Various

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vol. IV, No. 19, Dec 1851

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Harper's New Monthly Magazine
Vol. IV, No. 19, Dec 1851

ADVERTISEMENT

The Fourth Volume of Harper's New Monthly Magazine is completed by the issue of the present number. The Publishers embrace the opportunity of renewing the expression of their thanks to the public and the press, for the extraordinary degree of favor with which its successive Numbers have been received. Although it has but just reached the close of its second year, its regular circulation is believed to be at least twice as great as that of any similar work ever issued in any part of the world.

The Magazine will be continued in the same general style, and upon the same plan, as heretofore. Its leading purpose is to furnish, at the lowest price, and in the best form, the greatest possible amount of the useful and entertaining literary productions of the present age. While it is by no means indifferent to the highest departments of culture, it seeks primarily to place before the great masses of the people, in every section of the country, and in every walk of life, the most attractive and instructive selections from the current literature of the day. No degree of labor or expense will be spared upon any department. The most gifted and popular authors of the country write constantly for its pages; the pictorial illustrations by which every Number is embellished are of the best style, and by the most distinguished artists; the selections for its pages are made from the widest range and with the greatest care; and nothing will be left undone, either in providing material, or in its outward dress, which will tend in any degree to make it more worthy the remarkable favor with which it has been received.

The Magazine will contain regularly as hitherto:

First.– One or more original articles upon some topic of general interest, written by some popular writer, and illustrated by from fifteen to thirty wood engravings, executed in the highest style of art:

Second.– Copious selections from the current periodical literature of the day, with tales of the most distinguished authors, such as Dickens, Bulwer, Lever, and others – chosen always for their literary merit, popular interest, and general utility:

Third.– A Monthly Record of the events of the day, foreign and domestic, prepared with care, and with entire freedom from prejudice and partiality of every kind:

Fourth.– Critical Notices of the Books of the day, written with ability, candor, and spirit, and designed to give the public a clear and reliable estimate of the important works constantly issuing from the press:

Fifth.– A Monthly Summary of European Intelligence concerning Books, Authors, and whatever else has interest and importance for the cultivated reader:

Sixth.– An Editor's Table, in which some of the leading topics of the day will be discussed with ability and independence:

Seventh.– An Editor's Easy Chair, or Drawer, which will be devoted to literary and general gossip, memoranda of the topics talked about in social circles, graphic sketches of the most interesting minor matters of the day, anecdotes of literary men, sentences of interest from papers not worth reprinting at length, and generally an agreeable and entertaining collection of literary miscellany.

The Publishers trust that it is not necessary for them to reiterate their assurances that nothing shall ever be admitted to the pages of the Magazine in the slightest degree offensive to delicacy or to any moral sentiment. They will seek steadily to exert upon the public a healthy moral influence,

and to improve the character, as well as please the taste, of their readers. They will aim to make their Magazine the most complete repertory of whatever is both useful and agreeable in the current literary productions of the day.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.[1]

BY BENSON J. LOSSING

Revolutions which dismember and overturn empires, disrupt political systems, and change not only the forms of civil government, but frequently the entire character of society, are often incited by causes so remote, and apparently inconsiderable and inadequate, that the superficial observer would never detect them, or would laugh incredulously if presented to his consideration as things of moment. Yet, like the little spring of a watch, coiled unseen within the dark recess of its chamber, the influences of such remote causes operating upon certain combinations, give motion, power, and value to latent energies, and form the *primum mobile* of the whole machinery of wonderful events which produce revolutions.

As a general rule, revolutions in states are the results of isolated rebellions; and rebellions have their birth in desires to cast off evils inflicted by actual oppressions. These evils generally consist of the interferences of rulers with the physical well-being of the governed; and very few of the political changes in empires which so prominently mark the course of human history, have had a higher incentive to resistance than the maintenance of creature comforts. Abridgment of personal liberty in the exercise of natural rights, excessive taxation, and extortion of public officers, whereby individual competence and consequent ease have not been attainable, these have generally been the chief counts in the indictment, when the people have arisen in their might and arraigned their rulers at the bar of the world's judgment.

The American Revolution, which succeeded local rebellions in the various provinces, was an exception to a general rule. History furnishes no parallel example of a people free, prosperous, and happy, rising from the couch of ease to gird on the panoply of war, with a certainty of encountering perhaps years of privation and distress, to combat the intangible *principle* of despotism. The taxes of which the English colonies in America complained, and which were the ostensible cause of dissatisfaction, were almost nominal, and only in the smallest degree affected the general prosperity of the people. But the method employed in levying those slight taxes, and the prerogatives assumed by the king and his ministers, plainly revealed the *principles* of tyranny, and were the causes which produced the quarrel. In these assumptions the kernel of despotism was very apparent, and the sagacious Americans, accustomed to vigorous and independent thought, and a free interchange of opinions, foresaw the speedy springing of that germ into the bulk and vigor of an umbrageous tree, that would overshadow the land and bear the bitter fruit of tyrannous misrule. Foreseeing this, they resolved neither to water it kindly, nor generously dig about its roots and open them to the genial influences of the blessed sun and the dews; but, on the contrary, to eradicate it. Tyranny had no abiding-place in America when the quarrel with the imperial government began, and the War of the Revolution, in its inception and progress, was eminently a war of principle.

How little could the wisest political seer have perceived of an elemental cause of a revolution in America, and the dismemberment of the British Empire, in two pounds and two ounces of TEA, which, a little less than two centuries ago, the East India Company sent as a present to Charles the Second of England! Little did the "merrie monarch" think, while sitting with Nell Gwynn, the Earl of Rochester, and a few other favorites, in his private parlor at Whitehall, and that new beverage gave pleasure to his sated taste, that events connected with the use of the herb would shake the throne of England, albeit a Guelph, a wiser and more virtuous monarch than any Stuart, should sit thereon.

[1] The Engravings which illustrate this article (except the frontispiece) are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.

Yet it was even so; and TEA, within a hundred years after that viceregal corporation made its gift to royalty, became one of the causes which led to rebellion and revolution, resulting in the independence of the Anglo-American colonies, and the founding of our Republic.

When the first exuberant feelings of joy, which filled the hearts of the Americans when intelligence of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached them, had subsided, and sober judgment analyzed the Declaratory act of William Pitt which accompanied the Repeal Bill, they perceived small cause for congratulation. They knew Pitt to be a friend – an earnest and sincere friend of the colonists. He had labored shoulder to shoulder with Barrè, Conway, Burke, and others, to effect the repeal, and had recently declared boldly in the House of Commons, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Yet he saw hesitation; he saw *pride* standing in the place of *righteousness*, and he allowed *expediency* to usurp the place of *principle*, in order to accomplish a great good. He introduced the Declaratory Act, which was a sort of salvo to the national honor, that a majority of votes might be secured for the Repeal Bill. That act affirmed that Parliament possessed the power *to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever*; clearly implying the right to impose taxes to any extent, and in any manner that ministers might think proper. That temporizing measure was unworthy of the great statesman, and had not the colonists possessed too many proofs of his friendship to doubt his constancy, they would now have placed him in the category of the enemies of America. They plainly perceived that no actual concession had been made, and that the passage of the Repeal Bill was only a truce in the systematic endeavors of ministers to hold absolute control over the Americans. The loud acclamations of joy and the glad expressions of loyalty to the king, which rung throughout America in the spring and early summer of 1766, died away into low whispers before autumn, and as winter approached, and other schemes for taxation, such as a new clause in the mutiny act developed, were evolved from the ministerial laboratory, loud murmurings went over the sea from every English colony in the New World.

Much good was anticipated by the exercise of the enlightened policy of the Rockingham ministry, under whose auspices the Stamp Act had been repealed, when it was suddenly dissolved, and William Pitt, who was now elevated to the peerage, became prime minister. Had not physical infirmities borne heavily upon Lord Chatham, all would have been well; but while he was tortured by gout, and lay swathed in flannels at his country-seat at Hayes, weaker heads controlled the affairs of state. Charles Townshend, Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer, a vain, truckling statesman, coalesced with Grenville, the father of the Stamp Act, in the production of another scheme for deriving a revenue from America. Too honest to be governed by expediency, Grenville had already proposed levying a direct tax upon the Americans of two millions of dollars per annum, allowing them to raise that sum in their own way. Townshend had the sagacity to perceive that such a measure would meet with no favor; but in May, 1767, he attempted to accomplish the same result by introducing a bill providing for the imposition of a duty upon glass, paper, painters' colors, and tea imported from Great Britain into America. This was only another form of taxation, and judicious men in Parliament viewed the proposition with deep concern. Burke and others denounced it in the Commons; and Shelburne in the House of Lords warned ministers to have a care how they proceeded in the matter, for he clearly foresaw insurrection, perhaps a revolution as a consequence. But the voice of prudence, uttering words of prophecy, was disregarded; Townshend's bill was passed, and became a law at the close of June, by receiving the royal signature. Other acts, equally obnoxious to the Americans, soon became laws by the sanction of the king, and the principles of despotism, concealed behind the honest-featured Declaratory Act, were displayed in all their deformity.

During the summer and autumn, John Dickenson sent forth his powerful *Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer*. Written in a simple manner, they were easily understood. They laid bare the evident designs of the ministry; proved the unconstitutionality of the late acts of Parliament, and taught the people the necessity of united resistance to the slow but certain approaches of oppression.

Boston, "the ringleader in rebellion," soon took the initiative step in revolutionary movements, and during 1768, tumults occurred, which caused Governor Bernard to call for troops to awe the people. General Thomas Gage, then commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, ordered two regiments from Halifax. Borne by a fleet which blockaded the harbor in September, they landed upon Long Wharf, in Boston, on Sunday morning, and while the people were desirous of worshiping quietly in their meeting-houses, these soldiers marched to the Common with charged muskets, fixed bayonets, drums beating, and colors flying, with all the pomp and insolence of victorious troops entering a vanquished city. It was a great blunder, and Governor Bernard soon perceived it.

A convention of delegates from every town but one in Massachusetts was in session, when the fleet arrived in Nantasket roads. They were not alarmed by the approach of cannon and bayonets, but deliberated coolly, and denounced firmly the current measures of government. Guided by their advice, the select-men of Boston refused to furnish quarters for the troops, and they were obliged to encamp on the open Common, where insults were daily bandied between the military hirelings and the people. The inhabitants of Boston, and of the whole province felt insulted – ay, degraded – and every feeling of patriotism and manhood rebelled. The alternative was plain before them —*submission or the bayonet!*

Great indignation prevailed from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's, and the cause of Boston became the common cause of all the colonists. They resented the insult as if offered to themselves; and hatred of royal rule became a fixed emotion in the hearts of thousands. Legislative assemblies spoke out freely, and for the crime of being thus independent, royal governors dissolved them. Delegates returned to their constituents, each an eloquent crusader against oppression; and in every village and hamlet men congregated to consult upon the public good, and to determine upon a remedy for the monster evil now sitting like an incubus upon the peace and prosperity of the land.

As a countervailing measure, merchants in the various coast towns entered into an agreement to cease importing from Great Britain, every thing but a few articles of common necessity (and especially those things enumerated in the impost bill), from the first of January, 1769, to the first of January, 1770, unless the obnoxious act should be sooner repealed. The people every where seconded this movement by earnest co-operation, and Provincial legislatures commended the scheme. An agreement, presented in the Virginia House of Burgesses by Washington, was signed by every member; and in all the colonies the people entered at once upon a course of self-denial. For more than a year this powerful engine of retaliation waged war upon British commerce in a constitutional way, before ministers would listen to petitions and remonstrances; and it was not until virtual rebellion in the British capital, born of commercial distress, menaced the ministry, that the expostulations of the Americans were noticed, except with sneers.

In America meetings were frequently held, and men thus encouraged each other by mutual conference. Nor did *men*, alone, preach and practice self-denial; American *women*, the wives and daughters of patriots, cast their influence into the scale of patriotism, and by cheering voices and noble examples, became efficient co-workers. And when, in Boston, cupidity overcame patriotism, and the defection of a few merchants who loved gold more than liberty, aroused the friends of the non-importation leagues, and assembled them in general council in Faneuil Hall, there to declare that they would "totally abstain from the use of tea," and other proscribed articles, the women of that city, fired with zeal for the general good, spoke out publicly and decidedly upon the subject. Early in February, 1770, the mistresses of three hundred families subscribed their names to a league, binding themselves not to use any more tea until the impost clause in the Revenue Act should be repealed. Their daughters speedily followed their patriotic example, and three days afterward, a multitude of young ladies in Boston and vicinity, signed the following pledge:

"We, the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity – as such, do with pleasure engage with them in denying

ourselves the drinking of foreign tea, in hopes to frustrate a plan which tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life."

From that time, tea was a proscribed article in Boston, and opposition to the form of oppression was strongly manifested by the unanimity with which the pleasant beverage was discarded. Nor did the ladies of Boston bear this honor alone, but in Salem, Newport, Norwich, New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Williamsburg, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah, the women sipped "the balsamic hyperion," made from the dried leaves of the raspberry plant, and discarded "the poisonous bohea." The newspapers of the day abound with notices of social gatherings where foreign tea was entirely discarded.

About this time Lord North succeeded Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was an honest man, a statesman of good parts, and a sincere friend to English liberty. He doubtless desired to discharge his duty faithfully, yet in dealing with the Americans, he utterly misunderstood their character and temper, and could not perceive the justice of their demands. This was the minister who mismanaged the affairs of Great Britain throughout the whole of our war for independence, and by his pertinacity in attempts to tax the colonies, and in opposing them in their efforts to maintain their rights, he finally drove them to rebellion, and protracted the war until reconciliation was out of the question.

Early in 1770, the British merchants, the most influential class in the realm, were driven by the non-importation agreements to become the friends of the colonists, and to join with them in petitions and remonstrances. The London merchants suffered more from the operations of the new Revenue Laws, than the Americans. They had early foreseen the consequences of an attempt to tax the colonists; and when Townshend's scheme was first proposed, they offered to pay an equivalent sum into the Treasury, rather than risk the loss of the rapidly-increasing American trade. Now, that anticipated loss was actual, and was bearing heavily upon them. It also affected the national exchequer. In one year, exports to America had decreased in amount to the value of almost four millions of dollars; and within three years (1767 to 1770), the government revenue from America decreased from five hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, to one hundred and fifty thousand. These facts awakened the people; these figures alarmed the government; and early in March, Lord North asked leave to bring in a bill, in the House of Commons, for repealing the duties upon glass, paper, and painters' colors, but retaining the duty of three-pence upon tea. This impost was very small – avowedly a "pepper-corn rent," retained to save the national honor, about which ministers prated so loudly. The friends of America – the *true* friends of English liberty and "national honor" – asked for a repeal of the whole act; the stubborn king, and the short-sighted ministry would not consent to make the concession. North's bill became a law in April, and he fondly imagined that the insignificant three-pence a pound, upon a single article of luxury, would now be overlooked by the colonists. How egregiously he misapprehended their character!

When intelligence of this act reached America, the scheme found no admirers. The people had never complained of the *amount* of the taxes levied by impost; it was trifling. They asserted that Great Britain had *no right to tax them at all*, without their consent. It was for a great *principle* they were contending; and they regarded the retention of the duty of three-pence upon the single article of tea, as much a violation of the constitutional rights of the colonists, as if there had been laid an impost a hundred-fold greater, upon a score of articles. This was the issue, and no partial concessions would be considered.

The non-importation agreements began to be disregarded by many merchants, and six months before this repeal bill became a law, they had agreed, in several places, to import every thing but tea, and that powerful lever of opposition had now almost ceased to work. Tea being an article of luxury, the resolutions to discard that were generally adhered to, and concerning tea, alone, the quarrel was continued.

For two years very little occurred to disturb the tranquillity of New England. Thomas Hutchinson, a man of fair abilities, but possessed of very little prudence or sound judgment, succeeded Bernard as Governor of Massachusetts. New men, zealous and capable, were coming forth from among the people, to do battle for right and freedom. Poor Otis, whose eloquent voice had often stirred up the fires of rebellion in the hearts of the Bostonians, when *Writs of Assistance*, and the *Stamp Act*, elicited his denunciations, and who, with prophetic voice, had told his brethren in Great Britain, "Our fathers were a *good* people, we have been a *free* people, and if you will not let us be so any longer, we shall be a *great* people," was now under a cloud. But his colleagues, some of them very young, were growing strong and experienced. John Adams, then six-and-thirty, and rapidly rising in public estimation, occupied the seat of Otis in the General Assembly. John Hancock, one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston; Samuel Adams, a Puritan of great experience and tried integrity; Joseph Warren, a young physician, full of energy and hope, who afterward fell on Breed's Hill; Josiah Quincy, a polished orator, though almost a stripling; Thomas Cushing, James Warren, Dr. Samuel Church, Robert Treat Paine – these became the popular leaders, and fostered "the child independence," which John Adams said, was born when Otis denounced the Writs of Assistance, and the populace sympathized. These were the men who, at private meetings, concerted plans for public action; and with them, Hutchinson soon quarreled. They issued a circular, declaring the rights of the colonies, and enumerating their grievances. Hutchinson denounced it as seditious and traitorous; and while the public mind was excited by the quarrel, Dr. Franklin, who was agent for the colony in England, transmitted to the Speaker of the Assembly several private letters, written by the governor to members of Parliament, in which he spoke disrespectfully of the Americans, and recommended the adoption of coercive measures to abridge "what are called English liberties." These revelations raised a furious storm, and the people were with difficulty restrained from inflicting personal violence upon the governor. All classes, from the men in legislative council to the plainest citizen, felt a disgust that could not be concealed, and a breach was opened between ruler and people that grew wider every day.

