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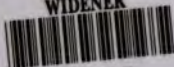
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R O M E,

CHRISTIAN AND PAPAL:

SKETCHES

OF ITS

RELIGIOUS MONUMENTS AND ECCLESIASTICAL HIERARCHY,

WITH

NOTICES OF THE JESUITS AND THE INQUISITION.

BY L. DE SANCTIS, D.D.,

FORMERLY CURATE OF THE MAGDALENE, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN THE  
ROMAN UNIVERSITY, AND QUALIFICATOR AT THE INQUISITION.

NEW YORK:

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE stranger, visiting those localities in the city of Rome which tradition has invested with a strong religious interest, finds himself, to a great degree, dependent on the explanations given by monks and priests who exhibit them for his impressions of the authenticity and worth of the monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity there displayed. The guide-books, prepared with a special view to sale in Roman Catholic countries, avoiding all conflict with established notions, afford him little help in arriving at the truth. It has been therefore thought that, not only for persons who are about visiting that city, but also for many who have already done so, such a work as the present, having reference chiefly to the ecclesiastical antiquities, institutions, and ceremonies of Rome, as contemplated from an enlightened Christian point of view, may possess considerable value. Its author, a man of no ordinary talents, was formerly a parish priest in that city, and by his learning, piety, and wide influence secured the high esteem of the Papal court, and filled several offices of important trust. A convert to the Protestant faith, he has for some years past labored as a devoted minister of the Waldensian, or primitive Italian Church

at Turin, Sardinia. Within a few weeks he has been chosen professor in one of the Swiss Universities. Aside, therefore, from abundant corroborative evidence, it is believed that the opportunities of acquaintance with things as they are in Rome, and the unimpeachable integrity of this author, are sufficient vouchers for the correctness of statements and the sincerity of views advanced in this little work.

## P R E F A C E.

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IT is at Rome, and not elsewhere, that Popery should be studied. Books give but a false and incomplete idea of it: in them we meet with only the Popery of the Middle Ages, or the poetical Popery of Chateaubriand. As developed in Protestant countries, we find the system of Bossuet—a Popery less superstitious, and perhaps less intolerant, until, at last, it becomes the ruling power.

From the period of the Council of Trent, Roman Catholicism has identified itself with Jesuitism. That unscrupulous order has better known how to clothe itself, when occasion required, with new forms, and to give a convenient elasticity to its favorite maxim, *that the end is every thing, and all the means to attain it are good*. But by depending on the skillful tactics of the "Society of Jesus," the court of Rome has been constrained to yield to its ascendancy, confide her destiny to its hands, and permit it to direct her interests, and of this control Jesuitism has availed itself in the most absolute way. It has constituted the powerful mainspring, more or less concealed, of the whole Papal machinery.

To obtain a correct idea of the *immorality of the Roman clergy*, one must have lived, as did the author

of these letters, for many years in one of those places where priests or monks are gathered. There only is it possible to become acquainted with the habits of idleness, the vain or guilty conversations and pastimes, the vicious habits in which they engage; and as regards the immorality that exists in the nunneries of Rome, it would be necessary to have been called upon, as he was, in his character of preacher and spiritual director at many of those houses, to hear confessions; to read, as his duties required him to do, in the judicial records of the vicariate, and in those of the "congregation" of the bishops and the regular clergy, the numerous instances of the public disorders of priests, monks, and nuns. We do not say that there were no exceptions, but it was not on this side that the greater number of cases appeared. To understand the religion of Rome as a religion of money, one must visit Rome, and proceed to the "Datario," where all the bishoprics of the world are for sale; where the prices of ecclesiastical benefices and matrimonial dispensations are bargained for; or to the *office of briefs*, where all other dispensations are for sale. For such details, we refer to a statement published by the author of these letters three or four years since, containing a calculation of ecclesiastical revenues in the little Roman State. The perquisites of the clergy alone amount to more than seventeen millions of francs, not including the property called ecclesiastical, the proceeds of the "Datario," the *briefs, indulgences, benefices*, etc. With regard to the *doctrines* of Popery, we should seek them, not in the writings of Wiseman and Bossuet, nor in any works prepared with a view

to allure Protestants ; we must go to Rome itself, and there we shall find two doctrines—the one *official*, and the other *actual* or *practical*. Thus Bossuet, for example, pretends that the Roman Church does not prohibit the reading of the Bible, and yet you will see this book put in the “Index” among the most dangerous of writings, and you will find all the Popes in their encyclical letters fulminating against it, without even excepting the New Testament as translated by Martini, Archbishop of Florence. Bossuet denies that in the Roman Church crosses, images, or relics are worshipped ; but go to Rome, and there you will see the Pope himself prostrated in prayer before crosses, relics, and images. It is at Rome only that Popery *Jesuitized*, so to speak, can be known in its essential form ; it is at the office of the Secretary of State, at the “chancery of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs,” that this whole mystery of iniquity unveils itself. There may be perceived the artifices employed to gain over all the kingdoms of the earth, not to Jesus Christ, but to the Pope ; the conspiracies organized or tolerated for the attainment of this end. There may be witnessed the meetings at the General of the Jesuits, where news from the whole world is brought, and where the reverend fathers rub their hands with delight when they learn the new conquests of infidelity ; where they invoke universal disorder, universal irreligion, so that the way may be opened to the ravages and the triumphs of the Popish system.

The love of art, luxury, and sensuality is turned to account by the Popery of Jesuitism with a wonderful shrewdness. The Jesuits know full well that man is

carnal ; that the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. Thus they have substituted for the worship in spirit and truth taught by Scripture a material, sensual, and lying worship. Their policy proclaims liberty of the conscience and religious freedom in those countries where they can profit by the possession of those rights, but it denounces them with the utmost bitterness at home.

Our preface would be lengthened into a book should we attempt to enumerate all the monstrosities contained in this combination of Popery and Jesuitism. It was the author's design to enlarge considerably the plan of this correspondence by including a more complete consideration of the Romish controversy, and a more extended analysis of the monuments, ceremonies, and usages of Romanism, but the epistolary form is ill adapted to such a work, and he has confined himself to the points noticed in the following letters.

In view of the facts quoted and the opinions expressed by the author in this correspondence, the reader is justified in inquiring from what sources he has gained a knowledge of them, and what confidence they merit. To this question the author replies openly that he is a Roman by birth. He lived nearly twenty-two years in one of those establishments where there resided a certain number of priests who bore close relations with the Jesuits. He himself, in the early part of his career, was among their warmest friends. He regarded them as the supporters of religion until he became aware of what religion itself was. For fifteen years he occupied the confessional. For eight years he was

the curate of one of the principal parishes of Rome, the Magdalene. Being esteemed by his ecclesiastical superiors, he was often intrusted with important missions. He was called upon to visit most of the monasteries in Rome as preacher and confessor. He was Professor of Theology, Emeritus Censor of the Academy of Theology in the Roman University, and a member of many other academies. He was chosen by Cardinal Micara, dean of the Holy College and a man universally respected, to examine his clergy. Finally, as regards the Inquisition, he filled during ten years the office of *qualificator*, that is, theologian of the Roman Inquisition. There could exist in that institution no secret with which he was not acquainted. He has visited the prisons, received denunciations, confessed culprits, prepared all the papers necessary for the judgment of cases upon which he was called to give his opinion. He speaks, therefore, of all these things, not from hearsay or report, but from actual experience.

Perhaps the reader will inquire his motives for abandoning so brilliant a position on the road to the highest honors, and exchanging it for the humble career of a simple preacher of the Gospel—for a position that has not always placed him above want. The author will only reply that he preferred the glory which comes from God to that given by man, eternal good to material wealth, peace of conscience with Jesus to the peace of the world. This is the secret of his conversion. How many years the combat lasted, how his eyes became opened to the light—this is what he will narrate later, perhaps, when he may judge it useful to the cause to which he has devoted his life. For the pres-



ent, he will speak only of that cause which alone has induced him to take up the pen.

To justify the motives alleged for his own sincerity, the author should, perhaps, add that he never had occasion to make the slightest complaint of his superiors. They have always surrounded him with their esteem and consideration until his conversion. His conduct might possibly bear the stamp of ingratitude, were it not for this word of Peter (Acts, v., 29), which justifies him fully, "We ought to obey God rather than men."

The framework of these letters is *fictitious*; the three principal individuals represent the three doctrinal systems brought upon the stage. *Catholicism*, sincere and honest, is represented by the *Abbé*; it is the ideal of that class of students who abound in Rome, and who are trained to go forth on propagandist missions in Protestant countries. *Evangelical religion* is represented by the Waldensian *Pasquali*, and *M. Manson* is an honest specimen of the *Puseyite* or *Tractarian*, with whose opinions and tendencies toward the Church of Rome every one is acquainted.

As for the other persons who make their appearance in these letters, they are actual and real; their portraits are true; to each of them the author could affix a proper name. The same is true as regards the circumstances and incidents mentioned. Evidence of the most unquestionable character might, were it necessary, be adduced to demonstrate the reality of them all. The author has also in his possession all the original documents relating to the various offices of trust he has filled, and the missions upon which he has been employed. He has the certificates of his irreproach-

able conduct, given him up to his departure from Rome.

Finally, for the benefit of those who might be surprised to find that he should have penetrated so far into the mysteries of Jesuitism, the author will say that he has three times performed the exercises of Saint Ignatius, mentioned in the first letter, each at an interval of several years: the first of these at the period of his early enthusiasm for the Jesuits, the second when the study of the Word had begun to raise doubts in his mind, and the third with the design of a critical examination, to explore and fathom this mystery of iniquity, and to be better armed for its attack.







THE POPE.

# ROME, CHRISTIAN AND PAPAL.

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## FIRST LETTER.

HENRY TO EUGENE.

Rome, November, 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—You have good reason to complain of my neglect in failing to write to you. Alas! what could I do? In my term of study I had not a moment to dispose of; but, now that we are entering upon the autumn vacation, I shall write you so much and so often that perhaps your patience may be exhausted.

You ask me to tell you what I think of the new Pope. You know that I am but little acquainted with politics, that I live a very retired life, and that my intercourse with others is limited to discussions with the good Jesuit fathers, my teachers, my “directors,”\* and my friends. You will understand from this that you have come to the wrong person for information about what you wish to know. However, I may say that our good fathers assure me that the concessions made by the new Pope will eventually procure great injury to our most holy religion. You are a Protestant, educated in the pernicious doctrine of *free inquiry*. You

\* The “director” is the spiritual adviser or confessor of a devout Roman Catholic.

will smile, perhaps, at these fears ; but if, like me, you had been so happy as to have been born in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, you would be aware that the religion of Jesus Christ is a yoke (a light yoke, indeed—St. Matthew, ch. xi., 30—but still a yoke) that should not be made too easy—that should weigh upon the neck, and constrain, lovingly indeed, but effectually and positively ; for to yield much liberty to the people is to throw off the bridle from the colt's neck. The Holy Father, by permitting all those “liberals,” who are so many devouring wolves, to return into his States, appears to be committing a great piece of imprudence, and imperiling the flock of Christ confided to his care.

But, my good friend, as for myself, I am occupied with one thing only, the salvation of my soul. My teachers seem to be satisfied with my progress, and I hope by next year to return to my country. Oh! if I could only clasp you in my arms as a brother in Christ! But I do not despair ; you are good, your heart is right, and I have great hopes of you. Meanwhile, I am going to relate to you my experience for some time past ; and you will see how unjustly the good fathers of the Company of Jesus are calumniated by many.

In the autumn vacation I was fortunate enough to be admitted to practice the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius in the religious house of St. Eusebius. There were fifty of us belonging to the ecclesiastical order, among whom were Cardinal B., four prelates, a good many monks, a few curates, and all the rest were priests, with the exception of myself, who had but received

the tonsure.\* We all entered on the 22d of October.

The church and the convent of St. Eusebius were given to the Father Jesuits by Leon XII. They are situated on the Esquiline Hill, and cover a great part of the site of the ancient baths of Gordian, of which a few vestiges are still to be seen. The convent, or religious house, was destined by these good fathers to serve as a retreat for such persons as desired to practice the exercises of St. Ignatius, and at different periods of every year it is filled with pious persons, who devote ten days to these exercises.

There is nothing like this in your religion, which is the very reason why I wish to describe it to you in detail and exactness, so that you may be able to have an idea of it, and to perceive the precious resources we possess, and that you Protestants are deprived of.

Eight days, at least, before the day fixed for admission, the candidate must procure a ticket; for these good fathers desire to acquaint themselves beforehand, by means of good Christian persons, respecting all that concerns the individual who seeks to enter upon these holy exercises, and this with the sole view of ascertaining the best method in which to direct his conscience. Hardly have you passed the threshold of the sacred house when two fathers come forward to greet you with religious eagerness. A domestic takes your baggage, and conducts you to the chamber prepared for you. Already you find your name written on your

\* By the tonsure is meant the ceremony of shaving off the hair from the crown of the head, performed when persons are admitted to holy orders of the Roman Catholic Church.



door in large letters, upon a card fastened in an elegant little frame. The chamber is simply furnished. A tolerably soft bed, a little table with every thing necessary for writing, two chairs, a prie-Dieu, a vase of holy water, a crucifix, and a printed list of the regulations hanging against the wall—this constitutes all the furniture.

About half an hour after entering, one of the fathers pays you a visit, and seeks, by judicious questions, to reach the motives which have led you to visit this retreat. This he does with the pious aim of becoming better qualified to direct your conscience. This visit terminated, the sound of a bell calls each one to the chapel, situated in the centre of the building, where four corridors, into which the cells open, terminate. This chapel is consecrated to the Holy Virgin, and on the altar you see her seated, handing to St. Ignatius the book of Spiritual Exercises. In the middle of the chapel, on a green carpet stretched over the pavement, you see a large metal crucifix, which all upon entering adore by kneeling and bending down to kiss. Father Z., seated in an arm-chair upon a step of the altar, commences the introductory discourse upon this text, from Mark, vi., 31: *Venite seorsum in desertum locum*, et requiescite pusillum: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." He demonstrates the absolute necessity for a Christian, and still more for an ecclesiastic, to retire often into solitude to practice holy spiritual exercises, because Jesus Christ himself did as much during the forty days he passed in the desert before he began to preach; and he commanded the apostles to do likewise, which the

text cited plainly proves. This is the reason for which St. Ignatius instituted the exercises, and the Holy Church recommends them strongly. Passing thence to the exposition of the rules, in the observance of which it is alone possible to reap great advantage by means of these exercises, Father Z. continued his remarks in the same line of thought until the bell gave notice of the close of the discourse. While it lasted, several worthy fathers, full of zeal for the greatest glory of God and the good of souls, made a tour through all the chambers, and examined carefully the baggage of each individual; not, of course, for the purpose of abstracting any thing therefrom, but simply to find out what papers, books, and other objects are in the possession of those who have entered upon the holy exercises, with a view, again, to be governed by any such discoveries in the future direction of their consciences. If they find a valise that is locked, the fathers' locksmith, who is provided with a number of skeleton keys, &c., destined to this use, opens it forthwith, and closes it again after the visit.

The sermon ended, each returns to his chamber, where he finds a small pewter lamp, with a single wick, on his "prie-Dieu," beside a little book containing a synopsis of the sermon just heard. This happens after each lecture. You will always find, on returning to your cell, a new *libretto* containing the abridgment of the last sermon. Half an hour later all proceed to supper, and thence return to their chambers. This is the time which the good fathers devote to visiting their guests and conversing with them on sacred themes. The day ends with an examination of the

conscience, made in common in the chapel, under the direction of the fathers.

The following day is entirely devoted to meditation and to the explanation of the great maxim, called by St. Ignatius the *foundation*, because it is, in fact, the basis of the whole religious edifice—a maxim which has given so many saints to the Church, and which constitutes the fundamental principle of all the actions of the holy fathers. The maxim is this: “Man was created to praise and adore his Lord and his God, and in serving him he saves his soul.” The old version stood as follows: “so that *his soul might be saved.*” But the Holy Father General Roothan corrected the translation, comparing it with the original Spanish—the same that was given by the Virgin to St. Ignatius at Mauresa—which says, “in order that *he may save his soul.*” St. Ignatius draws from this principle two inferences: the *first*, that every thing in this world was created for the use of man, to serve him as the means of salvation, and to serve the Lord through them; the *second*, that man should be indifferent as to the choice of the means, inasmuch as the means should not be considered according to their real value, good or bad, but only in accordance with the end proposed; so that if I perceive that by such or such means, which, in the opinion of worldly men, would be bad, I might, nevertheless, contribute to the glory of God and the salvation of my soul, those are the very ones I ought to choose.

Four long discourses were given, treating exclusively of this maxim, and I assure you that they are not too many to uproot all the prejudices of our corrupt

nature, which always wants to judge of good and evil according to a particular view, and not from general views.

With regard to myself, for example, a great many difficulties sprang up in my mind. According to the rule, I wrote them down and presented them to the Father Director, so that at the proper time Father Z. might explain them to me. The following were my principal objections: I did not well understand how man could save his soul by serving the Lord; for, salvation being a gift, to serve God would be doing little to obtain so great a benefit; but we should love Him. Now, in the maxim of St. Ignatius, there is no mention of a gift of grace, or of *love*.

The good father came to me, holding in his hand the note containing my observations. "I can very well see," said he, smiling, "that you are still suffering under the influence of Geneva; there these things are carried to an extreme; but we, being unbiassed, can reconcile the two extremes. Recall to your mind the theological doctrines that you have heard from our Father Perrone, in the treatise *de Gratia*, and all your difficulties will vanish. You will recollect that justification, which is the ground of our salvation, is a grace, but you will remember also that man must prepare himself to receive this grace; that he must merit it, if not *de condigno*, at least *de congruo*. You will remember the anathema pronounced by the Council of Trent against Protestants who affirm that man is justified by faith without works,<sup>1</sup> and also the teaching of the same council,<sup>2</sup> that man, to be justified, should prepare himself; that for this preparation seven things

<sup>1</sup> Council of Trent, Session VI., chap. ix.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, chap. vi.

are necessary, as follows: Faith, fear, hope, love of God, penitence, hatred of sin, and a desire to participate in the sacraments. Recollect that justification is susceptible of increase, as declared by the same council,<sup>3</sup> by sanctification, and by observing the commandments of God and of his Church, and then all difficulty will disappear. The salvation of the soul is a gift of *grace*, because the principle of justification is by *grace*, and that we can not merit it *de condigno*; yet the salvation of the soul depends on us, inasmuch as we prepare ourselves for justification, and we increase it till we have acquired eternal life. As for love, my brother, if St. Ignatius does not mention it, he does not for that exclude it. But here," continued the father, "permit me to advise you that the book of Exercises was given to St. Ignatius by the Holy Virgin with her own hands; it is, therefore, a revelation equal at least to that of the Bible; one should, therefore, be exceedingly circumspect about criticising it. When we know that it is a revealed fact (and of this we have evident proof), we ought not to discuss, but to submit."

You can hardly believe the good which these words of Father Z. did me. From this moment I applied myself incessantly, and with all docility, to study the celestial doctrine in the book of the Holy Patriarch.

The third day the sermons treated of the sins of the angels, of that of Adam, and of all men, always applying the great maxim of the *Foundation*, that sins consist in the bad choice of means to attain the end. As the lectures on this day and the two following ones are intended to terrify the sinner, the windows of the

<sup>3</sup> Council of Trent, Session VI., chap. x.

chamber are nearly closed so as to interrupt the light, so that we could hardly see to move about. This will seem to you childish ; but this solitude, this obscurity, dismay and terrify one so much that he feels compelled to make known, as soon as possible, the whole state of one's conscience. To all this are added the austerities of diet and privation of sleep which are prescribed for these days. All this produces a state of exaltation and fervor which it is nearly impossible to resist.

The fourth day the lectures treat of death and of hell. Upon entering my chamber after the morning exhortation, full of fervor, I threw myself on my knees at the prie-Dieu, and in bending down I gave myself so violent a blow on my forehead as nearly to stun me. I ran to open my window, but what was my horror when I perceived that I had struck my forehead against a skull which the good fathers had placed on the prie-Dieu to give me a vivid image of what I should one day become! After the second lecture, instead of a skull I found a picture ; and this picture was that of a corpse in a state of dissolution. Rats were running from all quarters to devour the flesh as it fell in rottenness, detaching itself from the bones ; worms and putrefaction covering the corpse, above which I read this sentence : " What I am thou shalt become ;" and I defy the most obstinate heart to resist such shocks.

The evening after the lecture on Hell you find on the prie-Dieu a picture of a soul damned, surrounded by flames, demons, and ferocious beasts of all kinds.

The fifth day the sermon treats of the particular judg-

ment and of the universal judgment, and that which God will pronounce upon ecclesiastics especially.

The sixth day an entirely new method commences : the windows are more open, the corridors are better lighted, the dining-table more amply furnished, and the austerities are laid aside. The great " meditation of the two *Standards*" and its consequences occupy this day, in which particular application is made of the great maxim of the Foundation ; and here is developed the mechanism of the exercises. In this meditation St. Ignatius transports the Christian, in the first place, to the plains of Damascus, where God created man, and he shows him Jesus raising the standard of his cross, inviting his disciples to follow him in the way of humility and penitence ; but few there are who follow him. From thence, with a truly inspired flight, he passes to the fields of Babylon, and he shows you Satan seated on a pulpit of fire and smoke, persuading men to follow him in the way of sin ; and many there are who follow him. Man must engage with one of these two chieftains, and enroll himself under one of these two standards. Then he who is following these exercises feels himself called upon to decide between these two invitations. Oh ! dear Eugene, what a solemn moment of my life was that which this day witnessed ! what a day of spiritual elevation ! God reveals himself palpably to each. After this discourse you return to your cell ; then all the good fathers go from chamber to chamber to keep up the fervor ; they present you with a sheet of paper, divided into three columns : on the first you are expected to write down the reasons which have influenced you in choosing the

profession you have embraced ; on the second, the reasons you have for being contented with it ; on the third, those which rendered you discontented with your present state ; and in the evening one of the fathers is charged to direct you in your choice. I, for example, was determined to become a Jesuit, as it appeared to me the most straightforward and best means for gaining the salvation of my soul. But these good fathers observed to me that, as a regular Jesuit, I would not be able to return to my Protestant country, while, on the other hand, the greater glory of God required that I should return ; that it was there I could do the most for the cause of religion, especially if I preserved in my heart the maxims and the friendship of the fathers who had directed me, as they had directed many others who had become blessed instruments. See, then, how false the report is that the Jesuits seek to draw the whole world into their company.

When these good fathers have obtained these papers, written by each at a moment of great religious fervor, and after five days of austere practices, then they know perfectly the state of the conscience of each individual. It is for this reason that these writings remain in their hands under the seal of confession.

After this solemn day the rest of the exercises are of little consequence. The seventh day you meditate upon the whole life of Jesus Christ ; the eighth, upon his passion and death ; the ninth, on his resurrection, his ascension, and the descent of the Holy Ghost ; finally, on the tenth, there is only one sermon, on the love of God. In the morning of the tenth day the father-general came to say mass, and addressed to us

B



an exhortation on devotion to the Holy Heart of Mary, and on the obligation which rests upon all ecclesiastics to promote this devotion as an assured means of salvation.

After this we were dismissed by the good fathers, whose eyes were filled with tears.

My dear Eugene, you have just seen with what holy skill these good fathers seek the salvation of souls. Your Methodists do nothing of the sort. If you should come to Rome, and enter this holy retreat, with all your goodness of heart, you would leave it a very apostle. As for me, I can tell you that I feel myself entirely renewed, and have become quite another man; and, although I have not entirely completed my theological studies, I have obtained, in spite of this, the permission to devote myself to the conversion of Protestants. I wished to commence by converting some of my countrymen who were here, but Providence has thrown me into the company of an Anglican minister. Only yesterday I began the work of evangelization with him, and I expect great success. In my next letter I will tell you how I met him, and the result of a discussion already commenced. Adieu, dear Eugene.

Your affectionate

HENRY.





**CARDINAL-PRIEST.**

## SECOND LETTER.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I am the happiest man in the world. I told you in my last letter that I had become acquainted with an English minister. Well, just imagine I have nearly succeeded in converting him! I could never have believed that the conversion of Protestants was such an easy thing, nor that their arguments were so very feeble that a little logic and good sense sufficed to overthrow them. Poor Eugene! how I pity you! But I hope that the facts I am going to narrate will prove a great blessing to you.

Hardly had I left the house of St. Eusebius, where, as I told you in my last, I performed my spiritual exercises, when I went to the Church of St. Peter to obtain a plenary indulgence. After having accomplished my acts of devotion, I stopped a moment to contemplate the superb mausoleum of the Pope Rezzonico, a work of the immortal Canova. I am no artist, but the sight of such a monument fills one with enthusiasm for the fine arts. This statue of the Pope, in marble white as snow, represents him kneeling, his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, with an expression so faithful that you feel disposed to hold your breath for fear of troubling his devotions. The artist has seized the inspired moment of the fervent prayer that this Pope addresses to God when he beseeches him to remove him from this world ere he shall be obliged to suppress

the Company of Jesus, the most powerful support of the Church. Two lions, the finest ever executed by the chisel, present a striking contrast to the evangelic mildness expressed by the countenance of the Pope, the principal figure of the monument; they enchant and ravish you.

While I stood in ecstasy before this mausoleum, I heard near me a slight movement. I turned, and saw a man about thirty years of age, with a pleasant face, dressed in black, with a long coat reaching below his knees, and fastened down in front with a long row of buttons, allowing a small portion of a white cravat to be seen. This man was also occupied in contemplating this marvel of modern art.

At first I took him to be a priest, but, seeing that he held in his hand a round hat, I perceived my mistake. He approached, and, saluting me courteously, commenced speaking of the beauty of the mausoleum, desired to know the name of the sculptor, and asked me some question about the acts of the Pope honored by such a magnificent monument. "This Pope," said he, "must have rendered great services to religion to have merited this immortal memorial." I replied that Clement had indeed been a very holy Pope, and a great protector of the Jesuits; and, after stopping a few moments longer, we left the church together.

I did not know who the man was, but from his looks I judged him to be an Englishman; from his dress I took him for a priest or a monk, who in England are obliged to dress like laymen in a modest black suit. I was on the point of addressing a question to him, when he said to me,

“Truly this is a magnificent temple, and worthy of the majesty of God. In England we have no idea of such a temple.”

“Pardon me,” said I; “may I ask if you are a Protestant or Catholic?”

“I am a Catholic,” he replied, “but not a Roman Catholic. I am a minister of the Anglican Church, which is the Catholic and Apostolic Church, because it retains the doctrine of venerable antiquity, and possesses the apostolic succession.”

I perceived, then, that I had to do with a Protestant priest, and I rendered thanks to God in my heart that he offered me so early an opportunity to put my zeal to the proof. Nevertheless, I shall not hide from you that I was somewhat embarrassed, not knowing how to commence the conversation. We walked along for some moments in silence, when I asked him, by way of commencing the conversation, what he thought of the separation of the Church of England from that of Rome. Then, with a deep sigh, he replied:

“Oh! that event has been the greatest of misfortunes for the poor Church of England. The separation was a necessity without doubt, because matters were treated on both sides with so much warmth, but it was a most disastrous necessity; the Church of England has lost much by this separation.”

At this moment we reached his lodgings, when he shook me by the hand and said,

“I like very much the priests of the Roman Church, and I should be much pleased to see you again, and to converse with you about religion.”

After that we took leave of each other. You may

imagine my astonishment at this conversation. A Protestant, a real Protestant minister, who speaks with so much veneration, or, rather, with so much love of the Catholic Church! This appeared to me an inexplicable phenomenon. The evening of the same day I went to the Roman College to see my master and get his advice. I related what had happened, and, after having reflected a little, he told me:

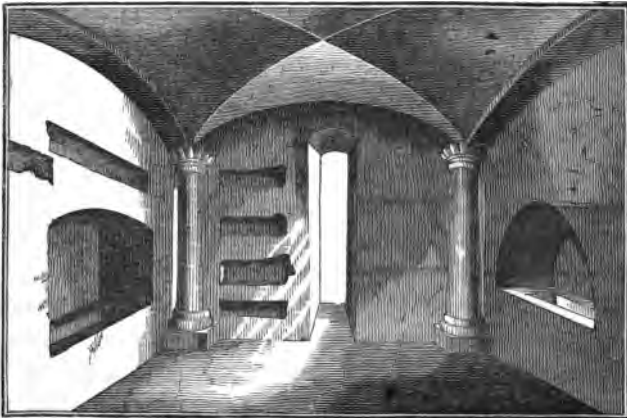
“Your English priest seems to me a *Puseyite*.”

Then I begged the good father to give me an exact notion of *Puseyism*, which I had often heard spoken of, but which I had never clearly comprehended.

“It would be rather a long affair,” replied the good father, “to relate the history of the religious movement of Oxford, called *Puseyism*, from Dr. Pusey, who stands at its head. If you only knew the trouble we have had, and still continue to give ourselves, in order to sustain, excite, and preserve this movement, which produces such great results in England! But the history of *Puseyism* will interest you but little, at least at present. It is well, however, that you should know how to conduct yourself with this Anglican minister in your discussions.

“Ascertain, in the first place, whether you have truly to do with a *Puseyite*, of which, from the conversation you have had with him to-day, I have little doubt; but you must be still more positive that such is the case. To learn this, you must begin by speaking of the Church and its ministers; but confine yourself to the bishops, priests, and deacons; you may say, with courtesy, that the true Church is that where the apostolic succession is to be found. If he be a *Pusey-*

ite, he will agree to this doctrine without the least hesitation. Then, better to assure yourself, you may speak of episcopacy as an office of divine institution in the Church, and may touch with delicacy on the superiority of bishops over priests by divine right; you may speak of the power of the clergy in the absolution of sins, transmitted by Jesus Christ to the ministers of his Church—a power preserved by the apostolic succession. Then introduce with prudence the subject of auricular confession as a practice which dates as far back as the first centuries of the Church. Tell him that our Father Marchi has discovered confessionals in the Catacombs, and you will see that this discovery will interest him vastly.



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS.

“My son, you must not attack Puseyites with the Bible like other Protestants; they admit the authority of the Bible, but they recognize that of tradition also, the interpretation of the fathers, and, above all, ecclesi-



astical antiquities. They repudiate the Protestant principle of *free inquiry*, and the absolute and exclusive authority of the Bible, in which you perceive they are very similar to ourselves. Be careful never to place yourself with him on the footing of discussion, but see first whether he will agree to these points. If your minister accepts them, he is a *Puseyite*, and then, my friend, I would advise you never to enter upon a discussion with him."

"Excuse me, my father," said I; "but if the *Puseyites* admit all these things, why are they not Catholics?"

"Yes, they admit these, and many other things besides," replied the father. "They admit the adoration of the Eucharist, the worship of the cross and images, with some restrictions, it is true, but still they admit them, together with prayers for the dead, and Purgatory, besides the doctrine of justification nearly as held by the Council of Trent. They bestow high praise upon monastic vows and the celibacy of the priests, and desire the establishment of convents; they make use of medals, crucifixes, tapers, and approve in general of all the usages of the Catholic Church which are capable of being justified by their antiquity, and they desire to become reunited to the mother church, which their fathers so imprudently abandoned. And note well that the *Puseyites* are not like the obstinate Methodists, who fasten themselves to the Bible, and are unwilling to grant any thing that is not found there. The *Puseyites* are much more reasonable: they concede the authority of the Church, and every thing that is justifiable in Christian antiquity."

“Why, then, my father, do we not seek to make them Catholics? It appears to me that, with such principles, their conversion would not be difficult.”

“Nothing is more truly easy, my son, than the conversion of a Puseyite; if he is really consistent he must become a Catholic. Admit, for example, that the only true Church is that in which the apostolic succession of its ministers is found transmitted by the imposition of the hands of the bishops, and what is the consequence? That the Roman Church is the true one, for it possesses this succession. By granting that the rule of faith is not in the Bible alone, but is also found in tradition and in the authority of the Church, there results the necessary consequence that all the Protestant churches, including the Episcopal Church of England, recognizing the Bible as the only rule of faith, are false, and that the Roman Church is the only true Church, because her rule of faith is based upon the Bible, tradition, and the authority of the Church itself. You see clearly, therefore, my friend, that a little logic is sufficient to render all Puseyites Catholics.”

“But do you not believe that, if all the Puseyites should become converted to Catholicism, it would be for the greater glory of God?”

“No, my son; you must permit the Puseyite movement to continue, so that it may bear its own fruits. If all the Puseyites should become Catholics, this agitation would cease, the Protestants would be alarmed, and all that the Roman Church would have gained would be a few thousand individuals, and nothing more! It is well enough, from time to time, that a

Puseyite doctor should become a Catholic, so that, under our direction, he may more properly continue the movement; but it would not be advantageous if a great number came over to us. *Puseyism* is a living witness in the midst of our enemies of the necessity of Catholicism. It is a worm which, properly nourished and cared for, will gnaw at the vitals of Protestantism, and destroy it in the end. England must expiate the great sin of her separation from Rome. She shall pay for it, be sure of that, and shortly too. . . .”

“But, my father, in the mean time, our good friends the Puseyites who die are damned, since they die out of the Holy Church.”

