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ing for liberty as the Pope understands liberty. They also proclaim "God;" but inextricably mixed up with this are Papal Infallibility, sacerdotalism, Lourdes, La Salette, puerile and disgusting fables and practices of all sorts, together with all the revolting teaching sanctioned by Jesuitism. Lying wonders, jugglery, and absurdities form the strength and the weakness of this teaching. In opposition to them is the mass of Frenchmen prizing above all things, madly and often ignorantly, liberty. Vain in the last degree have been the efforts to show that they have any sympathy with all that is bound up with Ultramontanism, which is what is presented to them as "God." When we bear in mind that "Go to Lourdes" is the modern French synonym for imbecility, we may form some conception of how far Frenchmen are prepared to sacrifice their hardly-won liberty for this conception of religion or "God."

We have indicated, we fear only too briefly and too imperfectly, what may be fairly termed the disease from which France is still and has been so long suffering. In describing it we have endeavoured to exhibit it from the French rather than from our own point of view. It is possible, also, that the terms used may seem startling to English apprehension not accustomed to identify liberty with licence, or God with grovelling superstition. But it would not be easy otherwise to explain the dilemma which France is now in, or how the alternative presents itself to Frenchmen as a people. The question is, Can there be no remedy found whereby what seems irreconcilable can be reconciled? Must France necessarily be Voltairian, Hegelian, Positivist, or else Ultramontane and fetichist? Is there no *juste milieu*? Is there no balm in Gilead which can heal wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores? Must a Frenchman believe in Marie Alacocque in order to be a Christian? Must he surrender himself to the Pope, body, soul, and spirit, if he would acknowledge and worship God? Are liberty of conscience, liberty of opinion, liberty of speech, inconsistent with religion? The answer to this requires separate and independent treatment hereafter.

GEORGE KNOX.



ART. IV.—PRINCE METTERNICH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Memorials of Prince Metternich. Edited by HIS SON. Translated by MRS. NAPIER. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE appearance of these Memorials has been long eagerly anticipated by a curious public. It was known that the famous diplomatist had during his long career, both as Ambassador to Paris and Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vienna,

been busy in describing the conduct of events and the characters of his contemporaries in a journal which was one day to be published, and the reading world looked forward to a literary pleasure which had not been gratified since the perusal of the *Memoirs of St. Simon*. It was the wish of the illustrious chronicler that an interval of twenty-five years should elapse before his criticisms were made public. This period having now expired, the literary labours of the Prince are presented to the world, in German, French, and English. The *Memoirs* are well written, full of incident, and depict history in a most graphic style. Only two volumes have as yet appeared—from 1793 to 1815—but the work, which will be in six volumes, will rapidly be completed.

Prince Metternich was born at Coblenz, May 15, 1773. His father was the associate of the famous Minister Kaunitz, whose name is so much associated with the Low Countries, and who stood as the godfather of the subject of this biography. At the age of fifteen young Metternich entered the University of Strasbourg, and on the completion of his studies was attached to the Austrian Embassy at The Hague. His rise was rapid. In 1801 he was appointed Minister at Dresden; in 1803 as Ambassador to Berlin, where he took a prominent part in negotiating the treaty between Austria and Prussia and Russia; in 1806 he was sent to Paris, and there signed, the following year, the Treaty of Fontainebleau. As soon as the war had broken out between France and Austria in 1809, Metternich was summoned to Vienna to hold the seals as Minister of Foreign Affairs. At the Conference of Dresden and Prague, as will be seen by these volumes, he warmly espoused the cause of his country; and the beginning of the downfall of Napoleon may be dated from this time. In the year 1813 war was formally declared by Austria against France, and in September the Grand Alliance was signed at Töplitz, when Metternich was rewarded for his past labours by being raised to the dignity of a Prince of the Empire. With his elevation to this high position the present contributions to his biography, now under review, cease. The remainder of his history is soon told. In the subsequent conferences and treaties he took a very prominent part, and signed the Treaty of Paris on behalf of Austria. Upon the opening of the Congress of Vienna, Metternich was chosen president. On the formation of the "Holy Alliance" he was the controlling genius. In 1848, on the breaking out of the Revolution, he was compelled to fly from Vienna. He returned in 1851, and, though he never again assumed office, his counsels are said to have swayed the Emperor down to the moment of his death, June 5, 1859.

