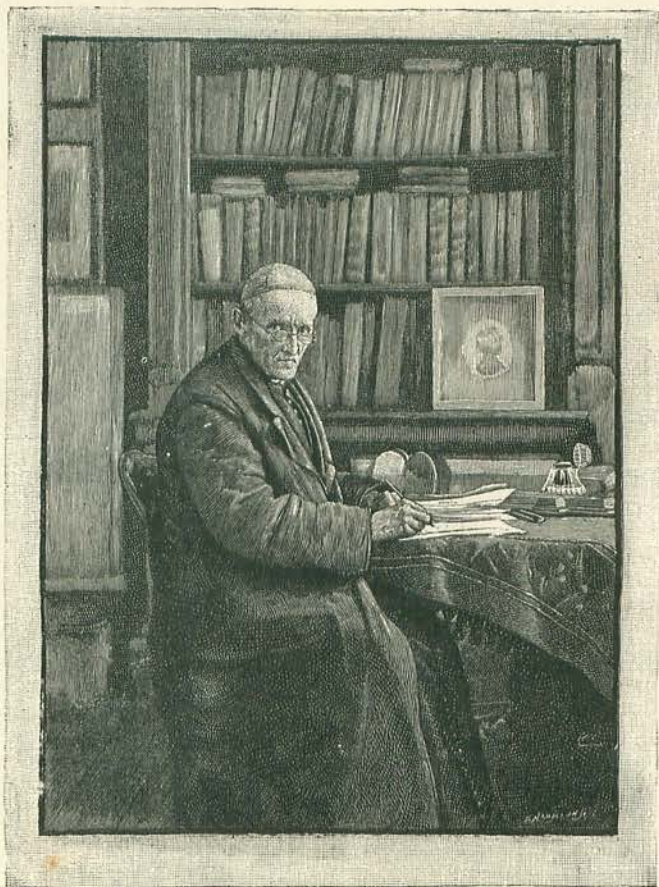


Illustrated Interviews.

No. I.—CARDINAL MANNING.



From a Photo, by]

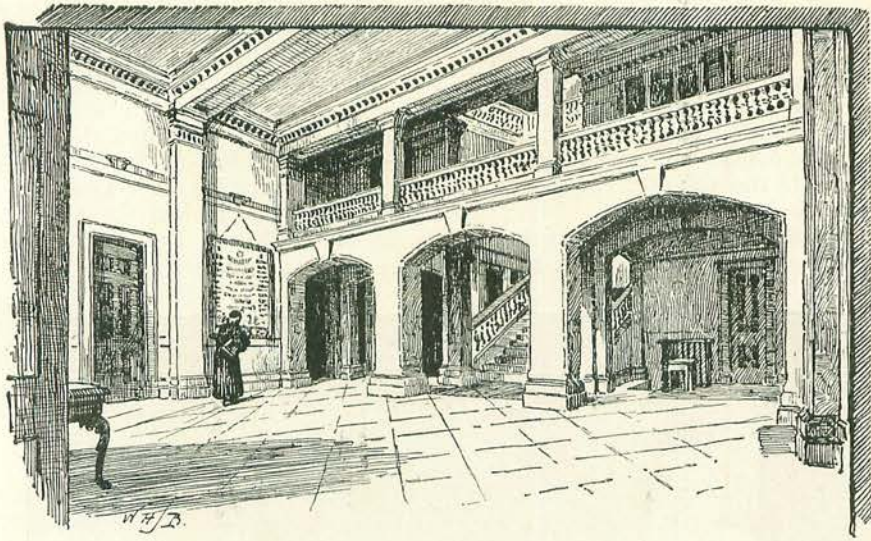
[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

CARDINAL MANNING IN HIS LIBRARY.

WHEN the officers of the three regiments of Guards conceived the idea some twenty-five years ago to build an institute for their privates and non-commissioned officers, they little thought that the great square building at the corner of Carlisle-place, near Victoria Station, would one day be converted into the residence of the Archbishop of Westminster. It was destined to be so, however, and was purchased in March, 1873, for this purpose. It is hard to realise, as the door closes behind me, and with it shuts out the slightest noise of passing traffic, that His Eminence Cardinal Manning sleeps in a small corner of a great gallery where a stage once stood,

and where red-coats once danced to the strains of merry music; that the great reception-room was a few years ago fitted up with carpenters' benches, and Guardsmen so inclined could try their skill with plane and chisel. Not a vestige of their presence remains. Nothing could be quieter or more simple. There is an air of solemnity about the place, this home of Cardinal Manning.

