to the feet,—all were eager to see and hear him. “ Still there remained doubts respecting his titles of nobility. He produced witnesses, and swore that he was from an illustrious caste. The document was prepared ; and the Roman Brahmin, judicially recognised, received the name of Tatouva Podagar Souami : that is to say, “ the man who has passed master in the twenty-five or ninety-six qualities proper to the true sage.”

“ The town of Madura was roused—visitors thronged from all parts. He kept them at a distance ; admitting only certain persons, and at certain hours, in order the more to entice attention and curiosity.”

The Jesuit continues : “ His science, his manners, and penitent life, attracted a great number of disciples : he opened a school ; mixed lessons of the gospel with human doctrine ; and in a short time the doctrine of the *gouros* of Europe was reputed noble and worthy of the Indians. In order to “ ingraft”* Christianity on those natures, till then rebellious, he availed himself of everything—attacking them on all sides where he could find an entrance, by the aid of reason, by their prejudices, and national traditions.”

* *Enter* is the French word, “ ingraft” the English. Is it intentionally used, or a slip of the pen ?

He told them that he was come to announce to them that sublime and blessed law which was the object of their wishes, as held forth by their traditions respecting a law long lost or obscured.

“He was believed. He developed the laws of the Gospel and its mysteries: seventy Brahmins bowed before the cross, and were baptised in a short time.”

This conduct or success of Nobili naturally excited a clamour in the rivals of the Jesuits in the work of conversion; or in those who objected to the specious Christianity which was its object: he was summoned to Goa to make his defence.

“He had given out that he was born of the forehead of Brahma, because he had incorporated himself with the haughty caste of a like origin. When he appeared with his cylindrical cap of flame-coloured silk, covered with a long scarf that fell like a shawl over his shoulders, with his red muslin robe, his large ear-buckles, and his forehead distinguished by a broad *potou*, or yellow mark, made with the paste of *sandanum* wood,—his Superior, Father Palmerio, the visitor of India, would not deign to look at him; and all his Jesuit Brothers exclaimed, that they ought to eject from the mission a man who gave himself to idolaters, instead of gaining them to Jesus Christ. Four things particularly shocked them; his name, the mark on his brow, his continual ablutions, and the string composed of a hundred and eight yellow threads, which he permitted his disciples to wear.”

It is difficult to reconcile this “shock” of the Jesuits with an assertion made in the page that precedes, where the Jesuit historian says—“Encouraged by the approbation of his Superiors, and by thirteen years of experience, Father De’ Nobili followed up the course of his apostolic triumphs.”

Still he defended himself successfully; "every one amongst his brothers sided with him." This did not prevent Cardinal Bellarmin from writing to his nephew, a severe letter on his equivocal experiment—"a letter full of reproaches," says the Jesuit historian.

The reader would probably like to know the number of idolaters converted by this Roman Brahmin. It is stated to be "nearly one hundred thousand." He died at the age of seventy-six, "venerated as a saint."

Such was the origin of the famous charge brought against the Jesuits with regard to the Malabar rites and ceremonies, which the Jesuits permitted their "converts" to retain. Their defence must be quite satisfactory to *Roman Catholics* in general; but as it would not hold with Protestants, it is only necessary to state the fact as an elucidation.

De' Nobili had worthy imitators. John de Britto walked in his footsteps and with the like success; but the fame of De' Nobili was eclipsed by another Jesuit, CONSTANT BESCHI. His dress, in all its gorgeous magnificence, is fully described by the Jesuit, enhancing that of his predecessor by the pearls or red stones that adorned his ears; he wore a ring composed of five metals, Turkish slippers on his feet, and carried a long cane. He sat in a palanquin on a tiger-skin remarkable for its beauty. Two men, one on each side, shook over him magnificent fans of peacock's feathers; they carried before him a silk umbrella tipped with a golden ball. Such was the great *Viramamouni's* mode of travelling. If he ever stopped in any place, he always sat on a tiger's skin."

Beschi was a prodigy of learning. Besides Italian, his mother-tongue, he had mastered Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Portuguese, and several other languages. In India he

learned the Sanscrit, the Telenga, and the Tamul. He read all the works of the native poets, and composed, in the languages which he had acquired, works that are compared by the Jesuit to "a mountain of gold, which, reflecting the rays of the sun, scatter afar torrents of light."

The subjects selected by *Viramamouni*—for the Jesuit still gives him that name—were characteristic of Jesuit sagacity. They were the "Sufferings of Christ," the "Virginity of Mary," the "Immaculate Conception," and the "Dolours of the Virgin," &c.

The more one knows of *Indian superstitions*, the more striking will this sagacity appear.

He required "five scribes, when he composed; the first wrote the first part of the quatrain, the second, the second, and so on; then the fifth put all those copies in order. One would not have sufficed for the rapidity of his conception."

He required to have an audience of a native prince; and "in three months he mastered the Persian and Turkish languages"! The interview was successful. The prince was charmed by his genius; gave him a new name, and his grandfather's palanquin. Nay more, like the patron of Themistocles of old, he assigned him *four provinces* for his maintenance, with a revenue of twelve hundred rupees *per annum*; and constituted him *Dewan*, or prime minister. Then he might be seen with "an escort of thirty horsemen on every occasion, with twelve standard-bearers, and four attendants with silver staves. He was mounted on a magnificent white horse, or a black one, richly caparisoned. Behind him went a trumpeter on horseback; a camel laden with enormous cymbals; another camel carrying a huge drum, which resounded afar; on another were the ornaments necessary to celebrate the

Mass; and three other camels carried his baggage and tents."

The Jesuit shall comment on this curious picture:—

"This oriental picture of the magnificence of Father Beschi is calculated to scandalise, if we permit ourselves to catch at the colouring: and more than one reader has, perhaps, already exclaimed—*Jesuita, Jesuita, Jesus non ibat ità!* Still, I have thought proper to cite it, in order to make known the appreciation of the Indians, and not the reality; for beneath the pencil of an European the figures would lose vastly of their brilliancy."

