

The general outline of the career of this famous historian has long been familiar, and offers neither need nor scope for detail. After taking his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he highly exemplified himself by his contributions to the journals of the day, Macaulay entered the political campaign. After four years of high parliamentary distinction, and his first assumption of office, he accepted a lucrative appointment in India. During his residence here he was led to the investigation of Indian history, and to this we no doubt owe two of the most brilliant essays in the language. Returning to England in 1839, Macaulay again entered Parliament and for a number of years had a seat in the cabinet. Laborious as were his ministerial duties he yet found time to pursue his literary work. His essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, also those splendid specimens of "rhymed rhetoric" the Lays of ancient Rome, were the product of this period. But Macaulay was ambitious to do more than write essays and compose verse. He had long cherished the idea of writing a History of England, and fortunately for literature Parliamentary defeats and the loss of office, gave him the leisure, though at a late day, to effect his wish. From now to the close of his life, with brief interruptions incident to Parliamentary affairs, Macaulay threw his whole heart into the writing of his history. Few Englishmen of the time were so deeply versed in their country's annals, and none had hitherto hit the idea of making history popular and giving it a picturesque effect. But the author lived to see about four volumes published for in December 1859, his soul, left this life for ever. His remains were interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Macaulay's works are of much interest to us and in reference to them much has been written. Perhaps the chief among these is his History of England, commenced about the year 1847. In this he has related the establishment of the English Constitution. The history is universal and not broken. It comprehends events of every kind and treats of them simultaneously. Some have related the history of races, others of classes, others of governments, others of sentiments, ideas and manners, Macaulay has related all. He has separated nothing and passed

nothing by. A second characteristic of this history is clearness. The same idea is represented in so many different forms and made sensible in such familiar and precise examples that you cannot help being enlightened and convinced. The last feature and most singular, is that it is interesting. The first merit of a reviewer or journalist is to make himself readable. A thick volume naturally bores us, it is not thick for nothing; its bulk demands at the outset, the attention of him who opens it. The solid binding, the table of contents, the preface, the substantial chapters, all tell us plainly what to expect. Macaulay attained through practise this gift of readableness and adheres to it throughout his history. He employs every means of keeping up attention, good or indifferent, worthy or unworthy of great talent, among others he never forgets the actual.

His essays written at different periods are an assemblage of articles. We can throw down the volume after a score of pages, begin at the end or in the middle; we are not its slave but its master. They are also varied; in turning over a page we pass from the Renaissance to the nineteenth century, from India to England, this diversity pleases and surprises. The author is discreet, he displays himself to us, keeping back nothing; it is a familiar conversation and no conversation is worth as much as that of England's greatest historian. In fact all his works possess a charm for the reader, because they deal with all kinds of subjects, give the author's opinions in all sorts of things, and lead us to a conception of his thoughts.

Macaulay's style is characterized by its strength and clearness. It is said he never wrote an obscure sentence in his life, it may also be affirmed he never penned a weak one. In reading Macaulay, you become so completely fascinated that you are loathe to leave until you have finished the volume. In his writings there is little humor and less which will cause emotion. Yet every page is instinct with life, brightly colored, and highly illustrated. Macaulay is said to be the most pictorial writer in English prose, but some one has said he is not a genuine artist. When he draws a picture he is al-