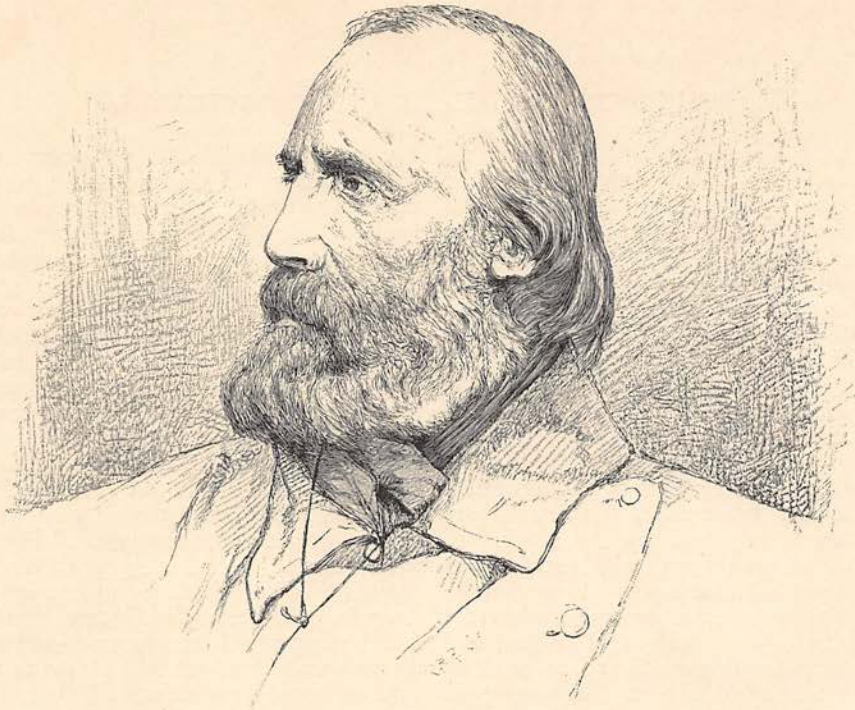


THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF GARIBALDI.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was born July 19, 1807, at Nice, which was then included in the Italian territory. He was the son of a sea captain, Domenico Garibaldi, and the descendant of a long line of soldiers and sailors, all renowned for courage, patriotism, and industry. His childhood was spent upon the Mediterranean and its shores; and when he was old enough to choose a profession, he seems to have had no hesitation in selecting that of his father and grandfather. His first voyage was to Odessa, his second to Civita Vecchia. The vessel lying a few days at the latter port, he could not resist the temptation to see Rome. What effect this first visit to the wonderful city had upon the mind of Garibaldi, his own words will best tell: "I was at Rome! And was Rome to me but the capital of the world, the metropolis of a sect? The capital of the world in its sublime and immense ruins, which contain the relics of all that is greatest in the past. The metropolis of a holy church, liberator of the oppressed, benefactor of the human race, whose priests, once truly the guides of the people, are to-day how degenerate! how truly the scourge of Italy which they would fain barter to strangers! No; the Rome of my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future, the saviour of a nation oppressed by jealous potentates because she was born great, and stands inscribed upon the list of the foremost nations whom she has herself guided to civilization. * * * Rome thenceforward became dear to me above all else on earth. I worshiped her with all the fervor of my soul."

Garibaldi passed some years in the business of coast traffic. In this pursuit he went to Constantinople, where he fell dangerously ill, and after his recovery remained there some months as preceptor in an Italian family, earning enough to pay the expenses of his sickness. Shortly afterward he became a member of the "Giovane Italia," a society founded by Mazzini, whose watchword, "*Dio e il Popolo*," could not fail to find an echo in his enthusiastic mind. Garibaldi suffered with this society in its defeat in Savoy in 1834, and returned to Nice an outlaw. Stopping only to catch a glimpse of his parents, he hastened his escape to Marseilles, and after some months of inaction there, which sorely tried his impetuous spirit, he entered the service of the Bey of Tunis, and was assigned the command of a vessel. But he soon

