

LORD MACAULAY AND HIS FRIENDS.*



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

WHEN that great Luminary of Learning, the English Lexiphanes, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was making a tour in the Hebrides with his parasite, the impertinent and incomparable Boswell, he encountered the grandfather and granduncle of Lord Macaulay. He had contemplated this tour for five or six years, and in his conversations with Boswell about it had mentioned this granduncle, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, who had written a *History of St. Kilda*, and who, he said, had set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker. Three or four years later he said the history was well written, except some foppery about liberty and slavery, and praised him for his magnanimity. They started on their tour in the summer of 1773, this elderly Ursa Major and his keeper, a complacent youth of thirty-three, and moving by easy stages, came at last, on the 27th of August, to Nairn, where Boswell expected to meet Mr. Macaulay, who was the minister of Calder. He was not there, for a good clerical reason, but he requested the gentlemen to call at the manse. "We'll go," said the great Cham; and they went. He was thanked, was the historian of St. Kilda, for his book. "It was a very pretty piece of topography." He did not seem much to mind the compliment, Bozzy informs us, naïvely, and adds that, judging from his

conversation, Dr. Johnson was persuaded that he did not write the book at all. He, the laird of Auchinleck, had always had a suspicion that it was the work of the learned Dr. John Macpherson, of Skye, who, of course, could do a pretty piece of topography. Dr. Macaulay was exceedingly hospitable, and they agreed to stay all night with him. After dinner they went to Calder Castle, which was called Cawdor Castle, and was the seat of the once prosperous gentleman, the Thane of Cawdor. Dr. Macaulay spoke rather slightly of the lower English clergy, whereat the great moralist frowned, and made a stupid remark. The cloud passed over, but gathered again in the evening, when the minister of Calder began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions; whereupon the great Defender of the Faith as established exclaimed, with his usual urbanity of intellect, moderation of opinion, and suavity of manners, "Sir, you are a bigot to laxness."

While the bigot was good-naturedly studying out on a map the route they should take, his liberal-minded critic went into the library, and of course criticised it. When the evening prayer was in order, his obsequious toady hinted to their host that perhaps his scrupulosity might not like to hear a Presbyterian prayer. The obliging host offered to omit it. He was allowed to repeat it, however; his greatness had no objection. His condescension delighted Bozzy, for he remembered that his highness had refused to sanction by his presence a Presbyterian assembly by hearing Dr. Robertson preach. "I will hear him," he exclaimed, in a burst of generosity, thinking, no doubt, of Zaccheus—"I will hear him if he will get up into a tree and preach." He made some amends for his rudeness, however, by giving Dr. Macaulay's son, a smart lad of eleven, a copy of Sallust which he had brought in his pocket from Edinburgh. *Valete, puer.*

Two months later, lacking two days, our travelers reached Inverary, where the Rev. John Macaulay, the grandfather of Lord Macaulay, came to the inn to meet them. They proceeded together to the castle, where they were introduced to the duke and duchess and other gentle people, and where they dined, and one, at least, did some talking. Dr. Macaulay passed the evening with the travelers at their inn, and was put down because he could not understand how people could be earnest in their good professions whose practice was not suitable to them.

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, Member of Parliament for Hawick District of Burghs. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles without having good practice?" The hard-headed old Scotchman breakfasted with them next morning, nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction. He was a man of good sense, you see, and had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson. He had a high reputation as a preacher, and was remarkable for his fluency. Twice married, he had by his second wife the patriarchal number of twelve children, one of whom, young Master Zachary, was a boy of five when the great tourist of the Hebrides was bullying his father at the inn of Inverary. This branch of the Macaulays removed during the next year to Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, where Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, received his education, and whence he was sent, a lad of sixteen, to a Scotch house of business in Jamaica. He commenced as book-keeper, and soon rose to be sole manager. It would require a skillful pencil to delineate this painstaking, phlegmatic young Scotchman, who was now brought into the closest possible contact with negro slavery. If he had thought about it before, he was not prepossessed against it. His old father saw nothing to condemn in an institution recognized in Scripture. That burning and shining light, John Newton, could reconcile the business of a slave-trader with the duties of a Christian, and his disciples, who were all abolitionists, were scandalized by him to the end of his days. Zachary Macaulay was slow in thinking, but he was honest and earnest, and before long he found himself shocked at the sight of a population who were deliberately kept in ignorance and heathenism. His heart was wounded at the cruelties practiced around him. He did what he could to render the bitter cup of servitude as palatable as possible, but finally becoming tired of trying to find a compromise between right and wrong, he refused great offers from the people with whom he was connected, and throwing up his position at the age of twenty-four, he returned to his native country. What to do next? for his father was dead, and the family were in moderate circumstances. While he was in Jamaica, his brother Aulay, who was a minister of the Established Church, and was settled in England, made a tour to Scotland in company with Mr. Thomas Babington, the owner of Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire. The travelers paid a visit to the old manse at Cardross, where Mr. Babington fell in love with one of the daughters of the house, Miss Jean Macaulay, and married her. Jean was interested in the fortunes of her brother Zachary, as was also her husband, who now stepped forward and assisted him as only a man of position could. Zachary Macaulay

was not alone in his detestation of slavery, for before his departure for Jamaica the freedom of all whose feet touched the soil of England had been vindicated before the courts at Westminster, and not a few negroes had become their own masters in consequence of that memorable decision. What to do with the expatriated freedmen was growing a serious question to their patrons, and a scheme was matured for their colonization. Sierra Leone was selected as a proper place for a colony. A company was organized with a charter, and a board which included the names of Granville Sharpe and Wilberforce. A large capital was subscribed, and the chair was accepted by Mr. Henry Thornton, banker and member of Parliament. Mr. Thornton heard the story of Zachary from Mr. Babington, with whom he was intimate, and the board by his advice appointed the young man Second Member of the Council of Sierra Leone. He sailed thither, and soon after his arrival succeeded to the position and duties of Governor. The story of Governor Macaulay's administration at Sierra Leone is curious reading, if we only had time to read it. The colony was hated by merchants whose trade the company had spoiled, and by slave-dealers with whom it interfered; it was hated by the native tribes, who could no longer obtain all the rum and gunpowder they wanted by selling their neighbors at the nearest barracoön; and it was not loved by the freed negroes, who possessed no language but an acquired jargon, and no hankering for civilization. Things went smoothly as long as the provisions which had been brought in the ship lasted, but when commons ran short, and real work began, they were in a state of chronic mutiny. Zachary Macaulay was the man for the crisis. Patient and persevering, his courage was equal to any trial. Incapable of fear and fatigue, he stood as a centre of order and authority amidst the seething chaos of inexperience and insubordination. He was in the counting-house, the law court, the school, even the pulpit. He was his own secretary, his own paymaster, his own envoy. The colony was beginning to prosper, when, one Sunday morning in September, 1794, eight French sail appeared off the coast. The squadron moved near the quay, and swept the streets for two hours with grape and bullets. The invaders landed, and the captain of an American slaver led a party of *sans-culottes* to Governor Macaulay's house. The confusion that followed may be imagined. The town was completely gutted. They remained at Freetown about a month, and set sail again, with fever-stricken crews. There was nothing to tempt them to return. The houses had been carefully burned to the ground, and the live stock killed. Liberal assistance from home and a hard year's work set the colony on its feet once more,

and enabled its Governor to return to England and recruit his health, which had broken down under an attack of low fever.

When Dr. Johnson published his *Journey to the Hebrides*, there was residing in London a lady of thirty, whom Zachary Macaulay was now to meet, and who was to help him to a wife. She was the youngest but one of five sisters who kept a ladies' boarding-school at Bristol when Chatterton was a blue-coat boy at Colston's Hospitals—a scholarly young person, who had written a pretty pastoral drama, and made creditable translations from the Spanish, Italian, and Latin poets. In her first letter from London she mentions the great success of the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and says she has not yet been able to pay her *devoirs* to dear Dr. Johnson, though Miss Reynolds has offered to accompany her. She also mentions the new comedy of young Sheridan, *The Rivals*, which was very unfavorably received the first night, chiefly on account of the bad acting of Lee as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. She thought the author ought to be treated with great indulgence: he was only three-and-twenty, and his genius was likely to be his principal inheritance. "I love him for the sake of his amiable and ingenious mother." A night or two later she went to Drury Lane, where she saw and thought well of *The Maid of the Oaks*, the writer of which, General Burgoyne, was soon to seek and lose laurels in the revolting colonies. Garrick embellished the play, but was not well enough to act or see company—how mortifying! Garrick, Sheridan, Dr. Johnson—these are famous names to figure in a single letter. If we run through the correspondence of this young lady, to which this letter is merely the prologue, we are among the notabilities of the period. She receives the most encouraging compliments from a large party of literary persons assembled at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Miss Reynolds repeats by heart a little poem of hers, with which the great Johnson is much pleased. Dr. Percy visits her and her sisters (Percy's collection—now you know him), a sprightly modern instead of a rusty antique; and when he leaves, Miss Reynolds orders a coach, and the young ladies are driven to Dr. Johnson's very own house: yes, *Abysinia's* Johnson, *Dictionary* Johnson, *Rambler's*, *Idler's*, and *Irene's* Johnson! Can we picture to ourselves the palpitation of those hearts as they approach the mansion? They are introduced to Mrs. Williams, the blind poetess, who is Dr. Johnson's housekeeper. The great man is not in his little parlor; so the genius of the party seats herself in his chair, hoping to catch a ray of his genius. When he hears of it, he laughs heartily, and tells her it is a chair in which he never sat. This reminds him that when he and Boswell were making their memorable tour, they



DR. JOHNSON IN HIS HEBRIDEAN COSTUME.

stopped a night at the spot where they imagined the Weird Sisters met Macbeth, and were so excited that they could not rest. In the morning they were mortified to learn that they were deceived, and were in quite another part of the country. (This was in the inn at Fores, the night before Johnson met Dr. Kenneth Macaulay, and charged him with being a lax bigot.) When the visit of the ladies ended, the eminent tourist called for his hat, as it rained, and attended them down a very long alley to the coach, and not Rasselas, one of them wrote, could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*.

