

trait, it may be said that Macaulay's monograph is incomparable. The subject lives in such pathetic and picturesque paragraphs as these:

"His life, during thirty years, was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought ground sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces and gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing-room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If, by any chance, he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves. But

he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, nor with its own pure splendour. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium; they reached him refracted, dulled, and discoloured by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul, and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him."

His life may pass before us in a succession of brief visions. We may see the boy of noble features, marred and distorted by disease, ransacking the shelves of his father's book-shop at Lichfield—that literary centre then to all the country round—and eagerly perusing the chosen volumes. When, searching after apples, he found a copy of Plutarch, he had the Hesperides and all the golden fruit. Better than anything except people he loved books; and from his youth he surprised the learned with his occult, unusual, and multifarious knowledge. "On the first day of his residence at Pembroke College, Oxford," says Macaulay, "he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius, and one of the most learned among them declared that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments."

We see the poor scholar (now one of the glories of his University, but then ragged, with clouted shoes, and manner and movement savouring more of the plough than the class-room) standing under the gate of Pembroke, where his effigy may now be seen, charming the college lads grouped around him, after the manner of "the inspired charity-