

When the Greeks thought of genius they pictured it as Athena springing full armed into the world from the skull of Zeus; and, no doubt, in the youth of the world genius was much more instinctive than it is now, for the faculties matured earlier, which would be a natural effect of the absence of the mass of books by means of which the modern mind has to receive its training. To the Greek, his education came through intercourse with his fellow men, at the games and in the "man-ennobling agora." The products of other men's brains were comparatively few, and these had been learned by heart in early childhood. Plato and Aristotle have their Homer at their fingers' ends, and quote him more frequently than we do our Bible, Shakespeare and Milton; but, strange to say, they rarely quote him correctly, for they know him so well that they quote from memory. Were the modern mind to typify the growth of genius, it would not be under the similitude of the birth of Athena. The parable of the grain of mustard seed and the story of the Ugly Duckling more nearly represent the process through which our minds have to pass.

*Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso  
Ducit opes animumque ferro.*

Only after years of toil, from the sorrow and humiliation of failure, does the modern mind attain its full stature; and only those who have passed through the fire and received this painful training carry with them the full marks of genius. This is so far a recognized fact, that the early works of men of genius are rarely, during their lifetime, reprinted by their authors, and to a later generation it is reserved, and to the enterprising publisher, to resuscitate the beginnings by which the burst of genius upon the world is prefaced. And this preparatory training is necessary to the full development of the powers; for, though many men have exhibited great cleverness in youth, the

writings of precocious genius rarely affect us as the matured thoughts of age. Where high praise has been given to such early productions, it is often due to the early death of their authors. They are eulogized, as Cicero says children should be, not for what they are, but for the promise of what they might have been. Then comes a pitiless posterity, and Chatterton and Kirke White are banished to an upper shelf, to dust or Dryasdust. It would be absurd to call Macaulay a writer of this sort, and yet we cannot help feeling that there is something in a hard name that was once given him, "the grown and well-furnished schoolboy." There can be little doubt that his biographer claims for his hero too high a rank. We feel nauseated by his unvarying strain of praise. Notwithstanding the perfection of his work, and even allowing that his name will stand as a turning-point in the manner of writing history, we do not rest satisfied. Yet his claims to greatness are undeniable.

Few orators have been more highly complimented upon their speeches; to few has it fallen, as to Macaulay in the debate in June, 1853, upon the exclusion of judges from the House of Commons, to carry the votes of the House by a single speech. On his merits as a legislator, it is true, opinions are or were divided; but we may, at any rate, set off the high praise of Fitzjames Stephen, himself a philosophical jurist, writing long after, against the remarks of Miss Martineau, writing from impressions derived at the time. "I was witness," she says, "to the amazement and grief of some able lawyers, in studying that Code—of which they could scarcely lay their finger on a provision through which you could not drive a coach and six." The truth is that, as Mr. Stephen says, "Lord Macaulay's great work was far too daring and original to be accepted at once." He adds: "The point which has always surprised me most in con-