

carefully excluded from this essay, as a different question altogether, I would still include it in the regeneration of the drama, on the ground of its influence over the people. One remark will fitly close this article: whatever good exists in the popular play at this moment may be credited to the strength of its own fine conventions: whatever evil, to the indifference and hostility of the badly instructed good citizens of English-speaking lands.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

New York.

THE EXAMPLE OF NAPOLEON.

TO believers in the providence of God the question naturally presents itself at the present day, what will be ultimately the divine action in regard to the governments now persecuting the church in Europe. In Italy the Pope is still a prisoner in his palace and garden of the Vatican. In France the twentieth century opens with one of the most determined campaigns against religion. To say that it is directed only against the religious orders, means nothing. No one can be so simple as to honestly say it is not the Catholic, i. e., in the judgment of Frenchmen, the Christian, religion which is attacked. Humanly speaking, there is no hope for the poor Christians. They are apparently so inert and divided, and, after all, those of them who really deserve the name of Christians, so poor a minority, that little can be expected from any activity on their part. What then will Heaven do? Will God interfere to show that He still exists? He may not. God has permitted so much evil in this world that it is not easy to forecast what will be the direction or nature of His interference with human events. He permitted the terrible Mahometan inundation; He permitted the Protestant reform. What will He allow the infidel revolution of modern times to effect? A mystery indeed it is that the Almighty should permit the loss of so many human souls. But we know that He loves us, we know that His Son died for us. We know that He tolerates evil only to draw from it greater good, although that greater good may be invisible to our eyes. For even though the whole ancient civilized world should lose its integrity of faith, we could still hope that, in ways unknown to us, He would be able to save innumerable souls.

We must not then fear He is going to let once Catholic Europe fall entirely under the empire of Satan. We must hope especially

that He will not permit Italy, the centre of Christianity, where St. Peter established his see, and France, so long so gloriously Catholic, and where there is still so much faith and religion, to fall entirely under the heel of the conspiracy against religion and morality and truth. For we have instances too of the divine interference which are calculated to greatly encourage us, and to remind us that the Lord does not forget the world which He made. The story of the first Napoleon naturally occurs to the mind in this circumstance, it is full of teaching, and its teaching is that God will not abandon those who truly trust in Him, and though He may appear to be asleep like our Lord in the ship, His eye is always on His own, and He will so direct the course of human events that finally all things shall result to the benefit of His elect.

Napoleon Bonaparte was not originally a persecutor. He had been brought up in a Christian manner, had made his first Communion, and never wholly lost his belief in the Christian revelation. In the military school to which he was sent, he did not certainly inhale an atmosphere of piety, nor did he continue to practise his religion in the exciting days of the French revolution, which were coincident with his youth. He was carried away too by the high-sounding platitudes of the times, for he was human though a genius and very imperfectly educated. It is probable that his religious ideas were very greatly mixed from this want of thorough training. But, with his great intellect and extraordinary sense, he could hardly have made any great blunders had his motives been pure and free from passion. It was his selfishness, his desire to subject the interests of souls to what he considered the interests of the state, his gigantic ambition, a pride fed by unexampled success, which made him turn against the church of God and become in particular the enemy of the father of the faithful.

It was another chapter in the history of the contests between church and state. Very interesting and instructive indeed is this study of the varying attitudes towards each other in history of the state and the church. The relative, sometimes antagonistic, positions of science and revealed religion, is one of the burning questions of the present time. But perhaps no more important subject can occupy the attention of a Catholic, layman or cleric, than the story of the relations between the ecclesiastical authority which we call the church and that civil jurisdiction which is known as the state. These two independent sources of right have had to move down the stream of time side by side; it is clear it was for the advantage of both that they should move on harmoniously; it is equally clear that there must have frequently been danger of their jarring or clashing together. And, like the pots in the fable, it is clear enough

too, that, in this encounter, the weaker vessel would naturally be the sufferer. One reflection must be made, however, as to this point: what may appear the weaker material at the moment may be the stronger in the long run, may have the better wear. Thus the church *appeared* crushed by the Roman Emperors: in reality the Roman empire was destroyed, not the church. During the middle ages there was an everlasting struggle between the church and the German empire; the German empire disappeared, the church is as full of life as ever. A new German empire has been established, and hardly had it begun its existence when it wished to tussle with the church. But the man of blood and iron, who vowed he would not go to Canossa, was the first one to see that the empire, that is, the state, could not get on without the church, and he did not hesitate to make *volte-face* and go to Canossa, almost before being asked. A wise man he. And wise is his government in imitating his example and following every day more and more in his footsteps. Thanks for this to the heroic German centre party. While the Irish were united, they held the balance of power in the English parliament. So long as the German centre maintains its sturdy independence, it will control the destiny of Germany—and Germany will have reason to be grateful to its members. In what other country to-day do we find anything like this?

