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The Saints

SAINT CAJETAN

Nihil obstat

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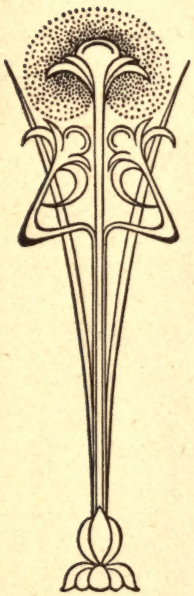
Saint Cajetan

By R. de Maulde la Clavière



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CHAPTER I

THE YOUTH OF CAJETAN

ONE day in the month of October 1480, a great lady of Vicenza, named Maria da Tiene, was about to become a mother. In the midst of cruel anguish, she had herself carried from her own splendid chamber to the meanest room in her palace. And there, soon afterwards, her son was born.

Lovers of our complicated life may be surprised at the frankness of this return to Nature. But in the Italy of that time, ideas had something of primitive simplicity.

The Signora da Tiene was a Botticelli. Sprung from the Porto[1] family, she had married Gaspare da Tiene, whilom captain in the Imperial service, who had returned home to lead a patriarchal life.

In a city of some literary and intellectual pretensions, the Tiene family held almost the first rank by their wealth and their illustrious name. For three centuries they had continually given

[1] The principal family of Vicenza (see the letters of Bembo to Luigi and Paolo da Porto). Maria was the daughter of Battista Porto, *cavaliere* and Doctor of Law.

distinguished men, cardinals, statesmen, to the service of various powers, and had more especially produced condottieri and scholars. Of the scholar class the latest example was one Gaetano, so named because he happened to be born at Gaete while his father was in the service of the King of Naples. He was a theologian and philosopher, and professor at the University of Padua; two of his works on Aristotle had attained the reputation of classics throughout Europe.[1] In his honour, his grand-nephew, the new-born son of Gaspare, received the very unusual Christian name of Gaetano.[2]

Notwithstanding a station which gave them every opportunity of enjoying life, and the right to regard themselves as superior to their neighbours, the Tiene were genuine aristocrats of the kind then produced in such numbers by the vigorous society of Italy: liberal-minded, above considerations of self-interest; as double flowers of sweet scent, above the thistles, show what fine uses the dung-hill serves. For the rest, they were simple folk; friends of the people, because they devoted themselves to their service; friends of the intellectual and artistic world, because they formed part of it. Their wealth, their kinship with several sovereign houses, the remembrance of past glories, acted only as a stimulus; they had regard to the future, and in each generation some new Tiene stepped out of

[1] *Gaietani de Thienis in metheoror Aristotelis libros expositio*, Patavii, 1476 (August); *Gaietani de Thienis commentum in tria volumina Aristotelis de anima*, Patavii, 1476 (September).

[2] [Englished as Cajetan.]

their ranks and made himself a name. It was a singularity of theirs to delight in meriting the confidence and affection of men, and to love to strike out into a new path.

The man whose story we are about to relate bore, all his life long, the stamp of his origin. This may cause some little surprise. Many people think that the saints are predestined beings who fall from heaven ready-made. No, they spring from earth, and retain the smack of the soil. At any rate, that was the case with our Cajetan. His character, we shall see, was one of lowliness and simplicity; but he never hesitated for a moment to march in front, not on the score of being a genius or a great leader of men, but because he was so born.

He lost his father at a very early age, and on October 12, 1482, came under the tutelage of his mother, along with his elder brother Battista and an infant younger brother. This circumstance completes the essential elements of his personal life. Nature has combinations which we do not undertake to explain. Why do men moulded by women's hands form in life a sort of distinctive family? Why can we with almost absolute certainty see in some eminent women the portraits of their fathers? Cajetan, at all events, was the son of a tender and stout-hearted woman, penetrated through and through with the spirit of St Dominic.[1]

His was a serious and laborious youth. He

[1] A near relative of her husband, Domicilla Tiene, who died in the odour of sanctity, founded in 1499 at Vicenza, a Benedictine Convent (Barbarano de' Mironi).

received the education of those days, a classical and humanistic education, strongly accentuated in the æsthetic direction. He was a pious, grave, pure, simple, timid youth. In later times, his somewhat obscure early years were embroidered with a number of legends which have not the merit of probability. He used to conceal himself, says one, to read pious books. It is said also that his father upbraided him one day about his liking for the poor, because the Signor Gaspare da Tiene regarded such relations as not beseeming his rank; and that the boy retorted with tirades worthy of Jean Jacques, if not of Robespierre. Such a legend shows imperfect knowledge of a *milieu* neither revolutionary nor conservative enough for social distinctions to have been so marked as in our day—an atmosphere in which the art of jealousy was very far from attaining its present perfection. However, the fact that Cajetan had lost his father obviates any discussion. As for his mother, we have already said that she was a simple-hearted woman, a eulogistic description which will suffice.

Cajetan made his mark for the first time by a success at school. He went to finish his studies at the University of Padua, then the most important in Italy. He there took the regular course in philosophy and civil and canon law, and in his twenty-fourth year, on July 17, 1504, he obtained the doctor's degree in both faculties with distinction, carrying off the "laurel crown."

The hard-working youth was of gentle disposition.

As a younger son, his eyes were naturally bent towards the Church, but with the inspired fervour peculiar to an emotional and enthusiastic generation, ardently enamoured of the beautiful in all its forms. Theology, superposed upon philosophy and the science of law, appeared to him, above all, a science of supreme beauty and of love of God, while at the same time he found in it the practical secret of an ideal purity.[1]

On returning to Vicenza, he entered his name at the College of Jurisconsults—we, less pompously, should say on the roll of advocates—where his elder brother already figured.

The two young men, on coming into possession of their patrimonial estates at Rampazzo, first of all built a village church, to which they assigned a small endowment, and which they dedicated to Magdalen, the favourite saint of the period. We learn from a commemorative inscription that the consecration took place on July 10, 1505.[2]

Thereupon, Cajetan did what distinguished students in that age usually did, and what regard for his ecclesiastical future must especially have suggested: he went to Rome. A final residence at Rome in those days constituted a sort of "fellowship" in a man's student career: it was the means

[1] According to the author of the *Blasone Vicentino* (*Miscellanea . . . di storia patria*, 1898: *cf.* Caracciolo), Cajetan received the tonsure at the hands of Pietro Dandolo, Bishop of Vicenza, before quitting Padua.

[2] "Baptista et Caietanus de Thienis fratres jurisconsulti a fundamentis erexere, an. Domini MDV, die X julii, D.O.M. ac D. Magdalenae."

of giving the humanistic education its final polish, and of completing the technical instruction of the universities by something broader, social, and at the same time individual.

Rome has not yet wholly lost this kind of supremacy. We have no need to remind the reader that the various governments, and the French government in particular, maintain there higher institutes of Art and History, which are rightly considered organs of civilisation, and whither young men, already drawn towards high intellectual culture, go to widen that culture, as was the custom long ago.

Cajetan at once entered upon the active and political career to which he was destined. He purchased an apostolic secretary's office, which implied the rank of protonotary. But it by no means involved his entrance into holy orders. He simply became one of the administrative hierarchy. Pope Julius II, pressed by need of money, had had the ingenious idea of putting nominations to official appointments up for sale. It was a system which has been very unfavourably criticised, but for which we are beginning to feel some indulgence. It gave the functionaries themselves the advantages of quietness and independence. Cajetan thus retained almost complete freedom of action. At most he had enrolled himself among the "gentlemen of the long robe." But they were not in general very severe in the matter of costume. Priests and bishops clad themselves after their own aesthetic tastes, and Julius II had no personal reasons

for restricting their liberty. If he wanted to pay court to the Pope and obtain advancement, Cajetan had only to put his personal tastes in his pocket, and go caracoling on a mule, in fantastic attire, and even with a neat little sword at his belt.

Cajetan was always so absolutely modest and simple that one of the difficulties of telling his story is the sort of penumbra in which his actions are constantly enveloped. It never even occurred to him to cultivate anything that might bring him into evidence and make him talked about. We do not know the precise moment of his arrival in Rome: it was probably about 1506. He fulfilled his duties, which indeed were not arduous, with the same lack of ostentation. Later on we shall see the apostolic protonotaries priding themselves, very legitimately, on having numbered him among their ranks; but while he was actually among them, no one paid any heed to him. We know from one of his letters, dated March 8, 1508,[1] that he bore the title of protonotary. But truth compels us to add that a pontifical Act of October 12, in the same year,[2] calls him with as much simplicity as cordiality: "Messer Gaetano da Tiene, our scribe and familiar."

Besides, it was not easy to cut a figure at Rome on a smaller income than two or three hundred thousand ducats, representing about £85,000; so that, in default of such a position, the best course, especially for a man of some pride, like Cajetan, was to live simply, without laying himself out to

[1] Quoted by Father de Tracy.

[2] The Bollandists say 1518, by a misprint.

shine. The Pope, it is true, conferred on Cajetan the small living of Malo, in the diocese of Vicenza; but, even with his private income, that was still insufficient to make him a person of importance.

He lived then among the splendours of Rome rather as a spectator than an actor; which in truth turned out to be a favour of Providence.

CHAPTER II

CAJETAN A ROMAN PRELATE

THE life of Rome, in those days, left no one indifferent. But its influence was shown in very diverse ways. Some it charmed and stirred to unheard-of enthusiasm. With others it opened floodgates of rage. It all depended on the manner of viewing things, and of profiting by them.

Many people, in the first place, judged without knowledge. A man might live long years in Rome without knowing Rome. It was less a city than a junction of roads. The Papacy was universal, belonged to the whole world; a principle of which every man took advantage to fancy himself at home, and to retain his own ideas and habits. The natives of each country thus came to form a sort of coterie, which prided itself on living its own separate life, on having its own festivals, its own church, its own hospitals, its own cemetery, its own social haunts; so that it was more difficult than might be supposed for a Frenchman, or a German, temporarily sojourning in Rome, or even for a Venetian like Cajetan, to see anything but Frenchmen, Germans, or Venetians.

And, for the same reason, Roman Society was not a little mixed. Such a city, thanks to the absolute

liberty reigning there, could not fail to attract, along with what was best in the world, a considerable number of intriguers and triflers; there was no lack of them in the intellectual world. To appropriate the works or the ideas of others has always been a pretty wide-spread industry, and the folk who exercise it are usually of most winning manners.

The impression a man carried away from Rome depended, then, on the society he had seen there. It might be a feeling of jealousy and hatred; many of Rome's victims would have been perfectly happy if they had remained quietly in the depths of a patriarchal province. Luther, Ulrich von Hütten, and many another would have done much better to stay at home than to go to see the splendours of Rome. The sceptical Erasmus, indifferentist as he was, experienced an impression of another kind. What he perceived was an extremely brilliant and well-appointed society, that managed to exist very well without him; and he made no secret of his humble opinion that his absence ought to have left a more appreciable gap.

Cajetan, on the other hand, was drawn quite naturally towards this artistic, prelatic, intellectual society; he could not but come under its influence and bear its indelible stamp. The thing to be feared, indeed, in the case of a temperament so deeply emotional as his, was that this influence would be only too powerful, and would produce either a fanatical exaltation, or that strange languorous sense of well-being so easily extracted from the air of Rome.

For it is safe to say that you may run through the whole history of civilisation without finding a spectacle more exquisite, more refined, more delicious, and at the same time more glorious or more provocative of enthusiasm, than the Rome of this period, for anyone who knew life. This is not overstating the case. It was a unique time. On whatever side a man turned, his sensibility was seized by its noblest tendrils. A touch with the spade, and you unearthed a masterpiece. The Laocoon thus exhumed by chance was drawn in triumph through the city amid all the marks of general enthusiasm. Apollo, Hercules, Tigris, the recumbent Ariadne, passed one after another to the Belvedere, there to occupy the place of honour from which they have not yet been removed. The past, indeed, seemed almost overwhelming, so deeply was it saturated with beauty and curious interest. One could not enter any of the palaces without coming upon antiques of every shape and size and significance—a Pompey, a Cæsar, a Diana of Ephesus, or a Minerva, a Venus, a bas-relief, a torso. Leaving those, it was only to pass beneath the triumphal arches of Titus, Marcus Aurelius, Severus, Constantine, the goldsmiths, by the foot of Antonine's or Trajan's column, before Marforio or Marcus Aurelius, past the columns of Monte Cavallo. At every step one stumbled upon remains of circus or temple. Near St Peter's, a large red obelisk, lying broken in the dust, marked the site of the Circus Maximus, where Nero cast the Christians to the lions. Men assembled in the vast halls, decorated with their original paintings and carvings, of the

baths of Diocletian or Caracalla, or possibly in those of Titus, recently discovered. They lived, as it were, in a spider's web stretching from one ruin to another.

And yet, these ruins had been marvellously assimilated, if I may use the word. It was impossible not to see that Rome had become Christian: the fact was attested by so many pontifical blazons and so many lapidary inscriptions. The pagan sarcophagi were used as troughs or *bénitiers*. Fifty basilicas, with tabernacles of gold, lustrous with marble and enamel, proudly appropriated the remains of the ancient temples with their monolithic columns in stately ranks. And out of doors life was full to effervescence. Singers, *piffari*, *improvvisatori*, poets of the open air, at the foot of some smoke-begrimed Madonna, filled with babblement and enthusiasm the tortuous streets, thronged with prelates and scholars. Between the ever green Pincian hill and the Tiber ever yellow, rose the stern prison of Tor di Nona, the castle of St Angelo; in the distance one descried the lofty scaffoldings of St Peter's, the Janiculum and its convents, and further still the Porta del Popolo, the mosaic façade of Ara Caeli, the high belfry of the Capitol, a maze of parapets and towers and domes. It was a new Rome, rescued from the hands of the barbarians, springing into life, rearing its stems, putting forth its blossoms, shedding its radiance like tangled and luxuriant vegetation. And who but must have felt the delights of the present, when every day brought forth some new and exquisite joy? Michelangelo, a giant among artists, was painting the Sistine Chapel, Raphael

was decorating the halls of the Vatican. Conceive the temper of a society of which such men were the natural products—its kings, its real Cæsars; and then ask yourself if anyone could live among it and remain cold!

And yet a singular malady prevailed there, which I will call the malady of eternity. Living among colossal ideas and immutable stones, in that city of ruins, in an atmosphere where the tombs were imperishable, men could but feel themselves mere puppets, lost in an unequal contest with time,—an impression highly orthodox, moreover, since the Papacy itself was the expression of an eternal sentiment; but one that rounded off the æsthetic joys of the moment with a sort of moral torpor. What is the good of thinking and worrying oneself? Is not thought a useless exertion for beings vegetating between past and future ages, like ivy, like creepers clinging to a wall? Men lived, and died, and dallied with eternal things. But this pleasant state of resignation was accompanied with a profound melancholy and no little secret dread. Men felt too happy, with an incidental happiness beyond their control, and they asked themselves under their breath if it would all come to an end, and when. Historical truth compels us to remark that astrologers then plied a magnificent trade. They peered into the heavens; and it would be endless to relate what agony of mind certain signs produced at Rome, and thence throughout Christendom.[1] There was, for instance,

[1] We have given some details of this illuminism in our edition of the *Chronicles of Jean d'Auton* and our book *La veille de la*

a solar halo, whence issued the forms of white swords with bloody points (December 7, 1497): the statue of an angel at the castle of St Angelo was thrown down by a thunderbolt, under Alexander VI; in France, there was the comet of January 1515, in perceiving which a great philosopher wept: he prognosticated for the Church a time of affliction, the cruellest it had suffered since the Passion of Christ. Almost every year, excitable minds saw similar portents; so that the wiser men, the epicureans, went their own way, contented themselves with living, and languidly exclaimed, like Castiglione:—

> O hills superb, and ye, O ruins holy,
> Sole guardians of the ancient name of Rome,
> Alas! what mournful traces do ye keep
> Of rare and lofty minds innumerable! . . .
> Transformed to dust and ashes lie ye low,
> Mark for the foolish fables of the mob.
> Thus goes my love. And since Time vanquished Rome,
> Perchance likewise my love Time's hand will slay.

The others endeavoured in all kinds of ways to

Réforme. Leo X, indeed, with his eclectic spirit, accepted the dedication of one of the books of a prophet-sorcerer, Francesco da Meleto, who would in all probability have been burned alive a century earlier. The clergy revelled in these prophecies. Hermits with dishevelled heads preached terrifying things in the cathedral pulpits; women worked themselves up to frenzy. At Milan, in 1512, a lay hermit foretold dire events in a sermon at the cathedral, with fabulous success. An austere and poor man, of ardent piety, he used to offer up long prayers, extended prone upon the earth. He would not even accept alms. How did he live? No one knows, or rather, we do know how he did not live; he used to gnaw roots and drink a little water. In the end he was summoned before the Pilate of the neighbourhood, and declared that he was a prophet, proclaiming the word of God.

legitimise their happiness, in order to consolidate it. It is naturally among these that we find Cajetan enrolled, and it would have taken a stronger head than his to resist such an infatuation. Pope Julius II had little sympathy with these views: yet men owed him some gratitude for keeping off the barbarians with his trenchant sword, even though his own methods were somewhat barbarous. It was with rods that the angels themselves had in bygone days chased Heliodorus from the temple.

"It is a god, a god himself that we call Julius," cried a salaried poet.[1] But men would have preferred less risks and less splendour; the Pope's own associates asked for a breathing-space, and at the end of his reign they saw with satisfaction "Cæsar" following a more classic course in convoking the Lateran council.

The bellicose temper of Julius II was hardly likely to seduce a young prelate who was at once a Roman, a Venetian, and proud of the imperial eagle[2] on his escutcheon. Yet, in the labyrinth of events, Cajetan found an opportunity to do a gracious act. According to several of his biographers, he went to Venice as official mediator between his country and his master. It is at any rate certain that his political apprenticeship stopped there; the experiment ended only in confirming his incurable distaste for affairs of state.

But things changed when, Julius having made up

[1] Iracintho da Teramo.

[2] A near relative of Cajetan, Antonio da Tiene, was at this time a captain in the imperial army.

his mind to die, in 1512, Rome entered at last upon the era already forestalled by the new generation. Everything had been so well arranged that Leo X's election took place without a hitch, and even before the conclave broke up the new Pope was able to appoint his two private secretaries, Bembo and Sadolet. This meant the repudiation of the feudal, territorial policy of the last popes, and a turning towards a social Christianity that was virtually civilisation under another name. With such men in collaboration, it was no longer a question of conquering a few insignificant fortresses more or less, but of conquering the heart of the world, of showing that Christianity was at once true and reasonable, that it satisfied the highest needs of man's nature, and represented the social ingredient indispensable to the order and the happiness of a modern society.

We can do but scant justice to Bembo, the celebrated friend of the Duchess of Ferrara, and the incarnation, at the court of Leo X, of an element highly favoured by the Pope—the humanist element. He was rich and a patrician, imbued with urbanity, subtlety, and wit, though a trifle superficial; he was a master of polished phrases, an admirable poet, a charming man; at bottom a scholar of eminent learning, a perfect Ciceronian, and withal so light-hearted, so affectionate, so sympathetic, so courteous, so open-minded, so subtle a student of men, and, indeed, of women, so full of fire and energy, that no better choice could have been made of an apostle for courts and salons. Every day, to preserve his youthfulness

of spirit, he reserved a portion of time for manual work: this he called his "breakfast." But, admirable man as he was, he exercised little influence, while the figure of Sadolet claims all our attention, because it was under his inspiration that Gaetano, an eminently passive being, was to form himself. Sadolet, though a cousin of Bembo, and bound to him as closely as a brother, was marching in a quite different direction, that of the Christian Renaissance. Without fortune, without ambition; pure-hearted, full of sincerity and warmth, of kindliness and optimism; so simple-minded and honest that his perception of evil was not perhaps very clear; moreover, a Christian philosopher in doctrine and practice, a student and a man of many friends; honours were constantly thrust upon him (be it said to the glory of the popes and their time) in spite of himself, in spite of his ardent desire not merely to preach peace to others, but to enjoy it himself. At the moment when Leo X discovered him, the death of Cardinal Oliver Caraffa, whose secretary he had been, had left him a simple canon of St Lorenzo in Damaso; he was living, like the birds of the air, at the tables of more prosperous friends—the two brothers Fregoso, to whom he was deeply attached, to whom also he dedicated one of his juvenile poems, and imparted his dream of a religion compact of art and charity, of beauty and love. Such "commensalism," as it was called, was much in the fashion of the time; it seemed a very natural condition, and no one was either ashamed or proud of it, because the material questions of life appeared of but secondary

importance beside questions of the heart. Even on becoming secretary to the Pope, Sadolet never dreamt of changing. The house of the Fregosi was the temple of friendship. For these sensitive and happy men, to love was the charm, the well-spring, almost the reason of existence; they adopted for themselves the philosophy of St Augustine and St Bonaventure as sketched by Francis of Assisi; and, filtered through the air of Rome, this philosophy imbued them with joy and hopefulness. Over and above their private friendships, they loved their neighbours, all their neighbours, with a sort of deliberate ingenuousness, not so much for the sake of these neighbours, who numbered among them perhaps many a criminal, as for their own sakes, to satisfy their own hearts; and on this simple psychology they reared, under a religious form, the ladder that led to love supreme and absolute, the love of God.

Sadolet, then, entered the Vatican a poor man. From that fount of favours, in that atmosphere of intrigue, he asked nothing more than his modest emolument of three hundred crowns, and he would not even have had his magnificent *cappa* of ceremony if Bembo had not suggested to the Pope the idea of giving it to him. And yet he exercised, by his writings and his personality, an immense influence, of which he himself was for a long time unaware. In after years, when he had to cross Provence, he was amazed to meet sympathetic faces in every townlet, and to be received almost as a Messiah. The fact was explained by the

strange vivacity of intellectual life then penetrating into the most secluded corners. Little clubs were being formed almost everywhere to discuss letters, art, and philosophy: at Lerins, for example, and at Grasse, whose Bishop went in person to explore the East. A prelate was, as a rule, the centre of such a club, a function he considered a duty; Sadolet afterwards served in this capacity at Carpentras, and meanwhile, at the Vatican, he represented an enormous force, since he was the embodiment of that curious movement, Christian sociology.

The first years of Leo X's reign seemed to fulfil all the anticipations of cultured men. The nightmares of Julius II were banished: nothing was now in question but peace and well-being.[1] Men believed in virtue, and beauty, and progress, and the power of words. This delectable state of mind spread far and wide. Leo X had become the arbiter of the world of ideas, the age was to bear his name. It was to him that everybody, liberal or traditionalist, who wished to do some good in the world, addressed himself. Reuchlin in Germany, Lefèvre d'Étaples in France, Erasmus himself, when they sought to revive religious studies by their translations, placed all their confidence in him. The splendours of Rome threw all others into the shade. Raphael had only one ambition, to become a cardinal. Even the German Empire,

[1] See Fr. Nitti, *Leone X e la sua politica*, p. 9; in the opposite direction, what Burckhardt says of the alleged irritation of the Church.

the recognised representative of feudal traditions, bowed before the new spirit. Maximilian had already declared that he would gladly exchange his crown for the tiara. His successor, Charles the Fifth, became master of the world without enthusiasm; the spectators at his coronation were amazed to see his monkish figure among the steel-clad men-at-arms and the companies of lansquenets. It seemed for a moment that the inner joys which constitute the human being were vanquishing the old appetites. The sinews of ambition, in so far as it was selfish, appeared to be slackened. Julian de' Medici, placed at the head of Florence in 1512, abdicated his power in the next year, to taste the joy of living at Rome as a private citizen.

CHAPTER III

THE ART OF DIVINE LOVE

AFTER the accession of Leo X, several years pass without any event to record in the personal life of Cajetan, and the fact is not surprising. He was a creature of deep-rooted timidity; impressions were accumulating in him, but lying dormant, and their strength could only be judged when the day came for them to awake into activity. Till then, he was submerged in his environment: the work being accomplished in him depended entirely on the ideas that were being developed there.

These ideas only defined themselves gradually.

There was no doubt about the general tendencies of Leo X, Sadolet, and their friends; but it is always a far cry from a speculative doctrine to its formal applications. And at Rome it is never the fashion to hurry. The problem, too, was a very troublesome one; and still its greatest difficulties were not yet foreseen. So that it is not very certain that people knew quite what they wanted.

As the present was delightful, while the past was found depressing, the first step was to clear the air. Leo X closed the Lateran council,

after some useful constitutions had been adopted in regard to the reform of preaching and of the religious orders; no one, however, carrying naïveté so far as to anticipate any immediate practical results.

At the beginning of the official report of the acts of the Council, Sadolet inserted, a little later, under the simple guise of a letter to Bembo, a preface which was in reality a manifesto. He presents to the world as the model of the clergy desired, Cardinal Giles of Viterbo, whom he describes in the following terms: "He speaks his mother tongue charmingly, but nourishes it on the richest sources of Greek and Latin scholarship. To the highest arts (note this word *arts*),—philosophy and theology —he unites the most refined literary taste. . . . The enthusiasm he excites enraptures scholars and dunces, young and old, men and women. . . . His language is a delightful stream." And Bembo replies: "If humanity, and the arts that form its substance and real wealth, were unhappily to disappear, this prelate alone would be a sufficient representative and expression of them: nor would it be mere outward show; he is the very incarnation of virtue." That was what they looked for. *Deus scientiarum Dominus!* They were no longer satisfied with a theology immured in the castle of St Angelo, nor even in the schools. They wished to teach Christian civilisation, the "genius" of Christianity.

It is easy enough, and it is customary in very different camps, to scoff at the claim put forward by

these men of the Renaissance, of bringing the Christian faith into touch with real life. How many hard things have been said about the union of science and faith, and about all who, down to our own time, have sought that union—Chateaubriand, Montalembert, Lacordaire and many another! They have been dubbed with the most withering epithet discoverable, that of "romantics": it seems to many that their doctrine, if they have a doctrine, is all in the air, meets no demands, is incapable of yielding any practical result. There has always been a conflict on this point among Christians; but it was never more acute than during the intellectual revolution of the sixteenth century. The scholastic spirit then found ardent and noisy defenders in Germany, and even at Rome it is not to be thought that they were entirely wanting. Cardinal Adrian of Corneto, whose zeal went so far as to advocate the poisoning of Leo X as a bane to Christendom, always maintained that no point of contact was to be sought between faith and human thought, and that dogmatic theology, resting on revelation, was all-sufficient.

Cajetan, we must warn the reader, was in this respect a pure romantic. He carried religious romanticism to its extreme expression, saintliness; that is his special characteristic, and he hoped to deduce from it positive, practical consequences. He did more: he lived it. Without entering, then, into any theoretical discussion, we have to exhibit very briefly the principles that guided his existence, those that were shaped under his eyes and in the development of which he warmly partici-

pated, until the time came for him to launch out into life as their practical exponent.

