

The Great Events by Famous Historians, Volume 17 eBook

The Great Events by Famous Historians, Volume 17

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The mutinous Sepoys blown from the mouths of cannon by the English at Cawnpore, Painting by Basil Verestchagin.

Charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, Painting by Stanley Berkeley.

AN OUTLINE NARRATIVE (Tracing briefly the causes, connections, and consequences of the great events.)

THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY, Charles F. Horne

In the year 1844 electricity, last and mightiest of the servants of man, was seized and harnessed and made to do practical work. A telegraph line was erected between Washington and Baltimore. [Footnote: See *Invention of the Telegraph*.] In 1846 mathematics achieved perhaps the greatest triumph of abstract science. It pointed out where in the heavens there should be a planet, never before known by man. Strong telescopes were directed to the spot and the planet was discovered. [Footnote: See *The Discovery of Neptune*.] Man had found guides more subtle and more accurate than his own five ancient senses. The age of figures, the age of electricity, began.

The changes were symbolic, perhaps, of the more rapid rate at which the forces of society were soon to move. Over all Europe and America great events were shaping themselves with lightning speed. Tremendous changes political and economic, social and scientific, were hurrying to an issue.

THE MEXICAN WAR

In America the Mexican War, vast in its territorial results, still more so in its effect upon society, broke out in 1846 over the admission of Texas to the United States. The superior fighting strength of the more northern race was at once made evident. Small bodies of United States troops repeatedly defeated far larger numbers of the Mexican militia. The entire northern half of Mexico was soon occupied by the enemy. Expeditions, half of conquest, half of exploration, seized New Mexico, California, and all the vast region which now composes the southwestern quarter of the United States. [Footnote: See *The Acquisition of California*.]

Farther south, however, the more populous region wherein lay the chief Mexican cities remained resolute in its defiance; and the Washington Government despatched against it that truly marvellous expedition under General Scott. The heroisms and the triumphs of Scott's spectacular campaign deserve to be sung in epic form. The dubious justice of the war was forgotten in its overwhelming success. From the captured Mexican capital the conquerors dictated such peace terms as added to the United States almost half the territory of her helpless neighbor. Europe at last awoke to the fact that there was but one Power on the American continent, a power with which even the mightiest monarch

could ill afford to quarrel. [Footnote: See *The Mexican War*.] The very year in which the final treaty of peace was signed (1848) the Mormons, a religious sect, finding themselves unwelcome and out of place in Illinois, moved westward in a body. Enduring every hardship, every privation, perishing by hundreds in the trackless deserts, captured and put to torture by the Indians, they still persevered in their migration, and, halting at last in the valleys of Utah, began the settlement of the Central West. [Footnote: See *Migrations of the Mormons*.]

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Also in that same year, gold was discovered in California. Thousands of eager adventurers flocked thither, and thus the vast wilderness that Mexico had lightly surrendered had hardly become United States territory ere it was filled with people, not listless semi-savages, but eager, energetic men, resolute and resourceful. The West joined the march of progress; it doubled the wealth and prowess of the East. [Footnote: See *Discovery of Gold in California*.]

THE UPRISING OF THE PEOPLES

Important indeed was that year of 1848, noteworthy above most in the story of mankind. In Europe it witnessed the greatest of all the outbursts of democracy. The common people, easily suppressed by the armies of the Holy Alliance in 1820, had been subdued with difficulty in 1830. Now in 1848 they rose again. Their gradual accumulation of power and passion would soon be irresistible. Even the petted armies of autocracy became possessed with the new belief in mankind's brotherhood.

This time the outburst began in Italy. Mazzini, the celebrated founder of the political society "Young Italy," inspired his countrymen with something of his own ardent devotion to the cause of liberty and Italian union. Then in 1846 Pius IX, last of the heads of the Roman Church to possess a temporal authority as well, ascended the throne of the Papal dominions. The new Pope was in sympathy with the democratic spirit of the times, and he established in his own States a constitutional government, granting to his people more and more of power as he judged them fitted for it. Soon, however, the most radical elements asserted themselves in the new Government. All that the Pope could find it in his heart to grant, seemed to them not half enough. The mighty spirit which he had let loose broke from his control. Before the close of 1848 there were riots, fighting in the streets; the Pope's chief counsellor was murdered, and he himself had to flee by night in secrecy, a fugitive from Rome. [Footnote: See *The Reforms of Pius IX: His Flight from Rome*.]

Ere matters had reached this pass, the sudden impulse given by Rome to democratic government had spread like wildfire over the whole of Europe. Thrones everywhere seemed crumbling to the dust. In January, 1848, the people of Sicily revolted against their tyrant king and formed a republic. Southern Italy, which had been part of the same kingdom, compelled the sovereign to grant a constitution. Other Italian States followed the example of rebellion. All Europe apparently had been but waiting for the spark. In France, dissatisfaction with the "tradesman-King," Louis Philippe, had long been bitter. In February, 1848, there was an open rebellion, Louis abdicated, and a provisional government was formed, which proclaimed the land a republic. [Footnote: See *The Revolution of February in France*.]

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There was no fear now lest the other Powers interfere. Each Continental monarch was over-busy at home. Rebellion was everywhere. Every one of the lesser German States secured a constitution; and the inhabitants summoned those of Prussia and Austria to join them in establishing a single central government, either republic or empire, a "United Germany." On March 18th the Prussian capital, Berlin, was the seat of a savage street battle between citizens and the royal troops. Not until it had raged all day and upward of two hundred persons had been slain did the Prussian monarch, Frederick William IV, weaken and proclaim a constitution. [Footnote: See *Revolutionary Movements in Germany*.]

Austria, the stronghold of autocracy, the land of Prince Metternich, high-priest of repression, had proven as little ready as her neighbors to withstand the sudden storm. On March 13th the people of Vienna rose in most unexpected revolt, and Metternich, escaping from the city in a washerwoman's cart, fled to England. "We were prepared for everything," he lamented, "but a democratic pope."

The whole heterogeneous empire of Austria seemed to fall apart at once. The Hungarians rose in arms to fight for independence. The Bohemians expelled the Austrian troops from Prague. In Italy the Northern Provinces followed the example set them in the South. The people of Milan attacked the Austrian garrison and expelled it after four days of fighting. Venice reasserted her ancient independence. The King of Piedmont and Sardinia, declaring himself the champion of Italian unity, ordered the Austrian armies to leave the country, and marched his forces against them. The other little States hastened to accept his leadership and add their troops to his.

Yet against all these difficulties the military power of the Austrian Government began to make determined headway. The Bohemians were crushed by force of arms. In Italy the Austrian general-in-chief withdrew slowly before his many foes, until his Government could reenforce him. Then he turned on them, completely defeated the Sardinian King at Custozza and the next year at Novara, and thereby restored Austrian supremacy in Northern Italy.

Meanwhile Rome, from which Pius IX had fled in horror, proclaimed itself a republic. Mazzini, the earliest hero of Italian unity, and Garibaldi, its greatest champion, were both members of the Government. The Austrians marched against them; but French troops had also been despatched to defend the Pope, and it was the French who, first reaching Rome, stormed and captured it. The republic was overthrown by a republic. [Footnote: See *Rise and Fall of the Roman Republic*.] Venice was the last Italian city to hold out, and surrendered to the Austrians only after a siege of many months had reduced it to starvation.

The Austrian revolution had also collapsed at home. In October, 1848, Government troops stormed the city of Vienna as if it had been a foreign capital, and defeated the students and citizens, who fought the soldiers from street to street.

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Only in Hungary were the royal armies baffled. There a regular republican government was established under Louis Kossuth. Hungarian armies were raised, and, defeating the Austrians in pitched battles, drove them from the land. The Austrian Emperor in despair appealed to Russia for aid; and the Czar having just trampled out an incipient Polish rebellion of his own, came willingly to the aid of his brother autocrat. Just as Austrian troops had so often done in Italy, so now a huge Russian horde poured over Hungary, beat down all resistance, and having reduced the land to helplessness returned it to the angry grip of its insulted sovereign. [Footnote: See *The Revolt of Hungary*.]

Yet Hungary did not wholly fail of her revenge. She had brought about the downfall of Austria as a great political Power. The once haughty empire had been compelled to cry for help, to be protected, even as were Italy and Spain, against her own people. Her weakness was made manifest to the world. Never again could she pose as the leader of European councils.

Thus it was only in France and Germany that the results of the upheaval of 1848-1849 remained evident upon the surface. Prussia and the lesser German States became and continued constitutional kingdoms. Germany was united in a closer though still vague union, in which Austria and Prussia struggled for a dominant influence. But democracy had in many places committed such excesses that the huge body of the middle classes feared it and turned against it. Such citizens as had property to preserve concluded that, after all, their ancient kings had been less tyrannic than King Mob.

In France, too, this reaction was strongly felt. The revolution of 1848 had not been accomplished without an outburst from socialism or communism, which raised its red flag in the streets of Paris and was put down only after days of bloody battle with the more moderate elements. So the French middle classes wanted peace, and they elected as president of the republic Louis Napoleon, nephew of their once famous Emperor. In 1851 the President by a sudden *coup d'etat* overturned his own Government. He declared the land an empire under himself as Napoleon III. Enthusiastic patriots protested in burning words, but most of France appeared content. Property-owners welcomed the return of any government that was strong enough to govern. [Footnote: See *The Coup d'Etat*.]

Despite temporary setbacks, however, the advance of the power of the people in 1848 had been enormous. The dullest tyrant could hardly believe longer in the permanence of personal despotism. Even England, the stronghold of conservatism as well as of personal independence, was shifting her aristocratic institutions slowly toward democracy.

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The Reform Bill of 1832 had been only a small step in the direction of popular government; but it opened the way for further reform. Almost immediately upon its granting, began what was known as the Chartist movement, an agitation kept up among the lower classes for a “charter” or more liberal constitution. This soon became associated with a demand for freer trade. The importation into England of bread-stuffs, especially corn, was heavily taxed, and thus the poorer classes were driven almost to the point of famine. The failure of the potato crop did at last produce actual and awful famine in Ireland. Her peasants still speak of 1847 as “the black year” of death.

[Footnote: See *Famine in Ireland*.]

Hundreds of thousands of the poorer classes starved. Then began a stream of emigration to America. Under pressure of such facts as these, the English “Corn Laws” were repealed, and gradually Great Britain assumed more and more positively the attitude of “free trade.” [Footnote: See *Repeal of the English Corn Laws*.]

EXPANSION OF EUROPEAN INFLUENCE

Yet despite all the internal difficulties that thus convulsed Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century, the period is also notable for the rapid expansion of European influence over the other continents of the Eastern Hemisphere. “Earth-hunger,” the same passion that had swayed the United States in its Mexican contest, plunged the Powers of Europe also into repeated war. France extended her authority over the nearer African States of the Mediterranean. Indeed, one of the main causes for the rebellion of 1848 against Louis Philippe was the enormous cost in men and money of these African campaigns, undertaken against the truly remarkable Mahometan leader and patriot Abd-el-Kader. [Footnote: See *The Fall of Abd-el-Kader*.]

England tightened her grip on India, and extended her authority over the broader lands around it. The hopelessness of Asiatic resistance to European aggressiveness and military force was once more made evident in the widespread rebellion of the Indian natives in 1857. In quick succession, over vast and populous regions, both the people and the rajas rose against British rule. In the triumph of their first momentary victories they committed savage excesses which made pardon hopeless. Yet neither their numbers nor the desperation to which they were driven enabled them to hold their own against the mere handfuls of resolute Englishmen, who soon subdued them. [Footnote: See *The Indian Mutiny*.]

England's influence was also extended over Afghanistan and Southern Africa. Livingstone, most famous of missionaries and explorers, crossed the “dark continent” from coast to coast in 1851. [Footnote: See *Livingstone's African Discoveries*.] In that same year gold was discovered in Australia, and English adventurers flocked thither. The world grew small to European eyes. [Footnote: See *Discovery of Gold in Australia*.]

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Even the extremest East was brought in contact with the West. As a result of the Opium War of 1840, China was compelled to open her doors to foreign trade. She was also compelled to surrender territory to England. Japan, which for more than two centuries had jealously excluded Europeans from her shores, received her memorable awakening from the friendly American expedition of Commodore Perry. [Footnote: See *The Opening of Japan*.]

THE CRIMEAN WAR

Russia sought to have her share also in the appropriation of territory and “spheres of influence.” She and England were the only two European Powers which had not been seriously shaken by the upheavals of 1848. It seemed that they might almost divide between them the helpless Eastern world. England having already begun operations, Russia assumed a sort of protectorate over the Christians in Turkish lands, and proposed to England that the entire Turkish Empire should be divided between the two despoilers. The British Government refused the plan, mainly because it would give Russia a broad highway to the sea and make her a dangerous commercial rival. So Russia attempted to carry out her scheme single-handed, and began seizing Turkish provinces. She destroyed the Turkish fleet. Once before in 1828 the threat of a general European alliance had checked the Russian bear at this same game; but Europe was weaker now, the Czar stronger, and England far off and undecided.

Thus perhaps the Czar might have had his way but for Napoleon III. This new Emperor had been permitted by Frenchmen to usurp his power largely because of the military repute of his great namesake; and he felt that to hold his place he must justify his reputation. Frenchmen resented exceedingly the Czar’s haughty assumption that only England was able to oppose Russia; and Napoleon III promptly asserted himself in the role of the former Napoleon as “dictator of Europe.” The title so pleased the insulted pride of his people that they followed him eagerly, and remained blind to many failings through more wars than one. The self-constituted dictator insisted that his whole desire was for peace and the artistic beautifying of his country; yet if Russia persisted in extending her power and ignoring France—. In 1854 he joined England in the war of the Crimea against Russia.

It cannot be said that the allies achieved any great success against their huge antagonist. Their fleets bombarded the Baltic fortresses with small result. Their armies, hastening to protect Turkey, attacked the Russians in the Crimea, gained the Battle of the Alma, and then for an entire year besieged the fortifications of Sebastopol. [Footnote: See *The Capture of Sebastopol*.] But distance and changeful climate proved Russia’s aids as they had in 1812. The allies’ commissary and sanitary departments could hardly be managed at all; their troops died by thousands, and, though they finally

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stormed and captured Sebastopol, it was a barren victory. Russia, not so much overcome as convinced of the practical lack of profit in persistency, made terms of peace by which she once more drew back from her feeble prey. English statesmen were satisfied with the check administered to their great rival; and the French were delighted at the successful interference of their “dictator of Europe.” He had rehabilitated the nation in its own eyes.

UNION OF ITALY

Ambition grows by what it feeds on. Napoleon determined to assert himself again. The bitterness of Italy against its Austrian masters offered an excellent opportunity, and in 1859 he encouraged the King of Sardinia to try once more the contest which had proved so disastrous eleven years before. The King, Victor Emmanuel II, prepared for war against Austria. The French joined him, so did the little North Italian States, and their combined forces were victorious at Magenta and Solferino. [Footnote: See *Battles of Magenta and Solferino*.]

Napoleon had declared that the combat should not cease until the Austrians were driven entirely out of Italy. As the price of his alliance he secured Nice and Savoy from Sardinia; and then, immediately after the bloody Battle of Solferino he suddenly changed front and declared that the war must cease. Austria yielded Lombardy, but kept Venice, the last of the possessions for which during more than three hundred years she had been battling in Italy. The Kingdom of Sardinia became the Kingdom of Northern Italy.

The next year (1860) Garibaldi, the lion-like fighter, the enthusiastic lover of Italy, gathering round him a thousand followers, made an unexpected attack on Sicily, which was held by the tyrant King of Naples. With his celebrated “Thousand” he won two remarkable victories. The Sicilians joined him; the Neapolitans were driven from the island. Not giving them time to recover, Garibaldi followed to the mainland, defeated them again, and was master of all Southern Italy. Meanwhile Victor Emmanuel, marching his troops southward, seized what was left of the States of the Church. The two conquerors met midway in Italy, and Garibaldi, grasping his sovereign by the hand, saluted him as King at last of a united Italy. Only Rome and Venice remained outside the pale, Rome protected by being in actual possession of the Pope, and, since France was still Catholic, guarded by French troops from the eager Italians. The year 1860 had been second only to 1848 in its importance in changing the outlines of modern Europe. [Footnote: See *The Kingdom of Italy Established*.]

Another change, immeasurably vast and still unmeasured in its consequences, may be dated from 1859, when Charles Darwin gave to the world his book, the *Origin of*

Species. In this he proclaimed the doctrine of the evolution of all the more complicated forms of life from simpler forms. The idea, at first resolutely combated on religious grounds, has gradually received more or less acceptance into the entire religious fabric, even as were the discoveries of Galileo. [Footnote: See *Darwin Publishes His Origin of Species*.]

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DISUNION IN AMERICA

Yet each and all of these events, important as they were, grew little in men's minds as the year 1860 drew to its close and revealed in America the coming of a mightier quarrel. The slavery question, once supposed to have been settled by the Missouri Compromise, had proved itself incapable of such settlement. The forward march of democracy had in fact made slavery an anachronism, outgrown and impossible. Even the Emperor of Russia saw that, and in 1861 liberated all the serfs within his territories. [Footnote: See *Emancipation of Russian Serfs*.] In the United States alone among the great Powers of the world, did slavery persist.

In 1854 a new political party, calling itself the Republican, was formed, having for its main principle opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories. [Footnote: See *The Rise of the Republican Party*.] Other issues might and did complicate the central question, but it was the slavery issue that inflamed men's minds, made Kansas a "battle-ground" between settlers from North and South, and sent John Brown upon his reckless raid. Watching the increasing success of the Republicans, Southern leaders began to reassert the doctrine of the right of secession. They said openly that if a Republican president were elected they would leave the Union.

And in 1860 a Republican president was elected. Was the long-predicted, and to most of Europe eagerly desired, disruption of the United States at hand? Was the break to be accomplished peacefully or in flame and wrath? The fading year of 1860 left the advancing world of democracy in panic over the danger to what had been its most successful stronghold.

[For the next section of this general survey, see volume XVIII.]

(1844) INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH, Alonzo B. Cornell

After the experiments of Franklin that did so much to advance the study of electrical phenomena, and to suggest practical applications of electricity, physicists in all countries occupied themselves with investigations along lines marked out by the American philosopher. In 1749 Franklin devised the lightning-rod. But notwithstanding the labors of many investigators, it was more than fifty years before any other practical discovery or invention in electricity was brought into general use. The first great achievement of the kind was Morse's improvement of the electric telegraph. That Morse's fellow-countryman, Joseph Henry, chiefly prepared the way for that triumph, the following account, with just emphasis, demonstrates.

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Among the European scientists and inventors to whom both Henry and Morse were indebted was the French electrician, Andre Marie Ampere (1775-1836), whose name (ampere) has been given to the practical unit of electric-current strength. Ampere was the first and is the most famous investigator in electrodynamics. He also invented a telegraphic arrangement in which he used the magnetic needle and coil and the galvanic battery. Others, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the nineteenth, devised similar arrangements. But no strictly electromagnetic apparatus for telegraphic signalling was put to successful use until 1836, when, in England, Charles Wheatstone, who is commonly regarded as the first inventor of practical electric telegraphy, constructed an apparatus whereby thirty signals were transmitted through nearly four miles of wire. From 1837 to 1843 he had as an associate William Fothergill Cooke, and the two worked together to develop the electric telegraph. They afterward quarrelled over their respective claims to credit, but in 1838-1841 telegraph lines secured by their patents were set up on the Great Western and two other English railways.

Meanwhile other inventors were still working for the same results, in many parts of the world, and it has been significantly said that "the electric telegraph had, properly speaking, no inventor; it grew up little by little." Nevertheless with respect to the distinctive character of Morse's improvements, and his title to a peculiar place among those through whose labors the electric telegraph "grew," there can be no question.

Alonzo B. Cornell, son of the founder of Cornell University, at one time Governor of New York, was intimately connected with electrical and telegraphic affairs for many years; therefore on the subject here presented he speaks with professional authority. His father was the first builder of the Morse telegraphs.

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During the early years of the nineteenth century but slight advance was made in the development of electrical science, although there were many persons both here and abroad engaged in experimental work, and there was considerable increase of literature bearing upon the subject. It was reserved for another illustrious American to accomplish the next important and decisive step in the pathway of progress. In 1828 Joseph Henry, then professor of physics at the Albany Academy, afterward a professor at Princeton, and subsequently for many years secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, made the highly important discovery that by winding a plain iron core with many layers of insulated wire, through which the electric current was passed, he could at pleasure charge and discharge the iron core with magnetic power. Thus Henry produced the electromagnet which was the beginning of the mastery by man of the subtle fluid. He also discovered that the intensity and power of the electric current were materially augmented by increasing the number of the series of battery plates without increasing the quantity of metal used in their construction.

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These discoveries of Henry were, beyond all question, the most important in real and intrinsic value ever made in the progress of electric science, as they form the solid basis upon which all subsequent inventors have been enabled to accomplish successful results in their various fields of endeavor. It is conceded by all familiar with the history of electrical progress that the name of Professor Joseph Henry is to be honored and cherished as one of the very foremost of scientific discoverers of any age or country, and it must remain a cause of sincere and permanent regret that of all the fabulous wealth that has resulted from the advancement of electrical science, this modest and unselfish inventor should have passed hence without ever having realized any substantial reward for his great work. Not only so, but he was never awarded the appropriate acknowledgment to which he was so eminently entitled for the inestimable benefits his discoveries conferred upon his countrymen and upon the world at large.

The possibility of utilizing Professor Henry's electromagnet for the purpose of transmitting intelligence to a distant point was conceived by still another American, Professor Samuel Finley Breese Morse, of New York, [Footnote: He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791.—ED.] during his passage on board the packet-ship Sully, from Havre to New York, in the winter of 1832. Incidental discussions between himself and Doctor Jackson, a fellow-passenger, in reference to recent electrical improvements on both sides of the Atlantic, led Morse to the conclusion that intelligence might be instantaneously transmitted over a metallic circuit to a distant point, and he thereupon determined to devote himself to the solution of the problem involved. The following day he exhibited a rough sketch of a plan for recording electric impulses necessary to convey and express intelligence. He pursued the subject with great devotion during the remainder of the voyage, and after arrival in New York began the construction of the necessary apparatus to accomplish his purpose.

Morse was by profession a portrait painter of more than ordinary merit, and was obliged to continue his artistic labors for a livelihood. He was a graduate of Yale College, where his attention had first been attracted to electrical experiments. He was thus, in a measure, prepared for carrying forward the important work he had undertaken, and pursued his labors with great assiduity. Devoting every spare moment to the pursuit of his object, which was attained but slowly by reason of his lack of mechanical skill and ingenuity, not until 1837 had he so far succeeded in his efforts as to be prepared to make application for letters-patent to enable him to secure and protect his rights of invention in the electromagnetic telegraph.

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In explanation of the slow progress of his experimental work, Professor Morse, in writing to a friend, said: "Up to the autumn of 1837 my telegraphic apparatus existed in so rude a form that I felt reluctance to have it seen. My means were very limited, so limited as to preclude the possibility of constructing an apparatus of such mechanical finish as to warrant my success in venturing upon its public exhibition. I had no wish to expose to ridicule the representative of so many hours of laborious thought. Prior to the summer of 1837 I depended upon my pencil for subsistence. Indeed, so straitened were my circumstances that in order to save time to carry out my invention and to economize my scanty means I had for months lodged and eaten in my studio, procuring food in small quantities from some grocery, and preparing it myself. To conceal from my friends the stinted manner in which I lived, I was in the habit of bringing food to my room in the evenings; and this was my mode of life for many years."

After the continuance of this heroic struggle for more than five years, Morse found himself compelled to seek the aid of more accomplished mechanical skill than he possessed, to perfect his apparatus, and was obliged to surrender a quarter interest in his invention in order to obtain pecuniary aid for this purpose.

Having thus succeeded in obtaining, at such serious sacrifice, the requisite financial assistance to enable him to perfect the mechanism necessary to demonstrate his invention, Professor Morse lost no time in completing his apparatus and presenting it for public inspection. On January 6, 1838, he first operated his system successfully, over a wire three miles long, in the presence of a number of personal friends, at Morristown, New Jersey. In the following month he made a similar exhibition before the faculty of the New York University, which was an occasion of much interest among the scientists of the metropolis.

Shortly thereafter the apparatus was taken to Philadelphia and exhibited at the Franklin Institute, where he received the highest commendation from the committee of science and arts, with a strong expression in favor of government aid for the purpose of demonstrating the practical usefulness of the system.

From Philadelphia, Morse removed his apparatus to Washington, where he was permitted to demonstrate its operation before President Van Buren and his Cabinet. Foreign ministers and members of both Houses of Congress, as well, also, as prominent citizens, were invited to attend the exhibition, and manifested much interest in the novelty of the invention. A bill was introduced in Congress making an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars for the purpose of providing for the erection of an experimental line of telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, to illustrate, by practical use, its general utility. The bill was in good time favorably reported from the committee on commerce, but made no further progress in that Congress. Similar bills were subsequently introduced and diligently supported in each succeeding Congress, but it was not until the very closing hour of the expiring session of 1843 that the necessary enactment was effected and the appropriation secured.

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The plan of construction devised by Professor Morse for the experimental line of telegraph to be erected between Washington and Baltimore, under the Congressional appropriation, provided for placing insulated wires in a lead pipe underground. This was to be accomplished by the use of a specially devised plough of peculiar construction, to be drawn by a powerful team, by which means the pipe containing the electric conductors was to be automatically deposited in the earth. This apparatus was entirely successful in operation, and the pipe was thus buried to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, at a cost very much lower than the work could have been accomplished in any other manner. Two wires were to be used to form a complete metallic circuit, for at that time it was not known, as was shortly afterward discovered, that the earth could be used to form one-half of the circuit. For purposes of insulation the wires were neatly covered with cotton-yarn and then saturated in a bath of hot gum-shellac, but this treatment proved defective in insulating properties, for when ten miles of line had been completed the wires were found to be wholly useless for electric conduction.

No mode had been devised for the treatment of india-rubber to make it available for purposes of insulation, and gutta-percha was wholly unknown as an article of use or commerce in this country. Twenty-three thousand dollars of the Government appropriation had been expended, and the work thus far accomplished was an acknowledged failure. Only seven thousand dollars of the available fund remained unexpended, and this was regarded as inadequate to complete the undertaking under any other plan. The friends of the enterprise were in despair, and for some time saw no other alternative than to apply to Congress for an additional appropriation. This, however, was regarded as almost hopeless, and the difficulty of the situation was extremely embarrassing.

An amusing incident was related of the means used to keep from public knowledge the desperate situation. Professor Morse finally visited the scene of activity where the pipe-laying was proceeding, and, calling the superintendent aside, confided to him the fact that the work must be stopped without the newspapers finding out the true reason of its suspension. The quick-witted superintendent was equal to the occasion, and, starting the ponderous machine, soon managed to run foul of a protruding rock and break the plough. The newspapers published sensational accounts of the accident and announced that it would require several weeks to repair damages. Thus the real trouble was kept from the public until new plans could be determined upon.

After long and careful consideration, Professor Morse very reluctantly decided to erect the wires on poles. This plan was, at first, considered wholly objectionable, under the apprehension that the structure would be disturbed by evil-minded persons. It had, however, become manifest that this was the only mode of construction that could be accomplished within the remainder of the appropriation, and, finally, upon ascertaining that pole lines had already been adopted in England, it was determined to proceed in this manner. The line was thus completed between Washington and Baltimore about May 1, 1844, and proved to be successful and in every way satisfactory in its operation.

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Shortly after the completion of the line the National Democratic Convention, which nominated Polk and Dallas for President and Vice-President, assembled in Baltimore [May, 1844]. Reports of the convention proceedings were promptly telegraphed to the capital city, where the telegraph office was thronged with Members of Congress interested in the news. These reports created an immense sensation in Washington and speedily removed all doubts as to the practical success of the new system of communication. A despatch from the Honorable Silas Wright, then United States Senator from New York, refusing to accept the nomination for Vice-President, was read in the National Convention and produced an extraordinary interest from the fact that very few of the delegates had ever heard of the telegraph, and it required much explanation to satisfy them of the genuineness of the alleged communication.

Having thus established beyond all reasonable question the practical utility of the telegraph as a superior means of public and private communication, Professor Morse and his associates offered their patents to the United States Government for the very moderate price of one hundred thousand dollars, with a view of having the system adopted for general use in connection with the postal establishment. This proposition was referred to the Postmaster-General for consideration and report. After due deliberation that officer reported that "Although the invention is an agent vastly superior to any other ever devised by the genius of man, yet the operation between Washington and Baltimore has not satisfied me that, under any rate of postage that can be adopted, its revenues can be made to cover its expenditures." Under the influence of this report Congress very naturally declined the offer of the patentees, and the telegraph was thereupon relegated to the domain of private enterprise. The result was that the patentees finally realized for their interests many times the amount of their offer to the Government.

During the autumn of 1844 short exhibition lines were erected in Boston and New York, for the purpose of familiarizing business men of those cities with the characteristics of the new invention, but they attracted little attention and the promoters had much cause of discouragement on account of public indifference. For the purpose of arousing more attention to the system, appeals were made to the public press for favorable notice, which were also generally declined. The proprietor of one of the most prominent and enterprising of the New York daily papers distinctly refused to encourage the establishment of telegraph lines, for the reason, as he freely acknowledged, that if the new method of transmitting intelligence were to come into general use his competitors could use it as well as himself, and he would therefore be deprived of his present advantage over them for procuring early news by the use of an expensive system of special despatch then maintained by his paper. Two years later he refused to join other papers in receiving the Governor's message by telegraph from Albany, and was so badly beaten by his rivals in this instance that his paper was thenceforward one of the most generous patrons of the telegraph.

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Early in the year 1845 a corporate organization was effected for the extension of the telegraph from Baltimore to Philadelphia and New York, under the name of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, for which a special act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature of the State of Maryland. Nearly all of the capital of this company was subscribed by Washington people. Baltimore and Philadelphia furnished only a few hundred dollars, while New York contributed nothing. Slow progress was made toward the construction of the line on account of the difficulty of obtaining the right of way either upon railways or highways, and it was not until January, 1846, that the line was completed to the west side of the Hudson River, which formed an impassable barrier to further progress for a considerable period.

No method of insulation had yet been devised that would permit the operation of an electric conductor under water, and it was doubted whether a wire could be maintained for a span sufficient to cross the river overhead. Finally however high masts were erected on the Palisades near Fort Lee, and on the heights at Fort Washington on the New York side, and a steel wire was suspended upon them. This plan was successful, except that occasionally the wire was broken by an extraordinary burden of sleet in the winter season. This method of crossing the lower Hudson was continued for more than ten years, when it was superseded by submarine cables.

During the year 1846 incorporated companies were formed, under which telegraph lines were extended from New York to Boston, Buffalo, and Pittsburg, and within the next three years nearly every important town in the United States and Canada, from St. Louis and New Orleans to Montreal and Halifax, was brought into telegraphic communication. Thus, after fifteen years of struggle with all the pains of poverty, often lacking even the common necessities of life, Professor Morse and his faithful collaborators had the supreme satisfaction, in 1847, of knowing and realizing that the telegraph system had finally achieved, not only scientific success, for this had been proven years before, but that financial success, ample and complete, had come to pay them richly for all the dark days and wearisome years through which they had passed.

Once generally established, the telegraph won its way to popular appreciation very rapidly. It was in harmony with the spirit of the age, and it was not long before every town of any considerable importance regarded telegraphic facilities as an indispensable necessity. The small cost soon induced the construction of rival lines, regardless of the rights of the patentees, and within a very few years unwise competition began to bring many lines to a condition of bankruptcy. The weaker concerns soon passed through the sheriff's hands and found purchasers only at an extreme sacrifice, at the bidding of the more provident and conservative proprietors of competing lines. Instead of inducing a more prudent course, these disastrous results only served to feed the spirit of rivalry, and general insolvency seemed to threaten the permanent prosperity of the telegraph business, in consequence of the wild and reckless competition which appeared to be inherent in its nature.

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This extremely unsatisfactory condition of telegraph rivalry drifted on from bad to worse until 1854, when, from dire necessity of self-preservation, a few of the more prudent and far-sighted proprietors of telegraph property were induced to combine their interests with some of their competitors and thus avoid the ruinous policy which had been so rapidly exhausting their vitality. Accordingly the principal telegraph lines in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and some of the neighboring States were brought into fraternal relations and formed the nucleus of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The new policy soon brought prosperity in place of waste and improvidence. Profits were devoted to the purchase of additional lines, thus enlarging their domain and strengthening their position. Prosperity increased with rapid strides; and the beneficial effects of extirpating wasteful rivalry and building up a substantial system with superior facilities and provident management gave the new organization a dominating influence among the telegraph companies of America. The same general policy has been pursued to the present time [1894], and has resulted in the establishment of a prosperous corporation of magnificent proportions, carrying on a useful and beneficent business under a greater number of governmental jurisdictions, great and small, than any other corporate organization in existence.

For the development of the telegraph enterprise in America no thanks are due to the wealthy capitalists. As a rule they would not listen to suggestions of investing their money in what was contemptuously termed rotten poles and rusty wires. They wanted something more substantial and conservative as the basis of their investments. An early pioneer and builder of telegraph lines, whose name is now held in grateful memory for deeds of philanthropic beneficence visited the city of Chicago in 1847 to solicit subscriptions to the capital stock of a company then engaged in construction of the first line of telegraph between that place and the city of Buffalo. He presented a carefully prepared prospectus showing an estimated earning capacity of the projected line of one hundred dollars per day. The merits of the contemplated enterprise were freely canvassed at a meeting of bankers, at which one of the most prominent declared that any man who ever expected to see one hundred dollars per day paid for telegraphing west of Buffalo must be crazy and unworthy of belief. This oracular declaration prevailed, and the project was ignominiously rejected by the wise men of Chicago. Fortunately, citizens of smaller towns, like Ypsilanti, Kalamazoo, South Bend, Kenosha, and Racine, took a more sensible view of the proposed enterprise, and the line was built despite the contempt of Chicago capitalists. Now, however, the men of Chicago pay more than five thousand dollars a day for telegraphing at rates far lower than would have been thought possible in that early day.

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The true spirit of enterprise, which has so grandly developed the resources of our imperial domain, has generally been found to prevail among people of modest means. Thus, nearly every dollar of capital contributed toward the establishment of telegraph lines in this country came from the offerings of people in very moderate circumstances. In this connection, therefore, it is extremely gratifying to state that very few enterprises of any kind have returned such generous recompense for the amount of capital invested as the telegraph and telephone lines in America. Considering the apparently temporary and short-lived character of the structures erected for these purposes, it seems difficult to comprehend the truth of this statement.

The method of telegraphic communication devised by Professor Morse has been continued in general use in this country, but instead of requiring separate wire for each circuit as formerly, six independent circuits are now operated simultaneously over a single wire by the use of the sextuplex apparatus.

(1846) REPEAL OF THE ENGLISH CORN LAWS, Justin McCarthy

After the repeal of the corn laws the tariff legislation of Great Britain was guided by a new policy, that of free trade, and it has been followed ever since. The reactionary tendencies of Continental Europe after the fall of Napoleon reached also to England, where they controlled the conduct of political affairs until Canning, in 1822, became Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His policy was liberal and did much in forming the public opinion that at length found voice in Catholic emancipation (1829), in the Reform Bill (1832), and in the abolition of slavery in the English colonies (1833). Then followed important amendments of the poor-laws, extension of local governmental powers in the towns, improvement of popular education, and other reforms.

Through all this gradual progress in liberal government and public amelioration, the need of another reform had been pointed out by some thinkers and statesmen, and at last the condition of the country favored the views of its advocates. The corn laws protected the English producers by imposing heavy duties on imported grain. At one time these duties practically prohibited such importation. McCarthy shows how the laws operated upon the people, and his story of the memorable agitation for their repeal and of the accomplishment of that object could not have been better told.

In 1815 the celebrated Corn Law was passed, which was itself moulded on the Corn Law of 1670. By the Act of 1815 wheat might be exported upon a payment of one shilling per quarter customs duty, but the importation of foreign grain was practically prohibited until the price of wheat in England had reached eighty shillings a quarter, that is to say, until a certain price had been secured for the grower of grain at the expense of all the consumers in this country. It was not permitted to Englishmen to obtain their supplies from any foreign land, unless on conditions that suited the English corn-grower's pocket.

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We may perhaps make this principle a little more clear, if it be necessary, by illustrating its working on a small scale and within narrow limits. In a particular street in London, let us say, a law is passed declaring that no one must buy a loaf of bread out of that street, or even round the corner, until the price of bread has risen so high in the street itself as to secure to its two or three bakers a certain enormous scale of profit on their loaves. When the price of bread has been forced up so high as to pass this scale of profit, then it would be permissible for those who stood in need of bread to go round the corner and buy their loaves of the baker in the next street; but the moment that their continuing to do this caused the price of the baker's bread in their own street to fall below the prescribed limit, they must instantly take to buying bread within their own bounds and of their own bakers again. This is a fair illustration of the principle on which the corn laws were moulded. The Corn Law of 1815 was passed in order to enable the landowners and farmers to recover from the depression caused by the long era of foreign war. It was "rushed through" Parliament, if we may use an American expression; petitions of the most urgent nature poured in against it from all the commercial and manufacturing classes, and in vain. Popular disturbances broke out in many places. The poor everywhere saw the bread of their family threatened, saw the food of their children almost taken out of their mouths, and they naturally broke into wild extremes of anger. In London there were serious riots, and the houses of some of the most prominent supporters of the bill were attacked. The incendiary went to work in many parts of the country. At that time it was still the way in England, as it is now in Russia and other countries, for popular indignation to express itself in the frequent incendiary fire. At one place near London a riot lasted for two days and nights; the soldiers had to be called out to put it down, and five men were hanged for taking part in it.

After the passing of the Corn Law of 1815, and when it had worked for some time, there were sliding-scale acts introduced, which established a varying system of duty, so that when the price of home-grown grain rose above a certain figure, the duty on imported wheat was to sink in proportion. The principle of all these measures was the same. How, it may be asked, could any sane legislator adopt such measures? As well might it be asked, How can any civilized nation still, as some still do, believe in such a principle? The truth is that the principle is one which has a strong fascination for most persons, the charm of which it is difficult for any class in its turn wholly to shake off. The idea is that if our typical baker be paid more than the market price for a loaf, he will be able in turn to pay more to the butcher than the fair price for his beef; the butcher thus benefited

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will be enabled to deal on more liberal terms with the tailor; the tailor so favored by legislation will be able in his turn to order a better kind of beer from the publican and pay a higher price for it. Thus, by some extraordinary process, everybody pays too much for everything, and nevertheless all are enriched in turn. The absurdity of this is easily kept out of sight where the protective duties affect a number of varying and complicated interests, manufacturing, commercial, and productive.

In the United States, for example, where the manufacturers are benefited in one place and the producers are benefited in another, and where the country always produces food abundant to supply its own wants, men are not brought so directly face to face with the fallacy of the principle as they were in England at the time of the Anti-Corn Law League. In America "protection" affects manufacturers for the most part, and there is no such popular craving for cheap manufactures as to bring the protective principle into collision with the daily wants of the people. But in England, during the reign of the Corn Law, the food which the people put into their mouths was the article mainly taxed, and made cruelly costly by the working of protection.

Nevertheless, the country put up with this system down to the close of the year 1836. At that time there was a stagnation of trade and a general depression of business. Severe poverty prevailed in many districts. Inevitably, therefore, the question arose in the minds of most men, in distressed or depressed places, whether it could be a good thing for the country in general to have the price of bread kept high by factitious means when wages had sunk and work become scarce. An Anti-Corn-Law association was formed in London, It began pretentiously enough, but it brought about no result. London is not a place where popular agitation finds a fitting centre. In 1838, however, Bolton, in Lancashire, suffered from a serious commercial crisis. Three-fifths of its manufacturing activity became paralyzed at once. Many houses of business were actually closed and abandoned, and thousands of workmen were left without the means of life. Lancashire suddenly roused itself into the resolve to agitate against the corn laws, and Manchester became the headquarters of the movement which afterward accomplished so much.

The Anti-Corn-Law League was formed, and a Free-Trade Hall was built in Manchester on the scene of that disturbance which was called the "massacre of Peterloo." The leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law movement were Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Charles Villiers. Cobden was not a Manchester man. He was the son of a Sussex farmer. After the death of his father he was taken by his uncle and employed in his wholesale warehouse in the city of London. He afterward became a partner in a Manchester cotton-factory, and sometimes travelled on the commercial business of the establishment. He became what would then

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have been considered a great traveller, distinct, of course, from the class of explorers; that is, he made himself thoroughly familiar with most or all of the countries of Europe, with various parts of the East, and with the United States and Canada. He had had a fair, homely education, and he improved it wherever he went by experience, by observation, and by conversation with all manner of men. He became one of the most effective and persuasive popular speakers ever known in English agitation. He was not an orator in the highest sense. He had no imagination and little poetic feeling, nor did genuine passion ever inflame into fervor of declamation his quiet, argumentative style. But he had humor; he spoke simple, clear, strong English; he used no unnecessary words. He always made his meaning plain and intelligible, and he had an admirable faculty for illustrating every argument by something drawn from reading or from observation or from experience. He was, in fact, the very perfection of a common-sense talker, a man fit to deal with men by fair, straightforward argument, to expose complicated sophistries, and to make clear the most perplexed parts of an intricate question. He was exactly the man for that time, for that question, and for the persuasive and argumentative part of the great controversy which he had undertaken.

Cobden's chief companion in the struggle was John Bright, whose name has been completely identified with that of Cobden in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Bright was an orator of the highest order. He had all the qualifications that make a master of eloquence. His presence was commanding; his voice was singularly strong and clear, and had peculiar tones and shades in it which gave indescribable meaning to passages of anger, of pity, or of contempt. His manner was quiet, composed, serene. He indulged in little or no gesticulation, he had a rich gift of genuine Saxon humor. These two men, one belonging to the middle class of the North, one sprung from the yeomanry of Southern England, had as a colleague Charles Villiers, a man of high aristocratic family, of marked ability, and of indomitable loyalty to any cause he undertook. Villiers for some years represented the free-trade cause in Parliament, and Bright and Cobden did its work on the platform. Cobden first, and Bright after him, became members of the House of Commons, and they were further assisted there by Milner Gibson, a man of position and family, an effective debater, who had been at first a Conservative, but who passed over to the ranks of the Free Traders, and through them to the ranks of the Liberals or Radicals.

Every year Villiers brought on a motion in the House in favor of free trade. For a long time this motion was only one of the annual performances which, by an apparently inevitable necessity, have to prelude for many years the practical movement of any great parliamentary question. Villiers might have brought on his annual motion all his life, without getting much nearer to his object, if Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, and other great northern towns had not taken the matter vigorously in hand; if Cobden and Bright had not stirred up the energies of the whole country, and brought

clearly home to the mind of every man the plain fact that reason, argument, and arithmetic, as well as freedom and justice, were distinctly on their side.

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The Anti-Corn-Law League showered pamphlets, tracts, letters, newspapers, all over the country. They sent lecturers into every town, preaching the same doctrine, and proving by scientific facts the justice of the cause they advocated. These lecturers were enjoined to avoid as much as possible any appeals to sentiment or to passion. The cause they had in hand was one which could best be served by the clear statement of rigorous facts, by the simple explanation of economical truths which no sophism could darken, and which no opposing eloquence could charm away. The Melbourne Ministry fell in 1841. It died of inanition: its force was spent. Sir Robert Peel came into office. Cobden, who then entered the House of Commons for the first time, seemed to have good hope that even Peel, strong Conservative though he was, might prove to be a man from whom the Free Traders could expect substantial assistance. Sir Robert Peel had, in fact, in those later years expressed again and again his conviction as to the general truth of the principles of free trade. "All agree," he said in 1842, "in the general rule that we should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." But he contended that while such was the general rule, yet various economical and social conditions made it necessary that there should be some distinct exceptions, and he regarded the corn laws and sugar duties as such exceptions. It may be mentioned, perhaps, that the corn laws had, in fact, been treated as a necessary exception by many of the leading exponents of the principles of free trade. Thus we have to notice the curious fact that while Sir Robert Peel's own party looked upon his accession to power as a certain guarantee against any concession to the Free Traders, the Free Traders themselves were, for the most part, convinced that their cause had better hope from him than from a Whig Ministry.

The Free Traders went on debating and dividing in the House, agitating and lecturing all over the country, for some years without any marked Parliamentary success following their endeavors. An immense and overwhelming majority always voted against them in the House of Commons. They were making progress, and very great progress, but it was not that kind of advance which had yet come to be decided by a Parliamentary vote. Probably a keen and experienced eye might have noted clearly enough the progress they were making. The Whig party were coming more and more round to the principles of free trade. Day after day some Whig leader was admitting that the theories of the past would not do for the present, and, as we have said, the Tory leader had himself gone so far as to admit the justice of the general principles of free trade. At one point the main difference between Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the House of Commons, and Lord John Russell, the leader of the opposition, seems to have been nothing more than this, that Peel still regarded grain as a necessary exception to the principle of free trade, and Lord John Russell was not clear that the time had come when it could be treated otherwise than as an exception.

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An event, however, over which no parties and no leaders had any control, suddenly intervened to hasten the action and spur the convictions of the leaders on both sides, and especially of the Prime Minister. This was the great famine which broke out in Ireland in the autumn of 1845. The vast majority of the Irish people had long depended for their food on the potato alone. The summer of 1845 had been a long season of wet and cold and sunlessness. In the autumn the news went abroad that the whole potato crop of Ireland was in danger of destruction, if not already actually destroyed. Before attention had well been awakened to the crisis, it was officially announced that more than one-third of the entire potato crop had been swept away by the disease, and that it had not ceased its ravages, but, on the contrary, was spreading more and more every day.

The general impression of those who could form an opinion was that the whole of the crop must perish. The Anti-Corn-Law League cried out for the opening of the ports and the admission of grain and food from all places. Sir Robert Peel was decidedly in favor of such a course. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Stanley opposed the idea, and the proposition was given up. Only three members of the Cabinet supported Sir Robert Peel's proposals—Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert. All the others objected, some because they opposed the principle of the measure, and were convinced that if the ports were once opened they would never be closed again, which indeed was probably Peel's own conviction; and others on the ground that no sufficient proof had yet been given that such a measure was necessary. Lord John Russell, almost immediately after, wrote a letter from Edinburgh to his constituents, the electors of the city of London, in which he declared that something must immediately be done, that it was "no longer worth while to contend for a fixed duty," and that an end must be put to the whole system of protection, as "the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter division among classes, the cause of penury, fever, and crime among the people." This letter produced a decisive effect on Peel. He saw that the Whigs were prepared to unite with the Anti-Corn-Law League in agitating for the total repeal of the corn laws, and he therefore made up his mind to recommend to the Cabinet an early meeting of Parliament, with the view to anticipate the agitation which he saw must succeed in the end, and to bring forward, as a Government measure, some scheme which should at least prepare the way for the speedy repeal of the corn laws.

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A Cabinet council was held almost immediately after the publication of Lord John Russell's letter, and Peel recommended the summoning of Parliament in order to take instant measures to cope with the distress in Ireland, and also to introduce legislation distinctly intended to prepare the way for the repeal of the corn laws. Lord Stanley could not accept the proposition. The Duke of Wellington was himself of opinion that the corn laws ought to be maintained, but at the same time he declared that he considered good government for the country more important than corn laws or any other considerations, and that he was therefore ready to support Sir Robert Peel's Administration through thick and thin. Lord Stanley and the Duke of Buccleuch, however, declared that they could not be parties to any legislation which tended toward the repeal of the corn-laws. Sir Robert Peel did not feel himself strong enough to carry out his project in the face of such opposition in the Cabinet itself, and he tendered his resignation to the Queen. The Queen sent for Lord John Russell, but Russell's party were not very strong in the country and they had not a majority in the House of Commons. Lord John tried, however, to form a ministry without a Parliamentary majority, and even although Sir Robert Peel would not give any pledge to support a measure for the immediate and complete repeal of the corn laws, Lord John Russell was not successful.

Lord Grey, son of the Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, objected to the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, and thought a seat in the Cabinet ought to be offered to Cobden. Lord John Russell had nothing to do but to announce to the Queen that he found it impossible to form a ministry. The Queen sent for Sir Robert Peel again and asked him to withdraw his resignation. Peel complied, and almost immediately resumed the functions of First Minister of the Crown. The Duke of Buccleuch consented to go on with him, but Lord Stanley held to his resolution and had no place in the Ministry. His position as Secretary of State for the Colonies was taken by William E. Gladstone. Gladstone, however, did not sit in Parliament during the eventful session when the corn laws were repealed. He had sat for the borough of Newark, which was under the influence of the Duke of Newcastle; and as the Duke of Newcastle had withdrawn his support from the Ministry, Gladstone did not seek re-election for Newark, and remained without a seat in the House of Commons for some months.

Parliament met on January 22, 1846. The "speech from the throne," delivered by the Queen in person, recommended the legislature to take into consideration the necessity of still further applying the principle on which it had formerly acted, when measures were presented "to extend commerce and to stimulate domestic skill and industry, by the repeal of prohibitive and the relaxation of protective duties." In the debate on the "address" Sir Robert Peel rose, after the mover and seconder had spoken

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and the question had been put from the Chair, and at once proceeded to explain the policy which he intended to adopt. His speech was long and labored, and somewhat wearied the audience by the elaborate manner in which he explained how his opinions had been brought into gradual change with regard to free trade and protection. He made it, however, perfectly clear that he was now a convert to Cobden's opinions, and that he intended to introduce some measure which should practically amount to the abolition of protection.

It was in this debate, and immediately after Peel had spoken, that Benjamin Disraeli made his first great impression on Parliament. He had been in the House for many years, and had made many attempts, had sometimes been laughed at, had sometimes been disliked, and occasionally for a moment admired. But it was when he rose immediately after Sir Robert Peel, and denounced Peel as one who had betrayed his party and his principles, that he made the first deep impression on the House of Commons, and came to be considered as a serious and influential Parliamentary personage. "I am not one of the converts," Disraeli said, "I am perhaps a member of a fallen party." A new Protection party was formed almost immediately under the leadership of George Lord Bentinck, a man of great energy and tenacity of purpose, who had hitherto spent his life almost altogether on the turf, who had had almost no previous preparation for leadership or even for debate, but who certainly, when he did accept the responsible position offered to him, showed a considerable capacity for leadership and an unwearying attention to his duties.

On January 27th Sir Robert Peel explained his financial policy. His intention was to abandon the sliding scale altogether, to impose for the present a duty of ten shillings a quarter on corn when the price of it was under forty-eight shillings a quarter, to reduce that duty by one shilling for every shilling of rise in price until it reached fifty-three shillings a quarter, when the duty should fall to four shillings. This, however, was to be only a temporary arrangement. It was to last but three years, and at the end of that time protective duties on grain were to be wholly abandoned. We need not go at any length into the history of the long debates on Peel's propositions. The discussion of one amendment, which was in substance a motion to reject the scheme altogether, lasted for twelve nights. The third reading of the bill passed the House of Commons on May 15th, by a majority of ninety-eight.

The bill went up at once to the House of Lords, and at the urgent pressure of the Duke of Wellington was carried through that House without any serious opposition. The Duke made no secret of his own opinions. He assured many of his brother peers that he disliked the measure just as much as anyone could do, but he insisted that they had all better vote for it nevertheless. Sir Robert Peel had triumphed, but he found himself

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deserted by a large and influential section of the party he once had led. Most of the great landowners and country gentlemen of the Conservative party abandoned him. Some of them felt the bitterest resentment toward him. They believed he had betrayed them, although nothing could be more clear than that for years he had distinctly been making it known to the House that his principles inclined him toward free trade, and thereby leaving it to be understood that, if opportunity or emergency should compel him, he would be glad to declare himself a Free Trader, even in the matter of grain.

Strange to say, the day when the bill was read in the House of Lords for the third time saw the fall of Peel's Ministry. The fall was due to the state of Ireland. The Government had been bringing in a coercion bill for Ireland. It was introduced while the Corn Bill was yet passing through the House of Commons. The situation was critical. All the Irish followers of Daniel O'Connell would be sure to oppose the Coercion Bill. The Liberal party, at least when out of office, had usually made it their principle to oppose coercion bills if they were not attended with some promises of legislative reform. The English Radical members, led by Cobden and Bright, were certain to oppose coercion. If the Protectionists should join with these other opponents of the Coercion Bill the fate of the measure was assured, and with it the fate of the Government. This was exactly what happened. Eighty Protectionists followed Lord George Bentinck into the lobby against the bill, in combination with the Free Traders, the Whigs, and the Irish Catholic and national members. The division took place on the second reading of the bill on Thursday, June 25th, and there was a majority of seventy-three against the Ministry.

The moment after Sir Robert Peel succeeded in passing his great measure of free trade he himself fell from power. His political epitaph, perhaps, could not be better written than in the words with which he closed the speech that just preceded his fall: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good-will when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

With the fall of the principle of the protection in corn may be said to have practically fallen the principle of protection in that country altogether. That principle was a little complicated in regard to the sugar duties and to the navigation laws. The sugar produced in the West Indian colonies was allowed to enter that country at rates of duty much lower than those imposed upon the sugar grown in foreign lands. The abolition of slavery in the colonies had made labor there somewhat costly and difficult to obtain

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continuously, and the impression was that if the duties on foreign sugar were reduced it would tend to enable those countries which still maintained the slave trade to compete at great advantage with the sugar grown in the colonies by that free labor to establish which England had but just paid so large a pecuniary fine. Therefore the question of free trade became involved with that of free labor; at least, so it seemed to the eyes of many a man who was not inclined to support the protective principle in itself. When it was put to him, whether he was willing to push the free-trade principle so far as to allow countries growing sugar by slave labor to drive our free-grown sugar out of the market, he was often inclined to give way before this mode of putting the question, and to imagine that there really was a collision between free trade and free labor. Therefore a certain sentimental plea came in to aid the Protectionists in regard to the sugar duties.

Many of the old Antislavery party found themselves deceived by this fallacy, and inclined to join the agitation against the reduction of the duty on foreign sugar. On the other hand, it was made tolerably clear that the labor was not so scarce or so dear in the colonies as had been represented, and that colonial sugar grown by free labor really suffered from no inconvenience except the fact that it was still manufactured on the most crude, old-fashioned, and uneconomical methods. Besides, the time had gone by when the majority of the English people could be convinced that a lesson on the beauty of freedom was to be conveyed to foreign sugar-growers and slave-owners by the means of a tax upon the products of their plantations. Therefore, after a long and somewhat eager struggle, the principle of free trade was allowed to prevail in regard to sugar. The duties on sugar were made equal. The growth of the sugar plantations was admitted on the same terms into that country, without any reference either to the soil from which it had sprung or to the conditions under which it was grown.

It had for a long time been stoutly proclaimed that the abolition of slavery must be the destruction of our West Indian colonies. Years had elapsed and the West Indian colonies still survived. Now the cry of alarm was taken up again, and it was prophesied that although they had got over the abolition of slavery they never could survive the equalization of the sugar duties. Jamaica certainly had fallen greatly away from her period of temporary and factitious prosperity. Jamaica was owned and managed by a class of proprietors who resembled in many ways some of the planters of the States of America farthest south—of the States toward the mouth of the Mississippi. They lived in a kind of careless luxury, mortgaging their estates as deeply as they possibly could, throwing over to the coming year the superabundant debts of the last, and only managing to keep their heads above water so long as the people of England, by favoring

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them with a highly protective system, enabled them still to compete against those who grew sugar on better and more economical plans. The whole island was given over to neglect and mismanagement. The emancipated negroes took but little trouble to cultivate the plots of ground they had obtained, and were quite content if they could scratch enough from the soil to enable them barely to live. Therefore Jamaica did at a certain time fall far below the level of her former seeming prosperity.

The other islands had been better managed. Their estates were less encumbered by debt, and they passed through each successive crisis without sustaining any noticeable injury. In most of these islands the product increased steadily after the emancipation of the slaves. The negroes then began to work earnestly, and education grew not greatly but distinctly among all classes. Jamaica, the most unfortunate among the islands, has been constantly the scene of little outbursts of more or less serious rebellion. As the late Lord Chief Justice of England observed in a charge on a famous occasion, "The soil of the island might seem to have been drenched in blood." But these disturbances, or insurrections, or whatever they may be called, did not increase in number after the abolition of slavery and after the equalization of the sugar duties, but, on the contrary, decreased. During our time only one considerable disturbance has taken place in Jamaica, and in former years such tumult was of frequent recurrence. In the West Indies we have, therefore, the most severe test to which the principle of free trade could well be subjected. It is not too much to say that in the more fortunate of these islands it has established its claim, and that even in the least fortunate no evidence whatever has been given that the people would have been in any way the better off if the old system had been retained.

The navigation laws had, too, a certain external attraction about them which induced many men, not actually Protectionists, to believe in their necessity. The principle of the navigation laws was to impose such restrictions of tariff and otherwise as to exclude foreign vessels from taking any considerable part in our carrying trade. The law was first enacted in Oliver Cromwell's day, at a time when the Dutch were rivals on the sea, and when it was thought desirable to repress, by protective legislation, the energy of such experienced seamen and pushing traders. The navigation law was modified by Mr. Huskisson in 1823, but only so far as to establish that which we now know so well as the principle of reciprocity. Any nation which removed restrictions from British merchant marine was favored with a similar concession. The idea also was that these navigation laws, keeping foreigners out of England's carrying trade, enabled her to maintain always a supply of sailors who could at any time be transferred from the merchant marine to the royal navy, and thus be made to assist in the defence of the country.

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Of course, the ship-owners themselves upheld the navigation laws, on the plea that, if the trade were thrown open by the withdrawal of protection, their chances would be gone; that they could not contend against the foreigners upon equal terms; that their interests must suffer, and that Great Britain would in the end be a still severer sufferer, because, from the lack of encouragement given to the native traders and the sailors, England would one day or another be left at the mercy of some strong power which, with wiser regulations, would keep up her protective system and with it her naval strength.

Nevertheless, the ship-owners and the Protectionists and those who raised the alarm-cry about England's naval defences were unable to maintain their sophisms in the face of growing education and of the impulse given by the adoption of free trade. In 1849 the navigation laws were abolished. We believe there are very few ship-owners who will not now admit that the prosperity of their trade has grown immensely, in place of suffering, from the introduction of the free-trade principle in navigation as well as in com and sugar.

(1846) THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE, Sir Oliver Lodge

Among modern astronomical discoveries none has been regarded as more important than that of Neptune, the outermost known planet of the solar system. It was a rich reward to the watchers of the sky when this new planet swam into their ken. This discovery was hailed by astronomers as "the most conspicuous triumph of the theory of gravitation." Long after Copernicus even, the genius of philosophers was slow to grasp the full conception of a spherical earth and its relations with the heavenly bodies as presented by him. So it was also with the final acceptance of Newton's demonstration of the universal law of gravitation (1685), whereby he showed that "the motions of the solar system were due to the action of a central force directed to the body at the centre of the system, and varying inversely with the square of the distance from it." After making this discovery, Newton himself, with the aid of others, especially of the French mathematician Picard, labored for years to verify it, and still further verification was necessary before it could be fully comprehended and accepted by the scientific world. The discovery of the asteroids or small planets revolving in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter, aided in confirming the Newtonian theory, which the discovery of Uranus, by Sir William Herschel (1781), had done much to establish.

From the time of Sir William Herschel the science of stellar astronomy, revealing the enormous distances of the stars—none of them really fixed, but all having real or apparent motions—was rapidly developed. The discovery of stellar planets, at almost incalculable distances, still further changed the aspect of the heavens as viewed by astronomers, and when the capital discovery of Neptune was made those men of science were well prepared for studying its nature and importance. These matters, as well as the simultaneous calculation of the place of Neptune by Adams and Leverrier,

and its actual discovery by Galle, are set forth by Sir Oliver Lodge in a manner as charming for simplicity as it is valuable in its summary of scientific learning.

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The explanation by Newton of the observed facts of the motion of the moon, the way he accounted for precession and nutation and for the tides; the way in which Laplace explained every detail of the planetary motions—these achievements may seem to the professional astronomer equally, if not more, striking and wonderful; but of the facts to be explained in these cases the general public is necessarily more or less ignorant, and so no beauty or thoroughness of treatment appeals to it or excites its imagination. But to predict in the solitude of the study, with no weapons other than pen, ink, and paper, an unknown and enormously distant world, to calculate its orbit when as yet it had never been seen, and to be able to say to a practical astronomer, “Point your telescope in such a direction at such a time, and you will see a new planet hitherto unknown to man”—this must always appeal to the imagination with dramatic intensity, and must awaken some interest in the dullest.

Prediction is no novelty in science; and in astronomy least of all is it a novelty. Thousands of years ago Thales, and others whose very names we have forgotten, could predict eclipses, but not without a certain degree of inaccuracy. And many other phenomena were capable of prediction by accumulated experience. A gap between Mars and Jupiter caused a missing planet to be suspected and looked for, and to be found in a hundred pieces. The abnormal proper-motion of Sirius suggested to Bessel the existence of an unseen companion. And these last instances seem to approach very near the same class of prediction as that of the discovery of Neptune. Wherein, then, lies the difference? How comes it that some classes of prediction—such as that if you put your finger in fire it will be burned—are childishly easy and commonplace, while others excite in the keenest intellects the highest feelings of admiration? Mainly, the difference lies, first, in the grounds on which the prediction is based; second, in the difficulty of the investigation whereby it is accomplished; third, in the completeness and the accuracy with which it can be verified. In all these points, the discovery of Neptune stands out as one among the many verified predictions of science, and the circumstances surrounding it are of singular interest.

Three distinct observations suffice to determine the orbit of a planet completely, but it is well to have the three observations as far apart as possible so as to minimize the effects of minute but necessary errors of observation. When Uranus was found old records of stellar observations were ransacked with the object of discovering whether it had ever been unwittingly seen before. If seen, it had been thought, of course, to be a star—for it shines like a star of the sixth magnitude, and can therefore be just seen without a telescope if one knows precisely where to look for it and if one has good sight—but if it had been seen and catalogued as a star it would have moved from its place,

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and the catalogue would by that entry be wrong. The thing to do, therefore, was to examine all the catalogues for errors, to see whether the stars entered there actually existed, or whether any were missing. If a wrong entry were discovered, it might of course have been due to some clerical error, though that is hardly probable considering the care spent in making these records, or it might have been a tailless comet, or possibly the newly found planet.

The next thing to do was to calculate backward, to see whether by any possibility the planet could have been in that place at that time. Examined in this way the tabulated observations of Flamsteed showed that he had unwittingly observed Uranus five distinct times; the first time in 1690, nearly a century before Herschel discovered its true nature. But more remarkable still, Le Monnier, of Paris, had observed it eight times in one month, cataloguing it each time as a different star. If only he had reduced and compared his observations, he would have anticipated Herschel by twelve years. As it was, he missed it. It was seen once by Bradley also. Altogether it had been seen twenty times.

These old observations of Flamsteed and those of Le Monnier, combined with those made after Herschel's discovery, were very useful in determining an exact orbit for the new planet, and its motion was considered thoroughly known. For a time Uranus seemed to travel regularly, and as expected, in the orbit which had been calculated for it; but early in the present century it began to be slightly refractory, and by 1820 its actual place showed quite a distinct discrepancy from its position as calculated with the aid of the old observations. It was thought at first that this discrepancy must be due to inaccuracies in the older observations, and they were accordingly rejected, and tables prepared for the planet based on the newer and more accurate observations only. But by 1830 it became apparent that it did not coincide with even these. The error amounted to about 20". By 1840 it was as much as 90", or a minute and a half. This discrepancy is quite distinct, but still it is very small; and had two objects been in the heavens at once, the actual Uranus and the theoretical Uranus, no unaided eye could possibly have distinguished them or detected that they were other than a single star.

The errors of Uranus, though small, were enormously greater than other things which had certainly been observed; there was an unmistakable discrepancy between theory and observation. Some cause was evidently at work on this distant planet, causing it to disagree with its motion as calculated according to the law of gravitation. If the law of gravitation held exactly at so great a distance from the sun, there must be some perturbing force acting on it besides all the known forces that had been fully taken into account. Could it be an outer planet? The question occurred to several, and one or two tried to solve the problem, but were soon stopped by the tremendous difficulties of calculation.

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The ordinary problem of perturbation is difficult enough: Given a disturbing planet in such and such a position, to find the perturbations it produces. This was the problem that Laplace worked out in the *Mecanique Celeste*.

But the inverse problem—given the perturbations, to find the planet that causes them—such a problem had never yet been attacked, and by only a few had its possibility been conceived. Friedrich Bessel made preparations for solving this mystery in 1840, but he was prevented by fatal illness.

In 1841 the difficulties of the problem presented by these residual perturbations of Uranus excited the imagination of a young student, an undergraduate of Cambridge—John Couch Adams by name—and he determined to make a study of them as soon as he was through his *tripos*. In January, 1843, he was graduated as senior wrangler, and shortly afterward he set to work. In less than two years he reached a definite conclusion; and in October, 1845, he wrote to the astronomer-royal, at Greenwich, Professor Airy, saying that the perturbations of Uranus could be explained by assuming the existence of an outer planet, which he reckoned was now situated in a specified latitude and longitude.

We know now that had the astronomer-royal put sufficient faith in this result to point his big telescope at the spot indicated and begin sweeping for a planet, he would have detected it within 1-3/4 of the place assigned to it by Adams. But anyone in the situation of the astronomer-royal knows that almost every post brings absurd letters from ambitious correspondents, some of them having just discovered perpetual motion, or squared the circle, or proved the earth flat, or discovered the constitution of the moon or of ether or of electricity; and in this mass of rubbish it requires great skill and patience to detect such gems of value as may exist.

Now this letter of Adams's was indeed a jewel of the first water, and no doubt bore on its face a very different appearance from the chaff of which I have spoken; but still Adams was unknown: he had been graduated as senior wrangler, it is true, but somebody must be graduated as senior wrangler every year, and a first-rate mathematician is not produced every year. Those behind the scenes—as Professor Airy of course was, having been a senior wrangler himself—knew perfectly well that the labeling of a young man on his taking his degree is much more worthless as a testimony to his genius and ability than the general public is apt to suppose.

Was it likely that a young and unknown man should have solved so extremely difficult a problem? It was altogether unlikely. Still, he should be tested: he should be asked for explanations concerning some of the perturbations which Professor Airy had noticed, and see whether he could explain these also by his hypothesis. If he could, there might be something in his theory. If he failed—well, there was an end of it. The questions were not difficult. They concerned the error of the radius vector. Adams could have

answered them with perfect ease; but sad to say, though a brilliant mathematician, he was not a man of business. He did not answer Professor Airy's letter.

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It may seem a pity to many that the Greenwich equatorial was not pointed at the place, just to see whether any foreign object did happen to be in that neighborhood; but it is no light matter to derange the work of an observatory, and alter the plans laid out for the staff, into a sudden sweep for a new planet on the strength of a mathematical investigation just received by post. If observatories were conducted on these unsystematic and spasmodic principles they would not be the calm, accurate, satisfactory places they are.

Of course, if anyone had known that a new planet was to be found for the looking, *any* course would have been justified; but no one could know this. I do not suppose that Adams himself felt an absolute confidence in his attempted prediction. So there the matter dropped. Adams's communication was pigeonholed, and remained in seclusion eight or nine months.

Meanwhile, and quite independently, something of the same sort was going on in France. A brilliant young mathematician, Urban Jean Joseph Leverrier, born in Normandy in 1811, held the post of astronomical professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, founded by Napoleon. His first published papers directed attention to his wonderful powers; and the official head of astronomy in France, the famous Arago, suggested to him the unexplained perturbations of Uranus as a worthy object for his fresh and well-armed vigor. At once he set to work in a thorough and systematic way. He first considered whether the discrepancies could be due to errors in the tables or errors in the old observations. He discussed them with minute care, and came to the conclusion that they were not thus to be explained away. This part of the work he published in November, 1845.

He then set to work to consider the perturbations produced by Jupiter and Saturn to see whether they had been accurately allowed for, or whether some minute improvements could be made sufficient to destroy the irregularities. He introduced several fresh terms into these calculations, but none of them of sufficient importance to do more than partly explain the mysterious perturbations. He next examined the various hypotheses that had been suggested to account for them. Were they caused by a failure in the law of gravitation or by the presence of a resisting medium? Were they due to some large but unseen satellite or to a collision with some comet?

All these theories he examined and dismissed for various reasons. The perturbations were due to some continuous cause—for instance, some unknown planet. Could this planet be inside the orbit of Uranus? No, for then it would perturb Saturn and Jupiter also, and they were not perturbed by it. It must, therefore, be some planet outside the orbit of Uranus, and in all probability, according to Bode's empirical law, at nearly double the distance from the sun that Uranus is. Finally he proceeded to determine where this planet was, and what its orbit must be to produce the observed disturbances.

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Not without failures and disheartening complications was this part of the process completed. This was, after all, the real tug of war. Many unknown quantities existed: its mass, its distance, its eccentricity, the obliquity of its orbit, its position—nothing was known, in fact, about the planet except the microscopic disturbance it caused in Uranus, several thousand million miles away from it. Without going into further detail, suffice it to say that in June, 1846, he published his last paper, and in it announced to the world his theory as to the situation of the planet.

Professor Airy received a copy of this paper before the end of the month, and was astonished to find that Leverrier's theoretical place for the planet was within 1 deg. of the place Adams had assigned to it eight months before. So striking a coincidence seemed sufficient to justify a Herschelien sweep for a week or two. But a sweep for so distant a planet would be no easy matter. When seen through a large telescope it would still only look like a star, and it would require considerable labor and watching to sift it out from the other stars surrounding it. We know that Uranus had been seen twenty times, and thought to be a star, before its true nature was discovered by Herschel; and Uranus is only about half as far away as Neptune.

Neither at Paris nor at Greenwich was any optical search undertaken; but Professor Airy wrote to ask M. Leverrier the same old question that he had fruitlessly put to Adams: Did the new theory explain the errors of the radius vector or not? The reply of Leverrier was both prompt and satisfactory—these errors were explained, as well as all the others. The existence of the object was then for the first time officially believed in. The British Association met that year at Southampton, and Sir John Herschel was one of its sectional presidents. In his inaugural address, on September 10, 1846, he called attention to the researches of Leverrier and Adams in these memorable words:

"The past year has given to us the new [minor] planet Astraea; it has done more—it has given us the probable prospect of another. We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain. Its movements have been felt trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis with a certainty hardly inferior to ocular demonstration."

It was nearly time to begin to look for it. So the astronomer-royal thought on reading Leverrier's paper. But as the national telescope at Greenwich was otherwise occupied, he wrote to Professor Challis, at Cambridge, to know whether he would permit a search to be made for it with the Northumberland equatorial, the large telescope at Cambridge University, presented to it by one of the Dukes of Northumberland.

Professor Challis said he would conduct the search himself, and shortly began a leisurely and dignified series of sweeps around the place designated by theory, cataloguing all the stars he observed, intending afterward to sort out his observations, compare one with another, and find out whether any one star had changed its position; because if it had it must be the planet. Thus, without giving an excessive time to the business, he accumulated a host of observations.

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Professor Challis thus actually saw the planet twice—on August 4 and August 12, 1846—without knowing it. If he had had a map of the heavens containing telescopic stars down to the tenth magnitude, and if he had compared his observations with this map as they were made, the process would have been easy and the discovery quick. But he had no such map. Nevertheless one was in existence. It had just been completed in that country of enlightened method and industry—Germany. Doctor Bremiker had not indeed completed his great work—a chart of the whole zodiac down to stars of the tenth magnitude—but portions of it were completed, and the special region where the new planet was expected to appear happened to be among the portions finished. But in England this was not known.

Meanwhile Adams wrote to the astronomer-royal several additional communications, making improvements in his theory, and giving what he considered nearer and nearer approximations for the place of the planet. He also now answered quite satisfactorily, but too late, the question about the radius vector sent to him months before.

Leverrier was likewise engaged in improving this theory and in considering how best the optical search could be conducted. Actuated probably by the knowledge that in such matters as cataloguing and mapping Germany was then, as now, far ahead of all the other nations, he wrote in September (the same year that Sir John Herschel delivered his eloquent address at Southampton) to Berlin. Leverrier wrote to Doctor Galle, head of the observatory at Berlin, saying to him, clearly and decidedly, that the new planet was now in or close to such and such a position, and that if he would point his telescope to that part of the heavens he would see it; and moreover that he would be able to tell it from a star by its having a sensible magnitude, or disk, instead of being a mere point.

Galle got the letter on September 23, 1846. That same evening he pointed his telescope to the place Leverrier told him, and saw the planet. He recognized it first by its appearance. To his practised eye it did seem to have a small disk, and not quite the same aspect as an ordinary star. He then consulted Bremiker's great star-chart, the part just engraved and finished, and, sure enough, no such star was there. Undoubtedly it was the planet.

The news flashed over Europe at the maximum speed with which news could travel at that date (which was not very fast); and by October 1st Professor Challis and Mr. Adams heard it at Cambridge, and realized that in so far as there was competition in such a matter England was out of the race.

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It was an unconscious race to all concerned, however. The French scientists knew nothing of the search in England. Adams's papers had never been published; and very annoyed the French were when a claim was set up in his behalf to a share in this magnificent discovery. As for Adams himself, we are told that by no word did he show resentment at the loss of the practical consummation of his discovery. His part in any controversy that arose was calm and dignified; but for a time his friends fought a public battle for his fame. It so happened that the public took a keener interest than it usually takes in scientific predictions; but the discussion has now settled down. All the world honors the bright genius and mathematical skill of John Couch Adams, and recognizes that he first solved the problem by calculation. All the world, too, perceives clearly the no less eminent mathematical talents of M. Leverrier, but it recognizes in him something more than the mere mathematician—the man of energy, decision, and character.

(1846) THE ACQUISITION OF CALIFORNIA, Henry B. Dawson

In the history of the United States, the acquisition of California, carrying with it that of New Mexico, was a peculiar and unusual event, and one of immense significance in the expansion and development of the Republic. Together with the annexation of Texas, it was the most important result of the Mexican War. The California country, formerly an indeterminate territory of vast extent, was settled by Spanish missionaries in the seventeenth century. Their settlements within the present limits of the State of California date from the first foundation of San Diego in 1769. In 1822 the entire region called California became a part of the Mexican Republic, and it remained a possession of Mexico until the time of the transfer described below.

At the beginning of 1846 the population of California included, with about two hundred thousand Indians, six thousand Mexicans and perhaps two hundred Americans. War against Mexico had been declared in May, 1845, and already General Taylor had won the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and had compelled the surrender of Monterey. While these operations were leading the United States forces to the rapid accomplishment of their work in Mexico proper, other movements were undertaken, the execution and outcome of which form the subject of Mr. Dawson's narrative. In 1848 California and New Mexico were ceded to the United States.

Immediately after the opening of hostilities in the valley of the Rio Grande (March, 1846), among the expeditions which were organized by the Federal authorities was one to move against and take possession of California and New Mexico, two provinces in the northern part of the enemy's country. The command of this expedition had been vested in General Stephen W. Kearney, and the force under his command had rendezvoused at Fort Leavenworth; and the most energetic measures had been adopted to insure its early departure and its ultimate success.

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Having completed all the arrangements, on June 26th the main body of this expedition had moved from the fort; and after a rapid but interesting march of eight hundred seventy-three miles, on August 18th it entered and took possession of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, the Mexican forces, numbering four thousand, which had been collected to defend the town, having dispersed, without offering the least opposition, as it approached.

While these operations in New Mexico and on the western frontier of the United States were taking place, Brevet-Captain John C. Fremont, who had been engaged in explorations on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, had also revolutionized the Province of California, and, to some extent at least, had anticipated the movements of the expedition commanded by General Kearney. The character of his mission being scientific and peaceful rather than warlike, he had not had an officer or soldier of the regular army in his company; and his whole force had consisted of sixty-two men employed by himself for security against the Indians and for procuring subsistence in the wilderness and desert country through which he had passed. For the purpose of obtaining game for his men and grass for his horses, in an uninhabited part of California, he had, during the winter of 1845-1846, solicited and obtained permission from the Mexican authorities to winter in the Valley of San Joaquin; but he had scarcely established himself before he received advices that the Mexican commander was preparing to attack him under the pretext that under the cover of a scientific mission he was exciting the American settlers in that vicinity to revolt.

In view of this threatened attack, and for the purpose of repelling it, Lieutenant Fremont immediately occupied a mountain which overlooked Monterey—although it was thirty miles from that city—and having intrenched it and raised the flag of the United States he waited the approach of the enemy. After remaining there until March 10, 1846, he retired to the northward, intending to march, by way of Oregon, to the United States; but about the middle of May, after he had quietly passed into Oregon, he had received information through Samuel Neal and Levi Sigler, two hunters who had been sent after him from Lassen's *rancho*, that the Mexican Governor of California was pursuing him, while the Indians, by whom he was surrounded, instigated by the enemy, had shown signs of hostility, and had killed or wounded five of his men.

Under these circumstances, on June 6, 1846, Lieutenant Fremont had resolved to turn on his pursuers with the little party under his command, and to seek safety, not merely in the overthrow of his pursuers, but in that of the entire Government of Mexico in the Province of California. Accordingly, on June 11th, Lieutenant Fremont, assisted by Captain Merriitt and fourteen of the settlers, had attacked and captured an escort of horses destined for General Castro's troops—Lieutenant

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Arce, fourteen men, and two hundred horses remaining in his hands as the trophies of his victory. On the 15th the military post of Sonoma was surprised, and General Vallejo, Captain Vallejo, Colonel Greuxdon and several other officers, nine pieces of brass cannon, two hundred fifty stands of muskets, and other stores and arms were taken; and on the 25th the military commandant of the Province, who had moved toward the post with a heavy force to retake it, was attacked by Lieutenant Fremont and twenty men, and completely routed. Having thus cleared that part of the Province north of the Bay of San Francisco of the enemy, it is said that on July 5th Captain Fremont had assembled the American settlers at Sonoma, addressed them upon the dangers of their situation, and recommended a declaration of independence and war on Mexico as the only remedy; and that the hardy frontiersmen promptly accepted the proposal and raised the flag of independent California—a bear and a star on a red ground.

While these revolutionary movements were destroying the power of Mexico in the interior of the Province of California, and the expedition under General Kearney—ignorant of the fact that the work had been done already—was approaching its eastern borders for the same purpose, the naval force of the United States in the Pacific, under Commodore Sloat, had been assisting in the work of conquest. Having heard of the opening of hostilities on the Rio Grande, the Commodore—then at Mazatlan—hastened with the Savannah to Monterey in California, where he arrived on July 2d, and on the 7th he took possession of the town without opposition; the custom-house was seized, the American flag raised, and California declared to be “henceforward a part of the United States.”

Within a few days intelligence of the action of Commodore Sloat was received by the revolutionary leaders at Sonoma; and a battalion of mounted riflemen which had been organized among them was immediately moved to Monterey, the flag of the United States was substituted for the “bear and star,” and the authority of the Commodore was immediately recognized. This battalion of mounted riflemen on its arrival at Monterey, July 23, 1846, was mustered into the service of the United States by Commodore Stockton, who had succeeded Commodore Sloat in command of the squadron—Captain Fremont being appointed its commandant, and Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the Marines, its second officer—and it was immediately despatched on the sloop-of-war Cyane to San Diego for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of General Castro, of the Mexican service, who had encamped and fortified his position near Ciudad de los Angeles, while the Commodore with his sailors—who landed from the Congress at San Pedro—moved against him in front. The expedition was eminently successful, as the Mexicans on the approach of the Commodore immediately evacuated their camp and fled in the greatest confusion—although most of the principal officers were subsequently captured—and, on August 13th, the Ciudad de los Angeles was occupied, again without opposition, by the American troops and seamen, and the conquest of California was apparently completed.

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A short time afterward Commodore Stockton appointed Captain Fremont Governor of the Territory into which, by the proclamation of Commodore Sloat, the Province had been transformed; while Captain Gillespie was left, with nineteen men, in possession of Los Angeles; Lieutenant Talbot, of the Topographical Engineers, with nine men, was left at Santa Barbara; and, with his squadron, Commodore Stockton proceeded to San Francisco; while Governor Fremont, on September 8th, also moved to Monterey.

The main body had no sooner left Los Angeles than the Californians—who before the departure of the Commodore and the Governor had held secret meetings for the purpose—rose in arms for the expulsion of the invaders of their country. Indeed an attempt appears to have been intended before the Governor left the city; but, by timely precautions, it had been prevented; although the purpose and determination still continued and were called into requisition at a more convenient season. The necessary preparations having been made for that purpose under the directions of Jose Antonio Carrillo, a professed conspirator of that vicinity, at an early hour on the morning of September 23d, the quarters of Captain Gillespie were attacked by Cerbulo Varela—a metamorphosed captain under Governor Fremont—at the head of sixty-five men, under cover of a thick fog. The morning was auspicious for such purposes, yet the Captain was not surprised; and the twenty-one rifles which he controlled were quickly brought to bear on the assailants, who retired soon afterward with three of their number killed and several wounded; and at daylight the remainder were driven from the town, with the loss of several taken prisoners, by a few men under Lieutenant Hensley, and Doctor Gilchrist, of the navy.

The insurgents who were thus expelled from the city formed a nucleus around which the disaffected gathered; and as the party gained strength day by day, it harassed the little garrison and killed one of its number. There was but little concert of action in its ranks, however; and as the rival aspirants to power struggled for authority, while the numbers rapidly increased, the efficiency of the insurgents was but slightly increased. At length, in a spirit of compromise, Captain Antonio Flores was urged to take the command of the party, and reluctantly accepted it; and he soon found himself at the head of six hundred men armed with lances, *escopetas*, and a brass six-pounder, light and well mounted.

In the mean time the little garrison had found an old honeycombed iron six-pounder, and had drilled out the spike, cleaned and mounted it, and by melting the lead pipes of a distillery had provided—unknown to the insurgents—thirty rounds of ball and grape for it. Two other pieces having been added to this, on the following day, the little garrison and its gallant commander resolved to die rather than surrender, notwithstanding the extreme efforts which had been made to strengthen its position, and the great fatigue which was incident thereto. To render his little party still more secure, however, on September 27th Captain Gillespie withdrew his command from his quarters in the city and occupied a height which commanded it, when he strengthened his position and prepared for an obstinate defence.

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No sooner had this movement been effected than Captain Flores sent Don Eulogio Celis to inquire “on what terms Captain Gillespie would surrender the city”; and that officer, after consulting with his subordinates, answered that if the enemy would consent that he should march out of the city with the honors of war, colors flying and drums beating; that he should take everything with him; that he should be furnished with means for transporting his baggage and provisions, at his own expense; and that the enemy should not come within a league of his party while on its line of march to San Pedro, he would accept those terms, and no others would be considered; and Captain Flores should be held responsible for any damage which might ensue, in case they were rejected. After some negotiations these terms were offered by Captain Flores and accepted by Captain Gillespie; and, on September 29th, the garrison began its march; reached San Pedro on the same evening, and on October 4th embarked on the *Vandalia*, after spiking its three old guns—an exploit which, when the circumstances under which Captain Gillespie’s force, the strength of his opponent, and the temper of the people among whom he moved are taken into consideration, may well be ranked as one of the most brilliant feats of that remarkable campaign.

