

claymore;" fierce pursuit, route total:— and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman; and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

"Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours."

This is written in the author's more sober style, and is intended to be an effective episode from his main narrative. But it is full of misstatements. In the first place, the English troops did not descend on rafts, but in boats. In the second place, the cliffs were not "all beset," but the contrary is the truth. Thirdly, the language attributed to General Wolfe, in reference to Gray's Elegy, is pure rubbish, wholly inconsistent with the simple character of the man. What he did say, as recorded by Professor Robinson, was that he would rather be the author of the Elegy than beat the French and take Quebec on the morrow, or words to that effect. By the way, if we remember right, Mr. Carlyle mistakes Mr. Robinson's rank in the navy, when the incident occurred. Fourthly, the British troops stood ranked at daylight, long before 10 o'clock. Mr. Garneau asserts that Montcalm attacked them about 8 A. M. Fifthly, the numbers of the respective armies are incorrectly given. The French force, for instance, was originally about 13,000; and allowing for the militiamen who went home to house their crops, the detachment under Bougainville at Cap Santé, and some on other services, Montcalm must have had over, 7000 men of all sorts with him. Sixthly, although there is doubt as to the exact point at which the heights were scaled, Mr. Carlyle's "Neck" is only one of his neck-or-nothing guesses. It appears to us, too, that he is under the impression that General Amherst was in immediate command both at Ticonderago and Niagara, while the forces operating against the latter position were commanded by Prideaux and Johnstone. The extract given above is followed by a flippant criticism of Col. Beaton's pamphlet, "the Plains of Abraham," of which we shall only remark that the Colonel was well acquainted with his subject, which his censor evidently was not. But enough on this head.

As regards the moral teaching of Mr. Carlyle in this work, we believe it to be decidedly bad. His great object is to prove that two of the vilest men that ever sat on a throne, were of the true heroic mould. Now, from the facts related by his panegyrist himself—and he conceals much—Frederick William was, in plain English, a drunken brute, a child-beater, and a woman-beater, a tyrant, a man-slayer, who escaped the murder of his own son, more by chance than design. He was, besides, grasping and avaricious in the extreme; qualities which his son inherited from him. The execution of Katte by this crowned miscreant is almost without a parallel in the worst acts of the worst of the Roman Emperors. As for Frederick, he was certainly a man of a higher order of intellect than his father. But how much higher? Napoleon places him among the great generals of the world, and no one can doubt his capacity for judging in such a matter. But, then, Napoleon was so thorough an egotist that his praise and blame of others must be received with caution. In praising Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick, he always had an eye to himself. He wished to persuade the world that these commanders were great men; but, if they were great, the

necessary inference, how was much greater was he, Napoleon. At all events, it must be admitted that Frederick was lucky in the opponents he had to contend with. In no instance did their talents amount even to mediocrity. Daun, the best of them, was an accomplished tactician, learned in the military art of his day, but his caution degenerated into timidity. Frederick regarded war as he would a game of chess; in fact, after his great defeat by Daun, at Horkirk, he declared it to be such; and knowing himself to be a better chess-player than those opposed to him, he felt certain he would win in the end, even against heavy odds. Yet chess-playing is a faculty or an instinct and not a talent, much less is it genius. But be that as it may, Frederick played his game well, and we must accept Napoleon's dictum to that effect. In other respects there is little to admire in him. He attempted authorship both in prose and verse; and his prose is common-place, and his verse mere doggerel. Yet Mr. Carlyle admires both, especially the poetry which he calls psalms. So much so that the profane and obscene trash written by the royal rhymist after the battle of Rossbach is pronounced by the historian to possess epic grandeur, though too filthy to be quoted. Then, as a statesman, Frederick is almost contemptible; his ideas of government being those of an Eastern despot. Of political economy, he had not even a twilight conception; and the consequence has been that most of his works have perished with him; his only permanent legacies to Prussia, being his code of laws—which is not his—and his own and his predecessor's military organization which has been a curse to the country. Nor can sophistry gloss over this man's crimes. His unjust seizure of Silesia, his cruelty to Saxony, his participation in the robbery of Poland, are stains on his character which never can be effaced. Mr. Carlyle is, therefore, preaching a false doctrine when he holds up him and his father to the admiration of mankind.

A HISTORY OF THE LATE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA; Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province. By Robert Christie. Vols. 5 and 6. Montreal: Richard Worthington, Publisher.

