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THE
J E S U I T S .

TRANSLATED FROM
Jules *Caix*
THE FRENCH OF MM. NICHELET AND QUINET,
PROFESSORS IN THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

EDITED BY
C. EDWARDS LESTER.

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P R E F A C E .

THE Society of Jesuits is not extinct. It is not confined to Europe. Its mode of operation is the same as it ever was. That system which has long been proverbial, the very name of which has long been a synonyme for deception and double dealing, is still in force in the world. The Roman Catholic Church, by undertaking to defend it, has rendered itself an accomplice of it, and in some degree become identified with it. And perhaps it might have acquired a yet firmer hold, even upon the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century, had not the extraordinary influence it had obtained in Europe during the last few years led it into a measure of startling audacity. This measure was an attempt, in the name of liberty, to get the control of education in France. But it was not to be supposed that such an attempt, however masked, could succeed, and the result has proved that it was a rash and almost suicidal one. The

thinkers of France have been roused. The men to whom it belongs to give a tone to the public mind have spoken. A controversy has been lighted up, the results of which cannot as yet be computed.

One effect of it, however, is already manifest. The Society of Jesus has left, or is leaving France. And it is not too much to say that this is mainly the work of two men, MM. Michelet and Quinet, whose joint work, of which this is a translation, together with the work of the latter, *The Roman Church and Modern Society*, have given the most powerful direction to public sentiment, against the Order. To give the reader some idea of the importance attached to this work, it should be mentioned, that it passed through seven editions in the space of eight months, and that since its first appearance, more than two hundred volumes have been published for and against it.

Such a work cannot fail to be of universal interest. It must of necessity form the basis of all discussions in relation to the Society of which it treats. How soon such discussions may spring up in our own country, no one can predict. It is well known that the Order has its ramifications here, as every where where it has not been driven out by the public authorities. With our free institutions it is doubtful if the power exists to compel the members of it to leave the country, in case they should prove

to be the curse they have uniformly been in other lands. For this very reason they would naturally choose this country as the scene of their operations. For this reason, too, it is indispensable that the public should be put upon its guard against an enemy which always works in the dark, and which scruples not to make use of any means to accomplish its ends.

We know not how far they may have progressed already. Let us, then, take care that public opinion is well informed as to their character, designs, and methods of operation.

New York, Nov. 19, 1845.

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LECTURES OF M. MICHELET.

What the future has in store for us God only knows! But I pray that if we are to be struck, it may be with the sword.

The wounds that the sword makes are fair and open ones, which bleed and are healed. But what must be done with those shameful wounds which one conceals, which grow old and go on ever increasing?

Of these wounds, the most to be dreaded is the spirit of police in the affairs of God, the spirit of pious intrigue, of holy detraction, the spirit of the Jesuits.

God give us political tyranny, military tyranny, and all other tyrannies ten times over, rather than that such a police should sully our France! Tyranny has this that is good in it, that it often awakens the national sentiment, and we destroy it, or it destroys itself. But feeling once extinct, the gangrene once in your flesh and your bones, and how will you drive it out?

Tyranny contents itself with the external man, it only constrains actions. This police would extend to the thoughts.

The very habits of thought changing little by little, the soul, altered in its very depths, would at length become of another nature.

A lying and flattering soul, trembling and wicked, which despises itself, is it still a soul? A change worse than death itself. Death only kills the body; but the soul being killed, what remains?

Death, in killing you, lets you live in your children. Here you will also lose both your children and the future.

Jesuitism, the spirit of police and of impeachment, the low habits of the scholar *informer*, once transported from the college and the convent into the whole of society, what a hideous spectacle! A whole people like a house of Jesuits; that is, from top to bottom occupied in denouncing each other. Treason at the very hearth, the wife a spy upon the husband, the child upon the mother. No sound, but a sad murmur, a rumbling of people confessing the faults of others, tormenting and quietly gnawing one another.

This is not, as one may suppose, a picture of the imagination. I see from here such a people whom the Jesuits are daily thrusting down deeper into this hell of eternal misery.

“But is it not to distrust France, to fear such a danger for her? For a thousand Jesuits that we have to-day—”*

* According to a person who thinks himself well informed, there should be now in France more than 960; at the moment of the revolution of July, there were 423. At that period they were concentrated in a few houses; now they are scattered through all the dioceses. They are spreading themselves everywhere at this moment. Three have just passed over to

Three thousand men have in twelve years accomplished a prodigious thing. Beaten down in 1830, crushed and sunken, they have raised themselves up again, without any one suspecting it. And not only raised up; but while it was questioned if there were any Jesuits, they have carried away, without difficulty, over thirty or forty thousand priests, have made them lose ground, and are leading them, God knows whither!

“Are there Jesuits?” A man asks this question, whose wife they already govern by a confessor of their own—the wife, the house, table, hearth, bed. To-morrow they will have her child.*

Where, then, is the clergy of France? Where are all the parties that made the life of it under the Restoration? Extinct, dead, annihilated. What has become of that Jansenism, little indeed, but so vigorous? I seek for it, and I see but the tomb of Lanjuinais.

Where is M. de Montlosier, where are our loyal

Algiers, and many into Russia. They cause themselves to be asked for of the Pope, through Mexico and New Granada. Masters of the Valais, they have just obtained possession of Lucerne and the Lesser Cantons, &c. &c.

* Let it be known, once for all, in spite of the eternal repetitions of the Jesuits, who designedly deceive upon all this matter, that the question of liberty of instruction, and what they call the monopoly of the University, has nothing to do here. Not a word thereupon will be found in this volume. I have very dear friends in the University, but since 1838, I have no longer the honor of belonging to it.

Gallicans, who wished for the harmony of the State and the Church? Disappeared. They have forsaken the State, which forsook them. Who is there, at the present day, who would dare to call himself Gallican, to make use of the name of the Church of France?

The timid Sulpician opposition (little Gallican) has kept silence. St. Sulpice has shut itself up in the instruction of priests in its seminary routine, leaving the world to the Jesuits. It would seem to have been for their satisfaction that St. Sulpice was established; for as long as the priest is brought up there, they have nothing to fear. What can they desire better than a school which neither teaches nor wishes others to teach? The Jesuits and St. Sulpice now live well together; the bargain has been tacitly made between death and emptiness.

What is done in the Seminaries, so well shut against the law, we hardly know except by the nullity of their results. What is also known of them is, their books of instruction, superannuated books, trash, abandoned everywhere else, but always inflicted upon the unfortunate young priests.* How

* To the great danger of their morality; I admire whatever these young priests, elevated in this casuistry, preserve of honesty.—“But see you not,” says a bishop, “that these are books of medicine?” There is a certain part of medicine that is infamous; that which, under pretext of a malady forgotten at the present day (or even imaginary and physically impossible), soils the patient and the physician. The cynical assurance with which they defend all this, shows how closely

can we be astonished, if they come out as great strangers to science as to the world? They feel, at the first step, that they bring nothing with them that ought to be brought; the most judicious keep silence; if an occasion to appear presents itself, the Jesuit arrives, or the envoy of the Jesuits, and obtains possession of the desk; the priest hides himself.

Yet it is not talent that is wanting, nor courage. But what would you have? Every thing now-days is against them. They feel this but too deeply, and this sentiment helps to place them beneath themselves. Having the ill-will of every body, ill treated by his own, the parish priest (see him walking in the street) moves along sadly, his air often timid and more than modest, taking always the outside of the walk!

But would you see a man? Observe the Jesuit passing by. Why do I say a man? There are many men in one. His voice is gentle, but his step is firm. His manner says, without his speaking, "I am *Legion*." Courage is an easy thing for him who feels that he has an army to sustain him, who sees himself defended and urged on, both by the great body of Jesuits and by a world of titled people, and beautiful women who at need will move the world for him. He has made a vow of obedience—in order that he may reign, be pope with the law should watch these great shut-up houses, where no one knows what is passing. Certain convents have been transformed into houses of correction.

pope, have his part in the great kingdom of the Jesuits, spread abroad in all kingdoms. He follows its interest by a confidential correspondence, from Belgium to Italy, and from Bavaria to Savoy. The Jesuit lives in Europe, yesterday at Fribourg, tomorrow at Paris: the priest lives in a parish, in the little damp street which runs along the wall of the church; he resembles but too much the sad, sickly gilly flower which he raises in his window.

Let us see these two men at work. And first let us observe which way that thoughtful person will turn who arrives upon the great square and seems to hesitate yet.—To the left is the parish; to the right, the house of Jesuits.

On the one side what would she find? An honest man of feeling, perhaps, under that stiff and awkward form, who labors all his life to stifle his passions, that is, to be more and more ignorant of the things upon which people come to consult him. The Jesuit, on the other hand, knows beforehand what is the matter; he divines the previous occurrences, finds without difficulty the extenuating circumstance—he arranges the affair on the part of God, sometimes on the part of the world.

The priest carries the Law and the decalogue like a leaden weight; he is slow, full of objections, of difficulties! You talk to him of your scruples, and there occur to him yet more of them; your affair seems bad enough to yourself, and he finds it still worse. You find yourself far advanced towards him. It is your fault. Why do you not rather go

into that Italian chapel? A chapel, ornate, elegant; even though it should be a little sombre, have no fear, enter, you will soon be reassured and well comforted. Your case is a trifling affair; here is a man of mind who will prove it so. Why talk of the Law? The Law may reign over yonder, but here reigns grace, here the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary.—The good Virgin is so kind!*

There is, besides, a great difference between these two men. The priest is bound in many ways, by his church, by the local authority; he is *under guardianship* like a minor. The priest fears the curate, the curate the bishop. The Jesuit fears nothing. His order only asks of him the advancement of the order. The bishop has nothing to say to him. And where would be found the bishop, now-a-days, bold enough to doubt that the Jesuit is himself the rule and the law?

The bishop does no harm, and is of considerable use. It is through him that they have a hold upon the priests; he holds a rod over them, which, managed by a young vicar-general who wishes to become a bishop, will be a rod of iron.

* The Jesuit is not only the *confessor*, he is the *director*, and as such consulted upon every thing; as such, he considers himself in no manner bound to secrecy, so that twenty directors who live together may put together, examine, and *combine* the thousands of souls which are open to them, and which they see *through and through*. Marriages, wills, all the acts of their penitents of both sexes, can be discussed and prepared in the secret councils!

“Take good care, then, priest. Woe to you if you stir—preach little, write never; if you write a line!—without any form we may suspend you, interdict you; no explanation; if you had the imprudence to ask it, we would say, ‘An affair of morals,’” —It is the same thing for a priest as to be drowned with a stone about his neck.

It is said that there are no more serfs in France. There are forty thousand—I advise them to be silent, to wipe away their tears and try to smile.

Many would accept silence and vegetating in a corner—but they will not let them off so. They must speak, and bite, and in the desk they must damn Bossuet.

We have seen some of them forced to repeat a sermon against a living author whom they had never read.—They were let slip, and set on, like miserable fighting dogs, to snap at the legs of the astonished passenger, who asks the reason why.

Oh miserable situation! Anti-Christian, anti-human! They who do this to them laugh at it, but their loyal adversaries, those whom they attack and whom they think their enemies, will weep at it!

Take a man in the street, the first that passes, and ask him, “What are the Jesuits?” and he will answer, without hesitation, “*The counter revolution.*” Such is the firm faith of the people; it has never varied, and you cannot change it. If this word pronounced at the College of France, has sur-

prised some persons, it must be that by force of mind we have lost the sense of it.

Great minds, who blush to listen to the popular voice, address yourselves to science, study, and I predict that at the end of ten years passed upon the history and books of the Jesuits, you will find there but one meaning: *The death of Liberty.*

* * * * *

Amid the weakness of parties, in the more or less disinterested reconciliation of many men of different opinions, it seems as if at present there were but two parties, as there are but two spirits: *the spirit of life and the spirit of death.*

A situation quite otherwise great and dangerous from that of late years, though the immediate shocks are less to be feared. What would it be if the spirit of death, having overcome religion, should go on gaining the mastery over society in politics, literature, and art,—in all that is *living* in it!

The progress of the men of death will stop, let us hope.—The light of day has shone into the sepulchre. We know, and we shall know more, how these spectres have travelled in the night.—How, while we were asleep, they had with wolves' steps surprised defenceless people, priests and women, and religious houses.

It is hardly conceivable how many good people, simple minds, humble brothers, charitable sisters, have been thus misled.—How many convents have opened the door to them, deceived by that gentle

voice ; and now they take a high tone there, and the people are afraid, and tremblingly smile, and do whatever they say.

Show me a rich *work*, in which they have not had a principal influence, when they do not cause to be given as they please and to whom they please. It has therefore become necessary for every poor corporation (missionaries, lazarists, benedictines even) to go to them for the word of command. And now this is all like a great army which the Jesuits are leading to the conquest of the age.

Astonishing, that in so short a time they should have brought together such forces ! However high an opinion one may have of the skill of the Jesuits, it will not suffice to explain such a result. There is a mysterious hand there. She, who well directed, has, from the creation of the world, quietly effected miracles of artifice. A feeble hand which nothing resists, the hand of woman. The Jesuits have employed the instrument of which St. Jerome speaks : " Poor little women, all covered with sins ! "

We show a child an apple to make it come to us. Well ! they have shown to women pretty little feminine devotions, holy play-things, invented but yesterday ; they have arranged for them a little idolatrous world.—What signs of the cross would Saint Louis make, if he should return and see ? He would not remain two days. He would prefer to return into captivity among the Saracens.

These new modes were necessary to gain the women. Whoever would catch them, must sympa-

thize with their little weaknesses, their little arts, often also the taste for falsehood. What has made the fortune of these people with some of them, in the commencement especially, is precisely this indispensable lie, and this mystery ; a false name, abode little known, visits in hiding-places, the *piquante* necessity of lying on their return.

She who has felt much, and who at length finds the world monotonous and insipid, seeks willingly, in the mixture of contrary ideas, for a certain bitter savor. I have seen at Venice a picture, in which, upon a rich, sombre carpet, a beautiful rose was withering away near a scull, and in the scull moved about at pleasure a graceful viper.

This is the exception. The simple and natural means which have generally succeeded is to catch wild birds by means of tame ones. I speak of the Jesuitesses,* polished and gentle, adroit and charming, who, always going before the Jesuits, put every where oil and honey, smoothing the way. They have delighted women by making themselves sisters, friends, whatever they wished, but especially mothers, touching the tender point, the poor maternal heart.

* The ladies of the Sacred Heart are not only directed and governed by the Jesuits, but since 1823, they have the same constitutions. The pecuniary interests of these two branches of the order must be common to a certain extent, since the Jesuits, on their return after the Revolution of July, were aided from the chest of the Sacred Heart. They have expressly revoked the prohibition laid upon the Jesuits by Loyola to direct houses of women.

From true friendship, they consent to take the young girl; and the mother, who otherwise would never have been separated from her, confides her very readily to these gentle hands. She finds herself much more free for it; for, in short, the lovely young witness was a constant embarrassment, especially if, becoming less young, she saw flourishing near her the dear, adored, but too dazzling flower.

All this is done very well, very quickly, with admirable secrecy and discretion. The Jesuits are thus not far from having, in the houses of these ladies, the daughters of all the influential families in the country. An immense result—only it was necessary to wait a while. In a few years these little girls will become wives, mothers. Whoever has the women, is sure to have the men in the long run.

One generation was enough. These mothers would have given their sons. The Jesuits have not had patience enough. A few successes in the pulpit and the saloons have made them giddy. They have quitted these prudent allurements which have been the cause of their success. The able miners, who went on so well under ground, have set to wishing they could work under the open sky. The mole has quitted his hole to walk in full sunshine.

It is so difficult to isolate one's self from one's own times, that those who had the most to fear from noise, have themselves begun to cry out.

Ah! you were there! Thanks, many thanks, for having awakened us! But what do you want?

“ We have the daughters ; we want the sons too ; in the name of liberty, give up your children.”

Liberty ! They love it so much, that in their zeal for it, they wanted to begin by stifling it in the highest places of instruction. Happy presage of what they will do in the secondary instruction ! Since the first months of the year 1842, they sent their young saints to the College of France to disturb the lectures.

We patiently endured these attacks. But, what we supported with more difficulty was, the bold attempts they made under our eyes to corrupt the schools.

On this side there was no longer either precaution or mystery ; they worked in full daylight, they inveigled men upon the public square. Excessive competition, and the disquietude it brings after it,* gave fine play there. Such and such a suddenly made fortune spoke loud enough,—miracles of the new church very powerful in their effects upon the heart. Certain men, hitherto of the firmest, began to reflect, to understand the ridicule of poverty, and they walked with their heads down.

Once shaken, no time was given to breathe ; the affair was briskly led on, each day with more boldness. The successive steps that they lately observed were, little by little, neglected. The neo-Catholic

* The lassitude of men's minds, after so many political disappointments, would have induced a serious return to religious ideas, if the speculators in religion had not hastened to profit by this situation of affairs.

stage continued to shorten itself. The Jesuits did not want more than a day to make a complete conversion. They no longer trained the adepts upon the old preliminaries.* They pointed boldly to the end. This precipitation, that may seem imprudent, is, nevertheless, easily explained. These young people are not so young that it will do to wait; they have one foot in life, they are about to act, or they do act; there is no time to lose, the result is near. Gained to-day, they would to-morrow deliver over the whole of society: as physicians, the secrets of families; as notaries, those of fortunes; as judges, impunity.

Few have succumbed. The schools have resisted; good sense and national loyalty have preserved them. We congratulate them on it. Young people, may you remain like yourselves, and always repulse corruption as you have done here, when religious intrigue made an ally of it, and came to find you even upon the benches, with the seductive train of worldly temptations.

No danger is greater.—He who runs blindly after the world and its joys, from the impulses of youth, will return from lassitude—but he who, the better to surprise the world, can coldly speculate upon God, and calculate how much God will be worth to him, he is dead of the death from which no one is resuscitated.

[The professor here enters into an account of his

* Christian art, Catholic demagoguism, &c.

labors, and his plan and course of instruction in the philosophy of history, showing the principles by which he was guided and the tendencies of his teaching. He goes on:]

It was in the midst of this religious labor that outrage sought me out. This took place on the 7th of April, 1842, after a very important lecture, in which I had established, against the sophists, the moral unity of the human race.

The word of command had been given to disturb the course. But the indignation of the public terrified these brave fellows; little organized as yet, they thought best to await the all-powerful effects of the libel the Jesuit D. was writing upon the notes of his brethren, and which M. Desgarets, canon of Lyons, has signed, confessing that he was not the author of it.

I do not like disputes. I was falling back a whole year into my preoccupations, into my solitary labor, into my dream of the olden time.—But these men, who did not sleep, were emboldened, and thought they might with impunity come behind and strike the dreamer.

It was found, however, that by the progress of my labors and the very plan of my course, I was coming to them. Occupied hitherto in explaining and analyzing life, I must naturally examine the false life which counterfeits it; I must show in contrast living organism and sterile mechanism.

But though I might explain life without showing

death, I should regard it as a duty of the professor of morals not to decline the question which came to be imposed upon him.

Our preachers, in these latter times, have touched upon every thing ; social questions, political, historical, literary, medical questions ; one spoke upon anatomy, another upon Waterloo. Then taking courage, they have set themselves to preaching, as in the times of the League, against such and such a person. They have found this very good.

Persons, who cared for them ? And as for social questions, one would have judged, without doubt, that in this time of sleep, there was no great danger in discussing them from the chair.

Certes, it is not we who will object to that ; we accept the division. The Church occupies itself with the world, it teaches us our business.—Very well. We will teach it God !

* * * * *

I give here the notes that remain to me of my course. I give them nearly as they were written, on the very day of each lecture. I could not write them sooner, because from one lecture to another the situation changed, the question advanced, through the press or otherwise, till the last lecture.

Some indulgence must be granted to an instruction pursued in spite of the storm, and which modified in form according to the phases of the polemics, still advanced with a firm step towards the end first indicated.

I suppress, in these notes, many things that had reference to my previous lectures, and also such matters as could only be alluded to in a course, the object of which was general, and which another course, specially devoted to the literature of the Jesuits, shed full light upon.

2*

LECTURE I.

MODERN MECHANISM.

Of Moral Mechanism.

IN this first lecture (of the second part of my course) I first stated an important fact, viz., that since 1834, in the midst of an immense increase of material production, there has been a considerable diminution of intellectual production. This fact, less remarked here, is perfectly well known by our foreign literary counterfeiters, who complain that they have almost nothing to counterfeit.

From 1824 to 1834, France nourished them richly. She produced in that period literary monuments, which make her glory before Europe; and not only isolated monuments, but great collections of works, cycles of histories, dramas, romances, &c.

In the ten following years as much or more has been printed, but few works of importance. The books even of some extent have first appeared in small portions, cut up into articles, and *feuilletons*; ingenious and brilliant enough, but few connected thoughts, few great compositions. What has chiefly occupied the press have been reprints, publications

of old manuscripts, and historic documents. Illustrated books at cheap rates, a sort of daguerreotypes, reproducing in pale images everything placed before them.

The singular rapidity with which all this passes under our eyes, one thing replacing and effacing another, scarcely leaving any trace behind, does not permit us to remark, that among these thousand moving objects, the form varies very little.

An attentive observer, and one curious to compare his recollections, would see these pretended novelties returning periodically; he could reduce them without difficulty to a small number of types and formulas, employed by turns. Our rapid improvisators are obliged, from want of time, to have recourse to these formulas; it is, as it were, a great piece of mechanism with which they are sporting with a light hand.

The mechanical genius which has simplified and aggrandized modern life in the material order, will hardly apply to the things of the spirit, without enfeebling and enervating it. From all sides I see intellectual machines which come to our aid, to enable us to dispense with study and reflection :* Dictionaries which allow us to learn each isolated thing, without the relations which make it clear; Encyclopedias in which every science, cut up into minute parcels, lies like a sterile sand; Abridgments which

* The objection is against these kinds of works, and not against any work in which the authors have shown a spirit of originality and depth.

sum up for you what you have not learned, make you think you know it, and shut the door upon science.

Old methods, and very inferior to the idea of Raymond Lulle. At the end of the middle ages, he found the Scholastics, who were exhausting themselves in deductions upon a given theme. "If the theme is completed," said he, "if the philosophy, the religion, the science is made, it suffices to arrange it well from principles to consequences—and the deductions will be drawn of themselves. My science shall be like a tree; one shall follow from the roots to the branches, from the branches to the leaves—going from the genus to the species, to the individual, and thence, in an inverse direction, return to the deep roots of the general principles." He did as he said; with this convenient tree, one need not look further, everything had become easy.—Only the tree was a barren one, having neither fruit nor flower.

In the sixteenth century, there was another, and bolder attempt at mechanical arrangement. Men were fighting for religion; a valiant man, Ignatius Loyola, comprehended religion itself as an instrument of war, and ethics as a piece of mechanism. His famous *Exercises* are a manual of religious tactics, by which the monastic militia dresses itself to certain movements; he gave in it material processes to produce those raptures of the heart which had always been left to free inspiration; here one prays; there one dreams, weeps, &c., &c.

Admirable mechanism, by which man becomes a mere spring to be moved at pleasure. Only ask for nothing but what a machine can produce; a machine gives action, but no living production: very different from the animated organism, which not only acts, but produces animated organisms like itself. The machinery of the Jesuits has been active and powerful, but it has made nothing living; there always has been wanting to it, what for all society is the highest sign of life, there has been wanting *the great man*. Not a man has it produced in three hundred years.

What is the nature of the Jesuit? He has none; he is fit for everything; a machine, a simple instrument of action, has no personal nature. The machine has its law, fatality; as liberty is the law of the soul. How then do the Jesuits talk of liberty? In what does it concern them? Observe the double language that they hold to us to-day. In the morning they are for liberty, in the evening for authority. In their journals, that they give and distribute among the people, they talk but of liberty, and they would persuade you that political liberty is possible under religious tyranny. This is hard to believe, and difficult to make people believe, who, to get rid of them, have but yesterday driven out one dynasty, and who would drive out ten more if it were necessary.

In the saloons among the great ladies whose *directors* they are, it is no longer thus; they become suddenly the friends of the past, the true children of the middle ages.

And I too, I will tell them, I am a little of the middle ages myself, I have lived long years in them, and I recognise well the four words of Christian art that our people have just learned of you. But let me look you in the face once more : if you are really the sons of that time, you ought to bear some resemblance to it.

That time was fertile, and though believing itself, in its humility, inactive and powerless, it was ever creating. It has built up as in a dream I know not how many poems, legends, churches, systems. How comes it, then, if you are of that time, that you produce nothing ?

That middle age, which you willingly show to us in an idiotic immobility, was nothing but fertile movement and transformation for fifteen hundred years. [*I omit here a long development of this idea.*] The free vegetation which was peculiar to it has nothing in common with the dry and hard action of mechanism.* If there had been no other action than this, it would have produced no living thing ; it would have been sterile—and you would have resembled it.

No, you are not of the past ! No, you are not of the present !

* The symbolism of the middle age, which went on always changing, under an apparently motionless form, resembled in that every living thing,—a plant, for example, which changes so gently that one would think nothing had changed. Nothing is more foreign to the artificial, received, analytical method which premeditates enthusiasm and mechanizes faith.

Have you a being, then? No, you have only the appearance of being—Pure accident, a simple phenomenon. No existence. Whatever really *is*, produces.

If you who are not, who do nothing, and will do nothing, should counsel us to do nothing, to abdicate our activity, to turn ourselves over to you, to nothingness, we would answer, "The world must not die yet; be dead if you please; but does that give you the right to exact that all others should be dead also?"

If it is insisted that you are something, I will concede that you are an old machine of war*, a fire-ship of Philip II., of the *invincible Armada*. Whoever boards it, whether Philip II. or Charles X., perishes in it.

Born of the combat, you remain faithful to your birth. Your works are but disputes, scholastic and polemical discourses, that is to say, negations. We

* Three years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Gregory XIII., who had thanked heaven for that happy event, accorded to the Jesuits all the privileges that the popes had granted or might ever grant (*concessis et concedendis*) to all ecclesiastical persons, secular or regular. Hence their pretension to represent the entire Church conformably to the ambitious name, Society of Jesus.—They are the dangerous counterfeit of it. They take boldly from all anterior rules, copy St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St. Francis. But consult the originals afterwards and you find that the texts borrowed had another sense, wholly religious and poetic, and had nothing to do with the police of these men—an odd and ridiculous effect, like an ordonnance of police, going to seek for its motives in the *Divina Commedia*.

work, you fight in two ways ; which is the Christian way ?

Milites (it is your name), put back your sword in the scabbard—*Beati pacifici!* Blessed are the peace-makers.

Do as we were doing before you came to trouble us, work tranquilly. Then only will you understand Christianity and the middle age of which you suspect so little.

To whom do I address this advice, which is not that of an enemy ? To the Society ? No, it boasts of never being changed or ameliorated.* I speak to any unfortunate one, such as I now see in thought, who feels, perhaps too late, that he has entered into the way from which there is no return, and weeps in secret that he has espoused death.

The end of this lecture was published without my knowledge in the *Patrie* of the same evening, and on the following morning in the *Siecle*. I did not know then the active part that the press was to take in this contest.

I was ignorant (which may seem strange, but is none the less true) that my friend, M. Quinet, having carried on his course as far as the middle of the sixteenth century, was about to treat of the literature of the Jesuits. Still less had I any knowledge of the article that M. Libri inserted in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, three days after my lecture. What, perhaps, will be more surprising still, *I had not read a single line of all that had been written against me.* It was after my second lecture one of my old pupils brought me the *Monopole Universitaire*.

* The word of the general is known : *Sint ut sunt aut non sint.* Let them be as they are or not be at all.

LECTURE II.

REACTIONS OF THE PAST.

Phantoms. *Perinde ac cadaver.*

THEY have said that I was defending, they have said I was attacking. Neither the one nor the other. I teach. The professor of history and ethics has a right to examine the most important question of philosophy and history: What organism and mechanism are, and wherein living organism differs from sterile mechanism.

A grave question, especially at this moment, when life seems to grow feeble, when sterility is creeping over us, when Europe, hitherto occupied in imitating France, in counterfeiting or translating France, is astonished to see that we go on producing less and less.

I have cited an illustrious example of mechanism powerful for action but impotent for production, the order of the Jesuits, which, in an existence of three centuries, has not been able to produce a single man or a single book of genius.

The Jesuits belong, as much as the Templars, to the judgment of history. It is my right and my

duty to make known these great associations. I have begun with the Templars, whose trial I am publishing ; I now come to the Jesuits.

They stated, in their Journal of day before yesterday, that *I was attacking the clergy* ; quite the contrary. To make known the tyrants of the clergy, who are the Jesuits, is to render the greatest service to the clergy, to prepare their deliverance. We by no means confound the tyrants and their victims. Let them not hope to conceal themselves behind that great body which they compromise by urging it to violence, when it only wishes for peace.

The Jesuits are, I have said, a formidable machine of war, invented in the most violent combat of the sixteenth century, employed as a desperate resource, dangerous to those who make use of it. There is a place where this is perfectly well understood, namely, Rome ; and this is why the cardinals have said,* and always will say to the conclave when a Jesuit is proposed, *Dignus, sed Jesuita*. They know that the order, at bottom, adores itself. It is the faith of the Templars.

Christianity has only been able to ameliorate the world by mingling in it. Thence it has been obliged to submit to the sad necessities of the world ; to war, the saddest of all. It has become a warrior at times, though it is peace itself ; that is, at these moments it made itself anti-Christian.

The machines of war, coming out, then, by a

* On the subject of the Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine.

strange miracle from the religion of peace, finding themselves in direct contradiction to their principle, have presented from their birth a singular character of ugliness and falsity: how much more, then, in proportion as they went farther and farther from the circumstances which had given them birth, and the necessities which might explain the birth! More and more in disagreement with the world which surrounded them, which had forgotten their origin, and was only struck with their ugliness, they inspired an instinctive repugnance; the people had a horror of them without knowing why.

Every apparition of the disturbed and violent world of ancient times, to our modern world, inspires ever repugnance. The eldest children of the slime, who formerly alone possessed the globe, covered with water and fog, and who now knead with their ungainly limbs the warm mud of the Nile, seem a claim of chaos to regain possession of us again.*

God, who is beauty, has not created absolute ugliness. Deformity is an unharmonious passage.

There is deformity and deformity—one which wishes to be less ugly, to harmonize itself, to ar-

* The serpent of the old slime appears pleasing, shining, scaled, and winged. "See my beautiful scales and wings, mount upon my back, and let us fly together toward the light!" "What, with that reptile's belly do you promise to fly? Is it you, bat, that will lead me to the sun? Back, monstrous chimeras; back, living lies. Holy light, come to my aid against the phantoms of chaos, and the swallowing up of the ancient night!"

range itself, to follow progress, to follow God,—the other, which wishes to be more ugly, and which, in proportion as the world becomes more harmonized, aspires to the ancient chaos.