“Our good fathers who are in England provide for this contingency: they are invested for this purpose by the Holy Father with the necessary powers to receive the abjurations of the dying whenever it is prudent to do so; but if they could not, why, their damnation could not be imputed to us. The end, my son, justifies the means. Our aim is a most holy one, namely, the conversion of England, and the best means to attain it is by *Puseyism*. You, who have recently practiced the holy exercises, must recollect that all means are good if they only lead to the end. Prudence, the first of the cardinal virtues, teaches us sometimes to permit a little evil in order that a great good may result. Just as an invalid permits the amputation of a limb to save his body, so we also may be obliged to permit the damnation of a few hundred Puseyites that England some day may be converted. So, my son, do not give yourself much trouble about converting this man; bring him to us; Father Marchi will

conduct him to the Catacombs, and will show him several monuments of Christian antiquity that will confirm him all the more in his opinions, and he will be able to do more for us in England as a Puseyite than as a declared Catholic. . . .”

I admit, dear Eugene, that I was not fully convinced by this reasoning of my professor, and I resolved to myself to make use of his advice only so far as it should lead to the conversion of my Englishman.

This being decided upon, the next morning I went to find him. He received me with the greatest amiability, and we resumed our conversation on religion. I will not relate in detail this conversation, which treated of the divers subjects indicated by my professor, and upon which he agreed with me almost entirely; but I did not stop there. He agreed with me that the only veritable Church of Jesus Christ was that *visible society* established on the day of Pentecost, whose founders were the apostles, whose heads were their successors, and whose members comprised all those who professed Christianity. I drew the inference that the veritable Church being a *visible society*, a visible body should also have a visible head; that the heads of the Church being the successors of the apostles—that is to say, the bishops, there should also exist among them an order, and, consequently, a head of the bishops, who was also the head of all the Church; and it is upon this bishop that the succession of St. Peter must have devolved.

Mr. Manson (such is the name of the Englishman) perceived at once the results of my reasoning.<sup>1</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> Newman's Sermon on the Church.

saw that he could not elude them, for they followed from his own principles, and that one can not remain a Puseyite, at least logically, without recognizing the primacy of the Pope, and all the prerogatives which grew out of it, as well as their consequences. Then he began to defend himself, saying that the Roman Church had degenerated in many points from the beautiful Catholic doctrine of antiquity. I observed to him that, granting this—which, however, I did not—my conclusions were not invalidated, for if it be once established that the only veritable Church of Jesus Christ is that in which the apostolic succession is found, and the fact of the existence of this succession in the Roman Church not being doubted, it resulted that this Church was the only true one; and, as there is no hope of salvation out of the true Church of Christ, one must absolutely belong to the Roman Catholic Church, or else go to hell.

Nevertheless, I would not admit that the Roman Church had degenerated from the doctrine of antiquity; and I repeated all the more willingly the word *antiquity*, for, to tell you the truth, my dear Eugene, controversies with Protestants are difficult for us when they must be resolved by the Bible. You Protestants, admitting neither the authority of tradition nor the interpretation of the infallible Church, do not stand on the same ground with us; but when the controversy is based not exclusively on the Bible, when tradition and the authority of the Church are added, when you see the proof of doctrines in antiquity, then the advantage is on our side. Accordingly, I asked Mr. Manson what those doctrines were in which, according to him,

the Roman Catholic Church had degenerated from venerable antiquity.

Here he appeared to be a little embarrassed, and from a multitude of words I understood him to allude to the service in the Latin tongue and the communion in one kind only. This, said he, was contrary to antiquity. Then I endeavored to demonstrate to him, from his own principles, that these things were immaterial as to the truth of the Roman Catholic Church, since they in no wise belonged to the field of dogma, but only to that of discipline; and that when once we regard the Church—that is, the bishops assembled in council—as the supreme authority over the whole Church, we must grant that they have the right to establish this discipline, which in a word means that to reject discipline one must deny the authority of the Church. On the whole, I thought that I should surely gain the victory, and Mr. Manson appeared already to experience a presentiment of his defeat, when his servant announced two visitors.

Mr. Manson rose to receive two gentlemen who entered; one was a young Englishman, and the other a man about thirty years of age, whom I recognized by his accent to be an Italian. Then, to my great regret, I took leave of Mr. Manson, who asked me for my address, and assured me that, if he had known it, he would have called on me before to continue the conversation, which interested him exceedingly; thereupon we separated.

I only await, my dear Eugene, the hour and the moment to bring this matter to a termination. The conversion of the man is certain. After I have seen him

and made further progress in the discussion, I shall write to you immediately. Adieu.



SYMBOLICAL LAMP FROM THE CATACOMBS.







**CARDINAL IN FULL COSTUME.**

## THIRD LETTER.

THE popular proverb which says, Man proposes and God disposes, is but too true. I had proposed to convert the Englishman to Catholicism, which I spoke to you about in my last, and God has chosen, perhaps, to make me the instrument of two other conversions; only it is painful to think that this event should have resulted in a break—I should almost say an open rupture—between my master and myself; and I fear lest it may have estranged the good Father Jesuit from me. But God will take care of this, for I act only for his glory.

I related to you in my last how I left Mr. Manson upon the arrival of two strangers. It was then noon. Two hours later I received a note from my master, the Father P., who invited me to visit him at the Roman College the same evening. I went there at the appointed hour.

Father P. received me at first with coldness, but soon after, assuming his ordinary paternal tone, he said to me,

“It appears, my son, that you have not in the least profited by the exercises of St. Ignatius!”

Mortified by this reproach, I begged him to explain.

“What have you done this morning?”

Then I related to him with simplicity all my conversation with Mr. Manson. But he, interrupting me, said,

“I know all that, and it is for this reason that I have sent for you. You have not chosen to follow my counsel, but have entered on a discussion in spite of my advice, and you have compromised every thing.”

I could not understand how the victory, all but certain, which I had gained, could have produced so much injury, and I asked humbly for further explanation.

“My son,” replied the good father, “if you had followed the directions which I gave you, you would not have made so long a visit. These two gentlemen, coming after your departure, would not have found you still there, or, if they had met you, would not have found you in the midst of a discussion. This visit would have passed as a simple visit of politeness, and all would have ended well. But do you know what happened after your departure? These two gentlemen wished to know what this Abbé had been saying so earnestly. Mr. Manson told them; then they also took it in their heads to join in the discussion.”

“Oh, my father!” exclaimed I, interrupting him, “let them do their best; if the truth be on my side, what have I to fear?”

“You do not know,” said he, “with whom you have to deal. These two men are not *Puseyites*, but obstinate Protestants, who will attack you with the Bible, and you will not know how to reply to them. The Holy Church does not permit even inquisitors to dispute with heretics on the Bible. No, my son; if you have committed one fault, do not commit a second one; withdraw from this discussion; give as a pretext a want of time; say that you have some business to attend to, and that you can not occupy yourself with

any thing else; only endeavor to bring the Englishman to me, and do not meddle any farther in this affair."

After this I left the good father, fully resolved to obey him, though with great reluctance. I was really surprised to see him so well informed as to all that occurred, but, dismissing all suspicion, I went home, determined never to return to Mr. Manson, and politely to excuse myself if he should send for me. But here I repeat my proverb, Man proposes and God disposes; for, as you will see, I could not keep my resolution.

The day after this conversation, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, as I was walking home after my lessons, I met Mr. Manson, who was seeking me anxiously.

"Dear friend," said he, "I have need of you."

I conducted him to my house. Then he informed me that the two gentlemen who had interrupted our conversation were exceedingly desirous to have it resumed. He told me that the younger one, Mr. Sweetman, was a very rich young gentleman, who had studied in Oxford, and was much pleased with the new doctrines; that his father had sent him to Rome, believing that a sight of the Roman court would convince him of his error, and would bring him back to Protestantism. For this purpose he gave him as a companion Mr. Pasquali, the other gentleman. This Mr. Pasquali is a Piedmontese, of the sect of the Waldenses, and, as he knows Rome very well, he has undertaken to show Mr. Sweetman all the corruption of Catholicism.

"You see, therefore, that this Mr. Pasquali is our common adversary. I am not a Roman Catholic, but

I can not suffer evil to be spoken of the Catholic communion, which is incontestably the most ancient of all Christian communions."

Resolved to follow in all points the advice of my master, I excused myself by telling him that I absolutely could not enter upon a new discussion from a want of time. Mr. Manson appeared satisfied with my excuse, and said no more about it. He remained a few moments longer, and upon departing said,

"I hope, at least, that you will not refuse me an hour of your time, but will come this evening and take a cup of tea with me, for you have no lessons at night."

It appeared to me that it would be impolite to refuse, so I accepted.

At the hour agreed upon I called at Mr. Manson's, but Mr. Sweetman and the Waldensian were already there. The former introduced me to those two gentlemen in accordance with English etiquette. We commenced conversing on different subjects, but soon Mr. Manson began to speak of the beautiful churches of Rome, and of the astonishing monuments of antiquity to be found there, and he concluded by saying that if the fanatical dissenters who declaim so loudly against the Roman Church could only see Rome, examine its monuments, temples, hierarchy, and the majesty of its ceremonies, certainly they would not continue to be so much opposed to it.

"My views are the very reverse of yours," said the Waldensian hereupon, "and I am persuaded that a sincere Protestant, in good faith, who comes to Rome, will find precisely, in her monuments, temples, hierarchy,

and ceremonies, reasons for her condemnation, and for declaring her fallen from the ancient faith preached by St. Paul. I will go still farther, and sustain that every sincere and enlightened Catholic who will examine these things, and act consistently, must abandon that Church."

Many other things were said on the same subject. Mr. Manson supported his statement with warmth, and the Waldensian, cold as ice, did not give up an inch, while Mr. Sweetman endeavored to occupy middle ground. For my part, I kept silence, not wishing to disobey my master, who had interdicted all discussion with these gentlemen. However, I thought within myself that I could very well take part in the debate without disobeying, because it did not relate to the Bible. Nevertheless, I remained silent, when Mr. Sweetman, addressing me directly, said,

"Mr. Abbé, you ought not to remain quiet while a subject in which you are so much interested is discussed."

"The Abbé is silent," said the Waldensian, "because he knows that the truth is on our side."

At these words I felt myself reddening, and an impulse of holy zeal incited me to attack this infamous heretic, and teach him to speak more respectfully of the holy Catholic religion. I forgot the advice of my professor, and, with voice choking with indignation, I replied that my silence was caused by my pity for the absurdity of his reasons, which appeared to me unworthy of any reply.

"How dare you," added I, "after seeing these monuments, which attest the venerable antiquity of Cathol-

icism, conclude that it is false? Perhaps, for a religion to be the veritable one, it must be modern."

The Waldensian then held out his hand in token of friendship, and said, while shaking mine,

"This confirms me in my good opinion of you. You are a sincere Catholic; you are a Catholic because you think that it is right to be one; and if you should perceive that you were in error, you would abandon your views, I am sure, and turn to the Gospel."

You can imagine, dear Eugene, how shocked I was at such a proposition. I abandon the Catholic religion! I would prefer death rather than entertain the least doubt of its truth! Then the exhortations of my master returned to my mind, and I felt how correct they were. I repented of my disobedience, and determined never more to have any thing to do with heretics of this sort. I awaited anxiously the opportunity to leave this house, never to return to it. I merely replied that Mr. Pasquali was a thousand leagues from expressing my true thoughts.

"Very well," rejoined the Waldensian; "let us prove it. I propose to challenge you, not by words, but by facts. You may conduct us in our visit to those monuments, which you think prove the truth of Catholicism; we will examine them together, and I give you my word of honor that, if you succeed in convincing me of the truth of Catholicism, I will immediately become a Catholic; whereas, if I succeed in persuading you, you may remain free to do as your conscience dictates. If you do not accept a challenge on such equitable terms, then you must permit me to believe that you acknowledge yourself vanquished."

I sought still to excuse myself from a want of time, but the Waldensian observed that, as it was a question of converting to the truth three men whom I believed to be in error, I ought to sacrifice every other occupation to a work of such importance. He observed, besides, that this excuse was unseasonable, since, having commenced the discussion with Mr. Manson, I could not conscientiously give it up.

“Besides,” said he again, “we are in no hurry. You have no lessons on Thursday, and you will soon have two weeks’ vacation at the Christmas holidays. You can, then, give us Thursday and your vacation.”

Having no other excuse, I accepted the challenge, and it was agreed that we should begin our excursions on Thursday. This occurred on Tuesday evening.

Wednesday I went to the College. Upon entering, I perceived the professor eyed me askance. Can it be possible, thought I, that he knows already what happened last night? Who could have informed him? After the lesson, I begged the professor to allow me a few moments’ conversation. As soon as we were alone, he gave me a severe reproof for my disobedience.

“Be careful,” said he; “I will not protect you against the terrible consequences this may have for you.”

I was amazed by the reproaches of the good father, and burst into tears. As he appeared about to retire and leave me there, I threw myself at his feet, clasping his knees, and besought him so earnestly that at last he seemed to be moved, and, resuming his friendly tone of voice,



“Well,” said he, “let us endeavor to remedy, in some measure, your imprudence; but I assure you that this is the last time that I will counsel you, and if you do not obey me to the letter, I will abandon you to all the consequences of your folly.”

I promised blind obedience. Then the good father led me to his chamber to give me proper instructions.

I relate all this, my dear Eugene, that you may know the prudence of the good fathers, who, fearing my youth and inexperience, gave me useful advice to withdraw honorably from this dispute wherein they saw me so inconsiderately engaged.

Having entered his chamber,

“My son,” said he, “since you have become engaged in this terrible affair, you must withdraw from it with honor. Go, therefore, to-morrow to the meeting, but only to-morrow! You must make a choice of some point of primary importance, which shall be easy to defend, and in which you may succeed handsomely. Let the theme, therefore, of your research for to-morrow be Saint Peter. Conduct these gentlemen directly to the Church of Saint Peter *in vinculis*, and there the Father Abbot, informed beforehand by me, will show you the monuments which attest that this church was built by the Senator Pudens, and consecrated by Saint Peter himself. He will show you, also, the chains wherewith the impious Nero fettered that apostle. From thence proceed to the Roman Forum, called the *Campo Vaccino*, and conduct them to the Mamertine prison, where Peter was incarcerated. Then go up to Saint Peter *Montorio*, and show them the place where he was crucified. From thence lead

them to *Santa Maria della Traspontina*, and in the fourth chapel on the left hand point out the two columns to which the holy apostles Peter and Paul were bound and scourged. Finally, conduct them to the Vatican, to see the bodies of the holy apostles, and to the Cathedral of Saint Peter. From all these monuments you will deduce that Saint Peter was really Bishop of Rome, and, consequently, that all the promises made to Peter by Jesus Christ, namely, the keys of the kingdom of heaven, primacy, and infallibility (Luke, xxii., 32) passed to his successors; which succession has been preserved down to the actual sovereign pontiff, Pius IX. Here the Waldensian will try to equivocate; he will want to argue from the Bible with reference to the primacy of the Pope. Then you will call him to order, the challenge only referring to the monuments; besides, you may be sure the good Puseyite will come to your aid."

"But do you believe, my father, that Mr. Pasquali will give up so easily?"

"No matter, my son, about his yielding; it takes more than that to overcome the obstinacy of a Waldensian. The only question is that you may withdraw from all this honorably. Then you must appear offended, and must reproach him for not having followed your argument; you must feign impatience, and retire; in this manner you can get out of the affair."

I know that all that these good fathers say is for the greatest glory of God; but I will confess to you with sincerity, my dear Eugene, that I was little disposed to follow their counsel; it appeared to me to be cowardice thus to abandon the field of battle.

The father perceived my trouble, and, tapping me lightly on the shoulder, said,

“Poor Henry! you are really unlucky in this first trial of your missionary life; you commence with a Puseyite, whom you ought not to convert, and with an obstinate and knowing Waldensian, with whom you should not risk yourself. . . . . But do not be discouraged; another time you will have better luck.”

“But could I not—”

“No,” retorted the father, sharply, interrupting me; “you can not, you ought not to do differently from what I have told you to do. Do you know what will happen if you do not obey? You will be embarrassed by questions from which you can not extricate yourself. From the antiquities, he will pass to the Bible, and make use of it with the pernicious art that these heretics possess; the result will be that the Puseyite will abandon us and return to Protestantism, that Mr. Sweetman will bury himself deeper in his errors, and that you will have made the victory easy to the triumphant Waldensian! And you, what will become of you? Recollect that at Rome there is an Inquisition not only for heretics, but also for every one who does the least damage to the holy Church.”

This said, he opened the door and bade me farewell.

At this conversation I was beside myself; the last words of my professor terrified me.

Leaving the College, therefore, I returned home, where I found a note from the secretary of the deputy cardinal, who ordered me to appear immediately at the Chancery to receive orders from his eminence concerning me.

When an ecclesiastic is cited at the Chancery in this manner, it is a proof that he has been accused of some wrong action.

I hastened thither, therefore, and found there a few priests, who measured me from head to foot with a sardonic smile. One of them, a man of gigantic size, told me I must speak with the canon secretary, and I was immediately ushered into his room. The secretary to whom I refer is a priest seventy or eighty years of age. This venerable man, who is the model and mirror of all the priests of Rome, cherished by the Pope, beloved by all the cardinals, respected, I may almost say adored, by the whole clergy, a zealous preacher, an indefatigable confessor, appears always the same, from the morning, when he rises to say mass, till the evening, which he ends invariably with a game of cards. Having been announced and introduced, the good canon made me sit down by his side; then he said he was grieved at being obliged to reprimand me, but that his office obliged him to do so; then, after many words, he gave me to understand that the deputy cardinal was rather uneasy about me, because on the preceding evening I had had a conversation with three Protestants whom he forbade me again visiting. "You are acquainted," he added, "with the canons of the third and fourth of the holy councils of Lateran, which forbid even to salute heretics; and you, my son, you—you have taken tea with them!! An ecclesiastic! What does this mean?"

As for me, at that moment I knew no longer to which world I belonged. Accused, blamed, menaced from all sides for an action that appeared to me the

best I had ever performed, I could no longer resist the violence of my grief; a convulsive fit of tears suffocated me. The canon called for aid, and the chamber was soon filled with priests. Having recovered my senses, I begged the good priest to listen to me, every one present retiring. I related to him all that had passed. When I had finished, he said,

“Reassure yourself, my son: the vice-cardinal was differently informed; but I have confidence in what you tell me, and, although I have not the power to change the order of the cardinal, yet I will assume the responsibility; his eminence is a reasonable man, and I will easily persuade him. Continue, therefore, my son, your work, but do it prudently; I tell you this from charity, for, personally, you can not, in any event, compromise the cause of the Church, because you have no official character. Only be careful of yourself, my son, and, before commencing any discussion with these heretics, recite three times an *Ave Maria* to the holy Virgin, who, as the Church teaches, has alone confounded all heresies; then fear nothing.”

Thus spoke this worthy priest.

As for me, having become more quiet, I resolved to follow his advice rather than that of my master, and I returned home better satisfied. To-morrow our first visit to the Roman antiquities will take place, and the day after I will write you the result.

With the best love of your affectionate friend,

HENRY.

## FOURTH LETTER.

Rome, January, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—You touched me to the quick in your last by telling me that, if I had not kept my word by informing you of the result of my discussion with the Waldensian, it was doubtless because he had reduced me to silence; but you wounded me still more by the suspicion you express in predicting that the discussion will end in what you call my conversion to Protestantism. No, dear Eugene, before harboring for one instant the thought of abandoning my holy religion, I pray God to hasten my death.

If I have remained a whole month without writing to you, it is because I was waiting to be able to relate in a few words the issue of the debate with the Waldensian. But since you press me so hard, I am determined to write you how things stand, and I do it with complete frankness, confiding in your friendship, convinced that you will not use my letters to compromise me, and persuaded, on the other hand, that I shall be able definitively to announce to you my victory over the Waldensian. I will relate, therefore, with all sincerity, what occurred during our visit to the monuments.

On the day agreed upon, we went, in the first place, to the church of Saint Peter *in vinculis*, situated on the southern point of the Esquiline Hill. A superb portico of fine arcades forms the entrance to this magnificent church, whose architecture is both cheerful and

majestic. I shall not describe to you the beautiful picture of Saint Augustine, by Guercino, nor that representing the deliverance of Saint Peter from prison, by Domenichino; but the chef d'œuvre of Michael Angelo, the statue of Moses, destined for the mausoleum of Julius II. (which was never built), eclipses every thing else in this church. Messrs. Manson, Sweetman, and I stood in admiration before this statue, which shows how high the inspiration of art can attain. During this, the Waldensian smiled at our enthusiasm; then, touching me gently on the shoulder, he said,

“Sir Abbé, I beg you to explain this contradiction. Your Church says that churches are holy places consecrated to the Lord, and it applies to the material part of them all that is written concerning the Temple of Jerusalem. How is it, then, that your temples are transformed into exhibitions of the fine arts, and museums, and are thereby exposed to profanation?”

I replied that these statues were placed in the churches to excite the devotion of the people.

“A very commonplace remark,” interrupted the Waldensian; “but let us not enter so soon upon the question of images. I maintain that, even should I agree to what you say, this monument is surely not placed here to incite to devotion.”

“Magnificence,” I replied, “is well suited to the house of God.”

“Yes,” he rejoined; “but it is written that it is holiness that becometh the house of the Lord.”

After this we passed into the sacristy, where the Father Abbot was waiting for us; he received us with

ceremonious politeness. Here stands a beautiful marble altar, upon which is placed a small but finely sculptured shrine, also in marble. The Father Abbot had four tapers lighted, and, after putting on his surplice and stole, he opened the shrine and took out a beautiful urn of rock crystal, containing the chains of Saint Peter. Then he related how, in the fifth century, *Juvenal*, patriarch of Jerusalem, had sent as a present to Pope Leo I. the chain with which St. Paul had been bound in Jerusalem by the order of Herod; he added that this chain having been placed by the side of the one with which Saint Peter was bound in Rome by the order of Nero, the two chains spontaneously united themselves, and ever after formed but one chain; thereupon that the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., constructed this church on the site of the ancient temple built by Pudens, and consecrated it to Saint Peter.

“Is this account well authenticated?” asked the Waldensian.

“To presume to doubt it,” replied the abbot, “you must doubt the clearest evidence. If you will take the trouble to come up to my apartment, I will show you the documents.”

We went up, therefore, into the chamber of the abbot, who took from his library the first volume of the works of the learned Tillemont, and read from page 172 as follows: “Tradition says that Peter converted, while in Rome, the Senator Pudens; that he lived in his house, and consecrated it, so that it became the first church in Rome, under the name of Saint Peter *in vinculis*.”



At this I was delighted, and I admired the wisdom of my master for having so well planned and directed my visit to the monuments. Mr. Manson exclaimed,

“Ah! truly Rome is the only place where one can gain a thorough knowledge of holy antiquities.”

The Waldensian, with his accustomed coolness, rejoined,

“But do you believe, Father Abbot, that Tillemont really placed confidence in such a fact?”

“What a question!” replied the abbot; “Tillemont based his statements on tradition.”

“Very well,” proceeded the Waldensian; “let me look, if you please, at the second volume of Tillemont.”

And, having received it, he opened at page 616, and showed that Tillemont founded his assertion on the apocryphal book of the *Pastor*, attributed to Hermas; then he demonstrated that all the events related by Hermas took place in the time of Antoninus, that is, about the middle of the second century, from which, if we were to rely upon this tradition, we must conclude that Saint Peter lived in the house of Pudens in the year 150 after Christ!

The Father Abbot and I were overwhelmed with dismay at this observation; nevertheless, the good father did not lose courage, and drew from a bureau an old Martyrology, bound in parchment, with illuminated capitals, and opening it at the date of the 1st of August, he read these words in Latin: “Consecration by Saint Peter, the apostle, of the first church built in Rome.”

The Waldensian took the Martyrology to examine

it, and perceived from the writing and the illuminations that it was a work of the fourteenth century.

“But,” said he, “a document posterior by fourteen centuries to the fact to be proven is a testimony wholly useless, Mr. Abbot.”

“Very well; here is another of the Cardinal Bona,” rejoined the abbot, producing a book of the Liturgies of the said cardinal, “which contains the history of this church written by one of our canons.”

“All these testimonies, my reverend father,” said the Waldensian, “are modern; but let us not depart from Tillemont, if you please. Look at what is written in page 504; read it—read it, Sir Abbot. We can not believe that the Christians had any churches or edifices constructed with a view of their meeting for the performance of religious exercises until after the persecution of Severus, about the year 230; and,” added the Waldensian, “I could prove by quotations from all the fathers of the first centuries that the Christians did not possess a single church until the end of the third century.”

The Father Abbot at these words turned as red as fire; and I, burning with rage and unable to contain myself, said to the Waldensian,

“And as for the chains, sir, have you still other objections to make?”

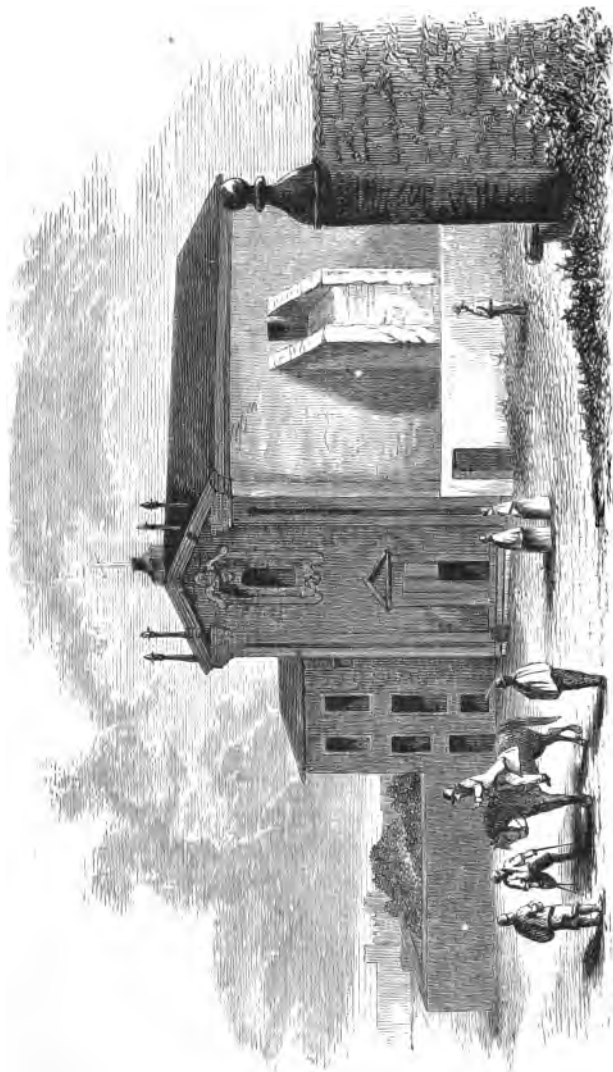
“None at all; and one must be deprived of his senses not to agree that what I have under my eyes is really a chain; but to be reasonably persuaded that this was Saint Peter’s chain, you must, in the first place, know why, instead of the two chains with which Saint Peter was bound, there remains but one. Be-

sides, who preserved this chain? Was it Herod? or the Jews? or the Christians? We should know how, at the ruin of Jerusalem, when every thing was destroyed, this chain alone was preserved? As regards the Roman one, you must show that Peter really was at Rome; for, if he never came there, how could he there have been chained? Besides, I will ask, who preserved this chain? Nero? But he was not sufficiently pious for that. The Christians? But who would have been hardy enough to ask for it? And if they had dared to do so, you know too well that at that epoch the worship of relics was held to be sacrilegious. It suffices to read Tertullian, Origen, and Justin the Martyr to be convinced of this. Thus, Sir Abbé, let us pass to the examination of some other monument, for this one can not in any way convince me."

This first experience showed me that I had to do with a man better posted on the subject than myself, and I perceived then how judicious was the advice of my master. I looked for some way to extricate myself from the difficulties into which I had plunged, and I should have been happy if he had borrowed some of his arguments from the Bible, so as to enable me to accuse him of breaking the agreement, and to escape with honor. For this purpose, instead of conducting him to the church of Saint Peter *in carcere*, according to the plan laid down by my master, I led him to the one called *Domine quo Vadis*.

Not far from the city, on the Appian Way, we find a little church constructed on the very spot where our Lord appeared to Peter. But in order that you may





CHURCH OF DOMINE QUO VADIS.

have an exact knowledge of this fact, I transcribe here the inscription cut in marble on a tablet on the above-mentioned church :

“ This church, called *Santa Maria delle Piante*, and commonly *Domine quo Vadis*, is named *Delle Piante* because of the apparition of our Lord unto Peter, which happened on this very spot. That glorious apostle, having been persuaded, and, so to speak, compelled by the Christians to leave his prison and to flee from Rome, was proceeding along the Appian Way, when, reaching this spot, he met our Lord himself walking toward Rome. Astonished at his presence, he addressed him thus : *Domine, quo vadis?* (Lord, whither goest thou ?) Jesus replied, *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi* (I am going to Rome to be crucified again). Peter understood the mystery at once ; and he recollected that the Lord had foretold that he should suffer this infliction when about to give him the government of his Church, and, turning round immediately, he returned to Rome, and the Lord disappeared ; but in vanishing he left the print of his foot on a stone of the pavement ; hence this church derived the name of *Santa Maria delle Piante*, and from the words of Peter that of *Domine quo Vadis* . . . 1830.”

Hardly had we arrived in front of the church when the Waldensian pointed out the inscription on the door, and begged me to read it. It reads thus :

“ Stop, traveler, and enter this temple, where thou shalt find the impress left by the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ when he met Peter fleeing from prison. Thine alms are solicited for the wax and the oil, and to deliver a soul from Purgatory.”

He added, "I doubt much whether the Abbé will be more successful in the examination of this second monument than he was in that of the first."

We entered. On the wall, to the right, there is a picture of our Savior bearing his cross on his shoulders, and walking toward Rome; and on the left, you see Saint Peter fleeing from Rome. In the middle of the church there is a stone pavement representing the old Appian Way, and in the middle of this pavement is a square white stone, raised above the others, with the print of the feet of our Lord covered by an iron grating, around which is engraved the seventh verse of the 131st Psalm, "We worship the place where his feet were."\*

The Waldensian looked very grave and left the church; Mr. Sweetman also appeared very much shocked, and followed him, and Mr. Manson himself seemed to me about half satisfied. Not knowing what this sudden retreat meant, I left also. Then the Waldensian, with a solemnity of manner that startled me, said,

"Mr. Abbé, I am a Christian, and I can not endure, under the pretext of religion, the adorable person of our Lord Jesus Christ to be turned to ridicule, nor such an abuse made of the Word of God to incite people to the worship of a stone."

I endeavored to justify the matter, but they all turned against me: so I kept silence. From thence we passed on to the Church of St. Peter *in carcere*. It is the subterranean prison, the *Mamertine* itself, where

\* The quotation is made from the Vulgate; the passage thus rendered in that version occurs in our Bibles in the 132d Psalm.

an altar is raised, and which goes by the name of the Church of Saint Peter *in carcere*. You descend by an easy staircase of modern construction to the gate of the prison, above which you read an ancient inscription of the time of Augustus, when it was restored. From the first subterranean prison you go down to the second by a small staircase. While descending, I pointed out to Mr. Manson the impression of a man's head, which is to be seen in the wall. It originated in the following manner: A soldier having struck Saint Peter, the blow knocked his head against the wall, which, indented by the shock, the print of the head of the apostle remained there.

In the middle of this second prison there is a spring of water, which Peter caused to bubble up miraculously when he converted his guards, Processus and Martinian, whom he baptized, together with forty-eight other prisoners.

Mr. Manson was filled with veneration at the sight of this holy spot. He desired to taste of this wonderful water, and preserved some in a small phial which the guardian sold him, to carry back to England. The Waldensian said he knew very well that this was the Mamertine prison where Jugurtha died from starvation, and where Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, Sabinus, and Cæparius, accomplices in the conspiracy of Catiline, were strangled by order of Cicero; where Sejanus was put to death by the order of Tiberius, together with Simon, son of Gioras, leader of the Jews, made prisoner by Titus. "I have learned all these things from history; but history does not mention the imprisonment of Saint Peter. History teaches us that this prison was des-



tined for prisoners of state only, but Saint Peter was not such. History tells us that he who entered never came out alive; therefore Peter was not imprisoned here; for, by your own supposition, this was not the place of his death. As to the spring, there is nothing extraordinary in that, for in this street all the houses have water at the same level."

The Waldensian observed, besides, that it was absurd to pretend that there was a miraculous intervention to create this spring merely to baptize the guards; for they could very well have brought water to be baptized, without tempting God by a useless miracle. He remarked that it was impossible that forty-eight prisoners could have been confined in this place, together with Saint Peter and Saint Paul, for want of room. As to the print of the head of the apostle on the wall of the staircase, it was an evident imposture, because the staircase was of modern construction, and formerly they descended into the prison through a hole made in the top, which let in to the prisoners air and a little light.

Upon hearing these reasons, Mr. Manson threw away the bottle he had bought; and as for me, I bit my lips in silence, for I knew not what to reply.

"Well," said I at length, "let us visit the place where Peter was crucified."

"You refer, I presume," said the Waldensian, "to the famous little temple of Bramante at *San Pietro Montorio*; but, my dear Abbé, shall you pronounce of your single authority upon a question, which the most celebrated of your antiquarians have never been able to decide, with regard to the place where Saint

Peter died? Read Bosio, read Arrighi, and numerous others who have written on the martyrdom of Saint Peter, and you will see that many believe they have good reasons for sustaining that the martyrdom of Saint Peter took place on the hill of the Vatican; others, between the Vatican and the Janiculum; others, finally, at the foot of the Janiculum; and there is hardly one who believes that it took place where the little temple of Vignola stands. There is, therefore, no need of our discussing upon this point."

