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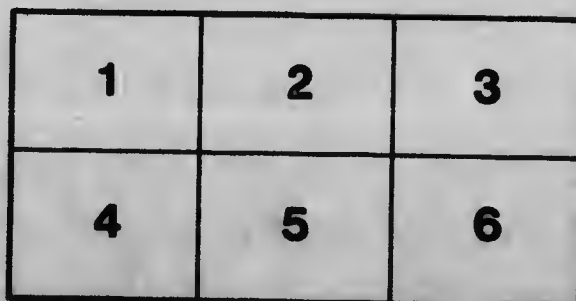
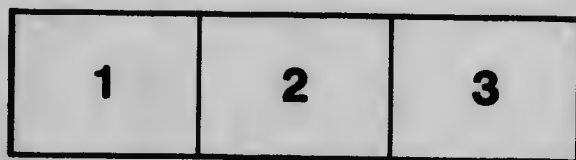
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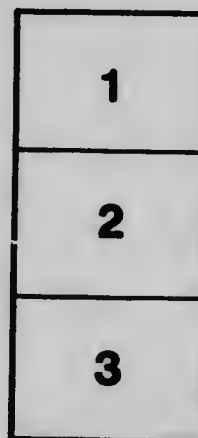
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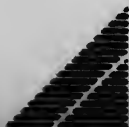
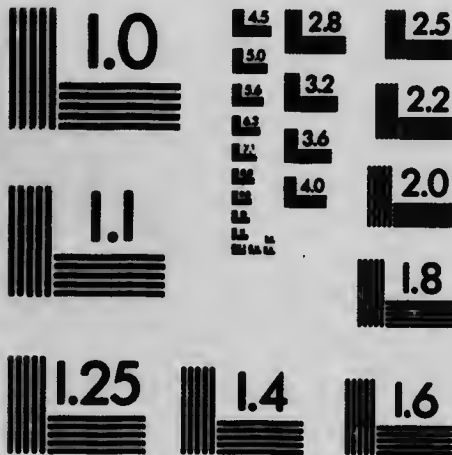
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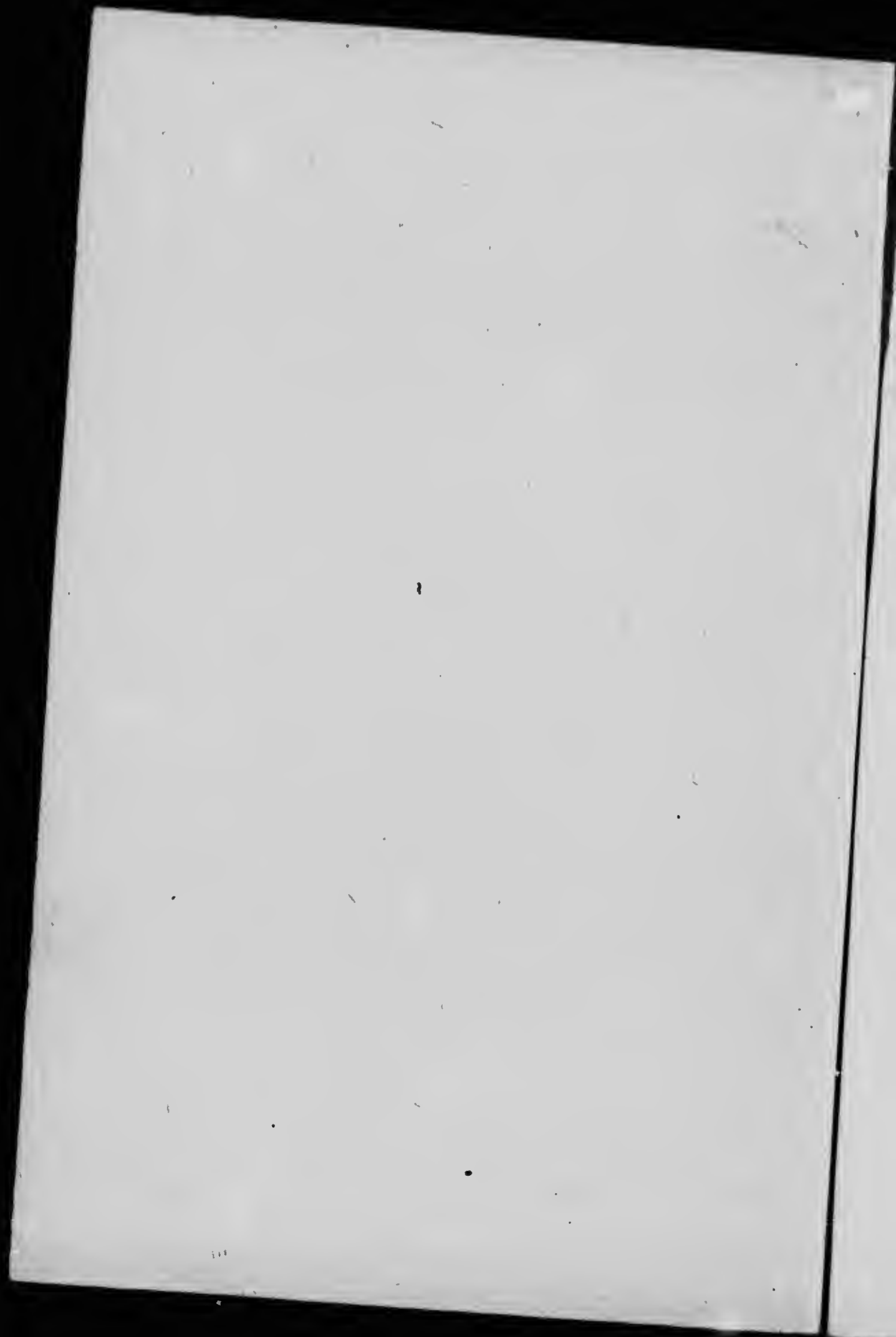
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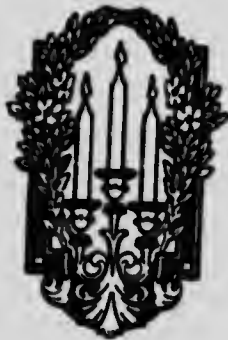
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**A NEW LIGHT
ON
LORD MACAULAY**

BY

ALBERT R. HASSARD, B.C.L.



