

that there have always been examples of generosity and gratitude in a country which superstition has chosen for her favourite abode, and where bigotry has so long maintained her intolerant, degrading, and most frightful reign."

LORD MACAULAY.

The year 1859 was singularly fatal to men of distinction in science and literature. Amidst a long and sad roll of names of lesser note, we have had to mourn the loss of Humboldt and De Tocqueville, Brunel and Stephenson, Washington Irving and Prescott, Hallam, and last, not least, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

"No death which we could chronicle," said the "Times," containing the startling announcement of his decease, "no death will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man. It is the loss of a great man who accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave, not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us for ever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly, and yet so carefully, that reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most—the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he knew, and thought, and felt."

A distinguished French writer paid a tribute of like force and eloquence in noticing a loss which is more than national.

"In this great historian, England has just lost one of her most illustrious citizens, and Liberty one of her most glorious defenders. Lord Macaulay was only fifty-nine years old. His death, then, is premature, and naturally awakens the most profound regrets of those who knew him, whether personally, or only through his works. A writer and critic of the first rank, he possessed an erudition as solid as it was various; his mind was a cyclopædia admirably arranged; everything was there, and everything in its place. He had that sort of universality which characterizes superior men of all kinds, that precision of thought and appropriateness of language which throws light upon all subjects of discussion. No one has more clearly proved that what stifles and obscures the mind is the confusion, not the abundance of its ideas. He possessed in the highest degree the intellectual and moral qualities of the true historian; he judged men and parties with an elevation of view, an im-

partiality and a rectitude which give a special authority to his eloquent and solid writings. He shows himself in general severe towards persons, and inflexible in matters of principle. We have more than once spoken of his beautiful 'History of England;' he leaves it incomplete, to our irreparable loss.

"As a politician, he had won and carried with him the esteem of all parties. In the course of an active life he may have been open to reproach for a few faults, but never for a single act which might give rise to doubts of the rightness of his intentions or the independence of his character. He always worked, and always by honest means, to insure the prosperity and greatness of his country. In the midst of party struggles and the vicissitudes of fortune, in power and out of power, he was constantly faithful to his party, to his opinions, and to his friends. He combated all abuses, and his name is connected with the most important reforms. Religious liberty, above all, never had in any country a more persistent or more brilliant advocate. A liberal in the true and grand acceptance of the word, an avowed enemy of all exaggeration, profoundly convinced that in politics all extremes are equally dangerous, he set himself, in his speeches and his writings, to prove that despotism and anarchy are inseparable, and that each tends to generate the other.

"We have before us," continues M. Peyrat, "while we write these lines, the portrait of Lord Macaulay, and when our eyes rest on it, we fancy we are again enjoying the rapid moments during which, five years ago, we had the happiness of seeing and hearing him. We are sure that no one who ever knew him, or ever read him, will dispute the justice of the homage we pay to his memory. Such men, whatever country they may belong to, are the glory of the liberal cause; and we believe that it is for the interest and the honour of Liberty to grave their names on the column which commemorates those who have sincerely loved and practically served her."

Again, we avail ourselves of the masterly *éloge* pronounced by the writer in the "Times."

