NEW WORKS.

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

THIS valuable historical work has just been reissued by its publisher in a cheap form, it is an elaborate account of the long and bloody struggle between the English and French for the possession of Canada, a struggle that may be said to have been terminated by the decisive victory gained by the gallant young English General, Wolfe, over the no less brave and chivalrous Frenchman, Montcalm. In 1759, the victory of Quebec was gained; in 1760, the French signed a capitulation which severed Canada from France. Throughout the wars for the possession of Canada, the native Indians committed the most bloodthirsty and horrible atrocities, some tribes being in the pay of the English, others in that of the French. There is no doubt but that too frequently they were instigated to these cruelties by their employers. The account of the siege of Quebec by the English, the battle on the heights of Abraham, and the death of Wolfe, is given in a graphic and martial style. The French under Montcalm numbered about 8,000, the English 5,000.

THE BATTLE.

In the meantime, swarms of skirmishers advanced against the right and centre of the British army; their stinging fire immediately dislodged the few light infantry which Wolfe had posted in his front, and forced them back in confusion upon the main body. The first impression was not without danger; the troops, who were in the rear, and could not see the real state of affairs, became alarmed at the somewhat retrogade movement in front. Wolfe perceived this; he hurried along the line, cheered the men by his voice and presence, and admonished them on no account to fire without orders. He succeeded; confidence was restored. The spirited advance of the skirmishers was but the mask of a more formidable movement. The whole of the French centre and left, with loud shouts and arms at the recover, now bore down to the attack. Their light troops then ceased firing, and passed to the rear. As the view cleared, their long unbroken lines were seen rapidly approaching Wolfe's position. When they reached within one hundred and fifty yards they advanced obliquely from the left of each formation, so that the lines assumed the appearance of columns, and chiefly threatened the British right. And now from flank to flank of the assailing battalions rolled a murderous and incessant fire. The 35th and the Grenadiers fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command. When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to 'fire.' At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line.—For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long suspended blow. Numbers of the French soldiers reeled and fell; some staggered on for a little, then dropped silently aside to die; others burst from the ranks, shrieking in agony. The Brigadier de St Ours was struck dead, and De Senezergues, the second in command, was left mortally wounded upon the field. When the breeze carried away the dense clouds of smoke, the assailing battalions stood reduced to mere groups among the bodies of the slain. Never before or since has a deadlier volley burst from British infantry. Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! The Canadian militia, with scarcely an exception broke and fled. The right wing, which had recoiled before Townshend and Howe, was overpowered by a counter attack of the 58th and 78th; his veteran battalions of Berne and Guienne were shattered before his eyes under the British fire; on the left the Royal Roussillon was shrunk to a mere skeleton, and deserted by their provincial allies, could hardly retain the semblance of a formation. But the gallant Frenchman though ruined was not dismayed; he rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy. Meanwhile, Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the British line to advance. At first they moved in majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French. But soon the ardour of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline; they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path.

WOLFE WOUNDED.

Just now Wolfe was a second time wounded, in the body, but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished; again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast; he reeled on one side, but at the moment this was not generally observed.—'Support me,' said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, 'that my brave fellows may not see me fall.' In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear. Col. Carleton was desperately wounded in the head at a few paces from Wolfe; the aide-de-camp who hastened for Monckton, to call him to the command, found him also bleeding on the field, beside the 47th Regiment. At length Townshend, now the senior officer, was brought from the left flank to this bloody scene to lead the army. This brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but it was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the advancing enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain; the head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry; in a few minutes, the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was in a general route.

DEATH OF WOLFE.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. When struck for the third time, he sank down; he then supported himself for a few minutes in a sitting posture, with the assistance of Lieutenant Brown, Mr Henderson, a volunteer, and a private soldier, all of the Grenadier Company, the 22nd; Col. Williamson, of the Royal Artillery, afterwards went to his aid. From time to time Wolfe tried with his faint hand to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight; but the effort seemed vain; for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing, and an occasional groan. Meanwhile the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. The grenadier officers, seeing this, called out to those around him, 'See, they run!' The words caught the ear of the dying man; he raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and asked eagerly, 'Who runs?' 'The enemy, sir,' answered the officer; 'they give way everywhere.' 'Go one of you to Col. Burton,' said Wolfe. 'tell him to march Webbe's (the 48th) Regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat.' His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned as if seeking an easier position on his side; when he had given this last order he seemed to feel that he had done his duty, and added feebly, but distinctly, 'Now, God be praised, I die happy.' His eyes then closed; and, after a few convulsive movements, he became still.

DEATH OF MONTCALM.

