

trepid hero, as, with harness on his back, he plunges headlong in the Tiber's tide. This lesson of devoted patriotism appeals to British hearts as vigorously as did the feat of valor to the Roman and Etruscan soldiery.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good-wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

It was said of Macaulay that "he wore all his learning like a flower." An unexcelled prose writer, he was a poet not made but born. In all his writings, in prose and poetry alike, he appears to advantage. His prose is poetry. We may dispute his facts and say that he knew not where history ended and romance commenced, but though we be Tories as blue as the bluest of his contemporaries, we cannot deny the force of his writing and the beauty of his language. Not alone to Rome, but to France and the dear old