
A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

tially, we hold the three Creeds. . . . . We have thought it well to build more ornate and elegant places of worship."

As the *Times*[1] has pointed out, "whether inside or outside, you cannot even tell, without looking closely, whether it is a 'church' or a 'chapel.' The spires rise as high, the window tracery is as fanciful, the portals are as lofty and as deeply recessed."

Mr. Clarke observed that "The spirit, the animus—shall I say the demon ?—of denominationalism is disappearing."

What a brilliant illustration of this was afforded by the address of the Leicester Nonconformist ministers to the Leicester Church Congress! The address, though local, was national in its tone. It seems like a rainbow of promise spanning this England of ours from sea to sea and re-uniting its people, after centuries of religious discord, in the sweetest of bonds—"the bond of peace:"—

> We desire to acknowledge our obligation to you, as representing the Church of England, for the healthy stimulus we have received from the lives of your many saints, confessors, and worthies. The illustrious names of Herbert and Ken, Leighton and Wilson, are as dear to us as to yourselves. Nor are we less indebted to your scholars, your theologians, your masters of sentences, for a vast and instructive literature, for a thousand contributions to a right study of the Bible, and a clear apprehension of Christian truth. The works of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, of Pearson and Milman, of Lightfoot and Westcott, are all the delight and possession of the Nonconformist ministry as well as of your own. If our forms of worship vary from yours, yet your noble liturgy, enriched by the persistence, the trust, the sorrow, and the gladness of the saints of many ages, is for us, no less than for others, a priceless treasure of devotion. Scarcely ever do we come together to give thanks for the divine goodness without using those hymns which the singers of your Church have given the world, and side by side with Wesley, Watts, and Doddridge we place the solemn and beautiful melodies of Heber, Lyte, and Keble. Your eloquent preachers, your seraphic doctors, your saintly examples have laid us under an immense obligation which we can never repay, and which we confess by uniting with them as we hear their voices calling us in the services of our Lord and Master.

Dec. 1880. WILLIAM T. CHARLEY.

ART. V.—EMINENT STATESMEN AND WRITERS.[2]

MR. HAYWARD is certainly one of the most accomplished of our modern essayists. In his works he revives a style of composition which the book-making and hasty conclusions of

[1] September 23, 1880.

[2] "Sketches of Eminent Statesmen and Writers." By A. Hayward, Q.C. Two volumes. John Murray.

the present day are causing rapidly to die out. Men, the more they read the less they care to pass their time in grave reflections and in the maturing of critical opinions upon what they have perused. One book finished another is immediately obtained, and provided the reader's literary appetite be only gratified, he is supremely indifferent to what nourishes him and to what he can digest; he does not eat, but bolts his food. A generation ago, when literature was the occupation of the few, and writers appealed to a more restricted class, men read leisurely, and had their judgments influenced by the verdict of the professional critic. Criticism then occupied a recognized and powerful position: its praise, as in the case of Montgomery's poems, could make a foolish book succeed; whilst its abuse, as in the case of Keats's "Endymion," could, for a time, even retard the progress of a work of genius. The class of critics of those days was not filled by the men "who had failed in literature and in art," but by those who, because they had succeeded in letters were well qualified to express an opinion and to be listened to with respect. It is for this reason that the literary judgments of our Hazlitts, our Leigh Hunts, our Giffords, Jeffreys, and Macaulays, and the rest of the fraternity that have passed away, will always be numbered amongst the English classics. In these more degenerate days, since all men read and many men write, the profession of genuine criticism has almost ceased to exist; it is a task often relegated to youth, who hopes to utilize it as a stepping-stone to better things. A book now is read because it is new, or the name of the author justifies its perusal, and the comment of the critic can be dispensed with. We prefer to suit our own taste, and not to have it ordered for us.

From these remarks the essays and republished criticisms of Mr. Hayward have nothing to fear. Their author belongs distinctively to the old-fashioned class of critics which did not admit any within its erudite circle unless fully qualified to pronounce sentence. A man of considerable culture, an excellent linguist, the master of a most readable style (occasionally, however, we must admit, degraded by an unnecessary flippancy in thought and tone), a favourite in the higher ranks of society, the literary judgments of Mr. Hayward, which appear from time to time in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, upon men and books, are among the most valuable and informing of the various contributions to that periodical. The essayist brings to his work an independent knowledge of his subject; he abounds in anecdote, always humorous or sarcastic, illustrative of his matter; his remarks are clear and incisive. Unlike the more ordinary critic, he does not read up because he has to write; but he writes because he has read so much, and knows so fully what he has to discuss. It is not given to every man of letters

to have lived for the better part of a long life amongst those who, as Burke said, are "busy making history." But if Mr. Hayward has to review the literary labours of a great man—politician, warrior, or ambassador—he not only is familiar with the work of the author, but he knows all about the author as well.