Late on the evening of the 14th of September, Montcalm also died. When his wound was first examined, he asked the surgeon if it was mortal; and being answered that it was, he said, 'I'm glad of it; how long can I survive?'—'Perhaps a day, perhaps less,' replied the surgeon. 'So much the better,' replied Montcalm; 'I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' When his wound was dressed, M. de Ramsey, the governor of the city, visited him, and desired to receive his commands for the defence, but he refused to occupy himself any longer with worldly affairs. My time is very short, continued he, so pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities. He then called for his chaplain, who with the bishop of the colony, administered to him the last offices of religion, and remained with him till he expired. An officer of the 43rd regiment, whose carefully kept journal furnishes much valuable information on the subject of this campaign, states that Montcalm paid the English army the following compliment after the battle: 'Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited, and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so great and generous an enemy.—If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning with a third of their number of British troops.'

From the National Review.

THE NATIVES OF INDIA.

THE character of the natives of India, whose conduct is to be discussed, constitutes, as compared with our British standard, the very antipodes of the moral world. Only by long experience can it be known to all. Viewed from many aspects, they may appear mild, respectful, temperate, quiet, orderly, confiding, kind, charitable, and sometimes really susceptible of gratitude and fidelity. But, on the other hand, they have many opposite phases of character. They have been compared to the Indian tiger, that, often so stealthy and retiring, can yet spring so high. But the analogy will not entirely hold good, for they will spring, not like the tiger, upon the ranks of surrounding foes, but upon helpless and beaten victims.—They may rather be liked to the tame ourang-outang in Paris, who, happening to escape from its keeper, seized a razor, and, madly thirsting for blood, slew several spectators. They are credulous in the extreme; and the more unreasonable the thing to be believed, the more implicit their faith. With blood heated by a scorching climate, they have a temperament subject to the most fitful impulses and to the strangest inconsistencies. Their evil passion may often be dormant, but if it be awakened, they are bitterly malignant. Instances sometimes occur in which even converts to Christianity will, when disputing with each other, throw off their Christian habits for the nonce, and evince a truly native maliciousness. It were needless to repeat what is so well known regarding their innate tendency to dissimulation. And, with all their mildness, they are in some respects cruel and even bloody: witness many of their religious ritei, witness the sacrifice of daughters to save the expense of dowry, the drowning or choking of aged or dying persons in the water of the Ganges, the strangling of persons by Thuggee, merely to rob them with more security, the habitual murder of children for the sake of their silver bracelets and the like. They will generally 'hit a man when he is down.' In our Indian campaigns, there are after every battle stories of the throats of our wounded soldiers being cut by the native enemy.—Whenever European officers have been killed, their corpses have been mutilated, as in the case of MacNaughten and Burnes at Cabul, and Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan. On the whole, persons thoroughly acquainted with the natives would have anticipated that, if by any chance a general mutiny were to break out, it would be accompanied in some cases with barbarous insolence auc wild atrocity. Nor is this revolt altogether without precedent in kind, though never equalled in degree. There is much historical coincidence betwen the present revolt and the mutiny of Vellore in 1806.—Then as now, the sepoys believed that it was intended, by breaking through their caste, to bring them ultimately to Christianity. Then, as now, they designed to murder all Europeans and to set up a Mohomedan pensioner of the British as king in their room. Then, as now, the officers, unable to believe in the treachery of their men, were startled by an outbreak threatening the stability of our power. The only difference was this, that the authorities of that day insisted on the trimming of the beard and moustache, the obliteration of caste marks, and the new turban, despite the objections of the men; whereas the Indian Government of the present day withdrew the obnoxious cartridge as soon as objections were raised.

From Graham's American Magazine.

HOME.

HOME—the home of childhood and youth—how dear must it ever be to the heart of manhood! Years may have elapsed since we looked upon its venerable form or crossed its threshold, worn by the tread of generations: but it can never fade from our memory, or be displaced from our recollection by any other we have since learned to call our home. The love of home, like the love of country, is confined to no class: it is not to be bounded by the landmarks of nobility, or limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraints of rank. The lordly mansion and the splendid palace may have little of home to bless their magnificence, while the lowly hut reposing beneath their shade may make good a title to the endearing name. The traveller may have gazed on many a stormy landscape and many a noble shore. The heaving forest or the waving prairie may have spread their loveliness before him, majestic rivers may have courted his admiration, or the soft murmurings of some blue lake have wooed him to repose—but all these, though they may charm for a while, cannot win his heart from 'home.' He may have wandered beneath the glowing sky of Italy, or climbed the rocky heights, grand in their towering ruggedness, of Switzerland. His footsteps may have echoed amidst the ruins of Greece, or trod in paths hallowed by the feet of the Saviour in Palestine. But the glories of Italian scenery, the mournful associations of lovely Greece, or the still more tender recollections of the Holy Land, may not tempt him to more than linger for a moment by the way, and then pass on to that less favoured, it may be, but far dearer land, where is his home. The sailor, as in the lonely night watches he paces the deck of his gallant vessel bounding along over some distant sea, while the moaning wind whistles through the cordage, dreams it is the voices of spirits whispering of home—the home he quitted so readily, but which he now longs for as the tempest-driven bird for the nest it has too rashly forsaken. Many a strange vicissitude has he undergone since he left that peaceful spot. At one time the scented gales of Arabia have flung their fragrance around him, as his bark glided gracefully through the rippling waters of the blue Mediterranean; at another, the rude blast of the tempest has struck his reeling ship, and sent her leaping and quivering over the mountain waves of the boundless Atlantic. But, alike in sunshine and in storm, the silken zephyr could not woo, nor the roaring hurricane drive from his breast the sweet hope of one day revisiting the home now so far away. 'Home, sweet, sweet home,' is the song in which all nations may join, for, truly, 'there is no place like home.'