So, in history and in art, ~~one~~ sympathizes with the ugly forms which wish for their change. “*Expecto Domine, donec veniat immutatio mea.*” See in our cathedrals those miserable squat figures which, under the weight of an enormous pillar, attempt, nevertheless, to raise the head. It is the visible aspiration of the sad people of that time. You find it again in the fifteenth century, ugly and making grimaces, but intelligent, circumspect.* Through this ugliness you perceive the modern harmony.

The odious, incurable deformity, that which shocks the eyes and still more the heart, is that which shows the wish to remain such, and not to let itself be bettered by the hands of the great artist, who for ever goes on sculpturing his work.

So, when Christianity is victorious, the pagan gods prefer to flee away. They seek the forests; live there wild, and more and more savage; the old women upon the heath of Macbeth cabal for them. The middle age regards this obstinate tendency towards the past, this effort to go backward when God leads forward, as the supreme evil, and calls it Devil.

There was the same horror for the *Albigenses*, when they, who called themselves Christians, re-

* See the statue of the daughter of Jean Bureau at Versailles.

newed the Persian, Manichean duality, as if, in the midst of Christianity, Arimanes had returned to take his seat by the side of God.

Less gross, but not less impious, seems to have been the mystery of the *Temple*.

Strange religion of soldier monks, who, in their contempt for the priests, seem to have mingled the superstitions of the ancient Gnostics and of the Mussulmans, wishing no more of God than the Holy Spirit, shutting him up with them in the secrecy of the Temple, keeping him for themselves. Their true God came to be the order itself. They adored the Temple and the Templars, as living temples. Their symbols expressed blind devotion, the complete abandonment of the will. The order, thus binding itself together, fell into a wild religion of self, into a satanic egotism. What is most sovereignly diabolical in the devil is, that he adores himself.

Thus this instrument of war, that the Church had created for its use in the Crusades, turned about so well in her hands, that while she was thinking to direct it, she felt its point at her heart. However, the peril was less, in that this bastard creation of monk-soldier had little vitality out of the Crusades, which had given it birth.

The battle of the sixteenth century created a militia much more dangerous. At the moment when Rome is attacked in Rome itself, by the books of Luther and the arms of Frondsberg, there comes to her from Spain a valiant soldier, who devotes himself to her service, a man of enthusiasm and subtlety.

She seizes this glaive in her peril, and so eagerly, and with so much confidence, that she casts away the scabbard. She confers all power upon the general of the Jesuits, interdicting herself from ever giving them, even at their request, privileges contrary to their institution. (*Nullius momenti habenda sunt, etiamsi a sede Apostolica sint concessa.*) The pope shall change nothing, and the general, with the assembly of the order, shall change what he pleases according to places and times.

What gave force and legitimacy to the order at its first appearance was, that it sustained against the Protestants, who exaggerated the divine influence, that man is nevertheless free.

Now what use shall he make of this liberty? He shall hand it over to the Jesuits; he shall employ it to obey, and *he shall think right* all which shall be prescribed to him;* he shall be in the hands of his superiors as a staff in the hand of an old man who does what he pleases with it; he shall suffer himself to be pushed to the right and to the left, *as a corpse*: PERINDE AC CADAVER.

For the support of this doctrine of obedience and tyranny, a system of *impeachment* is authorized by the founder himself. His successors organize the great moral scholastics, or *casuistics*, which finds for everything a *distinguo*, a *nisi*. This art of using

* Obedientia, tum in executione, tum in voluntate, tum in intellectu, sit in nobis ex omni parte perfecta — * *omnia justa esse nobis persuadendo.*—*Constit.* p. 123, 12mo. Romæ, in collegio societatis, 1583.

cunning in matters of morality was the principal strength of their Society, the all-powerful attraction of their confessional. The preaching was severe, the direction indulgent. Thus were concluded strange bargains between the sick consciences of the great of this world, and the wholly political direction of the Society.

The most efficacious means of conversion, and which was no sooner discovered than applied by the Jesuits, *was to carry off children*, in order to force the parents to be converted. A new and very ingenious means, of which Nero and Diocletian had never thought.

One single fact. Towards 1650, a great lady of Piedmont, very worldly and very passionate, found herself upon her death-bed; she was attended by her Jesuit confessor, and notwithstanding was little reassured. At this important moment she recollected her husband, whom she had not seen for a long time, sent for him, and said to him, "I have sinned much (perhaps against you), I have much to expiate, I believe my soul in danger. Aid me, and swear that you will employ all means, both fire and the sword, to convert the Vaudois." The husband, a brave soldier, swore, and spared no military means, but nothing answered the purpose. The Jesuits, more skilful, then thought of carrying off the children; they were sure that the mothers would follow them.

* The edict of Turin, 1655, establishes this terrible fact by the mitigation that it fixes upon it; a prohibition to carry off boys before twelve, and girls before ten years of age.

This means, under the same influence, was largely put in practice after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Louis XIV. was repugnant to it; but Madame de Maintenon, who had no child, made him understand that nothing was ever better imagined, nothing more efficacious.—The cries of mothers have ascended to heaven!

If we are repugnant, too, at putting our children in the hands of those who first advised this carrying off of children, it can hardly be wondered at. The mechanical education that the Jesuits give cultivates, perhaps, the mind, but crushes the soul. One may know much and be none the less a dead soul: *Perinde ac Cadaver*.

There is another thing that should occasion distrust. Who knows what the Jesuits are at the present day and what they are doing? Their existence is more than ever mysterious.

We should have the right to say to them, The game is not equal between us and you. We give all our thoughts to the public, we live in the light. But what hinders you from saying *yes* in the morning and *no* in the evening?

What we do is known. We are working well or ill. Each day we bring here our whole life, our own heart. Our enemies may bite at it.

And it is a long time now (simple and laborious as we are) that we are nourishing them with our substance. We can say to them, as in the Greek song the wounded man said to the vulture, "Eat,

bird, it is the flesh of a brave man; thy beak will grow longer by an ell."

For see, yourselves, upon what do you live in your great poverty? The very tongue in your mouth, with which your advocates attack J. J. Rousseau, is the tongue of Rousseau as much as they can make it so. Rhetoric, reasoning, small observation of facts.

Who has raised up Christian spiritualism the last twenty years? Will you dare to say, yourselves?

Who has brought back in the public the fervor for the middle age? Will you dare to say that you have done it?

We have praised the past, St. Louis, St. Thomas, even Ignatius Loyola. And you have said, I am Loyola. No! you are not even Loyola. A man of genius would not have done at the present day what he did then.

This lecture was disturbed by some signs of insolent disapprobation. The individuals who allowed themselves to do it, raised the indignation of the whole audience; recognized on coming out from the lecture, they were pursued by the hootings of the crowd.

On the Wednesday following, M. Quinet, in a lecture which will not be forgotten, established our right, the right of the liberty of the professor. The journals successively declared for us. The *Siecle* published the lectures of M. Quinet and my own.

A new review, of which the first number appeared on the 15th of May, gave some extracts (the *Journal de la Liberté Religieuse*, edited by M. Goubault); and considerable portions

were inserted by different journals of the departments and foreign countries.

On Thursday, the 11th of May, many of my colleagues and of my most distinguished friends wished in some sort to protest, by their presence, against these unworthy attacks, and did me the honor to surround my chair.

LECTURE III.

EDUCATION, DIVINE AND HUMAN.

Unnatural Education.

IN a life already advanced, solitary, and laborious, I find, on looking back, very sweet compensation for whatever has escaped me. It is, that it has been given to me, as much as to any man of this time, to see in history a truly divine mystery. I do not speak of the great dramatic crises, which seem like the state-measures of God. . . . I speak of the gentle, patient, often scarcely perceptible action, by which Providence prepares, raises up, and develops life, rears and nourishes it, and goes on fortifying it. (*Noise, interruption.*)

I call to witness my illustrious friends, historians of humanity or of nature, whom I see around me in this hall: I ask them if the highest recompense of their labors, their best consolation in various fortunes, has not been the contemplation of what we may call the maternity of Providence.

God is a mother. . . . That is apparent to him who sees with what circumspection he puts the greatest forces within the compass of the weakest

beings. For whom is this immense work, this course of the elements, these waters coming from distant seas, and this light of thirty millions of leagues? What is this favorite of God before whom nature is zealous, moderates itself, and holds its breath? It is a blade of grass.

To see these skilful and delicate arrangements, this fear to injure, this desire to preserve, this tender respect for existence, who would fail to recognize the maternal hand?

The great mother, the great nurse, is like all mothers—she fears lest she should be too strong; she surrounds and does not press; she influences, not forces; she gives ever and ever, but gently, little at a time—so that the nursling, whatever he may be, may not long remain passive, but may assist himself, and according to his kind have also his action.

The eternal miracle of the world is, that the infinite power, far from stifling feebleness, wills that it should become a power. Omnipotence seems to find a divine happiness in creating and encouraging life, action, liberty. (*Noise, violent altercations, a long interruption.*)

Education has no other end but to imitate in the culture of man this conduct of Providence. What education proposes is, to develop a free creature, which can of itself act and create.

In the tender and disinterested education they give their child, parents wish for nothing for themselves, every thing for him, that he may harmoniously increase in all his faculties, in the plentitude

of his powers, that little by little he may become strong, that he may be a man to take their place.

They wish, above all, that the child should develop its activity though they should suffer by it. If the father fences with him, he gives him the advantage; in order to embolden him, he recoils, lets himself be touched, never finds that he strikes strongly enough.

The thought of parents, the end of their cares during so many years, is, that at length the child may be in a condition to dispense with them, that he may one day leave them. The mother even is resigned; she sees him set out, she sends him upon hazardous careers, in the navy or the army. What does she wish? that he may return a man, browned by the sun of Africa, distinguished and admired, and that he may then marry, and love another more than his mother.

Such is the disinterestedness of the family; all that it asks is to produce a free and strong man, who may, if necessary, detach himself from it.

The artificial families or fraternities of the middle age had, in their commencement, something of this divine character of the natural family, the harmonious development in liberty. The great monastic families had a shadow of it at their beginning, and it is then that they produced the great men who represent them in history. They have only been fertile so far as they left something to free development.

The Jesuits alone, instituted for a violent action in politics and war, have undertaken to make the

entire man enter into this action. They wish to appropriate him to themselves without reserve, to employ and keep him from birth to death. They take him by *education* before awakened reason can put itself upon the defensive, they rule him by *preaching*, and govern him in his lesser actions by *direction*.

What is this education? Their apologist, the Jesuit Cerutti, tells us plainly enough (*Apologie*, p. 330). "As we swathe the limbs of an infant in the cradle *to give them a right proportion*, it is necessary from his earliest youth to *SWATHE*, so to speak, *his will*, that it may preserve, through the rest of his life, a happy and salutary suppleness."

If one could believe that a faculty long *swathed* could ever become active, it would be enough to compare this extremely gentle expression with the more frank phrase which they have not feared to write down in their rules, and which indicates very well the kind of obedience they demand, and what a man will be in their hands; *like a staff, like a corpse*.

But they will say, "If the will alone is annulled, and all the other faculties gain by it, is there not compensation?"

Prove that they have gained; prove that mind and intelligence can live in a man with a dead will. Where are your illustrious men for three hundred years? Though even one side of man should profit by the weakening of the other, who then has the right to practise such operations: for example, to put

out the left eye under pretext that the right will have a clearer sight?

I know that the English breeders have discovered the art of making strange specialities; sheep who are only fat, beeves who are only meat, elegant skeletons of horses to win stakes; and to mount these horses they have had need of dwarfs, miserable creatures who are forbidden to grow.

Is it not an impious thing to apply this shocking art of making monsters to the soul, and to say to it, "Thou shalt keep such a faculty, and thou shalt sacrifice such another; we will leave thee memory, the sense of little matters, such and such practice in business and cunning; we will take away from thee that which constitutes thy very essence, that which is thyself—the will, liberty! So that thus useless, thou mayest live yet as an instrument, and belong to thyself no longer."

To do these monstrous things there was need of a monstrous art.

The art of keeping men *together* and yet in *isolation*, united for action, disunited in heart, working together for the same end while making war upon each other.

To obtain this isolation in the midst of society, it is necessary at first to leave the inferior members in perfect ignorance of what is revealed to the superior degrees (Reg. Comm. xxvii.), so that they may go blindly from one grade to another, as if going up stairs in the night.*

* To justify the prohibition to learn to read which they im-

This is the first point. The second consists in putting them in distrust one of the other, through fear of mutual denunciations. (*Reg. Comm.* xx.)

The third, to complete this artificial system, by special books which show them the world under a wholly false light, so that having no means of criticising, they find themselves shut up, and, as it were, immured in the lie.

I will only cite one of these books; their abridgment of the History of France (edition of 1843),* a book for the last five-and-twenty years, scattered by millions in France, Belgium, Savoy, Piedmont, and Switzerland; a book so completely adopted by them, that they have modified it from year to year,† purg-

pose upon their domestics, they boldly quote St. Francis of Assisi (*Reg. Comment. Nigromus*, p. 303), who, with his perfect confidence in divine illumination, dispenses his from studying. I think I see Machiavel making use for his policy of the word he had surprised upon the lips of a child. There is a multitude of such things, the letter of which the Jesuits have taken from the ancient rules, but which have with them a wholly different meaning, and are only then to testify how contrary is their spirit to that of the middle age.

* *Histoire de France à l'usage de la jeunesse*—new edition, revised and corrected. 1843. Printed at Lyons. Louis Lesne, publisher. This book, and all those by the same hand, are designated in the catalogues by the sign A. M. D. G. (ad majorem Dei gloriam), or by L. N. N. (lucet, non nocet).

† And from month to month. In the edition they issued in June, they suppressed the passage which I quoted at the College of France, according to an edition of January or February, and which I have before my eyes while I am writing this note, now on the 24th of June.

ing it of the ridiculous words that had rendered name of the author famous ; but leaving the calumnies, the blasphemies against France. Everywhere is the English heart, everywhere the glory Wellington.* The English themselves have shamed themselves less English ; they have refuted with contempt the calumnies that the Jesuits had invented repeated against our dead at Waterloo, the passage among others, where, relating that the remains of the imperial guard refused to surrender, the history of the Jesuits adds : “ *These frantic men were set to fire upon one another and kill themselves* ” under the eyes of the English, whom this strange spectacle held in amazement mingled with horror. Wretch ! you little know the generation you :

* It should be seen what speeches they put in his mouth absurd and insulting to us (ii. 312), the sanguinary follies that make Napoleon utter (ii. 324), the absurdities of an idiotic legend : “ On the 20th of March, there were mingled with the cries of *vive l'Empereur*, the cry of *vive l'enfer, a bas le paradis !* (long live hell ! down with paradise !) p. 337. We shall be said of the dissertation on wigs, which in this little book occupies two entire pages (ii. 168, 169) ? The rest is keeping ; everywhere the same spirit, worldly and devoted things the most grave said with a deplorable levity, in which one perceives the death of the heart. This is the style which the author speaks of the St. Bartholomew : “ The marriage took place, and the joy of the festival would have been complete, but for the bloody catastrophe which terminated it (i. 294.) But what beats all is this audacious eulogium of the Jesuits by themselves : “ By a distinction truly honorable to this company, it had as many enemies as religion itself (ii. 103.)

by chance calumniating! Those who have seen these brave men near, can tell if their calm courage was ever mingled with fury. More than one that we have known had the mildness of an infant. Ah! they were gentle, those strong men!*

If you have ever so little prudence, never speak of those men, never of those times. Be silent upon that head! you would be too easily recognized for what you are, viz. the enemies of France. She would herself say to you: "Touch not my dead! Take care, they are not so dead as you think!"

It was easy to recognize, during this lecture, the hand that directed the interrupters. The means they employed to disturb the course were altogether conformable to what we had just been teaching of the method of the Jesuits. It consisted in stifling the voice of the professor, not by hisses, but by

* How many facts I could cite! Here is one which deserves to be saved from oblivion. At the battle of Wagram, one of the batteries of the imperial guard happened to be established for some moments upon a field covered with the enemy's wounded; one of them, who was suffering horribly from his wound, thirst, and the heat, called out to the French to finish him; furious at not being understood, (he spoke Hungarian,) he dragged himself towards a loaded piece and attempted to fire it upon the cannoniers; the French officer took the arm from his hands and hung some coats upon a stack of muskets to make a shade for him. This officer was M. Fourcy-Gauduin, captain of artillery of the guard, the excellent historian of the Polytechnic School, who has written charming poetry amid those terrible wars and upon all the battle-fields of Europe. He has this simple epitaph upon his tomb: *Hinc surrecturus*. And lower down: *Stylo et gladio meruit*.

bravos! This manoeuvre was executed by a dozen persons who had never come to our lectures, and who had been recruited that very morning for this purpose, in a great public establishment.

A manoeuvre so little French was revolting to the pupils, especially as the interrupters, little experienced, had murmured at random, and exactly, as it happened, at the most religious passages of the lecture. They were in danger, one of them especially, whom I saw with pleasure protected from violence by one of my friends.

On the 16th of May, in the evening, a number of students brought me a letter, full of propriety, in which they expressed at once their sympathy for the professor, and their indignation at the disloyal attacks of which his course was the object. This letter had been covered in a moment with two hundred and fifty-eight signatures.

The journals, as I have said, had declared for us. I wrote on the 15th the following letter to the editor of the *Debats*.

SIR,

In an obliging article, in which you establish the justice of our cause, you say that we are making use of our right of *defence*. Some persons may conclude from this, that in order to go to the succor of our attacked reputation, we went out of the subject of our teachings, out of the circle, long traced out, of our lectures.

No, we do not defend ourselves. The truncated, distorted passages defend themselves, as soon as they are read in the original. As for the commentaries that are added, who would dare to read them in public? There are some, the monastic imagination of which would have made Aretinus recoil. (See the *Monopole Universitaire*, page 441.) In my very first lecture of this year, I laid down my subject; it is the highest question of the philosophy of history:

To distinguish living *organism* from *mechanism*, formalism, empty scholasticism.

I. In the first part of my course, I have shown that the true middle age has not been, as is supposed, governed by that sterile spirit; I have studied the mystery of its fertile vitality.

II. In the second part of my course, I show what we must think of the *false middle age*, which wishes to impose itself upon us. I delineate it externally by its impotence, and the sterility of its results; I penetrate to its very bottom, in the disloyalty of its principle: to take man by surprise, to envelop him before the age at which he could defend himself, *to swoathe up the will*, as they say themselves in the *Apology for the Jesuits*.

Such has been, sir, such is the plan of my course. Polemics does not come in except in support of theories; the order of Jesuits is an example, as is the order of the Templars, which I have had occasion to recall.

I am not a man of noise. The greater part of my life has been passed in silence. I have written very late, and since, I have never disputed, never replied. For twelve years I am shut up in an immense work which will occupy my life. Yesterday I was writing the history of France, I shall write it tomorrow, and always, as long as God will permit. I ask of him only to keep me as I have been hitherto, master of my own heart—so that this mountain of lies and calumnies, slowly heaped up, in order to overwhelm me with it at a blow, may not turn in the least degree the impartial balance he has placed in my hands.

I am, &c. &c.

Our adversaries could see, on the 18th of May, by the attitude of the taciturn crowd which had filled all the lecture-rooms of the College of France, that there would be danger in tempting any longer the patience of the public. The silence was complete; one person, suspected (perhaps wrongfully) of having attempted to interrupt, was passed from hand to hand, and in a moment put out of the hall.

Since that day the tranquillity has been undisturbed.

LECTURE IV.

LIBERTY—FECUNDITY.

Sterility of the Jesuits.

THE liberty of the press has saved the liberty of speech. As soon as a free thought is expressed, a free voice raised, it can no more be stifled; it pierces roofs and walls. Of what avail is it to hinder six hundred persons from hearing what to-morrow will be read by six hundred thousand?

Liberty, it is man. Even to submit himself he must be free; to give one's self away, one must belong to himself. He who should abdicate himself in advance, would be no longer a man, he would be a thing. God would none of it!

Liberty is so at the foundation of the modern world, that its enemies have no weapon but itself to fight it with. How was Europe enabled to struggle against the Revolution? By means of liberties, given or promised—communal liberties, civil liberties. (In Hungary, Prussia, Galicia, &c.)

The violent adversaries of liberty of thought derived their strength from that. Is it not a curious spectacle to see M. de Maistre, in his quick way, es-

cape every moment from the yoke he wishes to impose, here more mystical than the mystics condemned by the church, there as revolutionary as the Revolution he is combating ?

Wonderful virtue of liberty ! The freest of the ages, our own, is found to be also the most harmonious. It has been developed, not by servile schools, but by cycles, or great families of independent men, who, without noting one another, yet go hand in hand ; in Germany the cycle of the philosophers, the great musicians ; in France, that of the historians and the poets, &c.*

Thus, it is precisely when there are no longer associations, religious orders, schools, that for the first time has commenced this grand concert, where each nation in itself, and all nations among themselves are, without any previous plan, in accordance.

The middle age, less free, had not this noble harmony ; but it had at least the hope, and, as it were, the prophetic shadow of it, in the great associations which, though dependant, were yet none the less liberties, as compared with previous times. So, when Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, drawing

* There is the same development in the sciences ; since the commencement of the century, I see working, face to face, on the occasion of our great contests, and working, nevertheless, in perfect accordance, the chemists of France, the mechanicians of England ; all drawing from the bosom of nature wonderful forces ; which, though sought for under the inspiration of war, remain none the less for ever in the pacific possession of humanity.

the monk from his seclusion, sent him all over the world as a preacher and pilgrim, this new liberal life in torrents. St. Dominic, in spite of the unfortunate part he takes in the Inquisition, gives us a multitude of profound theologians, orators, poets, painters, bold thinkers, until he is burnt himself, never to be born again, upon the funeral pile of Bruno.

The middle age was thus, not an artificial and mechanical system, but a living being, which had its liberty, and through that, its fecundity; which truly lived, labored, and produced. And, now that it reposes, it has earned its rest, as a good workman; and we who are working to-day, will willingly go to rest near it to-morrow.

But first, both it and we shall be called to give account of what we have done. Ages are responsible like men. We will come, we moderns, with those of the middle age, bearing our works in our hands, and presenting our great workers. We will show Leibnitz and Kant, and it St. Thomas; we will show Ampere or Lavoisier; it, Roger Bacon; it the author of the *Dies iræ*, of the *Stabat Mater*, and Beethoven and Mozart.

Yes, that old time will have something to answer. St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, will arrive loaded with great works, which, all scholastic as they may appear, were none the less works of life.

What will the Jesuits bring forward?

It will not do here, among these two imposing assemblies of the men of genius of the middle a

and those of modern times, to point to learned men, men of mind, agreeable Latin poets, a good preacher, as Bourdaloue; an ingenious philosopher, Buffier.—There is little for literature; nothing, and less than nothing, for art. See under their influence that tawdry painting, coquettish and affected, which is always growing paler, from the time of Mignard down.*

No, these are not your works. You have others that must be shown.

In the first place, your histories,† often learned, always suspicious, always governed by party interests. The Daniels, the Marianas, would have wished to be veracious, had they been able. One thing is wanting to your writers, that which you labor most to destroy, precisely what a great man declares to be the first quality of a historian: “A lion’s heart, always to speak the truth.”

In reality, you have only one work which is yours; it is a code. I mean the rules and constitutions by which you are governed; and, let us add, the dangerous chicanery by which you rear your confessors for the government of souls.

On running over the great book of the constita-

* Poussin liked neither the Jesuits, nor the painting of Jesuits. He said dryly to those who reproached him with representing Jesus Christ under too austere features, “That our Lord was not a *delicate father*.”

† The entire order is a historian, an indefatigable biographer, a laborious archivist. It relates, day by day, to its general, all that is passing in the world.

tions of the Jesuits, one is frightened at the immensity of details, the infinitely minute foresight which it bears witness: an edifice always more large than elegant, which fatigues the sight because it no where offers the simplicity of life, because one feels with terror that living forces figure there on the stones. One would think he saw a great church not like that of the middle age, in its artless vegetation,—no! a church whose walls offered one the heads and faces of men, hearing and seeing, but without body, no limb, the members and the bodies being for ever hidden and sealed, alas! in the immoveable wall.

All built upon one principle: mutual *surveillance*, mutual denunciation, perfect contempt for human nature (a contempt natural, perhaps, at the terrible epoch at which this institution was founded).

The Superior is surrounded by his *consulters*; monks, novices, pupils, by their brethren or comrades, who may denounce them. Shameful precipitations are taken against the most grave, the most tried members.*

Sombre interior! How much I pity them! I must not man who is so evil within, be so much

* Police and counter-police. *The confessor even spied upon by his penitent*, who is sent to him sometimes to ask insidious questions! A woman serving by turns as a spy upon different men jealous of one another. Hell beneath hell! Where is the Dante who would have found that out? Reality is much more vast and more terrible than all imagination. This kind of *espionage* is not in the rules, but in the practice.

the more active without ; must he not carry with him a dangerous inquietude ? The only way to suffer less from this terrible police is, to put it everywhere.

Is not such a police, applied to education, an impious thing ? What ! this poor soul, which has but a day between two eternities, a day in which to become worthy of a blessed eternity—you lay hands upon it to make the child an informer, that is to say, like the devil, who was, according to Genesis, the first informer in the world !

All the services the Jesuits could render* would not wash out this. Their method even of teaching and education, judicious in many things, is, nevertheless, impressed with a mechanical automatic character. There is no spirit of life. It regulates the external ; the internal may come if it can. It teaches, among other things, to *carry the head decently, to look always lower than he to whom one is speaking, to efface carefully the wrinkles that form by the nose and on the forehead ;*† signs, in

* And they certainly have rendered some, especially in that interval of studies when scholastic education is finished and modern education not commenced. Nevertheless, their method, even in its judicious parts, is spoiled by the petty spirit, by the excessive divisions of time and of different studies. Every thing is meanly cut up : a quarter of an hour for four lines of Cicero, another quarter for Virgil, &c. Add to this their mania for arranging authors, of mixing up their own style with them, of giving the ancients the dress of Jesuits, &c.

† *Institutum Soc. Jes.*, ii. 114, fol. Prague. Nothing has changed in the education of the Jesuits. All that I had read in “ The Interior of Saint Acheul, by one of its pupils,” has

fact, but too visible of duplicity and trickery. The wretched comedians do not know that serenity, the air of candor and moral grace, must come from within, and rise from the heart to the countenance, and that it can never be imitated.

* * * * *

Here, then, gentlemen, are the enemies with whom we have to do. Religious liberty, upon which they would lay hands, is the security for all the rest; for political liberty, liberty of the press, and of speech. Guard well this heritage; you should so much the more, that you have received it from your fathers, and not made it yourselves; it is the reward of their efforts, the fruit of their blood. Abandon it! as soon would we break their tombs.

Remember always the word of an old man of other times; a man with a white beard, as he says himself, Chancellor L'Hopital: "To lose liberty, good God! What remains there to lose after that?"

been confirmed to me by pupils of Brugelete, Brieg, and Fribourg.

LECTURE V.

FREE ASSOCIATION—FECUNDITY.

Sterility of the enslaved Church.

* * * * *

The middle age has said in its last book (the "Imitation"), "Let God speak, and the doctors of theology be silent."—We have not this to say, our doctors say nothing.

Theology, philosophy, those two mistresses of the world, from whom the spirit should descend, do they say any thing now? Philosophy teaches no more; it has reduced itself to history, to erudition; it translates, or reprints. Theology teaches no more. It criticises, it abuses. It lives upon proper names, upon the books and the reputation of Mr. Such-an-one, whom it attacks. What signifies Mr. Such-an-one? Let us speak rather of God.

It is high time, if we would really live, that each individual, leaving the Doctors to dispute as much as they please, should seek for life in himself, should appeal to the voice within, to the persevering labors of *solitude*, to the aid of free *association*.

We scarcely understand at the present day either solitude or association ; still less how solitary labor and free communications may alternate and be productive.

In this, nevertheless, is safety. I see, in thought, a whole people suffering and languishing, having neither association nor true solitude, however isolated it may be. Here a population of students, separated from their families ; there a population of priests, dispersed in the country, between the ill-will of the world and the tyranny of their chiefs ; an unfortunate multitude, without voice to complain, who for half a century have scarcely uttered a single sigh.

All these men, isolated, or associated by force, to curse the association, were grouped, in the middle age, into free fraternities and colleges, where even under authority there remained a portion of liberty. Many of these colleges governed themselves, elected their superiors, their masters. And not only was the administration free, but study also in certain points. In that great school of Navarre, for example, beside the prescribed course of instruction, the students had the right to choose for themselves a book to explain together, to study and examine together. These liberties were fertile. The college of Navarre produced a crowd of eminent men, orators and critics ; the Clemengis and the Lannoys, the Gersons and the Bossuets.

Whatever liberty there was in the schools of the middle age, disappeared in later times.

In these schools (which have been too much misjudged) they learned little, it is true, but they practised much. In the sixteenth century the point of view changes; they wish *to know*. Science is enlarged suddenly by the whole ancient world which has just been found again; by what mechanical means shall this mass of words and things be placed in the memory?

This unharmonious science had produced nothing but doubt; every thing was afloat, ideas as well as morals. To draw the human mind from such a state of fluctuation, they imagined the strong machine of the society of Jesuits, in which once engaged, and solidly riveted, it would stir no more.

What happened? This barbarous idea of thus locking up palpitating life in a vice, failed of what it desired. When they thought to hold, they did not hold; they found they had only locked up death.

And death won. A spirit of distrust, of inaction, spread itself in the Church. Talent was in suspicion. The good subjects were those who kept silence. They resigned themselves to silence more and more easily; they habituated themselves to seeming dead. When one does this so well, it is because one is dead in fact.

In our days, the eminent champions of the clergy are not of the clergy (the Bonalds and De Maistres). One priest has put himself forward, and one only.* Is he a priest still?

* The illustrious M. de la Mennais.

It is a profound sterility, and one that explains very little the noise they are making now.

“But what!” it will perhaps be said, “is it not enough to repeat and reiterate an eternal dogma?”

And yet exactly because he is eternal, because he is divine, the Christ in his powerful awakenings, has never wanted a new robe, a garment of youth. From age to age he has incessantly renewed his tunic, both through St. Bernard and St. Francis, and through Gerson and Bossuet!

Do not excuse your impotence. If the multitude has filled the church, do not try to make us believe that it has come there to hear this bandying of old controversies. We will analyze sooner or later the motives which have led it there. Now, only one question presents itself. Is it to quit the world that these come to the church, or is it to get into it more quickly? In these times of competition, more than one has done like the passenger in too great a hurry, who, seeing the street encumbered, takes advantage of a church which stands open, traverses it, and goes out by the other door, and finds himself ahead of the simpletons who are still laboring to make their way in the crowd.

* * * * *

To keep the clergy sterile, to continue to it the withering education of the sixteenth century, to impose always upon it the books which attest the hideous state of morals in these times, is to do what its most cruel enemies would not do.