In the two handsome volumes before us, Mr. Hayward has to deal with the books and teaching of Madame de Sévigné, Saint-Simon, Byron, Tennyson, and Montalembert; with the political career of European celebrities like Thiers, Count Cavour, Prince Metternich, and the wiliest of all, Prince Bismarck; with English statesmen like Wellesley and Melbourne; and with such happy subjects for talk and anecdote as Madame de Deffand and her correspondents; the story of those famous *salons*, Holland House and the villa at Strawberry Hill, and with the life and collections of that melancholy fribble Horace Walpole. Yet in discussing these varied matters our author has always something to say which cannot well be found elsewhere—some story he has heard illustrating his subject from famous lips, some remark from a contemporary statesman, some reflection from his own personal observation, some anecdote picked up in his out-of-the-way reading—all of which give a piquancy and reality to his narrative. Human nature is curious; and if we like to see and listen to great men, we like also to know all about them—what they read and how they work, and whether they are nagged by their wives, and the rest of it. It is this which Mr. Hayward offers us in his essays; he lifts the veil, and admits us into little secrets. Let us cull a few of these details from his pages.

He is discussing the character of Thiers as Minister and author, and we have anecdote after anecdote which give a new light to the treatment of the subject. Thiers was regarded as a hot radical, yet before he attained to power he quietly said to the author in course of private conversation, "Well, well, wait till I am a Minister. By habit and associations I am an aristocrat: I have no sympathy with the *bourgeoisie* or with any system in which they are to rule." He found it, however, to suit his ambition to become the tribune of the people, and like many a politician before and since, he swallowed his convictions to further his interests. "You wish to rise," said Talleyrand to him, "make enemies." And the future statesman followed the advice to the letter. In the struggle between England and France for supremacy in the East, Thiers attempted to bully Lord Palmerston, but our stout Foreign Secretary refused to be intimidated. Henry Bulwer was then Secretary of Embassy at Paris, and he had received instructions from home not to permit France to dictate terms. Thiers blustered and fumed, and vowed that unless Lord Palmerston agreed to the demands of France, war would be declared. Nothing disturbed, Bulwer

quietly returned to the embassy, drew up a despatch stating the alternative proposed by the French Minister, and was about to send it off when he thought of showing it to Thiers, who might have further suggestions to make. The Frenchman saw that bluster was useless, and begged that the despatch should not be forwarded. "Do not let us compromise the future more than we can help," said he, "don't send this despatch. Let Lord Palmerston know what you think of our conversation; events may always change, and it is better not to render affairs less liable to their influence than is necessary." On crossing over to England, Henry Bulwer met Mr. Hayward, and in describing this conversation, said that when he asked Thiers whether he was to report his warlike intention as avowed, the French Minister answered: "No, say you read it in my face"—a very mild way of beating a retreat from an untenable position. When Napoleon III., then the Prince-President, was intriguing for power and absolute authority, Mr. Hayward met Thiers out at dinner one evening. Our author remarked to the Minister that he had made a great mistake in despising Napoleon as an antagonist. "Yes," cried Thiers, angrily, "yes, I have despised him; I despise him, and shall always despise him!" The great French statesman and historian was noted for his conversational powers, yet Mr. Hayward, who had frequent opportunities of meeting M. Thiers in society, came to the conclusion that of the two Mr. Gladstone was the better talker. Of Prince Bismarck our author has also much to say, and he deals with his subject after his usual pleasant fashion of anecdote and social reminiscences. His remarks as to the character and policy of the introducer of the theory of "blood and iron" are worth quoting. "There he stands," writes Mr. Hayward, "the idol of hero-worship, the beau-ideal of volition, the genuine representative of muscular Christianity, of force. Since it is conventionally settled that greatness is independent of commonplace morality, of the ordinary rules of right and wrong, there is no denying him to be great; for he has done great things in a grand manner; and the world, at all events the European world, would have been widely different had he never appeared upon the stage. But has he made it better or wiser? Must his fame, his claim to the gratitude of his country, rest on the insulated fact that he has evolved a united Germany out of a heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements? Has it been, will it be, his lot

> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read his history in a nation's eyes"?