How the French revolution was brought about, how it developed its satanical character of hostility to religion, it does not concern us to dwell on here. What the world knows is that the first French republic met the fate which always attends anarchy combined with immorality. When the Greek republics, politically divided as they were, had degenerated from their early hardihood of life, it was no difficult task for Alexander of Macedon to subject them to his sway. When the Roman republic, having lost its primitive austerity of morals amid the corruption which seems to be the necessary consequence of a great accumulation of wealth, was worn out by the strife of opposing factions, then Julius Cæsar appeared, and he made himself master of Rome and the Roman world. The French republic was more an anarchy than a government, the result of the troubled fermentation of men who had denied all religion; it found its Alexander and its Cæsar in Napoleon Bonaparte. This is a law of history. We should pray that our own dear country, that country which we all proudly look to as the hope of the future for all mankind, which is only one century old, which has already gone through the throes of the most terrible of civil wars, which has already trembled before the prospect of a military dictatorship, which is so large, which has entered on a new adventurous course of expansion, wherein the socialistic doctrines of the day find an ever increasing

multitude of listeners, we should pray that God will spare it, that He will save it from political disunion and moral degradation, and so save it from the worst of all calamities for men who love manliness and the liberty of their own souls, from a Cæsar or an Alexander or a Bonaparte. And therefore for this reason we should ask that unbelief may not spread throughout the land, for with unbelief will spread theft and lust, and they will bring ruin; but that religion may cover it with her holy wings, and establish that reign of justice which exalteth nations and on which Heaven sends down its everlasting blessing.

On the 14th of March, 1800, Pius VII. was elected Pope. His predecessor had died a captive in France in the month of August of the preceding year. "At that time," says the Protestant historian, Ranké, "it seemed as if the Papal power was forever at an end." Indeed it did: the French republicans had swept through Italy; they first robbed the Pope of all his money; then they seized on his possessions, depriving him of his temporal power, but declaring, like Victor Emmanuel in the name of the Italian people to the late Pius IX., that he should remain a spiritual prince; then they carried him away a prisoner to die in exile. But after the death of the Sovereign Pontiff the French arms met with reverses in Italy, so that the Cardinals were able to meet in conclave, and the Cardinal Chiaromonte, bishop of Imola, was elected Pope, under the title of Pius VII. The circumstance which caused the French to meet with defeat in Italy, and so gave an opportunity to the Cardinal princes of the Catholic Church to elect a new Pontiff, was the recall of the general who had gained those victories by which the French had become masters of the Italian peninsula. Thus did it happen, as it has happened many times over and over again in days of distress and amidst the gale of persecution, that Almighty God interfered at the most critical moment and evidently so directed the course of events as to prevent the bark of Peter from being shipwrecked in the storm. Should therefore the thirteenth Leo die, as the sixth Pius and the ninth Pius did, while yet a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, we shall have just cause to hope that they who already rejoice in the approaching ruin of the Papacy will not have a real reason for triumph, that God will watch over His little ones, that He will protect those who have to minister to them and will provide another pastor for His fold, and that He will make all things conduce to the greater glory of His holy name.

The general who, by defeating the Austrians, had conquered Italy, was Napoleon Bonaparte, the man destined to reestablish order in France and to keep all Europe in constant war for half a generation. Hardly had the Pope been elected when Napoleon was sent back to

Italy, where he again drove the Austrians from that country, another manifest indication that he had been withdrawn by Divine Providence only in order that the Catholic Church might have the necessary respite and freedom to elect another head to fill the place of its departed ruler. The conqueror of Italy and Egypt was soon declared first consul or chief governor of France, and he at once set about restoring order and good administration to that distracted nation. He framed a perfect code of laws and reorganized all the branches of government. But his great intellect understood that he could not regenerate a people unless he established among them some kind of a religion; for without religion no society is possible; no society has ever actually existed without religion; infidels themselves have said that it would be necessary to invent a religion, if there were none, to preserve society; and, without its powerful control, it is too late in the world's history for even our modern theorists and reformers to expect to be able to keep men together in any kind of social union. But Bonaparte wished to reinstate the true religion in that land from which it had been violently expelled or driven to be practised in covert retreats, and this for several very good reasons. First, he was himself a believer, he had been taught the Catholic faith, and he admitted to one of his marshals that the happiest day of his life was, not when he had won a great victory, but the day of his first Communion; secondly, he knew that the majority of the French people were still attached to their traditional belief and would change it for no other; and, thirdly, he was aware that no form of worship has such power in subjecting men's hearts to true obedience to all legitimate laws as that ancient and Catholic religion so severely inflexible in its principles and so sweetly gentle in the method of inculcating and enforcing its precepts. At this time Bonaparte showed his strong sense in opposition to the suggestions of those around him, and proved that he was not altogether a bad man where his own ambition was not interested. He would not make himself the head of a new church, he knew better than that. "Do you wish me to be crucified?" he said to those who urged him to found a religion of his own. He believed it was the unity of the Catholic faith which made France strong; and he knew that without the *true* faith that unity could not exist. Protestantism therefore with its divisions had no charm for him, and, great as was his confidence in himself, he did not think that he could unite Frenchmen in believing in a doctrine of his own creation, unless, like our Lord, he died in proof of his divinity, a thing which he was not prepared to do. But here his wisdom ended. He knew that he could not make the state a church, but he did not know that he could not subordinate the church to the state. He did not wish to make himself

Pope, but he thought that he could subject the Pope to himself. He did not wish to call Cæsar God, but he thought that he could cause to be given to Cæsar the things which belonged to God. Accordingly one of the first acts of the young Corsican general after assuming power in France was to open negotiations with the Holy See for the restoration of divine worship in that country. These negotiations led to the famous *concordat* or agreement between the French government and the Pope, by which ecclesiastical discipline was regulated in the French republic in such a way as to assure harmony between the spiritual and the temporal powers.

