

GARIBALDI AND HIS RED-SHIRTS

BY

F. J. SNELL

AUTHOR OF

'BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS'
'THE GIRLHOOD OF FAMOUS WOMEN' ETC.

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

CHRIS. AMBLER



LONDON

GEORGE G. HARRAP & COMPANY

2 & 3 PORTSMOUTH STREET KINGSWAY W.C.

MCMXV

1915

Conditions and Terms of Use

Copyright © Heritage History 2010
Some rights reserved

This text was produced and distributed by Heritage History, an organization dedicated to the preservation of classical juvenile history books, and to the promotion of the works of traditional history authors.

The books which Heritage History republishes are in the public domain and are no longer protected by the original copyright. They may therefore be reproduced within the United States without paying a royalty to the author.

The text and pictures used to produce this version of the work, however, are the property of Heritage History and are subject to certain restrictions. These restrictions are imposed for the purpose of protecting the integrity of the work, for preventing plagiarism, and for helping to assure that compromised versions of the work are not widely disseminated.

In order to preserve information regarding the origin of this text, a copyright by the author, and a Heritage History distribution date are included at the foot of every page of text. We require all electronic and printed versions of this text include these markings and that users adhere to the following restrictions.

1. You may reproduce this text for personal or educational purposes as long as the copyright and Heritage History version are included.
2. You may not alter this text or try to pass off all or any part of it as your own work.
3. You may not distribute copies of this text for commercial purposes.
4. This text is intended to be a faithful and complete copy of the original document. However, typos, omissions, and other errors may have occurred during preparation, and Heritage History does not guarantee a perfectly reliable reproduction.

Permission to use Heritage History documents or images for commercial purposes, or more information about our collection of traditional history resources can be obtained by contacting us at Infodesk@heritage-history.com



THE MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

PREFACE

Our brief sketch of Garibaldi and his comrades has been based, as far as possible on G. M. Trevelyan's notable trilogy—Garibaldi and the defense of Rome, Garibaldi and the Thousand, and Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Mr. Trevelyan's very full and highly picturesque narratives do not take in, or only cursorily, the later phases of his hero's career, in which Garibaldi appears to less advantage. Here we have been compelled to fall back on Garibaldi's autobiography, which has been satisfactorily translated by Mr. A. Werner, supplemented by Signora Mario's recital.

A legend which seems impossible but has nevertheless gained acceptance in some quarters represents Garibaldi as having been killed at Aspromonte, when a 'double' named Sganerelli, a stevedore of Genoa, was substituted for him by the chiefs of the party for political reasons. The supposed fraud has been put forward as an explanation for the Liberator's failures after 1862. The theory is not only unnecessary, but even preposterous. " 'Tis not in mortals to command success," and as it was Garibaldi's uniform experience to strive against heavy odds, it should excite no surprise that sometimes his military genius was beaten by circumstances. What is really surprising is that a man untrained in the arts of war should have accomplished such signal results, at any period of life, with such cruelly inadequate means.

F. J. SNELL.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TRUANT AND REBEL	4
BLISS ON THE PAMPAS	6
RETURN TO ITALY.....	10
RED ROME	13
HEROES ALL!.....	16
A BOLD RETREAT	20
JACK OF ALL TRADES	23
OLD FOES, NEW FRIENDS	27
REVENGE ON THE WHITE-COATS.....	29
THE THOUSAND	33
TO PALERMO!	35
THE 'ENGLISH' REGIMENT.....	40
WITH THE HONORS OF WAR	42
CROSSING THE STRAIT	46
"THE FALSE GARIBALDI"	48
MASTER OF NAPLES.....	52
BRITISH TARS AND IRISH CRUSADERS	54
THE FIERCEST FIGHT	57
THE BRITISH LEGION	59
MORE WOUNDS AND LONDON.....	63
CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL	66
SECOND DASH FOR ROME.....	68
ALLY OF FRANCE.....	72
THE CLOSE OF THE DAY	75

CHAPTER I

TRUANT AND REBEL

Giuseppe (Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice on July 4, 1807. Nice is now, and has been since 1860, a French town, but between these dates it was included in the kingdom of Piedmont, and its Italian name is Nizza. The Garibaldis were pure Italians, having come thirty years before from Chiavari, on the other side of Genoa. It is quite possible, however, that hundreds of years ago a forefather of theirs was one of the Longobardi or German barbarians who crossed the Alps and settled in the north of Italy, which they won with the sword. The name points to that conclusion, and very fit was that name for Italy's deliverer, meaning something like 'warrior bold.' It is first cousin, though one might not think it, to our 'Hereward.' All this, however, has no bearing on Garibaldi's nationality.

Our hero's father did not spring from the ranks of the nobility. He was an honest shipmaster, and not rich. Domenico Garibaldi, however, was resolved to give his son a good education, no matter what the cost, and it seems a pity that his parental sacrifice should have been wasted. His son, alas! did not love school, and was a sad truant. When he should have been poring over his books, he with his cousin was exploring the mountains, or down in the harbor feasting his eyes on ships and sailors arrived from distant climes.

One of his early companions had a vivid remembrance of those days, of which he thus writes:

"Though Peppino [Giuseppe] was a bright, brave lad, who planned all sorts of adventures, played truant when he could get the loan of a gun or coax one of the fishermen to take him in his boat, went oyster-trawling, and never missed the tunny festival at Villafranca or the sardine hauls at Limpia, he was often thoughtful and silent, and when he had a book that interested him would lie under the olive-trees for hours

reading, and then it was no use to try to make him join any of our schemes for mischief. He had a beautiful voice, and knew all the songs of the peasants and sailors, and a good many French ones besides. Even as a boy we all looked up to him, and chose him for our umpire, while the little ones regarded him as their natural protector. He was the strongest and most enduring swimmer I ever knew, and a very fish in water."

When a small boy, Garibaldi helped a washer-woman out of a deep ditch. She was the first of sixteen persons whom he saved from drowning—which shows that his skill and gallantry were not confined to the battlefield. This youthful heroism, however, hardly compensated for his backwardness as a student, and his education in the ordinary sense ceased when he was fifteen. One of his masters knew English and would have taught it to him, but the boy threw away this opportunity of learning what he afterward called "the beautiful tongue of Byron." He did learn—and forgot—a little Latin; French he acquired quite easily, and he made some progress—not much—in mathematics. He mastered the elementary, but necessary, accomplishments of reading and writing, by the help of which he could indulge his refined tastes. His independence of spirit led him to peruse the poetical works of Voltaire, and he went so far as to commit certain passages to memory. But it was Ugo Foscolo, a living Italian poet, who cherished noble aspirations for his country and for humanity, who most fascinated him and won his homage; indeed, all through his life Garibaldi was fond of quoting that writer. He himself in later years attempted verse, but though he felt the charm of poetry and music, his romantic sentiments clothed themselves more naturally in deeds than in words. His vocation was not to compose stanzas, but to re-create a nation. Yet it is pleasant to reflect that he was not so devoid of culture as his misspent schooldays threatened to leave him. Possibly his education might have been prolonged, had he been more earnest and industrious; as it was, he brought about a crisis by a daring act of revolt, which will be best described in his own words:

"Tired of school, and unable to endure a sedentary life, I proposed one day to some companions of my own age to run away to Genoa without any definite plan, but meaning in effect to seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We seized a boat, embarked some provisions and fishing tackle, and sailed eastward. We were already off Monaco, when a vessel sent by my good father overhauled us, and brought us back deeply humiliated. An abbe had revealed our flight. See what a coincidence! An abbe, the embryo of a priest, and I am so ungrateful as to persecute these poor priests!"

After that Domenico Garibaldi deemed it advisable to give up the struggle and send his son to sea. He began as a cabin-boy, and in ten years rose to be captain in the merchant service. If he looked for adventures, he was not cheated of his desire. Thrice he was captured by pirates, who stripped him of everything he possessed. In his second voyage his father's little vessel touched at the Papal States, and that good man took him on a visit to Rome, which made an ineffaceable impression on the youth. The sight of the Coliseum and other ruins reminded him of the city's former greatness and inspired the dream of a new Rome freed from ecclesiastical thralldom.

"The Rome," he writes, "that I beheld with the eyes of my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future—the Rome that, shipwrecked, dying, banished to the farthest depths of the American forests, I never despaired of; the regenerating idea of a great nation, the dominant thought and inspiration of my whole life."

Sixty years before the same vision had prompted the English historian Gibbon to undertake *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The two great men, so different in other respects, had one point in common—scorn of the priests who ruled the Eternal City.

Very soon Garibaldi was to share the efforts of his countrymen to rid themselves of the Austrian and Papal incubus. Ciro Menotti and the Carbonari had raised the standard of liberty in Central Italy; the Austrians had repressed

the movement with merciless severity, and the gallant Menotti had been hanged; but the cause did not die. In 1832 Garibaldi met a party of French exiles, followers of Saint-Simon, and became enamored of their extreme views. The next year, at a port in the Black Sea, he fell in with a friend of Mazzini, the prophet of 'Young Italy,' who recommended him to join the association. Garibaldi was delighted with the man and his message, which he received as a political gospel. "Columbus," he writes, "was not so happy at the discovery of America as I was at finding a man actually engaged in the redemption of our country."

Mazzini had gone to reside at Marseilles, and thither, on his return from the Levant, Garibaldi repaired and enrolled himself as a member of 'Young Italy.' The objects of this society were to form Italy into a nation and inaugurate a popular system of government. Italy was then simply "a geographical expression." Lombardy and Venetia were provinces of the Austrian Empire. Piedmont and Sardinia composed one kingdom, and Naples and Sicily—"the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," as it was called—formed another. The Papal States were the temporal possessions of the Church. Besides these, there were various other small states, such as Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the tiny republic of San Marino. To an Italian patriot nothing could have been more distressing than to behold his country thus weak, enslaved, and dismembered. Mazzini's political creed was republican, and no wonder. His native land had been sacrificed to dynastic interests, to aristocratic and ecclesiastical privilege, and therefore these things presented themselves to him in an odious light.

In February 1834 another rising took place. Mazzini crossed into Savoy with a mixed force of Italians, Poles, French, and Germans, hoping that he would be joined by Piedmontese veterans who had served under the great Napoleon; and Garibaldi was detached to win over the navy, which he entered for the purpose. Both were disappointed.

Neither by land nor by sea did they meet with any support, and no course remained for them but to retreat. Mazzini returned in hot haste to Switzerland, while Garibaldi, disguised as a peasant, fled from Genoa over the mountains to Nice, and thence to France, where he was safe. At Marseilles he read in the papers that he had been condemned to death by the Piedmontese Government, in whose eyes he was a traitor. He had had a lucky escape.

CHAPTER II

BLISS ON THE PAMPAS

As the national outlook was not promising, and he a marked man, Garibaldi spent twelve years—from 1836 to 1848—in South America, which served as an asylum for many an Italian malcontent. He had hardly set foot on that continent before he struck up a fast friendship with a Genoese exile named Rossetti. The two became partners in a little coasting vessel, and for nine months they traded as merchants in Rio Janeiro. This life was not congenial to Garibaldi's adventurous temper, so he offered his services to the infant republic of Rio Grande do Sul, which was just then entering on a struggle with the empire of Brazil. He and Rossetti equipped a fishing-boat, which they christened Mazzini, and with a dozen other ardent spirits set sail on a buccaneering expedition, for which they had taken out letters of marque.

Garibaldi, however, was not satisfied with preying on the enemy's commerce at sea, and ere long he made a name for himself as a guerilla leader on land. The troops under his command varied from a few hundreds to several thousands; and the cavalry, all practiced horsemen, were remarkable for dash. While most of the latter were armed with lances, some were expert with the sabre; and they had also a peculiar weapon called the *bolas*, consisting of three heavy stones covered with hide and attached to plaited thongs, which was hurled at the legs of horses when going at full speed, and almost invariably brought them to the ground. For food they had droves of cattle, which they slaughtered and roasted on green spits; and this, it appears, was all they had to eat, since Garibaldi declared, in 1849, that he had lived for five years in America on 'flesh and water.' He had the highest opinion of the skill and endurance of his followers—Spaniards, half-breeds, and negroes—and pronounced them far superior to civilized

troops. At the time when he made this observation he had encountered the flower of the French and Austrian armies.

Garibaldi thoroughly enjoyed his experiences in South America, and looked back upon them with rare satisfaction when he came to sit with stiffened limbs by his fireside, conjuring up in memory the joys and sorrows of his adventures in the wilds. He had lost many comrades there, and he himself had narrowly escaped death, but it was there also that he had met the brave woman who became his wife and comrade.

For his share in storming the town of Laguna he was rewarded with the command of the captured Brazilian fleet. But as he paced the deck of his flag-ship, the *Itaparica*, his feeling was not that of elation. He was, in fact, depressed at the awful gaps in his circle of friends left by the death of many comrades, fallen by the sword or lost by shipwreck, and was conscious of much loneliness. And so came about one of the most romantic episodes in Garibaldi's career. He had been in love before, but those fits of passion had passed. He now formed a more stable attachment and chose a bride out of the young Spanish ladies whose town he had just delivered from the bondage of Brazil—for, whether in Italy or America, Garibaldi deemed it his duty to help the cause of freedom at any risk to himself. How he caught his first glimpse of his future wife is described in the following passage of his autobiography:

"The loss of Luigi, Edoardo, and others of my countrymen left me utterly isolated; I felt quite alone in the world. I needed a human heart to love me, one that I could always keep near me. I felt that unless I found one immediately life would become intolerable. By chance I cast my eyes toward the houses of the Barra, a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance of the lagoon, where a few simple and picturesque houses were visible. Outside one of these, by means of a telescope I usually carried with me when

on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out, as I wished to go ashore."

The young woman's name was Anita Riberas. She was eighteen, and her father had already chosen a husband for her—a man for whom she cared nothing. Garibaldi proceeds:

"I landed, and, making for the houses where I expected to find the object of my excursion, I had just given up hope of seeing her again, when I met an inhabitant of the place, whose acquaintance I had made soon after our arrival.

"He invited me to take coffee in his house; we entered, and the first person who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing like people who meet for the first time and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying *Tu devi esser mia* ('You must be mine'). I could speak but little Portuguese, and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic: I now formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul."

A few nights later Garibaldi returned, and carried off his new treasure on board his man-of-war. Such a hasty union often ends in disappointment, but the couple were well matched, and for ten years they lived together in perfect happiness. Nevertheless, at the time of Anita's death Garibaldi bitterly reproached himself. He reproached himself again in his memoirs, where he writes: "She is dead; I am wretched; and he is avenged, yes, avenged!" The precise meaning of these words is profoundly mysterious. 'He' may signify the father whose wishes had been flouted, or the suitor to whom Anita had been promised in vain. There may have been a violent scene—perhaps bloodshed—but Garibaldi would not raise the veil on this painful subject, although he exonerated his wife from all blame.



GARIBALDI AT THE HEAD OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN TROOPS.

Anita was a magnificent horsewoman, and as courageous as Garibaldi himself. Struck by a cannon-shot in the first serious sea-fight after their union, she fell on the bodies of three dead men, but before Garibaldi could reach her, she was again on her feet, as cool and collected as if nothing had happened. On another occasion, when the army of Rio Grande met with a reverse, Anita was taken prisoner and her husband was believed to be slain. Having obtained leave to visit the battlefield, she scanned the faces of the fallen one by one, and satisfied herself that Garibaldi had escaped. Thereupon she contrived to elude her drunken guards, procured a high-mettled horse from a peasant, and made her way across sixty miles of forest, flood, and pampas to Lagos. The enemy's pickets gave her no trouble: they took her for a phantom and bolted in craven alarm. Soon after arriving at her destination, she was joined by her admiring husband.

Their first child was born on September 1, 1840, and was called Menotti, after the martyr of Italian independence before mentioned. As the newcomer almost perished of cold in the 'forest primaeval,' Garibaldi determined to settle down to a peaceful life at Montevideo, but in a few months he was again campaigning. The Republic of Uruguay, of which Montevideo was the capital, became involved in a struggle with its neighbor, Argentina, and Garibaldi raised an Italian legion among his compatriots, of whom there was a large colony in the city. There were also many Frenchmen, and the fine military traditions of their nation caused them to look down on the Italians. Garibaldi resolved to show them that their scorn was misplaced.

The Italian legion enlisted at Montevideo was the germ of the army with which Garibaldi was to attempt his great mission, and its members were the first to don the famous red shirt. The origin of this uniform is uncertain, but Admiral Winnington-Ingram, who was in Montevideo in 1846 as a young sailor, supplies the following unromantic account of the matter:

"Its adoption was caused by the necessity of clothing as economically as possible the newly raised legion, and a liberal offer having been made by a mercantile house in Montevideo to sell the Government at reduced prices a stock of red woolen shirts that had been intended for the Buenos Ayres market, which was now closed by the blockade established there, it was thought too good a chance to be neglected, and the purchase was therefore effected. These goods had been intended to be worn by those employed at the *Saladeros*, or great slaughtering and salting establishments for cattle at Ensenada and other places in the Argentine province, as they made good winter clothing, and by their colour disguised in a measure the bloody work the men had in hand."

If this explanation be correct, the Garibaldian red shirt was not, as might have been supposed, the symbol of revolution, but an accident—the proper costume, not of soldiers, but of butchers. In disciplining the raw force Garibaldi had the assistance of two capable lieutenants, both of whom had seen service. One, Anzani, had been engaged since the year 1821 in fighting the battles of freedom in Greece, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Brazil; the other, a young and handsome citizen of Milan called Medici, had fought in the Carlist wars in Spain, forgathered with Mazzini in England, and was then a merchant in South America. Later, he was to play an honorable part in the liberation of his native land.

The formation of the Italian legion was a lucky circumstance for Montevideo, as it bore the brunt of severe engagements during the sieges of 1843 and 1846. In the latter year the Italians defeated Rosas' infantry and held their ground with superb tenacity against the wily and impetuous attacks of his numerous horse—notably, at Sant' Antonio. Years afterward Garibaldi recalled their valor to the disadvantage of their countrymen in Europe. "I have heard," he said, "our lads cry 'Cavalry! cavalry!' and, I am ashamed to say, throw down their arms and fly, often at a false alarm. Cavalry! Why, the

Italians at Sant' Antonio and the Dayman laughed at the finest cavalry in the world, though in those days they had nothing but flintlocks."

The Government of Uruguay was not ungrateful to Garibaldi, and would gladly have rewarded him with lands, high rank, and riches, but he preferred to live in almost abject poverty. One day Anita missed three small coins, the last of her slender store, and Garibaldi confessed that he had taken them to buy a doll for their little girl. Another time he returned to his house with his coat buttoned up to the chin—he had parted with his only shirt to a comrade whom he believed to be in greater need. His friends at the British Legation remarked that, although he often called, it was always in the daytime. A member of the staff was curious to learn the reason. Instead of answering, Garibaldi flung open his cloak and displayed his ragged underwear.

He not only practiced this self-denial himself, but induced the men of the legion to follow his example. While he liked the people of Uruguay, he distrusted the politicians, whom he suspected of an ignoble desire to 'feather their own nests.' So one of his aims was to raise the tone of public life. At the same time he did not wish to rest under obligations to the republic, whose service he might be compelled to renounce at the call of his own beloved country.

CHAPTER III

RETURN TO ITALY

As 'Borel' Garibaldi had kept up a correspondence with 'Young Italy'; and in 1844 he learnt to his sorrow that Bandiera and Ricciotti, leaders of an abortive revolution, had been taken and shot by the Neapolitan Government. In honor of the last-named patriot he caused his younger son to be christened Ricciotti. In 1847 events seemed to be tending rapidly in the direction he so much desired. The new Pope, Pio Nono, was in favor of reform, and Garibaldi dreamed that either his Holiness or the Grand Duke of Tuscany would request his aid in driving the Austrians from Milan. Already his name was a household word in Italy. In the month of May 1848 a Dutch artist was in a cafe at Rome and heard an Italian remark, "Garibaldi is coming back from Montevideo." "Who is Garibaldi?" he asked. At the cost of a few pence he procured a copy of a pamphlet containing a portrait of the hero and an account of his exploits, which struck him as a fairy tale. A year later the artist, who was called Koelman, had become one of Garibaldi's most ardent admirers, and was periling his life for Italian freedom.

It was quite true—Garibaldi was returning. He set sail in the *Speranza* on April 15, 1848, accompanied by a number of his comrades, and after a safe voyage arrived at Nice. Here he had the pleasure once more of seeing his old mother; here also he was rejoined by Anita and their children, who had been sent to Genoa beforehand, that course being deemed safer. The whole city was delirious with joy and Garibaldi was supremely happy. Ere long, however, a dark cloud lowered. His true-hearted friend Anzani, who had fought by his side in so many battles and crossed the broad Atlantic to help in his greatest enterprise, sickened and died at Genoa, almost his last words being addressed to young Medici, between whom and the

leader there had been differences. "Do not be hard on Garibaldi," he said; "he is a man of destiny. A great part of the future of Italy depends upon him, and it will be a gross error to abandon him."



MAP OF ITALY IN THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

At the time of their landing the liberators were not aware that the people of Milan had risen, and after five days of street fighting had flung Radetzky's twenty thousand Austrians out of their city. At home the Austrian Empire seemed on the brink of collapse—Hungary and Bohemia had separated from it, and Vienna was seething with disaffection. Moreover, France and Germany were in the throes of revolution. All the nations whose interference might have been dreaded were preoccupied with their own affairs; and so, it appeared, the 'psychological moment' had arrived for striking the fetters off the beautiful country of Garibaldi's birth. Alas! the Italians were disunited. Local factions, so harmful in Dante's time, were still the order of the day; and there was, besides, a broad division of opinion on the question of what form of government should succeed the existing constitutions. Some declared for a group of republics, while others looked for the union of Italy under the House of Savoy.

Garibaldi was a republican, not only then, but always; but he was no political fanatic, and preferred the interests of his country to a doctrine. Accordingly, he repaired to the headquarters of Charles Albert, the ruler of Piedmont, and offered his sword to him. Unfortunately that monarch was content with a polite acknowledgment; Garibaldi's services were declined. This rebuff may have pained, but did not dishearten him. The next step was to seek employment at Milan, where he met with better success, although his talent for command was not put to the highest use. As a matter of fact, he was sent with a small, ill-equipped force to Bergamo, and was in no position to influence the course of the war.

Charles Albert and the Provisional Government at Milan between them made a desperate hash of the campaign, and in a short time the Austrians were back again in the city, of which they remained the masters. Garibaldi himself continued the struggle in the Alps, but though he gave proof of capacity in little affairs at Luino and Morazzone, the odds against him were too great, and he was compelled to cross the

border into Switzerland. The defeat of the royal forces at Custoza had put off the realization of Italian freedom for many years.

The Pope had proved a broken reed. He had gone so far as to appoint laymen to ministerial posts, but he shrank with holy horror from sanctioning the designs of twelve thousand Italians who had mustered in the Romagna with a stern resolve to fight for their rights. On April 29, 1848, he had published a solemn allocution, in which he disowned all thought of waging war on Austria. After that he forfeited the confidence of all honest patriots, and although the ignorant peasants were generally loyal, there was in Rome itself, especially in the slums of Trastevere, a party of opposition. It was led by a man of the people, a handsome wine-carrier, nicknamed Ciceruacchio, or 'the Plump Un.'

On the failure of the campaign in the Alps, Garibaldi turned his thoughts to Sicily, where the infamous 'Bomba' (Ferdinand II) was committing prodigies of misgovernment. This despot, whose detestable methods were exposed by Gladstone in his famous Letters to Lord Aberdeen, is stated to have earned the name 'Bomba' (shell) not by his corpulence, but by his massacre of the inhabitants of Messina, which he bombarded during the first seven days of September 1848. In the following month Garibaldi set sail for the island with seventy of his comrades, but at Leghorn was persuaded to go ashore and take part in proceedings on the mainland.

In August the Austrians had delivered an attack on Bologna, a Papal city; and although it had been repulsed by the populace, this fresh encroachment aroused the fiercest indignation, not only in the Romagna, but in Tuscany. Marching to Florence, the Garibaldians met with a warm welcome, but were joined by few recruits, and when they reached Filigari, on the Papal border, they numbered hardly more than a hundred. Here the way was barred by four hundred Swiss under the Papal general Zucchi, who not only

commanded the adventurers to halt, but forbade their return through Tuscany.

Garibaldi was in an awkward fix. However, Zucchi went off to Ferrara, and during his absence the mob of Bologna arrived and carried Garibaldi to their city, whither in a few days he was allowed to fetch his men from Filigari. They did not enter the gates, but marched on in the direction of Ferrara. It should be explained that the people of Bologna at this time gave their allegiance to two democratic Barnabite friars, Father Gavazzi and Father Ugo Bassi; and Garibaldi owed his escape from his dilemma to Father Gavazzi, who was soon after arrested. It had been arranged that the Garibaldians should embark at Ravenna for Venice; and a body of lancers raised by a young Radical named Anlo Masina in the Romagna was to take ship at Comacchio for the same destination.

Neither commander was in the least disposed to ratify the bargain. About this time Rossi, the Pope's minister and a friend of Zucchi, was assassinated at Rome by Luigi Brunetti, elder son of the tribune Ciceruacchio; and on November 24 the Pope fled from his capital in the disguise of a simple priest, and sought the protection of King 'Bomba' at Gaeta. Zucchi and his men were so demoralized by these events that Garibaldi and Masina obtained a free hand in the Romagna, where the legion rapidly grew in numbers. Among the recruits were university students, also boys of fourteen and sixteen, who had run away from school; but most of them belonged to the artisan and shop-keeping classes, reinforced by a few peasants and some convicts. The last-mentioned contingent reflected no credit on the movement, but Garibaldi could not afford to be squeamish. It is only just to add that his discipline was severe, and the 'bandits,' as his followers were styled, were not allowed to rob or insult the clergy with impunity.

In mid-December Garibaldi and Masina paid a flying visit to Rome, which the former had not seen since he had accompanied his father to the city on the memorable occasion

recorded in our first chapter. A procession to the Capitol was proposed, but Garibaldi set his face against all such melodramatic performances, knowing as he did full well that the struggle was not ended—only begun. In the course of his stay he made the acquaintance of the famous Ciceruacchio and other Republicans, but the members of the Provisional Government were not very cordial, and he returned to his troops in the Apennines rather discouraged.

