

### The Unrecognized Cardinal

Translated for St. Peter's Bote by FATHER CHEVOSTOM, O. S. B.

On a gloomy, rainy evening in Fall, at a late hour, a number of laborers were still sitting in a low-roofed inn in the neighborhood of Dublin, chatting amicably over a glass of liquor. Outside could be heard the splashing of the rain as the wind drove it violently against the window panes.

"Fine weather for dogs," exclaimed one of the laborers, "we can be glad that we are in this comfortable room. Say, landlord, to-night you've got to keep us here. Not one of us will go out again in this weather. We'll stay where we are, — in the warm room." All the other laborers expressed themselves of the same opinion.

"Suits me," replied the landlord, "only I must tell you that I cannot give each of you a bed, you'll have to 'double up.'"

"Allright, we're satisfied. But what's up with you that you make such a gloomy face; is it the weather?"

"The weather? I don't have to go out, neither will there be any more guests coming at this late hour, so I don't see what should be the matter with me."

The laborers, however, were not satisfied with this reply, they wanted to know more. They knew the landlord for a jovial man and they could not explain to themselves why tonight he should sit there as if he didn't quite know should he scold or cry.

"Out with it, landlord, what's the matter. Surely something is not as it should be."

"Everything is as it should be."

"But what are you continually thinking about, with that woe-begone expression on your face?"

"Of what I'm thinking? Of the gentleman upstairs, who might have sought some other inn than mine in which to get sick. Now I've got him here and can't get rid of him."

"Is there a sick man in the house?"

"Yes, and a Papist, to boot. Yesterday evening a stranger arrived, asked for night's lodging, and I gave it to him. This morning he was sick, asked for a doctor, and then for a popish priest. You understand?"

"Of course. And did you get him a popish priest?"

"That wasn't as easy as you think. Had he been well, I should have taken good care not to comply with his wish. What have I to do with Papists? I'm none; don't want to become one, and shouldn't want anything to do with them. But a sick man asks for a popish priest, a man who may be dying; in such a case one would pity even an enemy. I therefore asked here and there, but couldn't find any, and no one was able to tell me where to find one."

"Didn't the stranger know of any?"

"The stranger? What could he tell me? If you are a stranger in a place you don't know where such people are to be found, especially in a large city. Finally I suggested one of our clergymen to him. You should have seen how wild he got. 'I'm Catholic,' he cried, 'and I want a Catholic priest.'

I was baffled, and at last asked the sick man to advise me where to look for one. The stranger thought a while and then told me to send to the Archbishop of Dublin and ask him to send a priest to a sick Catholic who desires the Sacraments of the Church."

"And did you do so?"

"To tell the truth, I did not feel much like it. Then again I thought, it's a dying man, you must have pity on him, and so I sent word to the Archbishop he

should send one of his priests that the sick man's wish might be fulfilled."

"And did he send one?"

"Of course he did. He came half an hour before you people did and is still at the sick man's bedside."

"What! A popish priest in the house, and you didn't tell us?"

"You're not afraid, are you, that all at once you're getting so excited?"

"Afraid? Not a bit. We're just curious to see what a popish priest looks like."

"He looks just like other people, and speaks like them; there is nothing mysterious about him at all. But your curiosity can soon be satisfied, for the clergyman ought to be down any moment. When he came, he was wet through and so bespattered with mud, that I felt sorry for the old man."

"He's an old man, then?"

"Yes; his hair is a silvery white."

"In that case you should have got him to warm himself."

"You think I didn't want to do that? In such a case I would do it for a beast; much more so for an old man. I'm not that hard-hearted; but the popish priest declined. 'Afterwards,' he said, 'bring me first to the sick man.' I don't know if our clergymen in a like case would have acted this way. These popish priests really do not seem to care for their health and life when there's question of a sick person. How easily could the old man catch cold and die."

"That can't be a bad man. All honor to him, if that's how he acted."

"I thought so too. I accompanied him to the sick man's room and then went away. It's nearly an hour and a half that he's up there. I think he must soon come down."

"Then we'll have a talk with him," remarked one of the laborers.

"That'll be a grand night when we don't have to pay anything and still have our fun."

"But, I must insist that you behave yourselves," said the innkeeper. "You must not be wanting in that respect, which a man deserves who, wet through and through, first tends to the sick before warming himself or drying his clothes. And then, it's in my inn, where I must insist on civil behavior."

"Pat! here he comes."

A slow, heavy step was heard on the stair. The innkeeper opened the door and looked out. Yes, it was the popish priest. "Please, your Reverence, come in here and warm yourself," said the innkeeper.

"Come in here to us," called out the laborers who arose to greet him.

An old man entered whose hair age had whitened, and whose shoulders the weight of years had bent. His eyes, however, still sparkled with youthful vivacity, and around his lips played a smile that betokened a heart filled with love for his fellow-men.

"I thank you, my good friends," replied the priest as he approached the stove. "It seems to me I can really stand a little warming up."

"But why didn't you warm and dry yourself when you came in?" asked the innkeeper.

"I couldn't do it then, good friend. When there is question of serious illness, all else must wait, even if one's health suffers."

"How wet his Reverence is," remarked one of the laborers, "and how his shoes are bespattered with mud."