A very singular episode in church history is connected with the *pourparlers* for affecting this concordat. Napoleon asked that all the ancient episcopal sees in France and the countries annexed to France be suppressed and new ones established more coincident with the revolutionary divisions of the country into departments. And this was to be done within a few days. The Holy Father had therefore to ask all the bishops still living to send in their resignations, that, abolishing the old dioceses, he might appoint bishops to the new ones. This was certainly a tremendous exercise of the Papal power. But it was not beyond that power, and circumstances made it necessary. A few French bishops refused to resign, and so originated the schism of the *petite église*, a little body of Christians more Christian than the Pope. This little schism, more political than religious, like so many things in France, continued to live on till the end of the nineteenth century. Fourteen hundred years before, the Catholic bishops of Africa, with St. Augustine at their head, had offered unanimously to lay down their mites in favor of the Donatists, if these would return to the bosom of the church—a more perfect example of the true episcopal spirit.

On Easter Sunday, 1802, the solemn sacrifice of the Mass was offered up, for the first time in ten years, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris by the Cardinal-legate of the Holy See, in the presence of the first Consul and all the great French officials. The French revolution was at an end apparently: a new order of things was inaugurated: the church came out from the crucible of persecution through which she had passed, pure, unalloyed, vigorous, and that church of France, which, since that time, has had to battle and has to battle, against so many elements of infidelity and hostility, has proved, by the conduct and integrity of its clergy and its episcopacy, that the trials of persecution did it no harm. We must not suppose, however, that the behavior of the first Consul in this business was all that could be desired by fervent Catholics. Partly on account of the circumstances of the time and the necessity of yielding to the wishes of others perhaps in some points, partly, and in

great measure no doubt, on account of his own looseness of religious principle, shaken as it was by his education in the midst of infidels and revolutionists, and his indisposition to grant too much power to a church which he wished to control while leaving it what he considered sufficient liberty, the young ruler hampered the concordat with conditions which entailed great sacrifices on the part of the Holy See. In the first place, all the confiscated church property was to be left in the hands of its purchasers. The church never haggles on account of this world's goods, she belongs to another sphere, and knows that the Lord who chose poverty for His own bride will always provide sufficiently for her sustenance, and that He often allows her to be despoiled of her earthly goods in order to enrich her with more spiritual treasures; this point offered no difficulty. Then it was required, as has been said, that new limits should be appointed to all the dioceses in France and that all the ancient and expatriated bishops should give in their resignations in order that new ones might be named in their place. This too the church submitted to. The Holy Father even appointed to the new bishoprics, to please the French government, several schismatical and excommunicated prelates, after however they had made their submission, asked forgiveness and obtained absolution from their censures. There was nothing to which the Catholic Church would not stoop to save thirty millions of souls, except that which was wrong in itself. In all this negotiation whenever anything was proposed by the French government which was contrary to Catholic principle and the duty of the head of the Christian Church, it was inflexibly refused. The Consul or his ministers appended to the rest of the concordat a series of "organic articles," so they were called, which had never been agreed to by the Papal envoy, and which were intended to subject absolutely the clergy to the civil government. These articles the Pope never accepted, and, though succeeding governments tried sometimes to resuscitate them, they have never had in France any effect.

In the year 1804 Bonaparte changed his title of Consul for the higher one to which since his return from Egypt he had aspired, and was thenceforth known as Napoleon, first Emperor of the French. On the 14th of September of that year he wrote to Pope Pius an autograph letter, asking him to come to Paris to perform the ceremony of his coronation. Pius VII. was a gentle and benign Pontiff. With all Europe he admired this wonderful young man, this genius created by providence to draw order out of the chaos which two centuries of infidelity and heresy had brought about in Europe and which reached its climax in the horrors and wars of the French revolution. But Pius the VII. was moreover a father, he was the

father of the whole Christian Catholic Church, and he had the heart of a father for all his children. It is certain, strange as their relations afterwards became, that there existed to the end in the heart of the Pontiff a great affection for this wayward child of fortune, who, after receiving his first education from a Christian mother, was sent at the early age of ten to a military school, there to be surrounded during his youth by an atmosphere impregnated with every kind of evil, and who now in his early manhood, notwithstanding his strength of intellect, was already intoxicated by the glory of unprecedented military success. With cheerfulness therefore the Holy Pontiff yielded to the invitation to crown the young conqueror, in the hope no doubt that his very presence would exercise a beneficial influence on one whom he would not willingly believe to be bad at heart and who still possessed the Catholic faith. The two monarchs, the spiritual ruler and the temporal ruler, met at Fontainebleau on the 25th of November, 1804, and on the second of the following month the ceremony of coronation took place.