While these difficulties were surrounding Captain Gillespie at Los Angeles, Lieutenant Talbot, at Santa Barbara with his nine men, was not less dangerously situated; and when the former had made terms with the insurgents, Manuel Garpio with two hundred men moved against Lieutenant Talbot, surrounded the town, and demanded his surrender, offering two hours for his deliberation. As the men had resolved that they would not give up their arms, and as the barracks were untenable with so small a force, the Lieutenant resolved to abandon the town and push for the hills; and, strange to say, he marshalled his men and marched out of the town without opposition—“those who lay on the road retreated to the main force, which was on the lower side of the town.”

Having reached the hills, he encamped, and remained there eight days, when the Californians endeavored to rout him out, but were repulsed with the loss of a horse. The insurgents then offered him his arms and freedom if he would engage to remain neutral in the anticipated hostilities, but “he sent word back that he preferred to fight.” They next built fires about him and burned him out; but in doing so they did not capture or injure him, and he pushed through the mountains for Monterey; and after a month’s travel, in which he endured unheard-of hardships and suffering, he reached that place in safety.

Intelligence of the insurrection having reached Commodore Stockton at San Francisco and Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont at Sacramento, both took immediate steps to check its progress and to punish the offenders. In conformity with the Commodore’s orders Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont hastened to San Francisco, whence he embarked, with one hundred sixty men, on the ship *Sterling*, for Santa Barbara, to which port the frigate *Savannah* (Captain Mervine) had previously been ordered; while, on the same day, the Commodore in person sailed for the same port in the Congress.

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The latter vessel reached San Pedro on October 6th, and at sunrise on the 7th Captain Mervine landed with his seamen and marines; and after being joined by Captain Gillespie and his brave-hearted little party, he found himself at the head of three hundred ten men, "as brave and as valiant as ever were led to battle upon any field." At eight o'clock the party commenced its march toward Los Angeles, Captain Gillespie being in advance, and when the column reached the hills of Palo Verde the insurgents showed themselves and opened a fire with their *escopetas*. The march was rapid; and the jolly tars, unused to such extended journeys, appear to have suffered from its effects; in consequence of which, although the enemy gradually fell back before the advancing column, between one and two o'clock, when near the Rancho de los Domingos, fourteen miles from San Pedro, it became necessary to halt and encamp for the night.

As may have been expected, the sailors and marines were ashore, and the strict discipline which "the deck" had inculcated appears to have been left on board the frigate. As a necessary consequence the camp displayed but little of the order which such a locality should have insured; and many and marvellous were the adventures of that night; while, on the other hand, the enemy profited by the delay, by the moral effect of the disorder with which the march had been conducted, and by the entire absence of any artillery.

On the following morning at daylight the column was again put in motion; and with Captain Gillespie's men in front, in still greater disorder than on the preceding day, it moved toward Los Angeles, twelve miles distant. It had marched only three miles, when, posted behind a small stream which intersected the line of march, the advance of the insurgents—seventy-six men, with a small fieldpiece, under Jose Antonio Carrillo—was discovered in front; and, as the column approached, a fire was opened on it, which was answered with a characteristic shout. The volunteers—Captain Gillespie's command—pressed forward; and by taking advantage of the neighboring shelter they drove the enemy and compelled him to abandon his fieldpiece; but before it could be reached and taken possession of, Captain Mervine gave orders to withdraw. With great indignation, therefore, the volunteers discontinued the action, and after picking up his killed and wounded—harassed by the enemy who pressed after the column, and covered by the volunteers and sixteen marines, under Captain Gillespie—Captain Mervine slowly and sadly fell back to San Pedro, where he arrived about dark on the same day, "Thirteen noble tars were buried on the island in front of San Pedro," the victims of this badly managed expedition.

On October 23d the Commodore reached San Pedro—Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont meanwhile having returned to Monterey—and on the 31st he sailed for San Diego, which had been invested by the insurgents and needed assistance. He reached that port a few days afterward; and, with the assistance of Captain Gillespie's command, the besiegers were repelled, and a fort was erected to protect the town from similar troubles in future.

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Strenuous efforts were made to obtain horses for the use of the troops, with some degree of success; and Commodore Stockton sailed toward San Pedro again. During this temporary absence of the Commodore the insurgents appear (on November 18, 1846) to have moved against San Diego a second time, and were again driven back by Captain Gillespie and the volunteers and marines under his command; and on December 3d a messenger came into the town bearing a letter from General Kearney, apprising the Commodore of his approach, and expressing a wish that a communication might be opened with him that he might be informed of the state of affairs in California.

It appeared that after the General had taken Santa Fe (on October 1st) he had moved from that city with the regular cavalry which he had brought there. Soon afterward (October 7th) he had reduced his force to one hundred men—sending the remainder back to Santa Fe—and after an interesting march overland, on December 3, 1846, he had reached Warner's *rancheria*, the outpost of civilization in California. From there a letter had been despatched to San Diego by Mr. Stokes, an Englishman who lived in a neighboring *rancheria*; and on the 4th the command had moved fifteen miles nearer to the city.

On the receipt of General Kearney's letter, Commodore Stockton despatched Captain Gillespie to meet him, with a letter of welcome. The Captain was accompanied by Lieutenant Beale, Midshipman Duncan, ten seamen, Captain Gibson's company of riflemen (twenty-five men), and a fieldpiece; and on the 5th he reached the General's camp; when, having learned on his way that the insurgents were encamped at San Pasqual, nine miles from the camp, Lieutenant Hammond was sent out by General Kearney to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

At a very early hour on the 6th the troops were put in motion, Captain Johnston, with twelve dragoons, forming the advance-guard; the main body of the General's party, under Captain Moore, following next; after which moved Captain Gillespie, with Captain Gibson and his small company; and Lieutenant Davidson, with the General's howitzers brought up the rear. When the column had reached a hill which overlooked the valley of the San Pasqual, the insurgents' encampment, it was halted, and the General gave the final orders to his command: "One thrust of the sabre is worth a dozen cuts; and depend upon them more than upon the carbines and rifles." Without further delay the column advanced down the hill; and as soon as Captain Johnston had struck the plain with his twelve dragoons, having mistaken the purport of an order from the General, he uttered a yell, and, without waiting for the support of the main body, dashed on the heavy ranks of the enemy, falling a victim of his own indiscretion.

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The main body hastened, by a flank movement down the hill, to support the charge of the advance, and received the enemy's fire from an Indian village on its right flank; but the enemy waited to do no further mischief, and fled from the charge of the advance before the line could be formed. Perceiving the defection of the enemy, Captain Moore, with a portion of his command, pursued the fugitives down the right of the valley, while Captain Gillespie, with his volunteers, did the same on the left side—the latter taking prisoner Pablo Beja, the insurgents' second officer. In this pursuit, however, the ranks of the Americans were greatly broken; and as the Mexicans far outnumbered them, they soon afterward made a stand, using their lances with good effect. Captain Moore fell, pierced in the breast by nine lances; the General was severely wounded, and his life was saved, from an attack on his rear, by a ball from Lieutenant Emory. Captain Gillespie was attacked by seven Californians, received three wounds, and saved himself with great difficulty; Captain Gibson received two wounds; Lieutenant Hammond received nine lance wounds in the breast, and many others were severely injured. For five minutes the enemy held the ground; when, the main body of the Americans having come up, he again turned and fled.

In this spirited affair about eighty Americans were engaged; while of the Californians there is said to have been one hundred sixty, under Andreas Pico. Of the former, Captains Moore and Johnston, Lieutenant Hammond, and sixteen men were killed; and General Kearney, Captains Gillespie and Gibson, Lieutenant Warner, and eleven men were wounded; while of the latter it is said twenty-eight were killed and wounded.

The dead were buried as soon as night closed in; the wounded were properly attended to by the single surgeon who was with the party; and ambulances were prepared for their conveyance to San Diego, thirty-nine miles distant; and on the morning of the 7th the order to march was given—the column taking the right-hand road over the hills, and leaving the River San Bernardo to the left—the enemy retiring as it advanced. A proper regard for the comfort of the wounded compelled the column to move slowly, and it was afternoon before it reached the San Bernardo *rancheria* (Mr. Snook's). After a short halt at that place the column moved down into the valley; and immediately afterward the hills on the rear of the column (around the *rancheria*) were covered with Californian horsemen, a portion of whom dashed at full speed past the Americans to occupy a hill which commanded the route of the latter, while the remainder of the party threatened the rear of the column. Thirty or forty of the enemy quickly occupied the hill referred to; and as the column came up six or eight Americans filed off to the left, and, under Lieutenant Emory, charged up the hill, when the Californians delivered their fire and fled, five of their number having been killed or wounded by the rifles of the assailants.

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The wounded having been removed with great difficulty, the cattle having been lost, and the danger of losing the sick and the packs being great, the General determined to halt at that place and await the arrival of reinforcements, for which messengers had been sent to San Diego on the morning of the 6th. Accordingly the Americans occupied the high ground on which the action had been fought, bored holes for water, killed their fattest mules for meat, and awaited the arrival of their friends, until the morning of the 11th, when they were joined by one hundred seamen and eighty marines, under Lieutenant Gray, who had been sent out to meet them by Commodore Stockton; and, on the afternoon of the 12th, the combined parties entered the town in safety.

At this time commenced that memorable conflict between the two commanders—General Kearney and Commodore Stockton—respecting the chief command, which subsequently created so much trouble in the American ranks and throughout the country. Commodore Stockton appears, however, to have retained the authority; and, having organized a force sufficiently strong to warrant the undertaking, and General Kearney having accepted an invitation to accompany the expedition, on December 29th he marched from San Diego, with two officers and fifty-five privates (dragoons, two officers and forty-five seamen acting as artillerymen; eighteen officers and three hundred seventy-nine seamen and marines acting as infantry; six officers, and fifty-four privates), volunteers, and six pieces of artillery, against the main body of the insurgents, near Los Angeles. The command appears to have been given, at his own request, to General Kearney; and as the wagon train was heavily laden, the progress of the column was very slow—the expedition reaching the Rio San Gabriel on January 8, 1847—although the enemy had offered no opposition to its progress even in passes where a small force could have effectively kept it back. At this place, however, he had made a stand to dispute the passage of the river; and here the second action was fought between the Americans and the Californians.

The Rio San Gabriel, at the spot where this action was fought, is about one hundred yards wide, the current about knee-deep, flowing over a quicksand bottom. The left bank, by which the Americans approached, is level; that on the right is also level for a short distance back, but beyond this narrow plain a bank fifty feet in height commands the ford and the intervening flat, while both banks are fringed with a thick undergrowth. On this bank, directly in front of the ford, four pieces of artillery were posted, supported on either flank by strong bodies of cavalry, while on the slope of the hill and the flat in front were posted the sharpshooters.

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Against this position the American column moved; the second division in front, with the first and third divisions on the right and left flanks; the cattle and the wagon train moved next; the volunteer riflemen and the fourth division brought up the rear. As the head of the column approached the bank of the river the enemy's sharpshooters opened a scattering fire; and the second division was ordered to deploy as skirmishers, cross the river, and drive the former from the thicket; while the first and third divisions covered the flanks of the train, and, with it, followed in the rear. When this line of skirmishers had reached the middle of the stream and was pressing forward toward the opposite bank, the enemy brought his artillery to bear, "and made the water fly with grape and round shot"; and the American fieldpieces were immediately dragged across the river and placed in counter-battery on the right bank in opposition to those of the enemy. The fire of the Americans appears to have caused considerable confusion in the ranks of the insurgents; and under its cover the wagon train and cattle, with their guard, passed the river, during which time the enemy attacked its rear and was repelled.

Having safely crossed the river the American column appears to have deployed under cover of the high ground—the Californian grape and round shot rattling over the heads of the men—and the enemy immediately charged on both its flanks simultaneously, dashing down the slope with great spirit. With great coolness the second division was thrown into squares, and after a round or two drove off the enemy from the left flank; the first division received a similar order, but as the assailants on the right hesitated and did not come down as far as their associates on the opposite flank, the order was countermanded, and the division was ordered to charge up the hill, where the enemy's main body was supposed to be posted. With great coolness this movement was executed and the heights were gained, but there was no enemy in sight. He had abandoned his position, and although he pitched his camp on the hills in view of the Americans, when morning came he had moved still farther back.

The strength of the Americans in this action (the action of the Rio San Gabriel) had been shown already; that of the Californians was about six hundred, with four pieces of artillery. The loss of the former was one man killed and nine men wounded; that of the enemy is not known.

On the following morning (January 9, 1847) the American column resumed its march over the Mesa—a wide plain which extends from the Rio San Gabriel to the Rio San Fernando—surrounded by reconnoitring parties from the enemy; and when about four miles from Los Angeles the enemy was discovered on the right of the line of march, awaiting its approach. When the column had come abreast of the enemy the latter opened fire from his artillery on its right flank, and soon afterward deployed his force, making a horseshoe in front of the American column, and opening with two pieces of artillery on its front while two nine-pounders continued their fire on the right.

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After stopping about fifteen minutes to silence the enemy's nine-pounders the column again moved forward; when, by a movement similar to that employed on the Rio San Gabriel the day before, two charges were made simultaneously on its left flank and on its right and rear. Contrary to the positive instructions of the officers, in the former of these charges the enemy was met with a fire at long distance; yet, although he had not come within a hundred yards of the column, several of his men were knocked out of their saddles, and a round of grape, which was immediately sent after him, completely scattered his right wing. The charge on the right and the rear of the column fared little better; and the entire force of the insurgents was withdrawn.

The strength of both parties was probably as on the preceding day at the Rio San Gabriel; the loss of the Californians is not known; that of the Americans was Captain Gillespie, Lieutenant Rowan, and three men wounded. The troops encamped near the field of battle; and on the following morning (January 10, 1847), the enemy surrendered, when the city of Los Angeles was occupied by the Americans without further opposition.

"This was the last exertion made by the sons of California for the liberty and independence of their country," say the Mexican historians, "and its defence will always do them honor; since, without supplies, without means or instructions, they rushed into an unequal contest, in which they more than once taught the invaders what a people can do who fight in defence of their rights. The city of Los Angeles was occupied by the American forces on January 10th, and the loss of that rich, vast, and precious part of the Mexican territory was consummated."

(1847) THE FALL OF ABD-EL-KADER, Edgar Sanderson

This great Mahometan was an Arab chief whose heroic conduct as leader of the Arabs in their wars against the French in Algeria (1832-1847) gave him a place among the eminent patriot-soldiers and statesmen of the nineteenth century. In 1843 Marshal Soult declared that Abd-el-Kader was one of the three great men then living; the two others also being Mahometans. The final course and fall of this man, whose name means "Servant of the Mighty God," is itself an important concern of history, without regard to its effect upon the relations of empire. After the French, provoked by the conduct of Hasan, Dey of Algeria, had occupied Algiers, his capital, in 1830, a new government was set up in France, Louis Philippe ascending the throne in place of the expelled Charles X. At the time of this revolution in France the soldiers of Charles had already overrun a great part of Algeria; but they had not subdued the country, and their absolute dominion extended only a little beyond the capital itself. The French commander fortified his territory, but had to recruit his garrisons from among the natives. In 1833 Abd-el-Kader raised the standard of the Prophet, the Arabs rallied to his call, and for several years he carried on a stubborn war against the French, whom in 1835 he signally defeated.

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In 1836 the Arab leader, now Sultan, again fought the invaders in several severe engagements on the Tafna River. In these affairs the advantage lay with the Arab. In June, 1836, General Bugeaud was sent to command the French forces, and he proved to be the strongest opponent that Abd-el-Kader had met. There was more fighting on the Tafna; it was indecisive, and in May, 1837, a treaty, known as the Treaty of the Tafna, was concluded, General Bugeaud having received instructions either to make peace with Abd-el-Kader or to subdue him.

The story of the Arab hero from this point in his career is told by Sanderson, the faithful commemorator of great nineteenth-century patriots, a high authority on modern Africa.

The famous Treaty of the Tafna, concluded between Abd-el-Kader and Bugeaud, was a triumph for the Arab Sultan. With the consent of all the great sheiks, the leaders of cavalry contingents, the venerable Marabouts, and the most distinguished warriors of the Province of Oran, the Sultan, not acknowledging the sovereignty of France, but ceding to her a limited portion of the Provinces of Oran and Algiers, reserved the free exercise of their religion for all Arabs dwelling on French territory. He undertook to supply the French army with a large quantity of corn and oxen and to confine the commerce of the Regency to French ports. In return he received the administration of the larger part of the Provinces of Oran and Algiers, and the whole of Tittery; the important right of buying powder, sulphur, and weapons in France; and freedom of trade between the Arabs and the French. In ceding the Province of Tittery, Bugeaud had violated the strict orders of the French Government, alleging in excuse to the Minister of War that any other arrangement was "impossible." The treaty, in fact, confined the French to a few towns on the seacoast, with small adjacent territories. All the fortresses and strongholds in the interior were left in the hands of Abd-el-Kader. He was the possessor of two-thirds of Algeria, and he appeared before the world as the friend and ally of France.

The treaty was held by the French Government to be a high stroke of policy, converting an enemy into an ally. The French people regarded it as a humiliating surrender of French territory to a rival power. It was the culminating point of Abd-el-Kader's career.

During the year 1839 the Sultan was engaged in the work of a statesman, legislator, administrator, and reformer, displaying wonderful activity, enterprise, vigor, and intellectual power as the founder of an empire which, for the happiness of Algeria, was to be too short-lived. After the Tafna Treaty he had received a magnificent present of arms from Louis Philippe, King of the French, and, as a man who had subdued, either by arms or by persuasive eloquence, the hardy, high-spirited Kabyles he stood high in the estimation of his Moslem fellow-rulers in Morocco and Egypt, Tripoli and Tunis, and of the *ulemas*,

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or bodies of learned doctors in divinity and law, at Alexandria and Mecca, who watched with joy, and with ardent expectation of yet higher things, the career of one who seemed destined to revive the pristine glories of Islam. The great Sultan, in order to consolidate his power both against the French and over the Arabs, constructed a number of forts on the limits of the Tell at Sebdou, on the west; at Saida, south of Tlemsen; at Tekedemt, south of Mascara; at Boghar, south of Miliana; to the south of Medea, and to the southeast of Algiers. Tekedemt, an old Roman town about sixty miles southeast of Oran, was designed to be the capital, as a great centre of commerce between the Tell and the Sahara.

The first stone of the new city and fortress had been laid by the Sultan in May, 1836; and as the place grew, a population of settlers from Mascara, Mostaganem, and other towns poured in. Large stores of warlike munitions were formed, and a factory, worked by mechanics from Paris on liberal wages, turned out eight new muskets a day. A mint of silver and copper coins was established. The defences carried twelve cannon and six mortars. A French observer, who was a prisoner at the time when the Sultan was personally directing the works at Tekedemt, describes his simple costume, like that of a laborer; his large tall hat, plaited with palm-leaves; his "incomparable grace" and "fascinating smile" as he saluted the man who was rather a guest than a captive.

The reforms of Abd-el-Kader included a regular police, schools, and local tribunals of justice. All the chief towns had factories conducted by Europeans, working in brass and iron, cotton and wool. The army contained the finest irregular cavalry in the world, amounting, with all the contingents from the tribes, to about sixty thousand men, only a third of whom, however, were ever assembled for any single military operation. His regular force comprised eight thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, twenty field-guns, and two hundred forty artillerymen. His great ideal embraced the making the Arabs into one nation; the recall of the whole people to a strict observance of religious duties; the inspiring them with true patriotism; the calling forth of all their capabilities for war, for commerce, for agriculture, and for mental improvement; and the crowning of the whole by the impress of European civilization. In laying the foundation for this mighty work, he had already overcome vast difficulties by means of wonderful enterprise, activity, and vigor. His intellectual greatness had caused him to shine as a warrior, diplomatist, orator, and statesman. The Provinces of Oran and Tittery and the plains of the Northern Sahara had been won by his military prowess.

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A still nobler triumph in the exhibition of moral power was beheld in his dealings with the region called Great Kabylia, the superb range of the Djurjura Mountains extending eastward from Algiers. The hardy Kabyles of that territory had remained unsubdued amid the changing governments which had risen and fallen around them. As independent little republics, bound together by the most exalted spirit of freedom, they had ever preserved their usages, customs, and laws. In September, 1839, Abd-el-Kader, attended by only fifty horsemen, suddenly appeared among them. Thousands gathered around his tent from the valleys and fastnesses. He addressed them in a stirring and argumentative harangue, pointing out union under his standard as the only safeguard against French conquest. With loud shouts they accepted his faithful caliph, Ben Salem, as their chief in war, and agreed to pay the regular imposts and to go forth to the Djehad. For thirty days the Sultan made a progress through the country, everywhere received with joy and enthusiasm as a venerated *hadji* and marabout, as a teacher of the law, as a man of pious life, as a renowned warrior and an eloquent preacher. We cannot dwell here on his educational and moral reforms, his earnest efforts to enforce the teaching of the *Koran*, which was his guide in his public and private life. His beneficent intentions were all to be frustrated by the ambition of a European nation which was to signally fail, not in the work of conquering Abd-el-Kader, but in turning her conquest to good account.

Hastily drawn treaties are a prolific source of war. The Treaty of the Tafna was a flagrant example of this class of diplomatic documents. There were two drafts: one in Arabic, with the Sultan's seal; the other in French, with Bugeaud's. The drafts were not carefully compared. The limits of territory assigned to each of the parties were not made clear. One instance of the lack of identity in the two forms of the instrument will suffice. The French form declared that Abd-el-Kader acknowledged the sovereignty of France. The Sultan had never dreamed of making an admission which, in its effect on the tribes, would have cost him his throne. What he had written, in Arabic, in the article which he subscribed, was, properly translated, "The Emir Abd-el-Kader acknowledges that there is a French Sultan, and that he is great."

A new Governor-General, Marshal Valee, had assumed his functions at Algiers in November, 1837. Disputes arose as to the territorial rights of the Sultan under the Tafna Treaty, and after vain negotiations and missions to and fro matters were brought to a head by Marshal Valee in the despatch of an expedition to march over some disputed ground as a demonstration of French power and an assertion of French rights. A column under the Duc d'Orleans started from Milah, in the Province of Constantine, lately conquered by the French, to march across the disputed territory

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and thence onward. A way was gained through a formidable pass called the "Iron Gates," in October, 1839, by a simple process. The defile was one which a few hundred men could have held against any force, but the Kabyle sheiks were shown passports bearing Abd-el-Kader's seal and authorizing the passage of French troops. The seal of the Sultan had been forged. On November 1st Valee and the French Prince made a triumphant entry into Algiers, after this despicable piece of treachery, and were saluted as the heroes of the "Iron Gates."

The news reached Abd-el-Kader at Tekedemt. He sprang on his horse, and in forty-eight hours, riding night and day, was at Medea, whence he despatched a reproachful and defiant letter to the French Governor. He called the tribesmen to arms, formally declared war, swept down on the plains, destroyed the French cantonments, agricultural establishments, and outposts; slew many colonists, burned the villages and drove panic-stricken fugitives headlong into the city of Algiers. The French Government then ostentatiously declared the adoption of a firm policy and announced Algeria to be "henceforth and forever a French province." Reenforcements were rapidly sent to Algiers, and the effective army of Valee was soon raised to thirty thousand men. The Sultan headed about the same number of cavalry, regular and irregular, and six thousand regular infantry. A fair trial of strength, Frenchman against Arab, was now to be made.

Concentrating his army at Blidah, at the foot of the lesser Atlas range, the French Marshal marched on Medea and Millana. The river Chiffa was passed on April 27, 1840. The Sultan's cavalry appeared in large numbers. By a feigned movement, Abd-el-Kader induced his enemy to enter the mountains by the gorges of the Monzaia, which he had spent months in fortifying. Every eminence useful for the purpose was cut into intrenchments. A redoubt with heavy batteries crowned the highest peak. Near this were placed his regular infantry, officered by French deserters. Arabs and Kabyles swarmed in all directions, and, crouching in nooks, were ready to open fire on the French army as it wound its way with steady march along the narrow causeway which hung midway on the mountain slopes.

Valee had divided his force into three columns, one of which was led by Lamoriciere, a man to become famous in Algerian warfare. The Sultan was now to see the value of French infantry. To the astonishment of the Arabs, the enemy, leaving the road, came darting over the steeps. Ravines, woods, and rocks were all mastered in the rush. Slowly but surely they were reaching the intrenchments, when a thick veil came over the scene from the smoke of incessant fire. The mist rolled away before the breeze sweeping through the pass, and the combatants met and fought hand to hand. The Arabs and Kabyles clung desperately to their places of shelter, but the French clambered up, grasping at shrubs and branches, ever winning

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their way. Abd-el-Kader made a last stand in person at the great redoubt, while his regulars and masses of Kabyles gathered round him. The converging columns of the French came creeping on amid the roll of drums and the blare of trumpets. The Arabs, bewildered by foes attacking them both in front and rear, wavered, broke, and fled. Lamoriciere and his Zouaves, Changarnier and the Second Light Infantry, burst over the intrenchments, and the tricolor waved on the summit of the Atlas.

Abd-el-Kader retreated on Miliana, while the conqueror, entering Medea, found it abandoned and half burned. The Sultan had made his last attempt to fight the French on the principles of European warfare. His caliphs and chiefs were ordered never again to meet the enemy in masses, but to harass them in hanging on their flanks and rear, cutting their communications, attacking baggage and transports, and waging a contest of feigned retreats, ambuscades, and sudden sallies in order to bewilder and weary the foe. Miliana was evacuated by Abd-el-Kader on Valee's approach, but the chance of Arab warfare came when the French entered the mountain passes. Unceasing attacks, day and night, caused severe loss to the lately victorious French, with the capture of baggage and the abandonment of all wounded men. The French garrisons in Medea and Miliana were soon reduced to want by blockade of the surrounding country, and by October, 1840, the garrison of Miliana had almost disappeared, from the effects of fever and famine. Out of fifteen hundred men, the half had perished; five hundred were in hospital and the remainder were haggard wretches who could hardly hold their muskets. Such was the warfare in the mountains of the Province of Tittery, and Abd-el-Kader by his swift movements kept the enemy ever on the alert, and often in trouble, from the frontiers of Morocco to those of Tunis.

The real and decisive struggle began early in 1841. The right man was at last found by the French to deal with the hitherto indomitable Sultan of Tittery and Oran. The Government at Paris had begun in some sort to understand the power of their formidable adversary, and a serious effort was to be made. On February 22, 1841, General Bugeaud assumed office as Governor-General of Algeria. He had now come, not in the mood and with the policy of the day when he concluded the Treaty of the Tafna, but as one whose task it was to crush every rival power in Algeria. For this end, eighty-five thousand men were placed under his command. Thomas Bugeaud was a man of great ability, and he has the credit of devising the only method by which such an antagonist as Abd-el-Kader, in such a country, could be subdued.

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Against an adversary so mobile, so full of expedients and resource, mobility and incessantly offensive movements offered the only chance of success. The French Commander knew that it was no mere army, but a people in arms, that he was to encounter. His forces were at once organized in many small, compact columns, each composed of a few infantry battalions and two squadrons of horse, with a little transport train of mules and camels and two mountain howitzers. Picked men alone, acclimatized and used to toil, were employed, and they carried nothing but their muskets and ammunition, with a little food. These columns were placed under the command of such energetic leaders as Changarnier and Cavaignac, Canrobert and Pelissier, Bedeau and Lamoriciere, St. Arnaud and the Duc d'Aumale.

The campaign opened with the revictualling of Medea and Miliana, with great losses to the French, as Abd-el-Kader disputed every inch of the ground. Bugeaud, personally operating in Oran, reached Tekedemt on May 25th, and found it deserted and in flames. Boghar, Saida, and other fortresses were successively destroyed. The enemies of the Sultan were paying a heavy price for success. At the end of 1841 Bugeaud, out of sixty thousand men in the field, had only four thousand fit for duty. The rest had perished or were invalided for the time, from the toil of marches, incessant fighting, and the heat of the climate. The French Government's proposals of peace, on certain terms, only confirmed Abd-el-Kader in his resolve to try the extremities of war.

Bugeaud's main object was to establish permanent centres of action in the very heart of the Arab confederation of tribes, and, by rapidly consecutive expeditions radiating from these centres, to give his troops the ubiquity of Abd-el-Kader's forces. The chief seat of the Sultan's power was the Province of Oran, and this was made the principal scene of operations. Mascara was held by Lamoriciere, Tlemsen by Bedeau. Changarnier was in observation on the western frontier of the plain of Algiers; Tittery was menaced by D'Aumale. From Oran and Mostaganem three columns were sent forth against the tribes occupying the large expanse of territory lying between the Atlas Mountains and the Mediterranean, and the tribes extending toward the Sahara. The first force, headed by Bugeaud in person, marched along the valley of the Cheliff, and then joined the second column under Changarnier, coming from Blida. The third body, under Lamoriciere, aimed at pushing Abd-el-Kader back to the south in order to separate him from the tribes assailed by Changarnier and Bugeaud.

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The plan of campaign was formidable for the Arabs, but it was encountered by the Sultan with wonderful skill and daring in a struggle which involved some thrilling episodes, Lamoriciere, in his efforts to overtake the foe, was constantly baffled. Hearing that Abd-el-Kader was before Mascara, he hurried thither by forced marches, only to find that his enemy had passed by his rear and was raiding a tribe friendly to the French. Pursuing in the new direction, the French leader was outmaneuvered by the Sultan's bold and rapid dash across the Chelif, placing his Arabs between Bugeaud and the sea, and recovering his ascendancy over the tribes in that region. Abd-el-Kader then swept in a *razzia* to the south of Miliana, and soon appeared in full force in the Sahara as the bewildered French pursuers returned to their cantonments in despair of reaching him. This is a sample of the evolutions by which genius made amends for inferiority of force. The ablest military combinations were rendered abortive by an enemy that was ever slipping between columns, flitting in the front, hovering on the flanks, assailing the rear, and, with perfect knowledge of the country, was sometimes in the mountains and again in the plains, ubiquitous, unattainable for serious conflict.

Abd-el-Kader, leaving his caliphs to maintain this exasperating species of warfare in the Province of Oran, made for the frontiers of Morocco. There many tribes had submitted under the influence of Bedeau's military and diplomatic skill. The Sultan's communications with the country whence he drew his weapons, clothing, and ammunition were seriously threatened. His appearance at once brought back the Kabyles of Nedrouma to their allegiance, and their example was followed by other tribes, with the result that his army was increased to the number of three thousand cavalry and five thousand infantry. Able now to confront the enemy, Abd-el-Kader during the months of March and April, 1842, had frequent encounters with Bedeau. The issue was yet indecisive when the Sultan was called away to Mascara to deal with Lamoriciere, who had been gaining ground and winning over tribes, including even a large part of Abd-el-Kader's own people, the Hashems. Lamoriciere, believing the Sultan to be still engaged with Bedeau, had marched toward the Sahara, and Abd-el-Kader, by a mingling of severe punishment and mild treatment, regained most of his old authority.

Lamoriciere, on receiving the news of his presence, hastened back to find his recent work undone and to be assailed by the tribes who had so lately joined him. Fighting his way bravely on to an encounter with the great leader of the Arabs, the French general heard of him as in force at Tekedemt. When he reached that place he found that Abd-el-Kader had fallen on Changarnier toward Miliana. That general, knowing nothing of the Sultan's approach, found himself enveloped by a vast force of Arabs and Kabyles, regulars and irregulars, horse and foot, led on by Abd-el-Kader in person and charging furiously on all sides.

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After two days and nights of incessant battle, in which men closed fiercely with pistols, swords, bayonets, and yataghans, the Sultan vanished with his force, leaving the French too exhausted and crippled by their losses for pursuit. Two days later tidings reached them that he was in the Metidja, ravaging the plain and carrying terror to the very gates of Algiers. Abd-el-Kader then bore away to the Atlas, ascended the mountains, penetrated beyond Tittery and reached the Sahara, everywhere inspiring the tribes and raising fresh forces. After sweeping over three hundred leagues of ground he returned, in recruited strength and new energy, to press upon Lamoriciere and his garrison at Mascara with all the rigors of a winter blockade.

In spite of his wonderful efforts, the Sultan could not but feel that he was struggling with adverse fortune. The enemy by the seizure of his fixed establishments had gained possession of a large part of his territory and of the strongholds that had contained his stores of war. His regular army had almost disappeared, and much of his credit among the Arabs had departed. The *ketna*, which was his ancestral abode, had been laid waste. He could not protect the families of his most faithful adherents from constant exposure, in spite of his vigilant activity, to the outrages of the detested infidels. In this position, he resolved to remove from the scene of warfare those whom it was impossible for him to desert with any regard to feelings of religion and humanity. He formed his famous *smala*, a new and remarkable organization consisting of a gathering of private families. To this moving asylum of refuge and safety the Arab tribes sent their treasure, their herds, their women and children, their sick and aged persons.

The *smala* was a great travelling capital, containing at first more than twenty thousand souls, following the Sultan's movements; sometimes in advance to the more cultivated regions, or in retreat to the Sahara, according to the fluctuations of the contest which he was so bravely waging. In the Sahara, the tents of the *smala* spread to the distant horizon. In the Tell, they filled the valley and rose up the slopes of the hills. All the arrangements were of military regularity. The different *deiras*, or households, with tents varying in number with their dwellers, were distributed into four great encampments. Each *deira* knew its appointed place. Each chief had his station marked and his special duties assigned. Four tribes were set apart to protect and guide the *smala* in its wanderings, and the guard was composed of regular troops. The existence of this organization, ever growing in extent, became a powerful check on the disaffection of the tribes. When the French leaders tempted them with fair promises, the warriors bethought them of the pledges: the women, the children, the flocks and herds, which were in the Sultan's hands. The genius of Abd-el-Kader had created a new and widely extended political engine.

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When the French leaders had learned to appreciate the importance of the smala its capture or dispersal became a chief object with all officers from the generals of corps to the colonels in charge of detachments. The campaign of 1843 was opened by Lamoriciere, who occupied Tekedemt. Abd-el-Kader with about fifteen hundred horsemen watched his movements from some neighboring woods. He knew that the French commander's object was the smala, and he remained in ambush for twenty days. He and his men lived on acorns; the horses were fed on leaves. One day a stray sheep was found. The Sultan would have none of it, and said, "Take it to my starving soldiers," as he turned to his meal of acorns. Twice was Lamoriciere repulsed in his search, and then a traitor revealed the exact place of the smala encampment.

Lamoriciere remained to occupy the attention of Abd-el-Kader, and the French column stationed at Medea was selected for the attack. The leadership was intrusted to the Duc d'Aumale, and on May 10, 1843, he started from Boghar with thirteen hundred infantry, six hundred horse, and two field-guns.

The indicated place of encampment was found empty, and the French column wandered about in uncertain fashion.

At break of day on May 16th the traitor made known the new spot of the smala's halt, and D'Aumale at once daringly advanced with his cavalry alone. The surprise created a panic among the people. The guard of five hundred regulars fired a volley and fled. A handful of the Hashem tribe bravely strove to stem the torrent, but they were swept away in the rout, and in an hour all was over. The smala was broken up amid scenes of terrible confusion and despair, including the extraordinary sight of a promiscuous mass of camels, dromedaries, horses, mules, oxen, and sheep careering and plunging on the plain. There was little bloodshed, but the French victors were in possession of hostages of the utmost value in the families of Abd-el-Kader's most influential chiefs. His own family had escaped. The booty taken was immense, comprising thousands of animals; the Sultan's valuable library of rare Arabic manuscripts; the military chest containing some millions of francs, and the chests of his caliphs and other high officers, filled with gold and silver coins and costly jewellery. The French soldiers baled out dollars and doubloons in their shakos, and helped themselves to diamonds and pearls.

This dreadful blow, when the news reached him in the woods where he watched near Lamoriciere's command, almost overwhelmed, for a time, even the exalted and undaunted spirit of the Sultan. He spent some hours alone in his tent, in meditation and prayer. He came forth with a smile and addressed his chiefs, his officers, and men as they stood outside in groups, some downcast and silent, some bitterly cursing their foe and fate. He reminded them that the dear objects now lost had impeded the movements of the holy war against the infidels, and that those who had

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fallen were now in paradise. The next day he wrote to his caliphs, bidding them not to be discouraged; they would thenceforth be lighter and in better order for war. In fact at the time of the Duc d'Aumale's attack, the population of the smala amounted to not less than sixty thousand. Not more than three thousand prisoners were taken; the rest of the Arabs were dispersed in all directions. Some fell among Arab tribes who plundered them; others were overtaken by Lamoriciere.

The blow was, on the whole, irreparable in its effects upon the influence of the Sultan. Every day brought tidings of the defection of some great tribe. The ranks of his enemies were swelled by large contingents of Arabs.

Worse things were in store for the brave man contending with ill-fortune. His ablest caliphs were removed by captivity or death in action; the distant provinces fell a prey to the foe. The Province of Oran became the scene of a desperate struggle. With a chosen and devoted band of five thousand men Abd-el-Kader made his presence felt at all points. Now he fell on recreant tribes; now he made head against the French columns. Ever in the van, leading on the charge, plunging into the thickest of the fight, by his example he encouraged and inspired his followers. His bravest warriors fell around him; his horses were slain under him; his burnoose was torn with bullets; but still he fought on. The world's record can show no more brilliant instance of almost superhuman heroism.

Once he was taken unawares. On September 23, 1843, he was encamped near Sidi Yusuf with a battalion of infantry and five hundred irregular horse. A spy made known his position to Lamoriciere, who was at a distance of six leagues. The French General at once led out in person the Second Chasseurs d'Afrique. A night's march covered the intervening space and the spot was reached in the gray of dawn. The Sultan was aroused from sleep by cries of "The French! the French!" He had barely time to mount. He might have escaped, but he preferred the risk of death to the double stain of surprise and flight. His infantry seized their arms and fired a volley; his cavalry rallied at his voice. Then as the smoke slowly rolled away he dashed into the French chasseurs, dispersed them by the sudden shock, and after a few minutes' hard fighting drew off his whole force in perfect order.

The Beni-Amers, the men whose four thousand sabres had waved in exultation around the young leader of the Djehad; the men whose splendid courage had opened before him the path of glory and of empire, had gone over to the French. Abd-el-Kader resolved to attack them. Suddenly descending upon them he swept through their encampments, slew numbers, and carried off a great booty. A French battalion stationed among them vainly strove to arrest his progress. An Arab chief, one of his old followers, boldly singled him out, rode up, and fired at him point-blank. The ball missed, and Abd-el-Kader shot the traitor dead with his pistol.

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The Sultan knew that all was lost unless he could obtain external aid. The smala was now reduced to his own deira, a bare thousand souls, wandering about in miserable fashion. After another desperate engagement with Lamoriciere during which the Arab women cheered on the warriors, and Abd-el-Kader and his men fighting in the presence of their wives and children performed new prodigies of valor, he succeeded in safely establishing the noncombatants on the territory of Morocco.

Bugeaud, now become a marshal, wrote to his Government declaring that all serious warfare was finished. In the summer of 1844, the violation of Abderrahman's territory by French troops under Lamoriciere and Bedeau led to some warfare, in which the Moroccan troops were twice defeated. The people of the country were strongly in favor of Abd-el-Kader; and when their Sultan, after a French bombardment of Tangiers and Mogador, made a treaty with France by which the Algerian hero was "placed beyond the pale of the law throughout the Empire of Morocco, as well as in Algeria," and was to be "pursued by main force by the Moroccans on their own territory," the Moorish population was filled with resentment. Letters reached Abd-el-Kader from Fez, the capital, dictated and signed by the first grandees in the State, both civil and military, and from the commercial classes, inviting him to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Had he been a mere adventurer or usurper he might have lived henceforth, and died, Emperor of Morocco, But his whole soul was patriotically bent on one object, the freedom and independence of Algeria. He disdained to wear a borrowed crown. As he afterward declared, "His religion forbade him to injure a sovereign chosen and appointed by God."

During the year 1844 the Sultan had made a rapid incursion into the Tell, everywhere appealing to the tribes; but he found the national spirit overawed by the presence of French detachments in all directions, and he returned to his deira in despondent spirit. He now received appeals from some of his devoted caliphs to undertake a fresh campaign, especially from the loyal and chivalrous Ben Salem, who dwelt in the gorges of the Djur jura Mountains. To him Abd-el-Kader replied, promising to come "as soon as affairs in the west were settled."

Months passed away and the Arab tribes who had submitted began to feel the pressure of French domination and to resent the supercilious conduct of French officials. In the spring of 1845 their former Sultan reappeared. He swept down into the valley of the Tafna and routed and cut to pieces a French detachment. In this action the lower part of his right ear was carried away by a musket-ball, the only wound which he ever received. Another detachment of six hundred men laid down their arms without firing a shot. Some stir was made among the Arabs by these successes, and the French commanders took alarm. Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, and Bedeau wrote pressing letters for reinforcements, and urged the return of Bugeaud. The most formidable foe of Abd-el-Kader reached the scene of action in October, 1845, bringing fresh forces, and in a week he took the field at the head of a hundred twenty thousand men. This fact is the highest eulogy that can be accorded to the military prowess of a man who so long defied the power of France.

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The end of the great career was rapidly coming. After another vain appeal to the Moorish ruler even Abd-el-Kader felt that all was lost. A French writer in the *Biographie generale* truly declares:

“The greatness of the man was strikingly displayed in the very hour of his downfall. Destitute of resources, surrounded by foes, at open enmity with the Emperor of Morocco, wandering like a hunted lion, with hardly any comrade but his horse, no shelter except his tent, Abd-el-Kader still inspired a terror which forced his enemies to keep a great army on foot in Algeria for protection against possible attacks at his hand.”

In his deira, at this time, all was despondency and grief. His own brothers had abandoned him. Ben Salem, the faithful, long-trying, devoted friend and follower, was a voluntary prisoner in the French camp. Abd-el-Kader's whole force was fewer than two thousand men, but among these were twelve hundred horsemen, the flower of the Algerian cavalry. Most of them had been his inseparable comrades, partakers in all his hardships and dangers, throughout his career. During a short period of rest he summoned them daily around him and aroused new enthusiasm among the bronzed veterans by his eloquent words.

On December 9, 1847, the deira was stationed on Moorish territory, at Agueddin, on the left bank of the Melouia. It comprised in all about five thousand souls. The next day news arrived that a great Moorish host under the Sultan's two sons was only three hours' march away. On January 11th, Abd-el-Kader gathered his armed force, marched at dead of night and fell furiously on the first division of the Moors and Arabs. The slumbering foe awoke to see the thick darkness illumined by flashes of light from muskets. Seized with panic, the men rushed away in all directions, abandoning arms, tents, and baggage. In the mean time Abd-el-Kader and his men swept onward and attacked the second division, which was also defeated and dispersed. In half an hour the third division was reached. This force had time to prepare for defence, and the assailants withdrew before a steady fire of infantry and artillery to an adjacent hill. At midday five thousand Moorish cavalry moved out against Abd-el-Kader's little army. At charging distance he led on his men, swept through the foe, and by a skilful combination of assault and retreat regained his deira by the river Melouia, before sunset. The deira had nearly effected its passage across the river, with the baggage and the spoils taken from the enemy, when the Moorish army was seen cautiously advancing.

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The situation was full of peril. The deira had never been so exposed. The ammunition was expended and the infantry was thus counted out of the fight. Abd-el-Kader could only depend on his "Old Guard"—his matchless cavalry. At length the Melouia was passed, and, although the foe was pressing on, he would not leave its bank until the noncombatants had gained a full hour in advance. Then the deira crossed another stream and reached a place of safety, for the time, on French territory. Not a life had been lost nor a beast of burden of all that crowd of men, women, children, and animals. Coolness, intrepidity, and skill had been their protectors. Of the fighting men, however, more than two hundred had been slain, and nearly all the rest were suffering from wounds.

Abd-el-Kader now turned toward the hills inhabited by a tribe which still, in part, adhered to him. His horsemen followed him in anxious silence, suffering and exhausted. The rain fell in torrents. Their chief was tormented by conflicting thoughts. A French camp was visible in the distance, three hours' march away, occupying a pass. He and his cavalry might yet escape by narrow defiles into the Sahara. But what of his aged mother, his wife and children, his helpless followers in the deira? All would become captives to the foe. He called his men around him and reminded them of the oath which, eight years before on the renewal of the war, they had taken at Medea that they would never forsake him in any danger or suffering. All declared themselves ready still to adhere to it. He set before them the peril of the people in the deira and suggested submission. All the warriors cried: "Perish women and children so long as you are safe and able to renew the battles of God. You are our head, our Sultan; fight or surrender, as you will, we will follow you wherever you choose to lead." After a few moments' pause Abd-el-Kader declared that the struggle was over. The tribes were tired of the war and there was nothing left but submission. He would ask the French for a safe-conduct for himself and his family, and for all who chose to follow him, to another Mussulman country. The universal answer was, "Sultan, let your will be done!"

The incessant rain rendered it impossible to write down any terms. Abd-el-Kader therefore affixed his seal to a piece of paper, and despatched it in charge of two horsemen to the French general as a sign of authorization on his part for demands to be verbally made. It was Lamoriciere who received the two emissaries; and he sent a verbal reply, acceding to all proposals. Abd-el-Kader then sent a letter, and received in reply a written promise and stipulation that the Sultan and his family should be conducted to St. Jean d'Acre or Alexandria. The new Governor-General, the Duc d'Aumale, was close at hand, and on the evening of December 23, 1847, the fallen hero, attended by some of his chiefs and men, escorted by five hundred French cavalry, who showed

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great respect and sympathy for the captives, arrived at headquarters. Abd-el-Kader, attended by Lamoriciere and Cavaignac, was presented to the son of Louis Philippe. The Prince pledged himself that Lamoriciere's promise and stipulation should be strictly observed. He knew little that his father's throne was about to fall, and that the decision as to Abd-el-Kader's fate would, within a few weeks, rest in far different hands. The ex-Sultan then withdrew to his deira, which had now joined the French encampment.

On the next morning, December 24th, the Governor-General held a review. His honored prisoner and guest, riding a splendid black charger of the purest Arab breed, and surrounded by his chiefs, awaited his return from the field. When the Prince approached, Abd-el-Kader dismounted and offered his steed as a present in testimony of his gratitude, and expressed the hope that he might always bear his new master in safety and happiness. The Duc d'Aumale replied, "I accept it as a homage rendered to France, the protection of which country will henceforth be ever extended toward you, and as a sign that the past is forgotten."

On December 25th the Algerian hero embarked with his family and followers in a French frigate for Toulon. He had seen the last of his native land. Lamoriciere accompanied him on board and supplemented his poor resources with a present of four thousand francs, receiving Abd-el-Kader's sword in return. The *Moniteur* of January 3, 1848, paid a high tribute to the genius and ascendancy of the captive in these words: "The subjugation of Abd-el-Kader is an event of immense importance to France. It assures the tranquillity of our conquest. To-day France can, if necessary, transport to other quarters the hundred thousand men who hold the conquered populations under her yoke."

(1847) THE MEXICAN WAR, John Bonner

When President Polk began his Administration, the United States Government had become involved in two boundary disputes—one relating to Oregon, the other to Texas and Mexico. Out of the latter came the Mexican War, concerning the political causes and merits of which there were then and ever since have been wide differences of opinion among the American people. Polk's election by the Democrats in 1844 had turned mainly upon the question of annexing Texas. Just before he came into office the annexation was made.

Texas claimed as her western boundary the Rio Grande. Mexico held that the western limit was the Nueces. Between the two rivers there was a large area of disputed territory. The Texan claim was opposed by many American statesmen and publicists, and by some was denounced—as the annexation of Texas had been—as an aggressive move against Mexico. But the United States Government supported the cause of

Texas. General Zachary Taylor, who had served in the War of 1812, and afterward in several Indian wars, took command of the army in Texas in 1845.

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In January, 1846, he was ordered to occupy positions on or near the left bank of the Rio Grande del Norte. This order and its execution have been held by some writers to constitute an act of war, but war was not formally declared by the United States till May 11th. Taylor, with a small force, had several slight encounters with Mexican troops, after which he won the battle of Palo Alto (May 8, 1846), near the southern extremity of Texas; and that of Resaca de la Palma (May 9th), also in Texas, four miles north of Matamoros, Mexico. He took possession of Matamoros May 18th. With six thousand men, against about ten thousand Mexicans under Ampudia, Taylor captured Monterey, Mexico (September 24th), and at Buena Vista, February 22-23, 1847, with five thousand troops, he defeated fifteen thousand Mexicans under Santa Anna, then President of Mexico and commander of her army.

The war was now transferred to the district between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, the capital, and was henceforth conducted for the United States by General Winfield Scott, whose previous military career had been much the same as General Taylor's. Scott had been made Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Army in 1841. His first operation in Mexico was the taking of Vera Cruz, the principal Mexican seaport, on the Gulf of Mexico. With the aid of a fleet he besieged the city in March, 1847, and on the 27th received its surrender. At Cerro Gordo (April 17th and 18th) he won an important victory that opened his way through the mountains toward his objective, the city of Mexico. Reinforcements gradually reached him, and by the first of August he was ready to move on the valley of Mexico with about eleven thousand men. From this stage to the fall of the capital, completing the conquest of the country, Bonner's account gives a graphic recital of events. The city was held by Americans from September 14, 1847, the day they entered it, until the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo (February 2, 1848), which ended the war.

With the energy that characterized Santa Anna throughout the Mexican War, he had prepared for a desperate defence. Civil strife had been silenced, funds raised, an army of twenty-five thousand men mustered, and every precaution taken which genius could suggest or science indicate. Nature had done much for him. Directly in front of the invading army lay the large lakes of Xochimilco and Chalco. These turned, vast marshes, intersected by ditches and for the most part impassable, surrounded the city on the east and the south—on which side Scott was advancing—for several miles. The only approaches were by causeways; and these Santa Anna had taken prodigious pains to guard. The national road to Vera Cruz—which Scott must have taken had he marched on the north side of the lakes—was commanded by a fort mounting fifty-one guns on an impregnable hill called El Penon. Should he turn the southern side of the lakes, a field of lava, deemed almost impassable for troops, interposed

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a primary obstacle; and fortified positions at San Antonio, San Angel, and Churubusco, with an intrenched camp at Contreras, were likewise to be surmounted before the southern causeways could be reached. Beyond these there yet remained the formidable castle of Chapultepec and the strong enclosure of Molino del Rey, to be stormed before the city gates could be reached. Powerful batteries had been mounted at all these points, and ample garrisons detailed to serve them. The bone and muscle of Mexico were there.

Goaded by defeat, Santa Anna never showed so much vigor; ambition fired Valencia; patriotism stirred the soul of Alvarez; Canalizo, maddened by the odium into which he had fallen, was boiling to regain his soubriquet of the "Lion of Mexico." With a constancy equal to anything recorded of the Roman Senate, the Mexican Congress, on learning of the defeat at Cerro Gordo, had voted unanimously that anyone opening negotiations with the enemy should be deemed a traitor; and the citizens with one accord had ratified the vote. Within six months Mexico had lost two splendid armies in two pitched battles against the troops now advancing against the capital; but she never lost heart, and her spirit quailed not.

The engineers reporting that the fortress on El Penon could not be carried without a loss of one-third the army, Scott decided to move by the south of the lakes; and Worth accordingly advanced, leading the van, as far as San Augustin, nine miles from the city of Mexico. There a large field of lava, known as the Pedregal, barred the way. On the one side, two miles from San Augustin, the fortified works at San Antonio commanded the passage between the field and the lake; on the other, the ground was so much broken that infantry alone could advance, and General Valencia occupied an intrenched camp, with a heavy battery, near the village of Contreras, three miles distant. Scott determined to attack on both sides, and sent forward General William J. Worth on the east, and General Gideon J. Pillow and General David E. Twiggs on the west. The latter advanced as fast as possible over the masses of lava on the morning of the 19th, and by 2 P.M. a couple of light batteries were placed in position and opened fire on the Mexican camp.

At the same time General Persifor Smith conceived the plan of turning Valencia's left, and hastened along the path through the Pedregal in the direction of a village called San Jeronimo. Colonel Riley followed. Pillow sent Cadwallader's brigade on the same line, and later in the day Morgan's regiment was likewise despatched toward that point. They drove in the Mexican pickets and skirmishers, dispersed a few parties of lancers, and occupied the village without loss. Seeing the movement, Santa Anna hastened to Valencia's support with twelve thousand men. He was discovered by Cadwallader just as the latter gained the village road; and appreciating the vast importance of preventing a junction between

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the two Mexican generals, that gallant officer did not hesitate to draw up his brigade in order of battle. So broken was the ground that Santa Anna could not see the amount of force opposed to him, and declined the combat. This was all Cadwallader wanted. Shields's brigade was advancing through the Pedregal, and the troops which had already crossed were rapidly moving to the rear of Valencia's camp. Night too was close at hand. When it fell, Smith's, Riley's, and Cadwallader's commands had gained the point they sought. Shields joined them at ten o'clock; and at midnight Captain Lee crossed the Pedregal, with a message from General Smith to General Scott, to say that he would begin the attack at daybreak next morning.

It rained all night and the men lay in the mud without fires. At three in the morning (August 20th) the word was passed to march. Such pitchy darkness covered the face of the plain that Smith ordered every man to touch his front file as he marched. Now and then a flash of lightning lighted the narrow ravine; occasionally a straggling moonbeam pierced the clouds and shed an uncertain glimmer on the heights; but these flitting guides served only to make the darkness seem darker. The soldiers groped their way, stumbling over stones and brushwood, and did not gain the rear of the camp till day broke. Then Riley bade his men look to the priming of their guns, and reload those which the rain had wet. With the first ray of daylight the firing had begun again between the Mexican camp and Ransom's corps stationed in front and Shields's brigade at San Jeronimo. Almost at the same moment Riley began to ascend the height in the rear. Before he reached the crest, his engineers, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, came running back to say that his advance had been detected, that two guns were being pointed against him, and a body of infantry were sallying from the camp. The news braced the men's nerves. They gained the ridge, and stood a tremendous volley from the Mexicans without flinching. Hanson of the Seventh—a gallant officer and an excellent man—was shot down with many others; but the Mexicans had done their worst.

With steady aim the volley was returned; and ere the smoke rose a cheer rang through the ravine, and Riley fell with a sloop on the intrenchments. With bayonet and butt of musket, the Second and Seventh drove the enemy from his guns, leaping into his camp and slaughtering all before them. Up rushed Smith's own brigade on the left, driving a party of Mexicans before them, and charging with the bayonet straight at Torrejon's cavalry, which was drawn up in order of battle. Defeat was marked on their faces. Valencia was nowhere to be found. Salas strove vainly to rouse his men to defend themselves with energy; Torrejon's horse, smitten with panic, broke and fled at the advance of our infantry. Riley hurled the Mexicans from their camp after a struggle of a quarter of an hour; and as they rushed down the

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ravine, their own cavalry rode over them, trampling down more men than the bayonet and ball had laid low. On the right, as they fled, Cadwallader's brigade poured in a destructive volley; and Shields, throwing his party across the road, obstructed their retreat and compelled the fugitives to yield themselves prisoners of war. The only fight of any moment had taken place within the camp. There, for a few minutes, the Mexicans had fought desperately; two of our regimental colors had been shot down, but finally Anglo-Saxon bone and sinew had triumphed. To the exquisite delight of the assailants, the first prize of victory was the guns O'Brien had abandoned at Buena Vista, which were regained by his own regiment. Twenty other guns and more than a thousand prisoners, including eighty-eight officers and four generals, were likewise captured, and about fifteen hundred Mexicans killed and wounded. The American loss in killed, wounded, and missing was about one hundred men.

Barely taking time to breathe his troops, Smith followed in pursuit toward the city. By ten o'clock in the morning he reached San Angel, which Santa Anna evacuated as he approached. The General-in-Chief and the generals of division had by this time relieved Smith of his command. Scott rode to the front, and in a few brief words told the men there was more work to be done that day. A loud cheer from the ranks was the reply. The whole force then advanced to Coyacan, within a mile of Churubusco, and prepared to assault the place.

Santa Anna considered it the key to the city, and awaited the attack in perfect confidence with thirty thousand men. The defences were simple. On the west, in the direction of Coyacan, stood the large stone convent of San Pablo, which, as well as the wall and breastworks in front, was filled with infantry, and which contained seven heavy guns. A breastwork connected San Pablo with the *tete de pont* over the Churubusco River, four hundred yards distant. This was the easternmost point of defence, and formed part of the San Antonio causeway leading to the city. It was a work constructed with the greatest skill—bastions, curtain, and wet ditch, everything was complete and perfect—four guns were mounted in embrasure and barbette, and as many men as the place would hold were stationed there. The reserves occupied the causeway behind Churubusco. Independently of his defences, Santa Anna's numbers—nearly five to one—should have insured the repulse of the assailants.

By eleven—hardly seven hours having elapsed since the Contreras camp had been stormed, five miles away—Twiggs and Pillow were in motion toward the San Antonio causeway. Nothing had been heard of Worth, who had been directed to move along the east side of the Pedregal on San Antonio, but it was taken for granted he had carried the point, and Scott wished to cut off the retreat of the garrison. Twiggs was advancing cautiously toward the convent

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when a heavy firing was heard in advance. Supposing that a reconnoitring party had been attacked, he hastily sent forward the First Artillery, under Dimmick, through a field of tall corn, to support them. No sooner had they separated from the main body than a terrific discharge of grape, canister, and musketry assailed them from the convent. In the teeth of the storm they advanced to within one hundred yards of that building, and a light battery under Taylor was brought up on their right, and opened on the convent.

More than an hour the gunners stood firm to their pieces under a fire as terrible as troops ever endured; one-third of the command had fallen before they were withdrawn. Colonel Riley meanwhile, with the stormers of Contreras, had been despatched to assail San Pablo on the west, and, like Dimmick, was met by a murderous rain of shot. Whole heads of companies were mowed down at once. Thus Captain Smith fell, twice wounded, with every man beside him; and a single discharge from the Mexican guns swept down Lieutenant Easley and the division he led. It was the second time that day the gallant Second had served as targets for the Mexicans, but not a man fell back. General Smith ordered up the Third in support, and these, protecting themselves as best they could behind a few huts, kept up a steady fire on the convent. Sallies from the works were continually made, and as continually repelled, but not a step could the assailants make in advance.

By this time the battle was raging at three different points. Worth had marched on San Antonio that morning, found it evacuated, and given chase to the Mexicans with the Fifth and Sixth Infantry. The causeway leading from San Antonio to the *tete de pont* of Churubusco was thronged with flying horse and foot; our troops dashed headlong after them, never halting till the advance corps—the Sixth—were within short range of the Mexican batteries. A tremendous volley from the *tete de pont* in front, and the convent on the flank, then forced them to await the arrival of the rest of the division. This was the fire which Twiggs heard when he sent Dimmick against the convent.

Worth came up almost immediately; and directing the Sixth to advance as best they could along the causeway in the teeth of the *tete de pont*, despatched Garland's and Clarke's brigades through the fields on the right to attack it in flank. Every gun was instantly directed against the assailants; and though the day was bright and clear, the clouds of smoke actually darkened the air. Hoffman, waving his sword, cheered on the Sixth; but the shot tore and ripped up their ranks to such a degree that in a few minutes they had lost ninety-seven men. The brigades on the right suffered as severely. One hundred men fell within the space of an acre. Still they pressed on, till the Eighth (of Clarke's brigade) reached the ditch. In they plunged, Lieutenant Longstreet bearing the colors in advance; he scrambled out on the other side, dashed at the walls without ladders or scaling implements, and bayoneted the defenders as they took aim. At last, officers and men mixed pell-mell, some through the embrasures, some over the walls, rushed or leaped in and drove the garrison helter-skelter upon their reserves.

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The *tete de pont* gained, its guns were turned on the convent, whence the Mexicans were still slaughtering our gallant Second and Third. Duncan's battery, too, hitherto in reserve, was brought up and opened with such rapidity that a bystander estimated the intervals between the reports at three seconds! Stunned by this novel attack, the garrison of San Pablo slackened fire. In an instant the Third, followed by Dimmick's artillery, dashed forward with the bayonet to storm the nearest bastion. With a run they carried it, the artillery bursting over the curtain; but at that moment a dozen white flags waved in their faces. The whole fortified position of Churubusco was taken.

Meantime, however, a conflict as deadly as either of these was raging behind the Mexican fortifications. Soon after the battle commenced, Scott sent Pierce's and Shields's brigades by the left, through the fields, to attack the enemy in the rear. On the causeway, opposed to them, were planted Santa Anna's reserves—four thousand foot and three thousand horse—in a measure protected by a dense growth of maguey. Shields advanced intrepidly with his force of sixteen hundred. The ground was marshy, and for a long distance—having vainly endeavored to outflank the enemy—his advance was exposed to their whole fire. Morgan, of the Fifteenth, fell wounded. The New York regiment suffered fearfully, and their leader, Colonel Burnett, was disabled. The Palmettos of South Carolina, and the Ninth under Ransom, were as severely cut up; and after a while all sought shelter in and about a large barn near the causeway. Shields, in an agony at the failure of his movement, cried imploringly for volunteers to follow him.

The appeal was instantly answered by Colonel Butler, of the Palmettos: "Every South Carolinian will follow you to the death!" The cry was contagious, and most of the New Yorkers took it up. Forming at angles to the causeway, Shields led these brave men, under an incessant hail of shot, against the village of Portales, where the Mexican reserves were posted. Not a trigger was pulled till they stood at a hundred fifty yards from the enemy. Then the little band poured in their volley, fatally answered by the Mexican host. Butler, already wounded, was shot through the head and died instantly. Calling to the Palmettos to avenge his death, Shields gives the word to charge. They charge—not four hundred in all—over the plain and down upon four thousand Mexicans securely posted under cover. At every step their ranks are thinned. Dickenson, who succeeded Butler in command of the Palmettos, seizes the colors as the bearer falls dead; the next moment he is down himself, mortally wounded, and Major Gladden snatches them from his hand.

Adams, Moragne, and nearly half the gallant band are prostrate. A very few minutes more and there will be no one left to bear the glorious flag.

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But at this very moment a deafening roar is heard in the direction of the *tete de pont*. Round shot and grape, rifle-balls and canister, come crashing down the causeway into the Mexican ranks from their own battery. Worth is there, the gallant fellow, just in time. Down the road and over the ditch, through the field and hedge and swamp, in tumult and panic the Mexicans are flying from the bayonets of the Sixth and Garland's brigade. A shout, louder than the cannon's peal; Worth is on their heels with his men. Before Shields reaches the causeway he is by his side driving the Mexican horse into their infantry, and Ayres is galloping up with a captured Mexican gun. Captain Kearny, with a few dragoons, dashes past, rides straight into the flying host, scatters them right and left, sabres all he can reach, and halts before the gate of Mexico. Not till then does he perceive that he is alone with his little party, nearly all of whom are wounded; but, despite the hundreds of *escopetas* that are levelled at him, he gallops back in safety to headquarters.

The sun, which rose that morning on a proud army and a defiant metropolis, set at even on a shattered, haggard band, and a city full of woe-stricken wretches who did nothing all night but quake with terror, and cry, at every noise, "*Aqui viene los Yanquies!*" ("Here come the Yankees!") All along the causeway, and in the fields and swamps on either side, heaps of dead men and cattle intermingled with broken ammunition-carts, marked where the American shot had told. A gory track leading to the *tete de pont*, groups of dead in the fields on the west of Churubusco, over whose pale faces some stalks of tattered corn still waved; red blotches in the marsh next the causeway, where the rich blood of Carolina and New York soaked the earth, showed where the fire of the heavy Mexican guns and the countless *escopetas* of the infantry had been most murderous. Scott had lost, in that day's work, more than a thousand men in killed and wounded, seventy-nine of whom were officers. The Mexican loss, according to Santa Anna, was one-third of his army, equal probably to ten thousand men, one-fourth of whom were prisoners, the rest killed and wounded. As the sun went down the troops were recalled to headquarters; but all night long the battlefield swarmed with straggling parties seeking some lost comrade in the cold and rain, and surgeons hurrying from place to place and offering succor to the wounded.

It would have been easy for Scott to march on the city that night, or next morning, and seize it before the Mexicans recovered from the shock of their defeat. Anxious to shorten the war, and assured that Santa Anna was desirous of negotiating; warned, moreover, by neutrals and others, that the hostile occupation of the capital would destroy the last chance of peaceable accommodation and rouse the Mexican spirit to resistance all over the country, the American general consented,

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too generously perhaps, to offer an armistice to his vanquished foe. It was eagerly accepted, and negotiations were commenced which lasted over a fortnight. In the mean time General Scott had the satisfaction of hanging several of the Irishmen who had deserted to the Mexicans, and, serving as the battalion of San Patricio, had shot down so many of their old comrades at Buena Vista and Churubusco. This act of justice was approved by the army and the nation. Early in September the treachery of the Mexicans became apparent. No progress had been made in the negotiations; and, in defiance of the armistice, an American wagon, proceeding to the city for provisions, had been attacked by the mob and one man killed and others wounded. Scott wrote to Santa Anna, demanding an apology, and threatening to terminate the armistice on the 7th if it were not tendered. The reply was insulting in the extreme; Santa Anna had repaired his losses and was ready for another fight.

On the evening of September 7th Worth and his officers were gathered in his quarters at Tacubaya. On a table lay a hastily sketched map showing the position of the fortified works at Molino del Rey, with the Casa Mata on one side and the castle of Chapultepec on the other. The Molino was occupied by the enemy; there was reason to believe it contained a foundry in full operation, and Worth had been directed to storm it next morning. Over that table bent Garland and Clarke, eager to repeat the glorious deeds of August 20th at the *tete de pont* of Churubusco; Duncan and Smith, already veterans; Wright, the leader of the forlorn hope, joyfully thinking of the morrow; famous Martin Scott, and dauntless Graham, little dreaming that a few hours would see their livid corpses stretched upon the plain; fierce old M'Intosh, covered with scars; Worth himself, his manly brow clouded, and his cheek paled by sickness and anxiety. Each officer had his place assigned to him in the conflict; and they parted to seek a few hours' rest.

At half-past two on the morning of the 8th the division was astir. 'Twas a bright starlight night whose silence was unbroken as the troops moved thoughtfully toward the battlefield. In front, on the right, about a mile from the encampment, the hewn-stone walls of the Molino del Rey—a range of buildings five hundred yards long, and well adapted for defence—were distinctly visible, with drowsy lights twinkling through the windows. A little farther off, on the left, stood the black pile of the Casa Mata, the arsenal, crenelled for musketry, and surrounded by a quadrangular field work. Beyond the Casa Mata lay a ravine, and from this a ditch and hedge ran, passing in front of both works, to the Tacubaya road. Far on the right the grim old castle of Chapultepec loomed up darkly against the sky. Sleep wrapped the whole Mexican line, and but few words were spoken in the American ranks as the troops took up their respective positions: Garland, with Dunn's battery and Huger's 24-pounders, on the right, against the Molino; Wright, at the head of the stormers, and followed by the light division under Captain Kirby Smith, in the centre; M'Intosh, with Duncan's battery, on the left, near the ravine looking toward the Casa Mata; and Cadwallader, with his brigade, in reserve.

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Night still overhung the east when the Mexicans were roused from their slumbers by the roar of Huger's 24-pounders, and the crashing of the balls through the roof and walls of the Molino. A shout arose within their lines, spreading from the ravine to the castle; lights flashed in every direction, bugles sounded, the clank of arms rang from right to left, and every man girded himself for the fray. With the first ray of daylight Major Wright advanced with the forlorn hope down the slope. A few seconds elapsed; then a sheet of flame burst from the batteries, and round shot, canister, and grape hurtled through the air. "Charge!" shouted the leader, and down they went, with double-quick step, over the ditch and hedge, and into the line, sweeping everything before them. The Mexicans fell from their guns, but soon, seeing the smallness of the force opposed to them and reassured by the galling fire poured from the *azoteas* and Molino on the stormers, they rallied, charged furiously, and drove our men back into the plain. Here eleven out of the fourteen officers of Wright's party, and the bulk of his men, fell killed or wounded. All of the latter who could not fly were bayoneted where they lay by the Mexicans.

Captain Walker, of the Sixth, badly shot, was left for dead; he saw the enemy murdering every man who showed signs of life, but the agony of thirst was so insupportable that he could not resist raising his canteen to his lips. A dozen balls instantly tore up the ground around him; several Mexicans rushed at him with the bayonet, but at that moment the light division, under Kirby Smith, came charging over the ditch into the Mexican line and diverted their attention.

Garland meanwhile moved down rapidly on the right with Dunn's guns, which were drawn by hand, all the horses having been wounded and become unmanageable. These soon opened an enfilading fire on the Mexican battery; and some of the gunners flying, the light division charged, under a hot fire, and carried the guns for the second time. Their gallant leader was shot dead in the charge. But the enemy could afford to lose the battery. From the tops of the *azoteas*, from the Casa Mata and the Molino, a deadly shower of balls was rained crosswise upon the assailants. Part of the reserve was brought up; and Dunn's guns and the Mexican battery were served upon the buildings without much effect at first. Lieutenant-Colonel Graham led a party of the Eleventh against the latter; when within pistol-shot a terrific volley assailed him, wounding him in ten places. The gallant soldier quietly dismounted, pointed with his sword to the building, cried "Charge!" and sank dead on the field.

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As fiercely raged the battle at the other wing where Duncan and M'Intosh had driven in the enemy's right toward the Casa Mata. M'Intosh started to storm that fort, and, in the teeth of a tremendous hail of musketry, advanced to the ditch, only twenty-five yards from the work. There a ball knocked him down; it was his luck to be shot or bayoneted in every battle. Martin Scott took the command, but as he ordered the men forward he rolled lifeless into the ditch. Major Waite, the next in rank, had hardly seen him fall before he too was disabled. By whole companies the men were mowed down by the Mexican shot; but they stood their ground. At length some one gave the word to fall back, and the remnants of the brigade obeyed. Many wounded were left on the ground; among others Lieutenant Burnell, shot in the leg, whom the Mexicans murdered when his comrades abandoned him. After the battle his body was found, and beside it his dog, moaning piteously and licking his dead master's face.

At the head of four thousand cavalry, Alvarez now menaced our left. Duncan watched them come, driving a cloud of dust before them, till they were within close range; then opening with his wonderful rapidity, he shattered whole platoons at a discharge. Worth sent him word to be sure to keep the lancers in check. "Tell General Worth," was his reply, "to make himself perfectly easy; I can whip twenty thousand of them." So far as Alvarez was concerned, he kept his word.

On the American right the fight had reached a crisis. Mixed confusedly together, men of all arms furiously attacked the Molino, firing into every aperture, climbing to the roof, and striving to batter in the doors and gates with their muskets. The garrison never slackened their terrible fire for an instant. At length Major Buchanan, of the Fourth, succeeded in bursting open the southern gate; and almost at the same moment Anderson and Ayres, of the artillery, forced their way into the buildings at the northwestern angle. Ayres leaped down alone into a crowd of Mexicans—he had done the same at Monterey—and fell covered with wounds. Our men rushed in on both sides, stabbing, firing, and felling the Mexicans with their muskets. From room to room and house to house a hand-to-hand encounter was kept up. Here a stalwart Mexican hurled down man after man as they advanced; there Buchanan and the Fourth levelled all before them. But the Mexicans never withstood the cold steel. One by one the defenders escaped by the rear toward Chapultepec, and those who remained hung out a white flag. Under Duncan's fire the Casa Mata had been evacuated, and the enemy was everywhere in full retreat. Twice he rallied and charged the Molino; but each time the artillery drove him back toward Chapultepec, and parties of the light infantry pursued him down the road. Before ten in the morning the whole field was won; and, having blown up the Casa Mata, Worth, by Scott's order, fell back to Tacubaya.

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With gloomy face and averted eye the gallant soldier received the thanks of his chief for the exploits of the morning. His heart was with the brave men he had lost—nearly eight hundred out of less than thirty-five hundred and among them fifty-eight officers, many of whom were his dearest friends. All had fallen in advance of their men, with sword in hand and noble words on their lips. 'Twas a poor price for these to have stormed Molino del Rey, and cut down nearly a fifth of Santa Anna's fourteen thousand men. Sadly the General returned to his quarters.

The end was now close at hand. Reconnoissances were carefully made, and, the enemy's strength being gathered on the southern front of the city, General Scott determined to assail Chapultepec on the west. By the morning of the 12th the batteries were completed, and opened a brisk fire on the castle, without, however, doing any more serious damage than annoying the garrison and killing a few men. The fire was kept up all day; and at night preparations were made for the assault, which was ordered to be made next morning.

At daybreak on the 13th the cannonade began again, as well from the batteries planted against Chapultepec as from Steptoe's guns, which were served against the southern defences of the city in order to divert the attention of the enemy. At 8 A.M. the firing from the former ceased, and the attack commenced. Quitman advanced along the Tacubaya road, Pillow from the Molino del Rey, which he had occupied on the evening before. Between the Molino and the castle lay first an open space, then a grove thickly planted with trees; in the latter, Mexican sharpshooters had been posted, protected by an intrenchment on the border of the grove. Pillow sent Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston with a party of *voltigeurs* to turn this work by a flank movement; it was handsomely accomplished; and just as the *voltigeurs* broke through the redan, Pillow, with the main body, charged it in front and drove back the Mexicans. The grove gained, Pillow pressed forward to the front of the rock; for the Mexican shot from the castle batteries, crashing through the trees, seemed even more terrible than it really was, and the troops were becoming restless.

The Mexicans had retreated to a redoubt half way up the hill; the *voltigeurs* sprang up from rock to rock, firing as they advanced, and followed by Hooker, Chase, and others, with parties of infantry. In a very few minutes the redoubt was gained, the garrison driven up the hill, and the *voltigeurs*, Ninth, and Fifteenth were in hot pursuit after them. The firing from the castle was very severe. Colonel Ransom, of the Ninth, was killed, and Pillow himself was wounded. Still the troops pressed on till the crest of the hill was gained. There some moments were lost owing to the delay in the arrival of scaling-ladders, during which two of Quitman's regiments and Clarke's brigade reenforced the storming party. When the ladders came, numbers of men rushed forward with them, leaped into the ditch, and planted them for the assault.

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Lieutenant Selden was the first man to mount. But the Mexicans collected all their energies for this last moment. A tremendous fire dashed the foremost of the stormers into the ditch, killing Lieutenants Rogers and Smith and clearing the ladders. Fresh men instantly manned them, and, after a brief struggle, Captain Howard, of the *voltigeurs*, gained a foothold on the parapet. M'Kenzie, of the forlorn hope, followed; and a crowd of *voltigeurs* and infantry, shouting and cheering, pressed after him, and swept down upon the garrison with the bayonet. Almost at the same moment, Johnston, of the *voltigeurs*, who had led a small party round to the gate of the castle, broke it open and effected an entrance in spite of a fierce fire from the southern walls. The two parties uniting, a deadly conflict ensued within the building.

Maddened by the recollection of the murder of their wounded comrades at Molino del Rey, the stormers at first showed no quarter. On every side the Mexicans were stabbed or shot down without mercy. Many flung themselves over the parapet and down the hillside and were dashed in pieces against the rocks. More fought like fiends, expending their breath in a malediction, and expiring in the act of aiming a treacherous blow as they lay on the ground. Streams of blood flowed through the doors of the college, and every room and passage was the theatre of some deadly struggle. At length the officers succeeded in putting an end to the carnage; and the remaining Mexicans having surrendered, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the castle of Chapultepec by Major Seymour.

Meanwhile Quitman had stormed the batteries on the causeway to the east of the castle, after a desperate struggle in which Major Twiggs, who commanded the stormers, was shot dead at the head of his men. The Mexicans fell back toward the city. General Scott, coming up at this moment, ordered a simultaneous advance to be made on the city, along the two roads leading from Chapultepec to the gates of San Cosme and Belen, respectively. Worth was to command that on San Cosme, Quitman that on Belen. Both were prepared for defence by barricades, behind which the enemy were posted in great numbers. Fortunately for the assailants an aqueduct, supported by arches of solid masonry, ran along the centre of each causeway. By keeping under cover of these arches, and springing rapidly from one to another, Smith's rifles and the South Carolina regiment were enabled to advance close to the first barricade on the Belen road, and pour in a destructive fire on the gunners. A flank discharge from Duncan's guns completed the work; the barricade was carried; and without a moment's rest Quitman advanced in the same manner on the *garita* San Belen, which was held by General Torres with a strong garrison.

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It too was stormed, though under a fearful hail of grape and canister; and the rifles moved forward toward the citadel. But at this moment Santa Anna rode furiously down to the point of attack. Boiling with rage at the success of the invaders, he smote General Torres in the face, threw a host of infantry into the houses commanding the *garita* and the road, ordered the batteries in the citadel to open fire, planted fresh guns on the Paseo, and infused such spirit into the Mexicans that Quitman's advance was stopped at once. A terrific storm of shot, shell, and grape assailed the *garita*, where Captain Dunn had planted an 8-pounder. Twice the gunners were shot down, and fresh men sent to take their places. Then Dunn himself fell, and immediately afterward Lieutenant Benjamin and his first sergeant met the same fate. The riflemen in the arches repelled sallies; but Quitman's position was precarious, till night terminated the conflict.

Worth meanwhile had advanced in like manner along the San Cosme causeway, driving the Mexicans from barricade to barricade, till within two hundred fifty yards of the *garita* of San Cosme. There he encountered as severe a fire as that which stopped Quitman. But Scott had ordered him to take the *garita*, and take it he would. Throwing Garland's brigade out to the right and Clarke's to the left, he ordered them to break into the houses, burst through the walls, and bore their way to the flanks of the *garita*. The plan had succeeded perfectly at Monterey, nor did it fail here. Slowly but surely the sappers passed from house to house, until at sunset they reached the point desired. Then Worth ordered the attack. Lieutenant Hunt brought up a light gun at a gallop, and fired it through the embrasure of the enemy's battery, almost muzzle to muzzle; the infantry at the same moment opened a most deadly and unexpected fire from the roofs of the houses, and M'Kenzie, at the head of the stormers, dashed at the battery and carried it almost without loss. The Mexicans fled precipitately into the city.

At one that night two parties left the citadel and issued forth from the city. One was the remnant of the Mexican army, which slunk silently and noiselessly through the northern gate, and fled to Guadalupe-Hidalgo; the other was a body of officers who came under a white flag, to propose terms of capitulation.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of September 14th. Scores of neutral flags float from the windows on the Calle de Plateros, and in their shade beautiful women gaze curiously on the scene beneath. Gayly dressed groups throng the balconies, and at the street-corners dark-faced men scowl, mutter deep curses, and clutch their knives. The street resounds with the heavy tramp of infantry, the rattle of gun-carriages, and the clatter of horses' hoofs. "*Los Yanquies!*" is the cry, and every neck is stretched to obtain a glimpse of the six thousand

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bemired and begrimed soldiers who are marching proudly to the Grand Plaza. On him especially is every eye intently fixed, whose martial form is half concealed by a splendid staff and a squadron of dragoons, as he rides, with flashing eye and beating heart, to the National Palace of Mexico. But six months before, Winfield Scott had landed on the Mexican coast; since then he had stormed the two strongest places in the country, won four battles in the field against armies double, treble, and quadruple his own, and marched without reverse from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; losing fewer men, making fewer mistakes, and creating less devastation, in proportion to his victories, than any invading general of former times. Well might the Mexicans gaze upon his face!

(1847) FAMINE IN IRELAND, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy

From the fact that its immediate cause was the almost complete failure of the potato crop, due to the rot, the great Irish famine is known as the "potato famine." The crop that suffered so was that of 1845, and the famine began in the following year and reached its climax in 1847. It is estimated that by this calamity two hundred thousand persons perished. Many compensating features in connection with this appalling distress have been pointed out. Some writers friendly toward Ireland have declared that the famine proved one of the greatest blessings to the country; that it hastened free trade, better drainage of the island, and the passage of the Land Improvement Act; that it relieved the overcrowded labor market, led to more scientific farming, and in other ways produced changes that have been of lasting benefit. But though all this be true, the misfortune itself gave to modern history one of its most harrowing chapters.

The population of Ireland in 1845 is supposed to have been nearly nine millions. The manufactures were small, and the people depended on the potato crop, and had no other resource in time of scarcity. For several years the potato yield had been abundant, the country was comparatively prosperous, and the temperance movement led by Father Mathew promised a happier future. A great harvest was expected in 1845, but almost at a single stroke this expectation was blasted; for although the crop was large the greater part of it was destroyed in the ground, and the potatoes that were gathered "rotted in pit and storehouse." The farmers taxed all their means and energies to secure even a larger crop in 1846, but the blight of that year was even more fatal than the last. To pinching want was added discouragement, and the people sat in the shadow of a frightful catastrophe. In vain the British Government was called upon to give relief through Parliament, until, in the autumn of 1846, parliamentary authority was obtained to grant baronial loans. But these and every local endeavor to mitigate the suffering failed, and the destructive work of the famine continued, the number of victims increasing, to the end of that fatal year. The horrors of 1846 were more than equalled by those of the year that followed, and the woful picture presented by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the distinguished Irish patriot, statesman, and historian, is but too amply justified by the accepted records of the time.

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The condition of Ireland at the opening of the year 1847 is one of the most painful chapters in the annals of mankind. An industrious and hospitable race were in the pangs of a devouring famine. Deaths of individuals, of husband and wife, of entire families, were becoming common. The potato-blight had spread from the Atlantic to the Caspian; but there was more suffering in one parish of Mayo than in all the rest of Europe. From Connaught, where distress was greatest, came batches of inquests with the horrible verdict "died of starvation." In some instances the victims were buried "wrapped in a coarse coverlet," a coffin being too costly a luxury. The living awaited death with a listlessness that was at once tragic and revolting. Women with dead children in their arms were seen begging for a coffin to bury them.

Beranger has touched a thousand hearts by the picture of *Pauvre Jacques*, who, when the tax-gatherer came in the King's name, was discovered dead on his miserable pallet. But at Skibbereen, in the fruitful County Cork whose seaports were thronged with vessels laden with corn, cattle, and butter for England, the rate collector told a more tragic tale. Some houses he found deserted; the owners had been carried to their graves. In one cabin there was no other occupant than three corpses; in a once prosperous home a woman and her children had lain dead and unburied for a week; in the fields a man was discovered so fearfully mangled by dogs that identification was impossible. The relief committee of the Society of Friends described the state of the town in language which it was hard to read with dry eyes. The people were dying of the unaccustomed food which mocked their prayer for daily bread, and were carried to the graveyard in a coffin from which the benevolent strangers who had come to their relief had to drop them, like dead dogs, that there might be a covering for the next corpse in its turn.