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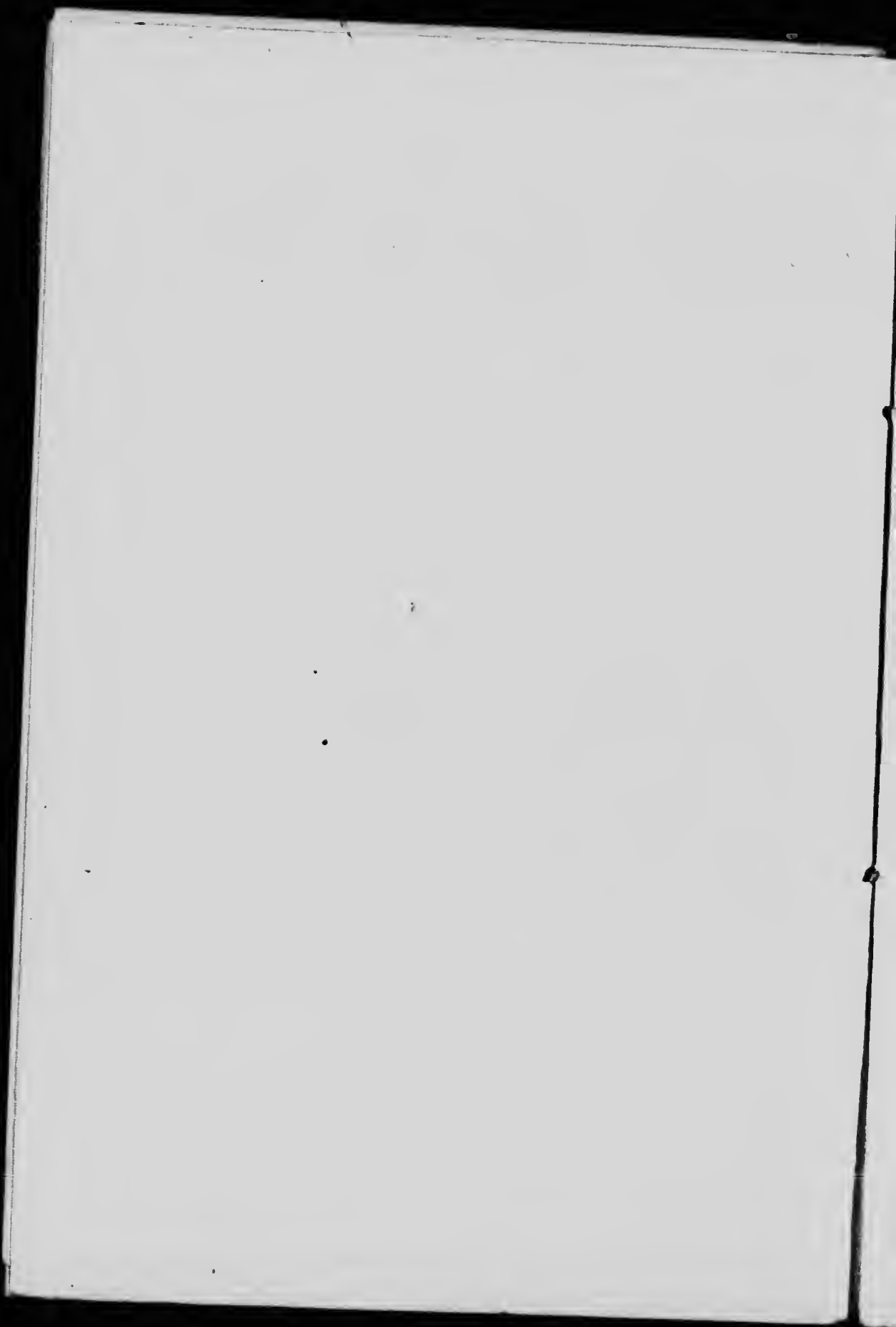
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTION	1
II. MACAULAY'S CAREER	6
III. THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS	17
IV. THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP	39
V. MACAULAY'S GENIUS	64



A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

[T may be thought that, since multitudes of essayists, biographers and critics, during the past eighty years, have published their impressions of the illustrious historian, orator, statesman, essayist and poet, Lord Macaulay, there would be left but little concerning that great man for a later writer to record. In England, thirty years ago, so great a prince of the pen as Lord Morley gave to the world the fruits of his reflections upon this eminent historian's contributions to

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

literature; while in Canada, a generation earlier, the famous pulpit and platform orator, Morley Punshon, cast a spell over thousands of the educated of the land by the powerful and enlightening lectures which he delivered upon the life and writings of Macaulay. Many others, equally celebrated, have been numbered among those who have enshrined his genius in essays and in biographies. Publications considering his many claims to fame have constantly multiplied, until there exists scarcely a journal of any importance whatever on either side of the Atlantic Ocean which has failed to publish the familiar incidents of his striking and precocious career. In the presence of so much research it will be expected that but little of novelty can be presented to the reader; yet there are some most significant circumstances in his literary life which all of his biographers and critics have strangely and uniformly overlooked, but which cannot fail to be of the very deepest interest to the millions of people in every country,

INTRODUCTION

who never weary in their admiration of the achievements and the genius of this truly remarkable man.

There is not much of the element of tragedy to be found in Macaulay's life, and there is therefore but little in his career which furnishes inspiration for romance. His life was exceedingly simple and unostentatious. So much is this a fact that his biographers have had impressed upon them the spirit of simplicity to a degree that is not only surprising, but unfortunate. Not one of the countless biographies, which record the incidents of his career, has risen much above the limits of mediocrity, and not one of them can be regarded as having secured an established place in literature. The "Life" by Morison in the English Men of Letters Series is no better in this respect than the others. The lengthy and official account of his career was written by his nephew, Trevelyan, and while it is a readable and interesting narrative, it cannot pretend to rank with Boswell's Life of Johnson, with Thack-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

eray's History of the Four Georges, or with that inimitable series of almost mystical illuminations which Carlyle flashed magically before an entranced humanity when he gave his wonderful "Heroes and Hero Worship" to the world. In Trevelyan's biography a faint reflection of the brilliant literary style of the eminent uncle is occasionally to be observed. No suggestion of the great historian's singular and fascinating style is to be found in any of the other biographies. Many of the editions of Macaulay's works contain prefatory sketches of his life, and there are also accounts of his career to be found in all of the encyclopædias. A thousand books have been written about Napoleon. They are all characteristically dissimilar. For Buonaparte was an enigma, and although legions of writers have striven to explain the riddle of his existence, still a century after the close of his meteoric career finds the enigma perhaps even further than ever from a solution. One biography of Macaulay, however, is simply

MACAULAY'S CAREER

a repetition of all the others. Even the stately Morley in England, and the versatile Punshon in Canada,—the former in his review and the latter in his oration,—found Macaulay's life so plain and so open, that with all their profound skill and breadth of knowledge, reviewer and orator alike were unable to cast any new light upon the details of their great hero's life and vicissitudes.

CHAPTER II.

MACAULAY'S CAREER.

WHEN, therefore, 'so much has been written and spoken about this great man, it would be strange if he were not one of the most familiar characters of history. And such he is, in truth. Scarcely an occurrence in his life but stands vividly out in unmistakable clearness. He was born, in October, 1800, to parents of good social standing and of excellent education. His father had gained some renown as an author. He acquired more, however, as a zealous advocate of the abolition of slavery, and that at a time when anti-slavery sentiments, even in England, were not so

MACAULAY'S CAREER

popular as they afterwards became. The son's education began while he was very young, and he almost instantly gave promise of achievements of a most unusual order. While yet a child he displayed a passionate devotion to books, and devoured nearly everything that came to his attention. This love of reading he carefully cultivated with an increasing interest year by year during the whole course of his life. The domestic letters of his childhood, and the classroom essays of his youth, show distinctly that he had attained a knowledge far beyond his years, and a genius which foretold much for the future. The impression which books were making upon him was visible both in his conversation and his writings from the very first. Mill began to study Greek when he was three years of age; Macaulay, however, considerably postponed that exacting exercise until he was nearly five. As a youth he was sent to several private schools, finishing which, he went to Cambridge University. His college course, while not so brilliant

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

as those of Gladstone and Lord Acton, was marked by great industry, particularly in reading, which was not merely extensive in range, but prodigious in amount. Nothing was too severe, nothing too exhausting to satisfy his intellectual longings. The Greek and the Latin, which others loathed as an imposition and a task, he welcomed as a diversion and a recreation. What others read with disagreeable compulsion in order to pass examinations, and then forgot forever, he read for enjoyable information, and to remember forever. He left Cambridge at the age of twenty-two, with his exceptionally retentive memory amply stored with a vast and readily accessible wealth of widely diversified information. He then studied for the bar, and became a lawyer, but after making the same superficial attempt at practising his profession that Morley made in later years, he, like Morley, abandoned law for literature, and subsequently literature for politics, reverting ultimately to literature as both a pastime and a profession. His first

MACAULAY'S CAREER

serious appearance in print was at the age of twenty-five, when he stirred England to its very depths by the publication of his famous essay on Milton. The immediate and overwhelming success of that brilliant composition—a success which far exceeded his most sanguine expectations,—opened the door instantly for greater triumphs,—triumphs of a social and a political, as well as of a literary character. The opulent of England, ever ready to smile whenever the beaming Goddess was bestowing the Crown, threw their offerings at his feet, and one of the gifts of the great was an easily won seat in the British House of Commons.