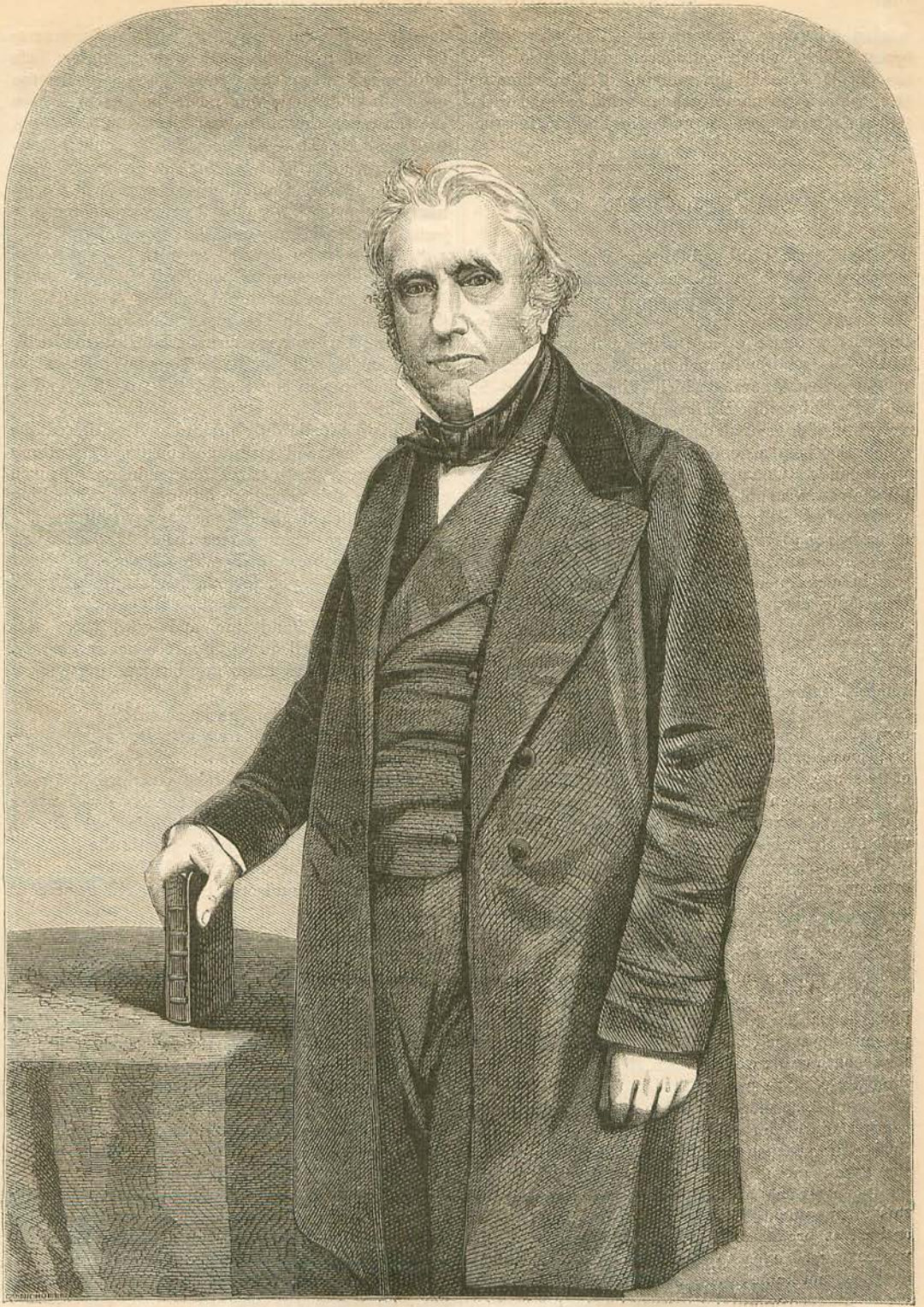
Orator, essayist, poet, and historian—in all these fields of literary activity Macaulay has won for himself the first place, and, as it would seem, by the exercise of almost the self-same faculties. The same power of reasoning is found in the orator as the essayist, the same power of minute and picturesque description in the historian as in the poet, for his mind was well balanced and uniform throughout, without flaw or cloud; it made every subject its own, and imparted to it *its own clearness* and precision, whatever faculty was at work, whatever was the end in view. It is hardly too much to say that those who never had the privilege of meeting Lord Macaulay can form no adequate idea of the powers of the human memory or the vigour and the fecundity of the human intellect. He did not seek to lead conversation to his own subjects, but was ever ready for any discussion that might be proposed to him; and whatever question he discussed he never failed to display a fertility of argument, a profusion of illustration, an exhaustless

fund of knowledge, such as astonished, convinced, and overwhelmed his opponent. He remembered everything, he understood what he remembered, and what he understood he could apply with incomparable force and readiness.