The fact is that at Rome, at this epoch, no one at all understood what utility there could be in a mutual attitude of sullen hostility between science and faith. The Lateran Council protested most energetically against this theory. In connection with a question of major importance, the immortality of the soul, it refused to admit any antinomy whatever between philosophy and theology. Truth is one: it is all summed up in God, and there is no science but finds God at its apex. Far from being incompatible with the sciences and with the sincere liberty of thought which is their substance, religion can but crown them and render them fruitful. That is its mission. The genuine scholar, a man of honest conviction, who devotes himself wholly to the investigation of one province of truth, without any secret reservations of prejudice or self-interest, is performing a religious and even a sacerdotal act.[1] He has within himself the attributes of priesthood: he is necessarily in communion with the Universal, the Infinite. On leaving Rome, Copernicus became a priest; he did not on that account cease to be a genius. But it happens—it happened with the robust scholars of the Renaissance

[1] "All truth is orthodox, whether it come to us from revelation confirmed by the infallible voice of the Church, or reach us under the form of certain and scientific knowledge. Whoever endeavours to elevate mankind at large by enabling them to live a freer and more human life, is, whether he know it or not, working with Christ for the salvation of men." (Mgr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.)

—that the thorough knowledge of one science hinders the acquisition of precise notions on the others, and that the continued exploration of one vein, the prolonged examination of one object, leads to a sort of intellectual purblindness. Then the religious idea makes its appearance as a necessary bond of union, necessary even from the scientific standpoint. It completes our views by opening to us a wider horizon, compelling us to perceive that all the world's forces converge to one potent, definite unity, just as very unlike elements go to make up our own individuality.

Christianity, then, is the science or the art, moral and social, essentially practical, which aims at combining with the other sciences and arts the secret of life. It has nothing to do with algebra, or poetry, or sculpture. But far from disdaining any earnest manifestation of the human mind, it cannot fail to link itself with it, to form intimate alliance with it, to hail with joy all that constitutes natural progress —the startling discoveries that illumined the dawn of the sixteenth century, the renovation of society by the new development of communications, the amazing efflorescence of the arts. It unites the arts and sciences because its mission is to unite men, all men, and to urge them upwards. It is condensed in the great maxim (St Augustine's, I think): "Every natural virtue raises us to the higher life." Christianity is the explanation and the aspiration of our nature. One may be learned, rich, distinguished, honourable, without being a Christian; but one cannot be happy without being a Christian.

The doctrine here briefly outlined respects to the highest degree the human mind; it bases itself formally on free will, liberty, voluntary discipline. It superimposes revelation on the reason, to complete it; and the supernatural virtues on the natural, to exalt them.[1] It is suited to the modern mind, and much more scientific than the almost natural determinism accepted by Wiclif and Luther.[2] And if it leads to mysticism, it is a mysticism that has nothing in common with any false spirituality; it forcibly demonstrates the existence of the supersensible, the Invisible, to which all our knowledge so quickly tends, and of which our thought itself is so largely made. When we set immense forces in motion by pressing a button, are we not already taking a great step towards mysticism, since by that very act we place ourselves in contact with powers that are unseen?

But it piqued itself above all on working practically for the happiness of men, and this was the special work to which it invited us.[3] And it spoke of present happiness. For this happiness it no longer offered merely the metaphysical part of Christianity—though it was a great thing to furnish a ready response to the thousand and one questions left unanswered by reason, or to promise supernatural joys to empty hearts: it descended to the

[1] On this subject see especially the *Hortensius* of Sadolet.

[2] See G. L. Fonsegrive, *Essai sur le Libre arbitre, sa théorie et son histoire*, Paris, 1896.

[3] The happiness, as Contarini said, which we sometimes call *beatitudo*, sometimes *felicitas* (*De libero arbitrio*).

merest details of the natural life; and, since men had had the science or the art to ameliorate their existence, the new teachers wished to bring home to them a truth of capital importance—that this very amelioration would operate against the aim they had in view, their happiness; that their art and science would only serve to embitter the dreadful struggle of the appetites, if some means were not found of sowing love broadcast throughout the world; that while imagining they were making each other happy, they would poison one another with jealousies and hatreds, unless some determined effort were made to unite them in the same love. A future not far distant was only too completely to justify this prediction.

Now, where was a religion of love to be found? In the Gospel: nowhere else.

If we reflect on the labyrinth of barbarism from which the Middle Age had issued, we shall be able to do that age the fullest justice, and to recognise that it had accomplished admirable work. It bequeathed to subsequent ages a social economy derived from the Decalogue, which comprises, as M. le Play has shown, the essential part of the fundamental principles of reason, work, and interest. What an advance it was from the Truce of God to this result! But now it seemed that, in a wealthy society brought to such perfection, the moment had come for the realisation of another progress, and to show how true joy, the true social interests, lie above material interests in the union of men.

They took the Gospel, therefore, not to make it

the subject of endless scholastic disputation, nor to evolve romantic effects from it, but, in harmony with St John's words, "We believe in the love that God hath towards us," to extract its practical sociology. Now this sociology, this charter of the new Sinaï, is very short and very simple: it fills but half a page in a small book, with the enumeration of the various steps to take to secure happiness: in a word, it is what are called the Beatitudes.

And the seven Beatitudes themselves are summed up in four words: "Blessed are tender hearts." Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth —not merely vineyard and tilth, but whatsoever of sweet and good the earth produces. Blessed are the pure, for they shall see God. . . . The end is always the enjoyment of an affection; the means, tenderness of heart.

The Gospel Beatitudes, one may say, constitute the Magna Charta of true affection. The text, to be sure, was well known: nobody claimed to have discovered it. But had it really become the rule of the world? Attempts had been made to approximate thereto. The Middle Age had produced illustrious lovers — Francis of Assisi, to name no other. But the example of St Francis of Assisi himself could hardly convince the adversaries of tenderness and "romanticism"; the very reverse, perhaps. It is magnificent, without a doubt, to aim at absolute detachment, to turn Franciscan, go barefoot, and run one's race without family ties and individual property—magnificent, as long as it is done by the few. For society at large it would be

anarchy. The general application of these principles demands a certain practical moderation. Savonarola had come nearer to the desired formula when he declared that "the Christian life is characterised by simplicity." But he too found nothing better than pure reason and intellectualism for the general building up of human society; while the new generation wished deliberately to graft upon reason another social element. In their opinion, the characteristic of the Christian life was love. The intellect was venerated; it was expected to be fully and freely developed; but the function of religion was to take possession of men's emotions, to touch their hearts, to furnish them thereby with a real personal force, and with the social virtues, kindliness, unity—in a word, happiness. The intellect is as nothing unless fertilised by some lofty emotion; and as to religion, "men have never been holy save through love."[1] "To love is to know," cried Trithemius. "Love is the first and the chief cause of our salvation," said Sadolet.

We see, then, the function of the papacy defining itself. It consisted in preaching "faith and love." The papacy was the time-piece, the regulator of life. It proceeded on the principle that human life must be filled with loving-kindness, the humblest occupations must be permeated with love; that all things must be transfigured and illumined; that the movement towards knowledge and happiness must be utilised to show men that knowledge does not make happiness, and to rear before their eyes, like

[1] M. Henri Joly, *Psychologie des saints.*

a lighthouse, the love of God, which is the real thing, the high thing, the noble thing; a light that never misleads, that illumines all other things, the idea of God being perfect beauty and perfect love.

That was the great art, and the great form of charity.[1]

It is the centre of these ardent ideas that we again come upon Cajetan. He identified himself with this philosophy whose term was Divine Love; it vibrated through his whole being. Who could have anticipated so much warmth in this little prelate, so shrinking, and timorous, and simple? A slight, high-strung, nervous man, with long lean countenance, slightly hectic about the cheek-bones, soft eyes, a short thin beard, and long hair falling over his ears in the mode of the day: a bearing gentle and distinguished. Seemingly narrow-chested; his great heart can surely hardly have had room to beat. Strange that a man with no little pride should shun the parade, the elegances, the gaieties of life! Yes, to him the world appears empty, and even base. He lives aloof, receives only sad news from his family. In this, God's solemn hour, his wounded heart forgets its sorrows

[1] Bembo magnificently developed these ideas in the discourse that concludes Castiglione's *Courtier* and in his *Asolani*. Starting from a mundane standpoint, he maintains that love is one, and that from individual love one passes to ideal love, and from ideal love to the love of God. Plato never wrote anything to match those few pages, which may be considered as the breviary of the new life, as men understood it then. The reader may be referred also to the book of Cardinal Bellarmin, *De ascensione mentis in Deum, per scalas rerum creatarum*, Paris, 1606.

and becomes exalted at the contact with other hearts. He has not much of what is called cool common-sense, but is clearly possessed of an ardent enthusiasm. What would he do if he did not love? Where would he find a life worth living?

And in all happiness he will love God.

A number of young prelates of high distinction, almost all members of Leo X's court, among them Sadolet himself, resolved to form a little society or "sodality" of art and charity where they might keep themselves, a select band, out of the traffickings and vanities of the external world. This company called itself the Society of Divine Love, *Divino Amore*.[1] It did not meet very often; its associates were not very numerous, nor did they desire to become so, the number never exceeding sixty; but they were united by a bond of deep affection, which lasted till death. No one held higher rank than the rest. It is unknown who was the founder; it may have been Cajetan, as his biographers assert: but at all events the positive impulse could only have come from Sadolet.

[1] The doctrine of the Amore Divino has been expounded in all its perfection, but also in its frankly abstract and philosophic, rather than sacramental, character, by St Francis of Sales in his celebrated *Treatise on the Love of God*. St Francis has brought into high and brilliant relief the Renaissance doctrine that "love is one," and expresses himself with perfect freedom. His whole thesis, consequently, rests on the utility of works. Active charity and absolute surrender to the hands of Providence are for him the two characteristics of the Christian life. He bases the Christian life on "natural love," which makes man sensible to the call of God. The epigraph of his monastic constitutions is: "To apply our hearts to the perfection of the Divine Love."

The society included the choicest spirits among the liberal prelates — Contarini, the philosopher; Ludovico Lippomanno, a distinguished writer; the charming Matteo Giberti, the perfect type of amiability: Tullio Crispoldo; finally, the parish priest, Giuliano Dathi, prefect of the penitentiaries of Lateran.

The meetings were held at the Transtevere, in a tiny church still to be seen at the foot of the Janiculum,—a spot teeming with reminiscences of St Peter and the early Christians—the church of Saints Silvester and Dorothea. Leaving the noises of the city without, they betook themselves to its silence, as into the catacombs of a new and unknown world. There they discoursed of the beauty of religion, of the reforms necessary; they exercised themselves in the art of diffusing ideas; adopting the picturesque expression of a writer, they held as it were a gymnasium of sentiment.

The society of Divine Love began to flourish about the year 1516, and before long Italy was teeming with daughter societies. Love Divine! It had already been celebrated in immortal pages by the author of the *Imitation of Christ.* There was no novelty in the idea, the novelty lay in the desire of its founder to formulate in precise terms a worship direct to the open heart of Christ crucified. On the score of doctrine, it represented a reaction against the illuminism of certain distinguished minds, and against many of the superstitious practices prevalent among the people, and justly condemned.

At this moment, a complete revolution was being

effected in the life of Cajetan. Hitherto he had been only a prelate. For one reason or another, he had never desired to take orders.[1] Suddenly he decided to do so, and by special favour of the Holy Father he received them all within four days: minor orders on September 27, 1516; the subdiaconate on the 28th; and the priesthood on St Jerome's day, Tuesday the 30th. He was then thirty-six years old.

At the same time, he underwent a strange experience, one which, however, has many analogies in the annals of his epoch, and indeed in the annals of saints in general. He conceived an ardent affection, wholly intellectual, for an eminent woman whom he had never seen, and with whom he was acquainted only by correspondence. This lady, whose name was Laura Mignani, was a sister in the Augustinian convent of the Holy Cross at Brescia. The acquaintanceship must have been brought about by a common friend named Stella, whose name is constantly cropping up in their correspondence. Cajetan calls the lady his "mother," and displays for her a passionate affection: "Even did I wish it," he wrote, "your name could never be effaced from my memory," and if one may venture to read between the lines, through the transports of this passion, one feels that Cajetan had cruelly

[1] Probably the difficulty arose through his mother. In her will of 1509, that lady refers to the possibility of "her sons" yet having male heirs. In the will of 1510, this eventuality is no longer anticipated: but the existence of a daughter of the eldest son is passed over in complete silence.

suffered from very earthly thorns. Here is a singular letter he sent to her from Rome, on July 31, 1517, in the first year of his priesthood, evidently a crisis in his life:[1]

My Reverend Mother,—If the waters of the celestial wine are abundantly watering your heart, according to my hopes, the torrents escaping from that inexhaustible fountain will extinguish the ardour of the flames that are consuming mine, and will cause me to know, like you, when receiving the adorable Body of Jesus Christ, the enchanting sweetness of a fire that purifies while it enlightens. In this dark vale of tears, in this solitary place of exile, I wish solely to feed upon this secret manna, this delicious substance; and all that is pleasant in the world to the rest of the children of Adam will for me have only bitterness. Never, no never shall I lose the recollection of the charity that animates you, in approaching the Holy Table. O what happiness for me, if I then obtained your prayers! Without doubt they would prevail with your Bridegroom not to disdain mine. They would cause me to be heard at last through your beneficent mediation. Plead therefore with him for a soul which the darts of the cruel enemy of his salvation have pierced and deeply wounded. Do not refuse the succour of your prayers, either to my mother according to nature, whom you should regard as your sister, or to the friend dear to my heart, whom you should regard as your son,[2] because I regard him as my brother. I commend to you also the city of Rome, once so holy, and even now enriched with the relics of so many martyrs; but which nevertheless resembles, through the wicked conduct of its inhabitants, impious Babylon. I have just offered, sinner as I am, the sacrifice of the Lamb without spot in one of the splendid temples that adorn the city, in the very chapel where are now carefully preserved the lance that pierced the Saviour's side, and the image known under the name of Veronica. O may I

[1] The original is in Italian, like the other letters, and was given to Father Pallavicini, visitor of the Theatines of Lombardy, who passed it to the house of the Clerks Regular at Goa.

[2] Dom Bartolommeo Stella, of Brescia.

gather the fruit, and feel the efficacious virtue of these holy relics! May I profit by the consoling expressions of your letter, which I shall have always present to my recollection, and for which I shall never cease to render thanks to your Spouse!—I am, reverend mother, your son in Jesus Christ.

At this moment, Cajetan's piety attained to a pitch of ardour which it was never to lose. Those who bear witness to his life draw a moving picture of his transports of emotion. To speak to him of love divine was to flood him with happiness, to throw him into ecstasies. His delight found expression in tears. He loved, and therefore he wept. This "holy madness" transformed the man; it seemed to endow even his physical frame with an incredible force of resistance. The length of the days, the burden of the seasons, the circumstances of the time and hour, ceased to be of any account; toil and fatigue were non-existent. A superhuman love was giving this nervous creature superhuman strength; it was to him both weariness and rest. "When one loves God," he cries, "everything is light!" And he presses ever onward, mad with love; the flame enkindled within him swells his bosom, causes him exquisite anguish. But it seems to have been impossible not to love him, because of his sublime transports and his holy fire, that wonderful food on which his soul was nourished. His words were words of fire. He was on fire with love.

On Christmas night, 1517, with fervid faith, in an ecstasy of joy mingled with tears, he knelt in prayer at St Mary Major's, before the fragments of Christ's cradle, near the relics of St Jerome. And there, bent to the earth in renunciation of earthly

fatherhood, he all at once had a strange vision. From the arms of the Virgin Mary he received in his own a child of flesh and blood, the child Jesus. St Francis of Assisi had had the same vision. Supreme happiness!—Cajetan clasped lovingly in his arms this Child sent to him from the Most High. It was not Christ on the Cross that the sorrow-laden ascetic beheld, not Christ of the pierced hands and side; nor even Christ triumphant, the Christ of the Transfiguration,—supreme ideal of Renaissance art. It was the Christ child, in all His meek simplicity and tenderness, that he held in his arms, as a palpable object of love.

Cajetan kept the secret of his vision. Only, more than a month afterwards, on January 28, 1518, he resolved to confide it to Laura Mignani. His letter overflows with a vehement mysticism—vehement even to suffering. "What fire, howsoever ardent, but will soon go out unless it be covered over thick with ashes? Oh that my body, my heart, and my senses were like those ashes! Oh that my soul, colder hitherto than ice, might become a flaming fire! To your charity alone I wish to owe this grace, so sure am I of obtaining it if you intercede for me. Be my surety with my patron saint and star."

He remained a flaming fire. Christmas was always the festival of his choice; no anniversary was to him brighter or sweeter. When the bread became the Body of Christ in his hands at the altar, he felt, as on that day of days, that the Virgin's burden was his. Enraptured with devotion, letting his emotions

have full play, he fancied he saw the scene of the Nativity, imagined himself there; and the apparition dissolved in a flood of tears. At Christmastide, whenever these strong emotions were upon him, his voice failed him; he would turn towards those present with him, and weep. And he possessed a strange secret for touching men's hearts.

CHAPTER IV

CAJETAN'S TRAINING IN CHARITY

THE years 1517-1518, those in which Cajetan attained that condition of rapture of which we have spoken, marked the apogee of Leo X's pontificate. At that moment, Raphael probably wielded greater power than the Pope. He was official director of all that concerned aestheticism and artistic taste. Amid his court of pupils, cardinals, men eminent in every walk in life or art, he rose predominant, like a bird perched aloft, dominating all around by its gay, rhythmic song. His charming angel-head, known everywhere, ever bright, and winning, and youthful, seemed the incarnate image of beauty. "Never, never," he was wont to say, "could I live anywhere save at Rome."

This was the burden of many a man's song. Yet Sadolet, appointed, without his knowledge and as a mere expression of kindly feeling, bishop of Carpentras, was anxious to get away. And where was he going? To Carpentras! It needed an express prohibition from the Pope to keep him from his diocese. Bembo left Rome in the following year, on the death of his father.

There was a general impression in high places that things were not going as they ought. Indeed

a man must have been blind to see nothing. A wave of paganism was invading Rome; and outside, in the direction of Germany, the sky was lowering. Not, to be sure, that anyone could foresee what was about to happen; but there were shrewd suspicions of it. A certain "gloomy" monk, as Francis I called him,[1] in whose religion sentiment counted for little, was beginning to be talked about, and behind him were seen looming the unmistakable symptoms of a revolution: the bishop casting a longing eye on the property of the Pope, the lord on that of the bishop, the burgher on that of the lord, and the common people on that of the burgher.[2]

Sadolet's mind was much more uneasy about the still hazy future than was that of Leo X. Hence his desire to recover his liberty and the right to act upon his views, even though on a somewhat inferior stage.

Cajetan, of course, was not the man to conceive any such disquieting notions. He was living in a state of exaltation which closed his eyes to actualities and the most obvious necessities. He was receiving, however, disturbing news from Vicenza. Several of his relatives had just passed away, one after another.

[1] "Gaiety was reactionary," as M. Faguet very well says.

[2] Very few years later, in 1524, Erasmus gave the following celebrated definition of certain of the ringleaders: "These reformers are madmen, lunatics. Once the Gospel softened the fierce, made the rapacious generous, the turbulent peaceable, the accursed blessed. These men are madmen, who take the goods of others, excite tumults, and speak evil of good men. They are making the Gospel odious, and destroying good literature. If I were a Lutheran, I should hate them still more."

His elder brother had died in deplorable circumstances,[1] leaving a young orphan girl, Elisabetta da Tiene, and a fortune much impaired in consequence of the wars. His old mother was left alone, weakly, worn out, in no state to assume such a burden, inconsolable at having no male grandchild to perpetuate the line. Naturally, her eyes turned towards the only son left to her, the son she idolised. Did not an imperious duty summon Cajetan to her side, leaving all else? He himself realised this, and yet he strangely hesitated, put the matter off from day to day.[2] He was under the spell of Rome, and could not tear himself away to plunge into business worries, for which he felt that he had no vocation. In January 1518, he wrote to his dear confidante, Laura Mignani: "The object of my approaching journey to Venice,"[3] he said, "is to see if the Lord will there give me at last the quietness of mind necessary to me, so that I may serve Him without the vexations one commonly experiences in one's own country and the bosom of one's family. I confess that I shall leave Rome with regret, and that I foresee many other disquietudes of spirit: yet happy if your compassionate charity prompts you to mollify them." He bows to the will of God, since it must be so, "from love merely," he says, "and not from servile fear."[4] But he hugs one

[1] Letter of B. Stella, March 2, 1517.

[2] His brother died in October 1510. His mother had made her will in 1509, and altered it somewhat in 1510.

[3] Donna da Tiene had been living in retirement at Venice for several years, but she had actually now returned to Vicenza.

[4] "The bond of love is the bond of perfection." One should

consoling thought: on his arrival he wishes to go and see Laura, pay her a private visit unknown to anybody but their friend Stella. Meanwhile, almost with the air of a courtier high in favour, he offers his services to obtain for the Convent of Holy Cross the assistance of which it stood so much in need. His success was small, but he received from Laura a letter full of gratitude, and of judicious advice. His friend exhorted him to calm and stedfastness: "tribulation," she said, "is a purifying fire."

At length he quitted Rome, made a detour towards Loretto, the favourite sanctuary of himself and Sadolet, and then as a good son proceeded direct to Vicenza, without going to Brescia. He arrived there with his spiritual exaltation undiminished, but without as yet hearing the call to active charity. But he was moved by his mother's condition: he found her very ill. His arrival was beneficial to the poor lady, and the physicians ventured to prophesy a slow recovery. Cajetan joyfully sent the news to Laura Mignani on June 15. One feels already that this is the cord by which he will again be bound to the earth. He hopes that the load of terrestrial afflictions which has crushed this good mother will be at least taken into account by divine justice. Unhappily, the flash of joy which had given new life to the poor woman was destined to cost a relapse, and she drew near "to the gates of death." A second letter told Laura of his distress; but almost immediately afterwards, on

yield to no other pressure than the "gentle violence of love." (St Francis of Sales, *Spiritual Conversations.*)

August 7, another letter carried more hopeful news. The crisis was past, and the sick lady had nothing to do now but prudently keep her bed. "I can but believe," said Cajetan, "that her soul, pure as it was, was not yet pure enough to appear at the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge." He had regained such confidence that he was once more seized with a keen desire to visit Laura, and his friend Stella gave every encouragement. "I declare that this interview is a necessity to me: several reasons compel me to repair to you." As a matter of precaution, he will wait till August 15, the Assumption, and his mother's birthday, and he begs, beseeches Laura to obtain from the Virgin the favour of this journey.

It was not to be. His mother, animated by the matchless spirit of Christian joy, bore her sufferings with stoical patience and betrayed no sadness. She seemed always the same: every morning she heard mass. She mortified himself. Four times within a fortnight she received the Eucharist. But the disease was doing its work; she fell at last into profound weakness; the physicians withdrew, and then pious men and devoted women came about her bed. She spoke little, with difficulty murmuring a few words of prayer. At times her exceeding pain wrested from her the moaning words, "I can bear no more!" She lay for three days dying, and passed on the eve of the Assumption.

Not many days afterwards, Cajetan received a letter breathing of ardent consolation. Laura said that she saw the soul of that good woman

borne up to heaven, and presented to the B. Virgin by the archangel St Michael and St Monica. We have Cajetan's reply, written a week after his bereavement. He gives some details of his mother's last hours. He had prayed for her, and implores prayers for her, because of the sole imperfection he ever discerned in her—an excessive love of her son. As for himself, in spite of an obvious effort to remain unmoved, he falters a little. And from this weakness a new radiance is born. He finds that there is a real nobility in desiring to remain on the earth: life is only worth living if one devotes oneself wholly to the service of others, sacrificing oneself for one's neighbour. Poor man! He has received an invitation to return to his post in Rome. But Rome no longer attracts him; he will obey, but he beseeches heaven to strengthen him for his task. "It seems to me, I confess, that they are making us ascend to Calvary!"

I may be mistaken; but there seems to me to be something of primitive nobility in the Signora da Tiene's character. This noble woman, simple in all her tastes, is known to us only by one or two circumstances in her career: the birth of her son, her maternal tenderness her beautiful end. But is not this to know her thoroughly? Do we need any stronger strokes of the brush? All that we know has a sublime breadth, a simplicity which sums up all worldly distinctions, all affections, all intimacies, and devotions, and sacrifices.

Cajetan did not return to Rome. He now

quietly waited on events, and followed the impulses of his heart towards good. He remained at Vicenza because, at the moment when family ties were broken, he found a family duty to accomplish. He had to receive, bring up, guide, and finally settle in life his brother's daughter, the little Elisabetta. He was now a father!

Sorrow had purified him, as Laura Mignani had foretold. Then he took another step, and a great step, forward in life; his ideal love for God began to bear fruit;[1] he learnt to look upon all men as alike save in their sufferings, their need of aid and affection. Love expansive, practical, social, love poured from a full heart on feebler souls, became the fire on his desolate hearth. To live no longer save by the holy madness of love, to shed love abroad, to give himself unceasingly and without stint—such was henceforth to be his aim.

"Charity," he said once in his figurative language, "is the mother and daughter of holy voluntary obedience: it is the star that points to the port of salvation. Without it, even the highest peaks, the pillars of heaven (by which he meant men of talent or note), are submerged in the sea of hell, for if I have not charity I am but a bell, a tinkling cymbal: I am nothing."

And, a pilgrim for the loftiest heights, he became all obedience and all charity.

He began by affiliating himself to a religious society, the confraternity of St Jerome. Ah! this was not the "Divino Amore"! It consisted

[1] "Love ought never to remain idle." (St Francis of Sales.)

only of men of the people, somewhat world-worn, of a faith only moderately active, of souls only dimly enlightened. To devote himself to them was to come down in the eyes of the world. But what did it matter to Cajetan? He forgot, and wished to be forgotten. He received a deferential welcome, by which he immediately profited, in holy ambition, to place himself at the head of the work and become its inspiration and soul; and he gave himself completely to it, with all the fire of his nature. Every Sunday he addressed the brotherhood, with communicative ardour; in this he excelled. And he had soon shaken them out of their torpor, awakened their minds.

Above all, he became possessed of a real, practical passion for the poor and the sick.

Anyone who has set foot in Italy and seen some of the old hospital foundations there, the Hospital of Milan, for instance, or the Children's Hospital at Florence, will be able to realise the exquisite art with which the Renaissance understood and applied charity. It aimed not merely at helping or tending a sick person, but at consoling, almost glorifying him. No palace, assuredly, displays more elegance and attractiveness than the two establishments just mentioned; and their charm was intended to give expression to the loftiest thoughts. The Hospital of Milan, built in the form of a cross, with its chapel in the midst, whispered words of consolation to the sufferer; it was as though its walls were impregnated with a moral antiseptic. The graceful hospital of Florence smiles on the passer-by, lays open to

the view its graceful gallery, in which exquisite medallions, white and blue, shine like stars, a matchless poem of childhood, to-day popularised by reproductions everywhere. Luther himself, looking with little favour on Italian æstheticism, was struck with the hospitals he saw, and continually paid them his tribute of admiration.[1] Charity was then almost the despair of new-comers: it seemed as though everything had been done, and that nothing fresh could be imagined, so intent were people, even to the most delicate details, on making life humane and sweet. They had gone so far as to found at Rome in 1460, in the temple of Minerva, an association, that flourished exceedingly, with the aim of providing dowries for poor girls.