The Earl of Hillsborough, who had been Secretary of State for the Colonies during the past few years of excitement, was now succeeded by Lord Dartmouth, a personal friend to Dr. Franklin, a sagacious statesman, and a man sincerely disposed to do justice to the colonies. Had his councils prevailed, the duty upon tea would have been taken off, and all cause for discontent on the part of the colonies, removed. But North's blindness, countenanced by ignorant or wicked advisers, prevailed in the cabinet, and the olive-branch of peace and reconciliation, constantly held out by the Americans while declaring their rights, was spurned.

At the beginning of 1773, the East India Company, feeling the effects of the non-importation agreements and the colonial contraband trade, opened the way for reconciliation, while endeavoring to benefit themselves. Already seventeen millions of pounds of tea had accumulated in their warehouses in England, and the demand for it in America was daily diminishing. To open anew an extensive market so suddenly closed, the Company offered to allow government to retain six-pence upon the pound as an exportation tariff, if they would take off the duty of three-pence. Ministers had now a fair opportunity, not only to conciliate the colonies in an honorable way, but to procure, without expense, double the amount of revenue. But the ministry, deluded by false views of national honor, would not listen to the proposition, but stupidly favored the East India Company, while persisting in unrighteousness toward the Americans. A bill was passed in May, to allow the Company to export tea to America on their own account, without paying export duty, while the impost of three-pence was continued. The mother country thus taught the colonists to regard her as a voluntary oppressor.

While the bill for allowing the East India Company to export tea to America on their own account, was under consideration in Parliament, Dr. Franklin, Arthur Lee, and others, apprised the colonists of the movement; and when, a few weeks afterward, several large vessels laden with the plant, were out upon the Atlantic, bound for American ports, the people here were actively preparing to prevent the landing of the cargoes. The Company had appointed consignees in various seaport

towns, and these being generally known to the people, were warned to resign their commissions, or hold them at their peril.

In Boston the most active measures were taken to prevent the landing of the tea. The consignees were all friends of government; two of them were Governor Hutchinson's sons, and a third (Richard Clarke, father-in-law of John Singleton Copley, the eminent painter), was his nephew. Their neighbors expostulated with them, but in vain; and as the time for the expected arrival of two or three tea-ships approached, the public mind became feverish. On the first of November several of the leading "Sons of Liberty," as the patriots were called, met at the house of John Hancock, on Beacon-street, facing the Common, to consult upon the public good, touching the expected tea ships. A public meeting was decided upon, and on the morning of the third the following placard was posted in many places within the city:

> "TO THE FREEMEN OF THIS AND THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.
>
> "*Gentlemen.*– You are desired to meet at the Liberty Tree this day at twelve o'clock at noon, then and there to hear the persons to whom the Tea shipped by the East India Company is consigned, make a public resignation of their offices as consignees, upon oath; and also swear that they will reship any teas that may be consigned to them by the said Company, by the first vessel sailing to London.
>
> O. C. Sec'y.
>
> "Boston, Nov. 3, 1773.
>
> " Show me the man that dare take this down!"

The consignees were summoned at an early hour in the morning, to appear under Liberty Tree (a huge elm, which stood at the present junction of Washington and Essex streets), and resign their commissions. They treated the summons with contempt, and refused to comply. At the appointed hour the town-crier proclaimed the meeting, and the church-bells of the city also gave the annunciation. Timid men remained at home, but about five hundred people assembled near the tree, from the top of which floated the New England flag. No definite action was taken, and at three o'clock the meeting had dispersed.

On the 5th, another meeting was held, over which John Hancock presided. Several short but vehement speeches were made, in which were uttered many seditious sentiments; eight resistance resolutions adopted by the Philadelphians were agreed too; and a committee was appointed to wait upon the consignees, who, it was known, were then at Clarke's store, on King-street, and request them to resign. Again those gentlemen refused compliance, and when the committee reported to the meeting, it was voted that the answer of the consignees was "unsatisfactory and highly affrontive." This meeting also adjourned without deciding upon any definite course for future action.

The excitement in Boston now hourly increased. Grave citizens congregated at the corners of the streets to interchange sentiments, and all seemed to have a presentiment that the sanguinary scenes of the 5th of March, 1770, when blood flowed in the streets of Boston, were about to be reproduced.

The troops introduced by Bernard had been removed from the city, and there was no legal power but that of the civil authorities, to suppress disorder. On the 12th, the captain-general of the province issued an order for the Governor's Guards, of which John Hancock was colonel, to stand in readiness to assist the civil magistrate in preserving order. This corps, being strongly imbued with the sentiments of their commander, utterly disregarded the requisition. Business was, in a measure, suspended, and general uneasiness prevailed.

On the 18th, another meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and a committee was again appointed to wait upon the consignees and request them to resign. Again they refused, and that evening the house of Richard Clarke, on School-street, was surrounded by an unruly crowd. A pistol was fired from the house, but without serious effect other than exciting the mob to deeds of violence; the windows were demolished, and the family menaced with personal injury. Better counsels than those of anger

soon prevailed, and at midnight the town was quiet. The meeting, in the mean while, had received the report of the committee in silence, and adjourned without uttering a word. This silence was ominous of evil to the friends of government. The consignees were alarmed, for it was evident that the people were determined to *talk* only, no more, but henceforth to *act*. The governor, also, properly interpreted their silence as a calm before a storm, and he called his council together at the Province House, to consult upon measures for preserving the peace of the city. During their session the frightened consignees presented a petition to the council, asking leave to resign their commissions into the hands of the governor and his advisers, and praying them to adopt measures for the safe landing of the teas. The council, equally fearful of the popular vengeance, refused the prayer of their petition, and the consignees withdrew, for safety, to Castle William, a strong fortress at the entrance of the harbor, then garrisoned by a portion of the troops who had been encamped on Boston Common. The flight of the consignees allayed the excitement for a few days.

On Sunday evening, the 28th of November, the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, one of the East India Company's ships, arrived in the harbor. The next morning the following handbill was posted in every part of the city:

> "*Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!*– That worst of plagues, the detested Tea shipped for this port, by the East India Company, is now arrived in the harbor. The hour of destruction, or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny, stares you in the face; every friend to his country, to himself, and to posterity, is now called upon to meet at *Faneuil Hall*, at nine o'clock This Day (at which time the bells will ring), to make united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.
>
> "Boston, Nov. 29th, 1773."

A large concourse assembled in and around Faneuil Hall at the appointed hour, too large to be admitted within its walls, and they adjourned to the Old South Meeting House, on the corner of the present Washington and Milk streets. Hancock, the Adamses, Warren, Quincy, and other popular leaders and influential citizens were there. Firmness marked all the proceedings, and within that sanctuary of religion they made resolves of gravest import. It was agreed that no tea should be landed within the precincts of Boston; that no duty should be paid; and that it should be sent back in the same bottom. They also voted that Mr. Roch, the owner of the *Dartmouth*, "be directed not to enter the tea at his peril; and that Captain Hall be informed, and at his peril, not to suffer any of the tea to be landed." They ordered the ship to be moored at Griffin's wharf, near the present Liverpool dock, and appointed a guard of twenty-five men to watch her.

When the meeting was about to adjourn, a letter was received from the consignees, offering to store the tea until they could write to England and obtain instructions from the owners. The people had resolved that not a chest should be landed, and the offer was at once rejected. The sheriff, who was present, then stepped upon the back of a pew, and read a proclamation by the governor, ordering the assembly to disperse. It was received with hisses. Another resolution was then adopted, ordering two other tea vessels, then hourly expected, to be moored at Griffin's wharf; and, after solemnly pledging themselves to carry their several resolutions into effect at all hazards, and thanking the people in attendance from the neighboring towns for their sympathy, they adjourned.

Every thing relating to the tea movement was now in the hands of the Boston Committee of Correspondence. A large volunteer guard was enrolled, and every necessary preparation was made to support the resistance resolutions of the 29th. A fortnight elapsed without any special public occurrence, when, on the afternoon of the 13th of December, intelligence went through the town that the *Eleanor*, Captain James Bruce, and the *Beaver*, Captain Hezekiah Coffin, ships of the East India Company, laden with tea, had entered the harbor. They were moored at Griffin's wharf by the volunteer guard, and that night there were many sleepless eyes in Boston. The Sons of Liberty

convened at an early hour in the evening, and expresses were sent to the neighboring towns with the intelligence. Early the next morning the following placard appeared:

> "*Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!*– The perfidious arts of your restless enemies to render ineffectual the resolutions of the body of the people, demand your assembling at the Old South Meeting House precisely at two o'clock this day, at which time the bells will ring."

The "Old South" was crowded at the appointed hour, yet perfect order prevailed. It was resolved to order Mr. Roch to apply immediately for a clearance for his ship, and send her to sea. The owner was in a dilemma, for the governor had taken measures, since the arrival of the Dartmouth, to prevent her sailing out of the harbor. Admiral Montague, who happened to be in Boston, was directed to fit out two armed vessels, and station them at the entrance to the harbor, to act in concert with Colonel Leslie, the commander of the garrison at the Castle. Leslie had already received written orders from the governor not to allow any vessel to pass the guns of the fort, outward, without a permit, signed by himself. Of course Mr. Roch could do nothing.

As no effort had yet been made to land the tea, the meeting adjourned, to assemble again on the 16th, at the same place. These several popular assemblies attracted great attention in the other colonies; and from New York and Philadelphia in particular, letters, expressive of the strongest sympathy and encouragement, were received by the Committee of Correspondence. At the appointed hour on the 16th, the "Old South" was again crowded, and the streets near were filled with a multitude, eager to participate in the proceedings. They had flocked in from the neighboring towns by hundreds. So great a gathering of people had never before occurred in Boston. Samuel Phillips Savage, of Weston, was chosen Moderator, or Chairman, and around him sat many men who, two years afterward, were the recognized leaders of the Revolution in Massachusetts. When the preliminary business was closed, and the meeting was about to appoint committees for more vigorous action than had hitherto been directed, the youthful Josiah Quincy arose, and with words almost of prophecy, uttered with impassioned cadence, he harangued the multitude. "It is not, Mr. Moderator," he said, "the spirit that vapors within these walls that must stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will call forth events which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts and hosannas will terminate the trials of this day, entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the importance and the value of the prize for which we contend: we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge, which actuates our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosoms, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts – to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor will vanquish our foes. Let us consider the issue. Let us look to the end. Let us weigh and consider before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." This gifted young patriot did not live to see the struggle he so confidently anticipated; for, when blood was flowing, in the first conflicts at Lexington and Concord, eighteen month's afterward, he was dying with consumption, on ship-board, almost within sight of his native land.

The people, in the "Old South," were greatly agitated when Quincy closed his harangue. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The question was immediately proposed to the meeting, "Will you abide by your former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed?" The vast assembly within, as with one voice, replied affirmatively, and when the purport was known without, the multitude there responded in accordance. The meeting now awaited the return of Mr. Roch, who had been to the governor to request a permit for his vessel to leave the harbor. Hutchinson, alarmed at the stormy aspect of affairs, had taken counsel of his fears, and withdrawn from the city to his country-house at Milton, a few miles from Boston. It was sunset when Roch returned and informed the meeting that the governor refused to grant a permit, until a clearance

should be exhibited. As a clearance had already been refused by the collector of the port, until the cargo should be landed, it was evident that government officers had concerted to resist the demands of the people. Like a sea lashed by a storm, that meeting swayed with excitement, and eagerly demanded from the leaders some indication for immediate action. Night was fast approaching, and as the twilight deepened, a call was made for candles. At that moment, a person in the gallery, disguised in the garb of a Mohawk Indian, gave a war-whoop, which was answered from without. That signal, like the notes of a trumpet before the battle-charge, fired the assemblage, and as another voice in the gallery shouted, "Boston harbor a tea-pot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" a motion to adjourn was carried, and the multitude rushed to the street. "To Griffin's wharf! to Griffin's wharf!" again shouted several voices, while a dozen men, disguised as Indians, were seen speeding over Fort Hill, in that direction. The populace followed, and in a few minutes the scene of excitement was transferred from the "Old South" to the water side.

No doubt the vigilant patriots had arranged this movement, in anticipation of the refusal of the governor to allow the *Dartmouth* to depart; for concert of action marked all the operations at the wharf. The number of persons disguised as Indians, was fifteen or twenty, and these, with others who joined them, appeared to recognize Lendall Pitts, a mechanic of Boston, as their leader. Under his directions, about sixty persons boarded the three tea-ships, brought the chests upon deck, broke them open, and cast their contents into the water. The *Dartmouth* was boarded first; the *Eleanor* and *Beaver* were next entered; and within the space of two hours, the contents of three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were cast into the waters of the harbor. During the occurrence very little excitement was manifested among the multitude upon the wharf; and as soon as the work of destruction was completed, the active party marched in perfect order back into the town, preceded by a drum and fife, dispersed to their homes, and Boston, untarnished by actual mob or riot, was never more tranquil than on that bright and frosty December night.

A British squadron was not more than a quarter of a mile from Griffin's wharf, where this event occurred, and British troops were near, yet the whole proceeding was uninterrupted. The newspapers of the day doubtless gave the correct interpretation to this apathy. Something far more serious had been anticipated, if an attempt should be made to land the tea; and the owners of the vessels, as well as the public authorities, civil and military, doubtless thanked the *rioters*, in their secret thoughts, for thus extricating them from a serious dilemma. They would doubtless have been worsted in an attempt forcibly to land the tea; now, the vessels were saved from destruction; no blood was spilt; the courage of the civil and military officers remained unimpeached; the "*national honor*" was not compromised, and the Bostonians, having carried their resolutions into effect, were satisfied. The East India Company alone, which was the actual loser, had cause for complaint.

It may be asked, Who were the men actively engaged in this high-handed measure? Were they an ignorant rabble, with no higher motives than the gratification of a mobocratic spirit? By no means. While some of them were doubtless governed, in a measure, by such a motive, the greater portion were young men and lads who belonged to the respectable part of the community, and of the fifty-nine participators whose names have been preserved, some of them held honorable stations in after life; some battled nobly in defense of liberty in the Continental Army of the Revolution which speedily followed, and almost all of them, according to traditionary testimony, were entitled to the respect due to good citizens. Only one, of all that band, as far as is known, is yet among the living, and he has survived almost a half century beyond the allotted period of human life. When the present century dawned, he had almost reached the goal of three score and ten years; and now, at the age of *one hundred and fifteen years*, David Kinnison, of Chicago, Illinois, holds the eminent position of the *last survivor of the Boston Tea Party*! When the writer, in 1848, procured the portrait and autograph of the aged patriot, he was living among strangers and ignorant of the earthly existence of one of all his twenty-two children. A daughter survives, and having been made acquainted of the existence of her father, by the publication of this portrait in the "Field-Book," she hastened to him, and is now

smoothing the pillow of the patriarch as he is gradually passing into the long and peaceful slumber of the grave.

The life of another actor was spared, until within ten years, and his portrait, also, is preserved. George Robert Twelves Hewes, was supposed to be the latest survivor, until the name of David Kinnison was made public. Soon not one of all that party will be among the living.

Before closing this article let us advert to the *effect* produced by the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, for to effects alone are causes indebted for importance.

The events of the 16th of December produced a deep sensation throughout the British realm. They struck a sympathetic chord in every colony which afterward rebeled; and even Canada, Halifax, and the West Indies, had no serious voice of censure for the Bostonians. But the ministerial party here, and the public in England, amazed at the audacity of the Americans in opposing royal authority, and in destroying private property, called loudly for punishment; and even the friends of the colonists in Parliament were, for a moment, silent, for they could not fully excuse the lawless act. Another and a powerful party was now made a principal in the quarrel; the East India Company whose property had been destroyed, was now directly interested in the question of taxation. That huge monopoly which had controlled the commerce of the Indies for more than a century and a half, was then almost at the zenith of its power. Already it had laid the foundation, broad and deep, of that British-Indian Empire which now comprises the whole of Hindostan, from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin, with a population of more than one hundred and twenty millions, and its power in the government affairs of Great Britain, was almost vice-regal. Unawed by the fleets and armies of the imperial government, and by the wealth and power of this corporation, the Bostonians justified their acts by the rules of justice and the guarantees of the British constitution; and the next vessel to England, after the event was known there, carried out an honest proposition to the East India Company, from the people of Boston, to pay for the tea destroyed. The whole matter rested at once upon its original basis – the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies – and this fair proposition of the Bostonians disarmed ministers of half their weapons of vituperation. The American party in England saw nothing whereof to be ashamed, and the presses, opposed to the ministry, teemed with grave disquisitions, satires, and lampoons, all favorable to the colonists, while art lent its aid in the production of several caricatures similar to the one here given, in which Lord North is represented as pouring tea down the throat of unwilling America, who is held fast by Lord Mansfield (then employed by government in drawing up the various acts so obnoxious to the colonists), while Britannia stands by, weeping at the distress of her daughter. In America, almost every newspaper of the few printed, was filled with arguments, epigrams, parables, sonnets, dialogues, and every form of expression favorable to the resistance made in Boston to the arbitrary acts of government; and a voice of approval went forth from pulpits, courts of law, and the provincial legislatures.

Great was the exasperation of the king and his ministers when intelligence of the proceedings in Boston reached them. According to Burke, the "House of Lords was like a seething caldron" – the House of Commons was "as hot as Faneuil Hall or the Old South Meeting House at Boston." Ministers and their supporters charged the colonies with open rebellion, while the opposition denounced, in the strongest language which common courtesy would allow, the foolish, unjust, and wicked course of government.

