

he published "The French Revolution," and appended to the title his real name. This book had a moderate sale. He then sent out rapidly books and pamphlets on social questions, such as his "Shooting Niagara," "Past and Present," "Latter-day Pamphlets." These commanded no great amount of notice. They are pointed, racy, sharp, and sometimes savage. They show no pity to shams, humbugs and impostures. He probes to the bottom all "guano-mountains of cant and rubbish," and shows no mercy to the hypocrite, be he pseudo-saint, reformer-crier, or citizen-parasite. In 1849, he published "Oliver Cromwell's letters and speeches, with elucidations." This struck a key in the English heart; and although the author was born north of the Tweed, he sprang into more than passing notice south of it, and was stamped as a somebody above mediocrity by his countrymen, long after foreigners knew and appreciated the canny Scot. Other works of a minor nature he wrote, but his crowning labour is doubtless "The History of Frederick the Great." He trod ground, every foot of which he knew. Germany and its historic memories had a charm for him. The Teutons were national models; and it must be acknowledged in the light of the events of 1870, that they have striking distinctive characteristics. It seems to me that the great blemish of this history is his "hero-worship" of Frederick. Historians are not romancers; and if the truth must be told, the warrior Fritz was devoid of moral principle. He was treacherous to the last degree. Diplomacy, in his eyes, had no ethics, and had no virtues except in success. His creed was that of the father to his son,—"*Get potatoes honestly, if you can; but if not, at any cost get potatoes!*" Such men as Abbot make demi-gods of such as Napoleon, or Headley will make a ripe saint of Cromwell; but we expect such abnormal works from "small fry." Carlyle could not possibly in his researches find aught but love of conquest, military glory, and the restlessness of a perturbed spirit ill at ease with itself, the mainsprings of action in a man whose indomitable energy covered a multitude of sins. Carlyle's history shows that portraiture, and should make him, *not* a hero, but only a conqueror by chance, by cunning, and by deceit. This history shows, however, wonderful research, and is written in a trenchant, quaint and epigrammatic style.

It seems so difficult for historians to avoid a bias for some one or more of the characters about whom they write. They seem to forget that they sit as judges on the past, maintain a strict neutrality, sifting all evidence, and pronouncing sentence according to the evidence, be it for the weal or woe of friends or foes. Even genial Sir Walter Scott in his histories, and romances founded thereon, must show his political proclivities, and, indeed, they crop out on every page. Frederick may have been a great military general, but, many of his most important battles were won, according to his own account, by the blundering of the enemy. He tried to rob poor Maria Theresa of her possessions, and while in close alliance with France, (two robbers eager for the spoils,) coquetted, unknown to his ally, with Austria, against his best friend, and thus was always found "faithless and