

INTRODUCTION

Thomas Babington Macaulay wrote this Journal between 1838 and his death at the end of 1859. He began it late in 1838 because he was about to go on a tour of Italy, ostensibly to see the setting for his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, more generally because he was planning a major historical work and thought, like Gibbon before him, that the city of the emperors and popes would give him the stimulus he needed. His account of his Italian tour was plainly meant to amuse his family, but when he returned to England he kept up the entries, until May 1839, when he returned to Parliament and a brief ministerial career. He did not resume it until November 1848, by which time he had lost his seat for Edinburgh, had completed the first two volumes of the *History of England*, had read the proofs, and was waiting for the first reviews. He kept the Journal regularly from then on, with the exception of an eight-month gap in 1855, when he was completing the next two volumes of the *History*, which were also the last to appear in his lifetime. Evidently his absorption in writing, revising and polishing these two volumes gave him no time for his daily record, but, as in 1848, he returned to it to record the critics' reaction to volumes 3 and 4. For the next four years he kept the record of his reading and his social life, much as before. His last entry is on 23 December 1859, five days before his death.

The Journal is in eleven volumes, seven of them folio sized. Macaulay began with a large volume for his Italian tour, but seems to have found that too cumbersome, and kept the record of his later tours in smaller volumes, the last pocket-sized. For the convenience of the reader the whole Journal is given here in chronological order. For the most part it takes the form of a busy man's aide-memoire, recording engagements, meetings, travel, political events and books read. But being Macaulay, he gives us occasional flights of vivid description, when an event like the Great Exhibition or a visit to a historic city, or some unusual encounter, moves him to greater eloquence. His reading too gives rise to some acute observations on literature and art. What saves it from banality or tedium is that the writer was a man of extraordinary intellect, deep loyalties and strong prejudices, redeemed by a sardonic humour. It is the most spontaneous and unselfconscious of all Macaulay's writings.

The Journals were first made public by Macaulay's nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, in his life of his uncle, published in 1876. Trevelyan was a busy politician exploiting a short period out of office, and he had a rich store of materials ready to hand. Macaulay had kept none of his political correspondence, but his sisters had kept his letters to them, as well as the papers of his father, Zachary. The wit and vividness of Macaulay's letters form a delightful narrative; but in the last two decades of his life he lived in easy walking distance from his favourite sister Hannah and her family, and long letters were unnecessary. For these years the Journals were a useful supplement and they were the main source for the last three chapters of Trevelyan's *Life*. Letters and journals together make it one of the most attractive biographies of the Victorian period. Details of Macaulay's political career are used sparingly, like a piquant sauce. The man who had made his debut as a merciless reviewer, the overbearing conversationalist, the formidable orator, was revealed as a sensitive and kindly uncle and brother, who adored and was adored by his immediate family; and the politician faded into a magnanimous writer who set aside worldly ambition to write a history as fluent and readable as any novel. Men who had had reason to dislike him were conciliated. Former victims were softened. Gladstone, the last and most eminent of these, wrote a review in which he declared that Macaulay's supposed faults were illusory. 'Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel, and transparent as crystal ...' The only fault Gladstone could admit was Macaulay's 'occasional tinge of at least literary vindictiveness'.¹ Most Victorian biographers of public men treated the details of their private lives very discreetly. G. O. Trevelyan, by putting the stress on Macaulay's private life, managed to make the public one seem dutiful and virtuous.

The biography became a Trevelyan heirloom. George Otto read it aloud to his sons, congratulating himself (he was writing in 1889) that 'in 1930 there will be several men with a lively personal feeling of affection for a man who was born in 1800'.² None of his sons took this hope more seriously than the youngest, called George Macaulay because he was born two weeks before the book was published. He was the most academic of the three brothers, the most aware of the hazards and rewards of scholarship, and the most inclined to equate duty with ancestral tradition. But he was rather puritanical and humourless, and in his lifetime a strain of melancholy became more pronounced as the high Victorian, aristocratic values which his family had embodied came increasingly under attack. In particular the protective conventions of Victorian biography were transformed. In his childhood the lives of great men had been composed in the spirit of a memorial address. The biographer was a trusted custodian of a public reputation. The general rule was that if the subject's life had been scandalous, a

biography should be avoided; if heroic or in other ways exemplary, the laudable aspects should be boldly stressed, and if there were minor faults which could not be condoned or explained, they should be left out altogether. It was a consensus which suited a relatively small ruling class, with a common social morality, reinforced by strong legal and social sanctions, and knit together by innumerable mutual obligations of service and patronage, in the professions, in clubs, in country houses, in a burgeoning civil service and in Parliament. Of course, within these overlapping circles, scandals occurred and there was much gossip about them. That could be contained. What was most feared was such scandals becoming known to the wider public: that would weaken the whole social structure. So the multi-volume form of 'Life and Letters', copious, complacent and evasive, continued into the twentieth century.

Notoriously, the consensus was shattered by the experience of the First World War, which not only broke the self-confidence of Britain's ruling class, but produced from within its ranks a breakaway culture which poured scorn on its values. In biography, the new rebellion was expressed by Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* published in 1918. G. M. Trevelyan knew Strachey well and he wrote politely about the book to its author. But it offended his sense of solidarity with the nation's traditions. It was not, one suspects, because its scholarship was formidable: he would surely have seen that some of Strachey's assertions rested on mischievous distortion and even invention. What offended him, I think, was that Strachey stood deliberately outside the society in which the Victorians lived, and by choosing as his targets Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Thomas Arnold and General Gordon, was making sly fun of four formative Victorian movements: Anglo-Catholic piety, humanitarian reform, public school education and evangelical imperialism. That he might do the same for Macaulay was hinted at in a short essay which Strachey wrote ten years later in which he said the historian had 'a coarse texture of mind – a metallic style – an itch for the obvious and the emphatic – a middle class Victorian complacency' and added that Trevelyan's volumes on Garibaldi were not dissimilar.³ Trevelyan may have thought that Strachey's work was pernicious. S. C. Roberts once suggested that the Cambridge University Press publish the *Journal*, only to receive the retort, 'Over my dead body! I'm not having those Bloomsbury people laughing at my great-uncle.'⁴ But surely this cannot have been his only reason. A more likely explanation is that Trevelyan had a patrician distaste for airing private concerns in public, whether of figures in the past or among contemporaries. If men had served their country well, they had established a claim on posterity to respect their private lives. In his own work he had used the papers of figures whose descendents valued this privacy, and Trevelyan shared their feelings. When he came to write the life of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, he agreed to leave out the fact that Grey had fathered an illegitimate child.⁵ Why should his own forebears

not enjoy a similar protection? To this feeling was added a sense of the integrity of a work of art. The *Life and Letters of Macaulay* was the work of a literary craftsman, no less concerned with showing Macaulay at his best than a portrait by an artist like Richmond or Grant, and therefore deserving protection from the meddling objections of myopic scholars. The best way forward therefore was a compromise between scholarly curiosity and domestic loyalty. The papers would be made available to scholars, but on condition that what they wrote would have to be submitted to Trevelyan before publication.

