

name of Michael Angelo." As he left the chair, Edmund Burke went up to him and said:—

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood
fix'd to hear."

Montreal, 1866.

ARTIST.

THE BATTLE OF REICHENBERG.

NOT much more than a hundred years ago, Prussia and Austria were engaged in a deadly war, as they were but recently. The causes of that war were very similar to those of the struggle which has cast such a stain of blood over the records of this summer; and some of the minor episodes exhibit curious coincidences. On the one hand, we find Prussia, strong in its compactness and nationality, pursuing a course of ambition and aggrandisement; on the other hand, we see Austria, jealous of and alarmed at the expanding power of her rival, vainly opposing to her advance the mere material strength of a great military organisation which had not the still mightier force of an united people at its back. The Third Silesian or Seven Years' War, commencing in 1756 and ending in 1763, was the inevitable result of a state of things which had been developing itself ever since Prussia became a kingdom and a Power of magnitude and importance, at the commencement of the century. Frederick the Great had himself already engaged in two successful wars with Austria, and had wrested Silesia from the House of Hapsburg. Bad blood existed between the two leading German Powers, and the peace from 1746 to 1756 was little better than an armed truce. Austria, chafing under her defeats, watched for any opportunity which might present itself for recovering her lost territory and retrieving her damaged honour; Prussia also prepared herself for emergencies, augmented her resources, and disciplined her armies. The old empire and the new kingdom thus stood jealously fronting each other for a considerable time, until Prussia, with her greater energy, took the initiative, as she did a few weeks ago. Frederick the Great, though he had been actively getting ready for war himself, chose to fasten a quarrel on Austria on the score of her armaments. He demanded explanations and getting none that he considered satisfactory, bore down at once on Saxony (which was in alliance with the empire), and struck blow upon blow, much as his successor has just done under the guidance of Bismarck. This was in 1756, and in the following year he advanced from Saxony into Bohemia, which then, as now was the scene of desperate fighting. There was much talk then of Federal Execution against Prussia, as there was in May and June of this year; but the Federal armies of 1757, like those of 1866, very speedily evaporated into space. The same energy which we have so recently seen with something of admiration and more of astonishment, was exhibited, a hundred and odd years ago, by Frederick and his generals; and Austria, though she subsequently recovered herself, was for a while paralysed by the audacity of her enemy's proceedings. The battle to which in this paper we desire to call the reader's attention, was the first fought on entering Bohemia, though it was not the last nor the most important. Towards the end of April, the Prussians poured into that part of the Austrian dominions in three columns: one under the command of Frederick himself, another under that of the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern, and the third headed by Marshal Schwerin. It was the second of these columns which first crossed swords with the Imperial troops; and the affair took place near the little town of Reichenberg, on the 21st of April, 1757.

The Austrian general, Count Königseck, having determined to offer the invader battle, posted himself, at the head of twenty thousand men, in a position which, according to military critics, was one of the best an army could occupy. At his back he had a line of woody hills; to his right, the river Neisse; to his left a hollow which could be readily defended. In

this hollow he stationed the greater part of his army, planted batteries and felled trees. At half-past six on the morning of the 21st of April, the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern crossed a marshy brook on which he had encamped the previous night, assaulted the left wing of Königseck, which, as we have seen, was strongly posted in a hollow with artificial defences, and soon reduced the Austrians to extremities. The Prussian dragoons and grenadiers cleared the entrenchments and wood, and entirely routed the Austrian cavalry. At the same time, the redoubts covering Reichenberg, on the left flank of the Prussians, were captured by General Lestewitz, and, after a brief but furious hand-to-hand combat, the Austrians were driven back. Königseck, however, would not readily confess himself beaten, but made two attempts to rally, both of which ended in discomfiture. Finally, he was obliged to make a precipitous retreat, leaving on the field about a thousand dead and wounded, and in the enemy's hands some five hundred prisoners, together with guns and standards. At the close of the action (which terminated at eleven A.M.), the Prussians had seven officers and a hundred and fifty men wounded. The far greater loss of the Austrians is extraordinary, considering that their infantry fought behind entrenchments, all of which the Prussians had to carry. There was no needlegun in those days to account for the discrepancy, and one can only explain it on the supposition that the greater impetus of the Prussians carried them unscathed through dangers before which the more stolid Austrians fell. Königseck, moreover, seems to have been disheartened by the non-arrival of a detachment under General Macguire, an Irish subordinate of his. On the other hand, the Prussian commander was obliged to detach eight thousand of his army to watch Macguire, and keep him off; which they did so effectively that the Irishman has been made the subject of much satirical comment, reflecting on his ability, or his courage, or both. Whatever the cause, however, the Austrians were as completely beaten as they were again and again in the late war, and the Prince of Bevern was enabled to effect a junction with the third column of the invading army under Marshal Schwerin, who rapidly made himself master of the circle of Buntzlau, and joined the forces under Frederick. The battle of Reichenberg, though not a great fight in itself, was thus instrumental in preparing the way for Frederick's brilliant triumph at Prague, on the 6th of May.

