

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Brief Extracts from His Letters and Correspondence.

Covering the Period of His Life as a Protestant—His Views at One Time on the Possibility of Joining the Church—Letter to His Sister After Conversion From the "Letters and Correspondence" of Cardinal Newman we make a few extracts.

It was the settled belief of the Cardinal that the true life of a man is to be gathered best from his letters. He wished to be judged by his own words and dreaded being interpreted by others.

That memoir intended to cover the period of his life as a Protestant which is not treated of in the Apologia is published in this latter volume. Of the circumstances of his birth and early years we learn little that is new—except, perhaps, a nursery tradition which tells how, after an infantile struggle between mother and son, when the mother had said: "You see, John, you did not get your own way," the strong-willed child replied: "No, but I tried very hard. He was sent to a school at Ealing when he was seven years old. His success in his studies was remarkable. He remained at Ealing eight years and a half and left it only to go to the University.

The predominant note of the record of his early months at Oxford was his deliberate aloofness, and at the same time a certain sense of loneliness. When the Princess Charlotte died and the tailor went to his room to ask if he wanted mourning, Newman was obliged to ask for whom he was to mourn—"You see what a hermit I am," was his own comment to his father. A week after his arrival he writes:

I am not noticed at all except by being silently stared at. I am glad, not because I wish to be apart from them or ill-natured, but because I really do not think I should gain the least advantage from their company. For H—, the other day, asked me to take a glass of wine with two or three others, and they drank and drank all the time I was there. I was very glad that prayers came half an hour after I came to them, for I am sure I was not entertained with either their drinking or their conversation.

Newman's abilities and wonderful industry soon began to make their mark in the University. Quite early in his undergraduate days he complains of the lectures being "so childishly easy." The winning of the scholarship at Trinity is thus described:

First, as I was going out, before I had changed my gown, one of the candidates met me, and wanted to know if it was decided. What was I to say? "It was." "And who has got it?" "Oh, an in-college man," I said, and I hurried away as fast as I could. On returning with my newly-earned gown, I met the whole set going to their respective homes. I did not know what to do; I held my eyes down.

A curious touch of his home life is shown by the following:

September 30, 1821. Sunday—After dinner to-day I was suddenly called downstairs to give an opinion whether I thought it a sin to write a letter on Sunday. I found dear F— had refused to copy one. A scene ensued, more painful than any I have experienced. I have been sadly deficient in meekness, long suffering, patience and filial obedience. With God's assistance I will redeem my character.

An entry of the following day records how his father was reconciled to him, and the son's feeling that this forgiveness was an example of very striking candor, forbearance and generosity.

Now take up the second volume, and quote a few of the correspondence contained therein. In April (1824) he writes a letter, which explains itself, to the Rev. R. F. Wilson:

*** What do you mean by thinking me violent, and talking of my stern orthodoxy? Do you not recollect, when you began to read Aristotle with me, your declaring we did differ certainly, and your finding, when we opened to each other, that we quite agreed? Nor that other time when we were centering on Bullington, and you declared a sermon of mine about the King and kingly power, which you had not heard, must be a peg beyond you, and I on the other hand said and showed that I did not wish to go one jot further than Blackstone, and you at length acquitted me? And now again you are already beginning to find, in spite of what you say, that I am especially moderate in Church matters; that, if there is one merit I have, it is extreme moderation. Your last letter half admits this. Do not you believe any stray speeches, ignorantly, circulated by unsophistical mouths to be mine; and tell your friends who said that if I had been a born Roman Catholic I should have died one, that he would have died a Dissenter had he been born one, and then we have merely to battle it, which is best to be, a Dissenter or a Roman Catholic.

A letter to his sister Gemina in the fall of the same year gives his views at that time of the possibility of his joining the Catholic Church.

I dined with the Dean yesterday, who is a kind, unassuming man. * * * He has no views, and in consequence is like a ship without a rudder. Since I have been away I have read Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church, Marsh's Comparative View, and Faber's Romanism almost, and have more of a view. To become a Romanist seems more and more impossible; to unite with Rome (if she would let us) not impossible; but she would not, without ceasing to be Rome. Somehow my own confidence in my views seems to grow. I am aware I have not yet fully developed them to myself. There are opinions as yet unknown to me, which must be brought out and received; inconsistencies, too, perhaps to be set right; but, on the whole, I seem to have a grasp of a system very comprehensive. I could go on a great way with Rome, and a great way with the Evangelicals; nay, I should not despair of religious Dissenters. I think our system will be very taking from its novelty, its solemnity, and its argumentative basis. I see persons struck and puzzled at it. Such is M. Bunsen, who, when I first had some words with him, looked at me with interest, as one who was on ground which he had once occupied.