To us, Trevelyan's scruples may seem overcautious, and they were certainly inhibiting.⁶ When he died in 1962, his daughter Mary Moorman gave the Macaulay papers, the letters and the Journal, to Trinity College. Her generosity made possible a revival of interest in Macaulay's work and life. The college made no conditions except the formal administrative ones. In the 1960s, Professor Thomas Pinney began his great edition of *The Letters of Lord Macaulay*, which appeared in 6 volumes between 1971 and 1981, making the material George Otto used available for all. While they were being edited another American scholar, Professor John Clive, produced an excellent study, *Thomas Babington Macaulay: The Shaping of the Historian* (1973), which was a great popular success. Both the *Letters* and the biographical study exposed the shortcomings of Trevelyan's volumes. Pinney was very discreet. He did not trumpet his discoveries, but anyone comparing the two volumes could see that George Otto took huge liberties with the manuscripts. He cobbled together paragraphs from different letters. He was not always accurate with dates. If he thought a phrase of the original crude or inelegant, he altered it. He suppressed proper names of men and women Macaulay disliked. He modified or omitted the endearments in Macaulay's letters to his sisters Hannah and Margaret. Yet he was more candid than many Victorian biographers, and the question arises whether his liberties were the legitimate ones of a portrait painter or the effect of a nephew's hero-worship.⁷ John Clive's book gave close attention to the emotional tensions of Macaulay's upbringing, his resentment against his father Zachary for not giving him more encouragement, his adoration of his mother, and his misery at school, and finally his friendships with his sisters Margaret and Hannah. He showed that Macaulay, despite his intellectual brilliance and worldly success, was naively self-deceiving, imagining that the relations between brother and sisters could be so affectionate as to be stronger than marriage, and that when first Margaret's marriage and then, in India, Hannah's, dashed this vision to pieces, he was so upset that he came close to emotional collapse. Clive analysed the letters more sympathetically and closely than Trevelyan had, but he told essentially the same story. Macaulay never married because at the age when young men find their life partners he became devoted to his sisters. They nevertheless chose conventional

marriage. Margaret died in childbirth, but he remained emotionally attached to Hannah.

Clive's account went deeper. Not the least of his achievements was his account of Macaulay's contribution to Indian government. Drawing on much scholarly work by historians like C. H. Phillips and Eric Stokes, he set out for the first time the political background to the famous Minute on Education (first published by George Otto) and to the Criminal Code which Macaulay had helped to draft. Here was a broad imperial theme, the official apprenticeship of the future minister and the return home to work out which had greater claims on his abilities, politics or literature. The book's subtitle suggested a sequel. How did all this exotic experience and controversy shape not a statesman but a historian? An Epilogue seemed to warn readers not to expect a second volume, and, despite appeals from friends and colleagues, it never appeared. Clive had taken the story to 1838, the year of Macaulay's return from India. Clive died in 1990, aged sixty-six.

What then of the Journal? Is that the secret cache of embarrassing facts liable to make Bloomsbury laugh? A note by G. M. Trevelyan, stapled to the front end-paper, seems to sound a warning. Dated December 1945, it reports that he has just read through the manuscripts and feels 'as strongly as before that they ought never to be published as a whole, or any large continuous section of them'. The reason is that Macaulay wrote them 'simply to give himself the pleasure of reading them in later years'. They might be of interest to students, and so short quotations could be permitted, but as if to deter any students from trying he adds, 'I am more than ever struck by the way in which my father has quoted almost every passage of literary value in his life of Macaulay'. That underlines the point already made, that Trevelyan's concern was with the artistic integrity of the *Life*, and not with its wider historical or political importance. It reminds me of Macaulay's gleeful remark when Narcissus Luttrell's Diary was first published, that he had himself already 'picked out all the plums'. It is true that Macaulay often records rereading the Journal, and with the same pleasant nostalgia which he often felt for reminders of his earlier life. In January 1856, for instance, he rereads the volumes for 1852 and 1853 and comments, 'What a strange interest they have. No kind of reading is so delightful, so fascinating, as this minute history of a man's self.'⁸ Reminders of his childhood pleased him too: Hannah More's garden at Barley Wood where he had played as a child,⁹ the copy of a book found on a booksellers' barrow which he remembered from his nursery; the sight of his old room in the house in Great Ormond Street, which he impulsively asked to see, when he found the house was for sale.¹⁰ These were memories which meant more to him as his health declined. But they were not solitary. They were shared with Hannah and her children. Parts of the Journal were read aloud to Margaret and George. His keeping it was no secret.

Nor did he write it simply for his later amusement. It is plain from the Journal itself that he had other readers in mind, for it contains several erasures, ciphers and codes. Some of the erasures are by his sister Hannah, on her own admission.¹¹ But Macaulay also scored over, and may even have cut out passages which he thought indiscreet. One such heavy erasure is followed by the words, 'how my hieroglyphics would throw out any prying person.'¹² The ciphers are all his. Obscene or salacious passages from ancient authors were kept in what Gibbon called 'the decent obscurity of a learned language', usually Greek, sometimes Latin. He also used Greek to cloak his own emotions, as when he admits in his last months that in Hannah's company he is *αρτιδακρυς*, on the verge of tears.¹³ More systematically, he writes in Greek characters the short titles of popular novels which he knew were 'trash' but often reread. So Henry Cockton's *The Steward* is *κοκτ οικ*, and *χρ ταδ* is *Christopher Tadpole* by Albert Smith. Several hours of editorial time were spent in enquiries whether the Victorian pharmacopoeia contained a medicine abbreviated as *στρατ δεφ* or Strat Def, until it became plain from the context that Macaulay was not taking a medicine at all but reading a novel by Mary Meeke, called *Stratagem Defeated*,¹⁴ and that all her novels were disguised in similar ways.