What! enervate, paralyze this great living body!

keep it inert, motionless! forbid it every thing except abuse! But abuse, nay, criticism, the best criticism, is still criticism,—that is to say, a negation. To become more and more negative is to live less and less.

We whom they think their enemies, we would have them act and live. And their chiefs, say rather their masters, do not allow them to give a sign of life. Which, I ask, which of the two mothers, in the judgment of Solomon, is the true, the good mother? *She who wishes the child to live.*

Poor Church! It must be her adversaries who invite her to recognize herself again, to share with them the labor of interpretation, to remember her liberties and the great prophetic voices which have issued from her bosom!

Do you not remember then, O Church! the eternal words that one of your prophets, Joachim de Flores, listened to with respect by popes and emperors, dictated, in the year 1200, at the foot of *Ætna*? His disciple tells us, "He dictated three nights and three days without eating, drinking, or sleeping, and I wrote. He was pale as the leaf of the woods:

"There have been three ages, three sorts of persons among believers: the first called to the work of accomplishing the law, the second to the work of passion, the third chosen for the liberty of contemplation. This is what the Scripture attests when it says, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'—The first age was an age of slaves, the second of freemen, the third of friends; the first an age

of old men, the second of men, the third of children; in the first the nettles, in the second the roses, in the third the lilies. The mystery of the kingdom of God appeared at first, as in a profound night; then it came to break like the dawn; one day it will gleam in its full meridian. For at each age of the world science grows and is multiplied; as it is written, 'Many shall pass to and fro, and knowledge shall go on multiplying.'"

Thus from the depth of the thirteenth century the prophet saw the light of the modern world, the progress, the liberty which these men no longer recognize.—At a distance of thirty leagues we see Mont Blanc, but one sees it not when one dwells in its shadow.

It is liberty now, that liberty announced by these old prophets, which comes to beseech the Church, in their name, not to die, not to let itself be stifled under that heavy leaden cloak, but to raise itself rather, supporting itself upon the young and powerful hand she stretches out to it

These prophets, and we, their children, (no matter if under a different form) have perceived God in the same way, as the living and free spirit, who wishes that the world should imitate him in liberty.

Throw down, then, these useless arms, abjure the foolish war they are making you carry on in spite of yourself. Would you have us remain there, like the bad workmen who pass the whole day in the cross-streets, quarrelling?

Why do you not, you and the rest, work with us while there is left a few hours of day, so that, associating our works and our hearts, we should be all more and more, as the middle age said, "Brothers in the free spirit?"

LECTURE VI.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE—THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

Have we a right to delineate the spirit of death ?

WHATEVER may be the pressure of business, or the attraction of the passions, there is no man who has not at some moment of his life dreamed of a higher life. No one, who, alone by his fireside, returning fatigued at evening, or renovated in the serene hours of the morning, has not asked himself if he should always remain in the world of little things, if he should never soar higher !

At this important moment, which perhaps will never return again, what man does one seek out ?

One will encounter two men, two languages, and two minds.—One tells you to live, and to live a great life ; no longer to squander yourself without, but to appeal thence to yourself, to your inner powers—to embrace your destiny, your science, your art, with an heroic will ; to take nothing, neither science nor belief, as a dead lesson, but as a living thing, as a life commenced, that you must continue and vivify yet more, by creating according to your strength, in imitation of Him who creates always.

This is the great way, and while it is that of the productive movement, it does not depart from that of holiness. Have we not seen the eldest born of God, to whom he has given to follow him in his way of creation, the Newtons, the Virgils, and the Corneilles, walk in their simplicity, remain pure, and die children ?

Thus speaks the spirit of life ; what would the spirit of death say ? That if one lives, he must live little, less and less, and above all, create nothing.

“ Take good care,” it would say, “ to develop thine inward force ; do not interrogate thyself, do not believe the voices from within. Seek without, never within thyself. What avails it to fatigue one’s self with getting one’s livelihood and one’s science ? here they are all made, and so short, so easy, you have only to learn. He is foolish who would take the great flight. It is safer to creep, one reaches the goal sooner.

“ Leave, then thy Bible and thy Dante, take the ‘ *Fleur des Saints*,’ the ‘ *Little treatise of little virtues*.’ Put this amulet around thy neck ; perform the *Hundred mortifications*, and then, moreover, a little canticle, to a worldly air. Choose well thy place in the church, well seen, and known for a good subject ; they will make way for thee, they will marry thee well, thou wilt establish thy family.

“ But all this upon one condition, that thou art reasonable, that is to say, that thou stiftest completely thy reason. Thou art not very correct, thou hast still thy little slips, that is of no account.

Dost thou see there that automaton? there is a model for thee. One would call it a man; he speaks and writes, but never any thing of himself, always things taught. If he moves, it is because a thread draws him.

“If one knew how superior the machine is to life, one would live no longer, and every thing would go on better. This feverish circulation of the blood, this variable play of the muscles and fibres, with how many advantages you would replace them, by these beautiful machines of copper, which are a pleasure to see, in their regular play of springs, wheelwork, and pistons.”

Many do what they can to approach this idea. If they reached it, if the metamorphosis took effect, we should soon see what life would become.

And Science, what would she become? In the first place, there would be suspicious sciences, and others less suspicious, that they would keep for themselves, and as secret instruments. Mathematical and Physical sciences would find favor, as Mechanism and Thaumaturgy; favor for a time, for, after all, they are sciences, and would be brought to the bar. Astronomy, already condemned with Galileo, could hardly defend itself. The Anti-Copernicus, sold at the coming out from the sermon, would kill Copernicus. They would keep, perhaps, the four rules? And so on!

It is necessary, for the offices, to preserve a little Latin, but no Latin literature, except in the editions arranged by the Jesuits. Modern literature and phi-

losophy are almost entirely heresies ; they should be banished *en masse*. How much more that East, which is thinking to-day of appearing in Christendom as a brother, and under Christian forms ! Let us hasten to bury such knowledge, and let it never be spoken of.

No more science. A little art suffices, a devout art. But which, and of what epoch ? The middle age is too severe. Raphael is too Pagan. Poussin is a Philosopher. Champagne is a Jansenist. Happily, here is Mignard ; and in his train a school of amiable painters, to paint pretty allegories, emblems, and coquettish devotions, newly invented. Such a subject dispenses with form ; the itinerant painters will suffice, who decorate with burlesque pictures the little chapels of Bavaria and the Tyrol.

Why talk you of Art, of Painting, and Sculpture ? There is quite another art, which does not stop at the surface, but goes within. An art which takes the soft clay, a softened, spoiled, corrupted soul ; and which, instead of strengthening it, handles and kneads it, taking away from it the little that remained of elasticity, and makes of the clay a mud. Wonderful art, which renders penitence so sweet to sick souls, that they wish always to confess, because to confess thus, is to sin again.

This sweet casuistry, if it was not a little suspicious, would have a certain air of jurisprudence, of which it is the bastard step-sister ; but, in recompense for that, how much more lovely it is ! The former, frowning as she is, would gain much by har-

monizing herself to the sweetness of the other! Who would not love a Papinien, mitigated by an Escobar? Justice would end by having so good a heart, that she would no longer want her sword; she would give it up to these pacific hands. Happy change from law to grace! The law judges according to merit; grace chooses, distinguishes, and favors; there would be law for some and grace for others, that is, just the contrary of law.

Behold us, then, delivered from law, as from art and science. What remains? Religion!

Alas! it is just she who is first dead. If she had lived, all might yet be reconstructed, or rather nothing would have perished. What remains is a machine, which plays religion, which counterfeits adoration, almost as in certain countries of the East, where the devotees have instruments which pray in their places, imitating by a certain monotonous sound the murmuring of prayers.

Here then we have come down very low, very far into death.—There is a great darkness.

Where, then, in the night that is spreading itself over us, is she who promised to enlighten us more, upon the ruins of empires and religions? Where is philosophy? A pale light without heat, at the frozen summit of abstraction, her lamp is extinguished. And yet she thinks she lives yet, and without voice or breath, asks pardon for living of theology, who is no more.

Let us awake—all this was but a dream, thanks be to God!

I behold the world again ; it lives. Modern genius is what it ever was. Retarded, perhaps, for a moment, it is, nevertheless, living, powerful, immense. It is its colossal height which has prevented it hitherto from paying attention to the clamors below.

It had other things to do when with one hand it was exhuming twenty religions, and with the other measuring the heavens ; when every day were starting from its brow, like so many sparks, unknown arts. Yes, it was thinking of something else, and is very excusable for not comprehending that these people were arranging I know not what little box to confine the giant in.

The wisdom of the ancient East, profound under a childlike form, tells us that an unfortunate genius, was put into a vase of bronze. He, rapid, immense, who with a flap of the wings reached the poles, locked up in this vase, sealed with a seal of lead, and the vase plunged to the bottom of the sea !

The first century, the captive swore that to whoever would liberate him he would give an empire. In the second century he swore that he would give the treasures that lie in the depths of the earth. In the third century he swore that if he ever came out he would come out like a flame and devour every thing.

Who then are you, who think you are about to seal up the vase, to imagine that you will imprison the living genius of France ? Will you have for that purpose, as in the Oriental tale, the seal of the

great Solomon? That seal had a power in it; it bore written an ineffable name that you will never know.

There is no hand strong enough to compress, not for three centuries, but for an instant, the terrible elasticity of a spirit which lifts up every thing. Find me a rock to put upon it, heavy enough, a mass of lead or of brass. Put the globe, rather, and it will be found light. If the globe were heavy enough, if you had closed all issues and looked well about through some crack that you had not seen, the flame would blaze up to heaven.

Let us end here. We have attained the end of this course, studied in the first place the living organism of the true middle age, then the sterile mechanism of the false middle age, which would impose itself upon us; we have characterized, delineated, the *spirit of death* and the *spirit of life*.

Had the professor of morals and history a right to treat of the highest question of history and morals?

It was not only his right, but his duty. If any one doubted it, it was apparently because he did not know that here, at the highest degree of instruction, science is not the science of this or that, but simply *science*, absolute, complete, living; it rules the interests of life, rejects its passion, but receives its light; all light belongs to it.

“Are not the questions of the present excepted?” But what is the present? Is it so easy to isolate it from the past? No time is out of the pale of science;

the future itself belongs to it, in those studies which are sufficiently advanced to enable one to predict the return of phenomena, as can be done in the physical sciences, and will be one day (in a conjectural manner) in the historic sciences.

This right, of which the ecclesiastical chair has obtained possession so violently for the purposes of a personal attack, the laical chair will here exercise pacifically, and with the measure that the diversity of the times may demand.

If there is in the world a chair which has this right, it is this. It is the right of its birth, and those who know how it has paid for it will not dispute it.

In the terrible rupture of the sixteenth century, when liberty ventured to come into the world, when the new comer, bruised and bleeding, seemed hardly able to live, our kings, whatever they might say against her, sheltered her here.

But the storm came from the four winds. The scholastics protested, ignorance was indignant, the lie breathed from the chair of truth ; soon fanaticism in arms besieged these doors ; it imagined, doubtless, the furious madman ! that it could strangle thought and poniard the spirit !

Ramus was teaching here. The king—it was Charles IX.—had a noble impulse, and sent to tell him there was an asylum for him in the Louvre. But Ramus persisted. There was nothing free in France but this little place, the six feet square of the chair. Enough for a chair, enough for a tomb !

He defended this place and this right, and he

saved the future. He laid down here his blood, his life, his free heart,—so that this chair, transformed, was never stone nor wood, but a living thing.

Be not astonished, then, if the enemies of liberty cannot look this chair in the face ; they are troubled at beholding it, are agitated against their will, and betray themselves by inarticulate cries and savage noises, which have nothing human about them.

They know that it has preserved one gift, which is, that if they should one day prevail, if every voice should be hushed, it would itself speak out. No terror from without ever imposed silence upon it, neither 1572, nor 1793 ; it spoke lately amid the *émeutes*, and continued to the sound of musketry its firm and peaceful instruction.

How, then, could this chair of morals be silent, when the gravest question of public morals came to it all living, and forced, so to speak, the doors of this school ? I should have been unworthy ever to speak here, if I had kept silence, when they menaced my friends all over France, and reproached them with my friendship. Though I have left the University to come here, I am there none the less in heart. I am there by my philosophical and historical instruction, by so many laborious years that I have passed with my pupils, and which will always be for them and for me a dear remembrance.

I owed it to them, in this common danger, to let them hear again a well-known voice, to tell them that whatever happens, there will be always here a protest for the independence of history, which is the

judge of the times, and for the highest of the liberties of the human mind, which is philosophy.

I know there are people who, caring neither for philosophy nor liberty, will not be pleased that we have broken silence. Peaceable people, friends of order, who have no ill-will towards those who are being killed, but only towards those who cry out; they say from their window, when any one calls for help, "Why this noise at such an untimely hour? Let honest people sleep!"

These systematic sleepers, seeking a powerful narcotic, have done religion the honor of believing that it was good for that.—Religion, which, if the world were dead, could awaken the dead, it is precisely it that they have taken for a means of putting themselves to sleep.

People who are able in other things, but who are very excusable for knowing nothing about religion, since they have none of it in their hearts. And there have not been wanting men to come forward and say to them at once, We are religion!

Religion! It is fortunate that you bring it here—but who are you, good people? Whence come you, and how did you pass in? The sentinel of France did not watch well at the frontier last night, for he did not see you.

From the countries that make books, there had come to us books, foreign literatures, foreign philosophies, which we had accepted. The countries which do not make books, unwilling to be behindhand,

have sent us men, an invasion of people who have arrived one by one.

People who travel by night, I had seen you in the daytime; I remember it but too well, and those who brought you along: it was in 1815; your name is—*foreigner*.

Happily you took care to prove it at the start. Instead of looking around you and speaking low as one does when one has entered by surprise, you made a great noise, abused and threatened. And as no one answered, you raised your hand. Upon whom, wretches?—Upon the law!

How could you expect that this law, buffeted by you, should still pretend not to see you?

The cry of alarm is raised. And who will dare to say it was too soon?

Too soon, when renewing what had not been witnessed for three hundred years, they employed the sacred desk to defame a certain person, to calumniate before the altar!

Too soon, when, in the province where there are most Protestants, they meddled with Protestants dead!

Too soon, when they were forming immense associations, of which a single one at Paris counts fifteen thousand members!

You speak of liberty? Speak then of equality! Is there any equality between us and you? You are the leaders of formidable associations; we are isolated men. You have forty thousand pulpits that you make to speak voluntarily or by force;

you have a hundred thousand confessionals through which you influence the family; you hold in your hands what is the basis of the family (and of the world), the MOTHER; the child is but an accessory. What would the father do when she returns in dismay, and throws herself into his arms, crying out, "I am eternally damned?" You are sure that the next day he will give you up his son. Twenty thousand children in your little Seminaries! Two hundred thousand at present in the schools that you govern! Millions of women who act but through you!

And we, what are we, in the face of such great forces? A voice, and nothing more—a voice to cry out to France. She is now warned; let her do what she pleases. She sees and feels the net, whereas they thought to catch her asleep.

To all loyal hearts one last word! To all, laymen or priests (and may these last hear a free voice in the depth of their bondage!): let them aid us with their courageous speech or their silent sympathy, and let all together bless from their hearts and their altars, the holy crusade that we are commencing for God and liberty!

Since the day on which these words were pronounced (1st June, 1843), the situation of things has changed. The Jesuits have published at Lyons their second pamphlet.* To understand the bearing of this, we must go back a little.

* This time it is not a canon, but a curate that signs. The appeal of the press to the inferior clergy had given great alarm. They hasten to make a compromise with it in the new pamphlet; of the two things the inferior clergy demand, (viz. *permanent situations* and *tribunals*,) they accord the permanence which would isolate the curates from the bishopric; but they fear the tribunals, which, while limiting the power of the bishop, would in fact strengthen it, and make of the episcopate a regular government, instead of a feeble, violent tyranny, odious to the clergy, and everywhere obliged to support itself upon the Jesuits and upon Rome. Vide "*Simple coup d'œil*," p. 170, 178. The hand of the Jesuits is everywhere perceptible. No one will be deceived in that respect; and I could give, were it necessary, a multitude of proofs. We have seen with what facility they make their peace with the curates, at the expense of the bishops. They agree that, after all, "the bishop is but a man," &c. They speak of all the States of Europe, except those which are governed by the

It would require a volume to state all their manœuvres during the last few months—their strategy in Switzerland and in France.

The starting point was, their great success of last winter ; having so quickly carried the Lesser Cantons, seized Lucerne, occupied the Saint Gothard, as they did long ago the Valais and the Simplon.

Great military positions! But beware of dizziness! France seen from the top of those Alps must have seemed small to them—smaller than the Lake of the Four Cantons.

From the Alps to Fourvieres, from Fourvieres to Paris, the signals have been answered. The moment seemed favorable. The good France was sleeping, or seemed to be asleep. They wrote to one another (as formerly did the Jews of Portugal), "Come quickly, the soil is good, the people is besotted, every thing will be ours."

For a year they had been *feeling* us, and they had not reached the limit of our patience. Provocations for individuals, abuse for the government. And nothing stirred. They struck, but not a word.

Jesuits; these they hardly mention, and there are some they do not mention at all. "This term of Jesuit, *so honorable everywhere*," p. 85. No one in France, not even a Jesuit, would have written that. The book must have been composed in Savoy or at Fribourg.

They had yet to seek under the hardened epidermis for some sensitive point.

Then, then, they took an extraordinary courage; they threw away the stick, and took the sword, the great two-handed sword, and with this Gothic weapon they gave a blow, the great blow of the *Monopole*.

The dignity of the University did not allow it to reply. Others have faced it—the press assisting—and before the steel, this famous two-handed sword has been found to be only a wooden sabre.

Great alarm then, quick retreat, and this expression of artless fear: “*Ałas! how would you kill us? we do not exist.*”

But then who has written this gross libel? “*Ah! sir, it is the police which has played us this trick.—No, it is the University, which, to destroy us, has had the blackness to defame itself.*”*

However, recovering by degrees from their first terror, feeling that they were not dead, they turned their heads, and saw that no one was pursuing them. Then they stopped, stood firm and unsheathed anew.

* It is certain, strange as it may appear, that they caused these foolish things to be said at the first alarm; it was an old woman, a beadle, or a giver of holy water, that whispered it in your ear.

Then a new libel, but quite different from the first, full of strange confessions which no one expected. It may be summed up thus.

“Learn to know us, and in the first place know that in our first book we lied. We spoke of *liberty of instruction*. That means that the clergy alone should teach.* . . . We spoke of *liberty of the press*—for ourselves alone. It is a lever of which the priest should obtain possession.† As for *industrial liberty*, ‘to seize upon the different kinds of industry, is a duty of the church.’‡ *The liberty of worship!*

* “Instruction belongs to the clergy, of right divine. The University has usurped. Either the University or Catholicism must give place,” &c.—Page 104.

† *To get possession of the press*, does not mean simply to *make use of the press*, since the authors avow their efforts to *prevent* the sale of Protestant books. (p. 81, note.)

‡ *Ibidem*, p. 191. If one would know what industry would become under such an influence, it is only necessary to look at most of the countries where it rules; that one where it has an undivided sway, the Roman State, is a desert.

The Jesuit who wrote pages 82—85, and especially the note of page 83, is a man of the future; he is yet young and ignorant, that is apparent, but there is in him somewhat of the Jacques Clement and the Marat.

These pages, more violent than all that has been most condemned in the most violent political pamphlets, seem put together to exasperate the fanaticism of the peasantry of the South. It is for the South alone that the book has been

Let us not speak of it ! It is an invention of Julian the Apostate. We will no longer tolerate mixed marriages ! They performed such marriages, at the Court of Catherine de Medicis, on the eve of St. Bartholomew !”

“Let them take care ! We are the strongest. We give a sufficient proof of it, and one that cannot be answered ; it is, that all the powers of Europe are against us.* Except two or three little States, the whole world condemns us !”

Strange that such confessions should have escaped them ! We have said nothing half as strong ! We remarked in the first pamphlet the signs of a wandering mind ; but such confessions, such a contradiction by themselves to-day of their words of yesterday ! There is here a terrible judgment of God. Let us humble ourselves.

Behold what it is to have taken the holy name of Liberty in vain. You thought it was a word that one could speak with impunity, when one has

written ; they have not sent a single copy to Paris. In the note, the bellicose Jesuit passes his forces in review, and finishes with this sinister phrase : “ IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, AT THE COURT OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, THEY MADE ALSO HUGUENOT MARRIAGES, and they ended in civil war.”—*Simple coup d'œil*, &c., page 83.

* They employ a good third of the book to prove it.

it not in his heart. You have made furious efforts to tear this name from your bosom ; but when you would cry *Liberty!* as in the first pamphlet, you say, *Death to Liberty!* All that you have denied, you are shouting out now before passers-by.

July 1st, 1843.

7*

LECTURES OF M. QUINET.

THE emotion caused by a simple philosophical discussion cannot be referred to any one in particular ; this impression has only been likely because it has made manifest, under a new situation of minds, a danger, in which, without that, it would have been difficult to believe. Who does not see henceforth that these discussions are destined to extend themselves ? They will come out of the enclosure of the schools ; they will enter into the political world ; nothing, then, is useless which can serve to mark their true character from their origin.

I was induced to take part in this discussion for two reasons :—first, I was provoked to it by reiterated violence ; secondly, I was persuaded that what was in dispute was, under the appearance of the University, the right of thought, religious and philosophic liberty, that is to say, the very principle of science and of modern society.

After having made use of violence as much as they could, the adversaries of thought are playing to-day the part of martyrs ; they pray publicly in the churches for the persecuted Jesuits ; that is a mask we cannot allow them to wear. Why did not they content themselves with calumniating ? I

should never, for my part, have thought of disturbing their peace ; but that was not enough for them ; they wished for the fight ; and now that they have obtained it, they complain of having been hurt. For some days it has been given us to see at the foot of our chairs our modern leaguers, shouting, hissing, vociferating ; the worst of it is, that all this was taking place in the name of liberty : for the greater advantage of independence of opinions they began by smothering the examination of opinions.

They were making, by degrees, of instruction and science, a place blockaded ; we waited, till outrage came to assail us, in order that it might be demonstrated that it was necessary to carry back the attack upon the assailants. The day we commenced the contest, we resolved to accept it under all the forms it might assume.

One thing has rendered this task easy for me ; it is the feeling that such a situation had nothing personal in it. For a long time we had seen, in fact, an artificial fanaticism take advantage of sincere beliefs ; religious liberty denounced as an *impious dogma* ; Protestantism pushed to extremity by nameless outrages ; the pastors of Alsatia obliged to tranquillize by a collective declaration their parishes, astonished at so many savage provocations ; an incredible decree, obtained by surprise, which took away more than half of the country churches from their legitimate possessors ; a priest who, assisted by his parishioners, casts to the wind the bones of the

Protestants, and this impiety absolutely unpunished;* the bust of Luther shamefully snatched from a Lutheran town; latent war organized in that prudent province and the tribune keeping silence upon such strange doings; on the other hand, the Jesuits, twice as numerous under the Revolution as they were under the Restoration, with them the maxims of the body which reappear immediately, unspeakable infamies which Pascal would not have dared to

* The Consistory of Paris, in making allusion to the same fact in a solemn inaugural discourse, pronounced in presence of the Minister of Public Worship, expresses itself in the same terms that I use, "*the unpunished profanation of our tombs.*" See "Inauguration of the evangelical Church of the Redemption," published by virtue of a resolve of the Consistory, p. 19. The Neo-Catholic writers have thought proper, in spite of this, to denounce my words to the tribunals: these words were written under the impression of a judgment of a tribunal of first resort, which declared the conduct of the ecclesiastic accused of it *blamable* and *irregular*. A new judgment has fully acquitted him. According to his defenders, he did not cast to the winds the bones of the Protestants, he only examined the *dust* at the bottom of the tombs, and *pushed back a little* the communion table of the Protestant worship. I respect the decision of these tribunals, all the while thinking that they are not judges of the piety or impiety of actions. How long has it been sufficient for a priest to be all right with the correctional police? Without countervailing the ordinances of the police, may he not wound what is most sacred in the religious conscience? It is not the correctional tribunal which *punishes impiety*, it is the ecclesiastical authority. Our adversaries always confound police and religion.

show even for the purpose of attacking them, and which they claim as the food for all the seminaries, and all the confessors of France ; the bishops turning one after the other against the authority which chooses them, and in spite of so many treasons, a singular faculty of attracting new ones ; the inferior clergy in a state of absolute servitude, a new proletariat which begins to embolden itself to complain, and in the midst of this concourse of things, when they ought to think of nothing but defending themselves, a morbid ardor for provocation, a fever of calumny that they sanctify by the cross—this was the general situation of affairs.

The ground was, moreover, well prepared ; they had worked upon society for many years, both high and low, in the workshops, in the schools, through the heart and the head. Opinion seemed to sink on every occasion. Accustomed to give way, why should it not make a last backward step ? From the first word Jesuitism had found itself naturally in accordance with Carlism, in one and the same spirit of cunning and painted decrepitude ; what Saint Simon calls *that scum of nobility*, could not fail to mingle with this leaven. As for a part of the gentry, applied to counterfeit a false remnant of aristocracy, it was very near considering as a mark of good taste, the imitation of religious, literary and social decrepitude.

Thus, the moment seemed favorable for surprising those they thought asleep. They felt that after so many declamations, it would be a decisive thing to

crush speech and instruction at the College of France. Whatever they might have obtained by a *coup-de-main*, they would have immediately presented as the result of aroused opinion ; it was worth the trouble of coming out of the catacombs and manifesting themselves publicly. They did, in fact, show themselves, and only to repent of it immediately ; for if their projects were violent, we felt on our side the importance of the moment ; we reckoned, for resistance, not upon the force of our language, but upon our determination to yield nothing, and upon the enlightened consciences of our auditory. All that frenzy, either sincere or pretended, has been able to do, was to drown our voices for a time, so as to give public sentiment an occasion to break forth ; after which, these new missionaries of religious liberty retired, with rage in their hearts, ashamed of having betrayed themselves in broad daylight, and ready to disown themselves, as in fact they did do the next day.

This defeat was wholly due to the power of opinion and the power of the press, and to the loyalty of the new generation, which cannot understand so many artifices. Should the same follies recommence, we should find to-morrow the same support. The question, in certain respects, does not concern us further ; it remains to be seen what the political power will do when it meets it. It would be pleasant enough to take one's seat in the two camps, to attack ultramontaniam with one hand and flatter it with the other ; but this situation is perilous. It is

necessary to take a stand. I will not deny the force of Jesuitism, nor of the interests that are attached to it. This tendency has but begun; with little noise, it gains in the darkness what it loses in the daylight. They may then associate themselves with it; they may attempt to support at least one foot of the throne upon this soil. If, perchance, the coalition is sincere, it will be powerful. Only it is proper to avow it; if not, it might happen that in the end they would turn against themselves both the ultramontanists and those who are fighting them.

It is strange that such questions should have taken society by surprise, without there having been any warning from the tribune. It was, under the Restoration, an elevated place, whence could be seen far off the signs of a tempest. They thence forewarned the country of dangers long before they were imminent. Why has the tribune lost this privilege? I begin to fear that those four hundred statesmen conceal from one another the country they inhabit.

This is a more serious matter than many persons think. It is an affair of a throne and a dynasty. I know of men who are every day saying, There are no Jesuits. Where are the Jesuits? By dissembling the question, these men show that they know better than the rest the full bearing of it.

The religious reaction, which they would have turned to the benefit of one sect, is not, in fact, without reason, in society. Where is the man whom they have not disquieted, as if at pleasure, with po-

litical interests and hopes? Seeing for twelve years past what are called the chiefs of party employ all their talents in mutually managing their masks in public, who is he who has not for a moment felt a disdain for this corruption changed into routine, and who has not carried back his mind towards Him who alone does not use cunning, who does not defraud, who does not lie? This religious disposition is inevitable. It will be fruitful and salutary. Unfortunately, every body is hastening already to speculate upon such a return: there are even those who avow, that this restored, God might well be an excellent *instrument* for the powers that be. What a piece of good fortune it would indeed be, for more than one statesman, if this proud, warlike, revolutionary, philosophic France, tired at last of every thing and of herself, should consent, without any more political fervor, to lay her chaplet in the dust, by the side of Italy, Spain, and South America?

They tell us, You attack Jesuitism as a measure of prudence. Why do you separate it from the rest of the clergy? I only separate what wishes to be separated. I expose the maxims of the order which sums up the combinations of political religion. They who, without bearing the name of the order, participate in the same maxims, will easily attribute to themselves the part which belongs to them in my words; as for the others, the opportunity is now offered to them of abjuring the ambitious, of recalling those who have gone astray, of condemning the calumniators.

It is time to know, in short, if the French Revolution is only a trivial word to be publicly and officially jested with. Does Catholicism, in ranging itself under the banner of Jesuitism, wish to recommence a war which has already been so fatal to it? Does it wish to be the friend or the enemy of France?

The worst thing for it would be to show that its profession of faith is not only different from, but inimical to, the profession of faith of the State. In her institutions, founded upon the equality of existing worships, France professes and teaches the unity of Christianity, under the diversity of particular churches. This is her confession, such as it is, written in the sovereign law; all Frenchmen belong legally to the same church under different names: there are, henceforth, here no schismatics or heretics, but those who, denying every church but their own, every authority but their own, wish to impose it upon all others, to reject all others without discussion, and who dare to say: Out of my church there is no salvation, when the State says precisely the reverse. It has not been from pure caprice, if the law has broken the religion of the State. France could not adopt as her representative the ultramontanism which, from its principle of exclusiveness, is diametrically opposed to the social dogma and the religious community, inscribed upon the constitution as the result, not only of the Revolution, but of all modern history. Whence it follows that, for things to be otherwise than they are, one of two things

must take place : either France must abjure her social and political communion, or Catholicism must become truly universal, by comprehending at last what it is now content to curse.

Those who see things from farthest off, have, it must be confessed, a singular hope ; they observe the work which is being accomplished in the dissenting worships ; remarking the intestine agitations of the Anglican and Greek Church, and of German Protestantism, they fancy that England, Prussia, Germany, even Russia, incline secretly to their side, and will one day pass blindly into Catholicism, such as they understand it. Nothing is more puerile than such an idea. To suppose that the schism is but a whim of ninety millions of men, which is about to cease by a new whim of orthodoxy, is a sort of madness in those who pretend to possess alone the confidence of Providence in the government of history. If Protestantism accommodates itself in certain points to the Catholic doctrine, does any one persuade himself in reality that it is simply for the sake of renouncing itself and giving itself up, without reciprocal conditions ? It assimilates to itself, it is true, different parts of the universal tradition ; but by this work of conciliation, it does the very opposite of those among us who think only to exclude, interdict, anathematize. It grows greater in proportion as ours grows smaller ; and if ever the conversion took place, I predict to our ultramontanists that they would be more embarrassed with the converts than they now are with the schismatics.