I confess that this last remark totally surpasses my comprehension. The mystification is enhanced by the conclusion of the chapter which describes the austere private life of the same Brahmin, as if it were *not* "part and parcel" of his assumed *profession* as Brahmin. Horace boasts of his cowardice in the field of Philippi; for his *parvulâ nonè benè relictâ*, is the "small blame" that strives to conciliate a gentle judgment. Does this Jesuit publish these, at the least, equivocal facts with the same intention?*

* Cahours's work is an answer to that of *Michelet*, On the Jesuits—which last, like his other work, On the Priest, &c., evinces more violent rancour than knowledge of his subjects. Cahours's defence is quite as *inconsequent*, but better written; and has the peculiar merit of damaging the cause of the Jesuits more effectually than his opponent's perfectly French hallucination. Cahours, with considerable simplicity, says that he thought proper to adopt the same *size* in his book as that of Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, because "his *brochure*, serving as a complement to theirs, it was befitting that they should both be bound up together"—in other words, perhaps, that they are "six for one, half a dozen for the other;" an estimate in which I would agree as to the mere *attack* and *defence*—but must vastly prefer the Jesuit's book, for the instructive reflections that it suggested. Disgust was the only sentiment produced in me by *Michelet* in both of his works: he has abused a serious topic, if I may be allowed

▲ ▲

Dismissing this topic, I may state that other Jesuits became *Pariahs*,* as well as Brahmins, and with the same "pious intention;" and kennelled with the outcasts of men, as if they had been born among them! This astounding fact is enhanced in import by another, namely, that the men who thus crushed every human feeling in their determination to accomplish the dictates of the will, were men of high birth, scions of noble families!

I trust that the reader by this time understands what I meant by the phrase that a Jesuit is a—*Jesuit*!

We are now hurrying to the crisis—the penumbra of fatal eclipse is fringing the satellite of Rome. The clamours of envy or the scruples of pure Christianity roused the Popedom to an expedient interference in these equivocal *means* of the Jesuits. As philosophers, the latter defended their scheme of Christianity; and as philosophers we are compelled to give them the victory of unlimited knowledge of the character and institutions of the pagans on whom they would "ingraft" the religion of Rome. Based on this undeniable foundation, they were more than a match for their opponents—their logic should have been triumphant. But they were condemned; and they made signs of resistance. "The men the most devoted to the authority of Rome were about to wage against it a war for the settlement of evangelical duties and moral principles."† The scene is shifted to the Celestial Empire; for the

the opinion. It is curious that the Jesuit proves very satisfactorily, that the assertion on the title-page of his opponent's book about "editions" is all "humbug." It seems that Cahours kept a "sharp look-out:" he certainly shows that the book was not reprinted, or "set-up," for the subsequent "editions."

* Crétineau-Joly, *Hist. de la Comp. de Jésus*, vol. v. p. 43, quoting Perrin, *Voy. dans l'Indost.* Crétineau-Joly is a friend of the Jesuits, if not more—*Stat nominis umbra*?

† Crétineau-Joly, *ibid.* p. 50, et seq.

intellectual Chinese necessarily sympathised with the Jesuits. Their influence had become paramount in the land of *Koung-Fou-Tseu*, the renowned CONFUCIUS.

A crowned head of Europe exulted in the achievement: a predecessor of Louis Philippe—that tinsel of history, Louis XIV.—“had perceived the changes that such a state of things were influencing in Europe; and in order to confirm to France, at some future time, the *plenitude* of commerce in those empires, he strove to invest the Chinese mission with a national ratification.*” Let this fact be remembered, and referred to its peculiar section of this essay: it is also the key-note of what is to follow in disgraceful contrast—the kings of the earth were never remarkable for gratitude—

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi!

The court of Peking was the asylum of the sons of Ignatius; the emperor showered honours on the men of science; Father DOMINIC PARRENIN was made a Mandarin! His portrait is now before me, and well he looks the character! *Nostris barbam non immittant* is gloriously superseded, and the Jesuit Mandarin sports the honours of the lip and a luxuriant beard: his mandarin-cap is not invisible. Parrenin, like Schall, another Jesuit Mandarin, performed the functions of Grand Mandarin with merited applause: as mediator between the Russian and Chinese cabinets, Peter the Great forgot the Jesuit, and lavished honours on the statesman. BOUVER, another Jesuit, and “Imperial Geographer,” vied with a third Jesuit, Father Gaubil, in “rendering science the vehicle to the good graces of the prince.”† I need not say that the good of religion was the *end* proposed.

Benedict XIV. proscribed the expedient connivance of the Jesuits in the Malabar rites and the Chinese cere-

* Crétineau.

† Ibid.

monies. As might be expected, the Jesuits *submitted* to the mandate which "cut short all the difficulties, and sacrificed the uncertain to the certain,—the hopes of the future to the realities of the present."*

Now mark the consequence. "As the Jesuits had foreseen, their deference to the pontifical judgment was the signal of the fall of Christianity on the banks of the Yellow River and the Ganges. The Missionaries were imprisoned, proscribed, or consigned to destruction."† Perhaps this consequence of the Pope's expedient measure attests the extent of the sacrifice which those rites and ceremonies supposed in the christianity of the Missionaries, thus "engrafted" on paganism; if not, the papal court bore the penalty awarded to those whose first and last desire is to "save appearances."

The Emperor kept his Jesuits however: he consented to the persecution of Christianity, but still cherished his astronomers and statesmen: they were useful.

As a contrast—for such is Jesuitism throughout—the Jesuits in Abyssinia were persecuted for preaching against the rite of circumcision, and the plurality of wives! Take another case: the Jesuit Verbiest accompanied the Chinese army, marching to reduce a rebel. Cannon was wanting: he was ordered to found guns of various calibres. He replied that his mission was to bring down the blessings of Heaven on men, not to furnish them with new means of destruction. Verbiest was suspected of favouring the enemy: he and his companions and converts were threatened with persecution: he yielded to the order; set up a foundry; directed the works; the messengers of death went forth; and Kang Hi had to thank the Jesuits for victory.‡

* Crétineau, Hist. vol. v. p. 81, et seq.