And yet a whole class of sick persons, the class destined to be for long the most numerous, that of incurables, was without sufficient attention. The assistance of incurables has always been the despair of the charitable, because of the practical difficulties it encounters. For a good number of years, chari-

[1] "In Italy, the hospitals are provided with every necessary: they are well built; the patient has good things to eat and drink, and is tended with every care; the doctors are skilful; the beds and appointments are clean and well kept; as soon as a patient is brought in, his clothes are taken off in the presence of a notary public, who registers them; they are carefully put aside, the patient is clothed in a white gown and placed in a well prepared bed. Two physicians come to see him. Veiled ladies come to tend upon the sick. These works are good and laudable; but the mischief is that the Italians imagine they are meriting heaven and will be saved by such good works, which spoils it all." (*Table Talk.*)

table effort had been specially exercised in this direction: here and there private initiative had opened little hospices more or less provided with resources. A Roman prelate with whom we shall have to do later, Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, had with a friend's assistance founded such a hospice at Rome. Cajetan applied himself to this problem, and from that time, wherever his wandering apostolic ardour called him, the idea was never absent from his thoughts of founding asylums for incurables, and organising home nursing.

He persuaded the confraternity of St Jerome to make an experiment. A little asylum opened as though by magic, and filled still more quickly. As may be imagined, the chief contribution of the brotherhood was prayer: Cajetan found the money. And we may at the same time conjecture the astonishment of prudent people at Cajetan's generosity, especially under the peculiar conditions in which he was placed. But he, having surrendered himself wholly into God's hands, considered it literally impossible for him to do otherwise. "I see well that I shall not cease to give my goods to others," he said to one of his friends, "and I shall end by having nothing left but four feet of earth, without a penny to pay for my burial."

And then all the gentleness of this passionate soul came to the surface. He went with the utmost reverence to tend and feed his dear sick with his own hands; this gentle prelate of the Divine Love, a son of the most refined and brilliant society that ever existed, carried his burning zeal into the rudest

hovels, and discovered a new and profound joy in doing the most repulsive physical services.

The courtier re-appeared only to obtain from Rome a little stock of spiritual favours, indulgences, and so on, to assure the future by attracting members to the brotherhood and contributions to the work. He obtained affiliation to the "Augustanum" of St James of Rome, the type of the Italian hospitals, an alliance very precious to him. These events happened very rapidly in the first months of 1519.

The success of this effort induced another brotherhood, instituted two years before at Verona on the model of the "Divino Amore," to seek affiliation to the "Hyeronimianum" of Vicenza. Without waiting to be asked, Cajetan took the initiative: he set out for Verona with two delegates, two artisans named Zaninelli and Ottaviani; on July 10, 1519, he presented himself with them to the Veronese in the church of Saints Syra and Libera; and then, instead of accepting their adhesion, he declared that he solicited membership himself. His rough companions signed the deed, and he contented himself with writing at the end: "I, Cajetan of Tiene, unworthy priest of God, have been received as the last of the brothers of this holy association, July 10, 1519."

He remained in Verona until December. We do not know what he did there. He has left no trace in history, but he did leave profound traces in the hearts of the Veronese, who from that time forth always held him in peculiar veneration.[1]

[1] Padre Barziza, a Theatine, has issued a little pamphlet entitled *St Cajetan at Verona.*

There is good reason to call Cajetan "the Saint of Providence." His passion for service gave him no taste for practical affairs. He remained always the man of the "Divino Amore"—an ardent, almost feminine heart, ready for any task provided he could feel himself passively cradled in the arms of a supreme power. It cannot be denied that in this there was a touch of dilettantism; but it was not consciously realised. It was the cry of nature. That he might the more completely yield himself to the joy of devotion, and free himself, even in his charitable work, from the anxiety of forming decisions, Cajetan resolved to abdicate his free will and allow himself to be led; he put himself entirely under the direction of a Dominican friar, Battista da Crema, whom he charged to dictate every act of his life.[1] This friar recalled him from Verona, and sent him to undertake a task of considerable magnitude.

The New Hospital at Venice was working badly. Now, its directors wanted to make it a pattern, and were looking for someone who could devote himself entirely to its reorganisation and remodel it throughout—buildings, regulations, and staff.

Cajetan came to his new duties full of fire. And thanks to his biographer Caracciolo, we know how he employed his leisure. He began by founding at Venice a society of Divine Love. Then, at daybreak every morning, he might have been seen setting out

[1] It would appear, according to Dr Bruto Amante, *Giulia Gonzaga*, p. 239, that this friar Battista da Crema in later years advocated somewhat heterodox ideas at Milan.

in quest of poor people, and especially disreputable poor, to visit at their own homes. After a time he began to be followed through the streets by crowds of tattered wretches, beggars, and cripples, and would often go through the city at the head of this strange procession until, on returning to his own house, he dismissed them with his blessing and some alms. Sometimes also he visited the prisons, his meagre purse always in his hand, delighting in freeing a prisoner for debt when he could; or he would jump on a vessel about to sail and chat with the sailors: sometimes he liberated a slave brought from the Levant. For he was always a lover of liberty. But all this was his luxury; the greater part of his life belonged to the sick.

During these years at Venice, the years 1520 and 1521, he was after all his own master. It was a sort of halting-place in his life, and gives us our best opportunity of studying his psychological development.

In his maturity (he was now forty years old) Cajetan is a very interesting type, better endowed than anyone else to show us clearly the effects of the ideas of the Christian Renaissance. With other natures, of a more robust intellectuality—such as Sadolet, for instance—the intense cultivation of the mind moderated a man's sensibility, or at least enveloped it in a force of individuality that maintained the balance. With yet others, sensuality obliterated sensibility, for these are two different and, most often, opposing forces.

We are here in the presence of a fine and tractable temperament, of innate delicacy and ardour, in-

herited from a line of intellectual generations, and at last moulded by a woman, exalted by a mystic joy; a nature in which life's disillusionments have killed the ambitious side and developed the sympathetic side—the moral sensibility, the physical nervousness —to the point sometimes of suffering. His correspondence with Laura Mignani, or at any rate the letters that survive, furnish excellent data for investigation.

He is a perfect example of passivity, admirably fitted to reflect successive impressions. He is no longer himself, is no longer his own master. He is as it were the perfect mirror of ideas outside himself. He must belong to someone; and he is "God's man," a social being, endowed in the highest degree with the capacity for joy and sorrow.

This in no way impairs his capacity for action: on the contrary. He has a master, that is all. And it is under the aegis of this higher will that he finds precisely a profound joy, the joy of believing and feeling that his spirit is free, of gaining peace of mind, of ridding himself of anxiety in every form. If he did not believe in free will, if he were at the mercy of mechanical and physical suggestion, he would not experience this state of well-being, which results from a voluntary act. For, in submitting to a loftier will, he participates, in thought, in a higher existence, almost in a sort of paradise of the soul: "I am not ignorant," he says, "that in perfect submission and in dying wholeheartedly to oneself consists the greatest glory one can render to God." He finds a real happiness in yielding himself thus into the

hands of Providence, and herein he gives a certain lesson in practical wisdom. And this happiness appears to him so delectable that he can wish nothing better for his friends. He prays God to deliver his friend Stella "from the cares of wealth and family, so that he may rejoice in his liberty." For himself especially, as a priest, he believes unhesitatingly that he has nothing else to do but to make himself free, and that God will then know how to make real use of him.[1]

Unhappily, it is much easier to desire this kind of joy than to realise it. You may cut all your cables, but you cannot help coming into contact with materialities, and it is reasonable to anticipate them. At the very moment when Cajetan imagined that by means of a kind of exceptional life he had definitively freed himself from every bond, he found himself faced by the necessity of forming practical resolutions, a burden he must bear alone. Sorrow, then, is inevitable. He seeks vainly within himself for some power of volition. He has hesitated before family duties; he hesitates almost as much before duties of charity, whenever logic and will are necessary, as in the case of the New Hospital. "Oh! how terrible is the condition of lukewarm people!" he writes to Laura Mignani. He is mistaken: he is not lukewarm. Various practical questions arise, and, even when they are matters of personal interest, he knows not how to solve them. That is the whole matter. Is he to return to Rome, or to settle at Venice?—that is the

[1] Submission to Providence is, says Francis of Sales, "the virtue of virtues, the cream of charity" (iii. 26).

first question. And a second: is he to arrange at once his niece's marriage, and accept a suitor who is presenting himself, or will it be better to wait?

Happily Providence, in which he had faith, has a wisdom all its own, which is revealed by the action of time and circumstances. In regard to the second question, the young Elisabetta, who appears to have been a precocious child, took on herself to relieve her uncle of his perplexity. In the spring of 1521 she made an excellent match in wedding Count Giovanni Porto.[1] The good uncle was somewhat out of pocket by the wedding, and even grumbled a little, for he was a man of economy. He settled the bills: "My niece is pleased: but I am much less satisfied, having now nothing to call my own but my salary of 2600 ducats." Yet the situation had this advantage, that the only question now awaiting settlement was that of the return to Rome. But the solution of the second had in fact made the first

[1] Probably her cousin. It must be acknowledged that Cajetan married his niece rather early—at the age of eleven. The fact appeared improbable, in spite of the assertions of several biographers, but it is confirmed by the context of the Signora da Tiene's will. Elisabetta was born in 1510. Having her father's fortune, she was an excellent *parti*. In the old traditional families of Italy, the daughters were very meagrely dowered, as a rule. Cajetan's mother, though belonging to the Porto family, had nothing but a trifling portion of 1000 ducats. And her mother had been able to leave her no more than 100 ducats. In these families, too, they kept up the custom of marrying the daughters as soon as possible. But with the rise of new social customs, the tendency was to marry the girls later and to provide for them more generously.

more perplexing. At Rome money was necessary,—a good deal of money; and this troublesome condition, as is well known, was the source of the degeneracies of Roman society and, in fact, the cause of Sadolet's departure.[1] What was the good, Cajetan asked himself, of running after "a depressing indigence"? On the other hand, if he sold his office and remained at Venice, what would be the end of that? Here we see the imaginative temperament, with its instabilities and want of logic. Cajetan conscientiously did everything possible to become poor, and then, when poverty stared him in the face, his reason and some remnant of will revolted. He found it depressing!

It was at this time that he felt the necessity of setting his feet upon the earth again, and of seeking in a natural life such elements of strength as would enable him to combat its inherent elements of weakness. As might be expected, it was to the heart that he appealed. He returns fervently to the principles that give the Christian life a good natural foundation: he decides that the body and the senses must be reckoned with; these are "the gates of the soul, the channels through which God perfects our knowledge." He finds in the warm affections of this world the substance of happiness. His affection for Laura Mignani seems to him the "temporal happiness of his soul," and he hopes

[1] Sadolet was always in debt. Aleandro, in 1518, deplored his stay in Paris. See his curious *Journal*, published by M. Omont; we shall have more than one occasion to refer to it. (Letter to the bishop of Liège, Jan. 25, 1518).

that it "will not be without avail for his eternal salvation." At first, he had only concerned himself in his niece's affairs from a sense of duty; but he now takes an affectionate interest in the young couple, and every time that Providence "crowns" (or appears to crown) the happy wife "with its blessings," in 1521, and 1522, he rejoices unfeignedly. And yet he never writes to his niece save in a tone of high mysticism. It is as though he mistrusts the ties founded on the physical constitution of human beings, and wishes to see in her rather a beloved friend than a niece. To him, spiritual affinities are ever the chief. He had loved "his mother according to nature," as he said, and yet he was not very far from placing his mother by adoption, Laura Mignani, on the same level.

In brief, he came to consider affection not merely as a joy, but as a necessity of life and a gift of God. And this conviction developed into a doctrine. There is a certain piquancy in seeing him write now that religion does not consist in exaltation of mind, in a "passing fervour of observance and activity," nor even perhaps in "tender sentiments," but that it is a philosophy of life. Reason declares God to him, but the heart alone reveals Him. He believes in God because every heart has a yearning for a lasting affection, and Providence cares, not only for the wise and prudent, but for the tender, the sympathetic, all who hunger and thirst after happiness; and because one does not need to reason to throw oneself into its arms: it consoles those

who are tired of reasoning quite as well as those who are incapable of it.

Unlike Luther, he protests vigorously against doctrinal discussion: "The man who flatters himself on having penetrated deeper than others into the secrets of Eternity differs from them only in the height of his presumption." He is content to love God, and to preach charity:[1] "Let us do works that are not only pleasing to God, but also useful to the salvation of our neighbour." To devote ourselves to men who live near us, to those suffering from war and want and sickness—such is his philosophy. Is it not that of modern Christianity?[2]

And though an innovator, he quite consistently retains a certain primitiveness of soul. He has the primitive fragrance and freshness; he is frank,

[1] It is rather interesting to find in Montaigne, along with the same humanist's antagonism to the ideas of the Reformation, this worship of amity, this doctrine of intellectual death, this negation of pure reason, and a sort of fatalism or epicurism resulting from the theory of a Providence. Montaigne's scepticism is often a union of liberalism, modesty, and good-heartedness. It is a quest for happiness by way of a mocking indifference.

[2] [This term demands some explanation. The Church's dogmas are essentially unchangeable, and her standard of virtue, being Christ Himself, as Leo XIII teaches, is ever one and the same. The theory is therefore untenable that certain virtues are adapted only to particular periods, and that the religious life is unsuited to the present age. The cloistered life, devoted to solitude, prayer, and mortification, is no less praiseworthy than a life of activity (see the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gibbons on Americanism, Jan. 22, 1899). Thus the terms "modern" and "medieval" can apply only to details of discipline and ritual, not to faith and morals.—*Note by the Censor.*]

spontaneous, buoyant, passionate, and anchored in passion, more and more careless of fashion and the conventional, quick-witted, persevering; and he attains the perfect, delightful, unbounded goodness of a man who is good for the pleasure of being so. Ardour, enthusiasm, activity, an insatiable passion for being loved, are his weapons. He would have made the very stones on the road love him. He was, in short, a being destined to be much loved, and to suffer much, for a heart of fire was needed to understand him.

And so he lived by affection. Stella fell sick: Cajetan left all, to take his place at the bedside of his friend. All that had prevented his being by this time at Brescia with Laura Mignani was his timidity. He was so much afraid of disturbing in the least the "tender friendship, which," he said, "is absolutely necessary to me." If only someone would have commanded him to go! He plucked up courage at length, and on April 23, 1521, asked leave to go to Brescia. The answer could not have been long in coming, for on May 8 we find him writing in enthusiastic self-felicitation about his journey. Nothing, he says, can compare with the joy he feels since his return from Brescia. He had enjoyed exquisite conversations with Laura Mignani on death, and the angels, and the nature of the soul: he was running over again the various arguments in his head, and the conclusion of the whole matter was that he inclined to believe that God must have created souls as dissimilar as bodies. Philosophically, at any rate, he was quite prepared to believe

in the inequality of men's intellects and of their moral natures.

This delightful interview was the first, and the last. Cajetan never saw Laura Mignani again; indeed, from this moment, there is no further trace of their correspondence.[1]

[1] Laura Mignani, we may add, was very ill and infirm. From Cajetan's letter of June 8, 1520, it is to be gathered that she was already unable to write without much difficulty and fatigue. She died early in the year 1525. Her life is included in the *Historical Memoirs of the Holy Cross* (Brescia, 1724).

CHAPTER V

THE RETURN TO ROME

LEO X was dead. A change was wanted. The new Pope, Adrian VI, was a man of energy and severity, of Germanic cast. Thus opened the year 1522: and it seemed as though the new pontiff intended to create a revolution. He was a reformer and a theologian; and he met with no success.

Cajetan remained quietly at Venice: not, it is certain, because he disapproved the experiments in reform; their urgency was known at Venice better than anywhere else; and it was, indeed, a Venetian, St Paolo Giustiniani, who set the ball rolling by practically reforming the order of the Camaldoli, while other people were disputing. But the somewhat abrupt and forceful measures of Adrian VI did not succeed in inspiring confidence. And Cajetan was not in want of something to do. Thanks to his vigorous proceedings and to the large financial support of notable men and women in Venice, such as Pietro Contarini, Bishop of Paphos, Maria Malipiero, Maria Grimani, the new hospital was rising from the lagoons. The undertaking called for several more years of work, and Cajetan threw himself into it with so much zeal that in 1526

the directors elected him "protector and conservator" of the establishment; while, after his death, his portrait was placed above the principal door, with a memorial inscription[1] awarding him the title of founder.

Moreover, Cajetan had become very popular throughout the city. Venice was then passing through the throes of a crisis in which the ideas of religion and of patriotism were shocked into union. Whilst, at its gates, there flowed into Lombardy from Europe an incessant stream of menacing armies, the Turks were drawing nearer year by year with almost mathematical regularity, like a rising tide. In 1521 they took Belgrade, in 1522 Rhodes, and there was no reason why the movement should cease. In such circumstances, Cajetan, fiery both in word and deed, was just the man to move the crowd. Heaven, in truth, had sent him to preach a crusade—and what a crusade!—a crusade for the very life of the Republic. He organised processions, and adorations of the Blessed Sacrament. His memory is still green in Venice, and it was to his prayers that the successes of the Venetian fleets were attributed.

Adrian VI soon disappeared. Clement VII, a Medici, the relative and right arm of Leo X, succeeded him, and a new epoch dawned, in harmony with the ideas of Cajetan. "Your Cardinal is Pope," wrote Vittoria Colonna to Giberti.[2] Sadolet was about to re-appear on the scene, ripened in thought and surer in action.

[1] Cicogna, *Iscrizioni Veneziane*, Sanudo.

[2] November 21, 1523.

While Leo X was yet alive, Sadolet had carried out his long meditated project of retiring to Carpentras, a course which enabled him to make experiments, according to his own personal views, in the art of life.[1] As he had been accused of broadening Christianity to the negligence of dogma and theology, he was working, on the suggestion of his friend Giberti, at a commentary on the *Miserere*; but he still scrupulously eschewed the spirit of controversy. He had been very active in his diocese. His first step was to assemble a diocesan synod and set on foot the internal reform of the clergy;[2] his second to settle down in a quiet and pleasant existence, surrounded by universal affection.

Sadolet was, no doubt, at bottom, what we should call an "amateur," or, in his own words, "a laborious idler." But it was precisely in this that he found the mainspring of wisdom.

He certainly experienced a profound satisfaction, an intense delight, in knowing that he was beloved, and understood, and popular. Did he arrive at a town, the populace ran far into the outskirts to meet him. The joy he felt bursts out in his letters: "Just listen to this," he says, laughingly: "the dread of the plague had spread to Carpentras; my arrival caused it to be clean forgotten, and everyone was sure that no region ought to fear it less. All this and more I can only ascribe to God."[3] Again, in June 1523, instead of leaving for Rome as everyone

[1] Letter to the Archbishop of Salerno, *Epist.* ii. 293.
[2] Jules de Terris. [3] *Epist.* i. 95, *seq.*

else would have done, he wrote cheerfully to the Cardinal of Viterbo: "I am very happy here; all my ambitions are satisfied. I have what I love, the love of the citizens, and a wonderfully kindly feeling on the part of everybody; I am saluted, and fêted, and stared at."

If he had been a mere man of letters, as his detractors assert, would he have felt so much enthusiasm for Carpentras? Without failing in respect for that well-known city, we know from Sadolet himself that life was somewhat countrified there, and that the salt of great towns, converse with choice minds, was altogether absent. But after all, he found there personal peace and tranquillity, which ought to satisfy a philosopher; and from the point of view of social art, he infinitely preferred to remain in his desert, surrounded by affection, and in a position to exercise an influence, rather than to go and be lost at Rome, in the midst of intrigues and disputes, with a Pope who was excellent and upright, but weak,[1] in presence of Luther's diatribes and the violent recriminations of the party which had elected Adrian VI. Ambition alone could have drawn him thither. And it was just this that kept him away, for the ambition which consists in hunting for place and favour was repugnant to him, seemed to him almost degrading.[2] His only ambition was to lay hold of and direct the hearts of men, an easier thing in a little province than in the capital. The modest revenues

[1] Letter of June 16, 1537, to Duke George of Saxony.
[2] Letter of December, 1539.

of his bishopric permitted him to do good to the poor without having recourse to the purses of others. "Wisdom," he said, "consists in taking life as it comes, without killing oneself with worries and indefinite desires." Wisdom was repose. And he concludes these declarations with a phrase that might serve for his epitaph: "I live among this people whom I love with a paternal affection, and who, methinks, have some affection for me. Well, the enjoyment of a reciprocal affection is happiness, especially when it is bound up with the sovereign good."[1]

But Clement VII commanded, and Sadolet, like a good soldier, obeyed. The news of his return to Rome was sounded forth like a peal of bells. Far away, Erasmus hastened to write, hinting clearly enough that, misunderstood as he was in barbarous countries, he too would gladly drink "a little Tiber water." But Sadolet had no great love for Erasmus; he found fault with his liking for show and self-advertisement.[2]

Cajetan was not open to the same reproach, and Sadolet's advent at Rome enabled him to make up his mind. Without further hesitation, he left Venice and all his work, and returned to Rome.

This spirit of resolution, so rare in Cajetan, lays upon us the necessity of once more throwing a glance on the general situation. It is clear that Cajetan was casting in his lot with a wider and

[1] *Epist.* iii. 148, 149.

[2] *Epist.* i. 337. See Sadolet's courteous letter of November 1524 (i. 117), and Erasmus's reply (i. 137).

more comprehensive scheme, and intended to co-operate in it actively in some special direction. It is clear also that he had no intention of going over to any political party. What fascinated him in Sadolet's character was that species of unruffled serenity and gentleness which rose above the clash of current opinions, without being itself drawn into the turmoil, and which went imperturbably on its way towards a social end. Others might see in it a doctrine of state, or a philosophic attitude: for a soul ardently religious like Cajetan's, it was the very incarnation of faith in Providence.

The political school at whose head the new Pope and Sadolet stood, but only as chiefs and servants, dreamed of creating a society of good men in which the private individual would be more important than the public man; in which the select few would govern,[1] and politics would be blended with morality, or rather, subordinated thereto. The corner stone of this edifice was human liberty, considered as a right, not political, but civil; a right sacred and inalienable. They did not decorate with the name of liberty this or that piece of governmental apparatus; it mattered little whether they lived in a republic or a monarchy; a good tyrant, responsible before God, would serve as well as another; they did not want him to wield unlimited sway, nor even to legislate, but to cause individual

[1] Sadolet was not very favourable to popular suffrage. His idea was to substitute for the feudalism of force and the material hierarchy a moral hierarchy, and a very mild government. (See Claude de Seyssel on this subject.)

rights to be respected, to secure order, the scrupulous administration of justice, the protection of the weak and suffering; and they offered in exchange, not the independence of schoolboys broken loose, but the stedfast discipline of men who know how to use their freedom. As in England to-day, and in America, where the supreme court checks all political actions on behalf of an absolute principle of justice, the liberty of the citizen was above the encroachments of power, and private interests also, thanks to a thorough system of decentralisation.[1]

And at Rome they dreamed of consecrating this scheme of action by giving society a firmly Christian spirit. Many people were alarmed at the renaissance of paganism; and they were not wrong. But there was need for a mutual understanding on this subject, and for an elucidation of the question once for all. Where did paganism lie? In a certain fashionable style of phraseology? Were men pagans because they could not open their mouths without prating of Jupiter, Apollo, the Muses, Venus?[2] That was sheer pedantry, a mere silly foible, a fashion sure to pass away like every other. The true paganism, in the eyes of Sadolet and his friends, the paganism always springing up anew, was the exclusive worship of force and success, even though one might go to

[1] This doctrine has been particularly well expounded by a Frenchman, a churchman, and at the same time a very distinguished politician and holder of high office — Claude de Seyssel, in his book *La grant'monarchie de France.*

[2] Even in France, and in sacred psalmody. (See *La Veille de la Réforme.*)

mass. Paganism spelt Macchiavelli; it was the proud dedication that was still to be read beneath the statue of Cæsar at the Capitol: "To Julius Cæsar, the perpetual dictator!"[1] Christianity spelt free-will. To respect men's consciences, to inculcate to the fullest extent the sentiment of their responsibility, to seek to curb them by laws more efficacious than a penal code—such was its work.

Why should Cajetan hesitate to bring his most active support to such a work? It was Christian; it was social. And if it was political also, it was a politics of duty and not of ambition.

On this theory, to be sure, they did not fancy that they were making the Pope a universal provider of human happiness. That would be the beginning of Utopia. They asked him to judge, to preach peace and liberty, and to govern through ideas.

Govern through ideas!—that again may appear a somewhat chimerical notion. And, indeed, an ordinary sovereign would be exceedingly ill-advised in dismissing his soldiers and policemen. But what would be pure ideology or anarchy in a secular government was not so for the Pope, from the moment when he regarded himself as the storehouse of the world's moral forces.

Naturally, the practical people, the schoolmen, the casuists even, the adherents of all the old parties, were highly amused,—indeed, much scandalised,—at this scheme of moral order. Luther belabours the Pope as a villain pure and simple for tolerating at his table a philosophic discussion

[1] See Cæsar's portrait by Phaedrus in Sadolet's *Hortensius*.

on the immortality of the soul, and winding it up with a certain pleasantry.[1] Holbein, in a celebrated engraving,[2] flings Aristotle and Plato and all that ilk into Hell, with great demonstrations of contempt. It is certain that Sadolet had a confidence, carried sometimes to excess, in the force of ideas, in so far that, adopting his favourite expression, he believed men to be "humane," capable of being touched and elevated by the humanities. He pushed this conviction to such lengths that we should smile nowadays to see him putting in the forefront of his episcopal duties of "Christian charity" the task of settling his flock's quarrels by giving them a good teacher of Greek and Latinity. But one may say of him exactly what Sainte-Beuve said of Fénelon: "He had the spirit of piety and the spirit of antiquity. He combines both spirits in himself, or rather he possesses them, and keeps each in its own sphere. . . . To him, the struggle between Greece and Christianity had no existence." For, all that he wishes to borrow from the Greeks is their secret of "humane" education. He believes that, to make Christians, you must first make men; that to form a close and strong association between Christianity and civilisation, the savage in man must be killed: you can build nothing, he said, "without foundations and walls." He would have regarded it as dwarfing the Papacy to set it pursuing Luther in controversies as old as Christianity, and sometimes utterly unpractical. Not that he thought these quarrels negligible, but he believed it better

[1] *Table Talk.* [2] *Christ the True Light.*

to neglect them for the moment, to leave time and patience to do their work, to avoid irritation, and to unite all Christians, so far as might be, in the work of common defence and common progress. To Luther's spirit he infinitely preferred the spirit of St Basil or of St John Chrysostom. He appealed to the living forces of civilisation as Raphael had done on the walls of the Vatican. In the "Chamber of Heliodorus" Religion is surrounded by all the things of economic value,—Civil Law, Peace, Protection, Commerce, Shipping, Navigation, Plenty, Cattle-breeding, Agriculture, Vintaging. The delicious fresco of Parnassus is a communion of all the poets without distinction of age or origin, so long as they are great. And by their side the artist glorifies the great gifts of nature—Justice, Prudence, Strength, Moderation. The *Disputà of the Holy Sacrament* has nothing insignificant or paltry. It glorifies religion as the practical bond between men and things, as the supreme consecration of human happiness by the union of souls, and the common enjoyment of the Beautiful. The faces all express joy, admiration. St Bonaventure and St Augustine occupy the first rank, before St Thomas; Abraham has St Paul for his neighbour, St James the Greater is next to Moses, and all address themselves to mankind; they swim, as it were, in the Universal. The brightness of Heaven floods them, and they share in it, and take their ease in this immense homeland by the side of Dante, and Savonarola, and even Bramante, the sceptical church-builder. This is the great dream, the great

thesis of Beauty and Love,—starting-point, road, and distant goal.