Once accustomed to these disguises, one becomes aware of other unspoken but pervasive forms of self-censorship. Macaulay loved the literary gossips of past ages, from Evelyn and Pepys to Lord Hervey and Boswell, but writers in his own day who made public their dealings with famous figures aroused his horror. His kindness to Leigh Hunt nearly stopped when he reread Hunt's *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries* and realized he was dealing with a literary eavesdropper, whose deceptions and improvidence, by the way, are the subject of his last journal entry.¹⁵ Consistently with this, he avoids gossip in his own Journal; a great loss to us, for he undoubtedly heard a great deal. So, although he saw few people more frequently than the historian Henry Hallam, only on one occasion does he record something Hallam said, so we learn nothing about his debt to Hallam's writings. A similar discretion covers anecdotes going the rounds of the clubs; they are noted in the form 'X told a good story', but this story itself is seldom repeated. An exception is one told by Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and a friend of Macaulay's boyhood. 'I was surprised at the B[isho]p's telling us that his father when young used to drink tea every evening at a brothel. Not, said his L[ordshi]p, for any licentious purpose – his health alone would then have prevented that – But it was the mode among the young men.' Macaulay adds, 'I should have kept the secret from my son, if I had been Wilberforce Senior, and from the public if I had been Wilberforce Jnr.'¹⁶

A similar inhibition runs through Macaulay's remarks about women. It is an odd fact that a boy with five sisters should have grown up without some of the social graces. Perhaps in the earnest atmosphere of Clapham those graces were

associated with aristocratic frivolity and insincerity. Or perhaps, as the eldest son, whose precocious brilliance made him used to receiving praise and admiration without being called to give any in return, he grew up loud and overconfident and insensitive to others. He certainly was susceptible to female beauty, as many entries in the Journal attest. He admired buxom, Junoesque women, like the Roman beauty whom an Italian host described as *una buona pezza di carne*; or the stately Caroline Norton, though he always thought her conversation went to the very verge of propriety.¹⁷ He was most at home with clever women like the writer Mrs Marcet, or Mrs Somerville the mathematician, and as he rose in Whig society with Theresa Villiers, whose second husband was George Cornwall Lewis, and Harriet Mackenzie, Lady Ashburton, who tried (and failed) to persuade Macaulay to like Thomas Carlyle. But, while admiring such clever hostesses, he was too puritanical to flirt. His ideal of femininity remained the domestic one, of a mother surrounded by gifted and adoring children, and any departure from marital fidelity profoundly shocked him. When Harriet Thornton died, and her husband Henry Sykes Thornton decided to marry her younger sister Emily Dealtry, at a time when marrying a deceased wife's sister was illegal, Macaulay was outraged. Though Thornton was his close friend and took care of his finances, he could not bring himself to raise the matter with him. He thought Emily was an adventuress, feared the proposed marriage would be a social catastrophe, and he called her a 'trull'.¹⁸ In fact his language often suggests that between the dutiful wife and the abandoned strumpet there were no intervening gradations, ranging from mere impropriety to criminal wickedness, in sexual behaviour.

A reader may object that these are the common constraints which affect every diarist. Even when recording his most private thoughts a diarist is likely to reflect the prevailing moral standards of his society. But Macaulay's self-censorship is not the unreflecting, involuntary sort of a writer at ease in his milieu. It is the deliberate policy of a very fastidious and self-conscious writer. It is not that he could not write the graphic character-sketches and memorable dialogue which make Hervey, Boswell and Fanny Burney delightful. One has only to recall his descriptions in the letters of Lady Holland, or of Francis Jeffrey, or the conversation of Sydney Smith to see that he could have recorded such matters brilliantly had he wanted to.¹⁹ There are flashes of them here and there in the Journal, but there is less zest for society than in the early letters, and as time goes on, there is more dissatisfaction with the world of politics, and as his health deteriorates, more immersion in his library and his writing and more concern for his reputation. The Journal gives many a clue to an explanation of this slow change, but the roots of the problem lie in the period before the Journal starts.

Macaulay was never a professional writer; that is, he never had to write for a living while he learned the trade, as had Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt or Dickens. He

had had an education in the Latin and Greek classics, an education of the sort which was favoured by the English aristocracy, though he mastered those classics with a systematic thoroughness which was rare among them. He made his literary debut in the *Edinburgh Review*, a high-prestige quarterly, whose writers were anonymous, but which was thought to be the voice of the aristocratic Whigs. By profession he was a lawyer, but he had little aptitude for the law, and when he was still a struggling barrister his father's business failed. He could not live by writing, and when he was offered a seat for a Whig borough in the unreformed Parliament, he seized the chance of a political career, to which he was disposed both by his education and his family association with the cause of slavery abolition. He soon became Secretary to the Board of Control, the branch of government which dealt with the East India Company, and that put him in a favoured position to go to India as Legal Member of the Governor-General's Council. He took the post to save enough money to be independent, because independence would bring him freedom to do what he really wanted. It illustrates his divided allegiances that he took with him to India a library of Latin and Greek authors which he worked through in his leisure hours.

On his return from India, when the Journal begins, he found himself facing heavy responsibilities. His father was dead and he was the head of the family. He saw that he might, with his savings and a legacy from his uncle, devote his life to writing. But there were old friends who wanted him to return to politics and there were his siblings. Two of his sisters, one a near invalid, had to be provided for, and three brothers. If he returned to politics where he had a name for eloquence and ability, he would command considerable patronage. If he wrote for a living, it would be a struggle. He went back into Parliament. The Melbourne ministry was weak and he joined the Cabinet. He was a competent minister, and he came to enjoy the political world, realizing that he had become 'too mere a bookworm in India and on my voyage home'.²⁰ But in 1841 the ministry fell. This time the economic dilemma was less acute. Three brothers had been provided for, John with a church living, Henry as a colonial lawyer, Charles as his own secretary. Two sisters had died, one, his beloved Hannah, had married, and her husband had been appointed, probably by Macaulay's influence, to a post in the Treasury. Two unmarried sisters, Frances and Selina, remained to be cared for. His writing had not withered on the vine either. *The Lays of Ancient Rome* was published in 1842, and the following year three volumes of his *Critical and Historical Essays* came out. Both sold well. The *History* project, put on hold in 1839, was now resumed, and Macaulay thought writing it could be combined with a seat in Parliament on the opposition benches. But this dual identity could not be sustained for long. Peel's Tory government was even shorter lived than Melbourne's. It split its supporters first on the Maynooth Grant in Ireland, then over the Corn Laws. In the Russell government which followed, Macaulay

accepted a minor post, but at the general election of 1847 he lost his seat for Edinburgh; not, according to an experienced Edinburgh Whig, because he had supported the Maynooth Grant, but because he was too absorbed in his writing to attend to his constituents.²¹