† Ibid.

‡ Crétineau.

Nevertheless "Christianity was expiring in China—it was a deadly conflict. The Jesuits, in order to preserve the germ of the Faith, placed it under the safeguard of the Sciences."

"Honoured with the imperial favour as literary men, execrated as Catholic priests, they *conformed to the condition traced out for them* by circumstances. Father De Ventavon resided at the court in the capacity of Mechanician to the Emperor: the brothers Castiglione and Attiret were his favourite painters: Father Hallerstein presided over the tribunal of Mathematics. Some of the missionaries made clocks with moving figures, others applied to the Fine Arts, or the mechanical Arts, for inventions that might be worthy to please Kian-Loung; all tortured their wits to devise some means of averting the storm that growled over the heads of the Christians. Father Michael Benoît applied the principles of hydraulics. The spurting water, whose scientific management was not as yet known in China, excited the applause of the Prince and his court. He desired to multiply the prodigy in his gardens. Benoît was charged with the direction of the works. He thus gained frequent opportunities of seeing the Emperor, in order to overcome his prejudices against the Christians and Europeans. Benoît set to the work: he did more: he studied the art of engraving in copper-plate: he trained artists, and produced engravings. He initiated the Emperor in the use of the telescope, and the mystery of the air-pump."^{*}

Let the scene be shifted once more. The evening is come: night will soon follow; and after that morning will return.

Pascal and *Jansenism* must have a place in every his-

* Crétineta, vol. v. p. 83.

tory of the Jesuits. I have studied the quarrel, and have found nothing in it adapted to develop the object of this essay; namely, the system of the Jesuits. The *Provincial Letters* only accelerated events which the Jesuits themselves, unwittingly, had been preparing during the course of the preceding century. They had given an impulse to the age by their universal development of education: intellectuality was in the ascendant. A similar process has, in the present age, been in operation for the last fifty years or more. The idea of universal equality, or the "levelling" mania, is one of the abuses of intellect, trained without the moral sentiments being raised to pilot the adventurous bark on the trackless ocean of mind. The pursuit of knowledge, after the example, or under the sanction of the great educators, had become a mania: the result was that yearning after change which flatters the heart with the accomplishment of every desire. At the present day, are we hurrying to the same result?

In the case of the Jesuits, novelty had lost its charm; Escobar, Busembaum, and other "moralists" of the Society had been made to cover the Jesuits with shame or suspicion,—the finger of scorn was raised with impunity. Their name became a term of reproach; every language had consecrated it to fraud, cunning, and duplicity. It is hard to battle against ridicule and evil fame.

Portugal was the first kingdom in which the influence of the Jesuits became paramount: it was the first effectually to strike it down. If Philippe II. humbled Portugal by the aid of the Jesuits,* the vengeance of Pombal was a fearful retribution—such as may be ever and

* Rabbe et Chatelain, *Hist. de Portug.*

anon recognised in the history of man, ruled by Providence.

I allude to the affair of Paraguay. In modern times Dr. Francia despotically and most successfully isolated the people who inhabit that country, or a contiguous department. The Jesuits, as must be admitted, blessed the savages with the usual gifts of semi-civilization; and governed them, or enabled them to govern themselves in the midst of prosperity resulting from order, industry, and the nature of a soil that may be said to dispense with the labour of man. It is not my intention to depreciate the exertions of the Jesuits in ameliorating the condition of the savage. I have only endeavoured to give an idea of the reality without exciting incredulity. The "Utopia" of the Jesuits, had it stood the test of time, might have become a model government for the world. In 1753, the kings of Spain and Portugal made an exchange of provinces in South America: the inhabitants respectively were to change territories. The religious subjects of the Jesuits refused to obey. I applaud the conduct of these men, if they thought they could resist with effect; for, unquestionably, the mandate was tyrannical. On the other hand, it was to be expected that the "mother country" would enforce the demand; and the result was the destruction of this Jesuit republic. The Jesuits deny that they aided the Indians with their advice and martial science; they deny that they stimulated them to resistance;—if there was no chance of success, the denial is probably correct.

Pombal followed up this first assault. Strange! that such a man should proclaim, as the motive of his persecution of the Jesuits, that "they had remained less faithful than their predecessors to the principles of Ignatius!"*

* Saint Priest, *Fall of the Jesuits*.

They were expelled from Portugal and its dependencies. What motive had Pombal for the expulsion of the Jesuits? His other atrocities furnish a clue to the answer—doubtless he feared their influence, which he either knew to exist or imagined possible. He nevertheless feared the Jesuits.

In 1764, the sons of Ignatius were expelled from France. This event is certainly connected with an offended woman, Madame de Pompadour. Her confessor De Sacy, a Jesuit, refused to sanction what she styled her "purest attachment for the king." The reader, who is aware that Father Cotton another Jesuit, was confessor to the tender-hearted *Henry IV.*, and who has probably read the curious *Historiette* of Tallement des Réaux, will be pleased to see this contrast of affairs. The lady resolved on the expulsion of the Order, and was successful. Previously to this, the Society had become the laughing stock of Paris by the credulity of Gerard, one of the body, in the case of a misguided woman whose ambition was to rival St. Catharine of Sienna with her *Stigmata* or sympathetic wounds.* Pamphlets, songs, logic, and sarcasm swarmed like a nest of hornets—the Jesuits were become contemptible. Voltaire, D'Alembert, the "philosophers" were in the zenith of their fame. The Jesuits cannot speak of their downfall without stigmatising the "philosophers:" for my part I am incredulous as to the large share assigned to these men in the expulsion of the Jesuits. The Jesuits prepared their own destruction; they have the merit of having ruined themselves: had they not grasped too much, their hands might have remained moderately full to the present time.