With these faculties, with a strong sense of justice, and a keen sympathy for all that was noble in character or liberal in sentiment, Mr. Macaulay, after a brilliant career at Cambridge (1818—1825), plunged into the vortex of this great metropolis. His earlier essays in the "Edinburgh Review," though not without some tinge of the generous extravagance of youth, laid the solid foundation of that renown which has gone on increasing to the day of his death. The generous and discerning patronage of Lord Lansdowne opened to Mr. Macaulay the doors of Parliament (1830), and in the debates on the Reform Bill he established for himself an oratorical reputation, the solidity of which is well attested by the printed collection of his speeches, which will compare not disadvantageously with any similar record of parliamentary eloquence. A few years spent in India restored him (1839) to this country, possessed of that independence which was one of the most imperious demands of an intellect far too rich and too lively to waste itself in the struggles of party or in the dry details of official business. For two years Mr. Macaulay was a member of the Cabinet, as Secretary at War, in the government of Lord Melbourne. He quitted office with his party (1841), returned with them, but soon quitted it again. He had gifts which were meant for mankind, and they were strictly devoted to the use of mankind during the remainder of his useful life. Ill health compelled him to retire from parliament (1856), and the same cause prevented him from making any public appearance in the House of Lords. But though he did not achieve, as a mere politician, a reputation equal either to his splendid oratorical success, his unswerving political consistency, or his vast knowledge of the constitution of his country, Mr. Macaulay has conferred on English public life an honour which he never received from it, and has achieved successes as much more durable and brilliant than political triumphs, as his own reputation will be more durable and brilliant than that of Mr. Canning. He was so perfect a master of the English language, so clear in thought, so transparent in expression, that we doubt if a single ambiguous or involved sentence can be pointed out in the whole of his writings. As a reviewer, he has left behind him specimens of unapproachable excellence, such as his criticism on Mr. Gladstone's work on the Church. As an essayist, he probably has no rival in the whole course of English literature. It may be that he imported too much of the essay into history, just as *Æschylus*, according to his own elegant criticism, brought too much of the ode into tragedy; and to this may be traced a diffuseness which we have to complain of, principally because it has deprived us of the guiding light of his genius over a long period of English history. His research was enormous; and in spite of some few inaccuracies, to which every human work is subject, his general correctness has come out only the more established

from the ordeal of hostile criticisms. As a poet, at a time when it was supposed that nothing new could be invented, he struck out a style the enchantment of which is felt by all ages and all conditions alike, which has no prototype in ancient, no parallel in modern, which unites the simplicity of our ancient ballads with the rich imagery and stirring dialogue of the epic, often sweetly descending to an idyllic character, reminding us of the happier passages of Theocritus.

Such were Lord Macaulay's intellectual powers; but he is gone where the voice of praise cannot reach him, where the incense of human admiration does not rise, and the voice of applause cannot penetrate. What matters to him now, is not that he possessed these transcendent powers, but to what purposes he employed them. The faculties were as nobly employed as they were lavishly given. The purest moral tone pervades the fearless controversial discussion of the most difficult social, moral, and religious questions. By no one have the principles of toleration been so ably and clearly expounded, by no one has the dividing line between religion and superstition been so fearlessly drawn. No author rests so entirely on a solid and manly good sense. Lord Macaulay never wasted his fine faculties and splendid powers of exposition on the barren subtleties of metaphysics or the abstract dogmas of polemics. A true friend of liberty, he preferred to deduce it from the immemorial practice of our ancient monarchy, instead of from the fallacious doctrines of natural right. He had studied our constitution till he had become instinct with its spirit, and for ever removed the difficulties from many of the most intricate as well as the most important periods of our history. Unlike the modern class of historians, who are for ever trying to deify force and to exalt success, to make a sensual and cruel tyrant into a paternal king, or a brutal drunkard into a model of commanding intellect, Macaulay had no love for paradox; his homage was reserved for what he thought true and right, and he is utterly guiltless of setting up as idols for the multitude what he himself loathed and despised. If he wrote with a party bias, he honestly avowed it, because he was alike incapable of the affectation of Hume or the icy indifference of Gibbon. There is not a line of his works that a lady might blush to read, not a sentiment that an honest man need be ashamed to utter. He has done more than any writer in our history to form the mind of his countrymen, and we cannot wish our rising youth a better preceptor. He is gone, but his name will be as imperishable as our language, when we also are gone. His works may be quoted at some future period as a specimen of the highest development of the practical English mind, and the best example of the political wisdom which experience has taught us. We cannot believe that all that is left of such a man will be allowed to mingle with the dust, without at least those honours which we lavish on warriors who have been the scourge of their species, or on statesmen who have done more to mislead than to improve it. To use Lord Macaulay's own noble words: "One cemetery only is worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where



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the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey," which contains no nobler dust, there should be interred the remains of him whom no Englishman can name without pride or read without the purest pleasure and the highest instruction.*

WONDERFUL JOURNEY OF A GREYHOUND.