At first he thought he would leave politics altogether and live by writing. But political life carried privileges to which he had become accustomed. It was not easy to give up the company of his late colleagues, or the dinner tables at which he had held the company enthralled with his talk. Not only were they in several cases the descendants of the politicians he was describing in the *History of England*, and owners of the papers he needed to consult, but they still valued his opinions, and he was consulted on such matters as the Government of India, and recruitment to the civil service. He was not a political heavyweight, indispensable to a ministry's legislative programme, but he had been a thorough master of his brief, and his presence in a ministry gave it tone and gravitas. He liked aristocratic company, especially if accompanied by a wide culture, and at his breakfast parties there would commonly be a mixture of the learned and the landed: men of letters like Hallam and learned clergy like Dean Milman and William Whewell, political figures like Lord John Russell, the Earl of Carlisle, and his patron the Marquis of Lansdowne. At one such gathering he noted complacently: 'If I had had a Duke, I should have had every gradation of rank.'²²

On the other hand, literary fame had a powerful appeal for him. Politicians think they are earning a place in history, but Macaulay thought political authority was shallow and its influence transitory, compared with the impact of artists and writers. Unlike his political colleagues, he knew what literary success was. His articles were discussed in every club and salon. If an *Edinburgh Review* contained one, its sales soared. His style was unmistakable, and his witticisms widely quoted. But he came to feel he could complete a more ambitious work, and for that he had advantages over mere professional writers. His literary career had been very privileged. He had never known life on Grub Street like Defoe; never done work for penny-pinching booksellers like Johnson; never lived in attics or saved candle-ends. His education had made him a formidable linguist and textual critic, and it provided the groundwork for a wide knowledge of European literature. In discussing styles of drama, poetry or prose, he could draw on examples in the classical and four modern literatures, most of which (Spanish perhaps excepted) he could read with the same keen relish as he read his own. It is no wonder that in English society people fell silent and let him hold the floor: hardly anyone could match the range of his reading or his speed in recalling it. His breakfasts were famous for bringing together writers and savants, including foreigners like de Tocqueville and Guizot, Americans like Bancroft and Motley, all men who had learning and distinction, who went away amazed at the range of his reading. Even among foreigners he was, though not fluent, still formidably

well-equipped. Once, as a guest of the Belgian ambassador, he heard 'a Frenchman or a Fleming' declare that the word 'pudeur' was modern, and not to be found in the writers of the age of Louis XIV. Macaulay commented in his Journal: 'I floored him with the Provincial Letters.'²³ Such a man was not likely to feel at home in the company of professional writers working to meet deadlines. In fact he took a certain pride in being above such constraints. He only wrote when the mood took him:

The rule of never going on when the vein does not flow readily would not do for all men or for all kinds of work. But I, who am not tied to time, who do not write for money, and who aim at interesting and pleasing readers whom ordinary histories repel can hardly do better. How can a man expect that others will be amused by reading what he finds it dull to compose?²⁴

This was the reason he gave when asked why the *History of England* had not a dull page. No professional writers could have said it. In Whig circles Macaulay was a parvenu; among writers he was an aristocrat.

One result of his education and the polyglot reading based on it, was that he was, as a writer, extraordinarily self-sufficient. His tastes were those he had formed in his student days. He was indifferent to trends and fashions in contemporary literature, and stubborn in his own preferences when confronted with novelty. The realist novel which dealt with poverty and urban squalor repelled him. He found *Hard Times* full of 'sullen socialism'. He started Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* but could not go on. Nor could he enjoy Balzac, struggling through *Cousin Pons* but making several vain attempts on *Eugénie Grandet*. In poetry his taste might be called pre-Romantic. He loved Cowper, Scott and Crabbe, but thought Wordsworth maundering and egotistical. It was only at the end of his life that he consented, at the insistence of his neighbour the Duke of Argyll, to read Tennyson, and his comments – on some of the *Idylls of the King* – suggest that he had not read the poet's early works, not even *In Memoriam*.²⁵ Though he read Herder, Tieck, Goethe and Schiller, 'the Germano-Coleridgean doctrine', as John Mill called it, left him cold; especially the idea that, provided a writer was sincere and faithful to his own vision, errors of syntax and imprecision of usage could be excused. So his deepest contempt was reserved, after Coleridge, for Thomas Carlyle, whom he regarded as a charlatan. After one encounter he wrote, 'I take it that he is accustomed to lay down the law to a set of small persons, and is quite out of his element in general society'.²⁶ The comment conveys the distance between Macaulay and the literati. To some readers it may indicate Macaulay's blindness to some of the most important social and political developments of the age. But Macaulay was much more familiar with the institutions of his time – Parliament, the law courts, the civil service, British possessions overseas – than most professional

writers were, and in practical ways he was extremely generous to struggling authors. It was literary fastidiousness rather than social snobbery that kept him aloof from writers as a class. He did not want to be immersed, as Bulwer-Lytton and Monckton Milnes were, in their business routines and their petty rivalries. His own literary standards were set by the great writers he knew so well. This is what he meant when he said that he wrote 'with a remote past and a remote future constantly in my mind'.²⁷ The remote past meant the classics of the ancient world; the remote future his own reputation with posterity.

Macaulay's experience of the political world makes his preference for literature seem all the more single-minded. Nothing illustrates this more than his severity with his own works. I once read of a famous critic who told his admirers never to throw away anything they had written, because it might be needed some day. Macaulay's rule was the exact reverse of this. He was a ruthless destroyer of letters, not only his own. When the Berry sisters died, their executor, Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, sent Macaulay the letters he had written them. Macaulay read them over and destroyed them. When Henry Cockburn was writing his life of Francis Jeffrey, he asked Macaulay if he could let him see any letters Jeffrey had written him. Macaulay replied that he had none to make public, and as to those Jeffrey had written when reading the proofs of the *History of England*, 'nothing shall induce me to make myself ridiculous by publishing them'.²⁸ In August 1851 he and his friend Ellis engaged in a light-hearted experiment. Each was to write a 'romance' and show it to the other. When Ellis offered his, Macaulay admitted it was much better than his own. He read his own aloud, and Ellis was 'diverted'. Then he adds, 'As soon as I had read it I burned it. None of these idle facetiae shall ever, if I can help it, rise up against me'.²⁹ A greater threat to his reputation came in 1853, when a printer called Vizetelly announced a two-volume edition of Macaulay's speeches. Macaulay was so indignant at an attempt to attribute to him something he had not revised, that he spent a month in a rented house in Tunbridge Wells, compiling an edition of his own, with a ponderous preface claiming he was acting in self-defence. He told Ellis that 'people really wished to have the speeches',³⁰ but the *Journal* makes no mention of that. The record there is of a month of rewriting, often from memory, driven by wounded pride and vindictive feeling.³¹ His concern was largely rhetorical; a record of speeches like those of Cicero or Demosthenes, perfectly fluent, purged of interruptions, and containing no technical or procedural jargon. He left out those with unhappy associations. As Bagehot said, 'the theme of a schoolboy is not more devoid of the salt of circumstance'.³² The book, published in 1854, was a sort of farewell to politics.