became disgusted with the ignorance and insubordination of his Mussulman crew, and resolved to try his fortunes in a more distant land. In 1836 he went to Rio Janeiro, and in company with another Italian took up his old business of coast trading. In 1837, only nine months after Garibaldi's arrival, the province of Rio Grande do Sul proclaimed itself a republic, and armed in rebellion against Brazilian rule. Some Italians who had espoused the cause of the insurgents were taken prisoners at the first skirmish, and brought to Brazil loaded with chains. Garibaldi happened to be on the wharf when they were landed, and the sight of his countrymen in fetters for the sake of liberty, in whose name he had already suffered, was enough to kindle his desire to engage in the struggle. He immediately transformed his little trading vessel into a man-of-war, named it the *Mazzini*, and set sail, with a few companions equally enthusiastic, for the scene of action. A vessel belonging to the enemy was captured during the first days of their voyage, but no further prizes coming in their way, and their supplies falling short, they concluded to enter what they supposed to be the friendly port of Montevideo. Nearing the shore, they perceived two armed vessels awaiting them, and hardly had they begun to suspect that they were about to encounter enemies instead of friends, when a shower of balls fell upon the deck of the *Mazzini*. The man at the wheel was killed by the first discharge; a sharp combat ensued, in which Garibaldi himself was severely wounded. The *Mazzini* escaped at length and took refuge at Guleguay, on the Parana. Scarcely did the unfortunate adventurers consider themselves in safety, when the vessel was seized by order of the provincial government, and all the crew were imprisoned. Garibaldi was spared the fetters with which the others were loaded, on account of his apparently dying condition. He slowly recovered, and, as if ashamed of their ungenerous conduct, the authorities released him on parole. But hearing that he was to be speedily sent to Bajada, he considered himself freed from all obligation, and made his escape. For three days he wandered in the forests, without a compass, and without knowledge of the locality. On the fourth he fell into the hands of the soldiers who had been sent out to search for him. This time the punishment was terrible. He



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

was hung up by the arms and flogged, and then was sent with a strong escort to Bajada. After two months of imprisonment he was set at liberty, and returned to Montevideo. But he was not intimidated by the ill success of this first enterprise, and soon after we find him with "three miserable ships" in the port of Laguna.

And now comes an episode of a different character. Disappointed in his hopes of accomplishing great things for liberty in South America, saddened by the death and imprisonment of his companions, and weary with his personal sufferings, Garibaldi was standing one day on the deck of his ship, when, among the women who came to the shore for water, one suddenly attracted his notice. "I gave orders," says he, "to be put on shore, and I approached the house pointed out to me as her dwelling, with a beating heart, but with that determined will which never fails to command success. A man" (her husband) "invited me to enter. I should have done so without his invitation. I had seen him previously. And to the young woman I said: 'Thou must be mine by a bond which only death can dissolve.' I had found a treasure, forbidden, indeed, but of what value! If there was blame it was wholly mine. And blame there was! Two souls were indissolubly bound together, and the heart of an innocent man was

broken! But she is dead. He is avenged—avenged indeed! And I acknowledged my sin on that day when, striving still to detain her with me, I felt her failing pulse, and sought to catch her feeble breathing; but I pressed the hand and kissed the lips of the dead, and wept the tears of despair."

From this peculiar description of his courtship, if so that could be called which proceeded in such summary fashion, it may be inferred that Garibaldi's way of love was very similar to his way of warfare. "He took Anita Rivas," says Ricciardi, "in pretty much the same manner that he did Palermo," and however little it might have been expected from such a commencement, to the end of poor Anita's life she was faithful to her hero. She bore him three children: Menotti, born in 1840; Teresita, in 1845; and Ricciotti, in 1847.