"This place is one mass of famine, disease, and death. The poor creatures, hitherto trying to exist on one meal a day, are now sinking under fever and bowel complaints, unable to come for their soup, which is not fit for them. Rice is what their whole cry is for, but we cannot manage this well, nor can we get the food carried to the houses, from dread of infection. I have got a coffin constructed with movable sides, to convey the bodies to the churchyard, in calico bags prepared, in which the remains are wrapped up. I have just sent it to bring the remains of a poor creature to the grave, who having been turned out of the only shelter she had, a miserable hut, perished the night before last in a quarry."

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The people saw the harvest they had reared carried away to another country without an effort, for the most part, to retain it. The sole food of the distressed class was Indian-meal, which had paid freight and storage in England, and had been obtained in exchange for English manufactures. Under a recent law a peasant who accepted public relief forfeited his holding, and thousands were ejected under this cruel provision. But landowners were not content with one process alone; they closed on the people with ejectments, turned them out on the roads, and plucked down their rooftrees. In more than one county rents falling due in November for land that no longer yielded food to the cultivator, were enforced in January. In the southwest the peasantry had made some frantic efforts to clutch their harvest and to retaliate for their sufferings in blind vengeance, but the law carried a sharp sword. Eight counties, or parts of counties, were proclaimed, and a special commission, after a brief sitting in Clare and Limerick, left eleven peasants for the gallows. Chief Justice Blackburn took occasion to note that "The state of things in 1847 was exactly that described by an act passed in 1776." The disease was permanent, so were the symptoms. One well-head of Irish discontent was English prejudice, which refuses to listen to any complaint till it threatens to become dangerous.

It was a fearful time for men who loved their country, not only with deep affection, but with a wise and forecasting interest. A revolution of the worst type was in progress. Not the present alone, but the future, was being laid waste. The marvellous reform accomplished by Father Mathew, the self-reliance which had grown up in the era of monster meetings, and the moral teachings of Davis and his friends were being fast swallowed up by this calamity. The youth and manhood of the middle classes were scrambling for pauper places from the Board of Works, and the peasants were being transformed into mendicants by process of law. These calamities, related of a distant and savage tribe, would move a generous heart; but seeing them befall our own people, the children of the same mother, and foreseeing all the black, unfathomable misery they foreshadowed, it was hard to preserve the sober rule of reason.

The gentry, who were responsible in the first place for the protection of the people from whom they drew their income, insisted that the calamity was an imperial one and ought to be borne out of the exchequer of the empire. It was an equitable claim. If there was no irresistible title of brotherhood, at lowest the stronger nation had snatched away from the weaker the power of helping itself, and still drew away during this terrible era half a million pounds every month in the shape of absentee rents. The demand was put aside contemptuously. The claim of the Nationalists to reenter on the management of their own affairs, since it was plain England could not manage them successfully, was treated as sedition. We were proffered, instead of our own resources, which were ample—

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“Alms from scornful hands, to hands in chains,
Bitterer to taste than death.”

All the nations of the earth were appealed to and they gave generously; but the result was far from being proportionate to the need. During the year 1846 the contributions fell short of two thousand pounds a week. And it was not forgotten that after the great fire of London, when the citizens were in deep distress, the Irish contributed twenty thousand fat cattle for their relief, which at their present value would amount to a sum greater than England and Europe sent to the aid of Ireland in 1846.

To lie down and die, like cattle in a murrain, was base. No people are bound to starve while their soil produces food cultivated by their own hands. No other people in Europe would have submitted to such a fate. But the leader whom they were accustomed to follow had involved himself in a tangle of false doctrines by his unhappy “Peace Resolutions,” and he exhorted them to endure all with patience and submission. His son had the amazing assurance to add that if they starved with complete resignation the repeal of the union was near at hand.

On the relief committees, doctors, clergymen, and country gentlemen bore the burden of the work, but a multitude of the gentry stood apart as if the transaction did not concern them. They were busy in transferring the harvest to England or clearing the population off their estates. The English officials in Ireland accused them of jobbing in public works, or quartering their relations and dependents on the Relief Fund, as overseers, and, in some extreme cases, of obtaining grants for their own families of money designed for the suffering poor on their estates. The benevolence of the minority could not counterbalance these odious offences, and deadly hatred was sown, which has since borne an abundant harvest.

The state of the country grew worse from day to day. It is difficult now to realize the condition of the western population in the autumn of 1847; but a witness of unexceptionable impartiality has painted it in permanent colors. A young Englishman representing the Society of Friends, who in that tragic time did work worthy of the Good Samaritan, reported what he saw in Mayo and Galway in language which for plain vigor rivals the narratives of Defoe. This is what he saw in Westport:

“The town of Westport was in itself a strange and fearful sight, like what we read of in beleaguered cities; its streets crowded with gaunt wanderers, sauntering to and fro with hopeless air and hunger-stricken look; a mob of starved, almost naked women around the poorhouse clamoring for soup tickets; our inn, the headquarters of the road-engineer and pay-clerks, beset by a crowd begging for work.”

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As he approached Galway, the rural population were found to be in a more miserable condition: "Some of the women and children that we saw on the road were abject cases of poverty and almost naked. The few rags they had on were with the greatest difficulty held together, and in a few weeks, as they are utterly unable to provide themselves with fresh clothes unless they be given them, they must become absolutely naked." And in another district: "As we went along our wonder was not that the people died, but that they lived; and I have no doubt whatever that in any other country the mortality would have been far greater; that many lives have been prolonged, perhaps saved, by the long apprenticeship to want in which the Irish peasant has been trained, and by that lovely, touching charity which prompts him to share his scanty meal with his starving neighbor."

The fishermen of the Cladagh, who were induced to send the Whig Attorney-General to Parliament a few months before, had to pledge the implements of their calling for a little daily bread. "Even the very nets and tackle of these poor fishermen, I heard, were pawned, and, unless they be assisted to redeem them, they will be unable to take advantage of the herring shoals, even when they approach their coast. In order to ascertain the truth of this statement, I went into two or three of the largest pawnshops, the owners of which fully confirmed it and said they had in pledge at least a thousand pounds' worth of such property and saw no likelihood of its being redeemed."

In a rural district which he revisited after an interval, he paints a scene which can scarcely be matched in the annals of a mediaeval plague: "One poor woman whose cabin I visited said, 'There will be nothing for us but to lie down and die.' I tried to give her hope of English aid, but alas! her prophecy has been too true. Out of a population of two hundred forty I found thirteen already dead from want. The survivors were like walking skeletons; the men gaunt and haggard, stamped with the livid mark of hunger; the children crying with pain; the women in some of the cabins too weak to stand. When there before I had seen cows at almost every cabin, and there were besides many sheep and pigs owned in the village. But now all the sheep were gone, all the cows, all the poultry killed, only one pig left; the very dogs which had barked at me before had disappeared; no potatoes; no oats."

The young man pointed the moral, which these horrible spectacles suggested, with laudable courage: "I would not now discuss the causes of this condition, nor attempt to apportion blame to its authors; but of this one fact there can be no question: that the result of our social system is that vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen—of the peasantry of one of the richest nations the world ever knew—have not leave to live. Surely such a social result as this is not only a national misfortune but a national sin crying loudly to every Christian citizen to do his utmost to remove it. No one of us can have a right to enjoy either riches or repose until to the extent of his ability he strive to wash himself of all share in the guilt of this fearful inequality, which will be a blot in the history of our country and make her a byword among the nations."

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The weekly returns of the dead were like the bulletins of a fierce campaign. As the end of the year approached, villages and rural districts, which had been prosperous and populous a year before, were desolate. In some places the loss amounted to half the resident population. Even the poorhouses shut up, and paupers did not escape. More than one in six perished of the unaccustomed food. The people did not everywhere consent to die patiently. In Armagh and Down groups of men went from house to house in the rural districts and insisted on being fed. In Tipperary and Waterford corn stores and bakers' shops were sacked. In Donegal the people seized upon a flour-mill and pillaged it. In Limerick five thousand men assembled on Tory Hill and declared that they would not starve. A local clergyman restrained them by the promise of speedy relief. "If the Government did not act promptly, he himself would show them where food could be had." In a few cases crops were carried away from farms.

The offences which spring from suffering and fear were heard of in many districts, but they were encountered with instant resistance. There were thirty thousand men in red jackets, carefully fed, clothed, and lodged, ready to maintain the law. Four prisoners were convicted at the Galway assizes of stealing a filly, which they killed and ate to preserve their own lives. In Enniskillen two boys under twelve years of age were convicted of stealing one pint of Indian-meal cooked into "stirabout," and Chief Justice Blackburn vindicated the outraged law by transporting them for seven years. Other children committed larcenies that they might be sent to jail where there was still daily bread to be had. In Mayo the people were eating carrion wherever it could be procured, and the coroner could not keep pace with the inquests; for the law sometimes spent more to ascertain the cause of a pauper's death than would suffice to preserve his life.

The social disorganization was a spectacle as afflicting as the waste of life; it was the waste of whatever makes life worth possessing. All the institutions which civilize and elevate the people were disappearing, one after another. The churches were half empty; the temperance reading-rooms were shut up; the Mechanics' Institute no longer got support; only the jails and the poorhouses were crowded. A new generation, born in disease and reared in destitution, pitiless and imbecile, threatened to drag down the nation to hopeless slavery. Trade was paralyzed; no one bought anything which was not indispensable at the hour. The loss of the farmers in potatoes was estimated at more than twenty millions sterling; and with the potatoes the pigs, which fed on them, disappeared. The seed, procured at a high price in spring, again failed; time, money, and labor were lost, and another year of famine was certain. All who depended on the farmer had sunk with him; shopkeepers were beggared; tradesmen were starving; the priests living on voluntary offerings were sometimes in fearful distress when the people had no longer anything to offer.

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The poor-rate was quite inadequate to support the burden thrown upon it by the suspension of public works, but there was another claim upon it which could not wait. When the elections were over and the Government majority secure, the Treasury called on the poor-law guardians to levy immediately a special rate for the repayment of a million and a quarter lent by the State in a previous year. They were warned that, if they refused, their boards would be dissolved and the rates levied by the authority of the Commissioners. The guardians in many districts declared that an additional rate could not be collected. All that could be got would be too little to support the distressed class. But the Treasury would listen to no excuse, and a dozen boards were dissolved and paid guardians put in their place. The Treasury had lent seven millions sterling in 1846; five millions of it had been spent in making roads which were not needed nor desired, and one million was diverted from the wages fund to purchase land for this experiment. The aid which the stronger country proposed to give to the weaker, from the Treasury to which both contributed, was the remission of one-third of this debt. A blunder in foreign policy, the escapade of an ambitious minister in India or Africa, has cost the British taxpayer more in a month than he spent to save millions of fellow-subjects beyond the Irish Sea.

When the increased mortality was pressed on the attention of the Government, Lord John Russell replied that the owners of property in Ireland ought to support the poor born on their estates. It was a perfectly just proposition if the ratepayers were empowered to determine the object and method of the expenditure; but prohibiting productive work, and forcing them to turn strong men into paupers and keep them sweltering in workhouses instead of laboring to reclaim the waste lands—this was not justice. The *Times*, commenting on the new policy, declared that Ireland was as well able to help herself as France or Belgium, and that the whole earth was doing duty for inhuman Irish landlords. An unanswerable case, if Ireland, like France and Belgium, had the power of collecting and applying her own revenue; otherwise not difficult to answer.

The people fled before the famine to England, America, and the British colonies. They carried with them the seed of disease and death. In England a bishop and more than twenty priests died of typhus, caught in attendance on the sick and dying. The English people clamored against such an infliction, which it cannot be denied would be altogether intolerable if these fugitives were not made exiles and paupers by English law. They were ordered home again, that they might be supported on the resources of their own country; for though we had no country for the purpose of self-government and self-protection, we were acknowledged to have a country when the necessity of bearing burdens arose.

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More than a hundred thousand souls fled to the United States and Canada. The United States maintained sanitary regulations on shipboard which were effectual to a certain extent. But the emigration to Canada was left to the individual greed of shipowners, and the emigrant-ships rivalled the cabins of Mayo or the fever-sheds of Skibbereen. Crowded and filthy, carrying double the legal number of passengers, who were ill-fed and imperfectly clothed, and having no doctor on board, the holds, says an eyewitness, were like the Black Hole of Calcutta, and deaths occurred in myriads. The survivors, on their arrival in the new country, continued to die and to scatter death around them.

At Montreal, during nine weeks, eight hundred emigrants perished, and over nine hundred residents died of diseases caught from emigrants. During six months the deaths of the new arrivals exceeded three thousand. No preparations were made by the British Government for the reception or the employment of these helpless multitudes. The *Times* pronounced the neglect to be an eternal disgrace to the British name. Ships carrying German emigrants and English emigrants arrived in Canada at the same time in a perfectly healthy state. The Chief Secretary for Ireland was able to inform the House of Commons that of a hundred thousand Irishmen who fled to Canada in a year, six thousand one hundred perished on the voyage, four thousand one hundred on their arrival, five thousand two hundred in the hospitals, and one thousand nine hundred in the towns to which they repaired. The Emigrant Society of Montreal paints the result during the whole period of the famine in language not easily to be forgotten:

“From Grosse Island up to Port Sarnia, along the borders of our great river, on the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, wherever the tide of immigration has extended are to be found one unbroken chain of graves where repose fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, in a commingled heap—no stone marking the spot. Twenty thousand and upward have gone down to their graves!”

This was the fate which was befalling our race at home and abroad as the year 1847 closed. There were not many of us who would not have given our lives cheerfully to arrest this ruin, if we could only see a possible way—but no way was visible.

(1848) MIGRATIONS OF THE MORMONS, Thomas L. Kane

Among the numerous religious bodies that have grown up in the United States, the sect of Mormons, officially called “The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,” is perhaps the most unique in its origin and organization, and the most singular in its history. The sect was founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith, of Vermont. He declared that he had discovered one of its authoritative writings, the *Book of Mormon*, at Cumorah, New York. This book, he said, was found by him buried in the earth at a place revealed to him by an angel. According to the Mormons, the book, written in mystic characters on golden plates, is a record of certain ancient people—“the long-lost tribes of Israel,” Smith declared—inhabiting North America. This book is said to have been abridged by

the prophet Mormon, and translated by Smith. By anti-Mormons it is supposed to be based on a manuscript romance written by Solomon Spaulding.

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The Mormon Church is governed by a hierarchy with two orders of priesthood, a president, two counsellors, twelve apostles, and elders and other officers. Peculiar as their polity appears, it has proved remarkably successful in the development of their church and community, notwithstanding stern hostility and widespread disapproval. They present an impressive example of shrewdness, thrift, and administrative skill, resulting in great material prosperity. Besides their separate books, they accept the Bible as authoritative, and many of their doctrines and rites resemble those common to the Christian sects. More than anything else, their teaching and their practice of polygamy have brought them into collision with "Gentiles" and with the United States Government.

The first Mormon settlement was at Kirtland, Ohio, the next was in Missouri. From those States they were expelled, and in 1840 they founded Nauvoo in Illinois. Their later experience, up to their permanent establishment in Utah, is recounted in the following narrative of the hardships endured and surmounted by this extraordinary people. But it should be added that the cause of the exodus was not, as is generally supposed, religious persecution. The leaders of the sect at Nauvoo had set up a bank without capital and passed thousands of its worthless notes upon the unsuspecting farmers and traders; and it was this and other crimes that exasperated the inhabitants of that region to the point of driving away the whole community of Mormons.

Once, while ascending the upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the rapids. My road lay through the "Half-Breed Tract," a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond, and idle settlers, and a country marred, without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright new dwellings set in cool green gardens ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill which was crowned by a noble marble edifice whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the background, spread a fair rolling country, checkered by symmetrical lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable evidences of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth, everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

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It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff and rowing across the river landed at the principal wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked, and saw no one: I heard no movement: though the stillness everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the ripples break against the shallows of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness from which I almost feared to wake it. Plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing in the paved ways and rain had not washed away the prints of footsteps in the dust. Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty ropewalks, workshops, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his workbench and left his sash and casing unfinished. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal-heap and ladling-pool and crooked water-horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No workpeople, anywhere, looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket latch loudly after me, to pull the marigolds, heartsease, and lady's-slippers, and draw a drink with the water-sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall, heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunting among the beds for cucumbers and love-apples—no one called out to me from any opened window; no dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered, I found dead ashes cold upon the hearth, and had to tread on tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

On the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard. But there was no record of plague there, nor did it in any wise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the hardly dried lettering-ink. Beyond the graveyard, out in the fields, I saw, in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been torn down, the still smoldering embers of a barbecue fire that had been constructed of rails from the fencing around it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping too in the hazy air of autumn.

Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. In the southern suburb the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodwork and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and to tell the reason why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

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Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told me the story of the “dead city”: that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over twenty thousand persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in the ruined suburb; after which, they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day’s bombardment.

They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had as matter of duty sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Besides these, they led me to see a large and deeply chiselled marble vase, or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble and of life size, and of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a great distance, believed their deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come: that here parents “went into the water” for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers: that thus the great vase came to be associated with all their most cherished memories, and was therefore the chief object of all others in the building, upon which they bestowed the greatest degree of their idolatrous affection. On this account, the victors had so diligently desecrated it as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple to see where it had been struck by lightning on the Sabbath before; and to look out, east and south, on wasted farms—like those I had seen near the city—extending till they were lost in the distance. Close to the scar left by the thunderbolt were fragments of food, cruses of liquor and broken drinking-vessels, with a bass-drum and a steamboat signal-bell, of which, with pain, I learned the use.

It was after nightfall when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since sunset and, the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer. Among the rushes—sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky—I came upon a crowd of several hundred human creatures whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber.

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Dreadful indeed was the suffering of these forsaken beings. Cowed and cramped by cold and sunburn alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were, almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poorhouse, nor friends to offer them any. They could not minister to the needs of their sick; they had no bread to quiet the fractious, hungry cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all alike were clothed in tatters, lacking even sufficient covering for the fever-stricken sufferers.

These were the Mormons, famishing, in Lee County, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, 1846. The deserted city was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city and the smiling country around it. And those who had stopped their ploughs, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles and the wheels of their workshops; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested grain—these were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their temple, the noise of whose drunken rioting insulted the ears of the dying.

They were, all told, not more than six hundred forty persons who were thus lying on the river-flats. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its environs had been numbered the year before at over twenty thousand. Where were they? They had last been seen, carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curiosity, "What had been their fate—what their fortunes?"

The party encountered by me at the river shore were the last of the Mormons that left the city. They had all of them engaged the year before that they would vacate their homes and seek some other place of refuge. It had been the condition of a truce between them and their assailants; and, as an earnest of their good faith, the chief elders, and some others of obnoxious standing, with their families, were to set out for the West in the spring of 1846. It had been stipulated in return that the rest of the Mormons might remain behind, in the peaceful enjoyment of their Illinois abode, until their leaders, with their exploring party, could, with all diligence, select for them a new place of settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains, in California, or elsewhere, and until they had opportunity to dispose to the best advantage of the property which they were then to leave.

Some renewed symptoms of hostile feeling had however determined the pioneer party to begin their work before the spring. It was of course anticipated that this would be a perilous service; but it was regarded as a matter of self-denying duty. The ardor and emulation of many, particularly the devout and the young, were stimulated by the difficulties it involved; and the ranks of the party were therefore filled up with volunteers from among the most effective and responsible members of the sect. They began their

march in midwinter; and by the beginning of February nearly all of them were on the road, many of their wagons having crossed the Mississippi on the ice.

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Under the most favoring circumstances, an expedition of this sort, undertaken at such a season of the year, could scarcely fail to be disastrous. But the pioneer company had to set out in haste, and were very imperfectly supplied with necessaries. The cold was intense. They moved in the teeth of keen-edged northwest winds, such as sweep down the Iowa peninsula from the icebound regions of the timber-shaded Slave Lake and Lake of the Woods. Along the scattered watercourses, where they broke the thick ice to give their cattle drink, the annual autumn fires had left but little firewood. To men, insufficiently furnished with tents and other appliances of shelter, wood was almost a necessary of life. After days of fatigue their nights were often passed in restless efforts to prevent themselves from freezing. Their stock of food also proved inadequate; and as their constitutions became more debilitated their suffering from cold increased. Afflicted with catarrhal affections, manacled by the fetters of dreadfully acute rheumatism, some contrived for a while to get over the shortening day's march and drag along some others. But the sign of an impaired circulation soon began to show itself in the liability of all to be dreadfully frost-bitten. The hardiest and strongest became helplessly crippled. About the same time the strength of their draught animals began to fail. The small supply of provender they could carry with them had given out. The winter-bleached prairie straw proved devoid of nourishment; and they could only keep them from starving by seeking for the "browse," as it is called, this being the green bark and tender buds and branches of the cottonwood and other stunted growths in the hollows.

To return to Nauvoo was apparently the only escape; but this would have been to give occasion for fresh mistrust and so to bring new trouble to those they had left there behind them. They resolved at least to hold their ground, and to advance as they might, were it only by limping through the deep snows a few slow miles a day. They found a sort of comfort in comparing themselves to the exiles of Siberia, and sought consolation in earnest prayers for the spring.

The spring came at last. It overtook them in the Sac and Fox country, still on the naked prairie, not yet half way over the trail they were following between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. But it brought its own share of troubles with it. The months with which it opened proved nearly as trying as the worst of winter.

The snow and sleet and rain which fell, as it appeared to them, without intermission, made the road over the rich prairie soil as impassable as one vast bog of heavy black mud. Sometimes they would fasten the horses and oxen of four or five wagons to one, and attempt to get ahead in this way, taking turns; but at the close of a day of hard toil for themselves and their cattle, they would find themselves a quarter or a half a mile from the place they left in the morning. The heavy rains raised all the watercourses; the most trifling streams were impassable. Wood, fit for bridging, was often not to be had, and in such cases the only resource was to halt for the freshets to subside—a matter in the case of the headwaters of the Chariton, for instance, of over three weeks' delay.

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These were dreary waitings upon Providence. The most spirited and sturdy murmured most at their forced inactivity. And even the women, whose heroic spirits had been proof against the severest cold, confessed their tempers fluctuated with the ceaseless variations of the barometer. They complained too that the health of their children suffered more. It was the fact that the damp winds of March and April brought with them more mortal sickness than the sharpest freezing weather.

The frequent burials discouraged and depressed the hardiest spirits; but the general hopefulness of human nature was well illustrated by the fact that even the most provident were found unfurnished with burial necessities, and as a result they were often driven to the most melancholy makeshifts.

The usual expedient adopted was to cut a log of some eight or nine feet long, and slitting the bark longitudinally, strip it off in two half-cylinders. These, placed around the body of the deceased and bound firmly together with withs made of alburnum, formed a rough sort of tubular coffin, which surviving relatives and friends, with a little show of black crape, could follow to the hole or bit of ditch dug to receive it in the wet ground of the prairie. The name of the deceased, his age, the date of his death, and the surrounding landmarks were all registered with care. His party was then ready to move on. Such graves mark all the line of the first years of Mormon travel—dispiriting milestones to failing stragglers in the rear.

The hardships and trials which they had suffered developed a spirit of self-sacrifice among these indomitable people. Hale young men gave up their own food and shelter to the old and helpless, and worked their way back to parts of the frontier States, chiefly Missouri and Iowa where they were not recognized, and hired themselves out for wages, to purchase more. Others were sent there to exchange for meal and flour, or wheat and corn, the table-and bed-furniture and other remaining articles of personal property which a few had still retained.

In a kindred spirit of fraternity, others laid out great farms in the wilds and planted the grain saved for their own bread; that there might be harvests for those who should follow them. Two of these, in the Sac and Fox country and beyond it, Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, included within their fences about two miles of land each, carefully planted with grain, with a hamlet of comfortable log cabins in the neighborhood of each.

Through all this the pioneers found comfort in the thought that their own suffering was the price of immunity from similar hardships their friends at home, in following their trail, would otherwise have had to pay. But the arrival of spring proved this a delusion. Before the warm weather had made the earth dry enough for easy travel, messengers came in from Nauvoo to overtake the party with fear-exaggerated tales of outrage, and to urge the chief men to hurry back to the city that they might give counsel and assistance there. The enemy had only waited until the emigrants were supposed to be

gone on their road too far to return to interfere with them, and then renewed their aggressions.

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The Mormons outside Nauvoo were indeed hard pressed, but inside the city they maintained themselves very well for two or three months longer. Strange to say, the chief part of this respite was devoted to completing the structure of their quaintly devised but beautiful temple. Since the dispersion of Jewry, probably, history affords us no parallel to the attachment of the Mormons for this edifice. Every architectural element, every most fantastic emblem it embodied, was associated, for them, with some cherished feature of their religion. Its erection had been enjoined upon them as a most sacred duty: they were proud of the honor it conferred upon their city, when it grew up in its splendor to become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the upper Mississippi. Besides, they had built it as a labor of love; they could count up to half a million the value of their tithings and freewill offerings laid upon it. Hardly a Mormon woman had not given up to it some trinket or pin-money; the poorest Mormon man had at least served the tenth part of his year on its walls; and the coarsest artisan could turn to it with something of the ennobling attachment an artist has for his own creation.

Therefore, though their enemies drove on them ruthlessly, they succeeded in parrying the last sword-thrust, till they had completed even the gilding of the angel and trumpet on the summit of its lofty spire. As a closing work, they placed on the entablature of the front, like a baptismal mark on the forehead, these words:

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD:

BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

Then, at high noon, under the bright sunshine of May, the next after its completion, they consecrated it to divine service. There was a carefully studied ceremonial for the occasion. It was said the high elders of the sect travelled furtively from the camp of Israel in the wilderness, and, throwing off ingenious disguises, appeared in their own robes of office to give it splendor.

For that one day the temple stood resplendent in all its typical glories of sun, moon and stars, and other abounding figured and lettered signs, hieroglyphs, and symbols; but that day only. The sacred rites of consecration ended, the work of removing the *sacrosancta* proceeded with the rapidity of magic. It went on through the night, and when the morning of the next day dawned all the ornaments and furniture, everything that could provoke a sneer, had been carried off; and except some fixtures that would not bear removal, the building was dismantled.

This day saw the departure of the last of the elders, and the largest band that moved in one company together. The people of Iowa have told me that from morning to night they passed westward like an endless procession. They did not seem greatly out of heart, they said; but, at the top of every hill, before they disappeared, they were to be

seen looking back, like banished Moors, on their abandoned homes and the distant temple and its glittering spire.

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After this consecration, which was construed to indicate an insincerity on the part of the Mormons as to their stipulated departure, or at least a hope of return, their foes set upon them with renewed bitterness. As many fled as were at all prepared; but by the very fact of their so decreasing the already diminished forces of the city's defenders, they encouraged the enemy to greater boldness. It soon became apparent that nothing short of an immediate emigration could save the remnant.

From this time onward the energies of those already on the road were engrossed by the duty of providing for the fugitives who came crowding in after them. At a last general meeting of the sect in Nauvoo, there had been passed a unanimous resolution that they would sustain one another, whatever their circumstances, upon the march; and this, though made in view of no such appalling exigency, they now with one accord set themselves together to carry out.

The host again moved on. The tents which had gathered on the hill summits, like white birds hesitating to venture on the long flight over the river, were struck one after another, and the dwellers in them and their wagons and their cattle hastened down to cross it at a ferry in the valley, which they made by night and day. A little beyond the landing they formed their companies and made their preparations for the last and longest stage of their journey.

Though the season was late, when they first crossed the Missouri, some of them moved forward with great hopefulness, full of the notion of viewing and choosing their new homes that year. But the van had only reached Grand Island and the Pawnee villages, when they were overtaken by more ill news from Nauvoo. Before the summer closed, their enemies set upon the last remnant of those who were left behind in Illinois. They were a few lingerers, who could not be persuaded but there might yet be time for them to gather up their worldly goods before removing. Some weakly mothers and their infants, a few delicate young girls, and many cripples and bereaved and sick people—these had remained under shelter, according to the Mormon statement at least, by virtue of an express covenant in their behalf. If there was such a covenant, it was broken. A vindictive war was waged upon them, from which the weakest fled in scattered parties, leaving the rest to make a reluctant and almost ludicrously unavailing defence, till September 17th, when one thousand six hundred twenty-five troops entered Nauvoo and drove all forth who had not retreated before that time.

Like the wounded birds of a flock fired into toward nightfall, they came straggling on with faltering steps, many of them without bag or baggage, beast or barrow, all asking shelter or burial, and forcing a fresh repartition of the already divided rations of their friends. It was plain now that every energy must be taxed to prevent the entire expedition from perishing. Further emigration for the time was out of the question, and the whole people prepared themselves for encountering another winter on the prairie.

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Happily for the main body, they found themselves at this juncture among Indians who were amicably disposed. The lands on both sides of the Missouri in particular were owned by the Pottawottomis and Omahas, two tribes whom unjust treatment by our United States Government had the effect of rendering most hospitable to strangers whom they regarded as persecuted like themselves.

They were pleased with the Mormons. They would have been pleased with any whites who would not cheat them, nor sell them whiskey, nor whip them for their poor gypsy habits, nor conduct themselves indecently toward their women, many of whom among the Pottawottomis—especially those of nearly unmixed French descent—are singularly comely, and some of them educated. But all Indians have something like a sentiment of reverence for the insane, and admire those who sacrifice, without apparent motive, their worldly welfare to the triumph of an idea. They understand the meaning of what they call a great vow, and think it the duty of the right-minded to lighten the votary's penance under it. To this feeling they united the sympathy of fellow-sufferers for those who could talk to them of their own Illinois, and tell the story of how they also had been ruthlessly expelled from it.

Their hospitality was sincere, almost delicate. Fanny le Clerc, the spoiled child of the great brave Pied Riche, interpreter of the nation, would have the paleface Miss Devine learn duets with her on the guitar; and the daughter of substantial Joseph la Framboise, the United States interpreter for the tribe (she died of the fever that summer) welcomed all the nicest young Mormon women to a party at her father's house, which was probably the best cabin in that village. They made the Mormons at home, there and elsewhere. Upon all their lands they formally gave them leave to remain as long as suited their own good pleasure.

The affair, of course, furnished material for a solemn council. Under the auspices of an officer of the United States their chiefs were summoned, in the form befitting great occasions, to meet in the yard of a Mr. P.A. Sarpy's log trading-house. They came in grand costume, moving in their fantastic attire with so much *aplomb* and genteel measure that the stranger found it difficult not to believe them high-born gentlemen, attending a fancy-dress ball. Their aristocratically thin legs, of which they displayed fully the usual Indian proportion, aided this illusion. There is something too at all times very mock-Indian in the theatrical French millinery tie of the Pottawottomi turban; while it is next to impossible for a sober white man, at first sight, to believe that the red, green, black, blue, and yellow cosmetics, with which he sees such grave personages so variously dotted, diapered, cancelled, and arabesqued are worn by them in any mood but one of the deepest and most desperate quizzing. From the time of their first squat upon the ground to the final breaking up of the council circle they sustained their characters with equal self-possession and address.

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I will not take it upon myself to describe their order of ceremonies; indeed, I ought not, since I have never been able to view the habits and customs of our aborigines in any other light than that of a sorrowful subject of jest. Besides, in this instance, the powwow and the expected flow of turgid eloquence were both moderated probably by the conduct of the entire transaction on temperance principles. I therefore content myself with observing generally that the proceedings were such as in every way became the dignity of the parties interested, and the magnitude of the interests involved. When the red men had indulged to satiety in tobacco-smoke from their peace-pipes, and in what they love still better—their peculiar metaphoric rhodomontade, which, beginning with the celestial bodies, and coursing downward over the grandest sublunary objects, always managed to alight at last on their “Great Father,” Polk, and the tenderness with which his affectionate red children regarded him. All the solemn funny fellows present, who played the part of chiefs, signed formal articles of convention with their unpronounceable names.

The renowned chief Pied Riche—he was surnamed Le Clerc on account of his remarkable scholarship—then rose and said: “My Mormon brethren, the Pottawottomi came, sad and tired, into this unhealthy Missouri bottom, not many years back, when he was taken from his beautiful country, beyond the Mississippi, which had abundant game and timber and clear water everywhere. Now you are driven away, the same, from your lodges and lands and the graves of your people. So we have both suffered. We must help one another, and the Great Spirit will help us both. You are now free to cut and use all the wood you may wish. You can make all your improvements, and live on any part of our actual land not occupied by us. Because one suffers, and does not deserve it, is no reason he shall suffer always: I say, we may live to see all right yet. However, if we do not, our children will. *Bon jour!*”

And thus ended the powwow. I give this speech as a morsel of real Indian. It was recited to me after the treaty by the Pottawottomi orator in French, which language he spoke with elegance. *Bon jour* [“good day”] is the French, Indian, and English hail, and farewell of the Pottawottomis.

Upon the Pottawotomi lands, scattered through the border regions of Missouri and Iowa, in the Sac and Fox country, a few among the Ioways, among the Poncas, in a great company upon the banks of the l’Eau qui Coulee (or Running Water) River, and at the Omaha winter quarters, the Mormons sustained themselves through the heavy winter of 1846-1847. It was the severest of their trials. This winter was the turning-point of the Mormon fortunes. Those who lived through it were spared to witness the gradual return of better times; and they now liken it to the passing of a dreary night, since which they have watched the coming of a steadily brightening day.

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In the spring of 1847, a body of one hundred forty-three picked men, with seventy wagons, drawn by their best horses, left the Omaha quarters, under the command of the members of the high council who had wintered there. They carried with them little but seed and farming implements, their aim being to plant spring crops at their ultimate destination. They relied on their rifles to give them food, but rarely left their road in search of game. They made long marches, and moved as rapidly as possible.

Against the season when ordinary emigration passes the Missouri, they were already through the South Pass, and after a couple of short days' travel beyond it entered upon the more arduous part of their journey, which now lay through the Rocky Mountains. They passed Fremont's Peak, Long's Peak, The Twins, and other summits, but had great difficulties to overcome in forcing their way over other mountains of the rugged Utah range, sometimes following the stony bed of torrents, the headwaters of some of the mightiest rivers of our continent, and sometimes literally cutting their road through heavy and ragged timber. They arrived at the grand basin of the Great Salt Lake, much exhausted, but without losing a man, and in time to plant for a partial autumn harvest. Another party started after these pioneers from the Omaha winter quarters, in the summer. They had five hundred sixty-six wagons, and carried large quantities of grain, which they were able to sow before it froze.

The same season these were joined by a part of the battalion and other members of the Church who came eastward from California and the Sandwich Islands. Together they fortified themselves strongly with sun-dried brick walls and blockhouses, and, living safely through the winter, were able to reap crops that yielded ample provision for the ensuing year.

In 1848, nearly all the remaining members of the Church left the Missouri country in a succession of powerful bands, invigorated and enriched by their abundant harvests there; and that year saw fully established their commonwealth of the "New Covenant," the future State of "Deseret." [Footnote: The Mormons repeatedly tried to secure the admission of Deseret into the Union as a State under that name—said to mean "virtue and industry."]

When Utah was organized as a Territory (1850), the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, was made governor. In 1857 President Buchanan appointed a non-Mormon to succeed Young. This act led the Mormons to rebel, but after a display of military force by the Government they acknowledged allegiance. In 1896, polygamy having been prohibited by Congress, Utah was admitted to the Union. Since the settlement of the Mormons upon the Great Salt Lake there has been a large immigration into Utah. [The Mormons have spread beyond that State into Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, and other parts of the West and Southwest—ED.]

(1848) THE REFORMS OF PIUS IX, Francis Bowen

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In the long roll of pontiffs the name of Pius IX stands conspicuous among those of popes, who have greatly exerted their power for effect upon the papacy itself. But the influence of Pius IX was not less marked in Italian and European politics. An account of the reforms which he undertook and of the obstacles he had to confront, cannot fail to convey, directly or by implication, matters of much importance in modern history. That a pope who signalized the beginning of his official career by a series of liberal reforms should soon have been driven from his see by revolutionists is one of the historical paradoxes for which even the “philosophy of history” finds it difficult to account. But, as one writer tells us, “The revolutionary fever of 1848 spread too fast for a reforming pope, and his refusal to make war upon the Austrians finally cost him the affections of the Romans.”

Pope Pius IX (Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti) who at the age of fifty-four brought the power of his papal throne to advance the cause of Young Italy—led by Mazzini and other patriots—was born at Sinigaglia May 13, 1792. He was descended from a noble family, and his early education was received at the College of Volterra. Throughout the years of his youth he suffered from infirm health, but before reaching thirty he gained much in strength, and in 1827 became Archbishop of Spoleto. In 1840 he was made cardinal by Pope Gregory XVI. Gregory died June 1, 1846, and after being two days in conclave the cardinals elected their colleague Ferretti to succeed him. The cardinals felt the advisability of choosing for pope a native of the Papal States, a man not too far advanced in years, and one “who would see the necessity of correcting abuses and making some reforms.”

Francis Bowen, whose review of Pope Pius’s career, from his entrance upon the papal office until his temporary withdrawal from Rome, is here presented, is a well-known authority in this as also in other fields of history, and his recital is based upon the best contemporary accounts.

When Pius IX was elected Pope his course did not long remain doubtful. He limited the expenses of the court at once, dispensed alms in abundance, set aside one day of each week for giving audiences, and commanded that political inquisitions should be stopped immediately. These few steps, taken before he had had time to consult with others, afford perhaps a better indication of the mild and kind character of the new pontiff than the grave political acts which were subsequently performed. These show us the man, the others reveal only the sovereign. Just one month after his election, a manifesto of amnesty for all political offenders was published at Rome, including the exiles, those awaiting trial, and those undergoing sentence. The only conditions imposed were that the individuals pardoned should give their word of honor never to abuse the indulgence, and would fulfil every duty of a good citizen.

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The news of this act flew like the wind through the Papal States, and caused everywhere a burst of exultation and gratitude toward the new sovereign. It carried joy to thousands of households, bringing back to them the long-separated brother or parent, and it was a token of future peace and contentment. In the city, says Farini, [Footnote: Luigi Carlo Farini, who is freely quoted by Bowen, was an Italian historian and statesman. His principal work is *Storia dello stato Romano dall' anno 1814 al 1830*.—ED.] the hosannas were countless; each citizen embraced his neighbor like a brother; thousands of torches blazed in the evening; the multitude ran to the palace of the Pope, called for him, threw themselves prostrate on the earth before him, and received his blessing in devout silence. Many of the pardoned offenders were still more extravagant in their demonstrations of joy and thankfulness. Among them was Galletti, of Bologna, afterward one of the Pope's ministers, and most active in those measures which ended in the assassination of Rossi and in driving Pius into exile. He had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, and was kept in the castle of Sant' Angelo. When released, he threw himself at the Pope's feet, and swore, by his own heart's blood and that of his children, that he would be grateful and faithful. Some of the exiles, however, among whom was Mamiani, refused to subscribe the proposed engagement, simple as it was; but they returned after a time to their homes, merely promising allegiance. Every time that the Pope left his palace he was surrounded by a sort of triumphal procession. The whole length of the Corso was decorated when he passed through it, and hundreds of likenesses of him, and of panegyrical compositions, covered the walls. Foremost in getting up these popular celebrations was Angelo Brunetti, afterward so well known by his nickname of "Ciceruacchio." "He was a person of single mind, rustic in manners, proud and at the same time generous, as is common with Romans of the lower class." By his industry he had acquired considerable property, and by his liberal use of it had become a leader of the populace, whom he now fired with his own enthusiasm for Pius IX.

The Pope would have been more than man if his head had not been a little turned with all this adulation, which came to him from many foreign lands as well as from Italy. But his simple and modest character bore the trial well; he manifested no undue elation, and formed his plans tranquilly and without hurry for the improvement of his people. Cardinal Gizzi, well known as a friend to reform, and much attached to the Pope, was named Secretary of State; and he wrote letters to the presidents of the provinces, inviting them, the municipal magistrates, ecclesiastics, and all respectable citizens, to prepare and offer schemes for promoting popular education, and especially for the moral, religious, and industrial instruction of the children of the poor. Commissions were

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appointed to deliberate and advise upon many subjects of proposed reform. Great, indeed, was the need of change in the institutions of the Pontifical States; but the Government had a delicate part to play in amending them, and it wisely determined not to be precipitate in its measures. "Already the Liberals had conceived boundless desires, and the Retrogradists were haunted with unreasonable fears. The Government had, to-day, to moderate on the left, circulate despatches, wellnigh to scold men for hoping too much."

But the friends of change, says Farini, were for the most part measured in their wishes and cautious in their proceedings; for all prudent men were exerting themselves strenuously to keep the impatient in hand, with excellent effect.

We cannot follow in detail the Pope's measures down to March, 1848, till which period the movement may be considered as all his own, emanating from his free choice and not from the pressure of outward circumstances or from revolutions in foreign States. He did enough during these twenty months to establish his character as a wise, humane, and liberal sovereign, eager to promote the temporal and religious interests of his people, and prompt to give political power into their hands as fast as they showed themselves capable of using, and not abusing, it. He instituted a civic guard throughout his dominions, modelled on the French National Guard, and disbanded the Gregorian Centurions and volunteers. All his court was opposed to this measure as premature and dangerous; and even Cardinal Gizzi resigned his place in consequence of it. But the Pope persevered, and Cardinal Ferretti, still more inclined to liberalism, was appointed in his place.

He conceived the idea of an Italian customs league, after the model of the German one, and pressed it with so much earnestness that in November, 1847, it was instituted for the Roman, Tuscan, and Sardinian dominions, and every effort was made to render it acceptable to the other powers of Italy. He established a municipal government for the city of Rome, which had hitherto remained without one; and he created a Council of State for all his dominions, to consist chiefly of the laity, one person being chosen for each Province by the sovereign, out of a list of three, nominated by the provincial authorities. This Council was to sit in Rome, and aid the Government with its advice in putting the various departments in order, in constituting municipalities, and in other public concerns. He created, also, a Council of Ministers, which Farini calls the most important act of his reign, "As being that by which the executive power acquired an organization worthy of a civilized state, and altogether novel in that of Rome." There were to be nine departments, and, with the exception of the president of the Council and its secretary, the ministers need not be cardinals. All those first appointed, however, were cardinals or prelates.

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A body of *Uditori* was attached to this Council, consisting of twelve ecclesiastics and twelve laymen, all appointed by the sovereign. The laws respecting the censorship of the press were much relaxed, and numerous political journals were established at Rome, which before had nothing that deserved the name of a newspaper. "Our infant journalism," says Farini, "had its infant passions and caprices; instead of meditating, it gambolled, and every day it smashed its toys of the day before, as children do; it instituted a school of declamation, not of political knowledge; it ran and plunged about, blindfold; it made boast of an independent spirit, and was a mean slave to out-of-doors influence."

These measures of reform, and the enthusiasm which they created, were not without effect on surrounding nations. Considering the place whence they came, and the sovereign who conducted them, they were adapted to have a vast influence. Rome, the "Eternal City," was regenerated, and a new life bounded through her old limbs; and the August head of the Catholic Church, the greatest religious potentate of the civilized world, the infallible, the object of veneration to half Christendom, and hitherto the most despotic and conservative sovereign in Europe, was now the daring innovator, the radical, the idol of the populace. Austria looked on with distrust and dismay, and tried to pick a quarrel and thus find a pretext for invasion by ordering its troops, who had as yet only garrisoned the fortress, to occupy the city of Ferrara and patrol its streets—a measure almost sure to lead to a collision with its citizens.

The Pope protested in a firm but temperate tone, and his indignant people would fain have hurried him into a war; but he bridled their impatience and the matter ended in a compromise. Tuscany caught the generous flame of freedom; and though there was not so much to be accomplished there, as the Government had long been mild and discreet, the good Archduke [Leopold II] professed the utmost admiration for Pius, and began to imitate his measures.

The King of Sardinia was moved to enthusiasm; during the difficulty with Austria about Ferrara he offered the Pope whatever succor of ships or men he might need, and an asylum in his dominions if he should be compelled to leave Rome. He did more; he relaxed the bonds of the press, improved the administration of justice, deprived the police of their discretionary power, enlarged and amended the Council of State, emancipated the communes, and allowed their officers to be chosen by popular vote. The character and example of Pius seemed likely to effect as great and as beneficial changes out of his dominions as within them. Those of the Italian sovereigns who were not willing to follow his lead of their own accord, were obliged to yield in dismay before the spirit which he had awakened in their subjects.

The silly Duke of Lucca, a fanatic, a prodigal, and a despot, after attempting in vain to cudgel his people into submission, fled in terror from their aroused wrath, and consented to the annexation of his dominions to Tuscany, whereby they shared in the reforms instituted by Leopold.

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But in Sicily and Naples were developed the most striking results of the fire which had been kindled by a reforming pope. The cruel and imbecile Bourbon who reigned there became only more harsh and obstinate, while the other princes of Italy deemed it necessary to reform their institutions and conciliate their people. His subjects petitioned him, and shouted for Pius in the streets; but the soldiery were turned against them, and the King showed himself alike inaccessible to their caresses and their prayers. "One king only," said Thiers from the tribune, speaking of Italy, "he of Naples, presented the sword's point to the people who were flocking around him, and that people fell on it." The impulsive Sicilians fixed January 12, 1848, as the day beyond which their patience would not extend. The King made no concessions, the day came, and the island was revolutionized, the troops everywhere giving way before the excited populace. Within a fortnight the inhabitants of Naples followed their example; and before the fight began, the King's heart failed him, and he granted all that they asked. The Ministry was changed, a constitution was resolved upon, and its fundamental principles were announced on January 29th, while the Administration pledged themselves to publish it complete within twelve days. The King came out to meet the crowd, who were cheering him, and intimated his purpose to surpass the other sovereigns of Italy in the magnitude of his concessions. How sincere his promises were, the lapse of a few months fully showed; but at present everything wore a cheerful aspect.

The Pope had now reached the climax of his fortunes, the furthest limit of the good which he was permitted to accomplish by his own free will, and the sky began to be overcast. The enthusiasm of his people became unmanageable, and the volcanic force of another French revolution was soon to burst and to prostrate half the governments in Europe by the explosion. Constant excitement for twenty months had made Rome noisy and turbulent, and the populace had been gratified so often that they now expected everything to succumb to their wishes. Busy agitators were in the midst of them, intent upon prosecuting the plans of Mazzini and Young Italy, and turning reform into revolution. The people were mad for a declaration of war against Austria, though the military strength of the Roman States was grossly inadequate for such a conflict, and the head of the Catholic Church was naturally reluctant to come to extremities with a Catholic power which had long been the firmest support of the papacy. Then a cry was raised to exclude all ecclesiastics from office, or at least to admit so large a portion of the laity into the Administration that Rome would be secularized and lose its distinctive character as an appanage for the head of the Church. The people would not consider, or were reckless of the fact, that Pius was a devout Catholic as well as a liberal sovereign, and could not be expected to lend his aid to a project for stripping the papacy of all temporal power, if not for razing it to its foundations. The cries of expulsion and death to the Jesuits were also raised; and as that body, however obnoxious elsewhere, had given no offence at Rome, the Pope's sense of justice inclined him to protect them and to resist the clamor of the mob.

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The news from Sicily and Naples caused a great popular demonstration at Rome, the aspect of which was so threatening that Pius issued a proclamation, on February 10th, announcing that he had taken measures for reorganizing and enlarging the army, and for augmenting the lay portion of the Council of Ministers; but appealing to his people in affecting terms, by the proofs already given of his solicitude in their behalf, that they should cease from agitation and not make demands which could not be granted consistently with his duty and their own well-being. This paper caused another effusion of popular gratitude; an immense multitude collected in the Piazza del Papolo, and, accompanied by the Civic Guard and bearing banners, they set out for the Pope's palace. When they came to the Quirinal Pius showed himself at the balcony and made signs that he wished to speak. "There was a profound silence, not broken even by the trickling of the fountains, which had been stopped some days before." The Pope said:

"Before the benediction of God descends upon you, on the rest of my people, and, I say it again, on all Italy, I pray you to be of one mind, and to keep the faith which you have sworn to me, the Pontiff."

"At these words the silence of deep feeling was broken by a sudden thunder of acclamation, 'Yes, I swear,' and Pius proceeded:

"I warn you, however, against the raising of certain cries, that are not of the people, but of a few individuals, and against making any such requests to me as are incompatible with the sanctity of the Church; for these I cannot, I may not, and I will not grant. This being understood, with my whole soul, I bless you."

Deeds followed words; the Ministry was changed; five laymen were admitted into it, and it was intimated that a constitution would be granted resembling those in other States. Then came the news of the disasters at Paris, and everything was precipitated. On March 10th the Ministry was again changed, only three ecclesiastics being now admitted into it; and on the 14th the new constitution, or "Fundamental Statute," was proclaimed. It instituted a Legislature in two branches, the High Council and the Council of Deputies, the members of the former being appointed by the Pope, and those of the latter being chosen by popular vote in the ratio, as nearly as might be, of one to every thirty thousand souls. All citizens were voters who paid twelve crowns a year in direct taxes or had property amounting to three hundred crowns; to these were added all members of colleges and honorary graduates, and all persons holding office in the communes and municipalities. The Legislature was to be convoked every year, both Councils were to choose their own officers, and their sessions were to be public, except on extraordinary occasions when they might of their own accord prefer secrecy. Freedom of debate and vote was guaranteed, and the members of both Houses were protected from arrest, even for notoriously criminal acts, during the session, except by consent of the Council to which they belonged.

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They were to have authority to make laws on all subjects, excepting ecclesiastical matters and the canons and discipline of the Church, but including the imposition of taxes; the Pope, however, like most monarchs, reserved to himself the right of negating a law. All discussions, also, of the diplomatico-religious relations of the Holy See with foreign powers were forbidden. Money bills were to originate in the lower house, and direct taxes could be granted for only a year. The Deputies had a right to impeach ministers, who, if they were laymen, were to be tried by the High Council; if ecclesiastics, by the Sacred College. The unlimited right of petition to the lower house was assured and ministers were responsible for every ministerial act; they had the right of sitting and debating, but not of voting, in both Councils. A portion of the revenue of the State, for the support of the cardinals, the ecclesiastical congregations, and generally for the transaction of purely ecclesiastical business, was to be secured to the Pope, and to be borne on the estimates every year.

The judges were to be irremovable after they had held office for three years; and all persons were declared equal in the sight of the law. Extraordinary commissions or tribunals for the trial of offences were abolished. All property, whether of individuals or corporations, whether civil or ecclesiastical, was to be held subject to its equal part of the burdens of the State; and to all bills imposing taxes, the Pope would annex, of his own authority, a special waiver of the ecclesiastical exemption. The administrations of the Provinces and the communes were placed in the hands of their respective inhabitants. The Government (or political) censorship was abolished, but the ecclesiastical censorship was retained.

Such is a general outline of the Roman Constitution spontaneously granted to his subjects by Pius IX. Its merits, in all civil or political matters, are certainly equal, if not superior, to those of the English Constitution, from which in great part it was borrowed; its faults are precisely those which resulted necessarily from the Pope's double character, as temporal sovereign of the Roman States and as head of the Catholic Church throughout the world. It was not within the province or at the discretion of Pius to alter the tenure by which he held his throne, to change the fundamental principles of the Church or to abolish his ecclesiastical dominion. He granted to his subjects all that was in his power to grant as their temporal sovereign. His purely ecclesiastical relations and duties did not concern them, or concerned them only so far as they were members of the great body of Catholic believers in all lands. The College of Cardinals *must* choose the Pope, and *must* choose one of their own number; this is not a law of the Roman States, but a law of the Catholic Church. Pius could not abrogate it; and if he had been inclined to grant everything to his people by divesting himself of the last rag of his sovereignty, the only consequence would have been that the cardinals must have chosen another pope in his place, who might undo all that Pius had accomplished.

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These are obvious and necessary considerations; and the Pope expressly recognizes them in the ordinance accompanying the grant of the constitution. "We intend," he says, "to maintain intact our authority in matters that by their nature are related to the Catholic religion and its rule of morals. And this is due from us as a guaranty to the whole of Christendom, that, in the States of the Church reorganized in this new form, nothing shall be derogated from the liberties and rights of the Church herself, and of the Holy See, nor any precedent be established for violating the sacredness of the religion which it is our duty and mission to preach to the whole world, as the only scheme of covenant between God and man, the only pledge of that heavenly benediction by which states subsist and nations flourish."

Now, it is worthy of note that neither this constitution nor any of the acts of Pius under it was ever complained of by any party among the Pope's subjects except in regard to these ecclesiastical reservations which were forced from him by the very nature of the office that he held. The constitutionalists, indeed the moderate reformers, the party of Balbo and Gioberti and D'Azeglio, which comprised most of the educated and reflecting persons in the State, seem to have been entirely satisfied with it as a whole, or as it was. So also were the unthinking populace, who received it with shouts of exultation, so long as they were not moved by the arts of a party who would not be satisfied with having a good pope, but were bent upon having no pope at all. This was the party of Mazzini, the revolutionists as distinguished from the reformers—not strong at first either in numbers or credit, as we have seen, but who made up for all deficiencies by their zeal and activity—who were determined to establish a republic, and who cared nothing for the embarrassments of the Pope's situation as head of the Church, of indeed for the Church itself. They complained—and with reason, too, upon their principles—of these ecclesiastical reservations; and they made out of them their chief weapon of attack upon the Pope's government, though they did not profit so much by the use of it as by the evident unwillingness of Pius to rush into a war with Austria for the purpose of giving the sovereignty of Lombardy to Charles Albert, a measure to which he was averse, because he thought such a conflict would be detrimental to the interests of the Church over which he presided.

The world's future judgment of Pius will depend upon its belief of the sincerity with which he acted in thus allowing nothing but his religious duties and his position as the head of the Church to limit his concessions of political privileges to his subjects. On this point, it is well to hear the opinion of Farini, who, as one of the Mamiani Ministry and as employed to mediate between them and the Pope, because much loved and trusted by him, seems peculiarly qualified to form one without undue bias on either side:

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“Pius IX had applied himself to political reform, not so much for the reason that his conscience as an honorable man and a most pious sovereign enjoined it, as because his high view of the papal office prompted him to employ the temporal power for the benefit of his spiritual authority. A meek man and a benevolent prince, Pius IX was, as a pontiff, lofty even to sternness. With a soul not only devout, but mystical, he referred everything to God, and respected and venerated his own person as standing in God’s place. He thought it his duty to guard with jealousy the temporal sovereignty of the Church, because he thought it essential to the safe-keeping and the apostleship of the faith.

“Aware of the numerous vices of that temporal government, and hostile to all vice and all its agents, he had sought, on mounting the throne, to effect those reforms which justice, public opinion, and the times required. He hoped to give lustre to the papacy by their means, and so to extend and to consolidate the faith. He hoped to acquire for the clergy that credit, which is a great part of the decorum of religion and an efficient cause of reverence and devotion in the people. His first efforts were successful in such a degree that no pontiff ever got greater praise.

“By this he was greatly stimulated and encouraged, and perhaps he gave in to the seduction of applause and the temptations of popularity more than is fitting for a man of decision or for a prudent prince. But when, after a little, Europe was shaken by universal revolution, the work he had commenced was, in his view, marred; he then retired within himself and took alarm.

“In his heart, the pontiff always came before the prince, the priest before the citizen; in the secret struggles of his mind, pontifical and priestly conference always outweighed the conscience of the prince and citizen. And as his conscience was a very timid one, it followed that his inward conflicts were frequent; that hesitation was a matter of course, and that he often took resolutions even about temporal affairs, more from religious intuition or impulse than from his judgment as a man. Added to this, his health was weak and susceptible of nervous excitement—the dregs of his old complaint. From this he suffered most when his mind was most troubled and uneasy; another cause of wavering and changefulness.

“Under the pressure of the extraordinary occurrences throughout Europe early in the spring of 1848, the Pope’s new Ministry under the constitution proceeded vigorously and rapidly to give full development and efficiency to that instrument. They also expressed the wish for a firm union of the constitutional thrones of Italy with one another with a view to insuring her independence; and they ordered the papal banners to be decorated with pennons of the Italian tricolor. On March 21st the news of the revolution at Vienna, much magnified by report, arrived, and the excitement of the Roman populace knew no bounds.

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“Every bell in the city pealed for joy; from palace and from hovel, from magazine and workshop, the townspeople poured in throngs into the streets and squares; some took to letting off firearms, some to strewing flowers; some hoisted flags on the towers, some decked with them their balconies; everybody was shouting ‘*Italia! Italia!*’ and cursing the Empire. In an access of fury, the Austrian arms were torn down, dashed to pieces, and befouled amid the applause of the crowd in spite of the dissuasion of the public functionaries and of prudent persons.”

The hostility to the Jesuits now threatened to break out into violence; and for the double purpose of protecting them and appeasing the passions of the mob the Pope consented that the schools which they had superintended should be given into other hands, that their associations should be disbanded and they should be exiled.

“The Government perhaps had no choice, so swiftly and impetuously did the torrent of popular commotion roll. I will not affirm that the Pope and the Government ought to have exposed to the last hazard the security of the State for an ineffectual defence of the fraternity. What I wish to observe is that if there were among the Jesuits men stained with guilt, and mischievous plotters, they ought to have been watched and punished as bad citizens; but it was incompatible with propriety or justice to condemn and punish a religious association, as such, in a place where the Pope held both his own seat and the supreme authority of the Church. None but the Pope had the power to condemn the society as a whole, and no condemnation but his could be just or valid in the opinion and conscience of the Catholics, or produce the desired political effects.” On the same day that the Jesuits were expelled, the Pope issued a noble proclamation, breathing the best spirit of religion. The following excerpt is a portion of it:

“Pius Papa IX to the People of the States of Italy—Health and Apostolic Benediction:

“The events which the last two months have witnessed, following and thronging one another in such rapid succession, are no work of man. Woe to him that does not discern the Lord’s voice in this blast that agitates, uproots, and rends the cedar and the oak. Woe to the pride of man if he shall refer, these marvellous changes to any human merit or any human fault; if instead of adoring the hidden designs of Providence, whether manifested in the paths of his justice or of his mercy, or of that Providence in whose hands are all the ends of the earth. And we, who are endowed with speech in order to interpret the dumb eloquence of the works of God—we cannot be mute amid the longings, the fears, and the hopes which agitate the minds of our children.

“And first, it is our duty to make known to you that if our hearts had been moved at hearing how, in a part of Italy, the consolations of religion have preceded the perils of battle, and nobleness of mind has been displayed in works of charity, we nevertheless could not and cannot but greatly grieve over the injuries which, in other places, have been done to the ministers of that same religion—injuries, even if contrary to our duty

we were silent concerning them, our silence could not hinder from impairing the efficacy of our benedictions.

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"Neither can we refrain from telling you that to use victory well is a greater and more difficult achievement than to be victorious. If the present day recalls to you any other period of your history, let the children profit by the errors of their forefathers. Remember that all stability and all prosperity has its main earthly ground in concord; that it is God alone who maketh of one mind them that dwell in a house; that he grants this reward only to the humble and the meek, to those who respect his laws, in the liberty of his church, in the order of society, in charity toward all mankind."

* * * * *

Shortly afterward another measure, emanating entirely from the Pope, and opposed by the prejudices of the mob, showed that his humane and liberal disposition and enlightened understanding waited for no impulse from without, and for no hope of increased popularity, before doing justice to a long oppressed race. "The friends of social progress were highly gratified by the decision of Pius IX to raze in Rome the walls and gates which shut up the Jews in the Ghetto. He had already, at the commencement of his pontificate, softened some of the rigors with which they were afflicted, and had directed that they might spread beyond that ignominious precinct; nor, however great was the outcry about it among the mob, did he forego the idea of bettering the condition of the followers of the Mosaic law." He was disposed to give them civil rights; and if he did not think of extending his concessions even to political privileges, yet he would give this as the main reason for it, that, in a constitutional country, everyone who enjoys them may rise to the highest stages of power; whereas a pope could not have any save Catholic ministers. In the mean time he raised them out of the abjectness of their isolation, although the Roman vulgar censured him for it bitterly, most of all because it took effect in Holy Week. When it was known in the city that the walls and fastenings of the Ghetto were to be pulled down at night, by order of the Cardinal Vicar, Ciceruacchio hastened with his companions, or subjects, to share in the work; and they shared in it so largely that it seemed as though the thing were effected more as their boon than by the will of the Pope. Pius IX was vexed at this; whether because noise had been made about what he wanted done quietly, or because it was brought about in such a manner that it might seem the popular party had had more to say to it than the authority of the head of religion. Rome fully shared the enthusiasm which was awakened throughout Italy by the entrance of the Piedmontese troops into Lombardy, and by the announcement by Charles Albert that he had drawn the sword in the sacred cause of Italian independence. His proclamation, in the stilted phrase common to such state papers, declared that he relied upon "the assistance of that God who is visibly with us; of that God who has given

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Pius IX to Italy; of that God who, by such wondrous impulses, has placed her in a condition to act for herself." And if she acted for herself, if her deeds had been commensurate with her glorious words, the Austrian would never again have trodden any portion of the peninsula with the step of a master. But the zeal of the Italians for independence seemed all to evaporate in high-sounding manifestoes, and in a few excesses of the populace in the great cities. The inactivity of the Italian sovereigns may be explained by their imputed treachery or lukewarmness in the cause. But what prevented the people themselves from crowding the camp of Charles Albert with volunteers at a time when not a crowned head in Italy dared offer the least open opposition to such a movement? The King of Naples, sorely against his will, sent his regular army, consisting of about fourteen thousand men, to fight for the cause, and withdrew them in about six weeks, as soon as a base act of treachery had given him the victory at home. General Pepe, their commander, wished to disobey the order and move forward; but "nearly the whole army turned its back on the Po and on him, and moved backward in the direction of the Neapolitan Kingdom." Two hundred volunteers had previously set out from Naples for Upper Italy, under the guidance and at the expense of an enthusiastic woman, the Princess Belgioioso. "She had lived as an exile in France, and was at first enthusiastic for the *Giovine Italia*; she afterward became averse to it, and sided with Guizot, Duchatel, and Mignet, her intimate friend. She was well versed—or mixed herself much—in literature, politics, the study of theology, and journalism; a woman that had some of the feelings and anxieties of men, together with all those of her own sex, and who was now travelling through Italy intent upon manly business, but after woman's fashion. Other volunteers afterward started, and a vessel set sail for Leghorn, which carried them, along with the Tenth Regiment of the line." The Sicilians at the same time determined to separate entirely from Naples and the rest of the peninsula; "and thus all the ability and spirit, the arms and wealth, of that powerful island were applied to the effort for insular independence, and drawn off from that for the independence of the nation." From Tuscany there went to this national war "about three thousand volunteers, and perhaps as many more regulars"—a number so small that Farini apologizes for it, and endeavors to prove that it ought "not to be imputed to any lukewarmness in the affection for Italy." The army from the Roman States, which the Pope had set on foot, but hoped to retain as a defensive force within the northern boundary of his dominions, numbered about sixteen thousand, of whom more than half were volunteers. The conduct of the people of Lombardy, who though the conflict raged on their own soil, and their own freedom was immediately at stake, wasted their strength in quarrelling with one another instead

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of succoring Charles Albert, has long been a topic of wonder and censure. In short, all Italy did not furnish for this sacred war, so long the object of her aspirations and her prayers, a body of volunteers one-fourth as large as the army which the King of Sardinia brought into the field, though it was probable that he was moved from the first only by the hope of personal aggrandizement. He invaded Lombardy with an army of fifty-five thousand men, expecting thereby to win, with the aid of the national enthusiasm, the sceptre of all Italy for himself and his descendants. A terrible disappointment awaited him; instead of glory, shame and defeat were his portion; and having abdicated his paternal throne in despair he died in exile, literally of a broken heart. Pius IX was hardly more fortunate; to him also this fatal war brought dishonor and exile, the loss of the affection of his subjects, and of the admiration of the civilized world. The reluctance of the Pope to engage, when unprovoked, in a war with Austria is no cause for wonder. He earnestly desired the welfare of his people and the independence of his native land; but all his desires were subject to the interests of the Church, of which he was the recognized head throughout Christendom. The republicans in his dominions, including Mazzini and his party, were aware of this reluctance, and determined to make use of it and of the passions of the people in order to get rid of him altogether. No opportunity was lost to compromise him in the war, both in his temporal and ecclesiastical character; and the misfortune of his twofold position did not allow him to resist these machinations with success. General Durando, the commander of the papal forces, issued a flaming proclamation to his army when they passed the Po, announcing to them that their swords were blessed by the venerable head of the Church, and that they should all wear the cross on their bosoms, as beseemed those who were engaged in a holy war. This act naturally gave great uneasiness to the Pope, and Farini censures it as an unwise attempt to obtain the sanctions of religion for merely political objects—the very conduct which the Liberal party had previously censured in their opponents. If Italian minds, he argues, “were not capable of warming with the simple fire of patriotism for the noble and even holy enterprise of liberating Italy from the stranger, it was vain to hope that hearts so frozen up in indifference could kindle with religious faith.” In the mean time the Germans, who were speculating about the unity of their own stock and nation and were straining every nerve in that difficult enterprise, could not excuse the desire of independence in the Italians, and contended for the boasted rights of Austria and Germany over the lands and the coasts of Italy, with the people that inhabited them. When it became known in Germany that the pontifical troops were hastening to the legitimate defence of Italy it affected the public feeling generally, and the name of Pius IX

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was branded with censure, not by laymen only, but by some bishops and high ecclesiastics. Monsignor Viale, nuncio at Vienna, and Monsignor Sacconi, nuncio at Munich, were assiduous and eager in detailing the sinister reports touching Rome and the Pope, and colored them in such a way as to create an apprehension of schism, the most serious one that could rise for a pope—and that pope, too, Pius IX. He had before this been greatly troubled by the proclamation of General Durando; still he had hoped that the Italian League would be shortly concluded, and that, when he had furnished the quota of troops that might be due from him as a temporal sovereign, he would then have been able, in the capacity of pontiff, to use those good offices which he considered requisite to assure the consciences of Catholics.

Even the news of some reverses to the Italian arms in Lombardy failed to awaken a proper feeling among the inhabitants of Central and Southern Italy, and Farini thus censures the slothfulness and vanity of his countrymen: “Few gave credit or importance at the time to this and other sinister intelligence; the greater part of those who beheld the first marvellous smiles of fortune relied upon the star of Italy, and thought the Empire was dismembered. We Italians are too susceptible to the impulses of passion, and of heat in the imagination; with a small matter we are drunken and think to leap over the moon. Deadly intoxication, most deadly fault, that of undervaluing an enemy, which lets our enthusiasm too easily evaporate, and gives him every facility for showing that he is as gallant as we are, and more resolute; that he has much of perseverance and of discipline—qualities more effectual and valuable than simple courage. It comes to this; we must either send about their business the dreams of poets, and educate ourselves in severe and masculine virtues, or must yet remain long in a position to chant many more elegies, to assuage our sorrow, than hymns of triumph; we must either rest assured that with the tenacious, the disciplined, and the resolute only the tenacious, disciplined, and resolute can cope, and must therefore leave off despising the Austrians, and imitate them in their steadiness and their attention to the military spirit; or else we must be doomed to the disgrace of seeing them masters of our country. A stern truth; but the only one that an Italian freeman can utter to Italians free in mind. He who wants compliments and adulation may fling these warning words from him.”

The Ministry at Rome, driven onward by the popular clamor, represented to the Pope in strong terms the necessity of sending orders to his army to take an active part in the war; for they had not yet commenced hostilities with the Austrians. A consistory of the cardinals was to be held on April 29th; and it was feared that Pius would take that occasion for declaring that he was averse to the war, thus pacifying the minds of the Catholics in Germany. The allocution

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of the Pope realized these fears, though it expressed only his wish to remain neutral, “and to embrace all kindreds, peoples, and nations with equal solicitude of paternal affection.” But the Ministry resigned in consequence, and great disturbances arose in the city; the populace were not willing themselves to volunteer for the war, but they were determined that the Pope should not continue a man of peace. The Civic Guard was placed under arms, but it was soon found that the soldiers shared the feelings of the people, and no reliance could be placed upon them. Threats were uttered of assassinating the cardinals, and others cried out “to make short work—as they called it—with the government of the priests, those traitors to Italy, and to place Rome under popular sway.” To avert bloodshed, the Pope consented to a compromise; he gave up the entire direction of his troops to Charles Albert, and published, of his own accord, and without the knowledge of his ministers, an affecting remonstrance to his people.

Pius also wrote an earnest letter to the Emperor of Austria, entreating him to put a stop to the war by acknowledging the independence of Venetia and Lombardy. “Let not the generous German nation take it ill,” he said, “if we invite them to lay resentment aside, and to convert into the beneficial relations of friendly neighborhood a domination which could never be prosperous or noble while it depended solely on the sword.” But the prayers of the Pope had now little influence either with the Emperor or with his own subjects; he had long ago forfeited the favor of the Absolutists by his political reforms, and he had now lost the love of his people by his reluctance to gratify their passion for sway.

Yet if he had basely yielded to their wishes, against his judgment and his conscience, he would have injured only the cause of the papacy in foreign lands, and the issue of the war would not have been changed. As it was, his troops were actively engaged in the contest till the time of their capture at Vicenza by the Austrians. The fatal blow was given to the hopes of Italy by the King of Naples withdrawing his troops at a critical moment, when their loss could not be replaced.

Their departure, and the consequent capture of the papal army under Durando at Vicenza, enabled the Austrians to turn their whole force against the Piedmontese, who were then defeated and driven back. The disgraceful capitulation at Milan followed, and the cause of United Italy was lost forever. Brilliant as its promise had been at the outset, the Revolution of 1848 terminated as pitifully as did those of 1820 and 1831; and for its disastrous issue the Italians have none to blame but themselves.

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Misfortunes and defeat had their usual effect in inflaming the rage of parties. The personal influence of the Pope could no longer keep the passions of the citizens in check, and the clubs now governed Rome with absolute sway. The party of Mazzini, bent on trying the experiment of a republic at all hazards, began to show its head after a long period of inefficiency and discouragement, and every day acquired new adherents and stronger influence. One Ministry after another tried in vain to steer the ship of state on an even course, between the opposite perils of the domination of a mob and the rigorous enforcement of the laws. The Pope tried for some months the experiment of a popular administration, under Mamiani, of whom our author says, "He seemed to play the part of a tribune of the people more than of the Pope's minister." Still he was an honest man, opposed to violence, to tumult, and to all excesses, though he paid too much deference to the clubs, which were now as turbulent and mischievous as their Parisian prototypes. The acts of his Ministry were not numerous, Farini says, for the character of the times would not admit of dispassionate inquiries and solid reforms. In truth, the energies of Government were exhausted in a vain attempt to keep the peace in the city, which was now a constant scene of turbulence and disorder. Bologna also, having successfully repelled an unauthorized attack made upon it by the Austrians under Welden, had become a prey to the wildest confusion, owing to the continuance there of the irregular bands of armed men who had contributed to its defence. At the urgent request of the Bolognese Deputies, the Ministry determined to send thither one of their own number to aid in restoring order; and Farini was deputed for this purpose. The following is a portion of his account of what he saw there and what he accomplished:

"In the streets and open places of the city, for two days, the brigands had been slaughtering every man his enemy among the Government officers, some of them indeed disreputable and sorry fellows, others respectable. They killed with musket-shot, and if the fallen gave signs of life they reloaded their arms in the sight of the people and the soldiers and fired them afresh, or else put an end to their victims with their knives. They hunted men down like wild beasts, entered their houses, and dragged them forth to slaughter. One Bianchi, an inspector of police, was lying in bed, reduced to agony by consumption; they came in, set upon him and cut his throat in the presence of his wife and children; the corpse, a frightful spectacle, remained in the public streets. I saw it, saw death dealt about, and the abominable chase. Cardinal Amat, who had given notice of his arrival, came the day after; and the armed commons escorted him to the palace at the very time when the villains were perpetrating their murders.

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“There were no longer any judges, or any officers of the police; those who had escaped death either had fled or had hidden themselves; the Civic Guard was disarmed, the citizens killed, the few soldiers of the line either mixed with the insurgents or were wholly without spirit; the carbiners and dragoons in hesitation, the volunteer legions and free corps a support to the rioters, not to the authority of Government. We sent to Rome for leave to declare Bologna in a state of siege; but the answer was that the Ministry having taken the opinion of the Council of State considered that order might be restored without recourse to this extreme measure.

“All our best exertions were made to draw to the side of Government the carbiners and dragoons, as also Bellezzi and the honest leaders of the people, but with little success. It was reported that Bellezzi himself had given leave to kill those whom they called the spies; one Masina came before us, proposing by way of compromise to banish those whose lives were threatened; armed men were in the very palace of government, and we ourselves at their mercy. Accident, however, effected at a stroke what we could have done only slowly and with difficulty. An assassin attempted the life of a carbiner; his companions, inflamed with anger, pursued him and caught him in a church. They then volunteered their most resolute efforts at repression. They were ordered to sally forth, arrest and disarm the ruffians. The dragoons seconded them; young Pepoli, commandant of the Civic Guard, mustered a few companies; Bianchetti and the respected citizens of the Committee of Public Safety drew close around us, and we hurried in the Swiss from Forli. The population began to regain its courage and to applaud the carbiners as they arrested the assassins; the Swiss entered amid cheers.”

The disturbances at Bologna were quelled; but the bonds of law and order throughout the Papal States were now loosened, and it became evident that a more determined minister must be placed at the helm, or the experiment of the existing form of government must be abandoned in despair. A republic or a return to the old principles of despotism would then be inevitable. In this emergency the eyes of the Pope and of all prudent persons at Rome were turned to Rossi, who, since the fall of Louis Philippe's Government, from which he had been ambassador to the Roman States, had resided there as a private citizen, taking no active share in politics, but often consulted by both parties, owing to his high reputation for sagacity and firmness. Exiled on account of his liberal opinions by Gregory, he had laid the foundation of his fame at Paris, where he successively became professor, peer, and ambassador, and was highly esteemed by all parties as a writer and a statesman. Once before, Pius had solicited him to form a ministry; but he had declined, because conscious that the affections of the populace were not with him, and he judged that the minds even of the better portion of the citizens were not yet prepared for a resolute attempt to carry on a constitutional government by firm measures.

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He suggested to the Pope that he was probably odious to the court on account of his previous employments and his writings; that some would perhaps look very coldly on a minister who had married a Protestant wife; and that the French Republic might be displeased if he should hold a high post at Rome. But in the middle of September the solicitations of the Pope and of many respectable persons in the State became so urgent that Rossi consented to serve; the opinion was universal that no other person possessed the requisite abilities, character, and experience to carry on the Government at this perilous crisis; and that, if he failed, all indeed was lost. He selected for his colleagues men of liberal politics, but temperate in their opinions. He announced his intention to carry into effect the Fundamental Statute, in all its parts, according to constitutional usage; to counteract and repress both parties opposed to that instrument; to abolish exemptions, restore the finances, and reorganize the army; to conclude a league with Piedmont and Tuscany, even if it should be impossible with Naples; and to fix the contingent of troops which the Pope was to supply, so that he need not in any way mingle in the war.

The turbulent and the presumptuous, "the magistrates accustomed to fatten upon abuses, the Sanfedists who made a livelihood of disorder, and the clergy, greedy of gold and honors, could ill bear that Pellegrino Rossi should have the authority of a minister." But those who knew the real condition of affairs, and that, unless the finances were improved and public discipline and order restored, all would go to wreck, counted it great gain that he should take charge of the debilitated State. "The dissatisfied were more numerous and noisy in the capital; the contented stronger in the Provinces, especially at Bologna, where an educated community wished for a liberal system, with a government strong in the strength of the law; where the recent terrible events had filled every mind with horror; and where Rossi, the proscribed of 1815, was dear to memory, and rooted in public esteem."

The Roman Legislature was to meet again in the middle of November, so that the new minister was chiefly occupied with maturing the measures which were to be laid before it for adoption. His public acts therefore were few; but they were enough to show that new wisdom and vigor directed the course of affairs. He obtained the Pope's consent that the clergy should make a new contribution of two millions of crowns to the State, on the strength of which he obtained a new loan and punctually paid the interest on the public debt. He invited General Zucchi home from Switzerland to take the command of the army, which rapidly improved in discipline under his energetic guidance. He distributed medals to those who had been wounded and to the families of the slain at Vicenza. He established two lines of telegraph, one to Ferrara by the way of Bologna, and another

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to Civita Vecchia. The negotiations with Sardinia and Tuscany for an Italian league were advanced nearly to completion. Chairs of political economy and commercial law were founded in the universities at Rome and Bologna. Toward the close of October the mob rose in Rome, on occasion of a squabble between a Jew and a Catholic, and threatened to sack the Ghetto and maltreat its inhabitants. Rossi hurried the Civic Guard and the carabinieri to the spot, allayed the tumult, arrested and imprisoned some of its ringleaders, and published an energetic proclamation to warn the turbulent that the laws would be enforced.

“All these proceedings excited the anger of Rossi’s enemies, the journalists, the captains of the people, and the Roman clubs.” There was no opprobrium that was not heaped upon him, no charge that was not levelled at the Government. But these declamations seemed to have little effect on the body of the people. On the morning of November 15th, when the Legislature was to commence its session, though knots of persons were seen talking in the streets with excited countenances, there was no outbreak or popular tumult. Rossi had received many anonymous letters in which his life was threatened, but he scorned to take any notice of them. This morning one came which directly affirmed that he would be assassinated in the course of the day; and he threw it into the fire. The regulation of the police, now that the day of the session had arrived, belonged to the President of the Council of Deputies; and Rossi, punctilious in the observance of the constitution, refused to give them any orders.

Several of his friends came and remonstrated with him against such an exposure of his life. “To all this he answered that he had taken the measures which he thought suitable for keeping the seditious in order, and that he could not, on account of risk that he might personally run, forego repairing to the Council according to his duty; that perhaps these were idle menaces; but if anyone thirsted for his blood, he would have the means of shedding it elsewhere on some other day, even if, on that day, he should lose his opportunity. He would therefore go.” He was elated by the confidence which the Pope had in him, and expected both trust and aid from the Parliament, to which he was so soon to explain his ideas and intentions.

“When the ordinary hour of the parliamentary sitting, which was about noon, arrived, the people began to gather in the square of the Cancelleria, and by degrees in the courtyard and then in the public galleries of the hall. Soon these were all full. A battalion of the Civic Guard was drawn up in the square; in the court and hall there was no guard greater than ordinary. There were, however, not a few individuals, armed with their daggers, in the dress of the volunteers returned from Vicenza, and wearing the medals with which the municipality of Rome had decorated them. They stood together and formed

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a line from the gate up to the staircase of the palace. Sullen visages were to be seen and ferocious imprecations heard among them. During the time when the Deputies were slowly assembling, and business could not commence because there was not yet a quorum present, a cry for help suddenly proceeded from the extremity of the public gallery, on which everyone turned thither a curious eye; but nothing more was heard or seen, and those who went to get some explanation of the circumstances returned without success.

“In the mean time Rossi’s carriage entered the court of the palace. He sat on the right, and Righetti, Deputy Minister of Finance, on the left. A howl was raised in the court and yard, which echoed even into the hall of the Council. Rossi got out first, and moved briskly, as was his habit in walking, across the short space which leads from the centre of the court to the staircase on the left hand. Righetti, who descended after him, remained behind, because the persons were in the way who caused the outcry, and who, brandishing their cutlasses, had surrounded Rossi and were loading him with opprobrium. At this moment there was seen amid the throng the flash of a poniard, and then Rossi losing his feet and sinking to the ground. Alas! he was spouting blood from a broad gash in the neck. He was raised by Righetti, but could hardly hold himself up, and did not articulate a syllable; his eyes grew clouded, and his blood spurted forth in a copious jet. Some of those, whom I named as clad in military uniform, were above upon the stairs; they came down, and formed a ring about the unhappy man; and when they saw him shedding blood and half lifeless, they all turned and rejoined their companions. He was borne, amid his death-struggle, into the apartments of Cardinal Gazzoli, at the head of the stairs on the left side; and there, after a few moments, he breathed his last.

“In leaving the palace of the Cancellaria, one met some faces gleaming with a hellish joy, others pallid with alarm; many townspeople standing as if petrified; agitators, running this way and that, carbineers the same; one kind of men might be heard muttering imprecations on the assassin, but the generality faltered in broken and doubtful accents; some, horrible to relate, cursed the murdered man. Yes, I have still before my eyes the livid countenance of one who, as he saw me, shouted, ‘So fare the betrayers of the people!’ But the city was in the depths of gloom, as under the hand of calamity and the scourge of God; and wherever there were respectable persons, though of liberal and Italian principles, they were horror-struck, and called for the resolute exertions of the authorities.”

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When the terrible news came to the Pope, he was struck with horror and dismay, but yet strove to rally the other members of the Government around him and preserve the State from anarchy. But his efforts were miserably seconded; one person after another declined taking office or continuing in it; and even when the presidents of the two Councils were summoned, they had little advice to give. On the morrow the tidings came that a mob was on its way toward the Quirinal, some of the carbineers having fraternized with them, to enforce the appointment of a democratic ministry, and a declaration in favor of a constituent assembly for all Italy. Only a few Swiss, the ordinary guard of honor, were on duty; but they shut the gates of the palace, and nobly declared that their own bodies should be piled up behind them before the rioters should enter. Galletti, the former minister of police, acted as spokesman of the mob, and when admitted to an audience he stated their demands. The Pope indignantly declared that he would not yield to violence, but must deliberate in freedom. This answer only inspired the insurgents with fresh fury, so that they pressed forward to the gates, set one of them on fire, and, mounting upon the roofs of the neighboring houses, opened a fire upon the walls and windows of the Quirinal. The few Swiss fired in return; and then the cry ran through the city that the Pope's guards were butchering the people, and already there were many slain. Within the palace many advised Pius to yield, a few still spoke of resistance, and the foreign ministers, who were collected there, had no scheme to offer. "The scuffle continues; the worthy prelate, Monsignor Palma, falls dead by the window of his own apartment; balls reach the ante-chamber of the Pope." At last Pius turned to the diplomatic body who stood around him, and said: "There is no further hope in resistance. Already a prelate is slain in my very palace, shots are aimed at it, artillery levelled. To avoid fruitless bloodshed and increased enormities, we give way; but it is, as you see, only to force. Therefore we protest; let the courts, let your governments, know it. We give way to violence alone, and all we concede is null and void."

Galletti was then asked to propose his list of ministers, from which the Pope indignantly struck out the name of the Neapolitan Salicetti, but admitted without a word the names of Sterbini, Lunati, and Galletti. Their appointment was signed on the spot, and the news being told to the insurgents "they fired muskets in token of joy, and went off with hymns for Italy and cheers for the Italian Constituent Assembly and the democratic Ministry."

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The next day the club desired that the Swiss should be deprived of their arms and dismissed from the Quirinal; the Pope complied. The club then asked that Galletti should be named general of the carbiniers; and he was appointed. "Such was the poltroonery or such the depravity of consciences that no journal would or dared denounce the murder. But why do I speak of denouncing? The murder was honored with illuminations and festivities in numerous cities, and not in these States only, but beyond them, especially at Leghorn." The Councils met on the 18th and 20th, but not a word was said of the murder, and even a proposition for giving assurance to the Pope "of the devotion and unalterable affection of the Deputies" was voted down. Three of the Bolognese Deputies and a few others then indignantly resigned their seats, and assigned their reasons for this step in addresses to their constituents.

