

His way with his readers is clear. He first impresses them with the general fact. He then makes it luminous by giving some of the instances upon which his belief in it is founded. These general truths he is continually creating. Under his management long arrays of facts fall into groups, and each of these groups becomes a mere series of illustrations to some general idea. Everything that enters his mind is transformed. He marshals the results of his investigations, and they fall indeed into a splendid file. Where the ordinary informant contents himself with a list of plain facts, Macaulay creates a theory, and makes the facts look as if they sprung out of it. A duller biographer would let Addison go from Rome to Naples and from Naples back to Rome, without attempting to make a distinctive idea pervade the Neapolitan as distinguished from the Roman part of his experience. But the great essayist gives us such an idea, and it is a most natural one.

“He posted along the Appian Way to Naples. Naples was then destitute of what are now perhaps its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farm-house stood upon the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Paestum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among

the vines and almond trees of Capræe.”

Another peculiarity of Macaulay is his fondness for repetition. He loves to say a thing twice. His favourite ideas seem to him to deserve two or three incarnations, and his pen never fails to furnish two or three different sets of words. This is undoubtedly one of the great secrets of his diction. There are of course many kinds of narration in which it would be out of place; there are many cases in which the idea is evidently not to be dwelt upon. But when a theory is to be stated it is of great advantage that its different parts should be held up in many lights; and when a theory is to be stated, Macaulay is sure to hold it up in many lights. When he wishes to convey an opinion to us, he tells us it first in the broadest terms; he then tells us it in definite language; and often repeats it a third time in language more definite still. Yet this is not all. In some passages he carries out a complicated series of repetitions. Not only is one idea presented to us many times by a succession of sentences, but in later parts of the discourse that same idea is presented to us again and again in new successions of sentences. In this way long paragraphs are placed before us, and we grasp his theory more and more firmly at every new effort of the mind. We seem, as we approach the end, to see as the writer sees.

A noble passage in the introduction to the essay on Bacon illustrates this almost to exaggeration. The essayist as usual, before proceeding to Bacon, has something to criticize in Bacon's editor, Mr. Montagu. He finds Mr. Montagu guilty of hero-worship. And from Mr. Montagu he passes to hero-worshippers in general. Thus is introduced a long and sonorous paragraph, a paragraph of thirty-seven eloquent sentences, covering an entire