Cardinal Manning, "one of the Best of Men"

NOBLE CHRISTIAN CAREER RECALLED BY NEXT WEDNESDAY'S CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

"HUMAN hearts all aglow with love and sympathy are not so plentiful in the world that we can afford to pass them by because they beat behind a Roman cassock."

W. T. Stead made the remark years ago, speaking of Cardinal Manning, the scholar, philanthropist, reformer, orator and prelate, whose brilliant career was, about the same time, summed up by Gladstone in the half-dozen pregnant words: "Manning, one of the best of men."

Next Wednesday brings round to a present-day world the centenary of that great leader's birth. The Roman Church, to which he transferred a whole-hearted allegiance midway through his long life, will commemorate his good deeds and high intellect, but here was no sectarian, to be honored only by those whose cloth and creed he shared; Manning was eminently one of the foremost figures of his time, and his memory may well be honored anew wherever sincerity and moral courage are held in true esteem, or where men today look with reverent affection back upon those who, yesterday, gave heart and hand to the uplifting of their fellows.

The Schoolboy General.

Henry Edward Manning, the youngest son of a London West India merchant, was born at his father's country seat, "Copped Hall," near Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England, on the 15th of July, 1808. Following in the footsteps of Peel and Palmerston, Byron and Sheridan, he went up to that fine old sixteenth century school of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Charles Wordsworth, a nephew of the great poet and afterwards Bishop of St. Andrew's, being a fellow student. "Student," however, may be the wrong word in this connection, for young Manning, then in his teens, made no number there as a scholar. The splendid intellectual force which was so deeply to impress his times showed not at all in those early days; he shone rather as the athlete and sportsman, was a bold rider, a skillful oar, a first-rate cricketer, and had killed his hare on the first shot. "The General" was the nickname born of his commander fondness for him, given with a boy's sure judgment of those fit to lead.

He was, however, "bookish" enough to handle examinations easily, for some months short of 20 he matriculated at Balliol, Oxford, and the ancient University's "First Classic" fell to him at graduation. To acquire, too, a practical speaking and reading acquaintance with Italian "during shaving time," as Manning did, does not imply mental sluggishness, and if (like Newman) this soon-to-be-famous undergraduate never mastered German, it was frankly because he never could learn to like "the tongue-twisting gutterals," as he himself later wrote in charmingly unconscious Hibernianism.

Oxford to Edward Manning meant two things in particular; it was there he formed that close friendship with Gladstone which was to last through life (he was nearly as far-going in his Home Rule ideas as the father of that proposed reform himself), and it was at the university that the future orator first showed and developed his magnificent talent in that rare field. From his entry into the "Union" debating society he made himself a recognized power there; he was president, on that almost historic day in November, 1829, when the rival claims of Byron and Shelley to premiership in the poetry of their day were so warmly argued by their Cambridge and Oxford successors. Manning left the chair to uphold "this noble Lord," and won for his side.

From Politics to Pulpit.

Politics had long been the young man's goal, but just before he was to go out into the world, Manning, senior, who had himself sat in Parliament and been one of the Governors of the Bank of England, failed financially. Wherefore the son laid by his dream of public life, and settled down in the Colonial Office as secretary to a chief clerk, reading political economy the while. Providence had other work for him, however; he was not to be left to the study of Mill and Malthus and Adam Smith. A pious lady friend began urging him to enter the church, and in less than two years had gained her point. Manning won a fellowship at Merton College (Oxford), went up to study there, and just before Christmas day, 1832, was ordained to orders.

At that moment the famous "Tractarian" movement was just well afoot at Oxford, but Manning was never more than indirectly affected by it. When he went over to the Roman Church, a score of years later, he was, indeed, influenced by much the same arguments that even then were beginning to make a stir through England, as voiced and debated by the followers of "The Oxford Movement," but, at most, he was rather the ally of these than the disciple.

In '33 he took the rectorship of the parish of Wollavington and Graftham, Sussex, where for seven years he labored, laying sure and deep the foundations for the yet greater work that lay ahead of him. "How well I remember that little church under a green hillside," he wrote years after, "where the morning and evening prayers and the music of the English Bible became a part of my soul."