They ask for liberty to kill liberty. Grant them this weapon, I do not object to it; it will not be slow to turn against them. Open to them, if you will, all the barriers; it is the best way to cut off the question, and the way does not displease me. Let them be every where; let them usurp every thing; after which, ten years will not pass before they are driven away for the fortieth time, with the government which has been, or only seemed to be, their accomplice; it is for you to know if that is what you wish to do.

In this strife, that they endeavor, at all risks, to get up between ultramontanism and the French Revolution, why is the first always and necessarily conquered? Because the French Revolution, in its principle, is more truly Christian than ultramontanism, because the sentiment of universal religion is henceforth more in France than in Rome. The law which sprang from the French Revolution has been broad enough to cause to live with the same life those whom religious parties kept separated externally. It has conciliated in spirit and in truth those whom ultramontanism wished to divide for ever; it has made brothers of those whom it was making sectarians; the one has raised up what the other condemns; the one has consecrated what the other proscribes: where the latter only wishes for the anathema of the ancient law, the former has substituted the alliance of the Gospel; it has effaced the names of Huguenots and Papists, to permit only that of Christians; it has spoken for the people and

for the weak, while the other only spoke for princes and the powerful. That is to say, the political law, imperfect as it may be, has been found in the end more conformable to the Gospel than the doctors, who pretend that they alone speak in the name of the Gospel. In bringing together, confounding, uniting in the State, the opposing members of the family of Christ, it has shown more intelligence, more love, more of the Christian sentiment, than those who, for three centuries, have only known how to say *Raca* to the half of Christendom.

So long as political France shall preserve this position in the world, she will be inexpugnable to all the efforts of ultramontaniam, since, religiously speaking, she is superior to it: she is more Christian than it, because she is nearer to the promised unity; she is more catholic than it, because once again her more extended principle brings together the Greek and the Latin, the Lutheran and the Calvinist, the Protestant and the Roman, into one law, one name, one life, one city of alliance. France has been the first to plant her banner, out of the sects, upon the living idea of Christianity. This is the greatness of the revolution; she will only be thrown down when, faithless to this universal dogma, she returns, as some persons invite her to do, into the sectarian policy of ultramontaniam.

But, to support so much pride, let them show me at least a single point of the earth where the strictly Catholic policy is not beaten down and overthrown by facts. In Europe, in the East, in both Ameri-

cas, it is sufficient to raise this banner, to have physical and moral decadence immediately ensue. When France, at the commencement of the century, ruled the world, was it in the name of ultramontaniam? Is it that which has conquered her? It is not even the banner of Austria; she only unchains her Church far away from her, to complete the conquest of her provinces. Italy, Spain, Portugal, Paraguay, Poland, Ireland, Bohemia; all these nations, lost in consequence of the same policy, is it their fate that you envy? Let us speak frankly. Here are holocausts enough upon an altar which no longer saves any one.

LECTURE I.

OF LIBERTY OF DISCUSSION IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

DIVERS circumstances compel me to explain myself upon the manner in which I understand the exercise of liberty of discussion in public teaching. I wish to do it with circumspection, with calmness, but with the most entire frankness. As long as the attacks came from a distance, even under the anathema of injunctions, and from sacred pulpits, it was permitted, and perhaps proper, to be silent; but when the abuse comes to produce itself to the face, in the interior of these halls, at the very foot of these pacific chairs, we must needs speak.

I am warned that scenes of disorder are prepared, and are to break forth at my lecture to-day. (*Titterings. Applause.**) I should place no confidence in this news, if I were not enlightened upon the kind of liberty they want to allow us, by what has just taken place at the lecture of a man, all whose sentiments I partake of, my most dear friend, M. Michelet. Is it true that certain persons come here only to outrage us *incognito*, in case we should

* We have noted the signs of sympathy in the audience, as we had to state the attempts at disorder.

venture to think differently from what they think? But where are we? Is this a theatre? and since when have I been condemned, for my part, to please each of the spectators individually, under penalty of disgrace? That is, in truth, a mean task, which I have not accepted. Conceive of an instruction which would consist in flattering each one in his ruling idea, without ever wounding a passion or a prejudice! Better a hundred times be silent. In entering here, let us recollect that we are entering the College of France; that is to say, the asylum *par excellence* of discussion and free examination; that this *dépôt* of liberty is entrusted to us, one as well as another, and that it is a sacred duty for me not to let this hereditary character of independence decrease or be altered.

If there are here any persons actuated against me by a spirit of private hatred, what would they have of me? what do they ask? Do they hope by threats to alter my words or shut my mouth? I should much sooner fear the contrary, if the consciousness of the duty I am performing did not give me the strength to persevere in that moderation, which I believe to be the sign of truth. Do they think (since it is necessary to speak openly) that so many injurious things circulated render me desperate and that I have nothing more pressing than to make reprisals? If they do, they deceive themselves. I will even go so far as to say, that the violence of the abuse is to me a sign of sincerity, since with a little more calculation it could have been much better chosen. Is

it the opinions I have published without, which they come here to persecute? I am not sorry to have occasion to declare it: all that I have written up to this day, I believe it, I think it, and I sustain it yet; whatever opinion one may form in this respect, no one will dispute that I have remained one, and consistent with myself. Is it the general spirit of liberty in religious matters? I shall soon come to this point; but if a profession of faith is expected, I believe, as teaches the fundamental law, which is the result of fifty years of revolutions and trials, I believe that there is something of the living spirit of God in all the sincere communions of this country. I do not believe that out of my church there is no salvation. Finally, is it the way in which I lately announced the subject of this course? You have been witnesses of it; was it possible to do it with less bitterness, or more circumspection? It is, then, the subject itself that they would stifle. Yes, let us be frank, it is this name of *Jesuits* that does all the harm; touching upon the origin and spirit of the Jesuits, here, before I have opened my mouth, is what people who do not pardon, accuse me of.

Why, say they, speak of the *Society of Jesus* in a course of Southern literature? What relation do these so different things have with one another? I should be very sorry, and I should have strangely lost my time if you had not already seized this indissoluble relation in its full extent. At the end of the sixteenth century, in Spain, in Italy especially, public spirit becomes completely effaced. The writers,

the poets, the artists disappear one after the other ; instead of the ardent, bold generation which had gone before, the new men slumbered under an atmosphere of death ; it is no longer the heroic innovations of the Campanellas, the Brunos ; it is a honied poetry, an insipid prose, which diffuses a heavy odor of the tomb. But while every thing is dying in the national genius, here is a little society, that of the Jesuits, which grows visibly, which, insinuating itself every where in these swooning States, nourishes itself with whatever remains of life in the heart of Italy, which grows and feeds upon the substance of that great body cut in pieces ; and when a phenomenon as great as this is passing in the world, overruling all other intellectual facts, of which it is the principle, we must not speak of it ! When I encounter immediately in the course of my subject so powerful an institution as this, which has its influence upon every mind, which comprehends and sums up the whole system of the South, I must pass it by and turn away my eyes ! What then remains to be done ? To shut one's self up in the study of certain sonnets, and in the polite mythology of those times of decadence ? I am willing ; in spite of that, we shall not escape the question. For after having studied these miserable things, there will always remain to be shown the deleterious influence which has been one of the manifest principles of them ; and all the difference in adjourning the question of Jesuitism, would be to invert the order, and place at the end what should be at the

beginning ; the study of the death of peoples, if one looks for the cause of it, is as important as the study of their life.

But at least, it is added, could you not show the effect without the cause, the letters and the policy without the spirit that rules them, Italy without Jesuitism, the dead without the living ? No, I cannot and I will not.

What ! shall I see, through attentive observation, Southern Europe consume itself in the development and formation of this establishment, languish and become extinct under its influence ; and I, who am specially occupied here with the peoples of the South, can I not say any thing of what has caused them to perish ! (*Murmurs.*) Shall I quietly see my own country invited to an alliance which others have paid for so dearly, and not say : "Take care ! others have made the experiment for you ; the nations which are the sickest in Europe, those which have least credit and authority, are those in which the Society of Loyola has its hearth ! (*Murmurs, stampings, cries—speech is stifled for some minutes.*) Do not allow yourself to take that course ; example shows that it is fatal ; do not seat yourself under that shadow ; it has put to sleep, and poisoned during two centuries, both Spain and Italy." (*Tumult, cries, hisses,—applause.*) I ask you, if from these general facts I may not draw the consequence, what becomes of all real instruction in similar matters ?

But here is where my astonishment redoubles.

For what order, for what society, do they claim this strange privilege? Whom do they wish to place out of the reach of discussion and observation? Is it, perchance, the living clergy of France? Is it one of those pacific and modest communions which need to be protected against the violence of an intolerant majority? No, it is a society which has been (we shall see, further on, whether rightfully or wrongfully) expelled at different epochs from all the States of Europe, which the pope himself has condemned, which France has rejected from her bosom, which does not exist in the eyes of the State, or rather which is held as legally dead in the public law of our country; and it is this remnant without a name, which hides itself, unfrocks itself, grows by disowning itself, it is this which it is not permitted to study, to consider, to analyze in its origins and its past! They confess that all the other orders have had their time of decline, of corruption, that they have been accommodated in their spirit to a particular epoch, after which they have had to yield to others, nearly in the same way as political societies, States, peoples, which all have their day and their destiny marked down; and the Jesuitical society is the only one of which one may not, without a sort of peril, show the miseries, mark the phases of decline, the signs of decrepitude; it is a blasphemy to contrast its times of wretchedness with its times of grandeur, since that is to attribute to it the vicissitudes common to all other establishments; to doubt of its immutability is almost an effort of cour-

age. Whither were we going on this road? Is it quite sure that it is the road of the France of July? (*Applause.*)

Yet I will utter all my thought. Yes, in this audacity there is something which pleases and attracts me; it seems to me that at this moment I understand, and show the greatness of this society better than do all its apologists; for they would not that I should speak of it; and I pretend, on the contrary, that this society has been so powerful, its organization so ingenious and active, its influence so long and so universal, that it is impossible not to speak of it, whatever you may treat of at the end of the *Renaissance*, poetry, arts, morals, politics, institutions; I maintain, that after having got possession of the substance of the whole South, it remained for a century the only living thing in the centre of these dead societies. At this moment even, cut up in pieces, trampled upon, crushed by so many solemn edicts, to resuscitate itself under our eyes, to half raise itself up, when hardly come out of the dust to assume to speak as a master, to provoke, menace, defy anew intelligence and good sense, that is not the part of a small genius or a slender courage. If the world, after having extirpated them, is in the humor to let them get possession of it again, they do well to attempt it; if they succeed, it will be the greatest miracle of the modern world. In all cases, they are but following their law, their condition of existence, their destiny; I do not blame them for it; they are obeying their character. All will go well,

if, on the other side, every one does the same. Yes, this reaction, in spite of the intolerance of which it boasts, does not displease me ; it will be profitable for the future, if every body does his duty, that is to say, if science, philosophy, the human understanding, provoked, summoned, accept at last this great defiance. Perhaps we were near falling asleep upon the possession of a certain number of ideas, which many persons no longer thought of increasing ; it is good that truths should be from time to time disputed with man, this leads him to acquire new ones ; if he has nothing to fear for his heritage, not only he does not augment it, he lets it diminish. They accuse us of having been too bold ; I will accept a part of the reproach ; only I will say, that instead of having been too bold, I begin to fear that we have been too timid. Compare, in fact, the instruction in our country with that in the universities of the despotic governments of the North. Is it not in a Catholic country, in a Catholic university, at Munich, that Schelling has developed with impunity, for thirty years, in his chair, with an increasing boldness, the idea of that new Christianity, that new church, which transforms at once the past and the future ? Is it not in a despotic country that Hegel, with more independence yet, has revived all the questions which relate to the dogma ? And then it is not only theories and mysteries which are freely discussed by philosophy ; it is also every where the letter of the Old and New Testament, to which they are applying the same disinterested spir-

it of lofty criticism as to Greek and Roman philology.

Behold what is the life of instruction even in despotic States; all that can put man in the way of truth is freely allowed; and we, in a free country, on the morrow of a revolution, what have we done? Have we used or abused that philosophical liberty that the times accorded to us, and which no one could take away from us? Have we displayed the banner of philosophy and free examination as much as it was lawful to do? No, assuredly; as all the world thought that this independence was for ever secured, no one has been in any hurry to make full use of it. The boldest questions have been adjourned; men have wished, by infinite management, to take away all occasion for dissent. Philosophy, which seemed as if it ought to grow proud to excess at this triumph of July, has, on the contrary, bent itself to a humility at which every body has been surprised; and this modest situation, in which we might at least hope to find peace, is a refuge in which they are unwilling to leave us. Must we, then, draw back and yield yet more? But a single step backward, and we should run the risk of being put out of our age. What, then, must be done? March onward. (*Applause.*) For my part, I thank those who provoke us to action and life. Who knows if we should not have ended by sitting down in an unproductive and deceitful repose? Many thought that the alliance of belief and science was at last consummated, the goal attained, the problem

solved. But no! our adversaries are right; the time for rest has not yet come; the contest is good when it is sincerely accepted; it is in these eternal conflicts of science and belief that man rises to a higher belief, to a superior science. Why should we be exempted from the conditions of the holy combat imposed upon all the men who have preceded us? The time will come, when those who are contending so violently for the future, will rejoin one another, will reunite, will rest together; that moment has not yet come; till then it is good that each should perform his task and fight in his own way, since also the alliance is broken on one side.

Once more I thank our adversaries; they follow their mission, which has hitherto been, by an immutable contradiction, to provoke, to goad on the human mind, to oblige it to go farther, whenever it has been on the point of stopping, and resting complacently in the tranquil possession of a part only of the truth. Man is more timid than he seems; if he was not opposed he would be too accommodating. Is it not his history through the whole of the middle age? And this history, this perpetual strife which always revives and excites him, has it not almost entirely gone by in the very places where we are, upon this heroic hill of Genevieve?* Why are you astonished at the combat? We are upon the place of combat. Is it not here, in these chairs,

* The part of Paris where the College of France is situated.
—*Trans.*

that from Abelard to Ramus, have appeared those who have preserved the independence of the human mind, when it was most contested? This is our tradition; the spirit of these men is with us. Let the objections reappear which they trampled under foot, which they thought for ever buried with them,—well! we will do as they did; we will carry farther and farther forward the banner of free discussion. (*Applause.*)

At the point we have now reached, there is a fundamental question at the bottom of all the difficulties, upon which I wish to explain myself so clearly, that there may remain no confusion in the thoughts of those who hear me. What is, according to the spirit of modern institutions, the right of discussion and examination in public instruction? In more precise terms, is a man who teaches here, publicly, in the name of the State, before men of different beliefs, obliged to attach himself to the letter of a particular communion, to carry into his researches that exclusive spirit, to let nothing appear which might separate him from it even for a moment? If this is answered in the affirmative, I will ask any one to dare to tell me, which is the communion which ought to be sacrificed to the other,—if it should be that one which excludes all others as so many heresies, or that which welcomes them as so many promises; for I do not imagine that any one would wish, without a moment's reflection, to despoil the smaller number as if it did not exist. Shall

I be here Catholic or Protestant? To put this question is to solve it.

When, under the Restoration, there existed a religion of State, you have seen, in spite of it, public instruction derive a part of its glory from its very liberty; on the one hand a Protestantism, learnedly impartial, on the other a Catholicism, boldly innovating, approaching each other and becoming confounded in one community of thoughts and hopes. Now, what science, letters, philosophy, had revealed with so much *éclat* in the theory, has been consummated in the reality, in our institutions, by the revolution of July. And now that there is no longer any State religion, how would you have the State publicly promulgate intolerance here? It would be to give the lie to its dogma, it would be to abjure itself. I know of but one way to introduce the principle of exclusion in these chairs; it is to allow to fall into desuetude all our most recent recollections, and by a glorious apostacy, to go backward more than half a century. Till that day arrives, not only will it be permitted here, but it will be one of the consequences of the social dogma, to raise one's self to that height where churches, divided, separated, hostile, may attract each other, and be reconciled to each other. This point of view, which is that which France has derived from her institutions, is also that of science; it does not live in the tumult of controversies, but in a region more serene. If the promised unity should one day be realized, if so many creeds, to-day opposed and armed against each other,

should, as we have always announced, be brought together in the reign of the future, if the same Church should reassemble one day the tribes dispersed to the four winds, if the members of the human family aspire secretly to be melted into the same compact mass, if the tunic of Christ, for which they cast lots on Calvary, should ever reappear in its integrity,—I say that science accomplishes a good work in entering first into this way of alliance. (*Applause.*) One will have for enemies those who love hatred and division in sacred things. No matter, we must persevere; it is man who divides, it is God who reunites. (*Applause.*)

Certes, it would be necessary to shut the eyes to the light, not to see that a new religious aurora is dawning upon the world; I am so well persuaded of it, that my ideas have always turned in that direction, and that it is impossible for me, so to speak, to detach from religious influence any part of human affairs. Man for some time past has been so often deceived by man, that it is not surprising he should choose to fix his affections upon God alone. But, this admitted, who have been the first missionaries of this renewed Gospel? I answer, the thinkers, the writers, the poets, the philosophers. These are, it will not be contested, the missionaries who, throughout France and Germany, have been the first to recall that great fund of spirituality, which is as the substance of all real faith. Strange that they have hardly consummated this work of precursors when they receive the anathema! The world is persua-

ded that since the human mind has raised itself towards heaven, it is doubtless in order to renounce itself, and stultify itself forever; that the moment has come to have done with the reason of all, and that it is necessary as quickly as possible to bury it in that God it has just discovered itself. As has happened on every occasion, they dispute among themselves the exclusive property, and the first fruits of this newly-found God. But this religious movement seems to me more profound, more universal than they would let it appear. Every one pretends to shut it up, to circumscribe it, to wall it in, in some particular enclosure; but this Christ enlarged, renewed, come out, as it were, a second time from the tomb, does not allow himself so easily to be brought into subjection; he apportions himself, gives himself, communicates himself to all. The great religious life appears not only in Catholicism, but also in Protestantism; not only in positive faith, but also in philosophy. This movement does not stop in the South of Europe; I see it equally fermenting in the Germanic and Slavonic races, among those who are called heretics, as well as among the orthodox. When all the nations of Europe feel themselves thus stirred up, in their very bowels, by I know not what sacred presentiment of the future, there are men who think that all this movement may be brought about, in the designs of Providence, for the sole purpose of the re-establishment of the Society of Jesus. (*Applause.*) At least if we make to them for a moment this strange concession, they

ought to confess that there is something good about their adversaries, since the generation brought up by the Jesuits is that which has driven them out, and the generation reared by philosophy is that which brings them back. (*Applause.*)

It would be a singularly philosophical history, that of the religious orders, since the origin of Christianity. In the same way as philosophy has been rejuvenated from time to time by new schools, so has religion been raised up, exalted, from age to age, by new orders, who pretend to possess it, and in fact, at a given moment, do possess it *par excellence*. All have their own life and virtue. They urge on for a certain time the car of the faith, till the moment when, changed by the spirit of the world, they are attacking and taking themselves for an end, they stop to deify themselves. Each of these orders has its constitution written; in these charters of the desert appears, at every line, the profound instinct of the legislator; some are as remarkable in form as in substance. There are those which are short, laconic as the rules of Lycurgus; they are those of the anchorites. There are some which recall, by a florid dialogue, the habits of Plato; they are those of Saint Basil; there are some which, through an extraordinary brilliancy, may compare with the most poetic elevations of Dante; they are those of the *Master*; there are finally some, which, by their deep knowledge of men and affairs, recall the spirit of Machiavel; they are those of the Jesuits. The situation of the human soul at each

of these epochs is imprinted upon these monuments. In the commencement, in the institutions of the anchorites, in the rule of St. Anthony, the mind is only occupied with itself. Far from wishing to convert any one, man, still imbued with the genius of paganism, flees from himself by all routes ; he has nothing to say to his fellow-man. Armed against all that surrounds him for the singular combat of the desert,* his life, day and night, is but contemplation and prayer. *Pray and read all the day,*† says the rule. Later, during the middle age, mute association succeeds to hermitage. Under the law of Saint Benedict, they live together in the same monastery ; but this little society does not pretend to enter into active strife with the great one. It lives entrenched behind its high walls ;‡ it opens its doors to the world if it comes to it, but it does not go before the world. Man is afraid of human speech. An eternal silence closes the lips of these brothers ; if they should open them, the pagan word might come out still. Every evening, these associates of the tomb go to sleep under the frock, the girdle about their loins, in order to be the sooner ready for the call of the archangel's trump. The spirit of the rule is to occupy holily every hour, in silent expectation of the last day which is approaching. This moment past, there is a revolution in the institutions of the orders ; they wish to enter into direct communication with

* *Singularem pugnam eremi.* † *Lege et ora tota die.*

‡ *Munimenta claustrorum.*

the world, which they have only seen through the narrow door of the monastery. The monk comes out of his convent to carry abroad the word, the fire which he has preserved intact. It is the spirit of the institutions of St. Francis, of St. Dominic, of the Templars, and the orders awakened by the inspiration of the Crusades. The duel is no longer in the desert, it is transported into the city. After this, there remained still one step to take ; this will be the work of the order which pretends to sum up all those which have preceded it, that is to say, the Society of Jesus. For all the others have a temperament, an object, a dress peculiar to themselves ; they hold to a certain place rather than another ; they have preserved the character of the country where they were born. There are some who, according to their statutes, cannot be transplanted out of a certain territory to which they are attached like an indigenous plant.

The character of Jesuitism, born in Spain, prepared in France, developed and fixed at Rome, is to assimilate itself with the spirit of cosmopolitanism, which Italy is there carrying into all her works. This is one of the aspects through which it has been found in accordance with the spirit of the *renaissance* in the South of Europe. On the other hand, it despoils itself of the middle age, by voluntarily rejecting asceticism and maceration. In Spain, it only thought at first of the possession of the Holy Sepulchre ; arrived in Italy, it becomes more practical ; it does not stop with coveting a tomb ; what it wishes for be-

sides,* is the living man, to make a corpse of him. But by dint of mixing and being confounded with secular society, it becomes incapable of separating from it; that is to say, of learning any thing peculiar from it. The world has conquered it—not it the world; and if you sum up in a word the whole of this history of the religious orders, you find that at the origin, in the institutions of the anchorites, man is exclusively occupied with God; that things have no existence for him, and that in the end, on the contrary, in the Society of Jesus, one is so much absorbed in things, that it is God who disappears in the tumult of affairs. (*Applause.*)

Is this history of the religious orders finished? Always, hitherto, the revolutions of science and society have provoked in face of them, to contradict or purify them, new orders; these successive innovations, in the spirit of these partial societies, married themselves admirably with the immutability of the Church. It was the most certain sign of a powerful life. Now, during three centuries, since the institution of the Society of Jesus, has nothing passed in the world which should give rise to a new basis? Have there not been enough changes, temerities in men's understandings? Does not the French Revolution deserve to have done for it what was done in the middle age for the least of the social and political commo-

* There is a rule of Loyola thus conceived: *If the authority declares that what seems to you white is black, affirm that it is black.*—Spiritual Exercises, p. 291.

tions? Every thing has been changed, every thing renewed in temporal society. Philosophy, I avow it, under its apparent modesty, is full of audacity and pride. It thinks itself victorious! and against enemies who have thus again tempered their arms, it is attenuated orders which are led to the combat! For my part, if I had the mission which has been accorded to others, far from contenting myself with restoring societies already compromised with the past, or shaken by too many hostilities, I should think, very decidedly, that there are in the world enough changes, tendencies, and philosophies, or, if you please, new heresies, to be worth the trouble of opposing to them another rule, another form, at least a new name. I should think that this spirit of creation is the necessary testimony to the great life of the doctrines, and that a single word, pronounced by a new order, would have a hundred times more efficacy than all the eloquence in the world, in the mouth of a superannuated order.

However it may be, I have said enough to show that preaching in a particular church and public teaching before men of different beliefs, are not the same thing, and that to ask of one what belongs to another is to wish to destroy them. Belief and science, those two situations of the human mind which, perhaps, one day, will form only one, have always been regarded as distinct. At the epoch of which we are treating, they were represented exactly in history by two men who appeared within a short space of one another; Ignatius Loyola and

Christopher Columbus. Loyola, by an absolute attachment to the very letter of authority, in the midst of great shocks, preserves and maintains the past; he gets a new hold upon it, in some places even in the sepulchre. As for Christopher Columbus, he shows clearly how the future is formed, by the union of belief and liberty, in the spirit of man. He possesses as much as any one the tradition of Christianity; but he interprets and develops it; he listens to all the voices, all the religious presentiments of the rest of humanity; he believes there may be something divine, even in the most dissenting worships. From this sentiment of religion, of the truly universal church, he rises to a clear view of the destinies of the globe; he seizes the mysterious words of the Old and the New Testament; he dares to draw from it a spirit which, for a moment, scandalizes infallibility; he gives it the lie one day; he obliges it on the next to submit to his opinion; he sheds a breath of liberty over the whole of tradition; from this liberty springs the Word which gives birth to a new world; he crushes the external letter; he breaks the seal of the prophets; of their visions he makes a reality. Here is a tendency different from the former. These two ways will remain long open before they unite again. Every one is free to choose, to march forward, or to return backward. As for what concerns me, it was my duty to establish and prove the right of publicly preferring here, to the tendency which looks only to the past, that which opens the future, and in

augmenting creation, augments the idea of the divine greatness. I have done it, I hope, without hatred as without tergiversation, and whatever may happen to me, the only thing of which I am certain is, that I shall never repent of it. (*Prolonged applause.*)

The question was decided for me that day. Notified by the press, the friends as well as the enemies of free discussion had met and filled two amphitheatres. For three quarters of an hour it was impossible to speak; many persons, even of our friends, were of opinion that it was necessary to put off the lecture till another day. I felt that this would be to lose every thing, and I decided to remain, if necessary, till night. This was also the sentiment of the greater part of the assembly. I thank the crowd of unknown friends who, within and without, by their firmness and moderation, put an end, from that day forth, to all hope of disturbance.

LECTURE II.

ORIGINS OF JESUITISM—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

The Spiritual Exercises.

I KNOW the spirit of this audience, and I hope I have said enough for it to know me also. You know that I speak without any hatred, but with the calm wish to speak all my thought. (*Interruption.*) An impartial observer, seeing what is going on, for some days past in these halls, will readily allow that a new fact is revealing itself, the importance attached by all minds to religious questions. It is not a thing of mean significance to see so many men evince for such subjects the interest, I will not say the passion, which they formerly lent only to political discussions. They have felt that it is a question of the interest of all, and it has only needed a word to make the spark hidden at the bottom of all hearts leap forth. The questions we are encountering in the course of our subject are the greatest to be found any where; they only touch in one point the actual world on account of their very greatness; let us learn, then, to rise with them, and preserve that calmness which becomes the seekers after truth.

What is done here, does not remain hidden in these enclosures ; there is far from here, and even out of France, serious minds who are observing us.

There are times when men are brought up from the cradle for silence, certain never to have to undergo any material contradiction. But there are others, in which men are educated for the *regime* of free discussion, in full sunshine, and these times are ours. The worst service one can render at the present day to any cause, is to attempt to stifle examination by violence. One does not succeed in it ; one never can succeed ; and at most, one persuades the most conciliating minds, that the cause one is defending is incompatible with the new order of things. What avail so many puerile threats ? It is not France that will recoil before a hiss. No man in this country can circulate his thought without its meeting public criticism. The time no longer exists when an idea, a society, an order can infiltrate itself, form and raise itself in secret, and then suddenly break forth when its roots are so deep that they cannot be extirpated. Upon whatever path one enters, he always finds some sentinel on the alert, ready to give the alarm. There are no longer any snares and ambushes for any one. This speech of which I am making use to-day, you will make use of to-morrow ; it is my safeguard, but it is also yours. What would become of my adversaries if it was taken away from them ? For I can easily figure to myself the philosopher reduced to his books ; but the Church without speech, who can imagine it for

a moment? And yet it is you who undertake to stifle speech in the name of the Church. Go on! All that I can say is, that its greatest enemies could not do otherwise.

I have shown that the establishment of the Society of Jesus is the very foundation of my subject. Let us take this question in the most disinterested terms. Do not suppose that all seems blameable to me in the sympathy it inspires in some persons of this time. I begin by saying that I believe firmly in their sincerity. In the midst of our often uncertain and objectless society, they meet with the remains of an extraordinary establishment, which, while every thing has changed, has unchangeably preserved its unity. This spectacle astonishes them. At the aspect of these ruins, yet full of pride, they feel themselves attracted by a force which they do not measure; I would not swear that this state of dilapidation does not have more effect upon them than prosperity itself would have. As they see all the externals preserved, rules, written constitutions, subsisting customs, they persuade themselves that the Christian spirit still dwells in these shadows; and the more so, that a single step taken in this direction leads them to many more; and that the principles of the body are bound together with an infinite art. Entered thus upon this path, they become more and more engaged in it, seeking ever under the forms of the doctrine of Loyola the genius and soul of Christianity. Now, my duty is to say to these persons, as to all those who hear me, that

life is elsewhere, that is, no longer in that constitution, the empty shadow of the Spirit of God, that what has been has been, that the odor has escaped from the vase, that the soul of Christ is no longer in that whitened sepulchre. Should they vow me a hatred which they think eternal, and which it is impossible for me to share, yes, if they come here, violent, menacing, I forewarn them, I declare to their face, that I will do all that I can to snatch them from a path where they would only find, according to my opinion, emptiness and deception; and it shall not be my fault if, torn from the embraces of an egotistical rule and a dead system, I do not precipitate them into a wholly contrary system, which I believe to be the living way of truth and humanity.

In the most ordinary circumstances, we take counsel; we hear the *pro* and *con*; and when the question is, if we shall give up our thought, our future, to an order, of which the first maxim, conformably to the genius of secret societies, is to bind you at every step, hiding from you the degree that is to follow, there are men here who do not wish that any one should instruct them as to the end! They arm themselves with hatred against those who wish to show them what they are engaging in when they follow this shadowy road. Enough of other words more happy than mine are urging the minds of men into the route of the past. Let them suffer, then, what it is madness to think of preventing; let them permit that, in another place, another voice should mark another route, basing itself, without

anger, upon history and upon monuments; according to which, the good faith of no one will have been taken by surprise. If you persevere, at least your convictions will have undergone the test of public contradiction; you will have acted as sincere men ought to do in matters so grave. I combat openly, loyally. I ask that they should make use of similar arms against me. Who knows, even if among those who think themselves animated by the most aversion, there may not be found here, at this moment, some one who will hereafter congratulate himself that he has been held back to-day upon the threshold that he was about to cross forever?

