CARDINAL MANNING.

THE painter who, conscious of his own deficiencies, has yet satisfied his patrons by a portrait executed to order, may well hesitate to fulfill the task if requested to furnish a companion picture. The subject, however worthy, may not appeal so fully to his own interests or imagination; the character may not be so familiar to him, or have been studied so long; the light in which the picture is to hang may be different; the original may be better known, and the representation therefore more open to criticism. Just as I think any painter may feel, so do I feel in reality when asked by the Editor of THE CENTURY to contribute to these pages a sketch of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Whatever insufficiency I was aware of in myself, in contributing a sketch of Cardinal Newman, is much more obvious to me in the present undertaking. Were it conceivable to me that I should ever become a Catholic, I should, in joining the church, be more attracted by the school of thought to which, as it seems to an outsider, Cardinal Newman belongs, than to that of Cardinal Manning; while my very complete sympathy with much of the Archbishop's political, social, and philanthropic work serves, though the logical process is not very clear, to intensify my theological distance from him. What, however, the readers of THE CENTURY wish is not a portrait of the man by one of his own intimates, or by one of his own faith, but rather a sketch of one of the foremost men in modern London, and the foremost representative of the Catholic Church in England. This I essay to give, not without diffidence, but with every wish to be honest and fair.

Cardinal Manning is in his seventy-fourth year. He is the son of the late William Manning, M. P., and Governor of the Bank of England, and was educated at Harrow and Baliol, migrating thence, after taking the highest honors, to become a Fellow of Merton. He is a typical public school man, and could scarcely have been at any but a fashionable public school. Men who have not had such training may have courtly manners, may be thorough men of the world; those educated at home may have equal, sometimes more, erudition; but the combination of learning worn lightly like a flower, great frankness of manner with power of reticence when needed, aptness for being at home in any society, from the rough to the courtier, and simple unconscious ease, are generally to be found among Englishmen only in those educated at our first-class public schools. These were the qualities which, joined with his birth and his father's position, gave him, even as a very young man, a commanding influence in Oxford society, which raised him to be Archdeacon of Chichester at the early age of thirty-two, and which have made him so great a power in his own communion since he joined it. They have also given him influence among very various classes of society, especially among the great, so that his brother-in-law, the late Bishop of Winchester, smarting under the desertion of his friend, and unable to deny himself the use of epigram, called him the "apostle of the genteels." He became Rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex in 1834, and married the youngest Miss Serjeant, one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington property, two other sisters having married Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop, and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage but a few months, and the four volumes of "Parochial Sermons," published by Archdeacon Manning while Rector of Lavington, show the effect upon a sensitive nature of a very deep and early sorrow, which strengthened the spirituality of his nature and turned his thoughts more and more toward the unseen world. All that was deepest in him, just as what was true in the nature of Bishop Wilberforce, was touched and strengthened by the loss of their young and beautiful wives. This great sorrow, by which his after elevation in the church of his adoption was rendered possible, has not always been looked upon by his co-religionists in the same light. It was one of the canons of his own Pro-cathedral who said that the greatest blow the Catholic Church had received in this century was the death of Mrs. Manning.

A quiet residence among the Sussex downs might have put an extinguisher on many men; it put none on Manning. Any one who reads the lives of the Wilberforces, or the many biographical and other contributions toward the history of the English Church during the Tractarian movement, will recognize the considerable part which Manning played; and when he became Archdeacon of Sussex his charges were among the forces that affected the whole religious and political attitude of a large and often dominant section of the English Church.

It may be here well to quote, both as a specimen of his style and of the tone of thought in which he habitually lived, the concluding sentences of a sermon published by him on "Commemoration of the Faithful Departed":

> "Therefore, the Church commemorates their [the saints'] earthly welfare, that we may go forth out of ourselves in a reverent love for those whose sanctity abashes our inflated self-esteem. She bids us remember that, in comparison with her mighty dead, we are but worms; that the Church is not ours to rend and set in array, nor to patronize and irreverently praise; that we are but one of a flowing tide of generations — one only — and that neither the worst nor the best. Better were it for us to stand in awe at our own littleness. We are but a handful of restless, therefore, self-exalting children in the sight of the Church unseen.
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> "Therefore, year by year, let us reverently commemorate their names, remembering what they were, but steadfastly gazing at what they are. Their very words are still ringing in our ears: of some the beloved image, too, is full before us. Let us live as they would bid us, could they still speak: let us fulfill their known behests, following in their steps, filling up the works that they began, carrying on their hallowed offices now bequeathed to our care: let us be like them in deadness to sin, and increasing homage to our unseen Lord. As we grow holier, we grow nearer to them; to be like them is to be with them; even now they are not far from us; we know not how nigh. As yet, for a time, the veil is drawn. We shall know all at His coming. It may be, we shall say: What! so near, and we could not see you? At times we could almost fancy we were not alone; but when we strained our sight, we saw nothing; when we listened, all was still."