A day or two after Garibaldi had carried off his treasure, the Brazilian fleet, tired of waiting outside the harbor, resolved to force an entrance. Garibaldi, with the few men at his command, resisted stoutly. Anita stood by his side, fired the first cannon-shot, and encouraged the sailors. She then put off in a skiff to obtain reinforcements from the shore, but instead brought back word from the authorities to abandon and burn the ships. Garibaldi sent off his crew, remaining on

board with the fearless Anita, till he saw them safely landed, then setting a train to the powder magazine, he fired it, and escaped with her in safety, the vessel being blown to atoms before they reached the shore.

It would take too long to follow Garibaldi in detail through the rest of his South American career. It is a story of fightings, wounds, and imprisonments, with enforced pauses of peace, more distasteful to him than the most unequal conflict. The spring of 1848 found him in Italy, ready and longing to take part in the struggle against Austria which was then beginning. But there were difficulties in the way. His name had become known, indeed, and he had gained a reputation for valor and daring, but it had been chiefly acquired in rebellion against existing authorities, and, besides, his connection with Mazzini could not be forgotten, and this was anything but a recommendation in the eyes of the Minister of War to whom Garibaldi presented himself at Turin to offer his services for the cause of Italian liberty. He was sent to the king's headquarters at Roverbello, but Charles Albert, though he received him courteously, did not definitely accept his proposals, and referred him back to the Secretary of War. Garibaldi was not a man to endure patiently such diplomatic treatment; he had not come from South America to oscillate between Turin and Roverbello; so he settled the difficult question for himself by going straight to Milan and offering his services to the Provisional Government there, which gladly accepted them, without questioning his antecedents. He was sent to Bergamo, and in a few days three thousand volunteers rallied about his standard. At length he was to fight for Italy!

But disappointment was in store for him, for, after his troops had had a few skirmishes with the enemy, the news of the capitulation of Milan and of the armistice was received, and he was commanded to evacuate Lombardy. He refused to acknowledge the armistice; he desired to fight to the last, and for a short time he succeeded in animating his followers with the same spirit. But the hopelessness of their position soon made itself evident, and when the little army, distressed by forced marches and harassed by the enemy, arrived at Lugano, it was reduced to a handful of men. Here Garibaldi fell dangerously ill, and the enterprise was at an end. As soon as he recovered he went to Nice, where for some months he remained, bitterly reflecting on the darkening prospects of his beloved country. At length, unable longer to remain inactive, he was on his way to Venice, when the news of what was passing in Rome came to his ears and determined him to change his destination.

What followed is too well known to need recapitulation here. When Garibaldi arrived at Rome, Rossi had been assassinated, and the Pope had fled to Gaeta. It is needless to say that he threw himself with heart and soul into the conflict. During the memorable days of the defense of Rome, Garibaldi, undaunted alike by fatigue and danger, seemed omnipresent. Wherever the thickest of the fight was there was he, and when Rome surrendered and the French entered as victors, Garibaldi did not surrender, but gathering together the remnant of his troops, to the number of four or five thousand, withdrew from the city in the direction of Tivoli. Here undisheartened by misfortune, Garibaldi thus sought to animate his followers: "Wherever we are," he said, "there is Rome. I promise nothing, but what one man can do, that will I do, and the nation, reduced to our little band, shall live again in us. Let him who loves Italy follow me!"

Escaping the pursuit of the Austrians he led his little army into Tuscany, where he hoped to awaken a revolutionary movement. But Tuscany had had enough of insurrections for the time being, and preferred quiet under foreign rule to new agitations. Arezzo shut its gates against the Garibaldians, now diminished to about half the number that issued so full of courage from Rome. Discouragement and fatigue led to daily desertions. Florence was not to be tempted out of her momentary tranquility; and the Austrians were pressing on.

Repulsed at Arezzo, Garibaldi sought refuge for the time being at San Marino, but he and his band proved inconvenient guests. The enemy lay about the city, on the watch for them whenever they should issue forth. The local authorities interposed, and obtained of the Austrian commander, Gortschowsky, terms which included a safe conduct for Garibaldi and his officers, on condition of their going to America.

