

—once in the life of Frederick the Great, once in the history of Von Ranke, once in the intricate life and character of Machiavelli. As the words of his native language, used with exquisite fitness, were his instrument, so also the institutions of his native land were his inspiration. The subjects which most deeply excited him, the subjects which moved his pen, were the literature, the political progress, the glory, of the English people. To these studies he early gave his affections, and he soon found the shrine worthy of the offering. For the history of English thought, and of the progress of English political liberty are not contemptible studies. Civil freedom as it exists in England is one of the noblest and most wonderful products of time. It is in imitation of it that almost all the good institutions of other countries have been founded. At Athens, under the very shadow of the Areopagus, in the very city of Solon, the freedom is the freedom which dates from Magna Charta, the statesmanship is the statesmanship of the Palace of Westminster. It is little wonder, therefore, that Oliver should have been his Pericles, that Oliver's Latin Secretary should have been his Homer. His knowledge, however, of Classical literature, and indeed of all literature, was vast. His great memory and power of reading rapidly are notorious. His knowledge of the greatest of the ancient writers, of the most noted of the Italian, of all the English classics, and of the French dramatists, is evident in every page of his works. It is said that if Milton's great poem had been lost he could have restored it from memory. Yet from an acquaintance with his essays, it may be doubted whether his memory was so absolutely supernatural, and whether the writers from whom he draws his illustrations were not writers who made a specially great

impression on his mind. He did not, moreover, reverence everything that he read. His contempt for some of the classical writers was great. He becomes enraged at the thought of Milton doing homage to Euripides. It reminds him only of the love of Titania for Bottom. He treats Xenophon with a disdain quite as great as the loathing which that unfortunate ancient inspires in the soul of De Quincey.

We regard his memory with a profound veneration similar to that with which he regarded the memory of Milton. As he admired and pitied the great men who went before him, their history, their glory, their passions, their sufferings, their deaths, so can we also contemplate, with affectionate regard, the fulness of his life, and follow his history down to that temple of silence and reconciliation in which his remains find a resting place. How often in tracing the career of an English statesman or poet does he bring it to its sad close in Westminster Abbey, and now he himself is among the great who slumber in that solemn place. It seems as if it was not only the pride of our nation to have had so noble a history, but also to have had minds noble enough to elucidate it. The England of the seventeenth century, the England of Shakspeare and Milton, the England of Oliver and William, would seem actually to have waited for Macaulay to complete the splendour of its successive epochs. In his intellect, in his pages, the events of those times rise and live again. Strafford waits to receive a greater condemnation than his sentence in Westminster Hall; Jeffreys for a more indignant scorn than that of the rabble who pelted his coach into the tower. Now moves the lying tongue of Sunderland, anon appear the smirking features of Dr. Oates. Through the smoke of Killcrankie we see the devout face of