In 1830, Macaulay was elected to Parliament for Calne, one of those wretched and almost deserted constituencies, which the Reform Act a few years afterwards righteously abolished. His first speech in Parliament was on the question of Jewish Disabilities, and received a welcome that was almost a herald of future fame. In a short time a new Parliament

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

was summoned. Macaulay again was elected for the same seat, with, this time, but the appearance of a contest. The agitation for Parliamentary Reform had reached its height by then, and Macaulay threw his giant efforts into the scale with the reformers. The proposed law for the reconstruction of the ridings of England and known emphatically as "The Reform Bill," was introduced by Lord John Russell into Parliament on March 1, 1831. On the following night Macaulay delivered the first of his many reform speeches. It was a brilliant effort and one which promoted him at once to the very first rank of debaters and parliamentary orators. Social fame rapidly followed parliamentary success, and for a time Macaulay divided with the first men in the land the attention of high society in London. For months, it is said, he never dined at home, so numerous were the doors which were flung invitingly open to him because of his triumphant oratorical achievements. Reform, however, was slow in triumph-

MACAULAY'S CAREER

ing, and it was not until after many speeches had been delivered, including half a dozen by Macaulay, that the measure became part of the law of the country. These later Reform speeches were slightly inferior in rhetorical splendour to the first and most finished of them all, but nevertheless were exceedingly brilliant and powerful. Not only were they models of oratory, but they were imperishable masterpieces of literature. It is almost needless to say that they amply sustained the reputation for eloquence which he already had acquired. Calne, the seat which he had held, having been abolished as a parliamentary constituency by the Reform Act, Macaulay entered the first reformed parliament as member for the City of Leeds. That city he represented between the years 1833 and 1839. While he was member for Leeds, occurred a radical change in the system of administering public affairs in British India. A bill with that object in view was introduced into Parliament, and with his help became law. A Government

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

Board for India was established, and to the highly remunerative position as a member of that board he was appointed. His correspondence in connection with the appointment indicates that it was rather because he wished to free himself from prospective pecuniary embarrassments, than because of his love of the task, that he became willing to temporarily forsake England for the shores of the Indian Ocean. Financial relief, however, came more speedily than he had anticipated, for out of a princely income he was able to save a fortune within a very short time. In addition, a large and unexpected legacy which he received, placed him far beyond the reach of penury. By 1838 he was again in England. Two or three reviews, similar to those he had already published, together with the famous draft of a code of civil laws for India, which was a product of his pen, and which bears the impress of the same rhetorical skill that graces his essays, are all the literary fruits of his four years of residence in that distant realm, where

MACAULAY'S CAREER

men of lesser genius than he had repeatedly achieved immortality.

Upon his return to England he resumed those literary and parliamentary activities which had been interrupted by his appointment to the Indian Government Board. While abroad he had chafed at public life, and more than once hinted that he had probably done with it forever. But the bewitching Enchantress was too alluring. Scarcely had he reached England than he was offered the representation in Parliament of the City of Edinburgh. He gladly accepted, and soon after was elected one of the members for that city. In September, 1839, he entered Lord Melbourne's Cabinet as Secretary at War, a post which, in those pacific days, called for the exertion of no very serious ability beyond that required in superintending the routine details of the office. His powers as a debater, however, were frequently called into service to aid the needy fortunes of the dying Melbourne administration. In 1841 the Government

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

fell, and Peel, who a few years previously, had spent some anxious months in office, became Premier again, this time with a powerful following. This following the brilliant Minister abundantly needed to confront the serious situations which at once commenced to embarrass him, as well as the able orators who incessantly opposed him. Those were the days when Disraeli, on keen and unerring wing, was soaring majestically into fame, and when Gladstone, with his oratorical enchantments, and his lofty thunders, was beginning to shake England. Macaulay, voicing a merciless, as well as an unceasing, opposition to the great Premier, was often heard in the course of the many and splendid debates which signalized the course of the second Peel administration. Not only was the voice lifted, but the pen was also busy. Essays and verses flowed copiously in a crystal stream from the gifted writer's tireless pen.

In 1841 he began his History of England. By 1847 the first two volumes were

MACAULAY'S CAREER

completed, and in the following year were published. They, too, as his earliest literary and parliamentary efforts had done, lifted their author still higher in the estimation of the intellectual world, and found a secure and permanent place in the literary annals of England. Tens of thousands of copies, flooding the markets, were none too many to meet the popular demand. Seventy years have elapsed since then, but there seems no reduction in the demand for this marvelous product of his pen. The next two volumes of the history were published in 1855, while the fifth and last volume was not given to the public until after its author's death.

In 1857, Macaulay became a Peer; but his attendance in the House of Lords was but indifferent, nor does it appear that he ever made any important speech in the Upper House of Parliament. His health at the same time began to fail. It is altogether probable that the four years of residence in the unfavorable climate of India had something to do with the

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

undermining of a constitution never very robust. In January, 1856, the illustrious orator bade farewell to the electors of Edinburgh, and retired from public life. At the very close of 1859, after a short illness, which consisted of a gradual weakening, rather than in a sudden collapse, he passed quietly and peacefully away. One of his latest acts was, with commendable charity, to assist an obscure but needy stranger. On a sunless afternoon in January, 1860, the body of the famous man who had done so much for letters, for oratory and for history, was interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. Few of the long array of his many companions sleeping in the dust by his side give that mighty edifice a greater glory than he who became one of its silent tenants on that dreary winter's day.

CHAPTER III.

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS.

TWO great and important circumstances impress the careful student of Macaulay's life and writings. The first of these is the attitude which his biographers and critics have adopted to his historical and literary opinions. The second relates to the attempts which have been made to ascertain, if possible, the origin of his unique and masterly literary style, and to form an estimate of the true position which it eventually must occupy in literature.

Having asserted the problems which have been thus suggested, it is comparatively easy to enter upon a discussion of

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

the views his biographers and critics have held in reference to those political and historical conclusions which he formed, and which have not been accepted as final by history. Macaulay himself was always considering most carefully the possibility of the endurance of his own judgments upon events and characters. One of the most famous of his own criticisms is that which he passed some years after the publication of his essay on Milton had, lifted him into undying fame. He then said that it contained scarcely an opinion which his maturer judgment endorsed. Yet, for obvious reasons, that essay was one of the very last that he would have willingly disowned. When he was writing his history he said that his thoughts were not fixed upon merely transient fame; he was contemplating the possibility of his writings surviving for many generations after he should have passed away. Nearly all of his critics have devoted much of their energy to denouncing the judgments which he passed upon the many men and many

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

events he staged for history's observation. Morison, who was selected by the learned and versatile Lord Morley to write Macaulay's life in the English Men of Letters Series, calls the essay on Bacon "deplorable." He also tells us that a writer named Spedding, the fruit of whose literary labours unfortunately has not come down to illuminate our generation, published two weighty volumes in an effort to answer the historical and philosophical mistakes which he found in that famous essay. Spedding is dead; his monumental work is forgotten; it occupies no place in critical literature or on library shelves; but the essay on Bacon goes on selling and circulating by tens of thousands of copies annually all over the English speaking world.

Many of Macaulay's other essays, as well as his History of England, have been subjected to similar treatment. Able and distinguished writers, although not so industrious and painstaking as the indefatigable Spedding, have also published books in their attempts to controvert

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

various views to be found scattered all through Macaulay's writings. His attack upon Chief Justice Impey, and upon Argyle; his defence of William the Third; his arraignment of William Penn, and numerous other parts of his writings have all produced in reply many volumes, as well as essays, that have been printed in multitudes of periodicals. So uniformly has this policy been adopted, that most of the Macaulay literature of the past sixty years has consisted of either adulations or denunciations of his opinions. In both cases the eulogies and the depreciations have been accompanied by illustrative quotations from his own writings, as well as from other acknowledged authorities.

The truth is that altogether too much has been made of the correctness or incorrectness of Macaulay's judgments. He does not come before the world appealing in this respect for a confidence similar to that which we are accustomed to place in the compilers of our arithmetics and our cook books or the manu-

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

facturers of our barometers and our yard sticks. There is no such thing as infallibility on any side of the many debatable questions which are constantly being considered by men like Macaulay. The fundamental questions, of course, are always proverbially beyond dispute. But those questions, which vary with custom, habit, feeling and style; the many problems which history and literature must pass upon in considering their countless events and characters; the problems on which definite conclusions cannot be reached except in an arbitrary manner, will always encounter at the hands of intelligent men untold diversities of opinion. Most of the literary and historical problems which confronted Macaulay were those which involved capricious conclusions. The fact that Macaulay had more learning than thousands of others who have examined those problems is no more reason for expecting a sounder judgment upon them from him than from his less equipped contemporaries. Many people have heard

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

arguments between unlettered people proceed with as much conviction and vehemence, and leading to as just conclusions, as if they were supported by Macaulay's marvellous stores of information. In the law Courts it is quite a common occurrence to witness Counsel of comparatively equal mental incompetence presenting the opposing sides of a lawsuit, with superficiality, and manifest lack of skill; and it is equally common to observe the judges arriving at as correct conclusions upon these imperfect arguments, as if the discussions had been signallized by the utmost learning and ability. It also frequently happens that the carefully considered judgments of wise and experienced judges are reversed on appeal, very often upon grounds wholly different from those assigned by the tribunals of first instance; while still higher fountains of justice continue the process of reversal upon still different grounds from any that have been previously assigned. There are many jurists of weight and learning who dissent from

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

the unanimous decisions of the highest tribunals of the land. And, as in the case of Separate Schools in Manitoba, very frequently parliaments have been invoked to legislate away the decisions of ultimate tribunals, because in the opinions of men ranking in wisdom not behind the judges, the objectionable decisions have been regarded as not merely unsatisfactory and unpopular, but as absolutely illogical and erroneous.