To Keble he writes in 1843 of Father Lockhart's conversion:

I have just received a letter from Lockhart, one of my intimates, who has been away for three weeks, saying that he is on the point of joining the Church of Rome, and is in retreat under Dr. Gentili of Loughborough. You may fancy how sick it makes me.

In 1844, a little before the end, he writes to his sister:

I am not unwilling to be in trouble now, and for others to be—for it is what must be—and the more of it the sooner over. It is like drinking a cup out. I am far from unkind of what you say about unsettlement of others being a providential intimation; but there must be a limit to its force, else Jews could never have become Christians in early times, or Nestorians, or Monophysites, Catholics in more recent. How St. Paul must have unsettled quiet Jews who were serving God, and heard nothing but ill of our Lord as a Samaritan and "deceiver!" And this suggests what has ever been said against the Church at all times, namely, that it was corrupt, anti-Christian, etc. This has ever been a note of the Church. And I do believe the Church of Rome has the imputation only in this sense (allowing for our Lord's parable of the Net). It is no new thing that the Church has been under odium and in disgrace. And I confess the atrocious lies I can call them nothing else—which are circulated against myself have led me to feel how very false the popular impression may be about Jesuits, etc. I say this because one of the most plausible arguments against the Church of Rome is, "We do not understand these things, but we are quite sure that there could not be so much suspicion, so much imputation, without cause for it at bottom, in spite of prejudice, exaggeration," etc.; just what people may say, or do say, about myself.

We may conclude our extracts with a very humble cry to his sister after his conversion; the other letters in connection with that event are too well known for reproduction here:

Nothing you say about my loss of influence has any tendency to hurt me, as you kindly fear it should. I never have thought about any influence I had had. I never have mastered what it was. It is simply no effort whatever to give it up. The pain, indeed, which I knew I was giving to individuals has affected me much; but as to influence, the whole world is one great vanity, and I trust I am not set on anything in it—I trust not. Nor have I thrown influence away if I have acted at the call of duty.

A REALISTIC CRUFICTION.

The Sufferings of Jesus Represented in Wooden Mechanism.

Herman Jacobs, a carpenter of Bunzlau, Prussia, has been credited with constructing a wonderful piece of mechanism representing in several successive scenes the Passion of the Saviour. All the actors in the grand and impressive drama are carved from wood, and are each about six inches in height. The machinery runs by clockwork, and enacts the various parts three times at each winding. The panorama first unfolded is a beautiful garden, with the figure of Jesus kneeling in prayer under one of the trees, figures of the three sleeping apostles being plainly discernible in the distance.

As the machinery warms up, the wheels and the figures move more rapidly, quickly unfolding the last scenes in the earthly career of Jesus. The last supper, the betrayal, the remorseful look which comes over the face of Judas when he first realizes the extent of his crime, the examination of Jesus before Caiaphas, the dialogue between Pilate and the Jews—all fit before the gaze in a manner so astonishingly lifelike and real as to make one almost believe himself at Calvary. After the sentence has been pronounced a figure of Jesus with the cross appears. The cross is mechanically erected, while the little figures busy themselves in binding the figure to be nailed upon it. Ladders are run up to the arms of the cross, a little figure slips quietly over the rungs, then there is a sound of

hammers as two figures hold the one that is being nailed to the cross by the figures on the ladders. At last, when all is thought to be finished, a figure on horseback slides across the platform, draws his sword, and thrusts into the side of the figure on the cross. The last scene represents Jesus in the sepulchre with angels guarding the remains.

Mr. Adams, in his "Letters on Silesia," says: "It is the most remarkable piece of mechanism I have ever seen. The traitor's kiss, the scourging, the nailing to the cross, the sponging of vinegar, and every seeming pain inflicted occasion feelings which cannot be felt at mere description."

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

This Year It Will Be Sent to the Empress of Austria.

Archbishop Gallimberti, Papal Nuncio at Vienna, has notified the Austrian Court that the Pope will this year send the Golden Rose to the Empress of Austria. A few weeks ago, despatches from Paris stated that it was reported in that city that his Holiness had sent the famous token to Madame Carnot, the wife of the President of the French Republic.

The Golden Rose is an ornament blessed by the Pope every year on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and sent occasionally to Catholic sovereigns, to noted churches and sanctuaries, to great generals, and to illustrious Catholic cities or republics. Originally, it was a single flower of wrought gold, colored red; afterwards the golden portals were decked with rubies and other gems; finally, the form adopted was that of a thorny branch, with several flowers and leaves, and one principal flower at the top, all of pure gold.

The practice appears to have arisen in the thirteenth century, but by what Pope it was instituted in its present form is uncertain. That Popes used to send presents in very early times to princes who deserved well of the Church is well known.