What a terrible thing it is to become the slave of any passion! Napoleon was now in his zenith. Could he be content with enough, were it in his power to put a limit to his ambition, he might have founded the most powerful dynasty which ever reigned in Europe. The limits of France had been pushed to their furthest extent, the influence of the young French emperor was all powerful all over the continent; with his great intellect and genius, with his talent for organization, and his military prestige to be called upon to back and enforce his wishes in case of need, the new sovereign might have peacefully swayed and governed by wise policy and discretion a subservient Europe; and, had he given himself up wholly, like St. Louis and Charlemagne, to the cause of Christian revelation, had he undertaken in the proper way to oppose and stem the revolutionary tide which was then, and is still to-day, threatening to engulf the world in the waters of a new deluge, had he opposed it and checked it and dried it up in its source by devoting all his energies and all his influence to the religious education of his people, so as, by enlightening them on their duties towards God and on God's providence over them, to make them at the same time good citizens and happy subjects, he could have ruled like Constantine and Charlemagne over the whole of united Christendom. But Napoleon Bonaparte was the slave of personal ambition. He may have been blind in part to this fact, and imagined that he wished to subject all nations to France, which he had necessarily subjected to himself. But to this ambition he sacrificed all things. Already he had imbued his hands with the blood of the innocent duke of Enghien, a provoked but still an unjustifiable crime, which made the author of it

feared and detested by every nation. To this ambition he sacrificed his first wife, Josephine, after many years of union; for this ambition he obliged his brother to annul his marriage with an American lady in order that he might espouse a European princess. It was this ambition which brought on his quarrels with the Holy Father, and, by leading him into a constant series of unnecessary wars, became finally the cause of his fall, the loss of everything and the miserable termination of his career.

In 1805 war broke out between England, Austria and Russia on the one side and the Emperor of the French on the other. Napoleon ordered his general St. Cyr to occupy Ancona in the Papal States. This was the first positive step which the new despot had taken to show his intention of ruling over the Papal States as temporal master, and all the remonstrances of the Holy Father had no effect in inducing him to go back upon the deed. His final answer to the head of the church was insolent in the extreme. It was followed by a demand that all the subjects of governments hostile to the Emperor, English, Russians and Swedes, should be expelled from the Pontifical territory. "All Italy must be subject to my law," wrote the Emperor to the Pope. "I will not touch the independence of the Holy See, but on the condition that your Holiness will have for me in the temporal order the same deference that I bear towards you in spiritual matters. You are sovereign in Rome, but I am also Emperor there." But Pius VII., mild as he was, was not the man to yield to the unjust demands of any earthly monarch. Already when he had gone to crown the emperor in France, he had left his abdication in Rome to be made use of in case he were detained a prisoner by his rude host; he had no intention of keeping the empty title of head of a church without any independence, like the Archbishop of Canterbury in England or the Synod of the Russian church in St. Petersburg. Therefore all Europe might crouch before the Conqueror, emperors might change their titles and kings might resign their thrones at his pleasure; he might be allowed to place crowns and coronets on the heads of all his relations and favorites; there was one old man, the ruler of an insignificantly small territory, who would not yield to please his wish one iota of what he knew it to be his duty to maintain. Thus wrote the Pope to the Emperor: "The Pontiff does not recognize, and has never recognized, in his states any power superior to his own. You are immensely great, but you have been elected and crowned Emperor of the French, not of Rome." And the following words are to be noticed as furnishing a key to the necessity for the temporal independence of the Holy See. "A Catholic sovereign is such only because he bows before the definitions of the visible head of the Church, and regards the Pontiff as

the teacher of truth, as the only Vicar of God on earth. *Such feelings cannot be those of a sovereign towards another sovereign.*” But the pride of the soldier of fortune had now carried him to an excess of conceit which surpasses all imaginable extravagance. “He (Napoleon),” he writes again to the Holy Father, “was not only the greatest warrior of the age, but if he were a little more master of the world, he would show what a Sovereign Pontiff he would make, he would prove himself more wise and pious than Pius himself, he would take better care of souls, and generally attend better to the interests of religion.” In fact Bonaparte, who could do what he pleased in the temporal sphere, and had his ambition already sated in that respect, aspired to rule over souls as well as bodies. What did it profit him that men should bow their necks to his yoke, if they would not also submit their consciences to his will? “Who are these priests,” he exclaimed, “who keep men’s souls, and throw me only their carcasses?” “I was not born at the right time,” he said to a courtier; “Alexander the Great called himself the son of Jupiter, and no one dared to contradict him. I find in my time a man stronger than myself and he is a priest, for he reigns over spirits and I govern mere matter.” What a commentary on the vanity of human pride and ambition! Here is a man who wishes to be excelled by no one who ever lived, and because he cannot obtain the impossible he is unhappy. It ought not to have been difficult to foretell what would be the conduct of the man who could so speak towards that other man whose superior powers he envied, of the soldier toward the priest. He began by withdrawing his ambassador from Rome, and replacing him by one more fitted for the execution of violent measures. He next takes military possession of a great part of the pontifical territory. “Tell the Emperor,” said the Pope to the departing Ambassador, “that, in spite of his ill-treatment, we preserve a deep feeling of attachment to the French nation. But we are sovereign and shall remain independent. If he uses violence, we shall protest before the world. If necessary we shall use the temporal and spiritual means which God has placed in our hands.”