In February 1849 Garibaldi was again in Rome. He had been elected to the Constituent Assembly as representative of Macerata in the Marches of Ancona, and on the 8th took part in the proclamation of the Roman Republic. In March the great Mazzini, Garibaldi's political foster-father, arrived, having been unanimously elected a naturalized citizen, or 'freeman,' as we should term it; and the task of organizing the new state devolved on his shoulders. He told his English and American friends that he was not hopeful that it would last—it had too many foes, within and without. At the moment the most formidable was King 'Bomba,' whose armies were soon massing on the Roman frontier; and this menace restrained the Republic from sending Garibaldi to the aid of Charles Albert, who was faring badly in his efforts against the Austrians. Before the summer was over that unfortunate monarch was dead, and his son, Victor Emmanuel, reigned in his stead.

From the end of January to the middle of April the Garibaldian legion, which ultimately numbered a thousand men, confronted the Neapolitans at Rieti; and its leader was joined by the saintly Friar Bassi as chaplain. Garibaldi induced him to discard his cassock for the distinctive red shirt worn by the other members of his staff, and the two men remained inseparable till the day the friar gave his life for Italy.

CHAPTER IV

RED ROME

The Neapolitan Government was not alone in threatening the life of the nascent republic. The Catholic Powers—Austria, France, and Spain—breathed vengeance against the upstarts who had dared to perpetrate this outrage on the Holy See; and it became a race between them which should be first to restore the ancient order. Even our *Times* joined in denouncing the revolutionists, who were supposed to have inherited the criminal violence of the Parisian Reds. There was not the least foundation for this belief, for Mazzini, the master-spirit of the movement, whose influence at Rome was then paramount, would hear of no war of classes or interference with the rights of property. The spiritual authority of the Pope was recognized and guaranteed. The Church enjoyed absolute freedom.

After the battle of Novara, March 23, the Austrians under Radetzky marched into the Romagna; and on April 25 a French force consisting of eight or ten thousand men, and commanded by General Oudinot, disembarked at Civita Vecchia, forty miles to the northwest of Rome. Garibaldi was recalled, and on the afternoon of the 27th entered Rome, at the head of his legion, amid the cries of the citizens—"He has come! he has come!" The spectacle was witnessed by the sculptor Gibson who writes as follows:

"The men, sunburnt, with long, unkempt hair, wearing conical-shaped hats with black waving plumes; their gaunt, dust-soiled faces framed with shaggy beards; their legs bare; crowding round their chief, who rode a white horse, perfectly statuesque in virile beauty; the whole group looking more like a group of brigands out of some picture of Salvator Rosa than a disciplined force."

Bare legs were not characteristic of Garibaldi's followers, who are usually depicted in long trousers. Gibson, however, must have seen some whose clothing had suffered the misfortunes of war.

The legion was quartered in the huge convent of San Silvestro in Capite, from which the occupants—four or five nuns—were expelled; and very soon the whole city was stirred to its depths by the erection of barricades and the continual sound of the drum. Included in the population was a large foreign artistic community—English, Dutch, Belgians, etc.—and nearly all threw in their lot with the defenders. In the evening, after every battle, they met in the cafes and light-heartedly discussed their escapes at pleasant little suppers.

On April 29 the Lombard *bersaglieri*, led by a gallant young Milvese aristocrat, Luciano Manara, marched into the city. The regiment had been detained by the French at Civita Vecchia and Manara had promised neutrality, but he had felt himself justified in breaking his word. With this reinforcement the army of defense amounted to from seven to nine thousand men.

Oudinot advance with a small body of infantry, confident that he had only to show himself and the gates would be thrown open to him. When the head of his column arrived a discharge of grape from two cannon planted on the walls dissipated this dream of instant surrender. The French attempted to storm the Porta Cavalleggeri and the Porta Angelica, but were repulsed with awful slaughter. Garibaldi then assumed the offensive with his advance-guard of Roman students and artists, and these young men, who had never been in action, were pitted against the French twentieth regiment of the line. The enemy had the advantage alike in numbers and discipline, which soon began to tell. The Garibaldian legion was hurried up in support, but this also was forced back, with the exception of certain detachments which held on with grim determination in the neighborhood of the Villa Pamfili.

A supreme effort was demanded to ward off a reverse. So Garibaldi called up his reserves, and eight hundred veterans of the Roman Legion, who had served in the Lombard campaign of the previous year, marched out and joined the Garibaldians. Placing himself at the head of these troops on his famous white horse, Garibaldi led them in furious charges up the Corsini hill and through the rose-gardens. The French offered a stout but vain resistance, and toward the close of the afternoon Oudinot ordered a retreat. At five o'clock the victory of the Italians was complete.

The same evening Rome was illuminated, and Garibaldi was deemed to have justified the confidence reposed by his countrymen in his generalship. He was eager to finish the business by driving the French into the sea, but Mazzini held him back. The pride of that great and powerful nation had been sorely wounded, and the statesman thought it bad policy to aggravate the situation.

The morrow of the fight witnessed scenes of chivalry hardly to be paralleled in the annals of warfare. The French wounded were tended with an affectionate sympathy for which Oudinot expressed the deepest gratitude, while the prisoners were released unconditionally. The show of kindness called for a return on the part of the French, the last people to allow themselves to be outdone in acts of courtesy. They responded by permitting three hundred Bolognese detained on the coast to go forward and join their fellow 'bandits' at Rome. Father Bassi had been captured on the battlefield, whilst discharging his pious duty to the wounded; and he, too, was set at liberty.

In contrast with this mutual regard on the part of the combatants, the French Government behaved with mean and almost incredible duplicity, sending M. de Lesseps to Rome to mediate between the patriots and the Pope, but with neither belief nor hope that his mission would be fruitful. The real object was to gain time for the dispatch of reinforcements; and, in order to prevent further blunders, the brilliant engineer,

General Vaillant, was to take over the command from the brave, but incompetent, Oudinot.



THE CHARGE UP CORSINI HILL.

After the French, the Neapolitans. The Pope, as we have seen, had fled to them and preferred to owe his restoration to his neighbors rather than to the French. King 'Bomba' was encamped with ten thousand men at Frascati and by the Alban Lake, but his troops, though making a fine show on parade, were of no high military quality, and such was the contempt of the revolutionists for this section of their opponents that they deemed it enough to send Garibaldi with two thousand three hundred men to obstruct their advance. That experienced campaigner was aware that he could only redress the disparity in numbers by the superior mettle of his followers, and by disconcerting tactics; and he was neither boastful nor imprudent.

Some students belonging to his force entered a house in search of wine. Riding up to them, Garibaldi exclaimed, "What! You have been but a few hours out of town, and must call for wine. I lived for five years on flesh and water." They replied with shouts of "*Evviva Garibaldi!*", but the general repressed their excitement. "Silence!" he commanded. "It is no time for cheers. When we have defeated the enemy, then we will cheer."

We have not yet introduced to our readers Garibaldi's negro satellite, Aguyar, a splendid specimen of his race, who had followed his master from Uruguay. A giant in stature, he rode a horse as black as himself, and wore a dark blue tunic. In dress and personal appearance he presented a marked contrast to Garibaldi, whose hair was golden, and whose horse and tunic were both white.

The General had brought with him from South America not only Aguyar, but methods of warfare, which he now put into practice. Such were night marches and suggestions of attack in a direction totally different from that in which the stroke was actually to fall. He was soon a fearful bugbear to the Neapolitans. Once, it is true, they succeeded in defeating a small body of irregulars near Monte Porzio, but the victory cost them so dear that they were fain to retire to

Frascati. In another little engagement Friar Bassi distinguished himself by riding up to the enemy and preaching to them on the sinfulness of bearing arms against their country.

An important action occurred on May 9 at Palestrina. Before the Neapolitans had time to develop their attack, the Garibaldians fell upon them, and the right wing of the Southerners was quickly fleeing in confusion from Manara's *bersaglieri*—the Round Hats, as they called them. Their left wing was disposed of less easily and had to be dislodged from some houses at the point of the bayonet. There was a critical moment in the engagement when the Neapolitan cavalry charged, but in three hours the affair was at an end and 'Bomba's' army in full retreat to Frascati, effectually discouraged from further undertakings.

After the battle of Palestrina the distinction of the Red Shirt, which had hitherto been confined, in Italy, to the officers of Garibaldi's staff, was extended to the students and workmen transformed into soldiers. At first it was worn like a French blouse, but in later campaigns it was tucked into the trousers in the same way as an English shirt. In some cases it resembled a military tunic garnished with large buttons. In so far as it served as a bond of union, the *camicia rossa* was of great symbolical value, but from a practical military standpoint it was open to the grave objection that it rendered the wearers an easy mark for the sharpshooters in the different armies to which they were opposed.

King 'Bomba's' forces were still on the soil of the Republic, and about the middle of May ten or eleven thousand troops moved forward to expel them. This time Garibaldi was not in supreme command, which had been given to a conventional soldier called Rosselli. The former, however, accompanied the expedition as General of Division, and his genius and energy could not be put in the shade by official superiority. Wisely, perhaps, Rosselli refused to make a frontal attack on the Alban Hills, but such a course proved unnecessary. The Neapolitans hastily evacuated their positions

and began to retreat. Garibaldi pushed on to embarrass the movement, and engaged the enemy with his advance guard. Meanwhile he sent a message to Rosselli for reinforcements. As a subordinate officer, Garibaldi had no right to commit his chief to a line of action on which he had been not even consulted, yet Rosselli had no choice but to comply. Garibaldi's moral authority, as he knew, exceeded his own, and the enthusiasm of the army could not be held in check.

Still, the danger was evident or soon made evident. Some forty lancers, chasing the enemy down the Volmontone road, encountered a solid body of cavalry and retired precipitately. Garibaldi and his huge negro planted themselves in their way, and presently there was a confused heap of men and horses, over which the enemy's cavalry rode in triumph. They were driven off by a small party of legionaries, most of them boys of fourteen or a little older. "I believe," writes Garibaldi, "that my safety was chiefly due to those gallant boys, since with men and horses passing over my body I was so bruised that I could not move."

Notwithstanding this mishap, the Battle of Velletri was another feather in Garibaldi's cap. Rosselli, when he came upon the scene, was furious at the breach of discipline and probably not too well pleased that Father Bassi should have been employed as aide-de-camp. He peremptorily forbade further movements. The work, however, had been done. The Neapolitans had had enough of it, and, except for the Swiss regiments, were completely demoralized. They called Garibaldi the Red Devil, and the formidable black, his shadow. When the Republicans crossed the border, they found the inhabitants in a similar state of panic. These people had been taught to regard the revolutionists as ogres, who ate children and amused themselves by burning houses. By and by they were reassured by Father Bassi's presence and influence, and the perfect order that prevailed; and descending from the mountains in which they had taken refuge, reopened their houses and shops.

CHAPTER V

HEROES ALL!

Garibaldi's desire was to follow up the pursuit, capture Naples, and dethrone 'Bomba,' but he was recalled to meet a threatened invasion by the Austrians in the North. A yet more pressing danger detained him in Rome itself. A provisional treaty had been arranged between de Lesseps and the chief of the Roman republic, and only needed to be confirmed by the French Government. But that Government, as we have noted, was playing a double game. Reinforcements had arrived, consisting of twenty thousand men, six batteries of artillery, a quantity of siege guns, and a corps of expert sappers and engineers. In addition to these, ten thousand troops were on their way, with more siege guns and more engineers. The situation was completely changed; and on June 1 Oudinot gave notice that the truce had expired.

The folly of appointing to the chief command a general like Rosselli, with no higher conceptions of warfare than a humdrum company officer, instead of Garibaldi, a soldier by instinct who had proved his capacity times without number and was idolized by the men, now became painfully apparent. Oudinot gave out that the place would not be attacked before Monday, June 4, so that French residents might have time to leave. He is said to have been "a strict Catholic and a very religious man," and possibly he intended the expression 'place' to be understood of the city proper, not of its environs. At all events, Rosselli was lulled into complete security, and beyond stationing a detachment of four hundred men at the Villa Pamfili, took no measures whatever for defending the outposts. Garibaldi had been entrusted with the duty of guarding the left bank of the Tiber, but on the night of June 2 he was indisposed. He had not recovered from a bullet wound received on the last day of April, and he was still a mass of

bruises—the result of being trampled on at Velletri. Galletti, therefore, was temporarily in command as his deputy.

This circumstance was most unfortunate, since Garibaldi was prevented from making any attempt to repair his superior's appalling blunder. Early on Sunday, June 3, the French army advanced, drove out the small Roman garrison from the Villa Pamfili, and seized the Villa Corsini, dominating the Porta San Pancrazio. Unless they could be dislodged, they held the key to Rome, and the fall of the city was only a question of time. At the sound of the distant guns Garibaldi sprang from his bed, and, forgetting his disablements, took charge of the operations by which it was hoped to regain the vital positions.

It was a forlorn hope. The storming parties had to pass out along a road exposed to the fusillade of the French, and before they could reach the villa had to rush up a slope to the garden gate. The narrow entrance was swept by the enemy's fire, and the chance of the assailants getting through was exceedingly small. The grounds of the villa formed a triangle of which the gate was the apex, so that, in attempting to make their way in, the Italians found themselves in a veritable death-trap. Division after division was sent up, the men dropping by scores, and the bodies of dead comrades were piled up as a screen from the hail of bullets. Both sides performed prodigies of valor, and several times the villa was taken and retaken. Unhappily, the position when captured could not be long held, because the French, in falling back, could concentrate their fire from a yet more extended line.

Garibaldi, impressed with the necessity of not letting the enemy remain in possession of the villa, seems at one moment to have completely lost his head, since he called for twenty volunteers to essay the impossible. Emilio Dandolo with a score of *bersaglieri* responded to the insane challenge, but it was a wanton sacrifice. Twelve of the brave men struggled to the vestibule, fired, and then turned. Six only gained the Vascello—a country-house so called from its

resemblance to a vessel—at the foot of the hill. At the end of the day the French held the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini. The latter position had been taken by the *bersaglieri*, but at nightfall they were compelled to abandon it, no support being forthcoming. The Italians continued to occupy the Vascello, which was held by Garibaldi's South American friend Medici till Rome was in the crisis of its fate and Medici and his men marched into the city which was in sore need of them.

The failure of the operations was redeemed by the splendid conduct of the troops, which largely consisted of mere striplings. It was already dusk when the General ordered the last attack on the shapeless ruin of the Villa Corsini; and among those who took part in the assault was Mameli, the boy-poet of Genoa. Long after, Garibaldi wrote to Mameli's mother the following description of what occurred:

"It was towards evening, when Mameli, whom I had kept at my side the greater part of the day as my adjutant, besought me earnestly to let him go forward into the heat of the battle, as his position near me seemed to him inglorious. In a few minutes he was carried back past me gravely wounded, but radiant, his face shining because he had shed his blood for his country. We did not exchange a word, but our eyes met with the love that had long bound us together. I remained behind. He went on, as though in triumph."

Mameli lingered for a month in hospital and then died. His fellow-citizen, the "fiery Bixio," who had been shot through the body, was the boy's companion in suffering, but survived to win more glory.

Another hero was the boy-officer Morosini, a great favorite of his regiment, who fell in the last assault on Rome by the French on June 30. Morosini was leader of a detachment told off to defend the Casa Merluzzo against the expected onset of the French. The enemy proved irresistible, and the young officer was seriously wounded. Four of his men, *bersaglieri*, were conveying him from the spot, when

they were overtaken by a fresh party of the foe, whose orders were to give no quarter. Not being aware of this brutal edict, the Lombards prepared to surrender, but the enemy were not to be denied. The rest may be told in the words of Emilio Dandolo, who had captained the noble twenty:

"Finding themselves again surrounded, and their lives threatened, rendered ferocious by the combat, they laid down the litter, and attempted to cut their way through the ranks of their opponents. Then, strange to say, the poor lad was seen to rise and stand erect on his bloody couch, grasping the sword that had lain by his side. He continued to defend his already ebbing life until, struck a second time in the body, he fell once more. Moved by the sight of so much courage, and such misfortune, the French conveyed him to their hospital in the trenches."

On the following day he died, not before he had won the hearts of his captors by his fortitude and Christian resignation. General Oudinot was touched and wrote to the lad's mother, telling her of his last hours. To her and to his sisters Morosini had been devoted. Friends had implored the mother to keep the boy at home, but she had answered, "I give my country the best I have, my only and dearly-loved son." Perhaps she had had misgivings that she would see him no more; at any rate, she was prepared for the sacrifice now rendered complete.

We return to the larger drama, in which the principal actors were Mazzini and Garibaldi. The two leaders held divergent views as to the proper course to be pursued when it became evident that Rome could not be successfully defended. It was the statesman's desire that the city should hold out to the bitter end, that the young republic should perish fighting. He thought of the future, not merely of the present, and believed that the blood spilt in unavailing defiance of impending doom would be the seed of a free and united Italy. The soldier, more practical, was for quitting Rome as untenable and renewing the contest in the mountains. Mazzini was so far in the right

that the longer the siege continued, the greater was the exasperation against the Pope, who was being restored to his throne by foreign arms. It was a common occurrence, when a shell burst, for the people to exclaim, "*Ecco un Pio Nono*" ("There goes a Pio Nono"). Even if the pontiff regained power for a time, how many years would elapse before he could hope to assuage the resentment provoked by the bitter experience?

Meanwhile the miners and sappers were at work, and breaches in the defenses gradually opened the way for the final effort of June 29-30. The enemy's task had never been easy, and they were not to vanquish the survivors of the republican army without frightful losses. The detachment that had attacked the wounded Morosini, pushing on to the Spada, encountered a destructive volley from the *bersaglieri* under their Swiss captain, Hoffstetter, and fell back. Meanwhile Garibaldi had left this position; sword in hand, and crying "*Orsi! Questa? l'ultima prova!*" ("Come on! This is the last trial!"), he had sped in the direction of the Merluzzo, where all was confusion. To his shame and dismay he found many of the Italians in headlong flight. The sight of their commander steadied them. Shouting a popular hymn, Garibaldi hurled himself into the thick of the fight, and was gallantly supported by his Red-Shirts, who fought on doggedly in the darkness with bayonet and butt-end of rifle, knife and lance. Hardly any of the Bolognese horsemen survived that fatal night.

On the morning of the 30th the French captured the Spada after nearly all the defenders had been killed or wounded. Once more, however, Garibaldi led his legionaries and a company of Pasi's infantry against the French positions, and severe hand-to-hand fighting ensued. It was in vain—the enemy could not be dislodged. Matters had become extremely critical. Most of Garibaldi's brave lieutenants were *hors de combat*. Dandolo and Hoffstetter were wounded; Manara, the knightly commander of the *bersaglieri*, lay dying in hospital. Garibaldi himself seemed to bear a charmed life, but his

faithful black, Aguyar, had been killed by a shell as he was crossing a street.

At noon the Assembly of the Roman republic was summoned to the Capitol to deliberate on the situation. Further defense of the city was useless, and Garibaldi counseled his countrymen to transfer army and Government to the wilds. "*Dovunque saremo cola sari Roma*" ("Where we are there Rome will be"), he told them. The Assembly would not listen to him, and decided to surrender.

Before proceeding with the narrative we must not omit to record the noble part borne by an American lady, Margaret Fuller, in this agonizing struggle for freedom. Naturally her work lay among the wounded, and she admirably seconded the unremitting efforts of the patriotic Doctor Bertani to lessen their misery. How welcome her presence must have been to the victims of war may be gathered from the following passage written by herself toward the middle of June:

"Since April 30 I go daily to the hospitals, and though I have suffered—for I had no idea before how terrible gun-shot wounds and wound fever are—yet I have taken pleasure, and great pleasure, in being with the men. There is scarcely one who is not moved to a noble spirit. Many, especially among the Lombards, are the flower of the Italian youth. When they begin to get better, I carry them books and flowers; they read and we talk. The palace of the Pope on the Quirinal is now used for convalescents. In those beautiful gardens I walk with them—one with his sling, another with his crutch."

It is sad to relate that a twelvemonth later this charming and benevolent lady was drowned at sea.

Another heroine was the Princess Belgiojoso, who had been a distinguished figure in Parisian society, and was now devoting her energies to the care of her wounded countrymen. When not at the bedside of the boy-poet Mameli, she was often to be found reading Charles Dickens to other patients.

In sheer heroism, however, both women were eclipsed by Garibaldi's splendid wife Anita, whose rare fortitude, sufferings and death compose one of the great stories of the world. It was not by any means at Garibaldi's desire that she appeared on this scene of dreadful carnage. She had her small children to look to, and another was soon to be born. Husband and wife had parted at Rieti on April 13, when she had gone back to Nice to be with his mother. On June 21 Garibaldi had written to her, "Get well; kiss mamma and the babies for me," but Anita did not receive his letter. Before it arrived she had left Nice for Rome, and on the 26th she burst into the Spada, where her astonished husband received her gladly. She reached Rome only four days before the Assembly resolved to capitulate.

CHAPTER VI

A BOLD RETREAT

The French made their triumphal entry into Rome on July 3, but when they marched in, Garibaldi was not there. His proposal had been rejected by his colleagues in the Assembly, but he did not feel bound by their resolutions. What had become of him? and what did he intend to do? His plan was a bold one. It was to cut his way, with such troops as would follow him, to Venice, which had revolted against Austria and was still unsubdued. No fewer than four thousand men volunteered for the expedition, and Anita, though implored to remain behind, insisted on accompanying her husband.

Garibaldi had to fear not only French, Spanish, and Neapolitan pursuers, but the Austrians, who were in effective possession of the Romagna; and his northward march resembles nothing so much as the doublings of a wily stag. At first he was much hampered by his baggage-wagons; when horses were substituted, his movements became freer. Ever, as he advanced, his force dwindled and there were narrow escapes. At Terni, however, it received a welcome addition of nine hundred men commanded by an English ex-guardsman, Colonel Hugh Forbes, whose son was serving with him. Forbes was, on Garibaldi's testimony, a "most courageous and honorable soldier," but a casual observer would not have thought him a soldier at all. He always wore a summer suit and a white chimney-pot hat, which gave him the look of a tourist. Other companions of Garibaldi were Father Bassi and Ciceruacchio, whose lives, especially that of the latter, would not have been safe had they remained in Rome.

In executing this daring retreat Garibaldi had reckoned, to some extent, on raising the population of Central Italy, but the fall of Rome was what may be termed a bad advertisement. He and his men were virtually in the position of outlaws, and

the efforts of nearly all the organized governments in the peninsula were directed to their capture. At Orvieto the French were so close on their heels that the Garibaldians enjoyed the provisions that General Morris had ordered to be got ready in that town. After that, nothing was seen of the French, but Garibaldi, to reach the Adriatic and join Manin at Venice, had to break through the Austrian cordon extending from Florence to Ancona. The *contadini* or peasants, far from being sympathetic, sang hymns in honor of the Austrian monarch. Sad indeed was the lot of those who lost their way in the night-marches or were taken prisoners. Many of them, on being interrogated at a drum-head court-martial, bravely confessed Garibaldi as their "chief and father," and were either shot or brutally flogged. At Sant' Angelo the Hungarian hussars surprised a party of republican soldiers, and massacred them to a man.

At length Garibaldi took refuge in the territory of the little republic of San Marino. Unattended, he entered the town at daylight on July 31, and during his absence his column, several miles away, was attacked by Hahne's vanguard. There were indications of panic, but Anita and Forbes rekindled the courage of the men and the Austrian pursuit was checked. Garibaldi left the bulk of his army at San Marino, and urged his wife, whose health was beginning to fail, to stay there also. As before, at Rome, she refused to be parted from him. The General must have come to the conclusion that the surrender of his army was inevitable, and it was not his fault that the Austrians behaved with inhuman cruelty to those who made their submission, flogging them unmercifully or confining them in noisome prisons.

As regards Garibaldi himself, Father Bassi, and Ciceruacchio, if once they fell into the hands of their foes, whether Austrians or Papalists, their fate was sealed, and the small republic of San Marino, though friendly, was in no position to afford them protection. Accordingly, on the following night the three leaders, with Anita and two hundred

followers, turned their steps seaward. Many lost touch with the main body, among them being the gallant Swiss, Hoffstetter, who, having sold his horse and changed his clothes, made the best of his way back to his native Alps.

After marching twenty-two miles the Garibaldians arrived at Cesenatico, where they requisitioned thirteen fishing smacks lying in the broad canal. A barricade was hastily thrown up at the entrance of the town, and there Hugh Forbes, with a rearguard, remained posted while the embarkation was proceeding. Just before his departure Garibaldi gave his horse to a patriotic inhabitant, kissing the animal's forehead and saying to his new owner, "Do what you like with him, but never let him pass into the hands of the Austrians." An hour after all were aboard the Austrians came up, to find that their quarry had escaped.

Unfortunately an Austrian squadron was cruising off the mouth of the Po, and about midnight the flotilla of fishing smacks was intercepted. Three of them ran aground, the rest were captured. Hugh Forbes and one hundred and sixty-two others, who were taken prisoners, were conveyed to Pola, but all were eventually released, Forbes rather sooner than the rest. His son, who appears to have been left behind at San Marino, was eagerly sought for, but baffled his pursuers.

Garibaldi, Anita, Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio were among those who got safely ashore; and, as it would have been madness for the outlaws to keep together; the two last and certain others set off across the dunes, after Garibaldi had taken affectionate leave of them, with the feeling in his heart that they would never in this world meet each other again. He kept with him only one of his comrades, Captain Culiolo.

During his march from San Marino to the coast Garibaldi had been deeply indebted to a workman of the town, named Zani, who had served him as guide, and ten years later was to welcome him to the Romagna in the character of a conqueror. He owed, however, much more to Nino Bonnet, a citizen of Comacchio, who advised him as to the best route in

a country honeycombed with Austrians and Papalists. These enemies were totally devoid of decent sentiments. Sereni, the Papal brigadier, had been spared at Cesenatico at Bassi's entreaty, but the same evening he informed against his deliverer. As the result, the good priest was arrested in an inn at Comacchio, and, having been taken to Bologna, his native city, was tried by a council of secular priests and sentenced to be shot. The officer in command of the firing party had not the heart to give the fatal order; another stepped into his place, and the sentence was carried out. Ciceruacchio was equally unlucky. He was betrayed, and shot, together with his two sons—the younger a mere lad—in the market-square of San Nicolo.