The social and literary success of this much-corresponding lady was marvelous. She moved in the most famous circles of the time, and was received as an equal by the highest. *Ursa Major* treated her with such distinguished consideration that it is curious to compare his portrait as drawn by her with his portrait as drawn by Boswell. They take tea together at Sir Joshua's, and try to see who can "pepper the highest." She wrote a poem about "Sir El-dred of the Bower," and it kindled a flame

in his cold bosom. He praised the elegant turn of the dedication, and said the compliment was without precedent. Mrs. Montagu declared that she did not think it prudent to leave these lovers by themselves, lest there should be a Scotch elopement. He read "Sir Eldred" to her and her sister, and also another poem about a "Bleeding Rock," made some alterations in the first, and did her the honor to write a whole stanza for it. They called each other pet names—"child," "little fool," "love," "dearest," and the like. His heart grew expansive toward the sisters. "I love you both," cried the *inamorato*. "I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God forever bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses." Once he was angry with her because she flipantly alluded to *Tom Jones*. She sat corrected and grateful, and expressed her abhorrence of *Joseph Andrews*. He reproved her for reading Pascal, but relented enough to say, "Child, I am heartily glad that you read pious books, by whomsoever they may be written." (The child, by-the-way, had seen thirty-six summers.) He was her *cicerone* to Oxford, where he showed her Pembroke College. "This was my room," he said; "this Shenstone's." He pointed out the rooms of other Pembrokean poets. "We were a nest of singing birds." They went into the commons-room, where they spied a fine large print portrait of the singing bird (a youth of seventy-three), under which was a complimentary motto—

"And is not Johnson ours, himself a host?"

She smiled, for the line was from her engaging poem, "Sympathy." Later in their acquaintance, in the last year of his life, she wrote another poem, and he told her that there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it. He died enfeebled by disease, but resigned and pious, and Bozzy announced his intention of publishing anecdotes about him—not his life, he said, but his pyramid. "I besought his tenderness for our virtuous and most revered friend," she wrote, "and begged he would mitigate some of his asperities. He said, roughly, he would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat to please any body." Bozzy published his pyramid, and Burke remarked to her, in allusion to the innumerable lives, anecdotes, remains, and what not that followed, "How many maggots have crawled out of this great man!"

This well-liked woman of letters had another friend, who was devotedly attached to her from her first coming up to London. Something that she had written about a part she had seen him perform interested him, and he called upon her. She pleased him amazingly, as she did his wife, who im-

mediately contracted a great friendship for her. He read her "Sir Eldred" so superlatively that she cried like a child. She wrote a tragedy, and he wrote a prologue and epilogue for it. "He thinks of nothing, talks of nothing, writes of nothing, but *Percy*." *Percy* was produced at Covent Garden, and was a brilliant success. "Whatever he touches he turns into gold," Kitty Clive wrote. Her author's nights amounted to about six hundred pounds, which he laid out for her on the best security. No man of his time was more famous than he, and no one was treated with less respect by Johnson, whose pupil he had been, and who was jealous of his greatness. Our tragic poetess had no sincerer friend, and she repaid his friendship by her hearty admiration of all that was good and generous and beautiful in his genius. Her pages, so widely read once, have not had the immortality of Boswell's, or we should all know this gentleman as she knew him. When he died, and eclipsed the gayety of nations, she rose from a bed of sickness, at the desire of his widow, and hastened to her side. "I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next." Such a friend to Mrs. Hannah More was the great Garrick.

Another good friend was the ingenious Mr. Horace Walpole, whom she visited, and who paid her the prettiest compliments. She wrote a poem, "Bas Bleu," which was considered the finest thing in the world. Handed round in manuscript, the treasure reached the elegant master of Strawberry Hill. He thanked her a thousand times for the privilege of reading her charming and very genteel poem, and promised it should not go out of his hands. Its reputation reached the ears of his bucolic Majesty, George the Third, and she made a copy for him. Was there any body in London that was worth knowing that Hannah More did not know? The list of her friends is like a page in a directory. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Burney, Mrs. Thrale, and no end of famous bishops, deans, and other cleric people. She grew serious under the influence of these reverend big-wigs; had her "Thoughts about the Manners of the Great," and her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." These solid subjects and a poem on "Slavery" endeared her to the evangelical and emancipatory circles, and when Zachary Macaulay returned from Sierra Leone, his friends, Wilberforce, Thornton, and the rest, sent him down to Cowslip Green to be introduced to the great and good Hannah More. Visiting Mrs. More at the time was Miss Selina Mills, who had been a pupil of the Misses More at Bristol. She was the daughter of a bookseller of that city, who had built there a small street that was called "Mills Place," and who was a

member of the Society of Friends. Miss Selina was pretty and attractive, and Mr. Zachary fell in love with her, and obtained her affection in return. He encountered the opposition of her relatives, who were set upon her making another and a better match, and of Mrs. Patty More, who wished her never to marry at all, but to domesticate herself as a younger sister in the household at Cowslip Green. They were growing elderly, those virginal cowslips, and felt, perhaps, the need of a fresher flower among them. Mrs. Hannah had known what love was, having had a little affair of her own some twenty or thirty years before (she was now fifty), and she advocated Mr. Macaulay's cause with firmness and good feeling. By her help he carried his point in so far that an engagement was made and recognized by the friends of Miss Mills, who, however, would not allow her to accompany him to Africa, to which he returned early in 1796, she spending much of her time with his sister, Mrs. Babington, in Leicestershire. We shall not follow Governor Macaulay through his second administration at Sierra Leone, further than to say that it was of a piece with the first—annoying and discouraging. He remained until the colony had begun to thrive and the company almost begun to pay, and then, in 1799, gave up his appointment. He returned to England, and at Bristol, on the 26th of August of that year, Miss Selina Mills was made Mrs. Zachary Macaulay. They took a small house in Lambeth for a twelvemonth, and Mrs. Macaulay, becoming as ladies wish to be who love their lords, was invited by her sister-in-law to Rothley Temple; and there, in a room paneled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the old mansion, with oak almost black from age, looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden—there Lord Macaulay was born. It was on the 25th of October, 1800, a historic day—the day that Chaucer died, four hundred years before, and the day that Hogarth died, the day of St. Crispin (as he liked to say), and the anniversary of Agincourt.

“ Oh, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?”

His father was as pleased as a father could be, but his cup of happiness had a dash of bitter in it the next day, when his horse ran away and threw him; both arms were broken, and he spent in a sick-room the remainder of the only holiday he ever took



HANNAH MORE.

during his married life. The boy thrived, and on the 26th of November was baptized, in a private chapel which formed part of the house, by the names of Thomas Babington, his uncle Aulay, of whom we have heard, and Mr. and Mrs. Babington acting as his sponsors.

The Sierra Leone Company had an office in a house in Birchin Lane, and to this house the Macaulays removed the following winter. The only place where the child could be taken for exercise and air was Drapers' Garden, which was within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. To this dismal yard, which contained as much gravel as grass, the fond mother used to convey her nurse and the little boy through the crowds that toward noon swarmed along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, and thither she would return to escort them back to Birchin Lane. And thither, in after-years, Lord Macaulay used to resort, so strong was the power of association upon his mind. Baby as he was when he quitted it, he retained some impressions of his earliest home. He remembered standing up at the nursery window by his father's side and looking at a cloud of smoke pouring out of a tall chimney; he asked if that was hell. From Birchin Lane the family removed to a house on High Street, Clapham—a roomy, comfortable dwelling, with a little garden in the front and rear. Here the boy passed a quiet and happy childhood. From the time he was three years old he read incessantly, lying for the

most part on a rug before the fire, with his book on the floor, and a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand. He is remembered by the then parlor-maid as sitting in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was fond of walking and talking, telling his mother or the nurse interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language above his years. He remembered the very words of the book he was last engaged in, and he talked, as the maid said, "quite printed words." Mrs. Hannah More called at Mr. Macaulay's one day, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight boy, about four years old, with a profusion of light hair, who came to the door and received her. He told her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in, he would bring her a glass of old spirits. He startled the good old mistress of Barley Wood, who never aspired above cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits, he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this time his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave, at Strawberry Hill, proud to exhibit to his old friend the fair bright boy, dressed in a green coat, with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trowsers. After he had spent some time among the wonders of the Orford Collection, catalogue in hand, a servant, who was waiting upon the company, spilled some hot coffee on his legs. The hostess was all compassion, and when she asked him, after a while, how he was feeling, he answered, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." When the merest child, he was sent as a day scholar to a Yorkshire school-master, and his mother explained to him that he must learn to study without the solace of bread-and-butter. "Yes, mamma," he said, "industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter." He crept like snail, unwillingly to school, and every afternoon entreated to be excused from returning after dinner. "No, Tom; if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