"The General," says one of the historians of that period, "concealing his indignation, assembled his soldiers in the public square, and read them the conditions. The officers responded unanimously, 'To Venice!' Many of the soldiers were silent. Garibaldi leaped on horseback, paused an instant, then shouting, 'Venice and Garibaldi do not surrender! Whoever will, let him follow me! Italy is not yet dead!' he dashed off at full speed."

By following mountain paths, and keeping away from the large towns on their route, Garibaldi and his little company of two hundred arrived safe at Cesenatico, on the shores of the Adriatic, where, for love and money, thirteen miserable fishing-barks were procured

to take them to Venice. The Austrians were watching the ports of Venice, and the little fleet became at once an object of suspicion. The captains, terrified, knew not which way to fly; eight of the boats fell into the hands of the enemy, and the remaining five, owing to the coolness and presence of mind of Garibaldi, were guided into small channels, where the Austrian ships could not follow. Showers of bullets, however, were sent after them, and boats were launched in pursuit.

Garibaldi saw that all hope was at an end, and bidding adieu to his followers, he fled with two or three companions through the marshy flats that border the lagoon. One of these companions,—his devoted Anita—perished through hardship in the flight. After thirty-five days of wandering in disguise, sometimes even in the midst of the enemy, forced often to subsist on fruits and berries, baffled, sorrowful, and weary, he arrived at Genoa.

Thence he went to Tunis; but, both there and at Gibraltar, he was forbidden to land. He remained six months at Tangiers, and then being offered a passage to America, he came to New-York.*

During the year 1855, being in Sardinia, Garibaldi explored the desolate island of Caprera, where he bought a tract of land, and having a wooden cottage constructed in Nice, set up on his new domain.

His personal appearance at this period is thus described by one who knew him well: "Garibaldi is of medium height, with broad, square shoulders, and strong limbs. His hair

and beard are reddish, and slightly grizzled; his nose is straight; his eye is keen, yet mild. He walks with a firm and decided step, and his gestures, speech, and whole manner are those of a sailor. He converses with self-possession and simplicity, but is seldom garrulous; yet when he is speaking of Italy, or relating some daring exploit, he becomes animated and even eloquent."

As may be supposed, the peaceful pursuits in which Garibaldi was now engaged did not occupy the first place in his thoughts. Upon the proclamation of war with Austria in 1859, he, with his son Menotti, quitted Caprera, and at the solicitation of the Government, took command of a corps of Chasseurs, called the *Chasseurs des Alpes*. The following order of the day given by him is characteristic: "We have attained the fulfilment of our hopes; you are about to fight the oppressors of our country. To-morrow, even, I may bring you face to face with the Austrians, sword in hand, to demand satisfaction for wrongs and robberies too atrocious to detail. Of the new recruits I do not ask feats of valor so much as strict attention to discipline and perfect obedience to the veteran officers who have been spared to us from past conflicts. The sublime enthusiasm with which you have hastened to present yourselves at the call of the illustrious sovereign who controls the destinies of Italy is to me a pledge of your future conduct. Before long our countrymen shall name us with pride, and deem us worthy to belong to our brave army."

The Chasseurs proved themselves indeed worthy of their nation and their leader. At Varese, at Como, and at Camerlata, they covered themselves with glory. Their valor procured for them the thanks of the Government and the admiration of Italy, and when the news of the peace of Villafranca reached them, it was received with bitter regret. Garibaldi himself would have given little heed to it, but for a royal order relieving him of his command. He immediately quitted the army, and hastened to Bergamo to expostulate with Victor Emmanuel; but after a private interview with him, convinced that there was no hope of pursuing the campaign, he returned to Caprera.

In 1861, elected deputy by his native city, Garibaldi appeared for the first time in Parliament, to plead, or rather to protest, against the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. Their fate, however, was sealed, and he retired in disgust from the Chamber of Deputies. From that date he became the open enemy of Cavour and his policy.