The same anxiety that the published work be as polished and as invulnerable to criticism as possible runs through all Macaulay's works. The *Journal* does not cover his most prolific period as an Edinburgh reviewer, but it is clear from the

letters to Napier, the *Edinburgh's* editor, that he could not stand editorial interference and that his editor dared not offer it. Even so, there were some articles Macaulay refused to reprint in his lifetime. The Journal does record his frequent revisions of successive editions of the *History of England*, showing that he spent far more time than most authors on the layout of a chapter, on smoothing the transitions from one topic to another, and on the flow of each paragraph. The result of course was that he never published an obscure sentence. It also meant that, once finished, each chapter had a coherent, harmonious form, as it were superimposed on its content. Where to put a fact, how much to include of a quotation, where to introduce this character in the narrative, how to make palatable to the reader dry matters like legislation and statistics, all such formal arrangements were aimed at gratifying the reader's imagination rather than arousing his curiosity or his scepticism. Macaulay invested so much skill in the presentation, as compared with the archival research, that he was very reluctant to make any alterations in the light of criticism. Here and there he would alter a word to oblige a political ally or a club acquaintance, and he was extremely attentive to reviews, hoarding compliments, oral or printed, like a squirrel collecting nuts. But wider criticism aimed at his veracity he usually dismissed, holding that a formal reply would be demeaning, or else that the critic was a complete ignoramus. His old antagonist J. W. Croker wrote an eighty-page criticism of the first four volumes of the *History* in the *Quarterly Review*. Macaulay saw at once that it was much too long for most readers to finish. Later he decided that it was an expression of the personal malice of a bad man, 'a scandal to politics and letters'.³³ But the factual errors Croker had pointed out were silently corrected in later editions. A more vexatious critic was William Hepworth Dixon, who challenged Macaulay's account of the Quaker William Penn, and demanded explanations and documentary proof. Macaulay had already tried to silence his Quaker critics in a famous, semi-public interview, but it was not enough.³⁴ Dixon persisted, and stirred up a good deal of sympathy in the literary journals, finally publishing his criticism in a *Life of Penn* in 1851. Eventually Macaulay added a furious footnote to the 1857 edition of the *History* in which he marshalled his evidence and concluded defiantly that he saw no reason to alter what he had written. The footnote does not mention Dixon by name.

In the light of this concern for his reputation, the very survival of the Journal may seem a piece of luck. Why did it not go the way of his letters from the Berry sisters, or those from his sister Margaret? Could it have survived because he wanted it to be a record, and if so, what were the objections to making it public? There can be no certain answer to these questions; one can only make a plausible conjecture. My own opinion, growing in conviction as I have worked on the Journal, is that, as Macaulay wrote it, his sister Hannah and her children assumed greater importance in his mind. She was his main confidante. He consulted her

more closely than any other near relative. She was to be the main beneficiary of his estate and the custodian of his papers. More than anyone else, she would appreciate the value of the Journal as a record, and her practical judgement would ensure it was properly used.³⁵ But while he trusted her judgement, he knew that there were aspects of his life and opinions which would shock her, and these he omitted or disguised. As he watched her children growing up, he came to admire George's academic ability and Margaret's sensitivity and wisdom, and he realized that they would protect his reputation if their mother died. George alone would understand his uncle's love of the classical authors, as Hannah could not. I suggest that is why the Journal, which is full of sharp comments on the people around him, invariably praises Hannah and her children. Parties at grand houses are judged, especially as Macaulay's health deteriorates, as obligations to be borne, but even short visits to the Trevelyans are almost always recorded as especially happy. So the children, even if they had disliked him, or outgrown his tastes, would have had a good reason to preserve a Journal which gave such a favourable account of their growing up.

Of course as time passes and the documentary evidence of a life is destroyed or dispersed, what is left tends to gain in value, and what one generation cheerfully discards is more acutely missed by the next, because so little else remains. In Victorian England the hope that posterity would appreciate the virtues and achievements of its famous men and women was balanced by the fear that it might learn too much that was private. One way of reconciling these two opposing impulses was that adopted by Henry Cockburn, who saw to it that all papers were destroyed, but only after he had used them to write his *Memorials of his Time* and two further volumes. We can be glad that George Otto did not follow this example, but we still have to ask what we gain from the survival of the whole Journal. If, like G. M. Trevelyan, we had from childhood been familiar with the *Life*, and could recall all its amusing stories and quote its memorable lines, what would surprise us most in reading through the Journal? I think there would be three major surprises. One would be the discovery that Macaulay was actually a capricious and ultimately overrated politician; the second that he was selfishly possessive towards his sister Hannah and her children, usurping some of the functions of their father; and finally that he wrote the *History of England* not just to celebrate the emergence of the Whig party, but to make money.

Macaulay did not serve a long apprenticeship in politics, like Palmerston or Peel. He burst onto the political scene with a reputation already made as a reviewer, and he soon added to this reputation that of a man who remembered everything he read, and talked with unstoppable fluency. He did not talk to enquire, but to impress and to win. The Journal is full of encounters which record a victory: 'I thought I had the upper hand'; 'I was too polite to press my victory'; and 'I beat him to pieces, even in his own judgement and his wife's'.³⁶ Even in the breakfast

parties, where the company was more relaxed, he talked for display; starting topics drawn from his stores of reading in many literatures. He does not seem, in the Journal at least, to have gone into society curious about other people's lives, or to have had the skill of drawing out strangers and letting them talk about themselves. If invited to a gathering where he knew few of the guests, he seems to have felt ill at ease, and would come home cross, blaming his host for a badly assorted company. Richard Monckton Milnes, who was one of the most sociable hosts of Victorian London, knowing everyone of note, acquainted with all the latest art and literature, was a particular object of Macaulay's scorn. Macaulay never developed the sense, so essential to an active politician, of how men in groups can be moved and how far, as against the sense of what is theoretically the right course; he was a poor judge of the politically possible; with the result that, though he kept his integrity, he never became a force to reckon with in political negotiation. It was not that men did not know what his opinions were, rather that they knew he was unlikely to change them. The politicians he admired were men of culture who appreciated what chiefly interested him, such as his patron, Lord Lansdowne, or Lord John Russell. He thought Russell should lead the Whig party long after his ministerial colleagues had realized, from bitter experience, that the little man was a disruptive force in any cabinet. On the other hand, he feared John Bright as a demagogue, and so completely underrated his appeal to the radicals in Parliament; and when radicals and Whigs agreed to unite in June 1859 at the famous meeting in Willis's rooms, Macaulay deplored it.³⁷