I have just seen the Cardinal. The day is cold, and he wears over his black cassock, edged with the traditional red, a long overcoat. Around his neck is the gold chain and cross of the See, and on his finger a massive ring, set with a glorious sapphire given to him by the late Pope. His still bright eyes, in a face typical of intense



ENTRANCE HALL.

kindness, begin to twinkle merrily when I tell him I want to take his memory back to sixty or seventy years ago—his boyhood days. He is fond of children. He tells me that he has letters from them in the United States, Australia, Canada, and how on every birthday—he was born on July 15, 1808—bunches and bunches of flowers come, the chapel and house are full of flowers. "But, go and see the house. In half an hour we will sit down and talk together."

There is the house dining-room, the windows of which look on to the street, interesting from the fact that it contains authentic portraits of the Vicars Apostolic from the time of James I., since the breach with Rome. On a pedestal near the window is a bust of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate; and on the mantelpiece, on either side of the clock, are two small busts of Pius IX. and the present Pope. The Cardinal takes all his meals alone, and is next-door to a vegetarian. The domestic chapel is in close proximity to the dining-room. Through a little ante-apartment, where the vestments are kept, and past a small confessional exquisitely carved in oak, the door of the chapel is opened, and the rays of light stream through the windows on to a simple altar. Here, in a glass case, is the mitre of white silk, to which the gold trimming still clings, worn by St. Thomas à Becket, whilst in residence at Sens. At another corner is a relic of St. Edmund. There are seats on

the green baize benches for a dozen worshippers; the gilt chair once used by the Cardinal is in the centre, with a black knee cushion richly worked with flowers. The relics, one of the most precious collections in the kingdom, are preserved in a case at the far end. They are a sight of rare beauty—wonderfully carved specimens of Gothic work in ivory, elaborate gold, silver,



THE CARDINAL'S FATHER.

and silver-gilt work. Amongst the most precious of them all, contained in a piece of crystal, is a fragment of the column against which our Lord was scourged; and set in a silver and enamelled shrine are three small pieces of dark wood, resembling ebony, round which are engraved the words: "Behold the wood of the cross on which our Saviour was hung."

Ascending the stone steps leading from the entrance hall, I pass into an ante-room,

Sassoon, and Sir Henry Isaacs. The Cardinal's biretta, given to him by the Pope, is under a glass case, as it is always the practice of Cardinals to keep the one so given when raised to this exalted position and never wear it. Amongst the works of art—including one of Savonarola—is a magnificent painting by Louis Haghe representing "High Mass in St. Peter's, Rome, on Christmas Day." The picture is peculiarly interesting, for the artist died



From a Photograph by]

THE CHAPEL.

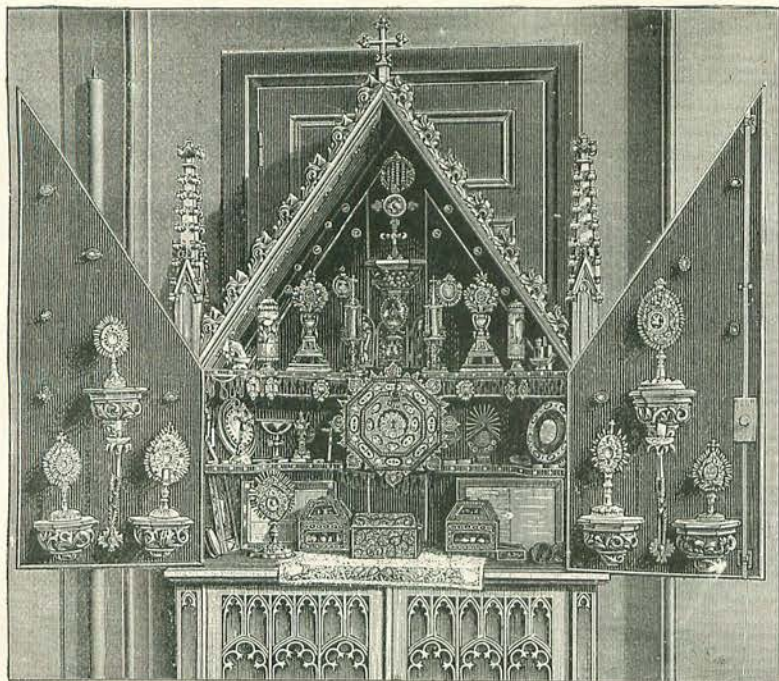
[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