And now comes the surprising success of the expedition to Sicily and Naples.

* Of Garibaldi's stay in America the accounts are confused. The impression heretofore has been that he went into business on Staten Island, with the intention of making a living, if not a fortune. As this appears in direct contradiction with his character, so we find, on the best authority, that he was never partner in any business, but, being of an active temperament, turned his energy to some account in the factory of the Italian friend with whom he was staying on Staten Island. Mr. Meucci was at that time operating a candle-factory, and Garibaldi refused to remain a mere idle guest in his family, but insisted on lending a hand. It was in 1851 that he came to this country, having left his children in Italy. He stayed in the house of Mr. Meucci until 1853, and, meanwhile, received at least one mark of the trust Italians and others placed in him: the league which then existed in New-York to assist the revolutionists of Cuba, composed of Italians, Cubans, Spaniards and Americans, sent him to Cuba on a tour of inspection. He returned with his report, and the fact that he returned at all, or without fighting, is good evidence that his report was not a favorable one. In 1853 he was offered command of the Italian ship the *Immaculate Conception*, which he accepted. She was bound for China, thence to Italy and to return to New York. Previous to sailing Garibaldi changed her name to the *Commonwealth*; he would not sail under a name dear to the detested Papacy. He made the round trip, bringing the ship into New York bay in 1856, when his American adventures came to an end.—ED. CENTURY.

Francis II., king of the Two Sicilies, had given Sicily into the hands of two wretches, Maniscalco and Salzano, and the island had suffered unheard of atrocities from these men. The revolutionary movement in other parts of Italy could not fail to find a response,—in the hearts, at least, of the oppressed Sicilians; but they were too closely watched, and every outbreak of rebellion was too severely punished, to afford much hope of a successful insurrection. Such a state of things could not fail to attract the attention and the efforts of the Garibaldian party, and on the night of the fifth of May, 1860, Garibaldi set sail from Genoa with a thousand volunteers. Two small steamships conveyed them. At the moment of departure he wrote to the King, announcing his project and his hope of “adding a new jewel to the crown.” He landed his troops at Marsala, almost in the face of the Neapolitan fleet which was cruising about the island to protect it from continental interference. The commander of the fleet, returning to Marsala, saw with astonishment the two steamers in port. He gave immediate orders to destroy them, but they had already discharged their dangerous freight, and Garibaldi looked with indifference, almost with pleasure, upon their destruction. “Our retreat is cut off,” he said exultingly to his soldiers; “we have no hope but in going forward; it is to death or victory!” In the city of Marsala they were received with every demonstration of joy and gratitude.

Garibaldi led his troops at once to Salemi, and by the invitation of the citizens proclaimed the royal government suspended, and declared himself dictator. He ordered a general levy of citizens between the ages of seventeen and fifty. Volunteers also poured in; the successful battle of Calatafimi raised the hopes of the insurrectionists; wherever the Garibaldians went they were received with open arms by the citizens. The Neapolitan army were deceived by the strategy and bewildered by the rapidity with which the insurgents pressed forward. Garibaldi was almost at Palermo while the royalists were sending dispatches to Naples that his troops were scattered and in flight. He arrived at Palermo at three in the morning of May 27th, overpowering the guard at the Termini gate, and entering the city while the authorities were peacefully dreaming of his speedy capture. The news of his presence acted like magic on the oppressed and disheartened citizens. They rushed from their houses half-dressed to welcome their deliverer. Household furniture, bales of merchandise, vehicles of every description, were freely offered for barricades against the royal army, and men, women,

and children aided in the work of their construction. Garibaldi penetrated to the heart of the city, and established his head-quarters in the palace of the prefect, where he could cut off communication between the Neapolitan troops stationed in the Royal Palace at one end of the city and those in the fort of Castellamare at the other. That day and the next, Palermo was the scene of a horrible struggle. The royal soldiers, trained to cruelty, killed, pillaged, and burnt wherever they could effect an entrance, and the inhabitants defended themselves with the ferocity of long-suppressed hatred. At length, May 30th, by the efforts of the English consul and residents, Garibaldi and Lanza, the commander of the royal forces, had an interview on board an English ship, and a truce of twenty-four hours, to bury the dead, was agreed upon. Before this time had elapsed, instructions arrived from Naples, where confidence had given place to discouragement, for Lanza to evacuate Palermo.