Of course, this was 'the golden age of the private member', and the constitution had not yet developed ways of making sure that MPs voted along party lines. But even in a system where aristocratic patronage and deference brought into Parliament hot-house plants like Bulwer-Lytton or Lord John Manners, Macaulay was too thin-skinned, not indeed to 'make a great figure', but to make a real impact. In her recollections of her brother, Margaret Macaulay recalled a conversation about his love of revenge:

He says his college friends used to tell him that his leading qualities were generosity and vindictiveness. I do not quite agree with this last, but I told him I thought his revenge, whether in imagination or reality, was always out of proportion to the offence.³⁸

Macaulay's adult enmities have the same disproportion, a small offence often rankling into an unappeasable hatred. He never forgot that Brougham had tried to have an article of his dropped from the *Edinburgh Review*, and to the end of his life he avoided him, despite several overtures of friendship. Croker was never forgiven for exposing his ignorance of French revolutionary history during the reform debates, despite the fact that Croker's editions of Hervey and Boswell were among his favourite books. The Journal records a number of

smaller grievances, and they illustrate a raw sensibility, which would be a handicap in any business venture, let alone a political career, and may explain in part why Macaulay had periodic revulsions against politics. He could be quite candid about this. In January 1852 Russell, trying to strengthen his Parliament after the dismissal of Palmerston, offered Macaulay a seat in the Cabinet. Macaulay refused.

I told him that I should be of no use – that I was not a debater – that now I never could become one – that I might once have turned out effective in that way – but that now literary habits and my literary reputation had made it impossible. I pleaded health, temper, tasks, etc ... I added that I would not sit for any nomination borough, and that my turn of mind disqualified me for canvassing great constituent bodies.³⁹

He records that Russell did not press the matter.

In spite of this, he let himself be returned a few months later for a ‘great constituent body’. In May the Edinburgh Whigs found themselves without a candidate, and asked him to stand again. Macaulay treated the invitation as a belated apology for his defeat in 1847, ‘I should like the amende. I should dislike the trouble.’⁴⁰ He decided on a policy of arrogant aloofness. Let them exert themselves as they knew best: he would not lift a finger. ‘I cannot bear anything that looks like stooping.’⁴¹ He would not canvass, or even meet the electors, and would only come to the final declaration meeting if he knew his return was certain. Then he decided that he would not even do that: it would be too humiliating to have to turn back if he had after all lost.⁴² Undoubtedly what gave him the confidence to do this was the success of the *History*, which had made him a prosperous man. He did not need a seat in Parliament, indeed all his literary and social activities pointed against it. The oddest thing was that his health was also against it, and offered a perfectly honourable excuse for not standing at all. In early July 1852, he began to experience difficulty breathing and suffered from pains in his chest. He had a heart attack, and his doctor forbade him to go to Edinburgh at all. By 14 July he knew he had been elected, but he decided to take a break in Bristol, which he did not cancel, and where he was again very ill. He admitted being vexed ‘for having suffered myself to be enticed back to public life.’⁴³ But, after recuperating in Bristol, he returned to London and took a short holiday in Brighton before finally going to Edinburgh to address his constituents. At no time in his Journals is there a hint that he might have misled them. And yet he had. The Edinburgh electors had returned a near invalid, who could not bear late night debates, was exhausted if he was required to speak, and who disappeared for weeks at a time. For most of 1855 he was unable to attend Parliament. He retired early in 1856. He had been very like a member for a nomination borough, after all.

I have said that the Trevelyans figure largely in the Journal because, of all his sisters, Macaulay loved Hannah most. He cared very little for his other siblings or their children. He had no sympathy for the religious beliefs of his unmarried sisters Selina and Fanny. He actively disliked Henry's widow Margaret, and when she married Edward Cropper, the widower of his own sister Margaret, thereby becoming the third Mrs Cropper, he quarrelled with her. To the children of John the clergyman or Charles his youngest brother he gave occasional help, but it was without much warmth or affection. But on Hannah he came to depend. She evidently had a strong talent for organization, and he relied on her judgement in most of the important decisions he had to make. She watched over his health, advised him about household matters from furnishings to servants, and would occasionally accompany him to political dinners and receptions. She also kept in touch with the more distant relatives, and if they came to town, it was in her house that they stayed or were entertained; so most of what Macaulay knew of the births, marriages and deaths in the wider Macaulay-Trevelyan clan came to him through her. Charles Trevelyan was a very busy husband, always working long hours, and his keen nose for abuses and tendency to rush off long memoranda to solve problems, made them still longer. Every summer the family would take a house in the country for a break, but to these retreats he would bring quantities of official papers. As his influence grew in the political world, so did the burden on his wife as hostess, and plainly she played a vigorous part in advancing his career.

It was natural that as their children grew up, Macaulay would play a part in their education. What is more surprising is how closely he became involved in it. With George (b. 1838), who was quick and receptive, he became a kind of informal tutor, and even when the boy was at Harrow, his uncle would coach him in Latin and Greek authors, suggest themes for his compositions and, with Hannah, attend prize givings at the school and see him receive his medals. Of course he must, like his uncle, go on to Trinity and try for all the honours as Macaulay had done before him. The stress on preparing the eldest son for public life has something of the austere spirit of James Mill towards his son John. With the girls, Margaret (b. 1835) and Alice (b. 1843), Macaulay's role is more like that of Lewis Carroll. He loved children, in part because there was a side to him which never grew up. He shared their games, entered into their imaginative lives, and wrote them hilarious letters in which he could gently parody the sort of advice they were likely to hear from their grandparents.⁴⁴

The occasions he enjoyed most were the annual spring excursions to some historic centre, to show the children the sights and explain their historic and cultural associations. The educational value of these trips to the children themselves must have been enormous, and they seem to have been at Macaulay's expense. He would plan the tour with Hannah and her husband beforehand, draw the

appropriate sum in cash, book the hotels or inns, and reserve the railway carriage. They would meet at the railway station, and after arriving in Portsmouth, or Norwich, or Canterbury, the whole party would follow an itinerary which filled every minute of each day. A box of books was always included in the luggage, and from this a book would be chosen to be read aloud each evening. All through the excursions there would be quizzes, word games, short lessons in history, literature or architecture, with Macaulay as tour guide, entertainer and host. In London, Macaulay would visit the Trevelyans regularly, or they would call on him. It was understood that they, or his close friend Ellis, were always the first to hear him read what he was writing. A typical entry reads: 'Ellis to dinner. Read him Glencoe. He did not seem to like it much which vexed me, though I am not very partial to it. It is a good thing to find sincerity. I shall try the T's.'⁴⁵ A few days later Hannah read the manuscript on the train home from a trip to Portsmouth and Winchester.