In cabinet council, the king and his ministers deliberately considered the matter, and the result was a determination to use coercive measures against the colonies. The first of these schemes was a bill brought forward in March, 1774, which provided for the closing of the port of Boston, and the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government offices of every kind from Boston to Salem. This was avowedly a retaliatory measure; and the famous *Boston Port Bill*, which, more than any other act of the British government, was instrumental in driving the colonies to rebellion, became a law within a hundred days after the destruction of the tea. In the debate upon this bill, the most violent language was used toward the Americans. Lord North justified the measure by asserting that Boston

was "the centre of rebellious commotion in America; the ring-leader in every riot." Mr. Herbert declared that the Americans deserved no consideration; that they were "never actuated by decency or reason, and that they always chose tarring and feathering as an argument;" while Mr. Van, another ministerial supporter, denounced the people of Boston as totally unworthy of civilized forbearance – declared that "they ought to have their town knocked about their ears, and destroyed;" and concluded his tirade of abuse by quoting the factious cry of the old Roman orators, "Delenda est Carthago!" – Carthage must be destroyed.

Edmund Burke, who now commenced his series of splendid orations in favor of America, denounced the whole scheme as essentially wicked and unjust, because it punished the innocent with the guilty. "You will thus irrevocably alienate the hearts of the colonies from the mother country," he exclaimed. "The bill is unjust, since it bears only upon the city of Boston, while it is notorious that all America is in flames; that the cities of Philadelphia, of New York, and all the maritime towns of the continent, have exhibited the same disobedience. You are contending for a matter which the Bostonians will not give up quietly. They can not, by such means, be made to bow to the authority of ministers; on the contrary, you will find their obstinacy confirmed and their fury exasperated. The acts of resistance in their city have not been confined to the populace alone, but men of the first rank and opulent fortune in the place have openly countenanced them. One city in proscription and the rest in rebellion, can never be a remedial measure for disturbances. Have you considered whether you have troops and ships sufficient to reduce the people of the whole American continent to your devotion?" From denunciation he passed to appeal, and besought ministers to pause ere they should strike a blow that would forever separate the colonies from Great Britain. But the pleadings of Burke and others, were in vain, and "deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity," this, and other rigorous measures, were put in operation by ministers.

The industry and enterprise of Boston was crushed when, on the first of June, the *Port Bill* went into operation; but her voice of wail, as it went over the land, awakened the noblest expressions and acts of sympathy, and the blow inflicted upon her was resented by all the colonies. They all felt that forbearance was no longer a virtue. Ten years they had pleaded, petitioned, remonstrated; they were uniformly answered by insult. There seemed no other alternative but abject submission, or open, armed resistance. They chose the latter, and thirteen months after the Boston *Port Bill* became a law, the battle at Lexington and Concord had been fought, and Boston was beleaguered by an army of patriots. The Battle of Bunker Hill soon followed; a continental army was organized with Washington at its head, and the war of the Revolution began. Eight long years it continued, when the oppressors, exhausted, gave up the contest. Peace came, and with it, Independence; and the Republic of the United States took its place among the nations of the earth.

How conspicuous the feeble Chinese plant should appear among these important events let the voice of history determine.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION

The safe return of the Expedition sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, an opulent merchant of New York city, in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, is an event of much interest; and the voyage, though not resulting in the discovery of the long-absent mariners, presents many considerations satisfactory to the parties immediately concerned, and to the American public in general.

In the second volume of the Magazine, on pages 588 to 597 inclusive, we printed some interesting extracts from the journal of Mr. W. Parker Snow, of the *Prince Albert*, a vessel which sailed from Aberdeen with a crew of Scotchmen, upon the same errand of mercy. That account is illustrated by engravings; and in his narrative, Mr. Snow makes favorable mention of Mr. Grinnell's enterprise, and the character of the officers, crew, and vessels. We now present a more detailed account of the American Expedition, its adventures and results, together with several graphic illustrations, engraved from drawings made in the polar seas during the voyage, by Mr. Charles Berry, a seaman of the *Advance*, the largest of the two vessels. These drawings, though made with a pencil in hands covered with thick mittens, while the thermometer indicated from 20° to 40° below zero, exhibit much artistic skill in correctness of outline and beauty of finish. Mr. Berry is a native of Hamburg, Germany, and was properly educated for the duties of the counting-room and the accomplishments of social life. Attracted by the romance of

"The sea, the sea, the deep blue sea,"

he abandoned home for the perilous and exciting life of a sailor. Although only thirty years of age, he has been fifteen years upon the ocean. Five years he was in the English service, much of the time in the waters near the Arctic Circle; the remainder has been spent in the service of the United States. He was with the *Germantown* in the Gulf, during the war with Mexico, and accompanied her marines at the siege of Vera Cruz. He was in the *North Carolina* when Lieutenant De Haven went on board seeking volunteers for the Arctic Expedition. He offered his services; they were accepted, and a more skillful and faithful seaman never went aloft. And it is pleasant to hear with what enthusiasm he speaks of Commander De Haven, as a skillful navigator and kind-hearted man. "He was as kind to me as a brother," he said, "and I would go with him to the ends of the earth, if he wanted me." Although he speaks English somewhat imperfectly, yet we have listened with great pleasure to his intelligent narrative of the perils, occupations, sports, and duties of the voyage. Since his return he has met an uncle, the commander of a merchant vessel, and, for the first time in fifteen years, he received intelligence from his family. "My mother is dead," said he to us, while the tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes; "I have no one to go home to now – I shall stay here."

We shall not attempt to give a detailed narrative of the events of the Expedition; we shall relate only some of the most noteworthy circumstances, especially those which the pencil of the sailor-artist has illustrated. By reference to the small map on the preceding page, the relative position of the places named; the track of the vessels in their outward voyage; their ice-drift of more than a thousand miles, and their abortive attempt to penetrate the ice of Baffin's Bay a second time, will be more clearly understood.

Mr. Grinnell's Expedition consisted of only two small brigs, the *Advance* of 140 tons; the *Rescue* of only 90 tons. The former had been engaged in the Havana trade; the latter was a new vessel, built for the merchant service. Both were strengthened for the Arctic voyage at a heavy cost. They were then placed under the directions of our Navy board, and subject to naval regulations as if in permanent service. The command was given to Lieutenant E. De Haven, a young naval officer who accompanied the United States Exploring Expedition. The result has proved that a better choice could not have been made. His officers consisted of Mr. Murdoch, sailing-master; Dr. E. K. Kane, Surgeon and

Naturalist; and Mr. Lovell, midshipman. The *Advance* had a crew of twelve men when she sailed; two of them complaining of sickness, and expressing a desire to return home, were left at the Danish settlement at Disko Island, on the coast of Greenland.

The Expedition left New York on the 23d of May, 1850, and was absent a little more than sixteen months. They passed the eastern extremity of Newfoundland ten days after leaving Sandy Hook, and then sailed east-northeast, directly for Cape Comfort, on the coast of Greenland. The weather was generally fine, and only a single accident occurred on the voyage to that country of frost and snow. Off the coast of Labrador, they met an iceberg making its way toward the tropics. The night was very dark, and as the huge voyager had no "light out" the *Advance* could not be censured for running foul. She was punished, however, by the loss of her jib-boom, as she ran against the iceberg at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour.

The voyagers did not land at Cape Comfort, but turning northward, sailed along the southwest coast of Greenland, sometimes in an open sea, and sometimes in the midst of broad acres of broken ice (particularly in Davis's Straits), as far as Whale Island. On the way the anniversary of our national independence occurred; it was observed by the seamen by "splicing the main-brace" – in other words, they were allowed an extra glass of grog on that day.

From Whale Island, a boat, with two officers and four seamen, was sent to Disko Island, a distance of about 26 miles, to a Danish settlement there, to procure skin clothing and other articles necessary for use during the rigors of a Polar winter. The officers were entertained at the government house; the seamen were comfortably lodged with the Esquimaux, sleeping in fur bags at night. They returned to the ship the following day, and the Expedition proceeded on its voyage. When passing the little Danish settlement of Upernavick, they were boarded by natives for the first time. They were out in government whale-boats, hunting for ducks and seals. These hardy children of the Arctic Circle were not shy, for through the Danes, the English whalers, and government expeditions, they had become acquainted with men of other latitudes.

When the Expedition reached Melville Bay, which, on account of its fearful character, is also called the *Devil's Nip*, the voyagers began to witness more of the grandeur and perils of Arctic scenes. Icebergs of all dimensions came bearing down from the Polar seas like vast squadrons, and the roar of their rending came over the waters like the booming of the heavy broadsides of contending navies. They also encountered immense *floes*, with only narrow channels between, and at times their situation was exceedingly perilous. On one occasion, after heaving through fields of ice for five consecutive weeks, two immense *floes*, between which they were making their way, gradually approached each other, and for several hours they expected their tiny vessels – tiny when compared with the mighty objects around them – would be crushed. An immense *calf* of ice six or eight feet thick slid under the *Rescue*, lifting her almost "high and dry," and careening her partially upon her beam's end. By means of ice-anchors (large iron hooks), they kept her from capsizing. In this position they remained about sixty hours, when, with saws and axes, they succeeded in relieving her. The ice now opened a little, and they finally warped through into clear water. While they were thus confined, polar bears came around them in abundance, greedy for prey, and the seamen indulged a little in the perilous sports of the chase.

The open sea continued but a short time, when they again became entangled among *bergs*, *floes*, and *hummocks*, and encountered the most fearful perils. Sometimes they anchored their vessels to icebergs, and sometimes to *floes* or masses of *hummock*. On one of these occasions, while the cook, an active Frenchman, was upon a *berg*, making a place for an anchor, the mass of ice split beneath him, and he was dropped through the yawning fissure into the water, a distance of almost thirty feet. Fortunately the masses, as is often the case, did not close up again, but floated apart, and the poor cook was hauled on board more dead than alive, from excessive fright. It was in this fearful region that they first encountered *pack-ice*, and there they were locked in from the 7th to the 23d of July. During that time they were joined by the yacht *Prince Albert*, commanded by Captain Forsyth, of

the Royal Navy, and together the three vessels were anchored, for a while, to an immense field of ice, in sight of the *Devil's Thumb*. That high, rocky peak, situated in latitude 74° 22' was about thirty miles distant, and with the dark hills adjacent, presented a strange aspect where all was white and glittering. The peak and the hills are masses of rock, with occasionally a lichen or a moss growing upon their otherwise naked surfaces. In the midst of the vast ice-field loomed up many lofty *bergs*, all of them in motion – slow and majestic motion.

From the *Devil's Thumb* the American vessels passed onward through the *pack* toward Sabine's Islands, while the *Prince Albert* essayed to make a more westerly course. They reached Cape York at the beginning of August. Far across the ice, landward, they discovered, through their glasses, several men, apparently making signals; and for a while they rejoiced in the belief that they saw a portion of Sir John Franklin's companions. Four men (among whom was our sailor-artist) were dispatched with a whale-boat to reconnoitre. They soon discovered the men to be Esquimaux, who, by signs, professed great friendship, and endeavored to get the voyagers to accompany them to their homes beyond the hills. They declined: and as soon as they returned to the vessel, the expedition again pushed forward, and made its way to Cape Dudley Digges, which they reached on the 7th of August.

At Cape Dudley Digges they were charmed by the sight of the *Crimson Cliffs*, spoken of by Captain Parry and other Arctic navigators. These are lofty cliffs of dark brown stone, covered with snow of a rich crimson color. It was a magnificent sight in that cold region, to see such an apparently warm object standing out in bold relief against the dark blue back-ground of a polar sky. This was the most northern point to which the expedition penetrated. The whole coast which they had passed from Disko to this cape is high, rugged, and barren, only some of the low points, stretching into the sea, bearing a species of dwarf fir. Northeast from the cape rise the Arctic Highlands, to an unknown altitude; and stretching away northward is the unexplored Smith's Sound, filled with impenetrable ice.

From Cape Dudley Digges, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, beating against wind and tide in the midst of the ice-fields, made Wolstenholme Sound, and then changing their course to the southwest, emerged from the fields into the open waters of Lancaster Sound. Here, on the 18th of August, they encountered a tremendous gale, which lasted about twenty-four hours. The two vessels parted company during the storm, and remained separate several days. Across Lancaster Sound, the *Advance* made her way to Barrow's Straits, and on the 22d discovered the *Prince Albert* on the southern shore of the straits, near Leopold Island, a mass of lofty, precipitous rocks, dark and barren, and hooded and draped with snow. The weather was fine, and soon the officers and crews of the two vessels met in friendly greeting. Those of the *Prince Albert* were much astonished, for they (being towed by a steamer) left the Americans in Melville Bay on the 6th, pressing northward through the *pack*, and could not conceive how they so soon and safely penetrated it. Captain Forsyth had attempted to reach a particular point, where he intended to remain through the winter, but finding the passage thereto completely blocked up with ice, he had resolved, on the very day when the Americans appeared, to "'bout ship," and return home. This fact, and the disappointment felt by Mr. Snow, are mentioned in our former article.

The two vessels remained together a day or two, when they parted company, the *Prince Albert* to return home, and the *Advance* to make further explorations. It was off Leopold Island, on the 23d of August, that the "mad Yankee" took the lead through the vast masses of floating ice, so vividly described by Mr. Snow, and so graphically portrayed by the sailor-artist. "The way was before them," says Mr. Snow, who stood upon the deck of the *Advance*; "the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly, or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course*. Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out,'So: steady as she goes on her course;' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark nobly following in the American's wake; and as I afterward learned,

she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate."

From Leopold Island the *Advance* proceeded to the northwest, and on the 25th reached Cape Riley, another amorphous mass, not so regular and precipitate as Leopold Island, but more lofty. Here a strong tide, setting in to the shore, drifted the *Advance* toward the beach, where she stranded. Around her were small bergs and large masses of floating ice, all under the influence of the strong current. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when she struck. By diligent labor in removing every thing from her deck to a small *floe*, she was so lightened, that at four o'clock the next morning she floated, and soon every thing was properly replaced.

Near Cape Riley the Americans fell in with a portion of an English Expedition, and there also the *Rescue*, left behind in the gale in Lancaster Sound, overtook the *Advance*. There was Captain Penny with the *Sophia* and *Lady Franklin*; the veteran Sir John Ross, with the *Felix*, and Commodore Austin, with the *Resolute* steamer. Together the navigators of both nations explored the coast at and near Cape Riley, and on the 27th they saw in a cove on the shore of Beechy Island, or Beechy Cape, on the east side of the entrance to Wellington Channel, unmistakable evidence that Sir John Franklin and his companions were there in April, 1846. There they found many articles known to belong to the British Navy, and some that were the property of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the ships under the command of Sir John. There lay, bleached to the whiteness of the surrounding snow, a piece of *canvas*, with the name of the *Terror*, marked upon it with indestructible charcoal. It was very faint, yet perfectly legible. Near it was a *guide board*, lying flat upon its face, having been prostrated by the wind. It had evidently been used to direct exploring parties to the vessels, or, rather, to the encampment on shore. The board was pine, thirteen inches in length and six and a half in breadth, and nailed to a boarding pike eight feet in length. It is supposed that the sudden opening of the ice, caused Sir John to depart hastily, and that in so doing, this pike and its board were left behind. They also found a large number of *tin canisters*, such as are used for packing meats for a sea voyage; an *anvil block*; remnants of clothing, which evinced, by numerous patches and their threadbare character, that they had been worn as long as the owners could keep them on; the remains of an *India rubber glove*, lined with wool; some old *sacks*; a *cask*, or tub, partly filled with charcoal, and an unfinished *rope-mat*, which, like other fibrous fabrics, was bleached white.

But the most interesting, and at the same time most melancholy traces of the navigators, were *three graves*, in a little sheltered cove, each with a board at the head, bearing the name of the sleeper below. These inscriptions testify positively when Sir John and his companions were there. The board at the head of the grave on the left has the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of John Torrington, who departed this life, January 1st, a. d., 1846, on board her Majesty's ship *Terror*, aged 20 years."

On the centre one – "Sacred to the memory of John Hartnell, A. B., of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*; died, January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider your ways:' Haggai, chap. i. v. 7."

On the right – "Sacred to the memory of W. Braine, R. M., of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*, who died April 3d, 1846, aged 32 years. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve:' Joshua, chap. xxiv., part of the 15th verse."

How much later than April 3d (the date upon the last-named head-board), Sir John remained at Beechy, can not be determined. They saw evidences of his having gone northward, for sledge tracks in that direction were very visible. It is the opinion of Dr. Kane that, on the breaking up of the ice, in the spring, Sir John passed northward with his ships through Wellington Channel, into the great Polar basin, and that he did not return. This, too, is the opinion of Captain Penny, and he zealously urges the British government to send a powerful screw steamer to pass through that channel, and explore the *theoretically* more hospitable coasts beyond. This will doubtless be undertaken another season, it being the opinions of Captains Parry, Beechy, Sir John Ross, and others, expressed at a conference

with the Board of Admiralty, in September, that the season was too far advanced to attempt it the present year. Dr. Kane, in a letter to Mr. Grinnell, since the return of the expedition, thus expresses his opinion concerning the safety of Sir John and his companions. After saying, "I should think that he is now to be sought for north and west of Cornwallis Island," he adds, "as to the chance of the destruction of his party by the casualties of ice, the return of our own party after something more than the usual share of them, is the only *fact* that I can add to what we knew when we set out. The hazards from cold and privation of food may be almost looked upon as subordinate. The snow-hut, the fire and light from the moss-lamp fed with blubber, the seal, the narwhal, the white whale, and occasionally abundant stores of migratory birds, would sustain vigorous life. The scurvy, the worst visitation of explorers deprived of permanent quarters, is more rare in the depths of a Polar winter, than in the milder weather of the moist summer; and our two little vessels encountered both seasons without losing a man."