Master Macaulay was the most precocious little boy of whom we have any account in English literature. There is extant a letter from his mother dated in his eighth year, and narrating his literary doings. He had written a compendium of universal history from the creation down; he had written three cantos of "The Battle of Cheviot," a metrical romance; and two cantos of a heroic poem, entitled, "Olaus the Great; or, the Conquest of Mona;" and he had composed she knew not how many hymns. Good Mrs. Hannah More, who was a judge of that staple, pronounced these hymns to be "quite extraordinary for such a baby." He was a constant visitor at Barley Wood, where he

was encouraged, and not spoiled. All the Misses More made a companion of him and relished his conversation. Mrs. Hannah, who was in her sixties, superintended his studies, his pleasures, and his health. She kept him with her for weeks, listening to him as he read prose by the ell and declaimed poetry by the yard. She discussed and compared with him his favorite heroes, ancient, modern, and fictitious; coaxed him into the garden walks under the pretense of a lecture on botany; and sent him from his books to run about the grounds, or into the kitchen to play cooking. She gave him Bible lessons, which always ended with theological arguments. When the conversation turned on her more dramatic days, she could tell him of the great English Roscius, who was her dear friend; of that singular coxcomb, James Boswell, who died about twelve years before; of the great Dr. Johnson ("who bullied your grandfather so, Tom, at Inverary, as you read last week in Boswell—the doctor was a good Christian, but he was rather rough at times, more's the pity"); of Sir Joshua, Miss Burney, Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, who is seventy, if she is a day, Miss Patty declares. She could tell him of old Lord Bathurst, who had known Pope and Swift and the wits of Queen Anne's time. When he was six, she wrote him: "Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man; but long before you are a man, I hope you will be a scholar. I therefore wish you to purchase such books as will be useful to you *then*, and that you employ this very small sum in laying a little tiny corner-stone for your future library." A year or two afterward she thanks him for two letters, which were neatly written and free from blots, and says he is entitled to another book. He is to go to Hatchard's and choose it. As epics were nearly exhausted, what did he say to a little good prose?—Johnson's *Hebrides*, or Walton's *Lives*, unless he would like a neat edition of Cowper's poems, or "Paradise Lost," for his own eating. She wanted him to become a complete Frenchman, that she might give him Racine, the only dramatic poet in any modern language that is perfectly pure and good. (Had she forgotten the author of *Percy* and *The Search after Happiness*?) She thought well of an ode which he sent, and was much obliged to him for a dedication. Happy young poet! kindly old patron!

The circumstances of the Macaulay family were improving. Its head had received for some time a salary of £500 a year as the secretary of the Sierra Leone Company, and had entered into a partnership with a nephew. The firm of Macaulay and Babington did a large business as African merchants, and had need to, for before Lord Macaulay was thirteen, he had three brothers and five sisters. They were a prolific

set, those Macaulays. John, the grandfather, had twelve children, and Aulay, the great-grandfather, fourteen. When Master Thomas reached the age of twelve, he had outgrown the school-masters of Clapham, and his father thought of removing to London, in order to place him as a day scholar at Westminster. He ultimately fixed upon Little Shelford, a village near Cambridge. Its master, the Rev. Mr. Preston, was an excellent fellow of Trinity, and his scholars were penetrated with Cambridge ambitions and ways of thought, and frequent visitors brought the freshest Cambridge gossip to the table where master and pupils dined in common. Master Thomas was treated with great kindness by the famous Dean Milman, the president of Queen's College, who wrote to his father after one of these visits: "Your lad is a fine fellow. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men." The letters that Lord Macaulay wrote to his parents during his school days are curious reading now. He is doing Xenophon every day, and the Odyssey twice a week with young Wilberforce. He is also doing Latin verses. He is writing themes, and belongs to a debating society. He has been to Dean Milman's on a pony, has slept there, and is invited to come again. He is reading Plutarch's *Lives*, and in French Fénelon's *Dialogues of the Dead*. He wishes to come home before the holidays, he writes to his mother, and, if he can gain papa's leave, would select his birthday as the time he would wish to spend with his family. "I think I see you sitting by papa, just after his dinner, reading my letter, and turning to him with an inquisitive glance at the end of the paragraph. I think, too, that I see his expressive shake of the head at it. Oh, may I be mistaken!" When he had been a year at Shelford the school was removed to Aspenden Hall, in Hertfordshire, where he spent four most industrious years. He read widely, unceasingly, and more than rapidly. He had an unerring memory, and the capacity of taking in a page at a glance. What caught his fancy as a child he remembered without getting it by heart. He accompanied his father one afternoon on a call, and found on a table "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." While the elders were talking, he read it, and on his return repeated as many cantos as his mother had the patience to listen to. One day at Cambridge, while waiting in a coffee-room for a post-chaise, he picked up a news-

paper, and to pass the time, cast his eyes over two poems in the Poet's Corner. He never gave them a thought, but could repeat them forty years afterward without missing or changing a word. He used to say that if every copy of "Paradise Lost" and *Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed, he would undertake to reproduce them from recollection. He always read books faster than others skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as others turned the leaves. "He seemed to read through the skin." The boy's letters, which at first were pretty and natural, soon began to smack of the library. Before he is fifteen he writes to his good mother that he has read Boccaccio's "Decameron," a tale of one hundred cantos, and that he prefers the writer thereof to Chaucer. Jane will find some translations from Boccaccio in Dryden. He has read *Gil Blas* and "Thalaba;" also the *History of James I.*, and a great deal of Gibbon. He concluded by sending his love to papa, Selina, Jane, John ("but he is not there"), Henry, Fanny, Hannah, Margaret, and Charles. *Valete*. His brothers and sisters worshiped him. His sweetness of temper and unflinching flow of

If you should reprint
the first two volumes,
I hope that you will
follow the text of the
fourth edition which
I have corrected in
many places.
I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Ever obedient servant
W. Macaulay



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

spirits made his presence so delightful that his wishes and tastes were their law. His notion of happiness was to have them working round him while he read a novel aloud, and then to walk with all of them on the Common, or, if it rained, to have a noisy game of hide-and-seek. When he was at home on his holidays, there were no lessons; nothing but fun and merriment for the whole six weeks. He read *Sir Charles Grandison* to them, and such solid works as Clarendon and Burnet. Poetry and novels were forbidden during the daytime, save when he was at home, and stigmatized as "drinking drams in the morning." Papa Macaulay disapproved of novels, except, perhaps, such excellent ones as *Colebs* (which had netted £2000 for his good friend, Mrs. More, in a twelvemonth); but he was indulgent, nevertheless, and lived to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any other household in England. Thomas had his joke on this point. He wrote an anonymous communication to his father, who was editor of the *Christian Observer*, defending fiction, and praising Fielding and Smollett. This communication, which the incautious editor published, raised a storm among its evangelical readers, one of whom informed the public that he had burned the obnoxious number, and should take the magazine no more. Clearly the article was a hit—it hit papa. Such was Thomas Babington Macaulay at Clapham, that queer serious neighborhood which Thackeray has painted

for us, and from which Master Thomas Newcome ran away.

In October, 1818, Lord Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, with the eldest son of his father's friend, Mr. Thornton. Among his contemporaries were Derwent Coleridge, a son of Coleridge the poet, and Henry Nelson Coleridge, his cousin, both of whom were born in the same year as Macaulay. These young men were an honor to the name they bore, sound scholars, first-rate Grecians, thoughtful, earnest minds, who in after-years were to edit the writings and care for the fame of their great relative. Henry Nelson, who was a scholar of King's, had given indications of great ability by winning two of Sir William Brown's medals, one for the Greek ode, and one for the Latin ode. Other contemporaries were the erratic William Sydney Walker; Charles Austin, of great legal fame; John Moultrie, the poet, who, in his "Dream of Life," has sketched the portraits of his fellow-students; and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, who was the youngest of all. The name of

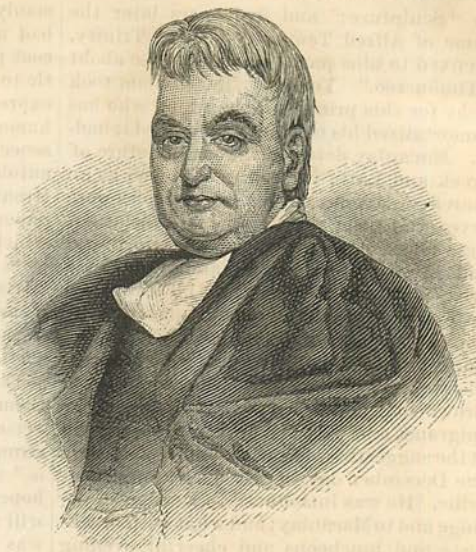
Praed is an interesting one to us, in that his mother's family was a branch of the stout trunk that came over to Massachusetts in the person of John Winthrop; and it is pleasant to remember that he was famous here as a poet thirty years before his poems were collected in England. His father, who was a sergeant-at-law, was a man of cultivation and refinement, and he detected the brilliant promise of his little son. He criticised his boyish writings, especially his verses, with an unsparing hand, greatly to the advantage of the juvenile poet, who, in acquiring accuracy, acquired at the same time distinctness of thought and felicity of expression. After the loss of his mother his education was attended to by an elder sister, until his eighth year, when he was sent to Langley Broom School, where he remained four years. A delicate lad, his vacations were spent at home in rest and recreation and mental culture. He preferred in-door amusements and employments to vigorous sports, and, like Macaulay, delighted in reading to his sisters. Plutarch and Shakspeare were his favorite authors. He was a good chess-player, and he wrote little dramas, which were noticeable for their drollery. Before he was twelve he was sent to Eton, where his father had been, a pale, slight scholar, of a studious and retiring disposition. His progress was so rapid that in little more than a year he was "sent up for good," as the saying is, for a copy of Latin verses. He had a ready pen, and wrote with equal ease in prose and verse. The Eton

