

In his life of Frederick the Great, we might quote from every page to prove this. Take, for example, such a sentence as this of the great Emperor at the battle of Leuthen:—"Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his history. His religion, and he had, in withered forms, a good deal of it, if we look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state—nay, ultra voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known." At the siege of Almutz, a convoy train of Prussians is attacked by Austrians in a rocky defile, and "among the tragic wrecks of this convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of Prussian recruits stretched among the slain: what are these? These were seven hundred recruits coming up from their cantons to the wars. See how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau. That is the invoice account. There they lie, with their blonde young cheeks, beautiful in death." At the battle of Zorndoff both Russians and Prussians had exhausted their ammunition, and "then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling, man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth, such as was never seen before. The shore of Wertzell is thick with men and horses who have tried to cross, and lie swallowed in the ooze." Frederick laid siege to Dresden all winter, and here is a picture in a few words:—"It was one of the grimmest camps in nature; the canvass roofs mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost. Never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you while the other was freezing." Here is a character of Frederick the Great in a few sentences, in speaking of his letters written to Voltaire and others of his friends:—"The symptoms we decipher in these letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery: but, used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come." A sudden assault is made on the Austrians at Siptitz, and here are horrors photographed:—"It was a thing surpassed only by dooms-day; clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite: the boughs of the trees raining down upon you with horrid crash; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal,—comparable to the tramp of doom." At this time three historic women were supposed—and rightly, too—to hold in their hands the destinies of Europe. The one was Maria Theresa of Austria, whom Frederick was robbing of her possessions; the second was the Duchess of Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. of France, who hated Frederick with a perfect hatred on account of a former insult, and was thus an implacable enemy; the third was Catharine II. of Russia, a sort of syren fiend, who lured to destroy, and, like her namesake, Catherine de Medicis, had no conscience, whom Carlyle calls in sarcasm "*a she-Louis XIV.*," and