Leaving Beechy Cape, our expedition forced its way through the ice to Barlow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being frozen in for the winter. They endeavored to enter the Inlet, for the purpose of making it their winter quarters, but were prevented by the mass of *pack-ice* at its entrance. It was on the 4th of September, 1850, when they arrived there, and after remaining seven or eight days, they abandoned the attempt to enter. On the right and left of the above picture, are seen the dark rocks at the entrance of the Inlet, and in the centre the frozen waters and the range of hills beyond. There was much smooth ice within the Inlet, and while the vessels lay anchored to the "field," officers and crew exercised and amused themselves by skating. On the left of the Inlet, (indicated by the dark conical object,) they discovered a *Cairn* (a heap of stones with a cavity) eight or ten feet in height, which was erected by Captain Ommanny of the English Expedition then in the Polar waters. Within it he had placed two letters, for "whom it might concern." Commander De Haven also deposited a letter there. It is believed to be the only post-office in the world, free for the use of all nations. The rocks, here, presented vast fissures made by the frost; and at the foot of the cliff on the right, that powerful agent had cast down vast heaps of *debris*.

From Barlow's Inlet, our Expedition moved slowly westward, battling with the ice every rood of the way, until they reached Griffin's Island, at about 96° west longitude from Greenwich. This was attained on the 11th, and was the extreme westing made by the expedition. All beyond seemed impenetrable ice; and, despairing of making any further discoveries before the winter should set in, they resolved to return home. Turning eastward, they hoped to reach Davis's Straits by the southern route, before the cold and darkness came on, but they were doomed to disappointment. Near the entrance to Wellington Channel they became completely locked in by *hummock-ice*, and soon found themselves drifting with an irresistible tide up that channel toward the pole.

Now began the most perilous adventures of the navigators. The summer day was drawing to a close; the diurnal visits of the pale sun were rapidly shortening, and soon the long polar night, with all its darkness and horrors, would fall upon them. Slowly they drifted in those vast fields of ice, whither, or to what result, they knew not. Locked in the moving yet compact mass; liable every moment to be crushed; far away from land; the mercury sinking daily lower and lower from the zero figure, toward the point where that metal freezes, they felt small hope of ever reaching home again. Yet they prepared for winter comforts and winter sports, as cheerfully as if lying safe in Barlow's Inlet. As the winter advanced, the crews of both vessels went on board the larger one. They unshipped the rudders of each to prevent their being injured by the ice, covered the deck of the *Advance* with felt, prepared their stores, and made arrangements for enduring the long winter, now upon them. Physical and mental activity being necessary for the preservation of health, they daily exercised in the open air for several hours. They built ice huts, hunted the huge white bears and the little polar foxes, and when the darkness of the winter night had spread over them, they arranged in-door amusements and employments.

Before the end of October, the sun made its appearance for the last time, and the awful polar night closed in. Early in November they wholly abandoned the *Rescue*, and both crews made the *Advance* their permanent winter home. The cold soon became intense; the mercury congealed, and the spirit thermometer indicated 46° below zero! Its average range was 30° to 35°. They had drifted helplessly up Wellington Channel as high as the point 4. on the map, almost to the latitude from whence Captain Penny saw an open sea, and which all believe to be the great polar basin, where there is a more genial clime than that which intervenes between the Arctic Circle and the 75th degree. Here, when almost in sight of the open ocean, that mighty polar tide, with its vast masses of ice, suddenly ebbed, and our little vessels were carried back as resistlessly as before, through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound! All this while the immense fields of *hummock-ice* were moving, and the vessels were in hourly danger of being crushed and destroyed. At length, while drifting through Barrow's Straits, the congealed mass, as if crushed together by the opposite shores, became more compact, and the *Advance* was elevated almost seven feet by the stern, and keeled two feet eight inches, starboard, as seen in the engraving. In this position she remained, with very little alteration, for five consecutive months; for, soon after entering Baffin's Bay in the midst of the winter, the ice became frozen in one immense tract, covering millions of acres. Thus frozen in, sometimes more than a hundred miles from land, they drifted slowly along the southwest coast of Baffin's Bay, a distance of more than a thousand miles from Wellington Channel. For eleven weeks that dreary night continued, and during that time the disc of the sun was never seen above the horizon. Yet nature was not wholly forbidding in aspect. Sometimes the Aurora Borealis would flash up still further northward; and sometimes Aurora Parhelia – mock suns and mock moons – would appear in varied beauty in the starry sky. Brilliant, too, were the northern constellations; and when the real moon was at its full, it made its stately circuit in the heavens without descending below the horizon, and lighted up the vast piles of ice with a pale lustre, almost as great as the morning twilights of more genial skies.

Around the vessels the crews built a wall of ice; and in ice huts they stowed away their cordage and stores to make room for exercise on the decks. They organized a theatrical company, and amused themselves and the officers with comedy well performed. Behind the pieces of *hummock* each actor learned his part, and by means of calico they transformed themselves into female characters, as occasion required. These dramas were acted upon the deck of the *Advance*, sometimes while the thermometer indicated 30° below zero, and actors and audience highly enjoyed the fun. They also went out in parties during that long night, fully armed, to hunt the polar bear, the grim monarch of the frozen North, on which occasions they often encountered perilous adventures. They played at foot-ball, and exercised themselves in drawing sledges, heavily laden with provisions. Five hours of each twenty-four, they thus exercised in the open air, and once a week each man washed his whole body in cold snow water. Serious sickness was consequently avoided, and the scurvy which attacked them soon yielded to remedies.

Often during that fearful night, they expected the disaster of having their vessels crushed. All through November and December, before the ice became fast, they slept in their clothes, with knapsacks on their backs, and sledges upon the ice, laden with stores, not knowing at what moment the vessels might be demolished, and themselves forced to leave them and make their way toward land. On the 8th of December, and the 23d of January, they actually lowered their boats and stood upon the ice, for the crushing masses were making the timbers of the gallant vessel creak and its decks to rise in the centre. They were then ninety miles from land, and hope hardly whispered an encouraging idea of life being sustained. On the latter occasion, when officers and crew stood upon the ice, with the ropes of their provision sledges in their hands, a terrible snow-drift came from the northeast, and intense darkness shrouded them. Had the vessel then been crushed, all must have perished. But God, who ruled the storm, also put forth his protecting arm and saved them.

Early in February the northern horizon began to be streaked with gorgeous twilight, the herald of the approaching king of day; and on the 18th the disc of the sun first appeared above the horizon.

As its golden rim rose above the glittering snow-drifts and piles of ice, three hearty cheers went up from those hardy mariners, and they welcomed their deliverer from the chains of frost as cordially as those of old who chanted,

"See! the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."

Day after day it rose higher and higher, and while the pallid faces of the voyagers, bleached during that long night, darkened by its beams, the vast masses of ice began to yield to its fervid influences. The scurvy disappeared, and from that time, until their arrival home, not a man suffered from sickness. As they slowly drifted through Davis's Straits, and the ice gave indications of breaking up, the voyagers made preparations for sailing. The *Rescue* was re-occupied, (May 13th 1851), and her stern-post, which had been broken by the ice in Barrow's Straits, was repaired. To accomplish this, they were obliged to dig away the ice which was from 12 to 14 feet thick around her, as represented in the engraving. They re-shipped their rudders; removed the felt covering; placed their stores on deck, and then patiently awaited the disruption of the ice. This event was very sudden and appalling. It began to give way on the 5th of June, and in the space of twenty minutes the whole mass, as far as the eye could reach became one vast field of moving *floes*. On the 10th of June they emerged into open water (7, on the map) a little south of the Arctic Circle, in latitude 65° 30'. They immediately repaired to Godhaven, on the coast of Greenland, where they re-fitted, and, unappalled by the perils through which they had just passed, they once more turned their prows northward to encounter anew the ice squadrons of Baffin's Bay. Again they traversed the coast of Greenland to about the 73d degree, when they bore to the westward, and on the 7th and 8th of July passed the English whaling fleet near the Dutch Islands. Onward they pressed through the accumulating ice to Baffin's Island, where, on the 11th, they were joined by the *Prince Albert*, then out upon another cruise. They continued in company until the 3d of August, when the *Albert* departed for the westward, determined to try the more southern passage. Here again (8,) our expedition encountered vast fields of *hummock-ice*, and were subjected to the most imminent perils. The floating ice, as if moved by adverse currents, tumbled in huge masses, and reared upon the sides of the sturdy little vessels like monsters of the deep intent upon destruction. These masses broke in the bulwarks, and sometimes fell over upon the decks with terrible force, like rocks rolled over a plain by mountain torrents. The noise was fearful; so deafening that the mariners could scarcely hear each other's voices. The sounds of these rolling masses, together with the rending of the icebergs floating near, and the vast *floes*, produced a din like the discharge of a thousand pieces of ordnance upon a field of battle.

Finding the north and west closed against further progress, by impenetrable ice, the brave De Haven was balked, and turning his vessels homeward, they came out into an open sea, somewhat crippled, but not a plank seriously started. During a storm off the banks of Newfoundland, a thousand miles from New York, the vessels parted company. The *Advance* arrived safely at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn on the 30th of September, and the *Rescue* joined her there a few days afterward. Toward the close of October the government resigned the vessels into the hands of Mr. Grinnell, to be used in other service, but with the stipulation that they are to be subject to the order of the Secretary of the Navy in the spring, if required for another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

We have thus given a very brief account of the principal events of interest connected with the American Arctic Expedition; the officers of which will doubtless publish a more detailed narrative. Aside from the success which attended our little vessels in encountering the perils of the polar seas, there are associations which must forever hallow the effort as one of the noblest exhibitions of the true glory of nations. The navies of America and England have before met upon the ocean, but they met for deadly strife. Now, too, they met for strife, equally determined, but not with each other. They met in the holy cause of benevolence and human sympathy, to battle with the elements beneath the

Arctic Circle; and the chivalric heroism which the few stout hearts of the two nations displayed in that terrible conflict, redounds a thousand-fold more to the glory of the actors, their governments, and the race, than if four-score ships, with ten thousand armed men had fought for the mastery of each other upon the broad ocean, and battered hulks and marred corpses had gone down to the coral caves of the sea, a dreadful offering to the demon of Discord. In the latter event, troops of widows and orphan children would have sent up a cry of wail; now, the heroes *advanced* manfully to *rescue* husbands and fathers to restore them to their wives and children. How glorious the thought! and how suggestive of the beauty of that fast approaching day, when the nations shall sit down in peace as united children of one household.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. [2]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

Mantua had now fallen. The Austrians were driven from Italy. The Pope, with the humility of a child, had implored the clemency of the conqueror. Still Austria refused to make peace with republican France, and with indomitable perseverance gathered her resources for another conflict. Napoleon resolved to march directly upon Vienna. His object was peace, not conquest. In no other possible way could peace be attained. It was a bold enterprise. Leaving the whole breadth of Italy between his armies and France, he prepared to cross the rugged summits of the Carnic Alps, and to plunge, with an army of but fifty thousand men, into the very heart of one of the most proud and powerful empires upon the globe, numbering twenty millions of inhabitants. Napoleon wished to make an ally of Venice. To her government he said, "Your whole territory is imbued with revolutionary principles. One single word from me will excite a blaze of insurrection through all your provinces. Ally yourself with France, make a few modifications in your government such as are indispensable for the welfare of the people, and we will pacify public opinion and will sustain your authority." Advice more prudent and humane could not have been given. The haughty aristocracy of Venice refused the alliance, raised an army of sixty thousand men, ready at any moment to fall upon Napoleon's rear, and demanded neutrality. "Be neutral, then," said Napoleon, "but remember, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance. I march upon Vienna. Conduct which could be forgiven were I in Italy, will be unpardonable when I am in Austria. The hour that witnesses the treachery of Venice, shall terminate her independence."

Mantua was the birth-place of Virgil. During centuries of wealth and luxurious ease neither Italy nor Austria had found time to rear any monument in honor of the illustrious Mantuan bard. But hardly had the cannon of Napoleon ceased to resound around the beleaguered city, and the smoke of the conflict had hardly passed away, ere the young conqueror, ever more interested in the refinements of peace than in the desolations of war, in the midst of the din of arms, and contending against the intrigues of hostile nations, reared a mausoleum and arranged a gorgeous festival in honor of the immortal poet. Thus he endeavored to shed renown upon intellectual greatness, and to rouse the degenerate Italians to appreciate and to emulate the glory of their fathers. From these congenial pursuits of peace he again turned, with undiminished energy, to pursue the unrelenting assailants of his country.

Leaving ten thousand men in garrison to watch the neutrality of the Italian governments, Napoleon, early in March, removed his head-quarters to Bassano. He then issued to his troops the following martial proclamation, which, like bugle notes of defiance, reverberated over the hostile and astonished monarchies of Europe. "Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum

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[2] Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

with three hundred masterpieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the Republic in its birth, the Austrian Emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation."

The Archduke Charles, brother of the king, was now intrusted with the command of the Austrian army. His character can not be better described than in the language of his magnanimous antagonist. "Prince Charles," said Napoleon, "is a man whose conduct can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all he is a good man, and that includes every thing, when said of a prince." Early in March, Charles, a young man of about Napoleon's age, who had already obtained renown upon the Rhine, was in command of an army of 50,000 men stationed upon the banks of the Piave. From different parts of the empire 40,000 men were on the march to join him. This would give him 90,000 troops to array against the French. Napoleon, with the recruits which he had obtained from France and Italy, had now a force of fifty thousand men with which to undertake this apparently desperate enterprise. The eyes of all Europe were upon the two combatants. It was the almost universal sentiment, that, intoxicated with success, Napoleon was rushing to irretrievable ruin. But Napoleon never allowed enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. His plans were deeply laid, and all the combinations of chance carefully calculated.

The storms of winter were still howling around the snow-clad summits of the Alps, and it was not thought possible that thus early in the season he would attempt the passage of so formidable a barrier. A dreadful tempest of wind and rain swept earth and sky when Napoleon gave the order to march. The troops, with their accustomed celerity, reached the banks of the Piave. The Austrians, astonished at the sudden apparition of the French in the midst of the elemental warfare, and unprepared to resist them, hastily retired some forty miles to the eastern banks of the Tagliamento. Napoleon closely followed the retreating foe. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th of March, the French army arrived upon the banks of the river. Here they found a wide stream, rippling over a gravelly bed, with difficulty fordable. The imperial troops, in most magnificent array, were drawn up upon an extended plain on the opposite shore. Parks of artillery were arranged to sweep with grape-shot the whole surface of the water. In long lines the infantry, with bristling bayonets and prepared to rain down upon their foes a storm of bullets, presented apparently an invincible front. Upon the two wings of this imposing army vast squadrons of cavalry awaited the moment, with restless steeds, when they might charge upon the foe, should he effect a landing.

The French army had been marching all night over miry roads, and through mountain defiles. With the gloom of the night the storm had passed away, and the cloudless sun of a warm spring morning dawned upon the valley, as the French troops arrived upon the banks of the river. Their clothes were torn, and drenched with rain, and soiled with mud. And yet it was an imposing array as forty thousand men, with plumes and banners and proud steeds, and the music of a hundred bands, marched down, in that bright sunshine, upon the verdant meadows which skirted the Tagliamento. But it was a fearful barrier which presented itself before them. The rapid river, the vast masses of the enemy in their strong intrenchments, the frowning batteries, loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, to sweep the advancing ranks, the well fed war-horses in countless numbers, prancing for the charge, apparently presented an obstacle which no human energy could surmount.

Napoleon, seeing the ample preparations made to oppose him, ordered his troops to withdraw beyond the reach of the enemies' fire, and to prepare for breakfast. As by magic the martial array was at once transformed into a peaceful picnic scene. Arms were laid aside. The soldiers threw themselves upon the green grass, just sprouting in the valley, beneath the rays of the sun of early spring. Fires

were kindled, kettles boiling, knapsacks opened, and groups, in carelessness and joviality, gathered around fragments of bread and meat.

The Archduke Charles, seeing that Napoleon declined the attempt to pass the river until he had refreshed his exhausted troops, withdrew his forces also into the rear to their encampments. When all was quiet, and the Austrians were thrown completely off their guard, suddenly the trumpets sounded the preconcerted signal. The French troops, disciplined to prompt movements, sprang to their arms, instantly formed in battle array, plunged into the stream, and, before the Austrians had recovered from their astonishment, were half across the river. This movement was executed with such inconceivable rapidity, as to excite the admiration as well as the consternation of their enemies. With the precision and beauty of the parade ground, the several divisions of the army gained the opposite shore. The Austrians rallied as speedily as possible. But it was too late. A terrible battle ensued. Napoleon was victor at every point. The Imperial army, with their ranks sadly thinned, and leaving the ground gory with the blood of the slain, retreated in confusion to await the arrival of the reinforcements coming to their aid. Napoleon pressed upon their rear, every hour attacking them, and not allowing them one moment to recover from their panic. The Austrian troops, thus suddenly and unexpectedly defeated, were thrown into the extreme of dejection. The exultant French, convinced of the absolute invincibility of their beloved chief, ambitiously sought out points of peril and adventures of desperation, and with shouts of laughter, and jokes, and making the welkin ring with songs of liberty, plunged into the densest masses of their foes. The different divisions of the army vied with each other in their endeavor to perform feats of the most romantic valor, and in the display of the most perfect contempt of life. In every fortress, at every mountain pass, upon every rapid stream, the Austrians made a stand to arrest the march of the conqueror. But with the footsteps of a giant, Napoleon crowded upon them, pouring an incessant storm of destruction upon their fugitive ranks. He drove the Austrians to the foot of the mountains. He pursued them up the steep acclivities. He charged the tempests of wind and smothering snow with the sound of the trumpet, and his troops exulted in waging war with combined man and the elements. Soon both pursuers and pursued stood upon the summit of the Carnic Alps. They were in the region of almost perpetual snow. The vast glaciers, which seemed memorials of eternity, spread bleak and cold around them. The clouds floated beneath their feet. The eagle wheeled and screamed as he soared over the sombre firs and pines far below on the mountain sides. Here the Austrians made a desperate stand. On the storm-washed crags of granite, behind fields of ice and drifts of snow which the French cavalry could not traverse, they sought to intrench themselves against their tireless pursuer. To retreat down the long and narrow defiles of the mountains, with the French in hot pursuit behind, hurling upon them every missile of destruction, bullets, and balls, and craggy fragments of the cliffs, was a calamity to be avoided at every hazard. Upon the summit of Mount Tarwis, the battle, decisive of this fearful question, was to be fought. It was an appropriate arena for the fell deeds of war. Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies as, with fiend-like ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snow drifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glacier, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

The Archduke Charles, having exhausted his last reserve, was compelled to retreat. Many of the soldiers threw away their arms, and escaped over the crags of the mountains; thousands were taken prisoners; multitudes were left dead upon the ice, and half-buried in the drifts of snow. But Charles, brave and energetic, still kept the mass of his army together, and with great skill conducted his precipitate retreat. With merciless vigor the French troops pursued, pouring down upon the retreating masses a perfect storm of bullets, and rolling over the precipitous sides of the mountains huge rocks,

which swept away whole companies at once. The bleeding, breathless fugitives at last arrived in the valley below. Napoleon followed close in their rear. The Alps were now passed. The French were in Austria. They heard a new language. The scenery, the houses, the customs of the inhabitants, all testified that they were no longer in Italy. They had with unparalleled audacity entered the very heart of the Austrian empire, and with unflinching resolution were marching upon the capital of twenty millions of people, behind whose ramparts, strengthened by the labor of ages, Maria Theresa had bidden defiance to the invading Turks.