Communications.

Matapedia, November 19, 1857.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

DEAR SIR,—I have just returned from assisting to cut out, locate, measure, and mark off in lots for contractors, the Matapedia line of road, which is now causing no small stir in this quarter, and engaging the attention of the Press. On my return, I was handed a copy of the Colonial Times, which some friend kindly forwarded to me, and for which I feel thankful. In this paper I had the pleasure of perusing one of the most extraordinary literary gems, in the shape of a communication, I ever beheld; it was signed '*A Contractor.*' I confess to you, Sir, that on reading it over, I never felt my sides so much in need of some stay to prevent them from falling to pieces, from the convulsions of laughter I was thrown into. It was so rich, so racy, so funny, that the annals of literature might be challenged to produce its equal. I was overjoyed to find, that at length some one of those evil traducing slanderers had screwed himself up to appear in print, but it was not Sir,

> "That stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

But, unfortunately, a feeling of a very different description.

Some of my friends advised me not to answer it, but to treat it with *silent contempt*, that peculiar way indulged in by many men of standing and of enlarged minds; but I have no notion of such an enlarged and refined way of treating an adversary, and shall therefore, with your permission, answer Mr Contractor in my own plain way—rough and homely though it may be.—Besides, by taking the silent contempt way, it might prove too truthfully the quotation of one of your former correspondents — that a fool might arise that would be wiser in his own conceit than fifty 'men that would render a contrary reason.' That being the case, I shall endeavour to give Mr Contractor the full benefit of his contract.

I said I would answer him—but now when I have set about the task, I have to confess that I feel myself inadequate to perform it. I scarce know where to commence, and I am quite sure I do not know where I shall end, for this bundle of words, thrown so clumsily together, presents such a heterogenious mass, having much the appearance of a pedlar's pack, consisting as it does of things of all colours, of fragments and of fractions, that it 'puzzles the will,' and confounds the brain—more particularly that of a 'Jackass.' It is evidenty the production of a gallaxy of choice spirits, edited by some Treadle Tramper, and from the want of some ship-carpenter or good joiner, to dovetail the several contributions together; the different parts stand out in bold relief, facing each other. I wish I could persuade you to publish the whole article for the amusement of your readers in this quarter; but I have no hope on this head, and must therefore content myself by carving off it a few slices, by way of a sample, and in doing so, I shall be most careful to quote correctly, word for word, as well as the spelling, and puuctuation. I presume the best way to commence, will be to strive to bring the head and the tail of the production together, and deal with Contractor as we find him. I shall now commence my task starting at the beginning.

Contractor commences his communication by telling the public that he has 'seen two communications in the Gleaner of the 3rd instant, dated from Dalhousie, and Restigouche, headed the Matapedia Road, signed Spectator and Common Jack;' and then adds — had the last mentioned added the letters ass, his name would have been complete.' Take now another extract. 'But Mr Editor the Common Jack-ass, comes forth *in the second epistle of the Gleaner*, braying out flattery to his employers, but that is only what might be expected from a man, born in a garret and brought up in a kitchen.'—Is this not a wonderful stretch of fancy? is not the wit original, and the satire cutting? Well, after all, a kitchen is no bad place to be reared in, more particularly if the larder was well stored and the culinary duties rightly performed. Better far this, than brought up in a parlour and *dragged up* in a stable among quadrupeds, and whose only accomplishment turns out at last to be 'a Jack-ass driver; for you cannot but perceive, Mr Editor, that this *clever* genius, after transmografying 'Common Jack' into 'Jack-ass,' sets to work, whip in hand, to belabour most unmercifully the sides of his donkey. Now, as jack-asses are proverbial for their stubborness, and that the parlour-gentleman has contracted to lick me into shape, I do hope, that you Sir, and none of your readers will blame me very much, if I give him a kick or two with my heels, which may have the effect of scattering the gall, of which he appears to have a superabundance,

Before proceeding further, I think it just to myself to state, that I did not write 'Spectator,' the truth of this, you, Mr Editor, can affirm; but 'Contractor' having hoisted it on my haunches, I shall bear the burthen, which, after all, may not be very grievous or galling to bear, as the sequel may show. Contractor then goes on to say 'that in the first communication, the