The affair of Lavalette supervened; another lever of destruction. This Lavalette was the Jesuit-procurator of

* Crétineau, vol. v. p. 214.

the West India missions. Jesuit missionaries in South America had endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the poor African, but Lavalette *owned* slaves at Dominica. An epidemic disease broke out among his negroes, and several died. In addition to this the English cruisers took his freighted ships—he became a bankrupt for a large sum, which the Society *refused to pay*. This was a fatal imprudence in the Jesuits, or the result of deception; they suffered the matter to go before the French Parliament, and were condemned to pay the full amount of the debt.

Louis XV., “wearied out rather than convinced,” yielded to the solicitations of Madame de Pompadour and Choiseul, his minister; the Jesuits were expelled.

In 1767, the Jesuits were suddenly and unexpectedly driven out of Spain by Charles III., a pious, zealous, most Catholic sovereign, if history is to be credited. This act took the Jesuits totally to windward—it mystified even the Jesuits; and to this day the motives that dictated their expulsion from Spain remain inexplicable, if we may not believe the exclamation of the king, alluding to a frivolous revolt some time before, which the Jesuits suppressed so easily that they were suspected of having fomented it! The king is said to have declared “that if he had any cause for self-reproach, it was for having been too lenient to so dangerous a body;” and then, drawing a deep sigh, he added, “I have learned to know them too well!”*

I pass over the sufferings of the Jesuits; their utter dereliction by all who had before been served by them, when, on the same day, and at the same hour,—in

* Despatches of the Marq. of Ossun to Choiseul, quoted by Saint Priest,—Fall of the Jesuits.

Spain, in the north and south of Africa, in Asia and America, in all the islands of the Spanish monarchy—the alcaldes of the towns opened the despatches which they received from Madrid, commanding them, under penalty of death, to enter the establishments of the Jesuits, armed, to take possession, to expel the Jesuits, and transport them, within twenty-four hours, as prisoners to such port as was mentioned. The latter were to embark instantly, leaving their papers under seal, and carrying away with them only a breviary, a purse, and some apparel! “Nearly six thousand priests, of all ages and conditions—men illustrious by birth and learning—old men oppressed with infirmities, despoiled even of the most indispensable requisites—were stowed away in the hold of a ship, and sent adrift upon the ocean, with no determinate object, and without any fixed direction.”* They neared the coast of Italy; the Pope refused to receive them! What were his motives for this apparently unchristian act, in the Father of the Faithful? Perhaps their numbers suggested the fear of famine! If Ricci their General, as is alleged, joined in or suggested the refusal, it was a sad indiscretion at a time when the reputation of the Society was at its lowest ebb.

The Courts of France and Spain now determined to effectuate the total abolition of the Society of Jesus, by the Pope himself!

After long and tedious negotiations on the part of the respective potentates, nothing was done in the matter: the death of the Pope Clement XIII. raised the hopes of those princes bent on the destruction of the Jesuits.

* Saint Priest.

The election of Clement XIV., which followed in due time, was effected by these princes. This is not denied by any party. The princes of the earth placed in the papal chair a man who was to fulfil a written promise to suppress the Jesuits. So the vicegerent of the Redeemer—the exponent of councils over which the Holy Ghost presides—sold himself to a party, and the price was the honour of the pontificate!

Ricci was the last General of the Jesuits before the suppression. If the accounts respecting the doings at Rome, during the period in question, be correct, that man was bitterly humbled by his former friends; still he exerted himself to his utmost in endeavouring to avert the ruin of his Order: but failed. Ganganelli assumed the tiara; and after the most disgraceful tergiversations, displaying a degree of weakness that would cover the pettiest prince of Europe with scorn—the *Pope* of Rome condemned the Jesuits—the *Pope* did this—compelled by the kings of the earth, whom his predecessors had trampled to the dust! Here was a retribution indeed! If you would have your contempt for the papal court, at that time at least, raised to the highest, read the brief of suppression, and see how it sings the song of expediency. It went forth on the 21st of July, 1773, and began with the words: “Our Lord and Redeemer”!

Dread must have been the anxiety of the Jesuits whilst that conclave was preparing their destruction! If the authorities of Count Alexis de Saint Priest are true—he seems to be an impartial historian) the last struggles of the Jesuits were truly *systematic*, that is, in accordance with the theory by these pages unfolded.

Father Delci started for Leghorn, with the treasures of the Order—intending to transport them to

England:* but the energetic Ricci—his portrait stands before me—stopped the pusillanimous flight.

The fortune of Cromwell was decided, the star of Napoleon was made a sun, by that supernatural boldness inspired by the emergency of life or death! Ricci put forth his character, or rose with the occasion. Anxious, disturbed, he was seen hurrying from place to place—“one while mingling in the numerous bodies of the *Guarda Nobile*, the pompous escort of the dinners of the cardinals, which are carried through the city in rich litters; at another time mixing in the groups of the grave *Trasteverini*, or the motley crowds of cattle-drivers and peasants assembled from the Sabine territory, Tivoli, Albano, and every part of the Pontine marshes, to witness the grand ceremony. At daybreak Ricci was on foot, traversing every quarter of the city from Ponte-Mola to the Basilica of the Lateran. The Jesuits *de consideration* (so styled in a cotemporary document) imitating the example of their chief, were continually engaged in paying visits to the confessors and friends of the cardinals; whilst, loaded with presents, they humbled themselves at the feet of the Roman princes and ladies of rank. Nor was all this attention superfluous: the current of public favour had already been diverted from the Jesuits; and, amongst

* The Jesuit Bernard Rhodes, a physician, cured the Chinese Emperor Kang-hi. The monarch gave him about 8000*l.* in gold. This money was deposited with the East India Company, on interest. At the suppression of the Society, the Company, like all the Catholic powers, confiscated the money, applying the interest to the hospitals. But the Jesuits sent a deputy from India to represent their case to the Board. They were kindly received, the arrears were paid up, and the interest was given till the death of the last Jesuit missionary. In 1813 the Propaganda transferred this money from the Jesuits to the *Lazarists* of China. The generosity and honesty of the Board stands in contrast with the injustice of the Propaganda. Such is Rome!

other fatal prognostics, the Prince de Piombino, a partisan of Spain, had withdrawn from the use of the General the carriage which his family had for more than a century placed at his disposal." The last General of this redoubtable Society threw himself at the feet of the cardinals; and in tears, "commended to their protection that Society which had been approved by so many pontiffs, and sanctioned by a general council—the Council of Trent: he reminded the cardinals of his services, and claimed the merit of these, without casting blame upon any court or cabinet. Then, in an under tone, and in the freedom of secret conference, he represented to the princes of the Church the indignity of the yoke which these courts were attempting to impose upon them."* But the honour of the Popedom was sold and bought: *Judas, the Iscariot*, with the price of blood in his hands, not *Peter* in repentance, was now to be the papal model!