We must first know whither we are going; and the first thing which I have to occupy my attention, is to show the mission of the order of Jesus in the contemporary world. Jesuitism is a machine of war. It must always have an enemy to combat, without which its prodigious combinations would be useless. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it had Protestantism for an opponent. Not content with this adversary, the idolatry of the peoples of Asia and America have given it a glorious occupation. Its glory is to fight always whatever is strongest. In our times, what is the enemy which has constrained it to come to life again? It is not the schismatic church, since, on the contrary, it is she who has recalled and saved it in Russia. It is not idolatry. What then is this adversary, powerful enough to awaken the dead? I will, to show it with full evidence, support myself upon the papacy

itself, upon the bulls of condemnation and of restoration of the order. In presence of these monuments and these dates, you will yourselves draw the consequence. The bull which suppresses the institution, is of the 21st of July, 1773. I shall cite certain passages of it, giving notice in advance that I shall never make use of terms more explicit nor more passionate, than those which the papacy employs through the mouth of Clement XIV.

“Hardly was the society formed, *suo fere ab initio*, when there sprang up in it different seeds of divisions and jealousies, not only among its own members, but also in regard to other bodies and regular orders, as well as the secular clergy, academies, universities, public colleges of belles-lettres, and even in regard to princes which had received it into their states. * * *

“Far from all the precautions being sufficient to appease the cries and the complaints against the society, one saw, on the contrary, spring up in almost all parts of the universe very afflicting disputes about its doctrine, *universum pene orbem pervaserunt molestissimæ contentiones de societatis doctrina*, which a number of persons denounced, as opposed to the orthodox faith, and to good morals. Dissensions were lighted up more and more in the society, and out of doors the accusations against it became more frequent, principally on account of its too great avidity of terrestrial goods.

“We have remarked, with the greatest pain, that all the remedies which have been employed have

“had no virtue to destroy and dissipate so many troubles, accusations, and grave complaints; that many of our predecessors, as Urban VIII., Clement IX., X., XI., XII., Alexander VII. and VIII., Innocent X., XI., XII., and XIII., and Benedict XIV., labored in vain to do this. They endeavored, nevertheless, to restore to the church the peace so desirable, by publishing very salutary constitutions, to forbid all business, and to interdict, absolutely, the use and application of maxims that the Holy See had justly condemned as scandalous, and manifestly hurtful to good morals, &c., &c.

“In order to take the safest course in an affair of so great consequence, we judged that we had need of a long space of time, not only to enable us to make exact researches, to weigh every thing with maturity and deliberate with wisdom, but also to ask by many groans and continual prayers the aid and support of the Father of lights.

“After having taken, then, so many and such necessary measures, in the confidence that we are aided by the Holy Spirit; being, moreover, urged by the necessity of fulfilling our ministry, considering that the Society of Jesus can no longer give hope of those abundant fruits, and those great advantages for which it was instituted, approved and enriched with so many privileges by our predecessors, that it is not even possible, perhaps, that as long as it subsists, the Church should ever recover a true and durable peace; persuaded, urged by

“such powerful motives, and by others also, which
“the laws of prudence and the good government of
“the Church universal furnish us with, but which
“we keep in the profound secrecy of our heart, after
“a mature deliberation, of our certain knowledge,
“and in the plenitude of the apostolic power, we ex-
“tinguish and suppress the said society, abolish its
“statutes and constitutions, those even which should
“be supported by an oath, by an Apostolic confir-
“mation, or in any other manner.”

On the 16th of May, 1774, the Cardinal Ambassador of France transmits a confirmation of the bull to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, commenting on it in some words which are a warning to the king and to the clergy.

“The Pope has decided upon the suppression at
“the foot of the altars, and in the presence of God.
“He has thought that monks, proscribed by the
“most Catholic States, violently suspected of hav-
“ing been engaged formerly and recently in crimi-
“nal plots, having in their favor only the exterior
“of regularity, disgraced in their maxims, given up
“to render themselves more powerful, to commerce,
“stockjobbing and politics, could only produce fruits
“of dissension and discord, that a reform could only
“palliate the evil, and that it was necessary to prefer
“to all else the peace of the universal Church, and
“of the Holy See. * * *

“In a word, Clement XIV. has thought the So-
“ciety of the Jesuits incompatible with the repose
“of the Church and of the Catholic States. It is

“the spirit of the government of this company
“which was dangerous ; it is, then, this spirit which
“it is important not to renew, and it is to this that
“the Pope exhorts the king and clergy of France
“to be seriously attentive.”

Now my conclusion begins to be seen. Do not forget that the bull of interdiction precedes by hardly fifteen years the explosion of the revolution of 1789. The precursor spirit which gave to France the royalty of the understanding, governed the world even before it had burst out ; it had passed from writers to princes, from princes to popes. See now the connection of things ! France is about to throw herself into the way of innovation ; and the papacy, inspired then by the genius of all, breaks the machine created to stifle in its germ the principle of innovation. The spirit of 1789 and of the Constituent Assembly is wholly in this pontifical bull of 1773. Since that moment what happens ? As long as the new France remains victorious in the world we hear no more of the Company of Jesus. Before the banner, freely or gloriously displayed, of the French Revolution, this Company disappears as if it had never existed. Its remains conceal themselves under other names. The Empire, which nevertheless loved the strong, left these remnants in the dust, well knowing that he who could do every thing, could not raise a stone of it without belying his origin ; and that among the judgments passed by peoples, there are some it will not do to trifle with. However, the moment comes when the Society of

Jesus, crushed by the papacy, is again triumphantly re-established by the papacy. What, then, has happened? The bull of restoration of the order is of the 6th of August, 1814. Does this date tell you nothing? This is the moment when France, besieged and trampled upon, is constrained to hide her colors, to abjure in her law the principle of the revolution, to accept whatever they choose to grant her of light and life. In the midst of this crusade of the old Europe, every one employs the arms he is most accustomed to. In this invasion of the militia of all zones, the papacy unchains also the resuscitated militia of Loyola, in order that, the mind being circumvented as well as the body, the defeat should be complete, and that France on her knees should no longer have even in her inmost soul the thought of ever redressing herself.

Here are the facts, the history, the reality upon which the rising generation will not be misled. Let every one understand this well; this issue is that at which you must arrive when you enter upon this way. It does not appear, it is not shown at the outset, but it is the necessary termination. On one side the French Revolution with the development of social and religious life; on the other, hidden one knows not where, its natural opponent, the Society of Jesus, with its unwavering attachment to the past. It is between these things that we must choose.

And let no one think they are reconcilable; they are not. The mission of Jesuitism in the sixteenth

century was to destroy the Reformation ; the mission of Jesuitism in the nineteenth is to destroy the revolution which supposes, includes, envelops, and outdoes the Reformation. (*Applause.*) It is a great mission ; but it must be avowed. A question of the University, and a college dispute indeed ! No, the ideas are higher. It is a question, as it always has been, of enervating the principle of life, of noiselessly drying up the future at its source. This is the whole question. It is put first among us. But it is destined to be developed elsewhere, to awaken those who are most asleep, with a sleep either feigned or real ; for it is probably not without reason that we have been so imperiously led to unmask it here.

This granted, without evasion, I go right to the heart of the doctrine, which in the first place I wish to study historically and impartially in its author, Ignatius Loyola. You know that powerful life, in which chivalry, ecstasy, and calculation, rule each in its turn. Nevertheless, we must trace the commencement of it, and see how so much asceticism could accord with so much policy, the habit of visions with the genius for business. Placed at the confines of two epochs, be not astonished if this man has been so powerful, if he is so still, if he marks his conquests with an indestructible seal. He exercises at once the power which springs from the ecstasy of the twelfth century, and the authority which supports itself upon the consummate practice of the modern world : there is in him the St.

Francis of Assisi and the Machiavel. In whatever way you regard him, he is one of those who circumvent men's minds by the most opposite extremes.

In a castle of Biscay, a young man, of an ancient family, receives at the beginning of the sixteenth century the military education of the Spanish nobility; while handling the sword, he reads as a recreation, the Amadis; that is all his knowledge. He becomes a page of Ferdinand, then captain of a company; handsome, brave, worldly, greedy above all things for tumults and battles. At the siege of Pampeluna, by the French, he retires into the citadel; defends it courageously to the last; upon the breach, a Biscayan breaks his right leg; they carry him upon a litter to the neighboring castle; it is that of his father. After a cruel operation undergone with heroism, he asks, to distract his mind, for his books of chivalry. They find nothing in that old pillaged castle but the Life of Jesus Christ and the Saints. He reads them; his heart, his thought, his genius is on fire with a sudden revelation. In a few moments this young man, seized with a human love, is kindled by a sort of divine fury; the page is now an ascetic, a hermit, a flagellant; these are the beginnings of Ignatius Loyola.

In this man of action, what is the first thought that springs up? The project of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Reading the ardent lives of the holy Fathers, he draws, he paints rudely the scenes, the figures to which these narratives relate. Soon

he wishes to touch the sacred land ; he thinks he sees, he sees the Virgin beckoning him on ; he sets out. As his wound is not yet healed, he mounts on horseback, carrying at the saddle-bow his girdle, his calabash, his sandals of cord, his staff, all the insignia of the pilgrim. On the road he encounters a Moor, with whom he discusses the mystery of the Virgin. A violent temptation seizes him to kill the unbeliever ; he abandons the reins to the instinct of his horse. If he rejoins the Moor he will kill him, if not he will forget him. He begins thus by putting his conscience at the mercy of chance. After a certain distance, he takes leave of his people, clothes himself with the sackcloth, and continues his route barefooted. At Manreza he shuts himself up in the hospital ; he performs the vigil of arms before the altar of the Virgin, and suspends his sword on the pillars of the chapel. His macerations redouble ; his loins are girt with a chain of iron ; his bread is mixed with ashes ; and the great noble of Spain goes begging from door to door in the streets of Manreza. This did not satisfy the hunger of a heart devoured with asceticism ; Loyola retires into a cavern, where the light only penetrates through a fissure in the rock ; there he passes whole days, and even weeks, without taking nourishment ; they find him in a swoon at the edge of a torrent. In spite of so many penitences, his soul is still troubled. Scruples, not doubts, beset him ; he subtilizes with himself ; the same internal strife that Luther encountered at the moment of changing all,

Loyola sustains at the moment of preserving all. The evil goes so far that the thought of suicide pursues him ; in that internal war, he groans, he cries, he rolls upon the ground. But this soul is not of those which let themselves be conquered at the first assault ; Ignatius rises up ; the vision of the Trinity, of the Virgin who calls him towards her Son, saves him from despair. In that cavern of Manreza the sentiment of his strength revealed itself to him ; he knows not yet what he will do ; he only knows that he has something to do.

A small merchant vessel carries him through charity to Gaëta ; behold him on the route of the Holy Land ; in Italy, panting and begging, he sees Rome, drags himself to Venice ;—it is too late, cries a voice to him, the boat of the pilgrims has departed. “ What matter ? ” replies Loyola ; “ if ships are wanting, I will pass the sea upon a plank.” With this burning will, it was not difficult to reach Jerusalem ; he arrives there, always barefoot, on the 4th of September, 1523. Despoiled of all, he despoils himself yet more to pay the Saracens for the right of seeing and seeing again the Holy Sepulchre. But at the moment when he is seizing the term of his desires, he perceives another term farther off. He only wished to touch these stones ; now that he possesses them he wishes for something else. Above the stone of the Holy Sepulchre, the Christ appears to him in the air, and makes him a sign to approach nearer. To appeal to and convert the peoples of the East, this is the fixed thought which is awakened in him. He

has thenceforth a positive mission ; and from the instant when his imagination has attained the desired end, there is born another man in Loyola. Imagination is pacified ; reflection expands ; the zeal for *souls* carries it over the love of *the cross*.* The ascetic, the hermit is transformed, the politician commences.

At the sight of this deserted sepulchre, he comprehends that the calculations of the intelligence can alone bring the world back to it. In this new crusade, it is not the sword, it is the thought which shall do the miracle. It is fine to see this last of the Crusaders, proclaim in the face of Calvary, that arms alone can no longer do aught to repossess believers ; from that day his plan is fixed, his system prepared, his will determined. He knows nothing—hardly how to read and write—in a few years he will know all that the doctors teach. And behold, in fact, the soldier, the mutilated invalid, abandoning the imaginary projects, the pleasures of asceticism, to take his place in the midst of children, in the elementary schools of Barcelona and Salamanca. The chevalier of the court of Ferdinand, the anchorite of the rocks of Manreza, the free pilgrim of Mount Tabor bends his apocalyptic mind to the study of grammar. What does he, this man to whom the heavens are open ? He learns the conjugations, he spells Latin. This prodigious empire over himself, in the midst of divine illuminations, marks already a wholly new epoch.

* Father Bonhours, *Life of St. Ignatius*, p. 122.

Yet the man of the desert reappears again in the scholar. He raises, they say, the dead, he exorcises spirits; he has not so completely become a child again, that the saint does not break forth at intervals. Besides, he professes one knows not what theology, which no one has taught him, and which begins to scandalize the Inquisition. They put him in prison; he comes out on condition of no more opening his mouth till he has studied four years in a regular school of theology.

This judgment decides him to come where science already attracted him, to the University of *Paris*. Is it not time this thought, so slowly matured, should declare itself? Loyola is now nearly thirty-five years of age; what waits he yet? This strange scholar has for room-mates, in the college of Saint Barbe, two young men, Pierre le Fevre and Francois Xavier. The one is a shepherd of the Alps, ready to taste every powerful word; Loyola deals cautiously with him; he does not reveal his project to him till after three years of reserve and of calculations; the other is a nobleman infatuated with his youth and his birth; Loyola praises him, flatters him; he reassumes for him the nobleman of Biscay.

Moreover, he possesses a most assured way to subjugate minds; the book of the *Spiritual Exercises*, the work which contains his secret, and which he has planned in the hermitages of Spain. Prepared by his words, no one of his friends escapes from the influence of this strange work, which they call the mysterious book. Already two disciples

have tasted this bait ; they belong to him forever. Others of the same age join themselves to the first ; they undergo, in their turn, the fascination. These are Jacques Laynez, who, at a later period, will be general of the order ; Alfonso Salmeron, Rodriguez d'Azevedo—all Spaniards or Portuguese.

One day these young people meet together on the heights of Montmartre, under the eye of the master, in face of the great city ; they make a vow to unite together to go to the Holy Land, or to put themselves at the disposal of the pope. Two years pass by ; these same men arrive at Venice, by different routes,—a staff in their hand, a sack upon their backs, the *mysterious book* in their wallet. Whither do they go ? They know not. They have made alliance with a mind which drags them along by its logical force. Loyola arrives at the rendezvous by another road. They think they are about to embark for the solitudes of Judea. Loyola shows them, instead of these solitudes, the place of combat—Luther, Calvin, the Anglican Church, Henry VIII., who are besieging the papacy. With a word, he sends Francis Xavier to the extremity of the Oriental world. He keeps the eight other disciples to face Germany, England, the half of France, and of Europe, which is shaken. At this sign of the master, these eight men march, with eyes closed, and without counting or measuring their antagonists. The Company of Jesus is formed ; the captain of the citadel of Pampeluna leads it to the combat. In the *melée* of the sixteenth century, a

legion springs from the dust of the roads. This beginning is great, powerful, impressive; the seal of genius is there; no one would think of dissembling it less than we.

If such was the origin of the Society of Jesus, let us go back for a moment to the monument which has become the soul of it, and contains what Tacitus calls the *Secrets of the Empire, Arcana imperii*. Jesuitism has been studied in its developments; but no one, that I know of, has yet shown it in its primitive ideal. The book of the *Spiritual Exercises* has cast, one after the other, all the first founders of the order in the same mould. Whence has it this extraordinary character? That is what we must consider. We touch here the very source of the spirit of the company.

After having passed through all the conditions of ecstasy, enthusiasm, sanctity, Loyola, with a calculation, the depth of which I shall never succeed in expressing, undertakes to reduce into a systematic body the experiences he has been enabled to make upon himself in the fire of his visions. He applies the method of the modern mind, that of the natural philosophers, to what exceeds all human methods, the enthusiasm of things divine. In a word, he composes a physiology, a manual, or rather the formula* of ecstasy and of sanctity.

Do you know what distinguishes him from all the ascetics of the past? It is that he has been able

* *Servatis ubique iisdem formulis.*—Spirit. Exerc. p. 160.

coldly, logically, to observe himself, to analyze himself in that state of ravishment, which, with all others, excludes the very idea of reflection. Imposing upon his disciples as operations, acts which with him had been spontaneous, thirty days suffice him to break, by this method, the will and the reason, nearly as a horseman governs his courser. He only asks thirty days, *triginta dies*, to reduce a soul. Observe, indeed, that Jesuitism develops itself in the same time as the modern inquisition; while this dislocated the body, the Spiritual Exercises dislocated the thought under the machine of Loyola.

To arrive at the state of sanctity, we find in this book rules such as this: "*primo*, trace upon a paper lines of different size, which answer to the greatness of sins; *secondly*, shut yourself up in a chamber, of which the windows are half closed (*januis et fenestris clausis tantisper*), sometimes prostrate* yourself face to the ground, sometimes lie upon the back, rise up, sit down, &c., &c.; *fifthly*, break out in exclamations (*quintum in exclamacionem prorumpere*); *sixthly*, in the contemplation of hell, which comprehends two preludes, five points and a colloquy, see in spirit, vast conflagrations, monsters, and souls plunged into gleaming prisons, imagine you hear complaints, vociferations, fancy also a putrid odor of smoke, sulphur, and cadaverous cloaca, taste the most bitter things, such as tears, gall, and the worm

* *Nunc prostratus humi et pronus, aut supinus, nunc sedens, aut stans, &c.* page 86.

of the conscience,"* &c. But it is not the visions alone which are thus prescribed; what you would never suppose, the sighs even are noted, the aspiration, the respiration is marked; the pauses, the intervals of silence, are written in advance as upon a book of music.

You will not believe me—it must be quoted: "Third manner by praying, by measuring in a certain way the words and times of silence."† This mode consists in omitting some words between each breath, each respiration; and a little farther on—"let them observe well the equal intervals between the aspirations, the suffocation, and the words"—(*et paria anhelituum ac vocum interstitia observet*); which means that man, inspired or not, is nothing more than a machine for sighs and sobs, which must groan, weep, cry out, and suffocate at the precise instant, and in the order which experience has shown to be most profitable.

The education thus prepared, how is the Christian automaton completed? By what degrees does he raise himself to the dogmas and mysteries of the Gospel? You shall see. If it is a question of a

* Punctum primum est, spectare per imaginationem vasta inferorum incendia. . . . Tertium imaginariè etiam olfactu fumum, sulphur et sentinæ cujusdam seu fœcis atque putredinis graveolentiam persentire. Quartum, gustare similiter res amarissimas, ut lacrymas, rancorem, conscientiæque vermem, &c., &c.—Ex. Spir. p. 80, 82, 63.

† Tertius orandi modus per quandam vocum et temporum commensurationem.—Exerc. Spir. p. 200.

mystery, the prelude (*præludium*), before every other operation, is to represent to himself a certain corporeal place, with all its dependencies. For example, is it a question concerning the Virgin? the way is to figure to one's self a little house (*domuncula*); of the Nativity? a grotto, a cavern, disposed in a *convenient or inconvenient manner*; of a scene of preaching in the Gospel? a certain road with its windings more or less steep. Is it concerning the bloody sweat? it is necessary, first of all, to figure to one's self a garden of a certain size (*certa magnitudine, figura et habitudine*), to measure the length, breadth, and area; as to the reign of Christ, to represent to one's self country houses, fortresses, (*villas et oppida*); after which, the first point is to imagine a human king* among his people; to address one's self to this king, to converse with him; little by little to change this king into Christ; to substitute one's self for the people, and thus to place one's self in the true kingdom.

Such is the method to rise to the mysteries. If that is so, observe the consequence! To start always from the material impression, is it not to show for the mind a distrust which overthrows the very nature of Christianity? Is it not to enter by a disguise into the spiritual kingdom? And so many minute precautions to replace the sudden rapture of the soul, will they not degenerate with the disciples

* *Punctum primum esto proponere mihi ob oculos humanum regem.*—*Ex. Spir. p. 97.*

into tricks to disconcert the chief of the trickery? What! God is there on his knees, weeping in the sweat of blood; and instead of being all at once transported out of yourselves by this single thought, you amuse yourself with showing me this enclosure, with meanly measuring its extent, with tracing methodically the plan of the path, *viam planam aut arduam!* You are at the foot of Tabor at the inexpressible moment of the transfiguration; and what occupies you is to know what is the form of the mountain, its height, its breadth, its vegetation? Is this, great God, the Christianity of the Apostles? Is it that of the Fathers of the Church? No, for it is not that of Jesus Christ.

Where did one ever see in the Gospel this preoccupation with the arrangement and the theatrical effects? It is the doctrine which speaks, not the things. The Gospel repeats the word, and the objects are illuminated by it. Loyola does quite the contrary. It is, as he says so well,* by the aid of the senses and of material objects that he wishes to raise himself up to the spirit. He makes use of the sensations, as an ambush to attract souls, sowing thus the principle of the ambiguous doctrines which will grow with him. Instead of showing his God in the first place, he only leads man to God by a crooked path. Once again, is this the right way of the Gospel?

* *Admotis sensuum officiis.*—Ex. Spir. p. 182; *Dein repetitiones et usus sensuum velut prius.*—Ibid. p. 167

All this bears upon a more radical difference between the Christianity of Jesus Christ and the Christianity of Loyola. This difference I am about to speak of.

In the spirit of the Gospel, the Master gives to all, fully, without reserve or stint. Each disciple becomes in his turn a focus which diffuses life, develops it around him; and the movement never stops in tradition. Loyola, on the contrary, with a policy, the foundation of which will never be exhausted, only communicates to his disciples the least part of himself, the exterior or bark of his thought. He has known and felt enthusiasm in his youth. But since he aims at organizing a power, he no longer grants to any one this principle of liberty and life. He keeps the hearth, he only lends the ashes. He has raised himself upon the wings of ecstasy and divine rapture, but he only authorizes with others the yoke of method. To be more sure to reign alone, without successors, he begins by cutting off from them all that has made his greatness; and as he asks for his God not only a filial fear, but a servile terror, *timor servilis*, he leaves no room for man to raise his head. Christianity makes apostles; Jesuitism instruments, not disciples.

Let us then turn our eyes on another side; and if, as I have always thought, the soul too much forsaken has need of nourishment, if the religious thought breathes anew over the world, if the new star is rising, let us not remain behindhand, let us be the first to march before that God who is awaken-

ing all hearts. Let others, if they will, take root in the letter, we will run before the Spirit; the enthusiasm which alone creates and renews societies is not so dead in France as to be cold. Let the new generation, in whom reposes the future, without letting itself fall asleep by a too great care for little things, aspire to continue the tradition of life; and let us all together show that all religion is not exclusively and uniquely shut up in the priest, nor all truth in the sacred desk.

12*

LECTURE III.

CONSTITUTIONS. CHRISTIAN PHARISEEISM.

THANKS to you, the liberty of discussion will not be stifled; here as every where else, the good right will only have had need to show itself in order to triumph over violence. At the first news that the right of examination was publicly menaced, we might well doubt a thing so strange; when it was certain, all opinions were united in a moment; you crowded around us; and by that irresistible force which springs from the general conscience, you have lent to our words the only support we could desire. Whatever may be the diversity of impressions in other respects, we have been confounded in the same cause. We could not recoil a step; you could not disown us; this is what you have all felt. I thank you for it in the name of the rights and the liberty of all; we have both done, I believe, what we ought to do.

Think not, moreover, that I have henceforth nothing more pressing than to envenom my subject. My project is altogether different. I desire to-day, as I did a month ago, to study philosophically and impartially the Society of Jesus, which I meet without being able to shun it; I will add that I hold it

to be a duty to study it, not in its adversaries, not even in the works of individuals, but only in the consecrated monuments which have given it life.

What cannot fail to strike you, is the rapidity with which this society has degenerated. Where shall we find any thing like it in any other order? The public voice is raised against it from its cradle. The bull of Constitution is of 1540; already the Society is driven out from a part of Spain in 1555, from the Low Countries and Portugal in 1578, from all France in 1594; from Venice in 1606, from the kingdom of Naples in 1622; I speak only of Catholic States. This reprobation shows at least how precocious the evil has been. Pascal, attaching himself to the casuists near his time, has kept silence upon the origins of the Society; the great name of Loyola has turned away his glaive. In the process of the eighteenth century, we have, above all, made the Jesuitism of the eighteenth century appear. What remains for us to do is, seizing it by its roots, to establish that this prompt corruption was inevitable, since it was in germ in the first principle, and that finally it was impossible for Jesuitism not to degenerate, since by its very nature, it is nothing but a degeneration of Christianity.

I have shown with impartiality, I hope, the ascetic in Ignatius Loyola. Let us now see the politician. His great art is to make himself disappear at the moment he reaches his end. When his little Society has met together at Venice, and it is necessary to take the last step and go to Rome, to

ask for consecration from the Pope, he takes care not to appear. He sends in his place his disciples, simple men and submissive to all authority. As for him, he hides himself, fearing to show upon his brow the mark of omnipotence. The pope, in welcoming his disciples, thinks to acquire instruments; he knows not that he is giving himself a master.

It is a trait that Loyola has in common with Octavius; he reaches the goal of his whole life; the better to seize upon it, he begins by repulsing it. At the moment when the society, created by him, is about to name its chief, Loyola declines; he feels himself too small, too unworthy of the burden; he cannot accept it. He will be the last of all, if his friends do not constrain him to be the first! After many years, when he thinks that this absolute authority he has caused to be imposed upon him, requires to be tempered anew, he wishes to abdicate; he, the master of the popes, the sovereign of this company, whom a look from him will send from one end of the earth to the other, threatens to quit his villa at Tivoli, and again become the anchorite of Manreza. His hands are too weak, his genius too timid to suffice for the task; it is necessary once more that from all points of the Christian world the members of the society beseech him to remain at their head. And it was no gentle and mild authority! His disciples, even the great Francis Xavier, never wrote to him but on their knees; for having dared to address to him an objection on a point of detail, Laynez, the soul of the Council of Trent,

who shall be his successor, trembles at a word of the master ; he asks that his punishment may be to quit the spiritual direction of the council, and to employ the rest of his life in teaching children to read. Behold what was the empire of Loyola over his own. Moreover, skilful to abjure their orthodoxy, when it displeases the powerful, as in the affair of the interim.

More and more attached to little rules, he condemns, in Bobadilla, in Rodriguez, that love for great ones, which had formerly been his life. He who in his youth had been imprisoned as an innovator, is heard to repeat that, if he lived a thousand years, he would not cease to cry out against the novelties which are introduced into theology, philosophy, and grammar. He excels in diplomacy to such a degree as to leave nothing for his successors to find out. His masterpiece in this respect was to reconcile his omnipotence with that of the papacy. The pope wished, in spite of him, to create Borgia, one of his disciples, cardinal. Loyola decides that the pope shall offer it, and that Borgia shall refuse, contriving thus the pride of the refusal and the ostentation of humility. Finally, after having seen the accomplishment of all that he has projected, the society recognized, the *Spiritual Exercises* consecrated, the constitution promulgated, he is near the agony, he dictates his last thought. What is it? "Write ; I desire that the Company should know my last *thoughts upon the virtue of obedience ;*" and these last confidences are those terrible words which have already been cited, and which sum up

every thing; that man should become such as a corpse, *ut cadaver*, without movement, without will; that he should be as the staff of an old man, *senis baculus*, which one takes or rejects at pleasure.

Thus these are not images accidentally dropped in the constitution; it is by these well-considered, repeated words, that he thinks to terminate his life; the intimate secret of his soul, upon which he returns when dying. We wish we could deceive ourselves upon this point, but we cannot. Here, then, it must be confessed, is a wholly new Christianity, for the miracles of Christ were done to recall the dead to life; the miracles of Loyola were done to lead the living to death. The first and the last word of Christ is, life. The first and the last word of Loyola is, the corpse. The Christ makes Lazarus come out of the sepulchre; Loyola wishes to make of every man a Lazarus in the tomb. Once more, what is there in common between the Christ and Loyola?

I know that some sincere persons have been at least astonished at the character of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and at the incontestable citations I have had to make. They make their escape by thinking that it is doubtless a code, a law which has fallen into desuetude, and which no longer goes for any thing in the tradition of the Society of Jesus. I cannot leave them this refuge. No, the book of the *Spiritual Exercises* is not out of use. On the contrary, it is the foundation, not only of the authority of Loyola, but also of the education of the

whole Society; hence the necessity of admitting it entirely, or in rejecting it, to reject with it the Company of which it is the vital principle; there is no medium; for according to the Company, it is a work inspired from above; the Mother of God has dictated it, *dictante Maria*. Loyola has but transcribed it under the divine inspiration.

Let it not be thought, that in the examination of this work, I have selected maliciously the most singular parts, the parts which would most embarrass those I am combating. I have only extracted the serious points; there are some ridiculous ones which contain the principle of the maxims and the subterfuges which Pascal has attacked. Would one believe, for example, that Loyola, this man so serious in asceticism, should be led by his own system to play, to feign maceration? How! use artifice with what is most spontaneous, with the holy flagellations of Magdalen, and St. Francis of Assisi! Yes, whatever it may cost, I must cite the words of the fundamental book, the *Spiritual Exercises*: and do not laugh, I pray you, for I find nothing more melancholy than such falls. The whole thought is there: "Let us make use," says Loyola, "in the flagellation, principally of small twine which wounds the skin, skimming over the exterior without reaching the interior, so as not to injure the health."*

* *Quare flagellis potissimum utemur ex funiculis minutis, quæ exteriores affligunt partes, non autem adeo interiores ut valetudinem adversam causare possint.*

What! from the origin, in the ideal rule, before all degeneration, to counterfeit coolly and fraudulently the scars and bruises of the anchorites and the Fathers of the desert, who condemn upon their attenuated sides the revolts of the old man! Martyrdom is only imposed upon the Saints, I know it well! but to play with martyrdom, to use cunning with heroism, to defraud holiness! Who would have ever thought that possible? Who would have ever believed that this was written, commanded, ordered in the law? From this first fraud do you not see born the bloody chastisement and the true lashing of the *Provincials*?

We are at the heart of the doctrine. Let us continue the examination. The book of the *Spiritual Exercises* is the snare perpetually spread by the Society. But how to attract souls in this direction? Once attracted, how retain them at the commencement, and communicate to them, little by little, the desire of taking the bait, and fixing themselves in these external gymnastics? How enchain them by degrees, without their suspecting it? This is a new art, which is laid down in another book, almost as extraordinary as the first; I speak of the *Directorium*. Some years after the foundation of the Society, the principal members agreed to unite the personal experiences they had made upon the application of the method of Loyola. The general of the Order, Aquaviva, a man of consummate policy, holds the pen. Thence is born this second work, equally fundamental, which is to the first what practice is

to theory. You have seen the principle ; here are the *tactics* put in action. To attract any one to the Society, one must not act abruptly, *ex abrupto*. It is necessary to wait for some good opportunity ; for example, when this person experiences some chagrin, or *fails in business*.* An excellent advantage is also afforded *by the vices themselves*.†

In the beginnings, great care must be taken not to propose as examples those who, the first step being made, have been led to enter the Order ; this, at least, *must not be spoken of till the last*.‡ If the question is of any persons of consideration, or nobles,§ *the complete exercises must not be given to them*. In all cases, it is best that the instructor should go to the houses of these persons, because the thing is thus *more easily kept secret*.|| And why so many secrets in the affairs of God ?