On the arbitrary aspects of literature the vast knowledge of a Macaulay can never be a guarantee of truth. The same conclusion applies to the judgments which may be passed upon more conventional historical characters and events. It is true that in regard to them a wider information must necessarily lead to a closer approximation to truth. But wider information usually means the production of additional facts. These additional facts often furnish as much support to the one as to the other side of the judgments which are in the process of formation. If men were so universally good

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

or bad; if events were so consistently uniform, that a multiplication of occurrences but the more firmly supported the one or the other view of the individuals or the occurrences in question, then an increase of information would necessarily lead to the attainment of eternally immutable conclusions. But there is very little consistency in most men or events; caprice, passion, selfishness, and countless other varying motives colour deeply all men's actions; he who on one occasion awakens all our sympathies by the moderation and the humanity of his conduct, at another crisis shocks us by his unreasonable violence and severity. As a result of the searching investigations to which Macaulay submitted the lives of the many eminent actors whom he brought upon the stage of history, innumerable facts, many of them hitherto unknown, some of them contradictory, and all of them often both surprising and embarrassing, were elicited, which only intensified the numerous difficulties that were already present to perplex the his-

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

torian and hinder him from reaching a permanently unassailable conclusion.

Macaulay's critics have confused extensive knowledge with accurate judgment. In an age when no man will submit his judgment to that of another; when the milkman, the coal-heaver, the drain-digger and the scavenger to-day essay to pass instantaneous judgment upon the Prime Minister's long meditated utterances of last night, there must of necessity exist and remain eternal differences of opinion. And these differences are such as no breadth of knowledge will ever effectually remove. Extensive and exhaustive reading and study, for which, of course, a man of Macaulay's endowments was characteristically fitted, will undoubtedly furnish the historian with new truths; but unless a writer be gifted with the wisdom of a Solomon, a Solon, a Johnson, or a Buckle, the same array of facts in the mind of a scholarly Macaulay enjoys no more certainty of receiving an unerring interpretation than the facts would receive had they been sub-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

mitted to the judgment of a fairly intelligent salesman, mechanic or labourer.

It is true that persistent study tends to develop the mind, but it is equally conclusive that breadth of reading does not bring the judging faculty of the mind into a condition of infallibility, or to a degree of perfection which implies that its conclusions are final and unassailable. In the abstract the mind should approach an ideal state to the extent to which it is furnished with additional aids for its development. But the best informed men have not been those whose opinions have been most uniformly accepted. The really unsettled questions of history are those on which the wisest men, of all the ages,—men like Socrates and Plato among the ancients; men like Burke, Johnson, Draper, Lecky, Froude, Buckle and Carlyle, among the moderns,—have given the world the benefit of their learning and their wisdom. And when it is remembered of what a complexity of materials the judgments of the human mind are formed; of partially remem-

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

bered facts, of fragments of information, of rumours, of gossips, of inaccurate reports, all irregularly pieced together without any recognized rule to govern the combination, and the whole violently coloured and indelibly tinted by passion, prejudice, admiration, veneration, malice, jealousy, and a thousand other deforming mediums; when it is remembered that the textures,—if such an expression may be allowed,—of no two minds are alike, it is not surprising that the conclusion is an equally imperfect product, whether it be reached by the empty mind of the ignorant, or the well stored brain of the scholar.

It must not be imagined that in exercising the faculty of judgment it follows that there are no absolute standards of truth, nor that the opinions of sages and scholars are without value. But standards of truth and opinions of the wise are quite inapplicable when the object to be judged is arbitrary in the extreme, and when the conclusion is one which has to be reached through the consideration

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

of numberless facts, of every possible character, complexity and condition.

The real reason why Macaulay's views have been criticized with such malevolence, is not because he, more than a thousand other authors, courts controversy; it is not because he, more than countless others, flagrantly transgresses, and voices opinions which can be repelled only with violence; it is rather because many controversialists cannot write critically without importing into their essays malice and slander. Perhaps undue provocation has temporarily robbed them of charity and the other Christian attributes, and has led them to dip their pens in venom whenever they are attacking an opponent in the press. Not even is science exempt from this apparently agreeable method of confuting opponents; one has only to turn over the pages of any scientific publication, as for example, the *English Mechanic and World of Science*, which generously throws open its columns to a world of indiscriminate scribblers, to find its pages invaded by

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

a host of writers, who seem to forget everything except the pettiness of malicious calumny in offering their musings to the world. Perhaps, also, Macaulay offered some provocation himself, for in many of his essays he likewise aimed sharply barbed arrows of invective and fury at those whom he felt tempted to assail.

The extent of the attacks which have fallen upon Macaulay's head during the past half century is principally to be ascribed to the immense circulation which has been given to his writings. Had he enjoyed a more limited fame, fewer people would have seen his works, and fewer people therefore would have had the opportunity of rushing into print against him.

The error, therefore, into which many writers have unconsciously fallen is in regarding Macaulay as a profoundly philosophical and a faultlessly accurate historian, because of his wide popularity, and in concluding therefore that his errors merit equally profound refuta-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

tion. No less renowned a man than Gladstone was subject to this misconception. Most of Macaulay's contemporaries shared Gladstone's mistake. Even the greatest genius of them all, Carlyle, did not differ in this regard from the others. His essay, like that of the others, upon the oft debated subject, is likewise a brilliant attempt to refute Macaulay's arguments. In truth, although the latter's views are of inestimable value to the critic and to the historian, because of the vast stores of information on which they are based, still even a superficial survey of his career leads inevitably to the conclusion that he owes his permanent renown to a quality vastly different from his opinions, and therefore wholly independent of them. It is true, however, that many of his views are those which properly ought to be expressed by an eminent historian, who was gifted with all of Macaulay's talents and erudition. And yet similar conclusions have been reached repeatedly by writers who have never experienced a thousandth part of his

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

fame, and who, instead of enjoying his popularity to-day, are comparatively forgotten.

Macaulay owes his greatness and his constantly increasing popularity neither to his almost unsurpassed learning, nor to the valuable estimates which he made and published of a vast array of characters and circumstances covering an extensive and important range of history. His great fame must be ascribed principally to the fact that he was the author of a literary and rhetorical style, which, for over half a century, has laid England under a potent spell, and has captivated the world of letters as no style known to literature had ever done before. Had Macaulay written the substance of his essays and his history in the style familiar to the nameless thousands, who have published and perished during the past fifty years, his writings would long since have been entombed in a hopeless and eternal oblivion. It may also even be conjectured that if any of these unremembered myriads who wrote mediocre

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

prose, had expressed their thoughts in the shining rhetoric, which burns with a deathless splendour through all of Macaulay's writings, those authors would surely and sublimely have escaped the cruel tragedy of the endless night, and have passed gloriously and triumphantly on, enshrined in fadeless eloquence, to live in literary history forever. One man reads Macaulay's writings to learn his historical convictions, for the many who read them in the hope of being able to snatch from their pages even for a transient moment the faintest part of that picturesque and stately literary style, of which he was so consummate a master.