Joseph II. of Austria would be present at Rome on that pregnant occasion. On this straw of royalty the Jesuits fondly relied: he stooped to *insult* the men who could not resent the injury! He paid a visit to the *Gran Gesù*, a "House" of the order, and a perfect marvel of magnificence and bad taste. The General approached the Emperor, prostrating himself before him with profound humility. Joseph, without giving him time to speak, asked him coldly when he was going to relinquish his habit? Ricci turned pale, and muttered a few inarticulate words: he confessed that the times were very hard for his brethren, but added that they placed their trust in God and in the holy father, whose infallibility would be for ever compromised if he destroyed an Order which had received the sanction and approval of his predecessors. The emperor smiled and, almost at the same

* St. Priest.

moment, fixing his eye upon the tabernacle, he stopped before the statue of St. Ignatius, of massive silver, and glittering with precious stones, and exclaimed against the prodigious sum which it must have cost. "Sire," stammered the father-general, "this statue has been erected with the money of the friends of the Society." "Say, rather," replies Joseph, "with the profits of the Indies!"*

Clement XIV. died. Suspicious symptoms attended his death; he was probably poisoned: but I can find no proof that the Jesuits promoted the crime, though such is the implied accusation. Nay, Ricci, the General, is said to have visited the "prophetess" who *foretold* the Pope's death!†

What motive could the Jesuits have for desiring the Pope's death? I discard the idea of mere *revenge*,—but was there hope in the probable successor? This is the most dismal page of their history; if guilty of all the alleged crimes and misdemeanours, they became doubly so by their humiliations—such is the world's judgment.

The successor of Clement XIV. connived at the disobedience of the Jesuits in not being abolished. Frederick, the king of Prussia, gave them an asylum, and they were permitted to open a Novitiate in Russia by the Empress Catharine, and by the ambiguous will of the Pope who, like his predecessor, feared to offend the crowned heads, the foes of the Jesuits, who had caused their suppression.

In 1814, Pius VII. restored the Jesuits as an Order, by a *Bull*, revoking the paltry Brief of Clement XIV. Why was Ricci, the ex-General of the Jesuits, detained in prison by Clement XIV? Still, as might be

* Saint Priest, Fall of the Jesuits.

† St. Priest.

expected, he died protesting his innocence, and that of the Society.

If my inquiries are correct, the number of Jesuits in all parts of the world at the present time, cannot be much less than seven thousand of all ranks in the Society.

In the province of Turin the number of the Jesuits increased between the 1st of January, 1841, and the 1st of January, 1845, from 379 to 428. They have in Turin a "noble" college, another college and a *pensionnat*, including 81 Jesuits; a professed house at Genoa; novitiates at Chiari and at Cagliari; colleges and *pensionnats* at Aosta, Chambery, Genoa, Nice, Novara, Cagliari, San Remo and Voghera. Since the commencement of the year 1845, a new college has been opened at Massa.

The establishments of the province of Spain have been disorganised by the political events which have convulsed that country. In 1845, there were 113 Jesuits disseminated in Spain, particularly in the dioceses of Toledo, Seville, Pampeluna, and Valencia. This province has a "residence" at Nivelles in Belgium, and another at Aire, in France; it has also residences in South America, namely, in Paraguay, Uruguay, La Plata, Brazil, New Grenada and Chili. Another list gives 536 Jesuits in Spain.*

At the commencement of 1845, the province of Paris, which includes the northern part of France, numbered 420 Jesuits, thus giving an increase of 129 from the year 1841.

The province of Lyons includes the southern part of France; in 1841 it contained 290 Jesuits, in 1845, 446,—scattered over the country,—at Lyons, Bordeaux, Dole, Grenoble, Marseilles, Toulouse, and Avignon, as priests,

* Frankfort Postamts Zeitung.

novices, and brothers. The Society in France numbered 872 Jesuits.

As the colleges are not open to them in France, they have founded one in the frontiers of the kingdom, at Brugelette, in Belgium. The French province has still 19 Jesuits, employed on the mission in Grenada, and 8 in China: it also possesses in North America, two flourishing establishments, containing 19 priests, 35 novices, and 11 brothers. These are the novitiate of St. Mary, and the college of Louisville, in the state of Kentucky.

The French province had also 39 Jesuits in Africa, namely, at Algiers, Oran, and Constantine; also 22 missionaries in the East Indies—at Trichinopoly, in the presidency of Madras, and in the island of *Madura*; 10 in Syria, and 6 in Madagascar.

The province of Belgium is one of the most flourishing at the present time. In 1841, there were 319 Jesuits in that province; there are now 472. The novitiate of Tronchiennes contains 129. They have colleges at Alost, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Louvain, Namur, Liege, &c.: residences at Bruges, Courtray, and Mons: missions at Amsterdam, the Hague, Nimeguen, Dusseldorf, and in Guematala, in America.

The province of Germany includes Switzerland, which contained 245 Jesuits in 1841, and 273 in 1844.

There are 88 "houses" in Germany, containing 1000 Jesuits, of whom 400 are priests.

In Columbia, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, the Jesuits have found a footing,—and "go ahead" in "the land of the Free and the Brave," as gaily as all other speculators.