where stands a life-size bust of the Cardinal's father, William Manning, a London merchant, a Governor of the Bank of England, and sometime member of Parliament for Evesham, and afterwards for Penrhyn. A very heavy statue of the Virgin Mary finds a place here. It was made from cannon taken at Sebastopol. The great reception-room, too, with its massive heavy gilt chairs, its richly carved cabinets, whereon are set out numerous treasures, is a fine apartment. On the tables are huge volumes containing the countless testimonials presented from time to time. The latest of these tributes is on the wall near the door: that presented by the Jews on October 30, 1890, and bearing such names as Lord Rothschild, Joseph Sebag Montefiore, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Reuben and Albert

before he had time to light the wicks of the candles on the altar.

The library is large, and the numerous book-shelves of black wood are well stocked with volumes. A portrait of the Duke of Norfolk, and an original oil painting of the late Cardinal Newman, rest against the wall. Many portraits of Cardinal Manning are scattered about, and there is a bust of himself and his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, side by side over the fire-place.

The Cardinal's bedroom is at the top of the building. Here in a corner of the Guards' ball-room, some seven or eight small apartments have been made—little square abodes, homely and simple to a degree. These rooms very much resemble, save that they are somewhat larger, the monks' cells in the Convent Church of San Marco



From a Photograph by

THE RELIQUARY.

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.]

at Florence. The Cardinal has always slept in a camp bed. It is covered with a red eider-down quilt. Just a wardrobe, an armchair, a washstand, and on the dressing table at the open window little nicks-nacks of toilet are laid out with distinctive neatness. A door opens from the sleeping apartment to the Cardinal's private oratory. Its almost quaint situation has secured for it the name of "The Noah's Ark." An altar, almost unadorned, has been set up here—very plain and unpretentious. Look where you will, it is all suggestive of the quiet and gentle disposition of a great man, and the illustration shows the sanctuary as it is when the Cardinal passes from his bedroom in the morning. Exactly opposite "The Noah's Ark" is another small oratory, a trifle more decorative perhaps, but still remarkably simple. This is used by the bishops when visiting His Eminence. Just then the butler tells me that the stipulated half-hour is past. This old family servant may be regarded with interest, for when he first ushered me into the presence of the Cardinal, His Eminence remarked that he had served him for over a quarter of a century. His coachman had been with him quite as long, for of all things he disliked it was changing seryants.

Passing through the now ancient ball-room, round the walls of which are a plentiful supply of pails filled to the brim in case of fire, and descending the stone steps once more, a door leading from the library opens into the Cardinal's work-room. What a litter! It is full of baskets, papers and pamphlets are scattered all over the place. Letters, bearing the postmark of every quarter of the globe, lie in a heap, waiting to be opened. The Cardinal, who sits in a great blue

arm-chair, and rests back upon a red velvet pillow, expresses sympathy in my astonishment. There are no fewer than eleven tables about, and he happily remarks, "You cannot count the chairs, for every one of them is a bookshelf." Then in a voice of wonderful firmness, and remarkably clear, he invites me to sit close to him.

"Yes, every day brings a multitude of letters. I open them all myself. Many I reply to, and the remainder keep two secretaries busy all day, and then they are by no means finished. I have a long, long day myself. At seven I get up, and oftentimes do not go to bed until past eleven—working all the time. My dinner is early, at 1.30, and tea comes round at 7 o'clock. Newspapers? I manage to get through some of the principal ones every day. Of course, I only 'skim' them over, but I make a point of reading the foreign news." He merrily—and with great humility—remarked in reference to the many books he had written that he "had spoilt as much paper as most people."

"Will you tell me something about your boyhood?" I asked.

"Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am eighty-three, but I spent

my childhood at Totteridge. As a boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wordsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day *and there were no grapes*. This is probably the only case on record where three future Bishops were guilty of larceny. We were punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up, and were forgiven.