We think not. The land he rules over is anything but smiling. The eyes of a large part of the nation are averted from him, for the milliards of the indemnity have not fructified in Germany

nor impoverished France. The Fatherland is no longer a country but a barrack. In Count Cavour we have a statesman of very different calibre, and one to whom the essayist does full justice. In the policy of the noble-hearted, far-seeing Italian, neither humanity nor diplomatic principle was eliminated. He uniformly appealed to the finer instincts, the nobler aspirations, of those he summoned to act with him, and he never appealed in vain. He did not call upon a people to purchase territorial aggrandizement and military glory with their liberties. His ambition was pure, and merged and forgotten in his patriotism. Like Chatham, he knew that he was the only man who could save his country, and he did not rest until he had handed to the next generation a free and united Italy. His face was the index of his mind, and men knew how affairs were progressing by watching whether it was happy or careworn. A lady one day was buying some wares at a shop when the tradesman hastily ran out of the shop and as hastily returned. "Pardon me," said he to his customer, "but I saw Count Cavour pass by and I wanted to see how we were getting on. He is happy, so affairs are progressing favourably!" He was never bored by the numerous applicants who thronged his ante-chambers. "My recipe is very simple," said he, "I persuade myself that no one is *ennuyeux*." Unlike most foreigners he was averse to wearing his decorations. "Don't you see," he said, "that the spirit of society is running counter to this sort of thing? Why create new causes of inequality when an irresistible force is pushing all classes towards equality? I will wager that fifty years hence there will be no orders of knighthood in Europe." He was the most generous of party foes. "In politics," he said, "there is nothing so absurd as vindictiveness."

One story concerning a distinguished man, which has been freely circulated by the press and by the "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible" society, the author of these essays satisfactorily refutes. Nothing succeeds like success, and when a person becomes famous, any anecdote which can be distorted into the shape of a prophecy of his career is readily believed. Never in the annals of statesmanship has there been so remarkable an instance of the brilliant triumph of genius as in the social and political life of the late Mr. Disraeli. Stories innumerable have been told of the past of our ex-Premier, but none more repeatedly than the one Mr. Hayward now refutes. It has been said that when "Disraeli the younger," as he was then called, had returned from his travels in the East he met Lord Melbourne out at dinner. Lord Melbourne was then Home Secretary, and Mr. Disraeli had just been defeated in his attempt to get into Parliament for the borough of Wycombe. As the worldly statesman listened to the uncommonplace language and spirit of

the young novelist, he thought to himself that the brilliant youth would be one well worth serving. Abruptly, but with a certain tone of kindness, which took away any air of assumption, he said: "Well now, tell me—what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply fairly took the Home Secretary, as well it might, aback. "I want to be," said the Disraeli who was not then four-and-twenty and not in Parliament—"I want to be Prime Minister." Lord Melbourne, it is said, gave a long sigh, and then gravely replied to the audacious aspirant: "No chance of that in our time. It is all arranged and settled. Lord Grey is an old man, but when he gives up he will be suceeeded by Stanley. Nobody can compete with Stanley." So much for the story. "The internal improbability, not to say absurdity, of all this," writes Mr. Hayward, "must be obvious to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the two principal actors in the scene. It places both of them in a ridiculous light. The youthful aspirant, not yet in Parliament, gravely replying, 'I want to be Prime Minister;' and the Home Secretary as gravely explaining to him that the place was bespoken, and that he had better think of something else. Can any one believe that Lord Melbourne spoke of Stanley in such terms?" Then our essayist tells us what really took place. Disraeli met Lord Melbourne out at dinner, and the conversation turned on the manners and customs of the countries recently visited by the young author of "Vivian Grey." "Your lordship," remarked Disraeli to the Home Secretary, "appears to have derived all your notions of Oriental matters from the 'Arabian Nights.'" "And a very good place to get them from," rejoined Melbourne, laughing and rubbing his hands. As the conversation proceeded, Mr. Disraeli, in a jocose way, said that what he looked forward to was the Premiership. "And I wish you may get it," replied the Home Secretary, in the same spirit. This is the sole foundation for the dialogue which has been so frequently reported in such detail. The dinner party was given at the house of Mrs. Norton, and Mr. Hayward was one of the guests. It is these little touches, and they abound in the volumes before us, of personal intimacy with the notables who are being criticized, which, though perhaps slight in themselves, give a character to the work which makes Mr. Hayward's essays almost unique. If we read the articles on Montalembert, Metternich, and Wellesley, it is the same as with as those on Thiers, Bismarck, and Cavour. The essayist knows his subject *au fond;* he can pass judgment upon the motives that were suggested and upon the political combinations that ensued; and at the same time he scatters about the page not only anecdote and epigram, but remarks that he himself has made from personal observation, or that he has listened to from direct hearsay.