Twenty days had now passed since the opening of the campaign, and the Austrians were already driven over the Alps, and having lost a fourth of their numbers in the various conflicts which had occurred, dispirited by disaster, were retreating to intrench themselves for a final struggle within the walls of Vienna. Napoleon, with 45,000 men, flushed with victory, was rapidly descending the fertile steams which flow into the Danube.

Under these triumphant circumstances Napoleon showed his humanity, and his earnest desire for peace, in dictating the following most noble letter, so characteristic of his strong and glowing intellect. It was addressed to his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles.

"General-in-chief. Brave soldiers, while they make war, desire peace. Has not this war already continued six years? Have we not slain enough of our fellow-men? Have we not inflicted a sufficiency of woes upon suffering humanity? It demands repose upon all sides. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them aside. Your nation alone remains hostile, and blood is about to flow more copiously than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced with sinister omens. Whatever may be its issue, many thousand men, on the one side and the other, must perish. And after all we must come to an accommodation, for every thing has an end, not even excepting the passion of hatred. You, general, who by birth approach so near the throne, and are above all the little passions which too often influence ministers and governments, are you resolved to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, and of the real saviour of Austria. Do not imagine that I deny the possibility of saving Austria by the force of arms. But even in such an event your country will not be the less ravaged. As for myself, if the overture which I have the honor to make, shall be the means of saving a single life, I shall be more proud of the civic crown which I shall be conscious of having deserved, than of all the melancholy glory which military success can confer."

To these magnanimous overtures the Archduke replied: "In the duty assigned to me there is no power either to scrutinize the causes or to terminate the duration of the war, I am not invested with any authority in that respect, and therefore can not enter into any negotiation for peace."

In this most interesting correspondence, Napoleon, the plebeian general, speaks with the dignity and the authority of a sovereign; with a natural, unaffected tone of command, as if accustomed from infancy to homage and empire. The brother of the king is compelled to look upward to the pinnacle upon which transcendent abilities have placed his antagonist. The conquering Napoleon pleads for peace; but Austria hates republican liberty even more than war. Upon the rejection of these proposals the thunders of Napoleon's artillery were again heard, and over the hills and through the valleys, onward he rushed with his impetuous troops, allowing his foe no repose. At every mountain gorge, at every rapid river, the Austrians stood, and were slain. Each walled town was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the Austrians were often driven in the wildest confusion pell-mell with the victors through the streets. At last they approached another mountain range called the Stipian Alps. Here, at the frightful gorge of Neumarkt, a defile so gloomy and terrific that even the peaceful tourist can not pass through it unawed, Charles again made a desperate effort to arrest his pursuers. It was of no avail. Blood flowed in torrents, thousands were slain. The Austrians, encumbered with baggage-wagons and artillery, choked the narrow passages, and a scene of indescribable horror ensued. The French cavalry made most destructive charges upon the dense masses. Cannon balls plowed their way through the confused ranks, and the Austrian rear and the French van struggled, hand to hand, in the blood-red gorge. But the Austrians were swept along like withered leaves before the mountain

gales. Napoleon was now at Leoben. From the eminences around the city, with the telescope, the distant spires of Vienna could be discerned. Here the victorious general halted for a day, to collect his scattered forces. Charles hurried along the great road to the capital, with the fragments of his army, striving to concentrate all the strength of the empire within those venerable and hitherto impregnable fortifications.

All was consternation in Vienna. The king, dukes, nobles, fled like deer before approaching hounds, seeking refuge in the distant wilds of Hungary. The Danube was covered with boats conveying the riches of the city and the terrified families out of the reach of danger. Among the illustrious fugitives was Maria Louisa, then a child but six years of age, flying from that dreaded Napoleon whose bride she afterward became. All the military resources of Austria were immediately called into requisition; the fortifications were repaired; the militia organized and drilled; and in the extremity of mortification and despair all the energies of the empire were roused for final resistance. Charles, to gain time, sent a flag of truce requesting a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours. Napoleon, too wary to be caught in a trap which he had recently sprung upon his foes, replied that moments were precious, and that they might fight and negotiate at the same time. Napoleon also issued to the Austrian people one of his glowing proclamations which was scattered all over the region he had overrun. He assured the *people* that he was their friend, that he was fighting not for conquest but for peace; that the Austrian government, bribed by British gold, was waging an unjust war against France: that the *people* of Austria should find in him a protector, who would respect their religion and defend them in all their rights. His deeds were in accordance with his words. The French soldiers, inspired by the example of their beloved chief, treated the unarmed Austrians as friends, and nothing was taken from them without ample remuneration.

The people of Austria now began to clamor loudly for peace. Charles, seeing the desperate posture of affairs, earnestly urged it upon his brother, the Emperor, declaring that the empire could no longer be saved by arms. Embassadors were immediately dispatched from the imperial court authorized to settle the basis of peace. They implored a suspension of arms for five days, to settle the preliminaries. Napoleon nobly replied, "In the present posture of our military affairs, a suspension of hostilities must be very seriously adverse to the interests of the French army. But if by such a sacrifice, that peace, which is so desirable and so essential to the happiness of the people, can be secured, I shall not regret consenting to your desires." A garden in the vicinity of Leoben was declared neutral ground, and here, in the midst of the bivouacs of the French army, the negotiations were conducted. The Austrian commissioners, in the treaty which they proposed, had set down as the first article, that the Emperor recognized the French Republic. "Strike that out," said Napoleon, proudly. "The Republic is like the sun; none but the blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." This exclamation was not merely a burst of romantic enthusiasm, but it was dictated by a deep insight into the possibilities of the future. "If one day the French people," he afterward remarked, "should wish to create a monarchy, the Emperor might object that he had recognized a republic." Both parties being now desirous of terminating the war, the preliminaries were soon settled. Napoleon, as if he were already the Emperor of France, waited not for the plenipotentiaries from Paris, but signed the treaty in his own name. He thus placed himself upon an equal footing with the Emperor of Austria. The equality was unhesitatingly recognized by the Imperial government. In the settlement of the difficulties between these two majestic powers, neither of them manifested much regard for the minor states. Napoleon allowed Austria to take under her protection many of the states of Venice, for Venice had proved treacherous to her professed neutrality, and merited no protection from his hands.

Napoleon, having thus conquered peace, turned to lay the rod upon trembling Venice. Richly did Venice deserve his chastising blows. In those days, when railroads and telegraphs were unknown, the transmission of intelligence was slow. The little army of Napoleon had traversed weary leagues of mountains and vales, and having passed beyond the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were lost to

Italian observation, far away upon the tributaries of the Danube. Rumor, with her thousand voices filled the air. It was reported that Napoleon was defeated – that he was a captive – that his army was destroyed. The Venetian oligarchy, proud, cowardly, and revengeful, now raised the cry, "Death to the French." The priests incited the peasants to frenzy. They attacked unarmed Frenchmen in the streets and murdered them. They assailed the troops in garrison with overwhelming numbers. The infuriated populace even burst into the hospitals, and poniarded the wounded and the dying in their beds. Napoleon, who was by no means distinguished for meekness and long-suffering, turned sternly to inflict upon them punishment which should long be remembered. The haughty oligarchy was thrown into a paroxysm of terror, when it was announced, that Napoleon was victor instead of vanquished, and that, having humbled the pride of Austria, he was now returning with an indignant and triumphant army burning for vengeance. The Venetian Senate, bewildered with fright, dispatched agents to deprecate his wrath. Napoleon, with a pale and marble face, received them. Without uttering a word he listened to their awkward attempts at an apology, heard their humble submission, and even endured in silence their offer of millions of gold to purchase his pardon. Then in tones of firmness which sent paleness to their cheeks and palpitation to their hearts, he exclaimed, "If you could proffer me the treasures of Peru, could you strew your whole country with gold, it would not atone for the blood which has been treacherously spilt. You have murdered my children. The lion of St. Mark[3] must lick the dust. Go." The Venetians in their terror sent enormous sums to Paris, and succeeded in bribing the Directory, ever open to such appeals. Orders were accordingly transmitted to Napoleon, to spare the ancient Senate and aristocracy of Venice. But Napoleon, who despised the Directory, and who was probably already dreaming of its overthrow, conscious that he possessed powers which they could not shake, paid no attention to their orders. He marched resistlessly into the dominions of the doge. The thunders of Napoleon's cannon were reverberating across the lagoons which surround the Queen of the Adriatic. The doge, pallid with consternation, assembled the Grand Council, and proposed the surrender of their institutions to Napoleon, to be remodeled according to his pleasure. While they were deliberating, the uproar of insurrection was heard in the streets. The aristocrats and the republicans fell furiously upon each other. The discharge of fire-arms was heard under the very windows of the council-house. Opposing shouts of "Liberty forever," and "Long live St. Mark," resounded through the streets. The city was threatened with fire and pillage. Amid this horrible confusion three thousand French soldiers crossed the lagoons in boats and entered the city. They were received with long shouts of welcome by the populace, hungering for republican liberty. Resistance was hopeless. An unconditional surrender was made to Napoleon, and thus fell one of the most execrable tyrannies this world has ever known. The course Napoleon then pursued was so magnanimous as to extort praise from his bitterest foes. He immediately threw open the prison doors to all who were suffering for political opinions. He pardoned all offenses against himself. He abolished aristocracy, and established a popular government, which should fairly represent all classes of the community. The public debt was regarded as sacred, and even the pensions continued to the poor nobles. It was a glorious reform for the Venetian nation. It was a terrible downfall for the Venetian aristocracy. The banner of the new republic now floated from the windows of the palace, and as it waved exultingly in the breeze, it was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations, by the people who had been trampled under the foot of oppression for fifteen hundred years.

All Italy was now virtually at the feet of Napoleon. Not a year had yet elapsed since he, a nameless young man of twenty-five years of age, with thirty thousand ragged and half starved troops, had crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, hoping to surprise his powerful foes. He had now traversed the whole extent of Italy, compelled all its hostile states to respect republican France, and had humbled the Emperor of Austria as emperor had rarely been humbled before. The Italians, recognizing him as a countryman, and proud of his world-wide renown, regarded him, not

[3] The armorial bearing of Venice

as a conqueror, but as a liberator. His popularity was boundless. Wherever he appeared the most enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. Bonfires blazed upon every hill in honor of his movements. The bells rang their merriest peals, wherever he appeared. Long lines of maidens strewed roses in his path. The reverberations of artillery and the huzzas of the populace saluted his footsteps. Europe was at peace; and Napoleon was the great pacificator. For this object he had contended against the most formidable coalitions. He had sheathed his victorious sword, the very moment his enemies were willing to retire from the strife.

Still the position of Napoleon required the most consummate firmness and wisdom. All the states of Italy, Piedmont, Genoa, Naples, the States of the Church, Parma, Tuscany, were agitated with the intense desire for liberty. Napoleon was unwilling to encourage insurrection. He could not lend his arms to oppose those who were struggling for popular rights. In Genoa, the patriots rose. The haughty aristocracy fell in revenge upon the French, who chanced to be in the territory. Napoleon was thus compelled to interfere. The Genoese aristocracy were forced to abdicate, and the patriot party, as in Venice, assumed the government. But the Genoese democracy began now in their turn, to trample upon the rights of their former oppressors. The revolutionary scenes which had disgraced Paris, began to be re-enacted in the streets of Genoa. They excluded the priests and the nobles from participating in the government, as the nobles and priests had formerly excluded them. Acts of lawless violence passed unpunished. The religion of the Catholic priests was treated with derision. Napoleon, earnestly and eloquently, thus urged upon them a more humane policy. "I will respond, citizens, to the confidence you have reposed in me. It is not enough that you refrain from hostility to religion. You should do nothing which can cause inquietude to tender consciences. To exclude the nobles from any public office, is an act of extreme injustice. You thus repeat the wrong which you condemn in them. Why are the people of Genoa so changed? Their first impulses of fraternal kindness have been succeeded by fear and terror. Remember that the priests were the first who rallied around the tree of liberty. They first told you that the morality of the gospel is democratic. Men have taken advantage of the faults, perhaps of the crimes of individual priests, to unite against Christianity. You have proscribed without discrimination. When a state becomes accustomed to condemn without hearing, to applaud a discourse because it impassioned; when exaggeration and madness are called virtue, moderation and equity designated as crimes, that state is near its ruin. Believe me, I shall consider *that* one of the happiest moments of my life in which I hear that the people of Genoa are united among themselves and live happily."

This advice, thus given to Genoa, was intended to re-act upon France, for the Directory then had under discussion a motion for banishing all the nobles from the Republic. The voice of Napoleon was thus delicately and efficiently introduced into the debate, and the extreme and terrible measure was at once abandoned.

Napoleon performed another act at this time, which drew down upon him a very heavy load of obloquy from the despotic governments of Europe, but which must secure the approval of every generous mind. There was a small state in Italy called the Valteline, eighteen miles wide, and fifty-four miles long, containing one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. These unfortunate people had become subjects to a German state called the Grisons, and, deprived of all political privileges, were ground down by the most humiliating oppression. The inhabitants of the Valteline, catching the spirit of liberty, revolted and addressed a manifesto to all Europe, setting forth their wrongs, and declaring their determination to recover those rights, of which they had been defrauded. Both parties sent deputies to Napoleon, soliciting his interference, virtually agreeing to abide by his decision. Napoleon, to promote conciliation and peace, proposed that the Valtelines should remain with the Grisons as one people, and that the Grisons should confer upon them equal political privileges with themselves. Counsel more moderate and judicious could not have been given. But the proud Grisons, accustomed to trample upon their victims, with scorn refused to share with them the rights of humanity. Napoleon then issued a decree, saying, "*It is not just that one people should be subject to another people.* Since the

Grisons have refused equal rights to the inhabitants of the Valteline, the latter are at liberty to unite themselves with the Cisalpine Republic." This decision was received with bursts of enthusiastic joy by the liberated people, and they were immediately embraced within the borders of the new republic.

The great results we have thus far narrated in this chapter were accomplished in six weeks. In the face of powerful armies, Napoleon had traversed hundreds of miles of territory. He had forded rivers, with the storm of lead and iron falling pitilessly around him. He had crossed the Alps, dragging his artillery through snow three feet in depth, scattered the armies of Austria to the winds, imposed peace upon that proud and powerful empire, recrossed the Alps, laid low the haughty despotism of Venice, established a popular government in the emancipated provinces, and revolutionized Genoa. Josephine was now with him in the palace of Milan. From every state in Italy couriers were coming and going, deprecating his anger, soliciting his counsel, imploring his protection. The destiny of Europe seemed to be suspended upon his decisions. His power transcended that of all the potentates in Europe. A brilliant court of beautiful ladies surrounded Josephine, and all vied to do homage to the illustrious conqueror. The enthusiastic Italians thronged his gates, and waited for hours to catch a glance of the youthful hero. The feminine delicacy of his physical frame, so disproportionate with his mighty renown, did but add to the enthusiasm which his presence ever inspired. His strong arm had won for France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The indomitable islanders, protected by the ocean from the march of invading armies, still continued the unrelenting warfare. Wherever her navy could penetrate she assailed the French, and as the horrors of war could not reach her shores, she refused to live on any terms of peace with Republican France.