Early on the night of the 25th the Pope secretly left the Quirinal, entered a carriage prepared for him by the wife of the Bavarian ambassador, and went into exile from that city which, within two years and a half, had worshipped, scorned, and assailed him.

(1848) THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY IN FRANCE, Francois P.G. Guizot and
Mme. Guizot de Witt

This outbreak marked one of the many transitions in French history, leading to the establishment of the short-lived Second Republic, so soon to be followed by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon and the setting up of the Second Empire. When France passed from the rule of the Bourbons, represented by Charles X, to that of the Orleanists, in the hands of Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King" (July, 1830), great hopes were entertained by the constitutional party that this renewal of the monarchy through the "July Revolution" would result in permanent benefits. At first the new King enjoyed great popularity. In some respects his government, compared with that of Charles X, was liberal, and one of its early acts was an extension of the suffrage by decreasing the amount of the property qualification for voters. The demand for still further enlargement of popular rights became emphatic. The people were divided mainly into three parties, and the difficulties confronting the King were formidable. The Conservatives, who had placed him in power, wished to prevent further changes in the State; the Moderates asked for new reforms, especially for a still more extended suffrage; the Radical party desired a republic.

The attitude of the Radicals caused Louis Philippe to halt in his progressive policy. More than once his life was attempted, and in consequence of such acts the liberty of the press and other privileges were restricted. The greater part of the French people wished to have the King intervene in behalf of Poland—which at that period was in a state of almost chronic insurrection—as he had aided the Belgians against Holland. In her Eastern policy France was defeated by the Quadruple

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Alliance, formed by England, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and in consequence of this failure the King's prestige suffered. But the question of extending the suffrage was kept always before the people, and when the King refused to go further with that reform its advocates urged their demands more strongly than ever. Lamartine founded a journal in which he agitated for universal suffrage, and in this agitation many other newspapers joined. Even Thiers, the leading statesman of the Moderate party, asked for suffrage reform. Failing to control the Legislative Assembly, the reformers at last appealed to the people. The King, relying on his majority in the Assembly, was undisturbed by the popular ferment.

Guizot, whose account of the "February Revolution" is here given, was the chief minister of Louis Philippe; and however partisan the author's narrative may seem, it rests upon an intimate knowledge of the events recorded.

I come with profound repugnance and sorrow to those painful days by the faults and misfortunes of which France was launched into dangerous enterprises, such that men of the greatest foresight could not discern their end. Our country has paid very dearly for the fatal error which overthrew the throne of the King who had for eighteen years governed it with a wisdom, prudence, and moderation acknowledged even by his enemies when attacking him.

"The Cabinet of October 29, 1847, and its political friends, had a clearly defined idea and purpose. They aspired to bring to a close the French era of revolutions by establishing the free government which France had in 1789 promised herself as the consequence and political guarantee of the social revolution which she was completing." This policy, formerly the object of their youthful hopes, had become theirs, whether in power or in the opposition. "It was in fact both liberal and antirevolutionary—antirevolutionary both in home and foreign affairs, since it wished to maintain the peace of Europe abroad, and the constitutional monarchy at home; liberal, since it fully accepted and respected the essential conditions of free government; the decisive intervention of the country in its affairs, with a constant and well-sustained discussion, in public as well as in the Chambers, of the ideas and acts of the Government. In fact, this twofold object was attained from 1830 to 1848.

"Abroad, peace was maintained without any loss to the influence or reputation of France in Europe. At home, from 1830 to 1848, political liberty was great and powerful; from 1840 to 1848, in particular, it was displayed without any new legal limit being imposed. It was this policy that the opposition—all the oppositions, monarchical and dynastic as well as republican—blindly or knowingly attacked, and tried to change. It was to change it that they demanded electoral and parliamentary reforms. In principle, the Government had no absolute or permanent objections whatever to such reforms; the extension

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of the right of suffrage, and the incompatibility of certain functions with the office of Deputy, might and must be the natural and legitimate consequences of the upward movement of society and political liberty. They did not think the reforms necessary or well-timed, and were therefore justified in delaying them as much as possible, provided they should one day allow to be accomplished by others what they thought themselves still strong enough to refuse.” “We have too much and too long maintained a good policy,” said Guizot afterward.

A frequent and formidable sign that men’s minds are secretly agitated is the anxiety by which they are seized with reference to intrigues and vices which they suppose around them. It would be a serious error to see always a symptom of moral improvement in the clamors against electoral or parliamentary corruption. Immediately after the ministerial success in the general elections of 1846, this precursory indication of storms appeared on the horizon. Guizot raised the question to its proper point of view. “Leave to countries which are not free,” said he, “leave to absolute governments, that explanation of great results by small, feeble, or dishonorable human acts. In free countries, when great results are produced it is from great causes that they spring. A great fact has been shown in the elections just completed; the country has given its adhesion, its earnest and free adhesion, to the policy presented before it. Do not attribute this fact to several pretended electoral manoeuvres. You have no right to come to explain, or qualify by wretched suppositions, a grand idea of the country thus grandly and freely manifested.” The rumors of electoral corruptions were soon followed by rumors of parliamentary corruptions; but the majority of the Chamber declared themselves “content” with the ministerial explanations. The “Contents” figured in the opposition attacks by the side of the “Pritchardists.”

Several improper abuses of long standing existed in certain branches of the Administration; some posts in the Treasury had been the object of pecuniary transactions between those who held the posts and were resigning, and the candidates who presented themselves to replace them. A bill proposed on January 20, 1848, by Hebert, who had become keeper of the seals, formally forbade any such transaction, under assigned penalties. Several months previously (June, 1847) M. Teste, formerly Minister of Public Works, and then president of the Cour de Cassation, was seriously compromised in the scandalous trial of General Cubieres and Pellapra. Convicted of having received a large sum of money in connection with the mining concession, he was brought before the Peers, and being led from question to question and from discussion to discussion, soon made a confession of his crime. He, as well as his accomplices, underwent the just penalty.

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“It was, on the part of the Cabinet, one of those acts the merit of which is only perceived afterward, and in which the Government bears the weight of the evil at the moment when it is trying most sincerely and courageously to repress it. There were several deplorable incidents—the shocking murder of the Duchess of Praslin, some scandalous trials and violent deaths following hard one upon another, and aggravating the momentary depression and the excited state of the popular imagination. The air seemed infected with moral disorder and unlooked-for misfortunes, coming to join in party attacks and the false accusations which the Cabinet were subjected to. It was one of those unhealthy hurricanes often met in the lives of governments.” It was certainly culpable on the part of the opposition to try to take advantage of this disturbed state of men's minds to gain the end they were pursuing. Seven times was parliamentary reform, and three times was electoral reform, refused by the Chambers, from February 20, 1841, to April 8, 1847; the question being then displaced, it changed its ground. The opposition made an appeal to popular passion; and parliamentary discussions were succeeded by the banquets.

From the close of the session of 1847 to the opening of that of 1848 they kept France in a state of constant fever—an artificial and deceptive fever in this sense, that it was not the natural and spontaneous result of the actual wishes and wants of the country; but true and serious in this sense, that the political parties who took the initiative in it found among some of the middle classes and the lower orders a prompt and keen adhesion to their proposals. The first banquet took place in Paris at the Chateau-Rouge Hotel on July 9, 1847. Garnier-Pages has himself told how the Royalist opposition and the Republican opposition concluded their alliance for that purpose. On leaving the house of Odilon Barrot, the Radical members of the meeting walked together for some time. On reaching that part of the Boulevard opposite the Foreign Office, at the moment they were about to separate, Pagnerre said: “Well, really, I did not expect for our proposals so speedy and complete success. Do those gentlemen see what that may lead to? For my part, I confess I do not see it clearly; but it is not for us Radicals to be alarmed about it.”

“You see that tree,” replied Garnier-Pages; “engrave on its bark a mark in memory of this day, for what we have just decided upon is a revolution.” Garnier-Pages did not foresee that the Republic of 1848, as well as the monarchy of 1830, should in its turn speedily perish in that revolution, so long big with so many storms.

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For six months banquets were renewed in most of the departments—at Colmar, Strasbourg, St. Quentin, Lille, Avesnes, Cosne, Chalons, Macon, Lyons, Montpellier, Rouen, *etc.* In many parts there was a great display of feelings and intentions most hostile to royalty and the dynasty. On several occasions—at Lille, for example—the keenest members of the parliamentary opposition, Odilon Barrot and his friends, withdrew, soon after taking their places at table, because the others absolutely refused to dissemble their hostility to the Crown and the King. At other banquets, notably at Dijon, the ideas and passions of 1793 unblushingly reappeared. They defended Robespierre and the Reign of Terror. The “Red Republic” openly flaunted its colors and hopes. The attack upon monarchy and the dynasty ranged itself, it is true, behind the parliamentary opposition, but like Galatea running away:

“Et se cupit ante videri.”

It had succeeded well enough in making itself seen. The Government could no longer shut their eyes. They had tolerated the banquets so long as they could believe, or seem to believe, that the parliamentary opposition directed, or at least ruled, the movement. When it became evident that the anarchical impulse was more and more gaining upon the parliamentary opposition, and that the latter was becoming the instrument instead of remaining the master, then only they forbade the banquets. It was their duty.

It was also their right, in the opinion of the most competent legal authorities, as well as according to the recent practice of other free governments, in presence of a situation full of certain danger. This right, however, was disputed by the opposition. The Government, pushing the principle of legality to its furthest limit, arranged with several leading men of the opposition for the purpose of enabling the question of right to be brought speedily and methodically before competent tribunals. Just before the opening of the new session, in order to close the campaign, a new and formal banquet was being prepared in Paris, to which all the Deputies and Peers who had taken part in any of the preceding banquets were to be invited. This manifestation was to take place in the Twelfth Arrondissement of Paris. It was therefore agreed between the opposition delegates and those of the ministerial majority that the Deputies invited should go to the place appointed for the meeting and take their places, so as to avoid any disturbance in the streets or the hall, and that on the police commissary declaring that there was an order against it the guests should protest and withdraw, to lay the question before the tribunals. The agreement thus concluded was communicated by Duchatel to the council, which approved of it.

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Meanwhile the Chamber met, the session was opened, and from the very first the Government could perceive a wavering in the majority. Even among those who blamed and feared the agitation out-of-doors, several believed in the urgent necessity of a concession to remove all pretext for clamors and intrigues. On the ministers being informed of it Guizot said: "Withdraw the question from the hands of those who now hold it, and let it be brought back to the Chamber. Let the majority take a step in the direction of the concessions indicated; however small it be, I am certain it will be understood, and that you will have a new Cabinet, which will do what you think necessary." It was in the same spirit that the Ministry, during the discussion on the address, rejected an amendment tending to impose upon them immediate engagements with reference to reform.

"The maintenance of the unity of the Conservative party," said Guizot, "the maintenance of conservative policy and power, will be the fixed idea and rule of conduct in the Cabinet. They will make sincere efforts to maintain or restore the unity of the Conservative party upon that question, in order that it may be the Conservative party itself in its entirety that undertakes and gives to the country its solution. If such an operation in the midst of the Conservative party is possible, it will take place. If that is not possible—if by the question of reforms the Conservative party cannot succeed in making a common arrangement and maintaining the power of the Conservative policy, the Cabinet will leave to others the sad task of presiding over the disorganization of the Conservative party and the ruin of its policy."

The question was not destined to be taken up again by the Chambers, having escaped from the weak hands that aspired to direct it. The courtesy of the Conservative reformers had no result except disquieting the Government, a sort of precursory sign of the tempest. Even the parliamentary opposition found themselves baffled in their prudent efforts. A manifesto published in the *National* newspaper organized a noisy demonstration in the streets, though forbidden in the banquet-hall, the National Guard being called to arms by the insurrection, and their services arranged beforehand. The convention was clearly violated, and the legal appeal to the tribunals therefore abandoned: the Revolution itself declared it would decide the question. In such a situation, sorrowfully admitted by those who had negotiated the evening before, the Government officially forbade the banquet. The evening papers announced that the Deputies of the opposition had given up the intention of being present, and therefore the proposed manifestation was deprived of all importance. The revolutionary leaders in their turn declared that the banquet would not take place.

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Disappointment increasing their irritation, the parliamentary opposition, in a momentary resistance, employed the remainder of their strength. On February 22d fifty-two Deputies of the Left laid before the Chamber a bill of impeachment against the Ministry, on account of their home and foreign policy during the whole course of their Administration. "What would you have them do?" said to Guizot an old member of the opposition who had no share whatever in this act. "They have just rendered the banquet abortive by declaring they would not attend it, and felt compelled to do something to compensate for and to some extent redeem that refusal."

Weakness has a constraining power difficult to understand, which is not foreseen even by those who give way to it; and of this the history of the Revolution of 1848 offers an eloquent and melancholy example.

The King, as well as his ministers, still hoped that the crisis had passed, and that the disorder avoided on the occasion of the banquet should not reappear under any pretext. The display of military forces which had been agreed upon and prepared was ordered to be suspended; instructions to arrest the Republican leaders were issued slowly and in but few instances. Yet a secret agitation was indicated in several parts of the capital; there were numerous crowds; on the morning of the 23rd several *corps-de-garde* were attacked. As the fermentation increased, the streets were crowded with idle workmen; people collected in knots from curiosity, or stood at their doors. The storm was in the air, evident both to those who dreaded it and those who were preparing to make use of it.

Meanwhile the appeal of the revolutionary leaders to the National Guard had been listened to. Many of the Parisian shopkeepers took part in the "reform movement," without well understanding it, and marched under the orders of their dangerous allies. Several detachments of the Seventh, Third, Second, and Tenth Legions appeared in the streets, some in the Faubourg St. Antoine, others marching to the Palais Royal, or the office of the *National* in the Rue le Peletier, and others in the students' quarter shouting "Long live reform!" in every street. When General Jacqueminot, the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, ordered a general muster of the legions, a large number of the guards, respectable and law-abiding men, did not answer to the summons. They had no desire for a revolution or reform forced from the legal powers by insurrection, but they shrunk from entering upon a struggle with soldiers wearing their own uniform and influenced apparently by reasonable motives. They remained in their homes dejected and anxious.

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The King was as dejected as the Parisian citizens, and still more anxious. For several months he had frequently fallen into very low spirits, which was attributed to his grief at the death of his only sister, Madame Adelaide of Orleans, whose life had been always intimately associated with his, and who had just expired (December, 1847). His most intimate friends urged him to charm away the crisis by changing his Ministry. He still resisted, but every hour less vigorously. The Cabinet was not even informed of his perplexities. "Concessions forced by violence from all the legal powers are not a means of safety," said Duchatel; "one defeat would quickly bring a second. In the Revolution there was not much time between that of June 20th and August 10th, and to-day things advance more quickly than in those times. Events, like travellers, now go by steam."

The truth, however, was now becoming manifest, both in the King's mind as to the tendency of his ideas, and in the eyes of his ministers as to the determination now being formed in the palace. By the very statement of the question it was resolved upon. Guizot and Duchatel thus expressed it to the King: "It is for your Majesty to decide. The Cabinet is ready either to defend to the last the King and conservative policy which we profess, or to accept without a murmur the King's determination to call other men to power. At present, more than ever, in order to continue the struggle successfully, the Cabinet has need of the King's decided support. As soon as the public should learn, as they inevitably must, that the King hesitates, the Cabinet would lose all moral influence and be unable to accomplish their task." The King seemed still in perplexity, and said he should prefer to abdicate. "You cannot say that, my dear," replied the Queen, who was present at the interview with the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier; "you belong to France, and not to yourself."

"That is true," said the King, as Louis XVI had formerly said to Malesherbes; "I am more unfortunate than the ministers, I cannot resign." The ministers then in King Louis Philippe's Cabinet had not resigned. The King, having made his decision, said, "It is with the keenest regret that I separate myself from you, but necessity and the safety of the monarchy demand this sacrifice. My will gives way; much time will be needed to regain the ground I am about to lose." There were tears in many eyes. The King sent for Mole, and Guizot himself announced to the Chamber of Deputies the change of the Ministry.

There was much of astonishment and sorrow in the parliamentary majority, always strongly attached to the leaders they had so long followed in spite of occasional vagaries and good-natured weakness. The imminence of a great danger engrossed their minds, together with the consciousness of a great defeat. The anxiety of the Chambers was reechoed in the Tuileries; and for the last time the ministers assembled there, anxious at that last moment of their power to maintain order, now everywhere threatened. Count Mole was laboriously occupied in the formation of a cabinet. "To think that this resolution was formed in a quarter of an hour!" exclaimed the King when engaged with Jayr in some administrative details.

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The excitement was great in the palace, but still greater in the streets, being skilfully kept up by several insurrectionist leaders, and spontaneously arising among the reckless portion of the populace, who are easily influenced by revolutionary clamors. Increased by those assembling from curiosity or idleness, the crowds in the squares and boulevards assumed alarming proportions. All at once, opposite the Foreign Office, there was heard, about nine o'clock in the evening, one of those fatal explosions, whether accidental or premeditated, which history often records as the origin of great popular risings.

The soldiers, who till then had remained motionless and patient, thought they were attacked, and fired in their turn. Several persons fell, some dead, others wounded, and some were knocked down and trodden under foot. The greatest disorder, caused both by alarm and indignation, broke out in the whole neighborhood. Then was the moment of action for the keen and determined insurgents. A cart which happened to be there was immediately loaded with the corpses and drawn through the streets, from one newspaper office to another, in the most populous quarters, with shouts of "Vengeance! To arms! Down with Guizot! The head of Guizot!" By daybreak Paris was covered with barricades.

Mole having failed in his efforts to form a Cabinet, the King sent for Thiers. For the last time he claimed the devotion of his old ministers. "I must have immediately a military chief—an experienced chief," he said. "I have sent for Bugeaud, but I wish M. Thiers to find him appointed. Will you grant me this further service?" Duchatel, and General Trezel, on the previous evening still Minister of War, signed without hesitation Marshal Bugeaud's appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard and the Army. It was three o'clock in the morning. "It is somewhat late to set to work," said the Marshal; "but I have never been beaten, and shall not make a beginning to-morrow. Let me act, and fire the cannon; there will be some bloodshed, but to-morrow evening the strength will be on the side of law, and the factious will have had their account settled."

The day had not yet dawned when the Marshal was reviewing his forces. He found them demoralized, having for sixty hours remained motionless before the mob, with their feet in the mud, and their knapsacks on their backs, allowing the rioters to attack the Municipal Guard, burn the sentry-boxes, cut down the trees, break the street-lamps, and harangue the soldiers. They were moreover badly supplied with provisions and ammunition. The energetic language of their new commander, and the precise orders which he gave for the march of the columns, inspired the soldiers with fresh life and courage. The movements indicated had already begun to be executed, and the troops were taking position; but the crowds again filled the streets, and at several points the soldiers were prevented from marching. One of the generals at the head of a column sent to tell Bugeaud that he was face to face with an enormous body of men, badly armed, who made no attack upon him, but only shouted, "Long live reform! Long live the army! Down with Guizot!" "Order them to disperse," replied the Marshal; "if they do not obey, use force, and act with resolution."

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There was no fighting on either side. The staff were besieged by the entreaties of a crowd of respectable men, who in terror and consternation conjured Bugeaud to withdraw the troops because they excited the anger of the populace, and leave to the National Guard the duty of appeasing the insurrection. The danger of such counsel was obvious, and the Marshal paid no attention to it, till Thiers and Odilon Barrot, who had just accepted office, came to the staff with the same advice, and it therefore became an order. The Marshal at first refused the ministers as he had done the citizens, and then the same order was sent by the King. "I must have a government," the Marshal had recently said; and, as he was now without the government, which thus relaxed the resistance agreed upon, he in his turn gave way. His instructions for retreat were thus given to his officers: "By order of the King and ministers, you will fall back upon the Tuileries. Make your retreat with an imposing attitude, and if you are attacked, turn round, take the offensive, and act according to my instructions given this morning."

Meanwhile the formation of the Ministry was posted up everywhere. A mixed crowd carried Odilon Barrot in triumph to the Home Office, which Guizot and Duchatel had just left. Those round him shouted, "Long live the father of the people!" but most of the notices posted up were torn. At the moment when the new ministers were about to leave Bugeaud's staff on horseback in order to pass through the city, Horace Vernet, the artist, arrived out of breath. "Don't let M. Thiers go," said he to the Marshal. "I have just passed through the mob, and they are so furious against him that I am certain they would cut him in pieces!" Odilon Barrot presented himself alone to the crowd, but was powerless to calm the fury he had assisted in unchaining. "Thiers is no longer possible, and I am scarcely so," said he on his return to the staff. The King on one occasion showed himself in the court of the Tuileries, when reviewing several battalions of the National Guard. There were some shouts of "Long live the King!" but the most numerous were "Long live reform! Down with Guizot!"

"You have the reform; and M. Guizot is no longer a minister!" said the King; and on the shouts being again repeated, he returned to the palace. The palace also was thronged with a confused crowd, animated by various feelings and agitated by evident fears or secret hopes. Some urged the King to abdicate in favor of the Comte de Paris; others vigorously opposed such a relinquishment of power in presence of the insurrection. The great mind of Queen Marie-Amelie was displayed in all the simplicity of its heroism. "Mount on horseback, sire," said she, "and I shall give you my blessing." She had recently urged the King to change his Cabinet; a very kind message, intrusted for Guizot to one of his most intimate friends, at the same time proved her regret.

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The King sat at his writing-table, agitated and perplexed. He had begun to write his abdication, when Marshal Bugeaud entered, having just learned what was taking place in the Tuileries, and excited by the sound of some shooting which had already begun. "It is too late, sire," said he; "your abdication would complete the demoralization of the troops. Your Majesty can hear the shooting. There is nothing left but to fight." The Queen seconded this advice, and Piscatory and several others were of the same opinion. The King rose without finishing his writing, and then other voices were raised to insist upon the King's promise. He sat down again, wrote and signed his abdication. By this time the troops had received orders to fall back, and Marshal Gerard took the place of Bugeaud as commandant-general. The columns were marched toward the barracks, and there was no detachment around the Palais-Bourbon, where the same disorder reigned, and the same efforts were made in vain.

The Duchesse d'Orleans presented herself before the Chamber of Deputies as soon as the abdication of the King was known. The Duc de Nemours accompanied her, leading the Comte de Paris by the hand; and the Duc de Chartres, who was weak and ill, was wrapped up in a mantle and leaned on Ary Scheffer's arm. Before joining the Princess at the gate of the Chamber the Duc de Nemours had, with his brother the Duc de Montpensier, seen the King, their father, take his melancholy departure, to escape the insurrection, against which he could not make up his mind to use force.

The Duchesse d'Orleans already knew that depriving the King of the crown was not giving it to her son. Her natural courage, however, and her maternal affection induced her to make every effort to secure the throne for the prince of nine years whom the nation had already intrusted to her keeping. She had seen the Tuileries invaded before leaving that hall where her husband's portrait by Ingres seemed to preside over her son's destinies. "It is here one ought to die," she said, when Dupin and Grammont came to conduct her to the Chamber. Odilon Barret had gone to bring her, and succeeded in finding her in the Palais-Bourbon. The crowd showed sympathy for her, and made room respectfully, though she and her small retinue had difficulty in getting within the palace, every passage being crowded. The Duchess stood near the tribune holding her two boys close to her. After Dupin announced the King's abdication, Barrot, after presenting the legal instrument, asked the Chamber to proclaim at once the young King and the regency of Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans.

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Shouts of protest were heard on several benches. "It is too late!" exclaimed Lamartine, as he went to the tribune, eager to urge this difficulty, reject the regency, and demand a provisional government so that the bloodshed might be stopped. Some others were already mentioning the word "Republic." The crowd were gradually pouring into the Chamber from the corridors, and Sauzet, the President, requested strangers to withdraw, and made a special appeal to the Duchess herself. "Sir, this is a royal sitting!" she replied; and when her friends urged her, "If I leave this Chamber, my son will no more return to it." A few minutes before her arrival, Thiers had entered the Chamber in the greatest agitation. "The tide is rising, rising, rising!" he said to those who crowded round him, and then disappeared. Several voices were heard together in confusion; among the speakers were La Rochejacquelein, Ledru-Rollin, Marie, and Berryer.

The Duchess had been conducted to a gallery, on account of the threats of the insurgent battalions, who burst open the doors after General Gourgaud had in vain tried to stop them. Armand Marrast, one of the editors of the *National*, after looking at the invaders, said: "These are the sham public; I shall call the real!" A few minutes afterward shots were heard in the court of the palace; the posts in the hands of the National Guard opened before the triumphant mob, who, after sacking the Tuileries, hurried up against the expiring remnants of the monarchy. The Duchesse d'Orleans had already twice offered to speak, but her voice was drowned in the tumult. The newcomers, stained with blood and blackened with gunpowder, with dishevelled hair and bare arms, climbed on the benches, stairs, and galleries; and in every part were shouts of "Down with the regency! Long live the Republic! Turn out the 'Contents'!" Sauzet put on his hat, but a workman knocked it off, and then the President disappeared.

Several of the Deputies rushed to the gallery, where the Duchess was still exposed to the looks and threats of the insurgents. "There is nothing more to be done here, madam," they urged: "we must go to the President's house, to form a new chamber." She took the arm of Jules de Lasteyrie; and on her sons being separated from her in the narrow passages, she showed the greatest anxiety, crying, "My boys! my boys!" At one time the Comte de Paris was seized by a workman in a blouse; but one of the National Guard took him out of his hands, and the child was passed from one to another till he rejoined his mother. No one knew what had become of the Duc de Chartres; but he was brought to the Invalides, where the Princess went for refuge; and in the evening, after nightfall, the mother and sons withdrew from Paris, and soon after from France. "To-morrow, or ten years hence," said the Duchesse d'Orleans as she left the Invalides, "a word, a sign will bring me back." Afterward in exile she frequently said, "When the thought crosses my mind that I may never again see France, I feel my heart breaking."

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Wanderers and fugitives across their kingdom, after kneeling for the last time beside the tomb of their children at Dreux, and asking the hospitality of some friends who were still faithful, and without a single attempt to recover the crown they had lost, King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie-Amelie at last reached the seacoast, and set sail toward England, that safe and well-known refuge of unfortunate princes.

Thunderstruck like them, and at their wits' end, the most faithful of their servants and partisans waited for some sign authorizing them to protest against the unparalleled surprise to which France had been subjected. The fugitive King made no protest. His sons quietly followed him into exile. Those who were serving France abroad learned at the same time the news of their fall and the rise of a new power, and thought it their duty to bow to the national will, resolving that not a single drop of French blood should be shed in their cause.

(1848) REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN GERMANY, C. Edmund Maurice

Popular demonstrations in various parts of Germany in the great revolutionary year 1848 were no doubt partly due to the outbreaks in France and elsewhere, but it is also apparent that discontent at home had been long turning the people toward revolt. The agitation that began in March—the month following the “February Revolution” and the declaration of a republic in France—was the work of a patriotic party that cherished not only aspirations for extending popular rights in the several States, but also a prophetic desire for German unity.

The Congress of Vienna (1815) attempted to adjust the balance of power in Europe. Some sort of union for the States was imperatively required by the general situation, but there was fear of making Germany too strong. The Congress created the German Confederation, constituted by a union of independent States, under the hegemony or political headship of Austria. This confederation (*bund*) lacked strength in the Central Government, and although it reduced the number of States from more than three hundred to thirty-nine, it still perpetuated elements of unwieldiness and discord. At the head of the Austrian Government, as chief minister of the Emperor Ferdinand I, was Metternich, who for many years had been the great reactionary leader of Europe. He was compelled now to face conditions such as, in his long and varied career of statecraft and diplomacy, he never had confronted. Ferdinand himself, always a weak ruler, succumbed to the revolution provoked by his minister, whose downfall was followed by the Emperor's abdication (December 2, 1848) in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph, the present ruler of Austria.

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The most interesting of the German struggles of 1848 was that in Saxony. Robert Blum [Footnote: Blum, born at Cologne in 1807, was a writer and an agitator, leader of the Liberal party in Saxony. He was executed in November, 1848.—ED.] was present at a ball in Leipsic when the news arrived of the French revolution. He at once hastened to consult his friends; and they agreed to act through the Town Council of Leipsic, and sketched out the demands that they desired should be laid before the King. These were: "A reorganization of the constitution of the German Bund in the spirit and in accordance with the needs of the times, for which the way is to be prepared by the unfettering of the press, and the summoning of representatives of all German peoples to the Assembly of the Bund." The Town Council adopted this address on March 1st, and sent a deputation with it to Dresden; and, on the 3d, the people gathered to meet the deputation on its return. The following is the account given by the son of Robert Blum:

"By anonymous placards on the wall the population of Leipsic was summoned on the evening of March 3d to meet at the railway station the deputation returning from Dresden. Since the space was too narrow in this place, the innumerable mass marched to the market-place, which, as well as the neighboring streets, they completely filled. In perfect silence the thousands awaited here the arrival of the deputation, which, at last, toward nine o'clock, arrived and was greeted with unceasing applause. Town Councillor Seeburg spoke first of the deep emotion of the King; after him spoke Biedermann. But the crowd uproariously demanded Robert Blum.

"At last Blum appeared on the balcony of the Town Council House. His voice alone controlled the whole market-place, and was even heard in the neighboring streets. He too sought, by trying to quiet them, to turn them away from the subject of the address and of the King's answer. But the people broke uproariously into his speech with the demand, 'The answer! The answer!' It could no longer be concealed that the petitions of the town had received harsh rejection. Then came a loud and passionate murmur. The masses had firmly hoped that the deputation would bring with them from Dresden the news of the dismissal of the hated ministers.

"But Blum continued his speech, and they renewed their attention to him. 'In constitutional countries,' said he, 'it is not the King, but the ministers who are responsible. They, too, bear the responsibility of the rejection of the Leipsic proposals. The people must press for their removal.' He added that he would bring forward in the next meeting of the town representatives the proposal that the King should dismiss the Ministry, 'which does not possess the confidence of the people.' Amid shouts of exultation and applause, the appeased assembly dispersed."

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Blum was as successful with his colleagues as with the crowd; and the Town Council now demanded from the King the dismissal of his ministers, the meeting of the Assembly, and freedom of the press. The King tried to resist the last of these three proposals, pleading his duty to the Bund. But even the Bundestag had felt the spirit of the times, and on March 1st had passed a resolution giving leave to every government to abolish the censorship of the press. The King seemed to yield, and promised to fulfil all that was wished; but the reactionary party in Dresden had become alarmed at the action of the men of Leipsic; and so, on March 11th, when the men of Leipsic supposed that all was granted, General von Carlowitz entered their city at the head of a strong force, and demanded that the Town Council should abstain from exciting speeches; that the Elocution Union should give up all political discussion; that the processions of people should cease; and above all, that the march from Leipsic to Dresden, which was believed to be then intended, should be given up.

These demands were met by Blum with an indignant protest. "Five men," said he, "who manage the army cannot understand that, though their bullets may kill men, they cannot make a single hole in the idea that rules the world." The town councillors of Leipsic were equally firm. Carlowitz abandoned his attempt as hopeless; and on March 13th the King summoned a Liberal Ministry which abolished press censorship, granted publicity of legal proceedings, trial by jury, and a wider basis for the Saxon Parliament, and promised to assist in the reform of the Bund.

In the mean time the success of the French revolution had awakened new hopes in Vienna. Soon after the arrival of the news, a placard appeared on one of the city gates bearing the words: "In a month Prince Metternich will be overthrown! Long live Constitutional Austria!" Metternich himself was greatly alarmed, and began to listen to proposals for extending the power of the Lower Austrian Estates. Yet he still hoped by talking over and discussing these matters to delay the execution of reforms till a more favorable turn in affairs should render them either harmless or unnecessary.

But great as was the alarm caused by the South German risings, and great as were the hopes which they kindled in the Viennese, the word that was to give definiteness and importance to the impulses that were stirring in Vienna could not come from Bavaria or Saxony. Much as they might wish to connect themselves with a German movement, the Viennese could not get rid of the fact that they were, for the present, bound up with a different political system. Nor was it wholly clear that the German movement was as yet completely successful. The King of Prussia seemed to be meditating a reactionary policy and had even threatened to despatch troops to put down the Saxon Liberals; and the King of Hanover also was disposed to resist the movement for a German Parliament. It was from a country more closely bound up with the Viennese Government, and yet enjoying traditions of more deeply rooted liberty, that the utterance was to come which was eventually to rouse the Viennese to action.

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The readiness of the nobles to accept the purely verbal concession offered by Metternich in the matter of the “Administrators” had shown Kossuth [Footnote: Louis Kossuth, the famous leader of the Hungarian insurrection of 1848, was at this time about forty-six years of age. The sovereignty of Hungary had been in the hands of the Hapsburgs since 1687.—ED.] that there could be no further peace. But he still knew how and when to strike the blow; and it was not by armed insurrection so much as by the declaration of a policy that he shook the rule of Metternich. On March 3d a Conservative member of the Presburg Assembly brought forward a motion for inquiry into the Austrian bank-notes. Kossuth answered that the confusion in the affairs of Austrian commerce produced an evil effect on Hungarian finances; and he showed the need of an independent Finance Ministry for Hungary. Then he went on to point out that this same confusion extended to other parts of the monarchy.

“The actual cause of the breaking up of peace in the monarchy, and of all the evils which may possibly follow from it, lies in the system of government.” He admitted that it was hard for those who had been brought up under this system to consent to its destruction. “But,” he went on, “the people lasts forever, and we wish also that the country of the people should last forever. Forever too should last the splendor of that dynasty whose representatives we reckon as our rulers. In a few days the men of the past will descend into their graves; but for that scion of the House of Hapsburg who excites such great hopes, for the Archduke Francis Joseph, who at his first coming forward earned the love of the nation—for him there waits the inheritance of a splendid throne which derives its strength from freedom. Toward a dynasty which bases itself on the freedoms of its people’s enthusiasm will always be roused; for it is only the freeman who can be faithful from his heart; for a bureaucracy there can be no enthusiasm.”

He then urged that the future of the dynasty depended on the hearty union between the nations which lived under it. “This union,” he said, “can be brought about only by respecting the nationalities, and by that bond of constitutionalism which can produce a kindred feeling. The bureau and the bayonet are miserable bonds.” He then went on to apologize for not examining the difficulties between Hungary and Croatia. The solution of the difficulties of the empire would, he held, solve the Croatian question too. If it did not, he promised to consider that question with sympathy, and examine it in all its details. He concluded by proposing an address to the Emperor which should point out that it was the want of constitutional life in the whole empire which hindered the progress of Hungary; and that, while an independent government and a separate responsible ministry were absolutely essential to Hungary, it was also necessary that the Emperor should surround his throne, in all matters of the Government, with such constitutional arrangements as were indispensably demanded by the needs of the time.

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This utterance has been called the “Baptismal Speech of the Revolution.” Coming as it did directly after the news of the French revolution, it gave a definiteness to the growing demands for freedom; but it did more than this. Metternich had cherished a growing hope that the demand for constitutional government in Vienna might be gradually used to crush out the independent position of Hungary, by absorbing the Hungarians in a common Austrian parliament; and he had looked upon a Croatian question as a means for still further weakening the power of the Hungarian Diet. Kossuth’s speech struck a blow at these hopes by declaring that freedom for any part of the empire could be obtained only by working for the freedom of the whole; he swept aside for the moment those national and provincial jealousies which were the great strength of the Austrian despotism, and appealed to all the Liberals of the empire to unite against the system which was oppressing them all. Had Kossuth remained true to the faith which he proclaimed in this speech, it is within the limits of probability that the whole Revolution of 1848-1849 might have had a different result.

The Hungarian chancellor, Mailath, was so alarmed at Kossuth’s speech that he hindered the setting out of the deputation which was to have presented the address to the Emperor. But he could not prevent the speech from producing its effect. Although Presburg was only six hours’ journey from Vienna, the route had been made so difficult that the news of anything done in the Hungarian Diet had hitherto reached Vienna in a roundabout manner, and had sometimes been a week on its way.

The news of this speech, however, arrived on the very next day; and Kossuth’s friend Pulszky immediately translated it into German and circulated it among the Viennese. A rumor of its contents had spread before the actual speech. It was said that Kossuth had declared war against the system of government, and that he had said state bankruptcy was inevitable. But as the news became more definite the minds of the Viennese fixed upon two points—the denunciation of the men of the past, and the demand for a constitution for Austria. So alarmed did the Government become at the effect of this speech that they undertook to answer it in an official paper.

The writer of this answer called attention to the terrible scenes which he said were being enacted in Paris, which proved according to him that the only safety for the governed was in rallying round the government. This utterance naturally excited only contempt and disgust; and the ever-arriving news of new constitutions granted in Germany swelled the enthusiasm which had been roused by Kossuth’s speech.

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The movement still centred in the professors of the University. On March 1st Doctor Loehner had proposed, at one of the meetings of the Reading and Debating Society, that negotiations should be opened with the Estates, and that they should be urged to declare their Assembly permanent, the country in danger, and Metternich a public enemy. This proposal marked a definite step in constitutional progress. The Estates of Lower Austria, which met in Vienna, had indeed from time to time expressed their opinions on certain public grievances; but these opinions had been generally disregarded by Francis and Metternich; and, though the latter had of late talked of enlarging the powers of the Estates, he had evidently intended such words partly as mere talk in order to delay any efficient action, and partly as a bid against the concessions which had been made by the King of Prussia. That the leaders of a popular movement should suggest an appeal to the Estates of Lower Austria was therefore an unexpected sign of a desire to find any legal centre for action, however weak in power, and however aristocratic that centre might be.

Doctor Loehner's proposal, however, does not seem to have been generally adopted; and, instead of the suggested appeal to the Estates, a programme of eleven points was circulated by the debating society. When we consider that the revolution broke out in less than a fortnight after this petition, we cannot but be struck with the extreme moderation of the demands now made. Most of the eleven points were concerned with proposals for the removal either of forms of corruption, or of restraints on personal liberty, and they were directed chiefly against those interferences with the life and teaching of the universities which were causing so much bitterness in Vienna. Such demands for constitutional reforms as were contained in this programme were certainly not of an alarming character. The petitioners asked that the right of election to the Assembly of Estates should be extended to citizens and peasants; that the deliberative powers of the Estates should be enlarged; and that the whole empire should be represented in an assembly, for which, however, the petitioners asked only a consultative power. Perhaps the three demands in this petition which would have excited the widest sympathy were those in favor of the universal arming of the people, the universal right of petition, and the abolition of the censorship.

The expression of desire for reform now became much more general and even some members of the Estates prepared an appeal to their colleagues against the bureaucratic system. But the character and tone of the utterances of these new reformers somewhat weakened the effect which had been produced by the bolder complaints of the earlier leaders of the movement, for while the students of the University and some of their professors still showed a desire for bold and independent action, the merchants caught eagerly at the sympathy of the Archduke Francis Charles, while the booksellers addressed to the Emperor a petition in which servility passes into blasphemy.

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These signs of weakness were no doubt observed by the Government; and it was not wonderful that, under these circumstances, Metternich and Kolowrat should have been able to persuade themselves that they could still play with the Viennese, and put them off with promises which need never be fulfilled. Archduke Louis alone seems to have foreseen the coming storm, but was unable to persuade his colleagues to make military preparations to meet it. In the mean time the movement among the students was assuming more decided proportions; and their demands related as usual to the great questions of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of teaching; and to these were added the demand for popular representation, the justifications for which they drew from Kossuth's speech of March 3d.

But, while Hungary supplied the model of constitutional government, the hope for a wider national life connected itself more and more with the idea of a united Germany. Two days after the delivery of Kossuth's speech an impulse had been given to this latter feeling by the meeting at Heidelberg of the leading supporters of German unity; and they had elected a committee of seven to prepare the way for a constituent assembly at Frankfort. Of these seven, two came from Baden, one from Wurtemberg, one from Hesse-Darmstadt, one from Prussia, one from Bavaria, and one from Frankfort. Thus it will be seen that South Germany still kept the lead in the movement for German unity; and the president of the committee was that Izstein, of Baden, who had been known to Germany chiefly by his ill-timed expulsion from Berlin. But, though this distribution of power augured ill for the relations between the leaders of the German movement and the King of Prussia, the meeting at Heidelberg was not prepared to adopt the complete programme of the Baden leaders, nor to commit itself to that Republican movement which would probably have repelled the North German Liberals.

The chief leader of the more moderate party in the meeting was Heinrich von Gagern, the representative of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Gagern was the son of a former minister of the Grand Duke of Nassau, who had left that State to take service in Austria, and who had acted with the Archduke John in planning a popular rising in the Tyrol in 1813. Heinrich had been trained at a military school in Munich. He had steadily opposed the policy of Metternich, had done his best to induce the universities to co-operate in a common German movement, and had tried to secure internal liberties for Hesse-Darmstadt, while he had urged his countrymen to look for the model of a free constitution rather to England and Hungary than to France. During the constitutional movement of 1848 he had become Prime Minister of Hesse-Darmstadt; and he seems to have had considerable power of winning popular confidence. Although he was not able to commit the meeting to a definitely monarchical policy, he had influence enough to counteract the attempts of Struve and Hecker to carry a proposal for the proclamation of a republic; and his influence increased during the later phases of the movement.

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It was obvious that, in the state of Viennese feeling, a movement in favor of German unity, at once so determined and so moderate in its character, would give new impulse to the hopes for freedom already excited by Kossuth's speech; and the action of the reformers now became more vigorous because the students rather than the professors were guiding the movement. Some of the latter, and particularly Professor Hye, were beginning to be alarmed, and were attempting to hold their pupils in check. This roused the distrust and suspicion of the students; and it was with great difficulty that Professors Hye and Endlicher could prevail on the younger leaders of the movement to abstain from action until the professors had laid before the Emperor the desire of the university for the removal of Metternich. This deputation waited on the Emperor on March 12th, but it proved of little avail; and when the professors returned with the answer that the Emperor would consider their wishes, the students received them with laughter and resolved to take the matter into their own hands. The next day was to be the opening of the Assembly of the Estates of Lower Austria; and the students of Vienna resolved to march from the University to the Landhaus.

In the great hall of the University, now hidden away in an obscure part of Vienna but still retaining traces of the paintings which then decorated it, the students gathered in large numbers on March 13th. Various rumors of a discouraging kind had been circulated; this and that leading citizen were mentioned as having been arrested; nay, it was even said that members of the Estates had themselves been seized, and that the sitting of the Assembly would not be allowed to take place. To these rumors were added the warnings of the professors.

Fuester, who had recently preached on the duty of devotion to the cause of the country, now endeavored, by praises of the Emperor, to check the desire of the students for immediate action; but he was shouted down.

Hye then appealed to them to wait a few days, in hopes of a further answer from the Emperor. They answered with a shout that they would not wait an hour; and then they raised the cry of "Landhaus!" Breaking loose from all further restraint they set out on their march, and as they went numbers gathered round them. The people of Vienna had already been appealed to, by a placard on St. Stephen's Church, to free the good Emperor Ferdinand from his enemies; and the placard further declared that he who wished for the rise of Austria must wish for the fall of the present ministers of state.

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The appeal produced its effect; and the crowd grew dense as the students marched into the narrow Herren Gasse. They passed under the archway which led into the courtyard of the Landhaus; there, in front of the very building where the Assembly was sitting, they came to a dead halt; and, with the strange hesitation which sometimes comes over crowds, no man seemed to know what was next to be done. Suddenly in the pause which followed, the words "*Meine Herren*" were heard from a corner of the crowd. It was evident that some one was trying to address them; and the students nearest to the speaker hoisted him upon their shoulders. Then the crowd saw a quiet-looking man, with a round, strong head, short-cropped hair, and a thick beard. Each man eagerly asked his neighbor who this could be; and, as the speech proceeded, the news went round that this was Doctor Fischhof, a man who had been very little known beyond medical circles and hitherto looked upon as quite outside political movements. Such was the speaker who now uttered what is still remembered as the "first free word" in Vienna.

He began by dwelling on the importance of the day and on the need of "encouraging the men who sit there," pointing to the Landhaus, "by our appeal to them, of strengthening them by our adherence, and leading them to the desired end by our cooeperation in action. He," exclaimed Fischhof, "who has no courage on such a day as this is only fit for the nursery." He then proceeded to dwell at some length on the need for freedom of the press and trial by jury. Then, catching, as it were, the note of Kossuth's speech of March 3d, he went on to speak of the greatness which Austria might attain by combining together "the idealist Germans, the steady, industrious, and persevering Slavs, the knightly and enthusiastic Magyars, the clever and sharp-sighted Italians." Finally he called upon them to demand freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom of teaching and learning, a responsible ministry, representation of the people, arming of the people, and connection with Germany.

In the mean time the Estates were sitting within. They had gathered in unusually large numbers, being persuaded by their President that they were bound to resist the stream of opinion. Representatives as they were of the privileged classes, they had little sympathy with the movement that was going on in Vienna. Nor does it appear that there was anyone among them who was disposed to play the part of a Confalonieri or Szechenyi, much less of a Mirabeau or a Lafayette. Many of them had heard rumors of the coming deputation; but Montecuccoli, their President, refused to begin the proceedings before the regular hour. While they were still debating this point they heard the rush of the crowd outside; then the sudden silence, and then Fischhof's voice. Several members were seized with a panic and desired to adjourn. Again Montecuccoli refused to yield, and one of their Liberal members urged them to take courage from the fact of this deputation to make stronger demands on the Government.

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But before the Assembly could decide to act the crowd outside had taken sterner measures. The speakers who immediately followed Fischhof had made little impression; then another doctor, named Goldmark, sprang up and urged the people to break into the Landhaus. So, before the leaders of the Estates had decided what action to take, the doors were suddenly burst open, and Fischhof entered at the head of the crowd. He announced that he had come to encourage the Estates in their deliberations, and to ask them to sanction the demands embodied in the petition of the people. Montecuccoli assured the deputation that the Emperor had already promised to summon the Provincial Assemblies to Vienna, and that, for their part, the Estates of Lower Austria were in favor of progress. "But," he added, "they must have room and opportunity to deliberate." Fischhof assented to this suggestion, and persuaded his followers to withdraw to the courtyard. But those who had remained behind had been seized with a fear of treachery, and a cry arose that Fischhof had been arrested. Thereupon Fischhof showed himself, with Montecuccoli, on the balcony; and the President promised that the Estates would send a deputation of their own to the Emperor to express to him the wishes of the people. He therefore invited the crowd to choose twelve men, to be present at the deliberations of the Estates during the drawing up of the petition. While the election of these twelve was still going on, a Hungarian student appeared with the German translation of Kossuth's speech. The Hungarian's voice being too weak to make itself heard, he handed the speech to a Tyrolese student, who read it to the crowd. The allusion to the need of a constitution was received with loud applause, and so also was the expression of the hopes for good from the Archduke Francis Joseph.

But however much the reading of the speech had encouraged the hopes of the crowd, it had also given time for the Estates to decide on a course without waiting for the twelve representatives of the people; and, before the crowd had heard the end of Kossuth's speech the reading was interrupted by a message from the Estates announcing the contents of their proposed petition. The petition had shrunk to the meagre demand that a report on the condition of the state bank should be laid before the Estates, and that a committee should be chosen from Provincial Assemblies to consider timely reforms and to take a share in legislation.

The feeble character of the proposed compromise roused a storm of scorn and rage; and a Moravian student tore the message of the Estates into pieces. The conclusion of Kossuth's speech roused the people to still further excitement; and, with cries for a free constitution, for union with Germany, and against alliance with Russia, the crowd once more broke into the Assembly.

One of the leading students then demanded of Montecuccoli whether this was the whole of the petition they intended to send to the Emperor. Montecuccoli answered that the Estates had been so disturbed in their deliberations that they had not been able to come to a final decision. But he declared that they desired to lay before the Emperor all the wishes of the people.

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Again the leaders of the crowd repeated, in slightly altered form, the demands originally formulated by Fischhof. At last, after considerable discussion, Montecuccoli was preparing to start for the Castle at the head of the Estates when a regiment of soldiers arrived, but they were unable to make their way through the crowd, and were even pressed back out of the Herren Gasse.

The desire now arose for better protection for the people; and a deputation tried to persuade the burgomaster of Vienna to call out the City Guard. Czapka, the burgomaster, was, however, a mere tool of the Government; and he declared that the Archduke Albert, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had alone the power of calling out the guard. The Archduke Albert was, perhaps next to Louis, the most unpopular of the royal house. He indignantly refused to listen to any demands of the people, and, hastening to the spot, rallied the soldiers and led them to the open space at the corner of the Herren Gasse, which is known as the "Freyung." The inner circle of Vienna was at this time surrounded with walls, outside of which were the large suburbs in which chiefly workmen lived.

The students seem already to have gained some sympathy with the workmen; and for the previous two years the discontent caused by the sufferings of the poorer classes had been taking a more directly political turn. Several of the workmen had pressed in with the students in the morning into the inner town, and some big men, with rough darned coats and dirty caps over their ears, were seen clenching their fists for the fight. The news quickly spread to the suburbs that the soldiers were about to attack the people. Seizing long poles and any iron tools which came to hand, the workmen rushed forward to the gates of the inner town. In one district they found the town gates closed against them, and cannon placed on the bastion near; but in others the authorities were unprepared; and the workmen burst into the inner town, tearing down stones and plaster to throw at the soldiers.

In the mean time the representatives of the Estates had reached the Castle, and were trying to persuade the authorities to yield to the demands of the people. Metternich persisted in believing that the whole affair was moved by foreign influence, and particularly by Italians and Swiss; and he desired that the soldiers should gather in the Castle, and that Prince Windischgraetz should be appointed commandant of the city. Alfred Windischgraetz was a Bohemian nobleman who had previously been known chiefly for his strong aristocratic feeling, which he was said to have embodied in the expression "Human beings begin at barons." But he had been marked out by Metternich as a man of vigor and decision who might be trusted to act in an emergency.

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Latour, who had been the previous commandant of the Castle in Vienna, showed signs of hesitation at this crisis; and this gave Metternich the excuse for dismissing Latour and appointing Windischgraetz in his place. To this arrangement all the ruling council consented; but, when Archduke Louis and Metternich proposed to make Windischgraetz military dictator of the city, and to allow him to bring out cannon for firing on the people, great opposition arose. The Archduke John was perhaps one of the few councillors who really sympathized with Liberal ideas; but several of the Archdukes, and particularly Francis Charles, heartily desired the fall of Metternich; and Kolowrat shared their wish. This combined opposition of sincere reformers and jealous courtiers hindered Metternich's policy; and it was decided that the City Guard should first be called out, and that the dictatorship of Windischgraetz should be kept in reserve as a last resource.

In the mean time the struggle on the streets was raging fiercely. Archduke Albert had found to his cost that the insurrection was not, as he had supposed, the work of a few discontented men. The students fought gallantly; but a still fiercer element was contributed to the insurrection by the workmen who had come in from the suburbs. One workman was wounded in his head, his arm, and his foot; but he continued to encourage his friends, and cried out that he cared nothing for life; either he would die that day, or else "the high gentlemen should be overthrown." Another who had had no food since the morning entreated for a little refreshment that he might be able to fight the better; and he quickly returned to the struggle. In those suburbs from which the workmen had not been able to break into the inner town, the insurrection threatened to assume the form of an attack on the employers. Machines were destroyed, and the houses of those employers who had lowered wages were set on fire.

It was this aspect of the insurrection which encouraged the nobles to believe that, by calling out the guard, they would induce the richer citizens to take arms against the workmen; and this policy was carried still further when, on the application of the rector of the University, the students also were allowed the privilege of bearing arms. But the ruse entirely failed; the people recognized the City Guard as their friends, and refused to attack them; and the rumor soon spread that the police had fired on the City Guard. It was now evident that the citizen soldiers were on the side of the people; and the richer citizens sent a deputation to entreat that Metternich should be dismissed.

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But the Archduke Maximilian was resolved that, as the first expedient proposed by the Council had failed, he would now apply some of those more violent remedies which had been postponed at first. He therefore ordered that the cannon should be brought down from the Castle to the Michaelerplatz. From this point the cannon would have commanded, on the one side the Herren Gasse, where the crowd had gathered in the morning, and in front the Kohlmarkt, which led to the wide street of Amgraben. Had the cannon been fired then and there, the course of the insurrection must, in one way or other, have been changed. That change might have been as Maximilian hoped, the complete collapse of the insurrection; or, as Latour held, the cannon might have swept away the last vestige of loyalty to the Emperor, and the republic might have been instantly proclaimed. But in any case the result must have been most disastrous to the cause both of order and liberty; for the passions which had already been roused, especially among the workmen, could hardly have failed to produce one of those savage struggles which may overthrow one tyranny, but which usually end in the establishment of another. Fortunately, however, the Archduke Maximilian seems to have had no official authority in this matter; and, when he gave the order to fire, the master-gunner, a Bohemian named Pollett, declared that he would not obey the order, unless it was given by the commander of the forces or the commander of the town. The Archduke then appealed to the subordinates to fire, in spite of this opposition; but Pollett placed himself in front of the cannon and exclaimed: "The cannon are under my command; until there comes an order from my commander, and until necessity obliges it, let no one fire on friendly unarmed citizens. Only over my body shall you fire." The Archduke retired in despair.

In the mean time the deputation of citizens had reached the Castle. At first the officials were disposed to treat them angrily, and even tried to detain them by force; but the news of the concession of arms to the students, the urgent pressure of Archduke John, and the accounts of the growing fury of the people finally decided Metternich to yield; and, advancing into the room where the civic deputation was assembled, he declared that as they had said his resignation would bring peace to Austria he now resigned his office, and wished good luck to the new government. Many of the royal family and of the other members of the Council flattered themselves that they had got rid of a formidable enemy without making any definite concession to the people. Windischgraetz alone protested against the abandonment of Metternich by the rulers of Austria.

Metternich had hoped to retire quietly to his own villa, but it had been already burned in the insurrection; and he soon found that it was safer to fly from Vienna and eventually to take refuge in England. He had, however, one consolation in all his misfortunes. In the memoir written four years later he expressed his certainty that he at least had done no wrong, and that if he had to begin his career again, he would follow the same course he took before, and would not deviate from it for an instant.

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When, at half-past eight in the evening of March 13th, men went through the streets of Vienna, crying out "Metternich is fallen!" it seemed as if the march of the students and the petition of Fischhof had produced in one day all the results desired. But neither the suspicions of the people nor the violent intentions of the princes were at an end. The archdukes still talked of making Windischgraetz dictator of Vienna. The workmen still raged in the suburbs; and the students refused to leave the University for fear an attack should be made upon it. But in spite of the violence of the workmen the leaders of the richer citizens were more and more determined to make common cause with reformers. Indeed both they and the students hoped to check the violence of the riots, while they prevented any reactionary movement. The Emperor also was on the side of concession. He refused to let the people be fired on, and announced on the 14th the freedom of the press. But unfortunately he was seized with one of his epileptic fits; and the intriguers, who were already consolidating themselves into the secret council known as the "Camarilla," published the news of Windischgraetz's dictatorship, and resolved to place Vienna under a state of siege while the Emperor was incapable of giving directions.

The news of Windischgraetz's accession to power so alarmed the people that they at once decided to march upon the Castle; but one of the leading citizens, named Arthaber, persuaded them to abandon their intention, and instead to send him and another friend to ask for a constitution from the Emperor. A struggle was evidently going on between Ferdinand and his courtiers. Whenever he was strong and able to hold his own, he was ready to make concessions. Whenever he was either ill or still suffering from the mental effects of his illness, the Government fell into the hands of Windischgraetz and the archdukes, and violent measures were proposed.

Thus, though Arthaber and his friends were received courteously and assured of the constitutional intentions of the Emperor, at eleven o'clock on the same night there appeared a public notice declaring Vienna in a state of siege. But even Windischgraetz seems to have been somewhat frightened by the undaunted attitude of the people; and when he found that his notice was torn down from the walls, and that a new insurrection was about to break out, he sent for Professor Hye and entreated him to preserve order. In the mean time the Emperor had to some extent recovered his senses; and he speedily issued a promise to summon the Estates of the German and Slavonic Provinces and the congregations of Lombardo-Venetia.

But the people had had enough of sham constitutions; and the Emperor's proclamation was torn down. This act, however, did not imply any personal hostility to Ferdinand; for the belief that the Austrian ministers were thwarting the good intentions of their master was as deeply rooted at this time in the minds of the Viennese as was a similar belief with regard to Pius IX and his cardinals in the minds of the Romans; and when the Emperor drove out on March 15th, he was received with loud cheers.

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But as Ferdinand listened to these cheers he must have noticed that, louder than the “*Es lebe der Kaiser*” of his German subjects and the “*Slawa*” of the Bohemians, rose the sound of the Hungarian “*Eljen*.” For mingling in the crowd with the ordinary inhabitants of Vienna was the Hungarian deputation, which had at last been permitted by the Count Palatine to leave Presburg, and which had arrived in Vienna to demand both freedoms that had been granted to the Germans and also a separate responsible ministry for Hungary. They arrived in the full glory of recent successes in the Presburg Diet; for, strengthened by the news of the Viennese rising, Kossuth had carried, in one day, many of the reforms for which his party had so long been contending. The last remnants of the dependent condition of the peasantry had been swept away; taxation had been made universal; and freedom of the press and universal military service had been promised. Szechenyi alone had ventured to raise a note of warning, and it had fallen unheeded.

In Vienna Kossuth was welcomed almost as cordially as in Presburg; for the German movement in Vienna had tended to produce in its supporters a willingness to lose the eastern half of the empire in order to obtain the union of the western half with Germany. So the notes of Arndt’s “*Deutsches Vaterland*” were mingled with the cry of “*Batthyanyi Lajos, Minister Praesident!*” Before such a combination as this, Ferdinand had no desire, Windischgraetz no power, to maintain an obstinate resistance; and, on March 16th, Sedlnitzky, the hated head of the police, was dismissed from office. On the 18th a responsible ministry was appointed; and on the 22d Windischgraetz announced that national affairs would now be guided on the path of progress.

In the mean time that German movement from which the Viennese derived so much of their impulse had been gaining a new accession of force in the north of Germany. In Berlin the order of the Viennese movements had been to some extent reversed. There the artisans, instead of taking their tone from the students, had given the first impulse to reform. The King indeed had begun his concessions by granting freedom of the press on March 7th; but it seemed very unlikely that this concession would be accompanied by any securities that would make it a reality. The King even refused to fulfil his promise of summoning the Assembly; and it was in consequence of this refusal that the artisans presented to the Town Council of Berlin a petition for the redress of their special grievances. The same kind of misery which prevailed in Vienna had shown itself, though in less degree, in Berlin; and committees had been formed for the relief of the poor. The Town Council refused to present the petition of the workmen, and, in order to take the movement out of their hands, presented a petition of their own in favor of freedom of the press, trial by jury, representation of the German people in the Bundestag, and the summoning of all the Provincial Assemblies of the kingdom. This petition was rejected by the King; and thereupon, on March 13th, the people gathered in large numbers in the streets. General Pfuel fired on them; but instead of yielding, they threw up barricades, and a fierce struggle ensued.

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On the 14th the cry for complete freedom of the press became louder and more prominent; and the insurgents were encouraged by the first news of the Vienna rising. The other parts of the kingdom now joined in the movement. On the 14th came deputations from the Rhine Province, who demanded in a threatening manner the extension of popular liberties. On the 16th came the more important news that Posen and Silesia were in revolt. Mieroslawsky, who had been one of the leaders of the Polish movement of 1846, had gained much popularity in Berlin; and he seemed fully disposed to combine the movement for the independence of Posen with that for the freedom of Prussia, much in the same way as Kossuth had combined the cause of Hungarian liberty with the demand for an Austrian constitution. In Silesia, no doubt, the terrible famine of the previous year, and the remains of feudal oppression, had sharpened the desire for liberty; and closely following on the news of these two revolts came clearer accounts of the Viennese rising and the happy tidings of the fall of Metternich.

The King of Prussia promised, on the arrival of this news, to summon the Assembly for April 2d; and two days later he appeared on the balcony of his palace and declared his desire to change Germany from an alliance of states into a federal state.

But the suspicions of the people had now been thoroughly aroused; and on March 18th, the very day on which the King made this declaration, fresh deputations came to demand liberties from him; and when he appealed to them to go home his request was not complied with. The threatening attitude of the soldiers, and the recollection of their violence on the preceding days, had convinced the people that until part at least of the military force was removed they could have no security for liberty.

The events of the day justified their belief; for, while some one was reading aloud to the people the account of the concessions recently made by the King, the soldiers suddenly fired upon them, and the crowd fled in every direction. They fled, however, soon to rally again; barricades were once more thrown up; the Poles of Posen flocked in to help their friends, and the black, red, and gold flag of Germany was displayed. Women joined the fight at the barricades; and on the 19th some of the riflemen whom the King had brought from Neuchatel refused to fire upon the people. Then the King suddenly yielded, dismissed his ministers, and promised to withdraw the troops and allow the arming of the people.

The victory of the popular cause seemed now complete; but the bitterness which still remained in the hearts of the citizens was shown by a public funeral procession through Berlin in honor of those who had fallen in the struggle. The King stood bare-headed on the balcony as the procession passed the palace; and on March 21st he came forward in public waving the black, red, and gold flag of Germany.

(1848) THE REVOLT OF HUNGARY, Arminius Vambery

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Deep interest throughout the civilized world was aroused by the unavailing struggle of Hungary, in 1848, for national independence. The name of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and famous orator, became celebrated in many lands; and in the various countries where he sojourned as an exile from his own—especially in the United States (1851-1852) and in England—his eloquent appeals awakened profound sympathy for his people's cause. Vambéry, however, regards Kossuth's compatriot, Count Stephen Szechenyi (born in 1791) as "the greatest Hungarian of the nineteenth century." He was descended from a distinguished family, which had given to its country many champions of liberty. The great aim of his life was to revive the drooping energies of the nation. As a youth he served in the army. Entering the famous Diet of 1825, in which, by right of birth, he took his seat in the Upper House, he distinguished himself by his liberal leadership, and as a writer and an advocate of public endowments accomplished much for the education of his people.

Up to the time at which Vambéry, the celebrated historian of Hungary, begins the present narrative, the growth of the national spirit had been more and more evident each year since the end of the Napoleonic wars. For more than two centuries Hungary had been under the oppressive rule of Austria. Hungary had furnished soldiers to Austria in her struggle against Bonaparte, and the Austrian Emperor had repeatedly promised to redress Hungarian grievances; but after the fall of Napoleon these promises were repudiated. Hungary so emphatically showed her indignation that the Emperor was compelled to convoke the Diet in which Szechenyi distinguished himself. The subsequent career of this leader, the character and aims of Kossuth, and the insurrection they did so much to incite are powerfully described by Vambéry, who writes not only as an author fully versed in his country's annals, but also as a patriot jealous of her liberties, proud of her heroic sons, and loyal to her fame.

For fifteen years, up to 1840, the popularity of Szechenyi extended over Hungary, and his name was cherished by every patriot in the land. About this time, however, the great statesman was destined to come into collision with a man who was his peer in genius and abilities. The two patriots were representatives of different methods, and in the contest produced by the shock of antagonistic tendencies Szechenyi was compelled to yield to Louis Kossuth, his younger rival. Although there was no material difference between their aims—for both wished to see their country great, free, constitutionally governed, prosperous, and advanced in civilization—yet in the ways and means employed by them to attain that aim they were diametrically opposed to each other.

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Szechenyi, who descended from a family of ancient and aristocratic lineage, and presented himself to the nation with connections reaching up into the highest circles of the court, with the lustre of his ancient name, and with his immense fortune, wished to secure the happiness of his country by quite different methods from those adopted by Louis Kossuth, a child of the people, who, although he was a nobleman by birth, yet belonged to that poorer class of gentry who support themselves by their own exertions, and who, in Hungary, are destined to fulfil the mission of the citizen-classes of other countries. It is from this class of the gentry, for the most part, that are recruited the trades-people, the smaller landowners, professional men, writers, subordinate officials, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, teachers, and professors. By virtue of their nobility, it is true, they belonged to the privileged class of the country, and were not subjected to the humiliations of the oppressed peasantry, yet they had to earn a living by their own work, and were therefore not only accessible to, but were ready enthusiastically to receive, the lofty message of liberty and equality which the French Revolution of 1830 began to proclaim anew throughout Europe.

These doctrines formed a sharp contrast to the views of Count Stephen Szechenyi, views which, owing to the social position of the man who held them, were not devoid of a certain aristocratic tinge, and according to which the most important part in the regeneration of the Hungarian nation was assigned to the aristocracy. It was a part, however, which the Hungarian aristocracy was itself by no means disposed to assume. Among its younger members, indeed, could be found, here and there, enthusiastic men who were devotedly attached to the person of the lordly reformer, but the great majority of his class were hostilely arrayed against Szechenyi's aims, and, obstructing the granting of even the most inoffensive demands of the nation, supported the Viennese Government; which was rigidly opposed to political reforms and to any changes in the public institutions of the country. This attitude of the aristocracy compelled Szechenyi to avoid as much as possible all questions concerning constitutionality and liberty, and to confine the work of reform chiefly to the sphere of internal improvements.

The only way in which he could hope to obtain the support of the court of Vienna and of the majority of the Upper House for his politico-economical measures, was to remain as neutral as possible in politics. The idea which chiefly governed his actions was that the country should be first strengthened internally, and that afterward it would be easy for the nation to bring about the triumph of her national and political aspirations.

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After 1840, however, the bulk of the nation, and especially the small gentry whose preponderating influence was making itself continually felt, were unwilling to follow Szechenyi in his one-sided policy. The reformatory work of Szechenyi during the preceding fifteen years had educated public opinion up to new and great ideas, but the leaders of that public opinion were now to be found in the House of Representatives in the persons of Francis Deak and Louis Kossuth. They wished to obtain for their country both political liberty and material prosperity. They knew the effect of political institutions upon the material well-being and civilization of a nation, and they no longer deemed it possible to attain these objects without a modern constitutional government.

Louis Kossuth, who was born in 1802, was the very incarnation of the great democratic ideas of his age. He was entirely a man of work and entered the legal profession, after he had completed his studies with great distinction, for the purpose of supporting himself by it. Kossuth was present at the Diet of 1832, when the Government, which conducted itself most brutally and arbitrarily toward the press, refused to allow the newspapers to print reports of the deliberations of the Diet in spite of the repeated urgings by the Deputies for such an authorization, and it was owing to his ingenuity that this prohibition was evaded. The censorship was exercised on printed matter only and did not extend to manuscripts. Kossuth wrote out the reports of the Diet himself, had numerous copies made of them in writing, and circulated them, for a slight fee, in every part of the country, where they were looked for with feverish expectation, and, owing to the spirit of opposition with which they were colored, were read with the greatest eagerness.

This manuscript newspaper produced quite a revolutionary movement among the people, frightening even the Austrian Government. The latter now attempted to silence Kossuth by gentle means, promising him high offices and a pension, but he refused the enticing offers and continued his work for the benefit of the nation. Foiled in the attempt to lure Kossuth from his duty, the Government resorted to violence, seized the lithographic apparatus by means of which Kossuth planned to multiply his manuscript newspaper, and gave directions to the postmasters to detain and open all those sealed packages which were supposed to contain the reports. But these arbitrary proceedings of the Government could not put an end to the circulation of the newspaper; the country gentlemen, by their own servants, continued to send each other single copies, and the matter was given up only when the Diet ceased to be in session.

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Then Kossuth, at the urgent request of his friends and, one might say, of the whole country, started a new manuscript newspaper at Budapest, which reported the deliberations of the county assemblies. The effect produced by this new paper was fraught with even greater consequences than the first had created, for it was instrumental in bringing the counties into contact with one another, thus giving them an opportunity to combine against the Government. The latter, however, soon prohibited its publication, but the prohibition gave rise to a storm of indignation throughout the whole country. The counties in solid array addressed protests to the Government against the illegal act and in behalf of Kossuth, who continued to publish the paper in spite of the inhibition. The Government at last resorted to the most barefaced brutality. Kossuth, the brave champion of liberty, its eloquent pen and herald, was dragged to a damp and dark subterranean prison-cell in the castle of Buda, and detained there, while his father and mother and his family, who were looking to him solely for their support, were robbed of the aid of their natural protector.

Although at that period lawlessness was the order of the day, yet this last cruel and illegal act of the Government greatly exasperated the public mind, which was already in a ferment of excitement. But while the excited passions raged throughout the country, the Government, nothing loth, caused Kossuth to be prosecuted for high treason, and, having obtained his conviction, had him sentenced to an imprisonment of three years. Kossuth applied himself during his detention to serious studies, and acquired also, while in prison, the English language to such an extent that he was enabled to address in that language, during his exile, with great effect and impressiveness, large audiences both in England and in the United States of America. His imprisonment lasted two long years, after the lapse of which he obtained, in 1840, a pardon in consequence of the repeated and urgent representations of the Diet.

Kossuth returned to the scene of his former activity as the martyr of free speech and the victim to the cause of the nation. He very soon found a new field in which to labor. The Government perceived at last that violence was of little avail, and that those questions which were occupying the minds to such a degree could no longer be kept from being publicly discussed by the press. Kossuth now obtained permission to edit a political daily paper. Its publication was commenced under the title of *Pesti Hirlap* ("Newspaper of Pest") in 1841, and may be said to have created the political daily press of Hungary. It disseminated new ideas among the masses, stirred up the indifferent to feel an interest in the affairs of the country, and gave a purpose to the national aspirations. It proclaimed democratic reforms in every department; the abolition of the privileges of the nobility and of their exemption from taxation, equal rights and equal burdens for all the citizens of the State, and the extension of public instruction, and it endeavored to restore the Hungarian nationality to the place it was entitled to claim in the organism of the State.

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The wealth of ideas thus daily communicated to the country appeared in the most attractive garb, for Kossuth possessed a masterly style, and his leaders and shorter articles showed off to advantage so many unexpected beauties of the Hungarian language that his readers were fairly enchanted and carried away by them. His articles were a happy compound of poetical elevation and oratorical power, gratifying common-sense and the imagination at the same time, appealing by their lucid exposition to the reader's intelligence, and exciting and warming his fancy by their fervor. Kossuth always rightly guessed what questions most interested the nation, and the daily press became, in his hands, a power in Hungary, electrifying the masses, who were always ready to give their unconditional support to his bold and far-reaching schemes.

The extraordinary influence obtained by Kossuth through his paper frightened Szechenyi, and, to even a greater degree, those whose prejudices were shocked or ancient privileges and interests were endangered by the democratic agitations for reform. Kossuth was attacked in books, pamphlets, and newspapers, but he came out victorious from all contests. In vain did Szechenyi himself, backed by his great authority in the land, assail him, declaring that he did not object to Kossuth's ideas, but that his manner and his tactics were reprehensible, and that the latter were sure to lead to a revolution. The great mass of the people felt instinctively that revolution had become a necessity and was unavoidable if Hungary was to pass from the old mediaeval order to the establishment of modern institutions and was to become a state where equality before the law should be the ruling standard. The masses were strengthened in this conviction by the unreasonable, short-sighted, and violent policy pursued by the Government of Vienna, which obstructed the slightest reforms in the ancient institutions and opposed every national aspiration, and under whose protecting wing the reactionary elements of the Upper House were constantly paralyzing the noblest and best efforts made by the Lower House for the public weal, while the same Government arbitrarily supported claims of the Catholic clergy, in flat contradiction to the rights and liberties of the various denominations inhabiting the country.

The Government, in its antipathy to the national movement, went even further. It secretly incited the other nationalities, especially the Croats, against the Hungarians, and thus planted the seeds from which sprang the subsequent great civil war. In observing the dangerous symptoms preceding the last-mentioned movement, and the bloody scenes and fights provoked at every election by the hirelings of the Government, in order to intimidate the adherents of reform, the friends of progress became more and more convinced that the period of moderation, such as preached by Szechenyi, had passed by, and must give way to that resolute policy, advocated by Kossuth, which recoiled from no consequences. Numerous magnates, all the chief leaders of the gentry boasting of enlightenment and patriotism, and imbued with European culture, rallied around Kossuth, until finally the public opinion of the country and the enthusiasm of which he was the centre caused him to be returned, in 1847, together with Count Louis Batthyanyi, as Deputy from the foremost county of the country, the county of Pest.

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During the first months of the Diet of 1847-1848, which was to raise Hungary to the rank of those countries that proclaimed equal rights and possessed a responsible parliamentary government, it differed very little from the one preceding it. The opposition initiated great reforms, as before, but there was no one who believed that their realization was near at hand. Kossuth repeatedly addressed the House, and soon convinced his audience that he was as irresistible an orator as he had proved powerful as a writer. But there was nothing to indicate that the country was on the eve of a great transformation.

The revolution of February, 1848, which broke out in Paris, changed, as if by magic, the relative positions of Austria and Hungary. Metternich's system of government, which was opposed to granting liberty to the people, collapsed at once. The storm of popular indignation swept it away like a house built of cards. At the first news of the occurrences in Paris, Kossuth asked in the Lower House for the creation of a responsible ministry. The motion was favorably received, but in the Upper House it was rejected, the Government not being yet alive to the real state of affairs, and still hoping by a system of negation to frustrate the wishes of the people. But very soon the revolution reared its head in Vienna itself, and the wishes of the Hungarian people, uttered at Budapest, received thereby a new and powerful advocate.

At that time the Hungarian Diet still met at Presburg, but the two sister-cities of Buda and Pest formed the real capital of the country and were the centre of commerce, industry, science, and literature. Michael Vorosmarty, the poet laureate of the nation, lived in Pest, and there the twin stars of literature, Alexander Petofi and Maurice Jokai, shone on the national horizon. Jokai, who is still living (1886) and enjoys a world-wide fame as a novelist, and Petofi, the eminent poet, who was destined to become the Tyrtaeus of his nation, were then both young men, full of enthusiasm and intrepid energy, and teeming with great ideas.

About these two gathered the other writers and youth of the University, and all of them, helping one another, contrived, on hearing the news of the sudden revolutions in Paris and Vienna, to enact in Budapest the bloodless revolution of March 15, 1848, which obtained the liberty of the press for the nation, and at the same time, in a solemn manifesto, gave expression to the wishes of the Hungarians in the matter of reform. The only act of violence these revolutionary heroes were guilty of was the entering of a printing establishment, whose proprietor, afraid of the Government, had refused to print the admirable poem of Petofi entitled *Talpra Magyar* ("Up, Magyar"), and doing the printing there themselves. The first stanza of this poem, later the war-song of the national movement, runs, in a literal translation, thus:

"Arise, O Magyar! thy country calls.
Here is the time, now or never.
Shall we be slaves or free?
That is the question—choose!

We swear by the God of the Magyars,
We swear, to be slaves no longer!"

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This soul-stirring poem was improvised by Petofi under the inspiration of the moment, and at the same establishment where it was first printed was also printed a proclamation which contained twelve articles setting forth the wishes of the people.

While the capital was resounding with the rejoicings and triumphant shouts of her exulting inhabitants, the proper department of the Government for the carrying through of these movements, the Diet, assembled at Presburg, lost no time, and set to work with great energy to reform the institutions of Hungary, constitutionally, and to put into the form of law the ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The salutary legislation met now with no opposition, either from the Upper House or from the court at Vienna, and in a short time the Diet passed the celebrated acts of 1848, which, having received the royal sanction, were proclaimed as laws on April 11th, at Presburg, amid the wildest enthusiasm, in the presence of King Ferdinand V.

By these laws Hungary became a modern state, possessing a constitutional government. The Government was vested in a ministry responsible to the Parliament, all the inhabitants of the country were declared equal before the law, the privileges of the nobility were abolished, the soil was declared free, and the right of free worship accorded to all. The institution of national guards was introduced, the utmost liberty of the press was secured, Transylvania became a part of the mother-country—in a word, the national and political condition of the country was reorganized, in every particular, in harmony with the spirit, the demands, and aspirations of our age. At the same time the men placed at the head of the Government were such as possessed the fullest confidence of the people. The first ministry was composed of the most distinguished patriots. Count Louis Batthyanyi was the President; and acting in conjunction with him were Francis Deak, as Minister of Justice; Count Stephen Szechenyi, as Minister of Home Affairs; and Louis Kossuth, as Minister of Finance.

The great mass of the people hailed with boundless enthusiasm the new Government and the magnificent reforms. The transformation, however, had been so sudden and unexpected, and the old aristocratic world, with all its institutions and its ancient organization, had been swept away with such vehement precipitation that even under ordinary circumstances, in the absence of all opposition, the new ideas and tendencies could have hardly entered into the political life of the nation without causing some confusion and disorder. But, in addition to these natural drawbacks, the new order of things had to contend with certain national elements in the population, which, feeling themselves injured in their real or imaginary interests, were bent on mischief, hoping to be able to rob the nation, in the midst of the ensuing troubles, of the great political prize she had won. Certain circles of the court and classes of the people strove equally hard to surround with difficulties the practical introduction of the Constitution of 1848.

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The court and the standing army, the party of the soldier class, feared that their commanding position would be impaired by the predominating influence of the people. The non-Hungarian portion of the inhabitants, choosing to ignore the fact that the new laws secured, without distinction of nationality, equal rights to every citizen of the State, were apprehensive lest the liberal constitution would benefit chiefly the Hungarian element of the nation. They, therefore, encouraged by the secret machinations of the Government of Vienna, took up arms, in order to drag the country, which was preparing to take possession of her new liberties, into a civil war. The Croats, under the lead of Ban Jellachich, and the Wallachs and Serbs, led by other imperial officers, and yielding to their persuasions, rose in rebellion against Hungary, and began to persecute, plunder, and murder the Hungarians living among them.

Dreadful atrocities were committed in the southern and eastern portions of Hungary, hundreds and hundreds of families were massacred in cold blood, and entire villages and cities were deserted by their inhabitants, just as had previously happened at the approach of the Turks, and thousands were compelled to abandon their all to the rebels, in order to escape with their bare lives. In the course of a few weeks, the flames of rebellion had spread over a large part of the country, and the Hungarian element, instead of enjoying the liberties won for the whole nation after a bitter struggle of many decades, was under the sad necessity of resorting to armed force in order to reestablish the internal peace. The Hungarians now had to prove on the battlefield and in bloody engagements that they were worthy of liberty and capable of defending it.

The Government, which, by virtue of the new laws, had meanwhile transferred its seat to Budapest, displayed extraordinary energy in the face of the sad difficulties besetting it. As it was impossible to rely upon the Austrian soldiers who were still in the country, it exerted itself to create and to organize a national army. A portion of the National Guard entered the national army under the name of *honveds* ("defenders of the country"), a name which became before long famous throughout the civilized world for the brilliant military achievements connected with it. The Hungarian soldiers garrisoning the Austrian principalities hastened home, braving the greatest dangers, partly accompanied by their officers and partly without them. The famous Hungarian hussars, especially, returned in great number to offer their services to their imperilled country. But all this proved insufficient, and as soon as the National Assembly, elected under the new constitution, met, Kossuth, who had been the life and soul of the Government during this trying and critical period, called upon the nation to raise large armies for the defence of the country.

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The session of July 11th, during which Kossuth introduced in the House of Representatives his motions relating to the subject, presented a scene which beggars all description. Kossuth ascended the tribune pale and haggard with illness, but the long-continued applause that greeted him after the first few sentences soon gave him back his strength and his marvellous oratorical power. When he had concluded his speech and submitted to the House his request for two hundred thousand soldiers and the necessary money, a momentary pause of deep silence ensued. Suddenly Paul Nyary, the leader of the opposition, arose, and lifting his right arm toward heaven, exclaimed: "We grant it!" The House was in a fever of patriotic excitement; all the Deputies rose from their seats, shouting, "We grant it; we grant it!" Kossuth, with tears in his eyes, bowed to the representatives of the people and said, "You have risen like one man, and I bow down before the greatness of the nation."

These sacrifices on the part of the country had become a matter of urgent necessity. The Serb and Wallach insurrection assumed every day larger proportions, while the Croats, under the leadership of Jellachich, entered Hungarian territory with the fixed determination of depriving the nation of her constitutional liberties. But the Hungarian Government was already able to send an army against the Croats, who were marching on Budapest, plundering and laying waste everything before them. They were surrounded by the Hungarian forces, and a part of their army, nine thousand men strong, was compelled to lay down its arms, while Jellachich, with his remaining forces, precipitately fled from the country. The young Hungarian army had thus proved itself equal to the task of repelling the attack of the Croats, but the recent events were nevertheless fraught with the gravest consequences.

The news of the Croatian invasion filled the Hungarians with deep anxiety, and the extraordinary excitement caused by it cast a permanent cloud over the soul of that great and noble man, Count Szechenyi. The mind of the great patriot who had initiated the national movement gave way under the strain of the frightful rumors coming from the Croatian frontier. He had been ailing for some time, and his nervousness increased so greatly under the pressure of the great events following one another in rapid succession, that when the news came that the enemy had invaded the country he thought Hungary was lost. His despair darkened his mind and he sought death in the waves of the Danube. His family removed him to a private asylum near Vienna, where he recovered his mental faculties, and even wrote several books. But he was never entirely cured of his hallucination, and, exasperated by the vexations he was subjected to by the Viennese Government, even in the asylum, the great patriot put an end to his own life on April 8, 1860, by a pistol-shot.

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Jellachich's incursion had other important political consequences. The attack on Hungary had been made by Jellachich in the name of the Viennese Government, and the intimate connection between the domestic disorders and the court of Vienna became more and more apparent. This state of things rendered inevitable a struggle between Hungary and the unconstitutional action of the court. The Austrian forces were arming against Hungary on every side. Vienna, too, rose in rebellion against the court, and now the Hungarians hastened to assist the revolutionists in the Austrian capital. Unfortunately the young national army was not ripe yet for so great a military enterprise, and Prince Windischgraetz, having crushed the revolution in Vienna, invaded Hungary.

A last attempt was now made by the Hungarians to negotiate peace with the court, but it failed, Windischgraetz being so elated with his success that nothing short of unconditional submission on the part of the country would satisfy him. To accept such terms would have been both cowardly and suicidal, and the nation, therefore, driven to the sad alternative of war, determined rather to perish gloriously than pusillanimously to submit to be enslaved by the court. They followed the lead of Kossuth, who was now at the head of the Government, while Gorgei was the Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian Army. The two names of Kossuth and Gorgei soon constituted the glory of the nation. While these two acted in harmony they achieved brilliant triumphs, but their personal antagonism greatly contributed, at a subsequent period, to the calamities of the country.