“His Holiness dares to threaten me,” wrote Napoleon. “His thoughts are centuries behind the age. There were kings before there were popes. What does he mean by denouncing me to Christendom? Does he intend to excommunicate me? and if he does, will his excommunication cause the muskets to fall from my soldiers’ hands?” These very words show that the Emperor had misgivings as to his own conduct. Much more wisely had he spoken, and by much better inspiration, when, six years before, in answer to the question of the first envoy whom he sent to Rome, how should the Holy Father be treated. “Treat him,” answered the then Consul;

“treat him as though he had two hundred thousand soldiers at his back.” But Napoleon was older now, that blush of modesty which accompanies the elevation of almost any man to power for the first time had worn off, and the conqueror of the world could no longer make the effort even to disguise his illimitable arrogance. Not till the 2d of February, 1808, however, did the French troops enter the city itself of Rome, and only on the 10th of June, 1809, at ten o'clock in the morning, the pontifical flag was lowered from the Castle of St. Angelo amid the thunder of artillery, and the tricolor hoisted in its place. This was the consummation of the crime of sacrilege and spoilation: the next morning a Papal bull was found posted at the gates of the basilicas of St. Peter, St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran, wherein, after relating how, on the feast of the Purification, while he was himself offering up the divine sacrifice, the capital of Christendom had been sacrilegiously invaded, after enumerating the excesses committed during the following year and a half, similar in character to those perpetrated by the present occupiers of the holy city, after declaring that if, as related in scripture, Naboth could not give up the vineyard which was his inheritance from his forefathers, much less could he, the Supreme Pontiff, yield up the vineyard confided to his custody by the Lord, the Holy Father pronounces the sentence of greater excommunication against those who have taken part in these outrages.

What was the pretext which the French Emperor made use of to deprive the Father of the faithful of his temporal possessions? Because he persisted in not violating his duty as a neutral. Napoleon published an edict declaring all the ports of England in a state of blockade. Though he had no fleet to blockade them, so submissive were the continental powers to the will of the autocrat that they ceased commercial relations with the island-kingdom. Napoleon sends orders to the Sovereign Pontiff to expel English and other subjects from the city and forbid English vessels entering his ports; the Pontiff, the weakest of temporal kings, though France was supposed to be a Catholic power and the English were a Protestant people, answers that he cannot in conscience violate his duty towards a nation with which he is at peace—and Napoleon in consequence strips him of his territory.

In the middle of the night of the 5th and 6th of July, a band of brigands—for such only could they be called—broke into the pontifical palace, and the Sovereign Pontiff was hurried secretly away from the centre of Christendom and forced to enter upon a long exile. For a short distance he was allowed the company of his dearest friend, the Cardinal Pacca, but so hasty was their departure that they found that the Holy Father had with him only twenty-two

pence and the Cardinal sixteen. "Truly an apostolic way," exclaimed the Pontiff, "to begin an expedition." The hardships and unnecessary cruelty of this journey I pass over; but, just as when the hordes of Victor Emmanuel broke into the holy city under the ninth Pius, so when this gentle and venerable champion of the rights of independent states, Pius VII., was dragged ruffianly through Italy and France, all Europe looked on in silence, no government raised its voice to protest against the deed, "a striking illustration of the truth," says Cardinal Pacca in his *Memoires*, "that the successor of St. Peter must not put his trust in princes." The chief pastor of the church, however, was not without consolation in the midst of all his afflictions. Everywhere that he passed he was received with ovations by the populations, in France as well as in Italy; all pressed to receive his blessing, and their sympathy was enough to make him forget the hardship of his treatment. Yet he sank under this hardship. During the passage from Savona to Fontainebleau, he became so ill that it was necessary to administer the last sacraments. Nevertheless travelling was not suspended a moment; the great bully was trying to frighten the old man, the soldier was trying to conquer by violence the minister of peace. A vain effort. But more artful means followed. The bishops of France, all of them appointed to their sees by Napoleon, did not at this time behave, as a body, with the courage which has so often distinguished the episcopacy of that country. Many of them tried to cajole out of the Holy Father concessions which were contrary to his conscience. Not all, however, but those who did not were deprived of their bishoprics and cast into prison. Napoleon had obliged most of the Cardinals to come to Paris, that he might parade them at his court. Thirteen of the number refused to be present at his second marriage while his first wife was still living, unauthorized as they knew it to be by the Pope. They exposed themselves to the danger of death from the anger of their infuriated tyrant. Death he did threaten to some, but he feared to make martyrs, and confined himself actually to punishing them by obliging them to lay aside their purple robes and dress in simple black like common priests. Hence they were afterwards known as the black cardinals. One simple priest, however, knew how to face and subdue this wild untamed offspring of the mountains of Corsica. This was M. Emery, the superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, a man eighty years of age. "How is it," said Napoleon to him, "that you and all the bishops of France who have studied theology all your lives, that you cannot find any way of settling my difficulties with the Pope? Had I studied divinity but six months, I would easily solve the difficulty, for God has given me understanding." "Who is the Pope?" asked he again one day of the same man in a tone of furious

anger, in one of his frequent fits of unrestrained violence. "The Pope," answered the venerable priest, "is what he is said to be in the catechism taught by your Majesty's order in all the churches of France. The Pope is the head of the church, the vicar of Christ, to whom all Christians owe obedience." "The Abbé Emery," afterwards said the Emperor, "speaks like a man who knows what he is talking about." "Had Napoleon found in all the bishops of France," is the reflection of the Cardinal Pacca, "the same energy and prudence, he would never have become a persecutor."