"I was always fond of riding, shooting, boating, and cricketing. I well remember that with the first shot from my gun I killed a hare. That shot was nearly the means of preventing me from ever becoming eighty-three. My father's gamekeeper was with me at the time, and he was a very tall, heavy fellow, with a tremendous hand. When he saw the hare fall, he brought that same huge hand down on my back with all his might, and a hearty 'Well done, master Henry!' His enthusiasm nearly knocked me out of the world. My shooting inclinations, however, once nearly ruined the family coach—in those days, you know, we used to have great cumbersome, uncomfortable vehicles. I had a battery of cannons, and my first target was the coach-house-door. One of these formidable weapons carried a fairly weighty bullet. Well, I hit the door—the bullet went clean

through, and nearly smashed the panel of the coach.

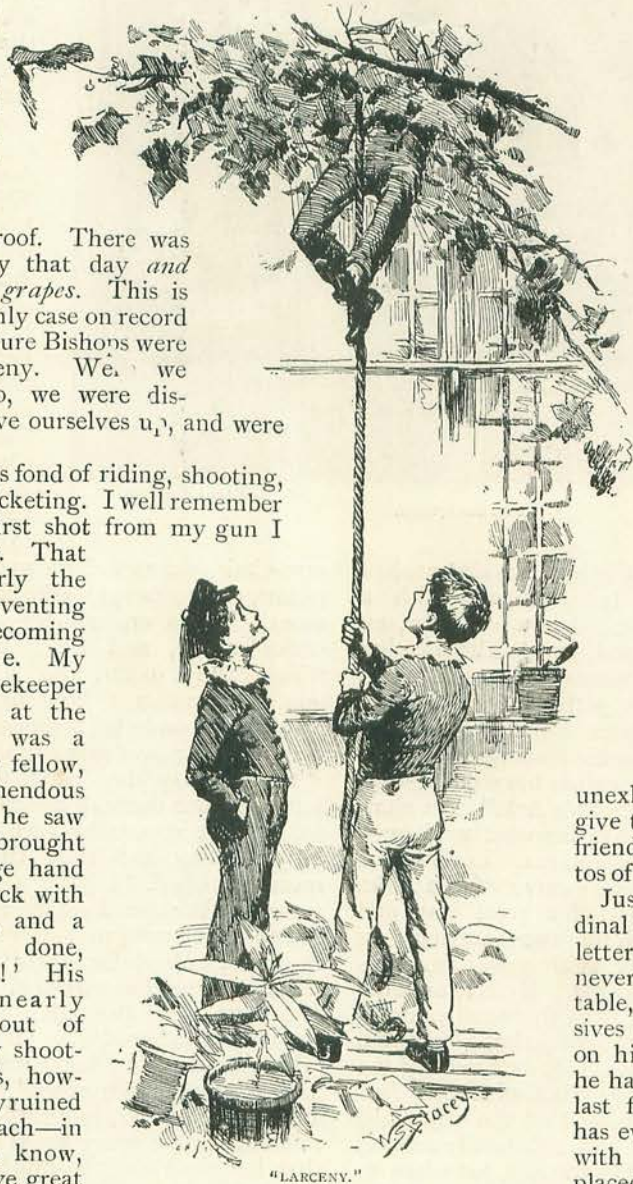
"I went to Harrow when I was fourteen, and remained there four years. I fear I can tell you but little about my cricketing days. I wish I could say that 'our side' won, but, alas! in the three matches I played in against Eton and Winchester at Lords we were beaten every time. I certainly scored some runs, but their total is forgotten. Then, as a boy, I was very fond of wood-carving, and the principal articles of home manufacture were boats. I made many of them, and as a lad they used to constitute my birthday present to my youthful companions. After I had reached manhood I found my stock of small river craft

unexhausted, so I would give them away to my friends as small mementos of my boating days."

Just then the Cardinal had to reply to a letter brought in. He never uses a writing table, but pens his missives on a pad resting on his knee, a practice he has followed for the last fifteen years. He has even written them with the notepaper placed in the palm of his hand. A few notes

of his wonderful career are jotted down. From Harrow he went to Oxford.

The Cardinal became a Catholic in 1851, previous to which he had been Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, since



"LARCENY."

1833, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman in February, 1865, he was made Archbishop, and ten years later raised to the dignity of Cardinal. He became a teetotaler in the autumn of 1868, and has been a firm adherent to teetotal principles ever since.

But the photographer is waiting. As the Cardinal sat down for a special picture for these pages he exclaimed wittily, "Well, you look like assassins, waiting to 'take' me." He tells a photographic story, too, whilst the operator is changing one of the plates, as to how a member of his clergy was preaching in the open air in the East End, and an itinerant photographer elbowed his room through the crowd and prepared to "catch" the cleric. The audience, however, were so much interested in the discourse, that one of them shouted out, "Now, then, get out with that shooting gallery!"