Windischgraetz took possession of Buda in January, 1849, thus compelling Kossuth to transfer the seat of Government to Debreczin, while Gorgei withdrew with his army to the northern part of Hungary; but the national army fought victoriously against the Serbs and Wallachs, and the situation of the Hungarians had, in the course of the winter, become more favorable all over the country. The genius of Kossuth brought again and again, as if by magic, fresh armies into the field, and he was indefatigable in organizing the defence of the country. Distinguished generals like Gorgei, Klapka, Damjanics, and Bem transformed the raw recruits, in a wonderfully short time, into properly disciplined troops, who were able to hold their own and bravely contend against the old and tried imperial forces whom they put to flight at every point.

The fortunes of war changed in favor of the Hungarians in the latter part of January, 1849. Klapka achieved the first triumph, which was followed by the brilliant victory won by one of Gorgei's divisions commanded by Guyon in the Battle of Branyiszko, and very soon the Hungarian armies acted on the offensive at all points. In the course of a few weeks they achieved, chiefly under Gorgei's leadership, great and complete victories over the enemy near Szolnok, Hatvan, Bicske, Waitzen, Isaszegh, Nagy Sarlo, and Komarom. Windischgraetz lost both the campaign and his office as commander-in-chief.

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Toward the close of the spring of 1849, after besieged Komorn had been relieved by the Hungarians, and Bem had driven from Transylvania not only the Austrians, but the Russians who had come to their assistance, the country was almost freed from her enemies, and only two cities, Buda and Temesvar, remained in the hands of the Austrians. The glorious efforts made by the nation were attended at last by splendid successes, and the civilized world spoke with sympathy and respect of the Hungarian people, who had signally shown their ability to defend their liberties, constitution, and national existence.

It should have been the mission of diplomacy, at this conjuncture, to turn to advantage the recent military successes by negotiating an honorable peace with the humbled dynasty, as had been done before in the history of the country, after similar military achievements by the ancient national leaders, Bocskay and Bethlen. Gorgei, at the head of the army, was disposed to conclude peace. But the Hungarian Parliament sitting in Debreczin, led by Kossuth and under the influence of the recent victories, was determined to pursue a different course. The royal house at Hapsburg, whose dynasty had ruled over Hungary for three centuries, was declared to have forfeited its right to the throne by instigating and bringing upon the country the calamities of a great war. This act had a bad effect, especially on the army, tending also to heighten the personal antagonism between Kossuth and Gorgei. But its worst consequence was that it gave Russia a pretext for armed intervention. The Emperor Francis Joseph entered into an alliance with the Czar of Russia, the purpose of which was to reconquer seceded Hungary and ultimately to crush her liberty.

One more brilliant victory was achieved by the Hungarian arms before the fatal blow was aimed at the country. The fortress of Buda was taken after a gallant assault, in the course of which the Austrian commandant bombarded the defenceless city of Pest on the opposite bank of the Danube, and thus the capital, too, was restored to the country. Yet after this last glorious feat of war, good fortune deserted the national banners. The grand heroic epoch was hastening to its tragic end. Two hundred thousand Russians crossed the borders of Hungary, and were there reenforced by sixty thousand to seventy thousand Austrians, whom the Viennese Government had succeeded in collecting for a last great effort.

It was easy to foresee that the exhausted Hungarian army could not long resist the superior numbers opposed to them. For months they continued the gallant fight, and in one of these fierce engagements Petofi, the beloved poet of the nation, lost his life; but in the month of August the Russians had already succeeded in surrounding Gorgei's army. Gorgei, who was now invested with the supreme power, perceiving that all further effusion of blood was useless, surrendered, in the sight of the Russian army, the sword he had so gloriously worn in many a battle, near Vilagos, on August 13, 1849. The remaining Hungarian armies followed his example, and either capitulated or disbanded. The brave army of the *honveds* was no more, and the gallant struggle for liberty was put

an end to by the Russian forces. Kossuth and many other Hungarians sought refuge in Turkey.

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Above Komorn, the largest fortress in the country, alone the Hungarian colors were still floating. General Klapka, its commandant, bravely defended it, and continued to hold it for six weeks after the sad catastrophe of Vilagos. The brave defender, seeing at last that further resistance served no purpose, as the Hungarian army had ceased to exist, and the whole country had passed into the hands of the Austrians, capitulated upon the most honorable terms. This was the concluding act of the heroic struggle of the Hungarian people, the brave attitude of the garrison and their commander adding another bright page to the honorable record of the military achievements of 1848 and 1849.

As soon as the Imperialists had obtained possession of Komorn, their commander-in-chief, Baron Haynau, began to persecute the patriots, and to commit the most cruel atrocities against them. Those who had taken part in the national war were brought before a court-martial and summarily executed. The bloody work of the executioner began on October 6th. Count Louis Batthyanyi was shot at Pest, and thirteen gallant generals, belonging to Gorgei's army, met their deaths at Arad. Wholesale massacres were committed throughout the country, until at last the conscience of Europe rose up against these cruel butcheries, and the court itself removed the sanguinary Baron from the scene of his inhuman exploits. The best men in the country were thrown into prison, and thousands of families had to mourn for dear ones who had fallen victims to the implacable vindictiveness of the Austrian Government. Once more the gloom of oppression settled upon the unhappy country.

Many of the patriots had accompanied Kossuth to Turkey or found a refuge in other foreign countries, and for ten years a great number of distinguished Hungarians were compelled to taste the bitterness of exile. Kossuth himself went subsequently to England, and visited also the United States. In the latter country he was enthusiastically received by the great and free American people, who took delight in his lofty eloquence. During the Crimean War, and the War of 1859 in Italy, Kossuth and the Hungarian exiles were zealously laboring to free their country, by foreign aid, from the thraldom of oppression. At last, however, the Hungarian nation succeeded in reconquering, without any aid from abroad, by her own exertions, her national and political rights, and made her peace with the ruling dynasty. But the Hungarian exiles had their full share in the work of reconciliation, for it was owing to their exertions that the nations of Europe remembered that, in spite of Vilagos, Hungary still existed, and that again, at home, the people of Hungary were not permitted to lose their faith in a better and brighter future.

Kossuth, the Nestor of the struggle for liberty, lives at present [1886] in retirement in Turin, [Footnote: Kossuth died at Turin, Italy, March 20, 1894.—ED.] and, although separated from his people by diverging political theories, his countrymen will forever cherish in him the great genius who gave liberty to millions of the oppressed peasantry, and who inscribed indelibly on the pages of the national legislation the immortal principles of liberty and equality of rights.

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(1848) DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, John S. Hittell

Before the time of the great gold discovery of 1848, the metal had been found in California, but the mines from which it was taken were poor and yielded small returns for years of working. The discovery in 1848 influenced the whole world, giving new life to trade and industry everywhere. The first published report of gold in California appeared in Hakluyt's account of Sir Francis Drake's visit to the coast in 1579. The observations of Drake's men are supposed by some to have been made at a point not far from San Francisco. The Hakluyt statement, however, is disbelieved by many historians. The Spaniards and Mexicans who later visited the coast are known to have found gold at many places, and especially near the Colorado River, but they discovered no mines worth working. Reports of great mineral wealth in California were repeated up to the time of the American conquest, but they commanded little confidence among mining experts.

Although gold was found in what is now San Diego County in 1828, Alexander Forbes, the historian of California, wrote in 1835 that no minerals of particular importance had been discovered in Upper California, nor any ores of metals. About 1838 a gold placer was discovered in the cañon of San Francisquito, forty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, and this was the first California mine that produced any considerable amount of metal. It was worked for ten years and then abandoned for richer diggings in the Sacramento Valley. The average yield for the ten years was probably about six thousand dollars. After the return of the Wilkes exploring expedition of 1842, James D. Dana, its mineralogist, mentioned places in California at which he had observed or inferred the existence of gold. But his report led to no gold-hunting, and had only a scientific interest.

The great discovery of 1848, and its world-wide effects, are described in the following account by Hittell, which forms a part of Hubert H. Bancroft's voluminous *History of the Pacific States*.

As Edmund Hammond Hargraves is the hero of the Australian, so is James W. Marshall of the Californian, gold discovery. Before giving the account of his discovery, however, I will quote the following passage from a letter written on May 4, 1846, by Thomas O. Larkin, then United States consul at Monterey, California, to James Buchanan, Secretary of State:

"There is said to be black lead in the country of San Fernando, near San Pedro [now Los Angeles County]. By washing the sand in a plate, any person can obtain from one dollar to five dollars per day of gold that brings seventeen dollars per ounce in Boston; the gold has been gathered for two or three years, though but few have the patience to look for it. On the southeast end of the island of Catalina there is a silver mine from which silver has been extracted. There is no doubt but that gold, silver, quick-silver,

copper, lead, sulphur, and coal mines are to be found all over California, and it is equally doubtful whether, under their present owners, they will ever be worked.”

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James W. Marshall, in a letter dated January 28, 1856, and addressed to Charles E. Pickett, gave the following account of the gold discovery: "Toward the end of August, 1847, Captain Sutter and I formed a copartnership to build and run a sawmill upon a site selected by myself (since known as Coloma). We employed P.L. Weimer and family to remove from the Fort (Sutter's Fort) to the mill-site, to cook and labor for us. Nearly the first work done was the building of a double log cabin, about half a mile from the mill-site. We commenced the mill about Christmas. Some of the mill-hands wanted a cabin near the mill. This was built, and I went to the Fort to superintend the construction of the mill-irons, leaving orders to cut a narrow ditch where the race was to be made. Upon my return, in January, 1848, I found the ditch cut as directed, and those who were working on the same were doing so at a great disadvantage, expending their labor upon the head of the race instead of the foot.

"I immediately changed the course of things, and upon the 19th of the same month of January discovered the gold near the lower end of the race, about two hundred yards below the mill. William Scott was the second man to see the metal. He was at work at a carpenter's bench near the mill. I showed the gold to him. Alexander Stephens, James Brown, Henry Bigler, and William Johnston were likewise working in front of the mill, framing the upper story. They were called up next, and, of course, saw the precious metal. P.L. Weimer and Charles Bennett were at the old double log cabin (where Hastings and Company afterward kept a store).

"In the mean time we put in some wheat and peas, nearly five acres, across the river. In February the Captain (Captain Sutter) came to the mountains for the first time. Then we consummated a treaty with the Indians, which had been previously negotiated. The tenor of this was that we were to pay them two hundred dollars yearly in goods, at Yerba Buena prices, for the joint possession and occupation of the land with them; they agreeing not to kill our stock, viz., horses, cattle, hogs, or sheep, nor burn the grass within the limits fixed by the treaty. At the same time Captain Sutter, myself, and Isaac Humphrey entered into a copartnership to dig gold. A short time afterward, P.L. Weimer moved away from the mill, and was away two or three months, when he returned. With all the events that subsequently occurred, you and the public are well informed."

This is the most precise and is generally considered to be the most correct account of the gold discovery. Other versions of the story have been published, however, and the following, from an article published in the *Coloma Argus*, in the latter part of the year 1855, is one of them. The statement was evidently derived from Weimer, who lives at Coloma:

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“That James W. Marshall picked up the first piece of gold is beyond doubt. Peter L. Weimer, who resides in this place, states positively that Marshall picked up the gold in his presence; they both saw it and each spoke at the same time, ‘What’s that yellow stuff?’ Marshall, being a step in advance, picked it up. This first piece of gold is now in the possession of Mrs. Weimer, and weighs six pennyweights eleven grains. The piece was given to her by Marshall himself. The dam was finished early in January, the frame for the mill also erected, and the flume and bulkhead completed. It was at this time that Marshall and Weimer adopted the plan of raising the gate during the night to wash out sand from the mill-race, closing it during the day, when work would be continued with shovels, *etc.*

“Early in February—the exact day is not remembered—in the morning, after shutting off the water, Marshall and Weimer walked down the race together to see what the water had accomplished during the night. Having gone about twenty yards below the mill, they both saw the piece of gold before mentioned, and Marshall picked it up. After an examination, the gold was taken to the cabin of Weimer, and Mrs. Weimer instructed to boil it in saleratus-water; but she, being engaged in making soap, pitched the piece into the soap-kettle, where it was boiled all day and all night. The following morning the strange piece of stuff was fished out of the soap, all the brighter for the boiling.

“Discussion now commenced, and all expressed the opinion that perhaps the yellow substance might be gold. Little was said on the subject; but everyone each morning searched in the race for more, and every day found several small scales. The Indians also picked up many small thin pieces, and carried them always to Mrs. Weimer. About three weeks after the first piece was obtained, Marshall took the fine gold, amounting to between two and three ounces, and went to San Francisco to have the strange metal tested. On his return he informed Weimer that the stuff was gold.

“All hands now began to search for the ‘root of all evil.’ Shortly after, Captain Sutter came to Coloma, and he and Marshall assembled the Indians and bought of them a large tract of country about Coloma, in exchange for a lot of beads and a few cotton handkerchiefs. They, under color of this Indian title, required one-third of all the gold dug on their domain, and collected at this rate until the fall of 1848, when a mining party from Oregon declined paying ‘tithes’ as they called it.

“During February, 1848, Marshall and Weimer went down the river to Mormon Island, and there found scales of gold on the rocks. Some weeks later they sent Mr. Henderson, Sydney Willis and Mr. Fifield, Mormons, down there to dig, telling them that that place was better than Coloma. These were the first miners at Mormon Island.”

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Marshall was a man of an active, enthusiastic mind, and he at once attached great importance to his discovery. His ideas, however, were vague; he knew nothing about gold-mining; he did not know how to take advantage of what he had found. Only an experienced gold-miner could understand the importance of the discovery and make it of practical value to all the world. That gold-miner, fortunately, was near at hand; his name was Isaac Humphrey. He was residing in the town of San Francisco, in the month of February, when a Mr. Bennett, one of the party employed at Marshall's mill, went down to that place with some of the dust to have it tested; for it was still a matter of doubt whether this yellow metal really was gold. Bennett told his errand to a friend whom he met in San Francisco, and this friend introduced him to Humphrey, who had been a gold-miner in Georgia, and was therefore competent to pass an opinion.

Humphrey looked at the dust, pronounced it gold at the first glance, and expressed a belief that the diggings must be rich. He made inquiries about the place where the gold was found, and subsequent inquiries about the trustworthiness of Mr. Bennett, and on March 7th he was at the mill. He tried to induce several of his friends in San Francisco to go with him; they all thought his expedition a foolish one, and he had to go alone. He found that there was some talk about the gold, and persons would occasionally go about looking for pieces of it; but no one was engaged in mining, and the work of the mill was going on as usual. On the 8th he went out prospecting with a pan, and satisfied himself that the country in that vicinity was rich in gold. He then made a rocker and commenced the business of washing gold, and thus began the business of mining in California.

Others saw how he did it, followed his example, found that the work was profitable, and abandoned all other occupations. The news of their success spread; people flocked to the place, learned how to use the rocker, discovered new diggings, and in the course of a few months the country had been overturned by a social and industrial revolution.

Mr. Humphrey had not been at work more than three or four days before a Frenchman, called Baptiste, who had been a gold-miner in Mexico for many years, came to the mill, and he agreed with Humphrey that California was very rich in gold. He, too, went to work, and, being an excellent prospector, he was of great service in teaching the newcomers the principles of prospecting and mining for gold—principles not abstruse, yet not likely to suggest themselves at first thought to men entirely ignorant of the business. Baptiste had been employed by Captain Sutter to saw lumber with a whipsaw, and had been at work for two years at a place, since called Weber, about ten miles eastward from Coloma. When he saw the diggings at the latter place, he at once said there were rich mines where he had been sawing, and he expressed surprise that it had never occurred to him before, so experienced in gold-mining as he was; but he afterward said it had been so ordered by Providence, that the gold might not be discovered until California should be in the hands of the Americans.

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About the middle of March, P.B. Reading, an American, now a prominent and wealthy citizen of the State, then the owner of a large ranch on the western bank of the Sacramento River, near where it issues from the mountains, came to Coloma, and after looking about at the diggings, said that if similarity in the appearance of the country could be taken as a guide there must be gold in the hills near his ranch; and he went off, declaring his intention to go back and make an examination of them. John Bidwell, another American, now a wealthy and influential citizen, then residing on his ranch on the bank of Feather River, came to Coloma about a week later, and he said there must be gold near his ranch, and he went off with expressions similar to those used by Reading. In a few weeks news came that Reading had found diggings near Clear Creek, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, and was at work there with his Indians; and not long after, it was reported that Bidwell was at work with his Indians on a rich bar of Feather River, since called "Bidwell's Bar."

Although Bennett had arrived at San Francisco in February with some of the dust, the editors of the town—for two papers were published in the place at the time—did not hear of the discovery till some weeks later. The first published notice of the gold appeared in the *Californian* (published in San Francisco) on March 15th, as follows: "In the newly made raceway of the sawmill recently erected by Captain Sutter, on the American Fork, gold has been found in considerable quantities. One person brought thirty dollars' worth to New Helvetia, gathered there in a short time. California, no doubt, is rich in mineral wealth; great chances here for scientific capitalists. Gold has been found in almost every part of the country."

Three days later the *California Star*, the rival paper, gave the following account of the discovery: "We were informed a few days since that a very valuable silver-mine was situated in the vicinity of this place, and, again, that its locality was known. Mines of quicksilver are being found all over the country. Gold has been discovered in the northern Sacramento districts, about forty miles above Sutter's Fort. Rich mines of copper are said to exist north of these bays."

Although these articles were written two months after the discovery, it is evident that the editors had heard only vague rumors, and attached little importance to them. The *Star* of March 25th says: "So great is the quantity of gold taken from the new mine recently found at New Helvetia that it has become an article of traffic in that vicinity."

None of the gold had been seen in San Francisco; but at Sutter's Fort men had begun to buy and sell with it.

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The next number of the *Star*, bearing date April 1, 1848, contained an article several columns long, written by Doctor V.J. Fourgeaud, on the resources of California. He devoted about a column to the minerals, and in the course of his remarks said: "It would be utterly impossible at present to make a correct estimate of the mineral wealth of California. Popular attention has been but lately directed to it. But the discoveries that have already been made will warrant us in the assertion that California is one of the richest mineral countries in the world. Gold, silver, quicksilver, iron, copper, lead, sulphur, saltpetre, and other mines of great value have already been found. We saw a few days ago a beautiful specimen of gold from the mine newly discovered on the American Fork. From all accounts the mine is immensely rich, and already we learn the gold from it collected at random and without any trouble has become an article of trade at the upper settlements. This precious metal abounds in this country. We have heard of several other newly discovered mines of gold, but as these reports are not yet authenticated we shall pass over them. However, it is well known that there is a placer of gold a few miles from Los Angeles, and another on the San Joaquin."

It was not until more than three months after Marshall's discovery that the San Francisco papers stated that gold-mining had become a regular and profitable business in the new placers. The *Californian* of April 26th said: "From a gentleman just from the gold region we learn that many new discoveries of gold have very recently been made, and it is fully ascertained that a large extent of country abounds with that precious mineral. Seven men, with picks and spades, gathered one thousand six hundred dollars worth in fifteen days. Many persons are settling on the lands with the view of holding preemptions, but as yet every person takes the right to gather all he can without any regard to claims. The largest piece yet found is worth six dollars."

The news spread, men came from all the settled parts of the territory, and as they came they went to work mining, and gradually they moved farther and farther from Coloma, and before the rainy season had commenced (in December) miners were washing rich auriferous dirt all along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, from the Feather to the Tuolumne River, a distance of one hundred fifty miles; and also over a space of about fifteen miles square, near the place now known as the town of Shasta, in the Coast Mountains, at the head of the Sacramento Valley. The whole country had been turned topsy-turvy; towns had been deserted, or left only to the women and children; fields had been left unreaped; herds of cattle went without anyone to care for them. But gold-mining, which had become the great interest of the country, was not neglected. The people learned rapidly and worked hard.

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In the latter part of 1848 adventurers began to arrive from Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and Mexico. The winter found the miners with very little preparation, but most of them were accustomed to a rough manner of life in the Western wilds, and they considered their large profits an abundant compensation for their privations and hardships. The weather was so mild in December and January that they could work almost as well as in the summer, and the rain gave them facilities for washing such as they could not have in the dry season.

In September, 1848, the first rumors of the gold discovery began to reach New York; in October they attracted attention; in November people looked with interest for new reports; in December the news gained general credence and a great excitement arose. Preparations were made for a migration to California by somebody in nearly every town in the United States. The great body of the emigrants went either across the plains with ox or mule teams or round Cape Horn in sailing-vessels. A few took passage in the steamer by way of Panama.

Not fewer than one hundred thousand men, representing in their nativity every State in the Union, went to California that year. Of these, twenty thousand crossed the continent by way of the South Pass; and nearly all of them started from the Missouri River between Independence and St. Joseph, in the month of May. They formed an army; in daytime their trains filled up the roads for miles, and at night their camp-fires glittered in every direction about the places blessed with grass and water. The excitement continued from 1850 to 1853; emigrants continued to come by land and sea, from Europe and America, and in the last named year from China also. In 1854 the migration fell off, and since that time until the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad California received the chief accessions to her white population by the Panama steamers.

The whole world felt a beneficent influence from the great gold yield of the Sacramento Basin. Labor rose in value, and industry was stimulated from St. Louis to Constantinople. The news, however, was not welcome to all classes. Many of the capitalists feared that gold would soon be so abundant as to be worthless, and European statesmen feared the power to be gained by the arrogant and turbulent democracy of the New World.

The author of a book entitled *Notes on the Gold District*, published in London in 1853, thus speaks of the fears excited in Europe on the first great influx of gold from the Californian mines: "Among the many extraordinary incidents connected with the Californian discoveries was the alarm communicated to many classes and which was not confined to individuals but invaded governments. The first announcement spread alarm; but as the cargoes of gold rose from one hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars, bankers and financiers began seriously to prepare for an expected crisis. In England and the United

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States the panic was confined to a few; but on the Continent of Europe every government, rich or poor, thought it needful to make provision against the threatened evils. An immediate alteration in prices was looked for; money was to become so abundant that all ordinary commodities were to rise, but more especially the proportion between gold and silver was to be disturbed, some thinking that the latter might become the dearer metal. The Governments of France, Holland, and Russia, in particular, turned their attention to the monetary question, and in 1850 the Government of Holland availed themselves of a law, which had not before been put in operation, to take immediate steps for selling off the gold in the Bank of Amsterdam, at what they supposed to be the highest prices, and to stock themselves with silver.

“Palladium, which is likewise a superior white metal, was held more firmly, and expectations were entertained that it would become available for plating. The stock, however, was small. The silver operation was carried on concurrent with a supply of bullion to Russia for a loan, a demand for silver in Austria, and for shipment to India, and it did really produce an effect on the silver market, which many mistook for the influence of Californian gold. The particular way in which the Netherlands operations were carried on was especially calculated to produce the greatest disturbance of prices. The ten-florin pieces were sent to Paris, coined there into Napoleons, and silver five-franc pieces drawn out in their place.

“At Paris the premium on gold in a few months fell from nearly 2 per cent. to a discount, and at Hamburg a like fall took place. In London, the great silver market, silver rose, between the autumn and the new year, from five shillings per ounce to five shillings one and five-eighths pence per ounce, and Mexican dollars from four shillings ten and one-half pence to four shillings eleven and five-eighths pence per ounce; nor did prices recover until toward the end of the year 1851, when the fall was as sudden as the rise.”

In the spring of 1849 Reading crossed the Coast Range with a party of his Indians, and discovered rich diggings in the valley of the Trinity. In the summer of the same year Colonel Fremont discovered the mines on his ranch, in the valley of the Mariposa.

(1849) RISE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, Jessie White Mario

When “Young Italy,” the association of republican agitators led by Giuseppe Mazzini, began its activities (about 1834), hatred of the Austrian government, which ruled in several of the Italian States, was kept alive through this determined organization. Aspirations for liberty and self-government were requickened. The endeavors of the reforming Pope, Pius IX (1846), to harmonize his policy with the aims of this party, in order to promote a confederation of the Italian States under papal supremacy, at first seemed to promise the dawn of a new era. Soon after the outbreak

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of the revolution of 1848 in France, revolt against the Austrian power began in various parts of Italy. The Austrian troops were driven out of Lombardy; Venice compelled the Austrian forces in her territory to surrender, and became a free republic; in a short time Italy appeared to have delivered herself from the rule of Austria; but almost immediately the foreign power began to regain its ascendancy, and this, through the events here related, was fully recovered.

After the flight of Pius IX from Rome (November, 1848), Mazzini and his followers pursued their own course. A constituent assembly was summoned, and on February 5, 1849, it declared the temporal power of the Pope abolished. The Italian soldier who now becomes the chief figure of this movement has enjoyed a popular renown unsurpassed by that of any of his countrymen. Giuseppe Garibaldi, a sailor's son, was born in Nice, July 4, 1807. In youth he went to sea. In 1834 he took part with Mazzini in the Young Italy demonstrations, and for aiding in an attempt to seize Genoa he was condemned to death. Escaping to South America, he won distinction as a guerilla leader and a privateer in the service of the Rio Grande rebels against Brazil. After further military adventures in South America, he returned to Italy, and in 1847 offered his services to Pope Pius IX, but they were not accepted. In 1848 he received indifferent treatment at the hands of Charles Albert of Sardinia, who was besieging the Austrians in Mantua. After the failure of Charles Albert, Garibaldi collected his own followers and acted against the Austrians with such effect as to bring him into prominence in the ranks of Italian patriots. The following account of the siege and defence of Rome, which admirably presents him to view, is from the author's supplement to Garibaldi's *Autobiography*, and is a valuable contribution to the history of the events in which he was so conspicuous.

Of the many sublime pages traced in the blood of Italian patriots, the sublimest in our eyes is that of the defence of Rome. No writer of genius has yet been inspired to narrate the heroic deeds enacted, the pain, privation, anguish, borne joyfully to save "that city of the Italian soul" from desecration by the foreigner. Mazzini's beloved disciple, Mameli, the soldier-poet, died with the flower of the student youth; the survivors, exiled, dispersed, heartbroken, or intent only on preparing for the next campaign, have left us but fugitive records, partial episodes, or dull military chronicles. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, competent by love and genius to be the historian and who had collected the materials day by day, lived the life of the combatants hour by hour, was wrecked with "Ossoli, Angelo" and her manuscript, in sight of her native shore.

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From details that reached him Garibaldi always maintained that there was a priest among the wreckers who secured and destroyed the treasure! Guerrazzi's *Siege of Rome* is inferior to all his other writings. The entry of the Italian army into Rome by the breach in Porta Pia has cast the grand defence of 1849 into the background of rash attempts and futile failures. In these brief pages we give merely the outline of the drama in which Garibaldi was one of the leading actors. The men who desired a republic did not exist as a party in Rome previous to the flight of the Pope. But there existed a strong national anti-Austrian party, who, as they had worshipped Pio Nono (Pius IX) when he "blessed Italy" and the banners that the Romans bore upward to the "Holy War," now execrated him inasmuch as he had withdrawn his sanction to that war and had blessed the Croats and the Austrians who were butchering the Italians in the north. Convinced of the impossibility of favoring the independence and unity of Italy, and remaining at the same time the supreme head of the Universal Church, Pio Nono fled for protection to the King of Naples; there he declined to accept from the King of Piedmont his repeated offers of protection or mediation, and appealed to Austria alone to restore him pope-king absolute in Rome. Very soon afterward the Archduke of Tuscany revoked the Constituent Assembly which he had granted, and followed the saintly example of the Holy Father, so that Tuscany and Rome were alike left sheep without a shepherd.

In the Roman States an appeal was made to universal suffrage, and the people sent up deputies, known chiefly for their honesty and bravery, to decide on the form of government, to assist Piedmont in her second war against Austria. When the Constituent Assembly met to decide on the form of government, Mamiani warned them that only two rulers were possible in Rome—the Pope or Cola di Rienzi; the Papacy or the Republic.

Garibaldi, who had organized his legion at Rieti, was elected member of the Constituent Assembly, and on February 7th put in his appearance and in language more soldierlike than parliamentary urged the immediate proclamation of the republic. But the debate was carried on with all due respect for the "rights of the minority."

Finally, on February 9th, of the one hundred fifty-four Deputies present, all but five voted for the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope, all but eleven for the proclamation of the republic. These, with the exception of General Garibaldi and General Ferrari, were all Romans. G. Filopanti, who undertook to explain the state of affairs to the Roman people, won shouts of applause by his concluding words, "We are no longer mere Romans, but Italians."

This sentence sums up the sentiments of all: of Garibaldi, who, after recording his vote, returned to his troops at Rieti and drew up an admirable plan for attacking the Austrians bent on subjugating the Roman Provinces and for carrying revolution into the Kingdom of Naples; of Mazzini, who, so far from having imposed on the Romans a republic by the force of his tyrannical will, was—during its proclamation—in Tuscany, striving to induce

Guerrazzi and his fellow-triumvirs to unite with Rome and organize a strong army for the renewal of the Lombard War.

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True, the Romans, mindful of all they owed to the great apostle of Italian unity and independence, proclaimed him Roman citizen on February 12th, and on the 25th of the same month the Roman people, with nine thousand votes, elected him member of the Constituent Assembly; but it was not until March 5th that he entered Rome, when, in one of his most splendid speeches, rising above parties and politics, he called upon the "Rome of the People" to send up combatants against Austria, the only enemy that then menaced Italy.

Suiting the action to the word, he induced the Assembly to nominate a commission for the thorough organization of the army; and ten thousand men had quitted Rome and were marching up to the frontier to place themselves at the orders of Piedmont, when, alas! their march was arrested by the news of the total defeat at Novara, of the abdication of Charles Albert and the reinauguration of Austrian rule in Lombardy. Genoa, whose generous inhabitants arose in protest against the disastrous but inevitable treaty of peace, was bombarded and reduced to submission by La Marmora; and now, while to Rome and to Venice flocked all the volunteers who preferred death to submission, the new Holy Alliance of Continental Europe took for its watchword: "The restoration of the Pope; the extinction of the two Republics of Venice and of Rome."

Austria crossed the Po and occupied Ferrara, marching thence on Bologna; the Neapolitan troops from the south marched upward to the Roman frontier; even Spain sent her contingent to Fiumicino. But only when it was known that the French Republic had voted an expedition, with the specious object of guaranteeing the independence of the supreme Pontiff, did the Romans and their rulers realize that the existence of Rome and her newborn liberties was seriously menaced. Garibaldi wrote from Rieti, in April, an enthusiastic letter worth recording here:

"BROTHER MAZZINI: I feel that I must write you one line with my own hand. May Providence sustain you in your brilliant but arduous career [Mazzini had just been elected, with Armellini and Saffi, Triumvir of Rome], and may you be enabled to carry out all the noble designs in your mind for the welfare of our country. Remember that Rieti is full of your brethren in the faith, and that immutably yours is

"JOSEPH GARIBALDI."

At the same time he sent a plan, proposing to march along the Via Emilia, to collect arms and volunteers, proclaim the levy in mass, and with a division stationed in the Bolognese territory, operate in the duchies, unite Tuscan, Ligurian, and Piedmontese forces, and once more assail the Austrians. But the news of Piedmont defeated, Genoa bombarded and vanquished, convinced him that it would be difficult to re-arouse the disheartened population of Northern Italy. Hence he next proposed to cross the Neapolitan frontier, fling himself upon the royal troops, and seize the Abruzzi. A sensible project this, to take the offensive against the Pope's defenders. But before the Triumvirate could come to a definite decision, it was known that the French troops, by a

disgraceful stratagem, had landed and taken possession of Civita Vecchia, General Oudinot entwining the French flag with the Roman tricolor and assuring the Romans that they only came to secure perfect freedom for the people to effect a reconciliation with Pius IX.

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But the people had no desire for such reconciliation; the Assembly decreed that Rome should have no garrison but the National Roman Guard: that if the Republic were invaded by force, the invaders by force should be repelled. A commission of barricades established, the people flocked to erect and remained to man them. The National Guard summoned by Mazzini all answered, "Present," and served enthusiastically throughout the siege; all the troops dispersed in the Provinces were summoned to the capital, and Garibaldi and his volunteers marched into the city amid the acclamations of the populace, too thankful to welcome them to demur at the strange appearance they presented.

Now that Garibaldi's military and naval genius is fully recognized, and the extraordinary fascination he exercised over officers and men, the enthusiasm with which he filled whole populations whom others failed to stir, are undisputed, many historians and critics have expressed their astonishment that he was not made at once commander-in-chief of the Roman forces, and have blamed the Triumvirate for having failed to recognize in the hero of Montevideo the good genius of Rome. Such critics must be simply ignorant of the actual condition of Rome and her Government. There existed, in the first place, the regular Roman army, which would have served under none save regular generals; then there was the Lombard battalion under Manara, whose members, after fifteen months of regular campaigning, were thoroughly drilled and disciplined, who insisted on retaining the cross of Savoy on their belts, and, until their prowess made them the idols of the Romans, were nicknamed the "corps of aristocrats."

Little did they imagine, when they kept aloof from the legion, that before three months were over their young hero chief would resign his command of them to assume the delicate post of head of Garibaldi's staff. Carlo Pisacane—educated in the military college of the Nunziatella, who had served as captain in the foreign legion in Algiers, destined later to become the pioneer of Garibaldi and his "Thousand" and to lose his life in the attempt—while recognizing Garibaldi's prowess and talents as a guerilla chief, in his military history of 1849, severely criticises his tactics, and blames his sending up "a handful of boys against masses of the enemy" and censures, unhesitatingly, "his indiscipline at Velletri." One of the Deputies of the Roman Constituent wrote to the Triumvirate begging them to "Send Garibaldi with his motley crew to a terrible spot, called For del Diavolo, between Civita Vecchia and Rome; on no account to allow them to enter the city, as they are quite too disorderly."

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Now, they had committed no “disorders” save that of carrying off the mules and horses of the convents; but when we think of the wild, free, peril-scorning life led in the backwoods of America, of how they recognized no law save their commander’s orders, how little used he had been to receive command from any, it will be easily understood how this wild, tanned, quaintly dressed band filled the inhabitants of the towns through which they passed with terror and dismay. Garibaldi’s violent tirades against priests and priestcraft; the liberation of a gang of miscreants arrested by order of the Roman Government, had not prepossessed men of order and of discipline in his favor; and although personal contact dispelled all unfavorable prepossessions, one sees how impossible it was for Mazzini to place him in the position which he would himself have assigned to him.

Garibaldi altered in nothing his South American modes of warfare. He and his staff, in red shirts and ponchos, with hats of every form and color, no distinctions of rank or military accoutrements, rode on their American saddles, which when unrolled served each as a small tent. When their troops halted and the soldiers piled their arms, the General and all his staff attended each to the wants of his own horse, then to securing provisions for their men. When these were not at hand, the officers, springing on their barebacked horses, lasso on wrists, dashed full speed along the Campagna, till oxen, sheep, pigs, kids, or poultry in sufficient quantities were secured and paid for; then, dividing their spoil among the companies, officers and men fell to killing, quartering, and roasting before huge fires in the open air.

Garibaldi, when no battle was raging or danger near—if in the city, selected some lofty belfry-tower; if in the country, climbed the loftiest peak; and, with brief minutes of repose under his saddle-tent, literally lived on horseback, posting his own pickets, making his own observations, sometimes passing hours in perfect silence, scanning the most distant and minute objects through his telescope. Ever a man of the fewest words, a look, a gesture, a brief sentence sufficed to convey his orders to his officers. When his trumpet signalled departure, the lassos served to catch the horses grazing in the fields, the men fell into order and marched, none knowing nor caring whither, save to follow their chief. Councils of war he never held; he ordered, and was implicitly obeyed. To his original legion were added some of the finest and bravest of the Lombard volunteers, who had learned his worth “after the armistice”; while boys from ten to fourteen, who were his pride and delight, formed his “band of hope.”

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To-day for an act of courage a man would be raised from the ranks, and, sword in hand, command his company; but woe to him if he failed in shouldering a musket or brandishing a bayonet at need. To onlookers this legion, composed at first of but one thousand men, seemed a wild, unruly set; but this was not the case. Drunkenness and insubordination were unknown among the ranks. Woe to a soldier who wronged a civilian. Three were shot for petty theft during the brief Roman campaign. Still, while Garibaldi felt within himself his own superiority to those around, Mazzini, who also felt it, might as well have proposed an Indian chief to command the Roman Army as this man, whom, in later years, no soldier in Europe but would have been proud to call *dux*.

Again, it must not be forgotten that the grounds on which France explained her interference was the imposition by "foreigners" of a republic on the Roman people, desirous only to receive the Pope with open arms; that Austria, Piedmont, and the Ultramontane faction in England represented the Roman States as handed over to the demagogues, to the riffraff of European revolutionists. Hence the absolute necessity that presented itself to the minds of the Triumvirs for filling the civil and military offices as far as possible with citizens of Rome or the Roman States. Unfortunately, no capable Roman commander-in-chief existed. Rosselli was chosen as the least incapable; but throughout, Garibaldi was regarded as the soul, the genius of the defence.

A very short time had sufficed for Mazzini and the Romans to come to so perfect an understanding that no exercise of authority, no police force, was necessary to keep order in the city, as the French, English, and American residents, and as the respective consuls repeatedly affirmed in public and in private letters. Oudinot too had warning from his own consul, from his own friends within the city, of all the preparations, of the resolute determination of the inhabitants, of the known valor of many of the combatants in past campaigns; yet to all such remonstrances he answered with French impertinence, "*Les Italiens ne se battent pas*," and clearly he had imbued his officers with this belief. At dawn on April 30th, starting from Castel di Guido, leaving their knapsacks at Magnianella, the officers in white gloves and sheathed swords advanced on Rome, taking the road to Porta Cavallaggieri, sending sharpshooters through the woodlands on the right, the Chasseurs de Vincennes on the heights to the left. Avezzana, war minister, from the top of the cupola of San Pietro in Montori, on seeing the first sentinel advance, gave the signal for the ringing of the tocsin, which brought the entire populace to the walls, the Roman matrons clustering there to encourage their husbands, sons, and brothers to the fight.

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When the army arrived within a hundred seventy yards from the wall, the artillerymen from the bastions of San Marto fired their first salute, to which the Chasseurs de Vincennes responded so well that the Roman Narducci, Major Pallini, and several of his men fell mortally wounded at their guns. Finding themselves under a cross-fire from the walls and from the Vatican, the enemy placed a counter-battery, which did deadly mischief to the besieged, who lost at once six officers, numerous soldiers, and had a cannon dismounted to boot. Not the slightest confusion occurred; women and boys carried off the wounded; fresh soldiers took the place of the fallen; compelling Oudinot to summon both his brigades and plant two other pieces of cannon. But he now had to cope with an enemy whom Frenchmen in Montevideo envied and calumniated; who to himself and his followers was as yet an unknown quantity.

Garibaldi, who had had but two days to organize his men and take up position, had at once perceived the importance of the scattered buildings outside the gates, and occupied them all—villas, woods, and the walls surrounding them. As the enemy fell back from the first assault, he flung his men upon them as stones from a sling. At the head of the first company was Captain Montaldi, who in a short time was crippled with nineteen bullets, yet still fought on his knees with his broken sword; and only when the French retreated did his men carry him dead from the field. As fought his company, so fought all under the eyes of Garibaldi, who directed the fight from Villa Pamphilli. Then summoning his reserve, himself heading the students who had never seen fire but who had given each to the other the consign, "If I attempt to run away, shoot me through the head," he led them into the open field, and there gave them their first lesson to the cry of, "To the bayonet! to the bayonet!"—a lesson oft repeated since, a cry never after raised in vain. Numbers of his best officers and soldiers fell, but never a halt or panic made a pause in that eventful charge, until in full open fight the French were compelled to retreat, leaving Garibaldi absolute master of the field.

Numbers of the French were killed and wounded, others hid themselves in the woods and vineyards round; a general retreat ensued, while a portion continued the fire to protect it. The guns had to be carried off by hand, as four horses had been killed; and at this retreat up to Castel di Guido, General Oudinot was forced to assist in person. Summing up his losses, he found that he had left four hundred dead upon the field; five hundred thirty wounded, and two hundred sixty prisoners. He had, besides, the glory of depriving the Roman Republic of two hundred fourteen killed and wounded, twenty-five officers among them, and of carrying off one prisoner, Ugo Bassi, the chaplain, who had remained behind to assist a dying man, his only weapon being the cross, of which the French were the knightly protectors.

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Garibaldi's first thought was naturally to pursue the fugitives to Castel di Guido, to Pali, and Civita Vecchia; "To drive them," in his own forcible language, "back to their ships or into the sea." For this he demanded strong reinforcements of fresh troops. But the Government of Rome—believing that it sufficed for Republican France to know that Republican Rome did not desire the return of the Pope; that it was not governed by a faction—was resolved unanimously to resist all invasion; decided against pursuit; sent back the French prisoners to the French camp; accorded Oudinot's demand for an armistice, and entered into negotiations with the French plenipotentiary, Ferdinand de Lesseps, for the evacuation of the Roman territory.

The refusal was never forgotten, never forgiven by Garibaldi, and has always been a "burning question" between the exclusive partisans of Mazzini and Garibaldi, in whose eyes to scotch and not to kill the snake was the essence of un wisdom. It is also maintained by many Garibaldians that an out-and-out victory could not have been concealed from the French Assembly as the President and his accomplices did manage to conceal the affair of April 30th, and that had the people and the army in France known what a humiliation had been inflicted on their comrades they would have insisted on the recall of Oudinot, and that thus the President's own position would have been endangered. On the other hand, Mazzini's partisans say, granting—what remains unproven—that Garibaldi could have succeeded in driving every Frenchman back to his ships or into the sea, there can be no doubt that Louis Napoleon, bent on restoring the Pope and thus gaining the clergy to his side, would have sent reinforcements upon reinforcements, until Rome should be vanquished.

The disputants must agree to differ on this point, though all surely must allow that it was necessary that the small forces at the disposal of the Republic should be husbanded for the repulse of others besides France, who claimed to be defenders of the Pope—Austria, the King of Naples, and even Spain! And, in fact, a Neapolitan army, with the King at their head, had crossed the Roman frontier, and had taken up positions at Albano and Frascati, whence Garibaldi was sent to oust them, the Lombard brigade being added to his legion. This Neapolitan king-hunt formed one of the characteristic episodes of the Roman campaign. Garibaldi usually lodged his men in convents, to the terror and horror of their inmates, sending them thence to reconnoitre the enemy's positions, and harass them by deeds of daredevil courage.

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The King was indeed at Albano, whence from Palestrina Garibaldi marched to the attack; which would probably have been successful had he not been suddenly summoned back to Rome, as the movements of the French were by no means reassuring. However, a fresh truce being proclaimed, General Rosselli, with Garibaldi under his orders, was sent out again in full force against the Neapolitans. Not a wise arrangement this, as the volunteers and the regulars—unless at different posts within the city—had not yet united in harmonious action. Garibaldi, sent by Rosselli merely to explore the enemy's movements, finding that they were retreating from Albano, gave battle to a strong column about two miles from Velletri without giving time to Rosselli to come up with the main body.

So the Neapolitans got into Velletri, barricaded themselves there, and, escaping during the night by the southern gate, recrossed the Neapolitan frontier, the King foremost in the van. Rosselli and the regulars complained loudly that this disobedience to orders had prevented them from making the King of Naples prisoner, the Garibaldians maintaining on their side that this would have been effected had the regulars thought less about their rations and come to the rescue when first they heard the distant shots. Messengers sent by the generals to the Triumvirate bore the complaints of each. Rosselli was recalled, and Garibaldi left with full liberty of action. But when the French Government disavowed their envoy-extraordinary—the patriotic, able, straightforward De Lesseps—instructing Oudinot to enter Rome by fair means or by foul, sending enormous reinforcements, promising to follow up with the entire French army if necessary, what could they do but recall Garibaldi with all possible despatch? Was it not a proof of their confidence in him? Moreover, on Garibaldi's return to Rome, Mazzini made a last effort to induce him to unburden his mind, at least to himself, by asking him in writing to tell him frankly what were his wishes. Here is the laconic answer, characteristic of the writer; frank and unabashed as the round, clear handwriting of the original, from which we copy:

"ROME, June 2d, 1849.

"MAZZINI: Since you ask me what I wish, I will tell you. Here I cannot avail anything for the good of the Republic, save in two ways: as dictator with unlimited plenary powers, or as a simple soldier. Choose!

"Unchangingly yours,

"GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

Again, Garibaldi disapproved the conduct of Mazzini and the Triumvirate because they refused to allow any acts of violence against religion or the professors of religion. They had abolished the Inquisition, and used the edifice to house the people driven from their homes by the siege; had invited and aided monks and nuns to return to their homes and to lead the life of citizens. But they had not allowed the confessionals to be burned in

the public market-place. A wretch named Zambianchi, who ill-treated some inoffending priests, was severely punished "for thus dishonoring the Republic and humanity." Moreover, the Easter ceremonies were celebrated as usual; the Triumvirate and the Assembly stood among the people in the church and in the square to receive the blessing from the outer balcony of St. Peter's.

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All this gave umbrage to Garibaldi, but no hypocrisy and much wisdom inspired these acts. In the first place, the Triumvirate, and especially Mazzini, the most religious man we have ever known, were well aware that, while the temporal power of the papacy might be destroyed by fire and sword, the spiritual power of the Roman Catholic hierarchy could be extinguished only in the name of a moral law recognized and accepted as being higher and more authoritative than any other intermediary between God and the people—they knew that ideas can be vanquished only by ideas. Again, as the responsible heads of the Roman Republic, the Triumvirs were wisely careful not to offend the hearts and consciences of Catholics abroad. Finally, the very fact that, with four armies at their gates, life, its feasts and fasts, its workdays and holidays, could go on as usual, was one highly calculated to strengthen the Romans' faith in and affection for the new Government. No crimes were committed; the people came to the Triumvirs as children to their fathers, and—for Italians a very remarkable thing—they not only paid down current taxes, but they paid up arrears.

From Garibaldi's brief account, it would almost seem that the Triumvirate and the Assembly surrendered Rome before absolute necessity constrained them so to do. He does not tell us how, when the French had actually entered Rome by the breach, he alone of all the civil and military commanders refused to head the troops to attack the invaders in possession. He gave his own reasons, very wise ones it seems to us, in writing many years later, but in his *Memoirs* he seems to have forgotten them. The terrible tidings that the seventh bastion and the curtain uniting it to the sixth had fallen into the hands of the French spread through the city. The Triumvirate had the tocsins rung. All the houses were opened at that sound; in the twinkling of an eye all the inhabitants were in the streets. General Rosselli and the Minister of War, all the officers of the staff, Mazzini himself, came to the Janiculum.

"The people in arms massed around us," writes Garibaldi in a short record of the siege of Rome, "clamored to drive the French off the walls. General Rosselli and the Minister of War consented. I opposed the attempt. I feared the confusion into which our troops would have been thrown by those new combatants and their irregular movements, the panic that would be likely by night to seize on troops unaccustomed to fire, and which actually had assailed our bravest ones on the night of the 16th. I insisted on waiting for the daylight."

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He here narrates the daring but unsuccessful attempt of the Lombard students, who flung themselves on the assailants, and who had gained the terrace of Casa Barberini, and continues: "But at daylight I had counted the forces with which we had to contend. I realized that another June 3d would bereave me of half of the youths left to me, whom I loved as my sons. I had not the least hope of dislodging the French from their positions, hence only a useless butchery could have ensued. Rome was doomed, but after a marvellous and a splendid defence. The fall of Rome, after such a siege, was the triumph of democracy in Europe. The idea of preserving four or five thousand devoted combatants who knew me, who would answer at any time to my call, prevailed. I ordered the retreat, promising that at five in the evening they should again advance; but I resolved that no assault should be made."

From this and other writings of Garibaldi it is clear that from the night of June 21st he considered any further attempt to prevent the French from entering Rome as worse than useless—that hence he refused to lead the remnants of his army "to butchery" on the breach. How, then, was it possible for Mazzini to have retarded the catastrophe indefinitely, and reserved to Rome "the glory of falling last," *i.e.*, after Venice and Hungary?

Mazzini, beside himself with grief that the armed people had not been allowed to rush on to the bastions and drive the French from the walls, wrote a reproachful letter to Manara, then chief of Garibaldi's staff, and this patriot here seems to have kept the peace, as on the 25th we find a friendly letter from Garibaldi to the Triumvirate in which he proposes to leave Manara in Rome, and to conduct, himself, a considerable number of his men out of Rome to take up position between the French and Civita Vecchia, to harass them in the rear. And on the same day, evidently after a meeting and the acceptance by Mazzini of Garibaldi's project, the latter writes:

"June 26th, 8 P.M.

"MAZZINI: I propose, therefore (*dunque*), to go out to-morrow evening. Send me to-morrow morning the chief who is to assume the command here. Order the general-in-chief to prepare one hundred fifty mounted dragoons, who, with the fifty lancers, will make up two hundred horse. I shall take eight hundred of the legion, and to-morrow shall send them to change their shirts [*i.e.*, doff their 'red' for 'gray']. Answer at once, and keep the plan a profound secret."

The attempt was not made, probably because it was impossible to march out secretly from any gate, and Manara writes from Villa Spada, 1 P.M. on the same day:

"CITIZEN TRIUMVIR: I have received your letter. I am somewhat better and at my post. I have spoken with Pisacane [chief of Rosselli's staff]; we are perfectly agreed. Both animated by the same spirit, it is impossible for petty jealousies to come between us. Be assured of this. I have begged General Garibaldi to return to San Pancrazio, so

as not to deprive that post at this moment of his legion and his efficacious power. He promises me that before dawn all will be here. Everything is quiet.

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“MANARA.”

This was Manara’s last letter to Mazzini; at that same Villa Spada the yearned-for bullet pierced his heroic heart. Manara died as the barbarians entered Rome.

And here, to all appearances, is Garibaldi’s last letter written in Rome to Mazzini:

“We have retaken our positions outside San Pancrazio. Let General Rosselli send me orders; this is now no time for change. Yours,

“G. GARIBALDI.”

No time for anything but one last desperate onslaught at the point of the bayonet, Garibaldi in the foremost ranks with sword unsheathed, while Medici from Villa Savorelli renewed the wonders of the Vascello. Twice the assailants were driven back to their second lines; thrice they returned in overpowering numbers; but, gaining the gate, they were received with volleys of musketry from the barricades at the ingress to Villa Spada and Savorelli. There fell the flower of the Lombards; boys of the “band of hope”; Garibaldi’s giant negro, faithful, brave Anghiar; six hundred added to the three thousand four hundred corpses on which the soldiers of *La Grande Nation* reconstructed the throne of the supreme Pontiff, and guarded it with their bayonets until the sword of their self-chosen master fell from his trembling hands at Sedan.

(1849) LIVINGSTONE’S AFRICAN DISCOVERIES, David Livinstone and Thomas Hughes

Although Africa, the second largest grand division of the earth, has figured in history from ancient times, still it has been rightly named, and until recently was called with good reason, the “Dark Continent.” But though it has been thus designated, as the least known of the world’s grand divisions, the progress of discovery and settlement is rapidly dispelling the ignorance and mystery to which the designation was due. The ancient seats of African civilization were confined to the northern parts of the continent. The Phoenicians are said to have circumnavigated Africa as early as the seventh century before Christ. In the middle of the fifteenth century of the present era the Portuguese explored much of the coastline, and in 1497 Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But no modern explorations of the interior are known to have been made until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Since James Bruce, the Scottish traveller, explored the Nile Valley in 1768, more than thirty others have distinguished themselves by their discoveries on the African continent.

None of Livingstone’s predecessors equalled the achievements of this Scottish missionary and explorer, who combined with his zeal in the cause of religion and humanity a spirit of investigation and adventure that made him also the servant of science, the “advance-agent” of discovery, settlement, and civilization. These are at last

bringing the “Dark Continent” into the light of a new day that begins to dawn in the remotest corners of the earth.

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David Livingstone was born near Glasgow, Scotland, March 19, 1813, and he died in Central Africa April 30, 1873. After he had been admitted to the medical profession and had studied theology, he decided to join Robert Moffat, the celebrated missionary, in Africa. Livingstone arrived at Cape Town in 1840, and soon moved toward the interior. He spent sixteen years in Africa, engaged in medical and missionary labors and in making his famous and most useful explorations of the country. His own account of the beginnings of his work, taken from his *Missionary Travels*, shows the sincere and simple spirit of the man, and his natural powers of observation and description are seen in his own story of his first important discovery, that of Lake Ngami. The narrative of Thomas Hughes, the well-known English author, whose favorite subjects were manly men and their characteristic deeds, follows the explorer on the first of his famous journeys in the Zambesi Basin.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

I embarked for Africa in 1840, and, after a voyage of three months, reached Cape Town. Spending but a short time there, I started for the interior by going round to Algoa Bay, and soon proceeded inland, and spent the following sixteen years of my life, namely, from 1840 to 1856, in medical and missionary labors there without cost to the inhabitants.

The general instructions I received from the directors of the London Missionary Society led me, as soon as I reached Kuruman or Lattakoo, then their farthest inland station from the Cape, to turn my attention to the north. Without waiting longer at Kuruman than was necessary to recruit the oxen, which were pretty well tired by the long journey from Algoa Bay, I proceeded, in company with another missionary, to the Bechuana or Bakwain country, and found Sechele, with his tribe, located at Shokuane. We shortly afterward retraced our steps to Kuruman; but as the objects in view were by no means to be attained by a temporary excursion of this sort, I determined to make a fresh start into the interior as soon as possible. Accordingly, after resting three months at Kuruman, which is a kind of head station in the country, I returned to a spot about fifteen miles south of Shokuane, called Lepelole (now Litubaruba). Here, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, I cut myself off from all European society for about six months, and gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of that section of the Bechuanas called Bakwains, which has proved of incalculable advantage in my intercourse with them ever since.

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In this second journey to Lepelole—so called from a cavern of that name—I began preparations for a settlement by making a canal to irrigate gardens from a stream, then flowing copiously, but now quite dry. When these preparations were well advanced I went northward to visit the Bakaa and Bamangwato, and the Makalaka, living between 22 deg. and 23 deg. south latitude. The Bakaa Mountains had been visited before by a trader, who, with his people, all perished from fever. In going round the northern part of these basaltic hills, near Letloche, I was only ten days distant from the lower part of the Zouga, which passed by the same name as Lake Ngami; and I might then (in 1842) have discovered that lake, had discovery alone been my object. Most of this journey beyond Shokuane was performed on foot, in consequence of the draught oxen having become sick. Some of my companions who had recently joined us, and did not know that I understood a little of their speech, were overheard by me discussing my appearance and powers: “He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags [trousers]; he will soon knock up.” This caused my Highland blood to rise, and made me despise the fatigue of keeping them all at the top of their speed for days together, till I heard them expressing proper opinions of my pedestrian powers.

Returning to Kuruman, in order to bring my luggage to our proposed settlement, I was followed by the news that the tribe of Bakwains, who had shown themselves so friendly toward me, had been driven from Lepelole by the Barolongs, so that my prospects for the time of forming a settlement there were at an end. One of those periodical outbreaks of war, which seem to have occurred from time immemorial, for the possession of cattle, had burst forth in the land, and had so changed the relations of the tribes to each other that I was obliged to set out anew to look for a suitable locality for a mission-station.

In going north again a comet blazed on our sight, exciting the wonder of every tribe we visited. That of 1816 had been followed by an irruption of the Matabele, the most cruel enemies the Bechuanas ever knew, and this they thought might portend something as bad, or it might only foreshadow the death of some great chief. On this subject of comets I knew little more than they did themselves, but I had that confidence in a kind overruling Providence which makes such a difference between Christians and both the ancient and modern heathen.

As some of the Bamangwato people had accompanied me to Kuruman, I was obliged to restore them and their goods to their chief Sekomi. This made a journey to the residence of that chief again necessary, and, for the first time, I performed a distance of some hundred miles on oxback.

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Returning toward Kuruman, I selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa (latitude 25 deg. 14' south, longitude 26 deg. 30') as the site of a missionary-station, and thither I removed in 1843. Here an occurrence took place concerning which I have frequently been questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of friends, I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage. The Bakatla of the village Mabotsa were much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed they were bewitched—"given," as they said, "into the power of the lions by a neighboring tribe." They went at once to attack the animals, but, being rather a cowardly people compared to Bechuanas in general on such occasions, they returned without killing any.

It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So the next time the herds were attacked I went with the people in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft.

When the circle was re-formed we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot! He is shot!"

Others cried: "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see anyone else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people said, "Stop a little, till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing

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upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife.

This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mabalwe, bit his thigh. Another man—whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo—attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mabalwe. He left Mabalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm. It was a long time in healing.

The exact position of Lake Ngami had, for half a century at least, been correctly pointed out by the natives, who had visited it when rains were more copious in the desert than in more recent times, and many attempts had been made to reach it by passing through the desert in the direction indicated; but it was found impossible, even for Griquas, who, having some Bushman blood in them, may be supposed more capable of enduring thirst than Europeans. It was clear, then, that our only chance of success was by going round, instead of through, the desert.

On July 4, 1849, we went forward on horseback toward what we supposed to be the lake, and again and again did we seem to see it; but at last we came to the veritable water of the Zouga, and found it to be a river running to the northeast. A village of Bakurutse lay on the opposite bank; these live among Batletli, a tribe having a click in their language, and who were found by Sebituane to possess large herds of the great horned cattle. They seem allied to the Hottentot family. Mr. Oswell, in trying

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to cross the river, got his horse bogged in the swampy bank. Two Bakwains and I managed to get over by wading beside a fishing-weir. The people were friendly, and informed us that this water came out of the Ngami. This news gladdened all our hearts, for we now felt certain of reaching our goal. We might, they said, be a moon on the way; but we had the River Zouga at our feet, and by following it we should at last reach the broad water.

When we had gone up the bank of this beautiful river about ninety-six miles from the point where we first struck it, and understood that we were still a considerable distance from the Ngami, we left all the oxen and wagons, except Mr. Oswell's, which was the smallest, and one team, at Ngabisane, in the hope that they would be recruited for the home journey, while we made a push for the lake.

Twelve days after our departure from the wagons at Ngabisane we came to the northeast end of Lake Ngami; and on August 1, 1849, we went down together to the broad part, and for the first time this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans. The direction of the lake seemed to be north-northeast and south-southwest by compass. The southern portion is said to bend round to the west, and to receive the Teoughe from the north at its northwest extremity. We could detect no horizon where we stood looking south-south west, nor could we form any idea of the extent of the lake, except from the reports of the inhabitants of the district; and, as they professed to go round it in three days, allowing twenty-five miles a day would make it seventy-five, or less than seventy geographical miles in circumference.

Other guesses have been made since as to its circumference, ranging between seventy and one hundred miles. It is shallow, for I subsequently saw a native punting his canoe over seven or eight miles of the northeast end; it can never therefore be of much value as a commercial highway. In fact, during the months preceding the annual supply of water from the north, the lake is so shallow that it is with difficulty cattle can approach the water through the boggy, reedy banks. These are low on all sides, but on the west there is a space devoid of trees, showing that the waters have retired thence at no very ancient date. This is another of the proofs of desiccation met with so abundantly throughout the whole country. A number of dead trees lie on this space, some of them imbedded in the mud right in the water. We were informed by the Bayeiye, who live on the lake, that when the annual inundation begins, not only trees of great size, but antelopes, as the springbuck and *tsessebe* (*Acronotus lunata*,) are swept down by its rushing waters; the trees are gradually driven by the winds to the opposite side, and become imbedded in mud.

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When the lake is full, the water is perfectly fresh, but brackish when low; and that coming down the Tamunak'le we found to be so clear, cold, and soft, the higher we ascended, that the idea of melting snow was suggested to our minds. We found this region, with regard to that from which we had come, to be clearly a hollow, the lowest point being Lake Kumadau; the point of the ebullition of water as shown by one of Newman's barometric thermometers, was only between 207-1/2 deg. and 206 deg., giving an elevation of not much more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We had descended above two thousand feet in coming to it from Kolobeng. It is the southern and lowest part of the great river system beyond, in which large tracts of country are inundated annually by tropical rains. A little of that water, which in the countries farther north produces inundation, comes as far south as 20 deg. 20', the latitude of the upper end of the lake, and instead of flooding the country, falls into the lake as into a reservoir. It begins to flow down the Embarras, which divides into the Rivers Tzo and Teoughe. The Tzo divides into the Tamunak'le and Mababe; the Tamunak'le discharges itself into the Zouga, and the Teoughe into the lake. The flow begins in either March or April, and the descending waters find the channels of all these rivers dried out, except in certain pools in their beds, which have long dry spaces between them. The lake itself is very low. The Zouga is but a prolongation of the Tamunak'le, and an arm of the lake reaches up to the point where the one ends and the other begins. The last is narrow and shallow, while the Zouga is broad and deep. The narrow arm of the lake, which on the map looks like a continuation of the Zouga, has never been observed to flow either way.

THOMAS HUGHES

Before the middle of 1852 Livingstone was ready to start on the journey which resulted in the opening of routes from Central Africa to the West and East coasts; but the way was still beset with difficulties. The missionary societies were regarded as "unpatriotic" by the authorities at the Cape; and he, as the most outspoken of critics, and the most uncompromising denouncer of the slave-trade and champion of the natives, came in for a double share of their suspicion. On the other hand, his brethren gave him only a half-hearted support and doubted his orthodoxy. He found great difficulty even in procuring ammunition. A country postmaster whom he had accused of overcharging, threatened an action at the last moment, which he compromised rather than be detained. As it was, he had anticipated his meagre salary by more than a year, and had to be content with very inferior oxen, and a wagon which required constant mending throughout the journey. On June 8, 1852, he at last got away, taking with him a Mr. Fleming, the agent of his friend Mr. Rutherford, a Cape merchant, in the hope of by degrees substituting legitimate traffic for that in slaves.

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The heavy Cape wagon with its ten poor oxen dragged heavily onward. Livingstone had so loaded himself with parcels for stations up-country, and his wagon and team were so inferior, that he did not reach Kuruman until September. Here he was detained by the breaking of a wheel.

The journey to Linyanti by the new route was very trying. Part of the country was flooded, and they were wading all day, and forcing their way through reeds with sharp edges "with hands all raw and bloody." "On emerging from the swamps," says Livingstone, "when walking before the wagon in the morning twilight, I observed a lioness about fifty yards from me in the squatting way they walk when going to spring. She was followed by a very large lion, but seeing the wagon she turned back."

It required all his tact to prevent guides and servants from deserting. Everyone but himself was attacked by fever. "I would like," says his journal, "to devote a portion of my life to the discovery of a remedy for that terrible disease, the African fever. I would go into the parts where it prevails most and try to discover if the natives have a remedy for it. I must make many inquiries of the river people in this quarter." Again in another key: "Am I on my way to die in Sebituane's country? Have I seen the last of my wife and children, leaving this fair world and knowing so little of it?"

February 4, 1853: "I am spared in health while all the company have been attacked by fever. If God has accepted my service, my life is charmed till my work is done. When that is finished, some simple thing will give me my quietus. Death is a glorious event to one going to Jesus."

Their progress was tedious beyond all precedent. "We dug out several wells, and each time had to wait a day or two till enough water flowed in for our cattle to quench their thirst."

At last, however, at the end of May, he reached the Chobe River and was again among his favorite Makololo. "He has dropped from the clouds," the first of them said. They took the wagon to pieces and carried it across on canoes lashed together, while they themselves swam and dived among the oxen "more like alligators than men." Sekeletu, son of Sebituane, was now chief, his elder sister Mamochishane having resigned in disgust at the number of husbands she had to maintain as chieftainess. Poor Mamochishane! After a short reign of a few months she had risen in the assembly and "addressed her brother with a womanly gush of tears. 'I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I would always have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up our father's house.'"

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On November 11, 1853, he left Linyanti, and arrived at Loanda on May 31, 1854. The first stages of the journey were to be by water, and Sekeletu accompanied him to the Chobe, where he was to embark. They crossed five branches before reaching the main stream, a wide and deep river full of hippopotami. "The chief lent me his own canoe, and as it was broader than usual I could turn about in it with ease. I had three muskets for my people, and a rifle and double-barrelled shotgun for myself. My ammunition was distributed through the luggage, that we might not be left without a supply. Our chief hopes for food were in our guns. I carried twenty pounds of beads worth forty shillings, a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee. One small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, was filled with spare shirts, trousers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilized life, another of the same size was stored with medicines, a third with books, and a fourth with a magic lantern, which we found of much service. The sextant and other instruments were carried apart. A bag contained the clothes we expected to wear out in the journey, which, with a small tent just sufficient to sleep in, a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse rug as a bed, completed my equipment. An array of baggage would have probably excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass."

The voyage up the Chobe, and the Zambesi after the junction of those rivers, was prosperous but slow, in consequence of stoppages opposite villages. "My man Pitsane knew of the generous orders of Sekeletu, and was not disposed to allow them remain a dead letter." In the rapids, "the men leaped into the water without the least hesitation to save the canoes from being dashed against the obstructions or caught in eddies. They must never be allowed to come broadside to the stream, for being flat-bottomed they would at once be capsized and everything in them lost." When free from fever he was delighted to note the numbers of birds, several of them unknown, which swarmed on the river and its banks, all carefully noted in his journal. One extract must suffice here: "Whenever we step on shore a species of plover, a plaguy sort of public-spirited individual, follows, flying overhead, and is most persevering in its attempts to give warning to all animals to flee from the approaching danger."

But he was already weak with fever; was seized with giddiness whenever he looked up quickly, and, if he could not catch hold of some support, fell heavily—a bad omen for his chance of passing through the unknown country ahead—but his purpose never faltered for a moment. On January 1, 1854, he was still on the river, but getting beyond Sekeletu's territory and allies, to a region of dense forest, in the open glades of which dwelt the Balonda, a powerful tribe, whose relations with the Makololo were precarious. Each was inclined to raid on the other since the Mambari

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and Portuguese half-castes had appeared with Manchester goods. These excited the intense wonder and cupidity of both nations. They listened to the story of cotton-mills as fairy dreams, exclaiming: "How can iron spin, weave, and print? Truly ye are gods!" and were already inclined to steal their neighbors' children—those of their own tribe they never sold at this time—to obtain these wonders out of the sea.

Happily Livingstone had brought back with him several Balonda children who had been carried off by the Makololo. This, and his speeches to Manenko, the chieftainess of the district and niece of Shinte, the head chief of the Balonda, gained them a welcome. This Amazon was a strapping young woman of twenty, who led their party through the forest at a pace which tried the best walkers. She seems to have been the only native whose will ever prevailed against Livingstone's.

He intended to proceed up to her uncle Shinte's town in canoes: she insisted that they should march by land, and ordered her people to shoulder his baggage in spite of him. "My men succumbed, and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and with a motherly look said, 'Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done.' My feeling of annoyance of course vanished, and I went out to try for some meat. My men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, kept remarking, 'Manenko is a soldier,' and we were all glad when she proposed a halt for the night."

Shinte received them in his town, the largest and best laid out that Livingstone had seen in Central Africa, on a sort of throne covered with leopard-skin. The *kotla*, or place of audience, was one hundred yards square. Though in the sweating stage of an intermittent fever, Livingstone held his own with the chief, gave him an ox as "his mouth was bitter from want of flesh," advised him to open a trade in cattle with the Makololo, and to put down the slave-trade; and, after spending more than a week with him, left amid the warmest professions of friendship. Shinte found him a guide of his tribe, Intemese by name, who was to stay by them till they reached the sea, and at a last interview hung round his neck a conical shell of such value that two of them, so his men assured him, would purchase a slave.

Soon they were out of Shinte's territory, and Intemese became the plague of the party, though unluckily they could not dispense with him altogether in crossing the great flooded plains of Lebala. They camped at night on mounds, where they had to trench round each hut and use the earth to raise their sleeping places. "My men turned out to work most willingly, and I could not but contrast their conduct with that of Intemese, who was thoroughly imbued with the slave spirit, and lied on all occasions to save himself trouble." He lost the pontoon, too, thereby adding greatly to their troubles.

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They now came to the territory of another great chief, Katema, who received them hospitably, sending food and giving them solemn audience in his kotla surrounded by his tribe. A tall man of forty, dressed in a snuff-brown coat with a broad band of tinsel down the arms, and a helmet of beads and feathers. He carried a large fan with charms attached, which he waved constantly during the audience, often laughing heartily—"a good sign, for a man who shakes his sides with mirth is seldom difficult to deal with."

"I am the great Moene Katema!" was his address; "I and my fathers have always lived here, and there is my father's house. I never killed any of the traders; they all come to me. I am the great Moene Katema, of whom you have heard." On hearing Livingstone's object, he gave him three guides, who would take him by a northern route, along which no traders had passed, to avoid the plains, impassable from the floods. He accepted Livingstone's present of a shawl, a razor, some beads and buttons, and a powder-horn graciously, laughing at his apologies for its smallness, and asking him to bring a coat from Loanda, as the one he was wearing was old.

From this point troubles multiplied, and they began to be seriously pressed for food. The big game had disappeared, and they were glad to catch moles and mice. Every chief demanded a present for allowing them to pass, and the people of the villages charged exorbitantly for all supplies. On they floundered, however, through flooded forests. In crossing the river Loka, Livingstone's ox got away from him, and he had to strike out for the farther bank. "My poor fellows were dreadfully alarmed, and about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into the water for my rescue, and just as I reached the opposite bank one seized me by the arms and another clasped me round the body. When I stood up it was most gratifying to see them all struggling toward me. Part of my goods were brought up from the bottom when I was safe. Great was their pleasure when they found I could swim like themselves, and I felt most grateful to those poor heathens for the promptitude with which they dashed in to my rescue." Farther on, the people tried to frighten them with the account of the deep rivers they had yet to cross, but his men laughed. "'We can all swim,' they said; 'who carried the white man across the river but himself?' I felt proud of their praise."

On March 4th they reached the country of the Chiboques, a tribe in constant contact with the slave-dealers. Next day their camp was surrounded by the nearest chief and his warriors, evidently bent on plunder. They paused when they saw Livingstone seated on his camp-stool, with his double-barrelled gun across his knees, and his Makololos ready with their javelins. The chief and his principal men sat down in front at Livingstone's invitation to talk over the matter, and a palaver began as to the fine claimed by the Chiboque. "The more I yielded, the

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more unreasonable they became, and at every fresh demand a shout was raised, and a rush made round us with brandished weapons. One young man even made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth and he retreated. My men behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and his counsellors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap, for my men had quietly surrounded them and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said that as everything had failed to satisfy them they evidently meant to fight; and if so, they must begin, and bear the blame before God. I then sat silent for some time. It was certainly rather trying, but I was careful not to seem flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around." The palaver began again, and ended in the exchange of an ox for a promise of food, in which he was woefully cheated. "It was impossible to help laughing, but I was truly thankful that we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass without shedding blood."

He now struck north to avoid the Chiboque, and made for the Portuguese settlement of Cassange through dense forest and constant wet. Here another fever fit came on, so violent that "I could scarcely, after some hours' trial, get a lunar observation in which I could repose confidence. Those who know the difficulties of making observations and committing them all to paper will sympathize with me in this and many similar instances."

At this crisis, when the goal was all but at hand, obstacles multiplied till it seemed that after all it would never be reached. First his riding ox, Sindbad—a beast "blessed with a most intractable temper," and a habit of bolting into the bush to get his rider combed off by a climber, and then kicking at him—achieved a triumph in his weak state, "when the bridle broke, and down I came backward on the crown of my head, receiving as I fell a kick on the thigh. This last attack of fever reduced me almost to a skeleton. The blanket which I used as a saddle, being pretty constantly wet, caused extensive abrasion of the skin, which was continually healing and getting sore again."

Then the guides missed their way and led them back into Chiboque territory, where the demands of the chief of every village for "a man, an ox, or a tusk," for permission to pass, began again. Worst of all, signs of mutiny began to show themselves among the Batoka men of his party, who threatened to turn back. He appeased them by giving them a tired ox to be killed at the Sunday's halt. "Having thus, as I thought, silenced their murmurs, I sank into a state of torpor, and was oblivious of all their noise. On Sunday the mutineers were making a terrible din in preparing the skin. I requested them twice to be more quiet as the noise pained me, but, as they paid no attention to this civil request, I put out my head and, repeating it, was

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answered by an impudent laugh. Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny was not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barrelled pistol and darted out with such a savage aspect as to put them to precipitate flight. They gave no further trouble.” Every night now they had to build a stockade, and by day to march in a compact body, knowing the forest to be full of enemies dogging their path, for now they had nothing to give as presents, the men having even divested themselves of all their copper ornaments to appease the Chiboque harpies. “Nothing, however, disturbed us, and for my part I was too ill to care much whether we were attacked or not.” They struggled on, the Chiboque natives, now joined by bodies of traders, opposing at every ford, Livingstone no longer wondering why expeditions from the interior failed to reach the coast. “Some of my men proposed to return home, and the prospect of being obliged to turn back from the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared that if they now returned, I should go on alone, and returning into my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul. Presently the head man came in. ‘Do not be disheartened,’ he said, ‘we will never leave you. Wherever you lead, we will follow. Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people.’ Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told me to be comforted. ‘They were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and would die for me: they had spoken in bitterness of spirit, feeling they could do nothing.’”

On April 1st they gained the ridge which overlooks the valley of the Quango and the Portuguese settlements on the farther bank. “The descent is so steep that I was obliged to dismount, though so weak that I had to be supported. Below us, at a depth of one thousand feet, lay the magnificent valley of the Quango. The view of the Vale of Clyde, from the spot where Mary witnessed the Battle of Langside, resembles in miniature the glorious sight which was here presented to our view.”

On the 4th they were close to the Quango, here one hundred fifty yards broad, when they were stopped for the last time by a village chief and surrounded by his men. The usual altercation ensued; Livingstone refusing to give up his blanket—the last article he possessed except his watch and instruments and Sekeletu’s tusks, which had been faithfully guarded—until on board the canoes in which they were to cross. “I was trying to persuade my people to move on to the bank in spite of them, when a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abren, who had come across in search of beeswax, made his appearance and gave the same advice.” They marched to the bank—the chief’s men opening fire on them, but without doing any damage—made terms with the ferrymen, with Cypriano’s help, crossed the Quango, and were at the end of their troubles.

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Four days they stopped with Cypriano, who treated them royally, killing an ox and stripping his garden to feast them, and sending them on to Cassange with provisions of meal ground by his mother and her maids. "I carried letters from the Chevalier du Prat of Cape Town, but I am inclined to believe that my friend Cypriano was influenced by feelings of genuine kindness excited by my wretched appearance."

At Cassange they were again most hospitably treated, and here, before starting for Loanda, three hundred miles, they disposed of Sekeletu's tusks, which sold for much higher prices than those given by Cape traders. "Two muskets, three small barrels of powder, and English calico and baize enough to clothe my whole party, with large bunches of beads, were given for one tusk, to the great delight of my Makololos, who had been used to get only one gun for two tusks. With another tusk we purchased calico—the chief currency here—to pay our way to the coast. The remaining two were sold for money to purchase a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda." Livingstone was much struck both by the country he passed through and the terms on which the Portuguese lived with the natives. Most of them had families by native women, who were treated as European children and provided for by their fathers. Half-caste clerks sat at table with the whites, and he came to the conclusion that "nowhere in Africa is there so much good-will between Europeans and natives as here."

The dizziness produced by his twenty-seven attacks of fever on the road made it all he could do to stick on Sindbad, who managed to give him a last ducking in the Lombe. "The weakening effects of the fever were most extraordinary. For instance, in attempting to take lunar observations I could not avoid confusion of time and distance, neither could I hold the instrument steady, nor perform a simple calculation." He rallied a little in crossing a mountain range. As they drew near Loanda the hearts of his men began to fail, and they hinted their doubts to him. "If you suspect me you can return," he told them, "for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you; but nothing will happen to you but what happens to me. We have stood by one another hitherto, and will do so till the last."

The first view of the sea staggered the Makololo. "We were marching along with our father," they said, "believing what the ancients had told us, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us: 'I am finished; there is no more for me.'"

The fever had produced chronic dysentery, which was so depressing that Livingstone entered Loanda in deep melancholy, doubting the reception he might get from the one English gentleman, Mr. Gabriel, the commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade. He was soon undeceived. Mr. Gabriel received him most kindly, and, seeing the condition he was in, gave up to him his own bed. "Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English bed after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel coming in almost immediately after, rejoiced in the soundness of my repose."

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(1851) THE COUP D'ETAT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, Alexis de Tocqueville

By his astounding act of December 2, 1851, known as the *coup d'état*, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, commonly called Louis Napoleon, practically assumed imperial power, and on the first anniversary of that *coup d'état* he was officially proclaimed Emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon III. He was the son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland—a brother of Napoleon I—and was born in Paris, April 20, 1808. From 1815 to 1830 he lived in exile. In 1836 he made an unsuccessful attempt to organize a revolution among the French soldiers at Strasburg. Four years later he tried to seize the throne of France; but failing in this attempt, he was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham until 1846, when he escaped to England. During his confinement he continued in his writings a Bonapartist propaganda. He had addressed himself particularly to the workingmen, and this class won a victory in the Revolution of February, 1848. After the fall of Louis Philippe in that year, Napoleon was elected to the National Assembly, largely by the votes of the working classes, and on June 13, 1848, took his seat. In December he was elected President of the Republic by an immense majority.

Although he was regarded as possessing a rather dull intellect, and as being, partly for that reason, a “safe” man for the presidential office, Napoleon soon proved his capacity for intrigue and for cajoling the people. By intervening in behalf of Pope Pius IX, whom revolutionists had driven from Rome, he gained the support of the clergy. Napoleon's troops restored Pius IX (1850) to the papal throne. The President's aims at supremacy were approved by the French monarchists, and he used all means to increase his popularity, placing only his adherents in office.

When the Assembly, composed of seven hundred sixty members, undertook to restrict the suffrage, which was “universal,” Napoleon opposed the change. He thus appeared to be the champion of the people against the legislative body. As his term was to expire on May 2, 1852, and as he was ineligible for a second term, although he knew that a majority of the people favored his continuance in office, he saw no way to accomplish that except by force. He therefore determined to use force, and the method he adopted was that of the *coup d'état*. The success of that stroke insured all that he aimed at. In December, 1851, by an almost unanimous vote he was elected President for ten years. All his “ideas” and purposes were embodied in a new constitution, and before the end of 1852 the question of restoring the empire was submitted to the people; and by the plebiscite of November, in that year, an enormous majority of the voters elected him Emperor.

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No account of the *coup d'etat*,—the most striking and effective in this series of dramatic events—surpasses in authenticity or interest that of De Tocqueville. The famous author of *Democracy in America*, and of equally celebrated works of French history, became Vice-President of the National Assembly in 1849. As a member of that body he was justified in saying of his story of the *coup d'etat*, “I merely relate, as an actual witness, the things I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears.” The first step taken by Napoleon in this affair was the arrest of the opposition leaders of the Assembly in their beds, on the pretext of a conspiracy against him in that body. De Tocqueville describes what followed.

When the representatives of the people learned on the morning of December 2, 1851, that several of their colleagues were arrested, they ran to the Assembly. The doors were guarded by the Chasseurs de Vincennes, a corps of troops recently returned from Africa and long accustomed to the violence of Algerine dominion, and, moreover, stimulated by a donation of five francs distributed to every soldier who was in Paris that day. The Representatives, nevertheless, presented themselves to go in, having at their head one of their Vice-Presidents, M. Daru. This gentleman was violently struck by the soldiers, and the Representatives who accompanied him were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Three of them, M. de Talhouet, Etienne, and Duparc, were slightly wounded. Several others had their clothes pierced. Such was the beginning.

Driven from the doors of the Assembly, the Deputies retired to the *mairie* of the Tenth Arrondissement. They were already assembled to the number of about three hundred when the troops arrived, blocked up the approaches, and prevented a greater number of Representatives from entering the apartment, though no one at that time was prevented from leaving it.

Who then were those Representatives assembled at the *mairie* of the Tenth Arrondissement, and what did they do there? Every shade of opinion was represented in this extemporaneous Assembly. But four-fifths of its members belonged to the different conservative parties which had constituted the majority. This Assembly was presided over by two of its Vice-Presidents, M. Vitet and M. Benoist d’Azy. M. Daru was arrested in his own house; the Fourth Vice-President, the illustrious General Bedeau, had been seized that morning in his bed, and handcuffed like a robber. As for the President, M. Dupin, he was absent, which surprised no one. Besides its Vice-Presidents, the Assembly was accompanied by its secretaries, its ushers, and even its phonographer who preserved for posterity the records of this last and memorable sitting. The Assembly, thus constituted, began by voting a decree in the following terms:

“In pursuance of article sixty-eight of the constitution, *viz.*, the President of the Republic, the ministers, the agents, and depositaries of public authority are responsible, each in what concerns himself respectively, for all the acts of the Government and the Administration: any measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the

National Assembly, prorogues it, or places obstacles in the exercise of its powers is a crime of high treason.

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“By this act alone, the President is deprived of all authority; the citizens are bound to withhold their obedience, the executive power passes in full right to the National Assembly. The judges of the High Court of Justice will meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture; they will convoke the juries in the place which they will select to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; they will nominate the magistrates charged to fulfil the duties of public ministers.

“And seeing that the National Assembly is prevented by violence from exercising its powers, it decrees as follows, viz.: Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as President of the Republic. The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. The executive power has passed in full right to the National Assembly. The judges of the High Court of Justice are enjoined to meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture, to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; consequently, all the officers and functionaries of power and of public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and of high treason.

“Done and decreed unanimously in public sitting, this second day of December, 1851.”

After this first decree was voted, another was unanimously passed, naming General Oudinot commander of the public forces, and M. Tamisier was joined with him as chief of the staff. The choice of these two officers, each having distinct shades of political opinion, showed that the Assembly was animated by one common spirit.

These decrees had hardly been signed by all the members present, and deposited in a place of safety, when a band of soldiers, headed by their officers, sword in hand, appeared at the door, without, however, daring to enter the apartment. The Assembly awaited them in perfect silence. The President alone raised his voice, read the decrees which had just been passed to the soldiers, and ordered them to retire. The poor fellows, ashamed of the part they were compelled to play, hesitated. The officers, pale and undecided, declared that they should go for further orders. They retired, contenting themselves with blockading the passages leading to the apartment. The Assembly, not being able to go out, ordered the windows to be opened, and caused the decrees to be read to the people and the troops in the street below, especially that decree which, in pursuance of the sixty-eighth article of the constitution, declared the deposition and impeachment of Louis Napoleon.

Soon, however, the soldiers reappeared at the door, preceded this time by two *commissaires de police*. These men entered the room and, amid the unbroken silence and total immobility of the Assembly, summoned the Representatives to disperse. The President ordered them to retire themselves. One of the *commissaires* was agitated and faltered; the other broke out in invectives. The President said to him: “Sir, we are here the lawful authority and sole representatives of law and of right. We know that we

cannot oppose to you material force, but we will leave this chamber only under constraint. We will not disperse. Seize us and convey us to prison.”

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"All, all!" exclaimed the members of the Assembly. After much hesitation the *commissaires de police* decided to act. They caused each of the two Presidents to be seized by the collar. The whole body then rose, and, arm in arm, two and two, they followed the Presidents, who were led off. In this order they reached the street, and were marched across the city, without knowing whither they were going.

