

Macaulay was not exactly what the Germans would call a many-sided man. He never was anything but the one Macaulay in all he did or attempted. But he did a great many things well. Nothing ^{that} he ever attempted was done badly. He was as successful in the composition of a pretty valentine for a little girl as he was in his history, his essays, his 'Lays of Ancient Rome', and his parliamentary speeches. In every thing he attempted, he went very near to that success which true genius achieves. In every thing thing he just fell short of that achievement. But he so nearly attained it that the reader who takes up one of Macaulay's books or speeches for the first time is almost sure to believe, under the influence of the instant ^{impression} ~~impression~~ that genuine inspiration is there. Macaulay is understood to have for a long time ~~so~~ thought of writing a romance if he had done so we may feel sure that many intelligent readers would have believed on the first perusal of it, that it was almost on a level with Scott, and only as the first impression gradually faded and they came to read it over again, have found out that Macaulay was not a Scott in fiction any more than he was a Burke in eloquence or a Gibbon in history. He filled for a long time a larger space in the public

mind than any other literary man
in England, and his style greatly
affected literary men. But his in-
fluence did not pierce deeply down
into public feeling and thought as
that of one or two other men of the
same period undoubtedly did, &
does still. He did not impress the
very soul of English feeling as Mr.
Carlyle, for example, has done