In England they have thirty-three establishments, or houses, colleges, residences, and single missions. Of course, Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, is the principal estab-

ishment; and it is stated to contain, at the present time, twenty priests, twenty-six novices, and fourteen brothers.

Such is an abstract of the numerical force of the Jesuits at the present time.* I am unable to vouch for the accuracy of these numbers: it is difficult to come at correct Jesuit statistics.

Of the seven hundred and seventy-six priests in Great Britain, the Jesuits alone can say how many are enlisted under the banner of Ignatius, unless this knowledge is shared by the "Vicars Apostolic" of the various districts in which they are privileged to move unmolested. They are muffled in England: it is difficult to distinguish them; and they endeavour to keep up the mystery—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*. They have established a "Classical and Commercial Academy," at Mount St. Mary's, near Chesterfield; and the prospectus of the establishment, after describing the suit of clothes that the pupils are to bring, not forgetting the ominous "Oxford mixture"†—simply informs the world that "the college is conducted by gentlemen connected with the college of Stonyhurst." These "gentlemen" are generally sent out in *pairs*, by the Provincial, according to the Constitutions; and thus may charm by variety; for the quantity of work on hand in the various Jesuit missions in England is by no means so evident as the speculation for *more*, by this constitutional provision. The *secular* priests are doubled and tripled by the *necessities* of the mission; the Jesuits are

* The *formal* restoration of the Society by Pius VII., in 1814, is too unimportant to deserve a notice in the text. Its suppression only inconvenienced the Jesuits for a time: their energies were *condensed*,—the pressure was taken off in 1814—and vast was the *expansion* thereof! In Italy alone there are 4000 Jesuits, in 150 houses.

† Cath. Direct. p. 126—"trousers of Oxford mixture."

doubled, tripled, and quadrupled, by the requirement of the Constitutions, *and* the *prospects* before them.

The Jesuits in England dress as any clergyman, or any gentleman: by their outward man you cannot tell them. Strange notions are afloat respecting these men. I have been asked if I do not think that there are Jesuits *incognito* in the University of Oxford; and, stranger still, if I do not believe Dr. Pusey to be a veritable Jesuit! These questions I cannot undertake to answer. Such a speculation would indeed be a bold one, even in the Jesuits: but then, consider *De' Nobili, Beschi, &c.*; surely, if a Jesuit may assume the *Brahmin* and *Pariah*, in order to "ingraft Christianity on Paganism," he may assume the *Protestant*, in order to ingraft Romanism on Protestantism, firmly convinced of Lucian's axiom, namely, that "a beginning is the half of everything."* This is arguing from the past to the present—nothing more. I do not emit an opinion on the subject.

Again have I been asked, by what sign can one distinguish a Jesuit? Perhaps the sign whereby you may know the Jesuits, is their being better housed, better clothed, and better fed than most other Roman Catholic priests. This sign is, of course, equivocal: but the *fact* is undeniable: the "missionary funds" of the Jesuits are liberally applied—"they give freely what they have freely received." In other respects the Jesuits show themselves by "results." They dare not interfere openly in "missions" pre-occupied by the secular clergy; but they are independent of the Roman Catholic Bishops, except for ordination, which is a matter of course. Still, perhaps I am justified in believing that their movements in London are considered by many of the orthodox as rather strong, somewhat encroaching.

* Ἀρχὴ ἡμῶν παντός.

From the Catholic Directory, it appears that there are at least twelve Jesuit priests at Stonyhurst—eleven by the list; but I have added one for “the Master of the novices,” whose name is never given, I believe, in the list of the clergy.

Of the Jesuits in Scotland I can give no account. That a “Mission” of the Society formerly existed there, is certain; in fact, the copy of the Constitutions in my possession belonged to that mission, as is evident from a written inscription on the title-page, as follows:—*Missionis Scoticæ Soc. Jesu.* The Jesuits are not the men to forget their hiding-places. If their “doings” in London are “for a sign” as to other localities, they are not idle. Seven years ago, at the time of my secession, there were only two Jesuits in London; there are now *four* in one “residence;” and if the current report among *Roman Catholics* in London be correct, there will soon be *twelve* Jesuits in London, to “serve” their great church now building in the heart of the metropolis! † *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.*

A bill is now before Parliament, one of whose clauses, it is said, is intended to free the Jesuits from the odious *verbal* proscription to which I have before alluded.* When the discussion comes on, their friends will say that the Jesuits are proscribed for being pious, religious men, wishing to serve God according to His counsels; and those who have studied their Institute and history, will reply, that the Jesuits are proscribed lest they do as they have invariably done in every region of the globe; and will perhaps suggest this remark, namely, that if we must fight the battle of politics and diplomacy, let it be fought fairly; but your Jesuits, who have always had a

* In Farm-street, Berkeley-square. See p. 34, Novitiate.

† Page 32.

peculiar fancy for finance, diplomacy, and the affairs of the great in general, will always have an advantage, a small, trifling advantage over other candidates, since *they can know more than comes to their ears* as "private individuals."

A cunning minister would certainly shake hands with the Jesuits—because such a man is apt to overreach himself; an honest, prudent Minister would, in the present state of all parties, take time and consider the matter and the men, and would perhaps die undecided what to do—so hard is all Jesuit matter to understand in all its bearings; but your slashing, keep-pace-with-the-times Minister would use Jesuits to serve his purposes, and then sacrifice them, as every other friend or foe, to expediency—if the Jesuits would be simple enough to be caught a second time—*which is quite possible*,—for it is astonishing how a little sunshine, after dull weather, deceives the ants, bees, ground-worms, all the natural barometers of earth!

The English province has twenty missionaries at Calcutta, and a "house," or residence, in Jamaica. It is asserted, that the English Government is even assisting the Jesuits, at the present time, to found a new college, especially destined for China. Assuredly England is making ample amends for her ancient persecutions of the Catholics and Jesuits, as well as for her part in the nefarious slave-trade! But as Divine Providence weighs *motives*, not actions, time only will unravel the mystery. The Jesuits will serve their patrons, and they will serve themselves, and the history to come, like all history, will have many points of resemblance to that of the past.