Garibaldi's prospects were as black as black could be. Anita was desperately ill, and could not bear the thought of separation, which, however, in one form or another, was bound to come, and that before many days. After being marooned by terrified boatmen on an islet in a land-locked lagoon called the Valli di Comacchio, she was rescued and conveyed to a dairy-farm at Mandriole. There she died. Garibaldi, whose calm strength had for months borne up against a sea of troubles, now broke down utterly and wept like a child. He had to leave the burial of his wife to the good people of the place, for the Austrians were not likely to overlook a house bordering the main road; and in his next shelter, an artisan's cottage at Sant' Alberto, he peeped out of the window and saw the White Coats parading the street, full of insolent confidence.

Thence he moved to the pine-forest of Ravenna, the luscious beauty and rich associations of which could appeal but faintly to the hunted, sorrow-stricken fugitive. But Garibaldi did not lack friends. Young Romagnols conducted him to a thatched hut standing on a marsh midway between forest and sea, and at a distance from human habitations. His next move—made, like the rest, about nightfall—was to the suburb of San Rocco, just south of Ravenna. There he

overheard some peasants recounting his escape and adding thereto the awful story, which, alas! was only too true, that unclean animals had grubbed up and gnawed the body of his beloved Anita. It had been buried in great haste for fear of the police, and covered only by a thin layer of sand.

From Ravenna, Garibaldi and Leggiero were smuggled by Nino Bonnet's Liberals to Forli, where a good angel awaited them in the person of Don Giovanni Verita, the parish-priest of Modigliana, who set out with them over the mountains.

Garibaldi's adventures in Tuscany would fill a whole chapter. He was recognized more than once. Near Filigari a Tuscan cavalry officer, it is said, was perfectly aware of his identity, but without giving a sign that he knew him, ordered his troop to mount and ride on. Again, at the wayside inn of Santa Lucia, Teresa, the fair daughter of the landlady, divined who he was, and engaged the attention of some Austrian soldiers occupying the very room in which Garibaldi and Leggiero were seated in semi-darkness. The next day the truth became known, and the enraged White Coats insulted and threatened to shoot the heroine. On August 26 Garibaldi and his friend were descending the hill from Montecuccoli in the early morning when they fell in with a young sportsman named Enrico Sequi, who proved to be a sympathizer and made himself chargeable for their safety. In nearly every place there seem to have been Liberals able and willing to help the fugitives, and it was due to their co-operation and local knowledge that the travelers eluded the ubiquitous White Coats.

At Prato, Garibaldi was received by Antonio Martini, who gave him a cautiously-worded letter of introduction to his cousin, Girolamo, at Bagno al Morbo. The old Girolamo spoke words of prophetic encouragement. "Courage, General," he said, "all will come right again." A young Liberal of the Maremma named Pina, with three companions, managed the final stroke. They, as well as Garibaldi and Leggiero, attired

themselves as sportsmen, and quitting the last refuge of the future Liberator, the Casa Guelfi, crossed the fen and the forest to Cala Martina. There a fishing boat appeared, and at ten o'clock on the morning of September 2, Garibaldi and Leggiero, having thanked and embraced their friends, embarked for Genoa. At Pina's request the General bestowed on each member of the party a piece of his handkerchief as a memento of the occasion and an heirloom for their children. Then, as the boat pushed off, Garibaldi, standing erect in the stern, called out in vibrant tones: "*Viva l'Italia!*" ("Long live Italy!").

CHAPTER VII

JACK OF ALL TRADES

There was now no room for Garibaldi in Italy, nor even in Europe; but this bitter fruit of failure only showed itself to him gradually. At first he believed that in Piedmont, his own free native state, he would enjoy all needed security. Piedmont, however, was a small power over-shadowed by two mighty empires—on the one hand by France, and on the other by Austria; and to both Garibaldi was an obnoxious firebrand. Even in Piedmont itself the aristocratic and clerical parties bore him no love, although the mass of the population was enthusiastically in his favor.

At Chiavari the national hero was placed under arrest; and having been marched to Genoa, was consigned to a cell in the ducal palace. The citizens were furious, and a huge crowd gathered outside his prison, loudly demanding his release. The Radical deputies in the Piedmontese Parliament were on the alert, and a motion was proposed, and carried by an immense majority, denouncing the arrest of Garibaldi and his threatened expulsion from Piedmont as illegal, unnatural, and a violation of Italian glory. After that the Government had no option but to set Garibaldi free and implore him as an act of generosity to leave the country. He at once assented. Money was offered him, which he refused for himself, but accepted for his aged mother.

The authorities were anxious to avoid anything in the shape of a popular demonstration, so Garibaldi was conducted by night on board the *San Michele*, from which he was transferred to the *San Giorgio*. On September 12, at eight o'clock in the morning, the steamship cast anchor at Nice, and Garibaldi landed. He showed his passport to the carabinieri, who pronounced it correct, but hardly had this happened when the Intendant of Nice appeared and ordered Garibaldi to return

to the ship. The reason for this procedure was that the people of the place had got wind of the arrival of their illustrious fellow-citizen, and were rushing pell-mell to the pier, and leaping into boats, from a frantic desire to touch or at the very least to see the brave soldier, who was not more admired than beloved by the general body of the inhabitants. Fearing the effect of such a welcome, the politic rulers interposed delay, but at length Garibaldi was allowed to go ashore and proceed to the house where his mother and children were awaiting him. He was accompanied by a friend, Paolo Antonini, who has penned a pathetic account of the meeting:

"The scene was the most touching I have ever witnessed. The mother was speechless; an old uncle and cousins contended for his kisses and handshakes. Menotti and Ricciotti clung to his legs, till Giuseppe Deideri, who had adopted little Teresita, came to claim a visit. The child greeted him with the words, 'Mamma will have told you in Rome how good I was. Where is Mamma?' The children had been kept in ignorance of their loss. The father turned pale, and only clasped his motherless little ones closer to his heart. He was compelled to take a hasty leave of all, as he had passed his word that he would be on board the *San Giorgio* at 6 P.M. On that 12th of September he received his mother's last blessing and bade her his last farewell."

Some men would have deeply resented the official coldness and hostility to which Garibaldi was subjected; and, had he set himself to overturn the Government and dethrone the King, who "had come to terms with Austria," there would have been thousands to answer his call. But it was not like Garibaldi to embroil his country in a purely personal quarrel; and bowing submissively to his hard fortune, he fixed upon Tunis as his place of exile. Garibaldi might propose, but, in this instance, the French Government disposed, and put pressure on the Bey to refuse him permission to land. From Tunis he was conveyed to the island of the Maddalena, but the Government of Piedmont signified disapproval, and Garibaldi

was taken on to Gibraltar. The English nation has always been distinguished for its tenderness to political refugees, and an intimation from the Governor that he must leave within six days must have fallen on Garibaldi's ears like a thunderbolt. This was indeed "the most unkindest cut of all."

The hospitality refused him by civilized countries was afforded at Tangier. There he remained for six months, receiving every kindness from the British and Piedmontese consuls, but on African soil he labored under the disadvantage of being unable to earn his own living. Across the broad expanse of the Atlantic lay a land of liberty, where honest toil furnished a prospect of independence; and he made up his mind to enter on a new career under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

In the United States Garibaldi supported the obscurity of his lot with a patience and cheerfulness very different from the querulousness so often shown by political exiles. At first he followed the humble occupation of a candle-maker; and afterward he found employment as a sea-captain. On the ocean Garibaldi was in his element; and one of his voyages took him to China, and thence to Australasia.

Perhaps sailors are more subject than most people to what is known as telepathy. The writer has heard of many instances of simultaneous visions and messages received on board ship and transmitted apparently from immense distances; and one of Garibaldi's manuscripts proves that he had an experience of second sight when thousands of miles from the relative event:

"Once—and I shudder when I remember it—on the immense Pacific Ocean between the American and the Asiatic continents when on the *Carmen*, we were caught in a typhoon, not as formidable as those off the coast of China, but sufficiently severe to oblige us to keep, on March 19, 1852, our port-holes closed. I call it a typhoon, because the wind veered entirely round the compass, which is a characteristic sign, and the sea was terribly agitated, as it is during a

typhoon. I was laid up with rheumatism, and in the midst of the tempest was asleep in my berth upon deck. In dreams I was transported to my native land, but instead of that air of Paradise, which I always used to find in Nice, all seemed gloomy as the atmosphere of a cemetery. In the midst of a crowd of women whom I discerned in the distance, downcast and sad of aspect, I seemed to see a bier, and those women, moving slowly, advanced gradually towards me.

"With a fatal presentiment, I made an effort to draw near to the funeral convoy. I could not move; I had a mountain on my chest. The procession, however, came up to the side of my berth, laid down a coffin beside it, and withdrew. Sweating with fatigue, I had tried in vain to raise myself upon my arm. I was suffering terribly from nightmare, and when I began to move and felt close to me the cold contact of a corpse, I recognized the saintly face of my mother. I was awake, but the impression of a frozen hand remained on my hand. The wild roaring of the tempest and the moanings of the poor *Carmen*, pitilessly lashed by the waves, could not dispel the terrible effects of my dream. On that day, and in that hour, I was assuredly bereft of her who gave me birth—of the best of mothers."

Singularly enough, when Garibaldi wrote this description, he did not know that his mother had actually died on March 19, 1852, nor that the ladies and women of Nice had followed her remains to the tomb. This attention was not usual, and was a special mark of respect for the virtues of the dead Rosa and those of her heroic son.

In January 1854 Garibaldi sailed in the *Commonwealth*, a fine vessel belonging to a firm of Italian ship-owners at Baltimore, with a cargo of goods for Newcastle. On his way he cast anchor in the Thames and spent a month in London, where he met Mazzini. On April 11, at Shields, he was presented on board his ship with an address of welcome, together with a sword of honor and a telescope for which hundreds of workmen had subscribed their pence. The

deputation was headed by Mr. Joseph Cowen, a notable orator of the day, and Garibaldi replied to that gentleman's speech in excellent English.



'VIVA L'ITALIA!'

"You more than reward me," he said, "for any sacrifices I may have made in the cause of freedom. One of the people—a workman like yourselves—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem, the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy for my poor, oppressed, and down-trodden country. . . . The future alone will show how soon it will be before I am called on to unsheathe the noble gift I have just received, and again battle in behalf of that which lies nearest my heart—the freedom of my native land. But be sure of this: Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown to her exiled sons in the days of their darkest troubles."

Julian Harney, a well-known Chartist, then proposed the health of "Joseph Mazzini, the illustrious compatriot of Garibaldi," and the toast was honored with the greatest enthusiasm.

One result of Garibaldi's stay in this country was his betrothal to an English lady. The engagement lasted two years and was broken off at Garibaldi's desire. The lady in question was a widow, to whom a large fortune had been left by her deceased husband, and she had several children. For these reasons Garibaldi entertained scruples on the subject of marriage with her, but he and she remained on the best of terms to the day of her death.

Meanwhile the *Commonwealth* proceeded with a cargo of coals to Genoa, but as Garibaldi was not an American citizen, he did not think fit to accompany her and placed an American captain in command. He himself returned to Nice, where his children had been left in the care of kind friends. He taught his younger boy to write, and his elder son Menotti often went with him as cabin-boy in short cruises to Marseilles, Civita Vecchia, and elsewhere. According to another account—not necessarily a contradiction—Menotti attended the Royal Military College. Ricciotti was taken entirely into his father's charge, and every day, it is said, the

hero of a hundred fights washed "the squealing urchin" under the pump.

Garibaldi had settled at Nice without leave, but his simple life there was not calculated to arouse suspicion. He rose early, and tramped for four hours over the mountains. He dined at twelve, and after a nap was ready to play at bowls with any chance comer; once a day he paid a visit to his daughter Teresita, who, as we have seen, had been adopted by his old friends, the Deideri. His evenings were usually passed with the English lady to whom he was engaged, who was renting a cottage, since called the 'Garibaldi House,' in his native city. There he would either listen to her beautiful music or play at draughts.

In 1855 Garibaldi came into possession of a legacy of £1400 from his brother, and this and his own savings he invested in an estate in the small island of Caprera, of which he secured the northern half. Thither he removed with his son Menotti in 1856, and the two kinsmen, assisted by Garibaldi's faithful secretary Basso, and others, employed themselves in building a house, cultivating the soil, and tending their cows and goats. There also, as soon as was practicable, Garibaldi was joined by his idolized daughter, Teresita.

Hitherto we have shown our hero chiefly as a stern warrior. He had, however, the kindest of hearts; and this quality was in constant exercise at Caprera, where he was genuinely hospitable to his kind and revealed a rare tenderness to dumb animals, and even plants. On one occasion a new-born lamb had been lost among the rocks, and a persevering search with lanterns, both before and after supper, failed to disclose its whereabouts. Still Garibaldi would not give up the quest.

"It was nine o'clock and raining," says Vecchi, "and we were very tired, so we once more returned to the house. An hour afterward we heard the sound of footsteps in the next room, and the house door opened . . . About midnight we were roused by a voice; it was our hero returning, joyfully carrying

the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck to keep it quiet . . . and he spent the whole night caressing and feeding the foolish creature. . . . At five in the morning we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades and began to work also."

CHAPTER VIII

OLD FOES, NEW FRIENDS

At Caprera Garibaldi was within easy reach of the mainland, and able to keep himself accurately informed of passing events and the most recent developments in Italian politics. His last thought was to beat his sword into a ploughshare and abandon himself to the sweets of an idyllic existence while his beloved country groaned under the yoke of tyranny and oppression. At the same time he used his influence to suppress ill-concerted schemes, which, if carried into effect, would have only intensified the ills by which Italy was afflicted. More than once he publicly disowned all knowledge of revolutionary proclamations issued by presumptuous persons in his name.

Nevertheless, Garibaldi was ready to act for the furtherance of any just cause where there seemed a fair prospect of success. One day he and Medici were invited to dinner by Dr. Bertani, who told them of a plan for the deliverance of Settembrini and others betrayed by the infamous Government of Naples. One of the promoters of the enterprise was Sir William Temple, the British envoy at Naples, and the chief need was a leader. Garibaldi willingly accepted the responsibility and sketched out ways and means by which, he thought, success might be achieved.

A steamship, the *Isle of Thanet*, was purchased by English subscription, but unfortunately it was wrecked off Yarmouth; and in February, 1856, Garibaldi paid a visit to England with the intention of buying a cutter. At Portsmouth he won golden opinions by his simple and kindly bearing and his technical knowledge of shipbuilding and seamanship, but his stay in England was of short duration, and, as soon as his business was ended, he hastened back to Genoa.

Then followed a long and vexatious delay. For a whole year Garibaldi awaited the summons to set sail, and the unhappy prisoners in the galleys, aware of what was on foot, were kept in cruel suspense. Night after night they expected his coming, but in vain. At last Bertani received orders to suspend all proceedings. Sir William Temple, it seems, looked for a general amnesty which would have resulted in the release of Settembrini and his fellow-victims—a method of escape by no means agreeable to the prisoners, who wished to owe nothing to the perjured King Ferdinand. Temple soon afterward died, and the undertaking collapsed. The subscribers, amongst whom were Mrs. Gladstone and Lord and Lady Holland, expressed no desire that the money should be refunded; and eventually it was distributed among the prisoners on their release in 1859.

It is pretty evident that Garibaldi was led to countenance this project on the ground that it had English support almost official in character, but, speaking generally, his policy, from the fall of the Roman Republic onward, was to discourage premature attempts to establish Italian freedom. During this period there were several such abortive risings, which were repressed in the usual savage manner, and would have been nothing but a deplorable waste of blood, if they had not kept alight the flame of patriotic resentment. With these forlorn movements Garibaldi was not concerned; indeed, he was in America, when those at Mantua and Milan proved the danger of rashness. He rested his chief hopes on Victor Emmanuel, the young King of Piedmont and Sardinia, and his new minister, Cavour. Introduced to Cavour in 1856, he was from that time a loyal servant of Cavour's master.

Though we cannot here trace in any detail the great events that preceded and led up to the emancipation, first of Sicily and then of Continental Italy, we must indicate at least the broad outlines. By furnishing a large contingent to the Allies in the Crimea Piedmont had earned the gratitude of France and Great Britain, but the fruits of this statesmanship

were imperiled by the attempted assassination of Napoleon III by Orsini, who had been an officer of the Roman Republic. "I have faith," said Cavour, "that Italy will become one state, and will have Rome for its capital." He doubted, however, whether the nation was ripe for so mighty a change and was prepared to accept liberty by installments.

The Emperor of the French magnanimously forgave the attempt on his life in relation to high policy, and signed the secret treaty of Plombieres, by which Piedmont was to receive a great increase of territory on the east, including Lombardy, Venetia, and the Romagna, while she was to cede Savoy (and possibly Nice) to France. There was to be no united kingdom of Italy then—only a confederation of states under the presidency of the Pope. All this could not be brought about without war with Austria, but a conflict with that Power, in which France was to take the leading part, was a very different thing from former struggles in which Austria had been opposed by little Piedmont or such towns as Milan and Bologna.

The National Society, of which Garibaldi had been elected a Vice-President in 1857, enlisted volunteers all over Italy, many of whom were drafted into the regular army, while three thousand were formed into a corps called the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, which was to be captained by Garibaldi. Meanwhile Napoleon had given an inkling of his purpose by saying to the Austrian Ambassador that he regretted not to be on better terms with the Emperor Francis Joseph, while Victor Emmanuel, in his speech to the Parliament at Turin, referred to "the cry of suffering that rises to our ears from so many parts of Italy." No words could have been more significant.

England sought to maintain peace by proposing disarmament, but Austria would not consent, and on April 23, 1859, dispatched to Turin an ultimatum to which an answer was demanded within three days. Four days later the Austrian troops were ordered to cross the frontier, and the war began—deliberately provoked by Cavour.

Although French opinion was greatly divided on the subject, Napoleon had now no choice but to support his ally against aggression, but the first brunt of hostilities fell on the North Italian Kingdom, and principally on Garibaldi. For weeks he had been in constant but secret communication with Cavour, and on March 2 he had had an interview with Victor Emmanuel. This was their first meeting, and Garibaldi left the royal presence to hasten to Genoa and rally his former lieutenants and other leaders of the democratic party. Mazzini disliked the whole business, believing that the result of the war would be to make Italy a French dependency, but the fighting men sided with Garibaldi. Medici, the hero of the Vascello, Cosenz, a brave Neapolitan, and Ardoino were elected to command the three regiments into which the corps of *cacciatori* was to be divided, whilst Dr. Bertani, who had been through the siege of Rome, organized the ambulance.

Garibaldi was badly used by the War Office, which was influenced by an unreasonable jealousy. The corps took the field with no cavalry, no artillery, no commissariat, and in unnecessarily small numbers. Although Victor Emmanuel had given express orders that Garibaldi should have charge of all the irregular forces, the *Cacciatori delli Appenini* were placed under a separate command. What was even more serious, his men were indifferently armed. The two thousand good carbines intended for them were not forwarded until too late, and eventually were served out to the civic guard of Lago Maggiore. Somewhat similarly, a mountain battery arrived only after the main incidents of the campaign had taken place. As in all his campaigns, Garibaldi had to meet an enemy superior in numbers and equipment, and could only compensate for such inequalities by his skill as a leader and the devotion he inspired in his followers.

The General was supported by fifty Genoese riflemen—gentlemen, merchants, artists, and professional men—and with them marched a colossal Briton, named Peard, destined to be known as 'Garibaldi's Englishman.' Peard, who

had distinguished himself in town-and-gown fights at Oxford, had come to Italy in search of adventures. He had his own rifle, which he knew how to handle. On this occasion the red shirt was dispensed with, so as not to wound the susceptibilities of the French. Garibaldi wore the uniform of a Piedmontese general, while his *cacciatori* wore the dress of ordinary linesmen.

CHAPTER IX

REVENGE ON THE WHITE-COATS

When, by his dilatory tactics, the Austrian general, Gyulai, gave time for the French army to arrive and take the offensive, the Garibaldians were dispatched on an independent expedition to the north of Lombardy, and crossing the Ticino, took up their position at Varese. General Urban, surnamed 'the Austrian Garibaldi,' was sent, with a regular force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to dislodge them. Urban decided to attack Varese on two sides, but the movements were ill-timed, and Garibaldi's men swept the main body away by a bayonet charge before the smaller column could reach the scene of action.

Thoroughly alarmed at this defeat, Gyulai hastened to reinforce his subordinate, who had retired on Corso, and there with six thousand four hundred infantry, besides cavalry and artillery, he ought to have been secure against the three thousand Garibaldians, all foot-soldiers. Fortune, however, again scowled upon him. The battle opened at the pass of San Fermo, which the Garibaldians cleared at the point of the bayonet. Many hundreds of feet below lay Como, and the General, greatly daring, ordered his troops to advance on the town in the face of what might well have seemed impossible odds. The sequel has been well described by Peard, who was, of course, an eye-witness.

"For some time," he writes, "a steady fire was poured down on the ravine from the height above, and just as the sun had gone down and it was beginning to get dusk, the whole of the troops on our left were collected and formed in the high road.

"After a short time Garibaldi rode to the front with his staff, with the peak of his cap pulled down close on his eyes, the only indication he ever gave of his thoughts being more intensely occupied than usual. It was as usual a barometer of his feelings as the working of the stump of Nelson's arm.

"Slowly our whole body began to move. As we descended the high road, darkness began to close in. Everyone expected some hot work before we should be in Como, for they had seen the formidable column that occupied the Piazza d'Armi. As we got nearer what was naturally supposed to be the scene of a hand-to-hand struggle, the halts, though of only a few minutes' duration, became frequent. The men were careful in arranging the position of their canteens and anything that might make a noise. They seemed to step lighter than usual, for not a footfall was to be heard. The silence became almost painful.

"In this way the first of the houses of the suburb were reached. The inhabitants instantly, as the column advanced, showed lights at their windows. They began to cry 'Viva Garibaldi!' but someone would run over immediately and beg them to remain silent. We were rapidly passing the suburb. Where were the Austrians, whom we had seen in such strength an hour or two before in occupation of the place? The suburb is passed. At the entrance of the city is a dense mass of figures with torches. Lights rapidly appear in all the windows, and instead of a storm of Austrian bullets the troops were met with a deafening shout, 'Viva Italia! Viva Garibaldi!'

"The people were wild with delight. Men with torches marched on either side of his horse, and old and young rushed forward, kissing his feet and clothes. Old men with tears streaming down their faces and young girls threw their arms

round our necks and saluted us as their deliverers. The uproar was immense. The sound of the bells, which were ringing in all the campanili, and music of the bands, were drowned by the cheering of the crowds that were assembled in the Piazza. Marshal Urban, with eight battalions, a battery of guns and some squadrons of Uhlans, had evacuated the city about an hour previous to our arrival."

By this unexpected piece of good fortune the Garibaldians acquired a precious store of arms, provisions, and money that had been left behind by the Austrians.

Resigning Como to the care of the inhabitants and a detachment of *cacciatori*, Garibaldi led back his forces to Varese. Upon his withdrawal the citizens were seized with something like a panic; and on June 1 the General wrote to the royal commissary, Signor Venosta, from Robarello, "I am fronting the enemy in Varese; I mean to attack him this evening. Send those who are afraid and any families who tremble out of the city, but let the sturdy population sound their tocsin, and, sustained by our Camozzi and his two companies, resist to the uttermost."

When Garibaldi sent this sarcastic message, things were going none too well with him. From Varese his troops had marched to the assault of Legano on Lago Maggiore. The storming parties were led by Landi and Bronzetti respectively; and the former succeeded in entering the fortress. Bronzetti, on the other hand, was misled by his guides and failed to support his fellow-leader, who was compelled by a heavy fire to retreat. Landi himself was wounded, but managed to drag himself to the General, to whom he reported the issue of the affair. "Your tale is not true!" cried Garibaldi. "Bronzetti must be in the fort. I bet my head Bronzetti is master of the castle. Accursed fear!"

"General," replied Landi, reproachfully, "I am wounded; Gastaldi, Sprovieri, and many soldiers are also wounded"



THE ENTRY INTO COMO.

"Go!" thundered the General; and, so saying, he wheeled his horse and rode off to ascertain the state of the case for himself. He soon found that Bronzetti was retreating, and that Bixio had been unable to capture the steamers. Both from these and from the fort guns were pouring a storm of shot on the discomfited troops, of whom Garibaldi then took command. He led them in good order to Cuvio, and, on his way thither, passed cart after cart laden with wounded. Amongst others, he observed Sprovieri with a broken arm and Landi in convulsions. Landi had been right after all, and the General confessed, "I was mistaken this morning." All through the campaign Garibaldi is said to have been extremely stern to his men, and more than once expressed contempt for the "cowardly conscripts," who, instead of attacking with the bayonet, preferred to waste their ammunition.

After the repulse at Legano someone hinted to the General that retreat into Switzerland might be necessary. Garibaldi scouted the notion. "There are a hundred and one things to be done before we think of quitting Lombard soil," he replied. The situation did not improve, however, and on the following morning he was concerned at the news that Urban had appeared before Varese with three complete brigades, and was shelling the town, which the inhabitants had quitted for the upland village of S. Maria del Monte. It would have been sheer madness for Garibaldi to attack an enemy four times as numerous as his own little force, so he returned to Como and proceeded to fortify that city. Medici, athirst for glory, was for pushing on to Milan, which, it was reported, the Austrians were preparing to evacuate, but Garibaldi, though by no means deficient in boldness and initiative, realized that he was playing a subordinate part in this campaign and renounced the opportunity of winning laurels which he would probably have seized had he been in supreme command.

Meanwhile greater events, the marshaling of larger forces, began to tell. On May 30 Victor Emmanuel and General Cialdini had defeated the Austrians at Palestro, and in

consequence of this reverse Urban had received orders to relax the pursuit of Garibaldi. But he and his three brigades were not—as they should have been—peremptorily recalled, and took no part in the decisive battle of Magenta (June 4), in which the French, under the Emperor Napoleon, were victorious. Thereupon Gyulai withdrew his army from Lombardy, and retired into Venetia.