FOR the truth of the following facts I can well vouch, having been present at their accomplishment. Two or three years ago I went down, for a few weeks' shooting, into L—shire, and was staying at the house of an intimate friend of mine, Mr. S—, who had much landed property in the neighbourhood, part of which—that near home—he cultivated himself. My friend is a great sportsman, very fond of dogs of all descriptions, and possessing, amongst others, a good kennel of strong, well-bred greyhounds. One of these animals, however, above all the rest, was an especial favourite, and, being a really valuable dog, he carried off several handsome prizes at the different coursing meetings in L—shire and the neighbouring counties, and was in consequence justly celebrated. He was a beautifully clean-made, fawn-coloured animal, of immense speed and power, and, at the time of which I write, nearly four years old. His coat was silky, and, as the old trainer would sometimes remark, "a'most bright enen' to shave by;" his muzzle and feet ("points," I believe, I should say) black, the only white mark about him being a curious star on his side, from which, on account of its shape, he received his name of "Diamond."

Having given this brief description of him, I will proceed to relate the extraordinary performance which is the subject of my anecdote.

One afternoon, on our return from shooting over an outlying covert, about a week after my arrival, Mr. S— was informed that Mr. H—, a great ally of his, was waiting for him indoors, having come by the coach, and walked over from the post town, a mile distant, where he had been set down. This gentleman's business was twofold; he wanted to see his friend, whom he had not met for some time, and also to borrow Diamond for a month or six weeks. Mr. S—, after a while, kindly agreed to part with his favourite for the time named, accompanying his consent with many charges as to the care that must be taken of him during his absence from home. Mr. H— stayed the night, intending to start on his homeward journey early the next day; but, unfortunately for this arrangement, a letter, forwarded from home, arrived at breakfast time, which necessitated his proceeding at once to London, and a consequent absence from home during another day. Moreover, S—'s house would be greatly out of his way on his return journey; under which circumstances

combined, the question as to how the dog was to be conveyed to his destination was a puzzler. He could not be sent by coach, the risk being too great; besides, how was he to be conveyed over the ten miles that intervened between the coach road and Mr. H—'s house? He could not go by rail, as, unfortunately, there was none between the two places, though there soon will be, as many "navvies" were hard at work on the projected line, during my visit last September.

"What's to be done?" says H—. "I *must* have the dog as soon as possible."

"Don't know, I'm sure," replies S—. "We'll think over it. In the meantime, come out and have a walk round my farmyard. I rather pride myself on it, and you've an hour or two to while away before you need start for town." And so we sallied forth.

The two friends duly praised and criticized the different stock and farm implements. I held my tongue, for, truth to tell, I don't understand much about such things, and so did not hazard making remarks which might only betray my ignorance.

As we were looking over the stables, a strong, well-shaped cob caught Mr. H—'s eye.

"Why, S—, you've got a handsome one there," said he.

"Yes, he is handsome, and good too. But I'm going to sell him; I've too many already. Do you happen to know any one wanting such a thing?"

"Yes, I think I do. Is he sound?"

"Perfectly, I can assure you. But who's to be the purchaser?"

"Sound! Well, I'll take *your* word for it, S—, though I wouldn't do the same with every one, and I'll buy him myself; he's just what I want. And now, as to price; what's the figure?"

However, we need not mind the figure; suffice it that the handsome cob changed owners at once.

"Dear, dear!" cried Mr. H—, as soon as the bargain was concluded, "I've been puzzling all the morning how to send one animal home, and now I've saddled myself with another."

"Oh, that's easy; make one take the other. In a word, old Ike, my trainer, shall ride the horse down and lead the dog. I am sure I can trust him, and he can return by coach. Supposing he starts about four o'clock in the morning, he'll then be with you in the evening, and, if you'll be kind enough to put him up for the night, can be back next day." And so it was arranged.

Mr. H— left us at midday, and punctually at four in the morning old Ike started on his journey of fifty-four miles—not a fraction less—and we thought no more about the matter.

The day passed, I forget how; and half of the next, on which Ike was to return, was already over. I was sitting writing letters in the dining-room, when in bounced S—, his face flushed with anger.

"What do you think that stupid fellow Ike has done?—now what do you think?"

I'm sure I couldn't imagine, and said so.

"Why, he has actually let the dog loose on the

* "Times," Dec. 31, 1859. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800. His grandfather was a Scottish clergyman; his father was Zachary Macaulay, the friend and associate of Wilberforce. He was raised to the Peerage in 1857; died Dec. 28, 1859; buried in Westminster Abbey, Jan. 9th, 1860.