But Manning was by no means consciously approaching the goal at which he afterward found himself; so far from this, that while the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot was still a scandal to the English Liturgy, Archdeacon Manning preached before the University of Oxford a violent tirade against Popery with a vehemence unusual in an English, and still more in an university pulpit. He declared it to be impossible that the Pope should ever again have the jurisdiction in the realm of England; and his indignant declamation profoundly distressed many of those who, though not aware that they might themselves be drawn into closer relations with the Roman Church, yet desired to "speak gently of our sister's fall." Newman was then in retirement at Littlemore, preparing for the end, which was shortly coming—his own reception into Catholicism. Archdeacon Manning walked out to Littlemore to call upon him, but the report of the disastrous sermon had already preceded the preacher. The door was opened by one of those young men, then members of the quasi monastic community, who had to convey to the Archdeacon the unpleasant intimation that Dr. Newman declined to see him. So anxious was the young man to cover the slight, and to minimize its effect, that he walked away from the door with the Archdeacon, bare-headed as he was, and had covered half the way to Oxford before he turned back, unaware, as was his companion, of his unprotected state, under a November sky. So strangely do we change in these changing times, that it is hard to realize that the perplexed novice was Mr. J. A. Froude.

Those who read Archdeacon Manning's "Parochial Sermons" will recognize yet another predominant note besides that of nearness to the unseen world, although closely in harmony with the former. This is the note of sacramental channels of grace. Hence, when the spiritual grace of baptism was denied by Mr. Gorham, and his view pronounced to be tenable within the Church of England, Archdeacon Manning, with many others, felt the very ground on which they stood cut from under them. If the Church of England denied sacramental grace, which to them involved the very essence of religion, there was indeed nowhere to turn but to the Church of Rome, however impossible it had once seemed that they should do so. Immediately after the Gorham judgment was pronounced, Archdeacon Manning shook from his feet the dust of an heretical Church, to join that toward which his steps had so long unconsciously been advancing; when no doubt he found that the boundaries were by no means so difficult to overstep as they had seemed to him on that November day. After the short retirement, inevitable on his change, preparatory to taking orders in the church of his adoption, his rise was rapid and signal. He, too, like his brother cardinal, founded a congregation, that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, filling in the interim the dignified office of Provost of Westminster. In 1865, Monsignor Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. In 1875, he was created a cardinal with the title of Saints Andrew and Gregory. Since his appointment as archbishop few men have ever been more before the world. Not only is he a constant preacher in, and a frequent preacher out of his diocese; not only has he been a combatant in intellectual contests, especially in the Metaphysical Society, a club which met monthly, where he held his own with such disputants as Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Professor Huxley, —he has also taken part in the social life of London to such an extent that there is hardly a philanthropic work in which he could consistently coöperate wherein he has not been a sharer. Conspicuous above all has been the aid that he has given to total abstinence societies both in and out of his church. In politics he is understood to take a strongly democratic view, and has been heard to say that, were he not what he is, his choice would be to be a demagogue. On the Irish question, and to some extent on the extreme Irish side, he has been very outspoken; and should it hereafter prove to be possible that the Catholic Church, at least in the West, should ally herself with the cause of the people, as distinguished from the cause of the oligarchs, Cardinal Manning's name will be found on the roll of those who have helped the fusion.

One signal exception, indeed, there has been. The language in which he allowed himself to speak of the son of the perjured usurper of France, stricken down as a filibuster in a war with which he had nothing to do, was a profound grief to many who deeply admired His Eminence. Making all allowance for the feelings excited by a mother's sorrow and the death of a prince, so-called, who chanced to be Catholic, it was distressing to hear so powerful a voice lamenting the extinction of a dynasty which not all the sacred oil of Rheims could have made other than accursed, and from whose right hand the blood of the slaughters of the Second of December could never have been washed. And, indeed, it is this coquetting with tyrants, in spite of the upsurging, from time to time, of nobler and better feelings; it is this retrogression to the side of all that is base and foul in government, which—far more than dogmas, of which nearly all can be accepted metaphysically and transcendentally—keeps at a distance those who might be attracted by the great history or the soothing promises of the church which Cardinal Manning has adopted.