At the close of his initial year in this pastorate he married the daughter of his predecessor in the charge, Caroline Sargent, but the complete happiness of the union was to last only four years; Mrs. Manning died in '37. No children had been born to them.

A "Medieval Looking" Orator.

The oratorical training of university days now began to bear fruit. Dr. Manning became widely known, not only as a "high" churchman, but as a preacher of striking capabilities. In '40 he was made Archdeacon of Chichester, and two years later was appointed "Select Preacher" for his Alma Mater. The adjective "impressive" was as often used of his pulpit utterances in those days as "eloquent." One who heard him more than once has left this record:

"His spare figure and keen face seem all aglow with the fire of his words—perfectly simple words, but showing wonderful knowledge of human nature. One realizes, moreover, that a complete parity exists between those words and the man's acts, which adds immensely to the power which fairly flows from him; call it magnetism, if you will—it is as true and real a force as that which made Charles Parnell the giant he was."

To this tribute Justin McCarthy added: "Whatever your opinion may be, you cannot choose but listen to Manning."

It was this same historian of Victorian days and deeds who once described the prelate as "mediaeval-looking, though I am not prepared to explain the grounds on which the thought bases itself." Above middle height, spare and agile, of regular and refined features, clear and penetrating gray eyes, and a high, expansive forehead, the man was nothing if not distinguished in appearance. Vigorously ascetic, his face grew pale almost to bloodlessness in later years, but this seemed only to add to the air of saintliness and "mysticism" about him. No Chesterfield ever had more perfect manners, no Metternich more exquisite tact, than this original of Beaconsfield's fictitious clerics. The novelist-statesman avowedly based both Nigel Penruddock, in "Endymion" and Cardinal Grandison, in "Lothair," upon Manning.

The Change of Church.

For at least a dozen years prior to 1847, Manning showed no sympathy with the distinctive teachings of the Roman Church, though he had taken a decided stand in upholding regeneration through baptism, the dogma of apostolic succession, and the doctrine of the eucharist as enunciated by Hooker. It was the Fall of '47 and the Spring of '48, probably, which saw the beginnings of that altering of his faith which, at the time, made so great a stir in the religious world. During those months he traveled in Belgium, Germany and Italy, being received by Pius IX, then pope, just before his return to his own country.

There he was seen to "take his stand." In '51 the Privy Council, called to pass upon the orthodoxy of the teachings concerning baptism held and expounded by a certain Dr. Gorham, declared them to be those of the Church of England. Manning had previously announced his sincere conviction that they were at variance with the prayer book, and this pronouncement of authority was the immediate cause of his taking a step that must have been in contemplation many months. Almost coincidentally with the publication of the council's finding, Manning resigned both from Chichester and Oxford. Not long after he received minor orders in the Roman Church (April), and in June was ordained a priest.

The change meant the sacrifice of a dignified and honored position in the church to which he was attached by strong ties of sentiment and service, for a doubtful future in one then regarded with intense hostility by all influential circles of English society. Be it said, as well, that it was eminently characteristic of the man's whole-hearted, fearless honesty of purpose in following the lead of his conscience.

For the next three years Italy was more his home than England, and often was he in intimate contact with the Holy Father of the ancient church to which he now had turned. In '54, with a papal D. D. freshly bestowed upon him, he returned to London, and threw himself heart and soul into his new labors. He founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo at Bayswater, over whose destinies he presided with wise foresight and broad success; he preached much and potently; he took keen and constant care of all matters having to do with Catholic education; he forwarded the church's missions in the slums of the great, grey metropolis as none of his predecessors had done, and he wrote frequently and brilliantly in defense of the temporal power of Rome.

Hard Work and High Honors.

Successive honors met this earnest giving of self to the cause he had espoused. He was made domestic prelate to Pius, was later advanced to protonotary apostolic, with episcopal rank and the title of monsignore, and, in '65, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, was nominated to the archbishopric of Westminster, thus left vacant. It was at this time that the London see bought as its archepiscopal residence the simple but roomy mansion (still so used) on Carlisle Place, Vauxhall Bridge Road; Italian in its spaciousness but very British indeed in the chilliness everywhere felt within its walls, save only where its master was. No prelate was more hospitable, and Manning was at all times and to all sorts and conditions of men as accessible there as during his Summer trips through the Northern dioceses, when he was constantly surrounded by those whom he once spoke of as "God's poorer children—who are usually richest."