Our Saviour's Crib.

The "Catholic Times" of Liverpool in reply to an inquirer, says: We are told that the Crib in which Our Saviour was born is still preserved in the Liberian Basilica at Rome. It was brought from Bethlehem in the seventh century. The custom of erecting Cribbs in Churches at Christmas began in the thirteenth century, and the pioneers were the Franciscans.

IN THE DAYS OF EVIL.

An Incident Showing What Persecutions Our Ancestors Suffered for Their Faith.

Although the days of physical persecution for the Catholic faith are passed in England, and are unlikely to return in these times of greater indifference, if not of increased faith and humanity, still we think it is well that Catholics should have a vivid remembrance of what their ancestors had to go through in those evil days; and that the young—especially should learn what courage and steadfastness were shown by children like themselves when confronted with their cruel persecutors rather than give up that precious jewel of the faith which they valued more than life. The details of this touching story of boyish heroism are taken from authentic records.

The scene is laid in Lancashire during the Christmas of the year 1538, when the old home of the Worthingtons had been all prepared for the Midnight Mass, and the First Communion of the heir of the house. But the whole was stopped by the unexpected return of the grandfather, who had virtually apostatised to save his property, and had consented to attend the services of the new Protestant Church. He arrived at Blainscoe Hall to find all the preparations for the Christmas feast, the danger of which was increased by the presence of his son, a priest, who, at the risk of his life, had come to offer the Holy Sacrifice. To turn his son out of the house, and finally to denounce him to the authorities, were the subsequent acts of the old man. But, by so doing, he fell into his own trap, and was arrested as having given false information as to the whereabouts of the hunted priest. In the meantime his heroic daughter-in-law and her son had retired to another country place, where they were tracked and imprisoned. We will not anticipate the interests of the tale by describing the incidents of the boy's examination at his trial, his sufferings, and his subsequent escape.

The Death of Cardinal Simon.

Cardinal Simon, the primate of Hungary, who died on January 28, is the sixty-ninth member of the Sacred College who has departed this life since Pope Leo XIII. began his reign. The number of Cardinals is supposed to be seventy, but there are generally vacancies in the Sacred College. Just now there are only six Cardinal Bishops, forty-seven Cardinal priests and ten Cardinal deacons. Of the present Cardinals fifteen were created by Pope Pius IX.

THE SUPERSENSITIVE.

MEN WHO THINK THEY ARE CARICATURED BY AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

Sothorn's Experiences with Count Joannes—A Deal with Countess Proposed—People Who Were Unconsciously Offended by Wilkie Collins.

One of the most popular entertainers the world has seen suffered greatly, owing to the persistence with which people would see likenesses to themselves in the creations of his fancy. If he chose the name of Brown, Jones or Robinson for one of his characters, some real cognomen wrote to him, complaining bitterly against his "satirizing a class," and then pointed out certain of their distinctive peculiarities which were, they alleged, burlesqued.

On the other hand, if he invented, as he thought, an uncommon name, somebody wanted to know how it was he selected him for ridicule. Why, asked the indignant writer, did not the entertainer choose some common name, such as Brown, Jones or Robinson, and not that borne by him? It was useless to point out to such people that the entertainer had never heard of their existence even. Each of them firmly believed that he was the original of a certain character.

SOTHERN AND JOANNES.

Sothorn again; what a curious experience was his! The actor, when playing in America as Fitzalanmont in "The Crushed Tragedian," one morning was called upon by an "interviewer," who told him that a Count Joannes, once an actor of the old school of which Sothorn made fun, had brought a suit to stop the performance of the piece on the ground that the comedian's makeup maligned him and burlesqued his identity. Sothorn thought the affair was a joke, but when the reporter assured him it was serious he said:

"If I have to go down to that court to show cause, by George! I pity the man that brings me. I won't let him rest while his worried life clings to him. He shall get telegrams and postcards from this time on forever. Do about it! Why, I shall appear, of course."

Presently another reporter was announced. Sothorn again professed never to have heard of the suit brought against him.

"How would you fight it if the count should challenge you?" asked the press man.

"I should prefer the date to be the 1st of April, and although I haven't very fully considered the question, I think the weapons should be cannon. Yes, on reflection, I am sure I should insist on those cannon that discharge 170 shots a minute. He should sit upon one of those engines and I upon another, and we should continue to discharge them until there should be no remnant of either count or Sothorn."

All this and much more was published under startling headlines on the following morning. Count Joannes, however, was terribly in earnest, though, of course, nothing came of his suit except a capital advertisement, of which full advantage was taken.