And these advantages are especially visible when our author treats of Holland House and the famous villa of Strawberry Hill. When he talks of either of these historical mansions, we feel that he is not deriving his information from the books under review, but that he himself has seen what he so vividly describes. When he speaks of the dining-room of Holland House, where Addison breathed his last, begging his step-son, the young Earl of Warwick: "See how a Christian could die;" of the cameo ring presented by Jeremy Bentham to Miss Fox, the only love of the famous political economist, now kept in the yellow drawing-room; of the eccentricities of the brusque but kindly Lady Holland; of the portly Lord Holland in a white waistcoat, "the image," as the witty Luttrell whispered, "of a turbot standing on its tail;" of the celebrated pictures in its *salons* and galleries; of the dinners at which assembled all the famous in the senate, the studio, and in literature; of the grounds and gardens, and the rest, we are sure that he is not writing from study, but from happy personal reminiscences. Mr. Hayward is indignant with the author of the "Life of Lord Melbourne," for describing the late owner of Holland House as a man who only cared for his great dinners, and who was only amused at the whimsicalities of Lady Holland. "It is difficult to imagine a more erroneous estimate of a character;" he writes, "it would make out an earnest, high-minded man, with a noble career before him and intuitively conscious of it—so much so that his future was divined from his bearing—to be like the hero in "L'Homme Blasé." No man had so many objects of interest at all times; and the notion of his envying the lighter qualities or amusements of his distinguished contemporaries is preposterous. Would any one who really knew Lord Holland envy his "happiness in his *great* dinners and *amusement* at my lady's whimsicality?" Mr. Hayward never falls into these errors, for he only writes about what he "really knows." And it is the same with the article on Strawberry Villa. He knows all about the "groves and gothic towers" of Strawberry Hill, and of the famous past with which it is redolent, but he tells us also of much of its present history—of its architectural alterations, its famous pictures, its splendid salons, its rare collections of prints and china—which only a favoured inmate could have become acquainted with.

Of the purely historical articles, those on Saint Simon and the Republic of Venice are the best. Various estimates have been passed upon the character of the famous Duc of the Court of Lewis XIV., whose memoirs are so often quoted and so seldom read, but we think Mr. Hayward has fairly placed the man in the catalogue of historical celebrities. The analysis of Tacitus and the satire of Juvenal were wanting in Saint Simon. He

was not a deep thinker; nor did he write to expose corruption or reform vice. He simply penned his character sketches to indulge his own feelings; and he never meant what he wrote to see the light till the time at which it could be useful, as satire had long passed away. The persons he spared least were those who had wounded his vanity or offended his prejudices. Those he praised most were the persons who had aided, obliged, or flattered him. Hence he was neither actuated by a strong sense of justice, nor a pure love of truth. He was destitute of humour, and piquancy of expression is his nearest approach to wit. In many of his descriptions he is as coarse as Swift; whilst, with few exceptions, his general reflections are commonplace. His memoirs give an accurate picture of the petty social trivialities of the time—who had the honour of holding the king's shirt when he went to bed, who lighted his majesty to the royal apartments, the feuds amongst the Court dames, the squabbles as to precedence, and the like—but of the condition of the people we learn nothing. Their chronicler tells us little of the state or progress of art, science, literature, or philosophy, whilst he can fill pages as to the claim of a duke to seniority of precedence. But like Boswell, and Pepys, and Horace Walpole, it was because Saint Simon was Saint Simon, and not cast in an heroic mould that he occupies his peculiar place in French literature—as the author of the most illustrative collection of contemporary scenes and characters which any age has produced. On the position of Venice, Mr. Hayward is agreeably erudite. The Venetian Republic lasted five hundred years; it was the only European constitution that had successfully resisted revolutionary change during that length of time, and the only modern aristocracy that ever held the supreme power long enough to constitute a settled government at all. Her chief glories were won under her ancient Doges; her few illustrious men flourished in spite of her odious laws; and if she had lived but half her life, her reputation would stand better with posterity.

These Essays are deeply interesting reading, and we are glad to notice that, in the greater portion of them, there is an absence of that levity and mundane form of reflections which occasionally mars the value of Mr. Hayward's reviews.

Art. VI.—THOUGHTS ON THE EPIPHANY.

I DOUBT whether we regard the Epiphany Season as carefully as we ought to do. Or rather I ought to say, I am sure we are apt to treat it with an indifference not quite consistent with the emphatic manner in which it is marked for us in our Book of Common Prayer.