At the ecumenical council of '70 the English archbishop played a large part. Thorough ultramontane as he was, devoted to the old Gregorian chants and insisting with his clergy upon strictly Italianized vestments, it is not surprising that he should have upheld as ardently and uncompromisingly as he then did the dogma of papal infallibility. Five years later, on the last day of March, he was enthroned as Cardinal at St. Gregory's the Great on the Coelian. When the ninth Pius died, in '78, Manning was earnestly considered for the papal throne, but Leo XIII was chosen.

"A Great Priest"—but Far More.

An elevation to the supreme gift of his church could not but have been of immense gratification to Cardinal Manning, for he was an ambitious man, though it is equally true that his ambition was of that best sort which is least of all a desire for personal aggrandizement, and mainly a consciousness of large power coupled with a desire to use it in the widest field of endeavor.

"Ecce sacerdos magnus!"—"Behold a great priest!"—wrote his biographer, A. W. Hutton; but Manning was far more than the mere ecclesiastic, however able. His Christian charity and his noble life reconciled all parties and won their fullest co-operation in the splendid humanitarian labors with which he filled his closing years. Twice did Victoria name him for royal commissions, once in the matter of more fitly housing the working classes and a second time in the cause of elementary education. In the latter object he was invariably interested and vigilant, as he was, too, for the rights of labor and for the furtherance of temperance; for a score of years he was himself a pledged total abstainer from all alcoholic beverages. The suppression of the slave trade in East Africa, the fight against India's appalling child marriages, the struggles for a higher minimum age of child labor in England—these were but three of the many good works which enlisted the intellect and self-sacrifice of the venerable prelate as his life drew down to its sunset.

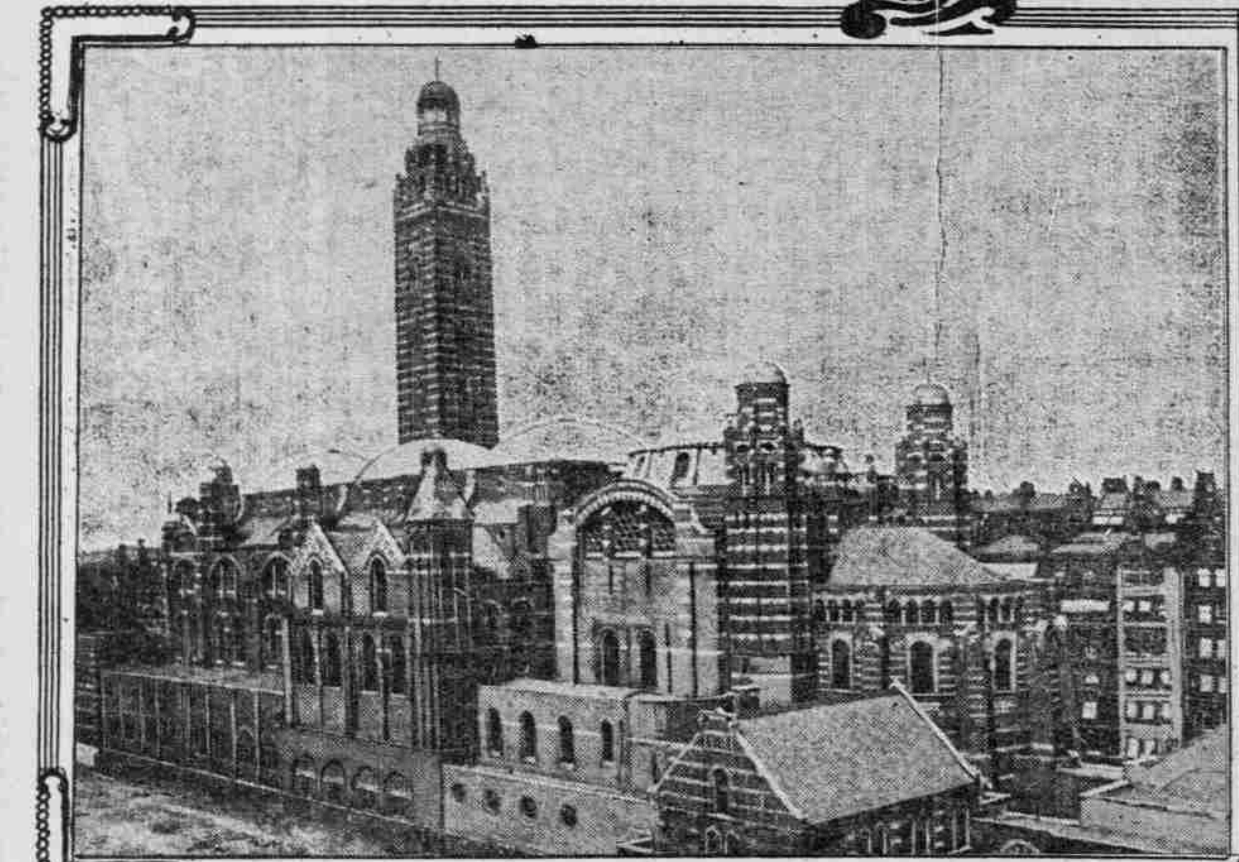
The Closing Scenes.