boys printed a selection from the pages of two school periodicals, and the reputation it gained stimulated Praed to start another, *Apis Matina*, which was very cleverly conducted. One day in September, 1820, two young gentlemen presented themselves at the cottage of Mr. Charles Knight, printer and publisher. One of them, a pale young person, was Mr. Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Would Mr. Knight print an Eton miscellany for them? He would, if the expenses were met; and he did. The first number of *The Etonian* appeared on the 1st of November. *The Etonian* was edited by Praed and his friend Walter Blunt. Its staff of contributors were Henry Nelson Coleridge, John Moultrie, Sydney Walker, and others of less note, who afterward rose to distinction. Praed wrote under the signature of Peregrine Courtenay, and astonished Mr. Knight by the unbounded fertility of his mind and the readiness of his pen. His handwriting was perfect. "No printer could mistake a word or a letter." Such, in brief, was Winthrop Mackworth Praed when, in his twentieth year, he entered Trinity College, bringing with him a higher reputation than any young man since the days of Canning. "We were a nest of singing birds," said Dr. Johnson at Oxford, speaking for himself and Shensstone; but not such singing birds, revered moralist, as were now nestling at Cambridge. The room in which Macaulay lived in the Old Court of Trinity is still shown, and the flagged pathway along which, as a Bachelor of Arts, he walked, morning after morning, through the long vacation, book in hand, reading as eagerly and rapidly as ever. Here is his portrait by his friend Moultrie:

"Grave, sedate,
And (if the looks may indicate the age)
Our senior some few years: no keener wit,
No intellect more subtle, none more bold,
Was found in all our host."

Day and night together were too short for him. As long as a door was open or a light burning in any of the courts, he was always in the mood for conversation and companionship. They used—those gay young roisters—to sup on milk punch and cold turkey; they drained floods of tea to keep themselves awake, and sat over the fire till the bell rang for morning chapel. In the summer vacations they poured out into the moonlight, and rambled mile after mile in the country, the noise of their talk mingling with the twittering of the birds in the hedges.

There was a debating club there called the Cambridge Union, and Macaulay and Praed were its foremost orators. They were



SYDNEY SMITH.

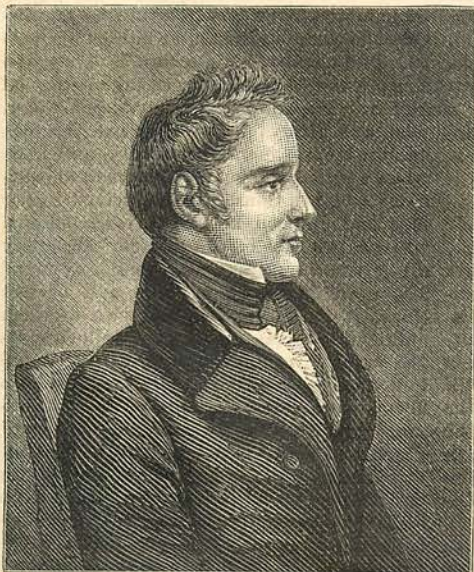
frequently opposed to each other, and recollections of one contest between them have come down to us. Macaulay took it into his head that he believed that George the Third, then lately deceased, was a model king. Who kept England tranquil, prosperous, and secure, when Europe was desolated with war? The Good Old King. Why was it that when neighboring capitals were perishing in flames, our own was illuminated only for triumphs? You may find the cause in the same three words—the Good Old King. Whereupon Praed replied: "A good man! If he had been a plain country gentleman, with no wider opportunities for mischief, he would at least have bullied his footman and cheated his steward." They said sharp things, but they were taken in good humor. The unfortunate Sydney Walker, who was always in trouble, had a great admiration for feminine beauty, and once when a gifted and beautiful woman appeared at a ball in Cambridge he peered in her face and clapped his hands with delight. "It was the joy of the savage," Macaulay said, "when he first sees a tenpenny nail." These ambitious young wits and orators thirsted for distinction, and two of them obtained it by taking the Chancellor's medals for prize poems, Macaulay in 1819 and 1821, and Praed in 1823 and 1824. Macaulay's poems were called "Pompeii" and "Evening;" Praed's, "Australasia" and "Athens." Praed's effusions may be found in the collected edition of his poems, but in order to find Macaulay's heroics one must go outside of his works to the volume entitled *Cambridge Prize Poems*, where he will see the name of E. G. L. Bulwer following Praed the next year with fourteen pages of verse

on "Sculpture;" and five years later the name of Alfred Tennyson, also of Trinity, prefixed to nine pages of blank verse about "Timbuctoo." Young Arthur Hallam took a shy for this prize with the friend who has immortalized his memory, and missed it badly. Macaulay detested the manufacture of Greek and Latin verses in cold blood as an exercise. His hexameters and iambics were never up to the mark, and his translations were charged with being ungracefully bald and inornate. He could and did take a prize for Latin declamation, however, and he established his classical reputation by winning a Craven University scholarship. To think of Macaulay at this time is to associate him with Praed, who was now a Brown's medalist for the Greek ode and for epigrams, and with Mr. Charles Knight, who at the suggestion of Praed came to Cambridge one December day to talk over a new magazine. He was introduced to Derwent Coleridge and to Macaulay; and what with breakfasts and luncheons and cheerful evening wine parties, the inspiration of the famous milk punch of Trinity and of King's, the general plan of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* was settled. Mr. Knight was the editor, and his contributors were Praed, who was Peregrine Courtenay, as in *The Etonian*, with an *alter ego* named Vyvyan Joyeuse; Derwent Coleridge, who was Davenant Cecil; Moultrie, who was Gerard Montgomery; Sydney Walker, who was Edward Haselfoot; Nelson Coleridge, who was Joseph Haller; and Macaulay, who was Tristram Merton. Praed wrote the opening article, "Castle Vernon," in which he introduced a pen portrait of his illustrious friend: "There came up a short

manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power or of great good humor, or of both, you do not regret its absence." Mr. Knight is enthusiastic in his autobiography over Lord Macaulay's contributions to his magazine. He had three papers in the first number, only one of which, "Fragments of a Roman Tale," has been reprinted. One of these papers, on "West Indian Slavery," was written to please his father, and seemed likely to interest the Clapham set in the magazine. The elder Macaulay was cranky about his son's literature, and letters passed between them. Tristram Merton had written love verses. What did it mean? "I have a strong curiosity to know who Rosamond is," wrote Praed; and added, "Tristram, I hope Rosamond and your fair girl of France will not pull caps." Finding that his father was pained, Macaulay wrote a letter to Mr. Knight, in which he stated that his father entertained to their utmost evangelical opinions, and that some of the articles in the magazine gave him great uneasiness. "I need not say that I do not in the slightest degree partake of his scruples." Gratitude, duty, and prudence compelled him to respect prejudices that he did not share, and he must desist writing for the present. The second number of the magazine was so dull and decorous, so much on the moral level of the *Christian Observer*, that Papa Macaulay withdrew his objections, and his son took up his pen. Mr. Knight opened his next letter from Macaulay with no common pleasure.

It contained two manuscripts, which scarcely filled two sheets of paper, but they were as precious as fine gold. They were the noble poems "Moncontour" and "The Battle of Ivry." Besides these songs of the Huguenots, the third number of the magazine was enriched from the same hand with "Scenes from Athenian Revels," and a paper on Dante.

Of all his early writings, Lord Macaulay preferred the "Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the great Civil War." On the 1st of October, twenty-five days before the completion of his twenty-fourth year, he wrote to his father, from Cambridge: "I was elected fellow this morning, and hope to leave Cambridge on Tuesday for Rothley Temple. The examiners speak highly of the manner in which I acquitted myself, and I have reason to believe that I stood first of the candidates." He added that until he became a Master of Arts the following July his pecuniary emolument would not be great, but for



FRANCIS JEFFREY.

seven years from that time it would make him almost an independent man. Lord Macaulay valued highly his college honors and privileges, and diligently impressed upon a nephew, years after, that if he minded his syntax he might eventually hope to reach a position which would give him three hundred pounds a year, a stable for his horse, six dozen of audit ale every Christmas, a loaf and two pats of butter every morning, and a good dinner for nothing, with as many almonds and raisins as he could eat at dessert.