As for me, the farther I went the more I became confused; nevertheless I persevered, having no honest pretext for retiring. We went, therefore, to the church of *Santa Maria della Traspontina*, belonging to the Carmelite fathers.

Having entered the church, I called the sexton to show us the columns of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. I knew very well where they were; but I called the friar, hoping that he would become indignant at the observations made by the Waldensian, and that a dispute might ensue which would release me from my embarrassment. But the very reverse happened. The friar conducted us to the fourth chapel on the left, where two marble columns, leaning against the wall and enveloped in wood, are preserved. An inscription in Latin verse says, "That the two apostles, Peter and Paul, being bound to these two columns, and scourged, the likeness of our Savior, which is on the altar, appeared, and spoke to them for a long time to console them in their affliction."

The Waldensian smiled. The friar, turning round, said,

"It seems you do not believe in this inscription?"

"I should like," he replied, "to see some documentary evidence, inasmuch as contemporary history does not mention the incident, and hence it appears to me that it would be levity to recognize this as an authentic monument without any proof. These columns were found in digging to lay the foundations of this church in 1563, fifteen centuries after the death of Saint Peter; who was there, then, to attest the fact? As for the likeness, the imposition is far too gross to be believed, as every body knows that images did not begin to be in use among Christians before the fourth or fifth century."

"You are perfectly right, sir," replied the sexton; "I never believed it either. But what is to be done? Every man must have his trade."

We left the church, and, proceeding a few steps, Mr. Pasquali begged us to enter for a moment into the church of Saint James, called *Scossa Cavalli*. So we went in, and he showed us two blocks of marble.

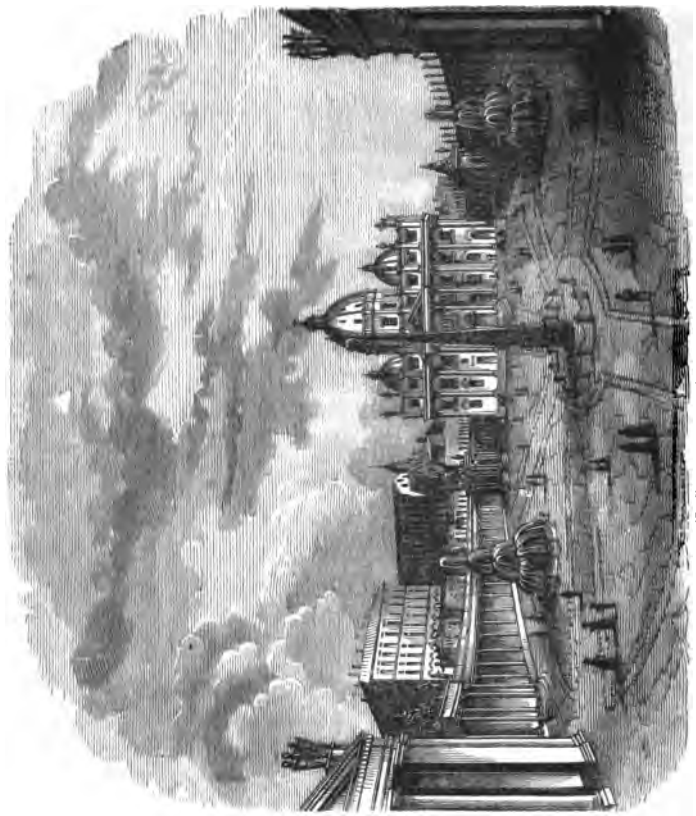
"You recognize this to be Carrara marble, without any manner of doubt. Very well! Now read."

An inscription on these blocks stated that Saint Helen had brought them from Jerusalem; that one of them was the altar upon which Abraham bound Isaac for a sacrifice; upon the other, the infant Jesus was placed when he was circumcised.

"Observe," he added, "what confidence you can place upon the monuments preserved in Rome."

My discouragement was increasing more and more, and I prayed in my heart to the Virgin Mary and the holy apostles that they would come to my aid.





CHURCH OF SAINT PETER AT ROME.

Finally, we reached Saint Peter's. As we entered the church, the Waldensian said,

"Since we have spoken of columns, I want to show you one. Whoever has read the Bible knows that the famous Temple of Solomon was burned by Nebuchadnezzar, and that Zerubbabel began building a second one on the plan of that of Solomon. I refer now only to the plan. Well, come and see."

Then he conducted us to the chapel *Della Pieta*, and showed us a column with a marble inscription, which stated that this was a column of the Temple of Solomon, which Jesus leaned upon when he preached in the Temple. Then turning toward me, with grave composure, he said,

"What think you of this, Mr. Abbé?"

I was overwhelmed; nevertheless, I gathered courage, and led the way to the magnificent altar of the cathedral. This superb monument is placed at the end of the church, opposite the principal door. Four colossal bronze statues, each twenty-four palms high, sustain lightly, and as if in triumph, the pulpit of Saint Peter, covered with metal, gilded and splendidly sculptured. The four colossal statues represent two doctors of the Latin Church, Saint Ambrosius and Saint Augustine, and two of the Greek Church, Saint Athanasius and John Chrysostom. A group of angels, playing in the midst of gilded clouds, surrounds a dove—symbol of the Holy Ghost—represented in the stained glass of a great elliptical window.

This work is so truly magnificent that Mr. Sweetman, who saw it for the first time, was lost in admiration.

Mr. Manson said,

“I hope Mr. Pasquali has nothing to say against this noble monument.”

“We have good reason to believe,” replied the Waldensian, with his accustomed coolness, “that this pulpit, supported by four doctors of the Church, and annually worshiped upon a special anniversary of its own, is the chair of Soliman, calif of Babylon, or of Saladin, sultan of Jerusalem.”

Unable to brook such a sacrilegious insult, I could have struck this impudent heretic, but I was seized with a sort of convulsion; my friends brought me home in a carriage, and I was compelled to take to my bed.

To-morrow I shall narrate to you the rest of this adventure.

## FIFTH LETTER.

Rome, January, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I resume my account of these transactions where I left off yesterday. The morning after the accident that happened to me in the Church of Saint Peter, I received a note from the Waldensian. I transcribe it here to give you another evidence of my frankness, and to show further that I conceal nothing from you, not even matters unfavorable to myself, but that I open my heart to you as to a brother. Here, then, is the Waldensian's letter :

“Mr. Abbé, the accident of yesterday has greatly afflicted me. I admit that I went a little too far ; in speaking to a sincere Catholic like yourself, I should have been more cautious ; therefore I beg you to pardon me if I have wounded your feelings by the tone of my remarks. Yet, although these remarks may have seemed severe to you, this in no way modifies the truth of the fact. I said that I had reasons for believing that this venerable chair, placed on the altar, whose anniversary festival is celebrated on the 18th of January, which is called the “Feast of the Chair of Saint Peter, first Pope, and first Bishop of Rome,” was the chair of Soliman, sultan of Babylon, or of Saladin, sultan of Jerusalem. Now I desire, Mr. Abbé, to give you my reasons for this belief.

“In the first place, I can not persuade myself that

D



the humble Saint Peter ever possessed a chair of this kind for himself. I can not suppose that for the sake of a chair he would have transgressed the express command of Jesus (Matt., xx., 25-27). I honor Saint Peter too much to believe him a prevaricator and a liar. He says himself in his first Epistle, chap. v., v. 1, that he is only an elder like those whom he is addressing—*συμπρεσβύτερος*. Observe this, I pray you: how is it possible to believe that he could have desired to possess a throne peculiar to himself in direct contradiction of his own words? But tell me, if you please, where he kept this chair? In his house? But why, of all his furniture, have they only preserved this chair? Perhaps you will say that this was his official chair in the church; but I have already proved to you that in those days there were no churches, and we see in the Acts and in the Epistles of the apostles that divine service was performed from *house to house*. You will certainly not pretend that Saint Peter proceeded from house to house, dragging his chair after him!

“But suppose for a moment (which is far from being proved) that Saint Peter was really in Rome, and that he even had a distinct chair to sit upon when officiating in church, I will ask you who preserved this chair? Certainly not the Christians, for it was not until the fourth century that they began to adore relics. These are the reasons which prevent me from believing this chair to have been the one used in divine service by Saint Peter. Add to this the principal argument drawn from the Bible and from history, both of which concur to establish the fact that Saint Peter never was in Rome, and you will be convinced

of the justice of my reasons for not having faith in this chair.

“I will not obstinately maintain, what excited so highly your displeasure, that this chair may have belonged to a Moslem. I said this on the authority of Lady Morgan, who states, in the fourth volume of her work on Italy: ‘The sacrilegious curiosity of the French [while they occupied Rome in the beginning of this century] broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of Saint Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. The inscription was faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mohammedan faith—“There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.”

“I can not vouch for the truth of Lady Morgan’s assertion, but all attempts to refute it have hitherto been puerile and inconclusive. Perhaps you know what is considered by many as the most witty and satisfactory reply; it is, that the chair in question can not have belonged to a Turk, because Turks do not use chairs. Every one knows, however, that if the Turks do not sit upon chairs, strictly speaking, yet they have richly-decorated stools, on which they place cushions for seats. Examine, then, this famous chair, and if it proves to be one of ordinary form, we will acknowledge that Lady Morgan may have been mistaken.

“You know, Mr. Abbé, that I am exceedingly fond of the good Benedictine historian, Tillemont. He was a scholar, a monk, and an honest Catholic; therefore you can not disapprove of his testimony. Well, Tillemont did not believe, any more than I do, that this was

Saint Peter's chair. 'They pretend,' says Tillemont, 'that the episcopal chair of Saint Peter is at Rome, and Baronius says that it is of wood. In spite of this, many persons who have seen the one which it was intended to place solemnly on the altar in 1666, state positively that it is of ivory; that its ornaments are not more than three or four hundred years old, and that the incrustations represent the twelve labors of Hercules.' So much for Tillemont.

"You will object that Tillemont is contradicted by Baronius. I might reply that it is for you and not for me to reconcile these two writers; but I have a better reply to make. I recollect to have read in my youth a little story which explains all this.

"Cardinal Baronius having observed to Pope Clement VIII. that the chair exposed for the veneration of the faithful as the chair of Saint Peter was not the identical one, as it could not well be presumed that the labors of Hercules would have been carved on the chair of the holy apostle, the Pope agreed to these reasons; but as it was of the utmost importance that there should be a chair, he substituted for the wooden chair one of Gothic form, and it is to this chair that Baronius refers. But sixty years after the death of this cardinal, Alexander VIII., having built the famous altar of the Cathedral, was undecided which of these to place in it; not the former, because of the labors of Hercules, nor the latter, on account of its Gothic form, for the Gothic was unknown in apostolic times. Then the good Pope Alexander VIII. recollected that there existed in the depository of relics a chair or stool, the gift of one of the first Crusaders,

and, to cut the matter short, he had that one placed there.

“As for this, a chair is but a chair, my dear Mr. Abbé, and, being a secondary point, it is unworthy such great consideration. I have followed you with docility wherever you have chosen to lead me. Now I beg you will allow me to be your guide to-morrow; but henceforth I promise not to engage in another controversy. I must inform you that Mr. Manson has dismissed his servant, whom I discovered to be a spy of the Jesuits. Adieu, then, till to-morrow.

“Yours, PASQUALI.”

These last words produced upon me a magical effect. I understood at once how my master had become acquainted with all my movements and discussions. This method, which appeared to me so unworthy, irritated me so much that I resolved never to be led again blindfold by the fathers.

On the other hand, the letter of Mr. Pasquali showed that I had been badly advised in my discussions. Why not allow me to choose for myself the proper monuments to be visited? Why designate such questionable ones? Why forbid any discussion on the Bible? These reflections decided me to accept the invitation of the Waldensian, and I resolved to free myself entirely from my dependence on the Jesuits, so far as this debate was concerned.

The next day my three friends called for me. “To-day,” said the Waldensian, “we will visit some of the monuments which bear witness to the truth of God’s Word;” and he conducted us, first, to the Arch of Titus.

This invaluable relic of ancient history and art stands at the entrance of the road called by the Romans the *Sacred Way*. It is a triumphal monument erected by the Senate and Roman people to Titus on the occasion of the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish nationality.

“There,” said the Waldensian, “is the class of sacred antiquities that I admire, in preference to those that the disciples of Dr. Pusey run after with such enthusiastic ardor.”

“Pardon me,” said Mr. Manson, “ecclesiastical antiquities should not be depreciated.”

“I do not depreciate them, but I put them in their proper place. They are of great value to history, and, rightly viewed, they show the date of the introduction of the various changes and abuses effected in the religious system. But to make these antiquities an argument in theology or a rule of faith is, in my humble opinion, an excess of folly. If a thing must be true because it is ancient, it would follow, as regards religion, that paganism, the most ancient, is the most true. We shall be judged by the Gospel, and not by antiquities. The antiquities which should be an object of research for the Christian are such as prove the truth of the Bible.”

Then he demonstrated that this monument was a proof of the divinity of the Word of God, as well for the Jews as for unbelievers.

“Let them read,” said he, “the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, the twenty-fourth of Saint Matthew, the thirteenth of Saint Mark, and the nineteenth of Saint Luke, and then show them this monument

constructed by the pagans, who were wholly ignorant of these prophecies, and let them deny, if they can, the truth of the Word of God."

From the Arch of Titus we passed on to the neighboring Palatine Hill, to visit the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars.

"This," said the Waldensian, "is an exceedingly fine monument of ecclesiastical antiquity. These ruins are the remains of two great libraries, the one Greek and the other Latin, where all the works of antiquity were gathered, and which Pope Gregory L., called the Great, gave to the flames."

Then he pointed out the portion of these edifices constructed by Augustus; the part called by the name of Tiberius; that of Caligula, and that of Nero.

"It is written," said the Waldensian, with solemnity, "'The dwelling-place of the wicked shall come to naught.' This is the dwelling of those that were called *Gods*, who styled themselves *eternal*; but HE who reigns in the heavens laughed at them; for, having given to his Son all nations as an inheritance, he broke the proud with a rod of iron, and dashed them in pieces like a potter's vessel (Psalm ii.). These foundations, the only remains of the palace of those who called themselves the masters, attest the truth of this word, "There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord." (Proverbs, xxi., 30.)

The serious and earnest feeling depicted upon the countenance of this man was very striking and attractive. Mr. Manson remained silent and thoughtful; Mr. Sweetman listened and appeared much gratified; and as for me, I was constrained to respect the man whom,

the evening before, I was inclined to maltreat. Yesterday, indeed, I saw in him only an adversary and a heretic attacking my religion ; but now he was a man expressing himself on religious subjects in the most truthful and impressive manner. But, in spite of his respectable character, Mr. Pasquali is nevertheless a lost and ruined man, since he is in error. This thought excited in me great compassion, and revived my zeal for his conversion.

From hence we went to the Amphitheatre of Flavius, commonly called the Coliseum. You know that Vespasian, after the destruction of Jerusalem, built an amphitheatre, the most vast and magnificent ever erected, capable of containing one hundred thousand spectators ; it served for the games of gladiators and combats of beasts ; then, by a miracle of art, this vast arena was instantly converted into a lake, upon which flotillas of galleys engaged in fighting ; this was called a *naumachia*. You know, besides, that, during the times of the persecutions, Christians were exposed here to be devoured by ferocious beasts. To-day this amphitheatre is converted into a holy place. A large cross is planted in the centre of the arena, and around it there are fourteen small chapels, where fourteen scenes from the Passion of our Lord are represented ; and this is called the *Via Crucis* (the way of the cross). The faithful come hither to pray ; and where formerly nothing was heard but the roaring of lions, the lamentable cries of victims, and the ferocious applause of a brutal populace, is heard to-day only the pathetic song of the believers celebrating the death of the immaculate Lamb of God.

Scarcely had we entered this vast edifice, when Mr. Pasquali seemed absorbed in a deep reverie. We looked at him in silence. After a few minutes he shook off this reverie, but still was much affected.

“Oh! dear friends,” said he, “how can I express the thoughts that crowd upon me at the sight of this monument! Its builder was but the instrument of the divine judgments upon a people rebellious to their God. The edifice itself is a memorial of the ruin of this people: it was a nation reduced to slavery that labored with their own hands to construct it, and thus raised a mute witness to their crime and its appropriate chastisement.

“A Christian, Gaudentius, was the architect of this edifice; and it would seem as though God had inspired him with this beautiful idea, in order that, as no human genius had before conceived any thing so fair, so symmetrical, so glorious, even thus there should be nothing to equal it in after days.”

Then he described the horrors of the games of the gladiators, the ferocity of the Roman people applauding these massacres, the imperturbable calmness of those monsters called emperors who were present at these butcheries. Next he proceeded to recount the combats of the martyrs, and in colors so lively that tears flowed from the eyes of each. After that, full of a new enthusiasm, he cried out,

“Oh! holy religion of Christ! here thou hast triumphed in thy blood! here thou hast manifested thy divine power to the whole world! But when the Cæsars persecuted thee no longer, when they endeavored to share their throne with thee, then, like Joseph,

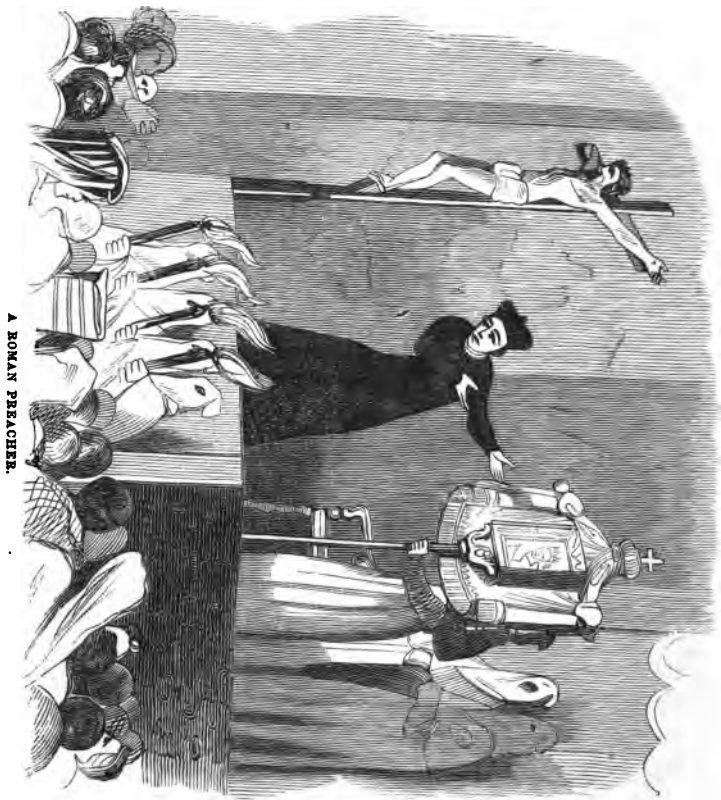


thou didst flee, leaving only thy mantle; but despotism, vice, and fanaticism—an infernal triumvirate—taking hold of this mantle, clothed themselves therewith to reign in thy name.”

We were admiring the language, the tone, and, still more, the ideas of this remarkable man, when a monotonous sound was heard at the entrance of the amphitheatre which interrupted him.

It was Friday; and we now saw approaching us a procession of persons covered with loose gray robes; their heads and faces also covered by a hood of the same material, through which two holes had been made to enable them to see. This procession, preceded by a cross, followed by a barefooted Franciscan brother, and by a multitude of women, came to the Coliseum, singing the praises of the cross, and stopping to pray before each of the fourteen chapels.

Mr. Manson and Mr. Sweetman turned to me to ask an explanation of this procession and their costume. I replied that it was a pious brotherhood who visited the *Via Crucis* every Friday and every Sunday. We paused a moment; the friar mounted one of the ruins; his colleagues formed a half circle around him, and the people gathered behind. We remained at some distance, but near enough to hear what was said, and the friar commenced his discourse; but his address was so full of silly and absurd remarks that Mr. Manson was shocked, while the Waldensian, happily, was too much absorbed in his own reflections to hear what was said; so we left the amphitheatre. On returning home, Mr. Pasquali asked us if we were satisfied with our visit. We replied that we were; but I added that



A ROMAN PARAGHER.



this manner of proceeding with our discussion by means of the monuments was rather too long. On the other hand, I desired to convince Mr. Manson of his error, and consequently I proposed to resume our discussion.

“Very well,” replied the Waldensian; “but neither Mr. Sweetman nor I ought to be excluded, and the more because all four of us differ in our religious opinions. The reverend Abbé is a Roman Catholic; Mr. Manson belongs to what is called in England the High-Church party, otherwise the Oxford School; Mr. Sweetman is a member of the Anglican Church; and I of the primitive Christian Church. The aim of our discussion being not to sustain this or that church, but to seek together the truth wherever it may be found, the aid of each is necessary. What do you, gentlemen, think of this?”

We all agreed, accepted the proposition, and resolved to commence the discussion as soon as possible.

I admit to you, my dear Eugene, that this Waldensian enchanted me; he is a scholar, yet makes no show of his learning; he is a man of austere virtue, yet without affectation. The only reproach to be made against him is the error he is in; but I hope, with God’s help, to undeceive him. In my next letter I will relate to you our first discussion. Adieu.

## SIXTH LETTER.

Rome, February, 1847.

DEAR EUGENE,—I have regretted my promise to narrate to you fully and frankly our discussions. I fear lest I may injure you, and confirm you in your errors; but I have promised, and will keep my promise. Only I beg you, before passing a definitive judgment on the debate, to wait until it be terminated, since, as one single letter can not contain the entire discussion, it might happen that the arguments of my adversaries should be given therein without my replies, and you ought to await these before forming an opinion.

As the day for the discussion was not yet fixed, I took care not to be seen by Mr. Manson for several days.

In this delay I had two motives: the first was to prepare myself for the combat; and the second, the hope that something might turn up which would exclude the Waldensian from the debate, in which case I proposed to myself to take Mr. Manson alone, and discuss with him the disputed points, convert him, and withdraw from the debate honorably.

I deliberated day and night upon this matter; less, however, about the discussion than about some means for excluding the Waldensian.

While I was in this state of perplexity, the mistress

of the house came to my room, and, with all imaginable politeness, gave me to understand that I must vacate it within three days.

In vain I endeavored to learn the reason for this sudden ejection from the house. I could get nothing from her but that she was obliged to obey.

I imagined then, without, however, being certain of it, that the Jesuits, who had placed me in this house, had ordered her to put me out. I immediately engaged a room in a convent, and left my old quarters the next day, so that Mr. Pasquali, having called on me, no longer found me there, nor could he find out whither I had gone.

At the college, also, I observed a great change in the conduct of my professor. He no longer paid me any attention, except from time to time, when he directed some sarcasm against the friends of heretics, and against such as, not having finished the course of their theological studies, nor having received any mission, still permitted themselves to dispute with heretics. On such occasions he cast a malignant glance toward me. All this irritated and disturbed me, and I determined never to mix again in a discussion.

One evening, as I was alone, I heard a knock at my door. I opened, and beheld my three friends.

“Poor Abbé,” said the Waldensian to me, shaking me affectionately by the hand, “you are watched closely, and your good fathers, the Jesuits, would like to hinder your discussing with us. It is for this very reason that we have followed you up; but fear nothing. We have come to make two propositions; you may choose whichever you prefer. The first is to

continue, or, rather, to commence our debates either at your room, or at any preferable place, on the days and at the hours which will be least likely to compromise you; and the second is to release you from your promise, if you desire it; but I would have you reflect that, if you choose this latter proposition, we shall have the right to infer that both you and your friends, the Jesuits, dread the consequences of a discussion which you have provoked."

I accepted the proposal to discuss under the prudent terms proposed, that is, that one evening we should meet at my house, and the next at some other place, to prevent suspicion.

The Waldensian desired that we should commence our discussion with the doctrine of justification by faith, and that of grace, which he called the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. To tell the truth, this doctrine of justification is the most obscure of all in our theology, and I was not much disposed to commence our discussion with this; so I proposed the primacy of the Pope; for, thought I, once this point agreed upon, Catholicism must be admitted; but if the primacy of the Pope be excluded, Catholicism falls. After some objection, my proposal was accepted.

Then the Waldensian, rising from his chair, said, "We ought to pray for the assistance of the Holy Spirit before commencing;" and he invited me to make a prayer.

I excused myself, saying we were not accustomed to extemporaneous prayer. Then he turned toward Mr. Manson, who replied that he had not his prayer-book with him.

“The prayer-book of a Christian,” said the Waldensian, “is a regenerate heart.”

Then raising his eyes toward heaven, and joining his hands, he uttered a prayer so fervent and affecting that it drew tears from my eyes. This prayer filled me with astonishment. How, thought I, can a heretic pray with so much faith and fervor? How dare he invoke the name of Jesus Christ with so much confidence?

As for me, who only knew the Protestants from books and from what I had heard my masters say of them in their lessons and sermons, I was quite at a loss how to understand this man.

The prayer ended, Mr. Pasquali observed that, as we proposed simply to seek the truth, and not the obstinate defense of any particular system, he thought it best for each one to express his ideas on the question proposed, and then to consult the Bible to find the truth.

Then beginning, I remarked that Jesus Christ had appointed Saint Peter chief and prince of the apostles; that he had constituted him his vicar, and appointed him the visible head of the Church. I added that the dignity of Saint Peter was not purely personal, but that it was transmissible to his successors; that thus the Bishop of Rome, being the successor of Saint Peter, possessed the same prerogatives as Christ had accorded to Peter, that is to say, *primacy and infallibility*.

“I agree,” said Mr. Manson, “with what has been said on the primacy of the Pope, and I admit that the Bishop of Rome possesses the apostolic succession; I



would even willingly recognize him as the visible head of the Church, if his authority were not absolute, but limited by the ecclesiastical canons. As to his *infallibility*, I never can admit that, because ecclesiastical history furnishes us with the proof that many popes have erred."

"As for me," said Mr. Sweetman, "I can not admit so much; in matters of religion I only recognize the authority of the Bible and that of the Church. The Bishop of Rome is a bishop like any other; he may be the primate of Italy, but in no wise that of the Church. There would be no inconvenience, perhaps, in granting to the Bishop of Rome an honorary primacy, but a primacy in fact, never! The authority of the Church is vested wholly in the episcopacy."

The Waldensian hereupon drew a Bible from his pocket, and said,

"For my part, I have no system in regard to this question. I believe that, in religious matters, systems often lead to error; so I confine myself simply and purely to the Word of God."

After this preamble, he said that the Bible appeared to him to teach four things on this question, namely: 1st. That Jesus Christ had established a perfect equality among the apostles; 2d. That he had formally excluded every idea of superiority between them. 3d. That the apostles never recognized any superiority in Saint Peter; 4th. That Jesus Christ was alone the head of his Church.

"1. I have said," he continued, "in the first place, *that Jesus Christ had established a perfect equality among his apostles.* Follow me in the reading of the

Bible, and you will see the proof in the following words: 'And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world' (Matthew, xxviii., 18-20; Mark, xvi., 15; and John, xx., 21-23). 'Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.'

"In these passages not a single word is addressed to Peter personally; they are to all and for all, even the right to bind and loose.

"Let us pass on to another sort of proof. We read the following in Acts, viii., 14: 'The apostles having learned that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John.' If Peter had been the chief of the apostles, he would have sent them, and would not have been sent by them. He says himself (1 Pet., v., 1): 'The elders which are among you I exhort, who am *also an elder*.' Would he have used such language if he had had any authority over them? Perhaps you will say that he spoke thus from humility; but does humility authorize a lie?

"Finally, let us see if Saint Paul differs in this matter from Christ and Peter. In the first place, he speaks thus of himself (2 Cor., xii., 11): 'For in nothing am

I behind the very chiefest apostles.' And in Galat., ii., 9, 'James, Cephas, and John gave to me the right hands of fellowship.' And as to Peter, Paul resists him openly (Galat., ii., 14). It appears to me that these are superabundant proofs of the perfect equality of the apostles.

"2. But let us consider whether Jesus Christ has not formally forbidden such supremacy. If we read Saint Matthew, chap. xvii., 15, 17, we will see that, far from the Church being subordinate to the apostles, or the apostles to one of their number, on the contrary, they were all dependent on the Church, that is to say, upon the body of believers. Farther, could Christ express himself more clearly than he does in Matt., xx., 25-27? Listen: 'Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'

"But," he added, "with me, the most decisive passage is that of Saint Matthew, xxiii., 8-11: 'But be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters, for one is your master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant.' Who dares, after that, to speak of the supremacy of Saint Peter as authorized by Christ?"

Here Mr. Manson would fain have spoken in sup-

port of the supremacy, basing his argument on the antiquity of its recognition; but the Waldensian, by appropriating to himself the argument, sustained that, if antiquity created a right and title, the Bible, being more ancient than the usage, was entitled to the highest credence.

“3. My third assertion,” continued Mr. Pasquali, “being negative in character, ought to be proved by negative testimony, and not a single passage in the Bible refers to or mentions this supremacy. If it had been held as a doctrine—if it had been a dogma—who sooner than the apostles should have proclaimed and taught it? Saint Paul mentions twice what is called the hierarchy (1 Cor., xii., 28, and Eph., iv., 11), but he makes no allusion to any supremacy. But what would you think of a professor who, in delivering a course on the solar system, should forget to mention the sun?”

“4. As to my fourth proposition,” he added, “I have no need to make quotations. Whoever knows the Bible, whoever has studied the teachings of Christ, knows that he alone is the head of the Church, as taught from the beginning to the end. Yet I will point out a few of the clearest passages on this subject, namely, Eph., i., 22, 23; Eph., iv., 16; Col., i., 18.” He read these to us, and was about to cite others, when I interrupted him to say it was useless; that no one denied that Christ was the head of the Church, but that none of these passages excluded the idea of the supremacy of the Pope. Christ, indeed, is the head of the Church, but he is in heaven in glory, and the Pope holds his place on the earth.

To a visible Church a visible head is necessary ; call him the substituted or secondary head, this matters little, but he is always a head.

Mr. Pasquali rejoined that our object was now not to dispute, but to seek the truth in the Bible, and he defied any one to find a single word that could authorize the Pope to call himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Manson, founding his argument on the belief of the primitive Church, quoted Irenæus ; but Mr. Pasquali, interrupting him, said, “The primitive Church is the Church of the Bible—the Church of apostolic times ; and if you should succeed in demonstrating by your authority the existence of an authority opposed to that of the Bible, you will only have shown an ancient error, and nothing more.”

However dissatisfied I might be with the conduct of the father Jesuits toward me, I could not help thinking what one of them had told me, that when a Protestant argues from the Bible he will no longer listen to reason, and I would have been delighted to see Mr. Manson join in the contest ; but he remained silent, and Mr. Pasquali continued thus :

“There is nothing new under the sun ; even in the time of Saint Paul the mystery of iniquity commenced, and he appeared to have foreseen this invention of the scholastics when he wrote to the Ephesians (v. 23): ‘The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church.’ What do you think ? Could you say the husband is the *principal* head, and the wife the *secondary* head ?

“Does it not signify rather that as the husband is the *sole* head of the wife, so Christ is the *sole* head of

the Church? But see what he says further, 1 Cor., iii., 11: 'For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' And, to allow no error to creep in, he designated by what title Peter formed a part of the edifice (Gal., ii., 9). He was a pillar of this Church, but only a pillar, and nothing more or less, as were also James, John, and the other apostles."

As I wanted to study the question more closely before risking myself in a controversy of this nature, I seized the pretext of the lateness of the hour, and that the convent would soon be closed, to proceed no farther. Having, therefore, fixed upon the hour of meeting for the next day, we separated.

As soon as the gentlemen were gone, I felt the need of counsel and support; but as I could no longer have recourse to my master, I thought I would address myself to the teacher of theology in the convent where I lived; so I went to his room. I laid before him the whole case from the beginning; and he, after having thought over it, replied,

"The remedy is very easy; complain of the Waldensian at the Inquisition, and the holy tribunal will get you out of this affair."

I was seized with horror at the mere idea; but the teacher sustained that the Waldensian, being an Italian, was under the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, and that I was obliged in conscience to denounce him; he added, "He is a dogmatizing heretic; you ought absolutely to denounce him, otherwise you run the risk of being denounced yourself."

I passed the entire night without closing my eyes,

so great was my agitation ; I would rather endure any thing than commit a bad action ; and to denounce Mr. Pasquali, to have him thrown into prison, appeared to me an act of horrible perfidy. On the other hand, I said to myself, If it is true that I ought in conscience to accuse him under the penalty of committing a mortal sin, ought I not to do it however much it may cost me ?

As soon as morning came, I returned once more to the good father, to come to a better understanding about this matter.

“My son,” said he, “I will do you no injury, but perhaps some one else may denounce you. You are a stranger, unacquainted with Rome, and you have been conversing with Protestants as if you were at Geneva : here it is an entirely different thing.”

“But,” I replied, “I can not believe that I have committed a crime that could be denounced to the Inquisition in endeavoring to convert three Protestants.”