On the 14th of January, 1892, in his 84th year, death set the final seal to these noble strivings. As the end approached, the Cardinal was clothed, by his own desire, in the full dress he wore on state occasions, glad, as he said after making his last profession of faith, "to have been able to do everything in order." A week later he was laid at rest in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green, beside his predecessor at Westminster, Wiseman, and within a few yards of that little group of other British notabilities, asleep in the protestant burial ground just the other side of the iron palings—Sydney Smith and Tom Hood and Leigh Hunt, Trollope and Leech, and Thackeray. The completion of Westminster Cathedral will be marked by the transference of the remains of the see's two Cardinals to the vaults below the high altar.

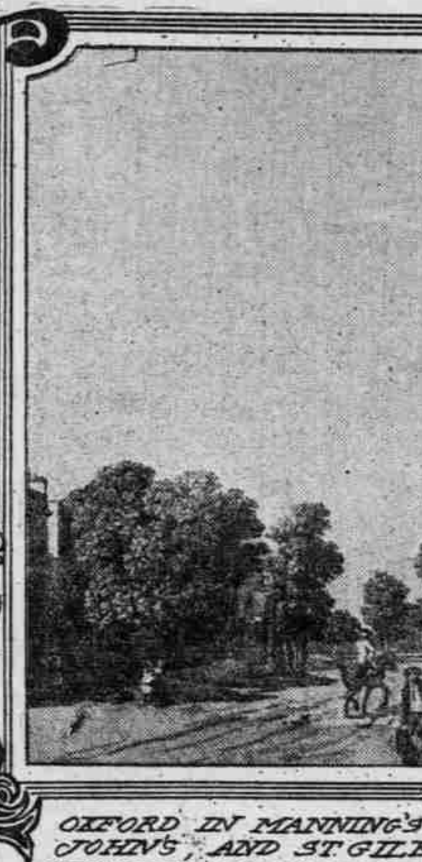
Manning's grave, however, is fitly near the literary giants who are now his silent neighbors, for he was possessed of an ability that would have carried him far had he chosen to travel the path of letters. Quite 50 volumes bear his name, as it is, though they are mainly composed of more or less controversial pamphlets.

Theologian he was, acute and subtle; preacher he was, eloquent and impressive; but he was most loved and is best remembered as a patriot of great heart and a man of loving life. If he was a churchman and a bishop it was rather in that often forgotten but original meaning of the latter word; he was a "shepherd," and his chosen flock was of all the children of men. He was truly, as his master Leo once said, "The Archbishop of the World."

CARDINAL MANNING—THE GREAT CLERIC-PUBLICIST OF ENGLAND, WHOSE BIRTH CENTENARY FALLS WEDNESDAY. FROM PORTRAIT PAINTED BY G.F. WATTS.