Tidings of the battle reached Garibaldi on the following day, and he at once set out to harass the retreating enemy. At Seriate, a company commanded by Narciso Bronzetti put to flight a battalion of Hungarians, probably only half-hearted in the cause of the Empire from which, not many years before, their countrymen had striven to liberate themselves. At Bergamo a remarkable scene occurred. Half a dozen Austrian officers were conducted as prisoners into the presence of Garibaldi. Not one of them doubted that this man, who had been tracked as a criminal ten years before, would now take his revenge by ordering them to be shot, but to their intense relief and amazement the 'Red Devil' shook their hands, praised their valor, and sympathized with them in their misfortune.

At Brescia Garibaldi came in touch with the allied armies, and ceased to hold an independent command. In a subsequent action at Ponte S. Giacomo the heroic Narciso Bronzetti was mortally wounded, and a grave disaster was averted only by the timely arrival of the regular cavalry. Garibaldi was then dispatched to the Valtelline, far distant from the main theatre of hostilities, where there was only a small body of the enemy quite unable to make a stand against the twelve thousand *cacciatori*. Either the general staff must have been misled by false reports or they were actuated by a mean desire to get rid of the amateur soldier. Whatever may have been then the sentiments of professional soldiers towards Garibaldi, there can be no question that, as always, he was the darling of the Italian people. This is proved by the testimony of Giovanni Visconti Venosta, a native of the Valtelline:

"When Garibaldi passed through a village, although he was not now wearing the red shirt, you would not have said he was a general, but the head of a new religion, followed by a crowd of fanatics. The women, no less enthusiastic than the men, brought their babes to Garibaldi that he might bless, and even baptize, them. To these crowds that thronged him Garibaldi would speak with that beautiful voice of his, which was a part of the secret of his charm—'Come! he who stays at home is a coward. I promise you weariness, hardship, and battles. But we will conquer or die!' These were not cheerful words, but when they were heard, the enthusiasm rose to its highest. It was a delirium. The crowd broke up deeply moved, commenting on what the General had said: many had tears in their eyes."

On the march to the Valtelline, the volunteers were informed of the battle of Solferino, which had occurred on June 24, in which the Austrians were again the losers. After another fortnight conditions of peace were arranged at a meeting between the emperors at Villafranca, and the war was at an end.

Although the campaign had been a triumph for the French arms, Napoleon yielded to an attack of political 'nerves,' and the Treaty of Villafranca amounted to a shameless betrayal of his Italian allies and the aspirations for which so many of them had bled and died. Austria was to retain those portions of Venetian territory of which she was still in possession. The Dukes of Modena, Tuscany, and Parma were to be restored and the Papal flag was again to wave in the Romagna; all that Piedmont gained was Lombardy. This was not what Cavour—whom the Great Powers had not deigned to consult—had bargained for, and he signed the treaty with reluctance, adding, "*Pour ce que me concerne.*" He evidently did not think it would be acceptable to the mass of his countrymen, and, in a private conversation with the Hungarian patriot Kossuth, remarked, "This treaty shall not be executed."

A year later Tuscany, Emilia, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna were added to the dominions of King Victor Emmanuel, but at what was, to Garibaldi, the terrible cost of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. By this act, he said, the Governments of France and Piedmont made him, as a native of Nice, a foreigner. Central Italy, still under the provisional government of dictators, was marked out for future absorption by Piedmont, and after that the kingdom of Naples. But Cavour was in no hurry; he saw plainly how things were tending.

Garibaldi was in a very different state of mind. He was distracted with anxiety to save Nice to Italy, and at one moment harboured the mad design of breaking the ballot-boxes at Genoa, in which the more complaisant subjects of Victor Emmanuel were expected to record their approval of the compromise. The General had perhaps not quite recovered from a stunning blow that he had brought upon himself by his own folly. His union with Anita had been an ideal one, and he was not likely to find in this world another Anita. He seems, however, to have thought otherwise. During his campaign in the Alps a message had been conveyed to him by a plucky and handsome girl, the daughter of Count Raimondi. In December he renewed her acquaintance as her father's guest at Fino, near Como, and toward the end of January, 1860, he married her. On the very day of their wedding a communication reached him, suggesting that she ought to have been the wife of another and younger gentleman. The bride, on being questioned, made no denial, whereupon Garibaldi exclaimed, "Then see you do not bear my name; I leave you forever."

Deeply chagrined, he returned to the 'simple life' at Caprera; but large portions of Italy were not yet free, and without strenuous efforts on the part of the famous knight-errant did not seem likely to be free—at any rate, in the immediate future.

CHAPTER X

THE THOUSAND

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as it was called, comprising the island of Sicily and the southern half of peninsular Italy, was, owing to corrupt and tyrannical government, the plague-spot of Europe and the scandal of enlightened Christendom. Under the reign of Ferdinand II, scores of patriots, whose political opinions were offensive to the bigoted rulers, were immured in loathsome prisons, where they lay chained to each other, or, worse still, to some criminal of the lowest and most desperate type. The administration of justice was a parody, and the lives of many, nominally at large, were rendered a burden by the pestilent attentions of a swarm of spies. This monstrous condition of things Mr. Gladstone exposed in his Letters to Lord Aberdeen, and a more complete case for revolution or intervention could not have been made out. Jealousy between the great nations, however, made it dangerous for any one of them to step in, especially as the interests of the Papacy were inextricably bound up with those of Naples, and the whole of the Catholic world was opposed to the destruction of a regime as evil as the Inquisition, to which it bore a family resemblance.

The cruel rule of the Bourbons was most vulnerable in Sicily, where the Neapolitan garrisons could only maintain themselves in the coast towns. The interior of the island was occupied by a hardy peasantry, thoroughly disaffected to Ferdinand and his minions, and even the priests and bishops were in warm sympathy with its deep seated love of independence. Here, if anywhere, was a field for Garibaldi's disengaged energies, and appeal after appeal was made to him to champion the cause of Ferdinand's tortured thralls. Garibaldi was not unwilling to try fortune once more, but he answered every requisition by saying that the Sicilians

themselves must initiate the fight for freedom. On the very day of his unhappy second wedding he wrote to Dr. Bertani, "You can assure your friends of South Italy that I am always at their disposal when they are willing really to act"; and this had been the tenor of several previous answers since the fall of the Roman Republic. Garibaldi seems to have understood the Sicilian temperament, and his subsequent experiences in the island fully justified his cautious attitude. Grim, stubborn warfare of the kind to which the North Italians were habituated was not to the liking of the mobile mountaineers, who preferred desultory skirmishing.

The Sicilians were not all alike; and the frightful and hopeless struggle waged by Francesco Riso, mason and plumber, and his seventeen followers, against the large Neapolitan garrison in the streets of Palermo, shows of what sacrifices patriots were capable. This occurred on April 4, 1860. On the 10th of the same month Rosalino Pilo, scion of a noble Sicilian family, and a companion named Corrao, landed at Messina, in order to foster an insurrection that had broken out simultaneously with Riso's bootless attempt to induce the Palermitans to rebel. He arrived from Genoa with the resolution of fulfilling Garibaldi's condition, and was so confident of success that he used the General's name as a talisman. Everywhere he announced to the enthusiastic villagers that Garibaldi would soon be among them.

Garibaldi, however, still hesitated. Sirtori, an ex-priest who had become a soldier and Garibaldi's chief of staff, sounded Cavour and found that that statesman would not compromise Piedmont by openly countenancing buccaneers, but was ready to furnish arms and reap the fruits of a successful expedition. Cavour, better informed than Garibaldi, did not think success at all probable, and believed that the death of the brave general would be a disaster from which it would take Italy many years to recover. Sirtori was equally despondent. He plainly told Garibaldi that if they went to Sicily, in his opinion not one of them would return alive.

The result was the postponement of the expedition, and it began to be whispered "Garibaldi is afraid." On April 30 he wrote to the Directors of the Million Rifles' Fund—for subscriptions had been pouring in and five hundred volunteers had assembled at Genoa in readiness to sail—"By now you will know about Sicily. The expedition does not start." But the same morning Bixio appeared with a 'new fact'—which seems to have been the revival of the insurrection by Pilo—and Garibaldi changed his mind. "We will go," he said. The decision was approved by a council of war, only Sirtori dissenting.

It was fortunate this delay occurred. The first intention had been to embark with five hundred volunteers; when Garibaldi left Quarto on the night of May 5 the number had risen to over one thousand—not one too many. Among them were men like Sirtori and the poet Nievo, firmly persuaded that they were doomed to a great calamity, but steadfast in their attachment to their heroic leader.

The expedition sailed in two steamers, the *Piemonte* and *Lombardo*, commanded by Garibaldi and Bixio respectively. They anchored at Talamone in Tuscany for a few days to coal and revictual, and here Zambianchi was detached with two hundred and thirty men to invade the Papal States. This officer had shot priests in Rome in 1849—and Garibaldi knew it. He was not only a bully, but an incompetent commander, and his force was absurdly inadequate. Altogether, this method of placing the enemy between cross fires must be accounted one of Garibaldi's occasional blunders, all the more serious because the men could be ill-spared.

When the voyage was resumed, the two vessels lost touch with each other in the darkness; and, as the Neapolitan fleet was patrolling the coast of Sicily with a view to intercepting them, Bixio, believing the *Piemonte* to be one of the hostile cruisers, ordered his ship to be steered against her. Suddenly he heard a familiar voice, calling to him "Bixio."

"General!" he exclaimed; whereupon Garibaldi inquired, "Why do you wish to send us to the bottom?" The danger was averted, but by the narrowest of margins, those on board the *Piemonte* having laboured under a similar delusion in regard to the other vessel.

When at length the transports reached Marsala, that port was found unoccupied. But the Neapolitan squadron was sighted on the offing, and the landing had been barely effected when one of the enemy's ships, the *Stromboli*, steamed up, and having been joined by the *Partenope* and *Capri*, opened fire on Garibaldi's column as it was marching along the mole. The bombardment did little or no execution. One man was knocked over and the wife of an English resident narrowly escaped being killed, but, so far as was known, these were the only casualties.

Within the walls of Marsala Garibaldi caused himself to be proclaimed Dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel, and the morning after, he led out his little army in the direction of Salemi. At Rampagallo he was joined by some *squadre* or native bands somewhat resembling our old militia, and officered by such magnates as Baron Sant' Anna of Alcamo and Don Alberto Mistretta of Salemi and Rampagallo. At Salemi Garibaldi was reinforced by one thousand more of these troops. They were indifferently armed with flintlocks and blunderbusses, and most of them were raw youths of twenty and under. Garibaldi's own force consisted entirely of civilians, owing to Cavour's resolution not to embroil Piedmont with the Great Powers; they had wretched muskets and a woefully insufficient supply of ammunition.

Let us now consider the situation of the enemy. The Neapolitans had nearly twenty-five thousand regular soldiers in Sicily, and about four-fifths of that total was concentrated in or near Palermo. They were under the orders of the Governor, Castelficala, an aged man, who enjoyed the distinction of having fought in the British army at Waterloo. In the present day, when so much is heard of 'grand old men' holding

responsible positions and displaying an activity the envy of their juniors, it may sound paradoxical to talk of the numbing effects of age, but there is little doubt that the Neapolitans were guilty of a serious blunder in entrusting their armies to generals long past their prime. When Castelcicala was superseded, it was only that his place might be taken by a veteran of seventy-two, General Lanza, who had not had a specially brilliant career. The Sicilians remembered with glee an occasion when, as Filangieri's chief of staff, he attended a king's birthday review at Palermo and had been thrown with his horse in the mire, which had wrought havoc on his gorgeous uniform—and they could not remember much else. As for initiation, it may be easily surmised how much he possessed of that quality, when it is stated that General Nunziante had to be sent from Naples to make sure that he attacked Garibaldi instead of waiting to be attacked by him,

The original plan of campaign was to land at Marsala three or four battalions from Naples under General Bonanno, while General Landi was to operate with three battalions from Palermo. As soon as it became known that Garibaldi had reached Salemi, the plan was changed, and Bonanno's force disembarked at Palermo. Landi, who was seventy years old, moved slowly forward, following his column in a carriage; and the march from Palermo to Alcamo, a distance of thirty miles, occupied six days! Still, there were good elements in the Neapolitan army, as there were bad elements in that of their opponents. The 8th *Cacciatori*, under Major Sforza, was a battalion of which any commander might have been proud, while large numbers of the *squadre*, recruited by the oratory of La Masa and Father Pantaleo—Garibaldi's 'New Ugo Bassi'—were enthusiastic, but not steady, except behind defenses.

CHAPTER XI

TO PALERMO!

To "impose morally on the enemy," Landi sent Sforza and his *cacciatori* to occupy an elevated position known to the Italians as the Pianto dei Romani (Weeping of the Romans). In the Sicilian dialect the name appears to have signified "the vineyards of the Romani family"; and the steep side of the hill was seamed with terraces suited to the cultivation of the grape. Though Sforza's orders had been to impose on the enemy morally, he deemed himself strong enough to risk an engagement, and the result was the battle of Calatafimi, in which the Neapolitans attacked, but were presently forced up the slope by a succession of bayonet charges.

Twice that day Garibaldi owed his life to the devotion of his followers. A sailor of Ancona named Elia was cruelly wounded in the mouth by a bullet which, if he had not barred its flight, must have laid the General low. At another time, when Garibaldi was surrounded by the enemy, it was Sirtori who rushed to his assistance.

Gradually the summit was approached, but there the enemy, whose supports had come up, were in great force and by no means out of heart. Even Bixio, the bravest of the brave, deemed it necessary to sound the retreat, but Garibaldi would not listen to the proposal. "Here," said he, "we make Italy or die." It has been urged by some critics that similarly Buller should have pushed on at all costs at the battle of Colenso, since a defeat of the Boers at that stage of the campaign would probably have ended their resistance. But the cases are not quite parallel, as the destruction of the British army would have entailed the loss of Natal and the re-conquest of South Africa, while the failure of Garibaldi's expedition would have given the Neapolitans no firmer hold on the hinterland than they had before. On the other hand, the prestige of the party of

freedom would have been ruined for a generation, and that was no small matter.

In every crisis something must be allowed to temperament, and Garibaldi, in the heat of action, was not wont to weigh possibilities too nicely. He had an instinctive feeling that if once the Neapolitans were overcome, they would lose their morale and would never rally again. The General himself, sword in hand, led the final charge ; and the enemy, unable to withstand the fury of the assault, abandoned the plateau and were soon in full flight to Calatafimi, which Landi did not attempt to defend. Indeed, he and his beaten army did not pause until they were safe within the gates of Palermo. We have noted that it took them six days to march from Palermo to Alcamo. The retreat was accomplished in twenty-four hours! The whole countryside had risen upon them, and horrible scenes were enacted, especially at Partinico and Montelepre, where the royal troops lost part of their baggage. It was exactly as Garibaldi had foreseen—the Neapolitans were thoroughly discouraged. But Sforza's men had fought magnificently; Garibaldi himself bears witness to the fact.

"The enemy, who yielded to the bayonet charges of my old *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, dressed in plain clothes, fought valiantly, and only yielded their positions after fierce fighting hand-to-hand. The battles we sustained in Lombardy were certainly less hardly contested than the battle of yesterday. The Neapolitans, when they exhausted their cartridges, threw stones at us like madmen.

"I must confess that the Neapolitans fought like lions, and certainly I have not had in Italy a battle so fierce nor adversaries so brave. From this you can guess what was the courage of my old *Cacciatori delle Alpi* and the good Sicilians who fought with us."

On May 17 the Garibaldians marched from Calatafimi to Alcamo, and two days later obtained their first sight of Palermo. Between the plateau of Renda (at which they had

arrived overnight) and the city stretched a broad and richly cultivated plain bearing the romantic name of Conca d'Oro (Golden Shell), from its groves of orange and lemon. Much had been accomplished, but the crucial question still remained—How was Palermo to be entered by a few hundred heroes in the face of a huge garrison of thirty thousand men behind ramparts? It turned out that the Neapolitans had no intention of allowing the invaders to solve the problem at their leisure, for on May 21 the Swiss colonel, Von Mechel, seconded by a Neapolitan officer, Major Bosco, marched out with a considerable force, and drove back the skirmishers of the Thousand, while two other columns began operations against the *squadre*, which they dispersed, killing their leader Pilo.

Garibaldi had no choice but to quit Renda and join hands with a larger body of *squadre* at Parco, on the southern verge of the Conca d'Oro. Thence he ordered a retreat to the Piano dei Greci (Plain of the Greeks), a level alp about two thousand feet above the sea. There he was deserted by many of the Sicilians who were convinced that the game was up. No doubt the position was one of great peril. Two battalions under Colonna were on the line of retreat from Parco, whilst Von Mechel's four battalions might, by a rapid movement, have fallen on Garibaldi's flank. Von Mechel, however, though a tough fighter, was tardy, while Colonna, instead of continuing the pursuit, saw fit to return to Palermo.

Reaching the Piano dei Greci on May 25, Von Mechel was informed that Garibaldi had marched in the direction of Corleone, and accordingly he advanced on that town. There he came in contact with a detachment of Garibaldi's allies under an artillery officer named Orsini, and captured two guns. More than ever persuaded that he was on the right track, he prosecuted his march beyond Corleone, but for the second time found that Garibaldi had given him the slip; and on May 28 Von Mechel received the news that the enemy whom he

believed himself to be pursuing had entered Palermo and were fighting in the streets of the capital!

What had happened was as follows. On May 25, an hour before midnight, the Thousand had marched into Misilmeri, where a large force of *squadre* had been assembled by La Masa, and on the following day Garibaldi took the opinion of the Sicilian leaders as to the best line of action. "*A Palermo! A Palermo!*" rang the voices of most of them, but they were not men of military experience, and it may well be doubted whether trained officers would have sanctioned what everybody knew would be the next move, except as a forlorn hope. The Sicilians claimed the post of honor, and it was agreed that they should march in front of the North Italians. This unfortunate concession, which it must have been difficult to avoid, endangered the success of the enterprise, but the mistake was neutralized, to some extent, by the formation of an advance guard of scouts and pickets drawn from each company of the Thousand. The route chosen was not the public highway, but a more direct road leading from the summit of Gibilrossa Pass on toward Ciacalli, and thence into the Conca d'Oro.

While Garibaldi was at Misilmeri he received a visit from a Hungarian named Eber, who was acting as correspondent for the English Times, who gave him to understand that the most vulnerable point—the Achilles' heel of the Palermitan defenses—was on the side of Gibilrossa. For this reason Garibaldi resolved to assault the so-called Porta Termini, but all chance of surprising the enemy was destroyed by the frantic behavior of Rotolo's Sicilians in shouting and firing off their guns. When, therefore, the Garibaldian vanguard under Tukory, a brave Hungarian, made a dash on the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, they encountered a murderous reception. The brave fellows quailed, but did not fall back. The three thousand Sicilians, on the other hand, disappeared like magic into the vineyards that lined both sides of the road.

Then the voice of Garibaldi was heard crying "*Avanti, Cacciatori, avanti! Entrate nel centro!*" ("Forward, my men, forward! Make your way into the heart of the city!"). The Genoese carbineers and the two leading companies of Bixio's battalions responded like heroes, and after a desperate struggle hurled back the enemy. Over a mile distant was the spot known as the Porta Termini—there had been a gate there once—and thither the bulk of the Thousand raced, Garibaldi and a few of the staff remaining to fetch out the runaways from the vineyards.

The Porta Termini was defended by a high barricade, and the credit of pulling it down belongs especially to Bixio, who, though he carried a bullet in his breast, would not relax his efforts until a passage was cleared. Tukory, alas! was mortally wounded. Garibaldi, still shouting "*Avanti! Avanti!*" led the way into the city on horseback; and what was left of the Thousand followed him without flinching to the Fiera Vecchia (Old Market-place). The road was slippery with blood and the Sicilians did not like cross-fires, but, in point of fact, the royalists were poor rifle-shots. In order to convince the peasants that the danger was much less than they supposed, Francesco Carbone, a Genoese lad of seventeen, sat down on a chair with the tricolor unfurled above it, and calmly exposed himself to the Neapolitan bullets.

This exhibition had a good effect, and from that moment the *squadre* showed more and more determination and courage. The city population also rose, and barricades were erected, first of carriages and household furniture, and then of large paving stones. Street-fighting proceeded continuously; and on the third day, May 29, a battle raged in the Archbishop's Palace and in the Cathedral. After a stubborn conflict the Neapolitans got the upper hand, and it was reported to Garibaldi that they were advancing into the middle of the city. Taking fifty men with him, mostly civilians, the General ordered his bugler to sound the charge, and the enemy were driven in headlong flight to the Cathedral.



THE ASSAULT OF THE BARRICADE AT PORTA TERMINI.

The losses of the Neapolitans had been serious, but not serious enough to provoke thoughts of surrender. They were suffering, however, from a shortage of provisions. General Lanza, therefore, humbled himself so far as to address a note to "his Excellency General Garibaldi." But for his straits it may be doubted whether the Neapolitan commander would have adopted this courteous style. It is true Garibaldi had served in the Piedmontese army with the brevet of a major-general, but Cavour not having openly supported the expedition, its leader was technically a filibuster and might be considered to have forfeited his temporary rank and distinction,

Lanza suggested that a conference should take place between two of his officers and Garibaldi, on board the flagship of the English Admiral, Sir Rodney Mundy. An armistice was arranged, which was to commence at noon the same day (May 30), and Garibaldi, in company with the Neapolitan officers—who would have preferred separate accommodation—proceeded in a boat of H.M.S. *Hannibal* to the English man-o'-war, where both sides were saluted with equal honor by a guard of marines. Garibaldi had donned for the occasion the uniform of a Piedmontese general—a proceeding quite in harmony with his secret understanding with Cavour.

Admiral Mundy had protested against the bombardment of Palermo by the Neapolitan warships, and throughout the affair had acted as moderator in the interests of humanity, but the conduct of the British consul seems equally to deserve mention. Old Mr. Goodwin, who had for forty years served his country in that capacity in Italy, was implored to take refuge on board the *Hannibal* during the bombardment, but steadfastly refused. Over the balcony of the consulate floated the red English ensign, and the area was packed with a multitude of women and children, who felt that there, if anywhere, they might expect safety. Once Mr. Goodwin was asked by Maniscalco, the chief of police, if he did not think it

right that people who rebelled against their lawful rulers should be annihilated. White with indignation, the Englishman expressed surprise that such a question should have been addressed to him, but, as Signor Maniscalco had chosen to consult him, he felt bound to reply that tyranny on the part of a government always gave just cause for armed insurrection.

On the very morning of the conference Von Mechel arrived, and overcoming a small guard of Sicilians posted at the Porta Termini, forced his way to the Fiera Vecchia—the identical route that had been followed by Garibaldi. One of his battalions, consisting of Bavarians, was the finest in the army, and the whole force was in splendid condition. The Hungarian, General Turr, conversing many years afterward with Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, remarked, "If Von Mechel had arrived a day earlier, we should have been lost." As it was, the gallant Swiss was with difficulty restrained from prosecuting his advantage, and paid little heed to the remonstrances of Lieutenant Wilmot, who pointed out that a breach of the truce would implicate the British admiral. Lanza's officers, who had been charged with the General's note to Garibaldi, then appeared, and, after listening to their explanations Von Mechel reluctantly suspended operations, though he would not recede from the position he had captured. It seems that for a short time Lanza and his staff were half disposed to ignore the truce and seize the opportunity to effect the reconquest of the city. Finally more honorable counsels prevailed, and in the afternoon the conference took place, as arranged.

There were present not only the representatives of the contending forces, but the British, French, American, and Piedmontese admirals. The Neapolitans proposed that the people of Palermo should address a humble petition to King Francis, the feeble successor of Ferdinand, defining their wishes; but Garibaldi emphatically rejected the suggestion, and the conference broke up without result. Garibaldi now seriously thought of a retreat over the mountains, partly because he was in great want of ammunition. During the night,

however, a Greek vessel put in with a cargo of powder; and meanwhile the populace worked with a will to hem in Von Mechel with barricades.

Lanza fully intended to attack at noon, May 31, but on ascertaining that Von Mechel was isolated and the Palermitans in a mood to resist to the uttermost, he agreed to extend the armistice. The Government of Naples was consulted, and at length, on June 6, terms of capitulation were signed. The royal forces were to evacuate the Palace and other parts of the city immediately, the sole exception being the Castellamare, which, with its six prisoners of state, was to be handed over to Garibaldi later. The garrison was to march out with the honors of war. It numbered twenty thousand men, while of Garibaldi's Thousand only three hundred and ninety remained.

On June 18 Medici arrived in the Gulf of Castellamare, twenty-five miles west of Palermo, with a well-equipped force of three thousand five hundred, too late to assist in the capture of the city. Splendid as was that achievement, however, it was not the conclusion of Garibaldi's enterprise; and the new contingent was a welcome addition to his attenuated army. On the following day the last detachment of Neapolitans embarked for the mainland, their departure being watched by huge crowds of citizens; and at the same time the Castellamare was surrendered to Garibaldi. There, in a little room over the gateway, Baron Riso and five young nobles, with their parents and other relations, were ushered into the presence of their deliverer, who, it was observed, had tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER XII

THE 'ENGLISH' REGIMENT

To go back a little—in June, 1860, there were at Genoa three steamers waiting to embark Giacomo Medici's expedition, which was being dispatched by Bertani's Central Committee to the aid of Garibaldi. The vessels had been purchased from a French company ostensibly for an American named De Rohan, who had warmly espoused the Italian cause, and were rechristened the *Washington*, the *Oregon* and the *Franklin*. Peard was to sail with these reinforcements, and he was accompanied on board the *Washington* by the United States Consul, who hauled up the Stars and Stripes. In the same vessel were Alberto Mario, an Italian of republican principles, and his English wife, Jessie White Mario, old friends of Mazzini and Garibaldi. The lady was the 'Florence Nightingale' of the later campaigns.

Weighing anchor at a point a little west of Genoa, the vessels proceeded to Cagliari in South Sardinia, and thence crossed to Castellamare—not to be confused with the prison of the same name at Palermo, which was just then dismantled by the inhabitants, who had so long dwelt in its baneful shadow. Garibaldi came to meet his friends, and on June 19 and the two following days the force, very elated, made its entry into Palermo, from which the remnant of the Neapolitan garrison was just withdrawing. The advent of this expedition was everything to Garibaldi, who intended the capture of Palermo to be preliminary to the clearance of the royal army from the whole of Sicily. Medici had brought with him not only a body of excellent troops, but from six thousand to eight thousand rifles and muskets and abundance of ammunition.