Napoleon now established his residence, or rather his court, at Montebello, a beautiful palace in the vicinity of Milan. His frame was emaciate in the extreme from the prodigious toils which he had endured. Yet he scarcely allowed himself an hour of relaxation. Questions of vast moment, relative to the settlement of political affairs in Italy, were yet to be adjusted, and Napoleon, exhausted as he was in body, devoted the tireless energies of his mind to the work. His labors were now numerous. He was treating with the plenipotentiaries of Austria, organizing the Italian Republic, creating a navy in the Adriatic, and forming the most magnificent projects relative to the Mediterranean. These were the works in which he delighted, constructing canals, and roads, improving harbors, erecting bridges, churches, naval and military dépôts, calling cities and navies into existence, awaking every where the hum of prosperous industry. All the states of Italy were imbued with local prejudices and petty jealousies of each other. To break down these jealousies, he endeavored to consolidate the Republicans into one single state, with Milan for the capital. He strove in multiplied ways to rouse martial energy among the effeminate Italians. Conscious that the new republic could not long stand alive in the midst of the surrounding monarchies so hostile to its existence, that it could only be strong by the alliance of France, he conceived the design of a high road, broad, safe, and magnificent, from Paris to Geneva, thence across the Simplon through the plains of Lombardy to Milan. He was in treaty with the government of Switzerland, for the construction of the road through its territories; and had sent engineers to explore the route and make an estimate of the expense. He himself arranged all the details with the greatest precision. He contemplated also, at the same time, with the deepest interest and solicitude, the empire which England had gained on the seas. To cripple the power of this formidable foe, he formed the design of taking possession of the islands of the Mediterranean. "From these different posts," he wrote to the Directory, "we shall command the Mediterranean, we shall keep an eye upon the Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we shall have it in our power to render the dominion of the ocean almost useless to the English. They have possession of the Cape of Good Hope. We can do without it. *Let us occupy Egypt.* We shall be in the direct road for India. It will be easy for us to found there one of the finest colonies in the world. *It is in Egypt that we must attack England.*"

It was in this way that Napoleon *rested* after the toils of the most arduous campaigns mortal man had ever passed through. The Austrians were rapidly recruiting their forces from their vast empire,

and now began to throw many difficulties in the way of a final adjustment. The last conference between the negotiating parties was held at Campo Formio, a small village about ten miles east of the Tagliamento. The commissioners were seated at an oblong table, the four Austrian negotiators upon one side, Napoleon by himself upon the other. The Austrians demanded terms to which Napoleon could not accede, threatening at the same time that if Napoleon did not accept these terms, the armies of Russia would be united with those of Austria, and France should be compelled to adopt those less favorable. One of the Austrian commissioners concluded an insulting apostrophe, by saying, "Austria desires peace, and she will severely condemn the negotiator who sacrifices the interest and repose of his country to military ambition." Napoleon, cool and collected, sat in silence while these sentiments were uttered. Then rising from the table he took from the sideboard a beautiful porcelain vase. "Gentlemen," said he, "the truce is broken; war is declared. But remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." With these words he dashed the vase into fragments upon the floor, and bowing to the astounded negotiators, abruptly withdrew. With his accustomed promptness of action he instantly dispatched an officer to the Archduke, to inform him that hostilities would be re-commenced in twenty-four hours; and entering his carriage, urged his horses with the speed of the wind, toward the head-quarters of the army. One of the conditions of this treaty upon which Napoleon insisted, was the release of La Fayette, then imprisoned for his republican sentiments, in the dungeons of Olmutz. The Austrian plenipotentiaries were thunderstruck by this decision, and immediately agreed to the terms which Napoleon demanded. The next day at five o'clock the treaty of Campo Formio was signed.

The terms which Napoleon offered the Austrians in this treaty, though highly advantageous to France, were far more lenient to Austria, than that government had any right to expect. The Directory in Paris, anxious to strengthen itself against the monarchical governments of Europe by revolutionizing the whole of Italy and founding there republican governments, positively forbade Napoleon to make peace with Austria, unless the freedom of the Republic of Venice was recognized. Napoleon wrote to the Directory that if they insisted upon that ultimatum, the renewal of the war would be inevitable. The Directory replied, "Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power. It is the interest of France to prevent both of these designs. It is evident that if the Emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy. We should be treating as if we had been conquered. What would posterity say of us if we surrender that great city with its naval arsenals to the Emperor. The whole question comes to this: Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so. It would prefer all the hazards of war."

Napoleon wished for peace. He could only obtain it by disobeying the orders of his government. The middle of October had now arrived. One morning, at daybreak, he was informed that the mountains were covered with snow. Leaping from his bed, he ran to the window, and saw that the storms of winter had really commenced on the bleak heights. "What! before the middle of October!" he exclaimed: "what a country is this! Well, we must make peace." He shut himself up in his cabinet for an hour, and carefully reviewed the returns of the army. "I can not have," said he to Bourrienne, "more than sixty thousand men in the field. Even if victorious I must lose twenty thousand in killed and wounded. And how, with forty thousand, can I withstand the whole force of the Austrian monarchy, who will hasten to the relief of Vienna? The armies of the Rhine could not advance to my succor before the middle of November, and before that time arrives the Alps will be impassable from snow. It is all over. I will sign the peace. The government and the lawyers may say what they choose."

This treaty, extended France to the Rhine, recognized the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the Cispadane Republic and Lombardy, and allowed the Emperor of Austria to extend his sway over several of the states of Venice. Napoleon was very desirous of securing republican liberty in Venice. Most illustriously did he exhibit his anxiety for peace in consenting to sacrifice that desire, and to disobey the positive commands of his government, rather than renew the horrors of battle. He did not

think it his duty to keep Europe involved in war, that he might secure republican liberty for Venice, when it was very doubtful whether the Venetians were sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves, and when, perhaps, one half of the nation were so ignorant as to prefer despotism. The whole glory of this peace redounds to his honor. His persistence in that demand which the Directory enjoined, would but have kindled anew the flames of war.

During these discussions at Campo Formio, every possible endeavor was made which the most delicate ingenuity could devise, to influence Napoleon in his decisions by personal considerations. The wealth of Europe was literally laid at his feet. Millions upon millions in gold were proffered him. But his proud spirit could not be thus tarnished. When some one alluded to the different course pursued by the Directors, he replied, "You are not then aware, citizen, that there is not one of those Directors whom I could not bring, for four thousand dollars, to kiss my boot." The Venetians offered him a present of one million five hundred thousand dollars. He smiled, and declined the offer. The Emperor of Austria, professing the most profound admiration of his heroic character, entreated him to accept a principality, to consist of at least two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for himself and his heirs. This was indeed an alluring offer to a young man but twenty-five years of age, and who had but just emerged from obscurity and poverty. The young general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of his good-will, but added, that he could accept of no honors but such as were conferred upon him by the French people, and that he should always be satisfied with whatever they might be disposed to offer.

While at Montebello, transacting the affairs of his victorious army, Josephine presided with most admirable propriety and grace, over the gay circle of Milan. Napoleon, who well understood the imposing influence of courtly pomp and splendor, while extremely simple in his personal habiliments, dazzled the eyes of the Milanese with all the pageantry of a court. The destinies of Europe were even then suspended upon his nod. He was tracing out the lines of empire, and dukes, and princes, and kings were soliciting his friendship. Josephine, by her surpassing loveliness of person and of character, won universal admiration. Her wonderful tact, her genius, and her amiability vastly strengthened the influence of her husband. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts." She frequently, in after years, reverted to this as the happiest period of her life. To them both it must have been as a bewildering dream. But a few months before, Josephine was in prison, awaiting her execution; and her children were literally begging bread in the streets. Hardly a year had elapsed since Napoleon, a penniless Corsican soldier, was studying in a garret in Paris, hardly knowing where to obtain a single franc. Now the name of Napoleon was emblazoned through Europe. He had become more powerful than the government of his own country. He was overthrowing and uprearing dynasties. The question of peace or war was suspended upon his lips. The proudest potentates of Europe were ready, at any price, to purchase his favor. Josephine reveled in the exuberance of her dreamlike prosperity and exaltation. Her benevolent heart was gratified with the vast power she now possessed of conferring happiness. She was beloved, adored. She had long cherished the desire of visiting this land, so illustrious in the most lofty reminiscences. Even Italy can hardly present a more delightful excursion than the ride from Milan to the romantic, mountain-embowered lakes of Como and Maggiore. It was a bright and sunny Italian morning when Napoleon, with his blissful bride, drove along the luxuriant valleys and the vine-clad hill-sides to Lake Maggiore. They were accompanied by a numerous and glittering retinue. Here they embarked upon this beautiful sheet of water, in a boat with silken awnings and gay banners, and the rowers beat time to the most voluptuous music. They landed upon Beautiful Island, which, like another Eden, emerges from the bosom of the lake. This became the favorite retreat of Napoleon. Its monastic palace, so sombre in its antique architecture, was in peculiar accordance with that strange melancholy which, with but now and then a ray of sunshine, ever overshadowed his spirit. On one of these occasions Josephine was standing upon a terrace with several ladies, under a large orange-tree, profusely laden with its golden treasures. As their attention was all absorbed in admiring the beautiful landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and, by a

sudden shake, brought down a shower of the rich fruit upon their heads. Josephine's companions screamed with fright and ran; but she remained unmoved. Napoleon laughed heartily and said: "Why, Josephine, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied, "am I not the wife of their general?"

Every conceivable temptation was at this time presented to entice Napoleon into habits of licentiousness. Purity was a virtue then and there almost unknown. Some one speaking of Napoleon's universal talents, compared him with Solomon. "Poh," exclaimed another, "What do you mean by calling him wiser than Solomon. The Jewish king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, while Napoleon is contented with one wife, and she older than himself." The corruption of those days of infidelity was such, that the ladies were jealous of Josephine's exclusive influence over her illustrious spouse, and they exerted all their powers of fascination to lead him astray. The loftiness of Napoleon's ambition, and those principles instilled so early by a mother's lips as to be almost instincts, were his safeguard. Josephine was exceedingly gratified, some of the ladies said, "insufferably vain," that Napoleon clung so faithfully and confidingly to her. "Truly," he said, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way, without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world, and there are some very fine eyes here, shall not make me deviate a hair's breadth from it."

A lady of rank, after wearying him one day with a string of the most fulsome compliments, exclaimed, among other things, "What is life worth, if one can not be General Bonaparte," Napoleon fixed his eyes coldly upon her, and said, "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

The jealousy which the Directory entertained of Napoleon's vast accession of power induced them to fill his court with spies, who watched all his movements and reported his words. Josephine, frank and candid and a stranger to all artifice, could not easily conceal her knowledge or her thoughts. Napoleon consequently seldom intrusted to her any plans which he was unwilling to have made known. "A secret," he once observed, "is burdensome to Josephine." He was careful that she should not be thus encumbered. He would be indeed a shrewd man who could extort any secret from the bosom of Napoleon. He could impress a marble-like immovableness upon his features, which no scrutiny could penetrate. Said Josephine in subsequent years, "I never once beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease – not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses, off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

The French Government remonstrated bitterly against the surrender of Venice to Austria. Napoleon replied. "It costs nothing for a handful of declaimers to rave about the establishment of *republics* every where. I wish these gentlemen would make a winter campaign. You little know the people of Italy. You are laboring under a great delusion. You suppose that liberty can do great things to a base, cowardly, and superstitious people. You wish me to perform miracles. I have not the art of doing so. Since coming into Italy I have derived little, if any, support from the love of the Italian people for liberty and equality."

The treaty of peace signed at Campo Formio, Napoleon immediately sent to Paris. Though he had disobeyed the positive commands of the Directory, in thus making peace, the Directors did not dare to refuse its ratification. The victorious young general was greatly applauded by the people, for refusing the glory of a new campaign, in which they doubted not that he would have obtained fresh laurels, that he might secure peace for bleeding Europe. On the 17th of November Napoleon left Milan for the Congress at Rastadt, to which he was appointed, with plenipotentiary powers. At the moment of leaving he addressed the following proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic: "We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny make only discreet and honorable laws, and cause them to be executed with energy. Favor the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your battalions not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the

principles of the Republic, and closely linked with its prosperity. You have need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down by ages of tyranny, you could not alone have achieved your independence. In a few years, if true to yourselves, no nation will be strong enough to wrest liberty from you. Till then the great nation will protect you."

Napoleon, leaving Josephine at Milan, traveled rapidly through Piedmont, intending to proceed by the way of Switzerland to Rastadt. His journey was an uninterrupted scene of triumph. Illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, the explosions of artillery, the huzzas of the populace, and above all the most cordial and warm-hearted acclamations of ladies, accompanied him all the way. The enthusiasm was indescribable. Napoleon had no fondness for such displays. He but slightly regarded the applause of the populace.

"It must be delightful," said Bourrienne, "to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Bah!" Napoleon replied; "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

Traveling with great rapidity, he appeared and vanished like a meteor, ever retaining the same calm, pensive, thoughtful aspect. A person, who saw him upon this occasion, thus described his appearance: "I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him much like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not as has been reported in ill-health. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering, which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe." Napoleon did not remain long at Rastadt, for all the questions of great political importance were already settled, and he had no liking for those discussions of minor points which engrossed the attention of the petty German princes, who were assembled at that Congress. He accordingly prepared for his departure.

In taking leave of the army he thus bade adieu to his troops. "Soldiers! I leave you to-morrow. In separating myself from the army I am consoled with the thought that I shall soon meet you again, and engage with you in new enterprises. Soldiers! when conversing among yourselves of the kings you have vanquished, of the people upon whom you have conferred liberty, of the victories you have won in two campaigns, say, '*In the next two we will accomplish still more.*'"

Napoleon's attention was already eagerly directed to the gorgeous East. These vast kingdoms, enveloped in mystery, presented just the realm for his exuberant imagination to range. It was the theatre, as he eloquently said, "of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place."

Napoleon left Rastadt, and traveling incognito through France, arrived in Paris the 7th of December, 1797, having been absent but about eighteen months. His arrival had been awaited with the most intense impatience. The enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic capital had been excited to the highest pitch. The whole population were burning with the desire to see the youthful hero whose achievements seemed to surpass the fictions of romance. But Napoleon was nowhere visible. A strange mystery seemed to envelop him. He studiously avoided observation; very seldom made his appearance at any place of public amusement; dressed like the most unobtrusive private citizen, and glided unknown through the crowd, whose enthusiasm was roused to the highest pitch to get a sight of the hero. He took a small house in the Rue Chanteraine, which street immediately received the name of Rue de la Victoire, in honor of Napoleon. He sought only the society of men of high intellectual

and scientific attainments. In this course he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and vastly enhanced public curiosity by avoiding its gratification.

The Directory, very jealous of Napoleon's popularity, yet impelled by the voice of the people, now prepared a triumphal festival for the delivery of the treaty of Campo Formio. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was arranged and decorated for this gorgeous show. At the further end of the court a large platform was raised, where the five Directors were seated, dressed in the costume of the Roman Senate, at the foot of the altar of their country. Embassadors, ministers, magistrates, and the members of the two councils were assembled on seats ranged amphitheatrically around. Vast galleries were crowded with all that was illustrious in rank, beauty, and character in the metropolis. Magnificent trophies, composed of the banners taken from the enemy, embellished the court, while the surrounding walls were draped with festoons of tri-colored tapestry. Bands of music filled the air with martial sounds, while the very walls of Paris were shaken by the thunders of exploding artillery and by the acclamations of the countless thousands who thronged the court.

It was the 10th of December, 1797. A bright sun shone through cloudless skies upon the resplendent scene. Napoleon had been in Paris but five days. Few of the citizens had as yet been favored with a sight of the hero, whom all were impatient to behold. At last a great flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He ascended the platform dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, accompanied by Talleyrand, and his aids-de-camp, all gorgeously dressed, and much taller men than himself, but evidently regarding him with the most profound homage. The contrast was most striking. Every eye was riveted upon Napoleon. The thunder of the cannon was drowned in the still louder thunder of enthusiastic acclamations which simultaneously arose from the whole assemblage. The fountains of human emotion were never more deeply moved. The graceful delicacy of his fragile figure, his remarkably youthful appearance, his pale and wasted cheeks, the classic outline of his finely moulded features, the indescribable air of pensiveness and self-forgetfulness which he ever carried with him, and all associated with his most extraordinary achievements, aroused an intensity of enthusiastic emotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. No one who witnessed the scenes of that day ever forgot them. Talleyrand introduced the hero in a brief and eloquent speech. "For a moment," said he, in conclusion, "I did feel on his account that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from every thing which seems to destroy the equality of the citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph. And on this occasion every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect upon all which he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient love of simplicity which distinguishes him in his favorite studies; his love for the abstract sciences; his admiration for that sublime Ossian which seems to detach him from the world; on his well known contempt for luxury, for pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds, I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement." Napoleon, apparently quite unmoved by this unbounded applause, and as calm and unembarrassed as if speaking to an under-officer in his tent, thus briefly replied: "Citizens! The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively, for two thousand years, governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. I have the honor to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by the emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

The moment Napoleon began to speak the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. The desire to hear his voice was so intense, that hardly did the audience venture to move a limb or to breathe, while in tones, calm and clear, he addressed them. The moment he ceased speaking, a wild burst of enthusiasm filled the air. The most unimpassioned lost their self-control. Shouts of "Live Napoleon the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the saviour of France," resounded loud and long. Barras, in the name of the Directory, replied, "Nature," exclaimed the orator in his enthusiasm, "has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte. Go," said he turning to Napoleon, "crown a life, so illustrious, by a conquest which the great nation owes to its outraged dignity. Go, and by the punishment of the cabinet of London, strike terror into the hearts of all who would miscalculate the powers of a free people. Let the conquerors of the Po, the Rhine, and the Tiber, march under your banners. The ocean will be proud to bear them. It is a slave still indignant who blushes for his fetters. Hardly will the tri-colored standard wave on the blood-stained shores of the Thames, ere an unanimous cry will bless your arrival, and that generous nation will receive you as its liberator." Chenier's famous Hymn to Liberty was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. In the ungovernable enthusiasm of the moment the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. The blast of trumpets, the peal of martial bands, the thunder of cannon, and the acclamations of the countless multitude rent the air. Says Thiers, "All heads were overcome with the intoxication. Thus it was that France threw herself into the hands of an extraordinary man. Let us not censure the weakness of our fathers. That glory reaches us only through the clouds of time and adversity, and yet it transports us! Let us say with Æschylus, 'How would it have been had we seen the monster himself!'"