"They are scarcely recognizable anymore," added another.

The priest smiled in his pleasant way.

"Come real close to the fire that your clothes will dry a little. And you, Pat," the innkeeper said, turning to his son, "fetch his Reverence a glass of wine right away."

"Please do not give yourself so much trouble on my account."

"You must warm yourself from within and without, if you don't want to have a bad cold."

"It isn't right of the Archbishop," said one of the laborers, "to send out an old man in such weather. He himself would certainly not put a foot outside his door. I bet the Archbishop is just now sitting at home in his warm room with his canons, or whatever you call these men with whom he associates, enjoying a good hot punch."

"You think so?" replied the priest, around whose lips now played a peculiar smile.

"One can hear it everywhere, your Reverence. Your bishops and archbishops live as they please and have a 'high old time.' And if any work turns up, they send one of you priests who are nothing more nor less than servants, slaves. Poor old priests like you for instance. It's a shame to send you out in such weather as to-night."

"But no one sent me."

"Of course the Archbishop sent you. He certainly wouldn't go out in this weather, even if ten sick persons were calling for him."

"But I tell you he would go even to the poorest who called for him."

"How do you know this?"

"In the surest way imaginable."

"And that is?"

"Myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes, I know it from myself. Don't you know my name?"

"No, sorry to say, we have not the honor of knowing your Reverence."

"Well then, I'll mention my name and introduce myself. I call myself . . . Cullen, Cardinal, Archbishop of Dublin."

If a thunderbolt had struck in their midst, they could not have been more surprised. For a moment they were as if paralyzed, then they all, together with the innkeeper, rushed toward the Cardinal to beg his forgiveness.

The Cardinal Archbishop calmed them and assured them repeatedly that he was not in the least offended. "You see, dear friends, if we would always inquire for the source and cause of all we hear and relate, we would find that a great deal, if not the most of it, was false. We speak of this one and of that one, because we have heard it said; and have not perhaps the least suspicion that we are spreading falsehoods and thereby harming an innocent one. Whilst you supposed the Archbishop to be sitting at home in a warm room with his canons, enjoying a glass of punch, he was at the bed-side of a sick man, and is now in your midst."

The innkeeper and the laborers did not cease to express their admiration and respect to the Cardinal, who in spite of his age and the miserable weather, came himself to an unknown sick man.

When the Cardinal prepared to leave, the innkeeper presented himself with a rain-coat on, lantern in hand, in order to accompany him home. He at once put his arm through that of the Cardinal's, and went with him to the very door of the palace, and then took his leave saying: "Your Eminence will permit me to call again within the next few days?"

"I'm at home for you any day," replied the cardinal. "Come when you like; you will always find me ready to receive you. In the meantime, my heartfelt thanks for your friendly assistance. God bless you! and come soon."

Only a few days later the innkeeper came again and asked to speak with the Archbishop. He came to beg the Archbishop to receive him into the Catholic Church. The example of the Prince of the Church had forced him to this step.

### A Philosopher's Dinner.

Everyone has heard of Sir Isaac Newton's roasting himself before a great fire, till his servant appeared and suggested that he push the chair back. Not so well known is the story which Dr. Stukely used to tell of his learned friend. Paying him a visit one day, the Doctor was told by a servant that Sir Isaac was engaged in his study, but would not do down at the dinner hour, which was about to strike. No one ever presumed to disturb the philosopher when he had retired to his private study, and it was understood that if he did not appear promptly when meals were served, they were to proceed without him. So as soon as the hour struck, Dr. Stukely was shown into the dining-room, and dinner was brought in,—first soup, then a boiled chicken under cover.

An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor ate the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bade the servant prepare another for the master. Before that was ready the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added: "Let me take my short dinner now, and I shall be at your service; I feel a little fatigued and faint." So saying, he lifted the cover, and seeing that the dish was empty, seemed lost in thought for a moment; then turned to Dr. Stukely and said with a smile: "See, how stupid we over-studious people are! I quite forgot I had already dined."

### Equal Division of Wealth.

It is related that the founder of the Rothschild firm was once sitting alone in a rear room of his bank at Frankfurt, when two desperate-looking men pushed their way in; and one of them gruffly began to talk of the inequality of wealth amongst different persons, and to hint at strong measures to redress this supposed injustice. Rothschild thought he saw pistols protruding from their pockets, but calmly replied:

"My friends, my wealth is reported to be so many millions of dollars, and the number of the population is also calculated to be so many millions. If all my money were equally divided, as you wish, it would allow about two dollars to each of you. Take them and go your way."

And the intruders, awed by Rothschild's firmness, and unable to answer his argument, took the money and went off without another word.

### A Deal Between Gentlemen.

One day an old Southerner walked into his banker's office. The Southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.

"Well," replied the Southerner, "about 35 years ago I loaned a man down south some money—not a very big sum. I told him that whenever I should need it I would let him know, and he could pay me the money. I need some money now, so I shall let him know, and I would like to have you 'transact the business for me.'"

"My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. The statute of limitations has run against that loan years and years ago."

"Sir," replied the Southerner, "the man to whom I loaned that money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman."

So the banker sent for the money. And within a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a gentleman at the other end of the transaction also.

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