Sadolet did better than preach a "humane" and pleasant religion; he set the example of it, and showed how it was to be practised. It was not so much his doctrine that was tolerant, as his personality, his temperament, his whole manner of being. He held by the maxim: "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." In power, he remained himself: a private individual charged with public affairs. The incarnation of graciousness, sane, sober, amiable, contented in mind, the sentiments he diffused around him were peaceful and pleasant. There was in his soul a harmony which passed into his writings and conversations, and gave a sense of restfulness. His Christianity enlarged the heart, because it was summed up in goodness and charity; there was nothing sour or gloomy in him; he made himself all things to all men, to win them all. No doubt, in our age of scant courtesy, we should find the profound compliments of this good minister, his congratulations, his long-drawn, overwhelming graciousness, a little overdone: but all these fair externals, necessary in a society so hard to please, covered a real longing for affection. He fascinated the man he was speaking to: "My dear fellow, my friend . . .": it was impossible to resist him; the man became his puppet, and was surprised to find himself becoming suave, and amiable, and benevolent. But he had wit, and did not scruple to mingle a drop of gall with his honey.

He was accused of a taint of epicurism or a sort

of quietism, because he really loved life in all its beautiful aspects, and because, having perhaps too sensitive a heart not to feel profoundly the inevitable crosses of political existence, he always went back all the more ardently to his books and his friends. But was not even this to fight egoism and love of pleasure in another way? In the society to which he appealed, the materialism of pleasure seemed to him the great moral and social peril of the day. His profession of faith in this matter is found in very practical and explicit terms in his excellent letter to the bishop of Apt.[1]

[1] "Noble minds, raised above the vulgar herd, will understand that they were not born of the earth nor abased to it, but made to look in heaven upon the inhabitants of heaven; they will not wear out their lives in contention; they will apply themselves on the contrary to bring contention and wrangling to an end. They will not bend beneath the weight of low, abject, miserable cares, material anxieties, to the point of forgetting themselves, losing their self-respect, becoming a species of monsters, degenerates; erect and noble, relying on the true riches, they will know how to preserve all their dignity. This dignity is a natural thing, and will spring from study and work. I am not speaking here of fasts, and vigils, and the profession of poverty—all holy things, however, and worthy of heavenly reward; I mean another kind of virtue. I address myself to men of honourable estate, rich men, magistrates, who nevertheless can love the genuine gifts of life above honours and wealth and the gifts of fortune: to the men who live in affairs, in the world, in the halls of the great, who dine in the city, and talk—and who preserve the beauty of life; their life is full of joy and charm; nothing can trouble or harm it. But those who are the prey of earthly ambitions, who fancy that everything is to be found in money—these never have true joy, their rejoicing is but skin-deep: their life is filled with cares, fears, ambitions, regrets." (May 24, 1531; *Epist.* i. 407-413). Sadolet's whole efforts, then, were to bear on the precise necessity of drawing the Christian

Does it follow that he had no interest in public matters, and religious matters in particular?—that he was becoming misanthropic? Far from it. He loved Christianity with the most ardent and active affection. He helped to defend the fortress against all attacks to the last hour. But he was often disgusted with the policy he saw in practice: which was a very different thing. He thought it beneath his dignity to dispute his personal position with the base intriguers assailing it. Perhaps he was right. Official pomp and circumstance seemed to him a weariness to the flesh.[1] But appeal was never made in vain to his devotedness.[2]

If it is epicurism or dilettantism to be sincere and to have a warm heart, Sadolet was in this respect, it is true, the chief of epicureans, and he spread the contagion. But on this very point he differed

life, first, from the mechanical condition, the realism, into which its organisation and observances had fallen; secondly from the delusion to which a false mysticism would reduce it: and of finding between these two terms a middle, practical life, the secret of a really beautiful human existence on earth. Hence his wish to act at Rome as he had acted at Carpentras. He wanted first of all to call a general council, just as he had called a diocesan synod; to appeal to the teaching, the integrity, and even the co-operation of the bishops, and at all events to their advice, in order to restore to their primitive simplicity the decayed morals of the clergy — to draw, in his own words, "the clergy out of the mud," and then to lay the foundations of a purer, sincerer religion. (The Letter to Duke George of Saxony.)

[1] The whole correspondence of Sadolet is worth seeing in this connection, especially ii. 399, 51.

[2] "Pride, envy, avarice," said Contarini, "are the maladies of the spirit."

remarkably from Castiglione, the great social authority of the age. Castiglione loved, with uncommon whole-heartedness, the fair forms of conversation, and everything that was delicious, exquisite. Sadolet had none of these refinements. His amiability did not prevent him from remaining simple and sincere to the core. He was encircled by true and fervent friendships, which neither age nor differences of opinion could ever shake. He loved Bembo as a brother;[1] he lived for seventeen years with Federico Fregoso,[2] in complete, unruffled intimacy.[3] He raised friendship to the height of a theory, an institution.[4]

He often explained what he meant by friendship. It was to "communicate one's thoughts,"[5] to share good and ill fortune in common.[6] Among friends, he said, there might be diversity of opinion, but not of will[7]—a saying to be repeated later by St Francis of Sales. He enjoyed his friends' happiness as much as, if not more than, they themselves.[8] Absent, he thought of them, their dear image haunted him.[9] When he was conscious of being loved by some one, he would have done anything for that person; and the disappearance of a

[1] Bembo has described this friendship in a delightful letter of April 1533.

[2] One of the chief personages in Castiglione's *Courtier*, and one of the inner circle at the court of Urbino.

[3] *Epist.* i. 256.

[4] The same may be said of all his friends. They all paid passionate homage to the earthly affections.

[5] i. 401. [6] ii. 466. [7] i. 369.

[8] iii. 416. [9] ii. 180.

friend caused him a sorrow which he acknowledged that all his philosophy was unable to cure.[1]

Moreover, he frankly confessed his weakness in being unable to resist a show of affection,[2] or to endure the being outdone in the proofs given him of it.[3] But this was not dilettantism with him; it was humane policy.

He believed that men are more successfully moved by affection than by reasoning, and that no social specific can match the simple gift of oneself.

Is it any wonder that Cajetan left all to join him, and to work with him for the realisation of their exquisite ideal?

[1] iii. 169. He deeply loved his brother, and adopted his nephew as a son.

[2] i. 205. [3] ii. 417.

CHAPTER VI

THE FOUNDATION OF THE THEATINES (1524)

CAJETAN found Rome very little changed. The great educators in art had in part disappeared; the painters were no longer Raphaels, but they earned as much money. Society was gradually ceasing to be Christian: but it retained its fair Catholic exterior. And he found the same Vatican, save that a long corridor now led to the Belvedere. There was still endless discussion on the missing arm of Laocoon. And life in Rome was easy and pleasant because of the very elements it contained.

He found also the Society of Divine Love.

But what had happened? The little society seemed to him narrowed, shrunk, faded. It had aimed at establishing an empire over the world—and it was cloistering itself in a chapel! This time he wanted something less vague, something precise.

What had changed was himself. Alone and poor, woefully free,—free from all ties, even the affection of Laura Mignani,—he was espousing poverty, because he must needs love something that did not change: and of this love, indeed, he remained the bond-slave to the day of his death. But he felt full of activity, and meant to take an energetic part in the Christian movement.

He was like a great singer, who, conscious of possessing a voice, submits to careful training, and then feels that he is an artist, and wishes to sing freely, expressing his own individuality. With natural aptitude for divine love, Cajetan, having learnt its practical mechanism, had nothing to do now but to act.

When mechanism is effaced, and passion commences—then art shows itself.

From the ideas then current he detached one special idea, which appeared to him the clearest and most logical of them. To establish a Christian sociology, an instrument was necessary: and this instrument must be the clergy. To create a fitting instrument, then, the clergy must needs be remade. By what means? By official measures? That was a difficult and tangled pathway. To begin with, the authorities had little hold on the national clergy. Then, for fifty years they had been marking time: they had appointed grand commissions, which presented grand reports, a sort of thing which might go on and on indefinitely.

If the clergy were to persuade society to reform itself, they would first of all have to undertake their own reform.

Sadolet urged the assembling of a council, in order that the bishops might be appealed to: that was his rôle. Cajetan resolved to address himself to the priests, by preaching, and above all by example.

Men who lived in the world, and had families or business to look after, might be asked to elevate their

minds and give their life some moral nourishment. But it would probably be useless, and perhaps even a trifle ridiculous, to preach to them a complete disinterestedness. On the other hand, it is useful to society for a certain class of men, free from material responsibilities, to be able to devote themselves wholly to the cultivation of ideas, and it would be a pity to see such men lose from sight the greatness of their mission and become entangled in selfish concerns. Poverty can only give them wings; it launches them boldly into life and the world, with no tie but their duty, like sparrows carrying their all with them, like artists, like soldiers. Cajetan was only too well qualified to show experimentally, by example, what poverty is worth, and that with poverty a priest lives well. As he was of ardent temperament and thorough in every thought and deed, he made poverty his ideal; and this timid, precise traditionalist had a vision of a pure, virile, intellectual clergy, free in a free State. A few years later, some French gentlemen, the Ronsards and Du Bellays, were to have a similar vision in very different circumstances, and to dream of a free literature in a free State.

Cajetan opened his mind to an intimate friend of Sadolet, Bonifazio da Colle, who fell in warmly with his ideas. Bonifazio, whom he had known at the "Divino Amore," was an advocate of ability, originally from Alessandria in Upper Italy, whose life was divided among business, society, philosophy and charity. He was an excellent ally. But there arose beside them a third person of very different calibre and of diametrically opposite temperament:

Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, bishop of Chieti, archbishop of Brindisi, almost contemporary with Cajetan (he was four years older), but a man of the old style, and indeed by his cut a little out of his element in this new world: tall, lean, wiry, severe of aspect, stately, even domineering, some thought; his features ascetic and imperious; his eyes deep, glowing; his voice sonorous and his bearing dignified; fiery, even hasty in temper, easily stirred to choler; moreover, a man of great intellect and learning, speaking five languages, and possessor of a wonderful memory which enabled him to reel off with ease interminable passages from Homer or Virgil; witty, cheerful, amusing, a very mine of witticisms and puns (a collection of his jests has been published). Perhaps he was a little oppressive in conversation; he would talk on with but scant encouragement; listeners said with a laugh that they gave him audience. Besides all this being wealthy and munificent, he exercised a great charm on lettered men.

Legends of all sorts were related of him, all tending to show a self-contained and indomitable temper. He was born in a rocky fastness in Calabria; shortly before his birth, the Countess of Maddaloni, his mother, bestrode a horse and cantered across country to pray to the Madonna of Monte Vergine. A hermit who met her was scandalised, and begged her to take care lest she had a stable-boy for a son. Caraffa was thus born with a very firm belief in his call. Twice, at the age of twelve and again at fourteen, he ran away from the paternal crag to enter a convent. At the second escapade

he carried his young sister Maria with him. At eighteen, his uncle, Cardinal Oliviero Caraffa, sent for him to come to Rome, and thrust honours upon him. As chamberlain and favourite of Alexander VI, and favourite of Julius II, Caraffa was given valuable benefices; at twenty-eight he was bishop of Chieti, and at thirty held a purely ornamental office as nuncio to the King of Spain. But he went to Chieti, promulgated energetic regulations there, and on one occasion exerted himself so desperately at a fire that the blaze was extinguished, and the crowd cried it was a miracle. Under Leo X Sadolet, who had known him at his uncle the Cardinal's, nominated him nuncio to England, a post he occupied for three years. On his return, Caraffa, not much attracted by the Rome of Leo X, found occasion to make a stay in Flanders, and to become, as a Neapolitan, a member of the privy council of the King of Spain. His absolute ideas were not relished. He reappeared at Rome in 1519; Leo X favoured him with a brilliant exile in the archbishopric of Brindisi. When the election of Adrian IV brought men of his stamp into prominence again, he was one of the first to return, and took the lead, with Tommaso Cazella, in the mooted schemes of reform. When these failed, kind-hearted Clement VII did not blame him, and appointed him, along with Sadolet, a member of the Commission of Reform; he entrusted him further, by brief of May 11, 1524, with the special superintendence of the clergy of Rome. But Caraffa, like Sadolet, though for very different reasons, despaired of official action. He got himself elected a

member of the "Divino Amore," and sought his own path. When Giustiniani reformed the Camaldoli, Caraffa was anxious to join him, but his assistance was not accepted. As soon as he had got wind of Cajetan's schemes, he hurried to him as a soldier rushes to his gun. With him he took a faithful companion, also a recruit to the "Divino Amore," Paolo Consiglieri by name, a Roman, one of the Ghisleri family from which Pius V sprang; a man exactly suited to work with him, of no great intellect, but honest, intelligent, resolute, and sometimes shrewder than his chief.

At the first overtures, Cajetan did not conceal his hesitancy, nor even a certain alarm. Caraffa was a master rather than a partner, and by his very qualities of mind the opposite of the type of man required. With his grand style, his large revenues, his little trick of going about incognito, and his practice of holding a full court everywhere, two dioceses were not sufficient for him; his activity overflowed. He was a politician of Julius II's stamp, not a preacher—self-willed and Spanish in his cast of mind, a foe to the imagination, a friend of men who knew how to rise in the world, not troubled with sentiment, a lukewarm liberal, unsympathetic to the modest, cold to the timorous—a fine recruit indeed!

Cajetan contrived to raise a few mild objections, one of some cogency. His plans were aimed exclusively at the ordinary priests. Now, even if the canons of the Church permitted the sinking of the episcopal character, which was not the case, was

it conceivable that a general could conceal himself among his troops in face of the enemy? Was there not a great need of good bishops? Was it right to set an example of a sort of degradation to the ranks?

But Caraffa's nature was such that obstacles piqued instead of checking him. After exhausting his arguments he fell on his knees with mingled pride and heat, and appealed to God against the wrong Cajetan did him in leaving him in the mire of the world and refusing him religious peace. Cajetan grew pale, lost his head, himself fell on his knees, and, seizing Caraffa in his arms with unutterable emotion, "No!" he cried, "I will never leave you!"

We see them united, then—these two characters so strangely ardent and dissimilar, the realist and the mystic, the protégé of Alexander VI and the descendant of Savonarola; the Calabrian of fiery blood, the future Cardinal, the future Pope, and the humble, simple-hearted, tender son of October, enamoured of the ideal! What mutual understanding could there be between them? To anyone who relished Caraffa, Cajetan was a sealed book. If the one appeared amusing, the other was bound to appear a bore. But men got tired of Caraffa, while if they had once entered into the secret of Cajetan's exquisite originality and fervent tenderness they clung to him always. He sought nothing, he said, "but to make himself loved along with God."

The difficulty, however, was not to agree on the necessity of reforming the clergy; on that matter,

everyone had thought alike for fifty years: but how to set about it.

They did not wish to follow Luther's example,—at one stroke secularise the property of the clergy, abolish celibacy, strip ritual of its æsthetic forms, and dogma of its social application.

On the other hand, they could not retain the old frame-work. Some of the religious orders were exposing themselves to all sorts of criticism. They had ended by making themselves a kind of ecclesiastical fortresses, acknowledging no master, and putting forth unreasonable claims. As a remarkable monument of this state of mind, we may mention the notorious *Book of Conformities*, issued at Milan in 1510, the author of which, through some inexplicable aberration, attempts to prove a complete likeness between Francis of Assisi and Christ. It was becoming urgent to show that true Christianity does not consist in wearing any special habit, nor in cultivating a particular style of preaching.

Cajetan and Caraffa, then, were completely agreed not to establish an Order in the old monastic sense of the word, but to appeal to individual action, with the object of making more perfect priests, priests and nothing more, destined, not to enter into competition with the other orders, but in all simplicity to strengthen the sacerdotal spirit in the direction of purity and abnegation, to become an active instrument of social reform in all directions, whether it were the monastic or the worldly life that was to be improved; to be apostles, like the Apostles of old, rather than recluses. Cajetan left dogma, with

questions of asceticism and mysticism, to others; in the foreground he placed activity in works, fervour in charity. And more, he himself set the example. In the previous year, 1523, as we have seen, he warmly supported the reformer of the Camaldoli, without any ulterior personal motive; the following year, 1525, he not less heartily seconded Ludovico and Raffaele da Fossombrone, when they proposed to undertake the reform of the Capuchins.

Further, the new clergy were not to bear any distinctive mark; they were to be uniformly dressed in black. They were not to aspire to the episcopacy; they were to accept neither titles nor benefices. They were to remain priests.

It was by forming a militia of this kind that St Augustine, the model of the Renaissance, had re-established order in circumstances perhaps as critical, and restored its lustre to the Church amid the assaults of the barbarians.

Yet, while advocating personal simplicity, Cajetan respected æstheticism, and even magnificence in worship. The higher he wished to place faith and make it mystical, the more he suppressed materialities, and even certain devotional observances; the more, too, he wished to purify religious art, to make it serious, correct, sober, virile, not to turn dogma into a pantomime, nor the church into a drawing-room, nor divine service into a concert. But nothing could have been more contrary to his principles than a bare, cold, contemplative, immaterial religion, a rationalistic worship "that melts

in the fingers,"[1] a worship after Calvin's idea. Some hard-headed people may be able to face without æsthetic help the void to which mere reason is sure to bring them. But for the mass of mankind, who act after all only by suggestion and need imagination to be happy, it is necessary to appeal to every fibre of their emotional nature. After all, is not this wisdom? No one but knows what unexpected transformations are effected by even the most fleeting suggestions. Take a cowardly oaf; deck him in a soldier's tunic, put him in a regiment, give him music, examples, a passion; and he will fight on an empty stomach, march to his death, and be supremely happy.

Well, Cajetan wished to give men a permanent nutriment of suggestion, to make them forget sometimes this present life, to stretch their intellectual wings, and even to enable them to enjoy the physical life in peace.

Gold, precious stones, beautiful ornaments and reliquaries, a graceful architecture, pleasing and dignified music, accurate psalmody—all this, then, appeared to be a useful pomp, the comeliness of religion. The austere Cajetan delighted in beautifying the altar with his own hands. Caraffa, though less sensible to these refinements, did not fail to see, even in his own life, the value of emotion in religious matters. He wrote to his friend Giberti that when reading the Gospel he felt "his heart softened."

The clergy were to devote themselves to the task of distributing this spiritual manna. They were to

[1] Montaigne.

have their breviaries always under their arms, and every day were to reserve some hours for meditation and prayer, for the refreshment of their own souls. Material needs they were never to think about; they were to possess nothing, but to expect to receive all from the spontaneous generosity of the faithful. "Religions ordained for the administration of spiritual things, preaching, confessing, and so on," wrote Caraffa,[1] "have need of nothing, because the Lord has commanded that they live on the Gospel, and wills that they be sustained on that which is their due (*ex debito*), since He said: 'The labourer is worthy of his hire!'" In other words, the priest is God's labourer; it is for the faithful, who profit by his mission, to remunerate him.

Now this idea seemed very fine, but somewhat amusing. If they had had at their disposal the resources of a modern State Provider ready to undertake the feeding of all its citizens, they might have maintained that the priests were public servants, since everyone claimed that honour, and thus settle the difficulty. But it was just the reverse. They started, almost jealously, from the principle of individual responsibility. What was to be done in those circumstances? Establish a tariff for the sacraments? The idea was scouted. The first act of Caraffa, on reaching Chieti, had been to fulminate against the practice of paying for the services of the priesthood.

Alms, then! But really, men asked, was this a very regular, a very certain, a very dignified means

[1] To his sister, 1544.

of subsistence? Could they be seriously thinking of it? Did the example of the mendicant orders appear so encouraging? Imagine a village priest going a-begging when breakfast time came! It was the custom, to be sure, in country places, for a man to invite his parson to dinner, or to send him now and then a plump hare or a fine carp, because he knew that they would be admirably cooked, and that the giver himself, were he so minded, might share the meal!

But to make that an article of faith was another matter. The people of that backward age, let us remember, did not even possess the perfected machinery of modern charity, the art of dissembling a pious appeal to another man's pocket under the guise of bazaars, raffles, theatrical representations, and parish entertainments.

The question of poverty was thus one of the most knotty points under discussion. As a matter of fact, they did not venture to settle it. They left it to time and experience. It was decided to try the experiment and see what came of it; at all events, to insist on the spirit of poverty, if not the letter.

The two founders were received in audience by Clement VII on May 3, 1524, the day of the Invention of the Cross, and presented their petition. The matter followed the usual course, and might have dragged on for a long time, perhaps even never have come to an end, if a good soul had not been watching over it, regardless of objections and jests. This was Matteo Giberti, the especial friend of

Sadolet, to whom Clement VII's secretary had just dedicated his commentary on the *Miserere* in the most affectionate terms: "There are not two friends here like us," said Sadolet in his dedication. "Thy prodigious activity does not harm thy passion for fine literary works, and thy literary spirit in no way injures thy activity." Such was Giberti, who was to play a great part in the history of his time, and especially in that of the regular clergy: Sadolet's right arm, with the title of Datary and head of the private secretariat, a charming man, unselfish, a rich and generous Mæcenas, an enthusiast for everything that bore the stamp of human progress.

Cajetan's project seemed to him so magnificent that he was ready to sacrifice everything—rank, fortune, career—to have a share in it. But he was brought to understand what services he could render by still retaining his positions, and was even induced to accept the bishopric of Verona. He was instructed, however, to examine and report on Cajetan's petition, and from that moment difficulties vanished as though by magic. A brief of June 24, signed by Sadolet, authorised the founding of the new association. Giberti did not stop there: he opened his purse liberally to the brotherhood, whose devoted friend he remained to the last day of his life. As soon as the brief was promulgated, Caraffa nobly resigned his episcopal functions. The bishopric of Chieti fell to a certain Felice Trophimo;[1] Girolamo Aleandro, appointed

[1] F. Trophimo was a fine scholar, a great friend of Bembo. In a letter of December 20, 1524, Bembo consults him as to the

legate to France at the consistory of August 8,[1] received at the same time the archbishopric of Brindisi. Caraffa himself consecrated Aleandro on October 9 following, and it was assuredly no common sight to see this black-gowned priest placing the archbishop's mitre on a legate's head, conferring a greatness of which he had stripped himself. The Pope insisted that Caraffa should retain the title of bishop of Chieti, in Latin *Theatinus*, and as the "Theatine" always played the most conspicuous part externally, his name passed to the new clergy, who in default of other distinguishing mark were called "Theatines."

On September 4,[1] 1524, the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, the Theatines solemnly received canonical institution. The Pope's representative, J. B. Bonziani, bishop of Caserta, Apostolic Datary, celebrated mass in St Peter's at Rome, on the altar of St Andrew, near the spot where the imposing statue of St Cajetan stands to-day; then he ascended to the high altar, and seated himself. The Theatines knelt down before him, and Caraffa presented the brief of June 24, which was then read publicly and endorsed.

The bishop received the profession of the four poor men, blessed them, clothed them with the black robe, and approved the resolution they declared they had taken to elect Caraffa as their "provost."

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interpretation of one of Petrarch's sonnets. (*Lettere di M. P. Bembo*, i. p. 227).

[1] According to his own diary. Gams says September 8, in error.

An apostolic notary drew up an official report of the proceedings. He took as witnesses two clergymen who had assisted at the mass, a canon of St Mary in Transtevere, named Francesco Vannucci, and a casual visitor, Stefano d'Amandis.

Another little detail bears witness to the simplicity of the founders. Cajetan, in the official report, was described as apostolic protonotary and doctor; but in the pontifical brief he was simply "Gaetano," and came after the bishop of Chieti. How characteristic of patrician refinement!

A large congregation had witnessed the curious ceremony. Theatines! — the word was all the fashion for a few days.[1] Following the taste of the time, everybody must have something to say about it. Some sought its etymology in Θέος, God, and explained it as "men of God," others talked of *θεαθῆνας*, *θεαθῆναι*, "to behold" or "to be beheld." Naturally, the world is not over-fond of those who seem to be withdrawing from it; it would rather they died, for then it could forget them.

The brief of June 24, if only by reason of its exquisite Latinity, may be considered one of the charters of the Christian Renaissance; it admirably blends the ideas of the beauty of life and

[1] It remained popular indeed for some time. M. H. Joly has recalled (in his *St Ignatius Loyola*) the fact that the Jesuits were at first called by that name in Italy. He has been good enough to point out to me that St Theresa sometimes uses the word Theatines in her correspondence to designate the Jesuits of her time and country. (Letters, edited by P. Grégoire de Saint Joseph, i. pp. 7, 154, 437; iii. 350.) The edition of P. Bouix suppresses this word.

of material disinterestedness. It is full of Cajetan's thought, ripened, weighed and weighed again, concentrated. The applicants, it says in effect, have expressed to the Holy Father their desire to serve God with the most perfect tranquillity of soul, *cum majori animi quiete;* to this end, they desire to make vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to live together without any special costume, under the direct jurisdiction of the Holy See. This the brief authorises them to do, as regular clergy, with a very broad and very practical constitution. They are to have a superior, a "provost," elected annually, and in no case to hold office for more than three years. They are themselves to frame their internal constitution. They may admit to their order, after one year's probation, any priest whatsoever, and appoint any priest to receive his profession. They will enjoy the spiritual privileges of the canons of Lateran. The brief entrusts to them in addition a special mission, which well reflects the dominant preoccupations of the time: that of drawing up a scheme for the reform of the breviary and the liturgy, without any limit to their power beyond the fundamental prescriptions of the apostolic canons. A special brief gave Caraffa the dispensation necessary to his retention of the title and rank of bishop.

The clergy distributed their property among their families and the poor, by deeds of gift duly registered. Nevertheless, it was decided that the whole should not be thus distributed, for after all some little capital was necessary for the

practical inauguration of this experiment in pious communism.

It must be acknowledged, also, that the retention of Caraffa's episcopal title tempered the rigour of Cajetan's ideas. In the first place it gave Caraffa, however he might himself regard it, a position of special importance; and secondly, it created a precedent somewhat opposed to the very object the new brotherhood set before them.

