tions which that acute writer showed up. In fact, it seems high time that in the interests of historical and literary truth, an annotated edition of Macaulay should be published; for the mischief he does is in proportion to the brilliancy of his style, and the confidence with which he puts forth his prejudices or careless misrepresentations. I could furnish from my own note-books a heap of memoranda of passages collected in the course of reading with other objects in view, where now this and now that writer has taken occasion to show up Macaulay.

It has long been known that his attack on Croker's edition of Boswell was the fruit of bitter personal and political hostility to that editor, the "savage," the "asp," the "polecat," whom he seems positively to have hated; and his bitterness against it and its author is something almost ludicrous. He calls it "a worthless edition, some sheets of which may have been seen round parcels of better books." One would hardly believe that this was the edition which, from that time to this, has continued to sell by the thousand, and till very recently has been reckoned the very best edition of that famous biography, and the foundation on which all others have been built.

But the reading world did not know before the publication of this new paper, that Macaulay's entertaining article about Madame D'Arblay was the fruit of the same bitter hatred of Croker, and was almost from beginning to end filled with misrepresentations. It seems that in the publication of Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs, Croker wrote a damaging review of them, and that Macaulay's article, which immediately followed it, is simply a masked attack upon Croker, and was almost from beginning to end filled with misrepresentations. It seems that in the publication of Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs, Croker wrote a damaging review of them, and that Macaulay's article, which immediately followed it, is simply a masked attack upon Croker, and one in which the position of Miss Burney at court, the character of Miss Burney herself, the character of the Queen, and the incidents quoted from Miss Burney's diary, are all so misrepresented that, as our writer says, "we can only acquit him of falsehood by imputing to him gross carelessness." In another place he says, respecting some assertion of Macaulay's, "I do not remember ever to have met with another instance in which a critic, while professing careful search through a volume, has hazarded a statement which each of three several entries proves distinctly to be false."

Of course I am not maintaining here the absurd paradox that Macaulay's works are nothing but one mass of error. He was, in his way, a great writer, and his way is a very captivating one, but one sometimes feels like cautioning the careful student against reading him, just as one cautions a beginner in history against reading Buckle's extraordinary mass of paradoxes and crudities, though the student who knows enough not to be misled, can get much even out of Buckle. As our present critic says: "Macaulay's Essays must ever remain a standard work. His style is so clear, his presentation of facts so vivid, his arguments so cogent, that the reader is at once captivated. Never doubting the correctness of his own opinions, never allowing that anything worthy of notice can be said on the other side,—this most trenchant of writers supplies a perfect instance in literature of Horace's saying that the self-confident man is the leader. . . . It seems impossible not to sit down at the feet of so decided a teacher. One naturally accepts his axioms, and finds his conclusions irresistible; and on many subjects we may safely trust his guidance."

On how many might be a curious question. One of his contemporaries said of him, "I wish I was as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." To careless readers it does not matter. If the facts are different, so much the worse for the facts, they say. If this is not the true Bacon, or the true Sir Elijah Impey, or the true Fanny Burney, here at least are very amusing ones. Nevertheless, if Macaulay is to last, there will have to be an annotated edition; only the task of annotating and correcting him would be gigantic.

W. P. A.

The Mad, Mad Muse.

Out on the margin of moonshine land
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs;
Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand,
Writing his name with his tail in the sand,
And wipes it out with the ogerish hand—
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Is it the gibber of gungs and keeks?
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs;
Or what is the sound the Whing-Whang seeks
Crouching low by winding creeks,
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks?
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Annoint him the wealthiest of wraithy things!
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.
Or what is the sound the Whing-Whang seeks
Crouching low by winding creeks,
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks?
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Annoint him the wealthiest of wraithy things!
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.
'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess with phosphor rings,
And bridal jewels of fangs and stings,
As she sits and as sadly and softly sings
As the mildewed whir of her own dead wings—
Tickle me, dear, tickle me here;
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.—Ex.