Care had been taken to circulate a report among the crowd and the troops that a meeting of Socialist and Red Republican Deputies had been arrested. But when the people beheld among those who were thus dragged through the mud of Paris on foot, like a gang of malefactors, men the most illustrious by their talents and their virtues—ex-ministers, ex-ambassadors, generals, admirals, great orators, great writers, surrounded by the bayonets of the line—a shout was raised, "*Vive l'Assemblée nationale!*" The Representatives were attended by these shouts until they reached the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, where they were shut up.

Night was coming on, and it was wet and cold. Yet the Assembly was left two hours in the open air, as if the Government did not deign to remember its existence. The Representatives here made their last roll-call in presence of their phonographer, who had followed them. The number present was two hundred eighteen, to whom were added about twenty more in the course of the evening, consisting of members who had voluntarily caused themselves to be arrested. Almost all the men known to France and to Europe, who formed the majority of the Legislative Assembly, were gathered in this place. Few were wanting, except those who, like M. Mole, had not been suffered to reach their colleagues.

There were present, among others, the Duc de Broglie, who had come, though ill; the father of the House, the venerable Keratry, whose physical strength was inferior to his moral courage, and whom it was necessary to seat in a straw chair in the barrack yard; Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, Berryer, Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Gustave de Beaumont, De Tocqueville, De Falloux, Lanjuinais, Admiral Laine and Admiral Cecille, Generals Oudinot and Lauriston, the Due de Luynes, the Due de Montebello; twelve ex-ministers, nine of whom had served under Louis Napoleon himself; eight members of the Institute—all men who had struggled for three years to defend society and to resist the demagogic faction.

When two hours had elapsed this assemblage was driven into barrack-rooms upstairs, where most of them spent the night, without fire and almost without food, stretched upon the boards. It only remained to carry off to prison these honorable men, guilty of no crime but the defence of the laws of their country. For this purpose the most distressing and ignominious means were selected. The cellular vans, in which convicts are conveyed to prison, were brought up. In these vehicles were shut up the men who had served and honored their country, and they were conveyed like three bands of criminals, some to the fortress of Mont Valerien, some to the prison Mazas in Paris, and the remainder to Vincennes. The indignation of the public compelled the Government

two days afterward to release the greater number of them; some remained in confinement, unable to obtain either their liberty or a trial.

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The treatment inflicted upon the generals arrested in the morning of December 2d was still more disgraceful. Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, Bedeau, Changarnier, the conquerors of Africa, were shut up in these infamous cellular vans, which are always inconvenient and become almost intolerable on a lengthened journey. In this manner they were conveyed to Ham—that is, they were made to perform more than a day's journey. Cavaignac, who had saved Paris and France in the days of June—Cavaignac, the competitor of Louis Napoleon at the last elections, shut up for a day and a night in the cell of a felon! I leave it to every honest man and every generous heart to comment on such facts. Such were the indignities offered to eminent men.

Let me now review the series of general crimes. The liberty of the press is destroyed to an extent unheard of even in the time of the empire. Most of the journals are suppressed, those which appear cannot say a word on politics or even publish any news. But this is by no means all. The Government has stuck up a list of persons who are formed into a “consultative commission.” Its object is to induce France to believe that the Executive is not abandoned by every man of respectability and consideration among us. More than half the persons on this list have refused to belong to the commission; most of them regard the insertion of their names as dishonor. I may quote, among others, M. Leon Faucher, M. Portalis, First President of the Court of Cassation, and the Duc de Albufera, as those best known. Not only does the Government decline to publish the letters in which these gentlemen refuse their consent, but even their names are not withdrawn from the list which dishonors them. The names are still retained in spite of their repeated remonstrances. A day or two ago, one of them, M. Joseph Perier, driven to desperation by this excess of tyranny, rushed into the street to strike out his own name, with his own hands, from the public placards, taking the passers-by to witness that it had been placed there by a lie.

Such is the state of the public journals. Let us now see the condition of personal liberty. I say again that personal liberty is more trampled on than ever it was in the time of the empire. A decree of the new power gives the *prefets* the right to arrest, in their respective departments, whomsoever they please; and the *prefets*, in their turn, send blank warrants of arrest, which are literally *lettres de cachet*, to the *sobs-prefets* under their orders. The Provisional Government of the Republic never went so far. Human life is as little respected as human liberty. I know that war has its dreadful necessities, but the disturbances which have recently occurred in Paris have been put down with a barbarity unprecedented in our civil contests; and when we remember that this torrent of blood has been shed to consummate the violation of all law, we cannot but think that sooner or later it will fall

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back upon the heads of those who shed it. As for the appeal of the people, to whom Louis Napoleon affects to submit his claims, never was a more odious mockery offered to a nation. The people is called upon to express its opinion, yet not only is public discussion suppressed, but even the knowledge of facts. The people is asked its opinion, but the first measure taken to obtain it is to establish military terrorism throughout the country, and to threaten with deprivation every public agent that does not approve in writing what has been done.

Such is the condition in which we stand. Force overturning law, trampling on the liberty of the press and of the person, deriding the popular will, in whose name the Government pretends to act. France torn from the alliance of free nations to be classed with the despotic monarchies of the Continent—such is the result of this *coup d'état*.

The army refused to submit to the decree of the captive Assembly impeaching the President of the Republic; but the High Court of Justice obeyed it. The five judges composing it, sitting in the midst of Paris enslaved and in the face of martial law, dared to assemble at the Palace of Justice, and to issue a process beginning criminal proceedings against Louis Napoleon, charged with high treason by the law, though already triumphant in the streets. I subjoin the text of this memorable edict:

“The High Court of Justice, considering the sixty-eighth article of the constitution, considering that printed placards, beginning with the words ‘The President of the Republic,’ and bearing at the end the signatures of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and De Moony, Minister of the Interior, which placards announce among other things, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have this day been affixed to the walls of Paris; that this fact of the dissolution of the Assembly by the President of the Republic would fall under the case provided for by the sixty-eighth article of the constitution, and render the convocation of the High Court of Justice imperative, by the terms of that article declares that the High Court is constituted, and names M. Renouard, counsellor of the Court of Cassation, to fill the duties of public accuser; and to fill those of *greffier*, M. Bernard, *Greffier-en-chef* of the Court of Cassation; and, to proceed further in pursuance of the terms of the said sixty-eighth article of the constitution, adjourns until to-morrow, December 3d, at the hour of noon.

“Done and deliberated in the Council Chamber. Present, M. Hardouin, President; M. Pataille, M. Moreau, M. de la Palme, and M. Cauchy, judges, this second day of December, 1851.”

After this textual extract from the minutes of the High Court of Justice there is the following entry: “(1) A *proces-verbal* announcing the arrival of a *commissaire de police*, who called upon the High Court to separate. (2) A *proces-verbal* of a second sitting held on the morrow, the third day of December (when the Assembly was in prison), at which



M. Renouard accepts the functions of public prosecutor, charged to proceed against Louis Napoleon, after which the High Court, being no longer able to sit, adjourned to a day to be fixed hereafter."

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(1851) DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN AUSTRALIA, Edward Jenks

EDWARD JENKS

It was a remarkable sequence in successful enterprise that brought to light and developed the vast gold deposits in Australia within three years after the great discovery in California. This event "was to change, if not the entire character, at least the rate, of Australian progress." The date of Captain James Cook's exploration of the eastern coast (1770) marks the beginning of a new era in the history of Australia. Cook took possession of the country for Great Britain. From the resemblance of its coasts to the southern shores of Wales, he called it New South Wales, and this name is still retained by one of the States of the Commonwealth of Australia (inaugurated January 1, 1901). The first English settlement (1788) was a convict colony at Port Jackson (Sydney). From the establishment of this colony the development of Australia as a British possession was gradual, but progressive, up to the discovery of the gold-fields, by which it was so greatly accelerated. At first a few pastoral groups occupied the lands near the coast. Many of the newcomers were mere squatters, bent on making money and then returning to England. But gradually small towns and settled industries grew up. Increasing numbers of farmers immigrated, squatters were pushed toward the interior, and a state of social organization began. Up to 1850, however, this nucleus of a new commonwealth had reached no great development.

As in the case of California, long before the great discovery of gold in Australia there had been rumors of its existence in that country. Most of the early stories told by persons said to have found specimens of the metal were scouted. In 1844 the distinguished geologist, Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, having compared specimens of Australian rocks brought to him with other specimens from gold-bearing lands, declared that he found in the former no trace of gold. Two years later, however, Sir Roderick declared his belief in the existence of gold in Australia, and in 1848 he announced that he had seen specimens of gold from New South Wales, and recommended a government mineral survey there. Little attention might have been given to the matter then but for the discovery of gold in California. From the excitement caused by that the "gold fever" spread over the world. Nothing was done in the way of discovery of the metal in Australia until many months had elapsed; but finally results of the utmost importance were obtained.

The story of the great Australian gold discovery is here told in an authentic and highly interesting manner by the historian of the Australasian colonies.

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In the year 1851 Edmund Hammond Hargraves, an old settler in New South Wales, returned thither from California, where he had spent about eighteen months in the search for gold. His efforts in California resulted in no immediate prosperity, but he gained much useful practical experience. More than this, as he looked at the natural features of the California gold-fields, a great idea grew up in his mind. Though not a geologist, he appears to have had a quick eye for stratiform resemblances; and the more he studied the peculiarities of rocks and soil in California, the more he became convinced that he knew, in his own colony, a district which presented the same features and which, therefore, might be expected to produce the same results.

Remaining in California only long enough to verify his observations, he returned to Sydney at the beginning of the year 1851. Seldom has such absolute confidence in unverified observation proved so completely justified. According to Hargraves's own account he went without hesitation to a spot on the banks of a little stream known as Lewes Pond Creek, a tributary of Summer Hill Creek, itself a tributary of the Macquarie River, and there at once, on February 12, 1851, found alluvial gold. In April he had so far advanced as to be able to write to the Government offering to disclose his treasures for five hundred pounds. But he subsequently decided to trust to the liberality of the Government, and offered at once to show his workings to the government geologist, an official recently sent out from England to report upon gold prospects. On May 19th Mr. Stutchbury officially reported the discovery of gold in workable quantities at Summer Hill Creek, and by the end of the same month the immigration to the diggings had begun. Hargraves himself took no part in the digging, merely pointing out to others, without reserve, the places in which his experience led him to predict discovery, and instructing them in the processes of washing and cleaning. He was soon made a commissioner of Crown lands, and received a reward of ten thousand pounds.

Now began a period which can have no complete parallel in earlier history, save the almost contemporaneous parallel of California.

For in days when news travelled slowly, and travelling for ordinary men was still slower, in days when governments jealously prohibited the expatriation of their subjects, and only allowed the immigration of aliens under strict limitations, nothing like the Australian gold-rush could have taken place. As it was, everything favored the stampede. The Australian colonies themselves were anxious for immigrants. The European disturbances of 1848 had led many Continental rulers to the conclusion that it was wiser to allow turbulent spirits to go than to attempt to keep them. The new era of industry had completely unsettled the old relationships and awakened a spirit of restlessness. Finally, the recent application of steam to sea-going

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ships had rendered a rapid decrease in the length of the voyage from Europe a practical certainty. From the moment that the genuineness of Hargraves's discoveries was placed beyond doubt a swarm of pilgrims from all parts of the world set their faces toward the diggings. Many, perhaps the majority, of the arrivals were totally unsuited for the actual work of mining. Some of these turned to other pursuits in the neighborhood, and, in no small number of cases, did far better than the diggers whose gold they received. But thousands turned back in despair after a few days' experience of the hardships of the life; so that, almost from the first, there was an enormous traffic to and fro, and strong division of parties upon the gold question. An extreme view of the effect upon population may be obtained from a comparison of the statistics of Victoria at the close of the years 1850 and 1855 respectively. At the former date the population was under seventy thousand; at the latter, it was upward of three hundred thousand. But no other colony increased to anything like this extent during the gold rush.

The first care of the Government at Sydney, on receiving the official report of the existence of gold, was to decide upon the attitude to be assumed toward the diggers. It was abundantly clear that the establishment of mining industries would mean a great increase of expense to the Government. It was equally clear that, as the law had been declared over and over again in the colony, unauthorized digging on Crown land constituted a trespass, for which the digger was legally responsible. But the Governor was wise enough to see that no threats of prosecution would deter men bent on digging in unoccupied lands, even if it were possible to preserve the lands of private owners from forcible intrusion. The "squatting" question had demonstrated that, beyond a certain point, the theory of Crown occupation of waste lands was liable to break down.

So the government advisers suggested a compromise. Falling back on a still older feudal doctrine, they asserted the indefeasible right of the Crown to all gold found either on private or public lands, but recommended that licenses to dig should be granted on easy terms, which would have the double effect of providing a revenue and of preserving an acknowledgment of the Crown's title.

Acting on this advice, Governor Fitzroy, on May 22, 1851, issued a proclamation forbidding all persons to dig for gold on any lands without license, but expressing the willingness of the Government to grant licenses at a fee of thirty shillings a month to diggers on Crown lands. For the present, the Governor refused to allow digging on private lands without the owner's consent. The proclamation also announced that no license would be given to any laborer or servant unless he could produce a certificate of discharge from his last service. At the same time the Governor established the practice of appointing special commissioners for the gold-fields, charged with the administration of the licensing system and the general maintenance of order in their respective districts. He also strengthened the police force by every means in his power, and then awaited developments.

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He had not long to wait. Almost immediately after the issue of the proclamation another gold-field was discovered on the Turon River, also a feeder of the Macquarie, only a few miles from Lewes Pond; and shortly afterward a third was opened up on the Abercrombie, a tributary of the Murrumbidgee, which takes its rise in the Cordillera, south of Bathurst. By the beginning of June, gold began to pour into Bathurst; but Mr. Hardy, the chief commissioner, was able to report an almost idyllic peace and plenty at the diggings.

In the middle of July an event occurred which at once produced a violent attack of gold fever. This was the discovery of an enormous mass of virgin gold, weighing upward of one hundred pounds, by Doctor Kerr, a squatter on the Meroo Creek. Doctor Kerr had been guided to the spot by an aboriginal who had been in his service several years; and, in his excitement, he broke the matrix in which the nugget was imbedded, and thus spoiled what would have been the most magnificent specimen of gold quartz hitherto discovered. Even as it was, the display in Bathurst of a single find of gold worth four thousand pounds was enough to excite the feelings of the inhabitants to a pitch inconsistent with steady industry.

But Doctor Kerr's find raised a point of some interest to the Government. In framing the licensing regulations, the advisers of the Crown had thought only of the possibilities of alluvial mining. Had they even directed their thoughts toward rock gold, they would probably have considered it highly improbable that any explorer should be able to extract the metal without an amount of preparation which he would hardly undertake upon the security of a bare license. But, as it happened, Doctor Kerr had not even a license when he discovered the gold, though he took one out as soon as possible afterward. To strengthen its position, the Government seized the gold in the hands of a firm of shippers who were about to send it to England; but, on the firm's representation, it was released, security being given for the payment of a royalty of 10 per cent, if the Crown should see fit to demand it.

Early in August, 1851, the Governor announced that, for the future, licenses would be held to cover only alluvial gold, and that for rock gold found on Crown land the Government would demand a royalty of 10 per cent., half that amount if the working was on private land. A fortnight later the Government undertook the escort of gold from the diggings to Sydney, thereby adding considerably to the Crown revenue and at the same time obtaining additional power over the gold districts. By the end of August, gold to the value of seventy thousand pounds had been exported from the colony. But these figures were soon eclipsed by those which followed.

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The news of the gold discoveries near Bathurst had soon spread through the Australian colonies. The more adventurous of the colonists started at once for the diggings. Others, often encouraged by their governments, who foresaw a constant drain of population in favor of the gold colony, endeavored to find gold within their own limits. Rumors of discoveries were constantly arising. Gold was found at Echuca in South Australia, in the Fingal district of Tasmania, and in the Curumandel ranges of New Zealand. But none of these discoveries could compare for a moment with those which took place within the newly constituted colony of Victoria. Even so early as August, 1851, gold had been worked at a place called "Deep Creek" (or "Anderson's Creek"), not far from Melbourne, but this was soon abandoned in favor of the diggings at Clunes, on the headwaters of the streams which flow north from the great dividing range to the Murray River. A month later, these again were temporarily deserted in favor of the rich Buninyong district, just south of the range, whose chief centre was Ballarat. Finally, at the beginning of October, 1851, the wonderful finds at Mount Alexander, a spur of the Macedon range to the north of Melbourne, were eclipsing all previous discoveries.

Before the end of the year the export of gold from Victoria alone had very nearly reached half a million in value. In two years the population of the Victorian gold-fields almost equalled the whole population of the colony at the close of 1850. Most of the diggers lived in tents, and had absolutely no interest in the colony beyond the mere hope of profit from the diggings. If a more profitable field had opened elsewhere, they would have left at once. By the end of the year 1851 the probable area of future discoveries was pretty well recognized. The gold-fields, with few exceptions, were found to lie on one side or the other of the eastern Cordillera or chain of mountains which, beginning with Mount Elliot in Northern Queensland, follows the coast with remarkable precision till it reaches Port Phillip Bay. But all the more northerly part of this chain was unexplored in 1851, and of course there was room for almost any development within such wide limits.

Warned by events in New South Wales, the governments of the other Australian colonies had made preparations for the crisis. Western Australia was too remote to be much affected; and her newly arrived supply of convict labor rendered her contented. But South Australia and Tasmania suffered severely from the drain of population, which set in toward the diggings.

In South Australia, the effect was in some districts almost as if a pestilence had swept away the men, leaving the women and children untouched. Some of the emigrants really deserted their families, but the bulk were honorable men, and remittances of gold soon began to find their way to Adelaide for distribution among relatives in the colony.

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After the comparative failure of the gold-diggings in South Australia, the Government had wisely set itself to secure some part of the prosperity of the gold discoveries for its colony by establishing both land and river traffic routes. In these efforts it was highly successful. Many South Australians made handsome fortunes by sending provisions to the Buninyong and Mount Alexander districts, and the new steamers on the Murray proved a source of profit to the colony which lasted until the development of the railroad system. Unfortunately, this prosperity could hardly be realized at the time, owing to the great scarcity of coined money in the colony. In 1851 the privilege of coining was still jealously monopolized by the mint in London; while the rapid expansion of business in the latter part of that year had rendered the supply of coin in Australia totally inadequate to the demand.

Very soon after the discoveries, Governor Fitzroy had sent home a memorial from the Legislative Council at Sydney, praying for the establishment of a branch mint in that city, and similar applications soon followed from the other colonies. On March 22, 1853, a Treasury minute sanctioned the applications, and colonial mints were shortly afterward established by order in council. But in the mean while the South Australians had got over their difficulty by passing a colonial act authorizing the issue by the Colonial Government of gold ingots, of slightly higher intrinsic value than the coins they were supposed to represent, stamped with an authentic mark. These ingots were not made legal tender, and the only object of the government mark was to guarantee quality and weight. But they were generally accepted in official and commercial transactions, they tided over the crisis of scarcity, and the Home Government, though with due official caution, approved the action of Governor Young.

In Tasmania, the main difficulty arose from the drain of emigrants. In August, 1851, Sir William Denison wrote home urging the transportation of more convicts or "probationers," on the ground that there would be a great demand for foodstuffs by the neighboring colonies, while the supply of agricultural laborers would be shorter than ever. Both Tasmania and South Australia united in deciding upon the continuance of the system by which free emigrants were sent out at the expense of the land fund of each colony, notwithstanding that such emigrants would probably leave for Victoria immediately after their arrival. Of the existence of this contingency there could be little doubt. On January 16, 1852, the Governor of Tasmania wrote: "I have a number of men who have come back from Mount Alexander after an absence from this colony of not more than eight weeks, with gold to the value of one hundred twenty pounds to one thousand pounds." During the five months which followed the writing of this letter, four thousand persons (most of them wage-earners in the prime of life) left Tasmania for Victoria. As the whole population of Tasmania was at this time only about fifty thousand, the matter was serious. Nevertheless, Tasmania tided safely over the difficulties of the gold period, and even was able to help her sorely tried sister.

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For it was upon the newly established Government at Melbourne that the strain of the new era most severely fell. The Government at Sydney was an old and tried institution, with traditions of more than half a century, and a staff of experienced officials under an exceptionally able chief. When Hargraves made his discoveries in 1851, the population of the mother-colony was nearly a quarter of a million, exclusive of the Port Phillip district, and such a population meant a government organization of corresponding magnitude. Moreover, the people of New South Wales had always, from circumstances, been accustomed to much governmental control, and did not resent it; while Victoria had been started as a colony whose people were too prosperous and contented to require more than a minimum of guidance. When the gold discoveries suddenly drew into the colony, not merely the most turbulent characters of Australia, but the crews of deserted ships and the general offscourings of the civilized world, and when, overcome by the contagion, the government officials threw up their posts, one and all, and started for the diggings, it became evident that the Lieutenant-Governor had his hands full. Even so early as November, 1851, he began to anticipate trouble from the preemptive clauses of the Crown Lands Leasing Act of 1847, by which the squatters had a right to purchase land in the neighborhood of the gold-fields. The claims of the squatters barred the way, and the squatters themselves looked with small favor upon a class of men whom they regarded as troublesome intruders, and whose proceedings rendered it almost impossible for the pastoralists to procure sufficient labor to carry on their operations. The squatters chose to overlook two important facts; viz., that they had themselves originally acquired their position precisely as the digger acquired his, and that the presence of the digger, if it raised the price of labor, also enormously increased the prices of the squatter's produce.

But more immediate financial troubles began to press upon the Government. It had been necessary, not merely to add largely to the number of the official staff—to provide additional police, commissioners, magistrates, customs officers, *etc.*—but also to increase their pay in some proportion to the greatly increased cost of living. Even with an increase in their salaries of 50 or 100 per cent, the subordinate officials would not stay. The sight of the reckless and prosperous diggers who came down to Melbourne to spend the Christmas of 1851, and who flung their gold about recklessly, was too much for the feelings of the civilians. They deserted in troops.

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On January 12, 1852, Lieutenant-Governor Latrobe wrote: "The police in town and country have almost entirely abandoned duty," and he begged of the Secretary of State to send military aid. In May, 1852, Sir John Pakington replied, promising six companies of the Fifty-ninth Regiment from China, but subsequently decided to send a whole regiment direct from England. A man-of-war was also to be stationed in Australian waters. A still more welcome assistance came in the early part of the year from the Governor of Tasmania, who sent, at Latrobe's earnest request, a body of two hundred pensioners, who had been serving as convict guards, and who might be expected to resist those temptations which, if yielded to, would result in the loss of their pensions. But all this assistance meant money, and the Government soon fell into sore straits.

It is true that at first the revenue rose substantially. Comparing the income for the quarters ending December 31, 1850, and December 31, 1851, respectively, we find, on general account, an increase of eleven thousand pounds, or about 30 per cent., and, on the Territorial account, or Land Fund, an increase of seventy-three thousand pounds, about 100 per cent. Three months later the increase was about 200 per cent. on the general revenue, while the Territorial revenue was about the same. But the latter fact may be accounted for by the transference of the fees for gold licenses to the general revenue. It is more important, however, to notice that, though the revenue was rising, expenses were increasing still faster. Not only had the staff to be doubled, or trebled, at a very large increase of pay, but government contracts for public buildings, printing, stores, fittings, and other necessities could be placed, if at all, only at extravagantly high prices. "No tenders can be obtained for supplies of boots and shoes; orders have been sent to neighboring colonies for them. Old furniture sells at about 75 per cent. advance on the former prices of new; scarcely any mechanics will work." Latrobe estimated the deficit in the revenue of the year 1853 as nearly four hundred thousand pounds, notwithstanding that he reckoned the whole gold revenue of six hundred thousand pounds as available for general expenses.

In his anxiety the Lieutenant-Governor had at first (December, 1851) proposed to double the license fee of thirty shillings a month; but the proposal had provoked such a storm of opposition that he withdrew it. The revenue from licenses was the source of much contention. The Government alleged that it was not taxation, but rent, of Crown lands, and at first devoted it exclusively to the service of the gold-fields. The diggers denounced it as taxation without representation; and the Legislative Council, almost necessarily in opposition to the Government while the latter was administered by nominees of the Colonial Office, refused to make up deficiencies out of the general revenue. Thus the Lieutenant-Governor was placed between two fires. If he enforced the license fees he angered what was rapidly becoming the largest part of the population; if he relinquished them, he left himself without means to carry on the government of the gold-fields.

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From this dilemma he was saved by the receipt of a general permission from the Colonial Office, toward the close of 1852, to deal with the gold revenue in the same manner as ordinary revenue. By placing this fund at the disposal of the Colonial Legislature, the Home Government not only removed a great grievance and relieved the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor from the shackles previously laid upon them by the Colonial Office, but it took a substantial step toward the end that was now acknowledged on all sides to be the ultimate outcome of the new discoveries; viz., the introduction of responsible government. The same despatch contained a still more important concession, authorizing the Lieutenant-Governor to devote the remaining part of the land revenue—viz., that arising from sales and pastoral licenses—“to the purposes rendered urgent by the present crisis.” As this fund was jealously reserved by the existing constitutions of the Australian colonies, and devoted, under the provisions of the Crown Land Sales Act, exclusively to the purposes of emigration and public works, it will be seen that the Colonial Office took a strong step in sanctioning its diversion. But it must be observed that the expenditure of this additional fund was placed exclusively in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor and his Executive Council, acting independently of the Colonial Legislature.

With this assistance, the Lieutenant-Governor struggled on amid increasing difficulties till the spring of the year 1853. By this time the agitation against the license fee had reached an alarming height, for the first successes of the new discoveries had passed away, and, although the export of gold continued to increase, it was by no means at its former rate nor in proportion to the increase of population. At the beginning of September, 1853, there were said to be nearly seventy thousand persons living at the Victorian gold-fields, and many of these, in all probability, earned very little more than mechanics employed in settled work. Hence there was a fair ground for an orderly agitation against the amount of the fee; but, unfortunately, the diggers preferred violent measures. There was some excuse for them. They were not represented in the Legislative Council, for they had sprung into existence as a body since the passing of the Act of 1850, and, though a measure had been introduced with a view to giving them the franchise, it had not yet received the assent of the Home Government. In the mean time, therefore, they could not, through their representatives in the Council, effectively criticise either the existing law or its administration. With regard to the latter, there was obviously room for complaint, for the immense increase of business had compelled the Government to appoint an inferior class of officials, and some of these, at least, succumbed to the strong temptations of their positions.

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At the beginning of August, 1853, a petition had been presented by the Bendigo diggers, in which they urged the reduction of the license fee and the grant of representation to the diggers. The Lieutenant-Governor returned a pacific reply, but the delegates in charge of the petition were evidently bent on arousing strong feelings, and they held meetings in Melbourne which went the extreme length permissible to loyal subjects. Still, the Lieutenant-Governor shrank from strong measures, and endeavored to remove one ground of complaint by appointing, as a nominee member of the Legislative Council, a gentleman who was believed to possess the confidence of the diggers. The nomination was at once repudiated by the delegates of the latter, and at the end of August an organized attempt was made to resist the renewal of licenses on the old terms. Hundreds of diggers pledged themselves to pay no more than a third of the sum previously demanded, and those who were inclined to yield to the Government's demands were warned that the agitators would not "be responsible for their safety" if they remained at the diggings. The license system had by this time extended, beyond the diggers, to the storekeepers and other tradesmen at the gold-fields, who were making enormous profits out of the diggers, and these, for the most part, unhesitatingly complied with the demands of the agitators, willing rather to pay the fines for breach of the government regulations than to offend their customers. A daring attack on a private escort of gold near Bendigo, which occurred about this time, showed that the colony was on the verge of civil war.

Just at this moment an event occurred which rendered it impossible for the Government to maintain its position unimpaired with the scanty forces at its disposal. In the middle of September, 1853, the total abolition of the license fee was seriously proposed in the Legislative Council of New South Wales. The news flew like wildfire to Victoria, where the diggers had hitherto looked upon the colonial legislatures—in which, it will be remembered, they were not yet represented—as their natural enemies. It seemed to them now that they had everything in their own hands, and it became clearly impossible for the Government, in the existing temper of the diggers, to exact the full amount of the license fee. A proclamation, hastily published with a view to allay excitement, by an unfortunate omission in the printed copies led the public to believe that the total abolition of the license system was contemplated by the Victorian Government. A select committee of the Legislative Council reported unfavorably upon the system. The Government made the best of a bad bargain, and accepted a fee of forty shillings for the three months ending November 30, 1853; and, on the following day, the Legislative Council passed a new Gold-fields Act, which greatly reduced the fees for diggers' licenses, while it substantially increased those demanded for permission to open stores

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at the gold-fields. It also provided for the grant of leases of auriferous lands, at a royalty of not less than 5 per cent., and gave legal sanction to the customs regarding the "claims" of diggers, which had gradually grown up to regulate the rival interests of neighboring miners. Offences against the act were to be decided upon by the magistrates; but the accused might demand a court of at least two members, and there was to be an appeal to General Sessions.

These measures were partly successful in restoring order, but it was obvious that the gold-fields contained men who were averse to a peaceable settlement. Notwithstanding that the number of the elective members of the Legislative Council was more than once increased; that, with the full consent of the Home Government, a bill was being prepared for the introduction of responsible government; and that the material condition of the diggers was being rapidly improved, the Lieutenant-Governor had, in January, 1854, to report the formation of a "diggers' congress," which obviously had for its object the supersession of the ordinary government.

Latrobe retired from office in May of the same year, and one of the first points noticed by his successor, Sir Charles Hotham, was the existence of an agitation against the Chinese at the Bendigo diggings. Notwithstanding the enthusiastic character of his reception in his progress through the gold-fields in September, the new Governor soon had to face serious disturbances.

The events of the next few months formed a crisis in the history, not only of Victoria, but of Australia. Naturally there is much dispute concerning them, and, as the following account is taken chiefly from Sir Charles Hotham's reports, it is possible that the acts of his opponents may not obtain strict justice. But it is admitted on all sides that Sir Charles acted with the most perfect good faith; and the accounts given by the insurgents are far too contradictory and prejudiced to receive much credit.

On the night of October 16, 1854, a miner named Scobie was murdered, or at least killed, at the Eureka Hotel, near Ballarat. The Eureka Hotel was a place of no good repute, kept by a man named Bentley, who, as well as his wife, was (it is said) an ex-convict from Tasmania. Suspicion fell upon the couple, and they, with a second man (named Farrell), were arrested by the magistrates, but almost immediately released for alleged default of evidence. The dismissal of the charge excited a storm of indignation in the camp, and a body of diggers at once proceeded to wreck the hotel and lynch the accused. In the latter object they, fortunately, did not succeed, and so rendered themselves liable only to charges of riot and arson, instead of the more serious charge of murder. Four of the ringleaders were, through the prompt measures of Sir Charles Hotham, shortly afterward arrested, and committed for trial. But the accusations of partiality against the officials were too strong

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to be resisted, and a board of inquiry hastily instituted by the Governor disclosed the ugly facts that Dewes, the magistrate who presided at the hearing of the charge against the Bentleys, had been in the habit of borrowing money from residents, and that Sergeant-Major Milne, of the police force, had been guilty of receiving bribes. The officials implicated were at once dismissed, and the Bentleys and Farrell rearrested and convicted. But the Governor very properly declined to release the arrested rioters, who, shortly before Christmas, 1854, were convicted and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

Meanwhile, more disturbances had occurred. Though a commission upon the general condition of the gold-fields was holding its inquiries, in November many diggers again refused to pay the reduced license fees, and, on the 30th of the month, a serious riot took place. The military were called out, the Riot Act was read, and there was some shooting. Eight captures were made, but the lesson had not been severe enough, and a state of open war ensued. The diggers intrenched themselves in a fortified camp known as the "Eureka Stockade," openly drilled their forces in the presence of the authorities, and levied horses and rations from unwilling miners in the name of a "commander-in-chief." At the same time they issued a long political manifesto, which, while it did not avowedly disclaim allegiance to the Crown, contained proposals to which no regularly constituted government could ever have assented.

The Governor at once ordered all the available military force to Ballarat; but, before reinforcements arrived, the coolness and promptitude of Captain Thomas—the officer in command of the troops on the Ballarat gold-field when the riot of November 30th took place—had nipped the insurrection in the bud. Captain Thomas saw that, while the Eureka Stockade threatened to become a serious obstacle to the Government if its completion were allowed, in its uncompleted state it was really a source of weakness to the insurgents. By collecting their forces in one spot, and thus rendering them more exposed to a crushing attack, and by drawing off the men who threatened the government camp, it really left the commander of the troops free to act with decision. Accordingly, Captain Thomas at once determined to attack the position. Assembling his forces (somewhat fewer than two hundred men) at three o'clock on the morning of December 3d, he moved toward the stockade.

At about one hundred fifty yards from the intrenchments he was perceived by the scouts of the insurgents, who promptly fired on the advancing troops. Thomas himself, Pasley (his aide-de-camp), Rede (the resident commissioner), and Racket (the stipendiary magistrate), all of whom were present at the attack, positively assert that the insurgents fired before a shot was discharged by the troops. Upon this reception Captain Thomas gave the order to fire, and the intrenchments

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were carried with a rush after about ten minutes of sharp fighting. Captain Wise was fatally wounded, and three privates were killed outright; one officer and eleven privates were wounded. Of the insurgents, about thirty were known to have been killed, and many more wounded. Nearly one hundred twenty prisoners were taken. The effect of the victory was, so far as local disturbances were concerned, instantaneous. Even before the reinforcements under General Nickle appeared, all resistance to the authorities had died away; and, though the Governor at once proclaimed a state of martial law, he was able to recall the proclamation in less than a week.

In other districts of the colony the effect was, for a while, doubtful. The extreme reluctance of Englishmen to admit the necessity for military interference by the Government told strongly in favor of the rioters. There was some danger that Melbourne and Geelong, left almost entirely unprotected by the concentration of troops and police at Ballarat, would be taken possession of by rioters from the country districts, and Sir Charles Hotham made hasty application to Sir William Denison, the Governor of Tasmania, for military assistance. Very soon, however, the feelings of orderly citizens asserted themselves. Special constables were sworn in at Melbourne and Geelong, marines from two men-of-war stationed at Port Phillip guarded the prisons and the powder stores, wealthy men volunteered to serve as mounted police, and the arrival of the Ninety-ninth Regiment from Tasmania on December 10th dealt a final blow to the hopes of the insurgents. Even before this event, all the respectable classes in the community had rallied round the Governor, and he felt himself in a position to defy further outbreaks.

But the ugliest feature of the whole affair was yet to be revealed. Out of the large number of prisoners taken at the capture of the stockade, only thirteen were committed for trial, the magistrates being instructed to commit only when the evidence was of the clearest nature. It being considered impossible to obtain an impartial trial by a local jury, the prisoners were brought down to Melbourne, and, after various delays, the charges were proceeded with on February 20, 1855. A Boston negro, named John Joseph, and a reporter for the Ballarat *Times*, named Manning, were first tried. The latter may have been merely led away by professional ardor in the pursuit of "copy," though the fact that he had been openly drilled and instructed in the use of a pike by the insurgents would seem to show that his zeal was somewhat excessive.

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In the case of Joseph, the evidence was overwhelming; he had actually been seen to fire upon the troops, and he was captured in a tent which had been used as a guard-room by the insurgents. No counter-evidence was offered, the prisoners' counsel relying entirely on the alleged absence of treasonable intention. Nevertheless both prisoners were speedily acquitted, and, although the Government wisely withdrew the remaining cases for the time, subsequent trials produced similar results. Ultimately, however, the difficulties of the situation were allayed by the reforms introduced on the recommendation of the commission appointed to consider the whole subject of the gold-fields. This body presented, on March 27, 1855, an extremely able report, in which it recommended the abolition of the license fee and the substitution therefor of a "miners' right" or Crown permission, lasting for a year, and granted for a nominal fee of one pound, to occupy for mining purposes a specific piece of Crown land. The deficiency in revenue anticipated from the abolition of license fees was to be met by the imposition of an export duty upon gold at the rate of a half-crown an ounce.

The commission strongly recommended the granting of the political franchise to holders of "miners' rights," and the provision of liberal facilities for the acquisition of land by the miners. It also advocated the simplification of the existing complex system of government in the mining districts, whereby commissioners, police authorities, commissariat officials, and magistrates all worked independently of each other, and suggested the substitution therefor of experienced "wardens" at the head of elective boards, who should not only dispose, with the aid of skilled assessors, of disputes specially connected with mining operations, but who should have power to issue by-laws adapted to the special requirements of each district.

These recommendations were for the most part carried out by legislation of the same year (1855), and, before his lamented death in December, 1855, Sir Charles Hotham had the happiness being able to report to the Home Government the almost perfect tranquillity of the gold-fields. Moreover, the revenue had not suffered by the substitution of the export duty for the license fees; but the collector of customs was of opinion that the result of the change had been to throw the entire burden of the tax upon the importers of the colony instead of upon the mining population. The Government was not, however, disposed to concern itself with considerations of abstract justice so long as it could collect a sufficient revenue without serious opposition.

(1854) THE RISE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, Abraham Lincoln

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The election of 1852 virtually destroyed the Whig party, and Franklin Pierce, the candidate of the Democratic party, was elected by great majorities. If the Whig party had perished because it had no distinct position upon the one overshadowing question of the day, so neither did the new President comprehend the nature and condition of that issue. In his first message he complacently congratulated the country that the slavery question had been settled peacefully and forever by the compromise measures of 1850. He little knew how ineffective were those compromises; he never dreamed that it was a question that no compromise could settle permanently, and probably had no conception of the new force that was to be given to it during his own term of office. Stephen A. Douglas, an acknowledged aspirant to the Presidency, being Chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, introduced and carried through Congress a measure called the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which, in providing for the admission of those Territories as States, embodied his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" in that it permitted the inhabitants to determine by popular vote whether they should come into the Union as free States or as slave States, and abolished the Missouri Compromise, which for thirty-four years had forbidden the acquisition of any slave territory north of the parallel of 36 deg. 30'.

The abrogation of this compromise, which had been looked upon as a sacred compact, convinced a majority of the Northern people that the system of slavery was filled with the spirit of aggressiveness and determined to spread itself into all the Territories. Consequently there arose for the first time a powerful anti-slavery party, which, while denying that it had any purpose of meddling with that institution in the States where it already existed, declared that it should never be extended into any more of the national domain. At the same time this was a stronger party in favor of the protective tariff than had ever before existed. This organization, which gave itself the name "Republican party," came into existence in 1854, the same year in which Senator Douglas's bill abrogated the Missouri Compromise. There are several claimants for the honor of first proposing it; but as a fact, it sprang into existence with virtual simultaneousness in several of the Northern States. If there was a priority, it was in Massachusetts, where Robert Carter acted as Secretary of the Convention and wrote the resolutions. Two years later this party entered the Presidential contest with John C. Fremont as its candidate. It cast an enormous vote, but was not successful, mainly for the reason that the short-lived American (or Know-Nothing) party was then at its best, and had its own ticket, headed by Millard Fillmore. Four years later still, it nominated and elected Abraham Lincoln as President, and the clearest argument for its existence that ever has been put forth is in Lincoln's first speech in his famous debate with Senator Douglas, which was delivered in Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858. The full text of that speech follows herewith.

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If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Have we no tendency to the latter condition? Let anyone who doubts, carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination—piece of machinery, so to speak—compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider, not only what work the machinery is adapted to do, and how well adapted, but also let him study the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace the evidences of design, and concert of action, among its chief architects, from the beginning.

The new year of 1854 found slavery excluded from more than half the States by State constitutions, and from most of the national territory by Congressional prohibition. Four days later commenced the struggle which ended in repealing that Congressional prohibition. This opened all the national territory to slavery, and was the first point gained. But, so far, Congress only had acted, and an indorsement by the people, real or apparent, was indispensable to save the point already gained, and give chance for more.

This necessity had not been overlooked, but had been provided for, as well as might be, in the notable argument of "squatter sovereignty," otherwise called "sacred right of self-government," which latter phrase, though expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in this attempted use of it as to amount to just this: That if any *one* man choose to enslave *another*, no *third* man shall be allowed to object. That argument was incorporated into the Nebraska Bill itself, in the language which follows: "It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Then opened the roar of loose declamation in favor of "squatter sovereignty" and "sacred right of self-government." "But," said opposition members, "let us amend the bill so as to expressly declare that the people of the Territory may exclude slavery." "Not we," said the friends of the measure; and down they voted the amendment.

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While the Nebraska Bill was passing through Congress, a *law case*, involving the question of a negro's freedom, by reason of his owner having voluntarily taken him first into a free State, and then into a Territory covered by the Congressional prohibition, and held him as a slave for a long time in each, was passing through the United States Circuit Court for the District of Missouri; and both Nebraska Bill and lawsuit were brought to a decision in the same month of May, 1854. The negro's name was "Dred Scott," which name now designates the decision finally made in the case. Before the then next Presidential election, the law case came to and was argued in the Supreme Court of the United States; but the decision of it was deferred until after the election. Still, before the election, Senator Trumbull, on the floor of the Senate, requested the leading advocate of the Nebraska Bill to state *his opinion* whether the people of a Territory can constitutionally exclude slavery from their limits; and the latter answers, "That is a question for the Supreme Court."

The election came. Buchanan was elected, and the indorsement, such as it was, secured. That was the second point gained. The indorsement, however, fell short of a clear popular majority by nearly four hundred thousand votes, and so, perhaps, was not overwhelmingly reliable and satisfactory. The outgoing President, in his last annual message, as impressively as possible echoed back upon the people the weight and authority of the indorsement. The Supreme Court met again, did not announce their decision, but ordered a reargument. The Presidential inauguration came, and still no decision of the court; but the incoming President, in his inaugural address, fervently exhorted the people to abide by the forthcoming decision, whatever it might be. Then, in a few days, came the decision.

The reputed author of the Nebraska Bill finds an early occasion to make a speech at this capital indorsing the Dred Scott decision, and vehemently denouncing all opposition to it. The new President, too, seizes the early occasion of the Silliman letter to indorse and strongly construe that decision, and to express his astonishment that any different view had ever been entertained!

At length a squabble springs up between the President and the author of the Nebraska Bill, on the mere question of *fact*, whether the Lecompton Constitution was or was not in any just sense made by the people of Kansas; and in that quarrel the latter declares that all he wants is a fair vote for the people, and that he cares not whether slavery be voted *down* or voted *up*. I do not understand his declaration, that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up, to be intended by him other than as an apt definition of the policy he would impress upon the public mind—the principle for which he declares he has suffered so much, and is ready to suffer to the end. And well may he cling to that principle!

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If he has any parental feeling, well may he cling to it. That principle is the only shred left of his original Nebraska doctrine. Under the Dred Scott decision “squatter sovereignty” squatted out of existence, tumbled down like temporary scaffolding; like the mould at the foundry, served through one blast, and fell back into loose sand; helped to carry an election, and then was kicked to the winds. His late joint struggle with the Republicans, against the Lecompton Constitution, involves nothing of the original Nebraska doctrine. That struggle was made on a point—the right of a people to make their own constitution—upon which he and the Republicans have never differed.

The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas’s “care not” policy, constitute the piece of machinery, in its present state of advancement. This was the third point gained. The points of that machinery are:

Firstly. That no negro slave, imported as such from Africa, and no descendant of such slave, can ever be a citizen of any State, in the sense of that term as used in the Constitution of the United States. This point is made in order to deprive the negro, in every possible event, of the benefit of that provision of the United States Constitution which declares that “The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.”

Secondly. That, “subject to the Constitution of the United States,” neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature can exclude slavery from any United States Territory. This point is made in order that individual men may fill up the Territories with slaves, without danger of losing them as property, and thus to enhance the chances of permanency to the institution through all the future.

Thirdly. That whether the holding a negro in actual slavery in a free State makes him free, as against the holder, the United States courts will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave State the negro may be forced into by the master. This point is made, not to be pressed immediately; but, if acquiesced in for a while, and apparently indorsed by the people at an election, then to sustain the logical conclusion that what Dred Scott’s master might lawfully do with Dred Scott in the free State of Illinois, every other master may lawfully do with any other one, or one thousand slaves, in Illinois, or in any other free State.

Auxiliary to all this, and working hand in hand with it, the Nebraska doctrine, or what is left of it, is to educate and mould public opinion, at least Northern public opinion, not to care whether slavery is voted down or voted up. This shows exactly where we now are, and partially, also, whither we are tending.

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It will throw additional light on the latter to go back and run the mind over the string of historical facts already stated. Several things will now appear less dark and mysterious than they did when they were transpiring. The people were to be left “perfectly free,” “subject only to the Constitution.” What the Constitution had to do with it outsiders could not then see. Plainly enough now, it was an exactly fitted niche for the Dred Scott decision to come in afterward, and declare the perfect freedom of the people to be just no freedom at all. Why was the amendment, expressly declaring the right of the people, voted down? Plainly enough now, the adoption of it would have spoiled the niche for the Dred Scott decision. Why was the court decision held up? Why even a Senator’s individual opinion withheld, till after the Presidential election? Plainly enough now, the speaking out then would have damaged the perfectly free argument upon which the election was to be carried. Why the outgoing President’s felicitation on the indorsement? Why the delay of a reargument? Why the incoming President’s advance exhortation in favor of the decision? These things look like the cautious patting and petting of a spirited horse preparatory to mounting him, when it is dreaded that he may give the rider a fall. And why the hasty after-indorsement of the decision by the President and others?

We cannot absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance—and when we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few—not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck.

It should not be overlooked that by the Nebraska Bill the people of a *State* as well as Territory were to be left “perfectly free,” “subject only to the Constitution.” Why mention a State? They were legislating for Territories, and not for or about States. Certainly the people of a State are and ought to be subject to the Constitution of the United States; but why is mention of this lugged into this merely Territorial law? Why are the people of a Territory and the people of a State therein lumped together, and their relation to the Constitution therein treated as being precisely the same?

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While the opinion of the court, by Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott case, and the separate opinions of all the concurring judges expressly declare that the Constitution of the United States neither permits Congress nor a Territorial Legislature to exclude slavery from any United States Territory, they all omit to declare whether or not the same Constitution permits a State, or the people of a State, to exclude it. *Possibly*, this is a mere omission; but who can be quite sure, if McLean or Curtis had sought to get into the opinion a declaration of unlimited power in the people of a State to exclude slavery from their limits, just as Chase and Mace sought to get such declaration, in behalf of the people of a Territory, into the Nebraska Bill—I ask, who can be quite sure that it would not have been voted down in the one case as it had been in the other?

The nearest approach to the point of declaring the power of a State over slavery, is made by Judge Nelson. He approaches it more than once, using the precise idea, and almost the language, too, of the Nebraska Act. On one occasion, his exact language is, “Except in cases where the power is restrained by the Constitution of the United States, the law of the State is supreme over the subject of slavery within its jurisdiction.” In what cases the power of the States is so restrained by the United States Constitution is left an open question, precisely as the same question, as to the restraint on the power of the Territories, was left open in the Nebraska Act. Put this and that together, and we have another nice little niche, which we may, ere long, see filled with another Supreme Court decision, declaring that the Constitution of the United States does not permit a *State* to exclude slavery from its limits. And this may especially be expected if the doctrine of “care not whether slavery be voted down or voted up” shall gain upon the public mind sufficiently to give promise that such a decision can be maintained when made.

Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being alike lawful in all the States. Welcome or unwelcome, such decision is probably coming, and will soon be upon us, unless the power of the present political dynasty shall be met and overthrown. We shall lie down pleasantly dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the verge of making their State free, and we shall awake to the reality instead that the Supreme Court has made Illinois a slave State. To meet and overthrow the power of that dynasty is the work now before all who would prevent that consummation. That is what we have to do. How can we best do it?

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There are those who denounce us openly to their own friends, and yet whisper us softly that Senator Douglas is the aptest instrument there is with which to effect that object. They wish us to *infer* all, from the fact that he now has a little quarrel with the present head of the dynasty, and that he has regularly voted with us on a single point, upon which he and we have never differed. They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted. But “a living dog is better than a dead lion.” Judge Douglas, if not a dead lion, for this work is at least a caged and toothless one. How can he oppose the advances of slavery? He don’t care anything about it. His avowed mission is impressing the “public heart” to *care nothing about it*. A leading Douglas Democratic newspaper thinks Douglas’s superior talent will be needed to resist the revival of the African slave-trade. Does Douglas believe an effort to revive that trade is approaching? He has not said so. Does he really think so? But if it is, how can he resist it? For years he has labored to prove it a sacred right of white men to take negro slaves into the new Territories. Can he possibly show that it is less a sacred right to buy them where they can be bought cheapest? And unquestionably they can be bought cheaper in Africa than in Virginia. He has done all in his power to reduce the whole question of slavery to one of a mere right of property; and, as such, how can he oppose the foreign slave-trade—how can he refuse that trade in that “property” shall be “perfectly free”—unless he does it as a protection to the home production? And as the home producers will probably not ask the protection, he will be wholly without a ground of opposition.

Senator Douglas holds, we know, that a man may rightfully be wiser to-day than he was yesterday; that he may rightfully change when he finds himself wrong. But can we, for that reason, run ahead, and infer that he will make any particular change, of which he himself has given no intimation? Can we safely base our action upon any such vague inference? Now, as ever, I wish not to misrepresent Judge Douglas’s position, question his motives, or do aught that can be personally offensive to him. Whenever, if ever, he and we can come together on principle so that our cause may have assistance from his great ability, I hope to have interposed no adventitious obstacle. But clearly he is not now with us; he does not pretend to be—he does not promise ever to be.

Our cause, then, must be intrusted to and conducted by its own undoubted friends—those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who *do care* for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen hundred thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements we gathered

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from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then, to falter now —now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered, and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail; if we stand firm, we *shall not fail*. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come.

(1854) THE OPENING OF JAPAN, Matthew C. Perry

In view of the events that have followed, the ending of Japan's self-isolation and the opening of that country, first to American commerce, and later to world-wide intercourse, must now be regarded as an achievement of momentous consequence, far exceeding in importance all that even the most prophetic statesmanship of the time could foresee.

Under the shoguns (or military chiefs) who after the seventh century overshadowed the hereditary rulers, the Mikados, there grew up in Japan a feudal system whereby the generals, recognized as overlords, increased and perpetuated their power. The attempts in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to introduce Christianity were met with resistance and persecution, and ended in failure. In the same centuries Japan traded with the Portuguese, but excluded them in 1638. After this the Japanese isolation was complete, except for restricted trade with the Dutch, until the conclusion of Commodore Perry's treaty.

About the middle of the nineteenth century a large amount of American capital was invested in the whaling industry in Japanese and Chinese waters, and one motive for the sending of Perry's expedition to Japan was the protection of the whalers. Other things leading to that step were: the discovery of gold in California; the growth of industrial and commercial centres on the Pacific Coast of the United States; increasing trade with China; and the development of steam-navigation, necessitating coaling-stations and ports for shelter in the Orient. At the same time progressive minds in Japan were advancing in knowledge of Western science and political affairs; thus the East and the West were almost prepared for a change in their mutual relations.

In 1851 the United States Government empowered Commodore John H. Aulick to negotiate and sign commercial treaties with Japan. On the eve of his intended departure he was prevented from sailing, and in the following year Commodore Matthew C. Perry, brother of Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, succeeded to his mission. He was invested with extraordinary naval and diplomatic powers, his immediate object being to establish a coaling-station in Japan. On November 24, 1852, he sailed from Norfolk with the *Mississippi*, leaving other ships to follow as soon as ready. With his squadron he entered the Bay of Tokio (then called Yedo) in July, 1853, causing great commotion among the inhabitants of the Japanese capital, who mistook his appearance for a hostile approach.

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It required both firmness and tact on Perry's part to open friendly communication and present his proposals; but he succeeded in doing so much, and then, saying that in the following spring he would come for an answer, he withdrew to China. In February, 1854, he returned to Tokio with a fleet of eight vessels. After some parley, the Japanese authorities agreed to a conference at Kanagawa, a seaport adjoining Yokohama. Of the negotiations that followed and the treaty in which they resulted, the following pages tell, and Commodore Perry's own account is the best record of his distinguished service not only to his own country and Japan, but likewise to the civilized world.

After concessions made by the Japanese, the greatest good feeling prevailed on both sides, and there seemed every prospect of establishing those national relations which had been the purpose of Commodore Perry's mission. In accordance with the harmony and friendship that existed, there was an interchange of those courtesies by which mutual good feeling seeks an outward expression. The Japanese had acknowledged with courtly thanks the presents that had been bestowed in behalf of the Government, and now, on March 24th, invited the Commodore to receive the various gifts that had been ordered by the Emperor in return, as a public recognition of the courtesy of the United States.

The Commodore, accordingly, landed at Yokohama, with a suite of officers and his interpreters, and was received at the treaty-house with the usual ceremonies by the high commissioners. The large reception-room was crowded with the presents. The objects were of Japanese manufacture, and consisted of specimens of rich brocades and silks; of their famous lacquered ware, such as *chow-chow* boxes, tables, trays, and goblets, all skilfully wrought and finished with an exquisite polish; of porcelain cups of wonderful lightness and transparency, adorned with figures and flowers in gold and variegated colors, and exhibiting a workmanship that surpassed even that of the ware for which the Chinese are remarkable. Fans, pipe-cases, and articles of apparel in ordinary use, of no great value but of exceeding interest, were scattered among the more luxurious and costly objects.

With the usual order and neatness that seem almost instinctive with the Japanese, the various presents had been arranged in lots, and classified in accordance with the rank of those for whom they were respectively intended. The commissioners took their positions at the farther end of the room, and when the Commodore and his suite entered, the ordinary compliments having been interchanged, the Prince Hayashi read aloud, in Japanese, the list of presents and the names of the persons to whom they were to be given. This was then translated by Yenoske into Dutch, and by Mr. Portman into English. This ceremony being over, the Commodore was invited by the commissioners into the inner room, where he was presented with two complete sets of Japanese coins, three matchlocks, and two swords. These gifts, though of no great intrinsic value, were significant evidences of the desire of the Japanese to express their

respect for the representative of the United States. The mere bestowal of the coins, in direct opposition to the Japanese laws which absolutely forbid all issue of their money beyond the Kingdom, was an act of marked favor.

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As the Commodore prepared to depart, the commissioners said there was one article intended for the President, which had not yet been exhibited. They accordingly conducted the Commodore and his officers to the beach, where one or two hundred sacks of rice were pointed out, heaped up in readiness to be sent on board the ships. As that immense supply of substantial food seemed to excite some wonder on the part of the Americans, Yenoske the interpreter remarked that it was always customary with the Japanese, when bestowing royal presents, to include a certain quantity of rice, although he did not say whether the quantity always amounted, as on the present occasion, to hundreds of sacks.

While contemplating these substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, the attention of all was suddenly riveted upon twenty-five monstrous fellows who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were enormously tall, and tremendously heavy. Their scant costume, which was merely a colored cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince to whom each belonged, revealed their gigantic proportions in all the bloated fulness of fat and extent of muscle.

Two or three of these huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan and ranked as the champion Tom Cribbs and Sayers of the country. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of them, and paraded himself with the conscious pride of superior size and strength. He was especially brought to the Commodore that he might examine his massive form. The commissioners insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscle should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The Commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the monstrous neck, which fell in folds of massive flesh, like the dewlap of a prize ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wondrous exhibition of animal development the monster himself gave a grunt expressive of his flattered vanity.

They were so enormously big that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were set almost directly on their bodies with merely folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to development of muscle than to deposition of fat; for, although they were evidently well fed, they were not less well exercised, and capable of great feats of strength.

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As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of the sacks weighed not less than one hundred twenty-five pounds, and there were only two of the wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground and adjusting it without help, but obtaining aid for the raising of the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated somersaults as he held it, apparently with as much ease as if his weight of flesh had been only so much gossamer and his load a feather.

After this preliminary display, the commissioners proposed that the Commodore and his party should retire to the treaty-house, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. From the brutal performance of these wrestlers, the Americans turned with pride to the exhibition—to which the Japanese commissioners were now in their turn invited—of the telegraph and the railroad. It was a happy contrast, which a higher civilization presented, to the disgusting display on the part of the Japanese officials. In place of the show of brute animal force there was a triumphant revelation, to a partially enlightened people, of the success of science and enterprise.

The Japanese took great delight in seeing the rapid movement of the Liliputian locomotive; and one of the scribes of the commissioners took his seat upon the car, while the engineer stood upon the tender, feeding the furnace with one hand, and directing the diminutive engine with the other. Crowds of the Japanese gathered round and looked on the repeated circlings of the train with unabated pleasure and surprise, unable to repress a shout of delight at each blast of the steam-whistle. The telegraph, with its wonders, though before witnessed, still created renewed interest, and all the beholders were unceasing in their expressions of curiosity and astonishment. The agricultural instruments having been explained to the commissioners by Doctor Morrow, a formal delivery of the telegraph, the railway, and other articles, which made up the list of American presents, ensued.

The Prince of Mamasaki had been delegated by his coadjutors ceremoniously to accept, and Captain Adams was appointed by the Commodore to deliver, the gifts; and each performed his functions by an interchange of compliments and a half-dozen stately bows.

After this, a detachment of marines from the squadron were put through their various evolutions, while the bands furnished martial music. The Japanese commissioners seemed to take a very great interest in this military display, and expressed themselves much gratified at the soldierly air and excellent discipline of the men. This closed the performances of the day.

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The next day (March 25th), Yenoske, accompanied by Kenzeiro, his fellow-interpreter, came on board the Powhatan to acknowledge formally, in behalf of the commissioners, their gratitude for the exhibition of the marines, the locomotive, and the telegraph, with all which they declared themselves highly delighted. Yenoske and his coadjutor were invited to seat themselves in the cabin of the Commodore, and, after some expressions of courtesy which the Japanese officials were careful never to intermit, proposed to talk over some points in connection with the projected treaty. The Commodore said he had no objections to the discussion of the matters informally; but he protested against considering the interpreters as the official representatives of the commissioners, with the latter of whom only, he declared, could he treat authoritatively.

Monday, March 27th, was the day appointed for the entertainment to which the Commodore had invited the commissioners and their attendants. Accordingly, great arrangements were made in the flagship preparatory to the occasion. The quarterdeck was adorned with a great variety of flags, and all parts of the steamer were in perfect order, while the officers, marines, and men dressed themselves in their uniforms and prepared to do honor in every respect to their expected visitors. As it was known that the strictness of Japanese etiquette would not allow the high commissioners to sit at the same table with their subordinates, the Commodore ordered two banquets, one to be spread in his cabin for the chief dignitaries, and another on the quarter-deck.

Previous to coming on board the Powhatan, the commissioners visited the sloop-of-war Macedonian, being saluted as they stepped on her deck by seventeen guns from the Mississippi lying near. The great guns and boarders having been exercised for their entertainment, the commissioners, with their numerous attendants, left for the Powhatan, the Macedonian firing a salvo in their honor as they took their departure. On arriving on board the flagship, they were first conducted through the different departments of the steamer, and examined with minute interest the guns and the machinery. A boat was lowered, with a howitzer in its bows, and this was repeatedly discharged, much to their amusement, for they evidently had a great fondness for martial exercise and display. The engines were next put in motion, and they evinced the usual intelligence of the higher class of Japanese in their inquiries and remarks.

The Commodore had invited the four captains of the squadron, his interpreter, Mr. Williams, and his secretary, to join the commissioners at his table. Yenoske, the Japanese interpreter, was allowed the privilege, as a special condescension on the part of his superiors, to sit at a side-table in the cabin, where his humble position did not seem to disturb either his equanimity or his appetite. Hayashi, who always preserved his grave and dignified bearing, ate and drank sparingly, but tasted of every dish, and sipped of every kind of wine. He was the only one, in fact, whose sobriety was proof against the unrestrained conviviality that prevailed among his bacchanalian coadjutors.

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The Japanese party upon deck, who were entertained by a large body of officers from the various ships, became quite uproarious under the influence of overflowing supplies of champagne, Madeira, and punch, which they seemed greatly to relish. The Japanese took the lead in proposing healths and toasts, and were by no means the most backward in drinking them. They kept shouting at the top of their voices, and were heard far above the music of the bands that enlivened the entertainment by a succession of brisk and cheerful tunes. In the eagerness of the Japanese appetite there was but little discrimination in the choice of dishes and in the order of courses, and the most startling heterodoxy was exhibited in the confused commingling of fish, flesh, and fowl, soups and syrups, fruits, fricassees, roast and boiled, pickles and preserves. As a most generous supply had been provided, there were still some remnants of the feast left after the guests had satisfied their voracity, which most of these Japanese, in accordance with their custom, stowed away about their persons to carry off. The Japanese always have an abundant supply of paper within the left bosom of their loose robes, in a capacious pocket. This is used for various purposes; one species, as soft as our cotton cloth, and withal exceedingly tough, is used for a handkerchief; another furnishes the material for taking notes, or for wrapping up what is left after a feast. On the present occasion, when the dinner was over, all the Japanese guests simultaneously spread out their long folds of paper, and gathering what scraps they could lay their hands on, without regard to the kind of food, made up an envelope of conglomerate eatables in which there was such a confusion of the sour and sweet, the albuminous, oleaginous, and saccharine, that the chemistry of Liebig or the practised taste of the Commodore's Parisian cook would never have reached a satisfactory analysis. They not only always followed this practice themselves, but insisted that their American guests, when entertained at a Japanese feast, should adopt it also.

Whenever the Commodore and his officers were feasted on shore, paper parcels of the remnants were thrust into their hands on leaving. After the banquet the Japanese were entertained by an exhibition of negro minstrelsy, got up by some of the sailors. The gravity of the saturnine Hayashi was not proof against the grotesque exhibition, and even he joined in the general hilarity. It was now sunset and the Japanese prepared to depart, with quite as much wine in them as they could well bear. The jovial Matsusaki threw his arms about the Commodore's neck, crushing in his tipsy embrace a pair of new epaulettes, and repeating, in Japanese, with maudlin affection, these words, as interpreted into English: "Nippon and America, all the same heart." He then went toddling into his boat, supported by some of his more steady companions, and soon all the happy party had left the ships and were making rapidly for the shore. The Saratoga fired the salute of seventeen guns as the last boat pulled off from the Powhatan, and the squadron was once more left in the usual quiet of ordinary ship's duty.

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The following day the Commodore landed to have a conference in regard to the remaining points of the treaty, previous to signing. He was met at the treaty-house by the commissioners. As soon as the Commodore had taken his seat, a letter was handed to him, which the Japanese said they had just received from Simoda. It was from Commander Pope, and had been transmitted through the authorities overland. Its contents gave a satisfactory report of Simoda, and the Commodore at once said he accepted that port, but declared that it must be opened without delay. Hakodate, he added, would do for the other, and Napha, in Riu Kiu [Loo Choo Islands], could be retained for the third. In regard to the other two he was willing, he said, to postpone their consideration to some other time.

The Commodore now proposed to sign the agreement in regard to the three ports, and directed his interpreter to read it in Dutch. When the document had been thus read and afterward carefully perused by the Japanese, they said they were prepared to concur in everything except as to the *immediate* opening of Simoda. After discussion, it was finally settled that, though the port might be opened, the Japanese would address a note to the Commodore, saying that not everything which might be wanting by ships would be furnished there before the expiration of ten months, but that wood and water and whatever else the place possessed would be supplied immediately; and to this note the Commodore promised to reply and express his satisfaction with such an arrangement.

The question now came up with respect to the extent of privileges to be granted to Americans who might visit Simoda, in the discussion of which it was plain that the Japanese meant to be distinctly understood as prohibiting absolutely, at least for the present, the permanent residence of Americans, with their families, in Japan. The distance, also, to which Americans might extend their excursions into the country around the ports of Simoda and Hakodate was settled; and it is observable that, at the special request of the Japanese, the Commodore named the distance, they assenting at once to that which he mentioned.

The proposition to have consular agents residing in Japan evidently gave great anxiety to the commissioners. The Commodore was firm in saying there must be such agents, for the sake of the Japanese themselves as well as for that of his own countrymen, and it was finally conceded that there should be one, to live at Simoda, and that he should not be appointed until a year and eighteen months from the date of the treaty.

Two more articles, including the new points that had been discussed, were now added to the transcript of the proposed treaty; the Japanese promised to bring on board the Powhatan next day a copy in Dutch of their understanding of the agreement as far as concurred in, and the Commodore departed.

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In the next two days several notes passed between the Commodore and the Japanese commissioners, in the course of which various questions that had been already considered were definitely settled; and the American interpreters were occupied, in cooperation with the Japanese, in drawing up the treaty in the Chinese, Dutch, and Japanese languages. On the 29th the ships *Vandalia* and *Southampton* arrived from Simoda with the confirmation of what Commander Pope had already said in his despatch—which had been transmitted by the Japanese authorities, overland, to the Commodore—namely, that the harbor and town of Simoda had been found, on examination, suitable in every respect for the purposes of the Americans. All was now in readiness for the final signing of the treaty.

Accordingly, on Friday, March 31, 1854, the Commodore went to the treaty-house with his usual attendants, and immediately on his arrival signed three several drafts of the treaty written in the English language, and delivered them to the commissioners, together with three copies of the same in the Dutch and Chinese languages, certified by the interpreters, Messrs. Williams and Portman, for the United States. At the same time the Japanese commissioners, in behalf of their Government, handed to the Commodore three drafts of the treaty written respectively in the Japanese, Chinese, and Dutch languages, and signed by the four of their body delegated by the Emperor for that purpose.

Immediately on the signing and exchange of the copies of the treaty, the Commodore presented the first commissioner, Prince Hayashi, with an American flag, remarking that he considered it the highest expression of national courtesy and friendship he could offer. The Prince was evidently deeply impressed with this significant mark of amity, and returned his thanks for it with indications of great feeling. The Commodore then presented the other dignitaries with the various gifts he had especially reserved for them. All formal business being now concluded, to the satisfaction of both parties, the Japanese commissioners invited the Commodore and his officers to partake of an entertainment prepared for the occasion.

The tables were spread in the large reception hall. These were wide divans, such as were used for seats, and of the same height. They were covered with a red-colored crape, and arranged in order according to the rank of the guests and their hosts, an upper table raised somewhat above the rest being appropriated to the Commodore, his superior officers, and the commissioners. When all were seated the servitors brought in a rapid succession of courses, consisting chiefly of thick soups, or rather stews, in most of which fresh fish was a component part. These were served in small earthen bowls or cups, and were brought in upon lacquered stands, about fourteen inches square and ten inches high, and placed, one before each guest, upon the tables. Together with each dish was a supply

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of soy or some other condiment, while throughout there was an abundant quantity, served in peculiar vessels, of the Japanese national liquor, the *sake*, a sort of whiskey distilled from rice. Various sweetened confections and a multiplicity of cakes were liberally interspersed among the other articles on the tables. Toward the close of the feast, a plate containing a broiled crawfish, a piece of fried fish of some kind, two or three boiled shrimps, and a small square pudding with something of the consistence of blancmange, was placed before each, with a hint that they were to follow the guests on their return to the ships, and they were accordingly sent and duly received afterward.

After the feast, which passed pleasantly and convivially, compliments being freely exchanged, and healths drunk in Liliputian cups of sake, the commissioners expressed great anxiety about the proposed visit of the Commodore to Yedo. They earnestly urged him not to take his ships any farther up the bay, as they said it would lead to trouble by which the populace might be disturbed and their own lives perhaps jeopardized. The Commodore argued the matter with them for some time, and, as they still pertinaciously urged their objections to his visit to the capital, it was agreed that the subject should be further discussed by an interchange of notes. The meeting then broke up.

When it was determined by our Government to send an expedition to Japan, those in authority were not unmindful of the peculiar characteristics of that singular nation. Unlike all other civilized peoples, it was in a state of voluntary, long-continued, and determined isolation. It neither desired nor sought communication with the rest of the world, but, on the contrary, strove to the uttermost to prevent it. It was comparatively an easy task to propose, to any Power the ports of which were freely visited by ships from every part of the world, the terms of a commercial treaty. But not so when, by any Power, commerce itself was interdicted. Before general conditions of commerce could be proposed to such a Power, it was necessary to settle the great preliminary that commerce would be allowed at all. Again, if that preliminary was settled affirmatively, a second point of great moment remained to be discussed, *viz.*, to what degree shall intercourse for trading be extended? Among nations accustomed to the usages of Christendom, the principles and extent of national comity in the interchanges of commercial transactions have been so long and so well defined and understood that, as between them, the term "commercial treaty" needs no explanation; its meaning is comprehended alike by all, and in its stipulations it may cover the very broad extent that includes everything involved in the operations of commerce between two maritime nations. But in a kingdom which, in its polity, expressly ignored commerce and repudiated it as an evil instead of a good, it was necessary to lay the very foundation as well as to adjust the terms.

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Hence the instructions to Commodore Perry covered broad ground, and his letters of credence conformed to his instructions. If he found the Japanese disposed to abandon, at once and forever, their deliberately adopted plan of non-intercourse with foreigners (an event most unlikely), his powers were ample to make with them a commercial treaty as wide and general as any we have with the nations of Europe. If they were disposed to relax but in part their jealous and suspicious system, formally to profess relations of friendship, and, opening some only of their ports to our vessels, to allow a trade in those ports between their people and ours, he was authorized to negotiate for this purpose, and secure for his country such privileges as he could, not inconsistent with the self-respect which, as a nation, we owed to ourselves. It must not be forgotten, in the contemplation of what was accomplished, that our representative went to a people who, at the time of his arrival among them, had, both by positive law and usage of more than two hundred years, allowed but one of their harbors, Nagasaki, to be opened to foreigners at all; had permitted no trade with such foreigners when they did come, except, under stringent regulations, with the Dutch and the Chinese; were in the habit of communicating with the world outside of them at second-hand only, through the medium of the Dutch who were imprisoned at Dezima; and a people who, as far as we know, never made a formal treaty with a civilized nation in the whole course of their history.

There were but two points on which the Commodore's instructions did not allow him a large discretion to be exercised according to circumstances. These were, first, that if happily any arrangements for trade, either general or special, were made, it was to be distinctly stipulated that, under no circumstances and in no degree, would the Americans submit to the humiliating treatment so long borne by the Dutch in carrying on their trade. The citizens of our country must be dealt with as freemen, or there should be no dealings at all. The second point was that, in the event of any of our countrymen being cast, in God's providence, as shipwrecked men on the coast of Japan, they should not be treated as prisoners, confined in cages, or subjected to inhuman treatment, but should be received with kindness and hospitably cared for until they could leave the country.

The nearest approach to a precedent was to be found in our treaty with China, made in 1844. This therefore was carefully studied by the Commodore. Its purport was "a treaty or general convention of peace, amity, and commerce," and to settle the rules to "be mutually observed in the intercourse of the respective countries." So far as "commerce" is concerned, it permitted "the citizens of the United States to frequent" five ports in China "and to reside with their families and trade there, and to proceed at pleasure with their vessels and merchandise to or from any

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foreign port, and from either of the said five ports to enter any other of them.” As to duties on articles imported, they were to pay according to a tariff that was made part of the treaty, and in no case were to be subjected to higher duties than those paid, under similar circumstances, by the people of other nations. Consuls were provided for, to reside at the five open ports, and those trading there were “permitted to import from their own or any other ports into China, and sell there and purchase therein, and export to their own or any other ports, all manner of merchandise of which the importation or exportation was not prohibited by the treaty.” In short, so far as the five ports were concerned, there existed between us and China a general treaty of commerce.

The Commodore caused to be prepared, in the Chinese characters, a transcript of the treaty, with such verbal alterations as would make it applicable to Japan, with the view of exhibiting it to the Imperial commissioners of that country should he be so successful as to open negotiations. He was not sanguine enough to hope that he could procure an entire adoption of the Chinese treaty by the Japanese. He was not ignorant of the difference in national characteristics between the inhabitants of China and the more independent, self-reliant, and sturdy natives of the Japanese islands. He knew that the latter held the former in some degree of contempt and treated them in the matter of trade very much as they treated the Dutch. He was also aware that the Chinese, when they made their treaty, did know something of the advantages that might result from intercourse with the rest of the world; while as to the Japanese, in their long-continued isolation, either they neither knew nor desired such advantages, or, if they knew them, feared they might be purchased at too high a price in the introduction of foreigners, who, as in the case of the Portuguese, centuries before, might seek to overturn the empire. It was too much, therefore, to expect that the Japanese would in all the particulars of a treaty imitate the Chinese.

Of the difficulties encountered, even after the Japanese had consented to negotiate, the best account may be given from the conferences and discussions between the negotiators, of all which most accurate reports were kept on both sides, in the form of dialogue. At the first meeting of the Commodore with the Imperial commissioners, on March 8th, he acted on the plan he had proposed to himself with respect to the treaty with China, and thus addressed them:

Commodore Perry. I think it would be better for the two nations that a treaty similar to the one between my country and the Chinese should be made between us. I have prepared the draft of one almost identical with our treaty with China. I have been sent here by my Government to make a treaty with yours; if I do not succeed now, my Government will probably send more ships here; but I hope we shall soon settle matters amicably.

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Japanese. We wish for time to have the document translated into the Japanese language.

This was but one among a hundred proofs of their extreme suspicion and caution; for there was not one of the Imperial commissioners, probably, who could not have read, without the least difficulty, the document as furnished by the Commodore; and certain it is that their interpreters could have read it off into Japanese at once.

The Commodore, who wished to do as far as possible everything that might conciliate, of course made no objection to a request so seemingly reasonable, though he knew it to be needless, and was content to wait patiently for their reply. In one week that reply came in writing, and was very explicit: "As to opening a trade, such as is now carried on by China with your country, we certainly cannot yet bring it about. The feelings and manners of our people are very unlike those of other nations, and it will be exceedingly difficult, even if you wish it, to change immediately the old regulations for those of other countries. Moreover, the Chinese have long had intercourse with Western nations, while we have had dealings at Nagasaki with only the people of Holland and China."

This answer was not entirely unexpected, and put an end to all prospect of negotiating a "commercial treaty" in the European sense of that phrase. It only remained therefore to secure, for the present, admission into the kingdom, and so much of trade as Japanese jealousy could be brought to concede. At length, after much and oft-repeated discussion, the point was yielded that certain ports might be opened to our vessels; and then, in the interview of March 25th, came up the subject of consuls.

Japanese. About the appointment of consuls or agents, the commissioners desire a delay of four or five years, to see how the intercourse works. The governor of the town and the official interpreter will be able to carry on all the business of supplying provisions, coal, and needed articles, with the captain, without the intervention of a consul.

Perry. The duties of a consul are to report all difficulties that arise between American citizens and Japanese to his Government in an authentic manner, assist the Japanese in carrying out their laws and the provisions of the treaty and recovering debts made by the Americans; and also communicating to the Government at Washington whatever the Japanese wish, as no letters can be received after this through the Dutch; and if no consuls are received, then a ship-of-war must remain in Japan constantly, and her captain must do the duties of a consul.

Japanese. If we had not felt great confidence in you, we should not have consented to open our ports at all. Consuls may be accepted by and by, after experience has shown their need; and we hope that all American citizens obey the laws of their country and behave properly.

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Perry. True, and I hope no difficulty will arise; and this appointment of consuls in Japan, as they are in China, Hawaii, and everywhere else, is to prevent and provide for difficulties. No American will report his own misdeeds to his own Government, nor can the Japanese bring them to our notice except through a government agent. This provision must be in the treaty, though I will stipulate for only one, to reside at Simoda, and he will not be sent probably for a year or two from this time.

And thus it was that the Commodore had to explain everything and feel his way, step by step, in the progress of the whole negotiation.

Japanese. The commissioners wish every point desired by the Admiral to be stated clearly, for the Japanese are not equal to the Americans, and have not much to give in exchange.

Perry. I have already stated all my views as regards our intercourse, in the draft of the treaty you have. [This was one prepared by the Commodore after the rejection of the transcript of the Chinese treaty.] Let the commissioners state their objections to it. This treaty now to be made is only a beginning; and as the nations know each other, the Japanese will permit Americans to go anywhere, to Fujiyama—all over the country.

Japanese. We have found restrictions necessary against the Portuguese and the English.

Then followed observations by the Japanese on Pellew's entry into Nagasaki harbor, which showed how much dislike of the English that event had occasioned. A strong proof of their remarkable caution was furnished by the Japanese at the conference held on March 28th when most of the terms of the treaty had been agreed upon.

Perry. I am prepared now to sign the treaty about these three harbors.

Mr. Portman, interpreter, then read in Dutch that portion of the treaty which contained such points as had been already agreed upon.

Japanese. It is all correct except that we have objection to opening the port of Simoda immediately; if any vessels were to go there in distress, we should be glad to furnish them with provisions, wood, and water.

Perry. You have already consented, in one of your letters to me, to open that port immediately. I am very desirous of settling that matter now, as I wish to despatch the *Saratoga* home to inform the Government, before Congress adjourns, how matters are advancing; that will take some time, and there is no probability that any ships will come here before ten or twelve months have expired; so that it will make no difference to you whether you put it in the treaty to be opened now or in ten months.

Japanese. We are willing to put it in the treaty “to be opened now,” if you will give us a letter or promise that no ships will come here before the President gives his permission.

Perry. I cannot do that very well, but I am willing to put it off ninety days; that will be about the time I shall return from Hakodate; it was your own proposition, yesterday, to open that port immediately. I consent to this, however, to show you how desirous I am to do what I can to please you. I cannot consent to a longer time.

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Japanese. If we put it in the treaty to be opened now, we would like you to give us an order that no ships shall enter that port before ten months.

Perry. I cannot do that. But there is no probability that any ships will come here before that time, as I shall not leave here for three months, and they will not hear of it before that time; and when they do hear of it, it will take several months for ships to make the voyage here. If you choose I will keep one of the ships at Simoda for several months.

Japanese. If ships go there before that time we shall not be able to give them other than provisions, wood, and water.

Perry. The ships that may go there will want such things only as you may have; if you have them not, of course you cannot and will not be expected to furnish them; but, as I said before, there is no probability that ships will go there before the expiration of ten months.

Japanese. When you come back from Matsumai, we shall have plenty of provisions at Simoda for the whole squadron; but to other ships we cannot furnish more than wood, water, *etc.*

Perry. When we return from Matsumai we shall not want many provisions, as we shall be going to a place where we shall get plenty. It is only the principle I wish settled now. I have come here as a peacemaker, and I desire to settle everything now, and thus prevent trouble hereafter; I wish to write home to my Government that the Japanese are friends.

Japanese. We will write you a letter stating that we cannot furnish you anything before ten months, but that we can furnish wood and water immediately, and that we will furnish such other things as we possibly can. This letter we should like you to answer.

Perry. Very well; I will.

Japanese. [Entering on another part of the terms agreed on.] We will not confine Americans, or prevent them from walking around; but we should like to place a limit to the distance they may walk.

Perry. I am prepared to settle that matter now, but they must not be confined to any particular house or street. Suppose we make the distance they may walk, the same distance that a man can go and come in a day. Or, if you choose, the number of *lis* or *ris* may be agreed upon.

Japanese. We are willing that they shall walk as far as they can go and come in a day.

Perry. There is no probability that sailors would wish to go on shore more than once from curiosity; besides, they will have their daily duties to attend to on board ship and will not be able to go on shore.

Japanese. We do not wish any women to come and remain at Simoda.

Perry. The probability is that few women will go there, and they only the wives of the officers of the ships.

Japanese. When you come back from Matsumai we should like *you* to settle the distance that Americans are to walk. It is difficult for *us* to settle the distance.

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Perry. Say the distance of seven Japanese miles in any direction from the centre of the city of Simoda.

Japanese. Very well. A few miles will make no difference. You are requested not to leave agents until after you have experienced that it is necessary.

Perry. I am willing to defer the appointment of a consul or an agent one year or eighteen months from the date of the signing the treaty; and then, if my Government think it necessary, it will send one.

In fact, not an article of the treaty was made without the most serious deliberation by the Japanese. In answer to a question from Captain Adams, in the very first stages of the negotiation, they replied: "The Japanese are unlike the Chinese; they are adverse to change; and when they make a compact of any kind they intend that it shall endure for a thousand years. For this reason it will be best to deliberate and examine well the facilities for trade and the suitableness of the port before any one is determined on." Probably nothing but the exercise of the most perfect truthfulness and patience would ever have succeeded in making a treaty with them at all; and from the language of one of their communications, it is obvious that, with characteristic caution, they meant that their present action should be but a beginning of intercourse, which might or might not be afterward made more extensive, according to the results of what they deemed the experiment.

This, it must be remembered, was the first formal treaty they ever made on the subject of foreign trade, at least since the expulsion of the Portuguese, and they evidently meant to proceed cautiously by single steps.

There is observable throughout the negotiations the predominating influence of the national prejudice against the permanent introduction of foreigners among them. The word "reside" is but once used in the whole treaty, and that in the article relative to consuls. The details of conferences, already given, show how anxiously they sought to avoid having consuls at all. Indeed, Commodore Perry says, "I could only induce the commissioners to agree to this article, by endeavoring to convince them that it would save the Japanese Government much trouble if an American agent were to reside at one or both of the ports opened by the treaty, to whom complaints might be made of any malpractice of the United States citizens who might visit the Japanese dominions." They wanted no permanent foreign residents among them, official or unofficial. This was shown most unequivocally in the remark already recorded in one of the conferences—"We do not wish any women to come and remain at Simoda."

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Simoda was one of the ports open for trade with us; they knew that our people had wives and daughters, and that a man's family were ordinarily resident with him in his permanent abode, and that if the head of the family lived in Simoda as a Japanese would live, there would certainly be women who would "come and remain at Simoda." But more than this. It will be remembered that the Commodore had submitted to them our treaty with China, and they had held it under consideration for a week, at the end of which time they said: "As to opening a trade, such as is now carried on by China with your country, we certainly cannot yet bring it about. The Chinese have long had intercourse with Western nations, while we have had dealings at Nagasaki with only the people of Holland and China." Now what was "such a trade" as we carried on with China? The Japanese read in our treaty that five ports were open to us, that permission was given "to the citizens of the United States to frequent" them; and further, "to reside with their families and trade there." This they deliberately declined assenting to when they refused to make a treaty similar to that with China. They surely would not afterward knowingly insert it in any treaty they might make with us.

The only permanent residence to which they gave assent, and that most reluctantly, was the residence of a consul. Temporary residence was allowed to our shipwrecked citizens, as well as to those who went to Simoda or Hakodate on commercial business. They are allowed to land, to walk where they please within certain limits, to enter shops and temples without restriction, to purchase in the shops, and have the articles sent to the proper public office duly marked, where they will pay for them, to resort to public-houses or inns that are to be built for their refreshment "when on shore" at Simoda and Hakodate; and until built, a temple, at each place, is assigned "as a resting-place for persons in their walks." They may accept invitations to partake of the hospitality of any of the Japanese; but they are not permitted to enter "military establishments or private houses without leave." Without leave, our citizens cannot enter them within the territories of any nation with which we have a treaty. In short, the whole treaty shows that the purpose of the Japanese was to make the experiment of intercourse with us before they made it as extensive or as intimate as it was between us and the Chinese. It was all they could do at the time, and much, very much, was obtained on the part of our negotiator in procuring a concession even to this extent.