Macaulay was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern Circuit at Leeds. When the company were retiring for the night on his first appearance at mess, he picked out the largest candle. An old King's Counsel, seeing a book under his arm, remonstrated with him on the danger of reading in bed. "I always read in bed at home," he answered, with immense rapidity of utterance, "and if I am not afraid of committing parricide and matricide and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any special regard to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds." He did not seriously look upon the law as a profession, and could never be persuaded to return to his chambers in the evening, as was the custom then. After a year or two he gave up the pretense of reading law, and spent more hours under the gallery of the House of Commons than in all the courts of law. Throughout his life, said one who knew him best, he never really applied himself to any pursuit that was against the grain. About three months before leaving college he had taken part in a meeting of the Antislavery Society, with the Duke of Gloucester in the chair, and made a speech that was greeted with a whirlwind of cheers, the eloquence of which, the *Edinburgh Review* declared, was so signal for rare and matured excellence that the most practiced orator might well admire how it should have come from one who then for the first time addressed a public assembly. His father sat by and heard him. When it came the turn of Wilberforce to speak, he said that his old friend Macaulay would no doubt bear willingly with all the base falsehoods, all the vile calumnies, all the detestable artifices, that had been aimed against him to render him the martyr and victim of their cause, for the gratification of hearing one so dear to him plead such a cause in such a manner. He was right; but keen as was his pleasure, Zachary Macaulay took it in his own sad way. From the first moment to the last he never moved a muscle, but sat with his eyes fixed on a piece of paper on which he seemed to be writing



SAMUEL ROGERS.

with a pencil. When referring that evening to what had passed, he remarked to his son that it was ungraceful in so young a man to speak with folded arms in the presence of royalty, meaning the Duke of Gloucester, "Silly Billy." Macaulay had heard too much in his youth to entertain enthusiastic anticipations of the future of the African race. He might have said then, as he wrote thirty-four years later: "I hate slavery from the bottom of my soul; and yet I am made sick by the cant and silly mock reasons of the Abolitionists. The nigger driver and the negrophile are two odious things to me."

When Macaulay first went to college, his father believed himself worth a hundred thousand pounds, and stating his intention of making him an eldest son, he told him that by distinguishing himself at the university, he should shape his career as he would. In his eighteenth year the family removed to London, and set up an establishment in Cadogan Place, suited to their improved circumstances. The prosperity of the house of Macaulay and Babington was short-lived; for what with the senior member's devoting his whole heart and five-sixths of his time to pursuits unconnected with the business, and the junior's being no business man, indications of disaster appeared within a year, and young Macaulay was glad to make a hundred guineas by taking pupils. The house in Cadogan Place was given up the year before he left college, and the family settled in Great Ormond Street, which runs east and west through the region bounded by Gray's Inn Road, the Foundling Hospital, and the British Museum. When the young fellow of Trinity left Cambridge he

went to Rothley Temple, whence, six days after his election, he addressed a note to his father, in which, after referring to *Knight's Quarterly*, he intimated that when he saw him in London, he would mention to him a piece of secret history which would show him how important his connection with that work might become. A greater editor than Charles Knight had his eye on one of his writers. "Can you lay your hands on some clever young man who will write for us?" he inquired of a friend in London about three months after Macaulay's letter to his father. "The original supporters of the work are getting old, and are either too busy or too stupid, and here the young men are mostly for the Tories." So wrote Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. The clever young



TOM MOORE.

man was found; hands were laid upon him; and a few months after he wrote for it a paper on Milton. His name was Macaulay, and, like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. His lordship's publisher, Murray, declared it would be worth the copyright of *Childe Harold* to have him on the staff of the *Quarterly*. The family breakfast table in Bloomsbury Square was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London, and his father groaned in spirit over the conviction that the law would be less to him than ever. Macaulay heard with pride that the great preacher, Robert Hall, of whom he was an admirer, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by the aid of gram-

mar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante. But what pleased him most, and it was the only commendation of his literary talent that he was ever heard to repeat even in the innermost domestic circle, was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript—"The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." Crabb Robinson gives us a glimpse of Lord Macaulay in 1826: "A dinner party. I had a most interesting companion in young Macaulay, one of the most promising of the rising generation I have seen for a long time. He has a good face: not the delicate features of a man of genius and sensibility, but the strong lines and well-knit limbs of a man sturdy in body and mind. Very eloquent and cheerful, overflowing with words, and not poor in thought. Liberal in opinion, but no radical. He seems a correct as well as a full man. He showed a minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself." Before many years were over, Lord Macaulay was famous enough to draw upon himself the hostility of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was bespattered with such epithets as "stuff and nonsense," "malignant trash," "impertinent puppy," and similar choice expressions of esteem on the part of the gentleman who filled the chair of moral philosophy at Edinburgh, Professor John Wilson. "He's but a lad, James," said North to the Shepherd. "Evidently," replied the Shepherd, who was the mouth-piece of Wilson (the voice was Jacob's, but the hand was Esau's), "and a clever lad he'll remain, depend upon that, to the end of his days." To his family, his mother, and his loving brothers and sisters, Lord Macaulay was more than the great magazinist, the brilliant talker; he was the affectionate son, the dear brother, the

kindest, cheeriest friend and companion. There was some pretense of work in the morning, but in the afternoon he took his sisters a long walk, traversing every portion of the city, Islington, Clerkenwell, the parks, pouring out anecdotes about every street and square and court and alley. They would reach home just in time for dinner, and after dinner he would walk up and down the drawing-room, chatting with them till tea-time. Then noisy mirth and wretched puns, so many a minute, so many an hour. They sang, having no voices, he least of all, but the old nursery songs were set to music and chanted. Papa, sitting at his own table, would look up and push back his spectacles, and wonder how they could waste

their time so. After tea, the book they were reading was produced. Macaulay seldom read himself, but walked about, listening and commenting and drinking water. Sunday was a trying day to him. Papa read them all a long sermon in the afternoon, and, after evening service, read at prayer-time to the servants. Sunday walking for walking's sake was not allowed, and going to a distant church was discouraged. This rule was not applied to Macaulay, for while he went to church with his sisters in the morn-

ing, he went whithersoever he would in the afternoon, generally walking out of town alone or with a friend. Breakfast was the pleasantest part of the day to the elder Macaulay, for his spirits were then at their best, and he delighted in discussing the newspaper with his son long after the meal was finished. He loved him in his way, and told his wife when he went to live in chambers that the change had taken the sunlight out of his day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART I.

IT was a very ugly bush indeed; that is, so far as any thing in nature can be really ugly. It was lopsided—having on the one hand a stunted stump or two, while on the other a huge heavy branch swept down to the gravel-walk. It had a crooked gnarled trunk or stem, hollow enough to entice any weak-minded bird to build a nest there—only it was so near to the ground, and also to the garden gate. Besides, the owners of the garden, evidently of practical mind, had made use of it to place between a fork in its branches a sort of letter-box—not the government regulation one, for twenty years ago this had not been thought of, but a rough receptacle, where, the house being a good way off, letters might be deposited, instead of, as hitherto, in a hole in the trunk—near the foot of the tree, and under shelter of its mass of evergreen leaves.

This letter-box, made by the boys of the family at the instigation and with the assistance of their tutor, had proved so attractive to some exceedingly incautious sparrow that during the intervals of the post she had begun a nest there, which was found by the boys. Exceedingly wild boys they were, and a great trouble to their old grandmother, with whom they were staying the summer, and their young governess—"Misfortune," as they called her, her real name being Miss Williams—Fortune Williams. The nickname was a little too near the truth, as a keener observer than mischievous boys would have read in her quiet, sometimes sad, face; and it had been stopped rather severely by the tutor of the elder boys, a young man whom the grandmother had been forced to get, to "keep them in order." He was a Mr. Robert Roy, once a student, now a teacher of the "humanities," from the neighboring town—I beg its pardon—city; and a lovely old city it is!—of

St. Andrews. Thence he was in the habit of coming to them three and often four days in the week, teaching of mornings and walking of afternoons. They had expected him this afternoon, but their grandmother had carried them off on some pleasure excursion; and being a lady of inexact habits—one, too, to whom tutors were tutors and nothing more—she had merely said to Miss Williams, as the carriage drove away, "When Mr. Roy comes, tell him he is not wanted till to-morrow."

And so Miss Williams had waited at the gate, not wishing him to have the additional trouble of walking up to the house, for she knew every minute of his time was precious. The poor and the hard-working can understand and sympathize with one another. Only a tutor, and only a governess: Mrs. Dalziel drove away and never thought of them again. They were mere machines—servants to whom she paid their wages, and so that they did sufficient service to deserve these wages, she never interfered with them, nor, indeed, wasted a moment's consideration upon them or their concerns.

Consequently they were in the somewhat rare and peculiar position of a young man and young woman (perhaps Mrs. Dalziel would have taken exception to the words "young lady and young gentleman") thrown together day after day, week after week—nay, it had now become month after month—to all intents and purposes quite alone, except for the children. They taught together, there being but one school-room; walked out together, for the two younger boys refused to be separated from their elder brothers; and, in short, spent two-thirds of their existence together, without let or hinderance, comment or observation, from any mortal soul.

I do not wish to make any mystery in

bent on improving the homes, habits, wages, and comforts of the agricultural poor. She led him to this, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his homely but manly face lighted and was elevated by the sympathy she expressed in these worthy objects. He could not help thinking, "What a Lady Uxmoor this would make! She and I and her brother might leaven the county."

And all this time she would not even bestow a glance on Severne. She was not an angel. She had said, "Go to your sick friend;" but she had not said, "I will smart alone—if you *do*."

Severne sat by Fanny, and seemed dejected, but, as usual, polite and charming. She was smilingly cruel; regaled him with Lord Uxmoor's wealth and virtues, and said he was an excellent match, and all she-Barkfordshire pulling caps for him. Severne only sighed; he offered no resistance; and at last she could not go on nagging a handsome fellow, who only sighed, so she said, "Well, *there*; I advise you to join us before the opera is over, that is all."

"I will, I will!" said he, eagerly. "Oh, thank you!"