“My dear friend, you judge of matters as if you were in your own country. There, where the holy Catholic religion is not dominant, the Church can not put forth all her energies ; but here, although she adapts herself somewhat to the times in which we live, yet she exercises her laws and rights. And do you know what laws can be applied to your case ? They are these : The holy Church has the right to dispose of her missionaries and to make proselytes every where, because truth resides in her alone. She may manifest and propagate her doctrines, but if a heretic seeks to spread his doctrines, the holy Church has a right to chastise him, and Catholics are under

the obligation of denouncing him, especially if the heretic is hardy enough to propagate his opinions in a place where there exists a holy tribunal of the Inquisition. The holy tribunal then is governed by the counsels of prudence; if the heretic be an Englishman or Frenchman, he is quietly sent away by means of the police; if he be a Swiss, or belong to some other nation little to be feared, then use is made of all the holy rigor of the law. Thus you see your case is quite serious, and especially so in these times, when Pius IX. has commanded the holy tribunal to act with the utmost severity; and since his elevation to the papal chair the prisons have become pretty nearly filled again."

"But, my father," said I, "Canon T., secretary of the vicar-cardinal, has authorized me to discuss with these Protestants."

"Canon T.," added the master, "is a good man, but he is ignorant of the laws of the Inquisition; as for that, do as you like, but recollect I have warned you."

Dear Eugene, I can not have faith in what this father told me; I believe he only did it to terrify me. No, no, it is not possible that the holy Catholic Church, which is a mother full of love for her children, can nourish such unjust and cruel sentiments.

Perceiving soon that this priest received me unwillingly when I sought counsel from him, I determined to continue my discussion without asking advice, or mentioning it to any one. So I went to the appointed place. But my sheet is filled, and I will tell you the rest in my next. Adieu.

HENRY.

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## SEVENTH LETTER.

Rome, February, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—We were to have met in the house of Mr. Manson the evening following our first conversation; but, recollecting that I lived in a convent, and that I ran the risk of staying out too late to return, I went a little after midday to Mr. Manson's to excuse myself, and to choose another hour for our meeting.

I found the three friends together. They were exceedingly glad to see me, and proposed my accompanying them upon a quiet promenade where we could continue peaceably our conversation.

We were then in the height of the Carnival; but you have no idea what Rome is in Carnival, and I admit that to us strangers it is very shocking. The excessive dissipation displayed at the theatres and balls, the races, the carriages and masquerades, cause the ruin of a great many families; and the orgies and debauchery during these days destroy the health of great numbers of persons.

I will tell you how the Carnival is passed in Rome.

At one o'clock the bell of the Capitol gives the signal permitting persons to go out masked. Soon after, the streets are inundated with a masked population, in the most fancy costumes, giving themselves up to every folly. At sunset the horse-races take place, and prizes of considerable value are given to the victor.

This race is presided over by the Roman Senate with great solemnity. The shadow of that Senate, at whose decrees formerly the world trembled, is reduced to-day to awarding a prize to the triumphant racer!

The race finished, the people pursue their bacchanalian orgies in the taverns, cafés, and streets, while the aristocracy go to dinner. Two hours later the theatres are opened, and at midnight, soon after the play, the public balls commence. These balls are called here "conversazioni," and they last till daylight. Then all go home to sleep till noon, and the next day they begin again.

Thus the eight days of the Carnival are spent in Rome.

To tell you the truth, what shocked me particularly was to see the clergy take part in these amusements. I do not mean to say that ecclesiastics go into the street masked; if one of them does so, he is reprimanded; but during the Carnival there are theatrical performances and balls in almost all the nunneries; and in nearly all the colleges there is a theatre which is attended by priests, monks, bishops, and cardinals.

To us, who are accustomed to the serious habits of our country, these things appear both strange and culpable, but here they are looked upon as very innocent.

But let us return to the point in question. To escape from this tumult and whirl, we went out of the city by the Porta Pia. This beautiful resort is absolutely deserted during Carnival; you may, perhaps, meet some old cardinal or solitary Jesuit. However, to be still less interrupted in our discussion, we entered the magnificent Villa Patrizzi, and seated ourselves in the

open square opposite this palace, which is inhabited during the holidays.

"Gentlemen," said the Waldensian, "before commencing our discussion, let us first pray;" and, taking a Bible from his pocket, he stood up, and, uncovering his head, read from chapter xi. of Saint Luke, from the 9th to the 13th verse, and, after a short meditation on the subject, made a fervent prayer in calling the Holy Spirit to our aid, which affected me profoundly. Oh! what a rich acquisition he would be for us, if this man could be attracted to our holy religion!

The prayer ended, the Waldensian asked if there were any passage in the Bible which stated more clearly the truth on the subject discussed yesterday.

Mr. Sweetman said that he had some objections to offer with respect to the authority of the Church; but as this was not the present subject of discussion, he reserved the statement of his objections till the moment came for considering the Church.

"As for the Pope," said he, "I acknowledge him as the Bishop of Rome and nothing more, as I recognize in the same way the Bishop of London."

Mr. Manson said, "No further remarks could be made if the passages cited by Mr. Pasquali were to be interpreted as he pretended. But, since all the fathers of the primitive Church agree in admitting the supremacy of the Pope, one is forced to draw this conclusion—either the whole ancient Church was deceived, or else you are deceived. You can not deny that all the fathers have recognized the primacy of the Pope, neither can you affirm that the whole ancient Church was mis-





ADORATION OF THE STATUE OF SAINT PETER.

taken; therefore you ought to admit that you are in error. Yet let us understand each other. I do not participate in the opinion of the Roman theologians, who extend the privilege of this primacy to making the Pope a second God; I do not, with the primacy, grant infallibility besides."

I was awaiting anxiously the reply of the Waldensian to this argument; but he, turning to me, said,

"And you, Mr. Abbé, have you nothing to oppose to that?"

"I have, it is true, several remarks to add," I replied, "but I should like first to hear your reply to Mr. Manson's argument."

But Mr. Pasquali said,

"As I believe your reasons differ but slightly from those of Mr. Manson, I will reserve my reply, which will serve at the same time for both."

Then I commenced with the celebrated passage of Saint Matthew, chap. xvi., 18, 19: "And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

I observed,

"1. That Christ, in saying 'on this rock I will build my Church,' and at the same time designating Peter, signified that the Church of Christ was founded on Peter—that is to say, that Christ is really the principal foundation or the invisible rock, but that Peter is the visible foundation—that is, the head.

"2. In the same passage the keys of the kingdom

of heaven are promised to Peter only, with full authority to bind and to loose; and I defy the Protestants," I added, "to show me a single passage in which the keys of the kingdom of heaven, which are the symbols of absolute authority, were promised to any other than to Peter alone. Peter, therefore, has received from Jesus Christ the supremacy of his whole Church; 'and why,' observes the Cardinal Bellarmine, 'if, then, these words did not signify the authority given to Peter, why did the Lord address them to him only?'"

I wanted to cite some other passages from the Bible, but the Waldensian interrupted me, and said that, before passing to other subjects, we ought first fully to discuss this one.

"Your first argument on this passage," said he, "is based on the supposition that Peter is the rock on which Christ said his Church should be founded; but this is evidently false, for the New Testament is full of declarations that prove that Christ, and Christ alone, is the stone whereupon his Church is founded. Saint Peter himself declares it openly at two different times: read Acts, iv., 4; 1 Peter, ii., 4, 6.

"Besides, if you place in parallel the 18th and 16th verses of Matt. xvi., where Simon Peter had just replied to this question of Christ's, 'Whom say ye that I am?' 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' you will see that Christ intended to designate himself when he said, 'Upon this rock I will build my Church.'"

I am going to give you his mode of constructing this passage, for it appears to me a novel one. This is his explanation:

He remarked, in the first place, that in *Syriac*, which was probably the language spoken by Jesus Christ, the word *cepha* used by him signifies *a stone*; and Simon, named by Jesus *Cepha*, or, as we say, *Cephas*, should also be translated by *Peter* (stone); and here an ambiguity would have occurred had not the inspired Greek text of the Gospel remedied it.

For, although the Greek word *πέτρος* (*petros*) signifies both *a stone* and the name of *Peter*, and it would have been quite elegant in Greek to say 'Ἐπὶ τούτῳ τῷ Πέτρῳ, that is, *on this Peter*, if our Lord really had had the intention of founding his Church on his apostle; nevertheless, the Evangelist, or the Holy Spirit that directed his pen, desiring that no doubt should remain as to the proper interpretation of this passage, wrote, 'Ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ πέτρᾳ, *and on this stone*, etc.

"This is not my own interpretation," added Pasquali, "but that of a person whose authority none of you will contest; it is by Saint Augustine, who, in his book of *Retractations*, chapter *xxi.*, says, 'This is the reason why Christ did not say to him, *Thou art a stone* (*petros*), but *Thou art Peter* (*Petros*). Christ was the stone, and Simon having confessed that Christ was the Son of God, he was called *Peter*.'"

"Yet," added I, "in other parts of his work Saint Augustine says just the contrary."

"I should like," said the Waldensian, "to have you pay attention, Mr. Abbé, to the peculiar manner in which the Roman theologians act in relation to the fathers. While, on the one hand, they exalt their authority to the highest theological dignity, on the other hand they care little about placing them in contradic-



tion with themselves whenever this suits their purpose.

“We Waldenses, primitive Christians, who only recognize the fathers as simple teachers, subject to error, and only admit their authority in doctrinal matters in so far as they harmonize with the rule of faith, yet respect them more than do the Roman Catholics. For instance, the passage which I quote from Saint Augustine shows that he erred in good faith when he sustained the primacy of Saint Peter, but not that he contradicted himself. The book of Retractations of Saint Augustine ought to be in the hands of every one who desires to engage in controversy.

“This theologian advanced many things in the heat of discussion which later, after a greater maturity of thought, he acknowledged that a Christian ought not to sustain. Then, a little before his death, he composed the book of Retractations, where he withdraws all his errors of doctrine, as in his book of Confessions he deplored the errors of his youth. On this account, the passage which I cited, being extracted from his book of Retractations, is of much the greater weight, being more maturely reflected upon.

“For the same reason, all the other passages of Saint Augustine which can be quoted in favor of the primacy of Saint Peter are annulled by this retraction.”

“Your interpretation,” said Mr. Manson, “is entirely opposed to that of the other fathers.”

“Even if it were so,” replied the Waldensian, “you should remember that we ought not to seek the truth in the fathers, but in the Word of God. Yet I will undertake to show you that such is not the case; but

I can not do it to-day, not having a whole library in my memory. For the moment, let us pursue this interpretation of the Bible by means of the Bible.

“Remark that Jesus had hardly pronounced the words in question when he foretold to his disciples his death close at hand; and Peter, in a transport of zeal which certainly was not according to knowledge, endeavored to dissuade Jesus from this work of redemption. Then Jesus, turning toward him, said, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.’—Matthew, xvi., 23. Suppose that by the preceding words Jesus had really established him head of his Church, what inference must we draw? That Jesus called the first Pope *Satan* at the very moment of his installation, and that the first words of this pope proffered since the conferment of his new dignity drew on him the reproach of Jesus as being a stumbling-block.”

“All this would show,” I replied, “that the promise of Jesus to Peter is without meaning.”

“God preserve me from such a thought,” replied he; “this promise of Jesus Christ is the most precious that he ever made to his Church; it evinces the characteristic by which that Church proves itself to be his own. In effect, Jesus, in promising to build his Church *on this rock*, that is to say, on the absolute confession of his divinity—a confession which proceeds not from a revelation made by flesh and blood, that is to say, from human knowledge, but from a revelation of the Father, that is to say, an entire dependence on the Word of God—in promising this, I say, Jesus prom-

ised that all those who founded themselves on this rock would form the Church of Christ, against whom the gates of hell could never prevail."

"Dear Mr. Pasquali," said Mr. Manson, "I do not adhere entirely to the Roman doctrine, but this passage contains a promise made by Jesus to Saint Peter, and to Peter alone, so that we must conclude either that Jesus did not keep his promise, which would be an impiety, or that Peter really was established, in one sense at least, as the foundation of the Church; I do not pretend as the principal foundation, but at least as the secondary or administering one."

"Let us endeavor to find," continued Pasquali, "but always according to the Bible, what this certain sense is by which you believe Peter was established the foundation of the Church, and then all difficulty will disappear. Is Peter perhaps the basis of the Church in this sense, that it reposes on Peter alone to the exclusion of the other prophets? This is the general sense recognized by Papists; but the Word of God says that the Church is founded on the apostles and the prophets (Eph., ii., 20). Here not only Saint Peter, but all the other apostles, are placed on the same footing as regards the basis of the Church. In what sense, then, could Saint Peter be this foundation? Perhaps that Peter is the principal basis? But that would be a blasphemy, since a sinner would thus be substituted for the Son of God, who has redeemed the Church by his very blood. 'For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ' (1 Cor., iii., 11). There is only one other signification, which is, that Peter was the foundation of the

Church, as James and John, who were also reputed columns of it (Gal., ii., 9), and as were and are the other apostles. Jesus is the corner stone; the twelve apostles are the first twelve stones placed on this foundation. Saint John says (Rev., xxi., 14), 'The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.' In this sense only could Saint Peter call himself the foundation of the Church."

"If this were so," said I, "Jesus would have addressed his discourse to all his disciples, and not to Peter only; but, having addressed it to Peter alone, it is clear that there was question of a privilege which concerned him only."

"I could reply," said the Waldensian, "that Peter having replied in the name of all to the question addressed by Jesus to all the disciples (Matt., xvi., 13), it was on that account that Jesus addressed him concerning that which referred to them all. But perhaps the Abbé and Mr. Manson will prefer the reply made to this question by Saint Cyprian, in his book on the Unity of the Church. 'To manifest unity, Jesus decided by his authority that this unity should commence in one of the disciples. All the other apostles participated in the same honor and power as Saint Peter. But the commencement of this unity must spring from one of them, to show the Church to be *one*;' therefore Jesus addressed his discourse to Peter, to demonstrate that, although the apostles were equal in honor and power, yet their power was *one*, and should be exercised in common, so that the faithful might say we are of Christ, and not of Peter, of Paul, of John, etc."

At this point my face lighted up with joy. I thought I could accuse the Waldensian of bad faith in having mutilated this passage of Saint Cyprian.

“Behold,” said I, “the good faith of the enemies of the Church! They mutilate passages, and omit what would be against them so as to appear to be in the right. Why, Mr. Pasquali, did you not cite what follows in this passage of Saint Cyprian? ‘And the primacy was given to Peter, to prove that there is only one Church of Christ and only one chair.’”

“I hoped,” continued the Waldensian, “that the abbé, for the honor of the cause he sustains, would have kept silent. The words which he has added to the passage of Cyprian may be found in the book of lessons dictated by his professor, and perhaps he will find them in some falsified edition of the same father, but they are a manifest interpolation:

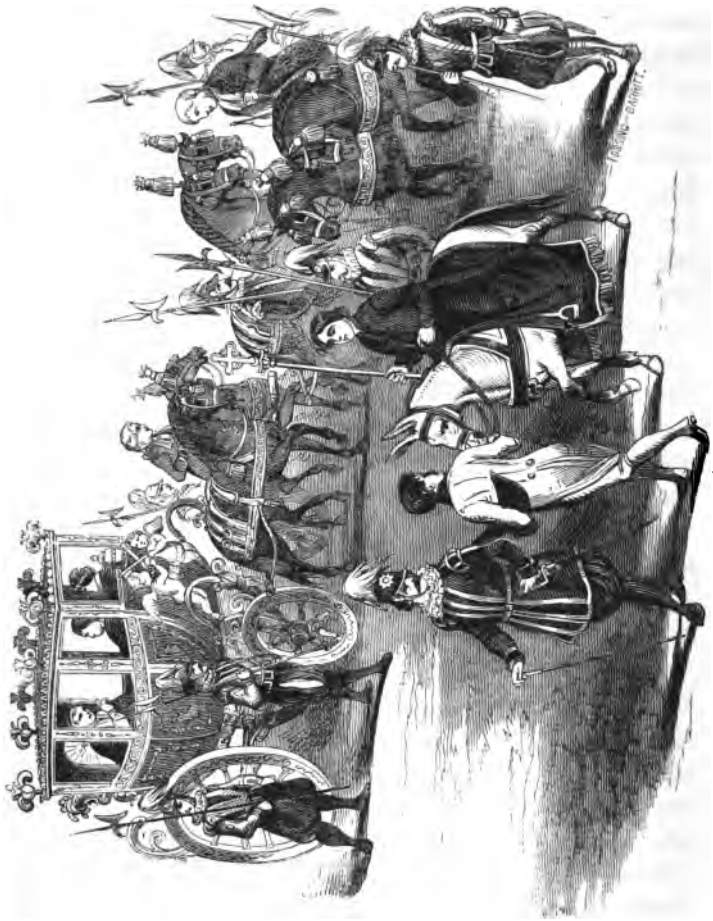
“1st. Because in the most ancient and authentic manuscripts of Saint Cyprian the words are not found.

“2d. They can not be by Cyprian, because they are contrary to the whole aim of his book, designed to demonstrate the unity of the Church only, and not the primacy of Saint Peter—a doctrine of which, as we shall see, he was the declared adversary.

“3d. They are not by Cyprian, because he would not thus have contradicted himself. How, indeed, could Cyprian have said that Peter possessed the primacy, when, only a line above, he said that all the apostles were absolutely equal in honor and power?”

I remained mute at this observation, which took me so much by surprise. My confusion became evident to all, when two of the noble guards on horseback,





THE POPE'S CARRIAGE.

sword in hand and on full gallop, announced the presence of the Pope in the villa.

The Pope had descended from his carriage, and was coming on foot toward the palace. We all stood up the moment he passed before us. I prostrated myself, and the Holy Father had the goodness to permit me to kiss his feet. He cast a glance at my three friends, who remained standing, with heads uncovered, Mr. Manson slightly bowing his head. After the Pope had passed, one of the prelates of his retinue led me aside and inquired who my companions were. I told him they were foreigners and Protestants. He then rejoined the procession.

The Pope entered the palace and went to the billiard saloon, where he began to play with his guards and prelates;<sup>1</sup> but soon one of the guards came and ordered us to leave the villa, and we were obliged to obey.

When we had left the villa, the Waldensian observed to me,

“As I saw you prostrated before the Pope, I recalled to mind a certain passage of the Bible.”

And he opened at the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verses 25 and 26. “And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and worshiped him. But Peter took him up, saying, Stand up; I myself also am a man.” I wanted to reply, but I thought it more prudent to leave these gentlemen, and not be seen in their company. They entered, therefore, into the city by the Gate Pius,

<sup>1</sup> Pius IX., in 1846 and 1847, went often to the Villa Patrizzi to play billiards with his guards and prelates.



while I followed along by the wall, and entered by the Gate *Salara*.

I am not sure that our conferences will be resumed, as we took leave of each other without making a new appointment; but if our discussion does continue, I will inform you immediately.

Believe me always yours affectionately,

HENRY.

## EIGHTH LETTER.

Rome, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—After our last meeting, several days passed without my hearing from the three friends. Finally, one day, I received from Mr. Manson a letter, of which I send a copy :

“MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ,—Since the day we were together at the Villa Patrizzi, a number of very remarkable things have happened, which have greatly embarrassed me, and exercised a powerful influence on my convictions.

“You know that I am no Roman Catholic, but neither am I a fanatical Protestant in my judgment of the state of things in Rome. Now, on the very evening that we separated from you, Mr. Pasquali informed me that the object of his remaining in Rome was to show this metropolis to Mr. Sweetman in a religious point of view.

“‘To-morrow,’ said he, ‘we shall begin our excursions, and we should be delighted to have you join us.’

“I accepted his offer ; and he added that, since we had commenced our discussions with the primacy of the Pope, our excursions should be directed so as to become acquainted with the use the Pope makes of this supremacy.

“The next morning we met, and visited a church, whose name I will not mention for the moment. We

inquired for the curate, an old acquaintance of Mr. Pasquali, and he received us most cordially.

“Mr. Pasquali begged him to accompany us to visit the ecclesiastical congregations; but the curate replied that, this being the last day of the Carnival, every thing was closed. Yet he asked us the object we had in view in desiring to visit them.

“‘We are strangers,’ said Mr. Pasquali, ‘and we are desirous of seeing how the Pope, by means of these congregations, exercises his supremacy.’

“Then the curate inquired of Mr. Pasquali who we were; and being informed, he said, ‘Very well; I see that I can place confidence in you; but at this hour I am accustomed to receive the visits of my congregation. I shall soon be rid of them.’ He invited us, while waiting, to be present at his audience.

“For this purpose we entered a chamber on the ground floor, above which the name *Parrochietta* was written. About fifty men and women of the common people were waiting outside for the audience to commence. A pale and repulsive-looking man stood at the door of the chamber, to introduce, one at a time, the persons without. I asked who this man was, and the curate told me that he was the undertaker of the parish, and joined to the office of burying the dead that of assisting the curate in the quality of a commissioner for things concerning the poor.

“Having entered the chamber, the curate took his seat in a large chair, and begged us to be seated at his side.

“Before opening the audience the sacristan was admitted. He brought a quantity of cards to be signed

by the curate; they were certificates to enable the bearers to obtain pensions or subsidies from certain public funds; certificates of sickness to get permission to eat during Lent, and other similar things. Once rid of the sexton, the parishioners entered in their proper order: one demanded a permission to carry arms prohibited by law; another, to keep a fowling-piece; a third, a certificate to enable him to obtain an office; a fourth, a permission to get a passport; a lady, elegantly dressed in silk, and covered with jewels, demanded the curate to attest her poverty, so that she might gain a process she was engaged in against her husband, and the curate did as he was desired. We looked at each other with astonishment. After the lady had gone, the curate said to us, 'If I had refused the demand of this lady I should have drawn on myself a terrible persecution: she is protected against her husband by Monsignor A., who has encouraged her to separate from him.'

“‘But how can you make a false certificate?’ asked Mr. Pasquali.

“‘In the first place, I could reply,’ added the curate, ‘that my certificate is only a simple formality required by law, and is not prejudicial to any one. In this case, supposing the certificate were false, the telling of an innocent lie to guarantee one’s self from a certain persecution is not a sin, or, if it is one, it is only a venial one. In the second place, I will inform you that we curates have discovered the means of making a false certificate without lying. This is the certificate I made for her: “I, the undersigned, attest that Madame N. is, as far as is known to me, a poor per-

son." By using this formula nothing is risked, since, not possessing evident proof of her riches, I must suppose that what she says of her poverty is true; and, moreover, the principle is recognized among us that a certificate of indigence can be given to the richest persons conscientiously; for the rich man may call himself poor in comparison with one richer than he, and the most wealthy may be but poor in comparison with his desires. As for myself,' he continued, 'I never was a partisan of these doctrines; but what can be done? In Rome, for the least thing a certificate is necessary; if we should refuse it, we should run the risk of being assassinated, which happened lately to three of my friends, and to many others, who got off, however, after being badly beaten.'

"After this he made a sign to the sexton to admit singly the other persons who were waiting.

"I will not enter into the details of the rest of this audience. I will only observe in general that I was greatly shocked.

"For instance, one man had recourse to the curate for the bad conduct of his wife, and wanted him to point out a remedy. A woman complained of the bad conduct of her husband. Another accused her neighbor of having insulted her, and this one, who was present, protested with great earnestness that the first woman lied, and that it was she who had insulted her the first; and they would have come to blows if the sexton had not put them out by order of the curate. A young girl came in tears to accuse her seducer, and begged that he might be obliged to marry her.

"These interviews being ended, the curate conduct-

ed us into his apartment, and there I asked him if these audiences took place every day.

“‘Even twice a day,’ he replied, ‘except on Sundays, when there is only one.’

“Mr. Pasquali having asked him to explain to us the functions of the clergy of Rome, he told us the office of a curate was extremely delicate, for it stands in close relations with all the tribunals, and especially with the vicariate. The tribunal of the vice-cardinal of Rome, called the vicariate, is at once a police court and a tribunal; it inspects the conduct of the priests, and serves as a tribunal for all sorts of abandoned women! The vicariate decides nothing before hearing the curate. To put on the clerical robe, to take holy orders, to be permitted to say mass, a certificate of the curate is required. The curate should secretly give information at the vicar's office once a year respecting the conduct of all the priests who live within the bounds of his parish; and as soon as he knows of a fault committed by a priest or other ecclesiastic, he is obliged to inform against him immediately. When an accusation is made against a priest, no proceedings are commenced till information has been given by the curate. In a word, a curate acts as an agent of the police over priests.

“‘If such is the case,’ said Mr. Sweetman, ‘how does it happen that the culpable immoralities of the priests remain so often unpunished?’

“‘There are two reasons for that,’ said the curate; ‘the first is, that the vicar never proceeds against a priest unless there be scandal, that is, unless the neighbors complain. Consequently, if a priest have at his

house a sister-in-law, or niece, or governess, or if he frequents a house with bad intentions, if he only knows how to gain over his neighbors by money or protection, impose on them by hypocrisy, or make them uneasy in their office or position, the vicar, although acquainted with all this, will nevertheless shut his eyes thereto, so as not to initiate the public in these secret misdemeanors. The second reason is, that many of these complaints are considered as calumnies. For instance, a priest is guardian or administrator for some ward, and he takes a criminal advantage of his position; now, if he is a priest who shows great zeal in religion, then, for the good of religion, the complaint should be stigmatized as a calumny; for what would the people say if they knew that the most zealous priests are sometimes the worst?

“Dear Abbé, you could not well believe the effect that these revelations of the curate had upon me. Mr. Pasquali looked at me in his peculiar way, and the curate continued:

“‘The tribunal of the vicar takes cognizance of the misconduct of all the abandoned women, and of immoralities generally. The prostitutes are within the jurisdiction of the cardinal-vicar, and each curate has a register of all those who live within the limits of his parish.’

“As a proof of this, he took out of a drawer a little register, on which the names of all such women were inscribed in alphabetical order.

“‘When a curate,’ he continued, ‘is tired of one of these women, he has only to denounce her to the vicar, and, if she have not powerful protectors, she is imme-

diately imprisoned or exiled. But she can not be subject to either if the curate does not complain of her.'

“‘But,’ I asked, ‘does the Pope know of these things?’

“‘The Pope,’ he replied, ‘was once a bishop, and knows them even better than I; but we have a principle on which the whole conduct of the tribunal of the vicariat is founded, and which is, as it were, the pivot of our whole system, and it is this: Of two evils, choose the lesser one.’

“‘This principle is impious,’ interrupted Mr. Sweetman; ‘Saint Paul says (Rom., iii., 8) that the condemnation of such as admit it is just.’

“‘As to that,’ rejoined the curate, ‘we must draw a distinction: Saint Paul speaks of those who do evil that good may come; but we do not say that one ought to do evil, but that we may permit it to be done. There is a difference between doing evil and permitting evil to be done.’

“‘Saint Paul says,’ added Mr. Sweetman, ‘that those who approve or permit evil are as culpable as those who do it’ (Rom., i., 32).

“‘The curate did not give himself the trouble to reply to this last quotation, although he appeared considerably embarrassed; but he continued to relate to us that the tribunal of the vicar did not wholly occupy a curate of Rome, but that, besides, he had to do with all the tribunals and congregations; thus no one could obtain employment, a passport, a license, without a certificate of the curate; a sick person can not be admitted into a hospital, a young woman obtain dowry, no individual can visit his parents in prison, no poor man



can obtain relief, nor widow touch the pension due to her on her husband's account—'in a word, our certificate is necessary for all these things. Besides, we must always be ready to answer to the police, to the Inquisition, to the tribunals, when they demand information on any subject.'

“‘But how do you manage,’ I added, ‘to know the conduct of all your parishioners?’

“‘Gentlemen,’ he replied, ‘it is a horrible secret, that I should never have revealed had you not been the friends of Mr. Pasquali. I suffer, gentlemen, under a weight of iniquity that I can no longer support, and I pray to God to show me the way to throw it off. The confessional, gentlemen, is the principal means of police which we make use of. But, note well, it is not our parishioners who confess to us; they are afraid to confess to their curate, so the Roman curate hears fewer confessions than any other priest. But the curate employs seven or eight female devotees within his parish, who are supported by alms which should be distributed to those who are truly poor; and these devotees it is who devotedly act as spies in the parish, and in the morning they come to the confessional of the reverend curate and make their revelations. This is an iniquity, I know, but it is inevitable. If a tribunal should demand any information of you before condemning any one, and you should declare that you knew nothing of the case, or if you should give information of a favorable nature, you would be accused of not doing your duty.’

“‘But when do you fulfill the principal duties of your office as curate, such as preaching, instruction, visiting the poor and sick?’

“Those duties which you call essential are held here to be very secondary.

“*Preaching*, for example: I know in Rome a curate, one of the best and most highly esteemed, who has never preached in his life because of his incapacity. Others preach on certain Sundays in the year, but they have so small an audience that, were it not for some of those devotees, they would have no listeners. We are not free to preach the Word of God. The themes of our discourse, every thing that we may say, and which is always the same, are all marked out beforehand for us in the Roman Catechism. As regards the instruction for Sunday, the children are made to recite from memory for one hour from the catechism of Belarmine.

“As concerns visiting the poor, the deputies of the commission on subsidies are intrusted with that; and as for the sick, the vicar, sexton, and certain priests are paid for performing that duty.’

“Mr. Pasquali until then had not opened his mouth; but now he rose, and, taking the hand of the curate, he said to him,

“I advise you to meditate on the two first verses of the fourth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: “Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.”

“Thus do the men act who are esteemed by us as the true ministers of Christ, and the faithful dispensers of the mysteries of God.’

“After that we bade the curate farewell. I avow

to you, my dear abbé, that our conversation with this curate greatly disconcerted me; but what has still more disgusted me with the Roman system is what I learned from a second conversation, which I will relate to you orally, if you will grant me another interview to continue our discussion. If Rome is really such as it has been depicted to me, I shall cease to admire it.

“Believe me your humble servant,      MANSON.”

What can I say to this, my dear Eugene? Mr. Manson's letter has also strongly shaken my faith in Rome. I assure you I am in a horrible position. I hear a voice crying within me which says, “Thou art in error, and the Waldensian is in the right.” I know that this voice is that of a demon; but I know his power and capacity, and he leaves me neither a day nor an hour in repose. I hope this temptation will pass away, because I feel, in the midst of this trial, that truth is on the side of the religion I profess. I know abuses exist in Rome, but these abuses proceed from men and not from religion; they exist merely in practice, and not in doctrine — the doctrine is holy and true. But what increases my agony is that I have no one to open my heart to except you; but even you, alas! what consolation can you give me?

I replied to Mr. Manson, thanking him for his communication, and begging him to dispense with an interview for the moment, but to please to make use of the post for any further communication.

I can not sustain a discussion for the present. God will give me the strength later. Adieu, dear Eugene.

Your affectionate                      HENRY.





J. M. J. J. J. J.

**A ROMAN FUNERAL.**

## NINTH LETTER.

Rome, March, 1847.

DEAR EUGENE,—Two days after the reception of the letter that I spoke to you about in my last, the post brought me a second one from the same friend, of which the following is a copy :

“SIR ABBÉ,—I should have liked greatly to have conversed with you, in the hope that you could have some good reasons to give me to refute the revelations made by the curate, but your refusal has led me to fear that you have nothing to oppose to them. Nevertheless, I want to inform you of what passed at a second interview which we had with the same ecclesiastic.

“Two days after our first interview we returned again to see him. He was in the sacristy. A disconsolate-looking lady, in a dark dress, was seated before a table on which the curate was writing; the sexton and undertaker stood at his side, and cast glances of intelligence at each other, accompanied by certain repulsive smiles. Seeing the curate occupied, we remained at a distance, when he, laying down his pen, thus addressed the lady, at the same time handing her a paper. ‘This is your account, and be assured that we have treated you with all possible economy.’

“‘Fifty scudi!’ (dollars!) cried the lady; ‘where can a poor widow like me procure them?’

“But, not to enter upon the minute details of this affair, which deeply affected me, I will merely tell you that this poor lady had lost her husband the evening before, and had now come to bargain with the curate for his burial. Our friend the curate passes for one of the most disinterested priests of Rome. Nevertheless, the sum of fifty Roman scudi was a very considerable one for a poor woman to pay down immediately, especially as she had lived until then on the small salary of her husband, who left her no fortune and the charge of six children.

“There the widow stood, with the account of the curate before her, her eyes, filled with tears, fixed on the paper. The sexton and the undertaker were stretching out their necks to find out from the account each one’s share. They observed to the widow that the curate had treated her with exceeding moderation, but the poor woman listened to nothing that was said to her.

“‘Observe,’ said the undertaker, ‘that, for my part, by this death I only get seven scudi when I ought to receive at least ten.’

“‘And the Church,’ said the sexton, ‘only takes about ten; the rest is for the curate and the expenses of the priests and monks; and you ought to be delighted,’ he added, ‘that the curate is so easy with you!’

“As for us, that is, Mr. Sweetman and myself, in spite of our English phlegm, we could no longer contain ourselves. Mr. Pasquali took the lead on this occasion, and, taking the curate aside, he begged him to dismiss this poor lady under some pretext, and to

tell her that he would call on her in an hour and arrange this affair. After that he went out a moment, begging us to wait for him, and in the mean time we went to the curate's apartment.

“When we were alone with him, we begged him to explain to us the funeral system of Rome. He consented, and said, ‘A few hours after the death of a person, the body is brought to the church of the parish. It is on this occasion that certain taxes must be paid to the curate. After the funeral service has been performed in the church, the body is transported at night to the cemetery, where it is buried.’ Wishing to know about this more in detail, he told us, ‘One must admit that this is not the most edifying thing in Rome, but no matter, I will explain it to you as it is.’ And then he informed us that in the Roman Church there is a code called the *Clerical Statutes*, according to which funeral expenses are governed. The Romans, as well as the strangers who die in Rome, are obliged to conform to it, and to follow it exactly in matters of funeral ceremonies.