Napoleon's powers of conversation were inimitable. There was a peculiarity in every phrase he uttered which bore the impress of originality and genius. He fascinated every one who approached him. He never spoke of his own achievements, but in most lucid and dramatic recitals often portrayed the bravery of the army and the heroic exploits of his generals.

He was now elected a member of the celebrated Institute, a society composed of the most illustrious literary and scientific men in France. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and returned the following answer. "The suffrages of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honor me. I feel sensibly that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests – those which awaken no regret – are those obtained over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist in the acquisition of the whole sum of human knowledge, and in not allowing a single new idea to exist, which does not owe its birth to their exertions." He laid aside entirely the dress of a soldier, and, constantly attending the meetings of the Institute, as a philosopher and a scholar became one of its brightest ornaments. His comprehensive mind enabled him at once to grasp any subject to which he turned his attention. In one hour he would make himself master of the accumulated learning to which others had devoted the labor of years. He immediately, as a literary man, assumed almost as marked a pre-eminence among these distinguished scholars, as he had already acquired as a general on fields of blood. Apparently forgetting the renown he had already attained, with boundless ambition he pressed on to still greater achievements, deeming nothing accomplished while any thing remained to be done. Subsequently he referred to his course at this time and remarked, "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing, I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army."

A strong effort was made at this time, by the royalists, for the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon, while he despised the inefficient government of the Directory, was by no means willing that the despotic Bourbons should crush the spirit of liberty in France. Napoleon was not adverse to a monarchy. But he wished for a monarch who would consult the interests of the *people*, and

not merely pamper the luxury and pride of the nobles. He formed the plan and guided the energies which discomfited the royalists, and sustained the Directors. Thus twice had the strong arm of this young man protected the government. The Directors, in their multiplied perplexities, often urged his presence in their councils, to advise with them on difficult questions. Quiet and reserved he would take his seat at their table, and by that superiority of tact which ever distinguished him, and by that intellectual pre-eminence which could not be questioned, he assumed a moral position far above them all, and guided those gray-haired diplomatists, as a father guides his children. Whenever he entered their presence, he instinctively assumed the supremacy, and it was instinctively recognized.

The altars of religion, overthrown by revolutionary violence, still remained prostrate. The churches were closed, the Sabbath abolished, the sacraments were unknown, the priests were in exile. A whole generation had grown up in France without any knowledge of Christianity. Corruption was universal. A new sect sprang up called Theophilanthropists, who gleaned, as the basis of their system, some of the moral precepts of the gospel, divested of the sublime sanctions of Christianity. They soon, however, found that it is not by flowers of rhetoric, and smooth-flowing verses, and poetic rhapsodies upon the beauty of love and charity, of rivulets and skies, that the stern heart of man can be controlled. Leviathan is not so tamed. Man, exposed to temptations which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and glowing with irrepressible desires, can only be allured and overawed when the voice of love and mercy, blends with Sinai's thunders. "There was frequently," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "so much truth in the moral virtues which this new sect inculcated, that if the Evangelists had not said the same things much better, eighteen hundred years before them, one might have been tempted to embrace their opinions."

Napoleon took a correct view of these enthusiasts. "They can accomplish nothing," said he, "they are merely actors." "How!" it was replied, "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All systems of morality," Napoleon rejoined, "are fine. The gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few common-place sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be encountered by the weapons of ridicule. All their efforts will prove ineffectual."

Republican France was now at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The English government still waged unrelenting war against the Republic, and strained every nerve to rouse the monarchies of Europe again to combine to force a detested dynasty upon the French people. The British navy, in its invincibility, had almost annihilated the commerce of France. In their ocean-guarded isle, safe from the ravages of war themselves, their fleet could extend those ravages to all shores. The Directory raised an army for the invasion of England, and gave to Napoleon the command. Drawing the sword, not of aggression but of defense, he immediately proceeded to a survey of the French coast, opposite to England, and to form his judgment respecting the feasibility of the majestic enterprise. Taking three of his generals in his carriage, he passed eight days in this tour of observation. With great energy and tact he immediately made himself familiar with every thing which could aid him in coming to a decision. He surveyed the coast, examined the ships and the fortifications, selected the best points for embarkation, and examined until midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He made objections, and carefully weighed their answers. Upon his return to Paris his friend Bourrienne said to him, "Well, general! what do you think of the enterprise? Is it feasible?" "No!" he promptly replied, shaking his head. "It is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake the fate of our beautiful France." At the same time that he was making this survey of the coast, with his accustomed energy of mind, he was also studying another plan for resisting the assaults of the British government. The idea of attacking England, by the way of Egypt in her East Indian acquisitions, had taken full possession of his imagination. He filled his carriage with all the books he could find in the libraries of Paris, relating to Egypt. With almost miraculous rapidity he explored the pages, treasuring up, in his capacious and retentive memory, every idea of importance.

Interlineations and comments on the margin of these books, in his own hand-writing, testify to the indefatigable energy of his mind.

Napoleon was now almost adored by the republicans all over Europe, as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. In England, in particular, there was a large, influential, and increasing party, dissatisfied with the prerogatives of the crown, and with the exclusive privileges of the nobility, who were never weary of proclaiming the praises of this champion of liberty and equality. The brilliance of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature, and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before. The command of the army for the invasion of England was now assigned to Napoleon. He became the prominent and dreaded foe of that great empire. And yet the common people who were to fight the battles almost to a man loved him. The throne trembled. The nobles were in consternation. "If we deal fairly and justly with France," Lord Chatham is reported frankly to have avowed, "the English government will not exist for four-and-twenty hours." It was necessary to change public sentiment and to rouse feelings of personal animosity against this powerful antagonist. To render Napoleon unpopular, all the wealth and energies of the government were called into requisition, opening upon him the batteries of ceaseless invective. The English press teemed with the most atrocious and absurd abuse. It is truly amusing, in glancing over the pamphlets of that day, to contemplate the enormity of the vices attributed to him, and their contradictory nature. He was represented as a perfect demon in human form. He was a robber and a miser, plundering the treasuries of nations that he might hoard his countless millions, and he was also a profligate and a spendthrift, squandering upon his lusts the wealth of empires. He was wallowing in licentiousness, his camp a harem of pollution, ridding himself by poison of his concubines as his vagrant desires wandered from them; at the same time he was *physically an imbecile*– a monster – whom God in his displeasure had deprived of the passions and the powers of healthy manhood. He was an idol whom the entranced people bowed down before and worshiped, with more than Oriental servility. He was also a sanguinary heartless, merciless butcher, exulting in carnage, grinding the bones of his own wounded soldiers into the dust beneath his chariot wheels, and finding congenial music for his depraved and malignant spirit in the shrieks of the mangled and the groans of the dying. To Catholic Ireland he was represented as seizing the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus dragging him over the marble floor of his palace. To Protestant England, on the contrary, he was exhibited as in league with the Pope, whom he treated with the utmost adulation, endeavoring to strengthen the despotism of the sword with the energies of superstition.

The philosophical composure with which Napoleon regarded this incessant flow of invective was strikingly grand. "Of all the libels and pamphlets," said Napoleon subsequently, "with which the English ministers have inundated Europe, there is not one which will reach posterity. When I have been asked to cause answers to be written to them, I have uniformly replied, 'My victories and my works of public improvement are the only response which it becomes me to make.' When there shall not be a trace of these libels to be found, the great monuments of utility which I have reared, and the code of laws that I have formed, will descend to the most remote ages, and future historians will avenge the wrongs done me by my contemporaries. There was a time," said he again, "when all crimes seemed to belong to me of right; thus I poisoned Hoche,[4] I strangled Pichegru[5] in his cell, I

[4] Lazare Hoche, a very distinguished young general, who died very suddenly in the army. "Hoche," said Bonaparte, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating."

[5] Charles Pichegru, a celebrated French general, who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the consular government and restore the Bourbons. He was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. The physicians, who met on the occasion, asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat. "Pichegru," said Napoleon, "instructed me in mathematics at Brienne when I was about ten years old. As a general he was a man of no ordinary talent. After he had united himself with the Bourbons, he sacrificed the lives of upward of twenty thousand of his soldiers by throwing them purposely in the enemies' hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intentions."

caused Kleber[6] to be assassinated in Egypt, I blew out Desaix's[7] brains at Marengo, I cut the throats of persons who were confined in prison, I dragged the Pope by the hair of his head, and a hundred similar absurdities. As yet," he again said, "I have not seen one of those libels which is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice, than to write *false*, *false*, on every page. The only truth I have seen in them is, that I one day met an officer, General Rapp, I believe, on the field of battle, with his face begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, and that I exclaimed, 'Oh, comme il est beau! *O, how beautiful the sight!*' This is true enough. And of it they have made a crime. My commendation of the gallantry of a brave soldier, is construed into a proof of my delighting in blood."

The revolutionary government were in the habit of celebrating the 21st of January with great public rejoicing, as the anniversary of the execution of the king. They urged Napoleon to honor the festival by his presence, and to take a conspicuous part in the festivities. He peremptorily declined. "This fête," said he, "commemorates a melancholy event, a tragedy; and can be agreeable to but few people. It is proper to celebrate victories; but victims left upon the field of battle are to be lamented. To celebrate the anniversary of a man's death is an act unworthy of a government; it creates more enemies than friends – it estranges instead of conciliating; it irritates instead of calming; it shakes the foundations of government instead of adding to their strength." The ministry urged that it was the custom with all nations to celebrate the downfall of tyrants; and that Napoleon's influence over the public mind was so powerful, that his absence would be regarded as indicative of hostility to the government, and would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the Republic. At last Napoleon consented to attend, as a private member of the Institute, taking no active part in the ceremonies, but merely walking with the members of the class to which he belonged. As soon as the procession entered the Church of St. Sulpice, all eyes were searching for Napoleon. He was soon descried, and every one else was immediately eclipsed. At the close of the ceremony, the air was rent with the shouts, "Long live Napoleon!" The Directory were made exceedingly uneasy by ominous exclamations in the streets, "We will drive away these lawyers, and make the *Little Corporal* king." These cries wonderfully accelerated the zeal of the Directors, in sending Napoleon to Egypt. And most devoutly did they hope that from that distant land he would never return.

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[6] General Kleber fell beneath the poinard of an assassin in Egypt, when Napoleon was in Paris.

[7] General Desaix fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Marengo. Napoleon deeply deplored his loss, as that of one of his most faithful and devoted friends.

AN INDIAN PET

The ichneumon, called in India the neulah, benjee, or mungoos, is known all over that country. I have seen it on the banks of the Ganges, and among the old walls of Jaunpore, Sirhind, and at Loodianah; for, like others of the weasel kind, this little animal delights in places where it can lurk and peep – such as heaps of stones and ruins; and there is no lack of these in old Indian cities.

That the neulah is a fierce, terrible, blood-thirsty, destructive little creature, I experienced to my cost; but notwithstanding all the provocation I received, I was led to become his friend and protector, and so finding him out to be the most charming and amiable pet in the world.

In my military career (for I was for a long time attached to the army) I was stationed at Jaunpore, and having a house with many conveniences, I took pleasure in rearing poultry; but scarcely a single chicken could be magnified to a hen: the rapacious neulahs, fond of tender meat, waylaying all my young broods, sucking their blood, and feasting on their brains. But such devastations could not be allowed to pass with impunity; so we watched the enemy, and succeeded in shooting several of the offenders, prowling among the hennah or mehendy hedges, where the clucking-hens used to repose in the shade, surrounded by their progeny.

After one of these *battues*, my little daughter happened to go to the fowl-house in the evening in search of eggs, and was greatly startled by a melancholy squeaking which seemed to proceed from an old rat-hole in one corner. Upon proper investigation this was suspected to be the nest of one of the neulahs which had suffered the last sentence of the law; but how to get at the young we did not know, unless by digging up the floor, and of this I did not approve. So the little young ones would have perished but for a childish freak of my young daughter. She seated herself before the nest, and imitated the cry of the famished little animals so well, that three wee, hairless, blind creatures crept out, like newly-born rabbits, but with long tails, in the hope of meeting with their lost mamma.

Our hearts immediately warmed toward the little helpless ones, and no one wished to wreak the sins of the parents upon the orphans; and knowing that neulahs were reared as pets, I proposed to my daughter that she should select one for herself, and give the others to two of my servants.

My daughter's protégée, however, was the only one that survived under its new *régime*; and Jumnie, as she called her nursling, throve well, and soon attained its full size, knowing its name, and endearing itself to every body by its gambols and tricks. She was like the most blithesome of little kittens, and played with our fingers, and frolicked on the sofas, sleeping occasionally behind one of the cushions, and at other times coiling herself up in her own little flannel bed.

In the course of time, however, Jumnie grew up to maturity, being one year old, and formed an attachment for one of her own race – a wild, roving bandit of a neulah, who committed such deeds of atrocity in the fowl-house as to compel us to take up arms again. If she had only made her mistress the confidante of her love! – but, alas! little did we suspect *our* neulah of a companionship with thieves and assassins; and so leaving her, we thought, to her customary frolics, we marched upon the stronghold of the enemy. Two neulahs appeared, we fired, and one fell, the other running off unscathed. We all hastened to the wounded and bleeding victim, and my little daughter first of all; but how shall I describe her grief when she saw her little Jumnie writhing at her feet in the agonies of death! If I had had the least idea of Jumnie's having formed such an attachment, I should have spared the guilty for the sake of the innocent, and Jumnie might long have lived a favorite pet; but the deed was done.

The neulahs, like other of the weasel kind – and like some animals I know of a loftier species – are very rapacious, slaying without reference to their wants; and Jumnie, although fond of milk, used to delight in livers and brains of fowls, which she relished even after they were dressed for our table.

The natives of India never molest the neulah. They like to see it about their dwellings, on account of its snake and rat-killing propensities; and on a similar account it must have been that this creature

was deified by the Egyptians, whose country abounded with reptiles, and would have been absolutely alive with crocodiles but for the havoc it made among the numerous eggs, which it delighted to suck. For this reason the ichneumons were embalmed as public benefactors, and their bodies are still found lying in state in some of the pyramids. Among the Hindoos, however, the neulah does not obtain quite such high honors, although the elephant, monkey, lion, snake, rat, goose, &c., play a prominent part in the religious myths, and are styled the Bâhons, or vehicles of the gods.

In Hindoostan the ichneumon is not supposed to kill the crocodile, though it is in the mouth of every old woman that it possesses the knowledge of a remedy against the bite of a poisonous snake, which its instinct leads it to dig out of the ground; but this *on dit* has never been ascertained to be true, and my belief is that it is only based on the great agility and dexterity of the neulah. Eye-witnesses say that his battles with man's greatest enemy end generally in the death of the snake, which the neulah seizes by the back of the neck, and after frequent onsets at last kills and eats, rejecting nothing but the head.

The color of the Indian neulah is a grayish-brown; but its chief beauty lies in its splendid squirrel-like tail, and lively, prominent, dark-brown eyes. Like most of the weasel kind, however, it has rather a disagreeable odor; and if it were not for this there would not be a sweeter pet in existence.

So far the experience of an Old Indian; and we now turn to another authority on the highly-curious subject just glanced at – the knowledge of the ichneumon of a specific against the poison of the snake. Calder Campbell, in his recent series of tales, "Winter Nights" – and capital amusement for such nights they are – describes in almost a painfully truthful manner the adventure of an officer in India, who was an eye-witness, under very extraordinary circumstances, to the feat of the ichneumon. The officer, through some accident, was wandering on foot, and at night, through a desolate part of the country, and at length, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry, crisp spear-grass, and just as the faint edge of the dawn appeared, fell asleep.

"No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly – no doubt of it! I have never *since then* slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

"'My God! I am lost!' was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed.

"It slept, or at all events remained stirless; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up – the moon shone out – the stars glanced over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I looked downward at the loathsome bed-fellow which my evil stars had sent me.

"Unexpectedly, a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upward to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder – upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them – a *mungoos* or ichneumon and a *cobra di capello*!

"I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment – the deep, venomous fascination of the snaky glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent: I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict: I saw that the mungoos was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra di capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

"Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet mungoos – the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals."

Many other authors refer to the alleged antidote against a snake-bite, known only to the ichneumon, and there are about as many different opinions as there are authors; but, on the whole, our Old Indian appears to us to be on the strongest side.

KOSSUTH – A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Louis Kossuth[8] was born at Monok, in Zemplin, one of the northern counties of Hungary, on the 27th of April, 1806. His family was ancient, but impoverished; his father served in the Austrian army during the wars against Napoleon; his mother, who still survives to exult in the glory of her son, is represented to be a woman of extraordinary force of mind and character. Kossuth thus adds another to the long list of great men who seem to have inherited their genius from their mothers. As a boy he was remarkable for the winning gentleness of his disposition, and for an earnest enthusiasm, which gave promise of future eminence, could he but break the bonds imposed by low birth and iron fortune. A young clergyman was attracted by the character of the boy, and voluntarily took upon himself the office of his tutor, and thus first opened before his mind visions of a broader world than that of the miserable village of his residence. But these serene days of powers expanding under genial guidance soon passed away. His father died, his tutor was translated to another post, and the walls of his prison-house seemed again to close upon the boy. But by the aid of members of his family, themselves in humble circumstances, he was enabled to attend such schools as the district furnished. Little worth knowing was taught there; but among that little was the Latin language; and through that door the young dreamer was introduced into the broad domains of history, where, abandoning the mean present, he could range at will through the immortal past. History relates nothing so spirit-stirring as the struggles of some bold patriot to overthrow or resist arbitrary power. Hence the young student of history is always a republican; but, unlike many others, Kossuth never changed from that faith.