CHAPTER VII

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE THEATINES (1525-1527)

THE Theatines installed themselves at first in a little house belonging to Bonifazio da Colle, on the Via Leonina, near the Campo Marzio, and they began by living in the strictest observance of their rule, on voluntary offerings. At the start, things went very well; the striking personality of the founders attracted attention, the originality of their ideas provoked curiosity. There were nearly thirty applications for admission. But soon, the public attention was occupied with other things, and then the Theatines knew terrible hours of destitution. The candidates for admission retired one after another, and the obstinacy of the four anchorites in attempting to live without resources excited nothing but ridicule in Rome. Certainly Christ and the Apostles had so lived; perhaps, also, the Christians of the catacombs. But surely the age of the catacombs was gone! They might as well resuscitate Nero, the Ostrogoths and Visigoths! And society laughed heartily.

The poor men, haggard of cheek and threadbare of clothes, nevertheless continued humbly to extend their activity. They were never seen in the streets or the common haunts of men: but wherever

charity could find an outlet, in the pulpit, by the beds of the suffering, by the side of the afflicted, they seemed to fall from heaven. And after all, when Luther was vigorously prosecuting the campaign against fasts and vows, there was a certain grandeur of soul in thus going counter to the current ideas. In time people began to be impressed, for such a life demanded, indeed, a plentiful store of enthusiasm. "To live like a Theatine" became a proverb.

As for Cajetan, he did not dream of bemoaning his fate. His life seemed to him delicious. His modesty became self-effacement. He spoke little, and always with gravity. He devoted himself with extraordinary ardour to the household tasks—washing, sweeping, emptying slops. The four Theatines used to get up in the night for matins, which they sung with deliberate care. Cajetan was always the first to rise, giving little time to sleep; and after matins, instead of returning to bed, he remained on his knees, with his book and his chaplet, for long hours till the time for mass.

And as though transported with love, he often shed tears as he prayed.

After mass, they said prime, and tierce, and sext, and then went to breakfast—if breakfast it could be called. Cajetan ate scarcely anything, and yet was always ready to increase his privations. Providence did not always supply them with a full meal. Sometimes all that there was for the whole community was a little bread and some damaged oranges: one morning there was only a single crust of bread and four beans. This was indeed the weak side of their

constitution. After a time, Cajetan instituted the practice of naming their donors during the daily offices, and of thanking God publicly for their generosity.

In spite of these very real drawbacks, the rose of Divine Love blossomed once more, as it had bloomed formerly, even in pagan Rome. In 1526, the Regulars quitted the little house on the Campo Marzio for larger if not more comfortable premises on the slope of the Pincian, on the spot now occupied by the Académie de France. And there they spent exquisite days of spiritual peace, far from the bustle of the world.

Guizot once said that "since he had shut himself up in his faith in God and trampled under foot all the pretensions of his intellect," he had possessed peace and security. That was the thought of the Theatines.

In this Thebaid, Caraffa reappeared with his lofty personality, and began to receive illustrious visitors,[1] —while Cajetan swept out the rooms. The hospital for incurables at Venice—the same to which Cajetan had given so much devoted service—desiring to be represented at Rome, begged Caraffa and Cajetan to accept the title of protector, with full powers.[2] A still more significant circumstance: the community was augmented by eight earnest recruits (seven Italians and one Spaniard), which raised the number of its members to twelve, the apostolic number. The chronicler Caracciolo gives the names of the

[1] Diary of Aleandro, May 30, 1526.
[2] Cicogna, February 6, 1526.

new-comers, according to the diary kept in the house. But the names do not concern us. The diary gives the bare names, without commentary; and they are never mentioned again. The tomb is sealed: they become simply men of God.

Caraffa profited by these circumstances to frame a constitution, which after the first experiments was to govern the operations of the new order in detail. While maintaining the fundamental principle of poverty, or as he phrased it, the rule of Providence,[1] he decided to admit a certain degree of elasticity: in other words, while in principle the regular clergy were not to possess property, they were not bound to come under any precise obligation in the matter, and were in fact not forbidden to assure the bare necessities of life, provided they went no further. At that very moment, in point of fact, they owned the house that sheltered them. Poverty was no longer the letter of the law; the rule was a willing poverty, the spirit of poverty.[2] As regards a scheme

[1] St Francis of Sales, who so well explains St Cajetan's character, has defined the poverty they sought—a poverty "really poor. A poverty praised, cherished, esteemed, supported and assisted," he says, "has some likeness to wealth, is not in any real sense poor." He declares religious poverty much inferior to the genuine poverty of the indigent. For poverty has its advantages and its disadvantages: when one has a family to feed, when it is obscure and involuntary, it has nothing but disadvantages.

[2] "I answered that I desired that the daughters of our congregation should have the feet well shod, but the heart left bare, divested of earthly affections; that they should have the head well covered, and the spirit discovered by a perfect simplicity, and a surrender of their own will." (St Francis of Sales.)

for active life, the Theatines undertook no special duty. Simple priests, they were bound to satisfy all the obligations of the sacerdotal life, in the fullest possible manner. To these they added special observances of prayer; first, the recitation of the complete office for the day, and the little office of the B. Virgin, not in mumbled tones, nor yet with full orchestral music as in the churches, but chanted in plain-song after the primitive musical order; then mental prayer twice daily, and hours of silence at certain times during the day.[1] These prescriptions, in truth, did not represent a "rule," in the exact sense of the word, but the ordering of a well-filled priestly life, allying personal piety with active charity in the highest degree.

The Theatines lived after this manner during the year 1526 without concerning themselves with rumours from the great world. Around them, things were following their course. Rome was becoming sweeter, more delicious, one might say more cozening than ever. Existence had assumed a most disquieting fascination. The air was full of recent masterpieces. The whole world of artists, poets, gracious ladies, youthful prelates, was in the hey-day of radiant life. Nothing was heard but verses, verses; nothing seen but dainty fripperies. Sadolet alone, always anxious and odd, was threatening once more to return to Carpentras, and in the early spring of 1527 he did in fact set off for his diocese. Rome had received, indeed, a grave warning; on September 19 and 20, 1526, the Colonnas and their friends had

[1] Silos, i. 73.

sacked the district about the Vatican, and St Peter's itself. But such things as these could not disturb the happy community on the Pincian hill. They had made for themselves a refuge above the swirl of humanity, in one of those profound eternal solitudes which encircled the "City of Ruins" with their graceful lines of laurels and their lofty pines. They were living under the spell of a supreme art, in the enjoyment of that "tranquillity of soul" of which the humanists only dreamed.

The Theatines cared for nothing but to give themselves to others; they prayed, and confessed; they tended the dying, they blessed the sick and the poor with kindly words and even with meagre sustenance spared from their own scanty stores. The reader will perhaps remember that Caraffa in his youth had founded, along with Ectore Vernaccia, a little hospital for incurables. The Theatines, and Cajetan especially, took over this modest house, where they permanently established themselves to tend the inmates. Cajetan and Caraffa, who were eloquent speakers, also preached pretty frequently. Cajetan wanted nothing more: his passion was satisfied; he was half jestingly called the "hunter of souls."

But all at once, on the morning of Monday, May 6, 1527, the city was filled with noise. The thunder of guns was heard in the direction of the Janiculum; then the sound ceased, and a vast, yelling, panic-stricken crowd, swarming with priests and monks of every order, with prankish artists, sober citizens, women, children, rolled through the streets and disappeared: almost as though the

earth had swallowed it. Soon fugitives came flocking over the St Angelo bridge, the San Sisto bridge, yelling strange tidings. What was happening? Was this the day of abomination, so long foreseen? Were these the barbarians as in the time of St Augustine, come to crown his philosophy? No, there were no Goths nor Visigoths now, nor even a Nero.

In its turn the castle of St Angelo began to thunder; its terraces, prudently connected with the Vatican by Pope Borgia, were crowded with people. Well-filled boats were furrowing the Tiber. A large galley capsized; a number of prelates spluttered for a moment in the yellow water and disappeared, no one paying heed to them. Then a terrible shock set all Rome vibrating; it was the explosion of a powder-magazine.

Word flew round[1] that, penetrating into the St

[1] We have no need to recall here the circumstances which led to Clement VII's quarrel with Charles V, why the imperial army marched to Rome, how it happened to be commanded by the Constable de Bourbon, why no serious measures of defence had been taken at Rome. But in regard to the unexpectedness of the catastrophe it appears interesting to draw a parallel which has escaped the historian. Under Louis XII, Gaston de Foix, who had a real genius for war, had fallen on Rome from Brescia after an incomparable march celebrated in military annals. At Ravenna he had crushed the pontifical army, but was killed on the field of battle. But for this he would have appeared forty-eight hours later under the walls of Rome. This military feat produced an indescribable thrill of emotion in spite of its failure; at Rome the death of Gaston was regarded as miraculous, a fact to which the famous fresco of *Heliodorus chased by the Angels* bears witness. The Constable de Bourbon, an intimate friend and warm admirer of Gaston, performed a similar march with

Peter's quarter, the German army had massacred all the patients in the San Spirito hospital. Yet the Constable of Bourbon, who was in command, was a Christian prince. Yes, but at noon his grim corpse had just entered St Peter's, borne by cloaked members of the confraternity of St Francis of Paula, terrified, and shedding bitter tears. The Tiber was shut off with chains. What did it matter!—here were the Germans, on the San Sisto bridge. Along in front of the Oratory of the "Divino Amore," they came pouring in at the charge, reiters, lansquenets, Spaniards. At the same time the prisons were burst open: the gaolers had disappeared, and the prisoners were scattering over the town. It was in their hands. About the twentieth hour nothing more was to be heard but the guttural cries of birds of prey: "Victory! The Empire! Spain!" Here and there fires burst out, which happily lit up the dark sky like torches in this Saturnalia.

Everybody went into hiding. There was no one to keep order. Where were the captains of Germany and Spain, and the Italians who had led thither the scum of Naples and Milan: Ludovico of Gonzaga, Sciarra Colonna, Camillo Colonna, Pierluigi Farnese, Federico Caraffa — where were all these splendid captains? Where was the Prince of Orange? No

surprising boldness. He, too, perished, but at the gate of Rome. And in this case his death did not save the city, but left it a prey to an army without a chief and animated by the most violent sentiments. Thus Bourbon's death also appeared providential, but only to people who believed that Rome needed a chastisement.

one knows. The Constable was dead; the Prince was wounded; the others no doubt were powerless.

The recluses of the Pincian hill adopted the only course open to them: barricaded themselves, and left the rest to Providence. What their expectation was we may guess: they were in the extremity of privation, and had nothing left to eat.

Next day the terror, which had seemed at its height, did but increase. The half-civilised human brute is equal to two savages. Hordes precipitated themselves on the women's convents; such nuns who were still young, ghastly pale, with flying hair and twisted arms, their dresses rent, were thrown weeping to the soldiery in the streets, and in the face of the impassive sky, under the bright sunshine, were passed dying from hand to hand. The air was filled with shrieks and laughter and blasphemies. Then it was the turn of the palaces. The scenes enacted there were infernal, unexampled in history. The gates were shattered into splinters. It was a sport to violate ladies of rank before the eyes of their husbands, outside the doors, amid horses and armour, yelping dogs and the yelling mob. The Germans like wolves threw themselves on persons, the Spaniards on gold and jewels. For nine long, horrible, lustful days men choked in the acrid odour of blood and burning. The great palaces stood like skeletons, empty, sacked, in ruins. No one escaped, neither children nor the poor. Men were horribly tortured to wring from them the secret of their hidden treasure, or, if they were not worth torturing, they were slain. The

corpses were left bleeding and naked in the streets, where they lay poisoning the air. Hungry dogs came and gnawed them; of human beings only Jews ventured to approach them for plunder. The relatives of the dead saw their gruesome remains, without being able to bury them. Bleeding husbands uttered heart-rending moans for their wives. There was killing in the churches. The splendid statues were splashed with blood; and unhappily the ruffians did not kill enough! "I saw," exclaims an eye-witness, "I saw, amidst a crowd of spectators, a young girl of one of the greatest families in Rome, an angelic child, chased out of a church at the point of the sword among the stupefied bystanders. Everybody was weeping, and I seemed to see the very altar blush. Oh, why did not someone pass his sword through her body!" The tombs were ransacked, stripped of rings and jewels. The rotting corpse of Julius II was thrown out of the earth, and his ring was pulled from his finger. Then the empty churches were fired. And there were hideous banquetings, satanic revelries; men flown with wine lay sleeping promiscuously on the splendid pavements. Blows and insults were the order of the day. The drunken German is an ignoble wretch. But a strong guard kept impassive watch around his camp. Here and there a man passes, leading a horse loaded with precious stuffs and jewels, yelling with satisfaction, drunk, satiated with lust. The barbarian staggers. And the Roman watches him, resigned, ruined himself. Alas! it is ruin all around: ruin of money, of modesty, of liberty! Even the palaces of the

Cardinals, of the friends of the Empire, no longer offer shelter, lying in gloomy dilapidation like the others. No one could stop these bacchanalian orgies. What could the twelve priests of the Pincian have done?

On the third day, Cardinal Colonna, arriving post-haste from Venice, sought to restore something of order. It was the signal for a recrudescence of the horrors. As soon as his palace was opened, the court was filled with women of all classes, and children, herded like animals, unable to move, amid disgusting odours. In spite of all the cardinal's efforts, the Germans and Spaniards flung themselves into the place like wild beasts. Some of them were dressed as cardinals, and with savage mockery blessed the crowd. To heighten their relish, they decked out the poor hapless women in superb robes embroidered with gold and pearls. And then there were awful, indescribable scenes, unworthy even of animals. These men were bestial in their obscenity.

The disorders lasted for about two months.[1] During this time, the barbarians more than once forced the gate of the little hostel on the Pincian. They found there such abject poverty that every time they went away again.

But one day some German lansquenets burst in under the guidance of one of their number, a native of Vicenza, who had been in the service of the Tiene family. This wretch, having learnt that Cajetan was living there, hastened up with his

[1] Valeriano, Villa, Paolo Giovio, Aretino, Corsi, Ravioli, and others.

comrades to plunder him. He saw a poor house, inhabited by a few priests in threadbare raiment; boiling with rage, he refused to listen to a word, and declared that Cajetan was concealing his treasure. The band threw themselves yelling on Cajetan, felled him, and threatened him with the most horrible tortures unless he revealed his hiding-place instantly. Poor Cajetan with the utmost gentleness told them the truth; he admitted he had once been what they would call rich; but for four years he had had nothing but his love for poverty. Thereupon the Lutherans jeered, and guffawed, and swore; at last, failing to obtain anything, they stripped Cajetan, fastened a rope in a horrible manner about his body, and then triumphantly hung him to the ceiling, amid uproarious laughter.

But Cajetan amid this torture could only confess his poverty. The torments were redoubled. The poor man so abominably outraged did not die. But, like another saint in similar circumstances, he could exclaim, with unflinching pride: "Naked came I into the world, naked shall I depart out of it."

A few days later, another band invaded the house: this time a band of Spaniards. Violently, without stopping to parley, they seized, flogged, and garrotted the Theatines, and locked them up separately with all manner of insults. The poor clergy, calm and dignified even in their martyrdom, at last offered to lead the brutes to all the precious things they had. They went down into their little chapel, and lit the lamps, their only luxury, as

though for some high festival; then threw themselves on their knees, prayed prostrate before the altar, and awaited their end. In all the streets and houses around men were shouting and laughing: here in the church the silence was profound. One would have said that God had descended into the oratory. The Spaniards had only to draw their swords and pierce the kneeling priests: they hesitated. One of them cut with his sabre at the cord by which the lamps hung: they fell on the heads of the kneeling men. Another threw his sword at the bent head of Bonifazio da Colle, and struck him heavily. Not a man of them flinched. Then there was a Babel of oaths and jibes. The wretches could not understand that these men at prayer would not flinch, could not falter, had only one wish, to die for the love of Christ. Furious, they made them get up, bound them, and led them away. At first they shut them up in the church of St James, near the Spanish headquarters, which happened to be in the Circus Maximus; thence they transferred them to the Vatican itself. What a sight there met the prisoners' eyes! The din of blasphemies filled the place. The stench was horrible. The Library and the Archives, situated on the ground floor, served as a tavern. The Germans were amusing themselves by playing football with the parchments and manuscripts, tearing them up, flinging them out of window, or selling them by armfuls, using them in derision for all manner of purposes, even for littering their horses. These sacred

places, revered by the whole intellectual world, the joy, pride, and consolation of unnumbered scholars, had become an abode of horror.

The poor Theatines were shut up above the great clock, in tiny rooms not communicating with the pontifical apartments. They were left there to suffer the pangs of hunger: and still they did not falter. Bonifazio retained his wonderful gentleness of demeanour, Caraffa his air of dignity, his haughtiness of soul; while Cajetan attempted to touch the conscience of his jailers, to awaken some spark of pity. But he only succeeded in irritating them, and they threw him into another cell.

Ransom being out of the question, since the prisoners had nothing but their breviaries, their detention might have been prolonged indefinitely but for a happy chance. The sergeant of the guard one day invited his captain to dinner, and on sitting down at table, that officer heard in the adjacent rooms a sort of subdued chant, a soft hum that puzzled him. "It's only priests, our share of the booty," said his host, laughing. The officer asked to see the priests, and when he found himself in the presence of the poor wretches, still dignified and resigned, apostles of pure thought, he waxed indignant, and insisted that they should at once be set at liberty. A stormy scene with the jailer ensued, but the order had to be carried out. The door was opened, and the sons of Providence did not need any pressing. They addressed a few words of thanks to their rescuer,

and then, with their breviaries under their arms, hurried across the Borgo quarter to the banks of the Tiber. There they stopped. What were they to do? The castle of St Angelo, bristling like a porcupine, the last retreat of the Pope and some thousand other persons, barred the way. Besides, they had no money in their pockets. A foreign officer took pity on them, and gave them a few coins. They at once got into a boat. As they cast off there was a fresh alarm: a captain from the bank ordered them to stop, and demanded explanations. These were given him; their manifest destitution was the chief point in the fugitives' favour. The officer smiled. The boat pushed off down stream. And in that ark of safety the whole twelve were gathered together, like Christ's apostles.

They did not stop till they reached Ostia, where they had the good luck to meet the Venetian ambassador, Veniero, who had also succeeded in escaping from Rome, and for whom an official galley from his Republic, under the command of Captain Agustino da Mula, was waiting to convey him to his own country. Veniero kindly welcomed the fugitives, and took them on board his boat, where they found Paolo Giustiniani their friend. Almost immediately, on May 25, the vessel weighed anchor, and on June 16 it drew alongside the quay at Venice.

The fugitives met with an excellent reception. The Senate at once procured them a temporary lodging at the Giudecca, near the church of St Euphemia, and afterwards a house near St Gregory's

on the Grand Canal. On June 27, they had the joy to learn that, by arrangement with the confraternity to which the church of St Nicholas of Tolentino belonged, the ecclesiastical and civil authorities had granted them the charge of that church and parish. On September 14, the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, they proceeded to the election of a new provost, who was Cajetan, and on November 29 of this trying year, 1527, they took possession of St Nicholas.[1]

[1] Veniero, to whom they owed their preservation, remained their friend. He was a distinguished man, who had arrived at Rome in 1526 with warm letters of recommendation from Bembo.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOJOURN AT VENICE

THE reader has no doubt remarked that Cajetan's life resembles a succession of tidal waves. It rises towards ideal art in the effusions of St Mary Major, and towards practical charity in the hospice on the Pincian. And every time it falls again.

This time, the fall was serious. It is difficult nowadays to imagine what effect the events at Rome produced in the civilised world. Rome was regarded as lost, "a miserable corpse," as Bembo said. Her adversaries raised shouts of victory.[1] The artistic and polished social life had in fact disappeared for ever: the scattered prelates tramped the roads of Italy without finding anywhere a refuge. Every moment some fresh detail of woe was learnt. Giuliano Camers, the well-known grammarian, had flung himself out of window, to escape torture at the hands of the German soldiery. Christoforo Marcello, an eminent Venetian and a personal friend of the Pope, had just died at Gaete: the Spaniards had bound him naked to a tree, and for several days amused themselves by tearing out his nails. Johann Goritz, the famous banker, who for thirty years had kept open house for men of letters, protected his countrymen, and given pagan entertainments,

[1] Herminjard, *Letters of the Reformers*, ii. 32, 33.

returned to Germany, and died of grief, a ruined man. Calvi, the inspirer of Raphael, the type of the noble and unselfish scholar, was dying in the hospital.

The barbarians had accomplished their work. There resulted a general sinking at heart, a universal discouragement. "I die without regret, to escape the sight of what is worse than death," wrote Aleandro on his own tomb, many years afterwards.

"My own misfortunes are nothing," said Sadolet, "beside the ruin of so many innocent men, good friends of mine, the fall of the Latin world, the captivity of the Pope, the ruin of the city to which I owed everything, my fortune and the adornment of my soul, and where the good so largely overshadowed the evil."[1]

The celebrated Valeriano published under the auspices of Contarini a humoristic treatise[2] in which he proved by a multitude of examples that the desire to be a distinguished or intelligent man spelt speedy ruin, that one would be crushed by the blind masses on every side, and that it was much better to remain ruminating like cattle.[3]

One of the wits who could not exist save at Rome, "Niger,"[4] returned thither in spite of everything. "There is nobody here now," he wrote to Sadolet. "Some have perished in the shipwreck, the rest are scattered. You can't even find anybody to speak Latin to."[5]

[1] *Epist.* i. 227. [2] *De infelicitate litteratorum.*

[3] The same sentiment is found in Gyraldi, *Progymnasma adversus litteras et litteratos* (Basle, 1850).

[4] Girolamo Negro, a Venetian, celebrated for his sallies of wit.

[5] *Epist.* i. 272.

Sadolet himself busied himself happily at Carpentras, engrossed wholly in the beautifying of his cathedral.[1]

"Why return to Rome?" he wrote. "The Pope is very good and very just. But what are the others worth? And the times we live in? And the manners of men? We who have done a fair amount of honest work, and have several times been shipwrecked in the service of the commonwealth,—now that we have come safe to port, let us cling firmly to the shore. What is left of my life I have vowed to God and the Muses."[2]

The Theatines installed themselves at Venice without giving another thought to Rome. Under the gentle, modest influence of Cajetan they made no noise there: they were called the "Hermits of St Nicholas of Tolentino."

Then a strange thing happened. At the moment when the old Church lay in the dust, new forces were springing from its ruins. The world could no longer cling to its broken traditions, its ruined forms. New ideas were surging up.

In Venice, the town people called "Venus," a cosmopolitan city, full of Lutherans and Orientals,

[1] J. de Terris.

[2] Carpentras, May 1528. *Epist.* i. 224. "We are living in a time when what attacks one is no longer of any use to another. Everything is tumbled down without hope save in Him who can do all things." (February 1528, *Epist.* i. 219). He wrote again to Cardinal Cajetan: "One needs courage to live in the midst of these wars, this universal ruin. You show a rare virtue, a wonderful elevation of soul, in being calm and happy amid so many catastrophes." (November 1529, *Epist.* i. 307).

the Catholic faith burned with an inextinguishable flame. There were strong-souled men who lived on it. And thus the spirit of the Renaissance resumed its course, with the heads of the liberal movement—Contarini, Giberti, Pole—and a host of men of action and devotedness.[1]

A famine visited the country, followed by an epidemic of plague. At Rome under these conditions the Theatines would have died of starvation; at Venice they were able to display their charity. On December 9, 1528, they obtained a valuable recruit in the person of a canon of St Mark's, Giovanni Marinoni (now the Blessed Marinoni), who took the vows under Cajetan's auspices on May 29, 1530. Besides St Giustiniani, of whom we have already spoken, we find at Venice the Blessed Girolamo

[1] Of this crisis, according to some, Montaigne's philosophy was born, or even more (see Guicciardini, *Ricordi*, i. 123, 125); according to others, an idea of battle and revenge. Contarini, the principal speaker in Valeriano's dialogue, deduces another consequence. There is no need to despair, he says, of the quest of happiness through sensibility. The danger of sensibility is epicurism, the love of pleasure. The lesson of events in the condemnation of this epicurism and of vanity. And as a type of the happiness to which one may still aspire in spite of the worst disappointments, Contarini cites a professor of Greek at Venice, Fra Urbano Valeriano, a member of a religious order, a scholar, in some sort the Cajetan of learning; without a penny of his own, he lived by study, materially and morally, with great serenity. He died of an accident at the age of eighty-seven. "Amid destitution and misfortune," says Contarini, "he was happy because he meant to be, because he had not been spoilt by fortune, was not capricious, nor inconstant, nor difficult to satisfy; and always knew how to content himself with little or nothing."

Emiliani,[1] whose mission was revealed to him by the same events. Once a soldier, converted from a life of dissipation, Emiliani consecrated himself passionately to the care of the poor. He was attracted by Cajetan's work, the Hospital for Incurables, which then became to him like the beginning of a new world. During the epidemic, he went so far as to sell his furniture to relieve the needs of the wretched.

Emiliani took up a special work, later on developed by St John Baptist de la Salle: the instruction of the people, the care of orphans, and missions to country places. His enterprise was born in the house of the Theatines; with their generous support, thanks also to help from others, especially Lippomanno, a former member of the "Divino Amore," now bishop of Bergamo, the order of Somaschi, intended to work in country schools, was founded.

The new spirit took more definite shape every day. What was wanted was to correct the defects of modern life. Men were living for the fleeting moment, without principles, without views save immediate gain; and losing the sense of permanence, tranquillity, and honour which makes a man's life lovable and creditable, not merely in the eyes of the public, but in the eyes of the man himself. Men must rehabilitate their own life for themselves, which can only be done by making themselves love it, that is to say, by imbuing all things with the

[1] The life of the Blessed Emiliani was written by Father Agostino Turtura (Milan, 1620), whose work has been republished by the Bollandists.

graciousness of love, under the most varied forms.[1] And of this fine scheme, which produced in the sixteenth century, besides Emiliani and the Somaschi, a multitude of special orders and a host of saints, Cajetan, by the mere impulse of his heart and the force of circumstances, laid the first stone. Or, in better terms, in the house built by Christian philosophy he lit the fire. The Theatines considered themselves as labourers in reform, and they lost no opportunity of working in this direction. Besides Emiliani, they received Ignatius of Loyola, and it

[1] This art has been expressly developed since then in certain religious rules. We may content ourselves with mentioning the rule of the Augustines, written in the seventeenth century, on the eve of the controversy between Bossuet and Fénelon on Pure Love. We borrow the following quotations from the address delivered by the Comte d'Haussonville on June 5th, 1901, to the general meeting of the founder and benefactors of the Free Hospital, and of the *Asile libre de Bon Secours*: "God will be served by Sisters or by His faithful servants if they do all for love of Him, with a regard in all their acts, words and intentions to His honour and glory; towards which it will profit much to realise that it is the greatest honour to be a servant of Jesus Christ in the person of the poor, since to serve God in any condition whatever is to reign; as also to esteem nothing well done but what is done from a motive of a pure love of God: and that what is done without love is nothing at all, but that love has the advantage of raising trivial and even vile and abject things to a high point of merit and glory in God's sight, when they are done merely with that intention." From another point of view, there is a peculiar charm and an austere grace in these recommendations to members of sisterhoods on their demeanour and gait and attire: "All the sisters should have a clear brow, a smiling visage, as the mark of a quiet mind; their eyes but not their head cast down: the step should be measured, not too rapid nor too slow; and when haste is necessary, as often happens

is likely that St Ignatius had for a moment the idea of seeking admission among them.