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH. THIS IS THE VIEW OF THE BUILDING SHOWING BEST ITS ENSEMBLE; FROM THE OPPOSITE IT IS NEARLY WHOLLY HIDDEN BY THE DWELLINGS WHICH PRESS UPON IT



DOYLE'S LIFE SKETCH OF MANNING, NOW PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

OXFORD IN MANNING'S UNDERGRADUATE DAYS. TO THE RIGHT IS ST. JOHN'S AND ST. GILES', WHERE THE STUDENT OFTEN ATTENDED SERVICE, IS SEEN IN THE REAR.

A Spelling Plaint.

The Bohemian.

I cannot spell—I wish I could!
The dictionary be so good!
As to a boy in spelling write,
And mother is too busy quight;
She never can take time to seigh
Whether a horse should "nay" or "nay."
Whether to pen: "The pretty flour
Came up and withered in an our"
Or not, and anyhow I trigh
It's not correct or even ny.
I'd like to be a savage, thain
I'd never need to spell again!

PATHETIC END OF EMANUEL BROWN

Sad Result of Long Continued Industry and Too Severe Economy.

BY J. L. JONES.

EMMANUEL BROWN belonged to the small proprietor class. He was not yet reduced to the ranks of the proletarians, those walking delegates who roam at will wherever the police will permit them. He had a little property, three acres, and liberty. His name was on the assessment roll in proof that he was a freeman. He could value his property at any sum he chose to mention, but it yielded him a very meager income, for which he had to toil day and night.

He had a cow and a horse. Small boys and bugs were his greatest enemies. He fought the bugs with spray, but having no children of his own to protect him from those of his neighbors, he had to endure their invasions as an evil that could not be cured. His wife had seen better days, a fact of which she kept him constantly in mind. In marrying him she had descended somewhat from her station. This indeed she did deliberately, for though several years his junior, yet she had arrived at years of great discretion before she took the marriage vows. To him she was a divinity. He adored and obeyed her. When she married him, he became her slave and remained so consistently to the end.

The Browns had a very commodious residence for such a small estate, and it was amply furnished. But it could hardly be said that Mr. Brown resided in it, for his duties kept him constantly in the field, the barn or the woodshed. His life was simple and monotonous. His tasks varied with the seasons, but were the same every year. He had been carefully schooled in all the ancient maxims about industry and thrift. Indeed, this was all the schooling he ever had. Early and late, he always planned to have work to do, and his wife never encouraged any idleness on his part.

His income from the small truck patch was far from sufficient to supply her wants, so he added to it by hiring out a part of the time to work by the day. Then he worked nights and mornings at home. She insisted on keeping up an expensive establishment, and declared that a husband should be a good provider. It was enough that she should dust and sweep. Indeed, that was beyond her strength, and she constantly complained that Brown was a poor manager and a slow or lazy worker. It was properly his duty to provide her with a servant girl, "but he never had no money."

His total net income was not over $400 or $500 a year, but his ambition was to associate with professional or otherwise distinguished people whose incomes were five to ten times that much. She kept Brown's nose to the grindstone and kept constantly nagging and impressing upon him a sense of his deplorable deficiency. He was deeply sensible of this, anyhow, and so his whole existence was a state of apology.

His own personal expenses were very trifling. He had not had a new suit of clothes in 20 years. He dressed in overalls of a shade to match his name. He never went in society, not even into a saloon. He did not go to church because he would not go in overalls, and if he "dressed up," he felt so seedy and out of place in his ancient finery that he never went anyhow. Sometimes he put on this finery for a change when his wife was gone to church and sat down for a few moments in the front room. But he always took care to get into his natural skin and get back to the barn before she came home, for he was always in imminent danger of mussing up tidies or doing some dreadful impropriety when he went into that room.

When it was necessary for him to go in them to fix anything, he usually shed hayseed from his hair and ashes from his overalls, so that it was a frightful trial on his wife's nerves. She would have to get the smelling bottle and on one occasion he had to run for the doctor. So he avoided that room as much as possible. The kitchen was the nearest approach to the family altar that he dared to venture habitually.