My visit to the Cardinal, however, was not only for the purpose of gathering some delightful reminiscences, but to ask his opinion on one of the burning questions of the hour. The great affection he has always had for the welfare of children, and the thoughtful kindness he has ever directed towards parents, suggested "Free Education," and His Eminence said :—

"In the sense understood in America in their system of common schools, free for all classes and conditions, or in the sense understood in France, where the State pays for all degrees of education, I am as much opposed to free schools as possible. Lord Salisbury has spoken of assisted education,

and I can attach to these words a sound meaning. Free schools display only a destructive part of State education.

"What do you mean by 'national' system?"

"I mean a system in which the nation educates itself. The education of children is a natural duty, or responsibility of the people itself, in all its homes and in all its localities; and until parental duty has been fulfilled to the utmost, by the intelligence and energy of individuals, I believe the intervention of the State to be premature and mischievous, because it obstructs the fulfilment of parental and natural duty.

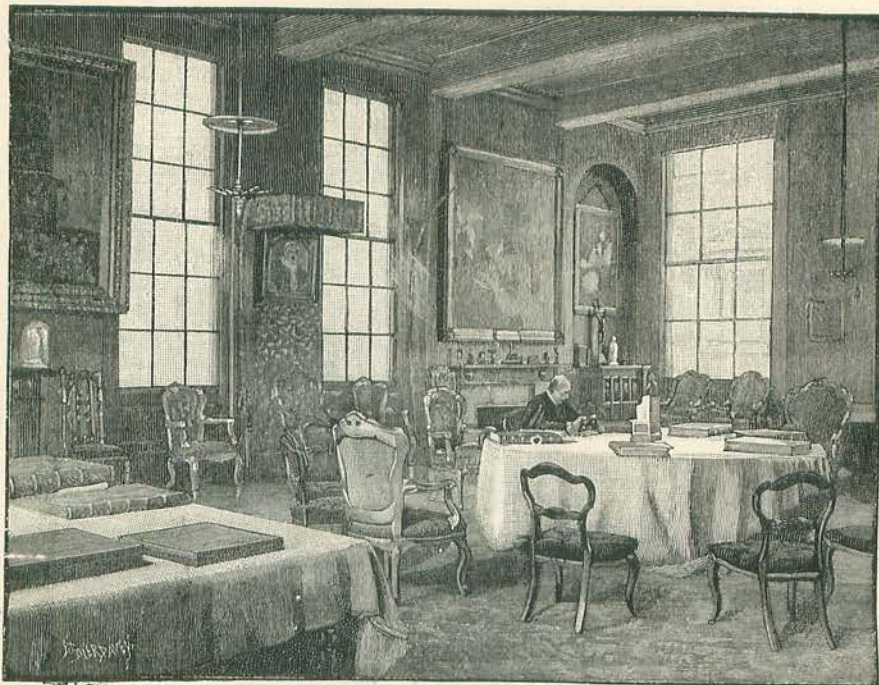
"Do you believe that a national system of education can ever exist without the assistance of the State?"

"No, unless it be in a very low and imperfect manner; but I believe that the whole greatness of the Empire, and all our world-wide commerce, and all our national character itself, is the creation not of the State but of the

intelligence, energy, and free-will of individuals. This was the original principle from which it sprang. The State has come in to assist when the first foundations have been laid, and gives permanence and extension to the work of individual energy. It is said that 'trade follows the flag,' but there was no flag when trade first entered upon the foreign lands which have become our colonies. Individual energy goes first, and the State follows after. I apply this to what is termed the voluntary system of education in England. Individuals began educating themselves and others, before the State granted a halfpenny to their



"I WAS VERY FOND OF CARVING BOATS."



From a Photograph by]

THE RECEPTION ROOM.

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

education, and I believe that it ought always to maintain itself in the same subordinate position. I am not unconscious that people say, 'Where the voluntary system contributes hundreds of thousands the State contributes millions,' but the State can never contribute that which is of more value than all the millions in the Treasury—I mean the parental responsibility, the zeal, fidelity, patience, and self-sacrifice of the body of teachers, and the docility and good conduct of children responding to those who treat them with love and care. This in the last twenty years has doubled the extent and the efficiency of the voluntary system, in spite of all poverty, which greatly burdens it, so that at this moment the poorest of the voluntary schools are running neck and neck with the Board Schools, which are the richest in the land. I would refer in proof of this to Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham last April, and to Mr. Stanley's excellent and generous pamphlet upon the state of the schools at Preston."