Those who attend his many sermons and speeches, those who read his published sermons and have a right to judge, tell us that the fervor of devotion which was so remarkable in the sermons of the archdeacon is to be found, enhanced and deepened, in the discourses of the archbishop. The keen arguments, the statesman-like papers on the Independence of the Holy See, the astute special pleading on behalf of the Vatican Council, have not dimmed the fervor of devotion. The man of the world never for an instant ceases to be the priest; and we believe that many a death-bed, which might have been not unfairly left to the ministrations of the minor clergy, has been blessed by the uplifted hand of him who in England bears the weight of all the churches. And, while many might take the Cardinal-Archbishop as an incarnation of shrewd, every-day common sense, his recognition of the pilgrimage to Lourdes shows that he yet feels how completely the church of the nineteenth century is the church of the Middle Ages, and that he shrinks from no recrudescence of modern miracles, however physical.

The eminently practical nature of the man has been shown in his choice of a residence. In all London there could scarcely have been found a house which, *primâ facie*, was less adapted for a home than the gaunt, ugly building standing a little south-east of the Victoria Station, erected by philanthropic officers a good many years ago as a club for the non-commissioned officers and men of the Guards. Its great echoing stone hall, its bare, square rooms, well intended for public purposes, seemed but ill adapted for a home; but when the Guards' Club failed as a speculation here was a house, cheap and large and handy—a building capable of being invested with a certain magnificence—and for comfort its occupant cares but little. No other great man is more accessible than the Cardinal. Through no rooms are ushered men of more various opinions than through these great halls, Italian in their spaciousness, all English in their chilliness. And yet a certain dignity and grandeur seem to haunt them and surround also their spare, even emaciated tenant. The windows of this uninviting abode look out on a dreary waste at the backs of houses, overgrown with what can only by courtesy be called grass—a squalid inclosure; but, to the Cardinal, this plot probably presents a different aspect than to the ordinary beholder, for it is the site of the cathedral which he intends to erect, and of which a design hangs on the walls of his chief reception-room. No doubt in his mind's eye there rise soaring arch and lofty spire, and the vision of England, Catholic once more, thronging its wide portals. We see no indication of the realization of such a view. What if converts by the hundred are to be numbered among the principal ranks, both of intellect and birth? What are they, even hundreds, among so many? What if there be into England large incursions of poor Irish, or poor Italians, or poor French, so that the churches in Westminster or Hatton Garden are thronged?—there is no sign whatever that the great bulk of the middle class of England are anything but sturdily Protestant, tolerating, but by no means accepting, the Catholic faith. Yet we would not, if we could, forbid the Cardinal to complete his church and to dream his dream, being well assured that his efforts, in whatever they result, must result at least in this—the moral elevation and ennobling of those who fall under his sway. Not wholly popular,—for his pastoral staff is somewhat rigid, and does not bud and blossom like the rod of Aaron,—he is yet thoroughly respected and revered by the Catholics of England. There are, indeed, cynics among his priests who think that he has made but little way in some of the causes which he has most at heart, and that, were his personal influence removed, the great teetotal organization of the League of the Cross would crumble to dust. But however this may be, we know too well that no man can carry out one-half the schemes he sets before him, and that, at any rate, in the words of George Herbert, he

> "Who aims a star
> Shoots higher far than he that aims a tree."

Those who are not of his own faith may be led to admire the indomitable pluck and vigor of one among the most prominent figures of our present London world.