God is slow, very slow, for He has all eternity behind Him. On the very day when the Holy Father was carried away from Rome, Bonaparte gained the great victory of Wagram; heaven seemed to be still heaping successes upon him. But England yet braved him and Russia, and all Asia beyond it, still remained unsubjected. On the 9th day of May, 1812, at the head of an army of six hundred and fifty thousand men, he set out to subdue Russia, or rather to subdue the world. This vast army was composed of the best disciplined veteran troops, who had never known defeat, and who, under Napoleon himself, believed themselves invincible. At Dresden eight monarchs came to offer him their homage. "During his stay in this city," says the historian Alison, "four kings were frequently to be seen waiting in his ante-chamber; queens were the maids of honor to Maria Louisa. With more than Eastern magnificence he distributed diamonds and gold and crosses among the innumerable crowd of princes, ministers, dukes and courtiers who thronged around his steps." Meanwhile the Holy Father was being hurried from Italy to France in a journey which was uninterrupted even while he was being administered the last sacraments of the church. On the 23d of June the army reached the river Niemen which divided the territories of Russia and Prussia. As the Emperor rode along the bank, his horse stumbled and threw him to the ground. The general de Ségur, an eye-witness, has left us a vivid account of the disastrous campaign which followed. Over the desert earth, following an enemy who always fled away and could never be found, the French soldiers began to suffer from every privation. It was now God's time. Every element was turned against the invading army, earth, air, fire and water. On their very entrance into the Russian Empire they were saluted by a terrific storm, which occasioned to them the loss of ten thousand horses. After many delays and calamities they reached the city of Moscow, but it was to see it destroyed at night by fire kindled by the hands of its own inhabitants. But what saddened the French officers above all was to see that their chief had no longer his accustomed vigor: in mind and body he appeared no longer the same man. A

miserable infirmity, the same from which his nephew habitually suffered, disabled him from attending with his usual strength of mind to the direction of affairs. It became necessary to retreat. And now let us listen to the words of the historian of this march. Bonaparte had often repeated to Cardinal Caprara what he had written to Eugene Beauharnais. "Does the pope think that his excommunication will make the muskets fall from the hands of my soldiers?" "On the 6th of November," writes de Ségur, "the sky becomes covered, the snow begins to fall accompanied by gusts of wind, as though the heavens were coming down to join with the earth and this hostile people to consummate our ruin. The frozen soldiers fall on the snow, which covers them until the whole line of march is filled with these mounds of human bodies like graves in a graveyard. . . . Their weapons appeared to their stiffened hands to be an insupportable burden. Frequently they stumbled and their guns falling from their hands were lost in the snow. They did not throw them away; cold and hunger snatched them from their grasp." When the main portion of the French army crossed the Beresina, it was reduced to ten thousand men. There the Emperor abandoned it, and the horrible sufferings which still remained for it to undergo, we may here omit.

Five months after the Holy Father had been brought to Fontainebleau, and a little more than six months after his own departure from Paris at the head of his brilliant army of six hundred and fifty thousand men, the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte returned to his capital, a fugitive, the first to escape of all that host now reduced to about twenty thousand wretched wanderers. With that energy which, combined with his intellect, made him the prodigy he was, the defeated hero set to work immediately to create another army great as the one which he had lost. But now he felt, more than he ever had before, the necessity of being on good terms with the Holy See. The health of the Holy Father, who was now seventy-one years of age, had been so impaired by sickness, the harsh treatment he had undergone, grief for the afflictions of the church, and his being deprived of the presence of all his trustworthy counsellors while he was constantly surrounded by the artful minions of his enemy, that his mind also became weakened to some extent and his strength of will remained no longer the same. When therefore the perfidious soldier came to visit him in his place of captivity, and unblushingly threw his arms around his neck and kissed his cheek, the loving-hearted pontiff forgot all the ill treatment he had received, accepted these demonstrations as symptoms of genuine affection, and gave undeserved confidence to the assurance and desire for sincere reconciliation of a man who