From Palermo, Garibaldi advanced upon Messina. The hard-fought battle of Melazzo completed the conquest of Sicily. In the subsequent arrangement of its disordered finances, and the construction of a temporary government, Garibaldi was not so fortunate as he had been in his military achievements, nor was it an easy task. Leaving the administration in the hands of a sub-dictator, after a month spent in rest and preparation on the part of his troops, Garibaldi proceeded to carry out the second part of his project. Embarking with his army, he landed on the Calabrian coast. He found the inhabitants eager to coöperate with him in overthrowing the hated dynasty of the Spanish Bourbons.

On the 29th of October Victor Emmanuel, whose relations with Austria were becoming endangered by this unauthorized war upon Francis by an Italian subject, had an interview with Garibaldi. Truly noble at heart, and too sincerely devoted to the interests of his country to indulge a selfish ambition, the latter yielded up to his sovereign his temporary powers, and the dictator became once more a simple citizen. It is alike honorable to king and subject, that when on the 7th of November Victor Emmanuel made his public entry into Naples, Garibaldi, in red shirt and slouched hat, was by his side. The crisis was safely passed.

Refusing all the honors and emoluments offered him by the Government, and asking only a remembrance of the faithful services of his companions in arms, Garibaldi retired once more to Caprera.

But it was hardly possible that the ex-dictator could be satisfied with the course of na-

tional events. In the dissolving of his army of volunteers he saw nothing but injustice and ingratitude on the part of the ministry toward himself and them. The difficulties in the way of their incorporation with the regular army were to him utterly incomprehensible; the cession of Nice and Savoy still rankled in his mind; the opposition to his plans for the complete liberation of Italy irritated him. In his solitude he meditated on these things; and when, in 1861, he was offered a seat in Parliament, to represent the city of Naples, he accepted it gladly that he might declare these grievances before the nation. His attack upon the policy of the Government in regard to Southern Italy was violent in the extreme, and caused a tempestuous scene in the Chamber of Deputies. It seemed for a time impossible that the two great leaders of public opinion, Cavour and Garibaldi, between whom a disagreement was so much to be deplored, could ever be reconciled. Garibaldi, burning with indignation at what seemed to him weakness on the part of the ministry, and Cavour, defending his policy and asserting his patriotism, made the session of April, 1861, a memorable one in Italian parliamentary history. At length, through the efforts of friends and the explanations of Cavour himself, Garibaldi declared himself satisfied at least as to the motives of the ministry; and afterward in private the two combatants had a friendly interview. The news of their reconciliation was received with joy throughout Italy. Garibaldi had no further desire to remain at Turin, and returned once more home. To the view of the moderate party all was going well with the nation. Patient waiting was its policy in regard to Rome. But what was called the party of action could not be content to wait. The brightest jewel was still wanting to the crown of Victor Emmanuel; the city toward which all Italian hearts turn with loving pride, was still to be made free. In the beginning of 1862 signs of impatience were perceptible throughout the country. "*Viva Roma, capitale d' Italia; abbasso il papa Re!*" was the popular response to an imprudent expression of Cardinal Antonelli's, to the effect that the people were in favor of the pope's temporal sovereignty.