The annals of Hungary contain nothing so brilliant as the series of desperate conflicts which were waged at intervals for more than two centuries to maintain the elective character of the Hungarian monarchy, in opposition to the attempts of the House of Austria to make the crown hereditary in the Hapsburg line. In these wars, from 1527 to 1715, seventeen of the family of Kossuth had been attainted for high treason against Austria. The last, most desperate, and decisively unsuccessful struggle was that waged by Rakozky, at the beginning of the last century. Kossuth pored over the chronicles and annals which narrate the incidents of this contest, till he was master of all the minutest details. It might then have been predicted that he would one day write the history of that fruitless struggle, and the biography of its hero; but no one would have dared to prophesy that he would so closely reproduce it in deeds.

In times of peace, the law offers to an aspiring youth the readiest means of ascent from a low degree to lofty stations. Kossuth, therefore, when just entering upon manhood, made his way to Pesth, the capital, to study the legal profession. Here he entered the office of a notary, and began gradually to make himself known by his liberal opinions, and the fervid eloquence with which he set

[8] Pronounced as though written *Kos-shoot*, with the accent on the last syllable. The Magyar equivalent for the French Louis and the German Ludwig is Lajos. We have given the date of his birth, which seems best authenticated. The notice of the Austrian police, quoted below, makes him to have been born in 1804; still another account gives 1801 as the year of his birth. The portrait which we furnish is from a picture taken a little more than two years since in Hungary, for Messrs. Goupil, the well-known picture-dealers of Paris and New York, and is undoubtedly an authentic likeness of him at that time. The following is a pen-and-ink portrait of Kossuth, drawn by those capital artists, the Police authorities of Vienna: – "*Louis Kossuth*, an ex-advocate, journalist, Minister of Finance, President of the Committee of Defense, Governor of the Hungarian Republic, born in Hungary, Catholic [this is an error, Kossuth is of the Lutheran faith], married. He is of middle height, strong, thin; the face oval, complexion pale, the forehead high and open, hair chestnut, eyes blue, eyebrows dark and very thick, mouth very small and well-formed, teeth fine, chin round. He wears a mustache and imperial, and his curled hair does not entirely cover the upper part of the head. He has a white and delicate hand, the fingers long. He speaks German, Hungarian, Latin, Slovack, a little French and Italian. His bearing when calm, is solemn, full of a certain dignity; his movements elegant, his voice agreeable, softly penetrating, and very distinct, even when he speaks low. He produces, in general, the effect of an enthusiast; his looks often fixed on the heavens; and the expression of his eyes, which are fine, contributes to give him the air of a dreamer. His exterior does not announce the energy of his character." Photography could hardly produce a picture more minutely accurate.

forth and maintained them; and men began to see in him the promise of a powerful public writer, orator, and debater.

The man and the hour were alike preparing. In 1825, the year before Kossuth arrived at Pesth, the critical state of her Italian possessions compelled Austria to provide extraordinary revenues. The Hungarian Diet was then assembled, after an interval of thirteen years. This Diet at once demanded certain measures of reform before they would make the desired pecuniary grants. The court was obliged to concede these demands. Kossuth, having completed his legal studies, and finding no favorable opening in the capital, returned, in 1830, to his native district, and commenced the practice of the law, with marked success. He also began to make his way toward public life by his assiduous attendance and intelligent action in the local assemblies. A new Diet was assembled in 1832, and he received a commission as the representative, in the Diet, of a magnate who was absent. As proxy for an absentee, he was only charged, by the Hungarian Constitution, with a very subordinate part, his functions being more those of a counsel than of a delegate. This, however, was a post much sought for by young and aspiring lawyers, as giving them an opportunity of mastering legal forms, displaying their abilities, and forming advantageous connections.

This Diet renewed the Liberal struggle with increased vigor. By far the best talent of Hungary was ranged upon the Liberal side. Kossuth early made himself known as a debater, and gradually won his way upward, and became associated with the leading men of the Liberal party, many of whom were among the proudest and richest of the Hungarian magnates. He soon undertook to publish a report of the debates and proceedings of the Diet. This attempt was opposed by the Palatine, and a law hunted up which forbade the "printing and publishing" of these reports. He for a while evaded the law by having his sheet lithographed. It increased in its development of democratic tendencies, and in popularity, until finally the lithographic press was seized by Government. Kossuth, determined not to be baffled, still issued his journal, every copy being written out by scribes, of whom he employed a large number. To avoid seizure at the post-office, they were circulated through the local authorities, who were almost invariably on the Liberal side. This was a period of intense activity on the part of Kossuth. He attended the meetings of the Diet, and the conferences of the deputies, edited his paper, read almost all new works on politics and political economy, and studied French and English for the sake of reading the debates in the French Chambers and the British Parliament; allowing himself, we are told, but three hours' sleep in the twenty-four. His periodical penetrated into every part of the kingdom, and men saw with wonder a young and almost unknown public writer boldly pitting himself against Metternich and the whole Austrian Cabinet. Kossuth might well, at this period declare that he "felt within himself something nameless."

In the succeeding Diets the Opposition grew still more determined. Kossuth, though twice admonished by Government, still continued his journal; and no longer confined himself to simple reports of the proceedings of the Diet, but added political remarks of the keenest satire and most bitter denunciation. He was aware that his course was a perilous one. He was once found by a friend walking in deep reverie in the fortress of Buda, and in reply to a question as to the subject of his meditations, he said, "I was looking at the casemates, for I fear that I shall soon be quartered there." Government finally determined to use arguments more cogent than discussion could furnish. Baron Wesselenyi, the leader of the Liberal party, and the most prominent advocate of the removal of urbarial burdens, was arrested, together with a number of his adherents. Kossuth was of course a person of too much note to be overlooked, and on the 4th of May, 1837, to use the words of an Austrian partisan, "it happened that as he was promenading in the vicinity of Buda, he was seized by the myrmidons of the law, and confined in the lower walls of the fortress, there to consider, in darkness and solitude, how dangerous it is to defy a powerful government, and to swerve from the path of law and of prudence."

Kossuth became at once sanctified in the popular mind as a martyr. Liberal subscriptions were raised through the country for the benefit of his mother and sisters, whom he had supported by his exertions, and who were now left without protection. Wesselenyi became blind in prison; Lovassi, an

intimate friend of Kossuth, lost his reason; and Kossuth himself, as was certified by his physicians, was in imminent risk of falling a victim to a serious disease. The rigor of his confinement was mitigated; he was allowed books, newspapers, and writing materials, and suffered to walk daily upon the bastions of the fortress, in charge of an officer. Among those who were inspired with admiration for his political efforts, and with sympathy for his fate, was Teresa Mezlenyi, the young daughter of a nobleman. She sent him books, and corresponded with him during his imprisonment; and they were married in 1841, soon after his liberation.

The action of the drama went on, though Kossuth was for a while withdrawn from the stage. His connection with Wesselenyi procured for him a degree of influence among the higher magnates which he could probably in no other way have attained. Their aid was as essential to the early success of the Liberals, as was the support of Essex and Manchester to the Parliament of England at the commencement of the contest with Charles I.

In the second year of Kossuth's imprisonment, Austria again needed Hungarian assistance. The threatening aspect of affairs in the East, growing out of the relations between Turkey and Egypt, determined all the great powers to increase their armaments. A demand was made upon the Hungarian Diet for an additional levy of 18,000 troops. A large body of delegates was chosen pledged to oppose this grant except upon condition of certain concessions, among which was a general amnesty, with a special reference to the cases of Wesselenyi and Kossuth. The most sagacious of the Conservative party advised Government to liberate all the prisoners, with the exception of Kossuth; and to do this before the meeting of the Diet, in order that their liberation might not be made a condition of granting the levy; which must be the occasion of great excitement. The Cabinet temporized, and did nothing. The Diet was opened, and the contest was waged during six months. The Opposition had a majority of two in the Chamber of Deputies, but were in a meagre minority in the Chamber of Magnates. But Metternich and the Cabinet grew alarmed at the struggle, and were eager to obtain the grant of men, and to close the refractory Diet. In 1840 a royal rescript suddenly made its appearance, granting the amnesty, accompanied also with conciliatory remarks, and the demands of the Government for men and money were at once complied with. This action of Government weakened the ranks of its supporters among the Hungarian magnates, who thus found themselves exposed to the charge of being more despotic than the Cabinet of Metternich itself.

Kossuth issued from prison in 1840, after an imprisonment of three years, bearing in his debilitated frame, his pallid face, and glassy eyes, traces of severe sufferings, both of mind and body. He repaired for a time to a watering-place among the mountains to recruit his shattered health. His imprisonment had done more for his influence than he could have effected if at liberty. The visitors at the watering-place treated with silent respect the man who moved about among them in dressing-gown and slippers, and whose slow steps, and languid features disfigured with yellow spots, proclaimed him an invalid. Abundant subscriptions had been made for his benefit and that of his family, and he now stood on an equality with the proudest magnates. These had so often used the name of the "Martyr of the liberty of the press" in pointing their speeches, that they now had no choice but to accept the popular verdict as their own. Kossuth, in the meanwhile mingled little with the society at the watering-place; but preferred, as his health improved, to wander among the forest-clad hills and lonely valleys, where, says one who there became acquainted with him, and was his frequent companion, "the song of birds, a group of trees, and even the most insignificant phenomena of nature furnished occasions for conversation." But now and then flashes would burst forth which showed that he was revolving other things in his mind. Sometimes a chord would be casually struck which awoke deeper feelings, then his rare eloquence would burst forth with the fearful earnestness of conviction, and he hurled forth sentences instinct with life and passion. The wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, the daughter of a great magnate, was attracted by his appearance, and desired this companion of Kossuth to introduce him to her house. When this desire was made known to Kossuth, the mysterious and

nervous expression passed over his face, which characterizes it when excited. "No," he exclaimed, "I will not go to that woman's house; her father subscribed four-pence to buy a rope to hang me with!"

Soon after his liberation, he came forward as the principal editor of the "Pesth Gazette" (*Pesthi Hirlap*), which a bookseller, who enjoyed the protection of the Government, had received permission to establish. The name of the editor was now sufficient to electrify the country; and Kossuth at once stood forth as the advocate of the rights of the lower and middle classes against the inordinate privileges and immunities enjoyed by the magnates. But when he went to the extent of demanding that the house-tax should be paid by all classes in the community, not even excepting the highest nobility, a party was raised up against him among the nobles, who established a paper to combat so disorganizing a doctrine. This party, backed by the influence of Government, succeeded in defeating the election of Kossuth as member from Pesth for the Diet of 1843. He was, however, very active in the local Assembly of the capital.

Kossuth was not altogether without support among the higher nobles. The blind old Wesselenyi traversed the country, advocating rural freedom and the abolition of the urbarial burdens. Among his supporters at this period also, was Count Louis Batthyanyi, one of the most considerable of the Magyar magnates, subsequently President of the Hungarian Ministry, and the most illustrious martyr of the Hungarian cause. Aided by his powerful support, Kossuth was again brought forward, in 1847, as one of the two candidates from Pesth. The Government party, aware that they were in a decided minority, limited their efforts to an attempt to defeat the election of Kossuth. This they endeavored to effect by stratagem. The Liberal party nominated Szentkiraly and Kossuth. The Government party also named the former. The Royal Administrator, who presided at the election, decided that Szentkiraly was chosen by acclamation; but that a poll must be held for the other member. Before the intention of Kossuth to present himself as a candidate was known, the Liberals had proposed M. Balla as second delegate. He at once resigned in favor of Kossuth. The Government party cast their votes for him, in hopes of drawing off a portion of the Liberal party from the support of Kossuth. M. Balla loudly but unavailingly protested against this stratagem; and when after a scrutiny of twelve hours, Kossuth was declared elected, Balla was the first to applaud. That night Kossuth, Balla, and Szentkiraly were serenaded by the citizens of Pesth; they descended together to the street, and walked arm-in-arm among the crowd. The Royal Administrator was severely reprimanded for not having found means to prevent the election of Kossuth.

Kossuth no sooner took his seat in the Diet than the foremost place was at once conceded to him. At the opening of the session he moved an address to the king, concluding with the petition that "liberal institutions, similar to those of the Hungarian Constitution, might be accorded to all the hereditary states, that thus might be created a united Austrian monarchy, based upon broad and constitutional principles." During the early months of the session Kossuth showed himself a most accomplished parliamentary orator and debater; and carried on a series of attacks upon the policy of the Austrian Cabinet, which for skill and power have few parallels in the annals of parliamentary warfare. Those form a very inadequate conception of its scope and power, whose ideas of the eloquence of Kossuth are derived solely from the impassioned and exclamatory harangues which he flung out during the war. These were addressed to men wrought up to the utmost tension, and can be judged fairly only by men in a state of high excitement. He adapted his matter and manner to the occasion and the audience. Some of his speeches are marked by a stringency of logic worthy of Webster or Calhoun: – but it was what all eloquence of a high order must ever be – "Logic red-hot."

Now came the French Revolution of February, 1848. The news of it reached Vienna on the 1st of March, and was received at Pressburg on the 2d. On the following day Kossuth delivered his famous speech on the finances and the state of the monarchy generally, concluding with a proposed "Address to the Throne," urging a series of reformatory measures. Among the foremost of these was the emancipation of the country from feudal burdens – the proprietors of the soil to be indemnified by the state; equalizing taxation; a faithful administration of the revenue to be satisfactorily guaranteed; the

further development of the representative system; and the establishment of a government representing the voice of, and responsible to the nation.[9] The speech produced an effect almost without parallel in the annals of debate. Not a word was uttered in reply, and the motion was unanimously carried. On the 13th of March took place the revolution in Vienna which overthrew the Metternich Cabinet. On the 15th, the Constitution granted by the Emperor to all the nations within the Empire was solemnly proclaimed, amidst the wildest transports of joy. Henceforth there were to be no more Germans or Sclavonians, Magyars or Italians; strangers embraced and kissed each other in the streets, for all the heterogeneous races of the Empire were now brothers: – as likewise were all the nations of the earth at Anacharsis Klootz's "Feast of Pikes" in Paris, on that 14th day of July in the year of grace 1790 – and yet, notwithstanding, came the "Reign of Terror."

Among the demands made by the Hungarian Diet was that of a separate and responsible Ministry for Hungary. The Palatine, Archduke Stephen, to whom the conduct of affairs in Hungary had been intrusted, persuaded the Emperor to accede to this demand, and on the following day Batthyanyi, who with Kossuth and a deputation of delegates of the Diet was in Vienna, was named President of the Hungarian Ministry. It was, however, understood that Kossuth was the life and soul of the new Ministry.

Kossuth assumed the department of Finance, then, as long before and now, the post of difficulty under Austrian administration. The Diet meanwhile went on to consummate the series of reforms which Kossuth had so long and steadfastly advocated. The remnants of feudalism were swept away – the landed proprietors being indemnified by the state for the loss they sustained. The civil and political rights which had heretofore been in the exclusive possession of the nobles, were extended to the burghers and the peasants. A new electoral law was framed, according the right of suffrage to every possessor of property to the amount of about one hundred and fifty dollars. The whole series of bills received the royal signature on the 11th of April; the Diet having previously adjourned to meet on the 2d of July.

Up to this time there had been indeed a vigorous and decided opposition, but no insurrection. The true cause of the Hungarian war was the hostility of the Austrian Government to the whole series of reformatory measures which had been effected through the instrumentality of Kossuth; but its immediate occasion was the jealousy which sprung up among the Serbian and Croatian dependencies of Hungary against the Hungarian Ministry. This soon broke out into an open revolt, headed by Baron Jellachich, who had just been appointed Ban or Lord of Croatia. How far the Serbs and Croats had occasion for jealousy, is of little consequence to our present purpose to inquire; though we may say, in passing, that the proceedings of the Magyars toward the other Hungarian races was marked by a far more just and generous feeling and conduct than could have been possibly expected; and that the whole ground of hostility was sheer misrepresentation; and this, if we may credit the latest and best authorities, is now admitted by the Sclavic races themselves. But however the case may have been as between the Magyars and Croats, as between the Hungarians and Austria, the hostile course of the latter is without excuse or palliation. The Emperor had solemnly sanctioned the action of the Diet, and did as solemnly denounce the proceedings of Jellachich. On the 29th of May the Ban was summoned to present himself at Innspruck, to answer for his conduct; and as he did not make his appearance, an Imperial manifesto was issued on the 10th of June, depriving him of all his dignities, and commanding the authorities at once to break off all intercourse with him. He, however, still

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[9] We have not space to present any portion of this admirable speech. It is given at length in Pulszky's Introduction to Schlessinger's "*War in Hungary*," which has been republished in this country; in a different, and somewhat indifferent translation, in the anonymous "*Louis Kossuth and Hungary*," published in London, written strongly in the Austrian interest. In this latter, however, the "Address to the Throne," by far the most important and weighty portion of the speech, is omitted. A portion of the speech, taken from this latter source, and of course not embracing the Address, is given in Dr. Tefft's recent valuable work, "*Hungary and Kossuth*." The whole speech constitutes a historical document of great importance.

continued his operations, and levied an army for the invasion of Hungary, and a fierce and bloody war of races broke out, marked on both sides by the most fearful atrocities.

The Hungarian Diet was opened on the 5th of July, when the Palatine, Archduke Stephen, in the name of the king, solemnly denounced the conduct of the insurgent Croats. A few days after, Kossuth, in a speech in the Diet, set forth the perilous state of affairs, and concluded by asking for authority to raise an army of 200,000 men, and a large amount of money. These proposals were adopted by acclamation, the enthusiasm in the Diet rendering any debate impossible and superfluous.

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