only sought to strengthen his political position by the subservient co-operation of the church. Various accounts are given us of the interviews between Napoleon and Pius VII. It appears that the royal executioner adapted alternately with his victim the system of caresses and abuse. Once he was on the point of striking him in the face. Finally the harassed Pontiff yielded to his adversary so far as to accept and sign his name to a compromise on the points that were debated; by so doing he hoped to escape from still greater concessions, but the compromise itself involved a sacrifice of church-principle. The Emperor, having obtained what he came in search of, went his way, and had it publicly proclaimed that a new concordat was agreed to by the Pope, and a perfect mutual good understanding existed between them both. No proclamation could have done more to sustain the waning popularity of the leader battling against adverse fortune. The Pope himself, however, who had here committed a grave fault—if a man no longer possessed of physical strength enough to be complete master of his reason was capable of committing a serious fault—so soon as the deed was done, fell into the profoundest melancholy, a state of remorse bordering on despair. But Pius had now drunk the last drop in the cup of humiliation by which God intended to perfect his sanctity. He fell, though under circumstances of the greatest extenuation for his fall, but it served him to give an example of sublime humility. Encouraged by his faithful friends and servants, the illustrious Cardinals Pacca and Consalvi, who were now allowed to return to his side, he rallied from his despondency, and on the 24th of March, wrote with his own hand a letter to the Emperor wherein he retracts and annuls all the imprudent concessions he had made. "In the presence of God," he writes, "to whom we shall soon be called to give an account, we acknowledge with grief and confusion that we should be using our authority, not to build up, but to destroy, had we the misfortune to execute what we imprudently promised, not, as God is our witness, with any evil intention, but through pure weakness, for we are but dust and ashes." Here is the priest! And who is the greater of the two, Napoleon Bonaparte, with all his genius, but with his want of principle, or Pius VII., worn and almost dying, humbling himself for an involuntary fault? But Bonaparte was the embodiment of that greatness which the world admires, Pius VII. was the realization of a sublimer ideal to which only the grace of God can give a living existence.

What vengeance the disappointed Emperor would have wrecked upon the courageous servants who had advised the Father of the faithful to this step, had victory enabled him to reestablish his power in Europe, we cannot tell. But his time was over. On the 23d of

January, 1814, Pius was obliged to depart from Fontainebleau for the south of France: on the 1st of April of the same year, Napoleon, beaten, no longer in Russia and in Germany, but in France itself, and obliged to retreat to the same oft mentioned Fontainebleau, and abandoned by all his friends, there heard of his dethronement by the very senate which he had created to sustain his uncertain power. Three days later he there signs his own abdication, and learns that he is to be banished and confined an exile and a captive himself on the isle of Elba. In half a year he leaves Elba, to invade France, so to say, all alone, but only to be beaten again at Waterloo and, after seven dreary years, to end his days, like a chained eagle, on the bleak crest of St. Helena, an island belonging to Great Britain off the coast of Africa.

Pius VII. returned to Rome. One of the first acts of this holy Pontiff on his restoration to the Apostolic throne was one which makes his memory very dear to every member of the order founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola. His predecessor, Clement XIV., forty-two years before, forced by the enemies of God to sacrifice one religious association in order to save the church from greater persecution, had suppressed the Society of Jesus. Pius VII., less than two months after his return to Rome, re-constituted it. By this act he intended to apply a remedy to some of the evils from which Christian society suffered, by resuscitating a body of men who devoted their lives to study, and who had for object to teach and preach sound doctrine in every way to every kind of people. The Society of Jesus had gone down into the grave by unjust persecution, like Him whose name it bore: so long as the spirit of the Heart of Jesus animates it, it will be forever grateful to the pope to whom it owes its resurrection.

Pius VII. lived till the year 1823, that is, till the age of ninety-one, and his reign was the longest reign of all the successors of St. Peter except the remarkable one of the venerated Pius IX., and the still more wonderful one of the present Leo XIII. After much suffering, he lived to see long days of peace. A few moments before he expired, an attendant addressed him by the title of "Your Holiness!" "What," he exclaimed, "Holiness? I am but a poor sinner." So died Pius VII., and who can doubt that he was a saint? Two years before him, Napoleon gave up his soul to his maker. He received the sacraments of the church with apparent joy, but, if he has obtained the one thing necessary for even the greatest genius, we may ascribe it without hesitation in great part to the prayers of the injured pontiff who, both before and after his death, recommended daily his poor soul to God.

But the vicissitudes of the Bonaparte family did not end with

Napoleon I. He had a nephew. This extraordinary character, after a strangely varied career, having apparently, for a considerable time, swayed the destinies of Europe, died thirty years ago in an obscure village in England, an exile. The sinister fate of Louis Napoleon recalled to Catholics the story of his uncle. For to *their* minds the one case threw light upon the other, the same causes or similar causes operated the same or similar effects in the case of both men; the same Divine providence which had raised both uncle and nephew to the sublimity of power, for the same reason and by similar ways, brought both nephew and uncle to destruction. No Roman Catholic hesitated to ascribe his misconduct towards the venerable head of the Catholic church as the reason why God hurled the first Napoleon from power, and sent him from his palace in Fontainebleau a reeling prisoner, first to Elba, and then to end his restless career on the rock of St. Helena amid the lone waves of the Atlantic Ocean. And when Louis Napoleon was taken from the fated city of Sedan first a prisoner to the fortress of Wilhelmshoe, and then went into banishment to die at Chiselhurst, no Roman Catholic failed to recognize that the hand of God had struck him too because he had been unfaithful to his trust as the head of a Catholic nation and had betrayed the Father of the faithful into the hands of his enemies. The political consequences of the second French emperor's treason to the Holy Father, to Pius IX., still continue in the present condition of things in Rome and Italy as well as France. Had Napoleon III. boldly and consistently declared himself a Catholic ruler, Catholic France was still strong enough to assure not only the perpetuity of his reign but also of his dynasty. But he seems to have adopted with a kind of family adoration all the ideas of his uncle as they were crudely formed in that great mind, only enveloping them in a robe of more mysterious duplicity. This man had read how, when the Papal power was considered definitely destroyed by the first French republic, the Cardinals were providentially enabled to meet in Venice on the demise of Pius VI. and elect his successor Pius VII. in all liberty. He had seen how his uncle, when he had consummated the measure of his iniquities, was struck by the hand of God with defeat, knocked from his throne, and Pius carried back triumphantly to Rome, and the Protestant nations of Europe insisting upon rendering him all honor as the first of temporal potentates. He knew that his uncle had had a son by his second wife, to whom he audaciously gave the title of king of Rome, and he knew what the fate of that child had been. Yet he abandoned the Holy Father, struck treacherously at his temporal power, and contributed to the formation of a kingdom of Italy built on robbery and blood. This half Christian half free-thinker, half prince half conspirator, had not read history