The vice-province of Ireland numbered sixty-three Jesuits in 1841, and seventy-three in 1844. They possess, in Ireland, the colleges of Clongowes, Tollabey, and

Dublin. They have recently established a second "house" in the last mentioned city.

From France the Society has been expelled; but the Jesuits may remain; the Government has given them the earnest of success in this mystification; they may work unseen, unknown, unsuspected—as a hidden disease, or the mine of the enemy, sprung in the midnight-watch.

Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Isles of the sea are mapped for Jesuit navigation—hope sits at the helm, but they cannot rule the elements. Their day is passed—they can interfere in the concerns of the world, but can never more rule kingdoms by conscience. The reign of the latter is also passed—*commerce* is the prime-mover of the age; and its "balance-sheet" is uncompromising, omni-potent. May not the Jesuits direct their attention to that quarter? They are quite competent to the task. We shall see.

My task is accomplished. Are the Jesuits, is the Society of Jesus to be judged by the facts of its history only—whether good, bad, or indifferent? I think not. It has been my endeavour to lead to the contrary conclusion. In its perfectly organised system, its power of mind, its isolation, we must seek to find its tendency. This will be satisfactory, if the reader is a Roman Catholic in heart and mind; for the Jesuits are most assuredly working for the universality of the Church of Rome. They are, consequently, the sworn foes of Protestantism in all its phases. The preceding pages will have attested the enemy's power; and should be well computed by those who are concerned in the momentous conflict.

On the other hand, I have endeavoured to suggest a warning to the Jesuits. The *end* can never justify the *means*—even if we admit the former to be indifferent or even good. The human heart, with its fond deceptions,

will for a time have cause for exultation in seeing all its schemes successful: then it will yearn for more: zeal will have all the restlessness of ambition without its honesty—and then the pit will be dug—deep as the human heart itself—as devouring as death!

Beautiful image, entrancing reality of the Redeemer's religion! When shall it bless mankind with all its heavenly gifts! Its never-ceasing faith, hope, and charity—love that strives to find and succeeds in finding motives to love on, in all that is man, in all that is created—and rises, from every contemplation, with renewed benevolence that prompts the heart to attest its faith, hope, and charity by *deeds*, such as a God vouchsafed to model for the imitation of his creature. How simple, and yet how sublime! The parching blast of exclusive opinions dries up the heart; but the gentle glow of charity makes it the centre whence a thousand rays shall diverge, and move on for ever—refracted or reflected—but still indestructible, and never ceasing to fulfil their destiny—good to all whom the God of all wills us to cherish as friends, as brothers!

APPENDIX.

NOTE A. p. 61.

THE great storehouse of the praises of Mary is a comparatively modern work, entitled the 'Glories of Mary,' by Alphonsus Liguori, who died in the year 1787. He wrote in Italian, but his book has been recently translated by "a Catholic Clergyman."

Le 'Soulas du Pécheur' was famous enough : but the 'Glories of Mary' by Liguori, since canonised, have far outshone all previous coruscations of similar fires. Liguori has collected every eulogium from previous writers, and has surpassed them in the extravagance of his pregnant fancy. A few extracts may be interesting.

"But," says St. Bernard, "how can you, O Mary! refuse to relieve the miserable, since you are the queen of mercy? And who but the miserable are the subjects of mercy? You are the queen of mercy, and I a sinner the most miserable of all; since, then, I am the greatest of your subjects, you should take more care of me than of all others. Have pity then on us, O Queen of Mercy, and watch over our salvation. Do not tell us, O sacred virgin, that thou canst not assist us on account of the multitude of our sins; for thy power and clemency are so great that no number of sins can overcome them." Thou hast insuperable strength, lest the multitude of sins should overcome thy clemency. Nothing resists thy power, for the Creator esteems thy glory as his own. Nothing resists thy power, since thy Creator and the Creator

of all, honouring thee, who art his mother, regards thy glory as his own. And," adds the saint, "the son exulting in her, as it were paying his debt, fulfils thy petitions." He meant to say, that though Mary owes an infinite obligation to her Son for having destined her for his mother, still it cannot be denied that the Son is under an obligation to this mother for having given him his human existence. Hence, as if to repay what he owes to Mary, Jesus, for his own glory, honours her in a special manner, by always hearing all her prayers. How great then should be our confidence in this queen whom we know to be so powerful before God, and at the same time so rich in mercy that there is no one living on this earth who does not partake of the clemency and favours of Mary.

The Blessed Virgin herself said to St. Bridget: "I am the queen of Heaven, and the mother of mercy; I am the joy of the just, and the door by which sinners are introduced to God; neither is there on earth a sinner so accursed as to be deprived of my mercy. For every one, if he obtains nothing else through my intercession, at least receives the grace to be less tempted by the devils than he would otherwise be."

^ Mary is "a worthy mediatrix between men and God"—*propterea Deum inter et homines mediatrix intercedens*, according to St. Basil. Liguori expands with the theme, and handles his logic like a Thomas Aquinas in proving the "attributes" of Mary:

"Mary, then, was the mediatrix of all men: but how, some one may ask, was she mediatrix of the angels? Many theologians are of opinion that Jesus Christ merited grace even for the angels: then, as Jesus Christ was their mediator *de condigno*, so Mary was their mediatrix *de congruo*, inasmuch as by her prayers through the merits of the Redeemer to come, she accelerated his coming. At least, by meriting *de congruo* to be made the mother of the Redeemer, she merited for the angels the reparation of the angelic thrones, lost by the devils. She has therefore merited for them this accidental glory." "By or through Mary," says Richard of St. Victor, "the ruin of the angels is repaired, and the human race reconciled." And long before, St. Anselm said: "All things by this virgin—*per hanc virginem*—have been restored and reinstated in their first state—in *statum pristinum*."

