

notony. They remind one of the measured march of the grenadier to the music of the fife and drum, rather than of the free and lofty movement of the giant. Again, Macaulay's hatred of pronouns, limitations and qualifications; the lack of organic unity in his sentences—of flexibility, airiness and grace—and especially of those reticences, half-tones, and subtle interblendings of thought which are among the lamps of style; and last, not least, his Chinese lack of perspective, and his fondness for exaggeration and startling contrasts, greatly detract from the excellence of his style. As he himself says of Tacitus, "he stimulates till stimulants lose their power." Because it is thus obtrusive by its brilliancy, and constantly calls attention to itself, Macaulay's style is necessarily second-rate. The writer who perpetually strikes you as a great literary artist is not artist enough, just as the man who strikes you as crafty is never crafty enough, because he cannot hide his craft. The painter who works consciously, and who is always ready with a reason for every touch of his brush, instead of laying tint on tint at the mandate of a mysterious instinct, we may be sure is not a Raphael or a Titian. Shakspeare has no style, because he has so many styles—because he is forever coining new forms of expression, and breaking the moulds as fast as they are coined.

Here, had we space, we should like to speak of the serried strength of Barrow and the indignant brevity of Junius; of Burke, the materials of whose many-coloured style were gathered from the accumulated spoils of many tongues and of all ages; of Robert Hall, the stately, imperial march of whose sentences was fashioned after no model of ancient or modern times—a style the product not of art, but of a mind full to bursting with intellectual riches, and which, though often declamatory, never wea-

ries, because he never declaims only—there is the bolt as well as the thunder; of South, Fuller and Sydney Smith, the ivy-like luxuriance of whose wit conceals the robust wisdom about which it coils itself; of Walter Savage Landor, who handles the heavy weights of the language as a juggler his balls; of Froude, some of whose historical pictures are among the triumphs of English prose; of Huxley, in whose hands the hard, granitic vocabulary of science becomes malleable in such a union of sweetness with strength as to realize the Saturnian prodigy of "honey sweating from the pores of oak;" of Everett, whose level passages are never tame, and whose fine passages are never superfine; and, above all, of the three great masters of style, De Quincey, Ruskin and Newman, who have evoked, as with an enchanter's wand, the sweetness and strength of the English speech. Dr. Newman's diction, polished *ad unguem*, is the very acme of simplicity and clearness; but how the colourless diamond blade flashes as he brandishes it on the battlefield of controversy! Ask the ghost of poor Kingsley, if you doubt its edge! If we must go to other writers to see the full breadth and sweep of our language—the majestic freedom of its unfettered movement—we must go to Newman to see what it can do when it enters the arena a trained and girded athlete, every limb developed into its utmost symmetry, and every blow and every movement directed with definite purpose, and with most clear-sighted and deadly aim.

Again, how vividly are the seer-like nature and the exaggerated individualism of Emerson—his serene, Jove-like composure, and icy calmness of temperament—manifested in his disconnected sentences, which some wit has compared to Lucretius's "fortuitous concourse of atoms!" Of all the masters of language (we do not say of