It has been the subject of much criticism that Macaulay read rather than reflected; that he was a devourer of books instead of a manufacturer of ideas; that he recalled with his memory instead of meditating with his intellect. Most of his biographers delight in illustrating this contention with the often narrated incident that, on a trip by steamer one stormy night across the Irish Channel, to

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

visit Londonderry, Enniskillen, Limerick and the Boyne, in order that he might enrich his writings with new and original descriptions of those celebrated spots which loom large in the history of human freedom, he spent much of the night in reciting to himself from recollection several books of "Paradise Lost." All of the critics of this incident have overlooked its one really serious and striking significance. The view of the critics has uniformly been that this circumstance conclusively proves Macaulay to have lacked the reflective instinct, and, while luxuriating in a marvellous memory, to have been endowed with philosophic superficiality. Never was a conclusion more unfounded. Never was greater injustice done to a writer. Macaulay was essentially an author who charmed by his irresistible style, and who well understood the importance of maintaining his vocabulary at the highest possible standard of verbal excellence. The best method in the world to cultivate a perfect literary style is to read incessantly the rhe-

x

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

torical masterpieces of the world; and having read them attentively, to remember them tenaciously, and recall them frequently. It is idle to attempt once more to prove the well established fact that there is no greater repository of that language, which is best adapted for the purposes of the brilliant rhetorician, than Milton's "Paradise Lost." Some of the passages to be found in that famous creation rival anything that has ever been written in our language. The oration of Belial at the Council of his peers, when he told the infernal legions how they,

Caught in a fiery tempest shall be
hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport
and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever
sunk
Under you boiling ocean, wrap't in
chains,
There to converse with everlasting
groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved;
Milton's apostrophe to light, and the

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

interlude of his reflection upon his own
blindness; Abdiel's farewell to the
legions of the night, when he forsook his
lifelong dwelling-place; and

With retorted scorn his back he
turned,
On those proud towers to swift
destruction doomed;

the descent from Paradise to earth of
the exploring angel along the gleaming
pathway paved with sunbeams; the War-
fare of the Skies, when

Under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main with ruinous
assault,
And inextinguishable rage . . . and
Millions of fierce encountering angels
fought;

the dread advent of Satan to Eden, what
time

The sun was sunk and after him the
star
Of Hesperus whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night;

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

Adam's piteous lamentation after the fall,

for I had hope
When violence had ceased and war on
earth,
All would have then gone well, and
peace have crowned
With length of happy days the race
of men;

the enumeration of the holy virtues of
woman; the stately drama moving
majestically on to its melancholy but in-
evitable termination, when

In either hand the hastening Angel
caught

Our lingering parents, and....

.....led them down

.....to the subjected plain;

have few rhetorical parallels in English
speech. No orator at all anxious for his
reputation would ever dream of achiev-
ing renown without being familiar with
these and a hundred other lofty and mag-
nificent Miltonian passages,—passages
of such soft and wondrous beauty that
they seem to contain something far dif-

THE MACAULAY PROBLEMS

ferent from mere words and phrases,— something that kindles into a radiant glow, and consumes as if with an incandescent splendour. In that master drama the very language seems to pulsate with life, while page after page unfolds records, mysteries and revelations. By virtue of the eloquence which the writer uses, the characters seem to assume a warm and thrilling reality. Blinding lightnings seem to kindle in the very vaults of Heaven. Starry splendours mystically flash in beaming eyes. Dusky valleys reverberate with the echoes of human voices. Earth trembles and reels beneath the swift tread of hurrying feet. The cowering hosts of Hell seem to shudder, and the smiling angels of Heaven draw radiantly near, as the reader broods over the majesty of fitting word, of polished sentence, of stately phrase and of peerless paragraph. It was because of Macaulay's unique familiarity with innumerable authors, including the mighty and majestic Milton, that the great historian of the nineteenth century

X

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

became renowned as the master of a style, the source of which has perplexed three generations of critics, and which, in some respects, is greater and more facile than all others which went before. And that style is one which, even when compared with the brilliance of Sheridan, Burke, Sheil and Canning, easily marks the highest point that a not too richly ornamented, yet a brilliantly oratorical, as well as a picturesquely argumentative, rhetoric has attained in the entire course of the development of the English language.

How did Macaulay contrive to acquire so finished and perfect a literary style? This question has often been asked, but nowhere has it been answered. An answer, however, may now be had, notwithstanding the famous remark which the well-informed Jeffrey made on reading the captivating essay on Milton, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

CHAPTER IV.

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP.

○F the brilliant masters whose writings have contributed to the formation of literary styles, the greatest, among the moderns, are undoubtedly, Milton, Samuel Johnson, Addison, and Gibbon. Much of Macaulay's style is due to his familiarity with these men. To them must be added another, who, on careful reflection, cannot be overlooked in estimating the resources of a writer who laboured with the pen three-quarters of a century ago. This last was the famous Chesterfield, who, although his influence in later years has declined, was a sovereign in the kingdom of letters dur-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

ing the early part of the nineteenth century. Chesterfield's genius passed to his descendants, each one, as the years rolled on, inheriting much of the intellectual wealth of the ancestor. With the Chesterfields Macaulay was abundantly familiar. From them I have no doubt but that he drew, perhaps even unconsciously, untold stores of literary wealth. Between him and the last of the house of Chesterfield, the scholarly Philip Henry, Viscount Mahon, afterwards fifth Earl Stanhope, existed a relationship, which is responsible for a circumstance that is unique in literary history, and which it is the purpose of the succeeding pages to carefully examine.

Stanhope had inherited to a large degree those talents which made the fourth Earl renowned both as the master of a graceful literary style, and as an arbiter of courtly deportment. He was a prolific writer. He did not leave as much behind him as Macaulay did, but what he did leave gives evidence of wide research and profound scholarship. His information

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

was thorough. He wrote a seven volume History of England, covering in its pages, in point of time, the greater part of the eighteenth century. He was also the author of a two volume history of the Reign of Queen Anne. The former of these works was commenced in 1836, and finished about 1854: the latter was a subsequent product of his pen.

Macaulay and Stanhope were intimate friends; although it is evident that while the former preserved a dignified and austere demeanour towards his famous contemporary, Stanhope revered Macaulay. The History of Queen Anne's reign commences near the place where Macaulay's long and brilliant narrative concludes. In the introduction to his volumes, Stanhope pays his illustrious friend a singularly flattering tribute. He says that the reader, who has been borne on the wings of rhetoric and imagery through Macaulay's stately story, may continue his interest in the lofty theme by means of his own, although less brilliant, pages. In Stanhope's life of

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

Queen Anne, the name of Macaulay is mentioned no fewer than twelve times, and each time with a respect that borders closely upon servility. In this History there is no striking similarity in words or ideas to those of Macaulay, although there were many essays which the latter wrote treating of events that are to be found in the Queen Anne volumes. Here was Stanhope's opportunity to fearlessly appropriate, had he been a mere echo of Macaulay. The mighty master's voice was stilled in death. His powerful pen could no longer be used to punish a purloiner. Why Macaulay did not copy anything from this publication needs no demonstration, for the great historian had ceased to exist when Stanhope's History of Queen Anne's reign was first given with all its scholarship and splendour to the world.

Stanhope's History of England has passed through five editions, the fifth having been printed in 1858. Evidently towards the middle of the nineteenth century it had acquired an extensive re-

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

noun. Its popularity, however, has not corresponded with its merits, for in later years it seems not only to have ceased to circulate, but to have ceased to be reprinted. Even the libraries possess it very sparingly, it being an exile from all formal collections of books, except those of the very largest dimensions.

It is important now to determine whose production was the earlier; not merely in print, but in actual composition, for many a writer has retained his manuscript unpublished for years after it has been written. And on the result of that examination it will appear that one of two conclusions will be demonstrated. Either one or other of these men was guilty of the grossest piracy that is to be found in British literature, or one of the most marvellous coincidences that ever was found in letters will have been found to have existed between these two illustrious contemporaries.