He had to come to the kitchen for his meals, which he often did not get, as his wife drew the line at cooking when she was otherwise overworked. And she was always overworked on account of her social duties, church fairs, charity bazaars, pink teas and all that. It was her custom when exhausted with these duties to set out a bowl of sour milk and some cold potatoes for Mr. Brown's meals. She was very economical about cream. She skimmed that off to make butter to sell or for ice cream and confectionery to entertain her company. Mr. Brown himself never cared about such vain things, and had been brought up to believe that sour milk was the most wholesome food for hard-working men, so he was quite contented with his lot. And his wife was worldly wise enough to keep her expenses within his income, and thus she kept a house over his head, as she frequently told him. And she really deserved great credit for doing that.

Things went on this way for many years, and Brown was getting old. He was spavined, foundered and crippled in various ways, his head quite bald and his shoulders humped. They had actually saved a few hundred dollars of honest money in hard cash and had it on deposit in the local bank. And poor Brown hoped that some time he might get a few days off to go to the mountains or the coast and get a breath of free air and stretch his stiffened limbs. But his hopes were doomed to disappointment. One morning Mrs. Brown announced without warning that she wanted to have extensive changes made in the interior of the house. It was too "old fashioned" and she was "tired looking at it."

Brown felt as if a great blow had struck him. He tried to appeal dumbly and painfully, indeed, for he was slow of words, but she suppressed him and chided him sharply for keeping his wife in such a miserable place. Then she told how Mr. Smith, the banker, had his residence all remodeled and it was "so much nicer." Brown bowed to his fate and shouldered the last burden. He worked faithfully to make the ordered improvements, which consumed nearly the whole of their surplus cash. When it was all completed, he took suddenly sick, became rapidly worse, then turned up his toes and died.

Mrs. Brown was completely prostrated, of course. What could she do now? She had never done anything, indeed, to make life gracious or glad for him, and now death like a friend had abruptly released him from her loveless dominion. The neighbors came in and helped her. Brown was laid to rest, the first he ever had. There was one genuine mourner, a neighbor woman named Mrs. Muff, who had been frequently called in to help Mrs. Brown in her periods of distress from overwork, and who knew instinctively the kind of life that Brown lived. She looked upon the pinched features now clasped in the loving embrace of oblivion till she could contain herself no longer, and then blurted out hysterically, the tears streaming from her eyes: "He was an awful good Christian man."

In justice to Mrs. Brown, I must be careful to explain that she was not a member of the Woman's Suffrage Association. She did not take any stock in such nonsense as that. She would not even allow her husband to vote. She said she did not believe in "men running around fiddlin' and foolin' with politics when they ought to be at home attending to their wives."

The case of Mr. Brown was not one of acute inflammatory suffrage, but of chronic silent suffering. It was one of the "immedicable woes" that cannot be reached by any remedy at present known. He was one of those self-condemned unfortunates who never stop working long enough to read and who think reading a sinful waste of time. At any rate, his wife would not permit him to "fool away" any time or money on a Sunday paper, so there is no hope that my story of his fate will ever reach any of his kind as a warning. They will all perish as he did. They will die as the fool dieth, and won't know they are dead. The only consolation is that death will probably be more merciful to them than life.

I must further explain, though it seems almost superfluous to do so, that the scene of the story is not laid in America. The tale is a translation from the Armenian. In Armenia the people are law-abiding and docile, so much so that when the Turks come round they are led like lambs to the slaughter and hold up throats to be cut.

In America it is different. Here the people are stubborn and stiff-necked. Husbands are prone to rebel against the lawful authority of their wives, and wives are seldom obedient to their husbands. Whether our way is better than that of the Armenians is a matter of private opinion. The reader may decide for himself and observe whichever code he pleases.

In Football Terms.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Hello, Grace!"

"Hello, Maude!"

"Did you get any of that remnant ribbon?"

"Yes; I hammered the line for seven yards."

The Fat Men Smile.

Chicago Journal.

Now is the time when every fat man gives
A joyous grin, delighted that he lives—
And, in his triumph, shows the humbled world
How all its quibs and joshings he forgives.