It becomes clear from the Journal that Macaulay was like a parent to the Trevelyan children. In contrast to their father, who would come home exhausted and fall asleep as his brother-in-law read aloud the next instalment of the *History of England*, Uncle Tom was an inexhaustible source of wonder. He had the entrée to the salons and the great country houses, to the new Houses of Parliament, to the British Museum and to picture galleries public and private. He had travelled widely and had anecdotes about all the places he had seen and the people he had met. He was full of amusing jokes and impromptu verses, and he could recite poets like Scott by the hour. On his side, Macaulay had an intelligent, receptive and docile audience in Margaret and Alice, Margaret especially. In the Journal she is always 'B' for 'Baba', her name in the Indian nursery; later she becomes 'my dear child'. We may be inclined to see an element of eroticism in these endearments, but their source seems to me more innocent, and pathetic. They were part of the lost childhood he was always recalling, and in Hannah's family seemed to be able to relive; a counterpoise to the adult metropolitan society with its rigorous protocol. In the clubs and drawing rooms he was one of the spectacles, sought for his feats of memory and fluent learning. He was always on display. Among Hannah's children he could relax, be himself, indulge in absurd antics, enjoy the childish prattle, and above all hear affectionate, unforced praise from an audience he could rely on.

In the 1840s he had balanced the different demands of these two worlds, the political and domestic, in a pleasant routine. He would read and write in his chambers in the Albany where his friends would call on him. If he needed a change he could sally out to his clubs, Brooks's or the Athenaeum, or perhaps the libraries at the Royal Institution or the British Museum. Domestic life meant visiting the Trevelyans or else going out to Clapham to meet the wider family circle. The heart attack of 1852 changed all this. He began to complain more

and more of pains in the chest, shortness of breath, and lack of sleep, which were made worse by the winter smoke and fog. By 1854 he was 'hibernating' by his fire for weeks at a time. He came to rely much more on spells in the country to 'set him up', and on Hannah and her children for relaxation, as formal dinners and receptions exhausted him. He began to feel, after a few further attacks of illness, that his life would not be long. The long bout of work on volumes 3 and 4 of the *History* was accomplished by a severe abstention from all social engagements. After their publication, he decided to move to a more healthy part of London. In 1856 he leased Holly Lodge, on Campden Hill, and this probably prolonged his life. He had a garden and a covered walk where he could read out of the rain, and he employed six servants. But there was an unmistakable slackening of his writing, and more frequent intimations of death. He travelled as much as ever because he had his carriage for short visits and the railways for excursions, but he could no longer take long walks.

Early in 1859 the blow fell. Trevelyan was offered the Governorship of Madras, and he accepted, leaving for India in mid-February. In May Macaulay knew that the 'little circle' of his surrogate family would be broken up. Margaret had married Henry Holland in November 1858, becoming stepmother to three small Hollands, to which she would soon add a child of her own, but they lived close to the Trevelyans and Macaulay could see them regularly. Hannah seems to have thought that, though her brother would miss her and the two younger children George and Alice, Margaret would be a comfort to him in their absence. She was torn between two loyalties, to her husband and to her brother. Trevelyan himself suggested a compromise, that Macaulay should come out on a short visit to India with Hannah, George and Alice, and go home alone. Macaulay had to tell her that he would not survive the voyage, so that if she went, he would not see her again.⁴⁶ In his last months he recorded his feelings in his Journal more freely than before. The entries are much longer than usual, and more poignant. He wrote bitterly about his brother in law's 'madness' in causing such distress to his family, and reproached himself for thinking his domestic happiness could last. To us these passages are bound to seem rather mawkish and self-indulgent. Why should Trevelyan not pursue his lifelong ambition of helping India, and why should his wife and children not join him in his work? But to Macaulay the foremost consideration was his carefully contrived system of domestic happiness. 'Even if I should live to see them all again what can compensate for so many happy years taken from a life which must be drawing to its close?'⁴⁷ So intense was his emotional need of them that he knew that, without them, he would lose the main happiness of his life. In fact, he died before Hannah left.

This brings me to my last point, which I have already elaborated in another book and need only make briefly here. One of the most remarkable things about the Journal is that it shows very clearly that Macaulay did not make the *His-*

tory of England the all-consuming business of his life. He first set out his aim in an essay simply called 'History' in 1828. He argued that in his day the popular interest in the past had been aroused not by historians but by novelists, that what really happened in the past was actually more interesting than fiction, and that the historian's duty was to reclaim the materials which the novelist had appropriated. Why, he asked, should the story which was true, not be as interesting as, indeed more interesting than, a story which had been fabricated?⁴⁸ When he told Napier that he aimed to 'produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies'⁴⁹ he was no doubt being a little frivolous; but the remark nonetheless reveals his central aim, to make a history which would rival the novel, and when the sale of the first volume surpassed expectations, the writers he measured his success against were not Hallam or Mackintosh, but Scott and Thackeray. Of course he was too intelligent to suppose that explaining complex political struggles, tangled theological debates or the obscure workings of the world of bankers and merchants would be easy. On the contrary, he spent many long hours on them. But he knew that he wrote best when in the mood. So he adopted a routine in which he included all his favourite occupations grouped round 'a daily literary employment which never presses, and which never ceases.'⁵⁰ It never ceased, but it was frequently put off, cheerfully and without remorse, for weeks and months at a time. Anyone who wanted to prove that Macaulay was a dilettante, a mere popularizer, could easily do so by citing examples of his working day.