“If any, from humility or other motives, refuse to go to this expense, then the curate cites him before a tribunal, where he is immediately condemned to pay the price of a funeral, though not performed according to statute, just as if it had been, and in case there are many creditors of the estate, the curate is privileged and has priority. ‘Look,’ he added, ‘at the case of this poor widow, which torments me. I know that she possesses nothing, and is obliged to contract a debt to pay me; but what can I do? If I dispense with payment from her, every body would want to be



exempted, and then what should I do? My colleagues would accuse me of introducing abuses, and I should become involved in great difficulties.'

"At this moment Mr. Pasquali returned, and begged the curate to accompany us in a visit to the congregations which assist the Pope in exercising his supremacy, and the curate, after giving some orders to the sexton, started off with us.

"He conducted us, in the first place, to the *Office of the Secretary of Indulgences*. In the first chamber we found a man putting the seal to permissions of indulgence; the second room was full of pasteboard boxes, containing the original papers of indulgences already granted. Four tables were occupied by as many priests, three of whom were writing permissions, and the fourth one was distributing them on payment. We passed then into another room, where there was a little prelate, who was the substitute of the secretary. This man, being a particular friend of the curate, received us with the greatest politeness, and, knowing we were strangers, he instructed us with the greatest good-humor in all the details of the office. He told us that the sacred congregation of indulgences was composed of many cardinals, but only as a matter of form; that, besides, there was a prelate entitled secretary, but who never paid any attention to the office, which was carried on by his substitute or assistant, and by the official priests. They it is who grant indulgences, privileged altars, the right of blessing crowns, medals, crucifixes, and thousands of objects, to those who ask for them.

"I asked him to explain to us what he meant by

privileged altars. He smiled at my ignorance, and told me that a privileged altar is one upon which a mass being said a soul is immediately delivered from Purgatory, and the benefits of this deliverance go to the profit of the soul for which the mass was said. 'Privileged altars,' he added, 'are of two sorts, the *real* and the *personal*. The *real* is where the privilege is attached to the altar itself, and the *personal* is where the privilege is attached to the person who says mass; so that the priest who possesses a personal privileged altar delivers a soul from Purgatory every where he says a mass.'

"'But,' said Mr. Sweetman, 'a person desirous of possessing this privilege must buy it.'

"'Buy it? No,' replied the assistant; 'they only pay a trifle; but the possessor of it derives great advantage from it, for as soon as it is known that his mass delivers a soul from Purgatory, immediately every one tries to get one of these privileged priests to say their masses, and they pay them more than the others.'

"'Oh! dear Abbé, what can you allege to justify so horrible an abuse? And note that this is not only an abuse, but an error in doctrine the greatest imaginable. What! for a few sous I could buy the right of delivering souls from Purgatory? This is, I think, an unparalleled iniquity. . . . But I continue my recital.

"'Mr. Pasquali asked what method was employed in the sale of indulgences. The assistant replied, 'If a petitioner demands one for himself or family, it is granted without difficulty; but those which appear to be of a public character I refer to his Holiness. For

those granted in perpetuity, and which bring great profits to the Church or to the person to whom they are granted, the secretary makes out the rescript, and sends it to the office of Secretary of Briefs, where a considerable sum is paid, according to the quality of the privilege.

“Mr. Pasquali remarked that, indulgences being things purely spiritual, it appeared to him that to sell them was simony.

“‘Certainly,’ replied the assistant, ‘if indulgences were sold it would be simony; God forbid our having such a thought! It is unjust that Protestants should accuse the holy Church of making money out of every thing. In the first place, indulgences are not sold, but granted gratuitously. What we oblige them to pay for is not the indulgence, but the stamp, the ink, the paper, etc. . . . and as these are material things that we are obliged to buy, so, in good conscience, we may sell them.’

“After this we left the assistant, and, thanking him for his kindness, we walked on toward the office of another secretary.

“On the way the curate informed us that the congregation of the indulgences was united to that of relics, and he invited us to visit the *depôt* or *custodia* of relics.

“We went, therefore, to the old German College, now the Roman Seminary, where the *custodia* is to be found. The first chamber is ornamented with sepulchral stones, with glasses and antique vases, with lamps called eternal lights, and other things of a similar character. The second room is full of wooden boxes, paint-

ed green, which contain the relics of common saints. In this chamber we found four priests occupied in arranging relics in little cases ready for distribution ; and on the tables you behold, in a confusion that makes you shudder, bones, teeth, bits of old clothes, hair, and other articles, spread out so indelicately that I could not believe that these were real relics. I concluded, too, that the priests who distributed them did not much believe in them, otherwise they would have handled them with less disgust. The third chamber is destined for relics called *incomparable*. The relics of the apostles, the Virgin, and our Lord, are preserved in this room, and here the guardian priest who occupies it holds audiences. This priest, being a friend of the curate, received him with the utmost politeness.

“ ‘My friends,’ said the curate, presenting us, ‘desire to see some of the incomparable relics.’

“ ‘It is impossible,’ replied the official ; ‘I can not show them without a written permission from the vice-cardinal. But tell me, Mr. Curate, are these gentlemen Catholics?’

“ ‘When he was told who we were, he appeared as if thunderstruck.

“ ‘Quick ! quick ! Mr. Curate, let us be gone from here !’ and he conducted us outside the *custodia* ; but when we were in the corridor he begged our pardon, and told us that if the vice-cardinal should know that three Protestants had entered the *custodia* he would unquestionably lose his place.

“ ‘We inquired the reason for so much caution.

“ ‘Because Protestants come to examine every thing ; then they publish what they have seen, and cast discredit upon us in foreign countries.’

“ ‘Come, Mr. Canon,’ said the curate, ‘you are too severe ; you know me too well to suppose that I would get you into trouble.’

“ ‘Very well,’ said the canon ; ‘I will give you some hints, but I can not show you any thing.’

“ We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with this.

“ He then told us that, as it regarded ordinary relics, they possessed a great quantity of them, for new saints were discovered every day in the catacombs ; but as regards the more remarkable relics there were but a few.

“ I inquired how the Pope managed to decide upon a skeleton found in the catacombs as being that of a saint.

“ ‘The Pope,’ he replied, ‘cares little about such things ; he has confided this business to the vicar-cardinal, who, in turn, leaves it to Father Marchi, a Jesuit, who visits the bodies that are disinterred, and sends them here when he thinks they belonged to saints. Here we baptize them, and distribute them to the faithful.’

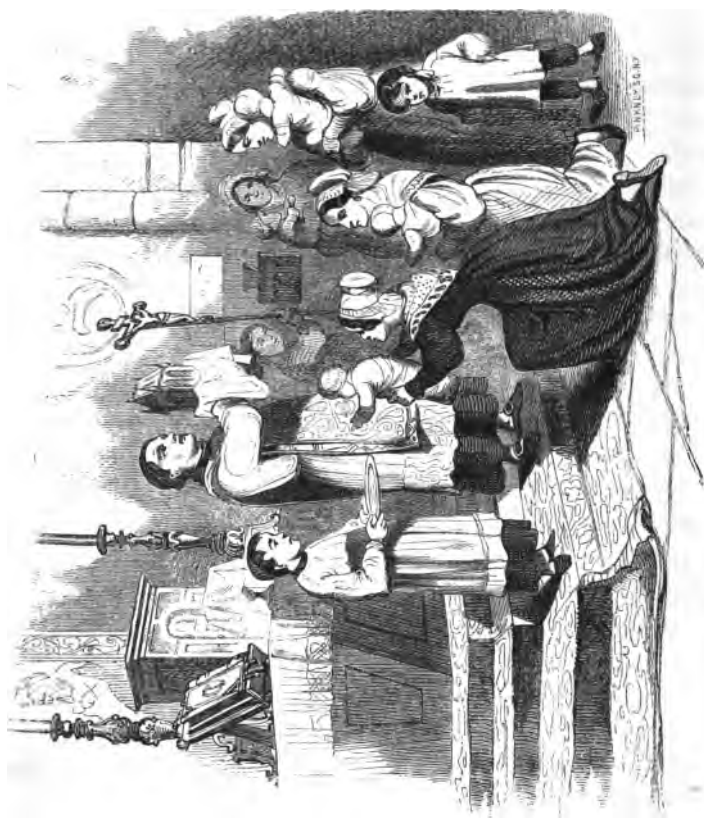
“ ‘You baptize them!’ said I, interrupting him in my astonishment ; “you baptize dead bodies!’

“ The canon explained then that to baptize meant to give them a name.

“ ‘We do not know what these corpses are. Well, the custodia needs relics of Saint Patrick, for instance, so this body is named Saint *Patrick*.’

“ Mr. Pasquali observed that the authenticity thus depended upon the judgment of a single individual, and this man a Jesuit.





ADORATION OF BELICIS.

“The official shrugged his shoulders and continued:

“As for the more notable relics, we have but few of them. We have some of the twelve apostles, and of John the Baptist; some milk, some hair, and some clothes of the Virgin, of Saint Joseph, Saint James, and Saint Anna. Besides these, we have a few relics of our Lord, that is to say, two thorns from his crown, a piece of the true cross, a piece of the inscription, another of the sponge, one of his seamless coat, a piece of the reed, etc., etc., etc. But if you really want to see superior relics, you will find them in the *Church of the Holy Cross*, where you will see the finger of Saint Thomas with which he touched the side of our Lord; a vial full of the blood of Jesus Christ; another vial full of the milk of the holy Virgin; the stone upon which Saint Gabriel stood at the annunciation of the blessed Virgin; a piece of the stone on which our Savior sat when he forgave the sins of Mary Magdalene; a piece of the two tables of the law written by the hand of God; a very little of the manna with which God fed his people in the desert; the entire inscription of the cross; a large portion of the cross itself; a lock of Christ's hair, and many other relics not less precious.

“In the Church of *Santa Cecilia* you will find some more of the Virgin's milk, and more still in the Church of *San Cosmo*, and still more in *Santa Maria della Traspontina*.

“In the Church of *St. Prassede* you will find an under-garment of the Virgin; a piece of the rod of Moses, and the portrait of our Lord Jesus Christ, which



Saint Peter gave to Pudentius ; one of the stones used in stoning Stephen, and the column to which our Lord was bound and scourged.

“ ‘At *St. John Lateran* there is preserved the blood and water which ran out from the side of Jesus Christ ; the head of Saint Zacharias, father of John the Baptist ; the towel upon which Jesus wiped his hands after washing the feet of the apostles ; the table used at the last Supper ; the rods of Moses and Aaron ; the altar used by John the Baptist in the desert. I pass by a great many other important relics to be found in the other churches of Rome.’<sup>1</sup>

“By this time Mr. Sweetman’s countenance was crimson with indignation, and he could no longer contain himself ; I partook of the same emotion ; but Mr. Pasquali, perfectly cool and apparently unconcerned, continued to question the good canon, until the curate, foreseeing unpleasant consequences, bade him farewell, and we left.

“Mr. Pasquali then asked the curate on what passage of the Bible the Roman Church founded the worship of relics ?

“ ‘On two incidents,’ replied the curate ; ‘the former of which is the scene described in the book of Revelation as occurring in heaven itself, where the revelator says, “I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God.” If, therefore, the souls of martyrs are under the altar in heaven, their

<sup>1</sup> *Note by Translator.*—Some of the most venerated of these relics are exhibited in the Church of Saint Peter during the Holy Week, among which are two nails of the cross, the spear which pierced Christ’s side, and the handkerchief of Saint Veronica.

bodies can very well be kept on our altars on earth. The other fact is related, concerning Stephen, in Acts, viii., 2: "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial." Hence we see that to collect and preserve the relics of saints is a religious work.'

"What do you think of such arguments, Mr. Abbé? Do you know of any better ones to sustain the practice?"

"The curate having taken his leave, we asked Mr. Pasquali whither he had gone when he left us so suddenly in the sacristy. Our good friend told us that he had gone to console the poor widow, and had sent her a check for fifty scudi to pay for the funeral expenses of her husband. We insisted that he should allow us to take our share in this charitable act.

"In the evening we went to witness the manner of burying the dead in Rome. What a horrible sight!

"The first hour after midnight the corpses destined for burial are carried out from each parish church, borne by two men, preceded by a mercenary priest, who not unfrequently leaves the dead body in the street as he stops with his two companions at some tavern on the way to take a drink.

"Having reached the place where the corpses are temporarily deposited, they pile them one upon another, until each parish has forwarded those they have to send.

"During this interval, the men sit upon the corpses, making use of the most indecent language, cursing, swearing, and using insulting expressions toward the dead bodies. . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The writer was an eye-witness to these facts, and could mention places as well as persons. It is true that now things are not carried

“All the bodies being at length collected, they are thrown together on a wagon, and transported to the cemetery. There the corpses are precipitated into a deep pit of masonry; the aperture is closed with a huge stone, to be opened again the next day on the arrival of other bodies.

“This system of burial, as barbarous as it is impious, roused my indignation. Mr. Sweetman desired to leave Rome immediately, but Mr. Pasquali persuaded him to remain.

“I feel that my inclination for the Roman Church is growing more feeble from day to day, and I know not how it will end. In the name of charity, grant me an interview, I desire so much to converse with you about all these things.

“Believe me your affectionate friend,

“W. MANSON, M.A.”

on in an exactly similar manner, because, in 1849, the system of the transportation of corpses was somewhat ameliorated.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The translator of these letters, while in Rome in the winter of 1852-53, visited the Campo Santo of a church at one of the entrances of the Catacombs, where men were engaged in clearing out those terrible burial-pits, which were about fifteen feet in depth, and numbered perhaps fifty. There had been thrown together, in horrible confusion, the bodies of soldiers killed during the Revolution, together with those of women and children, mostly without coffins, but sometimes a few rough boards, bound by a cord, preserved the rotting skeletons from falling in pieces as the workmen drew them up to the pavement. On looking down upon this mass of corruption, from which a pestilential stench arose, there could be seen here and there among the bones a part of a soldier's coat or buttons, clotted hair, or perhaps a woman's shoe still hanging to the bones of the feet. As soon as the authorities discovered us, we were ordered from the place. The massive doors of the inclosure were shut upon us, and we stood

P.S.—My dear Eugene, I am utterly bewildered; after transcribing this letter I can not add a single word. Pardon my confusion; pity your poor friend.

HENRY.

without in the beautiful Campagna, leaving the Roman buriers to their horrible work.

## TENTH LETTER.

Rome, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE, — The second letter from Mr. Manson troubled me exceedingly. I have lived in Rome several years, but I never knew of these things. The infernal revelations uttered by those imprudent priests show but too well that many abuses exist in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs in Rome, and that a reform is necessary.

Discouraged, overcome, and oppressed with sad thoughts, I sought in complete solitude an alleviation for the depression of my mind.

One day, after dinner, I took refuge under the arches of the amphitheatre of Vespasian, and there, seated on the ruins in the most solitary place, I remained absorbed in thought, when suddenly the sound of persons approaching drew me from my reflections, and my three friends appeared. They seemed greatly delighted on perceiving me. After a few courteous remarks, the Waldensian said, with his accustomed gravity, that he could not explain my conduct in thus abandoning the discussion.

“Either you think you are right,” said he, “and in that case, then, you ought not to yield the ground; or you acknowledge yourself in the wrong, and then you should not remain there; or else you are in doubt, and if so, you ought to become assured of the truth, and to follow it after having found it.”

I replied that I was sure the truth was on my side, but that it was impossible to reply to arguments taken from the Bible if the authority of the Church was denied.

“Very well,” he replied, “I will agree to admit the authority of your Church in our discussion. Are you content?”

I begged him to explain himself more clearly; then he added,

“I do not admit the authority of the *Roman Church*, which I could not do without the sacrifice of common sense; but, to convince you more thoroughly in our discussion, I will place myself on your ground, and we will examine the subject from the interpretation of those very fathers who interpreted it precisely as was ordered by the Council of Trent at the fourth session.”

Mr. Manson thereupon remarked to the Waldensian that neither did he admit entirely the authority of the Roman Church, but he did not perceive how the admitting of it should necessarily imply the relinquishing of common sense!

“This was not our principal question,” replied Mr. Pasquali; “I will confine myself to the statement that, to accept of the infallible authority of the Roman Church, one must admit four or five contradictions, every one of which seems, if possible, more glaring than the rest. For instance, you must acknowledge the Bible to be obscure and unintelligible in matters which are clearer than the light of noonday, as, for example, with regard to *salvation by grace*.

“Again, you must regard the Scriptures as clear and evident in regard to the most obscure points, even

in those that are not mentioned at all ; as, for instance, respecting the infallibility of the Church.

“ You must allow that a collection of fallible men constitute an infallible authority ; you must, in spite of reason, acknowledge that a man, by nature subject to error, as soon as raised to the office of Pope, either by intrigue or by money, becomes infallible ; that the decisions of the councils, although in conflict with each other, are infallible ; that, when one Pope infallibly overthrows what another Pope had infallibly established, both are infallible. Are not these things contrary to common sense ? Add to all this that while this Roman Church sustains dogmatically that the interpretation of the Bible does not belong to individuals, yet there exists in this very Church such an immense number of interpreters that, by collecting all their works, one could form the most immense library, and the absurdities, impertinences, and blasphemies that they contain are so numerous that, when collected, it would be found that all the false interpretations attributed to the heretics are far from equaling those of the interpreters of the Roman Church.

“ *Saint Jerome*, for instance, in his apology addressed to Pammachus, presumes to accuse Saint Paul of *trickery* and *dissimulation*.

“ You, Mr. Abbé,” he added, “ have too much good sense to accept these things as a whole ; but this is not the object of our discussion for to-day. I would like, if agreeable to you, to continue our discussion on the Primacy.”

As for me, not feeling sufficiently prepared to reply to the objections of the Waldensian respecting the au-

thority of the Church, and especially as many of them demanded a profound knowledge of history, I was content to speak on the question of the primacy. We were in a solitary place, and there was no one to trouble us; we sat down, therefore, upon a prostrate column, and recommenced our discussion.

You recollect, doubtless, that our last conversation related to the celebrated passage of Saint Matthew, "Thou-art Peter," etc., etc.

"Do not believe," said I, "that I admit myself vanquished by the explanations you furnished on our last debate. You insisted on interpreting this sentence, *and on this stone*, so as to establish that the stone was not Peter, but Jesus Christ. Be it so. But what reply can you make to the words which follow? *'I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.'* It is beyond doubt that here Jesus gives a power to Peter, known by the name of the power of the keys, that is to say, the right to govern his Church, the power to remit sins, to bind souls by censure, to transmit, legitimately, this right to others, to interpret the Scriptures, to ordain ministers, and, in a word, over every thing which constitutes the administration of the Church. The symbol of the keys is the symbol of the most absolute and unlimited authority. Saint Peter, therefore, in receiving the promise of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, was promised the most absolute and unlimited power."

"You yourself, Mr. Abbé," replied the Waldensian,

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“have, without being aware of it, furnished me with the best reply. The keys, you say, are a sign of power. Now let us examine if the holy text determines this power expressed by the emblem of the keys, and if it was intrusted to Peter only.

“‘*Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.*’

“Thus Jesus himself determines the extent of the symbolical power of the keys. Now this power was not promised to Peter alone, but to all Christians; not merely to priests and bishops, but to every true Christian, whether priest or layman.”

This extravagant idea of the Waldensian brought a smile to my lips, as well as to those of Mr. Manson; but Pasquali, taking a Bible from his pocket, said,

“I advance nothing without good reason. Read, I beg of you, the 18th verse of the 18th chapter of Saint Matthew.”

Then he remarked that, although a traditional interpretation pretended that the words of the 18th verse were addressed to the apostles alone, like the 21st, 22d, and 23d verses of the 20th chapter of John, yet the truth is that they were not addressed to the apostles only, but *to the disciples*.

“‘These words,’ says the Council of Trent, ‘contained a promise which was realized in the 20th chapter of John, verse 23, when Jesus really gave what he had promised, that is to say, the faculty of remitting or retaining sins.’

“If, therefore,” continued Mr. Pasquali, “you study well the Gospel, by comparing the 20th of John with

the 24th of Luke, you will see that Jesus gave to the disciples the power of remitting sins on the evening preceding the day of his resurrection, when the two disciples, returning from Emmaus, found together the *eleven and those that were with them*. The power of the keys was not, therefore, given exclusively to Peter, as is pretended by the Church of Rome; not to the apostles alone, as the commentators would have it; but to all the disciples. This power, therefore, not only does not establish the primacy of Peter, but excludes it."

"But what becomes, then, of the apostolic succession?" said Mr. Manson.

"It becomes," said the Waldensian, "what it ought to become. The apostles, as such, can not have had successors; as disciples, they have had for successors all Christians who profess the same faith with themselves."

"And the power of the Church transmitted by succession?" continued Mr. Manson.

"In the Bible there is not a word which establishes this transmission," replied the Waldensian; "the power of the Church has its foundation in its only head, Jesus Christ. The Church is the body of Christ. Christians or disciples are members of this body of which Christ is the head. From this there results that the authority of the Church is none other than that of Christ, communicated by Him to His body in so far as He is united to this body as its head."

"According to your idea, then," I added, "every Christian would possess the power of the keys; there would no longer exist any distinction between bish-

ops, priests, or laymen. Every one would have the power to remit sins, and the Church would no longer be a well-organized society, but a horrible anarchy!"

Mr. Manson was not alone in supporting my opinion; Mr. Sweetman also agreed with me. But the Waldensian, having remarked that our discussion had led us away from our theme—the primacy of the Pope—begged us to bear our objection in mind, and bring it up again when we discussed the nature of the Church. He would have replied to us immediately if his reply would not necessarily have engaged us in a long discussion.

I remarked that he had not kept his promise to discuss according to the principles of the Roman Church. Then taking from his pocket a memorandum on which some passages from the fathers were written,

"Very well," said he; "here I am ready to keep my word. The Council of Trent commands that the Bible should be interpreted after the *unanimous* consent of the fathers. Let us now interpret this passage: '*I will give unto thee the keys,*' etc., according to the interpretation of the fathers.

"In the first place, Origen speaks thus: 'Is it possible that the keys<sup>1</sup> of the kingdom of heaven were given by our Lord to Peter only, and that none of the *other elect* could receive them?'

"If the words, '*I will give unto thee the keys,*' etc., be common to the other apostles, why should they not be so understood, like the passages that precede and follow them, though seemingly addressed to Peter alone?

<sup>1</sup> Homil. xii., in Matt., No. 11.

“You see that Origen believed with me that the power of the keys was given by Jesus to all the disciples and elect, that is to say, to all Christians, and not to Peter alone, nor to the apostles.

“Jerome<sup>1</sup> says, ‘You say that the Church is founded on Peter; but we read that it is founded equally on all the apostles, and that *each of them has received the keys of the kingdom of heaven,*’

“Ambrose<sup>2</sup> assures us that what was said to Peter was also said to the other apostles: ‘*I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.*’

“Gaudentius<sup>3</sup> affirms that all the apostles, after the resurrection of Christ, received, as well as Peter, *the keys of the kingdom of heaven*, when the Lord said to them, ‘*Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*’

“Augustine<sup>4</sup> declares that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were given to the Church when they were given to Peter; and in another passage,<sup>5</sup> ‘Can it be said that these keys were received by Peter and Paul only? No. Did not Peter, James, and John, and the other apostles, receive them? Are not these the keys given to that Church in which sins are remitted daily? These keys were not given to one man alone, but to the unity of the Church.’”

Not to be tedious, my dear Eugene, I will tell you that the Waldensian cited many other passages taken from the fathers, all of the same period—passages of which I took a copy, in order to reply to them; but, after having made all these quotations, putting his

<sup>1</sup> Advers. Iorim., lib. i.

<sup>2</sup> In Psalm xxxviii.

<sup>3</sup> Orat. lxvi., in die suæ rdu.

<sup>4</sup> De Aug. Chr., cap. 36.

<sup>5</sup> Sermon 149, de verbis Domini; et Sermon 295, in nat. Apost.

memorandum in his pocket, he turned toward me and said,

“What do you think of these, Mr. Abbé? Either your fathers are heretics like me, or I am a Catholic like them: make your choice.”

Then, addressing Mr. Manson, he said,

“Ecclesiastical antiquity must be studied at its source, and not in books written by those who seek in this antiquity merely a support for their errors.”

You may well believe that I did not allow this argument, drawn from the fathers, to pass without a reply, and I told him that I could produce, on my side, at least as many passages from the fathers which absolutely contradicted these, and which proved the supremacy of the Pope by these very words, “I will give unto thee the keys,” etc.

But Mr. Pasquali, in a serious tone of voice, said to me,

“That is just what I expected, Mr. Abbé. Since the unanimous consent of your fathers sustains both the *pro* and the *con* of a doctrine, and interprets the Bible in two senses entirely opposite, you ought to confess that the principle of interpretation, as laid down by the Council of Trent, is false and delusive—*false*, because by it you never can obtain a veritable interpretation; *delusive*, because, when you think to have obtained a certain principle of interpretation, you are obliged to have recourse to another, that is to say, to the Church, and to renounce every other interpretation whatsoever. Let us return, therefore, purely and simply to the only certain source, to the pure Word of God, and disregard this antiquity which

contradicts itself, which can only serve the purpose of displaying its erudition, but never answer the end of doctrinal demonstration."

By this time night had come on. Being invited to pass the evening at Monsignor C.'s, I was about to take leave of my friends, when they told me that they also were invited there, so we went together.

On the way, I asked Mr. Manson who the curate was of whom he had spoken to me in his two letters.

"It was," said he, "the curate of Santa Maria Madalena, a man of considerable learning, who has been Professor of Theology, and is still Emeritus Censor of the Theological Academy of Rome, and Theologian of the Holy Office; but he appears," he added, "not to be over-pleased with the Roman Church."

I expressed the desire to know him, and my friends appointed the next morning for that purpose.

What I saw during the miserable evening that I spent at Monsignor C.'s, and what I learned the next morning, contributed much more than all my discussions with the Waldensian to dishearten and disturb me. But I have reached the end of my sheet, and in my next I will relate every thing. Adieu.

HENRY.









**CARDINAL IN PRIVATE HABIT.**

## ELEVENTH LETTER.

Rome, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I promised in my last to relate to you what passed at the *soirée* I attended with my friends at Monsignor C.'s. Although it is with great reluctance that I give you an account of things that will in no wise edify you, yet I prefer to open my heart to you in all sincerity, rather than, from personal considerations, to hide the least thing from you. I am a Catholic, and a sincere Catholic; and although the arguments of Mr. Pasquali, the revelations of the curate, and the disorders that I witness trouble me sometimes, yet I remain attached to my Church. I believe it to be the true Church, although I recognize that it is somewhat fallen from the original purity of its doctrine, and somewhat disgraced by abuses that have crept in. These abuses are the work of man, but the doctrine proceeds from God.

We went, therefore, together to the palace of Monsignor C. The staircase was magnificently lighted with candles; a number of domestics, in rich livery, announced, with a loud voice, the new-comers in the antechambers. Their names were then repeated from room to room, so as to arrive at the one where the prelate stood long before those who were announced could reach him, so that he might, according to etiquette, advance more or less to meet them, as their rank demanded. Thus we traversed four apartments

on our way to the reception-room. This last was of very large dimensions, furnished magnificently, and brilliantly lighted. The prelate came forward a step or two to meet us, shook hands cordially with the two Englishmen, and nodded slightly to the Waldensian and to me. Then he presented the former to certain cardinals, prelates, priests, and lords who were present. As for myself, being only a poor little Abbé, I remained with Mr. Pasquali in the corner of the saloon, and, I assure you, I was extremely mortified. All this time the guests continued to arrive, and, after the first salutations, they separated into different groups and engaged in conversation. The ladies were seated on sofas, leaning against rich damask cushions, and were entertained by divers prelates, cardinals, and priests who stood near them.

Mr. Pasquali then observed to me,

“Mr. Abbé, what do you think of your successors of the apostles? Do you see any resemblance between the house of this prelate and that of Saint Peter, which Christ entered to heal his mother-in-law?”

I bit my lips without replying.

In a group near to us there stood a lady and two prelates, and, from their laughter and gestures, it was easy to perceive that their conversation related to subjects of a nature not the most becoming.

The Waldensian proposed that we should draw near to some other group. The most edifying discourse that we heard was from three old prelates who were talking politics.

Soon after, the doors of another brilliant saloon were opened. Each of the cardinals, prelates, or priests

eagerly offered his arm to one of the ladies to conduct them into this saloon, where a superb table was covered with the most delicate dishes; fishes of all species, prepared with the most exquisite luxury, preserves and fruits of all sorts, covered the table, around which the ladies only were seated, while the prelates stood behind them to attend to their wants. Dear Eugene, this sight was repugnant to me; we were in Lent, and it was a day of fasting. It is true, there was no meat at the table, but the excessive display shocked me, as it did also the two Englishmen, who drew up toward us. I would fain have left the place, but Mr. Pasquali detained me.

“I have come to Rome,” said he, “to acquaint Mr. Sweetman with its character; and although such a sight is repugnant to my feelings, yet I desire to see the end of it, so that Mr. Sweetman may be able to say, when he returns to England, what the priests, successors of the apostles, conversed about.”

He requested us, therefore, to keep silence, and to observe what was passing. The ladies were less numerous than the men, so that many priests and laymen were without partners, and it appeared to me that these were more alive to the good living before them than to the duties of gallantry. Also, without thinking of the fast of Lent, they ate like gluttons, and bottles of Champagne disappeared before them. Two young prelates were paying court to the Princess S. One of them having received some expression of favor, the other was transported with indignation; his eyes flashed with rage, menacing words were exchanged, and the one who thought himself slighted, having in his hand a knife

with which he was helping the princess, struck his rival, and wounded him severely in the thigh. The princess screamed, and, springing up, the whole assembly were in commotion. I know not how the thing would have ended if Monsignor C. and other cardinals had not interposed between the combatants. The wounded prelate was carried off, and Cardinal P., a man of great reputation, spoke, and begged the guests to maintain the most profound silence on this occurrence, out of respect to his eminence.<sup>1</sup>

After this incident we returned to the former saloon, which, in the mean while, had undergone a transformation. Gaming-tables were placed at the different corners of the room, at which the ladies and cardinals were first invited to be seated and to begin the game. To us strangers it was a scandalous sight to see cardinals and ladies seated together, and playing at cards. But I assure you, my dear Eugene, that card-playing is the most innocent amusement to which the priests are addicted.

Mr. Manson was really suffering, and Mr. Sweetman could not believe his eyes. As for me, I was profoundly humiliated; but Mr. Pasquali, with his ordinary calmness, said to Mr. Manson,

“What do you think of your brethren, the Roman priests?”

And then, turning toward Mr. Sweetman, he said to him,

<sup>1</sup> This incident respecting two prelates, one of whom, in a fit of jealousy, wounded the other in the thigh with a knife at a party, was an actual occurrence in Rome in 1845, and the author of these letters could name the house where this scene occurred, and the persons who were engaged in it.

“You are astonished at these things, but you will see still worse ones.”

And to me he added,

“Mr. Abbé, defend your Church now. These are your champions, the successors of the apostles.”

It was indeed to me a place of torment. We had already been seated some time in a corner of the room, aloof from the rest of the company, when Monsignor C. approached us. We stood up as he drew near, and he, addressing Mr. Manson, demanded what was the English custom as regards parties. Mr. Manson replied that, when these parties were given by an ecclesiastic, and especially when numbers of them were assembled together, they were very little like his; that, after having taken tea, the guests engaged in conversation, which generally related to religious subjects; that then a chapter was read from the Bible, whereupon edifying observations were made, and the whole was ended by a prayer.

“That is the great mistake of the Protestants,” rejoined the prelate; “always the Bible, always the Bible; that is what makes them so obstinate in their errors.”

To what degree the two Englishmen were scandalized by this observation I could not well tell you.

Then the Waldensian said,

“Pray will you tell me, Monsignor, if all the ecclesiastical parties in Rome are like this one?”

“Certainly not,” replied the prelate; “this is an extraordinary party.”

“But card-playing,” added Mr. Sweetman, “does your eminence think that to be a good thing?”

“At least there is no harm in it; it is an innocent game, and it is better to play at cards than to talk scandal. The best priests in Rome pass all their evenings at this game.”

So saying, Monsignor turned around and approached a table where a question of the game was being discussed, and which was submitted to his arbitration. The whole evening was to me one of uninterrupted agony. At length, to escape the observation of the Waldensian, I left these gentlemen and went home alone.

This was the first time I had ever been in such society, and I made up my mind that it should be the last. Nevertheless, I am convinced that such disorder should be imputed to men and not to religion.

However, to see the first dignitaries of the Church pass their evenings in this manner, and then the next morning, after a night of debauchery, take their seats in the confessional to reprimand those who come to confess sins infinitely less disgraceful than those they have committed themselves—all this troubled me, and inspired thoughts that I would fain have cast aside. These reflections preoccupied me the whole night, which I passed without sleep. And do you know what thought was predominant in my mind? It was the comparison between the conduct of the Waldensian and that of the prelate. How, thought I, this Waldensian, who always speaks from the Bible, and whose acts are in such harmony with the Gospel, will be damned as a heretic and worthy of our execration, while these prelates, whose least innocent amusement is playing at cards, could be the true Christians and successors of the apostles, was more than I could comprehend.