Dinner was dispatched rather rapidly, because of the opera.

When the ladies got their cloaks and lace scarfs to put over their heads coming home, the party proved to be only three, and the tickets five; for Miss Maitland pleaded headache.

On this, Lord Uxmoor said, rather timidly, he should like to go.

"Why, you said you hated music!" said Vizard.

Lord Uxmoor colored. "I recant," said he, bluntly; and every body saw what had operated his conversion. That is a pun.

It is half an hour, by rail, from Frankfort to Homburg, and the party could not be seated together. Vizard bestowed Zoe and Lord Uxmoor in one carriage, Fanny and Severne

in another, and himself and a cigar in a third. Severne sat gazing piteously on Fanny Dover, but never said a word. She sat and eyed him satirically for a good while, and then she said, cheerfully, "Well, Mr. Severne, how do you like the turn things are taking?"

"Miss Dover, I am very unhappy."

"Serves you right."

"Oh, pray don't say that. It is on you I depend."

"On me, Sir! What have I to do with your flirtations?"

"No; but you are so clever, and so good. If, for once, you will take a poor fellow's part with Miss Vizard, behind my back; oh, please do—pray do!" and, in the ardor of entreaty, he caught Fanny's white hand and kissed it with warm but respectful devotion. Indeed, he held it, and kissed it again and again, till Fanny, though she rather liked it, was going to ask him satirically whether he had not almost done with it, when at last he contrived to squeeze out one of his little hysterical tears, and drop it on her hand.

Now the girl was not butter, like some of her sex; far from it: but neither was she wood; indeed, she was not old enough for that: so this crocodile tear won her for the time being. "There, there," said she; "don't be a baby. I'll be on your side to-night; only, if you care for her, come and look after her yourself. Beautiful women with money won't stand neglect, Mr. Severne; and why should they? They are not like poor me; they have got the game in their hands."

The train stopped. Vizard's party drove to the opera, and Severne ordered a cab to "the Golden Star," meaning to stop it and get out; but, looking at his watch, he found it wanted half an hour to gambling time, so he settled to have a cup of coffee first, and a cigar. With this view he let the man drive him to "the Golden Star."

LORD MACAULAY AND HIS FRIENDS.*—(Concluded.)

MACAULAY'S letters to his father and sisters are delightful reading, abounding as they do in racy anecdotes of men and books, places and events. We learn of his whereabouts in July, 1826, less than a year after the publication of his notable paper on Milton, and of a visitor who called upon him. He was at York, and as he was changing his neckcloth, which his wig had disarranged, his landlady knocked at the door of his room and told him a Mr. Smith wished to see him. Of all names by which men are called, there is none which gives a less

determinate idea to the mind than that of Smith. Smith! was he on the circuit? queried the young barrister, who did not know half the names of his companions. Was he a special agent from London, a York attorney coming to be preyed upon, a beggar coming to prey on, a barber to solicit the dressing of his wig, or a collector for the Jews' Society? This Smith was neither; for, when Macaulay went down, he beheld the Smith of all the Smiths—Sydney Smith, *alias* Peter Plymley. Macaulay must have met him before, though there is no trace of it in his correspondence, for he wrote that he had forgotten his very existence until he discovered the queer contrast between his black coat and his snow-white head, and

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, Member of Parliament for Hawick District of Burghs. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the equally curious contrast between the clerical size of his person and the most unclerical wit, whim, and petulance of his eye. They shook hands and talked politics. Then Sydney Smith invited Macaulay to visit him at his house, and he agreed to do so. For just what he was, and the work he had to do, think what we may of both now, this fat, humorsome parson was one of the most notable men in all Great Britain. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should seek out the new and brilliant contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, which owed its existence to him as much as to any man; for it was he who proposed it to Jeffrey and Brougham, as we all remember, in the eighth or ninth story of Jeffrey's residence in Buccleugh Place, and proposed the motto, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," which was too near the truth to pass muster; so a graver one was substituted in its place, from Publius Syrus, of whom neither had read a line. This was when Macaulay was in his cradle. When the little lad was playing amidst the wilderness of gorse bushes, poplars, and gravel-pits of Clapham Common, Smith was evening preacher at the Foundling Hospital, which, you will remember, was close by the Macaulay residence, in Great Ormond Street; and a little later, when the boy offered to bring a glass of old spirits to good old Hannah More, he delivered a series of lectures on moral philosophy—of all subjects in the world: lectures which were manufactured so cleverly they took every body in, blocking up Albemarle Street with the concourse of carriages, and filling the Royal Institution to overflowing—the lecture-room, the lobbies, the stairway, the steps of the area. Every body went to hear him; wits like himself, parsons not like himself—for all England had not his fellow; philosophers, lords, Lord Holland and his set; and, among others, bright little Miss Berry, fair and forty, friend of dead old Horace Walpole, who bought a new bonnet to be *en règle* when she went to hear his lecture "On the Sublime," and composed an Ode on the circumstance, in imitation of an Ode by Mr. Thomas Gray, another friend of Walpole's, "On a distant Prospect of Eton College." A year or two later, when Master Macaulay was entreating to be allowed to stay out of school after dinner, he wrote, in a little cottage near Reading, a series of letters on the Irish question, the effect of which was like a spark of fire on a train of gunpowder. "Who is Peter Plymley?" all asked, the government included; and whatever may have been suspected, the men in power could learn nothing. Such was the early career of this letter-writer, lecturer, parson, wit, and hearty good fellow, who went to York to ask Macaulay to visit him, and who had but lately returned from France: from Paris,

where he met Dumont, Cuvier, Talleyrand, Sismondi; and from Calais, where he stopped at Dessein's, as every body did then, where he ordered a dinner by the *carte*, of which he could not make out a word, and where he remembered, no doubt, another English parson, who had once preached in York, and who had stopped at Dessein's, sixty odd years before, on a sentimental journey—Rev. Lawrence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*.

Five days after his invitation, Macaulay was at Bradford, the parish of Sydney Smith, and was writing thence to his father. It was three or four miles out of any frequented road. "Fifteen years ago," the parson said to his visitor, as he alighted at the gate of his shrubbery, "I was taken up in Piccadilly and set down here. There was no house and no garden; nothing but a bare field." He set to work and built what Macaulay thought was the very neatest, most commodious, and most appropriate rectory he ever saw. All the decorations were in a peculiarly clerical style, grave, simple, and Gothic. The bed-chambers were excellent, and excellently fitted up; the sitting-rooms were handsome, and the grounds pretty. Besides Macaulay, Tindal and Parke, two of the best lawyers, best scholars, and best men in England, were present. They passed a pleasant evening, had a good dinner, and told many amusing stories. After breakfast the next morning, Peter Plymley and Tristram Merton walked to church together. The church was not at all in keeping with the rectory. It was a miserable little hovel, with a wooden belfry; but it was well filled with decent people, who took very much to their pastor. He had studied to fit himself for his place; was a respectable apothecary, and liberal of his skill, his medicines, his soup, and his wine among the sick. He preached a very queer sermon, the son of our dissenting abolitionist thought, the first half being too familiar, and the last half too florid, though not without some ingenuity of thought and expression. The next morning Sydney Smith took Macaulay back to York. "We parted with many assurances of good-will. I have really taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humor, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions. It seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours every day. His notions of law, government, and trade are surprisingly clear and just. His misfortune is to have chosen a profession at once above him and below him. Zeal would have made him a prodigy; formality and bigotry would have made him a bishop; but he could neither rise to the duties of his order nor stoop to its degradations. He praised my articles in the *Edinburgh Review* with a warmth I am will-

ing to believe sincere, because he qualified his compliments with several very sensible cautions. The great danger, he said, was that of taking a tone of too much asperity and contempt in controversy. I believe he is right, and I shall try to mend."

Fortune smiled upon Lord Macaulay, even when she seemed to frown. If his father had not sent him to Cambridge when he thought himself wealthy, he could not have become a Fellow of Trinity, and if he had not written in *Knight's Quarterly* against the wish of his father, it is not likely that his contributions would have been sought for the *Edinburgh Review*. His literary ability and his fellowship were of use to him now. His fellowship brought him in nearly three hundred pounds a year, and the *Edinburgh Review* almost as much again. In January, 1828, Lord Lyndhurst made him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. The emoluments of his office made up his income, during the three years he held it, to about a thousand pounds a year. Eleven years before this, when he was a youth of seventeen, he had made a journey into Scotland with his parents. Brougham gave them a letter to Jeffrey, who entertained them hospitably, but was not at all at his ease, and was apparently so terrified by the religious reputation of Zachary Macaulay that he seemed afraid to utter a joke. Master Macaulay must have had a dull time, for they traveled from manse to manse, and always came in for very long prayers and expositions. We may be sure that he did not care to revisit Scotland in the same serious way, but in his own way, and at his own time. It came shortly after he was made a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and was enjoyed highly, as a letter which he wrote to his mother shows. He begins by remarking that his expedition to Edinburgh had given him so much to say that unless he writes of some of it before he returns home, he will talk them all to death, and be voted a bore in every house he visits. Then he commences with Jeffrey, whose person he had almost forgotten, and says he should not wonder if he were to forget it again. He had twenty faces, almost as unlike each other as his father's to Mr. Wilberforce's, and infinitely more unlike to each other than those of near relations often are. When quiescent, reading a paper or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested and opens his eyes on you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humor in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile beyond any thing that he ever witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. The mere outline of

