

which cannot be fully considered in a work of this sort, the periods of which we speak, infinitely more interesting to the reader, might have had more elbow-room. We do not think that Wallenstein's character has full justice done to it. That he was as bad as Mr. Lewis portrays him there can be no doubt, but we do justice to the Corsican and why not to the Bohemian adventurer. One thing is certain, that to this day Wallenstein is remembered with gratitude by Germany as the first apostle of national unity, and when Schiller, in his two dramas, selected him as the hero of the historical drama, he did so advisedly. It would perhaps be hypercritical to complain that Mr. Lewis has followed the older writers in censuring Frederic the Great for the first partition of Poland. It is proved beyond question that Frederic's own account of the matter was the correct one. He wanted peace after the terrible struggle of the Seven Years' War, but he wanted the Russian alliance to secure peace for him. Even Catharine II. cared little for Poland; she wanted to take possession of Turkey. Maria Theresa opposed the transaction throughout. To use her own words: "I am an old woman, I can do no more; but I never saw a more sinful negotiation." Frederic had been approached on the subject four or five times without success, and it was only when Catharine's designs on Turkey were too plain, and that mar-plot Joseph II. entered the Zip's territory of Poland that Frederic yielded. He had either to face a European war in a crippled state or consent to the partition. Certainly he was not the instigator of it.

We have only to add our earnest commendation of this history, because we believe it to be, on the whole, the best manual of German history at present before the public.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY; A STORY OF 1812.
The "Canadian Monthly" Prize Tale. By A. M. M., author of "Katie Johnston's Cross," &c. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., 1874.

The regular subscribers to this Magazine need not be reminded that this is a re-print, in a very neat form, of the story for which the premium offered by our publishers was awarded. It appeared originally in a serial form in our pages, and was received by our readers with unqualified approval. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to commend to others a story to which we, in some sort, occupy the position of sponsors. If we venture to do so, it is because we have reason to believe that there are many who object to reading a work like this by instalments, and yet who are prepared to hail with pleasure any worthy contribution to Canadian literature, when it appears in complete and finished state. As re-

printed, "For King and Country" appears with such corrections as the author deemed advisable, and with the addition of a few explanatory or commentary notes.

The scene of the tale is the Niagara frontier immediately before and during the war of 1812; and it concludes with the death of Sir Isaac Brock in scaling the heights at Queenston. After the victory gained by British prowess and the tragic event which dimmed the general joy, our author had only to gather up the threads of individual destiny, and the epic was complete. To have protracted the story over the somewhat desultory warfare which followed would have been to spread thinner and more watery colours over a broad desert of canvas, and to destroy all the intensity of action and passion gained by presenting one powerful and absorbing landscape to the view. The straggling method of depicting great events did well for the artists of ancient monuments, or even for the workers of Bayeux tapestry; for us, concentrated essence, and not solution, has become a necessity.

It is not our intention to sketch our author's plot—not because it is intricate, but because it depends for its interest on the gradual unfolding of personal character. The opening chapter, which unfolds for us the state of Canadian society immediately before the war, is graphically drawn. The fratricidal character of that conflict appears, from the indissoluble links which knit together the people on both sides of the frontier, and the querulous discontent of the colonists at being left almost to their own resources is characteristic of the period. Self-reliance in a colony had as yet no existence, and when a newly-arrived British officer pleaded an apology for England, because of her death-struggle with Bonaparte, it was deemed unsatisfactory.

Major Meredith, half soldier, half yeoman, is boldly drawn, and the story of his home-life is quietly but faithfully represented. His sweet daughter, the heroine, or one of the heroines, for we must call Marjorie McLeod one also, if only for her love of heroes from Fingal to Brock; Captain Meredith, the type of all that is honourable and admirable in the British officer, save his Gallois-like indifference to spirituality; Ernest Heathcote, the pale-faced, but not craven school-master, and even the old negress with her quaint minglement of philosophy and religion, are all real living and recognisable presentments of the flesh and blood common to us all. The sad episode between the frivolous Lieutenant and poor Rachel is natural, and fortunately ends, as such an episode does not always end, in the discomfiture of vice. Finally, we have the noble figure of Colonel McLeod—the strange apparition of Colonel Talbot, the laird of the western settlements—and more stately