To drive these meditations from my mind, I resolved the next morning to visit the curate, of whom I have already spoken to you. Who knows, thought I, but this man may have some good explanation to give me? At any rate, I wanted to make his acquaintance. I went, therefore, the next morning to see this curate. I was introduced into his room, where I found him with my three friends and two other persons, who, as I learned later, were the sexton and the grave-digger. The curate was seated at a table with these two men, and, being occupied, he made me a sign to wait. Soon after having dismissed them, Mr. Pasquali questioned him about what occupied him so much.

“What!” said he, “do you not know that Passover is approaching, and that I am occupied in making out the *account of souls*?”

“What is this account of souls?” said Mr. Manson.

“It is,” replied the curate, “the most troublesome, and, at the same time, the most interesting feature of the care of souls.”

My friends desiring to possess a complete knowledge of this affair, the curate showed them a great book on the state of souls, and told us that in Rome, as well as in the other Roman States, the curates, during Lent, are obliged to visit every house, to register every body, whether subjects or strangers, and to make of these registers two copies—one for the police, the other for the ecclesiastical board, and to keep the original among their own records.

I remarked that this was done so as to know those

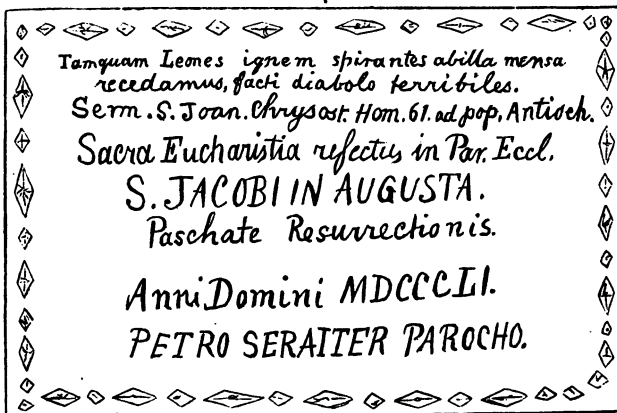


who satisfied the command concerning communion at Passover.<sup>1</sup> The curate smiled, and, turning toward Mr. Pasquali, he said,

“As the Abbé is a friend of yours, I presume that he is *one of us*, and as I have no secrets to keep from you, I must say that, although the pretext is that which he

<sup>1</sup> *Note by the Translator.*—Catholics are obliged to confess and partake of the Sacrament at least once a year, and this during the feast of the Passover. In Rome, and perhaps elsewhere on this occasion, a printed bulletin is given to the communicant, stating that he has complied with this command, and this is afterward collected from every person at their homes by a priest appointed for that purpose. In 1851, the government being still weak from the effects of the Revolution, the priests thinking it impolitic to expose their weakness, decided to distribute these tickets without obliging persons to observe the ordinary regulation.

The following is an exact copy of one of these tickets in my possession, given to me while in Rome by a Roman lady of distinction :



The quotation may be translated thus: “Like lions breathing out fire, let us retire [i. e., after partaking of the sacrament] from that table, being made terrible to the devil.”

has stated, yet the truth is far otherwise. When we reply to Protestants who accuse us of so many things, then we put forward all these pretexts; but among friends one must tell the truth. Observe, then," he continued, "what we are obliged to register about each individual, and judge for yourselves. We must, 1st. Note exactly his residence, the street, the number, and the story he occupies; 2d. His name, family and baptismal, and place of birth; 3d. His rank, whether noble or not, tradesman, student, workman, etc.; 4th. Whether married, bachelor, or widower, etc.; 5th. If a stranger, we must indicate how long a resident in Rome, and how long he has lived in the parish; 6th. Where he lived before coming here; 7th. What sacraments he has received; and, if that is not sufficient, observe that there is a considerable blank place left to write down other observations."

"And, as regards Protestants, what is your rule?" asked Mr. Pasquali.

"The same as for the others," replied the curate, "except that we indicate them specially as Protestants. Besides, every year, we must denounce to the Ecclesiastical Board and to the police all the Protestants living within our parish.

"You understand from this that all these details have nothing to do with the precept which obliges every one to partake of the communion at the feast of the Passover."

"So the curates of Rome," said the Waldensian, "are *police agents*."

"Do not degrade us to that point," replied the curate; "say rather that we are the *directors* of the po-

lice. The police depends entirely upon us; and, to prove this to you, just look for yourselves."

Saying this, he took from a drawer a package of letters from the police, asking him for information concerning different persons.

"So that neither the police nor the vicar dare to imprison any one before having consulted us, except in extraordinary cases, and such as are perfectly palpable."

"Then I was mistaken," said Mr. Pasquali, "in calling you *police agents*; I should have said *spies*."

The curate appeared wounded by this pointed remark, and rising, he invited us to follow him and continue our visit to the office of the secretaryship.\*

"I suppose," said he, "that Monsieur l'Abbé has come to accompany us?"

I replied that, although this was not precisely the object of my visit, I would accompany my friends with pleasure. We went, therefore, to the office of the Secretary of the Congregation of the Council.

"This chancery whither I am conducting you," said the curate, on the way, "belongs to the Congregation of the Council founded by Pius IV., and is composed of cardinals, prelates, and doctors, being such as are most thoroughly versed in the holy canons. The object of this congregation is to interpret the decrees of the Council of Trent."

We entered, therefore, into this chancery, and found ourselves in a large room, around which were placed a number of tables, and at each one a priest was seated and busy writing. The walls of this room were garnished with shelves full of pasteboard boxes and pa-

\* See Letter IX.

pers. The continual movement of persons going and coming showed the great amount of business that was here transacted. An old priest, seated at the end of the room, was distributing patents and rescripts to those asking for them, and levied the payment for them according to a fixed tariff.

After traversing this first room, the curate conducted us to the cabinet of Monsignor the Secretary, of whom he asked permission to visit the archives.

The archives are composed of many rooms, full of papers, containing the decrees and the interpretations of the articles of the Council of Trent. Mr. Pasquali, smiling, remarked that he was no longer surprised that the Roman Church accused the Bible of obscurity, since it had succeeded in filling so many rooms with the interpretations of a council convoked especially to interpret the Bible in its own way. Mr. Pasquali approached the guardian, an old and rather weak-minded priest, and said to him,

“Are these all the decisions of the congregation?”

“Oh,” replied the priest, “you only see here a small part. The ancient ones are transported to the general archives in the Salvati Palace; only the more modern ones are in this chancery, and every day we send out hundreds of new ones.”

“And all these decisions,” demanded Mr. Pasquali, “are they paid for?”

“Certainly,” replied the priest; “nothing is ever given here gratis.”

When we left this place we visited the chancery called the Congregation of the Fabric.

“This congregation,” said the curate, “was estab-

lished by Pope Clement VIII. Its occupation was the care of the edifice of St. Peter; but, as this administration does not occupy it sufficiently, it comprises many other branches."

For example, when we entered we were witnesses in a case which distressed me in my inmost soul.

It was a priest disputing with the secretary, and this was the object of the discussion: This priest had gathered together, from different devotees, sufficient money to say five thousand masses. But he had spent the money, and the masses had never been said. Then the priest demanded of the Congregation of the Fabric a dispensation of the obligation of saying these masses. The whole thing was according to rule, as this dispensation is granted to all: there was no dispute as to that. It was as to the price that they differed. The secretary wanted him to pay one *bajocco* (cent) for each mass, according to the tariff, which amounted in all to fifty dollars. But the priest said that he had a right to a reduction on account of the great number of masses for which he desired a dispensation, and, as he came often to get similar dispensations, he deserved some consideration!! This was the cause of dispute. As for me, I blushed with shame, and the curate was as much annoyed by this incident as myself. We left this place, therefore, and, leaving my friends, I returned home, more humbled and troubled than ever.

I tell you the whole truth, my dear Eugene, and I know not how all this will end. I pray to God to preserve me in my faith, but I feel it giving way. You, also, pray for me. Yours affectionately,

HENRY.

## T W E L F T H   L E T T E R .

Rome, April, 1847.

DEAR EUGENE,—After the terrible evening that I spoke to you about in my last, and after the circumstance respecting that priest who bargained for the absolution of a sacrilegious robbery, my mind was troubled with most cruel doubts. A long time had already elapsed since my master had spoken to me in college, when, the day after the above occurrence, he called me into his chamber after the lesson. I went in, and found there with him two old Jesuits: all three maintained the most serious appearance.

My professor spoke to me, and said,

“My son, it is my duty to warn you that you are running into great danger. You did not choose to follow my advice; you have continued your discussions with this heretic Waldensian; you have not brought the Puseyite to us; hence your own faith is beginning to waver, the Puseyite is returning to Protestantism, and you—what will become of you? You are on the brink of a great abyss, but still you have time to save yourself.”

You know that I am naturally timid and very nervous, so that this discourse alarmed me greatly. Nevertheless, I maintained courage enough to tell him that it was not so much my discussions with the Waldensian as what I had seen with my own eyes that troubled me. I related to him then all that Mr. Manson

had written to me, all that I had seen in the different chanceries, and what had been told me by the curate, whose name I imprudently mentioned.

“All these things are trifles,” replied the father; “these chanceries are directed by men who may abuse their position, but the principle on which they repose is the unlimited power of the Holy Father, as the vicar of Jesus Christ, and as the successor of the great apostle Saint Peter.

“But you know what is taught by the great Fagnani, that it is not lawful to discuss the acts of the Pope, because every thing he does is done by the authority of God. You know, also, that the Cardinal Zubarella, a very learned theologian, sustained the proposition that God and the Pope are one and the same as regards their decisions (*Deus et Papa faciunt unum consistorium*); and, in a certain sense, the Pope is more than God, because he can do in good conscience unlawful things, which God could not permit himself to do (*Papa facit quidquid libet, etiam illicita, et est plus quam Deus*). And our Cardinal Bellarmine teaches that, if the Pope should commit an error by commending a vice and forbidding a virtue, all true Christians would be obliged, under the penalty of sin, to believe that vice is virtue and virtue is vice.<sup>1</sup> You know that the holy Council of Lateran, V., in the sixth section, termed the Pope *God on earth*; and in the tenth he is called the Savior of the Church. These are the doctrines which should be upheld by good Catholics. The abuses of ministers can not in any way affect these doctrines.”

<sup>1</sup> Bibl. de Romano Pontifico, lib. iv., chap. v.

“But, my father,” said I, “these are not abuses, but principles: to declare the bones of an ordinary and unknown body to be those of a saint; to sell indulgences; to absolve for money from sacrilegious robbery—these appear to me a horrible abuse of principles.”

I spoke these words with some vehemence; and I perceived the two Jesuits looking at each other in a mysterious manner. As for the professor, without being in the least disconcerted, he replied, with the greatest calmness, that he who, by his word alone, could transform bread into the body of Jesus, could with much more ease transform the bones of a pagan into those of a saint; that the power of the Pope was unlimited.

As to payment for indulgences, he told me that the money paid was not the price of the grace obtained, which would be worth infinitely more, but that it was a part of the price of the meritorious work that ought to be done to obtain this grace.

As I did not appear much convinced by these arguments, one of the Jesuits joined in, and told me that while I was in this state of mind I must avoid partaking of the sacraments at the feast of the Passover, and that immediately after this feast the exercises of Saint Eusebius would commence, which they advised me to follow; promising me perfect peace of conscience if, however, I would abstain from all communication with my three friends, with whom they positively forbade all association.

As I sought this peace in all sincerity, I promised to follow the exercises; but as regarded my friends, I promised to avoid them as far as I could, but to re-

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fuse to speak to them when I met them was out of the question.

Then the professor, rising from his chair, said,

“If you ever speak with those heretics again, you are a lost man!”

After that he dismissed me coldly. On Palm Sunday I went to the Church of Saint Peter to see the Pope bless the palms. I mingled in the crowd and observed the Holy Father, who, from his throne, surrounded by cardinals and prelates, was distributing palms to those of his court, and to some few foreign lords admitted to this great honor. I admired the devotion of both French and English noblemen, who prostrated themselves before the Pope, kissed his feet, and received with great joy from his hands a small olive-branch. I was startled by a voice from behind me, which said,

“Oh! what a sublime sight!”

“Yes,” replied another voice, “horribly sublime! It is the mystery of iniquity developing itself! What a correspondence, or, rather, what a contrast between the touching sight which occurred eighteen centuries ago at Jerusalem and that which they are here mimicking!”

I turned to see who spoke thus, and found myself face to face with my three friends. After the ceremony of the palms, mass commenced. Instead of the Gospel of the day, three deacons sing alternately the history of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ as related by Saint Matthew. One, representing the Evangelist, sings the whole history; another represents the character of Christ, and sings all the words spoken by

KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT.





him; the third represents the crowd, and sings all those passages pronounced by the Jews, the Pharisees, Pilate, etc.

Mr. Sweetman seemed scandalized. It appeared to him that to sing thus the Passion of Jesus Christ, and to represent those personages, was derogatory to the solemnity of the act related, and was rather a scene for the theatre than for the Church. But Mr. Manson, who appreciated the thing better, was extremely edified.

“This external ceremony,” said he, “is more impressive to the senses of the faithful. The singing of the Gospel is, besides, a very ancient usage of the Church.”

“Do you suppose,” said the Waldensian, “that Saint Peter sang the Gospel?”

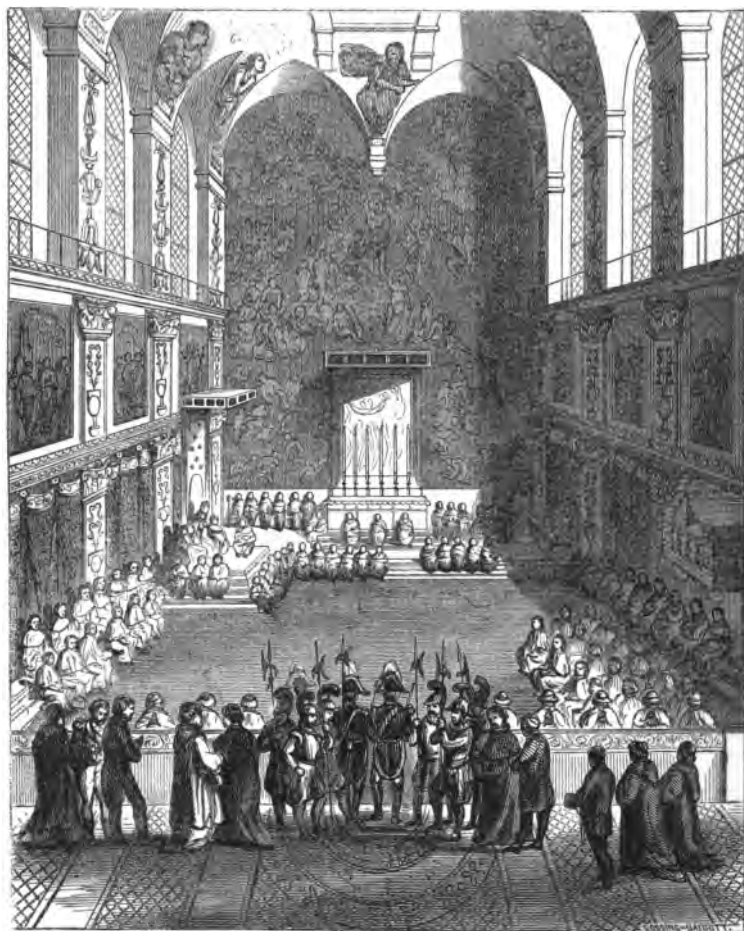
During the singing the cardinals and prelates remain standing. The Pope, descending from his throne, retires into a room prepared for the occasion in one of the angles of the church, and hung with damask. From time to time a prelate came out from this room to call some one of the cardinals, who passed into the chamber of the Pope, and returned soon afterward. This coming and going caused a great disturbance, and the Waldensian asked us to approach the chamber of the Pope, and see what was going on within. We endeavored, therefore, to do so, but the Swiss soldiers kept us back, and prevented our advancing to look on. In spite of this, we observed, at the side of this chamber, another little room hung with tapestry, where jellies and other refreshments were being prepared, and we heard a burst of laughter proceed from the damask chamber; then we understood the mystery, and we looked at each other with astonishment.

“Behold,” said the Waldensian, “the occupation of the Pope while the Passion of our Lord is being sung in the church! While every Christian should weep in hearing the recital of the Passion of the Son of God, he who calls himself the head of his Church is regaling himself with sweetmeats and bursting with laughter. Monsieur l’Abbé, and you, Mr. Manson, what do you say to this? Defend, if you can, this action, which I can not attempt to characterize.” As for me, I turned my back and left the church.

I will not mention, for fear of wearying you, the thoughts that this event gave rise to in my mind. On Thursday I returned to Saint Peter’s to witness the other ceremonies.

After mass is said in the Sistine Chapel, the Pope enters Saint Peter’s, and, when he is seated on his throne, a deacon sings the first fifteen verses of the 13th chapter of Saint John. Then the Pope, having taken a fine linen napkin, descends from his throne, and approaches the pilgrims. The pilgrims are twelve foreign priests belonging to different nations, who represent the twelve apostles. They are dressed in an Eastern costume, and wear on their head a great white cap. They are seated on elevated benches, and each one has before his feet a copper basin full of water; then the Pope passes before them, touching their feet and pretending to wash them, and then returns to his throne. This ceremony is called the washing of feet.

In former days I was much edified by this ceremony, but a remark of Pasquali made me consider it differently. He said that every thing they could not possibly efface from the Gospel they turned into a farce.

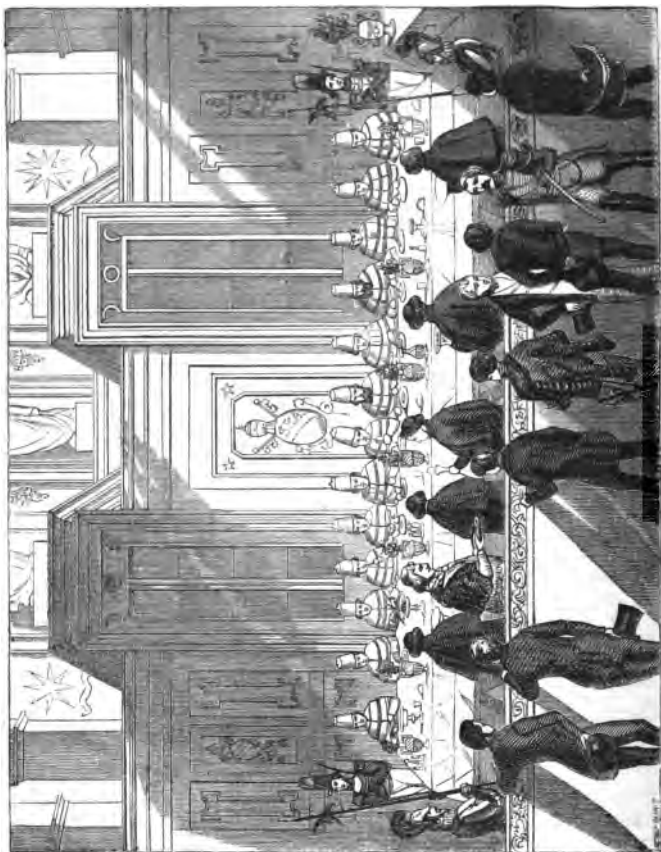


**THE SISTINE CHAPEL DURING MASS.**









THE PILGRIMS' DINNER.

After this ceremony we witnessed another, which the Waldensian also called a comedy. It was the representation of the Supper of the Lord.

In a vast hall above the vestibule of the church a table had been spread, raised upon a platform, and elegantly decorated with an abundance of silver, porcelain, flowers, and fruits. Thousands of spectators were present at this repast. The twelve priests, dressed in Eastern costume, were seated at table and ate with good appetite. The Pope appeared, carrying a dish, from which he served them; then he retired. The spectators, having nothing farther to see, did likewise.<sup>1</sup> This is the representation at Rome of the Supper of the Lord.

The Waldensian, turning toward us, said, with a most serious voice,

“Do you know how to define exactly Roman Catholicism? It is the Gospel in burlesque.”

I endeavored to justify these usages as far as I could, but I admit to you that they were far from agreeable to me.

On Friday I returned to Saint Peter's, where they sang, as on the preceding Sunday, the Passion of our Lord, according to the account given by Saint John. The Pope had not yet arrived; he only appeared after

<sup>1</sup> *Note by the Translator.*—The disorders attendant upon these ceremonies are notorious. While present at the ceremony of the Holy Supper a few years since, the translator saw an Englishman, who was endeavoring to extricate himself from the stifling crowd and gain a breathing-place, felled to the floor by the halberd of one of the Swiss Guards. As soon as the Pope had retired, the apostle priests filled their pockets and handkerchiefs with the good things of the table, and the spectators scrambled for the rest.

the singing. Then commenced the adoration of the cross. The cardinal who was celebrating it, after numerous genuflections, placed himself at the left of the altar, at the bottom of the steps. A deacon presented him with the cross covered with a black veil. The cardinal uncovered the right arm of the cross; then raising it up toward the people, he sang, "*Behold the wood of the cross; come, let us adore it.*" Then the Pope, all the cardinals, the clergy, and the people kneeled down and adored the cross. The cardinal ascends the steps of the altar, and, uncovering the left arm of the cross, he sings the same words, but in a higher tone. This is the second adoration, and lasts a little longer than the first one. Finally, he takes his place at the middle of the altar, uncovers the whole cross, and sings the same words, but in a still higher tone, and then the third adoration takes place. Every one remains kneeling till the cardinal has advanced to the centre of the church, where, with great solemnity, he deposits the cross on a carpet laid there for that purpose; then, after making a genuflection, he returns to his place. Then the choristers chant a plaintive air, and the Pope, taking off his shoes, descends from his throne, and thus, bare-footed, prostrates himself and adores the cross. After him, all the cardinals, bishops, and priests follow his example, and afterward the people are allowed to do the same.

I was extremely moved at this sight. To see the Pope humble himself thus before this representation of the cross of Christ can not but prove affecting to every good Catholic. Mr. Manson partook of my emotion. Pasquali himself appeared troubled, and I



**CHORISTER.**



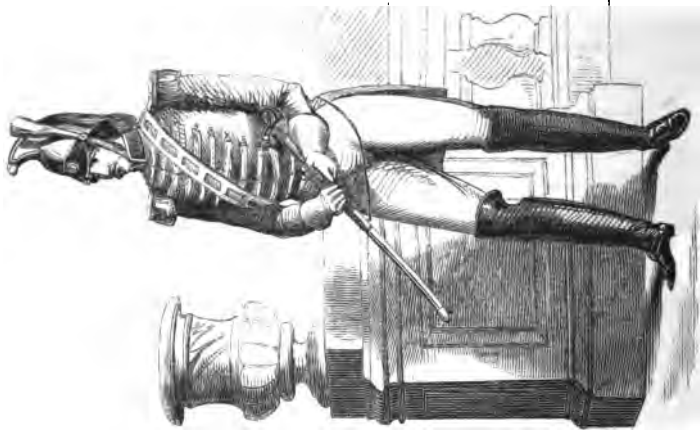
BLESSING ANIMALS.



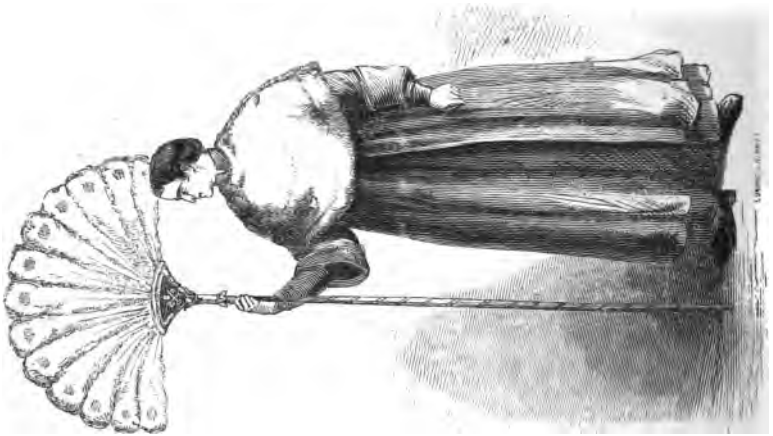








GUARD OF NOBLES.



PRIVATE CHAMBERLAIN.

thought he was moved by this sight, so I demanded of him, when we left the church, the reason of his agitation.

“A Christian,” said he, “can not but be troubled at the sight of this iniquity. In the Roman Church every thing serious is turned into comedy, and the most solemn acts of the Church are pure idolatry.”

Here we commenced a discussion on the worship of the cross and images, which I will reserve for a following letter, so as not to interrupt my present narration.

The ceremonies of Holy Saturday are scarcely worthy of mention; the benediction of the fire, the paschal wax, baptismal fonts, is all that takes place.\*

At length arrives the Sunday of the Passover, the great day of the feast.

The whole church of Saint Peter is decorated for this festival.

The entire garrison of Rome is on parade in the great square; the Grenadiers, the Swiss Guard, the most distinguished citizens, the Guard of the Roman Senate, and the Noble Guard, are drawn up in order of battle in the church, to form an inclosure for the papal retinue, and surround the altar and the throne. The trumpets sound the arrival of the cortége. The

\* This remarkable practice of the sprinkling of various objects, of secular as well as religious uses, with holy water, is one of the most palpable vestiges of heathenism to be witnessed at Rome. On the Saturday before Easter, a number of such objects are thus *aspersed*; but it is upon the feast of Saint Anthony, a few weeks earlier, that the sprinkling of dumb beasts takes place—horses, mules, donkeys, etc., which are thus warranted against evil for the ensuing twelve months. This ceremony, which is performed at the door of the church of San Antonio Abate on the 17th of January, is represented in the engraving on a previous page.

papal cross, borne by a prelate, in the midst of seven gilded candlesticks, precedes the train ; after it follows a long procession of prelates, wearing large red cloaks ; next are carried five papal mitres, very precious, and the triple crown ; then come the cardinals, dressed according to the order to which they belong, with cloaks of silver cloth richly embroidered with gold ; at last comes the Pope himself, on a throne carried by men. On either side is borne an immense fan, made of the most precious feathers. As he passes, the people kneel.

“Did Saint Peter enter thus into the assembly of the faithful ?” asked the Waldensian.

Arriving at the altar, the Pope descended from his portable throne to ascend one that had been constructed for him at the right of the altar ; there he changed his dress, and put on the richest pontifical ornaments ; then he ascended the great throne, and commenced to say mass.

While the choir were singing the *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy on us !), the cardinals came, one after the other, to adore the Pope.

In the grand mass of the Pope, called pontifical, the Gospel is sung in Greek and Latin, but with this difference—the latter is sung by a cardinal, and the former by a simple deacon. The book of the Gospel, in Latin, is also placed between seven candlesticks, while the one in Greek has only two ; and all this is designed to demonstrate, according to the doctrine of the Council of Trent, how much the authority of the translation of the Vulgate is superior to the text of the Bible itself.



CROSS-BARRER.



PRIVATE OF SWISS GUARD.



I will not relate in detail the remarks of the Waldensian; suffice it to say that Mr. Manson himself appeared shocked at what he saw, although he could not but admire the majesty of these ceremonies.

But what displeased me more than all the rest was the communion. The Pope, after the singing of the Gospel, continued to say mass; but to receive the communion he ascended again to his throne, and there a deacon brought him the consecrated wafer; and although, on the preceding Friday, he had kneeled to adore the image of the cross, yet he now remained on his throne in the presence of the holy sacrament. The deacon then brought him a golden goblet, while he, standing, drank through a golden reed the consecrated wine.

“Oh! your Pope!” said the Waldensian, “he does not believe in the real presence of Jesus in the sacrament, or, if he believes in it, he is certainly that man of sin of whom Saint Paul speaks in the second epistle to the Thessalonians: ‘Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.’ (2 Thess., ii., 4.)”

After the mass the procession formed again; the Pope reascended his portable throne, and was thus carried up to the great balcony to bless, at the sound of music and the noise of cannon, the immense crowd that covered the place of Saint Peter’s.

I will not tell you now what the Waldensian said on this occasion, and I will only add that I have passed a very uncomfortable Easter-day. My conscience torments me. I dare not approach the Paschal com-

munion. I know not whether I ought to attend the spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius, as I was advised to do by the Jesuits.

In my next you will know what I have decided upon.

Dear Eugene, pray for me, for I am in a truly deplorable state. Adieu. Believe me yours,

HENRY.

## THIRTEENTH LETTER.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—After two years of trial and suffering, behold me again enjoying the light of day, and the sweet liberty which I thought to have lost forever. And you, dear Eugene, you supposed you had lost your friend, but behold, you have found him, and doubly found him; for not only is he returned to you alive, but, still more, delivered from all his errors and prejudices, and you find in him a brother in our common Father and Lord Jesus Christ.

What the discussions and arguments of my good friend the Waldensian could not do, has been done by the grace of the Lord. Two years spent in the prisons of the Inquisition, a long and serious study of the Gospel, and sincere and fervent prayer, have awakened within me a faith that was unknown to me before.

The Lord, whom I did not seek, came himself, and sought me out in prison, and the Good Shepherd has led the strayed sheep to his fold.

I know not how to begin, I have so many things to tell you: my imprisonment, my trial, my sufferings, my conversion, and my deliverance, are so many subjects of deep interest to you, and I should like to relate them all in a single breath. But this being impossible, I will begin with my liberation, and by a description of those terrible prisons, which will aid you

I



in understanding what I have to tell you afterward about my trial.

Do not expect a studied narrative. My relation shall be simple, and in my customary manner.

It was on the 27th of last March, toward sunset, that I heard in the corridor which led to my dungeon a tumultuous sound as of persons walking rapidly along, clamorous and shouting loudly, but whose words were too indistinct for comprehension. The opening of the dungeon doors, the threats and blasphemies which resounded through this lower corridor, showed that some extraordinary occurrence was taking place. As for me, who had nothing but misery to expect, I threw myself on my knees and began to pray, recommending my soul to God, when, with a great clash, my door was burst open. A man of small stature rushed in first, and embraced me, hanging on my neck, and overcome with tears. It was the minister *Sterbini*, the author of the decree of the abolition of the Holy Office. Others followed, and embraced me in their turn. *Sterbini* confided me to the care of two of them, and said to me, "You are free; now I fly to deliver the others."

I was suffering from an extreme weakness in my limbs, caused by a long sojourn in a close dungeon, so that I could hardly walk. The two men took me in their arms, and carried me, as if in triumph, into the midst of the crowd of people assembled in the courtyard, who, upon seeing me, began to shout with joy and to clap their hands, crying out, "*Hurrah for liberty of conscience!*" I was carried to a room with the other liberated prisoners, and there the good people of Rome, so different from their priests, endeavored to re-

store our strength by soups, wine, and cordials. The number of liberated prisoners in this room soon increased to about thirty. Now Sterbini returned, much fatigued, and asked each one of us where we desired to be led. As for me, I replied, being a stranger, I was without a home, but if they would be good enough to take me to the curate of the Magdalene, he would, perhaps, be good enough to receive me.

“The curate of the Magdalene, whom you seek,” said Sterbini, “discovered what the priests were before you, and he has left Rome, and with Rome he has abandoned the Roman religion.”

At this news I could not but raise my eyes toward heaven, and give thanks to God for bringing over this man to his Gospel. Then one of the gentlemen present begged me to accept a room in his house, which I did, and I am still living with him. Thanks to the kindness of my host, and the active care of an excellent physician, I was enabled to go out within a very few days. Yesterday, the 4th of April, I took my first walk. On this day the gates of the Holy Office were thrown open to the public, so that every one might inspect the place where so much iniquity had been perpetrated. My host begged me to accompany him as guide through these prisons.

The palace of the Roman Inquisition presents externally a style of architecture both simple and severe. Its lonely position, the gigantic edifice of the Vatican, which seems to tower above it, the iron gates that secure its entrance, and the solemn silence which reigns around it, give to these prisons an imposing aspect. It is composed of two rectangles united by a trapezi-

um. The first part of the rectangle, facing on the street, constituted the ancient palace of the ferocious Michael Ghilieri, who became later Pius V., the instigator and author of the massacre of Saint Bartholemew's Eve. He made a present of this building to the Inquisition, who added a number of chambers, and converted it to the use of the father inquisitors and those attached to the Holy Office. The other part of the rectangle is destined for prisoners.

We ascended to the first story. An immense hall leads to two large and commodious apartments; the one belongs to the father commissary, and the other to Monsignor the Assessor. These apartments were unfurnished, their possessors having saved the furniture. Thence we entered into the hall of this dread tribunal. At the end, in front, are placed the colossal arms of Pius V.; a large arm-chair for the father commissary, surmounted by a huge crucifix; an elliptical table, with twenty chairs for the consultors of the Holy Office, and a picture of the terrible Guzman (St. Dominic), composed the whole of the furniture. Thence we passed into the Archives. An inscription in large characters, placed above the door, interdicted the entrance *under penalty of excommunication*. Disregarding this prohibition, multitudes were passing through, and we entered with them a large room, having its four walls garnished with shelves full of papers. A number of tables, with writing materials, were to be found in this first part of the Archives, called the Chancery. Here it is that the records of all the modern trials, dating from the middle of the last century down to the present time, were kept. From this we

proceeded to the library. All the correspondence of the Holy Office, all the works which speak in praise of the Inquisition, in whatever language they might have been published, are embraced in this library. Another, and the most precious portion, contains a complete collection of the works of the Italian reformers—works for the most part unknown to the most learned bibliophiles, because the greater part have been destroyed. I had no idea that the Italians had written so much in favor of the Gospel. However, the most interesting part of this library is composed of manuscripts found by the Inquisition in possession of heretical priests who were imprisoned, or of those whose property was sequestrated by the censor.