his face was insignificant; the expression was every thing; and such power and variety of expression he had never seen in any human countenance, not even in that of the most celebrated actors. He could conceive that Garrick might have been like him. He had seen several portraits of Garrick, none resembling another, and he had heard Hannah More speak of the extraordinary variety of countenance by which he was distinguished, and of the unequalled radiance and penetration of his eye. The voice and delivery of Jeffrey resembled his face. He possessed considerable power of mimicry, and rarely told a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone were different things. Sometimes Scotch predominated in his pronunciation; sometimes it was imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance was snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it was remarkable for rotundity and mellowness. In one thing he was always the same, and that was the warmth of his domestic affections. The flow of his kindness was inexhaustible. Not five minutes passed without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or his daughter. He had fitted up a study for himself, but he never went into it. Law papers, reviews, whatever he had to write, he wrote in the drawing-room, or in his wife's boudoir. When he went to other parts of the country on a retainer, he took them in a carriage with him. Macaulay was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affectionate nonsense. He had never seen any thing of the sort at Clapham, Cadogan Place, or Great Ormond Street. Throughout a journey they made together to Perth, a *partie carrée*, this domestic Proteus kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attacked her about novel reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. It was no wonder that they adored him. His conversation was, like his countenance and voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical. He was a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that many stood in awe of him when in his company. Though not altogether free from affectation himself, he had a peculiar loathing for it in other people, and a great talent for discovering and exposing it. He had a particular contempt, in which his guest heartily concurred, for the *fadaises* of blue-stocking literature, for the mutual flattery of coteries, the handing about of *vers de société*, and all the other nauseous trickeries of the Sewards, Hayleys, and Sothebys. Perhaps he had not escaped the opposite extreme, and was not a little desirous to appear a man of the world, or an

easy, careless gentleman, rather than a distinguished writer. When he and his guest were alone, he talked much and well on literary topics: his kindness and hospitality were beyond description. Macaulay liked every thing at Jeffrey's house in Moray Place except the hours. They were never up till ten, and never retired till at least two hours after midnight. Jeffrey never went to bed till sleep came upon him overpoweringly, and never rose till forced up by business or hunger. He was extremely well, but very hypochondriac, filling his letters with lamentations about his maladies. "I really think that he is, on the whole, the youngest-looking man of fifty that I know, at least when he is animated." Such was Macaulay's first pen portrait of Francis Jeffrey, and such is its life that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, we still see the man, clad in his habit as he lived. The painter, it should be remembered, did not pen this for publicity, but merely to interest his mother and sisters.

Macaulay wrote some articles on Mill, which attracted the attention of Lord Lansdowne, who wished to be the means of first introducing their writer into public life by proposing to him to stand for a vacant seat at Calne. He expressly added that it was his high moral and private character which had determined him to make the offer, and he desired in no respect to influence his votes. We find Macaulay, early in February, 1830, at Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne, ready to pay his constituents a visit. He communicated the news to one of his sisters, who was staying at Mr. Wilberforce's, and she flew into his study, and put the letter into his hands. He read it with much emotion, and said, "Your father has had great trials, obloquy, bad health, many anxieties: one must feel as if Tom were given him for a recompense." Macaulay was elected, and on the 5th of April addressed the House of Commons on the second reading of a bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. Sir James Mackintosh rose with him, but he obtained the floor, and though Sir James took part in the debate that followed, it was not, he said, to supply any defects in the speech of his honorable friend, for there were none that he could find, but principally to absolve his own conscience. Macaulay's success in political life was equal to his success in literature; and when, less than a year later, he made the first of his speeches on Reform, the Speaker sent for him when he sat down, and told him that in all his long experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement. Sir Thomas Denman, the Attorney-General, who rose later in the discussion, said that the orator's words tingled in the ears of all who heard them, and would last in their memories as long as they had memories.

Sir Robert Peel said that portions of the speech were as beautiful as any thing that he had ever heard or read. The names of Fox, Burke, and Canning were in all mouths that evening.

Among the earliest economical reforms undertaken by the government at this time was a searching revision of English bankruptcy jurisdiction, in the course of which Macaulay's commissionership was swept away. He was now a poor man; for a member of Parliament who has others besides himself to think of is not rich on sixty or seventy pounds a quarter from his writing, and a college income which would last only a few months longer. When his fame as an orator was at its highest, he had to sell the gold medals which he gained at Cambridge, but he never was in debt, and he never for an instant prostituted his pen. When the fierce debates of twelve or fifteen hours were over, he walked home by daylight to his chamber, made his supper on a cheese, which was a present from a Wiltshire constituent, and a glass of audit ale, which reminded him that he was still a fellow of Trinity. A journal kept by his sister at this period is filled with anecdotes of his activity, his good nature, his jokes, and his puns. Mamma asked him for franks, that she might send his speech to Hannah More, who, though of high Tory principles, was very fond of Tom, and had left him in her will all her valuable library. "Oh no," he said, "don't send it; if you do, she'll cut me off with a prayer-book." Hannah More died about two years after this little skit of Macaulay's, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, and was at once done to death by her pious and bungling biographers. Farewell, kindly old English gentlewoman! Your poems and plays and novels and goodly books may be forgotten, but you will be remembered for your early love and life-long friendship for Macaulay.

The best society in London threw open its doors to the brilliant orator. He was sought and admired by men of wit and women of fashion. Lansdowne House was honored by his presence, and we know whom he met within its walls on an evening toward the end of June, 1831. He met the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mansfield, all the Barings and the Fitzclarences, Sydney Smith, and Sir James Macdonald. He was shaking hands with this gentleman, when he heard a command behind them, "Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay." They turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of Queen Elizabeth. "Macaulay, let me introduce you to Lady Holland." Her ladyship was gracious beyond description, and asked him to dine and take a bed at Holland House on the next Tuesday. He accepted the dinner, but declined the bed, though he

repented that he did so, he wrote to sister Hannah. Tuesday came and went, and was followed by another letter to Hannah. He had been to Holland House. He had taken a glass coach and been borne through a fine avenue of elms to the great entrance at the end of Phillimore Place. The house was delightful, the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style. It contained a considerable number of large and comfortable rooms, rich with antique carving and gilding, but carpeted and furnished with all the skill of modern upholstery. The library was a very long room, as long as the gallery at Rothley Temple, with little cabinets for study branching out of it, snugly fitted up, and looking out on beautiful grounds. Almost every thing that one ever wished to read could be found in the library. Nobody was there when he arrived except Lord Russell, an old House of Commons friend, with whom he had some pleasant talk. In a little while Allen came in—Allen, whom Sydney Smith introduced to Lord Holland over twenty years before, who was warden of Dulwich College, and who lived almost entirely at Holland House. Other gentlemen dropped in, and a chat ensued, until my lady put in her appearance. They sat down to dinner in a fine long room, the wainscots of which were rich with gilded coronets, roses, and portcullises. There were present, besides Lord Russell, Lords Albemarle, Alvanley, and Mahon; Cradock, who was Wellington's aid in 1815; and others whose names Macaulay did not catch. What was more to the purpose, there was a most excellent dinner. Lord Holland had dinner by himself on account of his gout, but after dinner he was wheeled in and placed near Macaulay, who found him extremely amusing and good-natured. Later in the evening Macaulay had a long talk with Lady Holland about the antiquities of the house, and about the purity of the English language, whereon she thought herself a critic. Macaulay wished that the word "constituency" were admissible. "I am glad you put that word in," said her ladyship. "I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is 'talented,' and 'influential,' and 'gentlemanly.' I never could break Sheridan of 'gentlemanly,' though he allowed it to be wrong." ("Gentlemanly" still survives, and "talented" also, though Coleridge called it a vile and barbarous vocable, and declared that such pieces of slang came from America.) They talked about "talents" and its history. He said that it first appeared in theological writing, that it was a metaphor taken from the parable in the New Testament, and that it had gradually passed from the vocabulary of divinity into common use. He challenged her to find it in any classical writers on general subjects before the Restoration, or even before the year 1700. She seemed surprised

by this theory, never having heard, so far as he could judge, of the parable of the talents. He admitted to Hannah that she was a woman of considerable talent and great literary acquirements. She was exceedingly gracious to him, but there was a haughtiness in her courtesy which surprised him even after all he had heard of her. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she kept her guests. It was to one, "Go," and he went, and to another, "Do this," and it was done. "Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it." "Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Bonaparte." When Macaulay's coach came, Lady Holland made him promise that he would, on the first fine morning, walk out to breakfast with them and see the grounds. Then, after drinking a glass of iced lemonade, he took his leave, much amused and pleased.

Much has been written about Holland House, its inmates and visitors; the Princess Marie Liechtenstein published two years ago a brace of illustrated volumes about it; but neither in those volumes nor in what we have read elsewhere do we find so graphic and spirited a sketch of Holland House and its imperious mistress as in this careless, off-hand letter of Lord Macaulay's.