Stanhope's references to Macaulay have been given; it may be helpful to

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

recall Macaulay's references to his companion. In 1831, Macaulay, in writing from London to his sister Hannah, gives an account of the first glimpse he had of Stanhope, who was then Lord Mahon. "At Holland House," runs the communication, "we sat down to dinner in a fine long room, in which were Lord Albe-marle, Lord Alvanley, Lord Russell, Lord Mahon,—a violent Tory, but a very agreeable companion and a very good scholar." When Stanhope published his history of the War of the Spanish Succession, Macaulay reviewed the work, and gave it exceedingly high praise indeed. In the light of what is to follow, Macaulay's declaration that Stanhope possessed some of the most valuable qualities of an historian, "perspicuousness, conciseness, great diligence in examining authorities, great judgment in weighing testimony, and great impartiality in estimating characters," is significant. Morison, Macaulay's biographer, makes but one reference to Stanhope. Alluding to the treatment which Mac-

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

Macaulay gave to the historical essay, Morrison says:—"His (Macaulay's) friend, "Lord Stanhope, is a much more safe, "steady guide through the eighteenth "century. But for one reader who will "sit down to the accurate, conscientious, "ill-written History of England by Lord "Stanhope, a hundred will read the brilliant essays by Macaulay."

Trevelyan makes a further allusion to Macaulay's contemporary just at the close of the last volume of his biography. He says that Stanhope was one of those celebrated citizens of London who assisted in carrying Macaulay's remains to their last resting place, in Westminster Abbey. Twice Stanhope's name occurs in Macaulay's speeches on reform. These about complete the Macaulay references to the illustrious man who had so much in common with one of the greatest writers in the world.

It is evident therefore from these references that Stanhope loomed large along the horizon of Macaulay's experience during many of the years when he

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

was brilliantly penning his immortal messages for humanity.

Macaulay's own attitude towards unacknowledged literary appropriation was often indicated, and during his lifetime was well understood. Wherever he found literary piracy he was unrelenting in its condemnation. It is said that both Croker and Montgomery passed sooner to their graves because of the bitterness of the invectives which he heaped upon them, and which with the increase of Macaulay's fame, maintained a continually increasing circulation. When he himself was the victim of piracy he was equally outspoken. The preface to his collected speeches contains an elaborate and detailed denunciation of one who sought to profit by appropriating his writings. A man named Vizetelly, whom Macaulay denounces as unprincipled, published without authority an edition of his speeches, which contained innumerable errors. Macaulay, who, before the piracy took place, had not collected his public addresses in book form, at once

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

actually published a corrected volume of his own speeches as a weapon of defence against the miscreant who had made immense profits by his publication. In the introduction to the authorized volume, Macaulay belaboured poor Vizetelly most righteously and unmercifully for his offence of stealing the writings of another.

Had Macaulay been the victim of another appropriation by another equally aspiring writer, would he have spared his rival? Why should he have reviled Vizetelly and have condoned Stanhope? It was not his habit to overlook offences of this kind. He owed Stanhope nothing. The friendship which had commenced in 1831 was no hindrance to the aggrieved historian in asserting one of the most elementary rights of a man who is devoting his life to literature. He already had meted out but scant courtesy to his noble friend in the review of his War of the Spanish Succession. In fact, the bluntness of the praise was not far removed from blame. It would have taken but

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

little to have changed the faint approval into a bitter depreciation, had there been sufficient justification. And a plagiarism of the kind suggested was just such a justification as would call forth all the bitterness which such an offence warranted. Moreover, it is inconceivable that, had the language, the style, the very spirit and form of Macaulay's three most famous essays, and those upon which his lasting reputation largely depended, been copied, paragraph after paragraph, through scores of pages by Stanhope, the injured man would have quietly watched the literary appropriations passing rapidly into five editions, without having left to the world a solitary sentence by way of protest or complaint?

Internally the evidence supports this conclusion. An author who copies generally condenses. Except in passages where rein could be given to his great imagination, Macaulay's narratives are usually abbreviations of those which Stanhope had written. Stanhope had access to valuable papers which were

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

being used for historical purposes for the first time. It was but natural that he should have used those papers to their fullest extent. And so he did. This detail was capable of very great condensation without interfering with the narrative. What, then, was more likely than that Macaulay should have greatly condensed the leading sentences, of which there were an abundance, and which formed the vital parts in the wide survey that Stanhope made of the marvellous achievements of the eighteenth century?

Chapters thirty-nine and forty in volume four of Stanhope's History of England, as well as several chapters in a later volume, contain a lengthy account of England's ascendancy to dominion in India. Volume four of Stanhope was first published in 1844, but it appears to have been written considerably before that time. The literary style, the chronological order of events, sometimes in a different order from that in which they occurred; the illustrations, the arrangements of paragraphs, together with par-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

ticular phrases, striking words, and unusual expressions, and characteristic colourings appear in Macaulay's essays, even as they appear in those chapters of Stanhope's history.

In commencing the account of Clive's life, Stanhope refers to the youthful daring of the future conqueror of India, saying that the people of his native town long remembered Clive climbing the steeple of the town and seating himself on a projection at the summit. Macaulay relates the same incident in almost precisely the same language, using in a short sentence of three or four lines no less than ten of the same words that Stanhope employs in telling the incident. Here are the versions. Macaulay says:—"The old people of the neighborhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market-Dayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit." Stanhope says:—"The people at Dayton long remembered how they saw young Clive

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

climb their lofty steeple, and seated astride a spout near the top." It may be mentioned, in this connection, that neither Malcolm, the biographer of Clive, who was most likely to be nearly accurate, because all the Clive papers had been entrusted to his care for biographical purposes, nor Gleig, who followed Malcolm, says anything about Clive "seating" himself near the top, although both of them allude to the steeple's ascent, but for quite a different purpose from that mentioned by Stanhope and by Macaulay.

Early in his Indian career, Clive attempted suicide. Stanhope, referring to this fact, uses the expression, "he twice one day snapped a pistol at his own head." Macaulay says, "twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off." The remainder of the incident is told by Macaulay in words which differ from those used by Stanhope only where a change was necessary for condensation. Macaulay's famous passage descriptive of the base nature

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

of Surajah Dowlah, also has much in common with Stanhope. That historian tells us that Surajah Dowlah had a ferocious temper and a feeble understanding. Macaulay's version changes the order of these ignominious qualities, and says that the iniquitous Hindoo's understanding was naturally feeble and his temper unamiable. "The torture of beasts and birds," says Stanhope of the besotted Indian Rajah, "had been the pastime of his childhood, and the sufferings of fellow-creatures became the sport of his riper years." Macaulay has a slight alteration of the language, but a preservation not merely of the idea, but of the illustration, when he says, "It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds, and when he grew up he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow creatures." Stanhope calls Surajah in his earlier years a youth, and that term satisfies Macaulay. The somewhat unusual word "debauchery" used by Stanhope in describing the habits of the same low-minded ruler, is

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

also used in the same connection by Macaulay. "Towards the English," says Stanhope of the murderer of the victims of the Black Hole, "he looked with ignorant aversion." Macaulay voices the same thought in the famous words:—"From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English." The memorable atrocity of the Black Hole of Calcutta is thrillingly told by Stanhope in graphic language. Macaulay's account of the atrocity is told in a briefer manner, but with the use of many of the same identical expressions. The former writer tells how the victims of the horror after their capture were first promised their lives, and the latter writer reproduces the same incident in the same language. Stanhope says:—"The Nabob seated himself in the great hall of the factory and received the congratulations of his courtiers." Witness Macaulay:—"The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory." After the prisoners were dismissed to spend the night in the Black Hole. and before

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

its fearful significance became apparent to its doomed tenants, Stanhope says they "laughed and jested." Macaulay allows the same three words to describe their contented behaviour. The infrequently seen word "malefactor," as applied to one of the ordinary inmates of the Black Hole, is used with the same significance by both Stanhope and Macaulay. Stanhope says the guards over the prisoners in the dungeon, in order to observe more closely the cruel struggles among the dying, "held up lights to the bars." Macaulay says, they "held lights to the bars." Gleig, the original historian of those dark deeds, says nothing whatever about that occurrence. When the door was opened, and the corpses were observed to be so numerous as to render entrance impossible, Stanhope says "it became necessary to clear a lane." Macaulay says "it was sometime before the soldiers could make a lane." Those who survived the crime and were able to emerge from the pit of death, Stanhope describes as "ghastly," and Macaulay

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

does the same. The dead were flung into a large grave; Stanhope says "promiscuously," and Macaulay employs the same expression. Several of the survivors who were handcuffed before being sent to another prison, are by both writers said to have been placed "in irons." Words and expressions such as "thenceforward," "negotiations," "wealthy merchant," "expedient," "two treaties were drawn up," "real," "fictitious," "a stipulation in his favour," "put everything to the hazard," are all copied unblushingly by one of the two great authors from the other. Even in the succession in which events are narrated, sometimes without following the proper order of dates, Stanhope and Macaulay are in identity. Stanhope tells the fate of Meer Jaffier in a short paragraph, and follows the account by the pathetic, yet not wholly unwelcome, tidings of the stern and righteous punishment which overtook the fiend Surajah Dowlah. These events are stated in a different chronological order from that in which

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

they happened. Macaulay's version gives every detail of each occurrence in nearly the same inverse order in point of time, and at nearly equal length.