Garibaldi and his aides-de-camp took up their quarters in what was called the 'Observatory' of the Palace, situated over the Porta Nuova and connected with the main building by

a terrace. On this terrace the ladies of Palermo delighted to pass the summer evenings, and there they were joined by the chiefs of the Garibaldian army and the officers of the British and Piedmontese navies. One evening the gay assembly witnessed a dramatic incident: the arrival on the terrace of eight young men—young, that is to say, in years, though their bent forms suggested old age and their eyes had a strained appearance, as if unable to bear the light. They were the only surviving members of Pisacane's force, with which, three years before, that leader had sailed from Genoa in an attempt to dispossess the Bourbons. Pisacane had been defeated and slain, and his fate had been shared by most of his comrades, but these eight had been taken prisoners and thrust into the dungeons of the island of Favignana. There they had pined till a short time previously, when the islanders, fired by the insurrectionary spirit, broke into the prison and released them. No sooner were they free than they went straight to Palermo, and begged permission to fight in the forefront of Garibaldi's army.

The first to meet them on the terrace was the long-bearded captain of the Genoese carabinieri, Antonio Mosto, who, in spite of their altered appearance, recognized his former comrades and willingly accorded them the favor they had come to seek. After that they were conducted to the Observatory and introduced to Garibaldi, who was profoundly affected. "This," said he, "is a type of life. We, whom fortune favored with victory, lodge in royal palaces. These brave fellows, because conquered, are buried in the vaults of Favignana. Yet the cause, the undertaking, the audacity was the same. The first honors are due to Pisacane. He led the way, and these brave fellows were our pioneers." One of the group, Nicotera, who had served as Pisacane's lieutenant, was dispatched to Tuscany to organize a new expedition. The remainder stayed with Garibaldi, and five of them died on the battlefield of Milazzo.

The famous French author Alexandre Dumas visited Garibaldi at Palermo. The writer of so many romances was anxious to see for himself the actors and the scenes that were the talk of half the world. Dumas had crossed over to Sicily in his yacht.

"Ah "said the General to him one day, "if I were rich, I would do like you. I would have a yacht."

Garibaldi was anything but rich. All he drew was ten francs a day, and this allowance was so far from meeting his expenses, that when he burnt a hole in his clothes he was perplexed to know how to provide himself with another outfit. Yet he was constantly handling immense sums of public money. Dumas had seen him sign a check for half a million francs, and was naturally much impressed by his patriotism and integrity.

The Sicilians did not contribute very liberally to the funds, and left something to be desired in the way of personal service. The *squadre*, for the most part, returned to their homes after or even before the surrender of Palermo, but thousands volunteered for the regular army and were drilled by native officers, aided by Englishmen and North Italians. These recruits were drawn almost exclusively from the lower orders, their 'betters' being inclined to stipulate for a commission as the price of their services. Doubtless there were many exceptions, but, speaking generally, the Sicilian aristocracy did not compare favorably with the noble families of North Italy, whose sons, in numberless instances, were proud to don the red shirt, and performed the most menial camp duties without a murmur.

Among the Englishmen who helped Garibaldi to infuse discipline into the raw levies was Colonel Dunne, who had been in command of the Turkish conscripts in the Crimea. Dunne had been commissioned by Cavour and La Farina to convey a message to Garibaldi in Sicily, which he did at great personal risk. He took with him on this errand an agent of Cavour named Scelzi, disguised as a servant; and landing in

the north of the island, raised several hundred irregulars. After skirmishing with the Bourbon troops, the two entered Palermo with their troops several days before its formal capitulation. Dunne thereupon abandoned his *squadre* and raised what was known as his 'English' regiment. It was composed of corner-boys at Palermo—not, it may be thought, very promising material. Thanks to his good training, however, these young loafers behaved with exemplary courage at Milazzo. A large number of them had been for a fortnight or three weeks in "Garibaldi's Foundling Hospital," conducted by Alberto Mario; and, imbued with a love of soldiering, they could not resist the temptation to enlist in Dunne's regiment, as *milord*, it was understood, would lead them ere long to the camp of 'Garibaldi.'

The new regiment was six hundred strong. In forming it into a disciplined force Dunne had the assistance of Wyndham, an Englishman who had served in the Austrian army, and a dozen or so of civilians, who had lately arrived from different parts of Great Britain and Ireland, full of enthusiasm for Garibaldi and anxious to help his cause. There were also some ex-sergeants of the Piedmontese army to leaven and instruct the immature mob.

The name of one Englishman in Dunne's regiment must on no account be left unmentioned—that of Mr. A. B. Patterson. Though only a youth of seventeen, he won great distinction in the ensuing campaign; and he recently supplied Mr. Trevelyan with an interesting account of the arming of the regiment and the style of fighting most in vogue. The *squadre*, he believes, carried smooth-bores, but Dunne's men, he is certain, had Enfield rifles. They had no target practice at Palermo, and were therefore not very expert in the use of their weapons, but this made little difference, as the firing was almost always at close quarters, when the men were about to attack the enemy in position. Patterson speaks highly of the 'heroic leading' of Garibaldi and his lieutenants, naming Dunne and Wyndham as among the best. To the splendid

conduct of these officers victory was mainly due, as the royal troops were brave, excellently armed, and had the advantage of fighting under cover.

Having given some account of the forces at Garibaldi's disposal, and the methods by which they were trained to a certain degree of efficiency, our next business will be to describe the use our hero made of them in demolishing, once and for ever, the iniquitous rule of the Bourbons.

CHAPTER XIII

WITH THE HONORS OF WAR

Medici's fine contingent had barely reached Palermo when, on June 20, the Hungarian General Turr left the city with a small column of about five hundred men, made up of volunteers who had formed part of the Thousand, a company of foreigners who had come over from the Bourbon army, and a dozen Sicilian gentlemen. His orders were to proceed first to Caltanissetta, and thence to Catania. The 'brigade,' as it was termed, was supported, or, rather, hampered, by a train of artillery, which consisted of nothing better than a couple of antiquated cannon that had formerly done duty as posts in the streets of Palermo, and, having been remounted, were hauled along the line of march.

The departure of this column was regarded as an event of the first importance. Brilliant war-correspondents from different countries were told off to accompany it, and Alexandre Dumas was tempted to join them; but after going halfway, the novelist lost interest, and returned to Palermo. The expedition, indeed, was not fruitful in incident. The most salient features were the eloquent preaching of the Franciscan friar, Father Pantaleo, at Misilmeri; and the sickness of General Turr, whose command was taken over by another

Hungarian, Eber. That gentleman was acting as correspondent of the Times; and if he was not a naturalized Englishman, he was equally at home in the Lake Country and in London society.

In the latter half of July Eber was joined at Catania by a mixed brigade of North Italians and Sicilians under Bixio, while a third force, of which Medici was in command, advanced along the north coast. As regards arms, discipline, and organization, this last was much superior to the detachments before mentioned, and it needed to be, for upon it was destined to fall the brunt of the fighting. Garibaldi himself remained at Palermo, engaged in forming reserves with which to feed the armies in the field.

By this division of his forces Garibaldi was in effective possession of three-fourths of the island, but the Bourbon troops were by no means a negligible quantity. On June 19 there were eighteen thousand at Messina, two thousand at Siracusa, more than one thousand at Milazzo, and five hundred at Augusta, besides eighty thousand on the mainland, many of whom could have been transported from Naples in case of need. On July 14 three thousand were dispatched from Messina to Milazzo under the command of Bosco, who had a great reputation as a stubborn fighter.

At this time Medici's headquarters were at Barcellona, where he had two thousand men. On receiving the news of Bosco's approach he moved to Meri and drew up his force behind a *fiumara*, or dry bed of a torrent, in front of the village. The royalists, having come within a short distance of this post, struck off across the plain to Milazzo. Thereupon Medici occupied two hamlets, Coriolo and Archi, cutting off Bosco's communications with his base. The Bourbon general determined to recapture Archi, and his attempt was successful. At Coriolo there was fierce street fighting, and at the close of the day the Garibaldians were still masters of the place.

Bosco then retreated to Milazzo, whence he sent a dispatch to his chief, General Clary, finding fault with his

subordinates, and at the same time boasting that, if he were reinforced, he would ride into Palermo on Medici's horse. The Marshal, however, remained inactive in obedience to telegraphed instructions charging him to keep on the defensive. Bosco was under the impression that his opponents were much more numerous than was actually the case, estimating them at seven thousand. It was necessary to concert measures before he discovered his mistake. Dunne's regiment, and a detachment of the force just arrived from Genoa, were already on the march, and entered Meri on July 18. On the morning of the same day Garibaldi went on board an old Scottish cattle-steamer, the *City of Aberdeen*, which had landed troops from Genoa, and arranged with the captain and crew, all warmly attached to him, to transport men, arms, and ammunition to the scene of action. Among the first-named were the carabinieri of the Thousand, and a company of volunteers from Genoa, which had come just in the nick of time. Garibaldi went with them; and disembarking at Patti, hastened to Barcellona, and thence to Meri.

A touching incident occurred at Barcellona. The largest of the churches had been converted into a hospital, and at the news of the General's arrival the wounded left their beds, and crawled on hands and knees to the door, where they lay in a huddled heap on the steps. As he passed, Garibaldi waved his hand to them in token of sympathy; and the poor fellows, having obtained a sight of their beloved commander, crawled back to their beds. A young Lombard was of the number. He had been shot through the lungs, and the effort of moving proved too great for him. Hardly had he reached his bed when he fell back and died. The General had left behind at Palermo some North Italians who were occupying civic and military posts. Almost to a man they threw up their appointments and hastened after him, their places being taken by wounded from the hospital, who could not endure being idle at such a crisis of affairs.

July 19 was Garibaldi's official birthday, and when, in his open carriage, he reached the *fiumara*, the men rushed tumultuously from their dinners to embrace him as he descended.

Soon after dawn the Garibaldians moved to the attack. At first fortune favored the royalists, who drove back the left wing and half center of their assailants for nearly a mile. The General was undismayed, and kept saying to Dunne's regiment as it filed past, "*Avanti! Corragio, uomini!*" ("Forward! Courage, men!"). This, with a veteran company of Genoese carabinieri, was on the right wing, which gradually pressed back the Neapolitans to their last position before the town. In the course of the advance Patterson, with some of his comrades, was standing at the end of a corn-brake, and the royalists were firing at him from behind a wall. Suddenly up galloped Garibaldi, sprang from his horse, and without saying a word or turning to see if the men were following him, dashed at a narrow gap in the wall. The enemy stood their ground and the wall had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. Later in the day Patterson was wounded, and Garibaldi rewarded him for his bravery by making him a lieutenant.

Patterson received his wound at the bridge at Meri, where Peard, 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' with his long beard, made a fine stand with his company of thirty men, armed with an experimental weapon—Colt's five-chambered revolving rifle. This instrument of warfare proved very defective; it leaked fire at the breach and scorched the soldiers' hands. It was also troublesome to load. For these, and perhaps other reasons, the revolving rifle did not commend itself to practical minds, and has never since found a place in modern armories. It is most improbable that it would have been used on this occasion, if Colt, the American inventor, had not presented Garibaldi with one hundred of these rifles, either as a pure act of generosity, or in order to test their efficacy on the field of battle.

The left wing was being hard pressed by Bosco, when a new turn was given to events by the providential arrival of the *Tukory*, a paddle-wheel steamer, carrying eight guns. Garibaldi, in a small boat, rowed out to the vessel, and taking her inshore, directed her fire on the Neapolitans. The latter, aware of the ill-success of their other division, began to retreat, and Cosenz, the Garibaldian commander, was free to join Medici on the bridge.

Milazzo was now invested by a line extending right across the neck of the peninsula. The Bourbon troops, though their losses had not been excessive, were so completely demoralized that Bosco withdrew them into the castle, leaving only a few soldiers to fire upon the enemy from the town walls. At about four o'clock the Garibaldians entered the town on the side of the harbor, where there were no fortifications. They found the streets empty, and ere sunset all save the castle was in their possession. The steps of a small church near the sea were Garibaldi's headquarters, and there he sat issuing his orders, propped against a South American saddle, which it was his practice to take off his horse with his own hands. With this as his pillow he slept for a few hours after midnight.

Bosco was in a critical position. He could have held out for a considerable space if his men had been animated by the true spirit and the fortress properly provisioned, but very soon the troops had to be placed on half rations, and a mutinous temper began to manifest itself. Bosco made frantic appeals for help, but the authorities at Messina appeared impotent. At one moment, indeed, Clary decided on sending three regiments, and dispatched a message to Bosco that they were coming, but the order was rescinded.

Matters went from bad to worse. The Neapolitan fleet refused to embark an expedition from the mainland, and the Ministry was reduced to sending transports for bringing away Bosco and his craven force. As if that were not enough, a large naval squadron was sent after the transports; and on board one of the vessels was Colonel Anzani, who had been instructed by

the War Minister Pianell to negotiate the surrender not only of Milazzo, but of Messina!

By the terms of capitulation the troops were allowed to march out of Milazzo Castle with the honors of war, but even the most callous of them must have experienced a feeling of shame at parading between two ranks of tattered patriots, very few of whom were professional soldiers. Bosco, whose humiliation was complete, had no part in this ceremony, as he was placed under arrest and guarded as a prisoner until the last of his men was aboard.

This treatment may seem to have been ungenerous, but in point of fact Bosco had brought it on himself. When Peard and a few other Englishmen entered the castle, mules, which it had been agreed to surrender, were found dead, many of the guns were spiked, and a train of gunpowder, overspread with detonators and concealed by straw, ran under the door of the magazine. A terrible explosion and the loss of valuable lives might have resulted from this perfidy but for the fortunate accident of its timely discovery.

It is only fair to add that no one suspected Bosco of complicity in this diabolical design, which was believed to have been hatched by some Neapolitan blackguard serving in the army. But Bosco was not blameless, for the slaughter of the mules and the spiking of the guns must have been due to his orders. Garibaldi received early information of these doings, and it was for that reason that Bosco was subjected to disgrace.

Sometime after this, Garibaldi himself, in company with the Piedmontese Admiral Persano and Signor and Signora Mario, paid a visit to the castle, where Bosco's horses were wildly careering on the turf of the outer enclosure. When in South America, twenty years before, the victorious general had mastered the art of catching such animals, and, taking his lasso, he gave a demonstration of his proficiency to his admiring friends.

Alberto and Jessie White Mario had come from Palermo in the wake of the army, and they now met with quite a number of boys they had missed from the Garibaldi Foundling Hospital. Half a dozen had been seriously wounded; and one of the little fellows, stroking Mario's hand, observed excusingly, "Are you angry with us, Signor Commandante? So many of our brigade are killed and wounded. Milordo the Colonel says that after the battle of Milazzo no one can say again that the Sicilians never fight."

A boy of twelve had to undergo amputation, and Jessie Mario held him in her lap, crying more than the sufferer. The conduct of other soldiers in hospital was equally admirable, and the British officers could not sufficiently praise their silent fortitude under operations for which no chloroform was available. The Marios had brought bed-ticks from Palermo, but at Milazzo there was no straw with which to stuff them. At Barcellona, however, whither three hundred wounded—one half of the total number—were transported, better accommodation was provided, the inhabitants having been aroused to a sense of their obligations.

A warm tribute is due to the matchless devotion of the lady to whom we have referred as the Florence Nightingale of the campaigns. Although not backed by a staff of trained nurses, she did all that lay in her power at Milazzo, and afterward at Naples and Caserta, to succor the victims of war. An out-and-out republican, she was rather narrow in her political outlook, and is said to have been somewhat deficient in feminine charm, but she was capable of an unselfishness that stretched to all lengths. Garibaldi acknowledged his deep indebtedness to her, for by her unwearied efforts she preserved to him lives he could ill spare, and appeared as a ministering angel at the pallets of hundreds of Italians mangled in battle. One of them called her "that excellent creature of the Lord, Jessie White Mario "; and though English people were repelled by her fervent republicanism, they were bound to applaud her magnificent services to the cause of humanity.

The next event was the capitulation of Messina, followed by the evacuation of Sicily by most of the royalist army. Bosco had said that he would ride into Palermo on Medici's horse. Garibaldi determined that Medici should ride into Messina on Bosco's horse, and it was on Bosco's horse that the Piedmontese general led the van into Messina on July 28. A treaty was then signed between him and Marshal Clary, whereby the town was given up to the Garibaldians, while the Neapolitan garrison retained possession of the citadel. The guns, however, were not to fire on the town or the General's ships in the harbor, which they might have damaged or sunk, since hostilities were to cease from that hour. In a very short time Clary's fifteen thousand warriors were shipped to the mainland. From so numerous a garrison in an impregnable position a much better performance might have been expected, but the Neapolitan Ministry appears to have come to the conclusion that the time had arrived to renounce the contest in Sicily, and Clary's apparent cowardice was the outcome of a general policy dictated by military failures for which he was only partially to blame.

CHAPTER XIV

CROSSING THE STRAIT

The expulsion of the Neapolitans from Sicily was only part of the task that Garibaldi had set himself. On July 30 he wrote to Bertani from Messina, "I hope to be able to cross over to the Neapolitan mainland before the 15th. Make every effort to send me muskets here at Messina or to Torre del Faro before that date." Accordingly, on the 8th of the next month he sent over to Calabria in small boats a picked detachment of two hundred and twelve pioneers. It was a dark night, and, passing through the enemy's fleet, the expedition landed unobserved in the midst of fourteen thousand Bourbon soldiers. Through some blunder on the part of the guide, a Calabrian patriot, the Garibaldians failed to enter the fort of Alta Fiumara, of which the garrison was believed to be friendly; and, choosing Missori as their leader, they set out for Aspromonte, which became the base of their operations. They soon drew the attention of the enemy by a series of attacks on various parts of the coast, and were well supported by the Calabrians, who furnished them with provisions.

Meanwhile messengers kept passing to and fro across the strait. Garibaldi's instructions were received, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation, looking for the General's immediate arrival. The report at Naples was that he had landed in person. There were further engagements with the enemy, who were in extreme alarm and had been strengthened in numbers.

But Missori's force had also grown, and on reaching San Lorenzo he was in command of five hundred men. The syndic of that place invited them, in the name of his fellow-townsmen, "to take up their lot with them for life or for death," and the Garibaldians agreed on condition that their great chief should be proclaimed dictator with a view to the dethronement

of the Bourbon monarch and the establishment of national liberty. The people were summoned to the piazza by roll of drum, and loud cheers were raised as the Italian tricolour was hoisted over the town hall, inaugurating a new era of national government. "Thus," says Signora Mario, "was Garibaldi welcomed, 'coming ere he came.'" On the following day the General's advance guard was surprised and elated by the roar of cannon. They marched in the direction of the sound, and presently a messenger galloped up to them. He was the bearer of a note for Major Missori, who opened it and read as follows:—"I have landed at Melito. Come.—G. Garibaldi."

The pioneers and their comrades reached the General at the moment when he had dislodged the enemy from the heights above Reggio, and his first orders to them were to pick off the gunners in the fort without getting any of their own men wounded. Within half a gun-shot of the fort, thirty of Missori's followers, under the command of Sub-lieutenant Mario, succeeded in killing or wounding all the gunners at the pieces; and after both sides had maintained an incessant fire for two hours, the garrison hoisted the white flag, and the fort was surrendered. As a reward for the "services rendered by the mice to the lion," Missori and his brother-officers were promoted, and—a favor on which they set a yet higher value—were permitted to accompany the General in his march from Reggio to Naples.

So much for the daring enterprise of Missori and his pioneers. We must now explain the position in which Garibaldi had found himself after the surrender of Messina. Although it was his fixed resolve to invade Naples, he had not lost sight of the Papal States, the conquest of which, in his eyes, was an object of almost equal importance. It was for that reason that he had left Zambianchi at Talamone with a small force. Zambianchi's instructions were to do what he could to cause an insurrection in the Papal States, and, if Medici Cosenz, or any of the royal (Piedmontese) generals arrived, to place himself under their orders. For a time all went well.

Ricasoli, the dictator of Tuscany, rendered good support; and in a skirmish with the Papal troops at Orvieto the invaders, reinforced by a company of volunteers from Leghorn, had the best of the argument. Here, however, Zambianchi, "a worthless cur," abandoned himself to drinking, and after recrossing the frontier with his troops, was arrested by Ricasoli. His men were indignant and repaired to Genoa, whence some of them sailed to join Garibaldi and others waited to take part in the expedition which, by the General's orders, Bertani was fitting out for an attack upon the Papal States. In its attitude toward this enterprise the Piedmontese Government seems to have vacillated. At first it appeared ready to connive at it, but at length a more or less peremptory message was sent to Bertani in the name of Victor Emmanuel, who was represented as saying, "There can be no departure from this state except for Sicily." This was no doubt intended as a complete interdict on any operations contemplated on the mainland.

Soon after the departure of the pioneers Bertani arrived with the news that an army of five thousand was about to assemble at Aranci on the east coast of Sardinia. It is clear that the ultimate destination of this force was the Papal States, and Garibaldi does not deny it. In his Autobiography, however, he speaks as if his republican friends Mazzini, Bertani, and Nicotera were the moving spirits, whereas, according to Signora Mario, he had been from the first a party to the attempt. That was before he knew anything of the strong opposition of the Piedmontese Government to the enterprise. This, and another circumstance to be immediately recorded, caused him to modify his plan.

Embarking with Bertani for Aranci on board the *Washington*, Garibaldi found on his arrival that only a portion of the expedition was at the port; the greater part was *en route* to Palermo. Garibaldi, on making this discovery, finally made up his mind to concentrate his efforts on the Neapolitan mainland. Some of the men were taken on board the

Washington in order that their comrades might have more room in their own vessels; and Garibaldi returned to the Punta di Faro. Signora Mario adds that of the volunteers collected for the invasion of the Papal States one half were the first to cross with Garibaldi and Bixio from Giardini to Melito, and the other half, conducted by Garibaldi's orders from the Faro to Sapri, were the first to join him at Naples.

At the Faro there were two steamers, the *Torino* and the *Franklin*, with which the General intended to attempt the passage. The Neapolitan fleet was watching this port, and, if the expedition had started thence, it might have been intercepted. Accordingly, the two vessels were sent round the island, taking at first a northwesterly direction, and working their way to Taormina on the east coast, where they embarked Bixio's and Eber's brigade at Giardini, the port of Taormina. Leaving the Faro for Messina on the very day of his arrival, Garibaldi hired a carriage at the latter place and reached Giardini, in time to cross over to Calabria with the rest. He went on board the *Franklin*.

Both vessels were unarmed transports. The *Torino* was a screw steamer of seven hundred tons and sailed under the Sardinian flag. Accommodation was found in her for three thousand men, and Garibaldi states that she was in excellent condition. Indeed, he speaks of her as the "splendid *Torino*." The *Franklin* was a paddle steamer of two hundred tons, flying the Stars and Stripes; and twelve hundred men were crowded on board her. This vessel could not possibly be described as in excellent condition, as she leaked badly and was capable of making "only a few feet an hour." She seemed likely to sink, and the engineer declared that she could not perform the voyage in that state. Bixio was in despair and thought of setting off with the *Torino* alone, but Garibaldi, more hopeful, ordered nearly all his officers to dive into the sea and try to find the leak. Meanwhile he sent on shore for a quantity of manure for making what was termed Purina. This was a sort of plaster formed of the material named, mixed with chopped

straw; and lumps of it at the end of a pole were thrust under the ship in the direction of the leak. The remedy was effectual—at any rate, partially; and Garibaldi and his comrades reached the Calabrian coast in safety. The width of the strait between Taormina and Melito is about thirty miles.

There were sixteen thousand royalist troops in Lower Calabria, where the inhabitants were mostly in favor of the Dictator. The troops, though not exactly disloyal, were not keen. The Neapolitan ships, when too late, sailed southward, and Cosenz availed himself of their absence to make the passage in a flotilla of rowing-boats carrying from one thousand to one thousand five hundred volunteers, who joined Garibaldi above Villa San Giovanni on August 22, four days after the General had landed at Melito. Meanwhile Garibaldi had stormed and captured Reggio.

CHAPTER XV

"THE FALSE GARIBALDI"

Garibaldi attacked Reggio at two o'clock in the morning on August 20, the Bourbon troops offering but a weak resistance. After discharging their weapons, they retired into the forts, and Garibaldi proceeded to occupy the town. There he had a disagreeable reminder of the youth and inexperience of his own soldiers. The column, about two thousand strong, had been drawn up in the principal square, when a shot was fired from the ranks, or, according to some, from a window. In a moment a panic arose, and the whole of the two thousand began to let off their muskets in wild confusion. Garibaldi, being on horseback in the midst of the square, was in considerable danger, and quickly dismounted, but not before his hat had been struck by a bullet. It was not the first time that he had witnessed such a panic, to which he declares the southerners were peculiarly liable; and during the

night march he had repeatedly warned his young comrades not to fire, as he knew the danger. The recruits seem to have lived in perpetual alarm of a cavalry charge, on which Garibaldi passes some strong remarks:

"Cavalry! cavalry! I have heard the rabble cry, and seen this cry cause the flight of hundreds of young untrained soldiers, often dragging with them those who had seen service. Men liable to such disgrace must naturally desire their cowardice to be hidden by night, for if such actions took place by day they would be exposed to the scorn and derision of the vilest of human beings. But, fools that they are! if there really were cavalry, which is not generally the case in these panics, arising for the most part from the slightest causes, would it not be better to receive them at the point of the bayonet, cavalry being only really formidable to a flying force?"

However, on the following day the Garibaldians made amends for this temporary loss of nerve. Accompanied only by a small detachment, the General ascended the adjacent heights for the purpose of observation and descried a column of the enemy about two thousand strong advancing toward his position. This column was under the orders of General Ghio, commander-in-chief of the local Neapolitan forces, and was not only advancing, but very near. Placing his company in a position of defense, Garibaldi sent to the town for reinforcements, which, as soon as possible, were forwarded by Bixio. Pending their arrival, the situation was highly critical; and if the Neapolitans had abandoned their usual practice of firing as they advanced and immediately charged home, Garibaldi's small party of infantry must have succumbed, and the enemy, gaining possession of the heights, would have dominated the town and rendered it untenable.