For centuries the world has giggled at
The portly fellow, vulgarly called fat—
Jeerings unlimited for him, and he
Has kept keen memory underneath his hat.

Invidious reference to a plunging whale,
Or elephants—a gag long, long since stale—
The fat man had to stand it—he was e'er
The butt of fun—the mark that would not fail.

But now—'tis all reversed—like lightning flash—
A fat man conquers, with a giant dash—
Out of the way, you thin ones, lest he step
Upon your frames, and mash them into hash!

When fame threw laurels on the head of Taft,
With one accord the Nation's fat men laughed,
And all the humorists, abashed and stung,
Pulled down their signs, while all the jumbos chaffed!

When he takes office, 'round the White House door
The gleeful fats shall caper, many a score,
And the dejected skinnies, overwhelmed,
Shall turn away and pester them no more!

Mrs. Langtry's Rich Stage Gowns

Robes in Gold Embroideries on Thin Silks Swathed in Sheath Designs.

AS all women know who know anything at all about the origin of fashions, the French couturieres "try" their new creations on actresses first, notably in their stage gowns in plays of the present period.

Mrs. Langtry's gowns designed for her by Parisian modistes for her part of Mrs. Arundel in "A Fearful Joy" are some of them quite wonderful, and all will be copied and in due time appear in different materials in New York.

These robes are rich in gold and bold embroideries on thin silks and filmy chiffons, and they also embody both the empire effects and the serpentine swathing of folds about the figure.

They also show wide sleeves that sweep pelerine fashion to the center of the shoulders and are caught at that point with golden tassels and depending cords.

In the first act of "A Fearful Joy" Mrs. Langtry wore an evening frock of rose pink silk molded to her figure, and over this was a robe of Suzette net showing heavy scrolls embroidered in gold. The sides of the net robe were left open and then laced together with small gold cords ending in tassels.

The empire touch is given by the arrangement of the gold embroidery and the lace corsage is finished with a gold cord and tassels.

The chiffon sleeves are of the pelerine type mentionad above and are held in the center back with more gold cord and tassels. The high waist is outlined by a fold of blue velvet, and in her hair is a similar velvet fold. A single black feather starts from the right of her coiffure and trails over her shoulder.

The evening coat going with it, also seen in this act, is of violet silk lined with violet chiffon. It has a wide border of Byzantine embroidery, further enriched with many little tassels.

The Indian wrap Mrs. Langtry wears in the second act is extremely artistic. It is a wide sash of soft silk so caught that it forms a hoodlike draping that is drawn about her hair and the long ends are then draped about the neck and shoulders, trailing in graceful lines about her statuesque figure.

There is a mystical looking design in black in the center of the wrap, and touches of rose color add to its effectiveness. With this wrap the actress wears a princess gown of white crepe de chine lavishly embroidered in gold.

The robe is bordered with gold embroidery that rises in huge sprays of golden flowers that grow in places nearly to the waist line.

The corsage is moderately high and is chiefly chiffon and lace, with tight-fitting lace sleeves that cover the hands to the knuckles. There are also chiffon oversleeves that fall to the elbows and these are caught with little bows of white satin.

In the third act Mrs. Langtry wears over this same princess robe a pale blue cloak. Its pereline yoke is outlined with lines of darker blue and similar lines indicate the tucks at the lower edge of the garment.

The wrap is fastened with a crossover strap fastening with gold buttons and a long, dark blue silk scarf closes it at the throat.—New York Times.

To June.

University of Oregon Monthly.

The Summer winds a load of fragrance bring;
For thee, oh June, the treasures sweet they steal
From locust, rose and flowering pea, nor feel
'Tis theft, for thou art queen of Summer. Sing,
Oh birds, a welcome. Make the echoes ring,
For June, the month of months is here. Reveal
Thy heart, oh blushing rose, thy thorns conceal,
Thy choicest, fairest buds unfold and fling
The Spring has placed the crown upon her brow
And filled her path with bloom; a carpet green
Upon the meadows spread. The world rejoices; great
The June, oh nature; smile, oh flowers; bow
Your heads, oh trees; for June, the June is queen.

—Grace Parker.