As soon as Clement VII was free, he stimulated their ardour.

He had entrusted to them the mission of reforming the breviary: a critical and æsthetic task, and a work of time. One of them, Bernardo Scotti, devoted himself specially to it, with the fixed determination to return as much as possible to primitive ways. He thus revised the breviary, the missal, and the

in the service of the sick, they should take care to hasten modestly, not with swaying arms, but with moderation and gravity. When the Sisters are not occupied, they should keep their hands modestly in their sleeves and folded in front of them, and for this purpose the sleeves should be large enough to receive the hand, and no larger, so that the bare arms may not be visible in the openings. . . . All the Sisters will know that as their vocation is more to the active than the contemplative life, they are obliged to leave all things, however spiritual they may be, for the assistance of the poor; so that all the instructions that may be given them for the spiritual life, and which they should hold in high esteem, ought not to keep them from the service of the sick; but on the contrary, they ought to have no other end than to hasten with more love and fervour to render to the sick all the necessary charitable offices according to their strength, their health, and the talent God gives them. . . . If there chance to come some sick person who professes another religion than the Catholic, be he stranger or Frenchman, Turk or infidel, the sisters will not fail on that account to render him all possible charities, spiritual and corporeal, and will not be less obliging and charitable to him in all his necessities; but they will try, by gentleness and good example and prayer, which they will offer to God more frequently for his conversion, to bring him back to the arms of the Church, the knowledge of God, and profession of the Catholic faith; since charity, which has no bounds, should be exercised indifferently towards all sorts of people who find themselves in necessity."

ceremonial, and found plenty to do: the Latinity was very imperfect, especially in certain hymns; the rubrics had to be properly classified; homilies signed by dubious names had to be suppressed; apocryphal legends eliminated. Scotti also thought it well to shorten Matins; he drew up an office for every Sunday. Pope Clement was so eager to see an end of this interesting undertaking that in a brief of January 21, 1529, he accepted the first result of Scotti's labour, and authorised the Theatines to use it for a year by way of experiment. But it was still a far cry from this first revision to a definitive and completed work. Later, Scotti, raised to the Cardinalate, submitted a more comprehensive report; Caraffa, now Pope, took an active interest in it, the Council of Trent urged on the matter, and yet the reform was not completed till the reign of Pius V.[1]

The Theatines, meanwhile, adopted the practice of reading a complete Gospel every week. On the other hand, they ceased to say the Little Office of the B. Virgin, which by their original constitution they were to recite every day.

Let us add that Cajetan recommended a certain number of observances. Zinelli and Caracciolo attribute to him the institution of the Forty Hours and the custom of preaching in a surplice. Until then, ecclesiastics had preached in their ordinary garb, as the members of the older orders (the Dominicans and Capuchins, for instance) do still; and as we have already remarked, their costume was never absolutely prescribed. He instituted also the

[1] Father Dumortier.

practice of a novena preparatory to Christmas. The *Angelus* had just come into widespread use: Cajetan added to it a first prayer for the dead.[1] Finally, he applied himself zealously to the orderly regulation of the churches. The Italians were very fond of their churches, regarding them as in a very special sense temples of art; they were constantly adorning them; and treated them with a familiarity which presented several advantages and some few drawbacks. Cajetan recommended a measure consecrated by tradition, but not very practical: the separation of men from women, which we have

[1] Here is the text of a prayer attributed to St Cajetan, much in the spirit of the period—a direct invocation to the God of Mercy:

Respice, Domine, sancte Pater, de sanctuario tuo et de excelso cælorum habitaculo, et vide hanc sacrosanctam hostiam quam tibi offert magnus Pontifex noster, sanctus puer tuus Dominus Jesus Christus, pro peccatis fratrum tuorum, et esto placabilis super multitudine malitiæ mundi. Ecce vox sanguinis fratris nostri Jesu clamat ad te de cruce. Exaudi, Domine, placare, Domine, attende, et fac ne moreris, propter temetipsum, Deus meus, quia nomen sanctum tuum invocatum est super civitatem istam et super populum tuum, et fac nobiscum secundum misericordiam tuam. Amen.

Look down, O Lord, Holy Father, from Thy sanctuary and from Thy high habitation in the heavens, and see this holy sacrifice which our Sovereign Pontiff, Thy Holy Son the Lord Jesus Christ, for the sins of Thy brethren, and be merciful towards the multitude of the evil world. Behold, the voice of the blood of our Brother Jesus cries unto Thee from the Cross. Hear, O Lord, and put away Thine anger, give ear and spare our lives for Thine own name's sake, my God, for that Thy Holy Name hath been invoked for this city and Thy people, and deal with us according to Thy merciful kindness. Amen.

retained, it is hard to say why, in interments. He insisted also on the stalls of clergy and choir being placed behind the altar and not in front of it.[1]

Such were his preoccupations. He looked for an end to things. During the year 1529, however, Caraffa spread his wings, as though he were stifling in the close atmosphere of the house of the Theatines. Caraffa was an eagle, Cajetan a nightingale. Caraffa would have liked to ravish men away to heaven, even by seizing them in his claws; Cajetan remained in his bush, and charmed the neighbourhood. At the time of the interview between Francis I and Clement VII at Bologna, Caraffa took advantage of the event to obtain a whole series of briefs intended to give a little elasticity to his course of action: one conferred on the Theatines faculties to absolve in reserved cases; another noticeably modified the spirit of their foundation in dispensing them from attendance at Divine office when they had to devote themselves to the active duties of their ministry or to private study; another brief commissioned Caraffa to reform the hermits of Dalmatia; a fourth entrusted to him the oversight of the orthodox Greek religion at Venice.[2]

Unluckily, at this very moment, a troublesome incident happened, proving that Caraffa did not yet know mankind very well, and that it was inadvisable to pin one's faith completely to his vigorous measures.

[1] On St Cajetan's liturgical work, see the works of M. Bourdon (quoted by Father Dumortier).

[2] Castaldo.

Giberti, kept at Rome as a hostage in 1527, had asked him to go to Verona to restore a semblance of order in his diocese before his arrival.[1] Caraffa profited by the occasion to make unsparing use of the pruning-knife, and the result was so acute a crisis that in the end poor Giberti, a generous and well-intentioned man, could not face it. He would not return to Rome, but went to Venice. He lived at Murano, and devoted his leisure and his wealth to spreading joy around him, and to subsidizing editions of the best sacred writers in the Greek tongue.[2]

He formed one of the inner circle at St Nicholas of Tolentino. Every afternoon, except at the hour of vespers on Sunday, they met under Caraffa's presidency to discuss questions of the day's work. Much good humour and gaiety reigned there. In addition to Giberti, the usual circle consisted of Emiliani, the Capitano da Mula, Veniero, Vincentio Grimani and others. Notable strangers passing through Venice were also to be met there. Girolamo Aleandro, for example, paid them a visit, though for political reasons he had been suspended from his ecclesiastical functions. It was not long, however, before this suspension was removed, and Caraffa had the joy of blessing a magnificent chalice bought by Aleandro in memory of the event. On the other hand, very few Theatines were seen among this

[1] Ughelli mentions the special brief addressed on this matter by Clement VII to Caraffa, and erroneously ascribes to Caraffa the honour of the pacification.

[2] Sadolet, *Epist.* i. 447.

company. And indeed, from the year 1530 onwards, politics claimed Caraffa almost exclusively. He had become a sort of occult power. He was even one of the three international arbitrators elected to settle a difference that had arisen between the Republic and the Archduke Albert. But in general his actions were rather vigorous than just, and it was somewhat difficult to follow him in his energetic evolutions. His activity was boundless; he busied himself with the foundation of a seminary for the clergy, with setting the Capuchins to reform the Franciscans; the founder and still a member of the Theatines, he was anxious to start another order, a sort of police specially charged with promoting and carrying through prosecutions against heretics. He demanded energetic measures from the Senate for putting a stop to liberty of conscience. He wanted to obtain the recall of the apostolic nuncio and his replacement by Giberti. He went also to Naples to look after the affairs of his sister Maria. It was said, with a laugh, that if he had disdained the income of a bishop, he by no means disdained the office;[1] yet when Cajetan's term of office expired, towards the end of 1530, the Theatines elected Caraffa as their provost.

Cajetan aspired to nothing but silence and peace. He was not allowed to enjoy it. Caraffa asked him to go to Verona to pour oil on the troubled waters. He betook himself thither, and spent there the whole year 1531.

What he did there is, naturally, unknown; but he

[1] "*Opes, non opus.*"

was successful, which is after all the important point; Giberti was able to return home and to create a model diocese, so that in later years St Charles Borromeo borrowed his regulations and placed in his study the portrait of this perfect bishop.[1]

We have just seen that Caraffa was occasionally occupied with business at Naples, his native place. One result of this was that he received pressing letters from a priest, Benedetto di Titioni, who had resolved to set an example of reform to the Neapolitan clergy, with the aid of a generous patrician, Giovanni Antonio Caracciolo, Count of Oppido in Calabria. As far as material things were concerned all went well: that is to say, Titioni had built a little convent in an admirable situation, outside the St Januario gate, near St Maria della Misericordia. But to find inmates he had to issue a public appeal. He asked help from the Theatines. Caraffa for a long time turned a deaf ear. He had always mistrusted his fellow-countrymen; further, the Theatines were none too prosperous, their number not exceeding thirty-one, a mere drop in the ocean; and in these circumstances he would rather keep them under his hand than disperse them. Titioni at last came to get an answer in person. He took up his abode near the Theatines, and was so charmed by the community that he became one of its number. His new brethren gave him the sobriquet of "Severus."

But then Oppido, thus left alone, grew impatient. He invoked the aid of Maria Caraffa and of the

[1] Tiraboschi.

town of Naples itself; and in the end, to free themselves from his embarrassing persistence, Cajetan and Caraffa decided to refer the matter to the decision of the Pope.

Meanwhile another incident, which could not but appear extraordinary, brought into relief the rigorous spirit reigning at St Nicholas of Tolentino.

All Italy knew and loved a certain exquisite poet, an airy, cultured, delicious writer, grace and purity incarnate, a rare and refined lover of beautiful things, a warm and sincere soul, famous for the amiability and captivating charm of his personality. The verses of Marco Antonio Flaminio are masterpieces of grace; they flow on in a limpid, free, easy, brilliant, harmonious style; his thought is always subtle and quiet and emotional. A genuine spoilt child of fortune, he appeared to know nothing but the flowers of life. The son of a meritorious poet who was also a courtier of merit, he was at sixteen years the delight of Leo X's court; he grew up to manhood at the court of Urbino, the perfect school of courtly graces, under the wing of exquisite princesses, by the side of the inimitable Castiglione, who vowed to him a quite peculiar amity. He everywhere evoked enthusiasm; he was the official poet of Cardinal Farnese, the presumptive successor of Clement VII; and he lived at Venice with Giberti, with whom he shared a passion for the Psalms, and for whom he wrote his paraphrase of Psalm xxxii.

He had never married, and he may be considered one of the noblest incarnations of the ideas then in favour. He had a wonderful talent for attracting

men by the brilliance of his thought, of making them soar like larks above a mirror, and then luring them to himself by the simple bait of gentleness and affection. He had a delicate chest; indeed, two or three years later, after an accident, he was believed to be dying. He thought so himself, and we will venture to quote what he then wrote, for men can only be rightly judged in these critical moments. Bidding adieu to the world from his bed, he thus depicted his love for Priuli: "We lived in close fellowship of love. . . . The same labour, the same ideals made us one soul; nothing pleased the one which the other did not love equally. One house united us, one table fed us. Joys, griefs, lucky or unlucky events in the life of one touched the other also; our sentiments were equal and alike." He added: "You weep; try to live a pious life, so that we may soon be together." He recovered, but his illness left an abiding impression upon him. "Supreme Father," he cries in one of his exquisite pieces, "aid the work of Thy hand. Grant me to will nothing that Thou rejectest, to reject nothing that Thou dost will. 'Tis this alone, dear friends, this alone that in misfortune has given me happiness!" Happy age, indeed, in spite of its afflictions, when delicate and ardent natures could thus live by love!

His very recovery Flaminio attributed to a miracle of love, and the wonder-worker was no other than Caraffa! Flaminio reveals himself in the exquisite canzone he composed on this occasion: "How pious prayers avail to touch the heart of the Supreme God, learn, my good Torriani. Fever and

cruel pain seized thy unhappy Flaminio with such fury that the most cunning healer's art, nay, even the art of soothing the pain could do nothing. Above my head hovered Death enwrapped in darkness; the last funeral honours were already preparing. This dreadful state of an old servitor touched the heart of the great Caraffa, the glory of Italy; he stretched out both hands to heaven; in tears he besought of God my cure, and lo! fever and bitter pain fled away; my strength returned, and my dear friends changed their sorrow and lamentation into songs of joy. Gentle friend, render thanks also to the Divine goodness that has given me back to life, and if I calmly draw sustenance from the pleasant air, if I gaze upon the sweet radiance of the beautiful sun, ascribe the joy of it to the prayers of great Caraffa."

Flaminio was one of the numerous spiritual descendants of Savonarola, whose memory he fervently celebrated,[1] and his work was always distinguished for its purity. The poets Niccolò d'Arco and Bartolomeo Ricci were able to write on his tomb without exaggeration that "his tender lyre celebrated, not the loves of Venus and Cupid, but the soul's virtues, the divine spirits of humanity," He was beloved by humanists and liberals. The tenderest ties of friendship bound him to Vittoria Colonna; he was the friend of St Giustiniani, of Pole, of Contarini, "that flower of peace and wit and fortune," to whom he addressed the charming eulogy implied in the words, so truly applicable to

[1] His father had indeed published the lives of the principal saints of the Order of St Dominic.

himself, "that he had never left undone anything which might make the world happy."[1]

He was thirty-five years old. He wanted to join the Theatines, stipulating only that his health would necessitate some relaxations of their regimen. The senator Francesco Capello, to whom the Theatines already owed much, believed that he deserved their gratitude in bringing them so illustrious a recruit. He wrote three times to Cajetan, who replied only to the third letter. He declined to receive Flaminio. His reply dated February 13, 1533, is a model of courtesy combined with firmness. It is based on a unanimous vote of the Theatines, who were unwilling to make any exceptions to their regulations or their habits. With them it was all, or nothing. Flaminio, if he thought well of their poor order, ought to throw in his lot with them completely, unconditionally, and embrace the naked Cross, relying on the wisdom of his brethren. They admired his celebrated talents, but Christ's poor needed nothing but the rudiments of piety. "We want from him neither alms nor service, nor do we wish to provide him with a means of distraction which might harm our peace."[2]

Meanwhile Clement VII gave judgment on the question that had been referred to him. Drawn up in the form of a brief, at Bologna on February 11, the judgment is very concise. The Pope orders the Theatines to send a deputation to Naples, and to trust in Providence.

[1] Contarini warmly eulogised Flaminio in the dedication of his treatise *Primæ Philosophiæ*.

[2] Flaminio retired to Verona, where Bembo on Nov. 28 sent him a kindly note.

Nothing was left but to obey. To tell the truth, Caraffa took his time: six months more were spent in preparations and correspondence. He had no intention himself of going to Naples: he deputed Cajetan to the task, and even then provisionally, to see what it was all about.

It is easy to understand why he was not inclined to leave Venice. The Venetians, both in their qualities and defects, were a fair representation in those days of the character now attributed by the Latin world to the Anglo-Saxons: physical energy, practical activity, and an aggressive temper. And it was in this direction (as again is the case to-day)[1] that, after the bankruptcy of the realm of the Ideal, men turned their eyes, and that Christianity, in particular, found new forces. In his intentions, no doubt, Caraffa was and intended to remain a Theatine; but in reality he was a politician; he did not shrink from either the tragic or the theatrical side of public affairs; and he made Venice his stronghold. And Cajetan was beginning to succumb to the influence of Caraffa's ideas; only he deduced from them very different consequences. The active revolt of the one against the external world found expression in the other, a passive and emotional nature, in passive effects. It gave him neither the will nor the spirit of a fighter: it did but detach him completely from the outward life and from Sadolet's doctrine; it only concentrated his sensibility, and

[1] The reader may be referred on this matter to the writings of M. Brunetière and M. Thureau-Dangin.

turned it inwards upon itself. It brought him back to a subjective life. Cajetan had no great merit, then, in departing for Naples. Here, or there, what mattered it to him! His baggage was easy to carry.

Caraffa begged him to choose his own companion: "Look at this crucifix," cried Cajetan, "and beseech it to choose for you someone who will be always opposed to my will." Caraffa, always opposed to Cajetan, gave him the man most devoted to him and most like him—the Blessed Marinoni. The two companions set out on August 2, in a most oppressive heat. They went by land in order to pass through Rome, where Giberti procured them an audience of the Holy Father. When Clement VII saw the travellers, stained by dust and sun, poor Cajetan emaciated, all nerves, prematurely aged, he was touched, and could not help exclaiming, in words an echo of the celebrated *Quo vadis:* "Whither are you going, poor children? . . . You are risking your lives in this fearful temperature." And Cajetan answered; "Holy Father, we would rather risk our lives than be tardy in our obedience." The Pope smiled, blessed them, and wished them every success.

CHAPTER IX

THE WORK AT NAPLES

AFTER this separation, the careers of Cajetan and Caraffa developed in opposite directions.

Caraffa became more and more stern and domineering. He succeeded in withdrawing the Theatines entirely from episcopal jurisdiction, and refused to establish a company of them at Genoa. A heretic was at his instance expelled from Padua. He made it his business to hunt everywhere for Lutherans. He formally accused of Lutheranism the inquisitor delegated to Venice, not venturing, however, to carry his accusations higher. In short, he raised a general hubbub. And the odd thing is that he made bitter moan about it all in a letter addressed to Contarini: "We," he said in his somewhat lofty style: "we who have confessed Christ and endangered our heads for the faith, are abandoned without any succour to the poisoned teeth of dogs that tear us daily."

And so saying, he rushed upon the obstructions like a boar.

Unquestionably he had the honour of taking the lead of the extreme party. And he led them with a rare courage. If he was found a little trying under Clement VII, it was another story when the accession of Farnese Paul III, in 1534, appeared to assure

the rise of the liberals, brought Sadolet back, and filled the Sacred College with philosophers such as Contarini, Sadolet himself, Fregoso, Morone, Aleandro, Pole, Jean du Bellay. Caraffa cultivated the liberals in power, but at bottom he regarded them as dreamers, arm-chair thinkers; he was persuaded that a man of action would beat them all. He did not trouble about converting anyone but Pole, with whom he laboured for the success of the Somaschi. Pole took his fancy; he was a great English patrician, with long fair beard, and clear, honest, piercing eyes; somewhat superficial perhaps, but a pleasant fellow and a platonist. Caraffa got him to pen a retractation of his philosophical works.

After a becoming show of hesitation, and the receipt of three successive invitations from the new Pope, Caraffa left for Rome with Giberti, towards the end of 1536. Such details as we have of the journey prove that it was a very cheerful one. At Rome, Caraffa found determined foes, and he arrived so ill that several times the doctor thought he would not live through the day. Yet he lingered on, till a messenger from the Pope came and laid upon his table of white wood the cardinal's beretta. He said laughingly that the beretta would not cure him; he wrote to his sister that he had resolved to obey, and that this was the best act of humility he could perform. And yet the red robe did cure him. He recovered, and became a member of a commission of reform, which, among other radical but inoffensive measures, proposed to suppress the religious orders by process of extinction. Then he became "pro-

tector" of several of these orders, especially the Dominicans; "protector" also of the German Empire. He was found, to all appearance accidentally, taking the lead in all root and branch measures likely to prevent any reconciliation with the reformers. In this spirit he worked to bring about the assembling of the Council of Trent, at the risk of fresh schisms. In 1542, he wrung from the Pope the foundation at Rome of a supreme court of the Holy Office, from which there was to be no appeal, and he himself presided at this tribunal. He was a born surgeon! Paul III, the official Pope, had much ado to counteract the excessive zeal of the red Pope. Caraffa established also an Office of the Index which Paul accepted, on condition that it never did anything.

All this time, Cajetan was sinking back into his humbleness: unknown, devoted, lost in the crowd, but under God's eye. To heal sick souls, to succour men—that was his life. And if sometimes his name emerged into a brief notoriety, it was in spite of himself. It needed some public danger, or an epidemic, as at Venice. Human suffering was the field he cultivated, the troubled but life-giving water into which he gently dropped his net, and in which, with a wonderful talent, he gently caught men's hearts and souls, taking them all muddy, and washing them clean. Now and then he attempted more impatient, more peremptory steps, the better to meet Caraffa's wishes; but he did not succeed very well. That was not his fault. Even in the order of grace, one may attempt the impossible. He understood many things of refinement and subtlety; but

he had no gift for fighting at the cannon's mouth. When the gun fired, he was deafened. A profound and unalterable gentleness was his strength, and the strength of the Theatines under his direction. He is self-revealed in a letter to the brothers of the Hospital at Vicenza; in his eyes, men who had founded a free hospital and given up their whole lives to it had reaped the highest glory open to men; he congratulates them on being, by God's grace, the kings of the sick and suffering; and he conjures them, warmly, affectionately, to remain always men of works and prayer, to bestow largely of their heart and soul. Such was his empire, such his theory of government.

Personally, he immersed himself in the severest practices of austerity. Garments of coarse cloth, an iron girdle, a hair shirt—such was his armour. He lived for the most part on bread and water. He slept on a half-worn-out mattress, as hard as stone, with a straw pillow and nothing more. His room, at least, was clean: white walls, a table, a stool, a few books, a pious image. One who saw his manner of life gives a curious detail: owing to some weakness in his feet, he at last found it very difficult to stand upright; and yet he never sat during the long services, and even avoided leaning. Several of the maxims he was constantly repeating have been preserved to us. They are formulas of a complete and definitive detachment.[1] He had ceased to love the

[1] "Men are great kings: but they have not and cannot have joy in this world save through Jesus Christ. All other pleasures are glamour and poison, the work of the devil."

"The pleasures and joys of the world are only wiles of the

earth, but it was to love heaven. He seemed, not to live, but to glide through life: as he wrote to his niece Elisabetta, to remain on the earth was to him as though he lingered in an inn.

His devotion, however, was tender, simple, and unbounded.[1] He was always, as at the beginning, as simple in his adoration as the shepherds in the Stable; and we are assured that the beautiful devotion to the Manger so widespread in the kingdom of Naples, and of which the artistic representations are so common even in the village churches, must be ascribed to Cajetan.

On his arrival at Naples, Cajetan naturally took up his residence in the house of Count Oppido. It was very suitable for him: quiet, solitary, pleasant, away from all noise. He soon wrote suggesting that a colony of Theatines should be sent. In September, however, he had to return to Venice for the usual election: he was elected provost; and at the end of October six clerics arrived at Naples, among them a somewhat interesting new-comer, who made his profession on February 15 following: this was Pierre Fuscarenne, a doctor of the University of Paris, formerly chancellor of the bishopric

devil; they neither nourish nor sustain men, but puff them up. God alone possesses the real and solid joys which satisfy and fill the human heart."

[1] Cajetan, like John of Avila and Lewis of Granada in Spain, and later St Francis of Sales in France, always remained an advocate of broader ideas in the practices of the Christian life. He returned to the spirit of the Early Church. He recommended frequent communion, but with a great indulgence in regard to the conditions required. His doctrine was the opposite of Jansenism.

of Bayeux, whom disenchantment of the world had driven thus far from mundane honours.

Among the Theatines one is almost tempted to number a personage of some prominence, who from the first appropriated a good deal of Cajetan's time: Caraffa's sister Maria, a lady somewhat after her brother's stamp. Though a Dominican nun from a very early age, and now past her sixtieth year, she had never achieved complete peace of mind in regard to the flesh. The easy regimen of her convent exasperated her. After many a struggle within and without, one fine morning she left in an unusual way; without more formalities, she quitted the convent with her psalter and a lay sister, to go in quest of greater severity. At the head of a few pious women, she incontinently founded a convent of another order, the "Sapience," of the order of St Francis. The proceeding seemed somewhat hasty and unconsidered, and all her brother's exertions, and two journeys of Bonifazio da Colle to Rome, were needed to gloss over the escapade. Cajetan attached himself to this ardent woman, and became so affectionate a friend that when he could not see her, he never failed to write.

Unhappily, the little community, hardly yet settled, immediately found a radical flaw in the situation. No one came to them. To effect any useful end, it was absolutely necessary to get into touch with the population. At the same time that this came home to him, Cajetan discovered that the Count Oppido was not the right kind of host. The noble lord had generous ideas, and now thought

of endowing the house with an income, to assure the future, at any rate in the barest necessities. In vain Cajetan repeated: "Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap:" Oppido refused to behold them, and even waxed wrathful, having taken no vow of meekness. But Cajetan, as we have said, always retained a certain fund of pride, and stood a little upon his dignity; and he felt now that, to oppose a man to his face, one must sometimes be able to discard one's meekness. "My dear count," he cried, "are you obeying God, as you would that men should obey you?" Oppido allowed himself to be silenced, but brought in religious men, men of honour and good sense, to say how necessary the security of the physical life is to moral tranquillity. Cajetan showed little patience: he preferred the folly of the Apostles to the wisdom of men: "For my part, I have given all my personal goods for Christ: shall I receive those of others?"—as if he could imagine alms that did not come from others! "My brothers," he said to those good folk, "you speak of the security you owe to your income; whence do you derive your income?—Why, from lands, fields, which bring in a certain sum every year.—Very well: are you sure of being punctually paid by your farmers?—We have our leases, duly written and registered: if the farmers refused, we should bring them to justice.—Well, I have a surer revenue, and better titles. You have your fields and parchments, but I have a promise from Christ, documents signed with His blood, in which He binds Himself to

provide for our necessities: Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, He said, and all these things shall be added unto you. That is all I am concerned with: the Kingdom of God and His justice: to seek His eternal riches, to obey His law. I doubt not that what is necessary for our mortal life will come of itself, without anxious search. Experience has proved to us hitherto the truth of this promise: for ten years we have wanted nothing, even in the year of famine: God has permitted us to feed ourselves and honour Him.— Naples is one thing, Venice another, replied Count Oppido; what has succeeded there may very well not succeed here. — God is the same at Venice and at Naples, cried Cajetan with fire." And thereupon they separated, in no friendly mood.