This sort of criticism always underrates Macaulay. If a popularizer is a writer who deliberately aims at a mass readership, he was certainly not one. He wrote for a relatively small, well-educated, leisured and cosmopolitan readership such as read the great reviews and the literary monthlies. He knew this readership very well. He had tested its taste for historical topics in his *Edinburgh* articles from 1832 onwards. His success with these readers gave him a strong position with Longman; but the bargain over the *History of England* was cautious on both sides, the publisher reckoning that he would not sell more than 6,000 copies over five years, the author hoping for two thirds of the profits on every volume sold over the 6,000.⁵¹ Longman would not lose from a modest sale, but if sales were good, Macaulay's profits would be spectacular. He knew he was taking a risk, but he was a shrewd man of business, and there was one advantage of which he was probably more aware than his publisher. By late 1848 the European revolutions were all flagging, the forces of order everywhere gaining at the expense of the revolutionaries. It was a good time to tell the British public that they owed their escape from a destructive revolution in the mid-nineteenth century to the preserving, bloodless revolution their ancestors had negotiated in the late seventeenth. So the gamble paid off. The sale of the first two volumes surprised even

Macaulay. The second two volumes sold as well as the first. The original aim of the work had been fully vindicated.

Very little attention has been given to the ingredients of Macaulay's success. Of the writing of the first two volumes, and for the final phase of writing the third and fourth, Macaulay kept no journal record. So we do not know in detail how he made the final version, only that it absorbed him, to the exclusion of all other duties. But even as a record of his life between two great crises of creativity, the Journal is of absorbing interest, because it enables us to see the man in his everyday activities. The published works, as his nephew said, 'bear little or no indication of the private history and personal qualities of the author.'⁵² The Journal really gives us that private history and those personal qualities of the man: aggressive, bullying and passionate underneath the prim manner, deeply self-centred and self-pitying; but also marvellously articulate, learned, widely read and wise, truly an extraordinary man.

Notes

1. W. E. Gladstone, *Gleanings of Past Years*, 7 vols (London, 1879), vol. 2, p. 273.
2. G. M. Trevelyan, *Sir George Otto Trevelyan: A Memoir* (London, 1932), p. 131.
3. L. Strachey, *Literary Essays* (London, 1948), pp. 195–201.
4. S. C. Roberts, *Adventures with Authors* (Cambridge, 1966), p. 121. There is a veiled reference to Strachey's style of biography in G. M. Trevelyan's life of his father. He [George Otto] was 'not sufficiently odd or subtle to give flavour to a thin volume in the biographical taste of the present day, half psychology and half journalism.' (Trevelyan, *Sir George Otto Trevelyan*, p. 95).
5. D. Cannadine, *G. M. Trevelyan: A Life in History* (London, 1992), p. 187.
6. As far as I know only one work on Macaulay appeared under these restrictions, R. C. Beatty's *Lord Macaulay: Victorian Liberal* (Norman, OK, 1938).
7. Christopher Tolley thinks his motive was to give a literary polish to the *Life* and help the reader (*Domestic Biography: The Legacy of Evangelicalism in Four Nineteenth-Century Families* (Oxford, 1997) p. 201.
8. See Volume 4, entry for 7 January 1856.
9. See Volume 3, entry for 21 August 1852.
10. See Volume 5, entry for 1 August 1857.
11. Trinity MSS, Hannah Trevelyan's Journal, ff. 63–4.
12. See Volume 2, entry for 28 July 1849.
13. See Volume 5, entry for 11 July 1859.
14. See Volume 3, entry for 2 March 1852.
15. See Volume 5, entry for 23 December 1859.
16. See Volume 2, entry for 16 May 1850.
17. See Volume 5, entry for 11 June 1858.
18. See Volume 4, entries for 7 March and 15 April 1852.
19. *The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay*, ed. T. Pinney, 6 vols (Cambridge, 1974–81), vol. 2, pp. 16–17; vol. 1, pp. 237–40; vol. 2, p. 33.
20. *Ibid.*, vol. 3, pp. 321–2.

21. H. Cockburn, *Journal, being a Continuation of the Memorials of his Time*, 2 vols (Edinburgh, 1874), vol. 2, pp. 159, 191.
22. See Volume 3, entry for 3 April 1852.
23. See Volume 4, entry for 8 December 1852.
24. See Volume 5, entry for 11 March 1852.
25. See Volume 5, entries for 11 and 19 July 1859.
26. See Volume 5, entry for 30 June 1857.
27. See Volume 2, entry for 25 October 1849.
28. *The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay*, vol. 5, p. 94.
29. See Volume 3, entry for 28 August 1851.
30. *The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay*, vol. 5, p. 339.
31. See Volume 4, entries from 6 July 1853.
32. W. Bagehot, *Collected Works of Walter Bagehot*, ed N. St John Stevas, 15 vols (London, 1978–86), vol. 1, p. 403.
33. See Volume 2, entry for 13 April, 1849.
34. See my *The Quarrel of Macaulay and Croker* (Oxford, 2000), p. 285, and Volume 2, entry for 5 February 1849.
35. Hannah Trevelyan seems to have acknowledged that George would be the best biographer. Her manuscript memoir of Macaulay was written for George's use. She urged him to do it as soon as he could. Trevelyan, *Sir George Otto Trevelyan*, p. 95. It is curious that, in a family with a strong taste for biography, no one attempted to write one of Charles Trevelyan.
36. See Volume 1, entries for 19 November 1838 and 17 January 1839; and Volume 3, entry for 5 February 1851.
37. See Volume 5, entry for 7 June 1859.
38. [M. Cropper], *Recollections by a Sister of T. B. Macaulay, 1834* (London, 1864), p. 59. G. O. Trevelyan's copy is in Trinity, and in it this passage is heavily scored out, as not to be reprinted.
39. See Volume 3, entry for 19 January 1852; compare his excuses a decade before in *The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay*, vol. 4, pp. 23–4.
40. See Volume 3, entry for 29 May 1852.
41. See Volume 3, entry for 5 July 1852.
42. See Volume 3, entry for 8 July 1852.
43. See Volume 3, entry for 25 July 1852.
44. E.g. *The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay*, vol. 4, pp. 351–2.
45. See Volume 3, entry for 11 April 1851.
46. See Volume 5, entry for 7 July 1859.
47. See Volume 5, entry for 16 October 1859.
48. *The Works of Lord Macaulay*, ed. Lady Trevelyan, 8 vols (London, 1866), vol. 5, p. 158.
49. *The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay*, vol. 4, p. 15.
50. *Ibid.*, vol. 4, p. 223.
51. See my *Quarrel of Macaulay and Croker*, pp. 284–5.
52. G. O. Trevelyan, *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, 2 vols (London, 1876), vol. 1, p. 1.