C. Kegan Paul.

MORAL PURPOSE IN ART.*

IN the last lecture, we obtained a view of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" as containing two distinct stories, one of which might have been called "The Repentance of Gwendolen Harleth," and the other "The Mission of Daniel Deronda"; and we generalized the principal objections against the work into two, namely, that the main characters were prigs, and that the artistic value of the book was spoiled by its moral purpose. In discussing the first of these objections, we found that probably both of them might be referred to a common origin; for examination of precisely what is meant by a prig revealed that he is a person whose goodness is so downright, so unconforming, and so radical that it makes the mass of us uncomfortable. Now there can be no question that so far as the charge of being overloaded with moral purpose is brought against "Daniel Deronda," as distinguished from George Eliot's other works, it is so palpably contrary to all facts in the case that we may clearly refer it to some fact outside the case; and I readily find this outside fact in that peculiar home-thrust of the moral of "Daniel Deronda" which has rendered it more tangible than that of any preceding work which concerned time past. You will remember, we found that it was only in "Daniel Deronda," written in 1876, after thirty years of study and of production, that George Eliot allowed herself to treat current English society; you will remember, too, how we found that this first treatment revealed, among other things, a picture of an unspeakable brute, Grandcourt, throned like the Indian Cama above the multitude, and receiving the special adoration of the most refined young English girls with a blasé stare,—a picture which made the worship of the golden calf or the savage dance around a merely impotent wooden idol fade into tame blasphemy. No man could deny the truth of the picture; the galled jade was obliged to wince; this time it was *my* withers that were wrung. Thus the moral purpose of "Daniel Deronda"—which is certainly beyond all comparison less obtrusive than that of any other book written by George Eliot—grew, by its very nearness, out of all perspective. Though a mere gnat, it sat on the very eyelash of society and seemed a monster.

In speaking of George Eliot's earlier stories, I was at pains to show how explicitly she avowed their moral purpose: in "Amos Barton," in "Janet's Repentance," in "Adam Bede," everywhere there is the fullest avowal of didacticism; on almost every other page one meets those direct appeals from the author in her own person to the reader, in which George Eliot indulged more freely than any novelist I know, enforcing this or that moral view in plain terms of preaching. But it curiously happens that even these moral asides are conspicuously absent from "Daniel Deronda": the most cursory comparison of it in this particular with "Adam Bede," for example, reveals an enormous disproportion in favor of "Deronda" as to the weight of this criticism. Yet people who had enthusiastically accepted and extolled "Adam Bede," with all its explicitly moralizing passages and its professedly preaching characters, suddenly found that "Daniel Deronda" was intolerably priggish and didactic.

But resting thus on the facts in the case—easily provable by comparing "Daniel Deronda" with any previous work—to show how this censure of didacticism loses all momen-

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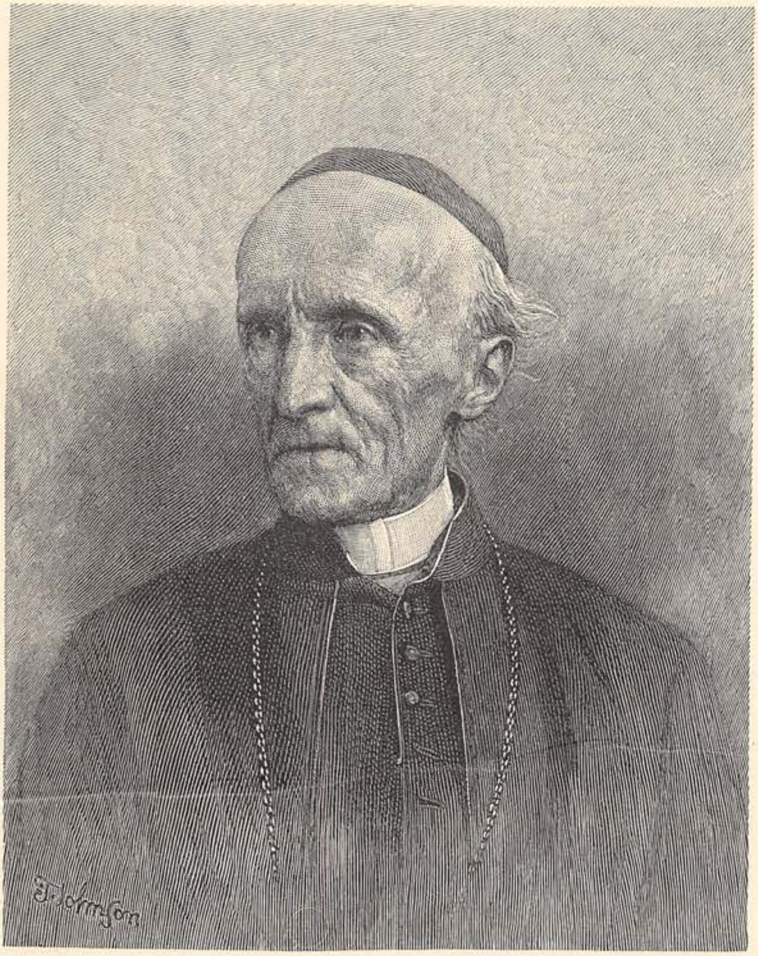
* Being the opening pages of the late Sidney Lanier's Last Lecture, Johns Hopkins University, April, 1881.



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