The episode which follows is one which every Italian would fain forget. In such a position of affairs it was natural that Garibaldi should side with the party of action. He at length identified himself wholly with it, and the prudent counsels which he had given at the beginning of the year were gradually changed into indignant appeals, until he found himself at the head of an army collected in Sicily to march against Rome. At

this juncture the Government felt bound to interfere, and clear itself with the foreign princes from the accusation of collusion with Garibaldi. August 3d, 1862, Victor Emmanuel issued a proclamation declaring that when the time to complete the great work of Italian liberation should arrive, the voice of the king would call to arms, while every unauthorized movement must be treated as a rebellion against the Government. Urged on by unwise counsellors, Garibaldi turned a deaf ear to this warning, hoping that another victory, like those of Sicily and Naples, might condone his disobedience and procure him instead the thanks of the Government. A part of his soldiers left him after the promulgation of this manifesto, and the king, finding him resolved to persevere in his enterprise, sent a detachment of regular troops against him. What followed will best be told in the words of an Italian chronicler: "All Italy was in a state of anxiety and sorrowful foreboding, there being no room to suppose that Garibaldi and his soldiers could long escape from the regulars who pursued them so closely. There was in every mind a presentiment that a terrible misfortune must take place in order to obviate greater and more general calamity, and then came the news that Garibaldi, having taken position at Aspromonte, had been surrounded by the royal troops under Colonel Pallavicino; that there had been a sharp contest, in which twelve of the volunteers were killed and two hundred wounded; among the latter was General Garibaldi, who was struck by two balls, one wounding him in the thigh, the other in the foot."

Garibaldi was transported to Spezia, whither the best surgeons were called to attend him. His wounds were long in healing, and it was only after months of suffering that he was able to return to Caprera.

When war against Austria was again declared, in July, 1866, the Italian Government invited Garibaldi to take command of the volunteers. A less noble nature might have hesitated; but patriotism with Garibaldi meant entire forgetfulness of personal grievances, and he hastened to quit Caprera for the scene of action. From the moment of his landing upon the continent till his arrival at Lecco, when he assumed his command, his journey was made amid the acclamations of a grateful people. In this short but sharp struggle Garibaldi and his troops performed prodigies of valor, and he received, in the engagement at Monte Suello, a slight wound in the thigh, which, however, only kept him out of the saddle for a few days. While his troops, inspired by their successes and the delight of

marching with Garibaldi as leader, had penetrated almost to the walls of Triest, the news of the stipulations of peace, through the intervention of foreign powers, fell upon them like a thunderbolt. When the order to suspend hostilities reached Garibaldi at his headquarters, the only reply he deigned to the unwelcome message was the single word: "*Obbedisco*" (I obey), and he turned his back upon the country from which it had been his ambition to expel the Austrians, with a contempt greater than ever for the diplomacy which had cheated him of such a splendid opportunity. Peace having been concluded by the cession to Italy of the Venetian territory, he returned in September to Caprera.

But new vicissitudes were in store for him. In 1867, for the first time for centuries, Italy was free from foreign rule, the French having, after eighteen years' occupation, retired from Rome, according to the terms of the treaty of September, 1864, and the Austrians having quitted Venetia. The thoughts of all Italy were now again turned toward Rome. The Ricasoli ministry hoped for reconciliation between the Pope and the new kingdom of Italy, by a separation of church and state; the Garibaldian party, so called, was for the immediate conquest of Rome by force of arms; the reactionary party would willingly have sacrificed Italian unity, and reseatd upon their thrones the sovereigns whom the revolution had driven from them. After the fall of the Ricasoli ministry the agitation increased; Garibaldi was on the continent, hovering on the confines of the Pontifical territory, exciting the young men to don the red shirt and enroll themselves as volunteers for the enterprise of Rome. He attended the Peace Congress at Geneva, and on his return, a large body of volunteers having by this time enlisted, with arms in their hands, and in hot haste to cross the Papal frontiers, the Government deemed it time to interfere, and Garibaldi was arrested at Sinalunga, for infraction of the compact with France, and imprisoned in the citadel of Alessandria. Here he was treated with all due regard, and soon after was liberated on parole, and conducted to Caprera, where he arrived September 28th, several ships of war being stationed there to prevent his quitting the island.

