

**JERROLD, TENNYSON
AND MACAULAY, WITH
OTHER CRITICAL ESSAYS**

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Jerrold, Tennyson and Macaulay, with other critical essays by James Hutchison Stirling

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JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING

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MACAULAY.

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WITH OTHER CRITICAL ESSAYS

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PREFATORY NOTE.

OF these Critical Essays, the three first appeared in *Meliora*, the Social Science Quarterly Review, respectively in April 1859, October 1859, and April 1860. The paper on De Quincey and Coleridge appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for October 1867, and that on Ebenezer Elliott in the Supplement to the *Manchester Examiner* for the shortest day of the year 1850. Advantage has been taken of the opportunity afforded by republication for the insertion of certain additions and corrections. Perhaps a reader here and there may like to know that the last paper was written before I had gone to Germany, or even knew German.

J. H. STIRLING.

PIERSHILL, EDINBURGH,
January 1868.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"THE Life of Douglas Jerrold," by his son, is an excellent performance. Gracefully affectionate, gracefully filial, it is at the same time candid, modest, and truthful. If one feels always that it is a reverent and loving son that speaks, one feels also that it is a sincere and loyal man. In both respects, indeed, there is that in the book that endears the writer to the reader. Its spirit throughout is gentle and ingenuous; and the whole series of pictures it presents seems, as it were, to lie pleasantly, peacefully distinct in the clear, mild light of an amiable and kindly nature. Well-arranged and orderly, all is lightly, skilfully touched: there is grace in what is said, and there is grace in what is not said. In short, the little book is right acceptable, right welcome. One feels pleased and satisfied that the man finds such a biographer; one feels pleased and satisfied that the father owned such a son.

Besides that knowledge of him acquired from his writings, it is our fortune to have possessed, in respect to Jerrold, just sufficient personal acquaintance to render this life peculiarly attractive to us. It effects for us the rounding of the picture: what was known lends a charm to what was unknown; and the latter points the former. The solemn thought, too, sighs round us like a ghost, that he of whom we read, he whom we knew, has—in the prime of life, when the harvest waved before him, ripe for the gathering—passed from among us, and will no more speak to mortals! And so memories of the past mingle with the pictures of the present, as if to the music of far off, melancholy bells, while feelings rise within us of indefinable regret, of indefinable sadness.

It is these feelings that have prompted—as we hope they will accompany and guide—the following notice.

The parents of Douglas Jerrold were but strolling players, for, even as managers of the theatre at Sheerness, they could hardly arrogate a higher title. That he was born in London (and the date is January 3, 1803) was probably a contingency due to the precarious profession of the family; for it is a fact, as well that the south of England