As for the greater number, the first thing to be done is, to reduce to the solitude of the cell him who is destined for the exercises. There removed from the sight of men, and especially of his friends,¶ he ought only to be visited by the instructor, and by a taciturn *valet*, who will only open his mouth upon the objects of his service. In this absolute isolation,

* Ut si non bene succedant ei negotia.—*Directorium*, p. 16.

† Etiam optima est commoditas in ipsis vitiis.—*Ib.* p. 17.

‡ Certè hoc postremum tacendum.—*Ib.* p. 18.

§ Et quidam aliquando nobiles.—*Ib.* p. 67.

|| Quia sic facilius res celatur.—*Ib.* p. 75. *It would be best to do it all in the country*, in aliquod prædium, p. 77.

¶ Maxime familiarium.—*Ib.* p. 39.

put into his hands the Spiritual Exercises, and then abandon him to himself. Every day the instructor shall appear for a moment, to interrogate him, to excite him, to push him on in this way, from which there is no return. Finally, when this soul is thus misled and broken, when it has already cast itself in the mould of Loyola, when it feels the irresistible embrace, when it is sufficiently destroyed, and, to use the language of the *Directorium*, suffocates in the agony,* admire the triumph of this sacred diplomacy! The rôle of the instructor suddenly changes. At first he pressed, he excited, he inflamed; now that all is done, he must show an able indifference. No, nothing deeper, I should say, nothing more infernal, has been invented, than this patience, this moderation, this coldness, at the moment of seizing this soul, which already belongs to itself no longer. It is good, says the *Directorium*, "to let him then breathe a little."† When he has "recovered his breath to a certain point,"‡ it is the favorable moment; for it is not necessary that he should be "always tortured."§ That is to say, when this agonizing soul has wholly abandoned itself, you coolly leave it the choice.¶ It is necessary that

* In illa quasi agoniâ suffocatur.—*Directorium*, p. 223.

† Sinendus est aliquando respirare.—*Ib.* p. 215.

‡ Cum deinde quodammodo respirat.—*Ib.* p. 223.

§ Non semper affligatur.—*Ib.* p. 216.

¶ Electionem. A good *instructor* should know how to caress and tickle the doubt. Eum relinquat aliquantum dubium et incertum.—*Ib.* p. 182.

in this instant of respite, it should preserve just enough of life to think itself yet free to alienate itself forever. Let it return, if it wishes, into the world; let it enter another order, if that pleases it better; the doors are open, now that it is enchained by the thousand folds the instructor has wound about it. The marvel is to pretend that this shrunken heart gathers up a remnant of liberty, in order to precipitate itself into eternal servitude. Put together all that your memory recalls to you of Machiavelic combinations, and say if you find any thing which surpasses the tactics of this Order, particularly in its struggles with the soul.

Behold the individual subjugated; the question now is to know what he shall become in the bosom of the Society; which leads us to the rapid examination of the spirit of the *Constitutions*.* A feature of the genius of Loyola, was to close to his disciples the entrance upon ecclesiastical charges. By this single word he establishes a Church in the Church. By interdicting them all hope out of the Company, he knows that he is about to fill them with an infinite ambition for the authority of the Order. Since every one is immured in the institution of Jesus, each must work with an extraordinary energy to aggrandize, gild, and glorify his prison; no one shall be either Bishop, Cardinal, or Pope; all shall have their part in the immortality of the Order. But how strange is this immortality! In the

* *Regulæ Societatis.*

Spiritual Exercises break forth yet at least the traces of past enthusiasm. In the *Constitutions* all is cold, frigid as those avenues of the catacombs where are arranged symmetrically vast collections of bones. All this is very ingeniously constructed; they imitate the edifices upon which the sun of life shines; unfortunately they are made with the remains of the dead; and a society thus established may endure long without becoming impaired, because the great principle of life has been cut off from it from the beginning.

Loyola, before proclaiming one of his rules, lays it solemnly upon the altar for eight days, whether it has reference to a principle of his law, or a school regulation, to the charge of an overseer, a porter, a keeper of vestments, or of the mysteries of the conscience, he gives to each of these things the same sacred authority, thus lowering the great to raise up the little. In his legislation you will find the same distrust of the spirit, as in his books of asceticism. In all the founders of Christian institutions, what I first perceive, is the Christian, the man in him, the creature of God; in the law of Loyola, I see nothing but provincial fathers, overseers, rectors, examiners, consultors, admonitors, procurators, prefect of spiritual things, prefect of health, prefect of the library, of the refectory, watcher, economist, &c. Each of these functionaries has his particular law, very clear, very positive; it is impossible for each one of them not to know what he must do every hour in the day. Is this every thing? Yes, if it is a question

of a temporal, external association ; almost nothing if it is of a society really Christian. I see, in fact, *employées* who are all admirably distributed, functionaries who have each their task marked out ; but show me under all this the Christian soul ; in the midst of so many functions, denominations, and external occupations, the *man* escapes me, the Christian disappears.

The moral and spiritual life is dried up in this law ; turn it over in good faith without after thought ; ask yourself if you will, at every page, if it is the word of God which serves as a foundation for this scaffolding ; if this were so, the name of God would at least be pronounced, and I attest that it is what appears most rarely. The experience of the man of business, wheel-work of extreme complication, a wise arrangement of persons and things, the anticipated regularity of the code of procedure, replace the prayers, the elevations which make the substance of the rules of other orders. The founder trusts much to industrious combinations, very little to the resources of the soul, and in these rules of the Society of Jesus, every thing is found except confidence in the word and the name of Jesus Christ.

Here is the most important characteristic of this legislation. For the first time the saints do not trust to the spiritual power of the Christ ; in order to raise up his kingdom, they appeal directly to calculations borrowed from the policy of cabinets.

The spirit of Charles V. and of Philip II. is substituted for the spirit of the Gospel.

From this seal of distrust imprinted in so profound a manner upon the spiritual work of Loyola, observe how necessarily springs the entire form of his institutions. Firstly, since it is the spirit itself which is suspected, it follows that all the members of the community, instead of feeling themselves tranquilly and fraternally united in the faith, like the first Christians, must hold one another in suspicion; whence it follows again, that from the first page, instead of the prayer, which serves as the introduction and basis of other rules, detraction is prescribed as the foundation of the constitution of Loyola.* *Mutually to denounce one another*, is one of the first words of the rule; it is a first concession to logic. The soldiery of Loyola is not of those whom enthusiasm will lead it to fight in broad day; from its very origin, it will be not the Theban legion, but the instituted police of Catholicism. Secondly, by virtue of the same principle, if the soul is not the mover of all, it is nothing but a danger; whence the necessity of weakening it under the corpse-like yoke of an obedience, not intelligent, but blind, *obediencia cæca*. This is why submission in the other orders is nothing in comparison with this voluntary death of the conscience. Let other societies distinguish themselves by other virtues; that of the Society of Jesus shall be above all the resignation

* *Manifestare sese invicem—Quæcumque per quemvis manifestentur.—Regul. Societ. p. 2.*

of one's self. With the Trappists, man has been able to preserve an internal refuge in his own martyrdom and his silence; but with the Jesuits, the soul, even though it should not desire it, is obliged to escape from itself by surprise, and to belittle itself in the embarrassments of external occupations.

Another consequence which is included in the two first is the systematic necessity of repressing the great instincts and developing the small. We have remarked that the Society of Jesus, so fertile in skilful men, has not produced a great man since Loyola. Here is the reason of it; it is undeniable. The thoroughly Castilian pride of Loyola persuaded him that his disciples would be incapable of supporting, like him, the trials of conflict and of enthusiasm; hence he has stifled in them the heroic raptures which constituted his power. I do not examine whether this pride of the Spanish saint is conformable to the Gospel; I only say that in cutting his disciples off from the inconveniences of enthusiasm and divine heroism, he has prevented any one of them from reaching his height, and I warn you that to range one's self under his law, is to make a vow of eternal mediocrity.

Represent to yourself a moment a great poet, Dante, for example, wishing to form a school, and forearming his disciples, in the first place, against the dangers of sensibility, imagination, the poetic passions, he would do precisely what Ignatius Loyola has done. In the other orders, we see men equalling the founders; life itself increases these

from generation to generation. The Dominican St. Thomas is greater than St. Dominic ; but who has ever heard speak of a man in the Company of Jesus, who equalled or surpassed the founder ? That is impossible by the nature of things.

Add this last consideration, which sums up what precedes : the order of Jesus, in its development, represents exactly the personal history of Ignatius Loyola. First, the first disciples, the Saint Francis Xaviers, the Borgias, the Rodriguez, the Bobadillas, are filled with that fire which the master has drawn from the solitude of the grotto of Manreza ; an enthusiastic genius leads them on. From the second generation, all is changed ; the frigid policy of Loyola, in his maturity, has already passed into the soul of Aquaviva and his successors. To speak more justly, it is the soul of Loyola himself which seems to grow chill and freeze more and more, in the veins of the Society of Jesus. The Society is repeating its author for three centuries past ; and now the order dying, imitates again, reproduces again Loyola dying ; like him, it raises itself when they thought it gone ; and in the midst of this agony, the word it pronounces is still the last word of Loyola, *domination, blind obedience, obedientia cæca*. Let humanity bend like a staff in the hand of an old man, *Ut senis baculus !* It is the testament of the founder, it is also the last wish of the Society.

Following the same series of ideas, it will not be difficult to show how, from the same totally nega-

tive principle of want of confidence in the spirit has come the *Theory of cases of conscience*, which to many persons marks the distinguishing feature of Jesuitism. The principle of Loyola must necessarily produce and develop this instinct of procedure applied to conscience. In fact, from the moment when one begins to distrust the soul, or the cry of conscience is held as nothing, every thing must be written. The written word is put in place of the inner voice; the rule of the doctors must necessarily replace the Word and the light made to enlighten every man that cometh into the world. The less a society has of life, the more it has of ordinances, decrees and laws which contradict and conflict with one another.

Apply this to the religious life, and see into what a labyrinth you are entering! As the soul has no longer the right to cut off every thing by one of those sovereign words, written by God himself and which come out of the inmost entrails of a man, the rules lead to other rules, the decisions to other decisions, so that it is impossible for the moral instinct not to be overwhelmed under this scaffolding of contradictions. By an inconceivable confusion, which is but the consequence of the principle, it is no longer the religious law which through its simplicity rules the civil law. It is, on the contrary, the religious law, which comes miserably, shamefully, to imitate and counterfeit, what? the laws of civil procedure, the subtleties of the chicane; it is the divine law which, reversed and degraded from its sublime unity, comes to trace itself upon the form, the

method and the cavillings of the scholastic tribunals.

Is religion brought low enough? In place of the priest I see the tricky advocate at the tribunal of God. Well! it must fall still farther; for there is no stopping on this road. The jurisprudence of scholastics was at least connected by a foundation of equity which hindered the judge from plunging voluntarily into absurdity; the priest, by following the legal procedures of the middle ages, condemned himself to descend infinitely lower. No longer trusting to moral instinct in its divine simplicity, and not possessing the rational independence of the lawyer, where can this man go with his conscience voluntarily dumb, with his reason voluntarily blinded? Where can he go except upon this road of chance and *probable-ism*, where overturning in the darkness, one upon the other, the notion of good, and the notion of evil, getting farther and farther out of all truth into a monstrous abyss, skilled only in putting remorse to sleep, he often foresees, imagines, outstrips, and creates in theory even the impossible crime?

Do not, then, be astonished that the degeneration has been so rapid, since it was already contained in the very ideal of the Society. I could, if I wished, bring forward strange testimony in relation to this. Listen to that terrible avowal which escapes from one of the most famous disciples of Loyola, one of those who come nearest to his spirit, one of his contemporaries, Mariana! It is not I who speak, it is

a member of the institution of Jesus, after fifty years passed in the community: "Our whole institution," says he, "seems to have no other object "but to bury under ground bad actions, and to remove them from the knowledge of men."* I might add to this confession astonishing avowals which Pascal has forgotten, upon the manner of captivating the good-will of princes, widows, noble and opulent young men; I could easily go very far in this way; but I stop.

Is it necessary to say what interests you in this discussion? It is not its relation to present times, nor a curiosity for scandal. What interests you is, that this question is in itself great, universal; let us leave it this character. The question is one between reality and appearance, the true and the false, the spirit and the letter. As soon as any doctrine wishes to counterfeit the life it has lost, you find the principle and the element of a sort of Jesuitism as well among the ancients as the moderns. I should not be embarrassed to show that all religion has produced, sooner or later, its Jesuitism, which is nothing but the degeneration of it.

Without going out of our tradition, the Pharisees are the Jesuits of Mosaism, as the Jesuits are the Pharisees of Christianity. Did not the Pharisees also doubt the spirit? Did they not ask: What is

* *Totum regimen nostrum videtur hunc habere scopum, ut malefacta injecta terra occultentur, et hominum notitiæ subtrahantur.*

the spirit? Were they not the furious defenders of the letter? Did not the Christ compare them to sepulchres? Is it not also the comparison which best pleases our own in their constitutions? If all this is true, where is the difference? And if there is no difference, it is the Christ who has pronounced upon them when he cursed the scribes and the doctors of the law.

Take care, then, (I address myself now to those who, separated from me, show the most aversion to me,) take care, then, how you seal yourselves all alive, in these tombs, or you will repent when it will be too late. There are yet great things to be done; remain, then, where is the combat of the spirit, the danger, the life, the recompense. Do not lose yourself, do not bury yourself in these catacombs. You know it as well as I; God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

Yet if it is necessary, I could by an effort of a moment admit that at the end of the middle age, certain souls, carried away by too much asceticism, have needed to be ranged under this dry and frozen rule. I will admit that these raptures of the middle age, suddenly compressed by an overwhelming method, may have turned, if not to great thoughts, at least to bold enterprises. But in our days, in 1843, what is this doctrine to do in the world? What does it give us that we did not possess too abundantly? We both of us, above all, hunger and thirst after sincerity and frankness. It brings us tactics and stratagems, as if there was not enough

of tactics and stratagems in the visible course of affairs! We cannot live without liberty; it brings us absolute dependence, as if there did not remain sufficient impediments in things. We have need of the spiritual sense, great, powerful, open to all, regenerating; it brings us the narrow, petty, material sense, as if there was not enough materialism in the age; we have need of the life, it brings us the letter. In a word, it brings nothing into the world but what the world is glutted with. And this is the reason why the world will have no more of it.

Consider, moreover, that if there is a country on the earth, whose temperament is incompatible with that of the Society of Jesus, that country is France. Of all the first generals of the order, of all those who gave it its direction, not one is a Frenchman. The spirit of our country has not been communicated by any one to this combination of the leaven of Spain, and the Machiavelism of Italy in the sixteenth century. I comprehend, that there where it has its roots, even combated by the public instinct, the spirit of the institution has been able to produce statesmen, controversialists, the Marianas, the Belarmins, the Aquavivas. But among us, transplanted out of its soil, sterile in itself, Jesuitism can do nothing but sterilize the soil. See! every thing here contradicts and conflicts with it. If we are worth any thing in the world, it is through the spontaneous rapture; with this it is quite the contrary. It is through loyalty, even indiscreet, to the

profit of our enemies ; here it is quite the contrary. It is through rectitude of spirit ; here we have nothing but subtlety and evasions. It is by a certain way of becoming fired promptly in the cause of another ; this is only occupied with its own. Finally, it is by the power of the soul ; and it is of the soul that it is distrustful.

What would you have us do, then, with an institution, which takes for a task to repudiate in every thing the character and mission God himself has given our country ? I see well now that it is not a question merely of the spirit of the revolution, as I said previously. Of what is it a question, then ? Of the very existence of the spirit of France, such as it has always been ; of two incompatible things at odds, of which one must necessarily stifle the other ; either Jesuitism must abolish the spirit of France, or France must abolish the spirit of Jesuitism. This is the result of all I have now been saying.

LECTURE IV.

MISSIONS.

It is not our fault if, in the course we are pursuing, we are obliged to watch that the parts be not changed. Our strength is in the frankness of our position, and if by chance it is ill interpreted in a place* from which they speak to all France, we owe a word of explanation in answer to remarks from so high a quarter. They accuse us of pursuing a phantom. It would be easy to reply that we are pursuing nothing, that we have only recounted the past; nevertheless, if it is only a phantom, why so much hatred, and so many efforts to prevent its being so much as named? If Jesuitism is dead, why so much violence? If it lives, why deny it? Why? Because to-day, as always, it has been in too much haste to appear, because it has betrayed itself by its impatience, because in showing itself it has run the risk of destroying itself. But our trouble will not have been useless, since we have served to make it manifest. It is too late now to disavow it.

The only thing that astonishes me is, that they have accused us of making attempts upon the lib-

* The Chamber of Deputies, Session of May 27.

erty of instruction, for having maintained the liberty of discussion. What! we are the violent, the intolerant ones! Who would have thought it? Violent, because we have defended ourselves! Intolerant, because we have not been exclusive! All this is strange, it must be confessed. The toleration they demand, is it that of condemning, of fulminating, without any one having aught to reply? The common right they claim, is it the privilege of the anathema? If so, it should at least be stated clearly.

Of what use are so many subterfuges, when the question can be expressed in one word? Can France, deprived at the present day of all association, abandon the future to an association which is foreign, powerful, and naturally and necessarily the enemy of France? Without so much circumlocution, I will only say, that I see in the past, Jesuitism seizing upon the spirit to materialize it, upon morality to demoralize it, and I desire passionately that no one should now get hold of liberty to kill it.

However it may be, let us have the pleasure of considering our subject in its greatest and most general relations. Jesuitism, at its origin, took upon itself the task of smothering idolatry and Protestantism. Let us see how it has accomplished the first of these enterprises.

At the moment of the discovery of America and Eastern Asia, the first thought of the religious orders was to embrace these new worlds in the unity of the Christian faith. Dominicans, Franciscans, Au-

gustines, marched at first in this road ; they had tired themselves with restraining the old world ; their strength was not sufficient to embrace the new. Hardly formed, the Society of Jesus cast itself into this career. It was this which she ran most gloriously. To reunite the East and the West, the North and the South, to establish the moral solidarity of the globe, to accomplish the unity promised by the prophets, never was there presented a greater design to the genius of man. To attain this end, there would have been need of the all-powerful life of Christianity at its origins. The doctrines which made the soul of the Society of Jesus, were they capable of consummating this miracle ? For the first time, unknown populations were about to find themselves in contact with Christianity ; this moment could not fail to have an incalculable influence upon the future. The Society of Jesus, in throwing itself in advance, might decide or compromise the universal alliance. Which of these two things has happened ?

In finding again Oriental Asia, Christianity was discovering the strangest thing in the world, a sort of Catholicism peculiar to the East, a religion full of external analogy with that of the court of Rome, a paganism which affected all the forms and many of the dogmas of the papacy, a God born of a virgin, incarnate for the salvation of men, a Trinity, monasteries, convents without number, anchorites given up to macerations and incredible flagellations, all the exterior of the religious life in Europe of the middle

age, hermitages, reliquaries, chivalry, and, at the summit of all this, a sort of pope, who, without commanding, imposes his authority, infallible as that of God himself. What was the Catholicism of Europe about to do on finding itself face to face with this Indian Catholicism? Would it consider it as the degeneration of a principle already common to both? or would it hold it as an imitation of the truth counterfeited at pleasure by the Demon? The chances of religious alliance were very different according to the solution they reserved for this strange problem.

The Society of Jesus, in this enterprise, was in Asia what it was in Europe; it reproduced there, also, in the history of its missions, the different phases of the character of its author. The precursor, who went before it in the Indies, was François Xavier, of Navarre; he had received, one of the first, the impulsion of Loyola. Born, like him, of an ancient family, he had quitted the paternal castle to come to Paris, to study philosophy and theology. At Sainte-Barbe, Loyola communicates to him the enthusiasm of his youth. Xavier never was conscious of the revolution which replaced, in the spirit of the founder, the hermit by the politician. Sent into Portugal, and thence to the Indies, before even the Society was recognized, he preserved the spirit of heroism with scarcely any mixture of human calculation. When one meets in his letters with words such as these, "Measure all your words" and all your actions with your friends as though

“they might one day become your enemies and “your detractors;” one thinks to recognize one of the last counsels of Loyola fallen into this transparent heart.

As for the rest, it will be a thing eternally fine, this man, yet young, issuing from that brilliant castle of Navarre, and going alone to wander at a venture upon the coasts of Malabar. In this wonderful India, he only perceives at first those who live out of the towns, the miserable castes, the banished, the parias, the little children; as soon as the sun sets we see him take a little bell, and go about crying from hut to hut: “Good people, pray to God!” He touches the source of Oriental science; he does not see it; he thinks he has only souls of children to oppose him, while he is enveloped by the colleges of the Brahmins. In this holy ignorance of his situation, he asks that they should send to him priests, who are good neither for the confessional, nor for preaching, nor teaching; it is enough if they can perform baptism. In the name of the infant Christ, Xavier strikes out an invisible path to Cape Comorin; he takes possession of the infinite solitudes, of seas without shores, escaping by the greatness of circumstances from the narrow influences of the rule of Loyola; the population he passes through consider him as a holy man; this is everywhere his safeguard.

From Cape Comorin he embarks; traverses, in a little felucca, the great Indian Ocean. Driven, as he in fact believes, by the wind of the Holy Spirit,

he arrives at the Moluccas, and after infinite pains, at Japan. At this extremity of the East he finds himself for the first time in conflict, no longer only with brute intelligences, but with a religion armed at all points, with Buddhism and its living traditions ; far from allowing himself to be disconcerted, he discusses in a language of which he hardly knows a few words ; or rather it is his air, his sincerity, his faith, which speaks and which attracts ; his soul inhabits the region of miracles. But this isle of Japan is already too small for so great a love of proselytism ; it is into China, that shut world, that he wishes to penetrate at any price. He has caused himself to be transported into the isle of Sancham, the nearest to the continent. Yet a few days, and a boatman undertakes to place him during the night at the entrance of the gate of Canton. His faith will do the rest. Put off by this boatman, he dies, in some sort, of expectation and impatience at the door of the great Empire. See what the enthusiasm of an isolated man could do, without support, without companions, without hope of speedy aid from the Society. This faith, faith alone, is the crown of glory which preserves him, and opens to him all roads. The foreign populations, without understanding his language, see upon his features the impress of the man of God ; in spite of themselves they recognize him, salute him. The fascination spreads ; a single man has touched these shores, and there is already a Christian Asia.

We have seen what the holiness of a single man

could do ; it remains to be seen what calculation and artifice could accomplish, supported by the concurrence of a great number.

Upon this road, opened by the enthusiasm of Xavier, I see arrive another generation of missionaries, who carry with them the book of the *Constitutions*, a *code* of maxims and instructions profoundly studied.

If all this policy must conspire for the establishment of religion, is it at least the Christian dogma which they are about to present to the belief of the new peoples ? Will so many roundabout ways succeed in imposing the Gospel upon them unawares ? Here the stratagem shines forth in all its greatness. They have seriously wished to make this whole oriental world fall into the greatest snare ever spread ; they have thought that these immense populations, with their confirmed religions, their experience of so many ages, would precipitate themselves at once into the ambush ; they have presented to them a false Gospel, thinking that there would always be time to lead them back to the true. From Japan to Malabar, from the archipelago of the Moluccas to the shores of the Indus, they desired to envelop isles and continents in one network of fraud, by presenting to that other universe a lying God in a lying Church ; and it is not I who am speaking thus of it, it is the supreme authorities, the popes, Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement XII., Benedict XIII. and XIV., who in a multiplied and uninterrupted series of decrees, letters, briefs, and bulls,

have perpetually and vainly attempted to bring back the missionaries of the Society of Jesus to the spirit of the Gospel. A remarkable thing, and one which shows well the force of the system, that the same men who were formed to sustain the papacy, as soon as they are no longer under its hand, turn against its decrees with more force than all the orders together; it is no fault of theirs if they do not abolish in those distant countries, not only papacy, but Christianity.

For, in short, what change did they make it undergo? Was it that they penetrated it with another life, that they accommodated it to the manners, the climate, the necessities of a new world? No. What was it, then? Very little, in truth. These men of the Society of Jesus, in teaching the Christ, concealed only one thing, namely, the passion, the suffering, the Calvary. These Christians only denied the cross; *illos pudet Christum passum et crucifixum prædicare*. They are ashamed to show the Christ of the Passion upon the crucifix (these are the terms of the congregation of cardinals and of Pope Innocent X.); or if they do so much as make use of the cross, they bury it under the flowers scattered at the feet of idols, in such a sort, that, while adoring the idol in public, it may be lawful for them to refer their adoration to this hidden object. And see by what stratagems they think to gain empires and peoples without number. In the countries of pearls and precious stones, these wholly external men think to do wonders by showing only

a Christ triumphant, surrounded by the presents of the Magi, reserving something of the truth to be told when the conversion is consummated and baptism received. To oblige them to renounce this insensate practice into which their system leads them, there are necessary decrees upon decrees, commandments upon commandments, bulls upon bulls; letters no longer sufficing, the papacy is at last obliged to appear, so to speak, in person. A prelate is sent, a Frenchman, Cardinal de Tournon, to repress this Christianity without a cross, this Gospel without a Passion; hardly has he arrived when the Society casts him into prison; he dies there of surprise and grief.

Moreover, the dogma, being thus mutilated, the application of it is immediately felt. If it is necessary to abjure the Christ, poor, naked, and suffering, what ensues? That it is also necessary to reject the poor, the banished and sacrificed classes; hence (for one cannot stop before this logic) the refusal to accord the sacraments to the miserable, to the classes held as infirm, to the parias.* This is what actually happens; and in spite of the authority and threats of the decrees of 1645 by Innocent X., of 1669 by Clement IX., of 1734 and 1739 by Clement XII., of the bull of 1745 by Benedict XIV., they persist in this monstrous practice of excluding from Christianity the wretched, that is to say, those to whom it was first sent.

* *Infirmis etiam abjectæ et infirmæ conditionis vulgo dictis parias.*

Behold the condemnation which the Apostolic Vicar of Clement XI. pronounces in 1704, at Pondicherry, upon the very spot itself. "We cannot suffer the physicians of the soul to refuse to render to the men of low condition the duties of charity, which even the pagan physicians (*medici gentiles*) do not refuse them." The terms of Benedict XIV., in 1727, make perhaps even more tangible yet, this rage of the missionaries to reject the wretched by whom Saint Francis Xavier had commenced: "We will and order, that the decree upon the administration of the Holy Sacraments to dying persons of low condition called parias, should be at last observed and executed, without more delay, *ulteriori dilatione remota*." This, however, did not prevent the papacy from being constrained to fulminate anew, twenty years after, upon the same subject, and so on till the abolition of the Society. Now, these are not preconceived opinions or rancorous assertions; they are facts dependent upon the authority before which our adversaries are constrained to bow the head.

Now, I ask, are these Christian missions or Pagan missions? In any case, what have they preserved of the spirit of the Gospel? The Apostles of Christ found also, on coming out of Judea, a world new to them, rich, proud, sensual, full of gold and jewels, and especially the enemy of the slaves. Among these men, was there a single one who, in the presence of Greek and Roman splendor, thought of dissembling the doctrine, of hiding the Cross before the

triumph of pagan sensuality? In the midst of this world of patricians, was there one of them who rejected the slaves? On the contrary, what they made to appear above all to the face of this haughty society, was the suffering God, the scourged Christ, the eternal plebeian in the manger of Bethlehem. What the Saint Peters and Saint Pauls have shown to Rome in the midst of its drunkenness, was the cup of Calvary, with the gall and hyssop of Golgotha; and this, too, is why they have conquered. What need had Rome of a God clothed with gold and with power? This image of strength had appeared to her a hundred times; but to be mistress of the world, to swim in the riches of the East, and to meet with a God naked, and scourged, who attempted to win her by the cross of the slave, this is something which astonishes, takes hold of, and finally subjugates her.

Suppose that in the place of that, the apostles, the missionaries of Judea, had attempted to gain the world by surprise, to compromise with it, to show it only that part of the Gospel analogous to paganism, that they had concealed the Calvary and the Sepulchre from voluptuous Greece and Rome, that instead of giving to the earth the Word in its integrity, they had only allowed to be seen what would please the world; in a word, imagine that the Apostles in their missions had held the same policy as the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, I say that they would have had in their enterprises upon the Roman world the same result that the Jesuits

had in the Oriental world ; namely, that after a success of a moment, obtained by surprise, they would have soon been rejected and extirpated by the society for which they had come to lay an ambush. The princes, skilfully circumvented, might have lent an ear for a moment ; but we should not have seen the souls of so many patricians, of so many Roman matrons, take root in the Gospel to such an extent as to defy all tempests. Some wits might have been attracted by a promise of felicity despoiled of the pain which it is acquired ; but the rejected slaves would not have hastened at the voice of the slave-God. Policy for policy, that of Tiberius and Domitian would, without doubt, have availed as much as that they would have opposed to it. The tricks of the world, without deceiving the world, would have dried up the Gospel at its source ; the result of so many stratagems would have been, by corrupting the Christ, to balk for a long time of him the world, at once abused and undeceived.

This is, feature for feature, the history of the Society of Jesus in its illustrious missions in the East. We are too much accustomed to think, in these times, that cunning can do every thing for the success of affairs. See in what it ends, as soon as it is applied upon the great scale of humanity. Follow those vast enterprises upon the coasts of Malabar, in China, and especially in Japan. Read and study those events in the writers of the Order, and compare the plan with the success ! The history of these missions is in itself very uniform ; at first an easy

success, the chief of the country, the emperor, won over, seduced, surrounded; a part even of the population following the conversion of the chief; then, at a given moment, the chief recognizing, or thinking to recognize, an imposture; thence a reaction, so much the more violent as the confidence has at first been entire; the population detaching itself at the same time with the chief, persecution which uproots the really acquired souls; the mission driven away, leaving scarce a trace behind; the Gospel compromised, stranded upon a cursed shore, which remains forever deserted; such is the sum of all these histories.

And yet who could read them without admiration! How much skill! What spirit of resource! What knowledge of details! What great courage! They little know me who suppose that I have no heart for such things! What heroism in the individuals! What obedience of the inferiors! What combinations of the superiors! Patience, fervor, and boldness could go no farther.

Well! what is most surprising of all is, that so many labors, so much associated devotedness, have ended by producing nothing. Why has this been so? Because, if individuals were devoted, the maxims of the body were bad. Did any one ever see the like? This society deserves at bottom more of pity than of anger! Who has toiled more, and reaped less? She has sown upon the sand; for having mingled artifice with the Gospel, she has undergone the strangest chastisement in the world;

this chastisement consists in always laboring, and never gathering in. What she raises up with one hand, in the name of the Gospel, she destroys with the other, in the name of policy. Alone she has received this terrible law; that she should produce martyrs, and that the blood of her martyrs should only produce brambles.

