

written by Rodin, that he started and bit his lips with rage, as he recognized the words of the great poet, truly Christian, who had dealt such rude blows to the false church. Rodin waited for some moments with angry impatience, thinking the voice would continue; but Rose-Pompon was silent, or only continued to hum, and soon changed to another air, that of the good pope, which she intoned, but without words. Rodin, not venturing to look out of his window to see who was this troublesome warbler, shrugged his shoulders, resumed his pen, and continued:

"To it again. We must exasperate the independent spirits in all countries—excite philosophic rage all over Europe—make liberalism foam at the mouth—raise all that is wild and noisy against Rome. To effect this, we must proclaim in the face of the world these three propositions: 1. It is abominable to assert that a man may be saved in any faith whatever, provided his morals be pure. 2. It is odious and absurd to grant liberty of conscience to the people. 3. The liberty of the press cannot be held in too much horror.

[See Pope Gregory XVI's Encyclical Letter to the Bishops in France, 1832.]

"We must bring the Pop-fed-man to declare these propositions in every respect orthodox—show him their good effect upon despotic government—upon true Catholics, the muzzlers of the people. He will fall into the snare. The propositions once published, the storm will burst forth. A general rising against Rome—a wide schism—the sacred college divided into three parties. One approves—the other blames—the third trembles. The Sick Man, still more frightened than he is now at having allowed the destruction of Poland, will shrink from the clamours, reproaches, threats, and violent ruptures that he has occasioned.

"That is well—and goes far. "Then, set the pope to shaking the conscience of the Sick Man, to disturb his mind, and terrify his soul.

"To sum up. Make everything bitter to him—divide his council—isolate him—frighten him—redouble the ferocious ardor of good Albani—revive the appetite of the Sanfedists—give them a glut of liberals—let there be pillage, rape, massacre, as at Cesena—a downright river of Carbonaro blood—the Sick Man will have a surfeit of it. So many butcheries in his name—he will shrink, be sure he will shrink—every day will have its remorse, every night its terror, every minute its anguish; and the abdication he already threatens will come at last—perhaps too soon. That is now the only danger; you must provide against it.

[Hardly had the Sixteenth Gregory ascended the pontifical throne, than news came of the rising in Bologna. His first idea was to call the Austrians, and incite the Sanfedist volunteer bands of fanatics. Cardinal Alcini defeated the liberals at Cesena, where his followers pillaged churches, sacked the town, and ill-treated women. At Forli, cold-blooded murders were committed. In 1832 the Sanfedists (Holy Faithfuls) openly paraded their medals, bearing the heads of the Duke of Modena and the pope; letters issued by the apostolic confederation: privileges and indulgences. They took the following oath:—'I, A. B., vow to rear the throne and altar over the bones of infamous freedom-shriekers, and exterminate these latter without pity for the children's cries and women's tears.' The disorders perpetrated by these marauders went beyond all bounds; the Romish Court regularized anarchy and organized the Sanfedists into volunteer corps, to which fresh privileges were granted.—Revue des Deux Mondes, Nov. 15th, 1844—'La Revolution en Italie.']

"In case of an abdication, the grand penitentiary has understood me. Instead of confiding to a general the direction of our Order, the best militia of the Holy See, I should command it myself. Thenceforward this militia would give me no uneasiness. For instance: the Janissaries and the Praetorian Guards were always fatal to authority—why?—because they were able to organize themselves as defenders of the government, independently of the government; hence their power of intimidation.

"Clement XIV. was a fool. To brand and abolish our Company was an absurd fault. To protect and make it harmless, by declaring himself the General of the Order, is what he should have done. The Company, then at his mercy, would have consented to anything. He would have absorbed us, made us vassals of the Holy See, and would no longer have had to fear our services. Clement XIV. died of the colic. Let him heed who hears. In a similar case, I should not die the same death."

Just then, the clear and liquid voice of Rose-Pompon was again heard. Rodin bounded with rage upon his seat; but soon, as he listened to the following verse, new to him (for, unlike Philemon's widow, he had not his Beranger at his

fingers' ends), the Jesuit, accessible to certain odd, superstitious notions, was confused and almost frightened at so singular a coincidence. It is Beranger's Good Pope who speaks:—

"What are monarchs? sheepish souls!
Or they're robbers, puffed with pride,
Wearing badges of crime blots,
Till their certain graves gap wide.
If they'll your out coin for me,
I'll absolve them—skin and bone!
If they haggle—they shall see,
My axes dancing on their throats!
So laugh away!
Leap, my fav!
Only watch me hurl the thunder
First of all, but Zeus under.
I'm the Pope, the whole world's wonder!"

Rodin, half-risen from his chair, with outstretched neck and attentive eye, was still listening, when Rose-Pompon, flitting like a bee from flower to flower of her repertoire, had already begun the delightful air of Colibri. Hearing no more, the Jesuit resealed himself, in a sort of stupor; but, after some minutes' reflection, his countenance again brightened up, and he seemed to see a lucky omen in this singular incident. He resumed his pen, and the first words he wrote partook, as it were, of this strange confidence in fate.