As it was, Garibaldi successfully maintained his position, and when troops had reached him in sufficient numbers, he ordered a charge. The enemy thereupon retreated, the forts surrendered with their immense store of provisions

and ammunition, and the way was paved for a march through Calabria, which proved something like a triumphal progress.

On August 26, Garibaldi was at Nicotera, superintending the disembarkation of Medici's force from Messina. The next day, passing through Mileto on his way to Monteleone, he encountered a shocking sight. The Neapolitan General Briganti, who had surrendered at San Giovanni, in attempting to ride through Mileto in disguise, had been recognized by some soldiers, who, raising cries of "*Traditore!*" (Traitor!) had riddled him with bullets, and then stripped and mutilated his lifeless body. Others had killed and burnt his horse. Their officers had looked on, but, save for faint expostulations, had not dared to interfere. The perpetrators of this outrage gave no consistent account of their motives. Some alleged that the General was a Liberal and a traitor; others averred that he was a Royalist; others again, that they wanted his boots! As a matter of fact, Briganti, though he did not deserve such a fate as this, was justly suspected of political frailty. When he offered to surrender, he had told Garibaldi he would join him were it not that he had two sons in the Neapolitan army, and was therefore under an obligation to the court. On entering the town, Garibaldi found in the main street a dried pool of blood and the charred remains of Briganti's horse; and, to his intense distress, was made acquainted with the particulars of the tragedy, which had taken place two days before.

On August 28 Garibaldi left Monteleone in a carriage in which were two English ladies, Jessie White Mario and the wife of a Piedmontese gentleman, Signora Corte. He gradually encircled Ghio's army of ten thousand men; and on the morning of the 30th, Mario, Peard, and the ex-priest Bianchi made their way to the village of Soveria and called on the Bourbon commander to surrender. The Neapolitan troops were mostly unconcerned, but some of them were with difficulty prevented from shooting the envoys. Shortly after midday Garibaldi himself advanced at the head of two thousand

Calabrians and some of Cosenz's Red-Shirts, and the enemy submitted. When at Soveria Garibaldi received a letter from Alexandre Dumas, brought by a messenger from Naples. This letter was of the highest importance. Dumas had visited Naples in his yacht, and on August 23 had had an interview with Signor Liborio Romano, King Francis's chief minister of state, who wielded immense influence in the capital. He wrote: "Liborio is at your disposal, together with at least two of his fellow-ministers, at the first attempt at reaction on the King's part. At this first attempt, which will set him free from his oath of fidelity, Liborio Romano offers to leave Naples with two of his colleagues, to present himself to you, to proclaim the deposition of the King, and to recognize you as dictator."

There is a humorous side even to war, and four days after the surrender at Soveria occurred the farcical episode of the False Garibaldi. Posting along the road from Sala Consilina to Eboli, Peard, 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' was taken by the inhabitants for Garibaldi himself. In reality there was no great resemblance between them. Peard, a man of superb physique, was much taller than his Italian comrade, and wore a much longer beard. Nor again were they following identical routes. The General was going round by the coast, while Peard, in the company of Gallenga, the *Times* correspondent, Commander C. S. Forbes, R.N., and Fabrizi, travelling as non-combatants, stuck to the high road all the way from Cosenza. On September 3 Peard entered Auletta amid tremendous enthusiasm. "The people," he writes, "thought I was Garibaldi, and it was believed it would do good to yield to the delusion. It became a nuisance, for deputations arrived from all the neighborhood to kiss his excellency's hand, and I had to hold regular levees." The town was illuminated and a *Te Deum* sung in honor of the supposed Dictator's arrival; and on the following day Peard and Fabrizi, attended by the National Guard and a whole rout of the townspeople, proceeded to the hamlet of Postiglione. The object of the visit was a military one. Postiglione stood on the slope of Monte Alburno, whence a good view was obtainable of the plain and the mountains in

which Francis II of Naples would have to fight for his capital, if he fought at all.



THE CHIEF OF THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT BEFORE PEARD.

In the upland hamlet Peard found the people mad with excitement. "At the Syndic's house," he says, "one of the priests (there were numbers of the fraternity present) went on his knees and called me a second Jesus Christ. I was not prepared for so excessive a bit of blasphemy." On the evening of the same day Peard and his party hastened to Eboli, taking the risk of capture by the enemy's patrols or arrest at the hands of authorities still loyal to the tottering regime. The errand was accomplished with perfect success. "Within half an hour of our arrival," writes Commander Forbes, "Eboli was brilliantly illuminated, the entire population besieging the Syndic's, brass bands banging away in every direction, and the crowd roaring themselves hoarse and calling on the General to appear, reminding one more of an election than anything else, the National Guard being all the time severely engaged on the staircase in a vain endeavor to keep the inhabitants out of the house. Deputations arrived; first came the Church, headed by a Bishop." Forbes assured some of the principal people that they were deceived—his companion was not Garibaldi. He might as well have saved his breath. "Oh!" said they, "you are quite right to try to keep your secret, but it won't do. We know."

It was an immense jest, and Peard and his friends, finding that they could not disabuse the minds of the natives, not only accepted the situation, but endeavored to profit by it. Just before midnight the chief of the telegraph department was summoned, and trembling with fear, informed the false Garibaldi that, an hour previously, a message had been sent by the Neapolitan commander at Salerno, asking for news of Caldarelli's brigade and inquiring as to Garibaldi's whereabouts. Peard dictated the reply.

This was to the effect that Garibaldi had reached Eboli, and that Caldarelli's brigade had deserted to the enemy. The Dictator, it was added, had four or five thousand men within hail—a gross exaggeration of the actual number. Gallenga aided the deception by confirming the reports in private messages to friends who were in touch with the court and

ministers at Naples. Largely as the effect of this ruse, Francis II decided not to defend the capital, and all the troops at Salerno were ordered to fall back on Nocera.

Early the next morning Peard and his companions quietly withdrew from Eboli and rejoined Garibaldi at Sala Consilina. The General warmly commended the Englishman's tactics, and, intelligence arriving that the royalists had abandoned Salerno, Peard was sent thither and entered the town at five o'clock in the morning, September 6. The entire body of the inhabitants turned out to welcome him, and all the morning he was occupied in receiving deputations. Not a soul, official or private, knew the truth of Peard's identity with the exception of one officer, who whispered it in the false Garibaldi's ear.

During the morning a Piedmontese vessel appeared off Salerno and landed a fellow-countryman of Peard's—the Hon. Evelyn Ashley. Ashley was a son of the great philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, and was acting as private secretary to Lord Palmerston, who was very pleased when his young friend announced his intention of passing the vacation with Garibaldi. He had gone in the first instance to Turin with a letter of introduction from the English Prime Minister to Cavour. He asked where Garibaldi might be found. "Garibaldi!" exclaimed Cavour, "who is that?" As he spoke there was a merry twinkle in his eye. Then he went on, "I have nothing to do with him. He is somewhere, I believe, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, but that, you know, is not at present under my King."

Ashley, with Edwin James, Q.C., as his companion, then set out in search of Garibaldi himself. At Naples he fell in with other Englishmen, whom he took with him in his voyage southward. At Salerno the attention of the party was attracted by the display of flags and the shouts of a huge crowd; and they were told that the demonstration was caused by the arrival of Garibaldi. On going ashore they discovered that it was not Garibaldi, but Peard, who had arrived; and Ashley and

his friends were desired by their compatriot to proceed to Eboli and beg the real Garibaldi, whom Peard was tired of impersonating, to hasten to Salerno. On their way they met hundreds of men from the disbanded royalist army, without food and in the last stage of exhaustion. Garibaldi had done what he could for them, with characteristic generosity emptying his purse; but their misery was abject. Ashley found the General at Eboli, and was heartily received as representing his country. Permission was accorded him to follow Garibaldi's staff as a non-combatant, but on condition that he donned the red shirt, without which he would not be safe from ill usage.

On September 6, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Garibaldi, travelling in advance of his troops, entered Salerno with his staff in open carriages. They were welcomed on the outskirts of the town by the Syndic, the National Guard, and Peard, to whom the General took off his hat, exclaiming "*Viva Garibaldi!*" Peals of laughter and cheering succeeded this act of 'mock homage.' It was a struggle to get into the town in the darkness through a dense mass of twenty thousand spectators all wildly enthusiastic and ready, as it seemed, in their ecstasy, to tear the hero in pieces. Salerno was illuminated and bonfires were lighted on the hills toward Amalfi and Sorrento. The same evening the King and Queen left the palace at Naples, passing out at the water-gate and setting sail for Gaeta.

CHAPTER XVI

MASTER OF NAPLES

On September 7 Garibaldi's first act on awaking was to telegraph to Don Liborio Romano, Minister of the Interior and Police at Naples, expressing his willingness to proceed to the capital on the arrival of the Mayor and the Commander of the National Guard. The flattering answer was returned—"Naples awaits your coming with the greatest impatience to salute you as the redeemer of Italy, and to place in your hands the power of the State and her destinies."

Two officers of the National Guard had been sent to Salerno overnight—within an hour, indeed, of the King's flight—to announce that fact; and also to convey the message that the Mayor and the Commander of the National Guard would present themselves at an early hour the following day. These important persons did not fail to appear, and were immediately ushered into the presence of Garibaldi. They deemed it unwise for the General to go on to Naples at once, and Bertani dissuaded him from accepting Romano's invitation until some portion of his army had come up and the King's Bavarian mercenaries had all departed for Capua.

Nothing could induce Garibaldi to reconsider his decision. At half-past nine he drove off, amid a storm of cheering from the people of Salerno, to the railway terminus at Vietri; and thence a special train conveyed him to Naples. The carriages were packed inside and out by eager partisans, among them Cosenz, who was happy in the thought that he would once more see his mother, from whom he had been separated for twelve long years. Other occupants of the train were Ashley in his red shirt, W. G. Clark, Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, Captain Forbes, and Edwin James, all as merry as crickets. At a point beyond Portici there was a signal to the train to stop, and a naval officer forced his way

into Garibaldi's compartment in a state of painful excitement. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "The Bourbon troops have trained their cannon on the Naples station."

"Bother their cannon!" replied the General. "When the people are receiving us like this, there are no cannon."

On the morning of the same day Colonel Ricciardi drove along the Toledo at Naples. Standing erect in his carriage and waving the Italian flag he announced to the citizens the expected arrival of Garibaldi at midday, and called upon them to go to the station and greet him. The statement, however, seems to have been received with doubt; and, when the train steamed in, a relatively small crowd had assembled. Those present included Don Liborio Romano and the National Guard; and the former proceeded to read an address of welcome. By that time the news had spread like wildfire, and a vast concourse swept on to the platform, broke through the National Guard, and interrupting Don Liborio, bore off the General, who eventually found himself Bertani, and half a dozen others who had scrambled after him. A lady spectator commented approvingly on the appearance of the group of heroes.

"Such fine old heads with whitened beards, and all with their red shirts covered with purple stains, like English hunting-coats that have been through sundry squire-traps," was her way of describing them.

Clinging to the back of the carriage, a Neapolitan artist named Salazaro held over the heads of the occupants a huge standard, one side of it showing the horse of Naples and the other the lion of Venice.

It had been Liborio's ambition to seat himself in the carriage beside Garibaldi, but he had found it impossible to cleave a passage through the crowd; and Cosenz, torn from his chief by the torrent of enthusiasts, had been fain to mount himself on a horse and ride off to his mother. Garibaldi's triumph, therefore, was a purely personal and popular affair.

"Accompanied," he says, "by a few of his friends who called themselves his aides-de-camp, a son of the people entered the proud capital, acclaimed by its five hundred thousand inhabitants, whose fierce and irresistible will paralyzed an entire army."

It had been arranged that Garibaldi should enter the city by a route not too exposed to the fire of the forts, but the surging multitude turned in a direction that brought him right under the muzzles of the cannon of the Carmine—which were loaded. For a moment there was imminent risk of a catastrophe. Garibaldi rose, and with folded arms gazed steadfastly at the soldiers, some of whom saluted. Not a shot was fired.

On reaching the quay, which was a mile long and crammed in every part with clamorous Neapolitans, Garibaldi stood up and bared his head. His face betrayed deep emotion. "Did you ever see such a triumph?" Bertani said to Zasio, one of the Thousand. "No," replied the warrior, "I have never seen it, but I have often dreamed of it for the chief." At the Castel Nuovo the enemy's sentinels saluted, and the guard turned out in testimony of respect. At the Forestiera, an annex of the palace, the Bourbon regiment did not stir a finger. From a window of that building Garibaldi addressed a vast throng in what is now the Piazza del Plebiscito. "You have a right," he said, "to exult in this day, which is the beginning of a new epoch, not only for you, but for all Italy, of which Naples forms the fairest portion. It is indeed a glorious day and holy—that on which a people passes from the yoke of servitude to the rank of a free nation. I thank you for this welcome, not only for myself, but in the name of Italy, which your aid will render free and united." One of those who heard Garibaldi's speech on this occasion was W. G. Clark, and to him this report is primarily due.

Garibaldi was next conveyed to the Cathedral, where the service was conducted by his fighting Sicilian friar, Pantaleo; and the canons, with some perturbation, showed him

the relics of St Januarius. Garibaldi's Catholicism was not fervid, and when the blood of St Januarius was liquefied on September 19) ?> for the good of the new government, he did not see fit to be present.

The General fixed his headquarters at a mansion halfway up the Toledo, and from one of the topmost balconies presented himself to the ceaseless stream of admirers filing along the two streets which, at that point, meet at right angles. After he had withdrawn, the cheering was kept up till a Red-Shirt appeared on the balcony and rested his cheek on his hand, as a sign that Garibaldi was reposing. From mouth to mouth passed the words, "*Egli dorme*" ("He's sleeping "). Thereupon the great crowd became silent, and gradually melted away.

Once installed at Naples Garibaldi turned his thoughts to Rome, and declared his intention of marching to the Eternal City. The project was opposed by Cavour as likely to involve Italy in a war with France or in civil conflict. Nearly all Garibaldi's friends were against him in this matter—Kossuth, Lord Shaftesbury, Admiral Persano; and the last-mentioned implored Sir Rodney Mundy to exert his influence with the General and restrain him, if possible, from the rash enterprise. Lord John Russell, also, instructed Mr. (afterward Sir) Henry Elliot, the former British Minister at the Neapolitan court, to prevent Garibaldi from attempting the liberation of Venice, which was likewise part of his scheme. Elliot induced Garibaldi to meet him and Mundy on board H.M.S. *Hannibal* on September 10, but the interview produced no result. Garibaldi would not listen to their arguments and entreaties, and reiterated that he would crown Victor Emmanuel at Rome; and that his Majesty, as crowned King of Italy, would take upon himself the task of freeing Venice from the tyranny of Austria.

This talk was decidedly premature. Garibaldi had still to complete the conquest of the Neapolitan kingdom, in which there was left a large and compact body of the enemy.

Moreover, his autobiography shows that he was harassed by insidious efforts on the part of supporters of Cavour to sow dissensions at Palermo, while there were signs that that minister was bent on obstructing the General's victorious march on the mainland. In consequence of these intrigues Garibaldi was compelled to return to Palermo; and when he came back on September 19, it was to witness on the left bank of the Volturno the deplorable spectacle of his Red-Shirts running like hares from a hail of Bourbon bullets. On the following day they were driven, with terrible losses, from the village of Caiazzo, which had been occupied with the view of cutting off the enemy's communications. The Bourbon troops, being overwhelmingly superior in numbers, had no great reason to plume themselves on this success; nevertheless, it had the effect of improving their morale.

CHAPTER XVII

BRITISH TARS AND IRISH CRUSADERS

The main body of the Bourbon army was encamped east of Capua. It consisted of some forty thousand men, and every day there were accessions to its numbers. The future course of events, therefore, was tolerably well defined. That so large a force, flushed with victory, would be content to sit idle, whilst Garibaldi decided the destinies of the kingdom, was inconceivable, and the General made his dispositions accordingly. The recent failure had proved how necessary was Garibaldi's presence on the scene of operations, and his magnetic influence over his followers is shown by an anecdote related by the late Rev. H. R. Haweis of a young Milanese noble whom he met at the siege of Capua:

"He was poorly equipped and almost in rags; he had nothing but a sword and pistol. 'What induced you,' I said, 'to give up ease and luxury for this life of a dog, in a camp

without commissariat, pay, or rations?' 'You may well ask,' he said. 'I tell you a fortnight ago I was in despair myself, and thought of giving up the whole thing. I was sitting on a hillock, as might be here. Garibaldi came by. He stopped, I don't know why. I had never spoken to him. I am sure he did not know me, but he stopped. Perhaps I looked very dejected, as indeed I was. Well, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and simply said, with that low, strange, smothered voice that seemed almost like a spirit speaking inside me, "Courage, courage! We are going to fight for our country." Do you think I could turn back after that? The next day we fought the battle of the Volturno.'"

Garibaldi, however, had not to depend on his countrymen alone. On September 27 he was very deficient in artillery, having only half a dozen field guns with which to besiege Capua. Batteries then arrived from Naples and were planted and entrenched at or near Sant' Angelo under the supervision of Dowling, two captains of artillery who had served in the Bourbon army, and a number of Piedmontese gunners. Strange to say, some of these batteries seem to have been worked by British seamen. There was on board *H.M.S. Agamemnon* at that time a young officer named Deane, who, with some midshipmen, went ashore on leave, and, having gone too near the Bourbon lines, was fired at. They ran toward the Garibaldian earthworks, and a rope having been thrown out, they were hauled up a mound protecting one of the batteries. Being then safe, they looked around and were much surprised to find that the features of the gunners who had rendered them such timely aid were strangely familiar; in fact, they bore a suspicious resemblance to those of certain seamen who had disappeared from the *Agamemnon*. Nothing appears to have been said, however, as all ranks, from the Admiral downward, eagerly longed for Garibaldi's success. This was shown a day or two later at the battle of the Volturno. Jessie White Mario had brought the General a glass of water and some figs, which, as he had been fasting all day, he gratefully accepted. While he was partaking of this refreshment, his eye

fell on a party of British bluejackets from H.M.S. *Hannibal* on pleasure bent. They could not speak Italian, so they crowded around the English lady, plaguing her to obtain arms for them. Looking down from his horse, Garibaldi exclaimed laughingly, "What, Jessie! You are helping those fellows to desert their Queen." "Oh!" she replied "they have only come to enjoy themselves."

Arms were not served out to them; but they were able to boast, on returning to their ship, that they had had some share of the sport. In a few minutes the Hungarian cavalry delivered a sort of Balaclava charge at the enemy's guns, and some of the Garibaldians, having observed a royal battery lying in the road near Sant' Agostino, dismounted, and rushing out from the cover of the Roman arch, endeavored to drag off the guns. In this attempt they were baffled, as they did not know how to remount them. Elated at the opportunity, the seamen from H.M.S. *Hannibal* hastened to assist them, and then was witnessed the scandalous sight of British seamen dragging the captured cannon into Santa Maria. Of course, such a breach of neutrality could not pass unregarded, and the act of indiscretion led to an exchange of diplomatic correspondence.

This little history has for its subject Garibaldi and his soldiers, whose achievements, considering that many of them were raw recruits, imperfectly armed and trained, and pitted against regular armies, may well cause wonderment. It must not be supposed, however, that all the chivalry, all the idealism, was on one side only. By way of exemplifying this statement we are tempted to make a brief reference to the crusaders, especially to the Irish contingent, whose gallant efforts in support of the Pope, however misguided we may deem them, deserve warm commendation.

In September the Papal States were invaded by the forces of Piedmont. Anticipating this step, his Holiness, who had fallen out with Napoleon III, gave ear to the counsels of a Belgian enthusiast, Monsignor de Merode, who thought that

the best way of repelling an attack was to enlist a body of crusaders sworn to defend the Pope's temporal domains. In all about fifteen thousand men responded to the call, including Italian subjects of his Holiness, Frenchmen, Belgians, Austrians, and Irish. The Italians were the least satisfactory element, being half-hearted in the cause, and attracted principally by the pay. The six thousand Austrians were veterans, who might be relied upon to give a good account of themselves, whilst the French and Belgians were men of good family, holding strong legitimist principles. At Rome they actually raised cheers for Henri V of France outside the windows of Napoleon's officers. They adopted the name of the 'Papal Zouaves,' and the command of the entire army devolved on one of their number, the retired French general, Lamoriciere, who was a relative of De Merode.

But it is of the Irish that we wish more particularly to speak. Some hundreds of them were landed at Ancona, enrolled and drilled. Had they been anxious merely for a military career, richer prospects were open to them elsewhere, and, as Mr. Trevelyan puts it, they would have done better to accept the Queen's shilling. But their motive was zeal for the faith. Rough peasants, they were not easily brought under proper discipline, but, having been persuaded by their priests to submit to military requirements, they came to present a smart appearance in their green uniforms.

In no long time a detachment of these Celts was sent to garrison the Rocca, or medieval castle of Spoleto. Out of eight hundred defenders three hundred were Irish, and, apart from a sprinkling of French and Belgians, they did the main share of the fighting. The fortress was assailed by the Piedmontese under General Brignone, who, after shelling it, attempted to storm the gate. The Irish held their ground with stubborn tenacity, and hardly one of the enemy remained unscathed. The artillery fire, however, had caused much damage to the castle, and within the walls ammunition was running short.

For these reasons the Swiss and Italians forced Major O'Reilly and the 'bhoys' to cease their resistance.

It was much the same at Ancona, where the Governor, Quatrebarbes, was astounded at the courage of the Irish soldiers, and their officers had as much as they could do to prevent them from leaping over the battlements to hurl defiance at the enemy and cheer the hits of the Papal gunners. Their valor, however, was unavailing. On September 29 Lamoriciere was reduced to surrender at Ancona with from four thousand to six thousand men, and the way lay clear for the Piedmontese army as far as Naples, Garibaldi's domain. The Dictator, though he bitterly resented the intrigues of the 'Cavourians,' had a soul above petty jealousy, and, on learning of the fall of Ancona, sent word to his lieutenant, Tripoli, who commanded at Teramo in the Abruzzi, "If the Piedmontese enter our territory, receive them like brothers."

The co-operation of the regular army would have been invaluable to the Dictator at this crisis, faced as he was with the arduous task of destroying or bottling up the numerous and well-equipped Bourbon force, but Garibaldi was to have all the glory, and even the sense of what he had achieved did not prevent him from writing much later, in impatient and sarcastic terms, about this calculated absence of his natural allies. "When the completion of the work was easy, and but little remained to be done, they swaggered as our protectors and allies, landing Sardinian troops at Naples (to secure the spoil, of course), and arrived at such a pitch of patronage as to send us two companies of the same army on October 2, the day after the battle of the Volturno. They showed themselves adepts in the noble task of kicking the Bourbon now he was down."

Having to rely on his own small army, Garibaldi sent Bixio's division to occupy Maddaloni, covering the high-road to Campobasso and the Abruzzi. This formed his right wing. The center consisted of Medici's division posted at Monte Sant' Angelo, which looks down on Capua and the Volturno;

and a brigade of the same division, under General Sacchi, on the northern slope of the Monte Tifata, which also dominates the Capuan plain and the course of the Volturno. Medici was afterward reinforced by some corps that had been newly raised and were commanded by General Avezzana. The left wing was composed of Turr's division at Santa Maria, while the reserves were stationed at Caserta, under the orders of General Sirtori, the chief of staff.

Garibaldi in his memoirs frankly criticizes these dispositions, which were not dictated solely by tactical reasons. The presence of the troops at Santa Maria, which was in the plain, was due to the fears of the inhabitants, who had gloated over the retreat of the Bourbon army and were in dread of the consequences if their late oppressors again obtained possession of the place. The occupation of Santa Maria necessitated an outpost at San Tammaro and the stationing of a force along the road between Santa Maria and Monte Sant' Angelo. "All this," says Garibaldi, "weakened our position; and I advise all my young countrymen who may find themselves similarly circumstanced not to risk the safety of their army out of consideration for any danger to the neighborhood, whose inhabitants can, after all, retire to a place of safety."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIERCEST FIGHT

The great battle began early on October 1, the royal army taking the offensive. At the outset of the engagement Garibaldi narrowly escaped death. Starting from Caserta by rail about three o'clock after midnight, he reached Santa Maria, where he heard the sound of firing on his left, and immediately drove with his staff in two carriages toward Sant' Angelo. By his side sat a young officer of the Piedmontese artillery named Emilio Savio, all unaware that his brother Alfredo had been shot three days previously in the trenches before Ancona. He himself was destined to meet a like glorious death in a few weeks beneath the walls of his Gaeta. Of all Garibaldi's Red-Shirts few perhaps are so well known to the English-speaking world as these young martyrs, whom Mrs. Browning has celebrated in her *Mother and Poet*.

Near the Ciccarelli Bridge a company of Bourbon infantry, having stealthily preceded them by sunken lanes, was lying in ambush; and, as the carriages approached, the enemy discharged their rifles at a distance of only twenty yards. The horses rushed on to the further end of the bridge, where one of them rolled over, and Garibaldi's carriage was brought to a stand. The General stepped out and drew his sword. By good fortune a party of Medici's infantry was not far away. They hastened to the spot, and Garibaldi led them in a successful charge against his treacherous assailants, afterward proceeding on foot to Sant' Angelo. Although he came out of the affair without a scratch, the coachman was mortally wounded, and also Cereseto, a member of the staff.

The battle of the Volturno was the most fiercely contested in the whole course of the war, and commenced disastrously for the Garibaldians. Those defending the cemetery and San Tammaro lost heart and ran in headlong

flight to Naples, whilst at Sant' Angelo the enemy, after storming the advanced battery on the road to Capua, forced their way into the lower part of the village. Here Dunne fell wounded at the head of his regiment.

A splendid incident in the engagement was the defense of Castel Morrone by two hundred and eighty Garibaldians under the younger Bronzetti against five thousand of the enemy. They held out till all their ammunition was expended and then offered what resistance was possible with the bayonet and blocks of limestone. In the end the royalists succeeded in breaking through into the castle and discovered Pilade Bronzetti sitting on the ground wounded. While he was trying to arrange terms of surrender, they barbarously stabbed him to death.