Where, in that immense East, are her establishments, her colonies, her spiritual conquests? In those powerful isles where she has reigned for a moment, what remains of her? Who remembers her? Spite of so many private virtues, of so much blood courageously shed, the breath of cunning has passed there: it has dissipated all. The Gospel, borne by a spirit which was opposed to it, would not grow and flourish. Rather than confirm hostile doctrines, it has preferred to dry up itself. This is what the ambush laid to envelop the world has produced.

But I hear it said: They have done, nevertheless, a great work in the East.—Yes, doubtless. What?—They have opened the way for England.—Ah! it is there I was expecting them, for it is there that the punishment is at its height. Listen well! the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, the messengers, the defenders, the heroes of Catholicism, open the way for Protestantism! The representatives of the Papacy prepare, at the extremity of the world, the way for Calvin and Luther! Is not that a malediction of Providence? It is at least

an excess of misery fit to move to pity their greatest enemies. (*Applause.*)

Now, this punishment has not been imposed upon them in Oriental Asia alone ; everywhere I see these skilful preparers of ambushes caught in their own snares. It has been said that their most powerful adversaries, the Voltaires and Diderots, have come out of their schools ; this is still true, if you apply it, not to individuals, but to territories, to entire continents. Follow them in the vast solitudes of North America ; it is one of their finest fields of victory.

There also, other Francis Xaviers, sent by an order of the chief, engage themselves, in isolation, and silently, in the midst of lakes and forests not yet traversed. They embark in the canoe of the savage ; they follow with him the course of mysterious rivers ; they sow the Gospel there too, and once again, a wind of wrath disperses the seed before it has been able to germinate. The genius of the Society marches in secret behind each of these missionaries, and sterilizes the soil in proportion as they cultivate it. After a moment of hope, all disappears, carried away by one knows not what power. The happy epoch of this savage Christianity is the middle of the seventeenth century ; already in 1722, the Father Charlevoix follows upon the traces of these missions of the Society of Jesus. He with difficulty discovers a few vestiges of them ; and these defenders of Catholicism find once more that they have only labored for their enemies ; and these pretended apostles of the Papacy have also cleared the way

for the Protestantism which envelops them before they perceive it. On coming out of the deep forests, where they have contended in stratagems with the Indian, they think they have built for Rome, but they have built for the United States; yet once more, in the great policy of Providence, cunning has been turned against cunning.

However, it has been given to the Society of Jesus to realize once upon a people, the ideal of its doctrines; during a space of a hundred and fifty years, it has succeeded in making its principle, entire, pass into the organization of the republic of Paraguay; upon this political application, you can judge of it by what is greatest in it. In Europe, in Asia, it has been more or less opposed, by existing powers; but here a vast territory is accorded to it, in the bosom of the solitudes of South America, with the faculty of applying its civilizing genius to wholly new hordes, the Indians of the Pampas. It is found that its method of education, which extinguished peoples in their maturity, seems for a time to suit wonderfully well these infant nations; it knows with an intelligence truly admirable how to attract them, shut them up, isolate and retain them in an eternal noviciate. It was a republic of children, in which appeared a new art, to grant them every thing except what might develop the man in the new-born infant.

Each of these strange citizens of the republic of the Guaranis must veil his face before the fathers, and kiss the skirt of their robe. Carrying into this legis-

lation of a people the recollections of the schools of that time; for slight faults, men, women, magistrates themselves, are flogged upon the public square. From time to time life makes an effort to break forth in these swathed up hordes; then there are roarings of tawny beasts, disturbances, revolts, which for a time drive away and disperse the missionaries; after which every one returns to his old condition, as if nothing had passed; the multitude into its puerile dependence, the instructors into their authority of right divine. The breviary in one hand, the rod in the other, a few men conduct and keep like a herd the last relics of the empires of the Incas. This is in itself a grand spectacle, if you add to it an infinite art to isolate themselves from the rest of the universe, and, in spite of the silence with which they surround themselves, continual revolutions, which excite I know not what suspicion, which no one can help entertaining, neither the king of Spain, nor the regular clergy, nor the pope. This education of a people is consummated in a profound mystery, as if it was a question of some dark plot. From time to time, when they are hurried, one sees the missionary fathers, according to the expression of one of them, rush out with their neophytes to the chase of Indians, as to a tiger hunt, shut them up in an enclosure reserved for the purpose, and little by little appease them, conquer them, and shut them into the church.

This constitution is the triumph of the Society of Jesus; since it is there that it has been able to in-

fuse its soul and its character entire. But is it sure that this mysterious colonization is the germ of a great empire? Where is the sign of life? Everywhere else we hear the cries at least of societies in the cradle; here I have great fears, I confess, that so much silence in the same place for three centuries, is of bad augury, and that the system which could so soon enervate virgin nature, is not that which develops the Guatemozins and the Montezumas. The Society of Jesus has fallen; but her people of Paraguay survives her, more and more mute and mysterious. Its frontiers have become more impassable. The silence has redoubled, and despotism too; the Utopia of the Company of Jesus is realized; a state without movement, without noise, without pulsation, without apparent respiration. God grant that it does not envelop itself with so many mysteries to conceal a corpse!

Thus, to sum up all at once, a Machiavelic heroism, which entangles itself in its own snares, or which only leaves after it a silence of the dead, these are the results of so many stratagems in order to carry the word of life; isolated successes, always uncertain over tribes separated by deserts, over families and individuals; a complete impotence, as soon as they come in conflict with peoples formed, and religions established, as Islamism, Brahminism, Buddhism.

Nevertheless, to be just, we must blame not only the policy of the Society of Jesus, but an evil more profound. To evangelize the earth, what do we

present to the earth? A divided Christianity. That which in the missions begun the evil was the enmity of the orders; that which finished it, the enmity of the sects.

Every where we have seen, at the extremities of the globe, Catholicism and Protestantism mutually paralyze one another. Disputed by these contrary influences, what can Islamism, Brahminism, Buddhism do, but to wait until we are agreed among ourselves? The first step to take is, then, to aim ourselves, not to make discords eternal, but to manifest the living unity of the Christian world; for we are not alone in expectation of the day which shall reunite all peoples in the people of God. Of so many religions which divide the earth, there is not a single one which does not aspire to efface all the rest, by I know not what stroke of Providence. And yet see them; they do not, any longer, undertake any thing serious one against another; they hardly draw out some few individuals; for the rest there are no more avowed projects of contending in open day. Something tells them they cannot conquer one another. Suppose that ages pass away, you will find them after that in the same place, only more immoveable yet. Whatever they may do, such as they are, neither will Catholicism extirpate Protestantism, nor Protestantism extirpate Catholicism.

Must we then renounce the promised unity, fraternity, solidarity? But that is to renounce Christianity. Shall we live in indifference, one beside the

...in two sepulchres, without any more hope
 of reaching each other's heart? That is the worst
 of all. To recommence blind and bloody strifes,
 is impious and impossible. Instead of amusing
 ourselves with so much sterile hatred, I imagine,
 that it would be much better to labor se-
 verely upon ourselves to develop the heritage and
 treasure received. For in the bosom of this pro-
 found immobility of sects which keep each other
 in check, the future will belong, not to
 which shall most provoke its rivals, but to
 which shall dare to take one step forward.
 The rest would obey this manifestation of life.
 This first step alone would reopen the empires
 closed to-day to the missionaries of the letter. So
 many peoples now under suspension, from whom one
 no longer hopes for any thing, feeling the impulsion
 of the spirit which re-enters the world, would raise
 themselves up, and finish their journey towards
 God; and intestine war ceasing in Christendom,
 the enterprise of the Missions might one day be
 consummated.

LECTURE V.

POLITICAL THEORIES—ULTRAMONTANISM.

A MEMBER of the higher clergy,* a man whose sincerity I respect, a bishop of France, making use of the rights of his situation and his conviction, in a letter made public and directed in part against my teaching, concludes with these words, which address themselves to me: "*Since he has neither been approved, nor censured, it is evident he has received his mission.*" These words, clothed with so high an authority, oblige me to say one thing which will give pleasure to our adversaries. It is, that I have received no mission but from myself; I have only consulted the dignity, the rights of thought; and, in marching upon this road, which I believe to be that of truth, I have not waited to know whether I should be approved or censured. If, then, it is an error, under the régime of the revolution, to establish the right of discussion, if it is an error, in the spirit of Christianity, to invoke unity in the place of discord, reality in the place of appearance, the life instead of the letter, it is just that this fault should only fall upon me; and so much

* The Bishop of Chartres.

other, as in two sepulchres, without any more hope of touching each other's heart? That is the worst of deaths. To recommence blind and bloody strifes, that is impious and impossible. Instead of amusing ourselves with so much sterile hatred, I imagine, then, that it would be much better to labor seriously upon ourselves to develop the heritage and tradition received. For in the bosom of this profound immobility of sects which keep each other mutually in check, the future will belong, not to that one which shall most provoke its rivals, but to that one which shall dare to take one step forward. All the rest would obey this manifestation of life. This first step alone would reopen the empires closed to-day to the missionaries of the letter. So many peoples now under suspension, from whom one no longer hopes for any thing, feeling the impulsion of the spirit which re-enters the world, would raise themselves up, and finish their journey towards God; and intestine war ceasing in Christendom, the enterprize of the Missions might one day be consummated.

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the more as I feel that I am getting more rooted in it every day, and that I have already passed the age when one follows, without knowing it, the impulsion and the mission of others. By what favor should I have been chosen to speak for the University, I who do not even make a part of that body? No, sirs; the fault belongs to me entirely, and if there is a punishment, that must belong to me also. (*Applause.*)

The character we have unravelled, from the origin, in the doctrine of the Society of Jesus, marks itself in an extraordinarily precise manner in its economy and interior regulations. The whole spirit of the Company is contained in the principle of domestic economy which I am about to unveil. The Society has known how to reconcile at once, by a prodigy of skill, poverty and riches. By poverty it comes before piety; by riches before power. But how to reconcile these two things in the law? Here it is.

According to its rule, submitted to the Council of Trent, it is composed of two sorts of establishments of different nature: of houses of the brethren (*maisons professes*), which can possess nothing as their own (this is the essential part), and of colleges which may acquire, inherit, and possess (this is the accidental part); which amounts to saying that the Society is constituted in such a manner as to be able at once to refuse and accept, to live according to the Gospel, and to live according to the world. Let us be more precise. At the end of the sixteenth century, I find

that it had twenty-one *maisons professes*, and two hundred and ninety-three colleges, that is, twenty-one hands to refuse, and two hundred and ninety-three to accept and seize. Here, in two words, is the secret of its internal economy. Thence we pass to its relations with the external and political world.

The Society of Jesus, in the midst of its foreign missions, has ended by letting itself be taken in its own snares ; I wish to examine to-day if something quite similar has not happened to it in Europe ; if the policy of the sixteenth century has not become in its hands a two-edged sword, which it has finished by turning against itself.

What is the character of a truly living religion in its relations with politics ? It is to communicate its power to the states, of which it becomes the foundation ; to cause a powerful inspiration to penetrate those peoples which conform to its principle ; to interest itself for them, to lend them support to grow under its shadow. What would you say if, in place of this life which propagates itself, you should find somewhere a religious society, which has some political form, let it be associated, monarchical, aristocratic or democratic, and should declare itself an enemy of this constitution and labor to weaken it, as if it was impossible for it to endure any alliance ? What would you say of a society which, in whatever place it may be cast, should have a sovereign art of separating under the artificial forms of laws and written constitutions, the true principle of political

life, applying itself immediately to ruin it at its foundation ?

As long as they lived, the religions of antiquity served as a basis for certain political forms, pantheism to the Oriental castes, polytheism to the Greek and Roman republics. With Christianity one sees something new, a worship which, without delighting in any one political mould, allies itself to all the forms of known societies. As it is life itself, it distributes life to all which makes alliance with it, to the feudal monarchy of the barbarians, to the citizen republics of Tuscany, to the senatorial republics of Venice and Genoa, to the pure, absolute, or limited monarchy, to the tribe, to the clan, in a word, to all the groups of the human family ; and this religious soul, distributed everywhere, penetrating into all forms, to increase and develop them, composes the organization of the Christian world.

In the midst of this work, I see something strange which suddenly enlightens me upon the nature of the Order of Jesus. Placed in a monarchy, it undermines it in the name of democracy ;* and reciprocally it undermines democracy in the name of monarchy ; whatever it may be at its commencement, it ends, extraordinary thing, by being equally contrary to the French royalty, under Henry III., to the English aristocracy under James II., to the Venetian oligarchy, to the Dutch liberty, to the Spanish, Russian, or Neapolitan autocracy ; which

* Bellarmin. De potestat. Summ. pontif. cap. v. p. 77.

has caused its expulsion thirty-nine times by governments, not only of different, but opposite forms. There comes a moment when these governments feel that this order is on the point of stifling, in them, the very principle of existence; then of whatever origin they may be, they repulse it, after having called it. We shall see presently what idea it is, for the profit of which the Society of Jesus provokes, in the long run, the death of every positive form of constitution, State, and political organization.

In examining the spirit of the first publicists of the Order, we remark in the first place, that they attend at the moment when the great monarchies of Europe complete their formation. The coming future of Spain, France, and England, in the sixteenth century, belongs to royalty; it personifies, at this moment, the life of peoples and of States. It is upon the royal power that the pulsations and beatings of life of modern peoples measure themselves on coming out of the middle age. In the absence of other institutions, it represents at the end of the *Renaissance*, the work of the times which had elapsed, the unity, the nationality, the country; and it is also against this power, at its origin, that the publicists of the Society of Jesus declare themselves; they depreciate it, they wish to mutilate it, when it contains the principle of the initiative, and carries the banner.

But in the name of what idea do the Bellarmins, the Marianas, attempt to ruin it? Who would believe it? It is in the name of the sovereignty of

the people. "The monarchies," says this school, "have been seen in a dream by Daniel, because they are but vain spectres, and have nothing real, but an empty external pomp." Not knowing what idea they are letting loose, and thinking they are only arming themselves with a phantom, they appeal to opinion, to popular sovereignty, to depreciate and depress the public force which separates them from domination. It is true, that after having given the good pleasure of the multitude, *beneplacita multitudinis*, as a basis for the monarchy, these great democrats of 1600 make no difficulty of reducing to nothing the authority of the general suffrage; so that, overturning royalty by the people, and the people by the ecclesiastical power, it only remains, definitively, to abandon themselves to their proper principle.

So, when all the parts were changed, and the writers of the Order had prematurely made use of sovereignty to abolish sovereignty, do you know what refuge they preserved who wished to protect the civil and political law against the theocracy? The school of the Society of Jesus threatened to kill liberty even before it was born, by liberty. To escape from this extraordinary snare, Sarpi and the independents were obliged to advance that political power, royal power, was of divine right; that thus the State had its right of existence, as well as the papacy; that it could not be enslaved by it, since it had, like the papacy, an inattackable foundation; that is to say, by a strata-gem, which threatened to destroy at its source the

idea of civil and political existence; the Jesuits only talking of the sovereignty of the people for the sake of ruining it, the politicians were obliged to talk of the right divine, for the purpose of saving it.

The question thus put, there remained a bold step to be taken on the side of the theocratic party, in order to decide it; this was to push matters to the extent of avowing the doctrine of *regicide*; they did not waver before this necessity. Doubtless, amid the dizziness of the League, there were not wanting preachers of different orders, who went in advance of the doctrine. But what no one denies is, that it belongs to the members of the Society of Jesus to have learnedly founded it, and erected it into a theory. We know their popular axiom of those times: "It needs but a pawn to mate a king!"

From 1590 to 1620 the most important doctors of the Order, retired from the contest, shut up peaceably in their convents the Emmanuel Sâs, the Alphonso Salmerons, the Gregory de Valences, the Antonio Santarems, established positively the right of political assassination. Behold in two words the whole theory, which in this interval is very uniform. Either the tyrant possesses the State by a legitimate right, or he has usurped it. In the first case, he may be deprived of it by a public judgment, after which every one may become the executor at his pleasure. Or, the tyrant is illegitimate, and then any man of the people may kill him. *Unusquisque de populo potest occidere*, says Emmanuel Sâ,

in 1590; it is permitted to every man to kill a tyrant, who is such in substance, says a German Jesuit, Adam Tanner, *tyrannus quoad substantiam*; it is glorious to exterminate him, *exterminare gloriosum est*, concludes another author, not less grave. Alphonso Salmeron gives to the pope the right of killing, by a single word, provided it is not himself who applies the hand, *potest verbo corporalem vitam auferre*; for in receiving the right of feeding the sheep, has he not also received that of massacring the wolves, *potestatem lupos interficiendi*? According to the theory of Bellarmin, the most prudent, the most learned, the most moderate of all, at least in the forms, it belongs not to monks, nor to ecclesiastics to massacre, *cædes facere*, nor to kill kings by ambushes; the usage* is, first to correct them paternally, *paterne corripere*, then to excommunicate them, then to deprive them of the royal authority, after which the execution belongs to others. *Executio ad alios pertinet*.

There is, above all, a celebrated work in which these theories are summed up with an audacity that one cannot be too much astonished at, when one thinks for what readers it was composed. I speak of the *Book of the King*, by the Jesuit Mariana. This work was written under the eye of Philip II. for the education of his son. Everywhere else Jesuitism marches by winding paths; here it stands up with the pride of the Spanish hidalgo.

* *Ipsorum mos est.*

How well it feels that the royalty of Spain is held firmly in the bonds of the theocracy! Speaking in the name of papal Rome, it is permitted to say every thing. Thence what strange frankness to trample upon civil authority, little as it may wish to come out of a dependence henceforth avowed and consented to!

In spite of the difference of genius, one might compare the "King" of Mariana to the "Prince" of Machiavel. Machiavel makes use of all the vices, provided they are strong; he wishes to make them turn to the political independence of the State. Mariana consents to all the virtues, provided they end in the deposition of the State, before the order of the clergy. Would you believe that he is going to exact, in the name of these very virtues, impunity for all the crimes that ecclesiastics might commit? And this is not an advice, it is a commandment. "Let no one of the clergy be condemned though he should have deserved to be."* It is much better that crimes should remain unpunished, *præstat scelera impunita relinqui*; this impunity established, he concludes by exacting that the chiefs of the clergy should be not only at the head of the Church, but also of the State, and that civil affairs should be given up to them as well as religious affairs. I like, I confess, to recognize in this Jesuitism of Mariana the old Castilian pride. *Si non, non*, who would have expected to find the formula of the frankness

* *Neminem ex sacro ordine supplicio quamvis merito subiciat.*—*De Rege*, lib. i., cap. x., p. 88.

of the old *fueros* transported into the diplomacy of Loyola?

But at least, after these hard conditions, which the theocratic spirit imposes upon this ideal royalty, what sort of guaranty will it give it? The guaranty of the poniard. After Mariana has bound royalty by the theocratic power, to be more sure of it, he suspends on its front the threat of assassination, and founds thus, at the feet of the papacy, an absolute monarchy tempered by the right of the poniard. See how, in the midst of his theory, he interrupts himself to make shine, before the eyes of his royal pupil, the yet bloody knife of Jacques Clement. "Lately," says he, "has been accomplished in France a signal and magnificent exploit,* for the instruction of impious princes. Clement, in killing the king, has made for himself a great name, *ingens sibi nomen fecit*. He has perished, Clement, the eternal honor of France, *æternum Gallicæ decus*, according to the opinion of the greater number A young man of a simple mind and delicate body but a superior force strengthened his arm and his mind."†

This example thus consecrated, he founds in his turn the doctrine of regicide, with the firmness of Machiavel. In ordinary cases, an assembly must be called to pass judgment; in the absence of this

* *Facinus memorabile, nobile, insigne.—De Rege, lib. i., cap. vi.*

† *Sed major vis vires et animum confirmabat.—Ib. p. 54.*

assembly, the public voice of the people, *publica vox populi*, or the advice of grave and erudite men,* should suffice. Above all, let no one fear that "too many individuals will abuse this faculty of handling the steel. Human affairs would go on much better if there were found many men of strong bosoms, *forti pectore*, who despise their own safety; the greater proportion are held back by care for their life."

In this path that Mariana has followed with so much assurance, a scruple suddenly seizes him; what is it? That of knowing if it is permitted to make use of poison as well as the steel. Here reappear the distinctions of the casuistry from which, till this moment, he had kept free. He will not have poison, from an exclusively Christian motive, because the prince, in drinking the prepared medicament,† would commit unknowingly a sort of semi-suicide, a thing opposed to the Evangelical law. However, since fraud and cunning are legitimate, he finds this qualification, that poisoning is permitted, whenever the prince does not poison himself; for example, if one makes use of a venom subtle enough to kill by only impregnating with its substance the royal vestments, *nimirum cum tanta vis est veneni, ut sellâ eo aut vesta deliburta vim interfeciendi habeat*.

Now, recollect that this is not an ordinary work,

* Viri eruditi et graves.—*De Rege*, p. 60.

† Noxium medicamentum.—*Ib.* lib. i., p. 67.

but a book written for the education of the future king of Spain! What depth and what audacity! In the midst of the court, under the pure gold of the Gospel and of the morals of Xenophon, to make this royal disciple feel thus in advance the points of the steel at his breast, to present the menace at the same time as the instruction, to keep the arm of the Society raised over the child who is about to reign, to attach before him, the poniard of Jacques Clement to his crown! What a master-stroke on the part of the Society of Jesus! On the part of the instructor, what intrepidity of pride! For the pupil, what a warning, what sudden fear, what terror never to be appeased! Be not surprised if this young Philip III. lives as if his blood was frozen in his veins, if he retires as much as possible from royalty, if he moves in the solitude of the Escorial but to imitate the pilgrimage of Loyola. From that day, half terror, half respect, the Spanish dynasty of the house of Austria vanishes under that cold hand, always raised against it. This hand resembles that of the commander in the *Festin de Pierre*. King or people, it leads along without return whoever abandons his to it.

Assuredly it was allowable for a young Dauphin of Spain to grow pale, when a man as accustomed to all the trammels as Philip II. said, "The only order of which I comprehend nothing is the order of the Jesuits." Will you have respecting them the opinion of a brave man *par excellence*, to whom they have taught fear? Here is the reply of Henri

IV. to Sully, who opposed the recall of the Jesuits; the king confesses that he only reopens France to them because he is afraid of them: "Of necessity I must at present do one of two things, viz. admit the Jesuits purely and simply, clear them of all the defamation and opprobrium with which they have been branded, and put them to the proof of their so many fine oaths and excellent promises; or I must reject them more absolutely than ever, and use towards them all the rigor and harshness which can be devised, so that they shall never approach me or my States; in which case, no doubt, it would be to throw them into the last degree of despair, and, by that, into designs of attempting my life, which would render it miserable and languid, remaining always in the fear of being poisoned or assassinated;* for these people have intelligences and correspondences every where, and great dexterity in disposing men's minds as it pleases them, so that it would be better for me to be already dead, for I am in that of the opinion of Cæsar, that the sweetest death is the least foreseen and expected."†

For the rest, this avowed doctrine of *regicide*

* In spite of these terrible words, would it be believed that our adversaries oppose to us precisely the intimate sympathies of Henri IV.? According to them, these words are but a *grace* the more in the Bearnais. By that mode of reckoning, if we are not their friends, we are evidently at least their partisans.

† *Memoires de Sully*, vol. v. p. 113.

has had but one period ; it belongs to the epoch of fervor which marked the first phase of the Order of Jesus. In 1614, the epoch having changed, the right of the poniard is replaced by a more profound establishment, which, without killing the man, only annihilates the king. The confessor succeeds to the regicide ; there are no longer Jacques Clements, Jean Châtels, Barrières, &c. ; but one sees something more terrible still. Behind each king we see march a man of the Society of Jesus, who, night and day, with the authority of infernal menaces, holds this soul in his hand, crushes it with the Spiritual Exercises, belittles it to the level and the tone of the Company ; it renounces producing ministers, but it is in order to seat itself upon the very throne beside the penitent. They have not succeeded in crushing royalty at the feet of theocracy ; they do better ; they slip their head into the crown, through the confessional, and the work is consummated. For it is not a question of casting into the ear of kings the living truth, but rather to put to sleep, to disarm their conscience by filling it with a hum of hatreds and greedy rivalries ; and nothing is more strange than to perceive, in the midst of the life which is growing in modern societies, so many princes and sovereigns, moved in a mechanical manner by that will which they borrow every day from those who make a profession of extenuating the will.

Wherever a dynasty is dying, I see rising from the earth and planting itself behind it like an evil

genius, one of those sombre figures of Jesuit confessors, who attracts it sweetly and paternally into death.—Father Nithard, near the last heir of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, Father Auger, near the last of the Valois, Father Peters, near the last of the Stuarts,—I do not speak of the times you have seen, and which touch upon our own. But recollect only the figure of Father Le Tellier, in the memoirs of St. Simon! It is the only one which this writer, who dares every thing, depicts with a sort of terror. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death it sheds upon all this Society! I know nothing, in fact, more terrible than the exchange which is made between these two men, Louis XIV. and the Father Le Tellier, the king who abandons every day a part of his moral life, Father Le Tellier, who communicates every day a part of his heaven; that imposing mien of a noble mind which defends itself no longer; that sustained ardor of intrigue which usurps all that conscience has lost; that emulation of greatness and littleness, and that triumph of littleness; then in the end the soul of Father Le Tellier, which seems to occupy entirely the place of the soul of Louis XIV., and usurp the conscience of the kingdom; and in this incredible exchange which takes away all from one and gives nothing to the other, France, who no longer recognizes her old king, and who, by his death, feels herself delivered at once from the double burden of the egotism of absolute power, and the egotism of a political religion. What a warning! In spite

of the difference of the times, how necessary never to forget it ! (*Applause.*)

Here, we touch upon a decisive revolution in the political theories of Jesuitism. Never was change so prompt, nor manœuvre so audacious. We are entering the eighteenth century ; the doctrines that Jesuitism had raised at its birth, cease to be a phantom ; they assume a body, a reality in men's minds. Royalty of opinion, sovereignty of the people, liberty of popular election, rights founded upon the social contract, liberty, independence, all these things cease to be vain words ; they circulate, they are agitated, they develop themselves in the entire century. In a word, it is no longer college theses ; it is reality.

In presence of the doctrines by which they have commenced, what will these intrepid republicans of the Society of Jesus do ? Abjure them, crush them if they can. With that sovereign instinct they possess for surprising life in its germ, they turn, and precipitate themselves against their own doctrines, as soon as they begin to live. Is not this their part for the last century and a half ? Is there one of them in all that interval who has not applied himself to destroy that power of opinion which the founders had brought forward, without knowing that the word would increase, and that the programme of the League would become a truth ?

In the sixteenth century, who proclaims even with the good will of Philip II. the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, when it has no chance of being put in practice ? The Society of Jesus. In

the eighteenth, who combats with fury the sovereignty of the people, when, ceasing to be an abstraction, it becomes an institution? The Society of Jesus. Who are in the eighteenth century the most abusive enemies of philosophy? Those who in the sixteenth laid down the same principles as those of philosophy, without wishing to make any thing else of them than an arm of attack. Who are they who, in the eighteenth century, go to fortify with their doctrine the absolute and schismatic power of Catherine II. and Frederic II.? They who, in the sixteenth, talked of nothing but overthrowing, trampling upon, poniarding, in the name of the people, absolute and schismatic power; for it must not be forgotten that when the Society of Jesus was abolished by the pope, it found its refuge against the supreme authority in the bosom of the despotism of Catherine II. One saw there, for a moment, a strange league, that of despotism, atheism, and Jesuitism against all the living forces of opinion. From 1773 to 1814, in that interval when the Order of Jesus is held as dead by the papacy, it persists in living in spite of it, retired, so to speak, into the heart of the atheism of the court of Russia; it is there that they find it, entire, as soon as it is wanted.

If these are not contradictions enough, examine the monuments which, in our days, are most impregnated with its spirit. No one has reproduced in our time with more authority than MM. de Bonald and de Maistre the new political maxims of the theocratic school. Ask them what they think of election,

of opinion, of the sovereignty of the people. This sovereignty, replies for them all their orator, M. de Maistre, is an anti-Christian dogma ; so much for orthodoxy. But they do not content themselves with condemning what formerly they held sacred ; they must also deride it with that affectation of insolence peculiar to fallen aristocracies, when they have no other arms left. Hence that sovereignty so vaunted by the Bellarmins, the Marianas, the Emmanuel Sâs, is nothing more, according to M. de Maistre, than a *philosophic bawling*.* It is to make it *odious and ridiculous, to make it out as derived from the people*.† Is this enough of defections? Arrived at this point, the evolution is achieved. They have turned against the popular institution the weapon they had sharpened against the monarchical institution ; and if from all that precedes, any thing results with a manifest evidence, it is, that after having wished to ruin, in the sixteenth century, royalty by the authority of the people, they have wished in the nineteenth to ruin the people by the authority of kings. It is no longer the prince that they pretend to poniard ; what is it, then ? Opinion.

Thus the function of Jesuitism, in its relations with politics, has been to break down, one by the other, monarchy by democracy, and vice versa, until all these forms being worn out or deprived of consideration, there remains nothing to do but to ruin themselves in the constitution and the ideal, inhe-

* M. de Maistre, *The Pope*, p. 152.

† *Ib.* p. 159.

rent in the Society of Loyola ; and I cannot be too much astonished that some persons in our day let themselves be blinded by this semblance of democracy, without seeing that this pretended demagoguery of the League concealed nothing at the bottom but a great snare to envelop at once the royalty and the people. When Mariana and the doctors of this school have argued well to support royalty upon democracy, they add, without being disconcerted, these two words, which overthrow the whole fabric ; democracy, which is a perversion,—*Democratia quæ perversio est.*

What then did the members of the Society of Jesus desire, by so many labors and stratagems ? What do they wish still ? To destroy for the sake of destroying ? By no means. They wish, as it is in the spirit of every society and every man, to realize the ideal they carry written in their law, to approach it by circuitous ways if they cannot attain it directly. It is the condition of their nature, which they cannot renounce without ceasing to be. The whole question reduces itself to seeking what social form is derived necessarily from the spirit of the Society of Jesus. But to discover this plan, it suffices to open the eyes ; since with that audacity which they ally to stratagem, their great publicists have clearly defined it. This ideal is theocracy.

Only open the works of their theorist, of him who has so long covered them with his speech, of that man who gives an expression so gentle and so temperate, to ideas so violent, their doctor, their apostle,

the sage Bellarmin. He does not conceal it from himself: his formula of government is the submission of political power to ecclesiastical power; it is for the clergy, the privilege of escaping even in civil matters from the jurisdiction of the State;* in the political power, it is the subordination to the religious authority which may depose it, revoke it, shut it up, *like a ram which is separated from the flock*; it is again, on the part of the clergy, the privilege of escaping, even in temporal affairs, from the common law by divine right; in a word, the unity of State and Church, on condition that the one is subject to the other as the body is to the mind; a monarchy, democracy, or aristocracy, little matter which, with the *veto of the pope*, that is to say, a state decapitated, this is the charter of the Order, drawn up by the learned pen of Bellarmin.