The third part of the Archives contains the ancient proceedings commenced in the time of Pius V. There are to be found the famous trials of Luigi Pasquali, of Antonio Paleario, of Carnesecchi, and of many others burned in Rome for the cause of the Gospel. There the horrible plans of organization of the Valteline massacres are stowed away; there are the documents of the Gunpowder Plot of England, and the Saint Bartholomew Massacre of France, and many other documents, which, if published, would show what Popery is.

From the Archives we passed on to another room entirely bare; two side-doors opened into the apartments of the two fathers, called *companions*.

We entered into the room of the second companion, whom I knew well, as it was he who filled the office of judge-instructor, and I had often been examined by him. In the very chamber where I had been questioned, and under the very place where I was seated,

I beheld an open trap. Wishing to see what it was, we descended by a little staircase, which led us to a recent opening made in the wall by the order of the government of the republic, and this ended in a subterranean cavity like a sepulchre: the earth on its bottom was black and spongy. On one side the earth was heaped up, covering half-buried human skeletons. My heart failed me at this sight, and my guide was overflowing with indignation at these horrible sights.

In the middle of the second rectangle, where the prisons are, is a damp and dark court-yard, and all around it are small gates with bars of iron, showing where the old dungeons were: they are little cells, low, damp, and hardly large enough to contain one person. Below these cells are subterranean passages, formed by the ruins of the ancient Circus of Nero—ruins which appear to have been always destined to be sprinkled with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.

In one of these subterranean places there still exists, in an angle, about thirty steps of a stone staircase, where the unfortunate victims who were condemned to die by being *walled up* were made to descend.

The skeletons found at the bottom showed how these barbarous executions were consummated. The victims, their hands bound behind their backs, were buried up to their shoulders in earth mixed with lime; then the opening was walled up, and they were left to die by starvation. The convulsive movements of these skeletons showed the horrible struggle they had sustained before death. We left this infernal abode, and continued our visit to the ancient prisons. A little corridor to the left of the one already described con-

ducted us to a small court-yard worse than the first. Here there are sixty very small dungeons, divided into three stories. In each of these dungeons can be seen an enormous iron ring, which served to clasp the waist of the prisoner. In some this ring was fastened to the wall, and in others to the pavement. In the centre of one of these dungeons was a round stone, which the government had removed, and it was found to cover a hole in which many skeletons could be seen. No one knows whether the individuals found in this place were buried dead or alive. In the midst of so many horrors, we were deeply affected on reading the half-effaced inscriptions on the walls. One of them ran thus: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Another: "The caprice and cruelty of man shall never separate me from thy Church, O Christ, my only hope." A third was this: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I was weary of beholding these barbarities, and we passed on to the modern prisons. They are composed of two compartments. Each of these prisons is in the form of a narrow cell. They are separated by a long and narrow corridor. On each door is placed a crucifix, but the countenance of Christ is represented, not with the mild expression of him who uttered the touching prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It was, on the contrary, menacing and ferocious. Inside each dungeon is written, in large letters, a passage from the Bible. These passages are chosen from the most threatening of those found in the law and the prophets, not a single pas-

sage speaking of compassion or pardon. In vain you would seek for a word of this sort in the dictionary of the Inquisition; never a sentiment of pity, pity to heretics being a heresy. In my prison, for instance, there was written the sixth verse of Psalm cix.: "Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand." In another dungeon there was written the seventeenth verse of the same Psalm: "As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him." And in a third was to be found the nineteenth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy: "Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

There remained to be visited the ancient hall of torture, situated under ground, and approached by a narrow stone staircase. The instruments of torture no longer exist, but we saw still, fastened into the wall, an iron hook which sustained the axis of the wheel, and in the centre was a square stone, in which a post was fixed, which served for torture by means of a rope. Iron rings fixed in the dome showed the means of other tortures. A large chimney-place in one of the angles of the room indicated the place of torture by fire. But lately this chamber had been converted into the wine-cellar of the reverend father inquisitor. At the side of this cellar the republican government had had a wall torn down, which, although painted gray and in such a manner as to appear ancient, yet, its mortar having been examined by masons, it was recognized to be of very recent construction. This opening conducted into a high room where there were two

large ovens, made in the form of hives, and these ovens were filled with calcined bones. When the Inquisition could no longer burn its victims in public, they were burned secretly in these ovens. After having seen all these things, we left this hell never to return.

Dear Eugene, such is the place where your poor friend languished for two years. The iniquity of the trials surpasses that of the prisons. But the Lord has done great things for me. God has made use of the wickedness of men, and of those very men for whom I entertained so much esteem, to convert me to him.

With all this, I have no idea what has become of my friends. I fear greatly lest the Waldensian may have been also thrown into prison by the Holy Office; but whether he has died in prison, or is alive and free, I can not ascertain. My host has promised to make all possible researches for them, and I await the issue with anxiety. I have not yet decided whither to go; but while I remain in Rome, I will write you often, and will relate the history of my imprisonment and my conversion. Adieu, dear friend.

HENRY.



## FOURTEENTH LETTER.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—You expect, no doubt, to find in this letter the account of my imprisonment, and such should be the object of this letter if I endeavored to follow a chronological order; but I am anxious to unburden my heart by revealing a mystery of iniquity until now unknown to you. Perhaps you will say, What is this mystery of iniquity? The Inquisition? . . . No. It is Jesuitism!

You know that I was a Jesuit both in heart and soul, although I did not wear the dress. You know, besides, that I followed the exercises of Saint Ignatius with the most honest intentions. But some conversations with Pasquali, of which I have never informed you, caused me to become more reserved in my intercourse with the Jesuits.

My confessor of this order was the secretary of the father assistant of France, and as he held me in great consideration, and regarded me already as *affiliated*,\* he communicated many important things to me, and sometimes made me write his letters; and so great was his confidence in me that he often left me alone in his chamber. On such occasions I endeavored to discov-

\* The Jesuits denominate those members of the Company who have not assumed the habit, but have secretly joined their body, *affiliated* members. In France these are popularly called “Jesuits of the short frock”—(*Jésuites à robe courte*).

er the secrets of his correspondence ; and although I do not flatter myself that I succeeded in penetrating into them all, yet, by putting them all together, I believe I have acquired a pretty good comprehension of the Jesuitical system.

I will not relate in their order the discoveries I made, nor the letters I read ; I will only give the results.

The fundamental maxim of the Jesuits is, as I have already explained to you in speaking of the exercises of Saint Ignatius, as follows : “ *All means are good if they conduct to the end in view.* ”

What end do the Jesuits propose to attain ? you will ask. They reply, the greater glory of God. This is their motto ; but remark this, they do not say that their aim is the “ glory of God ” (which would be an aim entirely spiritual), but *the greater glory* of God ; and by this comparative they open the way to all sorts of interpretations. Thus, for instance, the glory of God would require that all men should arrive at a knowledge of truth by means of instruction and persuasion ; but *the greater glory* of God, according to them, exacts that all men should be constrained to think like the Jesuits, under penalty of being damned. But what follows will show in clearer light the abominations of this principle.

To attain their end, this is their practical argument : The greater glory of God demands the salvation of all men, but this salvation can not be obtained outside of the Catholic Church ; consequently, the greater glory of God consists in obliging all men to belong to the Roman Church.

In the application of this principle the means are indifferent. Thus one of the means by which the people remain or become Catholics is *ignorance*, so that with them it is a duty to perpetuate ignorance among the people. A true Jesuit beholds in science the ruin of religion. But ignorance can not be maintained openly, because the people would be aware of it; so it is maintained by feigning instruction. This is the reason the Jesuits seek the monopoly of education, to envelop science in inextricable methods, and to divert the intellect with vain questions rather than with solid instruction; and, should one of their novices surpass the rest, they would, by their great power, either persecute him as a heretic or a liberal, according to the country he inhabited, and any writings of his would be put in the Index. To attract and maintain people in the Roman religion, superstition must be united to ignorance. Superstition may be evil in itself, but the end sanctifies the means. Thus all the modern Roman superstitions originate among the Jesuits; and, as many persons will accept nothing in religion that is not ancient, the aid of falsehood and deception is called in to demonstrate that the inventions of a few days' standing date back to the first centuries of the Church. Wise and sincere men soon unmask this imposture; then the Jesuits declare them to be heretics, Jansenists, or unbelievers, and persecute them.

All the principles of this mystery of iniquity can not be explained in one letter, therefore let us pass on to a consideration of its practical workings.

In Rome the Jesuits act openly and fearlessly: they hold the entire city in their hands. As regards edu-

cation, they give instruction in the great *Roman* College to more than a thousand youths. In the *German* College they educate more than a hundred young Prussians, Hungarians, Bavarians, and Swiss, to be sent later to Germany as bishops or priests. In the *Irish and Scotch* Colleges, young men, destined to hold ecclesiastical benefices in those two countries, are educated. The *English* College is directed entirely by affiliated members. In the college of the *Propaganda* about three hundred young men of different countries are instructed and sent back to their respective lands as affiliated Jesuits. They have also charge of the College of *nobles*, where almost the entire nobility of Rome are educated by the Jesuits, so that nearly all the instruction in Rome is Jesuitical.

As regards the education of women, it is in the hands of the ladies of the Holy Heart and of the Good Shepherd, whose Jesuitism is notorious.

All these young people are obliged to confess to the reverend father Jesuits, and this is their great harvest-field. Educated by them, and accustomed to hear their sermons, they can withhold nothing from these fathers, whom they esteem and venerate so highly.

Jesuits have a peculiar manner of hearing confessions. They are not content with the simple avowal of sins, but, by their kind and insinuating manners, they manage to gather from the youth who makes his confession all that relates to his family affairs, the conduct of his parents, his household concerns, the names and conversation of the persons who frequent it, etc. Thus it is that innocent boys often become the accusers of their own parents, and this is one of the means em-

ployed by the reverend fathers for their secret police. But this method alone would not attain their end. Therefore they have, in the Church of Jesus, a congregation of nobles, with which all the Roman nobility is associated. The Jesuits are its directors and confessors, and thus hold in their hands the nobility.

They direct also a congregation of merchants, and become acquainted, through the confessional, with every thing relating to commerce. They also make a similar use of the congregation of mechanics, called *prima primaria*, in the Church of *Saint Ignatius*, and of the countrymen in the Church of *Saint Vitale*.

They have in the galleys, at the Castle of Saint Angelo, a congregation of galley-slaves, and thus act as their police.

Another congregation established in the prisons extends their dominion over the prisoners. And as the spiritual direction of the municipal soldiers (or gendarmes) is confided to them, they are informed of every thing that occurs in the city.

In the church of *Caravita* there is a congregation of ladies, to which nearly all the ladies of the city belong; besides, there is another congregation of so-called *half-ladies*, to which those females who are not noble belong. Finally, the congregation of the Missions is attended by the more bigoted mechanics, men and maid servants, grisettes, etc.

The Jesuits are assiduous in their attendance at the confessional, and each confessor has his particular class of persons; those who can best insinuate themselves into the mind of youth are assigned to confess young boys; those who understand the nobility confess the

nobles. Thus each class has its corresponding and appropriate Jesuit confessor. By this means they discover every thing.

The Jesuitical government is eminently monarchical. There is but one head, who is the *general*; and from all I could discover, this is the way they govern the world. Each is compelled to yield a blind obedience to his superior, so that, according to their own expression, a Jesuit should be in the hands of his superior what a corpse is in the hands of a surgeon. A Jesuit should have no conscience, because his conscience is in the hands of his superior, so that (as their rule is) he should obey him except where the command is *evidently* a sin. But in the code of Jesuitical morality, neither calumny, nor robbery, nor homicide are *evidently* sins. The father-general has divided the different kingdoms of the world into as many different provinces under his dominion. The three kingdoms of the British Isles, for instance, form one province; Italy another; France another. Each kingdom constitutes but one province under the government of the general. Switzerland, being too inconsiderable to form a whole province, is divided between Germany and France. Each of these provinces has a representative in Rome, called *assistant*. Every individual belonging to the company is obliged to communicate every day to a Jesuit called the *spiritual father*, or the superior of the college where he lives, every thing he sees, hears, or thinks. These fathers make extracts of the most important reports, and communicate them to the fathers of the province, who, in their turn, forward a weekly extract to the father-general, who, in

his turn, makes a selection, and lays them before the Pope in a particular audience every Thursday evening.

All this renders the father-general an object of dread even to crowned heads, because he holds in his hands, by means of consciences, all the reins of the Catholic society. The father-general, acting upon the statements he receives, agrees with his *assistants* as to the course to be followed.

If he believes, for instance, that the greater glory of God demands the creation of a revolution in a kingdom, the general sends the order to his *assistants*, who give notice to all the associates, and these, obeying as mere machines, speak and act as commanded, either in the confessionals or the pulpit; so that the father-general, if not afraid of unveiling his intrigues, might often predict an event many months, or even years, before its occurrence. This is the reason why Jesuits are protected by sovereigns and governments. If any power is opposed to them, it must sooner or later fall.

In those places where the Jesuits have no legal existence, the influence of the father-general is perhaps still greater, for there the Jesuits exist as missionaries or under some other name. The father-general sends to those countries the most artful men, who propagate their opinions secretly; and many who would not dare to avow themselves Jesuits, connect themselves with the company under some other name without being aware of it.

My confessor, whom I have already spoken of, being one day in better humor than usual, related to me incredible things respecting Jesuitism in England.

He told me, for instance, that, in spite of all persecutions, they had never abandoned England; that there were more Jesuits there than in Italy; they were to be found in all classes of society, in Parliament, among the Protestant clergy, among its bishops, and among the aristocracy. I did not comprehend how a Jesuit could become a Protestant minister, or how a Protestant bishop could be a Jesuit; but my confessor commanded silence, saying, "*Omnia munda mundis*;" that Saint Paul became a Jew among Jews to save Jews; so that there was nothing astonishing that a Jesuit should turn Protestant among Protestants to convert Protestants.

But this is what I discovered with reference to the religious movement in England denominated Puseyism. The English clergy being extremely partial to their system of faith, it would have been impossible to change their doctrine on this point. The schemes and machinations set on foot by Bossuet and the Jansenists of France to unite the English clergy to the Catholic Church having been of no avail, the Jesuits of England tried other means, which was to demonstrate by history and ecclesiastical antiquity the legitimacy of the usages of the Anglican clergy. Then, by the aid of disguised Jesuits, the English clergy were induced to examine more minutely the subject of ecclesiastical antiquity. The end to be gained was to occupy students in long, laborious, and difficult investigations, and thus to lead them away from the study of the Bible. While Bingham was publishing his excellent work on ecclesiastical antiquities, the Pope, being warned by the Jesuits, chose his best champions,



to whom he distributed certain offices to occupy them with the same study; and as documents of this sort abound in Rome, the Roman theologians had the advantage, especially as they did not hesitate to commit changes and falsifications.

Arrighi, Mamachi, and many others, published in Rome their Christian antiquities. The Jesuits of England now stimulated the Anglican clergy to give themselves up still more to this pursuit, and inspired them with the desire to visit Rome to judge with their own eyes. In Rome the Jesuits took great care not to convert those missionaries, as they wished to make so many apostles of them. In this manner the Jesuits of England and Rome succeeded in attracting a large proportion of the English clergy toward Puseyism.

Such were the revelations of my confessor.

As regards their tactics in Protestant countries, I may sum it up thus: what the Jesuits preach and practice in those countries would be elsewhere regarded as heresy. There they hold to fewer superstitions than in Catholic countries. They permit Catholics, in opposition to the decrees of the Popes and the Councils, to read the Bible, and this in order to accuse Protestants of lying when they mention such things in discussions. They insinuate themselves among the people by charitable works rather than by the confessional. They spare no sacrifice in gaining the favor of the great and powerful, and endeavor to make themselves indispensable by promoting internal dissensions. Thus, for instance, supposing that there exist in a Protestant country two parties, either in the administrative or in the legislative body, the Jesuits, and all

good Catholics acting under their direction, ought to remain neutral; but, instead of doing so, they throw themselves in a mass upon the side of those who promise them the greatest advantages. Thus combining with the victorious party, they endeavor to annihilate the vanquished; having succeeded in this, they seek to destroy the party to which they attached themselves, and to remain alone masters of the field of battle.

But, you will say, how can such iniquity be explained? Are they men or demons? It is impossible to be so wicked without an aim. What, then, is this aim? You will ask, too, if they can perform all this without immense riches? Where do they procure these riches? These are questions that can not be answered with few words. I shall postpone such replies for my next. In the mean time I shall remain at Rome, but shall leave it when I shall have found out what has become of Mr. Pasquali; then I will inform you of my future residence.

Yours affectionately,

HENRY.







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**MONKS.**

## FIFTEENTH LETTER.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I gave you, in my last, a general idea of the Jesuits and Jesuitism, but I desire still to give you some explanation with regard to their influence, their morality, and wealth. If any one should attempt to judge the Jesuits of to-day or Jesuitism from what the writers of the last two centuries have said, he would be greatly mistaken. Then Jesuitism was at open war with the Gospel and society, whereas modern Jesuitism is a contagious disease—a sort of epidemic, which, although it insinuates itself secretly, is none the less dangerous.

Jesuitism formerly acted openly, like a conqueror; the modern system acts secretly, like an assassin. To-day the Jesuits are no longer the confessors of kings, because no influence could be gained thereby; they are no longer court preachers, because sermons and confessions affect no longer the hearts of sovereigns nor the destiny of nations. To belie what has been said of them, and to prove that they are entirely different from what they are accused of being, they have chosen another road, so as to govern in their way both religion and society, and this way I have pointed out to you in my last letter.

You asked of me, What end do the Jesuits propose to attain?

If you should put this question to them, they would

reply, "The greatest glory of God;" but if you question the facts, you will be forced to conclude that it is an immoderate thirst for dominion; to render themselves necessary to the Pope and to kings, in order to govern the Pope and the whole Roman Catholic Church; and, finally, to command kings and the entire world.

This is the veritable aim of the reverend fathers. Thus Catholicism and Jesuitism, Jesuitism and despotism, are one and the same thing.

Formerly there existed Jansenists and a Gallican Church, but all this has disappeared, and one can no longer be a good Catholic without being a Jesuit.

"To attain the end, the means are indifferent." This is their favorite maxim. Thus, to rule the intellects of men, they seek to weaken them; and, under the pretext of instruction, they fill the minds of youth with prejudices, so as better to maintain them in a state of ignorance slightly tinged with science. To govern in matters of religion, they have rendered religion material and superstitious. They call themselves the disciples of Jesus, not to model themselves on him, but to make of him a Jesus of their sort; for if you take any book written by Jesuits and designed to nourish (as their expression is) the religion of their pupils, you will find, not the Jesus of the Gospel, but a Jesus so contracted as to resemble one of their own novices. It is with the same intention that they have invented all the modern superstitions, and reduced religion to a material and hypocritical worship, entirely abolishing the Gospel idea of worship of spirit and in truth. They seek to command in politics, and to at-

tain this end all means are good. Consequently, in order to become indispensable to sovereigns, they do not preach, with Peter and Paul, submission to established powers, but, personifying in themselves the Catholic religion, they preach and teach in the confessional, in pulpits, and in schools, that the best sovereign is he who favors them most; and if a government does not favor the reverend fathers, that government is heretical, and they do not cease to ascribe to it corrupt intentions. Pius IX., who did not favor them much in the commencement, was deemed by them a schismatic and an intruder, and they openly prayed for his conversion. If a sovereign should not be well inclined to the Jesuits, a revolution would certainly break forth in his kingdom. Under such circumstances, they insinuate that obedience is not due to an irreligious sovereign; and, making a false application of the passage which says, "We ought to obey God rather than man," and putting themselves in the place of God, they excite to disobedience and revolt.

If a king is beloved by his subjects, the reverend fathers do not lose courage, but tell the people that the qualities they admire are like the enchanting voice of the siren, which only allures to destroy; that those qualities are a snare of the devil, an artifice used by irreligious men to uproot from the souls of the subjects the precious treasure of the religion of their forefathers; and they understand so well how to act and what to say, that, if a sovereign were desirous of the good of his subjects, he would be constrained to renounce his good dispositions in order to avoid a bloody revolution; but should he retain the esteem of his subjects in spite

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of the Jesuits, still they would cause great disturbances in the kingdom.

Count Rossi was the only man who could maintain the statute law in Rome. I know that his assassination was attributed, at the time, to the Liberals; but all sensible men in Rome are persuaded that this murder was the consequence of secret manœuvres of the Jesuits to throw Rome into a bloody revolution. Rossi was assassinated, but other blood was not spared; for then it was that Cardinal Antonelli, an associate of the Jesuits, ordered the Swiss Guard to fire on a disarmed and peaceable populace, who were demanding of the Pope a new ministry; and as this infernal attempt was made in vain, it was this very Jesuitical party who constrained the Pope to abandon Rome, by alarming him with dangers that did not exist, to throw Rome into anarchy, and thus attain their end; and now again they rule the Pope. Thus they try to carry out their plans in every kingdom. Dominion is their only end, and, to gain this, all means are good. Wherever they live, the Jesuits must reign or the country must perish.

You would like to know now how the Jesuits obtain their immense riches. Their riches are for the greater glory of God. Thus all means to obtain them are good. From this it follows that what, according to evangelical doctrine, would be called robbery, rapine, fraud, plunder, etc., is with them only an innocent means to advance the greater glory of God. One of these means is the hypocritical poverty that they affect externally. If you enter the chamber of a Jesuit, you will behold the evidence of an edifying poverty. A Jesuit never has a cent in his purse; but this apparent

poverty is only to throw dust into the eyes of the simple. Far from wanting any thing, the Jesuit has in an instant every thing he desires; no prince possesses more than he: rich libraries, collections, mirrors, masterpieces of the fine arts, can be found in all the establishments of the Jesuits; their table, without being magnificent, is nevertheless better than the ordinary board of a gentleman, and their external poverty is only a mask to excite the charity of the simple-minded. To exercise fraud they make use of another hypocrisy. Their "professed houses" have no revenue, but are supported by charity; that is to say, their revenues are not secured in their name, but in the name of the infirmary of sick Jesuits; and by this means they obtain an income that far surpasses their wants; and as they take pains to have it understood that their houses can not possess revenues, they go about town collecting money, and thus enrich themselves with the charity of citizens. They will raise funds for their churches under one pretext or another, and thus amass considerable sums. Thus, a few years since, having embellished the grand altar of their church in Rome, they raised contributions for this object to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars.

Other sources of revenue for the Jesuits are foreign and especially Protestant countries. The Jesuits educate in Rome a certain number of young men from foreign countries, and this furnishes them with a pretext for making secret collections in those countries for the support and education in Rome of their missionaries. My father confessor informed me that England alone sent yearly thousands of pounds sterling to Rome.

I will not speak of the well-known society for the Propagation of the Faith, whose centre is in Lyons. The millions collected by that society every year are destined to plant Jesuitism where it does not yet exist.

Another source of revenue is donations and legacies. If a rich man confesses to a Jesuit, he does not leave without having paid dearly for the absolution granted him; not that the reverend father tells him, "Give me some money, or I will not absolve you;" but he will begin by talking charity to him, and thus far there is nothing to say; but then, by a misuse of the passage in the Gospel which says, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," he insinuates that alms-giving is best to be performed by means of a religious person, who will not divulge the name of the donor. Quoting then another passage, where Jesus praises the woman who poured on him precious ointment, they endeavor to show that the best charity made is to Jesus, and by Jesus they mean the Jesuits, and thus, also, they obtain large sums. If a man who has enriched himself by means of the wealth of others confesses to them, they make use of the parable of the unjust steward, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations" (Luke, xvi., 9); and thus they insinuate that he should give these unjust riches to the Virgin and to the saints, to make friends who will receive him into heaven. At the death-bed of the rich they announce how difficult it is for a rich man to be saved, and after having frightened them thoroughly, they suggest that the only way remaining is to place their treasure in heaven, so that

where their treasure is, there will their heart be also. Then, seeing that by a single stroke of the pen the kingdom of heaven is opened to him, the dying man willingly signs his will in favor of the reverend fathers. These are but a few of the methods they employ to enrich themselves. But they make use of other means to maintain the esteem of the unsuspecting: they affect an austere morality, and great zeal for religion. It must be granted that their external conduct is seemingly irreproachable; you never hear alleged against them such misdeeds as are related concerning other priests and monks; and their convents are particularly free from disorderly scenes. This external show of austerity does not prevent them, however, from committing unscrupulously all those atrocities which I have related to you, because these are necessary to the attainment of their objects, whereas gross immoralities would impede them in the pursuit of their aims. Thus the pivot of Jesuitical morals is *self-interest*; but as all persons under their direction do not choose to practice an austere morality, they adapt their moral precepts to the inclinations and tastes of the different kinds of men. I will not repeat what the celebrated Pascal has said with so much elegant wit in his *Provinciales*, but I assure you their morality is the same now as in his time, apart from some few accidental differences: they affect great devoutness, that they may insinuate themselves among penitents, but their religion consists in a horrible superstition; they endeavor to destroy the Gospel entirely. The Gospel teaches that the way that leads to eternal life is narrow, and few there be that enter the strait gate of salvation; but the Jesuits

teach a religion by which it is impossible not to be saved. For this purpose they have invented the system of *Mariolatry* (the worship of Mary), and they publish numerous books, and preach daily, that those who devote themselves to Mary can not be damned, even if their life had been most criminal. Mary will convert them at their death. For this purpose, again, they have introduced the devotion of their holy saint François Xavier, and invented a new revelation, by which God has promised to grant to any one practicing this devotion once in his life any grace demanded of him. Also, you will see, during the days consecrated to this devotion, the church of the Jesuits filled with the élite of society, who come to demand the grace of salvation, although they live in the practice of the vilest sins ; and the Jesuits, in the name of God and François Xavier, assure them of their salvation.

I should never finish if I were to narrate all the iniquities of the Jesuits ; besides, my sheet is full. These few remarks will suffice to give you a feeble idea of Jesuitism.

In my next I will give you an account of my imprisonment.

Believe me yours affectionately,

HENRY.

## SIXTEENTH LETTER.

Rome, May, 1849.

DEAR EUGENE,—Here I am in a city besieged by French troops. If I wanted to talk politics, this would be a favorable moment; but my plan being decided upon, I have nothing to do with politics, therefore I will not tell you either of the siege or the defense made, or of the proclamations or the popular insurrections, these being matters that you can find in the papers. I will simply state that I am still in Rome, awaiting the arrival of my dear friend Pasquali, who is expected to return from a journey with his two friends, when we shall probably all go to England together.

I proceed to fulfill my promise to relate the incidents of my imprisonment.

It was on the 5th of April, the Monday after Easter, at about nine in the evening, that two men presented themselves at my door. One of them, a tall and stout individual, after having closed the door, stood by the side of it; the other, a small man, rather aged, and of an unpleasant expression of countenance, approached me with repeated salutations, and said,

“Is this the Abbé J. . . . ?”

“That is my name,” I replied. Then said the repulsive-looking man,

“In that case you will be so good as to follow me;

but fear nothing; it will be well enough with you; the Holy Office is compassionate."

At the bare name of the Holy Office my eyes grew dim, my knees trembled, and I sank upon my chair; a chill ran over me. The man continued to speak to me, but his voice fell in confused sounds upon my ear.

A few moments afterward the superior of the convent appeared in my room, pale and trembling; he was ordered, in the name of the Holy Office, to place my chamber under seal, and was warned that he was responsible to the holy tribunal for any thing that might be lost.

Then these two men, taking me each by one arm, tried to encourage me with feigned politeness, and thus led me from my chamber. The superior of the convent then placed a seal on my door, and handed to them his signet. After that they put me in a carriage to take me to the place of my destination.

When we had entered the carriage my conductors revealed their true character. To the honeyed speeches addressed to me before the superior succeeded most base and barbarous insults. I pass them by, for their recollection is painful to me; yet their insults drew me out of my deep despondency; and perceiving that I was in the presence of a couple of contemptible bailiffs, I refrained from all complaint, and remained silent, until the stopping of the carriage informed me that I had reached my destination.

A man of ferocious aspect opened the door, and one of my companions having descended, he ordered me to come forth, and gave me into the custody of the jailer,

who seized my arm with his iron grasp, and led me, by the light of a lantern, into the prison.

Hardly had I entered when a Dominican monk of athletic proportions presented himself, and with him a priest with paper and ink. Then the men who had arrested me related their proceedings to the priests, who took notes of them; they consigned to them the signet which had served to seal my chamber; then they undressed me, leaving me entirely naked, to examine whether I had any thing about me that concerned the Inquisition. They took away what little money I had, my penknife, shoestrings, collar, and handkerchief. As this treatment seemed to me unnecessarily brutal, I complained to the Dominican monk who was present, but he replied with hypocritical suavity that if I behaved myself the articles should be returned, but that, for the present, charity obliged him to take away every thing that could facilitate my committing suicide.

During this infamous proceeding I observed that my prison was a small square chamber, like a cell of a convent; in one corner there was a bag filled with straw, in the other a broken pitcher; finally, a table and stool, both attached to the wall, completed the furniture of this dungeon. The search ended, the Dominican turned toward a jailer and said, in a solemn voice,

“This prisoner is committed to your care; you are responsible for him to the Holy Office.”

The jailer made a profound bow, and all retired. The bolts were turned on me, and I stood alone in my prison.

I can not express to you, my dear Eugene, the tem-



pest of emotions that rose within me at that moment. I remember only that a heavy hand, like a nightmare, seemed to crush my heart and nearly choked my breathing. I know not how long I remained in this state, but I do recollect that a great thought roused me from this terrible despair. At that moment I was not seeking God, but God was seeking me; these words of the Gospel arose in my mind: Jesus had come "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke, iv., 18, 19). These words were a balm to my grief. I threw myself on my knees, and prayed from the fullness of my heart, and torrents of tears rolled down my cheeks. Then I was relieved; I groped about for my mattress, threw myself upon it, and slept peaceably the whole night.

My prison window looked toward the east; the rays of the morning sun fell upon my eyes, and I arose. Oh! how terrible to awake after a first night passed in prison! You see it in all its horror, you feel the price of freedom lost! I began to move about in my dungeon, but it was only three paces long, and the turning caused my head to swim, and I was forced to desist. I tried to open my window to let in the fresh air, but it was so high up I could not reach it. I waited with impatience for the jailer, and each quarter of an hour struck by the clock of Saint Peter's seemed to me a century. I heard no noise in the whole building, and it struck midday, and nothing as yet announced that I was still in the land of the living.

Discouragement, grief, solitude, and hunger so troubled my imagination that I thought they had left me

to starve. At last I heard a sound of keys in the corridor, my door was opened, and a jailer entered bringing a little basket which contained my dinner. A small portion of bad soup in a leaden bowl, containing about three ounces of meat, together with about twelve ounces of bread, composed my meal. No spoon or fork, knife or glass, plate or napkin—these are luxuries refused to the prisoners of the Inquisition.

The jailer placed my dinner on the table, and said, "Adieu till to-morrow;" and, turning his back, he left me alone.

In this manner were spent eight long days, during which I only saw the disagreeable face of my jailer. On the eighth day I asked to see some one of the reverend father inquisitors. The jailer at these words burst into laughter, and scoffed at my boldness in daring to ask for one of the fathers.

"The fathers," said he, "are not the servants of the prisoners; when they wish to see you they will ask for you; meanwhile you can dispense with asking for them."

Then I told him why I wished to speak with some one of them: it was to beg them to change my prison, as I could not breathe in its stifling atmosphere, and to procure a few books as a pastime for such eternal days.

"As for the prison," replied the jailer, "it is useless to speak about it, because every room is full; and as regards books and other conveniences, I can serve you as you may desire."

I was at a loss to reconcile this offer of the jailer with his hard-hearted look and what I had heard of the rigors of the Inquisition; I was surprised at the

proposition. He, seeing my astonishment, explained himself, and said,

“Do not believe that we jailers are as bad as is reported, nor that the Inquisition is as cruel as brigands pretend. The reverend fathers can not authorize a milder treatment of the prisoners, because it would contravene the rules of the Holy Tribunal; but they confide in the jailers, knowing them to be honest men, and these furnish the prisoners with every thing that is agreeable to them—always, however, within the bounds of honesty; so,” said he “you have only to command, and I will bring you any thing you may desire, on the condition, however, that you give notice to the reverend father notary to pay for it out of your money.”

Then I confined myself to demanding two things: the first, that my window might be opened every morning; the second, that he would procure some books. The next morning, as desired, the jailer arrived with a large book under his arm, which he placed on the table; he opened the window also, and then retired. I felt my strength return on breathing the fresh air; but, alas! the book was a collection of *Legends* of the saints. I would willingly have thrown it away, but was hindered by the urgent necessity of having something to read in order to occupy my sad leisure. However, the perusal of these apocryphal histories excited such profound disgust, that after three days I begged the jailer to change this book and to bring me a Bible.

“A Bible!” exclaimed the jailer with horror, and falling back a step or two and opening his astonished

eyes; "a Bible! That would be enough to bring the devil back into the Holy Office."

