

of twenty words, sentences of ten words, sentences of five words occur in every paragraph. It is true that long successions of sentences, none of them exceeding ten words, are to be found in the most vigorous passages. Yet in many cases where the voice speaking to us is most characteristically the voice of Macaulay, we can count, before a final pause comes, as many verbs and adjectives as could be counted in one sentence by the hearers of Robert Hall, and can be conscious that our ears are kept filled with sound as long as when we read any of those involved and pompous effusions which came with such uniformity from the pen of Samuel Johnson. His short sentences are no more his own than his long ones. There can be little doubt that the secret is to be looked for in some other feature. We must find something that those short sentences and the larger sentences possess in common. That there is something in common we are perfectly assured. It may be difficult to catch, difficult to express; but it seems to us to be expressed by the words *independence* and *unity*. Every sentence appears to be perfectly separated from all others, to stand upon its own ground, to be entirely devoted to the expressing of one truth. Each gives only one idea, but each gives one whole idea. The successive sentences are, of course, not unconnected with one another in thought. But they are connected in no other way than in thought. They are not additions beginning with *and*; they are not results introduced by *hence*. His additional utterance, even where it is a mere repetition, as it often is, brings with it all the dignity as well as the separation of a new idea. If, in relating Addison's travels in Italy, we were to speak as follows, our English would be good enough:—"Addison ascended Vesuvius, visited the tunnel of

Posilipo, and wandered among the verdure of Capreae, thus seeing everything at Naples that could then interest a foreign tourist." But out of the same material, Macaulay produces a different result. "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 Capreae." He gives us two statements, the one little more than a repetition of the other, but both perfectly clear, perfectly distinct, both characterized by the most perfect unity. In meditating upon any subject, his mind became occupied by a number of ideas, distinct, yet kindred. In writing, his object was to determine in what order these ideas should be expressed, and having determined their order, to see that every one of them had an adequate and forcible representation on paper. The following eulogy of Milton, from a thousand eulogies of Milton, is a fine example of distinct, yet kindred ideas, sharply separated into distinct yet kindred sentences.

"Milton was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens, yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about with him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents, but his hand is firm. He does naught in hate, but all in honour. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her."

Closely connected with the unity and separateness of his sentences, is that characteristic which has gained for his style the epithet Illustrative.