

THE AMERICAN CARDINAL.

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A PERSONAL SKETCH OF JAMES GIBBONS, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE—AN EXPONENT OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND THE SIMPLE LIFE, WHO RANKS IN EUROPE AS THE EQUAL OF KINGS AND PRINCES.

FORTY years ago most observers would not have given the Rev. James Gibbons more than ten years of life. Although a healthy man, his frail appearance suggested an early departure from this world. Yet the cardinal has arrived at threescore and ten with a buoyancy of spirit and elasticity of limb worthy of the most robust. He is so thin that age does not show its progress on his attenuated form. It is the common opinion of his friends and neighbors that he may rival the years of the late Pope Leo without perceptible change.

In clerical circles a good story of the contrast between the cardinal and the massive Archbishop of Philadelphia has been told. The two prelates were bathing at Cape May, in the regular bathing-suits, Dr. Ryan large and resplendent, and Dr. Gibbons lean and insignificant.

"What a splendid man," said a lady on the beach, as she gazed on Dr. Ryan, "and what a misfortune to see him mated with such a miserable creature of a wife!"

Unfortunately, the cardinal has denounced this story on three grounds: He has never bathed at Cape May, he has never bathed in company with Dr. Ryan, and he has never taken a sea-bath.

AN EXPONENT OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The simple life may take the credit of Cardinal Gibbons' longevity. He has been a steady worker, and for the better part of his life in trying conditions. He traveled the Carolinas when railroads were unknown, and the bridle-path did duty for the road. Missionary life in that region has always been full of hardship, and the future cardinal had four years of it as a traveling bishop.

His lot enjoyed some improvement when he was made Bishop of Richmond in 1872. Glory fell upon him in 1877, when he was named as assistant to the Archbishop of Baltimore, with the right to succeed in the see. Before he took

his new office, the archbishop, James Roosevelt Bayley, unexpectedly died. The officials of the diocese raised the question whether Dr. Gibbons could take his seat under the circumstances. While they were discussing the point, the ready prelate took possession of the see, and left to the proper authorities the responsibility of change. Possession is nine points of the law. This incident illustrates the character of the cardinal perfectly. He is unassuming and deliberate, but gets to his object with remarkable swiftness.

A PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

To Europeans, Cardinal Gibbons is as well known as President Roosevelt. As a member of the College of Cardinals he ranks with European princes, and is entitled to address the Kaiser and the Czar as cousin. His rank cuts off need of explanation.

America became more comprehensible to a large group of Europeans when they first heard of the American cardinal. For a long time the eastern world looked upon us with suspicion and contempt—the latter because of our youth, the former because of our principles. The French radicals had undertaken to apply our principles, very badly understood, to their own nation, with some embarrassing, not to say frightful results. Undoubtedly the establishment of the American republic hastened the spread of democratic ideas in Europe. For this we have not yet been entirely forgiven, except by those who understand and appreciate the vast difference between us and our imitators.

It has been the happy privilege of Cardinal Gibbons to present his country and her citizens in a most favorable light to the princes of Europe. After he had been made cardinal, according to custom, he went to Rome to take formal possession of the church assigned to him. His speech on the occasion was simple but significant, considering the time and the

place. He said, in substance, that the Catholic church is not committed to any particular form of government; that she flourishes best in the air of liberty; in America true liberty is enjoyed to the utmost, owing to the beautiful simplicity of our form of government; the United States is not only a liberal but a strong nation, and will deal with the difficulties of the time as ably and successfully as the most absolute of monarchies.

A SPEECH TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.

The force of this speech lay in the fact that it came from a member of the College of Cardinals, speaking from his Roman basilica to the royalties of the world. His concluding words were also significant. After thanking Pope Leo XIII for the honor conferred upon him and his nation, he went on to say:

I presume also to thank him in the name of our separated brethren in America, who, though not sharing our faith, have shown that they are not insensible—indeed, that they are deeply sensible—of the honor conferred upon our common country, and have again and again expressed their warm admiration for the enlightened statesmanship, apostolic virtues, and benevolent character of the illustrious pontiff who now sits in the chair of St. Peter.

Europe never really understood us until England publicly courted our alliance, and our admirals destroyed the fleets of Spain. Before that time, Cardinal Gibbons had lost no opportunity to present our political success as worthy of consideration, as a solution of European problems, and particularly the problem of church and state. It has been exceedingly difficult to persuade the old world that America had discovered a fair solution of a most irritating problem. The spectacle of so many opposing races and conflicting creeds living side by side in peace does not seem to have impressed the foreigner, but only to have made him suspicious. If ever our success is admitted and studied, it will be because of the efforts of the cardinal and his following.

Among the many honors which time has conferred upon him, the most novel was his share in the election of Pope Pius X. Cardinal McCloskey of New York failed to get to Rome in time for the conclave which in 1878 elected Leo XIII. So to Cardinal Gibbons falls the honor of being the first American to have a voice in the choosing of a pope. He even figured as a possible candidate in the discussions before the event. There was not the remotest chance of his election, but the fact is mentioned to show

how far European slate-makers had advanced with regard to the United States.