For four hours Bronzetti had stood his ground, thus detaining Ruiz's force and preventing it from going to the assistance of Von Mechel, who was hard pressed. On the following day Ruiz decided to retreat, but three thousand of his men refused to obey and renewed the combat. They succeeded in capturing Caserta, but were encountered in the streets of that town by the Genoese, singing Mameli's hymn of '48, while Garibaldi, by a series of masterly dispositions, cut off their retreat. As the upshot seventy-seven officers and two thousand and twelve men were taken prisoners.

After the affair of the ambush, Garibaldi was at Sant' Angelo, heading the charges in the village and on the slopes of Monte Tifata. In this quarter of the field the fight lasted six hours, ending in the repulse of the enemy. It was the same at Maddaloni and Santa Maria, whither Garibaldi proceeded to take charge of the operations. Nothing could excel the impetuous gallantry of the Milanese *bersaglieri*, who, in obedience to orders, charged the enemy without firing a shot. Eber's brigade was pushed forward in support, marching solidly as on parade; and the royalists began to retreat.

The attack on the center was followed by a general advance, Medici's and Avezzana's divisions being on the right,

and what remained of Turr's column on the left. After a stubborn fight the enemy broke, and at about six o'clock sought shelter within the walls of Capua. Almost at the same moment a message was received from Bixio, announcing the success of his right wing over the Bourbon troops; and Garibaldi was able to telegraph to Naples, "Victory all along the line."

The battle of the Volturno was the last of Garibaldi's 'great feats of arms'—the others being associated with Como, Calatafimi, Palermo, Milazzo, and the crossing of the Strait. It was the only occasion on which he acted on the defensive, and it was further remarkable for the fact that he was in command of what was for him an exceptionally large force—twenty thousand men. The enemy's numbers were much greater, but Garibaldi held the interior lines, which reduced this advantage.

As throughout the campaign, the lot of the wounded was pitiable. The most fortunate were those admitted into the field hospitals at Caserta and Santa Maria, where their sufferings were mitigated by Turr's medical staff and the watchful care of Signora Mario. At Naples, where dirt abounded and the surgeons were negligent, the wounded fared badly, and they would have fared worse but for materials and money sent from England, and the tender ministry of certain Englishwomen, who were much touched by the patience and resignation of the North Italians. When Garibaldi was in the city, he did not omit to visit the hospital and address comforting words to the maimed and dying; and one of the nurses, an English lady, records their loving reverence for their leader. "'All the men," she remarks, "when they heard him coming, began to sit up in their beds, and clap their hands, and shout '*Papa nostro, papa nostro!*' They long to be allowed coffee in the morning instead of grease and water, so my sister said to one of them, 'Now ask the General to order that you have coffee.' The young man answered, 'Oh, lady, how could I trouble him with that, when he has so much to see to, and when his very presence gives us new life.'"



THE MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BRITISH LEGION

After the battle of Milazzo, Garibaldi, conversing with his English friends in the castle of that place, raised the question whether it would not be feasible to profit by the enthusiasm of the British nation for the Italian cause and induce a larger number to come out and share in the operations about to commence on the mainland. The idea had been suggested by an English gentleman, Mr. Hugh Forbes, who, it will be recollected, had accompanied him in his perilous retreat from Rome to the Adriatic in 1849, and, by the way, quite a different person from Captain C. S. Forbes, of the Royal Navy, that friend of Peard who marched as a non-combatant with the advance guard of the Red-Shirt army and recorded his experiences in a book.

Since the failure of the Roman revolution Hugh Forbes had found scope for his energies in America, where he had allied himself with Captain John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame—the would-be liberator of the southern slaves.

Although Garibaldi favored Forbes's proposal as to the formation of a British Legion, he would not appoint him commander of it, and Forbes, who had but lately arrived, was left behind as Governor of Milazzo Castle. On mentioning the project to his other English advisors, Garibaldi found them singularly lukewarm. Mr. Dolmage, an officer on leave from Malta, discountenanced the idea, while Colonel Dunne, who had not been on the best of terms with his countrymen since resigning the Queen's commission, replied bluntly that he wanted no more of them. His argument was that a horde of civilians brought together at short notice and transported to a foreign shore, though there might be good men among them, could not be trained in time to be of service in the impending campaign, which was not likely to be of long duration.

Garibaldi, however, was looking ahead and thinking not so much of the attack on the kingdom of Naples as of the future invasion of the Papal States and the capture of Rome. He therefore adhered to his intention, and a man named Styles was dispatched to England to arrange for the enlistment of a British Legion. Garibaldi was not fortunate in his choice of an emissary. Styles had fought bravely in the Battle of Milazzo, but he was a person of indifferent morals and apparently also deficient in tact, since he and the London committee, which undertook to promote the scheme, were quickly at loggerheads.

Dunne's opinion of the uselessness of a British Legion for immediate service proved to be correct. To begin with, it did not reach Italy till October 15, when most of the fighting was ended, and its composition was exactly as he had foreseen. A large proportion of the men consisted of roughs from London, Glasgow, and elsewhere, fully prepared to try conclusions with the enemy, but expecting to live on the fat of the land and to be exempt from strict discipline. To such people the whole thing was a kind of elaborate outing in which they were to indulge free of cost; and their idea of the expedition accorded very well with the terms of the advertisement by which they had been attracted. Carefully worded for political reasons, the notice ran as follows:

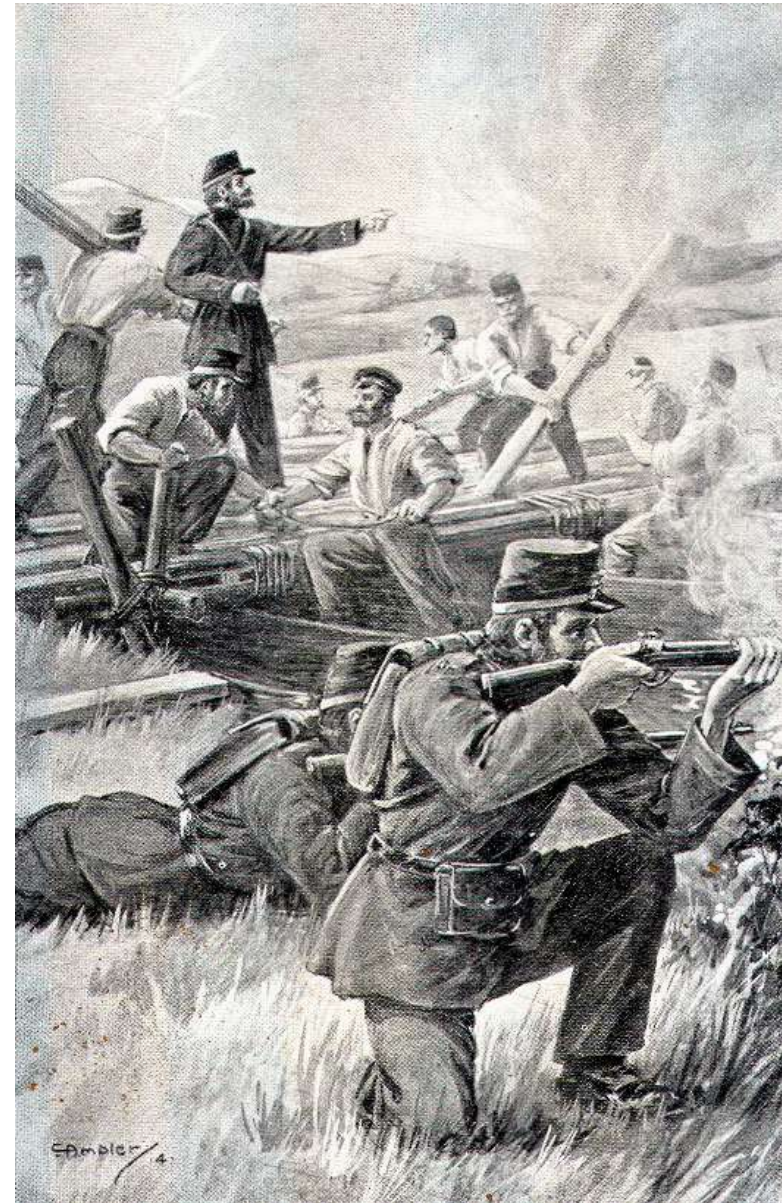
"Excursion to Sicily and Naples. All persons (particularly members of Volunteer Rifle Corps) desirous of visiting Southern Italy, and of aiding by their presence and influence the cause of Garibaldi and Italy, may learn how to proceed by applying to the Garibaldi Committee, No. 8 Salisbury Street, London."

Hence the men of the Legion received the nickname of the 'Garibaldi Excursionists.' Quite half of it was composed of decent elements drawn from all ranks of society. Some were old soldiers, others volunteers, and most of them were actuated by generous sympathy for the Italian hero and his nation. But the inclusion of these estimable allies did not redeem the

Legion from the reproach of irregularity and excess; and it earned for itself, on the Garibaldian side, a reputation like that of the Irish brigade in the Papal army. The Italians, however, were ready with excuses. "You see," said they, "these men are not accustomed to a country where wine is cheap."

The British Legion was six hundred strong, and its members presented a fine appearance when, in their red tunics with green facings, they marched up the Toledo at Naples, shouldering their rifles, the muzzles of which were filled with flowers thrust upon them by the excited inhabitants. In a few days they were in action and bore themselves splendidly at their baptism of fire, which occurred in a skirmish before Sant' Angelo that extended to the walls of Capua. On this occasion they lost two killed and eight wounded. Garibaldi testifies to "the brilliant courage they displayed in the slight engagements they shared with us on the Volturno"; and it is not by any means unlikely that, if the war had been protracted, the 'Garibaldi Excursionists' would have returned home with something of the *éclat* of the White Company of mediaeval days. As it was, most of the glory fell to individual adventurers of the type of Dunne, Wyndham, Peard, and Dowling.

Garibaldi was very severe on plunderers, and anyone in his army found thieving was shot. Once it happened that an English gentleman came upon the body of a Red-Shirt laid between the road and some vineyards as a warning to the rest. "When I remember," he wrote, "the plundering propensities of my own countrymen, I shudder to think of the consequences, should many of them join the army." His forebodings were justified two months later, when five men of the British Legion were sentenced to be shot for plundering on the north bank of the Volturno. The meager fare with which the Garibaldians made shift did not satisfy them, and they had appeased their appetite by dishonest means. The sentence was not carried out, the culprits being punished with imprisonment, probably because they were Englishmen with the robust instincts of their race.



BUILDING OF THE PONTOON BRIDGE BY THE BRITISH LEGION.

Dunne, as we have seen, had set his face against the raising of the Legion, and it was placed under the command of the chivalrous Peard, who, though deservedly popular with the Red-Shirts, was not cut out for the management of this unruly force. Dowling, an ex-sergeant of artillery, who had served before Sebastopol, and Captain Brown Young, an English officer taking part in the campaign on the Volturno, made effective use of the 'excursionists' in an operation of no small importance. On October 25, Garibaldi crossed the river on a pontoon bridge at Formicola. The Italians had made no bridge whatever, and the want was supplied by the British Legion, aided by some expert confederates, who seemed to be of the same nationality and, as Mr. Trevelyan expresses it, "showed a suspicious readiness for any service connected with ropes and water." Assuming the suspicion to be well founded, it was not the first time that Garibaldi had enjoyed the valuable, but of course unauthorized, assistance of the British Navy.

The construction of the bridge took place under fire. On its completion the Bourbon troops drew off in the direction of Capua, and made no effort to impede the passage of the river. Garibaldi, therefore, with some Italian regiments and the British Legion, crossed over unmolested and marched northward to meet Victor Emmanuel.

On the morning of the 28th an Englishman sleeping in a dry ditch among the Garibaldian outposts was awakened by the cry, "*Viva il Re!*" ("Long live the King!") He leapt up in alarm; he had so often heard this cry from the lips of Neapolitan soldiers on the battlefield that he took it for granted that the enemy were upon them. A moment later he learned the real meaning of the tumult; it was the Garibaldians acclaiming King Victor Emmanuel, who was riding by.

Not only the King, but his entire army was speeding over the plain to where, at its extreme verge, lay the camp of the Red-Shirts. Alighting from their horse, Garibaldi and his staff took up a position just off the highway traversed by the regiments of the North, and, as each battalion strode past, the

men shot admiring glances at the national hero. Many of the King's officers regarded him with soldierly esteem, but there were some who envied, and others who distrusted, him. The commander-in-chief, General Fanti, was especially a prey to professional jealousy.

It was early morning, and the air was laden with a damp autumnal mist. Garibaldi was wearing his poncho, or loose tunic; and, giving no thought to etiquette or appearances, had taken the precaution of encasing his head in a coloured handkerchief. Altogether, the General and his staff, in their soiled red shirts, were living evidence of the realities of war, while its pomp and circumstance belonged to the gay uniforms of the regular troops that were filing past them.

Suddenly the strains of the Royal March announced the approach of Victor Emmanuel; and Garibaldi and his officers, mounting their horses, moved to the side of the road. Nearly at the same moment a stately figure galloped up on a spirited Arab. Garibaldi instantly doffed his hat, saying as he did so, "*Saluto ill primo Re d'Italia*" ("I greet the first King of Italy"). His Majesty held out his hand, which his brave subject clasped, and for over a minute neither of them relaxed his hold. Only a few words were spoken:

"How are you, my dear Garibaldi?"

"Well, your Majesty, and you?"

"Very well."

After that, King and General rode on side by side, followed by their respective staffs.

We have already remarked upon the great contrast presented by the simple red shirts of the revolutionists and the shining uniforms, military crosses, and cordons of honor of the Piedmontese officers. It would have been well had there been nothing more, but the King's attendants were not effusive, and certainly there was no such display of gratitude as Cavour had

recommended. Inwardly both parties were consumed with bitterness.

The meeting ended, Garibaldi and his force quitted the main road, and turning to the left, proceeded by country lanes to Calvi. The King went straight on to Teano.

Referring to this moment of the Liberator's career, Mario observes: "Garibaldi's countenance was full of melancholy sweetness. Never did I feel drawn to him with such tenderness." That evening the General was inclined to be silent, but his real mood was betrayed the following morning when he met Mario's wife, Jessie, who had arrived to make provision for the wounded. Garibaldi looked stern. "My wounded," he said, "are all on the south of the Volturno." But it was not in his nature to be persistently severe, so in gentle tones he explained, "Jessie, they have sent us to the rear." It was quite true. Victor Emmanuel had informed him, while they were riding together, that the royal army would henceforth undertake all military operations, and the services of the Garibaldians were dispensed with.

Capua surrendered to Victor Emmanuel's troops on November 2, and five days later the first King of Italy and Garibaldi entered Naples in an open carriage amidst a deluge of rain. They were received with thunders of applause, and outwardly there was every appearance of unanimity, but the situation was somewhat complicated. During the day several conversations took place between Garibaldi and his royal master, the former being anxious to retain power for a year as the King's lieutenant and procure for his officers confirmation of their military grades. These requests were difficult to grant, and when, on November 8, Victor Emmanuel, seated on his throne, was invested with the kingship of Sicily and Naples, the Piedmontese courtiers and officers standing on one side and Garibaldi and his party on the other were conscious of a rift. All, however, signed the act of annexation, and Garibaldi laid down his dictatorship.

Upon entering private life he issued a manifesto to his countrymen, calling upon them to render loyal support to the monarch and be ready to attend him the following year—a million of them—to Rome or Venice. "By the side of the *Re Galantuomo*," he wrote, "every quarrel should disappear, every rancor be dissipated."

Ere night Garibaldi sent word to Admiral Mundy that he was leaving early the next day, and proposed to go on board the *Hannibal* to bid him adieu. He was up before daybreak, and accompanied by some of his more intimate friends, repaired to the port, rowed over in a boat to the British man-of-war, a huge three-decker, and clambered up the side. Informed of Garibaldi's arrival, the Admiral, as soon as possible, quitted his cabin, which he invited his visitor to enter, and the two had a long talk. Garibaldi was very desirous that Mundy should go and stay with him in his cottage at Caprera, and expatiated on the beauty of the harbor between the island and the mainland, where, he reminded the Admiral, Nelson had once anchored.

Passing from the cabin to the quarter-deck Garibaldi noticed the Admiral's visitors' book on a small table—the same on which he and the Bourbon commanders had signed the armistice six months before. Sitting down, he made the following entry in French:

"G. Garibaldi owes to Admiral Mundy the most lively gratitude, which will last all his life, on account of sincere proofs of friendship with which he has been loaded in all kinds of circumstances."

As the great man descended from the ship into the boat, officers and men were profoundly touched by what some of them termed his "look of intense love."

From the *Hannibal* Garibaldi rowed direct to the *Washington*, the vessel in which he was to sail to Caprera, and on her deck he took leave of Mario, Missori, and his other companions, who returned to the quay. That he felt their work

was not quite done was shown by his parting words: "To meet again at Rome." There remained with him then only his son Menotti and two undistinguished attendants.

In a few days Garibaldi was at work on his farm, putting in seed, succoring his vines, calling his cattle home, and seeking his goats that had gone astray. A visitor from Genoa, who arrived on business some weeks later, described him as in robust health and radiant with a calm and serene joy. In justice to Victor Emmanuel it must be said that Garibaldi's resumption of the simple life was due to no lack of generosity on the part of that monarch, who had offered him a royal castle and a steamer for himself, an estate for Menotti, the title of King's aide-de-camp for his younger son, and a dowry for his daughter. All these good things the disinterested patriot had declined.

CHAPTER XX

MORE WOUNDS AND LONDON

Garibaldi had accomplished so much for his country that he might fairly have rested on his laurels and left to others what remained to be done. From the terms of his manifesto it is plain that he proposed to stand aside while Victor Emmanuel completed the liberation of Italy by wresting Venice from the Austrians, and, what was more vital still, Rome from the sovereignty of the Pope. The statesmen who directed the fortunes of the new kingdom were not out of sympathy with these ideals, but observed their habitual prudence and bided their time. After waiting two years Garibaldi persuaded himself that if Rome were to be won for Italy, he must once more take the lead and spur the responsible government to action.

The Sicilians were heart and soul with him in this movement, and the cry of "Rome or Death!" first sounded at Marsala, met with a fine response. The young men of the capital and the provinces assembled at Ficuzza, a farmhouse of the Selva, a few miles distant from Palermo; a committee of supply was formed; and a number of Garibaldi's old comrades—Missori among the rest—rallied to the support of their friend and late leader. The new Thousand marched to Catania without serious interference on the part of the constituted authorities, and there embarked on two vessels, which were so crowded that they threatened to sink. Several Italian frigates were cruising outside the harbor, and might easily have prevented the passage, but their commanders—probably in defiance of instructions—ignored the expedition.

As in 1860 Garibaldi landed his men at Melito and proceeded in the direction of Reggio, from which some detachments were sent to oppose him. It was no longer Bourbon troops that attempted to arrest his progress, but the Italian army, whose presence in that part of the peninsula was

due to his own initiative and the gallantry of his followers two short years before. The foremost Garibaldians, having intimated their resolution not to fight, received a summons to surrender. They refused, and at once the King's soldiers opened fire, compelling them by fratricidal volleys to fall back.

Garibaldi, wishing above all things to avoid insane carnage, struck off to the right and made for the pine-clad heights of Aspromonte. The peasants, schooled by the priests, treated the volunteers as if they were a crew of Satanists, and sought to escape all intercourse with them. This hostility rendered it difficult to procure supplies, and it was a weary and well-nigh starving force that at last reached the plateau of Aspromonte at dawn, August 29, 1862. To appease the pangs of hunger the men dug up unripe potatoes and ate them raw.

During the afternoon kindly mountaineers arrived with ample provisions of bread, fruit, and other edibles, but by that time the minds of all were preoccupied by coming danger. At about three o'clock the head of Pallavicini's column was descried some miles westward, and Garibaldi gave orders for his troops to ascend to a more defensible position on the crest of the mountain. The *bersaglieri* advanced at a swinging pace, and on arriving within long-range rifle-shot, deployed in skirmishing order, firing as they marched. Garibaldi ordered his men not to reply, and nearly all of them retired into the forest that crowns the summit of Aspromonte, but the officers remained at his side, including three surgeons to whose services Garibaldi owed his life. If he had chosen, he could no doubt have held the position for some time, even if his side had been outnumbered by ten to one, but he had a horror of civil war, and the only fighting that took place was on the right, when a few Hotspurs under Menotti got out of hand and repulsed a charge of the assailants.

Garibaldi stationed himself between the two lines in the hope of averting bloodshed, and was rewarded for his humanity by receiving two carbine-balls, one in the left hip

and the other on the inside of the right ankle. Menotti also was wounded, almost at the same moment. The expedition had failed, and Garibaldi had to bemoan not only the inconstancy of fortune, but the paltry conduct of false friends, some of whom disowned him, while others declared they had been mistaken in singing his praises. No discourtesy was shown to him, but he complains that, as a wounded man, he was not accorded enough consideration, being taken in a frigate the whole length of the Tyrrhenian Sea to Varignano, in the Gulf of Spezia, whence he was removed to Pisa and finally to Caprera. "At last," he says, "after thirteen months, the wound in my right foot healed, and from that time till 1866 I led an inactive and useless life."

His wound was still causing him trouble when, in 1864, Garibaldi resolved on visiting England. He met with a reception almost unparalleled in its enthusiasm, especially considering that he was a foreigner. Quarters were assigned to him at Stafford House, near St James's Palace, whither he made his way in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage, clad in his red shirt and grey blanket. It took him six hours to pass through the five miles of London streets, all densely packed with spectators, thousands of whom clung to the sides of his carriage, delirious with joy. On gaining Stafford House, Garibaldi stepped out amid a throng of statesmen and beautiful ladies formed into a circle on the steps, and his carriage was removed to the stables. It had been so ruined by rough usage that it actually fell to pieces. It is not difficult to account for the alacrity of high and low in paying honor to Garibaldi. To the mob he was a son of the people, while the aristocracy, whiggish in politics and anti-Papal in religious sentiment, applauded his brave efforts against autocracy and priest-rule.

From London Garibaldi travelled to the Isle of Wight, where he was the guest of Mr. Seeley. Tennyson, always a well-wisher to the Italian cause, resided in the neighborhood, and Garibaldi seized the opportunity to call upon him. The two smoked together and bandied quotations of Italian poetry, of

which they had a common appreciation. On his visitor's departure Tennyson recorded his impressions of the interview in the following terms:

"What a noble human being! I expected to see a hero and I was not disappointed. One cannot exactly say of him, as Chaucer says of the ideal knight, 'As meek he was of port as is a maid.' He is more majestic than meek, and his manners have a certain divine simplicity in them, such as I have never witnessed in a native of these islands, among men at least, and they are gentler than those of most young maidens whom I know."

The poet rated the hero's worldly wisdom low, but the censure, if it were meant for that, was expressed in the language of compliment. He said Garibaldi had "the divine stupidity of a hero." On the same occasion the General planted a tree, of which Tennyson sang at a much later time as

. . . . The waving pine which here
The warrior of Caprera set,
A name that earth will not forget
Till earth has roll'd her latest year.

As was natural, Garibaldi was often in the company of Gladstone, whom he styled his 'forerunner' in the emancipation of Naples—not without reason, for the rising statesman's denunciation of 'Bomba' had opened the eyes of mankind to the enormities of that monarch's rule and gained moral sanction, if not political support, for the revolutionary movement against the Bourbon dynasty.

We have cited Tennyson's judgment of Garibaldi after viewing him at close quarters. What did Gladstone think of him? Well, he would have been better satisfied if the hero had been, like himself, a devout Christian, but he found much to admire and extol in him. Sparkling phrase was not Gladstone's forte, but the rounded periods of his old-fashioned eloquence compose more than a formal tribute:

"We who then saw Garibaldi for the first time can many of us never forget the marvelous effect produced on our minds by the simple nobility of his demeanor, by his manners and his acts. . . . Besides his splendid integrity and his wide and universal sympathies, besides that seductive simplicity of manner which never departed from him, and that inborn and native grace which seemed to attend all his actions, I would almost select from every quality this which was in apparent contrast but real harmony in Garibaldi—his union of the most profound and tender humanity with fiery valor."

CHAPTER XXI

CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL

The commencement of hostilities between Prussia and Austria in 1866 was felt by every Italian to be a great occasion for achieving the freedom of those provinces that were still unredeemed. There can be little question that if things had been properly ordered, the torrent of Italian valor would have proved irresistible. Austria, hard pressed by her powerful neighbor on the north, could spare only eighty or ninety thousand men under the Archduke Albert for the defense of her southern territories, while the Government of Italy could place in the field a regular army of two hundred thousand men, besides a formidable number of volunteers, which, Garibaldi computes, might have amounted to one hundred thousand, and did amount to nearly a third of that total. The campaign, which should have been a splendid triumph for Italian arms, was singularly inglorious; and the two incidents which stand out distinct from events of minor importance are the battle of Custoza on June 24 and the naval engagement at Lissa in the following month. In both actions the Italians were decisively defeated. Toward the close of the brief struggle there were signs of greater efficiency on the part of the land forces, but the cession of Venetia, which was Italy's reward for participating in the war, was the happy consequence of the alliance with Prussia rather than the fruit of actual victory.

After the affair of Aspromonte Garibaldi might have been excused for cherishing a sense of injury and sulking in his tent, but it was not like him to manifest resentment when he found himself in a position to render service to his country. It appears also that in the first stage of the preparations Victor Emmanuel had dangled before him the dazzling prospect of heading a descent on the coast of Dalmatia. For a time Garibaldi's imagination ran riot. He dreamed of himself as the

chosen instrument for overthrowing the unwieldy empire of Austria, his own ancient enemy and the inveterate foe of peoples longing to be free. He thought he had only to plant his standard on the further shore of the Adriatic, and whole populations from Hungary to Greece would press forward to follow in his train, and, penetrating with that mighty avalanche into the very heart of Austria, he might crown his career by dictating terms at Vienna.

This magnificent dream was soon shattered by adverse influences, to which indeed Garibaldi was not unused, but which were none the less offensive to his pride and patriotism. At no time, of course, had there been any idea of appointing him to the command of regular troops, but the envy or unreason of high persons was not content with insisting on his civilian status. The number of volunteers to be raised was limited, and one half of them was detained in Southern Italy, where they were totally useless for the purposes of the war. The entire force was armed with wretched muskets, in contrast with the excellent carbines supplied to the regulars of both armies; and Garibaldi attributes the disproportionate losses sustained by his men to this mean, unfair, and suicidal policy. It was, in fact, the old story of the campaign in the Alps, when all these injustices had been perpetrated; and that the analogy might lack no point of resemblance, Garibaldi was sent to operate, not in Dalmatia, but in the mountainous regions bordering the Lago di Garda.