The chief interest of these *Memoirs* lies in the knowledge we

obtain of Napoleon; we are admitted, as it were, behind the scenes, and watch the great General maturing his plans, treating all who cross his path with the hauteur of a vulgar and successful conqueror, carrying out in every detail the schemes of his ambitious policy—resolute, aggressive, avaricious, scorning advice or repulse—till the Nemesis that was on the trail of his war-path overtook him and made him bite the dust of humiliation, surrender, and exile. From his position first as Austrian Ambassador at Paris, and afterwards as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Metternich was thrown much in official intercourse with Napoleon, and the information he gives us as to the life and character of the proud Corsican is as novel as it is interesting; indeed, these Memoirs are more comments upon the proceedings of the first Emperor of the French than of reflections upon the other historical and political events of the period. The character given by the Prince of Napoleon is most carefully limned; the faults and virtues of the man are laid bare as if dissected by the pen of a Boileau or a Balzac.

Among individuals by their position independent of this extraordinary man (writes Metternich) there are few who have had so many points of contact and such direct relations with him as I have had. In the different phases of these relations, my opinion of Napoleon has never varied. I have seen and studied him in the moments of his greatest success; I have seen and followed him in those of his decline; and though he may have attempted to induce me to form wrong conclusions about him—as it was often his interest to do—he has never succeeded. I may then flatter myself with having seized the essential traits of his character, and with having formed an impartial judgment with respect to it, while the great majority of his contemporaries have seen, as it were through a prism, only the brilliant sides and the defective or evil sides of a man whom the force of circumstances and great personal qualities raised to a height of power unexampled in modern history.

From this “impartial judgment” let us proceed to draw for the colouring of our portrait.

On presenting his credentials as Austrian Ambassador at the French Court, Metternich does not appear to have been favourably impressed with the appearance of Napoleon. He found him standing in the middle of one of the rooms at St. Cloud, wearing the Guard's uniform, and with his hat on his head. “This latter circumstance, improper in any case,” comments the Prince, “for the audience was not a public one, struck me as misplaced pretension, showing the *parvenu*; I even hesitated for a moment whether I, too, should not cover.” This hauteur was, however, only the arrogance which seeks to mask its shyness and to appear at ease. In spite of his brilliant victories and the hale of glory which surrounded his past actions, Napoleon

seems to have been guilty of the pettiness which is ashamed of its humble birth. He was a conqueror, and a maker of kings, yet he felt that the Sovereigns of Europe ridiculed his pretensions, sneered at his newly-created aristocracy, and regarded him as an adventurer. Sensitive and uneasy, he was soon galled at any slight upon his social position, and was ever asserting claims that Heralds might have had difficulty in substantiating. He laid great stress on his aristocratic origin and the antiquity of his family. He frequently assured Metternich that envy and calumny alone could throw any doubt on the nobility of his birth.

I am placed (he said, alluding to the flatteries of his toadies and the sneers of his foes) in a singular position. There are genealogists who would date my family from the Deluge, and there are people who pretend that I am of plebeian birth. The truth lies between these two. The Bonapartists are a good Corsican family, little known, for we have hardly ever left our island, but much better than many of the coxcombs who take upon themselves to vilify us.