We have so often noticed this work, that we would seem to take a special interest in it. Well, so we do; for we consider it a valuable addition to the history of Canada, and North America, during the period of which it treats. It has been called "a scrap-book of Canadian history." But if so, what a valuable scrap-book. Who would not prefer such a record to most of the laboured nothings we receive as histories of past times? We have only to repeat our opinion that no Provincial or North American library can be complete without this work, which will be a valuable legacy to leave to a man's children. The sixth volume is the last of the series; and we trust that Mr. Worthington will have no cause to regret his spirited undertaking.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The death of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the youngest son of the poet, is announced. He died at Cheltenham, from the effects of an accident.

BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" has found an able German translator in Dr. Friedrich Alfeld, of Leipzig, where the work has recently been published.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S "Narrative of his Expedition to the Zambesi" has just appeared at Leipzig, in a German translation, in two octavo volumes.

Mr. Hood is at present engaged upon a life of his father, to be published in a cheap form. It will contain some interesting matter, an unpublished farce by the late Thomas Hood, and large selections from his correspondence, including letters, hitherto unpublished, from Scott, Lamb, and other contemporaries of the subject of the memoir.

The editor of the *Boys' Own Magazine* is busy compiling a life of Tom Sayers.

The heads of the Freemasons' lodges in Paris have proposed to give to the widow of Proudhon the sum of 25,000f. It is thought, however, that this amount will be trebled, as the members of the fraternity are sending in from every direction. The Librairie la Croix has given Madame Proudhon 130,000f. for the right of publishing and selling her late husband's works during the next eight years.

Mr. GEORGE HORN, who recently discovered, amongst the papers of the family of Miedel of Baireuth, a MS. on the cover of which was docketed, "Lettres de Voltaire," in the handwriting of Frederick the Great, has published them, under the title of "Voltaire und die Markgräfin von Baireuth." The whole are in the handwriting of Voltaire, from 1742 to 1758, and present a curious and interesting picture of German court life of the time. There are twenty-six letters in all, twenty-five of which are addressed to the Markgräfin, and one to the Marquis of Adhemar.

We hear that M. Thiers has completed a "History of Florence," in ten volumes, and, further, that he has disposed of the work for 100,000f. A Paris correspondent surmises that he has, perhaps, completed the first volume of the history, and sold the whole work for the amount named.

Of the new Sixpenny Magazine, the *Argosy*, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. sold upwards of 20,000 copies on the day of publication. It has been whispered that some of the longer articles, which, from press of matter, cannot find a place in *Good Words*, will make their appearance before the reading world in the pages of the new Magazine.

On the opening night of the Royal Irish Academy, the executors of the late W. Smith O'Brien offered to the Society, in accordance with his will, a gold cup, value 800l., with a large collection of manuscripts and some printed books. The Academy unanimously declined to accept the cup, for the sole reason "that they had not a place of sufficient safety to put it into!" The manuscripts were accepted, with thanks.

Macmillan's Magazine starts the new year with a novel from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It will be entitled "Old Sir Douglas."

The *Cornhill Magazine* will also inaugurate 1866, by giving its readers a new novel, to appear from month to month. The title has not yet been disclosed, but the author is Mr. Anthony Trollope.

Good Words has issued its programme for the coming year. It promises a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "Madonna Mary, a Story of Modern English Life;" a new series of Travel Papers by Norman Macleod, D.D.; a series of Papers on our Common Faith, by Dean Alford, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Hamilton, and others; and a series of Character Sketches, by Anthony Trollope, William Gilbert, Sarah Tytler, Mrs. Henry Wood, Alexander Smith, and others.

A new English Monthly is announced, to be entitled *The Household*, a Magazine of Domestic Economy and Home Enjoyment.

The "Handbook" mania has spread to France; and, amongst other odd subjects treated of in this convenient manner, may be mentioned one by the Count de Montigny, bearing the singular title of "The Handbook for Outriders, Coachmen, Grooms, and Stable Boys."

THERE is a well-known perversity in the human disposition, from which it arises that the more inaccessible any object becomes to us, the more do we exaggerate its desirable features.

THE art of a great writer is seen in the perfect fitness of his expressions. He knows how to blend vividness with vagueness, knows where images are, needed, and where by their vivacity they would be obstacles to the rapid appreciation of his thought.

FEAR.—What a strange thing is the fear of death. Death is a necessary end, and will come when it will come, and yet are men ever afraid of it, because perhaps they never prepare for it