well. He too lost his empire, had his Elba in Wilhelmshoë and his St. Helena in Chiselhurst. He may not have been obliged to undergo the indignities to which his great uncle was subjected, but his humiliation was substantially the same. And so curious were the coincidences between the calamities which the French nation suffered on his account and the blows struck at the Holy See by the perfidious Italian government, that it is worth while to mention them. On the very day when the evacuation of Rome by the French troops was announced, the French army met its first repulse from the Germans at Wissenburg; on the day and at the hour when the French general at Rome embarked for France, it suffered its second and overwhelming defeat at Woerth. On the day when the last 4,000 French troops left the Papal States, 4,000 French prisoners fell into the hands of the Prussians. On the day when the Piedmontese seized Civita Vecchia, the Prussians entered Versailles. On the day when the Italians completed the investment of Rome, the Germans completed the investment of Paris. On the 23d of January, 1871, Prince, afterwards King, Humbert entered Rome to take up his residence at the Quirinal: on the same day Jules Favre went to Versailles to offer the capitulation of Paris. And on the 1st of February, when the Italian government declared the deposition of the Pope an accomplished fact, the army of Bourbaki, 80,000 strong, crossed the frontiers of Switzerland, and France lay crushed under the foot of her conqueror, an accomplished fact indeed. We need not add how, as the only son and child of the greater Napoleon died, the only son and child of Louis Napoleon perished too, in an obscure skirmish, by the hand of a savage, fighting for England, in South Africa.

With the Lord a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years. His arm is not shortened, and when He wills He can cause His enemies to disappear like mist before the wind. Will He interfere, when will He, how will He? Or will He let once Christian Europe lapse into the condition of the peoples of the East? We know not. The German race broke the unity of the church. The Latin race seems to be going further and sinking into infidelity, while the northern nations show signs of a return to the true religion. What we do know is that there will always exist the Roman Catholic Church, and that, when all the pseudo-dynasties and hastily constructed empires and so-called republics shall have passed away, there will be living a man the ruler over hundreds of millions of souls, because he is the vicar of Jesus Christ, the depository of all spiritual authority on earth. He may be dwelling in peace; he may be surrounded by ten thousand enemies. His subjects, who will be his children, will be scattered all over this globe. He will probably be an old man, weak in body, strong in mind, and acknowledgedly

the one only great man of his time. But he will never die, for he belongs to a line of kings which cannot perish, nor their kingdom; for it was to them and to him that Christ said: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against *thee*, for I shall be with *you* till the consummation of ages."

D. A. MERRICK, S. J.

New York.

THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES.

LEO XIII.—FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

THE broad stretch of islands bounded by the China Sea and the Pacific Ocean which Philip II., King of Spain, called the Philippines, were scarcely opened up by Ferdinand Magellan at the beginning of the sixteenth century when, with the image of the Holy Cross planted on their shores, they were consecrated to God and offered as a first fruit offering of the Catholic religion.

From that time the Roman Pontiffs, with the aid of Charles V. and Philip his son, both remarkable for their zeal for spreading the faith, have thought nothing more urgent than to convert the islanders, who were idol worshippers, to the faith of Christ. With God's help, by the strenuous efforts of the members of different religious orders, this came about very favorably and in such a short time that Gregory XIII. decided to appoint a Bishop for the growing Church there, and constituted Manila an Episcopal See. With this happy beginning the growth which followed in after years corresponded in every way. Owing to the united measures of our predecessors and of the Spanish kings slavery was abolished, the inhabitants were trained in the ways of civilization by the study of arts and letters, so that the people and Church in the Philippines were deservedly distinguished by the renown of their nation and their meritorious zeal for religion. In this way, under the direction of the kings of Spain and the patronage of the Roman Pontiffs, Catholicity was maintained with due order in the Philippine Islands. But the change which the fortunes of war have wrought in civil matters there has affected religion also; for when the Spanish yoke was removed the patronage of the Spanish kings ceased, and as a result the Church attained to a larger share of liberty, ensuring for every one rights which are safe and unassailable.