"Do you not approve of what the Government has done since the year '35 or '36?"

"Very heartily; only I think that the Government down to 1870, when it

authorised School Boards to put their hands in the pockets of the people, has behaved in an unequal way, and I hope that assisted education will show that the Government has risen to a full sense of its responsibility."

"Do you mean that contributions of the parents or the department are sufficient for the voluntary system?"

"By no means; I believe that the responsibility of parents in every home creates a responsibility of localities in every community or parish in the land. It is an absolute duty of local administration that the heads of such administration should take care that every child within their limits is duly educated. I believe, however, that the contribution of parents and the local rates, with assistance from the Treasury, will suffice for a voluntary system of national education."

"Then, where are free schools?"

"I believe that every parent who is able to pay for the education of his children is bound to do so, but that others, the State included, are bound to pay for those who are unable to pay for themselves. In this sense, as a subordinate detail, I heartily accept free schools, but not the name."



THE GREAT GALLERY.

“Does not contribution from local rates involve local management?”

“Without doubt, so far as to see that the local rates are honestly applied, but it is a universally established and admitted principle that neither grants from the Treasury nor rates from the locality can be applied to the teaching of religion. They are exclusively given for the secular education and efficient management of schools, outside the matter of religion, and therefore for that reason, and upon that broad principle, neither the inspectors of Government nor local managers, unless they be of the religion of the schools, have any right to make or meddle with any management except within the limits of the Government inspection.

“I have had long experience of the yearly inspection of the Home Office, the Education Department,

of the Boards of Guardians of the Metropolitan District, and I can bear witness that their visits and comments have been fair, just, and useful, and of great service to us and to our schools.”

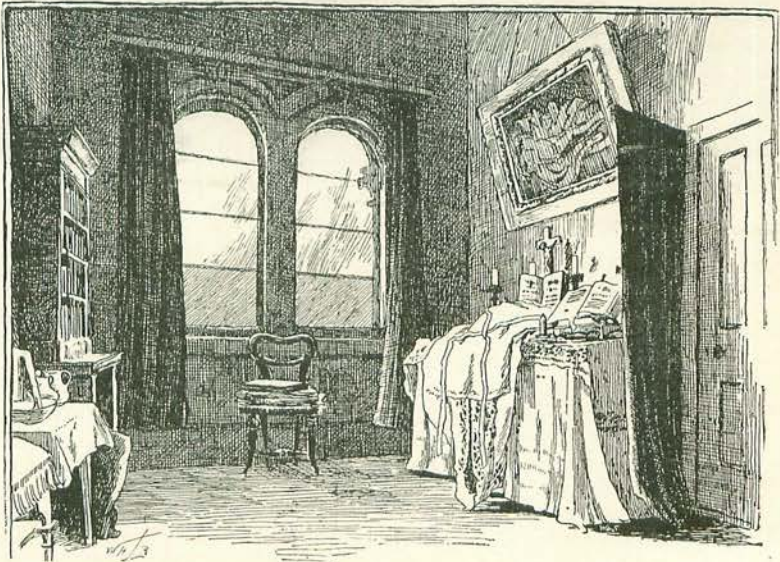
“Have you any objection to the School Board system?”

“Many, too many to enumerate now, but four in chief:—

“First: they make us pay education rate to maintain their schools, which we

cannot conscientiously use, leaving us, at the same time, to maintain our own.

“Secondly: from the want of definition as to what are elementary or primary schools, the School Boards have in the last few years extended the curriculum of education up to the standard of Harrow and Eton, and have charged it upon the education rate paid by the poor. This was never intended by the Legislature in the year 1870.



THE CARDINAL'S PRIVATE ORATORY.

"Thirdly: there is no practical limit to the amount of rate that may be charged, and, in my belief, no audit of its expenditure sufficient to control its unlimited outlay.

"Lastly: I have no confidence in un-denominational religion, which means a 'shape that shape hath none.'"

"What, then, do you wish that they were extinguished?"

"It is too late for me to wish them anything better than a definite faith; but I desire to see a new and higher legislation, under which the Voluntary System and the Board Schools shall find their place, and their action controlled by a ju ter and more efficient administration."

HARRY HOW.



From a Photograph by]

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.