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But, as he knew that our success would be but the forerunner of that of other powers, and as he believed that new relations of trade once commenced, not only with ourselves, but with England, France, Holland, and Russia, could not fail, in the progress of events, to break up the old restrictive policy, effectually and forever, and open Japan to the world; and must also lead gradually to liberal commercial treaties, he wisely, in the ninth article, secured to the United States and their citizens, without “consultation or delay,” all privileges and advantages which Japan might hereafter “grant to any other nation or nations.” And the Commodore’s comments on this article conclusively show that *he*, at least, did not suppose he had made a “commercial treaty”:

“Article IX. This is a most important article, as there can be little doubt that, on hearing of the success of this mission, the English, French, and Russians will follow our example; and it may be reasonable to suppose that each will gain some additional advantage, until a commercial treaty is accomplished. Article IX will give to Americans, without further consultation, all these advantages.”

All other powers were forced to be content in obtaining just what we, as pioneers, obtained. Their treaties were like ours. That of Russia was copied from ours, with no change but that of the substitution of the port of Nagasaki for Napha in Riu Kiu. We respectfully submit, therefore, that all, and indeed more than all, under the circumstances, that could have been reasonably expected has been accomplished.

(1855) THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL, Sir Edward B. Hamely and Sir Evelyn Wood

This is the most famous event of the Crimean War, in which Russian power was pitted against the allied forces of Turkey, France, Great Britain, and Sardinia. The war grew out of rival demands concerning a protectorate in Turkey. In 1852 Napoleon III asked for the restoration of the protectorate of the Holy Places in the Ottoman Empire to the Latin Church. Supported by Russia, the Greek Church had virtually supplanted the Latin Church in Turkish dominions, and Russia now put forward a demand for a protectorate over the Greek subjects of the Sultan. Turkey had no interest in the religious questions at issue, and she pursued a wavering course between the disputing powers, fearing to offend either of them. Russia at last began openly to threaten Turkey, and, finding vacillation and diplomacy no longer availing for a postponement of the conflict, the Sultan declared war, October 4, 1853.

In the early engagements of the war the Turks gained some successes over Russian troops, but the first important event was the destruction of a part of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, November 30, 1853. This, being regarded by England as an act of treachery on the part of Russia, brought Great Britain into the conflict. The Russians occupied the Danubian principalities, and the Battle of the Alma, in which the allies first confronted Russia, was won by the former, with greatly superior numbers, September 20, 1854.

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The siege of Sebastopol began in October, and during its progress important battles occurred—that of Balaklava, that of Inkerman, November 5th, in which the Russians were defeated by the English and the French; that of Tchernaya, August 16, 1855, a victory for the Russians; and the storming of the Malakoff, described below. The capture of Sebastopol was followed by the taking of Kars by the Russians, November 28, 1855, and the war ended. In accordance with the Treaty of Paris, March 30, 1856, Russia abandoned her claim to a protectorate over Christians in Turkey, and the Sultan agreed to grant them more favorable terms.

Sir Edward Bruce Hamley and Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, British generals who served in the Crimean War, give us the best accounts of the siege and capture of Sebastopol, in which they were active participants. The siege had continued through many weeks without decisive developments, when on June 18, 1855, the French made a strong but unsuccessful assault on the Malakoff, which, like the Redan, formed one of the main defences. The following narratives describe the British assault on the Redan and the final storming of the Malakoff by the French.

SIR EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY

Seeing how desperate was the condition of the fortress, Prince Gortschakoff had resolved, after the Battle of the Tchernaya, to abandon Sebastopol. In letters to the Minister of War, of August 18 and 24, 1855, he expressed this intention, saying there was not a man in the army who would not call it folly to continue the defence longer. With a view to conducting a retreat he pressed forward rapidly the construction of the bridge across the harbor, which was to have a roadway of sixteen feet and to bear heavy vehicles. He also conferred with Todleben on other measures to protect the withdrawal, and accordingly barricades were built across the streets and formed into armed and defensible works which were intended, as a last resort, to hold in check the assailants. Preparations were also made for blowing up the principal forts and magazines.

Another great cannonade had begun on August 17th. The French lines had now approached so close to the place that new additions to them were immediately destroyed or rendered untenable by the fire from the Malakoff and Little Redan; and the shower of small shells, easily cast into the trenches from the ramparts, and called by the French “bouquets,” greatly increased their losses. For the silencing of the artillery, which thus hindered the French sappers, the allied batteries opened in full force against the part of the enemy’s lines from the Redan to the great harbor. But the town front was not included, and the English batteries suffered greatly from want of support by the works on their left.

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On August 20th Gortschakoff entered the fortress, and went round the lines of defence, upon which the fire of the allies was just then at its height. What he saw might well confirm him in his resolution to retreat. There was no longer either a city or a suburb to defend, for both were heaps of rubbish and cinders. The parapets of the works, dried in the heats of summer and split in huge fragments by the shot, were crumbling into the ditches. The interior space was honeycombed with holes made by the shells. Gabions and sandbags could not be procured to repair the embrasures, which remained in ruins. Many of the dismounted guns could no longer be replaced, not because there were not plenty in the arsenals, but because to mount them by night, under the deadly fire of the mortars, entailed such frightful sacrifices of men.

The defenders of the works were packed in caves under the parapets; the gunners lay dead in heaps on the batteries; the wounded could not be removed by day, because the communications with the rear were now searched throughout by the fire of the allies, and so lay where they fell, in torment in the sun beside the more fortunate slain. On landing, the Prince had passed the hospitals, full to overflowing, and the ambulances with the wounded crowding what had been the squares. There was nothing to relieve the horrible monotony of destruction and devastation except the bridge, which promised retreat from this misery, and which was approaching completion.

Yet it was after this visit that the Russian General changed his mind in the direction of what he had before termed folly. "I am resolved," he wrote to the Minister of War, on September 1st, "to defend the south side to the last extremity, for it is the only honorable course which remains to us." Calculating that the daily loss of the garrison was from eight hundred to nine hundred, and that he could bring twenty-five thousand men from the army outside to reenforce it, by leaving only twenty thousand to guard the Mackenzie Heights, he considered he might still prolong the defence for a month. Everything was against such a cruel determination; but he proceeded to execute it so far as in him lay. Yet it did not rest with him to determine the end.

The cannonade once more reduced the Malakoff, its dependencies and neighbors, to absolute silence, and enabled the French to push their works yet closer. The soil between the Mamelon and Malakoff could be cut into like a cheese, and the trenches were more easily made and better constructed here than elsewhere. The English trenches before the Redan had been stopped by solid rock; the French approaches to the Little Redan, now only forty yards from it, had also got into soil so stony as no longer to afford cover. The most advanced approach to the Malakoff was separated from it by only twenty-five yards; in the soft soil the trenches might have been pushed to the very edge of the ditch, but only with great loss, and, besides, the facility of mining below them would increase as the distance lessened. It was therefore deemed that the time for assault had come, and it only remained to determine the details.

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Accordingly, a council of war considered the matter. After the members had delivered their opinions, Pelissier expressed himself thus: "I too have my plan, but I will not breathe it to my pillow." There is, however, no need to be so reticent with the reader. The French commander had learned that the relief of the troops in the works before him took place at noon, and that in order to avoid the great additional loss which would be caused by introducing the new garrisons before the old ones moved out, the contrary course was followed of marching out most of the occupants before replacing them. Thus noon was the time when the Malakoff would be found most destitute of defenders, and noon was to be the hour of the assault. Also another advantage was offered to the French. The salient of the Malakoff had been adapted to the form of the tower which it covered, and was therefore circular; consequently there was a space in it which could not be seen or fired on from the flanks; that was the space upon which the troops were to be directed.

Roadways twenty yards wide were made through the trenches, and then masked by gabions, easily thrown down, by which the reserves could be brought up in the shortest time. The Malakoff, the curtain, and the Little Redan were each to be attacked by a division, supported by a brigade; and four divisions, with other troops, were destined to attack the central bastion and works near it, and break thence by the rear, into the flagstaff bastion. But first the cannonade was to be renewed. It began on September 5th, and this time it encircled the whole fortress, the French batteries before the town opening no less vigorously than the rest. At night a frigate in the harbor was set on fire by a shell, and the conflagration for hours lighted up the surrounding scenery. On the 6th and 7th the *feu d'enfer* went on, the Russians replying but feebly; on the night of the 7th a line-of-battle ship was set on fire by a mortar, and burned nearly all night; it contained a large supply of spirits, the blue flames from which cast a lugubrious light on the ramparts from the harbor to the Malakoff, producing, says Todleben, "a painful impression on the souls of the defenders of Sebastopol."

Daylight on the 8th found the Russian defences completely manned, the guns loaded with grape, and the reserves brought close up. But the assault was not yet begun, and the result of these preparations to receive it was increased havoc in the exposed ranks of the defenders.

The attack on the Redan was to be directed by General Codrington. His division, and the Second, under General Markham, were to supply the column of attack, of which the covering party, the ladder party, the working party (to fill up the ditch and convert what works we might gain to our own purpose), and the main body were to number seventeen hundred, and the supports fifteen hundred. The remainder of these two divisions, numbering three thousand, was to be in reserve in the third parallel. Also, in the last reserve, were the Third and Fourth Divisions.

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No attack on the Redan would have been undertaken by the English as an isolated operation. Our compulsory distance from that work, the want of a place of arms (that is to say, a covered space in the advanced trenches of sufficient extent to harbor large bodies of troops), the construction of which was forbidden by the rocky soil, and the still unsubdued fire from the ramparts, all condemned an assault. But it was deemed necessary as a distraction in aid of the French, and it fulfilled the purpose.

The portion of Codrington's troops destined to head the attack on the Redan moved rapidly and steadily across the open space, though suffering much loss from the heavy fire of round-shot, grape, case, and musketry now directed on them from every available point, and those in front passed with ease over the battered rampart and entered the work. But the rest, with too strong a reminiscence of their mode of action in the trenches, lay down at the edge of the ditch and began firing, alongside of the covering troops, who alone should have performed this duty. The supports also reached the ditch, and some of them entered the work. But the great reserves, in moving through the inches toward the point of issue, were obstructed and discouraged by meeting the numbers of wounded men and their bearers, who were of necessity brought back by the same narrow route, a difficulty which also hindered some of the French attacks. Colonel Windham, the leader of the attacking troops, finding that his messages for support produced no result, took the ill-advised step of going back himself to procure reinforcements. It was not surprising that before he returned his men also had withdrawn. It is probably in reference to this that the *Engineer Journal* said, in excusing the troops, that "they retired when they found themselves without any officer of rank."

They had been overwhelmed by the numbers which the Russians brought into the open work; and as they hurried back they suffered not less heavily than in their advance. It was unfortunate for them that the French had spiked the guns in the Malakoff instead of turning them on the enemy moving into the Redan, as they ought to have done. With the immense increase of difficulties in making way through the crowded trenches, and renewing the attack against works now fully armed and manned, the attempt was postponed till next day, when fresh troops, headed by the Highlanders, were to renew it.

SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD

It may render my narrative of the final assault more readily comprehensible if I begin by saying that, the Malakoff being now considered the key of the Russian position, it was determined that all other attacks should be considered subsidiary to that which was to be directed against it.

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General Bosquet had command of all the French troops employed on the right of the English attack. MacMahon's division was to assault the Malakoff itself, having De Wimpffen's brigade with Camou's division in reserve, and with it two battalions of Zouaves of the Guard. On MacMahon's right La Motterouge's division, composed of the brigades of Bourbaki and Picard, was to attack the curtain. It was supported by four regiments, two of grenadiers and two of Voltigeurs of the Guard. Still farther north was Dulac's division, supported by Marolle's brigade of Camou's division and one battalion of Chasseurs of the Guard. These were to attack the Little Redan. Pelissier himself took up his position in the Mamelon, and to avoid giving warning to the enemy by any system of a general signal, the watches of the staff and the generals were carefully compared in order that the assault might be begun at twelve o'clock. This hour was chosen by Pelissier in consequence of his having ascertained that the troops on duty in the Russian trenches were relieved at that hour, and owing to the works being cramped from the number of traverses and blindages erected to cover their garrisons from fire, it had become the habit for the old guard of the works to march out before the relief marched in, and it was thus anticipated that at twelve o'clock the works would be nearly empty. This surmise proved to be accurate.

The French had taken great trouble to screen the concentration of their troops from the sight of the enemy. Each division had a separate access to the advanced trenches in which the storming parties were to assemble. In places where the parapets, having sunk, might have disclosed to the view of the enemy the troops moving into position, they had been carefully raised. Cuts had been made through parapets to admit of the supports moving forward in bodies, and to allow field-artillery batteries, which were stationed at the Victoria redoubt and the old Lancaster battery, to pass through to the front. These apertures had been filled up with gabions, and carefully concealed, so that their position remained unknown to the enemy.

General Herbillon, still encamped on the Tchernaya, was directed to cause his force (less Camou's division called up to support La Motterouge, and Dulac) to stand to arms at twelve o'clock, and his command was reenforced by a brigade of cuirassiers under General De Forton. The morning was dull and gloomy, with a cold wind which drove clouds of dust into the air. A little before twelve o'clock all the French storming parties were crouching ready for the order.

Bosquet himself was in the sixth parallel; MacMahon, surrounded by his staff, was standing in the front trench with his watch in his hand. No one spoke in this group, in which the calm faces showed no sign of the excitement visible in the zouaves on either side of them, who, though silent, were trembling with impatience. Close at hand there was a corporal holding a little tricolor. Two minutes before twelve o'clock the word was passed in an undertone, "Ready," and as the hands indicated it was twelve o'clock, on a command from MacMahon a shout arose of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" bugles and drums sounded the charge, and the zouaves dashed straight at the Malakoff.

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MacMahon allowed two sections to pass him, and then, followed by his staff, climbed over the parapet, following the advanced guard. It placed one ladder, by which the General descended into the ditch, and was, it is said, the first up the escarp of the work. A friend of mine described to me how he watched the tricolor on the parapet being carried slowly along, thus indicating exactly how our allies in the body of the work were gaining ground. The zouaves who crossed the ditch on the proper left of the Malakoff had some difficulty in climbing up, from the height and steepness of the escarp.

MacMahon's leading brigade crossed the short intervening space without a shot being fired. The enemy's working parties and gunners who were repairing damages fought bravely with picks, shovels, and hand-spikes, but were eventually driven back. The very few Russians in the salient were completely surprised, so much so that some of the superior officers were found at dinner in an underground chamber of the Malakoff, and the French without difficulty obtained absolute possession of the south end of the work. Although the enclosure covered an area of about four hundred yards by one hundred fifty, there was but very little open space within it, for behind the remnants of the stone tower were rows of traverses stretching from side to side of the work. Behind these the Russians took post as they came up from their bombproof shelters. Every separate parapet was fought for, hand to hand, and it was not till Vinoy's brigade, which, entering by the Gervais battery, got behind the traverses, turning out the regiment Grand Duke Michel, that the enemy was finally driven from this part of the work.

The leading brigades of Motterouge's and Dulac's divisions, headed by their chiefs, seized the curtain and the Little Redan, the latter falling first, as St. Pol's brigade was nearer to it than Bourbaki's brigade was to the curtain. Once inside these works from which the Russians were easily driven, the French pressed on to the intrenchment then being built across the rear. General PELISSIER now gave General Simpson the signal to attack the Redan. At the same time the French attacked the Malakoff, and there the fate of Sebastopol was really decided.

The possession of this fort was strongly contested, the Russians bringing up field-batteries; the French were also fired on heavily by three steamers, which, circling round, fired broadsides into them, and batteries sent shells from the north side of the harbor into the French support. Eventually after a prolonged struggle, in which the French captured four field-guns, St. Pol's brigade was beaten back, losing its brigadier, and with him fell the chief staff officer of the division and two colonels. The Russians followed up closely, and Bisson's brigade, which for want of space in the trenches had been stationed in the Careenage Ravine, was too far behind to afford effective aid. Bourbaki's right being thus uncovered, he also was driven back, although supported by Motterouge's other brigade.

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After Bourbaki and St. Pol had been repulsed, the Voltigeurs and Grenadiers of the Guard and Marolle's brigade were sent against the curtain and Redan respectively. These they carried, but were once more expelled from the Little Redan, Marolle and De Ponteves falling dead at the head of their brigades, and Mellinet, Bisson, and Bourbaki being wounded. The French still held the curtain, and Bosquet now ordered up the two field-batteries then standing behind the Victoria redoubt. They descended the ridge at the trot, unlimbered in front of the sixth parallel, and, coming into action, fired with great effect on the Russian infantry, which offered a broad target. Yet the batteries suffered terribly; the commanding officer (Souty) was killed, and out of the one hundred fifty men he brought down, only fifty-five returned when the guns were dragged back by hand because they lost all their horses except nineteen.

Bosquet, surrounded by several Russian officers, who were prisoners, and their guards, was interrogating the captives when a shell burst over them, killing or wounding both them and the guard—the General only escaping. Later, when leaning on the parapet watching the progress of the fight, he was struck in the face by a fragment of a shell. He had just strength to send word to General Dulac to take his place, when he fainted.

The struggle in and around the Malakoff was continued till three o'clock, when Gortschakoff withdrew his troops from the work which they had defended with such marvellous endurance for eleven months. The prize was now won, but at heavy cost.

MacMahon's division, which assaulted with forty-five hundred bayonets and two hundred officers, lost in killed and wounded just half its strength.

Soon after the Russians had been driven from the salient of the Malakoff, the French troops occupying it were fired on from the lower part of the old masonry tower, which was loopholed, and inside which five officers and sixty Russian soldiers had taken refuge. It was impossible to dislodge them, as the only entrance was strongly blocked on the inside. After a time some gabions were collected, and having been placed in position close to the loopholes, were lighted, but before the defenders could be smoked out, a mortar fired against the door blew it away, and the Russians surrendered. The gabions burning fiercely, the officers became alarmed lest the fire should be communicated to some of the surrounding magazines, and an attempt was made to extinguish the blazing fragments. As this was difficult, sappers were set to work to dig a trench and throw the excavated earth on the fire. While the men were digging, four wires, communicating with mines, were found and cut.

While the Russian officers were surrendering, a desperate struggle was carried on at the far end of the Malakoff enclosure, the Russians coming over the parapets in three heavy columns. Khrouleff, the "fighting general," being wounded, had been replaced by General Martinau. The combatants fought hand to hand till, Martinau, losing an arm, and his men being out of ammunition, Gortschakoff ordered them to give up the struggle and fall back.

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Between three and four o'clock a magazine blew up near the point where the curtain joined the Malakoff, and the division at once ran back to the French advanced trenches. This occurred at a moment when General La Motterouge was wounded, but his men were rallied and got back into position ere the smoke and dust of the explosion cleared away. The flag of the Ninety-first Regiment was buried so deep that it was not found till next day, when it was recovered still grasped tightly in the hands of the lifeless officer who was carrying it when the explosion took place.

When the Russians withdrew, General MacMahon, contemplating the possibility of further explosions from undiscovered mines, in order to minimize possible loss of life, sent back the brigade under Colonel Decaen, whom he ordered to hold himself in readiness, and, if Vinoy's brigade should be blown into the air, to come forward immediately and replace it. Then, turning to General Vinoy, MacMahon observed, "It is possible, General, that your brigade will be blown up, but Decaen will replace you immediately, so we shall still hold our position." MacMahon himself remained in the Malakoff with Vinoy's brigade.

During the afternoon it was reported to General Pelissier that large numbers of Russian troops were crossing by the floating bridge to the north side of the harbor, but the allies did not yet feel confident that the end had quite come. About midnight one of the maritime forts was blown up, and explosions continued at intervals throughout the night, fires bursting out wherever any inflammable substance remained.

At 3 A.M. on the 9th Corporal Ross, Royal Engineers, who was employed in the advanced sap, being struck by the unusual silence within the Redan, crept across the ditch, and, climbing over the parapet, found that the enemy had evacuated the work.

At daylight all the Russian fleet except the Vladimir had disappeared under water, and the last of this heroic garrison was seen forming up on the north side of the floating bridge, which was then cut, leaving on the southern side two hundred or three hundred men, who had remained behind, setting fire to the houses. This was the last of the active operations. Gortschakoff withdrew his troops, and, placing the cavalry on the Belbeck, extended the infantry along the Mackenzie Farm heights position, which he proceeded to fortify.

The allies were now in possession of the bloodstained ruins of Sebastopol, and the last of the Black Sea fleet was at the bottom of the harbor. Perhaps it was well that peace ensued. Although we might have dislodged the Russians from their position on the heights, it would have been difficult to obtain any further material advantage in the Crimea.

(1857) THE INDIAN MUTINY, J. Talboys Wheeler

From the time when Warren Hastings, the first English Governor-General of India, was sent to rule there (1774), the British power in that country grew steadily, and many annexations were made to the territory under its control. There were frequent wars with the French, England's rivals in India, and with the natives in different Provinces that one after another were absorbed into the British possessions. The first serious menace against this growing power appeared in a native movement, the culmination of which is known as the Indian or Sepoy Mutiny.

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The causes of this rising are traced to distrust and hatred of the British rulers—feelings that caused a ferment among the Hindus and Mahometans of India, who suspected a design for suppressing their religions. The natives also became alarmed at the introduction of Western ideas and improvements—new methods of education, the steam-engine, the telegraph, *etc.*—portending to the Indian peoples the substitution of a foreign civilization for their own. The truth is that in attempting to abolish suttee and other ancient native customs, and to introduce more enlightened practices, the British Government was acting in the interest of general humanity.

The immediate provocation of the great mutiny among the sepoys or native troops in the British East-Indian service is well shown, and the entire story of the revolt is equally well told, by Mr. Wheeler. This author, while a secretary to the Government of India in the latter part of the nineteenth century, enjoyed peculiar advantages for study and research. These advantages he turned to account by writing an authoritative and interesting history of the land of his official residence.

Early in the year 1857, it is said, there were rumors of a coming danger to British rule in India. In some parts of the country *chupatties*, or cakes, were circulated in a mysterious manner from village to village. [Footnote: The form of the cake conveyed information that an insurrection was in preparation—an old custom—understood by the natives.—ED.] Prophecies were also rife that in 1857 the East India Company's *raj* [rule] would come to an end. Lord Canning has been blamed for not taking alarm at these proceedings; but something of the kind always had been going on in India. Cakes of cocoanuts are given away in solemn fashion; and as the villagers were afraid to keep them or eat them, the circulation went on to the end of the chapter. Then, again, holy men and prophets have always been common in India. They foretell pestilence and famine: the downfall of British rule, or the destruction of the whole world. They are often supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers and to be impervious to bullets; but these phenomena invariably disappear whenever they come in contact with Europeans, especially as all such characters are liable to be treated as vagrants without visible means of subsistence.

One dangerous story, however, got abroad in the early part of 1857, which ought to have been stopped at once, and for which the military authorities were wholly and solely to blame. The Enfield rifle was being introduced; it required new cartridges, which in England were greased with the fat of beef or pork. The military authorities in India, with strange indifference to the prejudices of sepoys, ordered the cartridges to be prepared at Calcutta in like manner; forgetting that the fat of pigs was hateful to the Mahometans, while the fat of cows was still more horrible in the eyes of the Hindus.

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The excitement began at Barrackpur, sixteen miles from Calcutta. At this station there were four regiments of sepoy, and no Europeans except the regimental officers. One day a low-caste native, known as a lascar, asked a Brahmin sepoy for a drink of water from his brass pot. The Brahmin refused, as it would defile his pot. The lascar retorted that the Brahmin was already defiled by biting cartridges which had been greased with cow's fat. This vindictive taunt was based on truth. Lascars had been employed at Calcutta in preparing the new cartridges, and the man was possibly one of them. The taunt created a wild panic at Barrackpur. Strange to say, however, none of the new cartridges had been issued to the sepoy; and had this been promptly explained to the men, and the sepoy left to grease their own cartridges, the alarm might have died out. But the explanation was delayed until the whole of the Bengal army was smitten with the groundless fear; and then, when it was too late, the authorities protested too much, and the terror-stricken sepoy refused to believe them.

The sepoy had proved themselves brave under fire, and loyal to their salt in sharp extremities; but they are the most credulous and excitable soldiery in the world. They regarded steam and electricity as so much magic; and they fully believed that the British Government was binding India with chains, when it was only laying down railway lines and telegraph wires. The Enfield rifle was a new mystery; and the busy brains of the sepoy were soon at work to divine the motive of the English in greasing cartridges with cow's fat. They had always taken to themselves the sole credit of having conquered India for the company; and they now imagined that the English wanted them to conquer Persia and China. Accordingly, they suspected that Lord Canning was going to make them as strong as Europeans by destroying caste, forcing them to become Christians, and making them eat beef and drink beer.

The story of the greased cartridges, with all its absurd embellishments, ran up the Ganges and Jumna to Benares, Allahabad, Agra, Delhi, and the great cantonment at Meerut; while another current of lies ran back again from Meerut to Barrackpur. It was noised abroad that the bones of cows and pigs had been ground into powder, and thrown into wells and mingled with flour and butter, in order to destroy the caste of the masses and convert them to Christianity.

For a brief interval it was hoped that the disaffection was suppressed. Excitement manifested itself in various ways at different stations throughout the length of Hindustan and the Punjab—at Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Ambala, and Sealkote. In some stations there were incendiary fires; in others the sepoy were wanting in their usual respect to their European officers. But it was believed that the storm was spending itself, and that the dark clouds were passing away.

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Suddenly on May 3d there was an explosion at Lucknow. A regiment of Oudh Irregular Infantry, previously in the service of the Mogul, broke out in mutiny and began to threaten their European officers. Sir Henry Lawrence, the new Chief Commissioner, had a European regiment at his disposal, namely the Thirty-second Foot. That same evening he ordered out the regiment, and a battery of eight guns manned by Europeans, together with four sepoy regiments, three of infantry and one of cavalry. With this force he proceeded to the lines of the mutineers, about seven miles off. The Oudh Irregulars were taken by surprise; they saw infantry and cavalry on either side, and the European guns in front. They were ordered to lay down their arms, and they obeyed. At this moment the artillery lighted their port fires. The mutineers were seized with a panic, and rushed away in the darkness; but the leaders and most of their followers were pursued and arrested by the native infantry and cavalry, and confined pending trial. Subsequently it transpired that the native regiments sympathized with the mutineers, and would have shown it but for their dread of Sir Henry Lawrence and the Europeans. The energetic action of Lawrence sufficed to maintain order for another month in Oudh. Meanwhile the Thirty-fourth Native Infantry was disbanded at Barrackpur, and again it was hoped that the disaffection was stayed.

The demon of mutiny was only scotched. Within a week of the outbreak at Lucknow, the great military station of Meerut was in a blaze. Meerut was only forty miles from Delhi, and the largest cantonment in India. There were three regiments of sepoys, two of infantry and one of cavalry; but there were enough Europeans to scatter four times the number; namely, a battalion of the Sixtieth Rifles, a regiment of Dragoon Guards known as the "Carabineers," two troops of horse-artillery, and a light field-battery.

In spite of the presence of Europeans there were more indications of excitement at Meerut than at any other station in the northwest. At Meerut the story of the greased cartridges had been capped by the story of the bonedust; and there were the same kind of incendiary fires, the same lack of respect toward European officers, and the same whispered resolve not to touch the cartridges, as at Barrackpur. The station was commanded by General Hewitt, whose advancing years unfitted him to cope with the storm which was bursting upon Hindustan.

The regiment of sepoy cavalry at Meerut was strongly suspected of disaffection; accordingly it was resolved to put the men to the test. On May 6th it was paraded in the presence of the European force, and cartridges were served out; not the greased abominations from Calcutta, but the old ones which had been used times innumerable by the sepoys and their fathers.

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But the men were terrified and obstinate, and eighty-five stood out and refused to take the cartridges. The offenders were at once arrested, and tried by a court-martial of native officers; they were found guilty, and sentenced to various periods of imprisonment, but recommended for mercy. General Hewitt saw no grounds for mercy, excepting in the case of eleven young troopers; and on Saturday, May 9th, the sentences were carried out. The men were brought on parade, stripped of their uniforms, and loaded with irons. They implored the General for mercy, and, finding it hopeless, began to reproach their comrades; but no one dared to strike a blow in the presence of loaded cannon and rifles. At last the prisoners were carried off and placed in a jail, not under European soldiers, but a native guard.

The military authorities at Meerut seem to have been under a spell. The next day was Sunday, May 10th, and the hot sun rose with its usual glare in the Indian sky. The European barracks were at a considerable distance from the native lines, and the intervening space was covered with shops and houses surrounded by trees and gardens. Consequently the Europeans in the barracks knew nothing of what was going on in the native quarter. Meanwhile there were commotions in the sepoy lines and neighboring bazaars. The sepoys were taunted by the loose women of the place with permitting their comrades to be imprisoned and fettered. At the same time they were smitten with a mad fear that the European soldiers were to be let loose upon them. The Europeans at Meerut saw and heard nothing.

Nothing was noted on that Sunday morning except the absence of native servants from many of the houses, and that was supposed to be accidental. Morning service was followed by the midday heats, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the Europeans were again preparing for church. Suddenly there was an alarm of fire, followed by a volley of musketry, discordant yells, the clattering of cavalry, and the bugle sounding an alarm. The sepoys had worked themselves up to a frenzy of excitement; the prisoners were released with a host of jailbirds; the native infantry joined the native cavalry, and the colonel of one of the regiments was shot by the sepoys of the other. Inspired by a wild fear and fury, the sepoys ran about murdering or wounding every European they met, and setting houses on fire, amid deafening shouts and uproar.

Meanwhile there were fatal delays in turning out the Europeans. The Rifles were paraded for church, and time was lost in getting arms and serving out ball cartridges. The Carabineers were absurdly put through a roll-call, and then lost their way among the shops and gardens. Meanwhile European officers were being butchered by the infuriated sepoys. Men and women were fired at or sabred while hurrying back in a panic from church. Flaming houses and crashing timbers were filling all hearts with terror, and the shades of evening were falling upon the general havoc and turmoil, when the Europeans reached the native lines and found that the sepoys had gone, no one knew whither.

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The truth was soon told. The mutiny had become a revolt; the sepoy were on the way to Delhi to proclaim the old Mogul as sovereign of Hindustan; and there was no Gillespie to gallop after them and crush the revolt at its outset, as had been done at Vellore half a century before. One thing, however, was done. There were no European regiments at Delhi; nothing but three regiments of sepoy infantry and a battery of native artillery. The station was commanded by Brigadier Graves; and there were no Europeans under his orders excepting the officers and sergeants attached to the three native corps. Accordingly telegrams were sent to Brigadier Graves to tell him that the mutineers were on their way to Delhi.

Monday at Delhi was worse than the Sunday at Meerut. The British cantonment was situated on a rising ground about two miles from the city, which was known as the "Ridge." The great magazine, containing immense stores of ammunition, was situated in the heart of the city. One of the three sepoy regiments was on duty in the city; the other two remained in the cantonment on the Ridge.

The approach to Delhi from Meerut was defended by the little river Hindun, which was spanned by a small bridge. It was proposed to procure two cannon from the magazine and place them on the bridge; but before this could be done the rebel cavalry from Meerut were seen crossing the river, and were subsequently followed by the rebel infantry. The magazine remained in charge of Lieutenant Willoughby of the Bengal Artillery. He was associated with two other officers and six conductors and sergeants; the rest of the establishment was composed entirely of natives.

Brigadier Graves did his best to protect the city and cantonment until the arrival of the expected Europeans from Meerut. Indeed, throughout the morning and greater part of the afternoon everyone in Delhi was expecting the arrival of the Europeans. Brigadier Graves ordered all the non-military residents, including women and children, to repair to Flagstaff Tower—a round building of solid brickwork at some distance from the city. Late detachments of sepoy were sent from the Ridge to the Cashmere gate, under the command of their European officers, to help the sepoy on duty to maintain order in the city.

Presently the rebel troops from Meerut came up, accompanied by the insurgent rabble of Delhi. The English officers prepared to charge them, and gave the order to fire, but some of the sepoy refused to obey or only fired into the air. The English officers held on, expecting the European soldiers from Meerut. The sepoy hesitated to join the rebels, out of dread of the coming Europeans. At last the Delhi sepoy threw in their lot with the rebels and shot down their own officers. The revolt spread throughout the whole city; and the suspense of the English on the Ridge and at Flagstaff Tower began to give way to the agony of despair.

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Suddenly, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a column of white smoke arose from the city, and an explosion was heard far and wide. Willoughby and his eight associates had held out to the last, waiting and hoping for the coming of the Europeans. They had closed and barricaded the gates of the magazine; and they had posted six-pounders at the gates, loaded with double charges of grape, and laid a train to the powder-magazine. Messengers came in the name of Bahadur Shah to demand the surrender of the magazine, but no answer was returned. The enemy approached and raised ladders against the walls; while the native establishment escaped over some sheds and joined the rebels. At this crisis the guns opened fire. Round after round of grape made fearful havoc on the mass of humanity that was heaving and surging round the gates. At last the ammunition was exhausted. No one could leave the guns to bring up more shot. The mutineers were pouring in on all sides. Lieutenant Willoughby gave the signal. Conductor Scully fired the train; and with one tremendous upheaval the magazine was blown into the air, together with fifteen hundred rebels. Not one of the gallant nine had expected to escape. Willoughby and three others got away, scorched, maimed, bruised, and nearly insensible; but Scully and his comrades were never seen again. Willoughby died of his injuries six weeks afterward, while India and Europe were ringing with his name.

Still more terrible and treacherous were the tragedies enacted at Cawnpore, a city situated on the Ganges about fifty-five miles to the southwest of Lucknow. Cawnpore had been in the possession of the English ever since the beginning of the century, and for many years was one of the most important military stations in India; but the extension of the British Empire over the Punjab had diminished the importance of Cawnpore; and the last European regiment quartered there had been removed to the northwest at the close of the previous year.

In May, 1857, there were four native regiments at Cawnpore, numbering thirty-five hundred sepoy. There were no Europeans whatever, excepting the regimental officers and sixty-one artillerymen. To these were added small detachments of European soldiers, which had been sent in the hour of peril from Lucknow and Benares during the month of May.

The station of Cawnpore was commanded by Sir Hugh Wheeler, a distinguished general in the company's service, who was verging on his seventieth year. He had spent fifty-four years in India, and had served only with native troops. He must have known the sepoy better than any other European in India. He had led them against their own countrymen under Lord Lake; against foreigners during the Afghan War, and against Sikhs during both campaigns in the Punjab.

The news of the revolt at Meerut threw the sepoy into a ferment at every military station in Hindustan. Rumors of mutiny or coming mutiny formed almost the only topic of conversation; yet in nearly every sepoy regiment the European officers put faith in

their men, and fondly believed that, though the rest of the army might revolt, yet their own corps would prove faithful.

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Such was eminently the case at Cawnpore, yet General Wheeler seems to have known better. While the European officers continued to sleep every night in the sepoy lines, the veteran made his preparations for meeting the coming storm.

European combatants were very few at Cawnpore, but European *impedimenta* were very heavy. Besides the wives and families of the regimental officers of the sepoy regiments, there was a large European mercantile community. Moreover, while the Thirty-second Foot was quartered at Lucknow, the wives, families, and invalids of the regiment were living at Cawnpore. It was thus necessary to secure a place of refuge for this miscellaneous multitude of Europeans in the event of a rising of the sepoys. Accordingly General Wheeler pitched upon some old barracks which had once belonged to a European regiment; and he ordered earthworks to be thrown up, and supplies of all kinds to be stored, in order to stand a siege. Unfortunately there was fatal neglect somewhere; for when the crisis came the defences were found to be worthless, while the supplies were insufficient for the besieged.

All this while the adopted son of the former *peshwa* [Footnote: Formerly a chief of the Mahrattas.—Ed.] was living at Bithoor, about six miles from Cawnpore. His real name was Dandhu Panth, but he is better known as Nana Sahib. The British Government had refused to award him the absurd life pension of eighty thousand pounds sterling, which had been granted to his nominal father; but he had inherited at least half a million from the ex-peshwa; and he was allowed to keep six guns, to entertain as many followers as he pleased, and to live in half royal state in a castellated palace at Bithoor. He continued to nurse his grievance with all the pertinacity of a Mahratta; but at the same time he professed a great love for European society, and was profuse in his hospitalities to English officers. He was popularly known as the Raja of Bithoor.

When the news arrived of the revolt at Meerut on May 10th, Nana was loud in his professions of attachment to the English. He engaged to organize fifteen hundred fighting men to act against the sepoys in the event of an outbreak. On May 21st there was an alarm. European women and families, with all European non-combatants, were removed into the barracks, and General Wheeler actually accepted from Nana the help of two hundred Mahrattas and two guns to guard the treasury. The alarm, however, soon blew over, and Nana took up his abode at the civil station of Cawnpore, as a proof of the sincerity of his professions.

At last, on the night of June 4th, the sepoy regiments at Cawnpore broke out in mutiny. They were driven to action by the same mad terror which had been manifested elsewhere. They cared nothing for the Mogul, nothing for the pageant King at Delhi; but they had been panic-stricken by extravagant stories of coming destruction. It was whispered among them that the parade-ground was undermined with powder, and that Hindus and Mahometans were to be assembled on a given day and blown into the air. Intoxicated with fear and *bhang*, they rushed out in the darkness, yelling, shooting, and

burning according to their wont; and when their excitement was somewhat spent, they marched off toward Delhi.

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Sir Hugh Wheeler could do nothing. He might have retreated with the whole body of Europeans from Cawnpore to Allahabad; but there had been a mutiny at Allahabad, and, moreover, he had no means of transport. Subsequently he heard that the mutineers had reached the first stage on the road to Delhi, and consequently he saw no ground for alarm.

Meanwhile the brain of Nana Sahib had been turned by wild dreams of vengeance and sovereignty. He thought not only to wreak his malice upon the English, but to restore the extinct Mahratta Empire, and reign over Hindustan as the representative of the forgotten peshwas. The stampede of the sepoy to Delhi was fatal to his mad ambition. He overtook the mutineers, dazzled them with fables of the treasures in Wheeler's intrenchment, and brought them back to Cawnpore to carry out his vindictive and visionary schemes.

At early morning on Saturday, June 6th, General Wheeler received from Nana a letter announcing that he was about to attack the intrenchment. The veteran was taken by surprise, but at once ordered all the European officers to join the party in the barracks and prepare for the defence. But the mutineers were in no hurry for the advance. They preferred booty to battle, and turned aside to plunder the cantonment and city, murdering every Christian that came in their way, not sparing the houses of their own countrymen. They appropriated all the cannon and ammunition in the magazine by way of preparation for the siege; but some were wise enough to desert the rebel army and steal to their homes with their ill-gotten spoil.

About noon the main body of the mutineers, swelled by the numerous retainers of Nana, got their guns into position, and opened fire on the intrenchment. For nineteen days—from June 6th to the 25th—the garrison struggled manfully against a raking fire and fearful odds, amid scenes of suffering and bloodshed that cannot be recalled without a shudder.

It was the height of the hot weather in Hindustan. A blazing sun was burning over the heads of the besieged; and to add to their misery, one of the barracks containing the sick and wounded was destroyed by fire. The besiegers, however, in spite of their overwhelming numbers, were utterly unable to carry the intrenchment by storm, but continued to pour in a raking fire. Meanwhile the garrison was starving from want of provisions, and hampered by a multitude of helpless women and children. Indeed, but for the latter contingency, the gallant band would have rushed out of the intrenchment and cut a way through the mob of sepoy or perished in the attempt. As it was, they could only fight on, waiting for reinforcements that never came, until fever, sunstroke, hunger, madness, or the enemy's fire delivered them from their suffering and despair.

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On June 25th a woman brought a slip of writing from Nana, promising to give a safe passage to Allahabad to all who were willing to lay down their arms. Had there been no women or children, the garrison would never have dreamed of surrender. The massacre at Patna a century before had taught a lesson to Englishmen which ought never to have been forgotten. As it was, there were some who wished to fight on till the bitter end. But the majority saw that there was no hope for the women or the children, the sick or the wounded, except by accepting the proffered terms. Accordingly the pride of Englishmen gave way, and an armistice was proclaimed.

Next morning the terms were negotiated. The English garrison were to surrender their position, their guns, and their treasure, but to march out with their arms, and with sixty rounds of ammunition in the pouch of every man. Nana Sahib on his part was to afford a safe-conduct to the river-bank, about a mile off; to provide carriage for the conveyance of the women and children, the sick and the wounded; and to furnish boats for carrying the whole party, numbering some four hundred fifty individuals, down the river Ganges to Allahabad. Nana accepted the terms, but demanded the evacuation of the intrenchment that very night. General Wheeler protested against this proviso. Nana began to bully and to threaten that he would open fire. He was told that he might carry the intrenchment if he could, but that the English had enough powder left to blow both armies into the air. Accordingly Nana agreed to wait until the morrow.

At early morning on June 27th the garrison began to move from the intrenchment to the place of embarkation. The men marched on foot; the women and children were carried on elephants and in bullock-carts, while the wounded were mostly conveyed in palanquins. Forty boats with thatched roofs, known as *budgerows*, were moored in shallow water at a little distance from the bank; and the crowd of fugitives were forced to wade through the river to the boats. By nine o'clock the whole four hundred fifty were huddled on board, and the boats prepared to leave Cawnpore.

Suddenly a bugle was sounded, and a murderous fire of grape-shot and musketry was opened upon the wretched passengers from both sides of the river. At the same time the thatching of many of the budgerows was found to be on fire, and the flames began to spread from boat to boat. Numbers were murdered in the river, but at last the firing ceased. A few escaped down the river, but only four men survived to tell the story of the massacre. A mass of fugitives were dragged ashore; the women and children, to the number of a hundred twenty-five, were carried off and lodged in a house near the headquarters of Nana. The men were ordered to immediate execution. One of them had preserved a prayer-book, and was permitted to read a few sentences of the liturgy to his doomed companions. Then the fatal order was given; the sepoys poured in a volley of musketry, and all was over.

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On July 1st Nana Sahib went off to his palace at Bithoor and was proclaimed peshwa. He took his seat upon the throne, and was installed with all the ceremonies of sovereignty, while the cannon roared out a salute in his honor. At night the whole place was illuminated, and the hours of darkness were wiled away with feasting and fireworks. But his triumph was short-lived. The Mahometans were plotting against him at Cawnpore. The people were leaving the city to escape the coming storm, and were taking refuge in the villages. English reenforcements were at last coming up from Allahabad, while the greedy sepoy were clamoring for money and gold bangles. Accordingly Nana hastened back to Cawnpore and scattered wealth with a lavish hand; and sought to hide his fears by boastful proclamations, and to drown his anxieties in drink and debauchery.

Within a few days more the number of helpless prisoners was increased to two hundred. There had been a mutiny at Fathigarh, higher up the river, and the fugitives had fled in boats to Cawnpore, a distance of eighty miles. They knew nothing of what had happened, and were all taken prisoners by the rebels, and brought on shore. The men were all butchered in the presence of Nana; the women and children, eighty in number, were sent to join the wretched sufferers in the house near Nana's headquarters.

Meanwhile Colonel Neill, commanding the Madras Fusiliers, was pushing up from Calcutta. He was bent on the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow, but was delayed on the way by the mutinies at Benares and Allahabad. In July he was joined at Allahabad by a column under General Havelock, who was destined within a few weeks to win a lasting name in history.

General Havelock was a Queen's officer of forty years' standing; but he had seen more service in India than perhaps any other officer in Her Majesty's Army. He had fought in the first Burma War, the Kabul War, the Gwalior campaign of 1843, and the Punjab campaign of 1845-1846. He was a pale, thin, thoughtful man; small in stature, but burning with the aspirations of a Puritan hero. Religion was the ruling principle of his life, and military glory was his master passion. He had just returned to India after commanding a division in the Persian War. Abstemious to a fault, he was able, in spite of his advancing years, to bear up against the heat and rain of Hindustan during the deadliest season of the year.

On July 7th General Havelock left Allahabad for Cawnpore. The force at his disposal did not exceed two thousand men, Europeans and Sikhs. He had heard of the massacre at Cawnpore on June 27th, and burned to avenge it. On July 12th he defeated a large force of mutineers and Mahrattas at Fathipur. On the 15th he inflicted two more defeats on the enemy. Havelock was now within twenty-two miles of Cawnpore, and he halted his men to rest for the night. But news arrived that the women and children were still alive at Cawnpore, and that Nana had taken the field with a large force to oppose his advance. Accordingly Havelock marched fourteen miles that same

night, and on the following morning, within eight miles of Cawnpore, the troops bivouacked beneath some trees.

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On that same night, July 15th, the crowning atrocity was committed at Cawnpore. The rebels, who had been defeated by Havelock, returned to Nana with the tidings of their disaster. In revenge Nana ordered the slaughter of the two hundred women and children. The poor victims were literally hacked to death, or almost to death, with swords, bayonets, knives, and axes. Next morning the bleeding remains of dead and dying were dragged to a neighboring well and thrown in.

At two o'clock in the afternoon after the massacre the force under Havelock was again upon the march for Cawnpore. The heat was fearful; many of the troops were struck down by the sun, and the cries for water were continuous. But for two miles the column toiled on, and then came in sight of the enemy. Havelock had only one thousand Europeans and three hundred Sikhs; he had no cavalry, and his artillery was inferior. The enemy numbered five thousand men, armed and trained by British officers, strongly intrenched, with two batteries of guns of heavy calibre. Havelock's artillery failed to silence the batteries, and he ordered the Europeans to charge with the bayonet. On they went in the face of a shower of grape, but the bayonet charge was as irresistible at Cawnpore as at Assaye. The enemy fought for a while like men in a death struggle. Nana Sahib was with them, but nothing is known of his exploits. At last they fled, and there was no cavalry to pursue them.

As yet nothing was known of the butchery of the women and children. Havelock halted for the night, and next morning marched his force into the station at Cawnpore. The men beheld the scene of the massacre, and saw the bleeding remains in the well. But the murderers had vanished, no one knew whither. Havelock advanced to Bithoor, and destroyed the palace of the Mahratta. Subsequently he was joined by General Neill, with reinforcements from Allahabad; and on July 20th he set on for the relief of Lucknow, leaving Cawnpore in charge of General Neill.

The defence of Lucknow against fifty-two thousand rebels was, next to the siege of Delhi, the greatest event in the mutiny. The whole Province of Oudh was in a blaze of insurrection. The *talukdars* were exasperated at the hard measure dealt out to them before the appointment of Sir Henry Lawrence as Chief Commissioner. Disbanded sepoys, returning to their homes in Oudh, swelled the tide of disaffection. Bandits that had been suppressed under British administration returned to their old work of robbery and brigandage. All classes took advantage of the anarchy to murder the money-lenders. Meanwhile the country was bristling with the fortresses of the *talukdars*; and the cultivators, deprived of the protection of the English, naturally flocked for refuge to the strongholds of their old masters.

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The English, who had been lords of Hindustan ever since the beginning of the century, had been closely besieged in the residency at Lucknow ever since the final outbreak of May 30th. For nearly two months the garrison had held out with a dauntless intrepidity, while confidently waiting for reinforcements that seemed never to come. "Never surrender" had been from the first the passionate conviction of Sir Henry Lawrence; and the massacre at Cawnpore on June 27th impressed every soldier in the garrison with a like resolution. On July 2d the Muchi Bawen was abandoned, and the garrison and stores were removed to the residency. On July 4th Sir Henry Lawrence was killed by the bursting of a shell in a room where he lay wounded; and his dying counsel to those around him was, "Never surrender!"

On July 20th the rebel force round Lucknow heard of the advance of General Havelock to Cawnpore, and attacked the residency in overwhelming force. They kept up a continual fire of musketry while pounding away with their heavy guns; but the garrison held their ground against shot and shell, and before the day was over the dense masses of assailants were forced to retire from the walls.

Between July 20th and 25th General Havelock began to cross the Ganges and make his way into Oudh territory; but he was unable to relieve Lucknow. His small force was weakened by heat and fever and reduced by cholera and dysentery; while the enemy occupied strong positions on both flanks. In the middle of August he fell back upon Cawnpore.

During the four months that followed the revolt at Delhi on May 11th, all political interest was centred at the ancient capital of the sovereigns of Hindustan. The public mind was occasionally distracted by the current of events at Cawnpore and Lucknow, as well as at other stations which need not be particularized; but so long as Delhi remained in the hands of the rebels the native princes were bewildered and alarmed; and its prompt recapture was deemed of vital importance to the prestige of the British Government and the reestablishment of British sovereignty in Hindustan. The Great Mogul had been little better than a mummy for more than half a century; and Bahadur Shah was a mere tool and puppet in the hands of rebel sepoys; nevertheless the British Government had to deal with the astounding fact that the rebels were fighting under his name and standard, just as Afghans and Mahrattas had done in the days of Ahmed Shah Durani and Mahadaji Sindhia. To make matters worse, the roads to Delhi were open from the south and east; and nearly every outbreak in Hindustan was followed by a stampede of mutineers to the old capital of the Moguls.

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Meanwhile, in the absence of railways, there were unfortunate delays in bringing up troops and guns to stamp out the fires of rebellion at the head centre. The highway from Calcutta to Delhi was blocked up by mutiny and insurrection; and every European soldier sent up from Calcutta was stopped for the relief of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, or Lucknow. But the possession of the Punjab at this crisis proved to be the salvation of the empire. Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner in the Punjab, was called upon for almost superhuman work; to maintain order in a conquered province; to suppress mutiny and disaffection among the very sepoy regiments from Bengal that were supposed to garrison the country; and to send reinforcements of troops and guns, and supplies of all descriptions, to the siege of Delhi. Fortunately the Sikhs had been only a few short years under British administration; they had not forgotten the miseries that prevailed under the native Government, and could appreciate the many blessings they enjoyed under British rule. They were staunch to the British Government, and eager to be led against the rebels. In some cases terrible punishment was meted out to mutinous Bengal sepoys within the Punjab, but the Imperial interests at stake were sufficient to justify every severity, although all must regret the painful necessity that called for such extreme measures.

On June 8th, about a month after the revolt at Delhi, Sir Henry Barnard took the field at Alipur, about ten miles from the rebel capital. He defeated an advance division of the enemy, and then marched to the Ridge and reoccupied the old cantonment which had been abandoned on May 11th. So far it was clear that the rebels were unable to do anything in the open field, although they might fight bravely under cover. They numbered about thirty thousand strong; they had a very powerful artillery and ample stores of ammunition, while there was an abundance of provisions within the city throughout the siege.

In the middle of August, Brigadier John Nicholson, one of the most distinguished officers of the time, came up from the Punjab with a brigade and siege-train. On September 4th a heavy train of artillery was brought in from Ferozpur. The British force on the Ridge now exceeded eight thousand men. Hitherto the artillery had been too weak to attempt to breach the city walls; but now fifty-four heavy guns were brought into position and the siege began in earnest. From September 8th to 12th four batteries poured in a constant storm of shot and shell; number one was directed against the Cashmere bastion, number two against the right flank of the Cashmere bastion, number three against the Water bastion, and number four against the Cashmere and Water gates and bastions. On September 13th the breaches were declared to be practicable, and the following morning was fixed for the final assault upon the doomed city.

At three o'clock in the morning of September 14th three assaulting columns were formed in the trenches, while a fourth was kept in reserve. The first column was led by Brigadier Nicholson; the second by Brigadier Jones; the third by Colonel Campbell; and the fourth, or reserve, by Brigadier Longfield.

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The powder-bags were laid at the Cashmere gate by Lieutenants Home and Salkeld. The explosion followed, and the third column rushed in, and pushed toward the Jumna Musjid. Meanwhile the first column under Nicholson escalated the breaches near the Cashmere gate, and pushed along the ramparts toward the Kabul gate, carrying the several bastions in the way. Here it was met by the second column under Brigadier Jones, who had escalated the breach at the Water bastion.

The advancing columns were met by a ceaseless fire from terraced houses, mosques, and other buildings; and John Nicholson, the hero of the day, while attempting to storm a narrow street near the Kabul gate, was struck down by a shot and mortally wounded. Then followed six days of desperate warfare. No quarter was given to men with arms in their hands; but women and children were spared, and only a few of the peaceable inhabitants were sacrificed during the storm.

On September 20th the gates of the old fortified palace of the Moguls were broken open, but the royal inmates had fled. No one was left but a few wounded sepoys and fugitive fanatics. The old King, Bahadur Shah, had gone off to the great mausoleum without the city, known as the tomb of Humayun. It was a vast quadrangle raised on terraces and enclosed with walls. It contained towers, buildings, and monumental marbles in memory of different members of the once distinguished family, as well as extensive gardens, surrounded with cloistered cells for the accommodation of pilgrims.

On September 21st Captain Hodson rode to the tomb, arrested the King, and brought him back to Delhi with other members of the family, and lodged them in the palace. The next day he went again, with one hundred horsemen, and arrested two sons of the King in the midst of a crowd of armed retainers, and brought them away in a native carriage. Near the city the carriage was surrounded by a tumultuous crowd; and Hodson, who was afraid of a rescue, shot both princes with his pistol, and placed their bodies in a public place for all men to see.

Thus fell the imperial city; captured by the army under Brigadier Wilson before the arrival of any of the reinforcements from England. The losses were heavy. From the beginning of the siege to the close, the British army at Delhi had nearly four thousand killed and wounded. The casualties on the side of the rebels were never estimated. Two bodies of sepoys broke away from the city and fled down the valleys of the Jumna and Ganges, followed by two flying columns under Brigadiers Greathed and Showers. But the great mutiny and revolt at Delhi had been stamped out, and the flag of England waved triumphantly over the capital of Hindustan.

The capture of Delhi, in September, 1857, was the turning-point in the sepoy mutinies. The revolt was crushed beyond redemption; the rebels were deprived of their head centre; and the Mogul King was a prisoner at the mercy of the power whom he had defied. But there were still troubles in India. Lucknow was still beleaguered by a rebel army, and insurrections still ran riot in Oudh and Rohilkhand.

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In the middle of August General Havelock had fallen back on Cawnpore, after the failure of his first campaign for the relief of Lucknow. Five weeks afterward Havelock made a second attempt under better auspices. Sir Colin Campbell had arrived at Calcutta as Commander-in-Chief. Sir James Outram had come up to Allahabad. On September 16th, while the British troops were storming the streets of Delhi, Outram joined Havelock and Neill at Cawnpore with fourteen hundred men. As senior officer he might have assumed the command; but with generous chivalry the “Bayard of India” waived his rank in honor of Havelock.

On September 20th General Havelock crossed the Ganges into Oudh at the head of twenty-five hundred men. The next day he defeated a rebel army and put it to flight, while four of the enemy's guns were captured by Outram at the head of a body of volunteer cavalry. On the 23d Havelock routed a still larger rebel force which was strongly posted at a garden in the suburbs of Lucknow, known as the “Alumbagh.” He then halted to give his soldiers a day's rest. On the 25th he was cutting his way through the streets and lanes of the city of Lucknow—running the gauntlet of a deadly and unrelenting fire from the houses on both sides of the streets, and also from guns which commanded them. On the evening of the same day he entered the British intrenchments; but in the moment of victory a chance shot carried off the gallant Neill.

The defence of the British residency at Lucknow is a glorious episode in the national annals. The fortitude of the beleaguered garrison was the admiration of the world. The women nursed the wounded and performed every womanly duty with self-sacrificing heroism; and when the fight was over they received the well-merited thanks of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

During four long months the garrison had known nothing of what was going on in the outer world. They were aware of the advance and retreat of Havelock, and that was all. At last, on September 23d, they heard the booming of the guns at the Alumbagh. On the morning of the 25th they could see something of the growing excitement in the city; the people abandoning their houses and flying across the river. Still the guns of the rebels kept up a heavy cannonade upon the residency, and volleys of musketry continued to pour upon the besieged from the loopholes of the besiegers. But soon the firing was heard from the city; the welcome sounds came nearer and nearer. The excitement of the garrison grew beyond control. Presently the relieving force was seen fighting its way toward the residency. Then the pent-up feelings of the garrison burst forth in deafening cheers; and wounded men in hospital crawled out to join in the chorus of welcome. Then followed personal greetings as officers and men came pouring in. Hands were frantically shaken on all sides. Rough-bearded soldiers took the children from their mothers' arms, kissed them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanked God that they had come in time to save them from the fate of the sufferers at Cawnpore.

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Thus after a siege of nearly four months Havelock succeeded in relieving Lucknow. But it was a reenforcement rather than a relief, and was confined to the British residency. The siege was not raised; and the city of Lucknow remained two months longer in the hands of the rebels. Sir James Outram assumed the command, but was compelled to keep on the defensive. Meanwhile reinforcements were arriving from England. In November Sir Colin Campbell reached Cawnpore at the head of a considerable army. He left General Windham with two thousand men to take charge of the intrenchment at Cawnpore, and then advanced against Lucknow with five thousand men and thirty guns. He carried several of the enemy's positions, cut his way to the residency, and at last brought away the beleaguered garrison, with all the women and children. But not even then could he disperse the rebels and reoccupy the city. Accordingly he left Outram at the head of four thousand men in the neighborhood of Lucknow, and then returned to Cawnpore.

On November 24th, the day after leaving Lucknow, General Havelock was carried off by dysentery, and buried in the Alumbagh. His death spread a gloom over India, but by this time his name had become a household word wherever the English language was spoken. In the hour of surprise and panic, as successive stories of mutiny and rebellion reached England, and culminated in the revolt at Delhi and massacre at Cawnpore, the victories of Havelock revived the drooping spirits of the British nation, and stirred up all hearts to glorify the hero who had stemmed the tide of disaffection and disaster. The death of Havelock, following the story of the capture of Delhi, and told with the same breath that proclaimed the deliverance at Lucknow, was received in England with a universal sorrow that will never be forgotten so long as men are living who can recall the memory of the "Mutiny of Fifty-seven."

The subsequent history of the sepoy revolt is little more than a detail of the military operations of British troops for the dispersion of the rebels and restoration of order and law. Sir Colin Campbell [Footnote: Died at Chatham, England, August 14, 1863.—ED.] —later made Baron Clyde of Clydesdale—undertook a general campaign against the rebels in Oudh and Rohilkhand, and restored order and law in those disaffected Provinces; while Sir James Outram drove the rebels out of Lucknow, and reestablished British sovereignty in the capital of Oudh.

(1859) BATTLES OF MAGENTA AND SOLFERINO, Pietro Orsi

During the Crimean War (1853-1856) Austria remained neutral, while the Italian Kingdom of Sardinia joined Great Britain, France, and Turkey against Russia. The power of Austria still kept despotic sway over the States of Italy, and it was the aim of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, to throw off this hinderance to Italian liberty and union. It was the opinion of Count Cavour, Victor Emmanuel's minister, that, by acting with the allies against Russia, Sardinia would increase her prestige with the European Powers, and thereby promote the movement for independence. The success of the allies in the Crimean War confirmed the prescience of Cavour.

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Napoleon III wished to secure for France supremacy in southern Europe. In 1855 he inquired of the Sardinian minister, "What can I do for Italy?" The Crimean War ended with the Treaty of Paris in 1856. At the congress which concluded that peace Cavour presented the case of Italy against Austria. Not long after this it became evident that Napoleon was prepared to espouse the Italian cause. In 1858 it was agreed that he should do this.

Sardinia now prepared for war. Austria sent an ultimatum demanding a reduction of the Sardinian army to a peace footing, This demand was refused. In January, 1859, Austria mobilized fresh troops on the Italian frontier, and Cavour requested Garibaldi to organize a volunteer corps to be called *Cacciatori delle Alpi* ("Hunters of the Alps"). Still Cavour disclaimed a warlike policy, denying that the hostile initiative was taken by Sardinia, although in this position he was opposed by some members of his own Parliament. Nevertheless Cavour declared: "I believe I am justified in proclaiming aloud, in the presence of Parliament, of the nation, and of Europe, that if there has been provocation it was offered by Austria." As shown by Orsi, the Italian historian, the great minister maintained this attitude as long as it was possible to hold back from the actual conflict.

Cavour insisted that Austria must be the aggressive party, for in the treaty with Napoleon III it had been stipulated that France would come to the help of Sardinia only in case of the latter being attacked by Austria. Hence Cavour was obliged to seek every means of putting his country into the attitude of the provoked party. How many disappointments, uncertainties, and anxieties crowded those days, from February to the end of April, 1859! In order to understand the enormous difficulties overcome by Cavour it would be necessary to follow literally, day by day, the history of that period. In March he repaired to Paris to ascertain Napoleon's action: it was too evident, however, that French public opinion was unfavorable to war, and the Emperor was wavering. Russia and England suggested that the question should be solved by a congress, to which proposal Napoleon III acceded: Cavour now believed all was lost, since Sardinia could not refuse without putting herself in the wrong. Fortunately, the difficulty was solved by Austria boldly insisting that Sardinia should disarm before being represented at the congress, and on April 23d this demand was enforced by an ultimatum, to be answered within three days.

Now ensued a genuine declaration of hostilities, and most joyfully did Victor Emmanuel make the following announcement to his troops: "Soldiers! Austria, who masses her armies on our frontiers and threatens to invade our country because liberty and order rule there; because concord and affection between sovereign and people—and not force—sway the State; because there the anguished cry of oppressed

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Italy is listened to—Austria dares to tell us, who are armed only in our own defence, to lay down those arms and put ourselves in her power. Such an outrageous suggestion surely merits a condign response, and I have indignantly refused her request. I announce this to you in the certainty that you will make the wrong done to your King and to your nation your own. Hence mine is a proclamation of war: arm yourselves therefore in readiness for it!

“You will be confronted by an ancient enemy who is both valiant and disciplined, but against whom you need not fear to measure your strength, for you may remember with pride Goito, Pastrengo, Santa Lucia, Sommacampagna, and, above all, Custozza, where four brigades fought for three days against the enemy’s five *corps d’armee*. I will be your leader. Your prowess in action has already been tested in the past, and when fighting under my magnanimous father I myself proudly recognized your valor. I am convinced that on the field of honor and glory you will know how to justify, as well as to augment, your military renown.

“You will have as comrades those intrepid French troops—the conquerors in so many distinguished campaigns—with whom you fought side by side at Tchernaya, whom Napoleon III, always prompt to further the defence of a righteous cause and the victory of civilization, generously sends in great numbers to our aid. March then, confident of success, and wreath with fresh laurels that standard which, rallying from all quarters the flower of Italian youth to its threefold colors, points out your task of accomplishing that righteous and sacred enterprise—the independence of Italy, wherein we find our war-cry.”

The Austrian army to the number of one hundred seventy thousand men—besides those remaining in the Lombardo-Venetian fortresses—was commanded by General Gyulai, the successor of Radetzky, who had died the year before, at the age of ninety-one. Gyulai meant to attack and rout the Sardinian army before it could join its French allies. On April 29th he crossed the Ticino; then spreading out his forces along the Sesia, he reconnoitred as far as Chivasso. These districts abound in cultivated rice-fields and are intersected by many canals: it was therefore easy, by flooding the ground, to hinder the march of the Austrian troops on Turin.

Meanwhile, the Sardinian army, composed of sixty thousand men, awaited the arrival of the French forces on the right bank of the Po. On May 12th Napoleon III, already preceded into Italy by one hundred twenty thousand of his men, debarked at Genoa, and on the 14th was at Alessandria, where, near the mouth of the Tanaro, the allied armies met. The Austrian troops covered a long tract, from Novara to Vercelli, then extended down the line of the Sesia as far as the Po, and thence reached the mouth of the Tanaro. Gyulai, seeing the enemy concentrated on the right bank of the Po, believed that Napoleon. III intended

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crossing that river in the direction of Piacenza—as Napoleon I had crossed in 1796—and so massed his troops to the south. At this juncture a portion of his army encountered the French and Sardinians at Montebello, where the extreme right wing of the allies was posted. The Austrian General met with such a determined resistance that he imagined this must be the centre of the enemy, and felt convinced that he had guessed the latter's intention; he therefore caused his army to pursue its march southward.

By this movement Vercelli was abandoned by the Austrians and it was immediately reoccupied by the Sardinians.

Napoleon now prepared a bold flank movement, by leaving the Po for the Ticino, and to mask this manoeuvre ordered the Sardinians to make an advance. Thus, while Victor Emmanuel, at the head of his men, flung himself from Vercelli on Palestro—meriting, by the skill of his military tactics, the acclamations of a regiment of zouaves whom he headed as corporal—the French, taking ad vantage of the Alessandria, Casale, and Novara Railway, made for the bridge of Buffalora over the Ticino. Only then did Gyulai perceive this clever stratagem which threw Lombardy open to the allies, and he was consequently obliged to cross the Ticino to block the enemy's way to Milan.

On June 4th, at Magenta, nearly the whole of the Austrian army engaged the French forces; the battle, which was most desperate, lasted all day, and was remarkable for the prodigies of valor performed. The Austrians, driven back into Magenta itself, maintained, even in that village, such a stout resistance that they had to be dislodged by house-to-house fighting.

On June 8th Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III made their triumphal entry into Milan—now freed from the Austrian yoke. On the same day a French corps repulsed the Austrians at Melegnano, while Garibaldi entered Bergamo from the other side. Garibaldi, who had been the last to leave Lombardy in 1848, was now the first to set foot in its territory in 1859. Since May 23d he had led his own Cacciatori to the Lombard shores of Lake Maggiore, had defeated the Austrians at Varese, entered Como, routed the enemy afresh at San Fermo, and was now proceeding to Bergamo and Brescia, with the intention of reaching the Trentine Alps, to cut off the enemy's retreat.

After the Battle of Magenta, Gyulai had been dismissed from the command, and his post was assumed by the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, assisted by the aged Marshal Hess. On the night of June 23d the retreating Austrians crossed the Mincio, but a few hours after retraced their steps and took up their position on the hills to the south of the Lake of Garda. On the morning of the 24th the Franco-Sardinian army began their march at dawn, and shortly afterward, to their great amazement,

encountered the Austrians, who they imagined had crossed the Mincio the night before. The struggle was terrible; in fact, the line covered by the fighting extended a distance of five leagues.

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A series of hills, dominated by Solferino and San Martino, formed the positions the Franco-Sardinian army had to assail. The French contested Solferino with the Austrians, and, after a hotly disputed battle of more than twelve hours, succeeded in occupying it. The Sardinians, led by Victor Emmanuel, made a violent assault on San Martino; four times in succession did they take it, only to lose it again, but the fifth time they made themselves masters of it for good and all. By six o'clock in the evening the strength of the Austrian army was everywhere broken. Just then a frightful hurricane, heralded by clouds of dust and accompanied by torrents of rain, burst over the two armies and thus favored the flight of the Austrian battalions. Napoleon III now fixed his headquarters at Cavriana, in the same house that Francis Joseph had tenanted during the action. On that vast battlefield the combatants had numbered three hundred thousand men—one hundred sixty thousand Austrians and one hundred forty thousand French and Sardinians—of all these, after that sanguinary struggle, twenty-five thousand were left dead or wounded.

After a few days' rest the Franco-Sardinian army crossed the Mincio and besieged Peschiera. Now there seemed a chance of the Italians fulfilling the hope they had so long cherished, of expelling the foreigners. They confidently awaited news of fresh feats of arms in the Quadrilateral and of the success of the fleet sent by France and Sardinia into Adriatic waters, but instead came the most unexpected tidings imaginable.

On July 8th Napoleon III had met Francis Joseph, and three days later the preliminaries of peace were signed at Villafranca. By this treaty Austria was to cede Lombardy to Napoleon, who was to relegate it to Sardinia; the Italian States were to be amalgamated into a confederation, under the Presidency of the Pope, but Venice, though forming part of this same confederation, was to remain under Austrian rule. Great indeed was the mortification of all Italy on hearing such terms of peace announced. Cavour, who had devoted all his marvellous talents to realizing the ideal of national redemption and had believed his ends so nearly attained, hastened to his Prince, and, in a melancholy interview, advised him not to accept such conditions. But Victor Emmanuel, although it caused his very heart to bleed, signed the treaty, adding these words: "I approve as far as I myself am concerned," whereupon Cavour sent in his resignation.

What was the motive that had induced Napoleon to break his lately made promise of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic? There were many reasons which influenced him: the sight of that immense battlefield, strewn with the bodies of the slain, the determined resistance of the Austrian soldiers, the difficulties which would have to be faced in the Quadrilateral, the hostile attitude of Prussia, were all motives which combined to sway the French Emperor's

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mind. But there was also another reason which counted for much. Napoleon had been drawn into this campaign without really knowing the state of Italian public opinion; he wished Italy to be free “from the Alps to the Adriatic,” but did not want Italian unity; rather did he desire the formation of a confederacy wherein France could always make her own predominance felt in the peninsula. Scarcely had he arrived in Italy when he was forced to see that Italian ideals were very different from what he had imagined them to be. Trials had but ripened the virtues of prudence and wisdom in men’s minds: in 1859 the people were little likely to repeat the blunders of 1848 or 1849, and there were now no longer discussions over forms of government, but everywhere a unanimous resolve to rally round the liberal monarchy of Savoy.

On the first proclamation of the war the Grand Duke of Tuscany had been compelled to fly from his States (April 27th). Napoleon had imagined that in this Province—the ancient stronghold of Italian municipalism—it would be easy to form a new kingdom with a Bonaparte to wear its crown. With this aim in view the fifth French army corps, commanded by Prince Jerome Napoleon, had debarked at Leghorn, under the pretext of organizing the military forces of Central Italy and harassing the Austrians on the extreme left. But the Tuscans soon divined the real intention of the French, and the Provisional Government in Florence, previously instituted under Bettino Ricasoli, suddenly avowed its intention of uniting Tuscany to Sardinia, whereupon Prince Napoleon, seeing the true attitude of the country, found it advisable to affect to promote the annexation.

The duchies of Parma and Modena had also been deserted by their dukes, and the papal legates had to quit Romagna, whose inhabitants now suddenly announced their fusion with Sardinia. Indeed this impulse for annexation now began to spread, and to the cry of “Victor Emmanuel” the Marches and Umbria revolted against the Pontiff, but in these regions the movement was sanguinarily suppressed by the Swiss troops.

Napoleon III was displeased to note how all Italian aspirations tended to unity, and thus it was that he had signed the Treaty of Villafranca. Peace was concluded at Zurich in the November following, and there the idea of an Italian confederation was mooted afresh.

The fugitive princes ought to have returned to their States, but how was it possible? They certainly could not hope to be recalled by their subjects, for the latter had expelled them; occupying their kingdoms with troops of their own was out of the question, because they had none; foreign aid, moreover, was not to be looked for, since Napoleon III had established the principle of non-intervention. Then the people of Central Italy showed themselves capable of a bold political *coup*: under the leadership of Bettino Ricasoli, dictator in Tuscany, and Luigi Carlo Farini—who held a similar office in Emilia

and Romagna—they declared, by means of their assembled Deputies, their earnest desire to be incorporated with Sardinia.

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The new Ministry formed at Turin, after Cavour's resignation, had pursued its way timidly, fearing to rouse the suspicion and displeasure of the European Powers, but at this momentous and difficult juncture Cavour again accepted the premiership (January 20, 1860). He immediately gave a bolder impetus to King Victor Emmanuel's policy by sending a note to all the Powers, in which he asserted it to be now impossible for Sardinia to offer any resistance to the inevitable course of events. Cavour imagined that since Napoleon III had obtained the imperial throne by a plebiscite, he would not deny the validity of such a claim in Italy, and forthwith submitted this idea to the Emperor, who was bound to approve of it. But the French nation was discontented, imagining that the blood it had shed for Italy had profited nothing, and was, moreover, very averse to the formation of a powerful kingdom beyond the Alps.

Now it was that Cavour determined on a great sacrifice. In the convention of Plombieres it had been agreed that, in the event of a kingdom of eleven million inhabitants being established from the Alps to the Adriatic, Sardinia would cede Savoy to France. As, however, by the Treaty of Villafranca, Venetia had remained under the Austrian yoke, no more had been said about cession of territory, but by the annexation of Central Italy the number of Victor Emmanuel's subjects was now augmented to eleven millions. In order to induce Napoleon III to approve of such an annexation Cavour offered him Savoy, but the Emperor claimed Nice as well, and the Minister was obliged to accede to his demands. On March 24, 1860, Savoy, the cradle of the reigning dynasty, and Nice, Garibaldi's native Province, were ceded to France. Garibaldi, deeply wounded in his tenderest feelings, violently abused Cavour in Parliament, but the Chamber, although it respected the hero's emotion, ratified the treaty which was at this crisis a necessary concession.

At the same time Parma, Modena, Romagna, and Tuscany expressed by universal suffrage their cordial desire for union with Sardinia, and a few days later the fusion of these provinces with the dominions of the house of Savoy was an accomplished fact. On April 2, 1860, at the opening of the new Parliament, Victor Emmanuel could thus sum up the results already obtained by the nationalist party: "In a very short space of time an invasion repulsed, Lombardy liberated by valiant feats of arms, Central Italy freed by her people's wonderful strength, and to-day, assembled around me here, the representatives of the rights and hopes of the nation."

(1859) DARWIN PUBLISHES HIS ORIGIN OF SPECIES, Charles Robert Darwin

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Whatever may be said of the credit due to other scientists for investigation or discovery in natural selection, the preeminence of Darwin in this field is undisputed. If of any scientific book it can be said that its appearance was “epoch-making” it is true of Darwin’s work *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life*. Not only did it command the earnest attention of the scientific and literary world, but it awakened the interest of thoughtful persons everywhere. Later research and criticism have modified the effect of his conclusions and led to new results, but the “Darwinian theory” or “Darwinism” still holds and seems likely long to maintain a central place in the history of modern scientific development.

Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809. He was the grandson of Erasmus Darwin, an eminent physician, naturalist, and poet, who in 1794-1796 published an important work entitled *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*. Charles Darwin was heir to a fortune, and in youth the possession of ample means prevented him from taking any deep interest in studying for a profession, although he did study medicine and, later, for the church. But before reaching his majority he turned to natural history. At Cambridge he enjoyed an intimacy with the distinguished botanist Professor John S. Henslow, who quickened the young man’s enthusiasm for scientific investigation.

In his twenty-third year Darwin went as naturalist with a government expedition to Patagonia. The voyage, in the *Beagle* (1831-1836), was continued round the world. Darwin’s journals of the expedition served him in his later work, and also furnished much material for popular information. From 1842, when he went to reside at Down, in Kent, he devoted himself wholly to a life of scientific research and writing.

Since it is not an uncommon error to confound natural selection with evolution, it may be well to point out that, while based on evolution, Darwinism is distinct from it. Evolution is the development of new organisms through heredity, variation, and adaptation. Darwinism, or the doctrine of natural selection, as best defined in these pages by Darwin himself, is seen to involve quite different factors from those of evolution as thus restricted. For candor and childlike simplicity, the writings of Darwin are especially noteworthy among the modest utterances of great men, and nowhere are these qualities more strikingly revealed than in the following account of the production of his principal work.

From September, 1854, I devoted my whole time to arranging my huge pile of notes, to observing, and to experimenting in relation to the transmutation of species. During the voyage of the *Beagle* I had been deeply impressed by discovering in the pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armor like that on the existing armadillos; secondly, by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in proceeding southward over the continent; and thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos Archipelago, and more especially by the

manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group, none of the islands appearing to be very ancient, in a geological sense.

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It was evident that such facts as these, as well as many others, could be explained only on the supposition that species gradually become modified; and the subject haunted me. But it was equally evident that neither the action of the surrounding conditions nor the will of the organisms (especially in the case of plants) could account for the innumerable cases in which organisms of every kind are beautifully adapted to their habits of life—for instance, a woodpecker or a tree-frog to climb trees, or a seed for dispersal by hooks or plumes. I had always been much struck by such adaptations, and until these could be explained it seemed to me almost useless to endeavor to prove by indirect evidence that species have been modified.

After my return to England it appeared to me that by following the example of Lyell in geology, and by collecting all facts which bore in any way on the variation of animals and plants under domestication and nature, some light might perhaps be thrown on the whole subject. My first note-book was opened in July, 1837. I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skilful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading. When I see the list of books of all kinds which I read and abstracted, including whole series of journals and transactions, I am surprised at my industry. I soon perceived that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how selection could be applied to organisms living in a state of nature remained for some time a mystery to me.

In October, 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun my systematic inquiry, I happened to read for amusement Malthus's *Essay on the Principle of Population*, and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June, 1842, I first allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in thirty-five pages; and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of two hundred thirty pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess.

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But at that time I overlooked one problem of great importance; and it is astonishing to me, except on the principle of Columbus and his egg, how I could have overlooked it and its solution. This problem is the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. That they have diverged greatly is obvious from the manner in which species of all kinds can be classed under genera, genera under families, families under sub-orders and so on; and I can remember the very spot in the road, while riding in my carriage, that, to my joy, the solution occurred to me; and this was long after I had come to Down. The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature.

Early in 1856 Lyell advised me to write out my views fully, and I began at once to do so on a scale three or four times as extensive as that which was afterward followed in my *Origin of Species*; yet it was only an abstract of the materials which I had collected, and I got through about half the work on this scale. But my plans were overthrown, for early in the summer of 1858 Alfred Russel Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago, sent me an essay *On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type*, and this essay contained exactly the same theory as mine. Mr. Wallace expressed the wish that if I thought well of his essay, I should send it to Lyell for perusal.

The circumstances under which I consented, at the request of Lyell and Hooker, to allow of an abstract from my manuscript, together with a letter to Asa Gray, dated September 5, 1857, to be published at the same time with Wallace's essay, are given in the *Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society*, 1858. I was at first very unwilling to consent, as I thought Mr. Wallace might consider my doing so unjustifiable, for I did not then know how generous and noble was his disposition. Neither the extract from my manuscript nor the letter to Gray had been intended for publication, and they were badly written. Mr. Wallace's essay, on the other hand, was admirably expressed and quite clear. Nevertheless, our joint productions excited very little attention, and the only published notice of them which I can remember was by Professor Haughton, of Dublin, whose verdict was that all that was new in them was false, and what was true was old. This shows how necessary it is that any new view should be explained at considerable length in order to arouse public attention.

In September, 1858, I set to work by the strong advice of Lyell and Hooker to prepare a volume on the transmutation of species, but was often interrupted by ill-health and short visits to Doctor Lane's delightful hydropathic establishment at Moor Park. I abstracted the manuscript begun on a much larger scale in 1856, and completed the volume on the same reduced scale. It cost me thirteen months and ten days' hard labor. It was published under the title of the *Origin of Species*, in November, 1859. Though considerably added to and corrected in the later editions, it has remained substantially the same book.

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It is no doubt the chief work of my life. It was from the first highly successful. The first small edition of twelve hundred fifty copies was sold on the day of publication, and a second edition of three thousand copies soon afterward. Sixteen thousand copies have now (1876) been sold in England; and considering how stiff a book it is, this is a large number. It has been translated into almost every European tongue, even into such languages as Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, and Russian. It has also, according to Miss Bird, been translated into Japanese, and is much studied in that country. Even an essay on it has appeared in Hebrew, showing that the theory is contained in the Old Testament! The reviews were very numerous; for some time I collected all that appeared on the *Origin* and on my related books, and these amount (excluding newspaper reviews) to two hundred sixty-five; but after a time I gave up the attempt in despair. Many separate essays and books on the subject have appeared; and in Germany a catalogue, or bibliography, on "Darwinismus" has appeared every year or two.

The success of the *Origin* may, I think, be attributed in large part to my having long before written two condensed sketches, and to my having finally abstracted a much larger manuscript, which was itself an abstract. By this means I was enabled to select the more striking facts and conclusions. I had also during many years followed a golden rule, namely, whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought, came across me which was opposed to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones. Owing to this habit, very few objections were raised against my views which I had not at least noticed and attempted to answer.

It has sometimes been said that the success of the *Origin* proved "that the subject was in the air," or "that men's minds were prepared for it." I do not think that this is strictly true, for I occasionally sounded not a few naturalists, and never happened to come across a single one who seemed to doubt about the permanence of species. Even Lyell and Hooker, though they would listen with interest to me, never seemed to agree. I tried once or twice to explain to able men what I meant by "natural selection," but signally failed. What I believe was strictly true is that innumerable well-observed facts were stored in the minds of naturalists ready to take their proper places as soon as any theory that would receive them was sufficiently explained. Another element in the success of the book was its moderate size; and this I owe to the appearance of Mr. Wallace's essay; had I published on the scale in which I began to write in 1856, the book would have been four or five times as large as the *Origin*, and very few would have had the patience to read it. I

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gained much by my delay in publishing from about 1839, when the theory was clearly conceived, to 1859; and I lost nothing by it, for I cared very little whether men attributed more originality to me or to Wallace; and his essay no doubt aided in the reception of the theory. I was forestalled in only one important point, which my vanity has always made me regret, namely, the explanation, by means of the Glacial period, of the presence of the same species of plants and of some few animals on distant mountain summits and in the arctic regions. This view pleased me so much that I wrote it out *in extenso*, and I believe that it was read by Hooker some years before Edward Forbes published his celebrated memoir on the subject. In the very few points in which we differed I still think that I was in the right. I have never, of course, alluded in print to my having independently worked out this view.

Hardly any point gave me so much satisfaction, when I was at work on the *Origin*, as the explanation of the wide difference in many classes between the embryo and the adult animal, and of the close resemblance of the embryos within the same class. No notice of this point was taken, as far as I remember, in the early reviews of the *Origin*, and I recollect expressing my surprise on this head in a letter to Asa Gray. Within late years several reviewers have given the whole credit to Fritz Mueller and Haeckel, who undoubtedly have worked it out much more fully and in some respects more correctly than I did. I had materials for a whole chapter on the subject, and I ought to have made the discussion longer; for it is clear that I failed to impress my readers; and he who succeeds in doing so deserves, in my opinion, all the credit.

This leads me to remark that I have almost without exception been treated honestly by my reviewers, passing over those without scientific knowledge as not worthy of notice. My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed, but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole I do not doubt that my works have been repeatedly and greatly overpraised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies, and this I owe to Lyell, who many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good and caused a miserable loss of time and temper.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that "I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this." I remember when in Good Success Bay, in Terra del Fuego, thinking (and I believe that I wrote home to that effect) that I could not employ my life better than in adding a little to natural science. This I have done to the best of my abilities, and critics may say what they like, but they cannot destroy this conviction.

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During the last two months of 1859 I was fully occupied in preparing a second edition of the *Origin*, and by an enormous correspondence. On January 1, 1860, I began arranging my notes for my work on the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, but it was not published until the beginning of 1868, the delay having been caused partly by frequent periods of illness, one of which lasted seven months, and partly by being tempted to publish on other subjects which at the time interested me more.

