

the Edinburgh Review, a few early ones in the Quarterly Magazine, and five, written late in life, in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Those produced during his Parliamentary life were usually written in the house between early rising and breakfast. Macaulay was essentially an historian, a storyteller, and the historical essay he made peculiarly his own. Fully a score of his essays, more than half the total number, are of this description, the most and best of them dealing with English history. Macaulay's essays were meant to inform. Characters and situations are delineated in them, but not created. History and criticism are often not literature at all. They become literature only by revealing an imaginative insight and clothing themselves in artistic form. Macaulay's essays have done this; they engage the emotions as well as the intellect. They were meant for records, for storehouses of information; but they are also works of art, and therefore they live intact while the records of equally industrious but less gifted historians are revised and replaced. Thus by their artistic quality they are removed from the shelves of history to the shelves of literature.

But Macaulay himself should be remembered for his real greatness. His greatness lay in the qualities that are quite beyond imitation, the power of bringing instantly into our mental focus the accumulations of a prodigious memory, the range of vision, the grasp of detail, and the insight into men, measures, and events, that enabled him to reduce to beautiful order the chaos of human history.

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