It is difficult to find one's way through this logic : but Liguori is quite at home in the labyrinth—he has found the object of his search—the “divinity” of his pious imagining. He proceeds :

“It is not a mere opinion,” says Father la Colombiere (a *Jesuit*), “it is the opinion of the whole world, that when Mary received the gift of sanctifying grace in the womb of St. Anne, she at the same time received the perfect use of reason, along with a great light from God, corresponding to the grace which had been bestowed upon her. * * * *”

“Hence, from the *first moment of her existence*, Mary, grateful to her God, began to do all that was in her power, *negotiating faithfully with the capital of grace* which had been conferred upon her, and employing all her faculties to please and love the Divine goodness. From that moment she loved God with all her strength, and thus continued to love him *during the nine months* she spent in her mother's womb, and never ceased for a moment to unite herself always more intimately with God, by fervent acts of love. She was free from original stain, and was therefore exempt from every earthly attachment, from every irregular motion, from every distraction, &c. &c. Hence, she has called herself the plane-tree, planted near the running waters : “As a plane-tree by the water . . . was I exalted.” Eccles. xxiv. 19 : for she was that noble plant of the Lord, that always grew beside the current of the divine graces. Hence she has called herself a vine : “As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odour.”—Eccles. xxiv. 23.

Does Liguori mean that *Mary inspired* the sacred penman when he wrote those words ? Is this the result of the attribute given in the Litany to Mary as “Queen of the Prophets ?”

Adopting the theory of “several respectable theologians” with regard to the geometrical progression of grace by every meritorious action, Liguori thus makes his calculation : “If, in the first instant, Mary had received a thousand degrees of grace, in the second she had two thousand ; in the third, four thousand ; in the fifth, sixteen thousand ; in the sixth, thirty-two thousand. We are now at the sixth instant : but when the degrees of grace are thus multiplied for an entire day, and *for nine months* [the time before her birth] consider the treasures of grace, of

merit, and of sanctity, which Mary brought into the world at her birth!" * * * *

"Some saints," adds the angelic doctor, "have grace sufficient to save not only themselves but many others. To Jesus Christ alone, and to Mary, was given grace sufficient for the salvation of all men: Sed, writes the saint, quando quis haberet tantum quod sufficeret ad salutem omnium, hoc esset maximum, et hoc fuit in Christo et beatâ Virgine. Thus, what St. John said of Jesus, "of his fulness we have all received"—the saints say, in a certain sense, of Mary. St. Thomas of Villanova calls her, "full of grace, of whose fulness we all receive."

We are reminded that "we receive grace from Jesus as from the author of grace, from Mary as a mediatrix"; and then Bernard, the seraph of hagiology, bursts upon us with the inspiration that totally confounds our orthodox distinction: "Consider," says he, "with what tender devotion God wishes that we honour this great Virgin, in whom he has placed the treasure of his gifts, that for whatever hope or grace or salvation we receive from him, we may thank this most amiable queen, because all comes to us from her hand, and through her intercession."—Serm. de Aqæd.

NOTE B. p. 62.

The name "philosopher" is of Greek origin, and signifies "a lover of wisdom"—an appellation modestly assumed by the wise men of old, objecting to the implied arrogance of the name *sophoi* or "the wise." I need not explain the derivation of the word *Jesuit*. "It is believed," says Bouhours, the Jesuit, "that God revealed to Ignatius the name of the Society, in the meditation of the Two Standards, wherein he was shown the first features and general plan of his Order, in a martial metaphor."

NOTE C. p. 87.

ODE COMPOSED IN THE NOVITIATE.

A LA GRIVE.

Belle Grive du Printems !
 D'où viens tu, ma chère si tôt ?
 C'est peut-être les hauts vents
 Qui t'ont chassée sur les eaux—
 Pour bénir notre Dieu
 Qui, de l'hiver fait renaitre,
 Le Printems, douce saison !
 Quand torrent de chaque creux
 Va rivière pour repaitre :
 Bref ! voilà, sur vieux gazon
 Laboureur prepare charrue,
 Attendant la pluie des cieux
 Douce, bruinant à gouttes menues.
 Beau Soleil et belle Lune !
 Déjà commence le crépuscule—
 La montagne déjà est brune,
 Car les ombres se reculent.
 Les oiseaux font tous leurs nids,
 Ou de paille ou d'autre chose—
 C'est qu'ils pensent à leurs petits,
 Comme les boutons à leurs roses.
 Le vieillard à cheveux blancs,
 Et la vieille dans la chaumière,
 'A genou au Tout-puissant,
 Le supplient en humbles prières.
 Le garçon, la jeune fille,—
 ous invoquent une belle vendange.
 Tous se hâtent dévotement
 'A l'autel de la Vierge :
 Disent leurs prières, font leurs offrandes,
 Chacun, de fleurs, ou bien de cierges,
 Pour bénir leurs demandes.
 C'est alors que l'on entend
 Sur le saule ou chêne grand,
 Belle Grive du Printems !
 De ton gozier liquide

Suavités et delices
 Sans cesse decouler !
 Tu te vois à l'onde limpide
 Quand tes ailes là-haut glissent
 Pour te voir voltiger !
 Alors c'est toi qui nous inspire
 Des doux timbres de ta lyre !
 Viens, ma belle ! aide-moi,—
 Chantons Dieu, d'une voix—
 A jamais beni soit !

PALINODE OF THE RETREAT.

TO MAGDALEN.

I.

What though the rose at noon shall fade,
 And droop its panting breast to die ?
 By one sweet drop of dew array'd
 'T will cheer again the evening sky.

II.

What though the stream by summer sun
 Be parched with cruel thirst and dry ?
 One little shower will bid it run
 And sing again its lullaby.

III.

What though thy heart, poor Magdalen !
 Was sear'd, and wither'd, and forlorn ?
 Thy God did make it bloom again,
 Fresh as the virgin-dew of morn.

IV.

Bedash'd with Heav'n's grace, thy soul
 Did overflow with endless love—
 Then *bless* the sin which, though so foul,
 Such tears of blissful grief could move !

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