Comparing the battle of Reichenberg with the recent battles fought on nearly the same ground and between the same Powers, we find some points of similarity which are worth noting. The Prussians of to-day have exhibited the same vigorous initiative as that by which their forefathers achieved so many successes under the leadership of the Great Frederick and his lieutenants. The Austrians of to-day are, as were the Austrians of 1757—courageous, devoted, not deficient in good generalship, according to the set rules of war, yet constantly liable to be scattered by the superior dash and animation of their Northern foes. In the eighteenth century, as in the nineteenth, the Austrian cavalry was among the best in the world; but it appears to have done nothing of importance at Reichenberg, while at Sadowa it was hardly employed at all, though ready to hand. Dr. Russell, in his picturesque and vivid account of the latter engagement, furnished by him to the *Times* newspaper as its Special Correspondent, says that even at the last the day would probably have been saved to the Austrians, had they brought their cavalry into action; but, as we have seen, the cavalry of 1757 was rolled up and dissipated by the fury of the Prussian charge, and so might that of 1866 have been.

Of dissimilarities, over and above the different magnitude of the battles, there are of course many. The modern development of artillery, and the greater range and power of the needlegun, have revolutionised the art of war; and we now probably kill ten men where formerly we killed but one—sad triumph of a civilisation which has not yet learnt how to supplant organised murder by reasonable discussion. One

difference, however, between the Seven Years' War and that of the present summer, may or may not in the end prove to the greater credit of our era. The former struggle left the European system at its close exactly what it had found it at the commencement; the modern war may lead to changes of which it is impossible as yet to foretell the limits, or estimate the worth.

PASTIMES.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. No hut brat = A Scottish Physician.
 2. I ruin all soap = A writer of the fourteenth century.
 3. Lo! hoeing grub = A mountain iq the N. W. of England.
 4. Lost in gin = A Village in Canada.
 5. Pup is sly = A Grecian Architect.
 6. Only mint G. = A seaport in the South of England.
 7. Sam U mix in = A Roman Emperor.
 8. Must 5 run E? = The God of Spring.
 9. Robert is as a clock = The scene of the captivity of one of the English Kings.
 10. Shave me = A battlefield in the time of Henry III.
 11. Sell him love = A Village in Canada West.
- The initials transposed will reveal the name of an Italian writer. R. T. E.

PUZZLE.

To be
a a a a a a a a a a
t C r i o f U I S e s
standing
is the mark of a mean

REBUS.

The first in depravity.
The foremost in anarchy,
The first in all villainy,
The foremost in infamy,
The first in dishonesty.

Now just scan these aright,
And to notice they'll bring
The name of a ruler
Over Israel—a King.

CHARADES.

1. My first part is a useful thing, which an impression makes;
My next, transposed, a liquid forms, which a drunkard often takes;
My third the little busy bee, who works for many hours,
Doth use to garner up its store, obtained from various flowers;
My whole is used when a letter we write,
To keep the contents from other folks' sight.
2. My first denotes change, which often takes place
In thoughts and opinions, and perhaps brings disgrace;
It will sometimes occur in private affairs,
Dismissing or causing rejoicing or cares.
And strange though it seem, yet still it is true,
On roads and in rivers it comes into view;
By the sea, should you linger twelve hours together,
Behold it you may, notwithstanding foul weather.
Occasions arise when you feel it as well,
If one should draw near, strange tidings to tell;
Some merit it claims, for so they record
That my first, when 'tis good, deserves a reward.
In clear, crystal streams my second glides by,
Or gleams in the sunshine, when borne up on high;
My whole on the road holds unlimited sway,
The traveller arresting while going on his way.
3. For my first I am puzzled; but come let us see;
Oh, I have it—just so—it imports a grandee—
A grandee not of British production; 'tis true;
But what signifies that? quite as well it may do.
Then for knowledge and truth, ye may pore day by day
In vain, if my second not opens the way,
Should my picturesque whole now incline you to crave it,
Just think of a Vicar of Bray, and you have it.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, &c. No. 52.

Geographical Enigma—Lutterworth.—1. Lincoln. 2. Ullswater. 3. Toulouse. 4. Tours. 5. Eisleben. 6. Rotterdam. 7. Wittenberg. 8. Oudenarde. 9. Riga. 10. Trent. 11. Helvetra.
Riddles.—1. Epigram. 2. Anagram.
Transpositions.—1. Bryer. 2. Grobe. 3. Hoffman.
Charades.—1. Earwig. 2. Baboon. 3. Watch thy tongue, out of it are the issues of life.
Square Words.—M I L L S
I D E A
L E E K
L A K E