

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: A famous English historian, essayist, poet, and statesman; born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800; died at Kensington, December 28, 1859. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, and won high honors, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1822, and his Master's degree in 1825. He was called to the bar in 1826, though he never more than nominally entered upon legal practice. As early as 1823 he began to contribute, in prose and verse, to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," a brilliant periodical, of which only a few numbers were issued. Among his contributions in verse were the ballads of "Moncontour" and "Ivry," and notable among his prose pieces the imaginary "Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton, touching the Great Civil War," which he himself regarded as not inferior to anything which he ever afterward wrote. Macaulay's connection with the "Edinburgh Review" began in 1825. This connection with the "Edinburgh Review" lasted, with occasional interruptions, about twenty years, the last contribution being that on "The Earl of Chatham" (October, 1844.) He was Member of Parliament 1830-34, 1839-47, 1852-57; member of the Supreme Council in India (residing at Calcutta, with a salary of £10,000 a year), 1834-38; Secretary of War 1839-41; Paymaster-General 1846-47. The "History of England" is his one large work. Vols. i. and ii. appeared in 1849; iii. and iv. in 1855; v., edited by his sister Lady Trevelyan, in 1866. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" appeared in 1842. His works have been published in innumerable forms in many countries; a complete edition, edited by Lady Trevelyan, appeared in 1866. He was a keen critic, an eloquent and convincing orator, and one of the most delightful of English letter-writers. He has contributed to English literature a vast number of brilliant essays.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last