Conscious of his social inferiority, now that he had risen to equal the proudest, Napoleon was most anxious to appear before the world as the thorough gentleman. He so essayed to act the part that he necessarily became stiff and artificial. By a man like Metternich, sprung from one of the noblest families in Austria, who had every advantage as to face or figure that Nature could endow him with, who had formed his manners in the most exclusive *salons* in Europe, and who was a keen observer of life, the snobbish aims and arts of Napoleon were easily seen through. "His attitude seemed to me," remarks the discriminating critic, "to show constraint and even embarrassment. His short, broad figure, negligent dress, and marked endeavour to make an imposing effect, combined to weaken in me the feeling of grandeur naturally attached to the idea of a man before whom the world trembled." As we are generally most deficient in the very gifts that we the most admire, so Napoleon, who envied the ease of the true gentleman, was almost destitute of *savoir vivre*. We are told that it is difficult to imagine anything more awkward than the Emperor's manner in a drawing-room; whilst the pains he took to correct the faults of his nature and education only served to make his shortcomings more evident.

I am satisfied (says Metternich) he would have made great sacrifices to add to his height and give dignity to his appearance, which became more common in proportion as his *embonpoint* increased. He walked by preference on tip-toe. His costumes were studied to form a contrast by comparison with the circle which surrounded him, either by their extreme simplicity or by their extreme magnificence. He

endeavoured to imitate the well-graced attitudes of the actor Talma. In the society of ladies he was dull and vulgar; though his efforts were frequent he never succeeded in framing a graceful or well-turned speech to a woman. He spoke to them of their dress, or of their children, and sometimes indulged in an offensiveness of illustration which exposed him to repartees he was unable to return. "What red hair you have!" he said to one of the maids of honour of the Empress Josephine. "Yes, Sire, I have," was the reply, "but you are the first gentleman who told me so."

But if we turn from the petty vanity of the man to the genius of the statesman and the commander, how different is the portrait! By the force of his character, the activity and lucidity of his mind, and by his talent for the combinations of military science, he was one of those men who are not so much aided by opportunity as who make their opportunities. Influenced by one passion, that of power, he never lost either his time or his means on those subjects which might have diverted him from his aim. Master of himself, he soon became master of men and events. In whatever time he had appeared he would have played a prominent part. He regarded himself as one isolated from the rest of the world, made to govern it and to direct every one according to his will. Existence—without his controlling genius to direct affairs—was in his eyes impossible. "I shall perish perhaps," he said to Metternich in the eventful year of 1813, "but in my fall I shall drag down thrones, and with them the whole of society." Many men, astonished at his successes, said he was a "privileged being" born under a "lucky star," and the "favourite of fortune," but Napoleon, conscious of his intellectual superiority and the labour with which he had thought out his combinations, replied, "They call me lucky because I am able; it is weak men who accuse the strong of good fortune."

Like Sir Robert Walpole and those who are intent upon one object and indifferent to the means provided the end be attained, the Emperor judged human nature alone by its baser parts. As Walpole said "every man has his price," so Napoleon attributed all human action to unworthy motives. Guicciardini and Macchiavelli were his two favourite authors, and he acted upon the hard, selfish principles they inculcated. His selfishness, indeed, was brutal; the fearful sufferings which it inflicted upon myriads never caused him a pang. To quote his own words, he made no account of a million men's lives.

He was eminently gifted with that worldly tact of recognising those who would be useful to him. He discovered their weak side, their greed, vanity, or spite; then he laid siege to it and took care to join their fortunes to his own, involving them in such a way as to cut off the possibility of retreat to other engagements. A mere adventurer, he studied the national character of the people he

governed, and the history of his life proves that he had studied it rightly. He knew exactly how to play upon the levity, the fickleness, and the intense vanity of the Frenchman. He looked upon the Parisians as children, and often compared Paris to the opera. When remonstrated with by Metternich for the palpable falsehoods which then formed the chief part of his bulletins, he replied, with a smile, "Oh, they are not written for you; the Parisians believe everything, and I might tell them a great deal more which they would not refuse to accept."

Aware of the manner in which he had taken possession of the throne, he never lost an opportunity of anxiously protesting against those who accused him of being a usurper.

The throne of France (he said to Metternich) was vacant. Louis XVI. had not been able to maintain himself. If I had been in his place, the Revolution—notwithstanding the immense progress it had made in men's minds in the preceding reign—would never have been consummated. The King overthrown, the Republic was master of the soil of France. It is that which I have replaced. The old throne of France is buried under its rubbish: I had to found a new one. The Bourbons could not reign over this creation. My strength lies in my fortune: I am new like the Empire: there is, therefore, a perfect homogeneity between the Empire and myself.