As far as may now be gathered concerning the conclave, a good number of the cardinals had determined on the election of a pontiff whose previous career lay outside Rome. They desired a man who had intimate acquaintance with missionary work, and very little with courts and cabinets. Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, seemed to be the desired leader, and the vote turned to him after the veto of Austria shut out Cardinal Rampolla. The mere thought of being elected frightened Cardinal Sarto. It required the persuasion and advice of his brethren to secure his consent; and to this task Cardinal Gibbons lent his influence.

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The career and the nationality of the Baltimore prelate made him one of the noted figures of the conclave. European journals speculated without end as to his plans, his influence, and his movements. His stay in Paris to visit Cardinal Rich-ard was made the basis of many stories. De Quincey used to tremble in his opium dreams at the phrase "Roman consul." He felt the immense power and dignity of Rome descending upon his heavy slumbers. The vivid French imagination was similarly affected by the phrase "the American cardinal." The vast but unknown power of the young republic seemed to stalk behind James Gibbons.

In Europe a cardinal is either caressed by the government, or slowly done to death by torture. He cannot stir from home without alarming the premier. The mere fact that Cardinal Gibbons traveled at his own convenience and pleasure was proof, to the European journalists, that the Federal government owned him as a friend.

We smile at these evidences of lack of knowledge, but at the same time we feel like admitting that in another sense the journalists were justified. No man has loved his country more, or rendered her more willing, grateful, and important service than the Baltimore cardinal. Wherever he has gone, in this country or abroad, as a missionary in the wilderness or our representative among princes, he has done credit to his nation by his dignity, his prudence in speech and action, and his shining candor.

His American eminence deserves the good wishes and the sincerest thanks of his fellow-citizens for representing them so long and so nobly before men.

STORIETTES

The Detective and the Ring.

"I SAY it is impossible!"

"And I repeat that it is the simplest matter in the world."

"But it is a mere matter of mathematics!"

"As for your mathematics, they are stupid. I thought so when I was a little girl in school, and I am sure of it now. It is your foolish figuring that makes you men such idiots. Any woman with a spoonful of common sense can twist you around her little finger!"

"My love," said the famous detective, becoming calmly superior, "you forget yourself in speaking so; you forget also that I have passed years in perfecting myself in my profession. I will not continue the discussion—it is undignified."

"Very well," his wife replied; "you may cease the discussion if you wish, since words can prove nothing. But there is another method of settling our little difference of opinion. Let us put it to the proof, here and now."

"How can it be done?"

"We will enact a little comedy, you and I. You tell me that it is difficult to conceal even a small object so that it cannot readily be found by a skilful search. I say that it is easy. Now, let us see. I will take my wedding-ring"—she drew it from her finger—"and then you and I will go into the hall together; I will return to this room, and in sixty seconds from that time you shall follow me; if in half an hour you find the ring, then you have won. Otherwise, you must acknowledge that you have lost. I warn you, however, that I shall win, and I shall exact a penalty. Do you agree?"

The detective considered.

"What is the penalty?" he asked.

"Nothing to regret. The opera for us two to-night, and a little supper afterward."

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a smile, as he put aside his newspaper. "It is to be merely a comedy, then?"

"Merely a comedy," she assented, returning his smiling glance.

"But let us make a few conditions," said he, "for you have limited the time for the search."

"And the time for hiding," she retorted. "But no matter. I will be generous, since I am sure to win. Come, I will agree not to conceal the ring upon my person—for I do not wish to be disturbed—nor where any demolition is necessary. That is, I will not drop it into any crevice, nor make any special place for its reception. Indeed, you shall be the judge of my fairness. If I lose, you shall impose your own penalty. Is it agreed?"

"You will hide it in this room?" said he, rising.

"Yes," she said, rising also. "I will suppose myself a pickpocket, or a smuggler detected in possession of a contraband jewel. You have followed me so closely that I have only one minute to spare. You will knock, I will admit you, and behold, there shall be no trace of the crime!"

"And you will produce the ring at once when the half hour has expired?"

"In two seconds," she said promptly.

"My dear wife, it is impossible," he insisted, walking to the door.

"The simplest thing in the world," was her reply as she followed him into the hallway.

He drew out his watch and noted the place of the second hand.

"In a moment more," he remarked, raising his finger; and then he said almost at once, "Go!"

She held the ring up before him, opened the door, went in briskly, and closed it.

Her husband watched the seconds no more keenly than he listened. He heard distinctly the rustling of a newspaper, and he smiled. Then he heard one of the fire-irons moved gently, and distinguished his wife's footsteps as she crossed the room. He counted the steps, but did not lose sight of the watch-dial. The time was up. He was at the door in an instant, and knocked sharply.

"Enter!" was the instant reply.

He went in and found his wife awaiting him at the door with a roguish smile.

"I hope," she said, putting her arm affectionately on his shoulder, "that you can afford to buy the tickets?"

"Come, come," he replied with affected