To understand this expression, you must know that among the jailers, of the Inquisition, as among the lower classes of Rome, there exists a tradition, introduced and preserved by the priests, which is, that the prisoners of the Holy Office, arrested for reasons purely religious, have frequent conversations and habitual intercourse with the Evil One, who often appears, dressed as a priest, in the corridors of the prison, where he walks; and it is for this reason that the jailers, ignorant and superstitious, hang crosses and pictures of saints on the walls of the corridors and prisons, and keep away every book stigmatized as heretical, which they believe would paralyze the effect of their crosses and images. He proposed instead of the Bible some romances and theatrical pieces, of which he said he had a large library at my disposal. I accepted, therefore, other books, excluding, however, the romances and comedies; he brought me then the *Sermons of Segneri*.

I had already passed a month in prison without seeing any one but the gloomy face of my jailer. One morning he brought me the bill of my expenses. For having opened my window, cleaned my room a little, and procured books during twenty days, the bill amounted to six dollars. I signed the bill to be acquitted by the reverend notary. Thus the great rigors of the Inquisition can be avoided by money.

Three months after my first imprisonment I was called up for examination, and it is from that moment that I date my most severe sufferings; but I will relate the whole to you in my next letter. Adieu!

Yours affectionately,

HENRY.

## SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

Rome, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—Fifty days already had I lain suffering in this living sepulchre, seeing no one but my ferocious jailer, who, having robbed me of my last cent, did not cease to afflict me with all sorts of outrages.

One morning I heard my door open at an unusual hour; for the first time my prison was swept; then it was perfumed with laurel branches, which were burned to purify the air; my stool also was taken away and replaced by two chairs. The reason of these changes was a visit which was mysteriously announced to me by the jailer. You can not imagine what a consolation I felt at receiving a visit; but all my endeavors to learn the name of my visitor were useless. I could not get a word from the jailer. I waited in great anxiety, and my imagination conjectured a thousand different persons, when at about ten o'clock my door was opened again, and the insulting voice of the jailer announced the Abbé Pallotta.

The Abbé Pallotta is a man who enjoys in Rome a great reputation for sanctity; of diminutive stature, emaciated form, bald-headed, and dressed in a coat of coarse stuff, which came down to his feet, he inspired the lower classes with great veneration. This man was sent to convert me. On entering my prison, he took from his pocket a crucifix, a book, and a purple

stole; then he drew from his sleeve an image of the Virgin in copper bas-relief; he placed all these on my table; he put on his stole, and, prostrating himself before his image, began to pray. After a few minutes of prayer, he seated himself, and invited me to kneel before him and make my confession. I replied that God only could forgive sins, and that I should not, therefore, confess to him. At this reply the Abbé arose terrified, and told me I was possessed of the devil, and that he would exorcise me. I replied, "It is those who barbarously persecute innocent men that are possessed of the devil, so that if you desire to exorcise any body, be good enough to try your exorcism upon the father inquisitors and my jailer." At these words he was thunderstruck. He fell on his knees, drew an iron scourge from his pocket, and, by a sudden movement, threw open his coat behind, laying bare his shoulders, and began violently to strike his naked shoulders with the scourge, crying, "Be merciful, O Lord!"

This action touched me deeply. I could not comprehend this man, and remained some moments stupefied with astonishment; but when I saw the blood trickle down his shoulders, I was so horrified that I threw myself on him, and snatched the scourge from his hands. Then, how I should have liked to have had Mr. Pasquali near me, to prove to this man, with deliberate coolness and by the Bible, how great was his religious fanaticism! But he, rising, stood up and said, "My son, you fear a few blows with a scourge, but what will be the torments of hell that are prepared for you if you continue to reject the pardon of God that is offered to you?"

Then commenced between us a discussion on the conditions which God puts to the forgiveness of sins.

I will not give you the details of this discussion, which lasted half an hour ; I will only say that to all the replies that I made, and to all the passages from the Bible that I cited, he opposed only prayers addressed to the Virgin, whose image he kissed, begging her to deliver me from the power of the demon. He tried to make me kiss this image, and prostrate myself before it ; but, seeing that I refused, he threw himself again on his knees, and would have recommenced the scene of the flagellation, but I prevented him. Then he left me and went out, saying that this sort of demon could only be chased away by prayer and fasting.

The scene enacted by this man troubled me in my soul. I passed the whole day distracted by my thoughts and doubts. The jailer returned soon after, accompanied by a priest, who sprinkled my prison with holy water, and threw a great quantity on me.

The chairs were taken away, and, instead of my customary dinner, I only got a small piece of black bread. The jailer appeared to be seized with horror every time he entered my prison ; he neither spoke to me any more, nor replied to my questions. In this way I passed nine days. The seventh day after the scene related I was called up to be interrogated. Conducted by the jailer to the chamber of instruction, I found there the father Dominican who had visited me in prison the night of my arrest. He was seated on a large chair before a table ; on his left hand sat a priest, a notary, writing ; on his right was a large black crucifix ; and a piece of pasteboard, on which was writ-

ten the beginning of the Gospel of Saint John, was placed in the middle of the table. I remained standing, with the jailer a little behind me. The judge-instructor ordered me to swear on the Gospel to speak the truth. I took the oath, and was then allowed to take my seat on a wooden stool.

After having asked my name, Christian name, profession, etc., he asked me if I knew why I was detained in the prison of the Holy Office. I replied that I did not. But, to render this interrogatory more clear to you, I will give you the questions and answers in the order they were made.

“Can you at least conjecture the reason of your imprisonment?”

“Perhaps on account of the intercourse I had with Protestants.”

“Why do you think so?”

“Because the father Jesuit threatened me with the Holy Office if I did not discontinue my conversations with those Protestants. I am sure it was he who denounced me.”

“Who were those Protestants you conversed with?”

I informed him of the names and country of my friends.

“What were the subjects of your conversations?”

I replied to this question as well as I could from recollection.

“What is your opinion on those subjects?”

“For my opinions I am answerable to God alone; this tribunal, I think, has no right to judge of my belief.”

“You have taken an oath to reply to my questions.



I warn you, therefore, that if you do not reply you will be guilty of perjury."

Then I perceived the trick resorted to in compelling me to take an oath. I remained for a moment perplexed as to the validity of an oath extorted in that manner, and I finally replied,

"It is not the fear of perjury, but the love of truth, that induces me to reply. I believe every thing taught in the Word of God; not one syllable more or less."

An infernal smile stole over the livid countenance of the brother, and he continued his interrogatory:

"Have you communicated your opinions to any one?"

"I have spoken about them to my confessor."

"Who is your confessor?"

"Father M., a Jesuit."

"And what did he tell you?"

"I do not recollect positively; but I know that his replies did not convince me."

"Why did they not convince you?"

"Because they were not based on the Word of God."

"What do you mean by the Word of God?"

"I mean the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments."

"To how many persons have you communicated your opinions?"

"I have replied to my confessor only."

"Swear to this point."

"No, I will not swear to it" (for I was warned by the trick of the first oath).

My judge then told me that it was out of pure char-

ity that he gave me this advice ; by refusing to swear was a proof that I had spoken false ; and, besides, the Holy Tribunal had proofs of my falsehood. Then I told him I should no longer swear to any point ; that the questions addressed to me were designed to entrap me ; and that, if he did not question me regularly, I would not reply ; and, accordingly, I made no further replies.

After having tried, but in vain, to elicit further replies from me, the judge turned toward the jailer and said, "This man is commended to your charity." Then the jailer ordered me to follow him.

Instead of conducting me back to my prison, he led me to a very small dungeon situated in the top of the edifice. This prison is called the *chamber of proof*, which had taken the place of the former system of torture. It was situated immediately beneath the roof ; a window toward the east, and in the centre of the prison, admitted the light.

Bars of iron prevented any approach to the window, either to breathe the fresh air or to throw it open. During the excessive heat of July this prison is insupportable—it is like a furnace. After sunset, the heat, concentrated in so small a space, rendered it still more intolerable, and then it was that the foul and poisonous atmosphere was felt in all its horror. Add to this that I did not get so much water as in my other prison, as here they only brought to me a little cup full of water once a day, which I drank at a single swallow, and which left me more thirsty than before. I would rather undergo the torture of the rack than endure this horrible and prolonged suffering from hunger, thirst,

heat, and pestilential air. Sentiments of rage and hatred arose within my heart against my infamous persecutors, and I conceived the idea of dashing my head against the wall; but God preserved me from this excess of despair. I prayed no longer; I no longer believed; my distress had exceeded my strength, and on the fourth day I was reduced to such a state of weakness that the four walls of the prison appeared to turn around me, and I no longer knew where I was.

While in this state I was again conducted to the chamber where I had undergone my first interrogatory. I have no recollection of what I did or said on this occasion. All that I know is that I was again questioned while in this state. After that I was led back to my former prison, which appeared to me a palace, and I was again put on my former diet.

A few days after, when I had regained a little strength, Father Theiner, of the congregation of Saint Philip Neri, was introduced into my prison. This man, who had been a Protestant and became a Catholic, passes for one of the best theologians of Rome; he is employed to convert those accused of heresy who are in the hands of the Inquisition; and when he can not succeed, he seeks, by the aid of promises or threats, to extort retractations, and each one thus obtained brings him one step nearer to the office of cardinal, which is his supreme ambition. I allowed Father Theiner to speak for some time without contradicting him. While he was speaking, a stratagem suggested itself to my mind by which it might be possible for me to procure a Bible. I appeared disposed to enter upon a discussion in all the points of controversy, but I told him

that I begged as a great favor that I might be furnished with a Bible to aid my memory in recalling those passages which appeared to me available in discussion, that I might thus be better able to appreciate the explanations of his reverence. Father Theiner appeared satisfied, and told me that he would make the demand of the father commissary; accordingly, an hour had hardly elapsed when my jailer returned, bringing me a Bible in Latin, four sheets of paper, an inkstand, and a pen. He told me that I must account for the paper, lest I should amuse myself in wasting it. I could hardly contain my joy on finding myself in possession of this Bible, so longed for, and still more of materials for writing. The jailer had hardly left me when I opened with eagerness the holy book, and my eyes fell upon these words of Isaiah, chap. lxi., v. 1: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Hardly had I read these words, when I thought I felt the hand of the Lord applying balm to my wounds. The place no longer appeared a prison, and this solitude, which had afflicted me so much, seemed to be delightful. I prostrated myself to render thanks to God; I prayed and was consoled. From that moment a new life commenced for me. I no longer felt my sufferings; God was with me, and I no longer feared the power of man.

To-morrow I will inform you what happened to me and my Bible. Meanwhile believe me yours affectionately,

HENRY.

## EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

Rome, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—So great was my joy in possessing a Bible that I was beside myself while devouring its contents.

During the rest of this day I read the five books of Moses, but without any benefit, because I read without proper reflection. At night I meditated in my solitude upon what I had read, but my mind was extremely confused. The next morning I rose at the break of day, and returned to my reading. I told you that the Bible which they brought me was the Latin edition of the Vulgate. This edition in quarto was printed at Venice in 1733 by Niccolo Pezzana. I opened at the preface of the Roman edition, and my eyes fell by chance on these words: “In this edition of the Bible many things have been changed expressly, and others, which apparently ought to be changed, have intentionally been left as they were.” This preface is attributed to Pope Clement VIII., who had declared the Vulgate authentic; and it is this same Pope who asserted that this Bible, whose authenticity he had guaranteed, was full of errors. Now this was no invention of the Protestants, but the confession of a Pope; and it proved to me that it is wrongfully that the Catholics accuse the Protestants of falsifying the Bible, while with justice these last make the same accusation against the Popes.

Perceiving the importance of these prefaces, I continued to read others in my Bible, and found in one, by Saint Jerome, many remarkable things. For example, in the preface to the book of Tobit, Saint Jerome denies that it is canonical; he makes the same remark in his preface to the book of Judith. In his preface preceding the Prophecies of Jeremiah, he says he has not translated the book of Baruch because it was apocryphal. In the preface to the book of Daniel, he says the history of *Susannah*, the hymn of the *Three Children*, and the fables of Bel and the Dragon are apocryphal narratives. In the preface of the books of Solomon he says that the book of *Wisdom* and of *Ecclesiasticus* are apocryphal. After that he says, "Since the Church reads the books of Judith, Tobit, and the Maccabees, but does not consider them as canonical," etc.

The perusal of this preface showed me that Saint Jerome, who is styled by the Catholic Church the *greatest of doctors*, agreed precisely with the Protestants with regard to the apocryphal books.

In these prefaces I found also the decrees of the fourth session of the Council of Trent, which ranks among the canonical books all those that Saint Jerome had declared apocryphal, and terminates with a solemn *anathema* against all who did not hold these books to be canonical. Thus the same Church excommunicates Saint Jerome which had declared him a doctor and a saint.

Reading farther in these prefaces, I found a collection of extracts from the Bible, extending over eighteen pages, which recommend its perusal by the peo-

ple. This showed me how much the Roman Church is in contradiction with itself and with the Word of God, since it forbids the perusal of it. Having read the prefaces, I asked myself how the Roman Church could thus contradict herself, and how intelligent men, of whom there is such a large number among its members, do not perceive these contradictions. I was still perplexed, when, on opening my Bible, my eyes fell upon the 10th verse of the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians: "Because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved;" verse 11: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." Then my eyes became opened, and I saw that Mr. Pasquali could not have effected in a year so much as was instantaneously wrought by the Word of God. Convinced that the Roman Church was in error, and that God had revealed to me the truth, I threw myself on my knees, and repeated those words of Paul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Taking up my Bible again, I read in the Epistle to the Romans. The 16th verse of the first chapter made a profound impression on my mind: "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Faith, then, thought I, is the only condition of salvation. Then I conceived the idea of transcribing the most important passages on the under side of my table to aid my memory. The next day I resolved to read the whole of the New Testament.

Not to be tedious, I will only say that the doctrine of regeneration, as exposed in the third chapter of Saint John, proved to me clearly that Christianity was not

a material worship, but a worship in spirit and truth. Although aware of the errors of the Roman Church from the discussions with Mr. Pasquali, yet it was the Bible that convinced me. I felt that I was suffering for Christ.

Thus ten days were passed, during which I read the Bible nearly through. Its perusal furnished me abundant matter for reflection, and my conversion was complete.

On the tenth day Father Theiner reappeared, and demanded of me if I was convinced of my errors, or if I still labored under difficulties.

I replied that I no longer had any ; that God had accomplished in me the work of conversion.

“ You are then disposed to abjure your errors ? ”

I replied that it was my most fervent desire, but that I should like to do so in public.

Father Theiner wanted me to sign an act of retractation that he had drawn up ; but I refused to sign it without even looking at it ; and I told him clearly that the retractation that I intended to make was from the errors of Rome.

He wanted to discuss with me ; but, having opened the Bible, I showed him these words from the 6th chapter to the Hebrews : “ For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, . . . if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance ; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.” I pronounced these words in a solemn tone, with my eyes fixed upon him. Then I asked him,

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“Do you know of whom the apostle is speaking here?” His face became red, and he was full of confusion. Then I continued in the same tone: “He speaks of those who have become apostates from the Gospel; He speaks of me, if I should commit such baseness; He speaks of you, Father Theiner, who have been guilty of that apostacy.” At this his eyes flashed with rage. He arose, and went out muttering menaces against me.

The jailer entered, and took away my Bible and writing materials, but he could not carry away my peace of conscience.

I was never examined again; my jailer was the only person who ever afterward entered my cell, and the only words I heard were “either retraction or death!” Yet my time was happily spent. The bottom of my table was covered with passages from the Bible, and furnished me matter for sweet meditations. Prayer occupied a portion of my time. The Word of God, which teaches that the unction of the Holy Ghost is alone sufficient to regenerate man, was verified in me (1 John, ii., 27). I examined from memory the doctrines of the Roman Church, and immediately some passage of the Bible occurred to my mind which refuted them. For example, I considered the doctrine of the Council of Trent which declares that the Bible does not contain every thing that is necessary for salvation; but the Bible says (2d Epistle of Timothy, iii., 15), “The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” With regard to the doctrine of the obscurity of the Bible, I recollected a passage of Saint

Paul (2 Cor., iv., 3), "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." Thus at each difficulty was found a passage from the Word of God which replied to it. Twenty months of meditation and prayer have done more for me, I think, than twenty years passed in a theological seminary.

This, my dear Eugene, is the history of my conversion; but I have not been alone in receiving this great benefit from God. Mr. Manson and Mr. Sweetman have both become converted through the instrumentality of Mr. Pasquali. It is but a few moments since I embraced all three of them, they having just returned from the East.

In my next I will describe to you the imprisonment of Mr. Pasquali, who experienced great sufferings; but God sustained him.

Yours truly,

HENRY.

## NINETEENTH LETTER.

Rome, June, 1849.

HERE I am again surrounded by my friends and in the height of happiness. You will desire, no doubt, to learn the experience of Mr. Pasquali after the account of my imprisonment. I wish you could hear the narrative from his own lips; but, as that can not be, I will tell you, as well as I am able, what happened to him.

As soon as my friends learned my imprisonment, they went directly to my chamber; the father inquisitor and the notary were examining my papers and books. Mr. Pasquali was about to ask the father inquisitor where I was, but he was not permitted to do so; the superior of the convent obliged them to retire, telling them that they were the authors of my ruin. Then they called on the Swiss consul to beg him to demand my release. The consul is a worthy and excellent man, and appeared much distressed at what had happened. He said he would willingly interpose in the affair, but that it would be useless. "Switzerland," said he, "is a small power, and is not in the least feared by the court of Rome." Then my friends tried, but in vain, to penetrate into the prisons of the Inquisition.

One day, toward evening, Mr. Pasquali was walking in an unfrequented street, when a well-dressed individual met him, and, addressing him politely, said

that he was a great friend of the Swiss consul, whose house he had seen him enter; he added that the consul had acquainted him with the fact of my imprisonment, and that he could procure him an interview with me, adding that the present moment was exceedingly favorable for such a purpose.

Mr. Pasquali, being an unsuspecting man, was easily persuaded, and allowed himself to be conducted by the stranger. They entered, therefore, both together within the walls of the palace of the Inquisition. The stranger went to the chamber of the father commissary, while Mr. Pasquali waited in the ante-chamber.

After a few moments a jailer entered, and told him to follow, and, having opened a cell, he invited him to enter. Hardly had Mr. Pasquali done so when he perceived the trap laid for him, but it was too late to escape. They proceeded to undress him, as they had previously done me.

In the mean time Mr. Sweetman and Mr. Manson were in great agitation; they went to the police, but could obtain no news of their friend. Then they called upon the English consul, and as Mr. Pasquali was the bearer of an English passport, the consul, who understood the court of Rome, sent a note to the Secretary of State, asking him to account for this person, and the secretary replied that he would do every thing in his power to satisfy him. Nevertheless, days and weeks passed without their receiving any news of Mr. Pasquali.

One day a man presented himself at Mr. Manson's, and said he could inform him where Mr. Pasquali could be found. He told him he could point out a certain

means of saving him if he would make him a present of a hundred dollars, and would maintain absolute silence by swearing never to disclose the name of the person who gave him this information. Mr. Manson promised the hundred dollars after the truth of his promise should be proved. The man appeared contented, and thus it was that they discovered the place of Mr. Pasquali's imprisonment.

In the mean time Mr. Pasquali had undergone a first interrogatory, but his examination being that of a heretic, the greatest solemnity was required. The father commissary, Monsignor the Assessor, the father of the exchequer, two councilors, and a notary, were seated around a large table in the hall of the tribunal. Thither Mr. Pasquali was conducted, and was commanded to take an oath.

"The Lord teaches us," said Mr. Pasquali, "not to swear at all. I am not accustomed to lie; but I say yea, yea, or nay, nay. God will enable me to speak the truth, but I refuse to take an oath."

The father commissary asked him to what religious sect he belonged. Mr. Pasquali replied in the words of Saint Paul, "'I worship the God of my fathers;' concerning the profession of faith that you call a *sect*, I believe all that is written in the Word of God; in a word, I am a Christian."

The father commissary continued,

"You belong, then, to a sect separated from the Church of Christ."

"That is false," replied the Waldensian; "I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, and to no sect; by the grace of God, I belong to a Church which has

existed since the time of the apostles, and has faithfully preserved all their doctrines."

Then one of the councilors asked for permission to speak, and entered into discussion with him. The eyes of Mr. Pasquali lighted up at the thought of this opportunity presented to him for bearing witness to the Gospel in the presence of Scribes and Pharisees.

"The only Church which is the pillar and ground of truth is the apostolic Roman . . . ."

"Reverend father," interrupted Mr. Pasquali, "Saint Paul speaks of the Church of Jesus Christ, and not of that of Rome. When he spake of the Church of Rome, he said, in addressing the Ephesians (Acts, ch. xx), 'I know this, that after my departure shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.' It is of you that the apostle speaks in the 1st Epistle of Timothy, iv., 1: 'Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron.' Listen to what is written in the 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians. . . ." Here the father commissary arose, and all the rest with him, exclaiming,

"He is an obstinate heretic! Take him away to the lower chamber." And Mr. Pasquali was shut up in a subterranean prison, excessively small, where the light never penetrated, and perhaps we were destined to be thrown together into one of those ovens I have described to you.

Mr. Manson being, as I told you, informed by a stranger, called upon the English consul, and related to him the imprisonment of Mr. Pasquali and the advice given by the stranger.

His advice was, that the consul should demand an audience of the Pope, and speak to him with firmness, as if by order of his government; that he should exact his immediate liberation, otherwise he would be obliged to write that very day to Lord Palmerston. Be sure, said he, that at this moment the name of Palmerston will make the Pope tremble; but, above all, let the consul himself speak to the Pope, and keep the affair secret.

The consul put on his uniform immediately and went to the palace of the Pope. He entered his ante-chamber in a hurried manner, as if he had to make a communication of the highest importance. He approached the chamberlain, and demanded an immediate audience, as if for a very serious affair. He obtained it at once, and knew so well how to act that he frightened the Pope, who promised to liberate Mr. Pasquali. But the consul was not content with this; he said the mail would leave in an hour, and that he must write by the return post the positive result, consequently he begged his Holiness to give to him the order to liberate Mr. Pasquali; for, since he was disposed to liberate him that day, an hour more or less would make no difference. The Pope wrote the order, handed it to the consul, who went from there to the Holy Office, presented the order, and exacted that Mr. Pasquali should be given over to him immediately.

It was about one in the afternoon when the two

friends saw the consul arrive at their hotel with Mr. Pasquali! The latter, after a month's imprisonment, was so changed as to be hardly recognizable.

The consul begged them to eat something while he was preparing their passports, and urged them to leave immediately for Malta, where he would send their baggage.

"Leave immediately," said he; "for if the Pope should recover from his surprise, he would be capable of withdrawing his consent."

They left, therefore, recommending me to the consul, but he could do nothing for me.

My friends then visited the East; and now, profiting by the establishment of the Republic, they have returned to Rome on their way to England.

Mr. Manson, as well from his conversations with Mr. Pasquali as from what he had seen, has considerably changed his opinion of the Roman Church; but it was the treachery exercised against Mr. Pasquali, his perusal of the Bible, and constant conversation on religious subjects, that had converted him.

He is still attached to the Anglican Church, but has entirely abandoned the new doctrines of Oxford; and what contributed considerably toward leading him to consider the Roman Church as corrupt and degenerate from its principles was an occurrence which he witnessed at Jerusalem in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—an event sufficiently frequent, it is true, but which a Puseyite would never have believed if he had not seen it with his own eyes. The incident I allude to was the following:

One day, while at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,



a monk, mounted on a ladder, was arranging a lamp, when a Greek priest approached, upset the ladder, and the monk fell. The priest fled and hid himself. My friends, indignant, ran to aid the fallen monk, who cried for help. At the same time many other brothers came up, and the wounded man, swearing in Italian, recounted the fact to his companions, exciting them to vengeance. The monks disappeared immediately, leaving their wounded companion; but they soon returned, armed with pistols, swords, and clubs, and attacked furiously the place where the priest had taken refuge. They broke down a little door which led from the church into the house of the Greek priests, and a horrible butchery would have taken place in the church itself if a company of armed janissaries had not come up, who, with their clubs and the butt ends of their guns, beat the monks back into their convent.

This occurrence entirely cured Mr. Manson; and when he learned that similar things frequently happen, that the Turks themselves were no longer scandalized by them, and that the Ottoman government was obliged to keep a guard of janissaries in the church to prevent similar quarrels between the Greek priests and Franciscan monks; that these monks were considered zealous missionaries of the Roman Propaganda, he completely changed his idea of the Church of Rome, and no longer regarded it as a sister, but as an apostate Church.

Mr. Sweetman is entirely changed and converted through the influence of Mr. Pasquali; the latter is delighted in being surrounded by his three brothers in Christ. He considers us his greatest consolation, and we regard him as our spiritual father.

I have left the house of the Roman citizen who received me when I was liberated, and am now living with my friends. I expect to leave in a few days, but it is undecided whither I shall go. I should like to return to my own country, but Mr. Pasquali wishes to have me with him some time longer, to instruct and fortify me in the Gospel. I know not, as yet, what will be decided upon. We have lately made an interesting discovery, which I will relate to you in my next.

Adieu, dear Eugene; by the help of God, I shall soon embrace you as a brother.

HENRY.

## TWENTIETH LETTER.

Rome, June, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—Our departure is decided upon; we shall leave to-morrow. I am going to England with my three friends, but we shall pass by and stop a few days in Geneva. I shall have so much to tell you, dear Eugene, when we meet! Then I will relate to you in detail a history that I have only sketched in my letters.

You will make the acquaintance of my good friends, and will introduce them to the good Christians of Geneva. In the mean while, let me relate to you the interesting discovery we have lately made.

The desire having suggested itself to Mr. Manson to know by whom I had been denounced to the Inquisition, I told him that I was convinced it was by the father Jesuits. Mr. Pasquali also partook of this opinion; but Mr. Manson, perhaps from a remaining affection for the Jesuits, the last trace of the influence of the Oxford school over him, was not convinced. Mr. Pasquali undertook to ascertain the fact, and for this purpose went to the English consul to ask him if it would be possible to make some researches among the archives of the Inquisition which had been destroyed. The consul accompanied him to the house of the minister Sterbini, the author of the decree for the abolition of the Holy Office, who, with all possible

kindness, offered to escort us to the Chancery of the tribunal which had been destroyed.

On the day fixed upon for this visit, we all went with Sterbini to this horrible palace. The subterranean prisons had been demolished, and some masons were converting this place of vengeance into a charitable Christian asylum; it was being arranged to serve as a home for the families of the poor of Rome.

The apartment in which the archives were kept remained, however, uninjured. "The government," observed Mr. Sterbini, "is awaiting a favorable moment to give a thorough examination to these papers; however, I should like to show you a few things that I have discovered in the short time that I have devoted to this research."

Then he conducted us to a closet, and took from thence a letter, marked 1828, which was written by the Cardinal Bernetti, then Secretary of State, in which he begged the father commissary, in the name of the Pope, to aid in discovering the author of a conspiracy which he could not detect by means of the police. Appended to this letter was the decision of the tribunal, which stated that the most efficacious means for such discoveries was the confessional. The holy tribunal, in its turn, begged the Pope to decree that no confessor could absolve a conspirator before denouncing his colleagues to the Holy Office. And as it could be easily proven that nearly all would refuse to denounce their relatives and friends to the Holy Office, the same decree established that a confessor might receive accusations without any formality. After this came the Pope's brief, which, though not published,

was made known to all confessors. Then came ten great volumes full of denunciations made by confessors; and often had the artful priest employed his ferocious eloquence in persuading the dying man to denounce his friends. In this manner were denounced nearly all the political men of the Roman States. Among these denunciations was found this singular case:

In 1845 the inquisitor of Pesaro sent to Rome a copy of certain statutes, which he supposed were those of a political association whose aim, said he, was to make *recruits throughout the world*, enticing them by diplomas to enlist. To these statutes was annexed a list of the names of hundreds of the first families. The father inquisitor expected at least to receive a cardinal's hat for this discovery. Unluckily for him, these statutes were in French, which language he did not understand. Having been examined in Rome, they were found to be the regulations of a certain benevolent society established in France for the relief of refugees from all countries.

Thence we came to another shelf containing the revelations, as they are called, respecting *solicitations to evil*. We would have passed it by, but Mr. Pasquali desired Mr. Manson to look at these papers, in order to convince him still further that the confessional is a mystery of iniquity. He turned over the leaves of these numerous volumes filled with horrible crimes: here a confessor had seduced a whole convent of nuns by means of confession, and had gotten the greater part of them with child; there, a confessor at the institution called the *Conservatory of Divine Providence*,

under the mask of piety, had ruined sixteen of the most beautiful young girls; and of similar facts there were thousands.

I recollect, besides, the case of a confessor who had been accused seventeen times of solicitations to evil, but had never been punished, because he was a most zealous accuser of sectaries and heretics.

Mr. Manson blushed crimson, and Mr. Sweetman shook with indignation; but Mr. Pasquali, with his accustomed coolness, said, "When you return to Oxford, tell these things to your old teacher, so that he may praise, as he used to do, the system of auricular confession."

We begged Mr. Sterbini to show us where to find the papers relating to our trial. He looked at the index of contents, and then took down from a shelf a large book. "Here," said he, "is your trial." We opened, and found a denunciation by Father P., my master, and a Jesuit, in which I was accused of having held a conversation with an English heretic. To this was subjoined another denunciation by the former servant of Mr. Manson. After the dismissal of this servant the Inquisition had decreed with regard to me, *observatur*, that is to say, let him be watched.

From this moment two individuals were charged to watch and report daily every thing that I did and said. Father M. completed this work by revealing my inmost thoughts. Then followed the account of my examination, my conversations with the Fathers Pallotta and Theiner, and my trial ended with this decree: *suspensum donec resipiscat*; or, trial suspended until conversion.

The trial of Mr. Pasquali was a consequence of mine; I was accused as the *seduced*, and he as the *seducer*.

The accusers were the same. Yet as Mr. Pasquali was born a Protestant, was in company with Englishmen, and had an English passport, "he was to be arrested and punished secretly," because, as the trial stated, the times were difficult, and no pretext of complaint should be furnished to England. The Pope must appear liberal, lest England might uphold the Liberals. From these motives, a Roman lord, whose bigotry had led him to become a member of the Inquisition, undertook the affair, and arrested him as we have described.

His accusation was entitled "Public dogmatist." To this was added his examination, and I have already informed you how abruptly it was ended. Well, hardly had he gone out when the "father" of the exchequer demanded that Pasquali, being a public dogmatist, should be either walled in alive or thrown into a furnace. The two advisors who then had the floor were in favor of the furnace, as the usage of walling up alive was too ancient. The other father companions seconded this motion. But Monsignor the Assessor judged differently; he said that it was possible that Mr. Pasquali might some day be reclaimed, therefore he thought it better that he should be left for some time in the prisons of the tribunal, because, he added, if we put him to death, and later he should be reclaimed by England, the Holy Father would be very much irritated against us. The father commissary was of the same opinion, but he thought they ought to refer







THE MOST HOLY BABY.

the whole affair to the Pope. Thus it was that the fear which Lord Palmerston's name inspired in Rome saved the life of Pasquali.

The account of his trial ended with the decree for his liberation. We thanked Mr. Sterbini, and left this place never to return.

While walking home, an event occurred, slight in itself, but which gives a good idea of the singular character of the Roman people.

A number of persons with uncovered heads, holding in their hands lighted tapers, although it was mid-day, surrounded a carriage which was proceeding slowly; the people kneeled at its passage. Although at some distance, we saw that the carriage was entirely gilded; upon a large cushion, covered with red velvet embroidered with gold, was seated a coachman, dressed in red damask, having on his head an immense wig. Two powerful black horses, with coverings of red velvet and metal ornaments gilded, drew this mysterious carriage. At the four corners were placed four gilded vases, and behind, instead of liveried servants, were three wooden angels gilded, supporting the pontifical tiara. "What is that?" we asked of a man who was looking on indifferently. "That carriage," said he, "belongs to the Pope, and cost twenty-eight thousand dollars, and the triumvirate presented it to the Holy Child." We thanked the man, and Mr. Pasquali asked me who this *Santo Bambino* was. I informed him that it was a rude image of the child Jesus in the possession of the Franciscan friars, who pretended that it was made of olive-wood, and of the very tree against which Christ leaned when he was seized with a bloody

sweat in the garden of Gethsemane. They say that this image was cut out by angels, and came by itself to Rome, and in the following way: It was one Christmas night, while the friars were chanting, that they heard a knock at the door of the church. As no one went to open it, the bells began ringing violently of themselves, the doors opened spontaneously, and the *Bambino* entered and took his place on the altar. This *Bambino* wears the richest dress and most precious jewels.

To-day, while the Roman people have permitted the spoliation of their churches, have scattered to the winds the consecrated wafers, which they believe contains Jesus Christ in person, merely to rob a silver vase of little value, not only do they not allow the pearls which decorate their *Bambino* to be taken away, but they have even presented to him the most magnificent carriage of the Pope.

The *Santo Bambino* was being carried around to sick people, and is thus more honored than the holy sacrament itself.

Of such singular and contradictory instances a great number may be observed in Rome. Not in a letter, but in a large work, would it be possible to describe Rome as it is.

But if my life is spared I propose to undertake such a work, to enlighten those who, living far from Rome, can have no just conception of it. When you tell Protestants that Rome is the Babylon of the Apocalypse, they exclaim with horror and accuse you of fanaticism. But let them take in hand the Divine Word, and, like Mr. Pasquali, let them visit Rome with the

Word of God in their hands and in their hearts, and then they will behold the truth as it is.

Adieu, dear Eugene ; in a few days we shall be together ; we shall embrace and love each other all the more since we have become brothers in Jesus Christ.

HENRY.

THE END.



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