In these days of an aggressive Socialism it would be well if our demagogues took to heart this remark of the Emperor—"the child of the Revolution," as Canning called him. "When I was young," he said, "I was revolutionary from ignorance and ambition. At the age of reason I have followed its counsels and my own instinct, and I crushed the Revolution." In other words, having nothing to lose—like most Communists—he agitated as the mischievous leveller, but when it fell to his lot to become a possessor both of property and power, he changed into a staunch Conservative. Nothing more proves the purely predatory designs of the Socialist than this remark of the Emperor upon his past conduct. How true is the saying of Job, "Doth the wild ass bray when it hath grass?"

Intellectually, Napoleon stands before us in these pages as biography has hitherto regarded him—as a man more dependent upon genius than upon education. In conversation he was singularly clear and precise—"seizing the essential point of subjects, stripping them of useless accessories, developing his thought, and never ceasing to elaborate it till he had made it perfectly clear and conclusive; always finding the fitting word for the thing, or inventing one where the usage of the language had not created it, his conversation was ever full of interest. He did not converse, he talked." One of his habitual expressions was, "I see what you want; you wish to come to such or

such a point; well, let us go straight to it." He had little mathematical knowledge. "His knowledge of mathematical science," says Metternich, "would not have raised him above the level of any officers destined, as he was himself, for the Artillery; but his natural abilities supplied the want of knowledge. He became a legislator and an administrator as he became a great soldier, by following his own instinct." The turn of his mind always led him towards the Positive. He valued only those sciences which can be controlled and verified by the senses, or which rest on observation and experience. His heroes were Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne. The great aim of his military policy was to make France supreme over the States of Europe—the centre and force of all Governments. The vast edifice which he had constructed was entirely the work of his hands, and he was himself the keystone of the arch. Yet this gigantic construction was wanting in its foundation, and composed of materials which were nothing but the ruins of other buildings. When the keystone of the arch was removed, the whole edifice fell in.

Within the limits of a magazine review it is impossible to take notice of the mass of new historical matter presented to the reader in these Memoirs. The book must be consulted by all who wish to obtain a clear view of the events which so gravely agitated Europe at the commencement of this century. One incident we must, however, allude to, for it is the most interesting as well as the most dramatic of all in the pages before us. Coming events were beginning to cast their shadows. The great Emperor had recovered from the losses he suffered on the frozen plains of Russia, and had once more faced the Allies in Saxony. At Lützen and Bautzen the troops of the Coalition had been defeated; yet difficulties were gathering around Napoleon, and he was uncertain of the course Austria intended to pursue, who, with her usual shifting policy, had not yet joined the Allies. An armistice was proposed, which was accepted by the Coalition, anxious of obtaining aid from Vienna. The scene opens at Dresden, in the famous summer of 1813. No sooner arrived at the Saxon capital than Napoleon summoned Metternich to his presence, for upon the decision of Austria depended the fate of Europe. "I felt myself," says the Prince, "at this crisis the representative of all European society. If I may say so, Napoleon seemed to me small!"

"So you *too* want war," he cried; "well, you shall have it. I have annihilated the Prussian army at Lützen; I have beaten the Russians at Bautzen: now you wish your turn to come. Be it so; the rendezvous shall be at Vienna." "Peace and war," replied Metternich, "lie in your Majesty's hands. Between Europe and the aims you have hitherto pursued there is absolute contradiction. The world requires

peace. In order to secure this peace you must reduce your powers within bounds compatible with the general tranquillity, or you will fall in the contest. To-day you can yet conclude peace; to-morrow it may be too late." "Well, now, what do they want me to do?" asked Napoleon, sharply; "do they want me to degrade myself? Never! I shall know how to die: but I shall not yield one handbreadth of soil. Your sovereigns, born to the throne, may be beaten twenty times and still go back to their palaces: that cannot I—the child of fortune; my reign will not outlast the day when I have ceased to be strong, and therefore to be feared. I have made up for the losses of the past year: only look at the army, after the battle I have just won! I will hold a review before you!"