In this later expedition he was hampered by a fresh drawback, which he in a sense brought upon himself. He asked for the command of the flotilla anchored at Salò on the lake, expecting to find it a valuable auxiliary. The request was granted with almost suspicious readiness, and, on arriving at the port, Garibaldi discovered that he had merely increased his responsibility. Instead of adding to his resources he had diminished them. Nominally the little fleet consisted of six gun-boats, each of them armed with a twenty-four pounder, but only one was available for service. Of the rest one was

ashore, useless, while the engines of the other four were out of repair. Against this phantom fleet the Austrians had eight war-steamers, fully manned and provisioned, and armed with forty-eight cannon of superior caliber. One of Garibaldi's chief cares, therefore, was to save his scarecrow flotilla from capture; and a whole regiment was detached to keep guard over it and the forts that were being gradually raised for its protection.

Undeterred by so many obstacles to effective action, Garibaldi pushed on with his gallant volunteers, and had already driven the enemy from the bridge at Caffaro and the strong position of Monte Suello, when the news arrived of the disastrous battle of Custoza. The result of the engagement was conveyed to him in a message of General Della Marmora, who ordered him to cover Brescia and not to rely on the support of the army which was retiring behind the Oglio. Thereupon Garibaldi recalled his vanguard and concentrated his forces in the neighborhood of Lonato, where he was in grave danger of being attacked by the victorious army of Austria. But the risk was worth taking, since Garibaldi was enabled not only to cover Brescia and Salo, with its depots and flotilla, but to collect the stragglers of the routed army and some of the baggage-trains. "The Italian volunteers," he says, "may well be proud of it, and I hope my younger readers will deduce from it the lesson not to retreat before an enemy, however strong, without having first seen and carefully examined his numbers, and coolly calculated the injury and disgrace which may result from an over-hasty retreat."

The shame of Custoza might have been avoided if the Italian army had not been split into two divisions, one on the Mincio and the other on the Po. Together, they outnumbered the Austrians by considerably more than two to one—a fact which no doubt weighed with the Imperial commanders no less than the exhaustion of their men in abstaining from pursuit. The union of two Italian armies restored confidence; and Garibaldi was ordered to recommence in the Tyrol. His

first thought was to recover his lost ground at Caffaro and Monte Suello, which the Austrians had garrisoned in strong force, and from which he endeavored to dislodge them by a coup de main. The volunteers were full of heart, but found it hard work to contend with the Tyrolese sharpshooters with their magnificent carbines, and Garibaldi himself received a wound in the left thigh, which compelled him to retire and leave the command to Colonel Corte. It is clear from his account that his young soldiers, worn out by the fatigues of previous marches, suffered a repulse nearly followed by a flight; but on the following day, July 4, the Austrians having withdrawn, Monte Suello and Caffaro were again in the hands of the indomitable Garibaldi.

The only engagement, after this, of real importance was the fight at Bezzecco on July 21. Having gradually thrust back some Garibaldian detachments from the valley of Conzei, the Austrians, six thousand strong, advanced to the village of Bezzecco, where the valley joins the Val di Ledro at right angles. Garibaldi sent all the regiments he could possibly spare to the Val di Ledro; and a battery of eight pieces, stationed in front of Bezzecco, made desperate efforts to stay the progress of the enemy. All the horses belonging to one of the pieces were killed, and all the gunners killed or wounded except one. "This gallant fellow," writes Garibaldi, "after sending his last projectile against the enemy, mounted astride his gun as coolly as if he had been at a review." On the center and right the volunteers were slowly retreating, firing all the time, when the General was informed that there was a fresh battery in the rear, and its six guns, joined to three pieces of the battery in retreat, poured a rapid and deadly fire on the Austrians, who at the same time, or shortly after, were charged with intrepid determination by the infantry. The enemy, completely worsted, not only abandoned Bezzecco and the valley of Conzei, but gave up all idea of defending the Italian Tyrol.

On August 25 the order arrived to cease hostilities, to retreat, to evacuate the Tyrol. Although flushed with success

and on the eve of occupying Trento, the Tyrolese capital, Garibaldi loyally replied, "I obey," and, after the disbandment of the volunteers at Brescia, again retired to Caprera.

CHAPTER XXII

SECOND DASH FOR ROME

The chief object on which Garibaldi had set his heart—his almost lifelong vision—still remained unachieved. This was, of course, the conquest of Rome. The continuance of priestly rule in the most famous of all cities appeared to him a blot on the national escutcheon, an insult to the memory of the martyrs who had shared with him the memorable defense of 1849, and, if he should remain idle, a personal reproach. The affair of Aspromonte had shown the danger—the folly, if you will—of plunging into such enterprises without the sanction of the Government, and Garibaldi had good reason to know that its attitude on this subject had not changed. The ministers of the King were justifiably unwilling to bring on a great war with France or Austria—very probably with both—by conniving at the deposition of the Pope as a temporal sovereign. To Garibaldi, on the other hand, the sentiments of foreign powers did not count; as an Italian patriot, he was bent on excising what he describes as a 'cancer' in the body politic.

In 1867 the veteran prepared for a fresh attempt, first at Venice, which he had helped to restore to Italy, and afterward in regions less remote from Rome. The Italian Government was on the alert, and, when Garibaldi was least expecting any interference, he was arrested at Sinalunga and conveyed to the fortress of Alessandria, where he was detained for some days. Thence he was removed to Genoa; and, finally, he was transported to Caprera, which was surrounded by a ring of war-ships.

In his island-home Garibaldi chafed like a caged lion, but by that time the movement had made good progress, and, undiscouraged by his absence, General Acerbi entered the territory of Viterbo with a column of volunteers; Menotti invaded the Papal States by way of Corese, while seventy adventurous spirits, led by Enrico and Giovanni Cairoli, carried arms to the Romans by boat on the Tiber. Within the walls Major Cucchi and a handful of brave men were seeking, at an appalling risk, to organize a revolution, so as to co-operate with those who were engaged on the same task without. After his enforced departure Garibaldi could obtain no precise information of passing events, but from reports which reached him, and from what he read in the newspapers, he knew for certain that his sons, with many of his friends, were on Roman soil and locked in conflict with the hireling soldiers of the Papacy.

It would be like writing a chapter of romance to describe the successive steps by which Garibaldi escaped from captivity and presented himself on the scene of action—how, on October 14, 1867, he descended to the northern shore of Caprera and entered a dinghey concealed from his watchful guardians by a lentisk tree; how he was rowed by a young singing Sardinian, Giovanni, to the island of Maddalena, and crossing the strait to the main island with certain comrades, who had joined him, passed the rest of the night, like a bandit, in a cave of the granite rocks, where for his greater ease a farmer accommodated him with his single mattress, taken from the bed of his sick wife; how Nicola, another peasant, laughingly recognized, and kindly welcomed him, despite his dyed hair and beard; and how, travelling southward to Porto Pradinga, he set sail for the continent in the fishing-vessel San Francesco. As for the man-of-war's men, charged to prevent his escape, they were unreasonably excited at the refractory conduct of Garibaldi's orderly Maurizio, who was returning to Caprera about the time of his master's departure thence and paid no attention to the challenge of the gunboats cruising in the channel of Moneta. Several shots were fired, but did not hit

him. Meanwhile Garibaldi, old and infirm, was struggling among the boulders and bushes of Maddalena.

Landing at nightfall on the weed-covered beach to the south of the village of Vada, Garibaldi, with his four companions, Maurizio, Canzio, Vigiani and Basso, proceeded first to Leghorn and thence to Florence, at that time the capital of Italy, where he received a warm welcome from the citizens. Two days later—October 22—he left by a special train for Terni, from which place he travelled in a carriage to his son Menotti's camp at the Pass of Corese.

The expedition had been badly organized, and Garibaldi found the troops in the worst possible condition, starving and half-naked. Nevertheless, he resolved on immediate action, and several columns were ordered to converge on Monterotondo, which was known to be garrisoned by four hundred of the enemy with two guns. It was hoped to deliver a night assault on this semi-fortified town, but the belated arrival of the exhausted Romagnuoles composing the right-hand column frustrated this plan. Unfortunately, also, the central column, commanded by Menotti, could not be induced to delay the attack, and, rushing against the Porta San Rocco, the gallant Genoese *bersaglieri* were mown down by a murderous fire from the windows on that side of the town. However, a few hundred gained possession of the houses adjoining the gate, so that the sacrifice of life was not made in vain. There appear to have been Englishmen fighting in the ranks; at any rate, in his rough list of the fallen, Garibaldi records the name of one Englishman—John Scholey of London, found wounded at Monterotondo station and massacred by the Papal Zouaves.

[NOTE: Happily there is reason to hope that Garibaldi was misinformed as to the conduct of the Pope's soldiers, since Signora Mario, who visited Scholey's grave, speaks of him as "a brave young Englishman wounded at Mentana who died in the Roman hospital and is buried there." If we must believe the

worst of the Papalini, their victim at the Monterotondo station appears to have been someone other than John Scholey.]

Garibaldi spent the whole of October 24 in surrounding the town and making preparations for the attack which was timed for 4 A.M. on the following day. During the night his weary, famished followers took what rest was possible on the edge of the sodden road, and Garibaldi, full of pity and almost in despair, remained seated among them till about three o'clock, when his friends begged him to take shelter in the neighboring convent of Santa Maria. Hardly had he entered the confessional, sat down and leaned his aching shoulders against the wall, when he was startled by a sound as of a thunderstorm. Springing to his feet, he ran out of the building, and in an instant was mingling with a party of his men hastening toward the gate, which was ablaze. It had been set on fire by the volunteers in the captured houses, aided by fresh companies; and Garibaldi's two little cannon were brought into play, battering down those portions that were not yet consumed.

The Papalists endeavored to supply its place by a barricade of planks and carts, but this expedient did not suit the views of the Garibaldians, who threw themselves, like madmen, through the flaming gate-way and overran the town. The garrison was shut up in the castle, the stables of which were set on fire. At length, suffocated with smoke, and in danger of being blown up, since the powder was stored underground, the defenders at eleven o'clock hoisted the white flag and surrendered at discretion. Shortly before, the gallant Major Testori had appeared with a white flag and summoned them to surrender, and they had responded by shooting at and killing him. This gross violation of the laws of war naturally provoked the keenest resentment of the dead man's comrades, and Garibaldi, to prevent reprisals, saw the savages out of the town and provided them with an escort to the Pass of Corese.

Resuming the march, Garibaldi on the evening of October 29 was at Castel Giubileo, when a messenger arrived

from Rome, announcing that an insurrection was to be attempted that very night. Accordingly, though the troops had not all come up, the General pushed on at dawn to the Casino dei Pazzi, where he remained during the whole of the day, awaiting news from Rome, and confronted by two Papal columns, which had marched out on his approach. No indication of any movement in the city having reached him, Garibaldi deemed it advisable to return to Monterotondo. Thither volunteers kept repairing, and on October 31 Menotti's columns had attained the respectable total of six thousand men. The situation would not have been bad, if the country people could have been induced to assist in supplying the soldiers with arms, clothes, and other necessities. The Papal army seems to have been completely demoralized by the defeat at Monterotondo; and a rising in the capital, where the populace was panting to avenge the massacres that had followed previous attempts, was far from hopeless. But now two factors were introduced on which Garibaldi had not counted. When the expedition had been arranged, there had been no French troops at Rome. They were now beginning to arrive; and Garibaldi had no cavalry or artillery with which to meet their attack. Besides this, the partisans of Mazzini were sowing discontent among his own troops, three thousand of whom deserted in the retreat from the Casino dei Pazzi to Mentana—one half of the entire force.

For these reasons Garibaldi resolved to seek another base of operations, and on the morning of November 3 led his forces from Monterotondo toward Tivoli, with the intention of placing the Apennines in his rear and approaching the southern provinces. At about one o'clock the column encountered the enemy, and a desperate battle ensued, in which the Garibaldians displayed less than their wonted valor, and for two hours were driven from one position after another back into the village of Mentana. Here their few guns, advantageously planted on the right, opened fire on the enemy with telling effect; and a bayonet-charge executed by the whole line, together with the short-range fire of the men

posted at the windows of the houses, decimated the Papalist host. The Garibaldians were victorious.



THE BURNING OF THE GATE

Alas! of what use was victory? The very soldiers, who had chased their opponents from the field with the bayonet, were unnerved by an invisible danger—seized with a fatal paralysis from a rumor which spread through the ranks, that two thousand Frenchmen were about to fall upon them in the rear. The report was unfounded, but about four o'clock De Failly's expeditionary corps began to arrive in support of the Pope's demoralized troops. It was all over with the Garibaldians now. Apart from a few heroes who kept up a hot fire on the Papalists from the windows at Mentana, the whole army streamed, in a disordered mass, along the high-road toward Monterotondo, closely pursued by the Papal soldiers, who, now that they had the French to help them, were full of confidence and caused many casualties with their superior weapons.

At dusk the mob of fugitives retreated on the Pass of Corese, where Garibaldi was assured that part of the men were willing to fight again; but having made himself hoarse in trying to stem the stampede at Mentana, he gave no credence to such assertions. On November 4 the troops laid down their arms on the bridge, and Garibaldi surrendered to Colonel Carava, an officer commanding an Italian regiment at Corese, who happened to have served under his orders in previous campaigns and now behaved to him with the utmost kindness and courtesy. After some stay in his old quarters at Varignano, he was permitted to return to Caprera. Convinced that his failure was occasioned not so much by inadequate preparations or the intervention of France as by the treason of some of his own countrymen, he drew from his experiences the moral: "The depth of human depravity is unfathomable."

On November 4, 1867, Pope Pius IX, the cardinals, and the French and Papal troops, visited Mentana in triumphal procession, and the great Italian poet, Carducci, wrote to the baffled hero: "There arose at Mentana the shame of the ages from the fell embrace of Peter and Caesar. Thou, Garibaldi, hast set thy foot at Mentana on Peter and Caesar."

All Italy quivered at the outrage; and when the power of France, crumbling before the battering-ram of Prussia in the autumn of 1870, was no longer to be feared and the Imperial garrison was withdrawn from the Tiber, there went up a universal cry, "To Rome! to Rome!" The Italian Government was forced to yield to the insistent demand. It was either Rome or revolution. Accordingly, the army received orders to cross the frontier, and Rome became the capital of Italy. One of the generals in command of the expedition was a Garibaldian—the "fiery Bixio"; but, to the intense grief of many, Garibaldi himself was absent. On September 13 he wrote to his son-in-law, Canzio, "My dear son, that rubbish (*robaccia*) that calls itself the Italian Government keeps me a prisoner in Caprera," and to an old comrade, imprisoned for an offence against the press laws, "I am here in compulsory domicile, watched day and night. Let this console you." Timorous and ungrateful to the hour of unmerited triumph, the Government, which owed so much to Garibaldi, deserved his just scorn.

CHAPTER XXIII

ALLY OF FRANCE

If we except the Papacy and Austria, there was no power that Garibaldi had greater reason to detest than France, which had twice blasted his prospects by military action and consistently employed her prestige to postpone the realization of his dreams—the union of Italy and the restoration of Rome as its capital. It would naturally be thought that when war broke out between France and Prussia the sympathies of the old hero and those of his countrymen generally would be on the side of the latter; and for a time this seems to have been the case. As the war proceeded it appeared to Garibaldi that the Prussians were unduly pressing their advantage; and on September 6, with unparalleled generosity, he offered his sword to the French Provisional Government that had been installed after the disaster at Sedan and the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon. For a month he received no reply, but at the beginning of October it was notified to him that he would be welcome in France, and on the 7th General Bordone came to Caprera and conveyed him to Marseilles in the *Ville de Paris*.

It is plain from Garibaldi's own account that he was not really wanted—at any rate, for active service. "They wished," he writes, "to make use of my poor name—nothing else." He was on the point of returning home in disgust, when he was entrusted with the task of organizing some hundreds of Italian volunteers then at Chambery and Marseilles; and repairing to Dole, he occupied himself with the formation of a corps composed of men of all nations, the nucleus of the future army of the Vosges.

What was the meaning of this official coldness? Was it that the heads of the Government were unwilling to place confidence in a broken old man of sixty-three? Or was there a

fear that, if Garibaldi were invested with power commensurate with his reputation, he would use it to complicate a situation already complicated enough? It was his firm conviction that what France needed at that hour was not a committee of defense, but a strong man, a dictator uniting in his person supreme civil and military functions. Looking around him he could find no trace of an individual qualified to cope with the terrific difficulties that beset the nation. Cremieux and Glas-Bizoin were both honest men, but not equal to the task of elevating France from the catastrophe into which Napoleon had precipitated her. Gambetta was better; he showed energy and resource. But even for Gambetta circumstances were too strong, and he either failed to recognize or shrank from approaching what, in Garibaldi's opinion, was the first and crying necessity—that of cashiering the commanders whose incompetence had conducted a proud people to humiliation and ruin. Garibaldi nowhere defines the character of his mission, but the tenor of his observations suggests that he arrived in France as a saviour—prepared, if sufficient scope were given to him, to redeem the gigantic blunders of her generals and embarrass the victorious Prussians then marching to the siege of Paris, by destroying their communications. It is not our intention to record in detail the varying phases of Garibaldi's French campaign, which, relatively to the main objects of his life, has an appearance of irrelevancy, and, though it did not detract from, certainly did not add to the glory he had already won.

The force with which he took the field in the middle of November, two brigades of which were commanded by his sons Menotti and Ricciotti, consisted of from six thousand to eight thousand men, while Werder's army, to which it was opposed, numbered twenty thousand, including a strong body of cavalry and artillery. The morale of the volunteers, however, was excellent; and at Chatillon-sur-Seine Ricciotti, with four hundred followers, attacked and defeated one thousand Prussians, taking one hundred and sixty-seven

prisoners. This brilliant feat was accomplished at a cost of only six killed and twelve wounded.

Five days later (November 26) Garibaldi committed the superb folly of encountering Werder's corps at Lantenay, not far from Dijon, the capital of Burgundy. His lines advanced without wavering through a hail-storm of shells poured upon them by the enemy's artillery, and Garibaldi's heart beat high when the trained soldiers of Prussia, unable to withstand the pressure of the attack, retired from the plateau and beat a retreat to Dijon.

The same night Garibaldi attempted to storm the city, but though his young troops displayed the utmost gallantry, the task proved beyond their power. At ten o'clock it was reported to the General that the enemy's resistance was terrific and the men could not be induced to advance a step farther. Very reluctantly, therefore, Garibaldi ordered a retreat to Lantenay, where the Prussians attacked on the following afternoon in greatly superior force. There was no serious fighting, however, the volunteers continuing their retreat to Autun, not, it would seem, in the best of order. Garibaldi was not much concerned. "In certain cases," he writes, "one must treat men as one would treat bullocks. If they break loose, one must let them run at their own sweet will."

At Autun the army of the Vosges reformed, save for certain sections and individuals, who had no longer any heart. Garibaldi assigns a disgraceful eminence to Colonel Chenet, who commanded the eastern guerillas, and, on the approach of the Prussians, abandoned the strong position of St Martin. For this pusillanimous conduct he was court-martialled and sentenced to be shot, but his life was spared at the intercession of Garibaldi, who has, nevertheless, covered his memory with infamy.

The Prussian attack, being in the nature of a surprise, ought to have succeeded, but, thanks to Garibaldi's energy, the efficient service of his gunners, and the indomitable courage of his riflemen, the enemy were repulsed.

During the greater part of December Garibaldi remained at Autun, organizing fresh corps. Meanwhile the great army of the Loire swept forward under General Bourbaki, and the Prussians were compelled to evacuate Dijon. Immediately Garibaldi detached some companies of rifles to occupy that city, and these were presently followed by the entire force. On January 21 the enemy came on again, and Garibaldi cannot withhold a tribute of admiration to their firm courage and discipline.

"I have never seen better soldiers," he writes, "than I saw before me that day. The column marching on our central position showed admirable valor and coolness. They came up compact as a raincloud, not quickly, but with a uniformity, an order, and a calmness that were perfectly terrible.

"This column, raked by all our enfilading artillery, and by all the lines of infantry in advance of Talant and Fontaine parallel to the road, left the field covered with corpses, and reforming several times in the depressions of the ground, resumed their forward march in the same calm and orderly way as before. They were famous troops."

Garibaldi's own men stood their ground with splendid tenacity, and at the end of the day neither side had gained any advantage. On the following day a still more desperate combat took place, and for some time victory inclined to the side of the Prussians, who delivered a formidable attack on the Langres road, and, advancing in dense columns, caused the Garibaldians to recoil, with the exception of the fourth brigade. To this corps the honors of the battle are due, since it successfully maintained itself in a manufactory to the left of the road, and in a hand-to-hand fight captured the colors of the sixty-first Prussian regiment, buried under a heap of slain. "I have seen," says Garibaldi, "more than one murderous fight in my time, but certainly not often looked on so great a number of corpses piled up in a small space as I saw in the position to the north of the building I before spoke of, occupied by the fourth and part of the fifth brigade." The so-called fourth

brigade did not actually number more than one thousand men; the fifth, less than three hundred.

At Dijon the Prussians were defeated, but after the capitulation of Paris Garibaldi's position became untenable. The armistice observed in the capital, and everywhere else in France, did not apply to Dijon, and the Prussians prepared to overwhelm the comparatively small force of obstinate foes in occupation of that city. Garibaldi therefore ordered a retreat on the night of January 31. The headquarters were first at Chagny, whence they were transferred to Chalons-sur-Saone, and finally to Courcelles.

Garibaldi had done his best for the unhappy country, and he could do no more. Accordingly he repaired to Marseilles en route for Caprera, where he arrived on February 16, 1871.

We have cited Garibaldi's opinion of the Prussian troops, and it will no doubt be of interest to learn what the Prussians thought of Garibaldi. That great soldier Manteuffel, the historian of the Franco-Prussian war, writes as follows:

"Garibaldi's tactics are specially characterized by the great rapidity of his movements, by the sapient dispositions given under fire during the combat, by his energy and intensity in attack, which, if partly due to the courage of his soldiers, demonstrates that the general never for an instant forgets the objective point of the combat, which is precisely to dislodge the enemy from his positions by dint of a rapid, vigorous, resolute attack. The proofs of this, his special quality, we have in a combat which proves equally the heroism of our soldiers and the bravery of the Garibaldians. The sixty-first fusiliers had its flag buried under a heap of dead and wounded, because it was impossible for them to escape from the celerity of Garibaldi's movements. The successes of Garibaldi were partial successes, and were not followed up; but if General Bourbaki had acted on his advice, the campaign of the Vosges would have been one of the most fortunate of the war of 1870-71."

And the French? Let Michelet's passionate eloquence express the sentiments of the nobler part of the nation.

"There is one hero in Europe," writes the historian, "one! I do not know a second. All his life is a legend, and since he had the greatest reasons for hatred to France, who had stolen his Nice, caused him to be fired upon at Aspromonte, fought against him at Mentana, you guess that it was this man who flew to immolate himself for France. And how modestly withal! Nothing mattered it to him that he was placed in obscure posts, quite unworthy of him. Grand man, my Garibaldi! my single hero! always loftier than fortune. How sublimely does his monument rise and swell toward the future! Beautiful, too, the story of those noble Italian hearts, who made such noble efforts to follow him! Neither the sea nor the horrors of the Alps in mid-winter could arrest them."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

We have arrived at our last chapter, which will also be our briefest. Garibaldi's fighting days were over, and he now applied himself to a task which did not prove easy—that of setting his house in order. It will be recollected that in January 1860 he had contracted a nominal marriage with a lady, who was still his legal wife. Before that, however, he had formed an irregular connection with a peasant-woman of Nice, by whom he had several children, the eldest being named Anita, after the Montevidean heroine. For years his relationship to 'Anita's mother' weighed upon his conscience, and in 1877 he attempted to obtain a divorce from his wife, in order to marry her obscure rival. Two years later he succeeded; and at the age of seventy-two he repaired what must be admitted to have been a great wrong.

Endeavoring to support his young family, Garibaldi, racked with rheumatism, was sadly straitened in circumstances. Manual labor was out of the question, so he courted the favor of the public with three novels—*Clelia*, *The Volunteer*, and *The Thousand*—all wretched failures. "I know," he wrote, "quite as well as anyone how worthless are my romantic works, written from a motive I do not care to expound." In 1875 a handsome gratuity and pension had been voted him by the two chambers, and vehemently refused. "The gift would be to me the shirt of Nessus. I should lose sleep, I should feel the cold of the hand-cuffs, see on my hands the stains of blood, and each time that I heard of Government depredations and public misery I must have covered my face with shame."

And yet who could have a better claim on the national exchequer than the "donor of two realms"?

On March 28, 1882, Garibaldi paid a visit to Palermo, where the people were much shocked at his altered appearance; he was only the specter of his former self. Re-embarking on April 17, he returned to Caprera, from which island came sundry rumors of the hero's indisposition. These, however, created no special disquietude, since for six years it had been known that his health was failing. On June 1 the intelligence was more definite and more grave; he was reported to be dying. On June 2 the announcement was made that he was dead. It is impossible to describe the consternation and grief produced by the news in the hearts of his devoted countrymen. So he was gone—the greatest and bravest Italian of his time, the man who had raised Italy from its ashes, and demonstrated to the world that chivalry in its highest form was not extinct! The loss might well seem irreparable.

Very touching was the closing scene in the sea-girt island that had so long been Garibaldi's home. "His last letter," says Jessie White Mario, "was written on May 29 to the professor of meteorology in the university of Palermo, asking for the position of the new comet and the day of its greatest magnitude. Then his difficulty of breathing increased and strength failed rapidly. All the afternoon of June 2 he lay silently gazing from the open window on the ocean, which had been his first love and his last, his eyes resting on two finches trilling gaily on the window-sill. He murmured, 'Maybe they are the souls of my little ones come to call me. Feed them when I am gone.' Once more his eyes sought the sky, the sea; then the faces of his dear ones; his last look was for his 'best-beloved' Menotti. At twenty-five minutes past six in the evening of June 2, 1882, the eagle eyes were sightless, the clarion voice was silent, the 'loving lion heart' had ceased to beat."