Cajetan was very careful to keep Caraffa informed of the slightest details of these events: he told him also of what he was doing for Maria, and of his affection for her, expecting to receive encouragement and guidance. The other Theatines wrote also. But Caraffa, whose head was filled with many other matters, did not reply at once. It was January 18, 1534, before he emerged from his silence. His letter is long, well-written, dignified, cordial, and very affectionate, in spite of an undertone of dissatisfaction: without beating about the bush, it counsels the community at Naples to settle its own affairs. Caraffa says that he is so busy that he could only find time for writing this letter by sitting up at night, which wears him out. He describes himself as an afflicted old man, easily

upset, whose advice it is useless to expect. He congratulates his brethren on having, as their first letters said, instituted a simple form of worship, as free from superstition as from servility, with none of the simperings of foolish women. He congratulates them also on their intention of finding a new abode. He gives them news of the friends at Venice: the edifying death of one of the clergy: his formal refusal to admit two young aristocrats "too delicate for our poverty and our labours": the weakness of a young husband, who, after deciding, with his wife's concurrence, to enter orders, had just had a child. He adjures his sister to rely on Providence rather than on her brother. He considers that Cajetan ought to go in person to Rome on their business. And he makes a guarded allusion to the opposition he himself is encountering in official circles.

Abandoned thus, Cajetan adopted a course worthy of Maria Caraffa. One fine morning, March 22, he collected the seven members of his community, told them to roll the few indispensable garments round their breviaries, and to follow him. He went out, carefully locked up the house, sent the keys to Oppido, and entered Naples at the head of his men, as free as air.

It chanced that Caraffa had been careful warmly to commend the Theatines to a lady whom he had known in 1530: one Signora Lorenza (or as some say Francesca) Longa, widow of a state official, who had been miraculously cured of paralysis at Loretto, and since then had devoted her wealth and her personal service to a little hospital for incurables

which she had founded in 1506. She had received these children of God as angels; as Caraffa put it, "she fostered them with a delicious charity."

Cajetan had also found a very warm friend in the person of the Signora d'Ayerbo, Duchess of Termoli.

These two ladies did their best for the poor Theatines. They gave them the best shelter they could in the little hospital, near the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, where they could hold their services.

The exploit, to tell the truth, excited universal astonishment. Caraffa wrote to Signora Longa a letter of apologies and thanks.[1] Count Oppido, for his part, refused for a long time to believe his senses; and he tried to bring back his pensionaries. It was labour lost! They only condescended to accept a few trifling household and kitchen utensils.

It was impossible, however, to remain at the hospital. Till something better could be found, the Theatines were transferred on July 31 to a small house in the neighbourhood, which had been purchased as a home for Poor Clares. The people called this house the *Little Manger*, either in allusion to Cajetan's special predilection, or because a stable on the ground floor had been summarily converted into a chapel, the manger serving as the altar. Bethlehem could not have been more simple, Trianon was not more rural.

It was there that Cajetan worked a miracle. Touched by the sufferings of a poor man who had

[1] May 1535.

been brought in with a broken leg, which the surgeons spoke of amputating, he threw himself on his knees beside the bed, earnestly supplicated St Francis, kissed the wound, bandaged it, and applied a crucifix: next day, the surgeons were reassured, and the patient kept his leg.

Days and months passed away thus in the most modest duties of charity.

In November 1535, a great piece of news pervaded the town. The Emperor Charles V, the conqueror of the corsair Barbarossa, was about to make his entry.

We know what an imperial "entry" meant in those days, especially when Charles V was concerned: a matchless display of pomp; celebrated by poets, painters, courtiers; then made known among the people in all its details by little printed bulletins, the quaint ancestors of our newspapers. Men's inventive powers were racked to devise something new on each recurrence of this Asiatic pageant: a medley of triumphal arches in too narrow streets, inscriptions, tapestries, *tableaux vivants*, a riot of strange armour, gold, silver, satin, velvet, feathers, plumes, trumpeters, princes, valets, halberdiers, ambassadors. And amid this tumult, the modern Charlemagne passed on, humble and sad.

The event of November 25, 1535, was a splendid pageant, which all the historians have described.

Cajetan was in all probability the only man at Naples who would not go out of his way to see the procession—an eccentricity which made him famous. He might have sought glory vainly in any other way.

He went to Rome in 1536, for the elections of the Theatines; and as it was decided to postpone the voting until December, he prolonged his stay. He there met his nephew and niece. We have a letter written by him during this absence to Maria Caraffa, evincing great solicitude for his friend. He beseeches her to allow her physical comfort to be cared for; and as a moral specific, he recommends, like a true æsthete, the reading of St Chrysostom's letter to St Anastasia.

Meanwhile his relations with her brother, though outwardly all that could be wished, were undergoing a change. The gap between these passionate extremists was becoming ever wider. On the day when, as he entered Caraffa's cell, Cajetan saw the red beretta on a table, he could not repress, says a contemporary, a gesture of horror, as though he had trodden on a viper. But he made no protest, and offered no congratulation. Two provosts were then elected; one, Scotti, for Venice; the other, Fuscarenne, for Naples. Let us notice, in passing, the destiny of these provosts: the former became a Cardinal, the latter was beatified.

The year 1537 slipped away without notable incidents. Cajetan joined the brotherhood of the White Penitents, who were vowed to the care of criminals condemned to death. He often preached, yearning to touch men's hearts. A life of quietness and zeal. In June the little community was increased by one or two novices, and by two fathers sent from Venice. One of them was Titioni.

All at once, beneath this clear blue sky, the

earth trembled. For about two years past, a Catalan priest named Juan Valdès had been settled at Naples on the Chiaia: a handsome man, of much intelligence and great suavity, he had quickly found friends, especially among the great ladies of Naples; and he had formed intimate connections with two chiefs of the religious world: Pietro Vermigli, the scholarly superior of St Peter *ad Ara*, the elegant professor of apologetics, whose lectures, devoted to the exposition of St Paul's Epistles, all Naples ran after: and Bernardino Ochino,[1] the superior of the Capuchins, a very different sort of man, but a man of high merit also, a tribune with rugged head as white as snow, an enormous beard, deep burning eyes, vehement gestures, powerful voice, and visible hair-shirt; a masculine soul, violent, vulgar, eloquent, choleric, echoes of whose sayings filled all Italy. It was said that he could draw tears from stones.[2] Flaminio, who had now come to Naples, also made one of this little circle of friends.[3]

Cajetan began to experience some anxiety in this direction: not that there was any reason to suspect the good intentions of these high and religious personages; but in the troublous state in which the theological world had for some years been living, it was becoming very difficult to deal with burning questions of much subtlety and delicacy without

[1] *Alias* Bernardino da Siena.

[2] A still more eloquent fact is that one of his charity sermons at Naples brought in more than 5000 crowns, equal to £5000 to-day (Zaccaria, quoted by Amante, *Giulia Gonzaga.*)

[3] Flaminio came in 1539. Always very popular, he gave ascetic lectures at his own house.

going a little astray. On many points Valdès was thought to show an inclination towards Luther's opinions.[1] Ochino, for his part, was personally irritated and galled, like many Capuchins, by the reforming projects pursued at Rome; and in 1536 he began to set the church of St John ringing with a very obnoxious kind of eloquence.

A little unnerved perhaps by his anxieties, Cajetan suddenly realised that by occupying the *Little Manger* the Theatines were preventing the projected installation of the Clares. Signora Longa had succeeded in forming a group of some fifteen young maidens pledged to extraordinary austerities: the Clares dressed in drugget, without linen, went barefoot, slept in their clothes, and rose to sing matins, drank water, never ate flesh, fasted every day except Sunday, and scourged each other three times a week. To put this scheme of life in operation, they were only awaiting the departure of the Theatines. As soon as Cajetan had realised this, he was ready to do anything, even to quit Naples, rather than continue in his present habitation. Such objections as were raised to his leaving he brushed aside.

The Archbishop of Naples, a relative but no great admirer of Caraffa, could easily have solved the difficulty by entrusting the Theatines with one of his parishes; unhappily, it was too clearly seen that he did not mean to trouble himself. The

[1] Valdès had published a rather irritating dialogue on the sack of Rome. Yet, before coming to Naples, he was for several months in 1533 chamberlain to Clement VII.

Theatines were thus without a shelter. Cajetan lost heart. Taking Fuscarenne with him, he went to Pozzuoli to take leave of the viceroy Pedro of Toledo,[1] who showed them much kindness: "In four years," said Cajetan, "we have had to turn out three times without being able to find a settled habitation. . . . God does not want us here."

The viceroy expressed an entirely contrary opinion. "Naples," he replied, "has great need of good examples: if you believe that God bids you depart, I believe that He means you to stay. Stay; go to St Paul's. You shall not be left in the street. Things will arrange themselves." It was a command, and Cajetan submitted. A few days later, the Count San Valentiniano, in the name and by the authority of the viceroy, installed the Theatines in the church of St Paul and its dependencies. He had a slight tussle with the archbishop on the matter; but it was settled at Rome; and the regular clerks were able to take official possession of their church on May 16, 1538. From that date, the people called them "Paulines."

This church of St Paul, since then become so celebrated for the worship of St Cajetan, stands on the Via de' Tribunali, in the heart of the city, on the site of an old temple of Castor and Pollux, of which two Corinthian columns still exist in the peristyle. The adjacent convent held the remains of the ever famous theatre where Nero more than once appeared on the stage as a singer before the en-

[1] Pedro of Toledo always played an energetic part. He was a friend of Caraffa, like his brother Cardinal Juan Alvarez of Toledo.

thusiastic populace. The thirty-four Doric columns still to be seen are those of Nero. Fine matter for reflection on the vicissitudes of things!

The Theatines could not have been better housed. Unluckily, as often happens, this unexpected good fortune, at the moment when they were despairing of the future, had its unpleasant side: it excited the ill-will of the Capuchins, or at any rate of Ochino. The irascible preacher restrained himself no longer: he gave utterance in the cathedral pulpit to statements altogether reprehensible. Caraffa's reply was not long in coming. The ecclesiastical authorities received formal orders from Rome to invoke the secular arm: the result was searches, seizures of books, an *auto-da-fé* of literature. Valdès died at Naples in 1540;[1] and then his friends dispersed of their own accord.[2] Flaminio, in a constant state of ill-health, refused the offer of a place in Contarini's legation to Germany, and accepted the delightful hospitality of Pole, legate and governor of Viterbo, who was charmed to receive him, and kept him for several years.[3]

This troublesome scandal might well have injured the apostolate of the Theatines. Happily, the boundless devotion of Cajetan and Marinoni, their goodness, their personal moderation, their simple and sincere words, produced their effect, disarmed rough opposition, diffused a spirit of kindliness.

[1] C. Cantù, *Gli Eretici d'Italia*. This date is disputed. The number of Valdès' adherents at Naples was estimated at 3000.

[2] Caraffa's biographers wrongly place this dispersion in 1538.

[3] See his life by Mancurti (Padua, 1543).

Their church attracted crowds. The ceremonies were performed with gravity and decency, according to the primitive rites.

Meanwhile the Clares had settled in the *Little Manger*, and Cajetan was their spiritual director. It was thought advisable that he should yield that office to the Capuchins: hence the new sisterhood took their name.[1]

By agreement with Cajetan, the hospital became the charge of the Duchess of Termoli, who gave it an unforeseen extension; she added another organisation, the need of which was making itself felt, and which soon became successful—a refuge for Magdalens, or *Convertite*.

The two noble foundresses, let us add, did not live long after these events. The first to die was Signora Longa, now beatified. The Duchess of Termoli died in Cajetan's arms,[2] and by her own desire was buried in Signora Longa's tomb. When the grave was opened, a shudder shook the Signora's body; her right arm unbent and fell, as though to invite her faithful friend to her embrace.[3]

After so many troubles and anxieties, we may well believe that Cajetan was glad to have a change of

[1] The great Franciscan family was then, as a rule, somewhat grasping. The story of its rivalries with the Dominicans fills the history of the period. Now, Caraffa had become "protector" of the Dominicans, and made active use of that militant order. We have seen, too, that Cajetan was originally closely connected with the Dominicans.

[2] Probably in 1545.

[3] The life of the Blessed Lorenza Longa was written by Federico Malipiero (Venice, 1640).

scene. In April 1540 he agreed to become provost of the Venetian band of Theatines. He did not forget his friends, and kept up a close correspondence with Maria Caraffa; but, as in 1527, Venice seemed to promise him repose. He arrived there, his mouth full of words of peace and love. With renewed ardour he threw himself into the affairs of his order at Venice, Verona, and Vicenza. But he found that he was in even hotter quarters than at Naples.[1] Men's minds were becoming daily more embittered; a blast of war was blowing from the Alps; violence met answering cries of violence. It seemed almost childish to talk of peace or liberty unless one chanced to live at Carpentras: it is probably from this time that that pretty town's reputation for extreme provincialism dates, for there Sadolet was still obstinately preaching in the desert, or, to vary the metaphor, trying to steer his craft against wind and tide. Had he not ventured in 1538 to address to Stourm, one of the most cultured, moderate, and hitherto courteous of the German reformers, a sort of public manifesto, an admirable document, in which he conjured him not to take others for his model and imagine that abuse was argument? In his relations with the Pope he also spoke of tolerance in terms as respectful as they were dignified.[2] Alas,

[1] There were a number of troublesome scandals. See Intra, *Di Ippolito Capilupi e del suo tempo.*

[2] "When lately I received the pontifical diploma, giving me powers to make inquisition and take measures against the Lutherans, I received it with veneration and gratitude, and I have rendered thanks to the sovereign pontiff who deemed me

what unfashionable language! Liberty is good for sound and vigorous societies; there are times when it is better never to mention it.

Whilst Sadolet was thus battling to the end against barbarism, resolute to avoid despondency, Cajetan on the contrary, if I may say so, was cutting his cable. He was renouncing the quest for happiness which had so ardently fired his noble contemporaries, or rather, he was directing it elsewhere. He retained the formula as it had been given to him: a happiness formed of love and tranquillity of soul; only, he transposed it. He had quitted the earth; no tie, whether of family or even of friendship, held him to it any longer: events made no impression upon him; he was elsewhere. His happiness he found in the enjoyment of the love of God, and the tranquillity of soul through which he arrived at it had no longer the characteristic of philosophic wisdom: it was simple abandonment to the arms of Providence. He formed the habit of beginning his letters with a salutation of peace in Christ. Imperturbably he continued to preach charity,[1] as if nothing were

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worthy of such honour: I should be grateful to you, my dear Farnese, for giving testimony of my gratitude and never failing to express it. As to using these powers, I shall do so if necessary; but I shall labour to render them unnecessary. The weapon I like best to employ is the mild one of ideas and forms, because it is the best for convincing. It is not terror, nor torture, it is the truth itself, and, above all, Christian meekness, which compels men to confess an error—an error of the heart rather than of the lips."

[1] "Ah, dear brethren, if you must comfort my soul, let me always hear (and let the facts correspond to the words) that the hospital

happening. He was asked to return to Verona; and he went there[1] along with several fathers, among whom was a new-comer, the young Prato of Milan, who lived to the verge of his hundredth year and often recounted his recollections of that period. When the Theatines arrived, the bishop, their good friend Giberti, had the very natural idea of providing them with food; and did indeed send them provisions regularly. The regularity irritated Cajetan. He waxed wroth with Giberti, as if he had never known him. He had no other friends. The supply ceased. The fathers fell into the most utter destitution: a few vegetables pulled from a little garden, bread received by chance, and water, formed their whole resources. Eggs were not brought them except at the carnival time. Cajetan declared that he was satisfied: virtue, said he, is nourished on poverty and fasting.

Events brought upon him a last shock. On returning to Venice, he found in the cathedral pulpit Ochino, the famous Ochino! How had that become possible? Through the simplest and most justifiable causes.

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is well and lovingly governed; let your works be a torch, a delicious perfume in this poor city! I beg you by the love of Jesus Christ and his Holy Mother to persevere all of you, with one common and perfect accord, in these holy works. And pray for me, nor regard in me the sinner, but the man of love and duty, to whom Christ our Lord has given the mission to love you, and to desire His glory through your holy association!" (17 June 1541).

[1] Some authors place this journey in 1540: the majority give the date as 1541. It should probably be placed at the end of 1540: on April 6, 1541, Cajetan had already returned to Venice, as the date of a letter to Maria Caraffa shows.

The amiable and eminent marchioness Vittoria Colonna and her friends were alarmed at the quarrelsome spirit so unhappily displayed. Ochino had nothing in himself that could specially attract these cultured minds; neither in education nor in ideas was he a man to their taste; they had no sympathy with his grievances; they considered him vulgar, conceited, theatrical. But still his eloquence stirred up the crowd: he was a force to be humoured and conciliated. Vittoria Colonna had therefore obtained from Contarini, always ready to sink his own likings for a public good, authority to appoint Ochino the Lenten preacher. With what anxiety she awaited the result of their experiment! Her friend Bembo was instructed to keep a close eye on events, and to let her know all that happened.[1]

But Cajetan trembled. He imparted his apprehensions to the apostolic nuncio. The nuncio, who knew how far he might go, displayed some indifference, and things would have rested there if Caraffa had not directly wrung from Paul III an interdict against Ochino. The Capuchin protested, and the nuncio took on himself to permit him to continue his Lenten sermons. But the bolt had fallen. Instead of repairing to Rome, Ochino disappeared;[2]

[1] Ochino appeared in 1539 in the pulpit at Venice. Bembo then wrote to Vittoria Colonna: "Il nostro frate Bernardino . . . è hoggino adorato in questa città: nè vi è huomo nè donna, che non l'alzi con le laudi fino al cielo. O quanto vale, o quanto diletta, o quanto giova!" (*Corteggio*, p. 174).

[2] Contarini saw this sad business from his death-bed, without being able to do anything. He died on August 24, 1542. The

the kindnesses of Vittoria Colonna were no longer able to touch him, and he came to a bad end.

It is probably at this time that two miracles are attributed to Cajetan: the cure of a woman at the point of death, and the cure of a madman.

famous letter in which Ochino, irritated against Caraffa, refused to justify himself and announced his departure to Vittoria Colonna, is dated August 22. Needless to say that Vittoria Colonna had a poor appreciation of Caraffa: she thought him an unpleasant man.

CHAPTER X

THE DEATH OF CAJETAN

EARLY in the year 1543 Cajetan was elected provost of Naples, and he at once quitted scenes of battle to return with delight to a Naples pacified. Disembarking some time in April, he was received as a messenger from heaven. His very person seemed to exhale peace and calm and holiness; it was told that on the way he had with one gesture calmed a storm on the Adriatic. But he was only still alive by a miracle of grace, living a sort of supernatural existence. His poor, emaciated, transparent, withered body seemed nothing but a rag, ready to fall at the first breath.

It is not known how he spent the year 1543, and all that is known of him during the year 1544 is that he obtained leave to resign his office as provost, and to hand it over to Marinoni. The year 1545 and 1546 likewise go by in the completest obscurity. At certain times, but especially at this period of his life, it may be said, in the words of one of his biographers, that Cajetan is enveloped in a cloud. We know, however, that in July 1545 he was in Rome, and received a visit from St Ignatius, accompanied by

Father Lainez.[1] According to the writer Carrara, Father Lainez desired a fusion between the Theatines and the Jesuits, and had brought over the Theatine Scotti to his way of thinking. The project was never realised; it was mooted again in the reign of Pius IV, without more success.

Thus Cajetan lived, in mortification of body and peace of soul, aloof from mundane affairs, whilst all things were in commotion around him. The abuse of money had yielded its natural fruit in socialism and anti-semitism. Charles V had just expelled the Jews, and philanthropists were busy serving the material interests of the people. The tide was flowing in a new direction: Marinoni took an active part in establishing a pawnshop, or people's loan office, in Naples. The Count Oppido assisted him. It does not appear that Cajetan was actively interested in this project; but his niece, the Countess Porto, contributed to it a sum equal to £200,000.

On May 15, 1547, a meeting of the congregation called Cajetan again to Rome. On his return journey he refused to make a halt, arrived at Naples in the middle of the night, and went forthwith to the choir without taking rest. The state of his health demanded different proceedings, but this was the least of his concerns; he shivered with cold, but his heart was warm.

In the world, all was going so ill! The Council of Trent, on which the hope of Christendom reposed, had had to adjourn after heated debates. Disorder

[1] Letter of Father Lainez, July 12, 1545, quoted by Father de Tracy.

was penetrating into all parts. At Vicenza, the members of the Tiene family resolved to emigrate.[1]

Caraffa, however, ruled the storm with a terrible grandeur. In truth, he suspected everybody, even his colleagues of the Sacred College. And he was intoxicated with his own visions. He wanted to make Paul III a second Julius II.

Cajetan at this time had prophetic visions, sweet and tender and radiant. The Virgin blessed him. He seemed to see Paradise opening, and his own soul escorted gently thither by legions of angels. He had ceased to be the man of his period, but to the eyes of all he had become the man of heaven. His old colleagues, the apostolic protonotaries, founded in 1546 a festival to St Andrea della Valle in his honour.

His ecstasies at this time recall those of St Theresa; it could be said that he lived a divine life, his body was so entirely dominated by his soul; and his soul lived in God.

One day, during a fervent prayer, he fancied that all feeling was leaving his material body; it seemed to him that his heart, beating with supernatural pulsations, was springing from his breast, and that two flames shaped like wings were bearing it to heaven.

All at once, grave news fell like a thunderbolt into the midst of peaceful Naples. Two Dominicans, chosen by Caraffa, were coming under the viceroy's

[1] Giovanni da Tiene had until this time held a very influential position in the town. In a letter of April 13, 1532, Bembo wrote to him on a question of taxes (*Bembo's Letters*, Venice, 1575).

protection to establish a court of inquisition, contrary to the customs and liberties of the country. There was but one cry; princes and beggars, the entire city, rose. The viceroy, however, did not expect that it would amount to an insurrection. With considerable finesse he parleyed with some, and made fine promises to others. But at the very moment when the uproar seemed on the point of being appeased, an untoward incident undid all his work.

A man sentenced to imprisonment for debt was being escorted through the city, when he began to howl. It was imagined that he was a victim of the new tribunal. That was quite enough; three young men of high rank flung themselves nobly on the police, and tore the brawler from their hands. The viceroy might well have shut his eyes to such a fracas. But he had the three men arrested, condemned to death, and executed, and was indiscreet enough to order their remains to be exposed in the public square, in open defiance of the population. Thereupon a large crowd, mad with rage, flew to arms and threw up barricades. The viceroy sent in all haste to Genoa demanding support, and in the meantime took refuge in the castle Del Uovo, clearing the neighbourhood with grape-shot. That was his way of preaching the Gospel. There were fights in the streets, parts of the city were set on fire, and knives were freely used among the people.

Cajetan spared no effort to calm the tempest by expostulation, active exertion, or prayer. He had litanies sung in his church, with the response: "Hear, O God: pardon, Lord: defend us and act.

Let us not die for Thee! We have invoked Thy Name upon Thy city and Thy people!"[1]

He was seized with a violent fever. During the attacks, at the noise of musketry, this response constantly returned to his burning lips; he repeated it with all his little strength. His physician, Antonio Caponi, desired a consultation: "No, my dear Antonio," cried Cajetan, "for a wretch such as I one physician suffices. Do what you deem useful, and it will be well." The doctor wanted at least to spread a woollen blanket upon the straw, so as to relieve the poor, gaunt, shivering limbs of his patient. But Cajetan, who had dreamed of living on the Cross of Christ and wished to die there, was angered by the proposal. "No! in sackcloth and ashes have I lived, in sackcloth and ashes will I die!" Nothing could move him. Outside the cannon roared. He had lived long enough, was sated with life. He welcomed death. In full consciousness, he asked for the last sacraments, and, strong in his faith, hungering and thirsting for eternity, he prepared to relinquish the poor remnant of mortality.

In a miserable cell, on the horrible truckle-bed around which a few tattered priests stood bent, a poor, meagre, attenuated, all but non-existent body lay in the agony of death. He was speaking. He asked pardon of his brethren for the sorrows he might have caused them unintentionally. His lips murmured some of the grand sayings of Moses and Samuel.

[1] Taken in part from the prayer quoted above, p. 115, note 1.

And this body was long shaken as though possessed by some unseen power; the eyes of the dying man glowed with an inextinguishable passion. In the gathering shade they gazed with ardour on One from whom they could not detach themselves, so that they saw nothing else. And, invisible to all others, a wounded Form drew near, and the sick man heard a voice saying in his ear: "Behold me, Cajetan; I come to bestow on thee the grace thou dost desire." And the poor fever-stricken man cried: "Lord, whence comes to me so great a favour, so bountiful a loving-kindness? Since thou dost bestow on me a favour, grant, I beseech Thee, that my name may fall into a profound oblivion among my brethren, that no one speak of me again for ever. This I implore through the Blessed Virgin Thy Mother."

And then the sick man appeared to receive an embrace, and moved his lips as though lovingly to kiss a wound.

Then his symptoms became aggravated. Cajetan thought of nothing but the Saviour's Passion; death seemed good to him, and how much more welcome if it had been on a cross! But he deemed himself unworthy to meet it in that form. Then his eyes suddenly reopened; he saw Christ hanging upon the Cross, His arms extended, His body naked, covered with wounds. And Christ said to him: "Dost thou weep, Cajetan?" And Cajetan cried: "Thou dost ask me, Lord! I weep because I see Thee dying yet again. Blot out this scene. I cannot see Thee in the midst of such torture, and

still live." "Cajetan," said the apparition, "I have given thee My Cross: it behoves that someone be fastened thereupon." "Lord, Lord, wilt Thou die again? Know that my sole ambition is martyrdom. But I would that it were by some other death, more cruel than the Cross, for of that, which is Thine, I am not worthy. Lord, I bend me to Thy will." And then Christ raised him from the earth, put him on the Cross, and made him feel all the pains of Calvary: the driving of the nails, the sponge of gall, the anguish, the last agony, the sense of desolation.

It was all that a mortal man could suffer.

Thus Cajetan left this earth, in the arms of his beloved Christ, on August 7, 1547, at half-past two in the afternoon.

He had hardly heaved his last sigh, when there were seen on all sides celestial signs glorifying his sanctity. It was indeed the death of a righteous man. A saint, for many years honoured as such, was quitting the earth. All was miraculous. At this moment the two persons sent as delegates to Charles V re-entered the city; they despairingly announced that the Emperor had refused all concessions. Nothing remained but to resume the fusilade. But it was not so; a holy calm diffused itself through Naples. The mob thronged the church of St Paul, invoking Cajetan's aid.

At the same moment, far away in Spain, St Peter of Alcantara had a vision of his death.

Cajetan was buried without ceremony, placed in a common grave near the church, with no monument to mark the spot. As years went by,

the remains of his brethren, the Blessed Marinoni and the others, joined his there in turn, and mingled with his ashes. When in his earlier days he had distributed his property, he said that he wished to remain so poor "that he would have only a doubtful tomb." His wish was fulfilled: he had not even three feet of earth to himself.

And he left no relics, no memorial, save perhaps a tooth that had been preserved during his lifetime,[1] his breviary, his staff, and some letters written on bad paper in an illegible hand.[2] Nothing is more reasonable, assuredly, than to preserve pious

[1] *Breve ragguaglio del fausto ritrovamento del dente molare del glorioso san Gaetano Tiene avvenuto l'anno* 1805. Disteso del P. Gaetano M. Monforte, Naples, 1822.