These quotations have been given extensively, and from them there can be only one or two logical inferences. Either the one author servilely copied from the other, or a coincidence has occurred which is wholly unique and quite without an example in modern literature. But this is not all. While it is possible, and indeed natural, for equally well informed writers to describe the same great events in history in something like the same language, it passes the bounds of merely accidental similarity to find two different writers simultaneously importing wholly extraneous incidents by way of mere illustration into the same august narrative. Coincidences may happen; but when it is desired to teach a great lesson in history by comparing two different conditions of society in two totally different parts of the world, it is more reasonable to ascribe the reproduction of

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

sentence after sentence of a similar description of entirely irrelevant matter to plagiarism than to regard it as solely and entirely a curious, yet actual, coincidence. To form a setting for the admission of Clive's splendid achievements into British History, Macaulay illustrates the condition of India at the time immediately preceding its conquest by the English, by an extensive comparison of its history with the Germanic portion of the old Roman Empire shortly after that mighty confederation of principalities commenced to undergo a final dissolution. Strangely enough, Stanhope pauses at the same place in the narrative, employs the same illustration, draws the same lesson of usefulness, and, may one add, of honesty, from the comparison, as does his illustrious contemporary. Taken by itself, this incident would furnish just cause for surprise, but taken in conjunction with the mass of evidence which has preceded, it is impossible not to say that somewhere, between these two writers, there exists the most shameless and dar-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

ing literary larceny.

And so the story of Clive's rise to greatness, winning an Oriental Empire for England, proceeds through page after page of history; the order of events, the marshalling of evidence to prove the desired facts, the directing of the drama presented by Stanhope being that which, with slight variations, gained a world-wide celebrity in the essay of Macaulay.

In 1841 appeared Macaulay's brilliant essay on Warren Hastings. Some years later was published the closing volume of Stanhope's History of England. That volume reverts to Indian exploits again. Chapters sixty-seven, sixty-eight, and sixty-nine of Stanhope contain the story of Hastings' triumphs in the East. Those three chapters, just as in the case of the earlier chapters on Clive, contain, in an extended form, the story which was immortalized by Macaulay in his stirring essay on Hastings. In both authors the same style is seen, the same incidents are recounted, the same allusions are made,

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

the same phrases are repeated, and even the very words and thoughts are to be found, in history as in essay. Making appropriate allowance for the condensation which characterizes the essay, and the expansion which marks the history, the three chapters of Stanhope might easily pass for Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings. The mention of the name of Sir Elijah Impey calls forth by Stanhope an allusion to his boyish relationship with Hastings. The incident calls forth the same allusion on the part of Macaulay. The mention of the school which Hastings attended induces Macaulay to connect with it the name of Cowper, the poet, as a schoolmate of Hastings. Stanhope mentions the same school, and, like Macaulay, makes the same reference to the presence there of Cowper. In Stanhope, Hastings had "sprung" from a family of ancient renown. The word "sprung," in precisely the same connection, is used by Macaulay. The latter has Hastings "as a lad shipped off to India." Stanhope has

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

him "shipped off," too. Each of the two writers refers to the boy Hastings as "little Warren," unquestionably an unusual accident, or a copying of the one author by the other. Stanhope says that on Impey "the fortunes of Hastings more than once depended." Macaulay says the same. Describing the rapid and energetic movements which culminated in the arrest of Mohammed Reza Khan, Stanhope says, speaking of Hastings: "He took his measures accordingly with promptitude and skill." Macaulay's version, published, as has been indicated, some years earlier, lacks one of the nine words Stanhope uses in telling this fact: has two others substituted for their synonyms, contains two words additional, so that the occurrence in the essay is seen to read, "He took his measures with his usual vigour and dexterity."

These are but a few of the many similarities which exist between the two productions, and it hardly needs demonstration that the only rational explanation for the countless identities is that the

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

later author was perfectly familiar with the learned writings of the man who had gone before.

In the two essays on Chatham,—equally a hero of both Stanhope and Macaulay,—the same circumstances are apparent. Multitudes of words, phrases, incidents, events, and it is to be feared, ideas, are common to both of the illustrious patriot's admirers.

Stanhope wrote with a powerful pen, and used exceptionally brilliant language. So likewise did Macaulay. Of the latter it is proper to say that he soars more easily to loftier flights of rhetoric than does Stanhope, although Stanhope's silvery sentences are an unfailing characteristic of his various voluminous histories. It must be remembered that both these men depended on the monumental volumes of Malcolm, Orme, Gleig and Mill for much of their information. Where essayist and historian quote, they employ quotation marks, and make due acknowledgment. But it is no explanation of the many likenesses which exist

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

between these authors to say that they are due to the fact that the same original authorities were resorted to by both of them. It is very remote from probability to find two eminent men giving expression to whole pages of opinions, and narrating whole pages of incidents in the same identical lofty and unusual language.

If the circumstances which have been narrated be due to accident, then the accident is sufficiently important to justify preservation. If it be due to piracy, then the crime deserves to be placed on permanent record. Differences in dates of publication mean nothing, for very frequently friends are privileged to examine the writings of one another, long before those writings are committed to the care of the public. Carlyle's French Revolution was written long years before it ever felt the touch of printer's ink. So with the products of innumerable other authors' pens. It transcends probability, it defies reason, that one man could perform the mysterious undertak-

THE STANHOPE RELATIONSHIP

ing of unintentionally transcribing a whole book of his contemporary, condensing or expanding the copy to suit his historical exigencies, and then offer it to the public as the original output of his mind. One hundred pages of the one writer and three hundred pages of the other, similar in style, substance, diction and matter, have been regarded in each instance, for a period of over sixty years, as wholly original literature. Was the stately Stanhope the disappointing culprit, or was the incomparable Macaulay the base, though mighty, echo of his erudite contemporary?

CHAPTER V.

MACAULAY'S GENIUS.

WHILE Macaulay derived his style from countless sources, there were other mines of literary treasures that his genius never knew. He was almost too early for Tennyson; and yet some of that peerless laureate's matchless minstrelsy had already entranced the hearts of men, while the great historian, utterly oblivious of its marvellous utterance, was touching the souls of the British people with the passion of his oratory. But if he lived too soon to be engulfed by the rich and crystal flow of sweetness which Tennyson's art disclosed, he did not live too early to be overwhelmed by the strange and subtle mystery of the Heaven-penetrating Shelley. Yet neither Shelley's name, nor his almost miracu-

MACAULAY'S GENIUS

lous measures, ever made their powers felt in the great historian's life. And Shelley had a magic spell that was haunting, and a literary spirit that was sublime. His dramas glowed with fiery words, and burned with flaming sentences. His poetry laid bare the very choicest treasures of human speech. The poet's mighty wings ever beat restlessly against the bars of being, as if he recognized the manifest limitations of the English tongue, and sought to soar to some sublimer sphere where his soul's deep aspirations might be expressed by some less cramping medium than mere words. He was embarrassed not by the wealth but by the poverty which he felt to be a characteristic of language. The vaulted Heavens seemed to open; the luminous stars seemed to radiate an intense splendour; the fair flowers seemed to blossom with an unaccustomed loveliness, in the vast and boundless richness of his verse. Keats, with a voice not unlike that of his own deathless nightingale, dwelling in the clouds, and singing to the stars, filled the close of the eighteenth century with a spirit-stirring music kin-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

dred to the music of the spheres. Coleridge,

"with locks aspersed with fairy foam," pouring out his heart and intellect in those subtle numbers, from the weird and ghostly mystery of Kubla Khan and the Ancient Mariner, to the maddened harmonies of the Ode to Liberty, and Christabel, gazed out over the same stormy generation with the look of one who was a prince in his realm, and a wizard of his art. Quaint old mystery-loving Scott, attended by ghosts and goblins, and accompanied by sprites and fairies, regally descended from the hoary heights of Caledonian mountains, crested with eternal winters, and overhung by the sparkling jewels of frosty constellations, into the soft retreats of Lowland vales, musical with tuneful waters, and virgin with rich verdure and unsurpassed romance. There, where the fair flowers blushed and blossomed, there where the deep shadows lengthened and fell, the mystic minstrel flashed before men's eyes strange images, born of swift and un-

MACAULAY'S GENIUS

familiar words and spirit-haunting sentences; and those elementary instruments of expression seemed in some curious manner to conceal weird shapes and wondrous forms, as marvellous as ever clustered around forbidding mountain passes, or as floated grey and mist-like down zephyr caressed valleys, or across tempest tormented streams. But these and similar sources of literary art, strength, sublimity and sweetness, had their glorious being wholly apart from Macaulay, and he passed majestically on into History, curiously and pathetically heedless of their wonderful existence.