Who would have expected to find again word for word, in the sixteenth century, like a contract of alliance, the ultramontanism of Gregory VII.? We are touching upon burning coals, upon what is deepest and most imperishable in the spirit of the founders of the Order. Not content with seizing again, even in the bosom of the Reformation, the religious dogma of the middle age, they have thought of getting a new hold upon its political dogma. In their ardor to recover every thing, they have wished to restore to the papacy the ambition it had itself laid

* Clericos a jurisdictione seculari exemptos non tantum in spiritualibus, sed etiam in temporalibus.—*De Potest. Summ. Ponti.* cap. 34., p. 273. 281. 283. &c.

aside ; as if this sovereign power which raises and deposes governments by a sort of social miracle was recomposed with difficulty, by science, controversies, and contests ! This force appears in action ; as soon as it has need of proving itself it ceases to be. I do not know that Gregory VII. made long treaties to demonstrate the power he had of fulminating ; he fulminated, in fact, by a letter, a word, a sign ; the heads of kings were bowed, and the doctors held their peace.

But to imagine that to reascend this Sinai of the middle age, to reassemble the rays of flame which emanated from the brow of Hildebrand and reached without any mediator the heart of prostrate peoples ; to imagine that for such prodigies it is enough to heap up reasonings upon reasonings, texts upon texts, and even tricks upon tricks, is to take once more the letter for the life. The Society of Loyola has served to maintain the papacy upon the throne of the middle age ; and because all the exterior has remained the same, it cannot conceive that the papacy does not exercise the authority it had in the middle age ; the Society of Jesus has restored to the papacy its material thunders ; it is astonished that the papacy does not terrify the world with them, forgetting that to fulminate against spirits, it is necessary first to relight the rays of the spirit.

Here is the true misfortune of the order in the political system. Deceived by the material vision of Hildebrand, it pursues an impossible ideal. It agitates eternally, without coming to a result any

where; unfortunate at bottom, do not doubt it, under its pretended conquests; for it disquiets itself more than another, and why? To inspire in the papacy a passion of authority which it no longer can, and no longer wishes to conceive. It labors strenuously, and fatigues itself, and for what? To regain a fragment of that phantom of Gregory VII., which each century, each year, flies farther off and plunges one degree farther into the irrevocable past.

Certainly, it is a great phrase, the unity of Church and State, of spiritual and temporal. I will admit, if you wish, readily, that the separation of the one and the other is an evil in itself; only since it has happened in the sight of all the earth, and they have not known how to prevent it, a greater evil would be to deny it. When all the peoples of the Christian family in the middle age recognized the authority of one chief, the intervention of this supreme authority in public affairs might be an inestimable thing. The dependence of the European nations upon one and the same spiritual power did but establish their reciprocal equality. But now that the half of them, rejecting this yoke, have given themselves full career, do we comprehend what would be the situation of those who should accept it fully as in the past?

After the rupture of the sixteenth century, show me a single people with whom intervention, even indirect, of the spiritual in the temporal, that is to say, ultramontanism, has not been a cause of ruin! Since when has France been all that she can be?

Since Louis XIV., and the declaration of 1682, which marked clearly the independence of the State. On the contrary, what have you done with the peoples who have remained most faithful to your doctrines? What have you done with Italy? In the name of unity, you have cut it in pieces; it cannot be reunited. What have you done with Spain, Portugal, South America? These peoples have followed the impulsion of theocracy; how are they recompensed for it? By all the appearances of death. What have you done with Poland? She also remained faithful to you, and you have given her into the arms of the schismatics.

On the other hand, the peoples which are to-day powerful, who have at least on their side all the signs of good fortune, those which aspire to great enterprises, those which are awake and which increase, England, Prussia, Russia, the United States, are these ultramontanists? According to you they are hardly Christians.

Whence comes so strange an overthrow? Why does submission to the spiritual carry with it every where decadence and ruin? Why have the nations which have abandoned themselves to this direction fallen into an irremediable lethargy? Is it not the nature of the spirit to awaken, far from putting to sleep? Assuredly. Should not the spirit command the body? Yes, doubtless. The doctrine of ultramontanism is, then, philosophically, theoretically true? I hold it, indeed, to be legitimate. What can be wanting to it, that Providence should refute

it in so striking a manner? A single condition, for example, if all the relations were reversed, the spirit would cease to think and leave this task to the body; if they preserved the word without preserving the reality, if the spiritual had let itself be dispossessed of the spirit, if by a signal confusion, there had been for three centuries past more martyrs in political revolutions than in ecclesiastical quarrels, more enthusiasm in the laity than in the regulars, more fervor in philosophy than in controversy, in a word, more soul in the temporal than in the spiritual, it would result that those on the one side would have kept the letter, while those on the other had conquered the thing: but to lead the world, it does not suffice to cry, Lord, Lord; it is necessary, also, that these words, to contain the power, should contain also the reality, the inspiration and the life.

LECTURE VI.

PHILOSOPHY—JESUITISM IN THE TEMPORAL ORDER—CONCLUSION.

WE have seen the Society of Jesus, by turns, in conflict with the individual, in the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola, with political society in ultramontanism, with foreign religions in the missions; there remains, to complete the examination of its doctrines, to see them at odds with the human mind, in philosophy, science, and theology. It was nothing to send to the end of the world bold messengers, to gain over by surprise a few hordes to a disguised Gospel, to ruin royalty by the people, the people by royalty; these projects half consummated, and which seem so ambitious, all grow pale before the resolution to reconstruct from the foundation the education of the human race.

The founders of the Order perfectly understood the instincts of their times; they are born in the midst of a movement of innovation which seizes upon all souls; the spirit of creation, of discovery, overflows everywhere; it attracts and carries away the world. In this sort of intoxication of science, poesy, philosophy, men felt themselves precipitated towards an unknown future. How to stop, suspend,

freeze the human thought, in the midst of this bound? There was only one way; it was that which the chiefs of the Order of Jesus attempted, to make themselves the representatives of this tendency; to obey it, in order the better to arrest it; to build over all the earth houses to science, in order to imprison the flight of science; to give to the mind an apparent movement, which should render impossible for it all real movement; to consume it in an incessant gymnastics, and, under the false semblance of activity, to caress the curiosity; to extinguish in its beginning the genius of discovery; to stifle knowledge under the dust of books; in a word, to cause the unquiet thought of the sixteenth century to turn upon a wheel of Ixion; this was, from its origin, the great plan of education, followed with so much prudence, and so consummate an art. Never was set so much reason to conspire against reason.

The Society of Jesus has been accused of persecuting Galileo. It has done better than that, in laboring, with an incomparable ability, to render impossible in the future the return of another Galileo, and in extirpating from the human mind the mania of invention. It has met that eternal problem of the alliance of science and belief, of religion and philosophy. If, like the mystics of the middle age, it had contented itself with despising the one and exalting the other, no doubt the age would not have listened to it. We must do it the justice to admit, that it has wished, at least, to let the two terms sub-

sist; but how has it solved the problem of the alliance? By making reason nominally shine, by granting it all the chances of vanity, all the externals of power, but only on condition of not making use of it.

Hence, in whatever place the Society establishes itself, in the midst of cities, as in the midst of the solitudes of the Indies or America, it builds, opposite to each other, a church and a college; a house for belief, a house for science. Is it not the mark of a sovereign impartiality? All that recalls or satisfies the pride of the human thought, manuscripts, libraries, instruments of physics, of astronomy, is collected in the depths of the deserts. You would call it a temple set up for human reason. Without allowing ourselves to be stopped by these externals, let us penetrate to the bottom of the system; let us consult the spirit which gives a direction to the whole establishment. The Society, in rules intended to be secret, has itself arranged the constitution of science, under the title of *Ratio Studiorum*. One of the first injunctions I meet with is this: "Let no one, even in matters which are of no danger for piety, ever introduce a new question;" NEMO NOVAS INTRODUCAT QUESTIONES. What! where there is no danger either for persons or things, nor even for ideas, to imprison one's self from the origin in a circle of problems, never to look beyond it, never deduce a new truth from one already acquired! Is not that to make barren the good talent of the Gospel? No matter. The terms are precise

The threat which accompanies them permits no hesitation. "As for those who are of too liberal a "spirit, they must be absolutely rejected from the "instruction."* But at least, if it is forbidden to attract the understanding towards new truths, without doubt it will be free to each one to debate questions proposed, especially if they are as old as the world. No, that is not permitted; let us explain ourselves.

I see long ordinances upon philosophy; I am curious to know what may be the philosophy of Jesuitism; I attach myself to that part which sums up the thought of all the rest; and what do I find? The striking confirmation of all I have said up to this day. In fact, at this word philosophy, you expect to encounter the serious and vital questions of destiny, or at least that sort of liberty which the middle age knew how to reconcile with the subtlety of scholastics. Undeceive yourself; what is conspicuous in this programme, is what one cannot bring in there; it is the skill in removing to a distance all great subjects, in order to keep only little ones. Would you ever guess of whom, in the very first place, it is forbidden to speak in the philosophy of Jesuitism? It is necessary, firstly, to occupy one's self as little as possible with *God*, and even not to speak of him at all: *Quæstiones de Deo * * * prætereantur!* "Let it not be permitted to stop at the

* Hi a docendi munere sine dubio removendi.—*Rat. St.*, p. 172.

idea of the Supreme Being more than *three or four days*"—and the course of philosophy is of three years.* As for the thought of substance, absolutely nothing must be said of it (*nihil dicant*)! Especially avoid treating of principles; † and above all, *abstain*, as well here as elsewhere, (*multo vero magis abstinendum*) from occupying one's self at all either with the first cause, or with the liberty, or the eternity of God. *Let them say nothing, let them do nothing, nihil dicant, nihil agant*, sacramental words which constantly recur, and form the whole spirit of this philosophic method,—*let them pass without examination, non examinando*, this is the basis of the theory.

Thus we see once more, but in a more striking manner than in any other matter, the appearance in the place of the reality, the mask in lieu of the personage. Conceive a moment what this pretended science of the mind could be, decapitated, dispossessed of the idea of cause, of substance, and even of God, that is to say, of all that constitutes its grandeur? They showed well, moreover, what condition they made of it, by this strange clause of the rule: "If any one is unfit for philosophy, let him be called to the study of cases of conscience;" ‡ though to

* Adeo ut tridui vel quadridui circiter spatium non excedant.—*Rat. St.*, p. 227.

† Caveat ne ingrediantur disputationem de principiis.—*Ib.* p. 227.

‡ Inepti ad philosophiam, ad casuum studia destinentur.—*Ib.* p. 172.

speaking truly, I do not know if in these words there is more contempt for philosophy, or for theological morality.

For the rest, see how consistent they are with themselves; from the origin they distrusted the spirit, the enthusiasm, the soul: whence they have been led to distrust that which is the principle and the source of all these, I mean the very idea of God. In the fear they have always had of real grandeur, they must necessarily come to making for themselves an atheistical science, an atheistical metaphysics, which, while it participated not at all in life, had nevertheless all the appearances of it. Thence, after having pared away the only object and end of science, all this parade of discussions, theses, intellectual contests, combats of words, which characterize education in the Order of Jesus. The more they had taken away the seriousness from the thought, the more they incited men to this gymnastics, this intellectual fencing, which covered the nullity of the discussion. It was nothing but spectacles, solemnities,* academic jousts, spiritual duels. How believe that the thought went for nothing amid so many literary occupations, artificial rivalries and exchange of writings? This was the miracle of the teaching of the Society of Jesus; to fix man upon immense labors which could produce nothing, to amuse him by the smoke in order to keep him at a distance from the glory, to render him

* Solemniorem disputationem.

immoveable at the very moment when he was deceived by all the appearances of a literary and philosophic movement. Though the satanic genius of inertia should have appeared upon the earth, I affirm that he would not have proceeded otherwise.

Apply for an instant this method to a people apart, with whom it becomes dominant, to Italy, to Spain, and mark the results. These nations, still under the influence of the boldnesses of the sixteenth century, would not have failed to repulse death under its natural features. But death which presents itself under the form of discussion, of curiosity, of examination, how is it to be recognized? Besides, for some years, in those cities that art, poetry, and policy had filled, Florence, Ferrara, Seville, Salamanca, Venice, the new generations think to march in the living traces of their ancestors, because under the hand of the Jesuits, they agitate, bestir themselves and intrigue in emptiness. If metaphysics are without God, it is unnecessary to say that art is without inspiration, it is nothing more than an exercise,* a poetic play.† One imagines one's self to be yet of the country of the poets, and to continue the lineage, if one expounds Ezekiel with Catullus, and the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola with Theocritus; if one composes, for the spiritual retreat in the house of trial (*maison d'épreuve*), eclogues imitated word for word from those of Virgil upon Thyrsis,

* Exercitatio.—Vide *Imago primi sæculi*, p. 441. 460.

† Ludus poeticus.—*Ib.* p. 157. 444. 447. 796.

Alexis and Corydon, *seated alone upon the seashore*; and these monstrous works, whose insipidity exhales an odor of a whited sepulchre,* audaciously presented by the Society of Jesus, as the model of the new art, are precisely those which betray it the most.

It has thought that art being but a lie, it might do what it pleased with it, and art has disconcerted all its calculations; it has rushed from the origin into this path, to an excess of ridicule and false taste that no one will reach. Christianity begins in poesy with the chant of the *Te Deum*; Jesuitism commences with the official eclogue of Saint Ignatius and father Le Fevre, concealed under the personages of Daphnis and Lycidas: *S. Ignatius et primus ejus socius Petrus Faber, sub personâ Daphnidis et Lycidæ*. Now this is not the poem of a private individual; it is of a kind belonging properly to the Society, that which it proposes itself, as an innovation, in its collective works; upon which I cannot help remarking that Jesuitism has succeeded in making its skill appear in quite another matter, and take all the other masks; as soon as it has wished to make use of poetry, this child of inspiration and

* In one of these poems with a double meaning, *St. Ignatius, struck by a stone, causes to start from his interior the fire of divine love*. Percussus concipit ignes.—*Ib.* p. 714. This solemn collection of charades and logogriphs is what they call the *Christian Parnassus which springs up under the auspices of St. Ignatius*.—*Sancti Ignatii auspicio adsurgens*. p. 450.

truth has turned itself against it ; it has avenged by the highest degree of ridicule, philosophy, morals, religion and good sense all at once.

Let us take a step more to conclude. From philosophy let us raise ourselves for an instant to theology, I mean to the relations of Jesuitism with the Christian world in the sixteenth century. The question which ruled the religious revolution was a question of liberty. The Church is divided. Between the Reformation and the Papacy, what is the situation that Jesuitism will take ? Its whole existence depends, in truth, upon this single point ; and there its policy has far surpassed that of Machiavel. The fundamental question in the whole of this century is, of pronouncing, in each communion, for or against free-will. For whom, think you, will these men decide, who have sworn in the bottom of their heart the servitude of the human mind ? They do not hesitate, they decide, in their doctrines, openly, officially for liberty ; they envelop themselves with, they obtain possession of this banner ; they are in this contest of the sixteenth century, one cannot repeat it too often, the men of free-will, the partisans of metaphysical independence. They exaggerate so well, at pleasure, this doctrine, that the religious orders which have preserved the living tradition of Catholicism, revolt ; the Inquisition menaces ; the popes themselves, not comprehending so much profundity, are all ready to condemn ; however, be it fear or be it instinct, they are held back, and let it alone, until the event explains a manœuvre which

neither the papacy, nor the inquisition, nor the ancient Orders had been able to account for.

But see the advantage that Jesuitism obtained, at once over the Reformation and the papacy. By carrying to the last degree the doctrine of free-will, it flattered the instincts of independence of modern times. What force did it not have against the Protestants, when it could incite them to inward independence, and invited them to break the yoke of predestination and fatality! It was an all-powerful argument, against the Protestants of France and Germany; they felt themselves laid hold of again by the very instinct which had led them to detach themselves. Luther and Calvin had denied the free-will; the disciples of Loyola, penetrating by this breach, recovered the modern man, precisely by the sentiment that the times have most developed in him. Confess that the *chef d'œuvre* was to enslave the human mind in the name of liberty.

In all this, the religious policy of Jesuitism is absolutely the same as that of the first Roman emperors. In the same way as Augustus and Tiberius make themselves the representatives of all the ancient rights of the Republic in order to smother them all, the Jesuits make themselves the representatives of the innate and metaphysical rights of the human mind, in order to reduce it to a bondage the most absolute that ever existed. They have as much as possible realized the wish of that emperor: If the human race had but one head! The differ-

ence is, that instead of cutting it off, they content themselves with enslaving it.

What, in reality, will they do with this soul that they have just brought back to its native independence? Restore it to the Church. Without doubt, but to what Church? Is it the democratic Church of the primitive ages? The Church founded upon the solemn representation of the councils? The Church of which all the fifteenth century has demanded the reformation? Every thing depends, in the last analysis, upon knowing which is the form that will make Jesuitism predominate in the constitutions of Catholicism. There were, in the sixteenth century, three tendencies in Europe and three ways of terminating the debate; to make the councils predominate (which was to develop the democratic element), or the papacy (which led to autocracy), or, finally, as in the past, to temper them mutually. What, in the midst of such questions as these, was the conduct and the theology of these great promoters of the *innate right of human liberty*?

Their doctrine, in the sessions of Trent and every where else, was to extirpate by the root every element of liberty in the Church, to humble to the dust the councils, those great representative assemblies of Christendom, to sap at the foundation the rights of the bishops, those ancient elect of the peo-

* *Jure innatæ libertatis humanæ.*—MOLINA. *Comment.* p. 761.

ple, to let nothing subsist theologically but the pope, that is to say, as an illustrious French prelate of the sixteenth century expresses himself, to found not only a monarchy, but a tyranny, at once temporal and spiritual. Do you comprehend now the long circuit which astonished the Inquisition itself? They seize the modern man in the name of liberty; they plunge him immediately, in the name of divine right, into an irremediable servitude; for, says their orator, their general, Laynez, the Church was *born in servitude, destitute of all liberty and of all jurisdiction*. The pope alone is something, the rest is but a shadow.

By this, as you see, are effaced with a stroke of the pen, that tradition of divine life which circulated in all the body, and that transmission of the right of the society of the Apostles to the entire Christian society. Instead of that Gallican Church, bound up with others by one community of holiness, power and liberty; instead of that vast foundation which attached the nations to God, in a sublime organization; instead of so many provincial, national, general assemblies, which communicated their life to the chief, and reciprocally derived from him a part of their life, what remains in theory in the Catholicism of the Society of Jesus? An old man raised up, trembling, upon the great shield of the Vatican; every thing concentrates in him, every thing is absorbed in him; if he faints, every thing crumbles; if he wavers, every thing goes astray; and, after this, what becomes of

that Church of France so magnificently celebrated by Bossuet? A breath suffices to dissipate it.

That is to say, in spite of themselves they communicate death to what they wish to make eternal; for, in short, no one will ever believe that there is more appearance of life, when the vitality is confined to a single member, than when it is diffused through the whole Christian universe. For fifteen centuries, Christendom had submitted to the spiritual yoke of the Church, the image of the society of the Apostles. But this yoke did not satisfy them; they wished to bend the whole world under the hand of a single master. Here my words are too weak; I will borrow those of another. They wished—it is the accusation cast in their face by the Bishop of Paris, in full council at Trent—to *make of the spouse of Jesus Christ a prostitute to the will of a man*. And this is the reason, too, why the Christian world will not pardon them. One might have forgotten in time an open war, or even maxims of a false piety, stratagems of detail. But to draw all at once the human mind into an ambush, to appeal to it, to caress it in the name of inward independence, of free-will, and to precipitate it without delay into eternal slavery, this is an undertaking which rouses the most simple. As it has not for its object a particular country, but envelops all humanity, the reprobation is not only of a single people, but of all; for it needs a universal crime to explain a universal chastisement.

They have attempted to surprise the conscience

of the world, and the world has answered them. When in 1606, they were driven from a city essentially Catholic, Venice, this mildest people on earth accompanied them in crowds to the sea-shore, and cast upon the waves this cry of adieu : Go ! a curse upon you ! *Ande in malora !* This cry was repeated in the two following centuries, in Bohemia in 1618, at Naples and in the Low Countries in 1623, in Russia in 1676, in Portugal in 1759, in Spain in 1767, in France in 1764, at Rome, and over the whole face of Christendom in 1773. In our day, if men, more patient, God be thanked, no longer say any thing, it were better, notwithstanding, not to awaken or provoke that great echo, when from one end of Europe to the other, things cry out yet, as on the shores of Venice : Go, with curses on you ! *Ande in malora !*

These are the observations I had to make upon the fundamental maxims of the Order of Jesus ; I have attached myself to the principles, and I have shown how the Order has been rigorously faithful to them from their origin ; how there were two men in the person of the founder, a hermit and a politician ; a duality of piety and Machiavelism, which at the origin has been reproduced in every thing, in theology by Laynez and Bellarmin, in the system of education by the pious Francis Borgia, and the cunning Aquaviva, in the missions by Saint Francis Xavier and the apostates of China, and finally, to comprehend all in one word, by the mixture of the devotion of Spain and the policy of Italy.

We have combated Jesuitism in the spiritual order. That is not enough. Let us watch yet, all of us, that it does not penetrate into the temporal order.

It is a great evil assuredly that it should have entered into the Church; all would be lost if it insinuated itself into morals and into the State; for you well know that politics, philosophy, art, science, letters, have, as well as religion, a Jesuitism which is peculiar to them. Everywhere it consists in giving to appearances the signs of reality. What would become of a people in general, if, in politics, it possessed all the appearances of movement and liberty: ingenious machinery, assemblies, discussions, clashing of doctrines, of words, change of names, and if by chance, amid all this external noise, it turned perpetually in the same circle? Should we not have to fear that so many externals and semblances of life would gradually accustom it to dispense with the foundation of things?

What would become of a philosophy which should wish, at any price, to exalt its own orthodoxy? Would it not be to be feared, that without attaining the rigor of theology, it would lose the God within? What would become of art, if, to replace the ingenuous movement of the heart, it should wish to make an illusion by the movement and clatter of words? What would all these things be but the spirit of Jesuitism, transported into the temporal order?

I do not say that these things are consummated;

but I do say that they threaten the world. And where is the means to obviate it? It is in you, you who possess life without calculation. Preserve it in its first source, since it has been given you, not for yourselves, but to rejuvenate and renew the world. I know that now-a-days men attach suspicion to all ideas; nevertheless, do not freeze your life in advance by too many suspicions; and do not believe that in our country there no longer exist men of courage, decided to go in their conduct, wherever their thought leads them. The most sure means of contending against Jesuitism under all its forms, do you wish me to tell it to you? It is not, on my part, to discourse from a chair; every body can do that, and much better than I; and it is not, on your part, to listen to me with good will. No, words no longer suffice, amid the stratagems of the world which surrounds us. Life is also necessary; we must, before we separate, swear here for one another, unitedly and publicly, to establish our life upon the maxims most opposed to those I have described, that is to say, to persevere to the end, and in all things in sincerity, truth, liberty. In other words, it is to promise to remain faithful to the genius of France, which is at once movement, bounding force, loyalty, for it is by these signs that the stranger recognizes you as Frenchmen. If, for my part, I am faithless to this oath, let each one of you remind me of it, wherever he may meet me!

But, they exclaim, you who speak of sincerity, you secretly think that Christianity is at an end,

and you say nothing of it. Announce at least, amid the confusion of beliefs of our times, by what sect you propose to replace it.

I have not exaggerated my orthodoxy, nor do I wish to exaggerate the sectarian spirit they wish to attribute to me. Since it is asked of us, we will speak it aloud. We are of the communion of Descartes, of Turenne, of Latour d'Auvergne, of Napoleon; we are not of the religion of Louis XI., of Catherine de Medicis, of Father Le Tellier, nor of that of M. de Maistre, nor even that of M. de Talleyrand.

Moreover, I am so far from believing that Christianity is at an end, that I am, on the contrary, persuaded that the application of its spirit is but commencing in the civil and political world. In a purely human point of view, a revelation does not stop until it has made its entire soul pass into the living institutions of the nations. On this principle, Mosaism gives place to the new word, when, after having penetrated every where into the society of the Hebrews, it has moulded it in its image. The same thing is true of Polytheism; its last hour arrives, as soon as it finishes investing with its spirit the Greek and Roman antiquity.

This laid down, cast your eyes, not upon the Pharisees of Christianity, but upon the thought of the Gospel. Who will pretend that this word has become wholly incarnate in the world, that it is no longer capable of any transformation, any new realization, that this source is dried up, having watered

too many peoples and states? I look at the world, and I see it half possessed yet by the pagan law. Where are the equality, fraternity, solidarity, which were announced? In the written laws, perhaps; but in the life, in the hearts, where do you find them?

Christian humanity has been modelled, I admit, upon the life of Jesus Christ. I shall find, I allow, through the eighteen centuries which have elapsed, modern humanity weeping and groaning in the naked manger of the middle age; I shall find again, amid so many discords of the understanding, the contests of the scribes and pharisees, and under so many poignant and national woes, the imitation of the chalice, the hyssop to the lips of the scourged nations. But is that all the Gospel? But the society of brethren in the same spirit? And the union, concord, and peace between all men of good will, the dawn of the transfiguration after the night of the sepulchre? And the Christ triumphant upon the throne of the tribes? Is not this also a part of the New Testament? Must we in advance renounce the unity, the triumph as a false promise? Must we only gather from the Gospel the sword and the gall? Who would dare to say it, though persons enough think it?

To prepare souls for this promised unity and solidarity is the true spirit of the education of the modern man. The Society of Jesus, in its system applied to the human race, could not entirely forget this end, and for this I praise it highly. The mis-

fortune is that, in order to conduct the world to social unity, it began, as always, by destroying life, in abolishing in men's souls family, country, humanity. Hardly do you find these three words pronounced, in its constitutions and its rules, even for the laity. Every thing is agitated between the Order and the Papacy. However, I confess that this abstract education, breaking each of the social ties, gave a certain negative independence, which explains well enough the kind of attraction that was found in it. One escaped the then severe action of the paternal hearth, that of the State, and the world ; all was well, as long as one had satisfied the institution. What resulted from this education was not, properly speaking, either a child, a citizen, or a man ; it was a Jesuit of the short robe.

For myself, I do not understand real education, unless, far from destroying these three foci of life, family, country, humanity, one makes them all concur for something towards it, according to their natural measure ; unless the child is reared by these degrees. into the plentitude of life, unless the family communicates in the first place and slowly its recollections, its tradition which lies deep in the heart of the mother ; unless he extends this first flame, to the country, to France, which becomes for him a more serious mother ; unless the State, taking him in his arms, makes of him a citizen capable, at a sign, of running to the banner ; unless, developing yet more this all-living love, he ends by taking humanity and past ages in a religious embrace ; unless

at each of these degrees he feels the hand of God which takes him and warms his soul. Behold a road towards unity, which is not an abstraction, but in which every step is marked by reality and the beating of the heart. This is not a formula ; it is life itself.

The greatest pleasure we could afford our adversaries would be, in opposing Christian phariseeism, to fall back into absolute scepticism. But neither Jesuitism nor Voltairianism. Let us seek elsewhere the star of France.

I commenced my course last winter, by warning those who heard me against the sleep of the spirit, in the bosom of material enjoyments. I should finish by a similar warning. It is upon you that the future of France may depend. Think well that it will one day be what you are, in the bottom of your hearts, at this moment. You who are about to separate, to cast yourselves into different public or private careers ; you, who to-morrow will be orators, writers, magistrates ; you, to whom I speak, perhaps, for the last time, if it has ever happened to me to awaken in you an instinct, a thought of the future, do not consider them hereafter as a dream, an illusion of youth, which it is good to renounce as soon as one might apply it ; that is, as soon as interest comes in. Do not renounce, in your turn, your own hopes. Do not belie your best thoughts ; those which were born in you under the eye of God, when, far from the covetousness of the world, ignorant, poor, perhaps, you lived alone in presence of heaven

and earth. Build around you, beforehand, a wall which corruption cannot surmount; for corruption awaits you on going out of this enclosure.

Above all, watch! If souls should slumber in indifference ever so little, there are on all sides, as you have seen, messengers of the dead, who arrive and glide in by subterranean ways. Certes, in order to repose, it is not enough to have labored three days, even under a sun of July; it is necessary to fight yet, not upon the public square, but in the depths of the soul, wherever your lot shall place you. We must fight by the heart, by the thought, to raise up and develop the victory.

What more shall I add? One thing, that I think very serious. In these schools, so different, so multiplied, you are the favorites of science, as well as of fortune. Every thing is open to you; every thing smiles upon you. Among so many objects presented to human curiosity, you can choose that to which your interior vocation urges you. You have, if you wish it, all the joys, as well as all the advantages of the understanding. But while you are thus enjoying your entire self, sowing every day generously in your thought a germ which will grow, how many minds which are young also, thirsty also for all knowledge, are constrained by bad fortune to devour themselves in secret, and often to become extinct from the abstinence of the understanding, as from the abstinence of the body! A word, perhaps, would have sufficed to reveal to them their vocation; but this word they will not hear. How many would

wish to come and share with you the bread of science ! but they cannot. Ardent, like you, for good, they have enough to do to earn their daily bread ; and this is not the lesser, but the greater number.

If this is true, I say that, into whatever way fate may cast you, you are the men of these men ; that you ought to turn to their profit, to their honor, to the improvement of their situation, the increase of their dignity, whatever you have acquired of light under a better star ; I say that you belong to the multitude of these unknown brothers ; that you contract here towards them an obligation of honor, which is to represent every where, to defend every where, their rights and their moral existence ; to open to them as much as possible the way of intelligence and of the future, which has been opened before you, without your even having need of knocking at the door.

Divide, then, multiply the bread of the soul ; it is an obligation for science as well as for religion ; for it is certain that there is one science which is religious and another which is not. The first distributes, like the Gospel, and spreads afar what it possesses ; the second does the contrary of the Gospel. It fears to be prodigal, to disperse its privileges, to communicate rights, life, and power, to too great a number. It lifts up the proud, and abases the humble. It enriches the rich, and it impoverishes the poor. This is impious science, and we will have none of it.

One word more and I have done. This contest,

which perhaps is only commencing, has been good for all; and I thank heaven for having given me the opportunity to appear in it for something; it may serve for instruction to those who are in a condition to profit by it. They thought that souls were divided and lukewarm, and that the moment had come to undertake all. There only needed an evident danger; the spark has struck out, all have been united as one man. What happens here on this question, would happen, if it were necessary, to-morrow, in every question where the peril was manifest. Let them not stir too much what they call our ashes. There is under the ashes a sacred fire, which smoulders yet.





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