[2] Those of his letters that remained were afterwards placed in a reliquary and carefully guarded. Their authenticity thus scarcely admits of doubt: yet the tone of the letters addressed to Laura Mignani has displeased certain writers, who have ventured to contest their authenticity without letting us see on what their objection is based. The letters were published by Zinelli (1573), and by the abbé de Barral at the end of an insipid panegyric of the Saint (*Panégyriques prononcés dans différentes églises de Paris*, Paris, 1789, i. p. 26, *seq.*). Zinelli was the first to allege that they must have been touched up, but he does not say where nor how. It is certain, however, that of the letters to Laura Mignani (the only letters that have been contested) several have disappeared, and it does not appear that any were added. Further, it is a singular thing that the very historians who refuse to accept the letters as authentic do not refrain from quoting them (for example, Father Dumortier, pp. 35, 36, 38). Again, the vision of St Mary Major, accepted by Caracciolo, by the Bollandists, by the Roman office of the Saint, by tradition, consecrated also by the statue erected by Cardinal Savelli Perretti in the church of St Mary Major, and existing still—this vision is known only through one of Cajetan's letters to Laura Mignani.

memorials of those we have loved and revered. But this worship of relics had, perhaps, been abused. Cajetan asked that no trace of his human life should subsist, and that the poor emblems whereby the living live on the dead should be dispensed with. A tomb on which the green grass springs and heaven's sun shines was what he begged of God, asking nothing of men, and dying with his love. He returned to the governance of the other world, became one with the divine order.

CHAPTER XI

HIS POSTHUMOUS WORK

AND then, as he had wished, Cajetan was forgotten. Everything relating to him is wrapped in silence.

Moreover, the year 1547 seemed to carry off the remnants of the generation to which he belonged. Was it not Fénelon who said that true friends ought to arrange to depart together? That was what Bembo and Sadolet did. Bembo died first, on January 16, and loyally went to his repose under a stone in the church of Minerva, at the feet of Leo X. Vittoria Colonna died on February 25, Sadolet on October 18: he was buried by his nephew at St Peter in Vincoli; Caraffa preached his funeral sermon. In the last of his letters left to us, Sadolet wrote a sort of moral will. A sad, sad letter! He has seen his dearest friends disappear one after another—Bembo, Vittoria Colonna, and the others. He has seen his own dreams also vanish away. And yet he cannot repent of having loved life, since he has succeeded in storing it with ideal affections. To his latest breath he confesses his faith, which is, to dare to live. "We are born to do beautiful things, not to shed tears. . . . In the designs and actions of life, it is

not a matter of aiming towards a limitless existence, but towards a strong and glorious one." [1]

Over these ruins rose Caraffa, alone, dominant, inflexible, indestructible; a fine dictator's temperament, strengthened and subserved by contest; soured, moreover, wrathful, every day more violent and unpopular; a genuine watch-dog of the Papacy, a sort of adamantine champion of Catholicism, resolved to do good to people in their own despite, to burn them, if need be, in order to teach them how to live. At the age of seventy-nine he procured the election of a pope of forty-nine, because "his hour was not yet come." It did come: but then unhappily he knew no restraint or moderation. Caraffa seems to have become Paul IV only to show to what extremes old age can lead a luminous intellect.[2]

But what touches us directly, living long after him, is the kind of passion with which he took in hand the suppression, even retrospectively, of the men of whom we have just spoken, and among whom, after all, he had himself lived.

Thus Flaminio, that affectionate and trustful friend, whose pious death he had seen, ought never to have existed: the *Index* (happily corrected by Paul IV's successors) suppressed him. Some writers declare that Caraffa wanted to disinter him and cast his ashes to the winds. Is not history a tragedy?

[1] *Epist.* iii. 458, 459.

[2] On some of his blunders see the curious book of M. Georges Duruy, *Le cardinal Carlo Caraffa.*

And Vittoria Colonna also. She was dead. But her name was incarnate in ideas that clung most obstinately to life. She had meddled with theology with better intentions than success. She had the liberals for her friends, Sadolet and others, and Pole especially, whom she passionately loved, by whose side she had lived, whose works she enthusiastically praised, whom she had no terms fit to describe: "her master and lord; Christ's messenger: the Spirit of God": he was, if I may say so, her Laura Mignani.

And naturally, Pole, the noble and pious cardinal, who had rendered so many services, was accused of all sorts of things, even of cruelty. Of Lutheranism, of course. He had been among the minority of the council, and some cardinals wished to elect him Pope: "A Lutheran Pope!" He disapproved the scholastic theology, "declaring that what is needed is the pure simple preaching of the Gospel." What was still worse, he tolerated about him people of doubtful orthodoxy: instead of having them arrested and burned, he spoke to them with gentleness and good humour, and even invited them to dinner! To leave nothing unsaid, it was insinuated that the money of Vittoria Colonna had played its part in these regales!

As for cardinal Morone, he was given the best they had—the cells of the castle of St Angelo. Caraffa had long been directing against him the batteries of the Holy office, and Pope Julius III had only been occupied with preparing the charges. The duel was not wanting in piquancy. In the end, Julius III put

Morone out of harm's way by appointing him to a most important post, that of legate in Germany, which was equivalent at all events to absolution![1]

But things were now at such a pass that to have paid a visit to Vittoria Colonna or dined with Pole was enough to give a man a very perturbed conscience. And how many people were in that position!—the archbishop of Toledo; the convents in which the marchioness had sheltered her last days! One archbishop's secretary took flight, so terrified was he because his master was regarded as a friend of Pole. On this head the Pope himself was a criminal of the deepest dye.[2]

In the pontificate of Paul IV the Church may be said to have been in a state of siege; this military régime would scarcely be comprehensible did we not remember that that was the violent period of the religious wars, and that it was necessary to fortify the Church compactly in its own defence. Nevertheless we can but ask ourselves to-day, remembering Sadolet's beautiful idea,

[1] A copy of the *Compendium* which gives us these details, was acquired by a collector, Signor Corvisieri, and published by him in the *Arch. della Soc. Romana di storia patria*, vol. iii. (1879). Morone, liberated by the death of Paul IV, again became legate under Gregory XIII.

[2] Paul IV even placed on the Index a document, which he was believed to have drawn up with his own hand, and which Paul III had approved—the famous report of the cardinal's commission of Reform, 1538. This report, published by Stourm and by Luther, and indeed not very flattering to the clergy, had become in Germany a polemical weapon. It gave rise also in the eighteenth century to a celebrated passage of arms between two German scholars, Kiesling and Schelhorn.

whether there was not also a dream of blood, when we see on the list of suspects, dead or living, a promiscuous crowd of such personages as the joyous Cardinal Cortese, regarded as a heretic at Rome because he had a merry laugh, or because he said he took up the *Benefit of Christ* (a forbidden book) in the morning with his dressing-gown. Suspect also were the cardinals Sadolet, Bembo, Seripando, Sfondrato, Contarini, Badia, Federico Fregoso, the cardinal-bishop of Trent, the Cardinal of Fano, the patriarch of Aquileia, and Ignatius Loyola himself.[1]

At this terrible crisis, what had become of the memory of Cajetan? It was as little regarded as a violet hidden under the snow!

In 1581 it was necessary to enlarge the church of St Paul, and the lengthening of the nave in 1588 necessitated the occupation of a portion of the cemetery—the very portion in which the remains of the first Theatines reposed unknown. The venerable ashes the soil contained were treated with reverence, but no trouble was taken to distinguish among them, and they were all transferred to a hole excavated beneath the floor of the church. A few years later, the enthusiastic devotion paid to the Theatine St Andrea Avellino drew attention to the memory of his holy predecessors, and then search was made for traces of the transfer of 1588, the vault was enlarged, and in 1625 a subterranean chapel was constructed.[2]

[1] Joly, *St Ignatius Loyola.*

[2] The reader will find circumstantial details in the interesting work of Father Dumortier.

Thus, by an endless train of miraculous events, Cajetan's humility was violated. His express recommendations were of none effect before the glory thrust upon him. Providence granted him a new life against his will, a posthumous career, much more brilliant and prolonged than his humble career on earth. He began to be talked about. Learned historians did not scruple to do homage to his memory. Such is the usual destiny of saints: but few saints have been as active after death as he was.

However we may respect his resolution to cling to the oblivion of the tomb, we must say something of his miracles. These are part of his story. An ordinary Christian may hesitate to believe various miracles of the saints: a historian has no right to neglect them; they do not merely contribute a halo, but in certain respects complete a portrait. They are so to speak the uniform of sanctity. Why is that high politician Paul IV Caraffa unknown to the majority of men to-day, and perhaps even to a certain number of professed students, while the humble name of Cajetan, on the contrary, is handed down from generation to generation even among the populace? Because Cajetan has two titles to glory. A saint is a being who after death still continues the work of civilisation; he retains in the common grave his character at once universal and particular: he has inspired confidence, touched hearts, tamed barbarities; and he remains a constant benefactor and friend. He is a man who is loved and has become idealised. So that, even without concerning ourselves with the portion of truth

his legend naturally includes, we may say that this legend represents his history in a relative sense; it shows us a detail of capital importance, —the form under which he made himself beloved, the circumstances in which he lived and whose influence he experienced, and, on the other side, the influence, or shall we say the fascination, he himself exercised. When we see that for ages the memory of one like St Francis of Assisi has blended with every event by which societies or individuals have been affected; that it has sustained and heartened hosts of suffering creatures, awakened the courage and comforted the sorrows of thousands; and that even in the full tide of the Renaissance it still determined certain practical modes of life; it must indeed be recognised that this aspect of the lives of saints occupies an important place in the history of civilisation. And even if we reserve judgment on the positive reality of certain miraculous occurrences, we must admit that the benefits are facts, which have at any rate their definite place in the souls of those who believe in them.

It was a long time before the miracles attributed to Cajetan were accepted. Caracciolo, the Theatine who wrote his life in the first years of the seventeenth century, practically under official sanction, and with a filial piety above suspicion, admits only his vision of St Mary Major in 1517. It was Father Schiara, a little later, who, in a life dedicated to the donna Laura Buoncompagni Borghese, drew the least niggardly portrait of him.

But in those times his life itself appeared a

permanent miracle, destitute as it was of all material resources. At Venice he received alms from no one knows where; once, at a time of terrible distress, he found on the ground a gold coin. Several times, at Rome and at Naples, a sort of miracle of the multiplied loaves was worked for him; when the time for breakfast came, there would be a ring at the bell, someone would go to the door, and there find a sufficiency of bread.

Strange glories of poverty!

And then the figure of Cajetan seemed quite naturally the special palladium of the virtues of which it had been the incarnation. Shortly after his death, his appearances calmed a hysterical woman at Vicenza, and saved a young girl at Venice from a very unpleasant predicament. Cajetan was particularly invoked in difficulties relating to losses of fortune or pecuniary embarrassment; this was almost his specialty; it is brought into high relief in the Office of St Cajetan, and an entire chapter of the Bollandists' Collection is devoted to miracles of this nature.

It would be an endless task to discuss in detail the cases in which St Cajetan's aid was sought. They would fill a volume. Let us be content to say that he was appealed to for the reconciliation of enemies, the quietening of disorder, the cure of all kinds of diseases, and especially cases of possession or madness. The flowers adorning his altar gained miraculous properties; they were employed mainly as remedies against fever, and to soothe acute pain, as in childbirth. The oil of his lamps also was

utilised. The images of the Saint cured many fractures and contusions; they were blazoned abroad as a preservative against carriage accidents and tempests, epidemics and brigands. Blind folk and women in travail received benefit from them. But, if we may compare, with all these miracles having the physical well-being for their aim, the mystic miracles accomplished every day in the human spirit by the silent work of God, perhaps St Cajetan's principal miracle consisted in his having opened unawares a shining furrow whence sprang a whole harvest of new men, born of the same principles and the same moral necessities as himself; he is the ancestor of a whole family of saints in heart, saints bold in love, saints of liberty, reforming saints, from St Philip Neri to St Francis of Sales, St Vincent de Paul, St de la Salle, not forgetting St Catherine of Ricci, St Felix of Cantalice, that austere Capuchin, St Camillus of Lellis, St Charles Borromeo, the reformer of the secular clergy.[1]

[1] Bollandists, p. 476. The congregation of the Theatines rendered inestimable services, especially in liturgical matters. According to the French Theatine, Father de Tracy, by 1774 they had furnished one pope, six cardinals, and one hundred and ninety-four bishops. They gave the Church two Venerables, three Blesseds, among them Cardinal Tommasi, a light of liturgical learning, and St Andrew of Avellino, born in 1521, and bearing a close spiritual relationship to St Cajetan. In addition to this they were always in the vanguard of reform. In 1588 the Theatines were entrusted with the preparations for establishing the Minorites, and in 1616 with the reorganisation of the Gesuates of the Blessed Colombini.

The constitution of the Theatines served also as a model or

Among this wonderful throng, of which we have mentioned only the chief types, St Philip Neri is perhaps the man most truly like Cajetan, whose example he used constantly to invoke. Like him, he did not proceed by logic or metaphysics: "Omnia in caritate." Not, to be sure, that he despised pure learning (he inspired the labours of Baronius), nor real life, but he reduced to precepts the art of faith through the emotions. As far removed from false supernaturalism as from worldly ostentation and charlatanism, he devoted his life to practising and extending the exercise of charity and instituting works of mutual support. He also had that rare and exquisite gift, the gift of tears; and of

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inspiration for the foundation of a large number of congregations of regular clergy: the clergy of St Paul, or Barnabites (1533); of the Society of Jesus or Jesuits (1540); of St Mayeul or Somaschi (1540); the minor clerks of St Francis Caracciolo (1588); the ministers of the sick of St Camillus of Lellis (1591); the clergy of the religious schools of St Joseph Calasanctius (1621); the clergy of the Mother of God of the Blessed Giovanni Leonardi (1628); to which may be added the regular clergy of the Oratory, and of St Sulpice.

The Order of Jesuits seemed at first a copy of the Theatine organisation. The first Jesuits made an exactly similar profession at St Peter's at Montmartre on August 15, 1534; they then separated, appointing to meet at Venice in 1537. St Francis Xavier reached Venice at the close 1536, and, in imitation of Cajetan, at once devoted himself to the care of the sick, in the very hospital for incurables restored and patronised by Cajetan. Paul III formally authorised the Jesuits in terms similar to those employed by Clement VII in regard to the Theatines. Francis Xavier, who curiously resembles Cajetan, said his first mass at Vicenza, and afterwards, in 1541, went to Goa, where he was to spend his last years in conditions strangely similar to those of Cajetan.

him, as of Cajetan, it could be said that his heart was too large for his body. He did not feel, as Cajetan felt, that his heart was leaping out of him to take its flight: but it is a strange fact that two ribs on his left side were noticeably bent, and that his heart increased in size in a most unusual manner. He was the lovable saint *par excellence*; and sincere and loyal in his lovableness. Man of action as he was, he loved the Beautiful with a sort of melancholy affection. We can imagine Cajetan looking down from the eminence of the Villa Medici, and fixing his gentle eyes on beautiful Rome; we too love to sit in the convent of St Onofrio on the Janiculum, beneath the shade of the oaks under which Philip Neri and Tasso gazed upon the city in poetic mood, and tasted of its charm.[1]

Something of this charm passes into us, and we then understand what a radiance of kindliness and fervour animated these hunters of men. We can understand why and how they substituted in some sort, for the material poverty of the disciples of St Francis of Assisi, a poverty of another kind, valuable from other points of view,—poverty in spirit. And how they spent their lives in the quest of an ideal, and why they appealed to men's hearts.

For them, religion was less an ultimate knowledge of things (it formulates mysteries, not explains them) than a bond linking men to God and to one another, a bond of love and grace, an active formula of life,

[1] See the Life of St Philip Neri by Cardinal Capecelatro.

imbued with loving-kindness and inspiring charity. They were thus the founders of modern charity.[1]

Cajetan marvellously responded to what was expected of him, in enabling the pious souls of his time to grow in grace; by natural paths he rose to the supernatural and refuged himself there. His life was nothing but a perpetual act of love until it became one with death; in other words, until he saw the God of love face to face. His manifold affections did but converge and unite in one unique and eternal love.

It is often said: "The Renaissance was a pagan movement, because it was human, and it produced nothing but evil." And this summary judgment, expressed by the stern and unbending, and sometimes perhaps by people who know very little about it, has been seized upon by the adversaries of the Christian faith to support their charge against religion itself of hostility to all that is noble in human nature. People delight in representing it as a paltry narrow church, a cemetery chapel. Our God is the God of the living, the God of life! The sixteenth century had many weaknesses, assuredly; no one dreams of maintaining the contrary. But ought we to judge things by the abuses that may result from them? Besides, who is to say whether this

[1] A holy and eminent woman named Ursula Benincasa, who died on October 20, 1618, and was declared venerable by Pius VI in 1793, was the direct continuation of Cajetan's spirit. In consequence of visions, she founded a sisterhood of Oblates, whose blue and white costume commemorated the Virgin Mary. She also devised for ladies affiliated to her order a little blue and white scapular in honour of the Immaculate Conception.

age was worse than another, or whether the abuses people talk about occurred only among the partisans of the new ideas and never among their foes?

The Renaissance had the great merit of positively proclaiming that everything that tends to cultivate honest minds and to open sincere hearts brings them nearer to God. To be a complete man, and, if it is necessary, and circumstances permit, to add one's mite to the efforts other men are making towards raising themselves—that is the true art and the true charity; in other words, one's duty to oneself and to others, as well as to God: not only a right, but a duty. *Laborare est orare*: to pray is to work: and hence the sixteenth century produced many saints. Efforts were made, it is true, and sometimes successfully, to disturb the harmony, to bring about a misunderstanding between what is called natural religion and supernatural religion, the religion of theology.[1]

[1] We may quote in this connection the conclusion of Jacob Burckhardt's fine book *Civilisation in Italy at the time of the Renaissance*: "While the men of the Middle Age regarded the world as a vale of tears over which Pope and Emperor were deputed to watch till the coming of Antichrist, while the fatalists of the Renaissance passed in alternation from extreme energy to extreme languor, from certainty to doubt and superstition, we see the birth, in a little band of choice minds, of the idea that the visible world was created by the God of love, and will always receive movement and life from its creator. The soul of the individual can, through the knowledge of God, bring infinite Being into the narrow circle it embraces, and then extends itself indefinitely, by the grace of divine love: such is true happiness on earth."

[The idea, however, that God created the world from love, "and that love in turn leads all things back to Him," is as old as Christianity, and is expressed in terms by SS. Augustine and Thomas, and by Dante.]

What should we gain to-day by continuing the conflict? There is only one truth, one logic, and even one sensibility. And is it not true that, as Sadolet said, the supernatural or superhuman element of life does not replace or destroy the natural life, but crowns it? Religion's highest justification is its moral side, its provision of a reason for living. There is a sort of natural religion, which is the rule of the elementary life. Then, as we feel the need to elevate life, to nourish it, to set some end in view; as we know that the affections of this world sometimes sink before us, unless we sink before them; we are led from the idea of these affections to the positive doctrine of divine love. The Paradise of the Christian is love endless and unbounded. When the Master said: "Love one another," it was as much as saying: "Eat, give each other daily bread. You can only sustain your material life by some other life, by the flesh of animals or the substance of vegetables. Your spiritual life also can only be sustained by borrowing from the life of others. But the only bread after which you know hunger no more is the bread of Heaven."

Love others then as yourselves, for Christ's sake; that is the kernel of the Christian philosophy which formed St Cajetan and St Francis of Sales; in other words, give yourselves peace and love, be kind to yourselves, be kind to others, forbid yourselves to suffer and to cause suffering. And as you are imperfect, and others are imperfect also; as you have often to complain of yourselves and of others,

in prudence fill this love with another, the great love, Love Divine.

The men of the Christian Renaissance, deeply penetrated with the sense of relationship in things, sometimes perhaps laid too much stress on the beauty of things human. Some of these things appeared to them great in themselves, others seemed small, whilst in reality their whole value depends on the love we endue them with. A beautiful landscape will leave you cold if you are cold, sad, sick, careless, or even if your eye is unpractised and knows not how to see: it will fill you with joy if your heart is joyful.

Lay up for yourselves, then, joy and cheerfulness. They are the gift of God.

A man of only moderate force of mind, but of exquisite sensibility, St Cajetan was a perfect mirror of the successive impressions of his epoch. He was able to attach himself to men of high aims and of fine intellectual calibre.

And if we have sometimes seen him making a great stir and not always reaping immediate results commensurate with his activity, it was due to the fact (the saints are not utterly beyond the taint of imperfection) that at those moments, in spite of his joyousness, his delicious goodness of heart, his fire, his enthusiasm, he happened to be beset by somewhat trenchant counsels and somewhat narrow ideas.

But he had one supereminent merit. In an age when luxury bulked too largely, he was a shining example of the necessity of boldly separating matters of religion and morals from this material alloy. He

wished to restore to honour poverty in the Church, and simplicity in the world; to nourish life on the supreme Ideal. A disciple of St Augustine and St Bonaventure, he restored the direct worship of the Divine Love, in opposition to observances smacking somewhat of paganism. Since then, this cult of the "Divino Amore" has come into considerable prominence in France.[1] St Francis of Sales made it the pivot of his teaching;[2] Father Joseph glorified it by the foundation of the daughters of Calvary;[3] and then, thanks to a persistent devotion and to the testimony of the blessed Margaret Mary, this cult, founded as it is on the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the hypostatic union of the two natures in the Divine Person, embodied itself in the form, now so popular and more easy to reproduce, of the Sacred Heart.

Let us add that Cajetan was beatified by Urban VIII, on September 22, 1629, and canonised by Clement X in 1671. His office *semi-double*, celebrated on August 7, was authorised in 1629, afterwards revised by Cardinal Bona, and finally admitted in 1674.

Naturally, Naples remained the metropolis of the devotion paid to his memory. It was at the request of the Neapolitans that his beatification was pronounced, an event celebrated with popular rejoicings. The little oratory dedicated to the Divine

[1] In the seventeenth century it underwent violent attacks.

[2] In the preface to his *Treatise on the Love of God*, St Francis of Sales gives a bibliography of the love of God in the sixteenth century. The precursors of the devotion were women, St Catherine of Genoa, St Catherine of Siena, St Angela.

[3] The Abbé Dedouvres, *Le père Joseph et le Sacré-Cœur*.

Love in the cloisters of St Paul, in memory of the Brotherhood at Rome, was *en fête*, and on the very spot where Nero imagined his name would be for ever commemorated, the following triumphant inscription was placed: "To the Blessed Cajetan of Tiene, the Society of the Divine Love. It long obeyed him as a perfect member of its body. Now it kneels to him in prayer, as its most efficient patron. Where he fought, he triumphs."

The subterranean chapel of Cajetan and his companions has never ceased to attract pilgrims. Above the crypt there rose, in the seventeenth century, a sumptuous chapel whose pillars were plated with silver. At the time of the plague of 1656, when the three hundred Theatines of Naples distinguished themselves by their wonderful devotion to the sufferers, Cajetan was solemnly proclaimed patron of Naples.

Events, however, did not spare the evidences of his glory in their material aspects. It seemed almost as though heaven were hostile to them, and as though the very appearance of a tomb marred the sanctity of these memorials. The great earthquake of 1688 ruined the church erected in 1625; it was rebuilt in 1691 according to the plans of the Theatine Grimaldi, as we see it to-day. The chapel of the Saint is adorned with frescoes by Solimena, four bas-reliefs by Vaccaro and a statue by Falcone.

From Naples the worship of Cajetan spread in all directions — to the ancient kingdom of the two Sicilies at first, then to Loretto, Venice, Verona; then into Austria and particularly to Prague.

The august house of Bavaria, which has always furnished illustrious examples, and whose princes have devoted themselves to the scientific care of the sick with well-known talent and largeheartedness, took Cajetan as one of its chosen models. The royal chapel at Munich is dedicated to him.[1]

At Rome Cajetan has left striking traces. At St Peter's he has a monumental statue; at St Mary Major, in the chapel of the Manger, the sculptor Cecchino has represented him bearing the child Jesus in his arms.[2]

His cult flourishes especially at St Andrea della Valle, where in his name many people have been cured of fever, ophthalmia, insanity, and dropsy.[3] Up to 1870 the apostolic protonotaries continued to meet there every year.

The Académie de France, also, cannot forget St Cajetan. It was on the Pincian hill that he experienced the assaults of the barbarians in 1527. Formerly his festival used to be celebrated in the chapel of the Villa Medici, where Cosmo III placed a memorial inscription.[4]

[1] This devotion dates from the seventeenth century. The Electress Adelaide had a medal struck in honour of St Cajetan.

[2] Every visitor to Rome knows this interesting monument, erected on the very spot where the saint had his vision. It bears the following inscription: "It was here that, under the auspices of St Jerome, whose bones repose near the Manger, St Cajetan received in his arms from the hands of the Mother of God the child Jesus, on the night of Christmas."

[3] On the nine Sundays preceding the festival of St Cajetan, special exercises are celebrated in his honour at St Andrea della Valle. They can also be performed on Wednesday.

[4] "Anno Domini MDXXVII, sedente Clemente septimo

Mazarin attempted in conjunction with the queen mother to introduce the worship of St Cajetan into France, and founded a house of Theatines.[1] But the cult has never spread very widely.[2] It may perhaps be recalled here that Cajetan was bound of a special tie to our Académie de France, and that he is one of the ancestors of the adoration of the Sacred Heart which has so large an influence in Paris. Perhaps our French artists might consecrate a memorial to him in the church of Montmartre, for he was a true artist. He sacrificed everything to his ideal; he lived, amid the external world, in ever more and more diligent quest of perfect beauty, recking nothing of the sacrifices necessary to fame and fortune. He surrendered himself wholly to Providence, on which we all depend, whatever we may do to build up our life. He carried love of the Beautiful to the sublimity of saintliness.

Medices P. M., hoc ipso in colle et situ, S. Gaietanus, Clericorum Regularium fundator, in Urbis direptione a Militibus crudelissime vexatus ut pecuniam proderet, quam dudum in celestes thesauros manus pauperum deportaverant, verbera, tormenta et carceres invicta patientia sustinuit. Cosmus III M. Dux Etruriæ, hujus soli Dominus, ut memoriam loci ubi Sancti Viri virtus præclare enituit, ad posteros propagaret, suamque in eum venerationem ac in Theatinorum ordinem voluntatem ediceret, monumentum hoc poni jussit anno salutis MDCCIV" (Zinelli).

[1] This convent, erected in 1647, stood on the Quai Malaquais, near the Mazarin palace.

[2] In France, the cultus of St Cajetan is held in honour among the Capuchins, especially at Marseilles, where, on the initiative of Mgr de Mazenod, a daily prayer has been consecrated to him. Also among the Oratorians, the Redemptorists, and the Servants of Mary.

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