What a pity that Macaulay could not have been removed from his century into this, in order that he might have caught an inspired vision of these wondrous days which are sweeping meteorically by, and have left his matchless record of their triumphs and their pains as a priceless legacy to posterity! Each writer, however, has a mission in his own generation; and it may be that he who is a prophet in the times in which he dwells

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

might be merely an encumbrance if transplanted to another age. Yet the difference between 1919 and 1859, when Macaulay left this planet behind him, is worthy of a moment's reflection.

“Westward the course of Empire
takes its way”

has become a fact of history rather than a sentiment of poetry. A new era throbs upon the Western Hemisphere, while the majesty and strength of an unheralded civilization reigns all over a peerless continent, from the westward, where the fading sunset glorifies the cloud-embosomed Rockies, to the eastward, where the commerce-laden rivers seek the England-guarded seas. New Londons, new Birminghams, new Glasgows and new Belfasts, in the form of Chicago, New York, Toronto and Montreal, have become permanent establishments in North America, with the tumult of their people making music on the thoroughfares, and the smoke of their industries spreading darkness through the skies. A hundred million residents now contentedly abide

MACAULAY'S GENIUS

where a mere handful of sojourners formerly anxiously lingered. Lakes and rivers that once were the forbidding terror of daring navigators, have become the willing ministers of endless industry and trade. Prairies, which were thought to be the abode of mystery and danger, have become the sources of a world's untold supplies of food. A long feared and long expected war, of world-wide dimensions, has come with all its brooding misery to humanity. Passions, that were thought to have been entombed, have obtained a ghastly reawakening. Or is it merely that the opportunity for their previous appearance was missing; for the passions of the soul are born in the human flesh, and not merely in historical circumstance? Ruin has confronted the world, but ever as in the past boundless restoration has triumphed over measureless destruction. A nation, cradled in happiness and peace, yet with the Alexander-like longing for unknown conquests, sought to soar across seared hearts and bleeding bodies to "a place

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

in the sun''; and is now meeting with the terrible doom of the Babylonian Kingdom and of the Roman Empire. After a four years' struggle, in which Britain has still proved herself, as she has for centuries gone by, to be the enthroned Sovereign of the Waves, the echo of the cannon is dying out in the hearts of a people who love liberty better than life, and justice more than happiness. Within those four years the Anglo-Saxon race has passed through the experiences of centuries; yet out of the flaming furnace the gleaming gold has come, while the dross has been left behind.

Inspired minds in years to come must guide the pens that shall supply a hungry posterity with the satisfying story of Britain's unconquerable daring, of Canada's deathless heroism, of our Allies' illustrious intrepidity, of all the thrilling memories of this marvellously unrivalled time. Yet the pen of a Macaulay would have been supremely fitting to make the record complete. For every resource will be required to preserve

MACAULAY'S GENIUS

from destruction the numberless fading details of these titanic years. We read the story of the past, and feel that the giants of our earlier world were viewless myths, and that their vaunted achievements were legendary impossibilities. Another age may be equally unkind, and do the same to us; for credulity often falters in the presence of the stupendous, and the past sometimes fades into doubts as well as into distance. Other historians of these mighty events will grandly live, and give their recollections to the world. Yet had Macaulay been a denizen of this great age, his story of its greatness and its glory would flash sublimely along the ages, to burn with an increasing radiance while the changing seasons hurry on, and to kindle new ambitions in the souls of unborn races, while the generations and the centuries are left behind.

For years, in common with countless thousands, I, too, have revered Macaulay as a master maker of the literature of England. While considering the possibility of his literary perfidy, as being

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

perfectly unthinkable, and hoping that lost somewhere in the bosom of the vanished years lies a silent explanation of the mystery, I turn to the brighter and nobler aspect of his career, and bring this imperfect survey of his genius to a more fitting and glorious close. For his genius was truly magnificent. He had the ability to lead instead of to follow, and thousands were the golden opportunities on which he demonstrated this supreme capacity. Whenever he found himself in previously untraversed realms, his progress through them was lustrous with almost unwonted brilliance. In many of his essays, in his History of England, in his speeches, and even in his poetry, he rose with almost unconscious ease to the very zenith of literary splendour. There are passages in his speeches which are resplendent with the most perfect eloquence known to the entire nineteenth century; paragraphs which bring back to memory the vanished days of other lands, when Demosthenes thundered sublimely against the dreaded

MACAULAY'S GENIUS

Macedonian, when Cicero's majestic oratory aroused ancient Rome against the perilous treacheries of the skilful and indefatigable Cataline. There are whole pages of Macaulay's speeches which are freighted with irresistible suggestions of the golden days when Burke magnificently arraigned the oppressors of India's benighted millions, when Grattan's silvery voice rang through two parliament chambers as he passionately pleaded with an unbending legislature for the independence of the Irish people, when Bright with almost superhuman energy stormed the granite foundations which supported the mighty system of American slavery, when Cobden with triumphant eloquence declaimed against the oppressive Corn Laws of England. For close upon three generations every English-speaking orator has venerated Macaulay as a perfect master of peerless British eloquence. His language is not like Chatham's, so lofty and so ethereal as almost to dismay; it is not like Erskine's, so overburdened with rhetor-

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

ical ornament as almost to overwhelm. His periods have an amplitude that is all their own. Gladstone's sentences are too lengthy and too cumbersome to entitle him to rank as one of the oratorical models of his century. Morley's periods are too condensed and too severe to permit of his universal acceptance as an ideal moulder of a true oratorical style. Browning forces words to perform the work of phrases. Carlyle reduces into phrases what other writers expand into paragraphs. Countless authors, equally renowned, offend in kindred particulars. Such writers repel rather than attract the tens of thousands of readers who welcome literature as a charm and a recreation, rather than approach it as a burden and a task. Bright has a number of passages in his speeches as luminous as any Macaulay ever delivered, notably the rhetorical flight about the "fluttering of the angel's wings," and the "wade through slaughter to a throne" peroration, but he often sinks to the commonplace after those splendid

MACAULAY'S GENIUS

oratorical eminences have been gained. Macaulay, however, struck a happy medium in his style. He is rhetorical; he is picturesque; he is weighty; he is elegant; he charms, but he does not tire; he inspires, but he does not confuse. He does not occasionally rise above his customary height; he does not sometimes descend below his ordinary level. At the commencement of his career he attained an eminence in his art, far beyond that reached by any orator of his time. Above that pinnacle he infrequently soared, and below it he seldom dropped during all the stirring vicissitudes of his memorable public career. Few had equalled him as a master enricher of style ere he first flashed like a new and wondrous illumination upon the world. Few learned the important lesson in oratory which he was teaching during the years in which he spoke like an inspired prophet to the people. And since he has passed away, men in all countries have marvelled at his powers, and have stood transfixed at

A NEW LIGHT ON LORD MACAULAY

his ability, yet have receded before his genius and achievements. He is read; he is admired; he satisfies; he fills with delight. Thousands in every land and in every age have accepted him, and will continue to accept him, as a prince of the pen, as a king of the platform, and as one who, by voice and by tongue, placed eloquence and literature upon a more stately throne, from which it is destined to sway the world through centuries that are yet to come.

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