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By Mrs. J. V. NOEL.

HERO WORSHIP:—MAHOMET AND JOE SMITH.

IN a recent number we published an article on this subject, in which the writer, in a jesting spirit, attempted to show that the facts and arguments by which Mr. Carlyle tried to prove that Mahomet was "a true prophet," would equally prove that the Mormon impostor, Joe Smith, was also a prophet intrusted with a mission to earth from Heaven. Perhaps the subject is one too serious for *persiflage*; for certainly, although the bare proposition would only suggest a somewhat irreverent joke on a grave question, yet the earnestness with which Mr. Carlyle handles it makes it no joking matter to the large class of readers, especially the young, who surrender their admiring faith to the teachings of the author of *Hero Worship* and Sartor Resartus.

Mr. Carlyle is one of those writers who are calculated to cast a powerful spell over the age in which they live. He belongs to that order of men of talent who are not men of genius, further than that a leaven of genius must always be intermingled, in a larger or smaller degree, with all talent of the higher class. Voltaire is the representative man of this order, and the greatest of them. Yet compare Voltaire with men of true genius, and how far he sinks beneath them. Compare his plays with those of Corneille and Racine,—his *Henriade*, not with *Paradise Lost*, but with *Camden's Lusiad*, even in our rather indifferent translation of it,—compare his prose compositions with those of Bossuet and Pascal, and how meretricious they appear with all the charms he had the art to impart to them. How we miss the sonorous ring of the true metal. Yet this man in his day wielded a power and a sway over the intellect of the world to which none of the celebrated writers with whom we have contrasted him, to which the whole of them, could not lay claim; and the succeeding generation, at least, was no less under the control of the doctrines he had taught. Carlyle, like Voltaire, is less a man of genius than a man of talent; and the sage of Greenwich also, like the philosopher of Ferney, has shed his influence over the present generation more widely than any man of our times. As was the case with Voltaire, he is perhaps only the head of a sect, but his speculations have, to some extent, pervaded the opinions of all sects, though the implicit believers in them may be comparatively few. Thus it is, too, in mechanics and science; the man of genius invents, the man of talent utilizes the invention and reaps the profits, and often the praise, which are really due to another. But we do not, in these remarks, mean to di-

late on the character and influence of Mr. Carlyle's literary labours, but shall confine ourselves to some cursory observations on one of them, his *Hero Worship*, and of that work, only to that portion of it which treats of Mahomet as a prophet. The author, as we have said, declares that the Arabian is not only a prophet, but a true one, as true a one, if we understand him rightly, as Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or Daniel. "We have chosen Mahomet," he states, "not as the most eminent Prophet, but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I esteem him a true one." We are aware that, from the eloquent rhapsody which follows, more than one meaning may be extracted; but he still is faithful to his text, and the divinely inspired man of Arabia is own brother to the "divine man of Nazareth," and the peer of all the Hebrew prophets. This is not a new idea, but it is the first time that it was so openly taught, and so elaborately and cunningly expounded in our language. It is simply German Pantheism interlarded with what he himself would call a sort of "religiosity," half pagan, half Christian, the more dangerous from the high-toned morality in which it is disguised. Our author's religion, indeed, if somewhat motley in its character, is not very complex, or difficult to comprehend, as he explains it: "To which of these three religions do you specially adhere?" enquires Meister of his Teacher. "To all the three," answers the other; "To all the Three; for they, by their union, first constitute the true Religion." We believe Mr. Carlyle to be a thoroughly good man; but we also believe that he has caused much mischief by shaking men's faith in revealed religion, as it is generally received throughout Christendom, and by robbing them of the belief in which they were educated, while giving them nothing with which to replace it. His attempt to elevate Mahomet to the position of the Hebrew prophets, is an outrage not only against the cherished creed of millions, but against common sense. It requires no theory of a heavenly mission to explain the sources from which the Arabian drew his religion, they have been told over and over again, but old facts, however well authenticated, and old arguments, though incapable of refutation, are an abomination in Mr. Carlyle's eyes. A spade is not a spade with him, but some mysterious implement smuggled from the skies, or the clouds, by Tubal-Cain, or perhaps by Prometheus, to rake up his stolen fire withal. It is quite certain, at the same time, that the reasoning by which he proves Mahomet's claims to the honours of a "true prophet" are equally applicable to Joe Smith's pretensions to the same dignity, as shown in a former issue. Although, therefore, we are not squeamish on that point, we would guard parents from the peril of placing some of Mr. Carlyle's works in the hands of young persons whose opinions have not yet been fully formed, and fixed by reflection and experience on the most important of all subjects.