Just before his first visit to Holland House, Macaulay met a man of letters who advised him to write no more reviews, but to publish separate works. "You may do any thing, Mr. Macaulay," he said. This gentleman of sixty-eight had known some of the most famous of the Holland House set—Fox, Grattan, and Talleyrand, Burke, Porson, Horne Tooke, Lord Erskine, Scott, Lord Grenville, and Wellington. The son of a London banker, and a banker himself, he had taken early to verse, printing his notions on Superstition in his twenty-second year, a companion-piece to Akenside's best-known poem in his twenty-ninth year, and a poem about pretty Miss Jacqueline ("with her nose aquiline"), in a volume with one of Lord Byron's poems, in his fiftieth year. Six years later he published his meditations on Human Life, and had in hand now a series of blank-verse sketches of Italy. He was such a cadaverous-looking person that when he was in Paris with his friend Moore, he was scarcely distinguished from him as Monsieur Mort; and his friend Alvanley asked him once, when a common acquaintance set up a coach, why he did not set up a hearse! He was wealthy, had a fine house in St. James's Place filled with pictures, books, *bric-à-brac*, and he gave select breakfasts. He had a caustic wit, a bitter tongue, and while he is said to have done good in an unobtrusive way, was a cynic and a brute. Such was Samuel Rogers, as we know him from many sources, among the latest from Chorley's au-

tobiography; but not from Lord Macaulay's letters, for old Timon spoke of him with friendliness and to him with affection. He put Macaulay in such a good humor with him that he paid him a handsome compliment in a review he was writing. It was not undeserved, but he confessed to Hannah that he could not understand the popularity of his poetry. It was pleasant and flowing enough, less monotonous than most imitations of Pope and Goldsmith, and called up many agreeable images and recollections. How such men as Lord Holland, Lord Byron, Hobhouse, and others of high intellectual rank could place him, as they did, above Southey, Moore, even Scott himself, he could not conceive. A few days later, in dining out, he met Rogers and Sydney Smith, and they would not come in contact. If one had possession of the company, the other was silent; and the one who had possession was always Sydney Smith. Sometimes, however, the company divided, and each of them had a small congregation. He had a good deal of talk with both, for in whatever they disagreed, they agreed in treating him with marked kindness. Nothing, he said, could present a more striking contrast to the rapid, laughing utterance and the rector-like amplitude and rubicundity of Sydney than the low, slow, emphatic tone and the corpse-like face of Samuel. His conversation was remarkably polished and artificial; what he said seemed to have been long meditated, and might be published with little correction. His clerical rival talked from the influence of the moment, and his fun was inexhaustible. Lord Macaulay's description of Sydney Smith's conversation reminds us of a *bonmot* of Sainte-Beuve at the expense of Humboldt, that he had such a thirst for talk (not for conversation), he so arranged as to be interrupted with difficulty, and had the art of never leaving off. It was not long before Sydney Smith found the same fault with Macaulay, whom he pitied for missing some of his bright things, and once praised behind his back for his brilliant flashes of silence.

About three weeks after the date of the letter wherein he mentioned a review in which he introduced a compliment to Rogers, Macaulay met the writer of the book he had reviewed. A dapper little man of fifty-two, he was the son of a Dublin grocer. He had made a nice translation of the Odes of the old wine-bibber of Teos; had belittled himself by publishing a volume of amatory verse—sad young Catullus; had been noticed by the Prince of Wales; and had supped with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He had traveled in the United States, and found the tone of society low; had returned to England, and had a bloodless duel with an eminent critic who pronounced his amatory verse a public nuisance, and had challenged

a young nobleman who had chaffed him in a satire. He had written a number of popular Irish songs, married the daughter of an Irish actor, lampooned the Prince Regent, and scribbled some twopenny rhymes about a post-bag. He had also written a long poem, in prose and verse, for a large sum of money, about the beautiful Princess Tulip-Cheek, daughter of the Emperor Aurengzebe, who made a journey from Delhi to Coolburga surrounded by Mogul, rajahs, lords, soldiers, and attendants, watched over by the Grand Nazir Fadladeen, and sung to by a young minstrel named Feramorz; a florid epiclet about a veiled prophet, peris, fire-worshippers, and the light of the harem, which the entrancing princess was soon to be, for the singer Feramorz was no less than Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharria. He had doffed his turban, dropped his chibouque, shut up his Eastern "cram" books, and gone to Paris, where he wrote some fudge about a family of that name; had put on the gloves for a memorial for Crib, the bruiser, and gone in a post-chaise to Venice, where he was entertained by the nobleman he once challenged. He had returned to France, and written a poem about the affections of the angelic existences, a memoir of a stony Irish captain, a life of a dissolute Irish dramatist and orator, and a life of one of England's greatest poets. Light-headed and light-hearted, gay, volatile, exuberant, brilliant, and satirical, to what shall we liken this bustling little man of genius? A bee flying from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of all, but staying by none? A hummingbird of the boudoir, insignificant but pretty, chirping its tiny melodies? Men admired him for his stings, and women adored him for his songs. To what shall we liken Anacreon-Little-Tom Moore? He kept a journal all his life for the benefit of his family, and it is buried deep in the eight-storied sepulchre into which his friend Lord John Russell shoved his cold remains. If the reader wishes to see this journal, and will open the ponderous jaws of this sepulchre, he will find a mention of Macaulay. It is under the date of June 26, 1831, and fills but a few lines. We shall not quote it, it is so jejune, but give the substance of it in the nervous words of Lord Macaulay, who was not journalizing for the benefit of his family, but simply writing a letter to amuse his sister Hannah. He had breakfasted again with Rogers, and the party was a remarkable one—Lord John Russell, Tom Moore, Tom Campbell, and Luttrell. An odd incident took place after breakfast while they were standing at the window and looking into the Green Park. Some one was talking about diners-out. "Ay," said Campbell,

"Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons."

Tom Moore asked where the line was.

"Don't you know?" said Campbell. "Not I," said Moore. "Surely," said Campbell, "it's your own." "I never saw it in my life," said Moore. "It is in one of your best things in the *Times*," said Campbell. Moore denied it. Whereupon Macaulay put in his claim, and said it was his. They made him repeat the lines, and were vociferous in praise of them.

Tom Moore then said, oddly enough: "There is another poem in the *Times* that I should like to know the author of, 'A Parson's Account of his Journey to the Cambridge Election.'" Macaulay laid claim to that also. "That is curious," said Moore. "I begged Barnes to tell me who wrote it. He said that he had received it from Cambridge, and touched it up himself, and pretended that all the best strokes were his. I believed that he was lying, because I never knew him to make a good joke in my life. And now the murder's out."

They asked Macaulay whether he had put any thing else in the *Times*. Nothing, he said, except the "Sortes Virgilianæ," which Lord John remembered well. He had never mentioned the "Cambridge Journey" or the Georgics to any but his own family.

Moore and Rogers and Lady Holland figure, singly or together, in the correspondence of Lord Macaulay for the next two or three years. Moore was excessively pleased with his review of his life of Byron, and so, no doubt, was Rogers for the compliment paid to his poetry. Lady Holland was in a terrible taking about the cholera, and was very cantankerous, and treated Allen like a negro slave. "Mr. Allen, go into my drawing-room and bring my reticule." "Mr. Allen, go and see what can be the matter that they do not bring up dinner." "Mr. Allen, there is not turtle soup enough for you; you must take gravy soup or none." The man was not to be pitied, Macaulay thought, for he had an independent income, and if he could stoop to be ordered about like a footman, he could not much blame my lady for the contempt with which she treated him. As the months and years went by, she grew worse and worse. She went to Rogers's, with Allen, in so bad a humor that they were all forced to rally and make common cause against her. There was not a person at table to whom she was not rude, and none were inclined to submit. Rogers sneered, Sydney made merciless sport of her, Tom Moore looked excessively impertinent, Bobus (Sydney's brother Robert) put her down with simple straightforward rudeness, and Macaulay treated her with the coldest civility. Her ladyship was the better for this discipline. She overwhelmed Macaulay with attentions, and he discovered the cause of her ill humor as far as he was concerned. She was in a rage at his article on Walpole, being intimate with the Waldegraves, to

whom the manuscripts belonged, and for whose benefit the letters were published. Lord Holland told Macaulay, in an aside, that he agreed with him, but that they had better not discuss the subject. Miss Berry, too, resented the Walpole article so much that Sir Stratford Canning advised its writer not to go near her; but she came round, and sent him a pressing invitation, as did also her ladyship. "A note, and, by my life, from Lady Holland! 'Dear Mr. Macaulay, pray wrap yourself very warm, and come to us on Wednesday.' No, my good lady. I am engaged on Wednesday to dine at the Albion Tavern with the directors of the East India Company, now my servants, next week, I hope, to be my masters." Macaulay's appointment as a member of the Supreme Council of India was a dreadful blow to Lady Holland. He had an extraordinary scene with her, and he confesses to sister Hannah that if she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years before, she would have turned his head. She was hysterical about his going, cried, raved, and called him her dear, dear Macaulay. "You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you—last session about the slaves, and now sending you to India." He always did his best to keep his temper with her, for three reasons—because she was a woman, because she was unhappy in her health and in the circumstances of her position, and because she had a real kindness for him. But at last she said something about his sister Hannah. This was too much, and he was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she spoke out again. "I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times; I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with my weakness. I shall never see you again." She cried, and he cooled. It was not alone to him, he heard, that she ran on in this way. She stormed at the ministers for letting him go, and became so violent at one of her dinners that even Lord Holland, best-natured of men, could not command himself. "Don't talk such nonsense, my lady. What, the devil! Can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of getting an independence, in order that he may come and talk to you on an evening?"

Lady Holland, Thomas Moore, Samuel Rogers, Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Hannah More—these were a few of the many friends of the manhood and boyhood of that fine-natured man, deep-read scholar, brilliant writer, and eloquent orator, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Lord Macaulay.