Metternich hinted that the army desired peace. "Not the army," cried Napoleon, hastily. "No! my generals wish for peace. I have no more generals. The cold of Moscow has demoralised them. I have seen the boldest cry like children. A fortnight ago I might have concluded peace; to-day I can do so no longer." A discussion then ensued. The Prince endeavoured to prove that, in a conflict between Napoleon and Europe, the latter must be victorious. The Emperor defied the Coalition, but he was anxious that Austria should remain neutral. "The Emperor of Austria," said Metternich, "has offered the Powers his mediation, not his neutrality. Russia and Prussia have accepted the mediation; it is for you to declare yourself to-day." Here Napoleon entered upon a long digression on the strength of his army, and the force he could assemble in the field. "Is not your present army anticipated by a generation?" asked the Prince. "I have seen your soldiers: they are mere children. And if this juvenile army that you levied but yesterday should be swept away, what then?" At these words—

Napoleon allowed himself to be overcome by rage; he turned deadly pale, and his features worked convulsively. "You are no soldier," he exclaimed fiercely; "and you do not understand what goes on in a soldier's soul. I have been reared on battle-fields: and such a man as I am makes no account of a million men's lives." He used a much stronger expression than this; and, as he spoke, or rather screamed these words, he flung his hat, which he had hitherto kept in hand, into a corner of the room. I did not stir, but leant upon a console between the two windows, and said, with deep emotion, "Why do you apply to me? Why do you make such a declaration to me between four walls? Let us open the doors; and may your words resound from one end of France to the other! It is not the cause which I represent that will lose thereby!" Mastering his passion, he replied, in a more moderate tone of voice, "The French cannot complain of me. In order to spare them I have sacrificed my Germans and my Poles. During the Russian campaign I lost three hundred thousand men, but only thirty thousand of them were Frenchmen."

The interview lasted till dusk. As Napoleon dismissed the Prince, he said, as he held the door, "We shall see one another again." "At your pleasure, Sire," replied Metternich, "but I have no hope of attaining the object of my mission." "Well, now," said Napoleon, touching the Prince on the shoulder, "do you know what will happen? You will not make war upon me?" "You are lost, Sire," said the Austrian; "I had the presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty." He *was* lost. It was the will of God. The victories of Lützen and Bautzen were followed by the defeats on the Katzbach and at Leipsic, and by that terrible campaign of 1814, which led to the lonely isle of Elba.

Here we take our leave of these interesting volumes; they are certain to appeal to a large circle of readers, for few subjects are more fascinating than history written by those who have created it.



ART. V.—CLERGY SUPPLY AND THE PLURALITIES ACTS.

IN No. III., p. 239, we quoted the following expression of opinion by the Bishop of Norwich, at his Diocesan Conference, on what we ventured to call "a really practical question:"—

Small cures with small incomes are evils in more ways than one. It is an evil to have an impoverished clergy, and it is an evil for a clergyman not to have enough to occupy his time. Further, there is great waste of strength which could be utilised elsewhere, particularly in London, where, with four times the population, there is only half the number of benefices which exist in the diocese of Norwich.

It will be observed that the Bishop here speaks only of small parishes with small incomes. But he would have included, no doubt, parishes with small populations and large incomes. For if it be an evil for a clergyman with a small income "not to have enough to occupy his time," it is hardly less an evil in the case of a clergyman with a large income. The "waste of strength," which his lordship complains of, is the same in both cases; and in the case of the disproportionately well-endowed benefice, the waste of strength is intensified, and its supposed mischievousness is increased, by waste of endowment.

The subject to which the Bishop of Norwich has drawn attention is one of interest and importance in many ways. For certainly under the present strain to keep abreast of the ever-growing demands upon her strength, the Church of England can