My *Descent of Man* was published in February, 1871. As soon as I had become, in the year 1837 or 1838, convinced that species were mutable productions, I could not avoid the belief that man must come under the same law. Accordingly I collected notes on the subject for my own satisfaction, but not, for a long time, with any intention of publishing. Although in the *Origin of Species* the derivation of any particular species is never discussed, yet I thought it best, in order that no honorable man should accuse me of concealing my views, to add that by the work "light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history." It would have been useless and injurious to the success of the book to parade, without giving any evidence, my conviction with respect to his origin.

But when I found that many naturalists fully accepted the doctrine of the evolution of species, it seemed to me advisable to work up such notes as I possessed, and to publish a special treatise on the origin of man. I was the more glad to do so as it gave me an opportunity of fully discussing sexual selection—a subject which had always greatly interested me. This subject, and that of the variation of our domestic productions, together with the causes and laws of variation, inheritance, and the intercrossing of plants, are the sole subjects which I have been able to write about in full, so as to use all the materials which I have collected. The *Descent of Man* took me three years to write, but then, as usual, some of this time was lost by ill-health and some was consumed by preparing new editions and other minor works. A second and largely corrected edition of the *Descent* appeared in 1874.

(1860) THE KINGDOM OF ITALY ESTABLISHED, Giuseppe Garibaldi and John Webb Probyn

After the suppression of the Italian Revolution, by Austria, in 1849, and the restoration of Austrian power in Italy, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who had headed the movement for Italian independence and had been defeated, abdicated in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel. The new King, as Victor Emmanuel II, succeeded to the throne March 23, 1849, the day of his father's defeat at Novara. He was a liberal sovereign and zealous for the cause of his country. With the aid of his great minister, Count Cavour, he proceeded with the work of securing the unity and freedom of Italy. In 1859 Sardinia and France, in alliance, defeated Austria. In

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this war were made the substantial beginnings from which a new Italian nationality was to be realized. Italian unity was not the object of Napoleon III in his alliance with Italy against Austria, but he did much to advance its prospects. He even promised the complete liberation of Italy, but this promise he failed to fulfil, to the great disappointment of Italian statesmen. Napoleon wished to see an Italian confederation, with the Pope at its head, but this plan was rejected.

Sicily and Naples, in Southern Italy, were still governed by a Bourbon prince. It was necessary to get rid of him, but Victor Emmanuel did not desire another war. The matter was decided through the action of Garibaldi, whose first step toward ending the last remnant of Bourbon rule in Italy was a bold descent upon Sicily. This movement he made against the wishes of Cavour and in furtherance of the plans of "Young Italy." His own account of his landing at Marsala and of the Battle of Calatafimi—regarded by him as one of the most memorable in his military experience—is as characteristic of Garibaldi the man and writer as were his exploits characteristic of Garibaldi the soldier.

The events that quickly followed Garibaldi's descent upon Sicily marked the beginning of a new era in Italian history. After his victory at Calatafimi Garibaldi moved toward Palermo, the capital. On May 24th the Bourbon troops of Francis II, king of the Two Sicilies, marched out of the city to meet him. By shrewd tactics Garibaldi outmaneuvered them. On the 26th he marched on Palermo with about three thousand men, and attacked the city on the 27th. The battle was a confused struggle of military and civilians, many citizens of Palermo, armed with "daggers, knives, spits, and iron instruments of any kind," taking part, in favor of Garibaldi, in the street-fighting that accompanied the more regular conflict. The city fell through revolt of the people and defection of the King's troops rather than by the assaults of Garibaldi's men, "twenty thousand soldiers of despotism" capitulating "before a handful of citizens" self-devoted in the cause of freedom.

By June 6th Garibaldi had complete possession of Palermo; other successes in his famous campaign of liberation followed rapidly; and his final triumph was achieved in the later events so eloquently described by Probyn, the historian of Italy's progress through her most important transformations in the nineteenth century.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

As we approached the western coast of Sicily we began to discover sailing-vessels and steamers. On the roadstead of Marsala two men-of-war were anchored, which turned out to be English. Having decided on landing at Marsala, we approached that port, and reached it about noon. On entering the harbor we found it full of merchant-vessels of different nations. Fortune had indeed favored us and so guided our expedition that we

could not have arrived at a more propitious moment. The Bourbon cruisers had left the harbor of Marsala that morning, sailing eastward, while we were arriving from the west; indeed, they were still in sight toward Cape San Marco as we entered, so that by the time they came within cannon-shot we had already landed all the men out of the Piemonte and were beginning to debark those on board the Lombardo.

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The presence of the two English men-of-war in some degree influenced the determination of the Bourbon commanders, who were naturally impatient to open fire on us, and this circumstance gave us time to get our whole force on shore. The noble English flag once more helped to prevent bloodshed, and I, the Benjamin of these lords of the ocean, was for the hundredth time protected by them. The assertion, however, made by our enemies, that the English had directly favored and assisted our landing at Marsala, was inaccurate. The British colors, flying from the two men-of-war and the English consulate, made the Bourbon mercenaries hesitate, and, I might even say, impressed them with a sense of shame at pouring the fire of their imposing batteries into a handful of men armed only with the kind of muskets usually supplied by the Government to Italian volunteers.

Notwithstanding this, three-fourths of the volunteers were still on the quay when the Bourbons began firing on them with shells and grape-shot—happily, without injury to anyone. The Piemonte, abandoned by us, was carried off by the enemy, who left the Lombardo, which had grounded on a sand-bank.

The population of Marsala, thunderstruck at this unexpected event, received us pretty well, all things considered. The common people, indeed, were delighted; the magnates welcomed us under protest. I thought all this very natural. Those who are accustomed to calculate everything at so much per cent, are not likely to be reassured by the sight of a few desperadoes, who wish to ameliorate a corrupt society by eradicating from it the cancer of privilege and falsehood, especially when these desperadoes, few as they are, and with neither three-hundred-pounders nor ironclads, fling themselves against a power believed to be gigantic, like that of the Bourbon.

Men of high rank—that is, the privileged class—before risking anything in an enterprise wish to assure themselves which way the wind of fortune blows and where the large battalions are; and then the victorious force may be certain of finding them compliant, cordial, and even enthusiastic if need be. Is not this the history of human selfishness in every country? The poor people, on the other hand, welcomed us with applause and with unmistakable tokens of affection. They thought of nothing but the sacredness of the sacrifice, the difficult and noble task undertaken by that handful of gallant young fellows, who had come from such a distance to the succor of their brethren.

We passed the remainder of the day and the following night at Marsala, where I began to profit by the services of Crispi, an honest and capable Sicilian, who was of the greatest use to me in government business, and in making all necessary arrangements which my want of local knowledge prevented my doing myself. A dictatorship was spoken of, and I accepted it without hesitation, having always believed it the plank of safety in urgent cases, amid the breakers in which nations often find themselves.

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On the morning of the 12th the “Thousand” [Footnote: Garibaldi landed with a force of one thousand volunteers.—Ed.] left for Salemi, but, the distance being too great for one *etape*, we stopped at the farm of Mistretta, where we passed the night. We did not find the proprietor at home, but a young man, his brother, did the honors with kindly and liberal hospitality. At Mistretta we formed a new company under Griziotti. On the 13th we marched to Salemi, where we were well received by the people and were joined by the companies of Sant’ Anna d’Alcamo and some other volunteers of the island.

On the 14th we occupied Vita, or San Vito, and on the 15th came in sight of the enemy, who, occupying Calatafimi and knowing of our approach in that direction, had spread out the great part of their forces on the heights called *Il Pianto dei Romani*.

The dawn of May 15th found us in good order on the heights of Vita; and a little later the enemy, whom I knew to be at Calatafimi, left the city in column, marching toward us. The hills of Vita are confronted by the heights of the Pianto dei Romani, where the enemy deployed his columns. On the Calatafimi side these heights have a gentle slope, easily ascended by the enemy, who covered all the highest points, while on the Vita side they are steep and precipitous.

Occupying the opposite and southern heights, I had been able to perceive exactly all the positions held by the Bourbonists, while the latter could scarcely see the line of sharpshooters formed by the Genoese carbineers under Mosto, who covered our front, all the other companies being drawn up *en echelon* behind them. Our scanty artillery was stationed on our left, on the highroad, under Orsini, who succeeded, in spite of the poverty of his resources, in making a few good shots. In this way both we and the enemy occupied strong positions, fronting each other, and separated by a wide space of undulating ground, broken by a few farmsteadings. Our advantage therefore clearly lay in awaiting the enemy in our own position. The Bourbon forces, to the number of about two thousand, with some cannon, discovering a few of our men without distinguishing uniform and mingled with peasants, boldly advanced a few lines of bersaglieri, with sufficient support and two guns. Arrived within firing distance, they opened with carbines and cannon while advancing on us.

The order given to the Thousand was to wait without firing for the enemy to come up, though the gallant Ligurians already had one man killed and several wounded. The blare of the bugles, sounding an American *veille*, brought the enemy to a halt as if by magic. They understood that it was not the Picciotti alone they had to deal with, and their lines, with the artillery, gave the signal for a retrograde movement. This was the first time that the soldiers of despotism had quailed before the filibusters—for such was the title with which our enemies honored us.

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The Thousand then sounded a charge—the Genoese carbineers in the van, followed by a chosen band of youths impatient to come to close quarters.

The intention of the charge was to put to flight the enemy's vanguard and get possession of the two guns—a manoeuvre that was executed with a spirit worthy of the champions of Italian liberty; but I had no intention of a front attack on a formidable position occupied by a strong force of Bourbon troops. But who could stop those fiery and impetuous volunteers in their rush on the foe? In vain the trumpets sounded a halt; our men did not hear, or imitated Nelson's conduct at the Battle of Copenhagen. They turned a deaf ear to the order to halt sounded by the trumpets, and with their bayonets drove the enemy's van back on their main body.

There was not a moment to be lost, or that gallant handful would have perished. Immediately a general charge was sounded, and the entire corps of the Thousand, accompanied by some courageous Sicilians and Calabrese, marched at a quick pace to the rescue.

The enemy had abandoned the plain, but, falling back on the heights where their reserve was, held firm and defended their position with a dogged valor worthy of a better cause. The most dangerous part of the ground we had to cross was the level valley separating us from the enemy, where we had to face a storm of cannon- and musket-balls which wounded a good many of our men. Arrived at the foot of Monte Romano, we were almost sheltered from attack; and at this point the Thousand, somewhat diminished in number, closed up to the vanguard.

The situation was supreme; we were bound to win. In this determination we began to ascend the first ledge of the mountain, under a hail of bullets. I do not remember how many, but there were certainly several terraces to be gained before reaching the crest of the heights, and every time we climbed from one terrace to the next—during which operation we were totally unprotected—we were under a tremendous fire. The orders given to our men to fire but few shots were well adapted to the wretched weapons presented to us by the Sardinian Government, which nearly always missed fire. On this occasion, too, great service was rendered by the gallant Genoese, who, being excellent shots and armed with good carbines, sustained the honor of our cause. This ought to be an encouragement to all young Italians to exercise themselves in the use of arms, in the conviction that valor alone is not enough on modern battlefields; great dexterity in the use of weapons is also necessary.

Calatafimi! The survivor of a hundred battles, if in my last moments my friends see me smile once more with pride, it will be at the recollection of that fight—for I remember none more glorious. The Thousand, attired just as at home, worthy representatives of their people, attacked—with heroic coolness, fighting their way from one formidable position to another—the soldiers of tyranny, brilliant

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in gaudily trimmed uniforms, gold lace, and epaulettes, and completely routed them. How can I forget that knot of youths who, fearing to see me wounded, surrounded me, pressing themselves closely together and sheltering me with their bodies? If, while I write, I am deeply touched at the recollection, I have good reason. Is it not my duty at least to remind Italy of those brave sons of hers who fell there?—Montanari, Schiaffino, Sertorio, Nullo, Vigo, Tukery, Taddei, and many more whose names I grieve to say I cannot remember.

As I have already said, the southern slope of Monte Romano, which we had to ascend, was formed of those ledges or narrow terraces used by the cultivators of the soil in mountainous countries. We made all possible haste to reach the bank of each terrace, driving the enemy before us, and then halting under cover of the bank to take breath and prepare for the attack. Proceeding thus, we gained one ledge after another, till we reached the top, where the Bourbon troops made a last effort, defending their position with great intrepidity; many of their chasseurs, who had come to the end of their ammunition, even throwing down stones on us. At last we gave the final charge. The bravest of the Thousand, massed together under the last bank, after taking breath and measuring with their eye the space yet to be traversed before crossing swords with the enemy, rushed on like lions, confident of victory and trusting in their sacred cause. The Bourbon force could not resist the terrible onset of men fighting for freedom; they fled, and never stopped till they reached the town of Calatafimi, several miles from the battlefield. We ceased our pursuit a short distance from the entrance to the town, which is very strongly situated. If one gives battle, one ought to be sure of victory; this axiom is very true under all circumstances, but especially at the beginning of a campaign.

The victory of Calatafimi, though of slight importance as regards acquisitions—for we took only one cannon, a few rifles, and a few prisoners—had an immeasurable moral result in encouraging the population and demoralizing the hostile army. The handful of filibusters, without gold lace or epaulettes, who were spoken of with such solemn contempt, had routed several thousand of the Bourbon's best troops, artillery and all, commanded by one of those generals who, like Lucullus, are ready to spend the revenue of a province on one night's supper. One corps of citizens—not to say filibusters—animated by love of their country, can therefore gain a victory unaided by all this needless splendor.

The first important result was the enemy's retreat from Calatafimi, which town we occupied on the following morning, May 16, 1860. The second result, and one abundantly noteworthy, was the attack made by the population of Partinico, Borgetto, Montelepre, and other places, on the retreating army. In every place volunteer companies were formed which speedily joined us, and the enthusiasm in the surrounding villages reached its height. The disbanded troops of the enemy did not stop till they reached Palermo, where they brought terror to the Bourbon party and

confidence to the patriots. Our wounded, and those of the enemy, were brought in to Vita and Calatafimi. Among ours were some men who could ill be spared.

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Montanari, my comrade at Rome and in Lombardy, was dangerously wounded and died a few days after. He was one of those whom doctrinaires call demagogues, because they are impatient of servitude, love their country, and refuse to bow the knee to the caprices and vices of the great. Montanari was a Modenese. Schiaffino, a young Ligurian from Camogli, who had also served in the Cacciatori delle Alpi and in the Guides, was among the first to fall on the field, bereaving Italy of one of her bravest soldiers. He worked hard on the night of our start from Genoa, and greatly assisted Bixio in that delicate undertaking. De Amici, also of the Cacciatori and Guides, was another who fell at the beginning of the battle. Not a few of the chosen band of the Thousand fell at Calatafimi as our Roman forefathers fell—rushing on the enemy with cold steel, cut down in front without a complaint, without a cry, except that of "*Viva L'Italia!*" I may have seen battles more desperate and more obstinately contested, but in none have I seen finer soldiers than my citizen filibusters of Calatafimi.

The victory of Calatafimi was indisputably the decisive battle in the brilliant campaign of 1860. It was absolutely necessary to begin the expedition with some striking engagement such as this, which so demoralized the enemy that their fervent southern imaginations even exaggerated the valor of the Thousand. There were some among them who declared they had seen the bullets of their carbines rebound from the breasts of the soldiers of liberty as if from a plate of bronze. Far more men were killed and wounded at Palermo, Milazzo, and the Volturno, but still I believe Calatafimi to have been the decisive battle. After a fight like that, our men knew they were bound to win; and the gallant Sicilians, whose courage had been previously shaken by the imposing numbers and superior equipment of the Bourbon force, were encouraged. When a battle begins with such prestige, with omens drawn from such a precedent, victory is sure.

JOHN WEBB PROBYN

On June 27, 1860, about three weeks after Garibaldi had taken possession of Palermo, Francis II solemnly announced his intention to give a constitution to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, adopt the Italian flag, and ally himself with Sardinia. These promises only provoked the cry of "Too late!" They did but recall how often the Neapolitan Bourbons had promised in the hour of danger, and proved faithless to every promise when the danger was passed. Victor Emmanuel and his Government were now both unable and unwilling to agree to any such terms with a sovereign who had rejected similar offers at the beginning of his reign when such a settlement was possible. Every friend of freedom felt that the time had gone by for any common action between the houses of Savoy and Bourbon. Each had taken its own line of action, and each was now to abide by the result.

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Garibaldi had overthrown the Neapolitan rule in Sicily, and raised the cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel!" which found a hearty response. Having been so successful he now determined, despite the warnings of friendly advisers and the hostility of enemies, to carry his forces from Sicily to the mainland, and take possession of Naples itself. He was at the head of about twenty thousand men under the command of Generals Medici, Bixio, Cosenz, and Turr. He had also the prestige of victory mingled with a kind of legendary fame which continually increased. These were formidable aids to further success, especially when brought to bear on the fervid feelings and imagination of a southern people. Francis of Naples still possessed an army of eighty thousand men, of which he despatched more than twenty thousand to arrest, if possible, the progress of his formidable opponent.

Victor Emmanuel sought to dissuade Garibaldi from an enterprise so full of danger as that of marching upon Naples against the wishes of the united cabinets of Continental Europe. The King desired that matters should proceed by negotiation, the basis of which should be that Neapolitans and Sicilians should be allowed to decide their future destinies for themselves. Garibaldi, who loved and trusted the honest King, replied that the actual state of Italy compelled him to disobey his majesty. "When," said the noble-hearted patriot, "I shall have delivered the populations from the yoke that weighs them down, I will throw my sword at your feet, and will then obey you for the rest of my life." In truth, Italians of all ranks were now so roused that neither Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, nor even Garibaldi himself could have stayed the movement.

The overpowering strength of foreign armies could alone have put it down. Circumstances, however, happily prevented so gross an abuse of mere force. For once Italians were allowed to do as they wished in their own country instead of being compelled by foreign powers to do as those powers commanded. Many things concurred to bring about this result. The French Emperor had just received Savoy and Nice; he had been spending the blood and treasure of France in giving the first blow to the old despotisms of Italy; how could he now fly in the face of his own principle of the national will in order to save the worst of those despotisms? He could not declare that Sicilians and Neapolitans should not dare have the opportunity of doing what he had at last permitted in Central Italy and profited by in Nice and Savoy. To have allowed Austria to do so would be to stultify himself in the eyes of Europe, to enrage Italians, and to lead France to ask what was the use of calling on her to make sacrifices for the overthrow of Austrian domination in the Peninsula if within a few months that domination was to be in a large measure restored.

Austria too had her own difficulties to encounter, and they were both numerous and complicated. Her military and priestly despotism had suffered defeat; her people disliked its rule and desired freer institutions; her finances were terribly disordered.

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The Emperor was beginning to see the necessity of a change of system—a change by no means easy to effect—for the Hungarians were demanding the restoration of their ancient constitutional rights. Russia and Prussia contented themselves with protests which had, it may be, some diplomatic value, but were wholly without practical effect. England was favorable to the extension of Italian liberties, and France was her ally in Syria and in China. So it was that Garibaldi, having only to encounter the naval and military forces of Francis II, crossed the Straits of Messina, landed in Calabria, and marched on Reggio. On August 21st the town was occupied, and the citadel, with its commander and soldiers, capitulated. Another victory was gained on the 23d, dispersing the forces of the Neapolitan Generals Melendez and Briganti. Some of their soldiers joined Garibaldi; the rest returned to their homes and increased both his real and his legendary fame by their account of his victories. The insurrection against the Bourbon dynasty was now rapidly spreading.

At Cosenza in Calabria, and at Potenza in the Basilicata, provisional governments were proclaimed and were hailing with delight the progress of Garibaldi. The forces of Francis were disappearing from those provinces and leaving the road to Naples unprotected. The fleet was as little to be counted on as the army.

In Naples itself all was confusion and contradiction in the Government. None of its members trusted the others or believed in the duration of the Bourbon dynasty. Years of corruption, tyranny, falsehood, and cruelty had undermined the whole system, and it fell before the storm as if by magic. Francis II determined to leave his capital. When he ordered the troops which still remained faithful to him to retreat upon Capua and Gaeta, two-thirds of the staff sent in their resignation, as did many of the officers of the Neapolitan fleet. The King addressed a protest to the foreign powers in which he declared he only quitted his capital to save it from the horrors of a siege. He issued a proclamation to his people in which he expressed his wishes for their happiness, and declared that when restored to his throne it would be all the more splendid from the institutions he had now irrevocably given. On September 6, 1860, he left the capital on board a steamer accompanied by two Spanish frigates, and was taken to Gaeta. On September 7th Garibaldi entered Naples at midday in an open carriage, accompanied by some of his staff. For long hours he received a welcome such as has seldom if ever been given to any other man. Again and again he had to appear on the balcony of the Palazzo d'Angri, where he had taken up his quarters, to receive the applause of the multitude. At eight o'clock that evening it was at length announced that, worn out with fatigue and emotion, he had retired to rest. A sudden quiet fell upon the vast crowds, and repeating to one another "Our father sleeps," they dispersed to their homes, their right hands raised above their heads, with the first finger alone extended, a sign expressive of the cry reiterated again and again that day, "*Italia Una!*" ("One Italy").

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On September 10th Garibaldi issued a proclamation to his soldiers, headed "Italy and Victor Emmanuel." In it the General called upon them to aid him in carrying to a successful termination the work so well begun. Nor did he hesitate to declare that Rome must be Italian, and the line of the Alps the frontier of Italy. He addressed another proclamation to the people in which he especially called on them to be united: "The first need of Italy is concord in order to realize the union of the great Italian family; to-day Providence has given us this concord, since all the provinces are unanimous and labor with magnanimous zeal at the national reconstruction. As to unity, Providence has further given us Victor Emmanuel—a model sovereign who will inculcate in his descendants the duties which they should fulfil for the happiness of a people who have chosen him as their chief with enthusiastic homage." The proclamation went on to speak with kindly warmth of those Italian priests who had sided with the national cause, and declared that such conduct was a sure means of gaining respect for their mission and work. Repeating again the demand for concord, the concluding words justly protested against all foreign interference: "Finally (be it known) we respect the houses of others; but we insist upon being masters in our own whether it please or displease the rulers of the earth."

Garibaldi united the Neapolitan to the Sardinian fleet, so forming an Italian naval force. He appointed a ministry comprising Liborio Romano (who had served under Francis II), Scialoja, Cosenz, and Pisanelli; he then proceeded to promulgate the Sardinian Constitution throughout the Neapolitan Provinces. But the Bourbon forces were still in possession of Capua and Gaeta. It became necessary, therefore, to undertake military operations against them.

Meanwhile the agitation in the Papal Provinces was increasing. The Pope's Government had refused to modify its policy or agree to any reduction of its territory. It accepted the protection of France in Rome and its immediate neighborhood, but declined further aid, as it was raising forces of its own under a French general, Lamoriciere. These soldiers were men of various European nationalities belonging to that Roman Catholic party which was determined to maintain intact the temporal rule of the Pope as against the wishes of the vast majority of Italians, themselves Roman Catholics, who desired to substitute for that rule the constitutional sovereignty of King Victor Emmanuel. The Italians were willing enough to remain under the spiritual headship of the Roman Pontiff, but they would not have a temporal power upheld by foreign soldiers. The moment was, like many others, a very critical one in the history of Italy. Garibaldi was victorious in Naples. The Papal forces, composed chiefly of Germans and French, under Lamoriciere, were holding the inhabitants of Umbria and the Marches who were longing to join the national movement. Indeed, some of the most influential men of those provinces, among others Marquis Filippo Gualterio of Orvieto, had already come to Turin to obtain the intervention of its Government and protection from the Papal troops, whose foreign extraction rendered them odious to the people.

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On September 7th Count Delia Minerva was sent to Rome to demand, on the part of Victor Emmanuel, the disbandment of the foreign troops which the Papal Government had got together under the command of General Lamoriciere. The demand was refused. This refusal the Papal Government was quite competent to give, but whether its policy in upholding its temporal power by the aid of foreign mercenaries was wise or not was another matter. It was hardly to be expected that Italians, any more than Frenchmen, Germans, or English, would endure such a state of things if they could prevent it. The Government of Turin now ordered its troops to enter the Papal Provinces of Umbria and the Marches. On September **nth General Fanti crossed the frontier, easily took possession of Perugia with the aid of the inhabitants, and obliged Colonel Schmidt, the Papal commander, to capitulate. The General advanced with equal success against Spoleto, and in a few days was master of all the upper valley of the Tiber. At the same time General Cialdini, operating on the eastern side of the Apennines, marched rapidly to meet General Lamoriciere's forces, which he encountered and defeated completely at Castelfidardo, compelling the French General to fly to Ancona, which he entered in company with only a few horsemen who had escaped with him from the rout of the Papal army. The Italian fleet was off Ancona, before which General Cialdini's troops now appeared, thus completely preventing the escape of Lamoriciere, who was obliged to surrender. In less than three weeks the campaign was over. The Sardinian troops having thus occupied Umbria and the Marches, proceeded to cross into the Neapolitan Provinces and march upon Capua and Gaeta.

Austria, Prussia, and Russia protested against the course thus pursued by the Government of Victor Emmanuel. The Pope excommunicated all who had participated in the invasion of his territory. Francis II protested with no less earnestness. The Emperor of the French withdrew his minister from Turin and blamed the proceedings of Victor Emmanuel's Government; but in other respects Napoleon remained a passive spectator of all that occurred, and maintained the principle of non-intervention—at least as regarded Umbria and the Marches, Sicily and Naples—excepting at Gaeta, where his fleet prevented for a time any attack being made against that fortress from the sea. He also raised the number of his troops in Rome and the province in which it is situated, called the Patrimony of St. Peter, to twenty-two thousand men. This was now all the territory left to the temporal power of the Pope. Napoleon determined to preserve that much to the Roman See, defending it from the attacks of Garibaldi, and forbidding its annexation to the kingdom of Italy.

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The English Government, however, decidedly vindicated the course taken under the circumstances by Victor Emmanuel and his advisers. Lord Russell, who was Secretary of Foreign Affairs under Lord Palmerston, wrote, on October 27, 1860, an admirable despatch to Sir James Hudson, the English minister at Turin, who was allowed to give a copy of it to Count Cavour. In that despatch Lord Russell gives good reasons for dissenting from the views expressed by the Governments of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and France; he justifies the action of the Government of Turin, admits that Italians themselves are the best judges of their own interests, shows how in times past they vainly attempted regularly and temperately to reform their governments, says such attempts were put down by foreign powers, and concludes by declaring that "Her Majesty's Government will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties and consolidating the work of their independence amid the sympathies and good wishes of Europe."

It is gratifying to remember that at this very critical juncture in the cause of Italian unity and independence, the English Government gave its very cordial support to that cause, and ably defended the course pursued by King Victor Emmanuel, his ministers, and his people.

The cause of Italian unity and independence had indeed made prodigious strides, due not only to the marvellous victories of Garibaldi, which had brought him in four months from Marsala to Naples, but also to the skilful campaigns of Generals Fanti and Cialdini in Umbria and the Marches. Cavour now followed up these successes by advising a course calculated to give them consistency and endurance. He counselled the immediate assembling of Parliament, the acceptance by Victor Emmanuel of the sovereignty of the Papal, Neapolitan, and Sicilian Provinces, if such were the will of their inhabitants, and the departure of the King from Turin to take the command of his troops now advancing toward Capua. Victor Emmanuel entirely agreed with his minister's advice. On October 2, 1860, Cavour asked Parliament for full powers to annex all the new provinces of Central and Southern Italy if they desired it. He contended that the events which had taken place were due to the initiative of the people, the noble audacity of General Garibaldi, and the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel, united to his devotion to the cause of Italian freedom.

Even those deputies who represented the views of the extreme Left, some of whose members avowed a preference for Republicanism—in theory at any rate—supported the Government. One of them, Signor Bertani, declared he would not now raise any point of difference, and frankly acknowledged that in reality all Italians wished the same thing—"Italy one and free, under Victor Emmanuel." Cavour further satisfied the Chamber by saying that Rome and Venice must in the end be united to the mother country, though the questions involved in such union must, out of deference to Europe and France, be postponed for the present. A vote of two hundred ninety against six confirmed the policy of the Government and gave full expression to the wishes of the country.

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Garibaldi had in the mean time pushed on his forces from Naples toward Capua and the line of the River Volturno. On September 19th his troops took Caiazzo, from which, however, they were dislodged on the 23d of the month. After this success Francis II determined to take the offensive and attack in force the Garibaldian lines with the object of driving them back to Naples or cutting them off from that city. This attempt was well planned and conducted on October 1, 1860. The struggle was hotly maintained on both sides throughout the day. Some companies of bersaglieri arrived from Naples and united in resisting the attacks of the Bourbon troops, who were in the end repelled and compelled to retire. But though beaten they had fought well and still held the fortresses of Gaeta and Capua, to which they had retreated. The army of Victor Emmanuel, however, led by the King in person, was now rapidly advancing, easily overcoming whatever resistance the Bourbon troops were able to offer. Francis II, unable to prevent the junction of the King's forces with those of Garibaldi, withdrew with the bulk of his soldiers to Gaeta, leaving four thousand men in Capua, who were soon obliged to capitulate.

On October 26th Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi met near the little town of Teano. They greeted each other with great cordiality, for though Garibaldi had little faith in ministers or diplomatists, and could not forgive their cession of Nice to France, he felt the utmost confidence in the King himself. Victor Emmanuel on his part had the greatest regard for the heroic patriot who had ever been so devoted to his country's cause and whose marvellous exploits had now given freedom to Sicily and Naples. As they grasped each other's hands Garibaldi cried, "Behold the King of Italy! Long live the King!" The soldiers of both leaders shouted, "Long live Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy!"

On November 7th the King entered Naples with Garibaldi at his side. The reception was enthusiastic in the extreme; it reached its culminating point as Victor Emmanuel entered the royal palace. Long had it been the abode of those who hated and betrayed both constitutional liberty and national freedom; now it was taken possession of by one who had risked life and crown in their cause. The King issued a proclamation, in which he called to mind the increased responsibilities which fell henceforth upon himself and his people alike; nor did he fail to remind them of the necessity for union and abnegation: "All parties must bow before the majesty of Italy which God has raised up. We must establish a government which gives guarantees of liberty to the people and of severe probity to the public at large." In the succeeding days his majesty received the deputations of the newly acquired Provinces of Umbria, the Marches, Naples, and Sicily, which came to present to him officially the result of the plebiscite by which the inhabitants of those provinces declared their wish to be united to the rest of the King's dominions and so form a single Kingdom of Italy.

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Many other receptions there were of societies belonging to several ranks and classes of men. Particularly impressive was the welcome given to the deputation which came from the Senate and Chamber at Turin in honor of so great an event as the union of Southern with Northern Italy under the constitutional rule of one sovereign. On December 1st Victor Emmanuel embarked for Palermo, where he was received with an enthusiasm at least as great as that which marked his arrival in Naples. In the capital of Sicily all orders of citizens pressed forward to pay him their willing homage.

These great results were not, however, achieved without difficulty, for there was considerable diversity of opinion and not a little jealousy between those that surrounded Garibaldi and those that followed the lead of Cavour in Parliament and in the country. Nor can it be denied that faults and mistakes may fairly be laid to the charge of both those parties, despite their sincere attachment to the cause of their common fatherland. A mistake was made by Garibaldi himself when he wished to postpone the immediate annexation of the Southern Provinces to the Northern Kingdom, and asked to be named Dictator of Naples for two years by Victor Emmanuel, whom he further requested to dismiss Cavour and his actual advisers.

The King rightly refused to agree to a course so subversive of all constitutional proceedings and liberties. He could not even entertain the idea of dismissing ministers at the request of any citizen, however illustrious, or however great the services he had rendered his country. It was for the national representatives alone to decide to what minister the King should give his confidence, and what course should be taken as to the annexation of Naples and Sicily. Garibaldi's good sense and honesty of purpose led him to give in to the King's judgment. Victor Emmanuel took the right view of the course to be pursued in this matter, just as he had taken the right view of the course to be pursued at the moment of the Peace of Villafranca. In the one case he showed himself wiser than Cavour, and in the other wiser than Garibaldi. The single-minded patriotism of the latter, and the statesmanship of the former, combined with the remarkably sure judgment and unfailing honesty of the King, gradually overcame all the difficulties of the situation. Victor Emmanuel ever kept aloof from political coteries, while deferring to the advice of his responsible ministers so long as they had the confidence of Parliament. He ever showed himself to be the head of the nation, not the head of a party.

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His unswerving determination to be guided by the nation's will as expressed by the nation's chosen representatives, though nothing new in his career, won for him the absolute confidence of all Italians, not one of whom avowed it more frankly than Garibaldi himself. But what shall be said of the popular hero, sprung from the ranks of the people, who had given a kingdom to his sovereign? Rarely, if ever, has history recorded nobler conduct than that of the conqueror of Sicily and Naples when, having liberated those provinces, he laid down all power, refused all honors, turned away alike wealth and titles, to betake himself to his island home of Caprera, there to work with his own hands, to rejoice as he thought of how greatly he had advanced the independence of Italy, and to pray for the hour of its completion. Whatever defects may be found in the character or judgment of this heroic patriot, his name will assuredly be held in grateful remembrance wherever men are found who love freedom and rejoice as they see its blessings spread more and more among the nations of the earth. As Garibaldi retired to his quiet abode in Caprera, Victor Emmanuel returned to his duties in Turin. But neither the one nor the other forgot Rome and Venice.

The siege of Gaeta was now being carried forward with great determination. The place was defended with courage and endurance by Francis II and his Queen. For a time the French fleet prevented the Italians from attacking Gaeta by sea, but when Napoleon withdrew his ships further resistance became hopeless. On February 13, 1861, Gaeta surrendered after a defence of which those who took part in it had a right to be proud. The garrison marched out with the honors of war, the officers retained their rank. Francis and his wife embarked for Terracina, and went thence to Rome, where they were received by the Pope and lodged in the Quirinal palace. The citadels of Messina and of Civitella del Tronto surrendered soon after, and so passed away forever the rule of the Neapolitan Bourbons over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

No less than twenty-two million of Italians were now united under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, who, in accordance with the advice of his Prime Minister, Count Cavour, dissolved the Parliament. The new election took place at the end of January, 1861. The constitution as established in Sardinia was put in force from Turin to Palermo. At the same time the King nominated, as suggested by his responsible advisers, sixty new Senators or Members of the Upper House. They were selected chiefly among the most prominent and influential men of the Provinces of Central and Southern Italy. The elections were everywhere favorable to the new order of things; namely, the formation of the single Kingdom of Italy under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel. The majority of the new Chamber gave a hearty support to Count Cavour.

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On February 18, 1861, the first Italian Parliament, representing all the Provinces of Italy—Venetia and the Roman patrimony alone excepted—assembled in the Palazzo Carignano at Turin. The title assumed by the King in concert with his ministers and Parliament was “Victor Emmanuel II, by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of Italy.” [Footnote: It was almost ten years later—when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, September 20, 1870—that the emancipation and union of Italy were made complete.—ED.]

(1861) EMANCIPATION OF RUSSIAN SERFS, Andrew D. White and Nikolai Turgenieff

By the act that freed the serfs in Russia, Alexander II, to whom it was in great measure due, obtained a place of unusual honor among the sovereigns that have ruled his nation. It was the grand achievement of Alexander's reign, and caused him to be hailed as one of the world's liberators. The importance of this event in Russian history is not diminished by the fact that its practical benefits have not as yet been realized to the full extent anticipated. In 1888 Stepniak, the Russian author and reformer, declared that emancipation had utterly failed to realize the ardent expectations of its advocates and promoters, had failed to improve the material condition of the former serfs, who on the whole were worse off than before emancipation. The same assertion has been made with respect to the emancipation of slaves in the United States, but in neither case does the objection invalidate the historical significance of an act that formally liberated millions of human beings from hereditary and legalized bondage.

In the two views here presented, the subject of the emancipation in Russia is considered in various aspects. Andrew D. White's account, being that of an American scholar and diplomatist familiar with the history and people of Russia through his residence at St. Petersburg, is of peculiar value, embodying the most intelligent foreign judgment. White's synopsis covers the entire subject of the serf system from its beginning to its overthrow. Nikolai Turgenieff, the Russian historian, writing while the emancipation act was bearing its first fruits, describes its workings and effects as observed by one intimately connected with the serfs and the movement that resulted in their freedom.

ANDREW D. WHITE

Close upon the end of the fifteenth century the Muscovite ideas of right were subjected to the strong mind of Ivan the Great and compressed into a code. Therein were embodied the best processes known to his land and time: for discovering crime, torture and trial by battle; for punishing crime, the knout and death.

But hidden in this tough mass was one law of greater import than others. Thereby were all peasants forbidden to leave the lands they were then tilling, except during the eight

days before and after St. George's Day. This provision sprang from Ivan's highest views of justice and broadest views of political economy; the nobles received it with plaudits, which have found echoes even in these days; the peasants received it with no murmurs which history has found any trouble in drowning.

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Just one hundred years later upon the Muscovite throne, as nominal Czar, sat the weakling Feodor I; but behind the throne stood, as real Czar, hard, strong Boris Godunoff. Looking forward to Feodor's death, Boris made ready to mount the throne; and he saw—what all other “Mayors of the Palace” climbing into the places of *faineant* kings have seen—that he must link to his fortunes the fortunes of some strong body in the nation; he broke, however, from the general rule among usurpers—bribing the church—and determined to bribe the nobility.

The greatest grief of the Muscovite nobles seemed to be that the peasants could escape from their oppression by the emigration allowed on St. George's Day. Boris saw his opportunity: he cut off the privilege of St. George's Day, and the peasant was fixed to the soil forever. No Russian law ever directly enslaved the peasantry, but, through this decree of Boris, the lord who owned the soil came to own the peasants, just as he owned its immovable boulders and ledges. To this the peasants submitted; but history has not been able to drown their sighs over this wrong; their proverbs and ballads make St. George's Day representative of all ill-luck and disappointment.

A few years later Boris made another bid for oligarchic favor. He issued a rigorous fugitive-serf law, and even wrenched liberty from certain free peasants who had entered service for wages before his edicts. This completed the work, and Russia, which never had had the benefits of feudalism, had now fastened upon her feudalism's worst curse, a serf caste, bound to the glebe.

The great good things done by Peter the world knows by heart. The world knows well how he tore his way out of the fetichism of his time; how, despite ignorance and unreason, he dragged his nation after him; how he dowered the nation with things and thoughts that transformed it from a petty Asiatic horde to a great European Power.

We were present a few years since when one of those lesser triumphs of his genius was first unfolded. It was in that room at the Hermitage—adjoining the Winter Palace—set apart for the relics of Peter. Our companions were two men noted as leaders in American industry—one famed as an inventor, the other famed as a champion of inventors' rights.

Suddenly from the inventor, pulling over some old dust-covered machines in a corner, came loud cries of surprise. The cries were natural indeed. In that heap of rubbish he had found a lathe for turning irregular forms, and a screw-cutting engine once used by Peter himself: specimens of his unfinished work were still in them. They had lain there unheeded a hundred fifty years; their principle had died with Peter and his workmen; and not many years since, they were reinvented in America, and gave their inventors fame and fortune. At the late Paris Universal Exposition crowds flocked about an American lathe for copying statuary; and that lathe was, in principle, identical with this old, forgotten machine of Peter's.

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Yet, though Peter fought so well and thought so well, he made some mistakes which hang to this day over his country as bitter curses. For in all his plan and work to advance the mass of men was one supreme lack—lack of any account of the worth and right of the individual man. Lesser examples of this are seen in his grim jest at Westminster Hall—“What use of so many lawyers? I have but two lawyers in Russia, and one of those I mean to hang as soon as I return;” or when at Berlin, having been shown a new gibbet, he ordered one of his servants to be hanged in order to test it; or in his review of parade fights, when he ordered his men to use ball, and to take the buttons off their bayonets.

Greater examples are seen in his Battle of Narva, when he threw away an army to learn his opponent’s game; in his building of St. Petersburg, where, in draining marshes, he sacrificed a hundred thousand men the first year. But the greatest proof of this great lack was shown in his dealings with the serf system. Serfage was already recognized in Peter’s time as an evil. Peter himself once stormed forth in protestations and invectives against what he stigmatized as “selling men like beasts; separating parents from children, husbands from wives; which takes place nowhere else in the world, and which causes many tears to flow.” He declared that a law should be made against it. Yet it was by his misguided hand that serfage was compacted into its final black mass of foulness.

For Peter saw other nations spinning and weaving, and he determined that Russia should at once spin and weave; he saw other nations forging iron, and he determined that Russia should at once forge iron. He never stopped to consider that what might cost little in other lands as a natural growth, might cost far too much in Russia as a forced growth. In lack, then, of quick brain and sturdy spine and strong arm of paid workmen, he forced into his manufactories the flaccid muscle of serfs. These, thus lifted from the earth, lost even the little force in the State they had before; great bodies of serfs thus became slaves; worse than that, the idea of a serf developed toward the idea of a slave.

And Peter, misguided, dealt one blow more. Cold-blooded officials were set at taking the census. These adopted easy classifications; free peasants, serfs, and slaves were often huddled into the lists under a single denomination. So serfage became still more difficult to be distinguished from slavery. As this base of hideous wrong was thus widened and deepened the nobles built higher and stronger their superstructure of arrogance and pretension. Not many years after Peter’s death, they so overawed the Empress Anne that she thrust into the codes of the empire statutes which allowed the nobles to sell serfs apart from the soil. So did serfage bloom fully into slavery.

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But in the latter half of the eighteenth century Russia gained a ruler from whom the world came to expect much. To mount the throne, Catharine II had murdered her husband; to keep the throne she had murdered two claimants whose title was better than her own. She then became, with her agents in these horrors, a second Messalina. To set herself right in the eyes of Europe, she paid eager court to that hierarchy of scepticism which in that age made or marred European reputations. She flattered the fierce deists by owning fealty to "*Le Roi*" Voltaire; she flattered the mild deists by calling in La Harpe as the tutor of her grandson; she flattered the atheists by calling in Diderot as a tutor for herself.

Her murders and orgies were soon forgotten in the new hopes for Russian regeneration. Her dealings with Russia strengthened these hopes. The official style required that all persons presenting petitions should subscribe themselves "Your Majesty's humble serf." This formula she abolished, and boasted that she had cast out the word serf from the Russian language. Poets and philosophers echoed this boast over Europe—and the serfs waited.

The great Empress spurred hope by another movement. She proposed to an academy the question of serf emancipation as a subject for their prize essay. The essay was written and crowned. It was filled with beautiful things about liberty, practical things about moderation, flattering things about the "Great Catharine"—and the serfs waited.

Again she aroused hope. It was given out that her most intense delight came from the sight of happy serfs and prosperous villages. Accordingly, in her journey to the Crimea, Potemkin squandered millions on millions in rearing pasteboard villages, in dragging forth thousands of wretched peasants to fill them, in costuming them to look thrifty, in training them to look happy. Catharine was rejoiced, Europe sang paeans—the serfs waited.

She seemed to go further: she issued a decree prohibiting the enslavement of serfs. But unfortunately the palace intrigues, and the correspondence with the philosophers, and the destruction of Polish nationality left her no time to see the edict carried out. But Europe applauded—and the serfs waited. Two years after this came a deed which put an end to all this uncertainty. An edict was prepared ordering the peasants of Little Russia to remain forever on the estates where the day of publication should find them. This was vile; but what followed was diabolic. Court pets were let into the secret. These, by good promises, enticed hosts of peasants to their estates. The edict was now sprung; in an hour the courtiers were made rich, the peasants were made serfs, and Catharine II was made infamous forever. So, about a century after Peter, a wave of wrong rolled over Russia that not only drowned honor in the nobility, but drowned hope in the people.

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As Russia entered the nineteenth century, the hearts of earnest men must have sunk within them. For Paul I, Catharine's son and successor, was infinitely more despotic than Catharine, and infinitely less restrained by public opinion. He had been born with savage instincts, and educated into ferocity. Tyranny was written on his features in his childhood. If he remained in Russia his mother sneered and showed hatred of him; if he journeyed in Western Europe crowds gathered about his coach to jeer at his ugliness. Most of those who have seen Gillray's caricature of him, issued in the height of English spite at Paul's homage to Bonaparte, have thought it hideously overdrawn; but those who have seen the portrait of Paul in the Cadet-Corps of St. Petersburg know well that Gillray did not exaggerate Paul's ugliness, for he could not.

And Paul's face was but a mirror of his character. Tyranny was wrought into his every fibre. He demanded an oriental homage. As his carriage whirled by, it was held the duty of all others in carriages to stop, descend into the mud, and bow themselves. Himself threw his despotism into this formula: "Know, Sir Ambassador, that in Russia there is no one noble or powerful except the man to whom I speak, and while I speak."

And yet within that hideous mass glowed sparks of reverence for right. When the nobles tried to get Paul's assent to more open arrangements for selling serfs apart from the soil, he utterly refused; and when they overtasked their human chattels Paul made a law that no serf should be required to give more than three days in the week to the tillage of his master's domain. But, within five years after his accession, Paul had developed into such a ravenous wild beast that it became necessary to murder him. This duty done, there came a change in the spirit of Russian sovereignty as from March to May; but, sadly for humanity, there came at the same time a change in the spirit of European politics, as from May to March.

For, although the new Czar, Alexander I, was mild and liberal, the storm of French ideas and armies had generally destroyed in monarchs' minds any poor germs of philanthropy which had ever found lodgement there. Still Alexander breasted this storm; found time to plan for his serfs, and in 1803 put his hand to the work of helping them toward freedom. His first edict was for the creation of the class of "free laborers." By this, masters and serfs were encouraged to enter into an arrangement which was to put the serf into immediate possession of himself, of a homestead and of a few acres, giving him time to indemnify his master by a series of payments. Alexander threw his heart into this scheme; and in his kindliness he supposed that the pretended willingness of the nobles meant something; but the serf-owning caste, without openly opposing, twisted up bad consequences with good, braided impossibilities into possibilities; the whole plan became a tangle, and was thrown aside.

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The Czar now sought to foster other good efforts, especially those made by some earnest nobles to free their serfs by will. But this plan also the serf-owning caste entangled and thwarted. At last the storm of war set in with such fury that all internal reforms must be lost sight of. Russia had to make ready for those campaigns in which Napoleon gained every battle. Then came that peaceful meeting on the raft at Tilsit—worse for Russia than any warlike meeting; for thereby Napoleon seduced Alexander, for years, from plans of bettering his empire into dreams of extending it.

Coming out of these dreams, Alexander had to deal with such realities as the burning of Moscow, the Battle of Leipsic, and the occupation of France; yet, in the midst of those fearful times—when the grapple of the emperors was at the fiercest; in the very year of the burning of Moscow—Alexander rose in calm statesmanship, and admitted Bessarabia into the empire under a proviso which excluded serfage forever. Hardly was the great European tragedy ended, when Alexander again turned sorrowfully toward the wronged millions of his empire. He found that progress in civilization had but made the condition of the serfs worse. The newly ennobled *parvenus* were worse than the old *boyars*; they hugged the serf system more lovingly and the serfs more hatefully. The sight of these wrongs roused him. He seized a cross, and swore that the serf system should be abolished.

Straightway a great and good plan was prepared. Its main features were: a period of transition from serfage to personal liberty, extending through twelve or fourteen years; the arrival of the serf at personal freedom, with ownership of his cabin and the bit of land attached to it; the gradual reimbursement of masters by serfs; and after this advance to personal liberty, an advance by easy steps to a sort of political liberty. Favorable as was this plan to the serf-owners, they attacked it in various ways; but they could not kill it utterly. Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland became free. Having failed to arrest the growth of freedom, the serf-holding caste made every effort to blast the good fruits of freedom. In Courland they were thwarted; in Esthonia and Livonia they succeeded during many years; but the eternal laws were too strong for them, and the fruitage of liberty had grown richer and better.

After these good efforts, Alexander stopped, discouraged. A few patriotic nobles stood apart from their caste, and strengthened his hands, as Lafayette and Lincourt strengthened Louis XVI. They even drew up a plan of voluntary emancipation; formed an association for the purpose and gained many signatures; but the great weight of that besotted serf-owning caste was thrown against them, and all came to naught. Alexander was at last walled in from the great object of his ambition. Pretended theologians built, between him and emancipation, walls of Scriptural interpretation; pretended philosophers built walls of false political economy; pretended statesmen built walls of sham common-sense. If the Czar could but have mustered courage to cut the knot! Alas for Russia and for him, he wasted himself in efforts to untie it. His heart sickened at it; he welcomed death, which alone could remove him from it.

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Alexander's successor, Nicholas I, had been known before his accession as a mere martinet, a good colonel for parade days, wonderful in detecting soiled uniforms, terrible in administering petty punishments. It seems like the story of stupid Brutus over again. Altered circumstances made a new man of him; and few things are more strange than the change wrought in his whole bearing and look by that week of energy in climbing his brother's throne. The great article in Nicholas's creed was a complete, downright faith in despotism, and in himself as despotism's apostle. Hence he hated, above all things, a limited monarchy. He told De Custine that a pure monarchy or pure republic he could understand; but that anything between these he could not understand. Of his former rule of Poland, as constitutional monarch, he spoke with loathing.

Of this hate which Nicholas felt for liberal forms of government there yet remain monuments in the great museum of the Kremlin. That museum holds an immense number of interesting things, and masses of jewels and plate which make all other European collections mean. The visitor wanders among clumps of diamonds and sacks of pearls and a nauseating wealth of rubies and sapphires and emeralds. There rise rows upon rows of jewelled cimeters, and vases and salvers of gold, and old saddles studded with diamonds and with stirrups of gold—presents of frightened Asiatic satraps or fawning European allies. There too are the crowns of Muscovy, of Russia, of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Siberia, of the Crimea, and, pity to say it, of Poland. And next this is an index of despotic hate—for the Polish sceptre is broken and flung aside. Near this stands the full-length portrait of Alexander I, and at his feet are grouped captured flags of Hungary and Poland—some with blood-marks still upon them. But below all, far beneath the feet of the Emperor, in dust and ignominy and on the floor, is flung the *very* Constitution of Poland—parchment for parchment, ink for ink, good promise for good promise—which Alexander gave with so many smiles, and which Nicholas took away with so much bloodshed.

And not far from this monument of the deathless hate Nicholas bore that liberty he had stung to death stands a monument of his admiration for straightforward tyranny, even in the most dreaded enemy his house ever knew. Standing there is a statue in the purest of marble, the only statue in those vast halls. It has the place of honor. It looks proudly over all that glory and keeps ward over all that treasure; and that statue, in full majesty of imperial robes, and bees, and diadem, and face, is of the First Napoleon. Admiration of his tyrannic will has at last made him peaceful sovereign of the Kremlin.

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This spirit of absolutism took its most offensive form in Nicholas's attitude toward Europe. He was the very incarnation of reaction against revolution, and he became the demigod of that horde of petty despots who infest Central Europe. Whenever, then, any tyrant's lie was to be baptized, he stood its godfather; whenever any God's truth was to be crucified, he led on those who passed by, reviling and wagging their heads. Whenever these oppressors revived some old feudal wrong, Nicholas backed them in the name of religion; whenever their nations struggled to preserve some great right, Nicholas crushed them in the name of law and order. With these pauper princes his children intermarried, and he fed them with his crumbs and clothed them with scraps of his purple. The visitor can see today, in every one of their dwarf palaces, some of his malachite vases or porcelain bowls or porphyry columns.

But the people of Western Europe distrusted him as much as their rulers worshipped; and some of these same presents to their rulers have become trifle-monuments of no mean value in showing that popular idea of Russian policy. Foremost among these stand those two bronze masses of statuary in front of the Royal Palace at Berlin, representing fiery horses restrained by strong men. Pompous inscriptions proclaim these presents from Nicholas; but the people, knowing the man and his measures, have fastened upon one of these curbed steeds the name of "Progress Checked," and on the other "Retrogression Encouraged."

A few days before Nicholas's self-will brought him to his deathbed we saw him ride through the St. Petersburg streets with no pomp and no attendants, yet in as great pride as ever despotism gave a man. At his approach, nobles uncovered and looked docile, soldiers faced about and became statues, long-bearded peasants bowed to the ground with the air of men on whose vision a miracle flashes. For there was one who could make or mar all fortunes—the absolute owner of street and houses and passers-by—one who owned the patent and dispensed the right to tread that soil, to breathe that air, to be glorified in that sunlight and amid those snow crystals. And he looked it all. Though at that moment his army was entrapped by military stratagem, and he himself was entrapped by diplomatic stratagem, that face and form were proud and confident as ever.

There was in this attitude toward Europe—in this standing forth as the representative man of absolutism, and breasting the nineteenth century—something of greatness; but in his attitude toward Russia this greatness was wretchedly diminished. For, as Alexander I was a good man enticed out of goodness by the baits of Napoleon, Nicholas was a great man scared out of greatness by the ever-recurring phantom of the French Revolution.

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In those first days of his reign, when he enforced loyalty with grape-shot and halter, Nicholas dared much and stood firm; but his character soon showed another side. Fearless as he was before bright bayonets, he was an utter coward before bright ideas. He laughed at the flash of cannon, but he trembled at the flash of a new living thought. Whenever, then, he attempted a great thing for his nation, he was sure to be scared back from its completion by fear of revolution. And so, today, he who looks through Russia for Nicholas's works finds a number of great things he had done, but each is single, insulated, not preceded logically, not followed effectively. Take, as an example of this, his railway-building.

His own pride and Russian interest demanded railways. He scanned the world with that keen eye of his, saw that American energy was the best supplement to Russian capital; his will darted quickly, struck afar, and Americans came to build his road from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Nothing can be more complete. It is an air-line road, and so perfect that the traveller finds few places where the rails do not meet, before and behind him, in the horizon. The track is double, the rails very heavy and admirably ballasted; station-houses and engine-houses are splendid in build, perfect in arrangement, and surrounded by neat gardens. The whole work is worthy of the Pyramid builders. The traveller is whirled by culverts, abutments, and walls of dressed granite, through cuttings where the earth on either side is carefully paved or turfed to the summit. Ranges of Greek columns are reared as crossings in the midst of broad marshes, lions' heads in bronzed iron stare out upon vast wastes where never rose even the smoke from a serf's kennel.

All this seems good; and a ride of four hundred miles through such glories rarely fails to set the traveller at chanting the praises of the Emperor who conceived them. But when the traveller notes that complete isolation of the work from all conditions necessary to its success, his praises grow fainter. He sees that Nicholas held back from continuing the road to Odessa, though half the money spent in making the road an imperial plaything would have built a good, solid extension to that most important seaport; he sees that Nicholas dared not untie police regulations, and that commerce is wretchedly meagre. Contrary to what would obtain under a free system, this great public work found the country wretched and left it wretched. The traveller flies by no ranges of trim palings and tidy cottages; he sees the same dingy groups of huts here as elsewhere, the same cultivation looking for no morrow, the same tokens that the laborer is not thought worthy of his hire. This same tendency to great single works, this same fear of great connected systems, this same timid isolation of great creations from principles essential to their growth, is seen, too, in Nicholas's church-building.

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Foremost of all the edifices on which Nicholas lavished the wealth of the empire stands the Isak Church in St. Petersburg. It is one of the largest and certainly the richest cathedral in Christendom. All is polished pink granite and marble and bronze. On all sides are double rows of Titanic columns, each a single block of polished granite with bronze capital. Colossal masses of bronze statuary are grouped over each front; high above the roof and surrounding the great drums of the domes are lines of giant columns in granite bearing giant statues in bronze; and crowning all rises the vast central dome, flanked by its four smaller domes, all heavily plated with gold.

The church within is one gorgeous mass of precious marbles and mosaics and silver and gold and jewels. On the tabernacle of the altar, in gold and malachite, on the screen of the altar, with its pilasters of lapis lazuli and its range of malachite columns fifty feet high, were lavished millions on millions. Bulging from the ceilings are massy bosses of Siberian porphyry and jasper. To decorate the walls with unfading pictures, Nicholas founded an establishment for mosaic work, where sixty pictures were commanded, each demanding, after all artistic labor, the mechanical labor of two men for four years.

Yet this vast work is not so striking a monument of Nicholas's luxury as of his timidity. For this cathedral and some others almost as grand were, in part at least, results of the deep wish of Nicholas to wean his people from their semi-idolatrous love for dark, confined, filthy sanctuaries, like those of Moscow; but here again is a timid purpose and half result; Nicholas dared set no adequate enginery working at the popular religious training or moral training. There had been such an organization, the Russian Bible Society, favored by Alexander I; but Nicholas swept it away at one stroke of the pen. Evidently, he feared lest Scriptural denunciations of certain sins in ancient politics might be popularly interpreted against certain sins in modern politics. The corruption system in Russia is old, organized, and respectable. Stories told of Russian bribes and thefts exceed belief only until one has been on the ground.

Nicholas began well. He made an imperial progress to Odessa, was welcomed in the morning by the governor in full pomp and robes and flow of smooth words; and at noon the same governor was working in the streets with ball and chain as a convict. But against such a chronic moral evil no government is so weak as your so-called "strong" government. Nicholas set out one day for the Kronstadt arsenals to look into the accounts there; but before he reached them, stores, storehouses, and account-books were in ashes. So at last Nicholas folded his arms and wrestled no more. For, apart from the trouble, there came ever in his dealings with thieves that old timid thought of his, that, if he examined too closely their chief tenure, they might examine too closely his despot tenure.

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We have shown this vague fear in Nicholas's mind thus at length and in different workings, because thereby alone can be grasped the master-key to his dealings with the serf system. Toward his toiling millions Nicholas always showed sympathy. Let news of a single wrong to a serf get through the hedges about the Russian majesty, and woe to the guilty master! Many of these wrongs came to Nicholas's notice; and he came to hate the system, and tried to undermine it. Opposition met him, of course; not so much the ponderous laziness of Peter's time as an opposition, polite and elastic, which never ranted and never stood up—for then Nicholas would have throttled it and stamped upon it. But it did its best to entangle his reason and thwart his action. He was told that the serfs were well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed, well-provided with religion; were contented, and had no wish to leave their owners.

Now Nicholas was not strong at spinning sham reasons nor subtle at weaving false conscience; but, to his mind, the very fact that the system had so degraded a man that he could laugh and dance and sing, while other men took his wages, his wife, and homestead, was the crowning argument against the system. Then the political economists beset him, proving that without forced labor Russia must sink into sloth and poverty.

Yet all this could not shut out from Nicholas's sight the great black fact in the case. He saw, and winced as he saw, that, while other European nations, even under despots, were comparatively active and energetic, his own people were sluggish and stagnant; that, although great thoughts and great acts were towering in the West, there were in Russia, after all his galvanizing, no great authors, or scholars, or builders, or inventors, but only two main products of Russian civilization, dissolute lords and abject serfs.

Nearly twenty years went by in this timid dropping of grains of salt into a putrid sea. But at last, in 1842, Nicholas issued his ukase creating the class of "contracting peasants." Masters and serfs were empowered to enter into contracts, the serf receiving freedom, the master receiving payment in instalments. It was a moderate innovation, very moderate—nothing more than the first failure of the First Alexander. Yet even here that old timidity of Nicholas nearly spoiled what little good was hidden in the ukase. Notice after notice was given to the serf-owners that they were not to be molested, that no emancipation was contemplated, and that the ukase contained "nothing new." The result was as feeble as the policy. A few serfs were emancipated, and Nicholas halted. The revolutions of 1848 increased his fear of innovation; and finally the war in the Crimea took from him the power of innovation.

The great man died. We saw his cold dead face, in the midst of crowns and crosses, very pale then, very powerless then. One might stare at him, then, as at a serf's corpse; for he who had scared Europe during thirty years lay before us that day as a poor lump of chilled brain and withered muscle. And we stood by, when, amid chanting and flare of torches and roll of cannon, his sons wrapped him in his shroud of gold thread, and lowered him into the tomb of his fathers.

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But there was shown in those days far greater tribute than the prayers of bishops or the reverence of ambassadors. Massed about the Winter Palace and the Fortress of Peter and Paul, stood thousands on thousands who, in far-distant serf-huts, had put on their best, had toiled wearily to the capital to give their last mute thanks to one who for years had stood between their welfare and their owners' greed. Sad that he had not done more. Yet they knew that he had wished their freedom and loathed their wrongs; for that came up the tribute of millions.

The new Emperor, Alexander II, had never been hoped for as one who could light the nation from his brain; the only hope was that he might warm the nation somewhat from his heart. He was said to be of a weak, silken fibre. The strength of the family was said to be concentrated in his younger brother, Constantine. But soon came a day when the young Czar revealed to Europe not merely kindness, but strength. While his father's corpse was still lying within his palace, he received the diplomatic body. As the Emperor entered the audience-room he seemed feeble, indeed, for such a crisis. That fearful legacy of war seemed to weigh upon his heart; marks of plenteous tears were upon his face; Nesselrode, though old and bent and shrunk in stature, seemed stronger than his young master.

But as he began his speech it was seen that a strong man had mounted the throne. With earnestness he declared that he sorrowed over the existing war; but that, if the Holy Alliance had been broken, it was not through the fault of Russia. With bitterness he turned toward the Austrian minister, Esterhazy, and hinted at Russian services in 1848, and Austrian ingratitude. Calmly then, not as one who spoke a part but as one who announced a determination, he declared: "I am anxious for peace; but if the terms at the approaching congress are incompatible with the honor of my nation, I will put myself at the head of my faithful Russia and die sooner than yield."

Strong as Alexander showed himself by these words, he showed himself stronger by acts. A policy properly mingling firmness and conciliation brought peace to Europe and showed him equal to his father; a policy mingling love of liberty with love of order brought the dawn of prosperity to Russia and showed him the superior of his father. The reforms now begun were not stinted as of old, but free and hearty. In rapid succession were swept away restrictions on telegraphic communication, on printing, on the use of the Imperial Library, on strangers entering the country, on Russians leaving the country. A policy in public works was adopted which made Nicholas's greatest efforts seem petty; a vast network of railways was begun. A policy in commercial dealings with Western Europe was adopted, in which Alexander, though not apparently so imposing as Nicholas, was really far greater; he dared advance toward freedom of trade.

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But soon rose again that great problem of old—that problem ever rising to meet a new autocrat, and, at each appearance, more dire than before—the serf question. The serfs in private hands now numbered more than twenty millions; above them stood more than a hundred thousand owners. The princely strength of the largest owners was best represented by a few men possessing over a hundred thousand serfs each, and, above all, by Count Scheremetieff, who boasted three hundred thousand. The luxury of the large owners was best represented by about four thousand men possessing more than a thousand serfs each. The pinching propensities of the small owners were best represented by fifty thousand men possessing fewer than twenty serfs each.

The serfs might be divided into two great classes. The first comprised those working under the old or *corvee* system, giving usually three days in the week to the tillage of the owner's domain; the second comprised those working under the new or *obrok* system, receiving a payment fixed by the owner and assessed by the community to which the serfs belonged. The character of the serfs had been moulded by the serf system. They had a simple shrewdness, which, under a better system, had made them enterprising; but this quality soon degenerated into cunning and cheaterly—the weapons which the hopelessly oppressed always use. They had a reverence for things sacred, which under a better system might have given the nation a strengthening religion; but they now stood among the most religious peoples on earth and among the least moral. To the picture of Our Lady of Kazan they were ever ready to burn wax and oil; to truth and justice they constantly omitted the tribute of mere common honesty. They kept the Church fasts like saints; they kept the Church feasts like satyrs.

They had curiosity, which under a better system would have made them inventive; but their plough, in common use, was behind the plough described by Vergil. They had a love of gain, which under a better system would have made them hardworking; but it took ten serfs to do, languidly and poorly, what two free men in America would do quickly and well. They were naturally a kind people; but let one example show how serfage can transmute kindness. It is a rule, well known in Russia, that when an accident occurs, interference is to be left to the police. Hence you would see a man lying in a fit, and the bystanders giving no aid, but waiting for the authorities. Some years ago, as all the world remembers, a theatre took fire in St. Petersburg, and crowds of people were burned or stifled. The whole story is not so well known. The theatre was but a great temporary wooden shed—such as is run up every year at the holidays, in the public squares. When the fire burst forth, crowds of peasants hurried to the spot; but though they heard the shrieks of the dying, separated from them only by a thin planking, only one man in that multitude dared cut through and rescue some of the sufferers.

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The serfs, when standing for great ideas, would die rather than yield. Napoleon I learned this at Eylau; Napoleon III learned it at Sebastopol; yet in daily life they were slavish beyond belief. On a certain day, in the year 1855, the most embarrassed man in all Russia was doubtless our excellent American minister. The serf coachman employed at wages was called up to receive his discharge for drunkenness. Coming into the presence of a sound-hearted American democrat, who never had dreamed of one mortal kneeling to another, Ivan throws himself on his knees, presses his forehead to the minister's feet, fawns like a tamed beast, and refuses to move until the minister relieves himself from this nightmare of servility by a full pardon.

Time after time we have entered the serf field and serf hut; have seen the simple round of serf toils and sports; have heard the simple chronicles of self joys and sorrows: but whether his livery were filthy sheepskin or gold-laced caftan; whether he lay on carpets at the door of his master, or in filth on the floor of his cabin; whether he gave us cold, stupid stories of his wrongs, or flippant details of his joys; whether he blessed his master or cursed him—we have wondered at the power which a serf system has to degrade and imbrute the image of God.

But astonishment was increased a thousand-fold at study of the reflex influence for evil upon the serf-owners themselves, upon the whole free community, upon the very soil of the whole country. On all those broad plains of Russia, on the daily life of that serf-owning aristocracy, on the whole class which was neither of serfs nor serf-owners, the curse of God was written in letters so big and so black that all mankind might read them. Farms were untilled, enterprise deadened, invention crippled, education neglected; life was of little value; labor was the badge of servility, laziness the very badge and passport of gentility. Despite the most specious half-measures, despite all efforts to galvanize it, to coax life into it, to sting life into it, the nation remained stagnant. Not one traveller who does not know that the evils brought on that land by the despotism of the autocrat were as nothing compared to that dark network of curses spread over it by a serf-owning aristocracy. Into the conflict with this evil Alexander II entered manfully. Having been two years upon the throne, having made a plan, having stirred some thought through certain authorized journals, he inspired the nobility in three of the northwestern provinces to memorialize him in regard to emancipation.

Straightway an answer was sent conveying the outlines of the Emperor's plan. The period of transition from serfage to freedom was set at twelve years; at the end of that time the serf was to be fully free and possessor of his cabin, with an adjoining piece of land. The provincial nobles were convoked to fill out these outlines with details as to the working out by the serfs of a fair indemnity to their masters. The whole world was stirred; but that province in which the Czar hoped most eagerly for a movement to meet him—the province where beat the old Muscovite heart, Moscow—was stirred least of all. Every earnest throb seemed stifled there by that strong aristocracy.

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Yet Moscow moved at last. Some nobles who had not yet arrived at the callous period; some professors in the University who had not yet arrived at the heavy period, breathed life into the mass, dragged on the timid, fought off the malignant. The movement had soon a force which the retrograde party at Moscow dared not openly resist. So they sent answers to St. Petersburg, apparently favorable; but wrapped in their phrases were hints of difficulties, reservations, impossibilities. All this studied suggestion of difficulties profited the reactionists nothing. They were immediately informed that the imperial mind was made up, that the business of the Muscovite nobility was now to arrange that the serf be freed in twelve years, and put in possession of homestead and enclosure.

The next movement of the retrograde party was to misunderstand everything. The plainest things were found to need a world of debate; the simplest things became entangled; the noble assemblies played solemnly a ludicrous game of cross-purposes. Straightway came a notice from the Emperor which, stripped of official verbiage, said that they must understand. This set all in motion again. Imperial notices were sent to province after province, explanatory documents were issued, good men and strong were set to talk and work.

The nobility of Moscow made another move. To scare back the advancing forces of emancipation, they elected, as provincial leaders, three nobles bearing the greatest names of old Russia and haters of the new ideas. To defeat these came a successor of St. Gregory and St. Bavon, one who accepted the thought that when God advances great ideas the Church must marshal them. Philarete, Metropolitan of Moscow, upheld emancipation and condemned its foes; his earnest eloquence carried all. The work progressed unevenly—nobles in different governments differed in plan and aim—an assembly of delegates was brought together at St. Petersburg to combine and perfect a resultant plan under the eye of the Emperor. The Grand Council of the Empire, too, was set at the work. It was a most unpromising body, yet the Emperor's will stirred it.

The opposition now made the most brilliant stroke of its campaign. Just as James II of England prated of toleration and planned the enslavement of all thought, so now the bigoted plotters against emancipation began to prate of constitutional liberty. But Alexander held right on. It was even hinted that visions of a constitutional monarchy pleased him. But then came tests of Alexander's strength far more trying. Masses of peasants, hearing vague news of emancipation—learning, doubtless, from their masters' own spiteful lips that the Emperor was endeavoring to tear away property in serfs—took the masters at their word, and determined to help the Emperor. They rose in insurrection. To the bigoted serf-owners this was a godsend. They paraded it in all lights; therewith they threw life into all the old commonplaces on the French Revolution; timid men of good intentions wavered. The Czar would surely now be scared back.

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Not so. Alexander now hurled his greatest weapon, and stunned reaction in a moment. He freed all the serfs on the Imperial estates without reserve. Now it was seen that he was in earnest; the opponents were disheartened; once more the plan moved and dragged them on. But there came other things to dishearten the Emperor; and not least of these was the attitude of those who moulded popular thought in England. Be it said here, to the credit of France, that from her came constant encouragement in the great work. Wolowski, Mazade, and other true-hearted men sent forth from leading reviews and journals words of sympathy, words of help, words of cheer.

Not so England. Just as in the French Revolution of 1789, while yet that Revolution was noble and good, while yet Lafayette and Bailly held it, leaders in English thought, who had quickened the opinions which had caused the Revolution, sent malignant prophecies and prompted foul blows, so in this battle of Alexander against a foul wrong they seized this time of all times to show all the wrongs and absurdities of which Russia ever had been or ever might be guilty—criticised, carped, sent much haughty advice, depressing sympathy, and malignant prophecy. Review articles, based on no real knowledge of Russia, announced a desire for serf-emancipation, and then, in the modern English way, with plentiful pyrotechnics of antithesis and paradox, threw a gloomy light into the skilfully pictured depths of imperial despotism, official corruption, and national bankruptcy.

They revived Old World objections, which, to one acquainted with the most every-day workings of serfage, were ridiculous. It was said that if the serfs lost the protection of their owners they might fall a prey to rapacious officials. As well might it have been argued that a mother should never loose her son from her apron-strings. It was said that “Serfism excludes pauperism”—that, if the serf owes work to his owner in the prime of life, the owner owes support to his serf in the decline of life. No lie could be more absurd to one who had seen Russian life. We were first greeted, on entering Russia, by a beggar who knelt in the mud; at Kovno eighteen beggars besieged the coach, and Kovno was hardly worse than scores of other towns; within a day’s ride from St. Petersburg a woman begged piteously for means to keep soul and body together, and finished the refutation of that sonorous English theory, for she had been discharged from her master’s service in the metropolis as too feeble, and had been sent back to his domain, afar in the country, on foot and without money.

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It was said that freed peasants would not work. But, despite volleys of predictions that they would not work if freed, despite volleys of assertions that they could not work if freed, the peasants when set free, and not crushed by regulations, have sprung to their work with an earnestness and continued it with a vigor at which the philosophers of the old system stand aghast. The freed peasants of Wologda compare favorably with any in Europe. And when the old tirades had grown stale, English writers drew copiously from a new source—from *La Verite sur la Russie*—pleasingly indifferent to the fact that the author's praise in a previous work had notoriously been a thing of bargain and sale, and that there was in full process of development a train of facts which led the Parisian courts to find him guilty of demanding in one case a blackmail of fifty thousand rubles.

All this argument outside the empire helped the foes of emancipation inside the empire. But the Emperor met the whole body of his opponents with an argument overwhelming. On March 5, 1861, he issued his manifesto making the serfs free! He had struggled long to make some satisfactory previous arrangement; his motto now became: Emancipation first, arrangement afterward. Thus was the result of the great struggle decided.

NIKOLAI TURGENIEFF

In 1857 the Emperor Alexander II first raised the question of emancipation, and declared it was time for it to be accomplished. As might have been expected, the idea of emancipation met with great opposition from different sides. Yet the opposition was directed not so much against the personal emancipation of the serfs as against the appropriation to them, when liberated, of the land they held. The proprietors, assembled in different committees which were established all over the empire to discuss the matter, ended even by giving up their right of possession in the person of the serf, and, mentioning only their right to the land occupied by the peasants, claimed pecuniary indemnities if that land were delivered to them. The honorable gentlemen whom the Emperor intrusted with this important task, forming a committee *ad hoc*, declared from the first as a principle that the emancipated peasants must have land, about in the same quantity as they had hitherto occupied, on condition of a pecuniary indemnity to be paid to the proprietors. That principle prevailed, thanks to the Emperor's firmness.

During the discussion of that question in Russia, I published several writings on the matter. My chief purpose and warmest desire being to secure to the peasants as soon as possible their personal freedom and complete liberty of labor, I proposed a method of emancipation, claiming the entire property of their homes; that is to say, cottages and orchards and a small quantity of arable land, and that without the slightest indemnity from them to their masters, which was to be left to the Government. A sum of about two hundred million dollars, according to my calculation, would have been sufficient for it.

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Meanwhile I inherited a small landed property, inhabited by about four hundred persons of both sexes. I hastened to put in practice my method. I abandoned one-third of the land, including their houses, to the peasants, and let them the two remaining thirds for a certain sum of money. In my agreement with them it was settled that, if the emancipation which the Government was preparing (1859) turned out more advantageous to them, they were to accept it in preference to mine. It is needless to add that, when the official emancipation was proclaimed, the peasants and I found it more advantageous and adopted it. If I were to compare the two methods, I should say that mine tended chiefly to the liberty of the peasants' person and labor, and that of the Government to give them a quantity of land sufficient for their subsistence.

The great inconvenience of this last method was that it obliged the peasants to pay a heavy rent to redeem their land, and that during forty-nine years! Nevertheless, their passion to possess land was so strong that they cheerfully submitted to such hard conditions. The redeeming rent (*rente de rachat*) was to be paid by the peasants, either in money, according to an estimate fixed by law, or by work done for the proprietor, *i.e.*, by *corvies*. This last mode of payment, sanctioned by law only for a short period, disappeared more and more every day, so that the majority of the peasants no longer worked for the proprietors, but paid their rent in money.

I can say more: About two millions of peasants were entirely liberated with regard to the proprietors, thanks to an immediate payment of the redeeming rent. In such cases their annual rent (*redevance*) was capitalized, and the Government gave the proprietor an obligation for the amount of the capital, which bore five per cent, interest, and was to be redeemed in the course of forty-nine years by annual drawings (*tirages*); the peasants then to pay their redeeming rent to Government, and thus become free and independent proprietors. For some time both peasants and proprietors seemed to find this proceeding the most profitable, and agreements of this kind became more and more frequent every day.

I can hardly say how happy I was when I saw for the first time my dear, beloved, and deeply respected Russian peasants free at last, and proprietors of the land they had till then cultivated as serfs! What a change! The same creatures, serfs yesterday, became men, conscious of their human dignity; their aspect, their language, are those of free men. In the mean while, in getting rid of their serfdom, they preserved their usual good sense, wisdom, and *bonhomie*; no impertinence, no arrogance whatever can be detected in them; they are full of self-respect, yet polite. I saw them discussing with the authorities some business of theirs. They maintained their new rights, and, when wrong, never hesitated to acknowledge it.

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Every district and every *chef-lieu* had every year an assembly of deputies who named a permanent committee for three years. This committee was charged with the municipal administration, under the control of the assembly. Everyone was called by law to the election of the deputies. It happened in many places that the peasants were the more numerous and could therefore dispose of all the places in the administrative committee. They were so informed. "No," was their answer; "we want one or two members of the committee taken from among ourselves; they will watch over our interests. As for defending them, as for action, the nobles we name will do it better than we, for they are more learned than we are." In one of the assemblies the nobles, moved by the tact and moderation of the peasants, insisted and almost forced a peasant to become president of the administrative committee of the district. When the salary of the members of the committee had to be decided, the peasants usually considered it too high for them, and, letting the nobles and the merchants have it, got it diminished by one-half for themselves.

All the district assemblies, after voting for the formation of the administrative committee, named the deputies for the larger assembly in the chief town in the province, which in its turn chose among its own members the members for the provincial administrative committee. The central committee seemed to interest the peasants less than those of the districts, and this too is owing to their modesty and moderation.

Another field was offered by the new law to the activity of the peasants in the local or municipal tribunals. The law united several rural communes in one canton (*volost*). Each canton, each commune, chose an *ancient*, assisted by a *conseil*. In every canton was a tribunal to judge the peasants' affairs. Ancients and judges were elected by peasants; noblemen were not submitted to these tribunals, but it has happened that some of them preferred having their difficulties with peasants settled by municipal judges rather than by the usual tribunals. This jurisdiction, established merely for peasants, had great importance, owing chiefly to the privilege of deciding not only according to general law, but also according to local customs. Opportunities were not wanting for the good sense of the peasants to show itself in these municipal tribunals and councils, and the success of the institution was clear to everyone.

(1844-1861) CHRONOLOGY OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, Embracing the period covered in this volume, Daniel Edwin Wheeler

Events treated at length are here indicated in large type; the numerals following give volume and page.

Separate chronologies of the various nations, and of the careers of famous persons, will be found in the INDEX VOLUME, with references showing where the several events are fully treated.

1844 — "INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH."

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1845 — Florida and Texas admitted to the United States; beginning of President Folk's Administration.

— Sir John Franklin sails on his last search for the Northwest Passage.

— England and France war on the Argentine Confederation.

1846 — War between the United States and Mexico; General Taylor captures Monterey; California and New Mexico occupied by United States troops. See "THE ACQUISITION OF CALIFORNIA."

— Treaty with England arranges the Oregon boundary.

— Elias Howe patents the sewing-machine.

— "THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE."

— Great Famine begins in Ireland. Corn-Law agitation at its height in England, "REPEAL OF THE ENGLISH CORN LAWS."

— Unsuccessful uprising of the Poles. Cracow annexed to Austria. Election of Pope Pius IX; his reforms. See "THE REFORMS OF Pius IX."

1847 — General Taylor conquers Northern Mexico; Battle of Buena Vista. General Scott captures Vera Cruz, marches on the city of Mexico, wins repeated battles, and enters the capital in triumph, September 14th. See "THE MEXICAN WAR."

— "FAMINE IN IRELAND."

— Tumult occasioned in Italy by the papal reforms; civil war of the *Sonderbund* in Switzerland; France finally subjugates Morocco. See "THE FALL OF ABD-EL-KADER."

1848 — Peace signed between Mexico and the United States; cession of large territory by Mexico.

— "DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA."

— The Mormons settle in Utah. See "MIGRATIONS OF THE MORMONS."

— Italian uprisings in Milan and Sicily; Sardinia grants a constitution to its subjects. See “THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY IN FRANCE.” Gathering of a workingmen’s convention in Paris.

— Outbreak of revolution in Vienna (March 13th) and in Berlin (March 18th). See “REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN GERMANY.”

— Meeting of the German Parliament at Frankfort.

— Venice declares itself a republic. Sardinia begins war for the “liberation of Italy”; Battle of Custoza. Bloody outbreak of communists in Paris. Unsuccessful revolts in Poland and Bohemia.

— “THE REVOLT OF HUNGARY.”

— Storming of Vienna by government troops. Flight of Pius IX from Rome. Louis Napoleon elected President of France.

— The English crowd back the Boers in Southern Africa; the Boers migrate and form the Transvaal Republic.

1849 — Zachary Taylor inaugurated as President of the United States.

— Rome declared a republic. The Sardinian troops defeated by the Austrians at Novara, and the Sardinian King resigns his throne to his son, Victor Emmanuel II. Austria again dominant in Italy. Rome stormed by French troops. See “RISE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.”

— Venice surrenders to the Austrians after nearly a year of siege. Hungary declared a republic; her forces crushed by the

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— Russians in aid of Austria.

— Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein at war. A German confederation established.

— “LIVINGSTONE’S AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.”

— The Punjab annexed to British India.

1850 — Death of President Taylor.

— Congress passes the Clay compromise measures admitting California as a free State, but compelling the return of fugitive slaves by the North.

— Tai-ping rebellion begins in China.

1851 — First great world’s fair in the Crystal Palace, London.

— “DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.”

— “THE COUP D’ETAT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.” Napoleon dismisses the Assembly, and is elected President of France for ten years.

1852 — Napoleon III proclaimed Emperor of France.

1853 — Franklin Pierce inaugurated as President of the United States.

— The Gadsden Purchase made from Mexico, including Southern Arizona and New Mexico. Surveys begin for a transcontinental railroad.

— Dr. Kane sets out on his arctic explorations.

— Russia quarrels with Turkey, claims a protectorate over all Christians in Turkish dominions; war begun, a Turkish fleet destroyed at Sinope. England and France interfere.

— Great successes of the Tai-pings in China.

1854 — Passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill intensifies the slavery agitation in the United States; formation of the Republican party. See “THE RISE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.”

— France and England declare war against Russia; bombardment of



Bomarsund; the allies land in the Crimea; battles of the Alma, of Balaklava, of Inkerman, siege of Sebastopol.

— “THE OPENING OF JAPAN.”

1855 — “THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.”

— Russian successes against the Turks in Asia.

— Overthrow of Santa Ana, Dictator of Mexico.

— Opening of a railway across the Isthmus of Panama.

1856 — Tumult and bloodshed in Kansas.

— Walker, the filibuster, seizes temporary control of Nicaragua.

— End of the Crimean War; Russia withdraws from the Danubian Provinces.

— Second war between England and China; Persians attack Afghanistan.

1857 — James Buchanan inaugurated as President of the United States.

The decision in the Dred Scott case extends slavery into the Territories.

— Mormon Revolt in Utah.

— “THE INDIAN MUTINY.” Nana Sahib heads the insurgents; recapture of Delhi and Cawnpore; relief of Lucknow.

— England ends the Persian War. France joins England against China.

— The first Atlantic cable laid and broken.

1858 — Jews admitted to share in the government of England.

— End of the Indian Mutiny; the East Indian Company transfers its authority to the Crown.

1859 — John Brown’s Raid.

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— Charles Darwin announces the doctrine of evolution. See “DARWIN PUBLISHES His ORIGIN OF SPECIES.”

— Russia captures Shamyl, and subdues the entire region of the Caucasus.

— Cavour, the chief statesman of Sardinia, arranges an alliance with France and begins a war with Austria to establish “United Italy.”

— “BATTLES OF MAGENTA AND SOLFERINO.”

— Lombardy added to the Italian Kingdom; Venice remains Austrian.

1860 — Garibaldi and his “Thousand” attack the Neapolitans in

Sicily; they capture Naples. Victor Emmanuel seizes the States of the Church. See “THE KINGDOM OF ITALY ESTABLISHED.”

1860 — French and English troops seize Peking and dictate peace terms.

— Election of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate, as President of the United States. South Carolina secedes from the Union.

1861 — “EMANCIPATION OF RUSSIAN SERFS.”