BRIGADIER RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

THERE is in our history a problem the solution of which ought not to be delayed any longer. Fortunately, the publication by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, of some of its valuable manuscripts, furnishes additional facilities for settling the point:—

Was Brigadier Richard Montgomery, who fell at *Prés de Ville, Québec, on the 31st December, 1775, at the head of the Continental troops, the same as that barbarous Captain Montgomery of*

the 43rd regiment, who was sent down by Murray at the head of some ferocious Rangers on the 23rd August, 1769, to devastate, with fire and sword, the dwellings of the peasantry at Ste. Anne, Château Richer, &c., butchering and scalping, in cold blood, children and prisoners of war, who had surrendered and been promised protection?

Notwithstanding the positive manner in which our historians, Smith, Garneau, the Abbé Ferland, and others, have asserted the fact, I shall hasten to re-open the question, and ask for new light, before the continuation of the elaborate history of the colony which the Abbé Faillon is publishing in Montreal, and the one the Abbé Ferland has left for publication in Quebec, lend their powerful aid to consecrate this opinion, so unjust to the man to whom it refers.

Being one of those who until lately helped to circulate the accredited version, I think it both a duty and an honour to enter a protest against an injustice of long standing,—though the man traduced may have been a bitter enemy to Canada. With the help of *Col. Caldwell's Letter, the Army List*, and other authorities to be found in *O'Callaghan's Documentary History of New York*, I think I can without difficulty make out my case.

The chief authority on which Messrs. Garneau, Ferland, and Smith rested their assertion appears to have been the text of a journal kept by Col. Malcolm Fraser, one of Wolfe's officers, then serving in Fraser's Highlanders as lieutenant, and present at the massacre of prisoners. The public is again indebted to the Quebec Literary and Historical Society for the publication of this manuscript. Fraser's journal, p. 13, runs thus: "Thursday, 23rd (Aug., 1759). We were reinforced by a party of about one hundred and forty Light Infantry and a company of Rangers, under the command of Capt. Montgomery, of Kennedy's or forty-third regiment, who likewise took the command of our detachment, and we all marched to attack the village to the west of St. Joachim, which was occupied by a party of the enemy to the number of about two hundred, as we supposed, Canadians and Indians. When we came pretty near the village, they fired on us from the houses pretty smartly. We were ordered to lie behind the fences till the Rangers, who were detached to attack the enemy from the woods, began firing on their left flank, when we advanced briskly without great order, and the French abandoned the houses and endeavoured to get to the woods, our men pursuing close at their heels. There were several of the enemy killed and wounded, and a few prisoners taken, all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us, ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner, particularly two, who I sent prisoners by a serjeant, after having given them quarter and engaging that they should not be killed, were, one shot, and the other knocked down with a tomahawk, and both scalped in my absence. . . . After this skirmish we set about burning the houses with great success, setting all in flames, till we came to the church, of Ste. Anne's, where we put up for the night, and were joined by Captain Ross, with about one hundred and twenty-nine of his company."

It will be seen by this English account, how our forefathers carried on war in those days. This unparalleled piece of barbarity on helpless prisoners is so much at variance with the generosity and high-mindedness which Geo. Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and other historians ascribe to the hero of Quebec, that we are doubly justified in inquiring whether he is the same as Capt. Montgomery, the Château Richer butcher. On reference to the *Army List, to manuscripts of the New York Historical Society, to Dunlap's History of New York, II, 17, and to Colonel*