ANGERED BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Of modern authors Wilkie Collins decidedly had the most remarkable series of encounters with the class of people who identify themselves with purely imaginary personages. "A bourgeoisie of Paris," he himself has told us, "reading 'The Woman in White' in a French translation, wrote to say that he had found the book to the other end of the room on discovering that Fosco was an absolutely perfect likeness of himself. He naturally insisted on receiving satisfaction for this insult, leaving the choice of swords or pistols to me, as the challenged person. Information on which he could rely had assured him that I meditated a journey to Paris early in the ensuing week. A hostile meeting might, in such circumstances, be easily arranged." Arrived in Paris, Wilkie Collins looked for his honorable opponent in vain.

Again Mr. Collins invested a character who was so careful about the quantity of his food that he weighed it in little scales at table. Shortly after the publication of the novel a gentleman called upon the author.

"You have no right, sir, to caricature me!" exclaimed the caller to the astonished novelist; "I weigh my food in little scales, sir. Here they are, sir. I always carry them about with me by the advice of my physician; but is that any reason why I should be held up to ridicule, sir?"

WHEN TATTOOING WAS POPULAR.

During the Civil War Tattooers Kept a Busy Hand Among Seamen.

So clever was the artist in tattooing in days of the civil war that every spar or portion of rigging in use on board a warship appeared outlined upon the human skin with a fidelity in regard to detail well nigh equal to that of steel engraving.

A representation of a fox hunt, which design covered the entire body, was a favorite one among navy seamen. In most cases this design was skillfully tattooed, and even beautifully, the hunters in red coats, the horses at full gallop, the leaping hounds and fleeing fox appearing wonderfully lifelike in their attitudes and proportions. For the ornamentation of the arms some design of a national character was usually chosen by men seeking to be tattooed.

A goddess of liberty bearing the national flag and seated upon a flying eagle's back was for years a favorite design among sailors. A full length picture of the goddess of liberty with hand resting upon a national shield, and with the topmasts of several vessels appearing in the background was another popular design for the forearm. The national coat of arms and also the one peculiar to the navy were popular pieces.

Seamen of a religious turn of mind usually selected a representation of the crucifixion of Christ to appear on their forearms. Others preferred to have a design representing Christ crowned with thorns appear upon either their back or breast.

"The sailor's farewell," representing a maiden and sailor in the act of parting with each other, and with a full rigged ship in the background, was perhaps the most popular design of the many in use among navy sailors during the war. There were numerous other designs in use, a description of which would occupy more space than can be afforded in this sketch.

The most singularly tattooed man ever met with by the writer was an individual who during the civil war served on board the sloop of war San Jacinto. Upon this man's body appeared a perfect representation, save as to color, of the flags of all nations. These designs covered nearly every portion of the man's body from the neck downward.

Freemasons, Odd Fellows and those belonging to kindred organizations were often wont to adorn their hands, arms and bodies with a whole or part of the symbols of their respective orders. Of the smaller designs the initials of one's name was perhaps the most sensible of all others chosen to appear on one's body.

The professional tattooers did a thriving business in our navy during the civil war. The price demanded by them for the work they performed varied with the size and character of the design chosen by the person to be tattooed. The price for tattooing the fox hunt was fixed at \$70. For a full rigged ship \$25 was demanded. For any piece requiring time and the exercise of more than ordinary skill in its completion a sum ranging from \$10 to \$30 was demanded.

The placing of a star or anchor upon a man's hand was a simple affair with tattooers, who for tattooing either design charged fifty cents.

Certain of the celebrities in tattooing serving in our navy during the civil war left the service having in their possession quite a respectable sum of money obtained by them in the steady pursuit of their peculiar calling. Bill Haswell, of Baltimore, who in his day was held to be unequalled as a tattooer, is said to have retired from the navy after a cruise of twenty-six months with upward of \$5,000 over and above his regular pay, which was that of a seaman.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Tale of Bluebeard.

The tale of Bluebeard is familiar to every child, but many have speculated on the original of this bogey, merciless tyrant. Some say it was a satire on Henry VIII, of wife killing notoriety. Dr. C. Taylor thinks it is a type of the castle lords in the days of knight errantry. According, however, to a popular belief, Charles Ferrault, the French author of this fascinating story, founded it on the history of a certain Giles de Retz, lord of Laval, who during his lifetime was known by the name of "Barbe Bleu," or "Bluebeard," on account of the peculiar bluish black hue of his beard. This lord had a mania for sorcery and magic, and was accused of murdering six wives. He was ultimately strangled and burned in 1440.—New York Ledger.

Marked Progress.

Ignoramus—How is the work of civilizing and Christianizing Africa progressing? Cultivated Friend—Very nicely. The European powers have finally succeeded in dividing the land among them without a war.—New York Weekly.