"I have never had more hope of success than at this moment. Another reason to neglect nothing. Every presentiment demands redoubled zeal. A new thought occurred to me yesterday.

"We shall act here in concert. I have founded an ultra-Catholic paper, called Neighbourly Love. From its ultramontane, tyrannical, libercidal fury, it will be thought the organ of Rome. I will confirm these reports. They will cause new terrors.

"That will be well. "I shall raise the question of liberty of instruction. The raw liberals will support us. Like fools, they admit us to equal rights; when our privileges, our influence of the confessional, our obedience to Rome, all place us beyond the circle of equal rights, by the advantages which we enjoy. Double fools! they think us disarmed, because they have disarmed themselves towards us.

"A burning question—irritating clamors—new cause of disgust for the Weak Man. Every little makes a mickle.

"That also is very well. "To sum up all in two words. The end is abdication—the means, vexation, incessant torture. The Rennepont inheritance will pay for the election. The price agreed, the merchandise will be sold."

Rodin here paused abruptly, thinking he had heard some noise at that door of his, which opened on the staircase; therefore he listened with suspended breath; but all remaining silent, he thought he must have been deceived, and took up his pen:

"I will take care of the Rennepont business—the hinge on which will turn our temporal operations. We must begin with the foundation—substitute the play of interests, and springs of passion, for the stupid club-law of Father d'Aigrigny. He nearly compromised everything—and yet he has good parts, knows the world, has powers of seduction, quick insight—but plays ever in a single key, and is not great enough to make himself little. In his stead, I shall know how to make use of him. There is good stuff in the man. I availed myself in time of the full powers given by the R. F. G.; I may inform Father d'Aigrigny, in case of need, of the secret engagements taken by the General towards myself. Until now, I have let him invent for this inheritance the destination that you know of. A good thought, but reasonable. The same end, by other means.

"The information was false. There are over two hundred millions. Should the eventuality occur, what was doubtful must become certain. An immense latitude is left us. The Rennepont business is now doubly mine, and within three months, the two hundred millions will be ours, by the free will of the heirs themselves. It must be so; for this failing, the temporal part would escape me, and my chances be diminished by one-half. I have asked for full powers; time presses, and I act as if I had them. One piece of information is indispensable for the success of my projects. I expect it from you, and I must have it; do you understand me? The powerful influence of your brother at the Court of Vienna will serve you in this. I wish to have the most precise details as to the present position of the Duke de Reichstadt—the Napoleon II. of the Imperialists. Is it possible, by means of your brother, to open a secret correspondence with the prince, unknown to his attendants?

"Look to this promptly. It is urgent. This note will be sent off to-day. I shall complete it to-morrow. It will reach you, as usual, by the hands of the petty shop-keeper."

At the moment when Rodin was sealing this letter within a double envelope, he thought that he again heard a noise at the door. He listened.

(Continued on page 8.)

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SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a 2nd pluries order of sale issued out of the district court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1898, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

The east one-half of the southwest quarter (E 1/2 S W 1/4) and the west forty-nine and 2/100 (49 2/100) acres of the west one-half of the southeast quarter (W 1/2 S E 1/4) all in section number eight (8) and the north nineteen (19) acres of the west twenty-four and 2/100 (24 2/100) acres of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter (N W 1/4 of N E 1/4) of section number seventeen (17) all in T. 26 N. 16th range (16) north of Range thirteen (13) east of the Sixth Principal Meridian containing one hundred and forty-eight and 100/100 (148.80) acres more or less as surveyed, and recorded, all situated in Douglas county, state of Nebraska.

Said property to be sold to satisfy Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co' pany, plaintiff herein, the sum of four thousand eight hundred and thirty-six and 67/100 (\$4,836.67) dollars judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 14, 1895.

To satisfy Saloma Bowman defendant herein the sum of eight hundred and ninety-six and 100/100 (\$896.00) dollars judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 14, 1895. And to satisfy said Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company, plaintiff herein, the further sum of one hundred and thirty-nine and 96/100 (\$139.96) dollars judgment for taxes paid thereon by said plaintiff in order to protect its lien thereon with interest on forty-six and 00/100 (\$46.00) dollars from July 3rd, 1894, at ten (10) per cent per annum, and interest on the sum of ninety-three and 91/100 (\$93.91) dollars at the rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from December 25th, 1895.

To satisfy the further sum of one hundred and eighty-two and 33/100 (\$182.33) dollars costs herein, together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1896. In a certain action then and there pending, wherein the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company is plaintiff and John E. Vandercook, James E. Vandercook, The Mutual Investment Company, John L. Pierce Receiver of the Mutual Investment Company and Saloma Bowman are defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, April 15th, 1898. JOHN W. McDONALD, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. W. H. Russell, attorney. Mich. Mut. Life Ins. Co. vs. Vandercook et al. Doc. 54. No. 181. 4-15-6



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