But the arrest of their general did not discourage the Garibaldian volunteers, and under the lead of Menotti Garibaldi, Colonel Acerbi, and others, their numbers daily increased, and crossing the frontier, they gradually pushed back the Papal troops to the neighborhood of Rome. Meanwhile the General himself, eluding the vigilance of his

watchers, crossed the narrow strait between Caprera and Maddalena in a small boat, and, embarking in a sailing vessel, landed at Leghorn, and reached Florence seven days after his departure from Caprera, arriving at the same time with a dispatch from the commander of the squadron at Caprera, which assured the Government that the prisoner was safe on his island. Amidst demonstrations of popular sympathy and without molestation by the Government, he proceeded immediately to place himself at the head of the volunteers, and took up his position at Monte Rotondo, about twelve miles from Rome. The compact being thus broken, the French troops received orders to land at Civita Vecchia, and entered Rome October 30th, uniting with the Papal forces against the Garibaldians. The result is well known. The bloody conflict of Mentana cost the Garibaldians six hundred killed and wounded, and sixteen hundred of them were taken prisoners. They fought with a courage worthy of older and more disciplined soldiers, and the General himself, as usual, seemed to be everywhere. He rode about amid the flying balls, crying, "*Avanti! avanti!*" to his men, till even the French commanders could not restrain their admiration at his utter disregard of danger. But when the chassépot rifles began to make a wholesale slaughter in his ranks, he was unwilling to expose longer his brave but ill-armed men to the unequal fight, and reluctantly gave the order to retreat. But although he slept that night only two miles from Mentana, the enemy were so crippled that they made no attempt to pursue him till the next day, when they entered the town of Monte Rotondo about two hours after the Garibaldians had left it. Garibaldi himself was arrested by the Italian Government at Montevarchi, as he was returning to Florence, and was conveyed to the castle of Varignano at Spezia. Here he was treated with the greatest respect and attention to his comfort; and a council of physicians having declared that it was imperative, for the reëstablishment of his health, that he should return to Caprera, he was reconducted thither on parole. Early in December an amnesty was proclaimed to all concerned in the late invasion of Papal territory. The weak and vacillating conduct of the Italian Government in regard to the enterprise of Rome can only be explained by the fact of internal dissensions and changes in the ministry, combined with a natural reluctance to take severe measures against Garibaldi—a reluctance which had to be repaired in the sight of foreign nations by a tardy punishment actually more cruel to him than would have been the frustration of his schemes at the outset.

On the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war the thoughts of many Frenchmen turned to Garibaldi as to one whose help would not be invoked in vain. Nor were they deceived. Colonel Bordone, who went to Caprera to solicit the General's aid for France, found him suffering from the effects of wounds and hardships, but ready to throw himself, body and soul, into the cause. "What you call my valiant sword," said he, "is now but a staff; but such as I am, I place myself entirely at the disposition of the French Republic." And after a delay of only a day or two he set off in a French yacht which had been sent for him, as simply and unhesitatingly as if for a pleasure trip, delighted to give the slip once more to those who would have compelled him to remain inactive. He was enthusiastically received at Marseilles, and, after some difficulty, was assigned to the command of the light troops of the army of the Vosges, in which his sons Menotti and Ricciotti each commanded a regiment. As was to be expected, the Italian general had much to contend with in the jealousy and suspicion of his French brothers-in-arms, and he had also under him a mass of irregular troops, instead of the disciplined corps which he had anticipated, while his health was too infirm to allow of his undergoing such fatigue as in former days. Nevertheless, his presence alone did wonders in encouraging the troops, and Colonel Ricciotti's dislodgment of the Prussians from Châtillon was a daring and successful action.

Garibaldi remained in the service of the French until the armistice of February, 1871, when he resigned both his military command and the seat in the French National Assembly to which he had been elected, having understood that his admission to the chamber would be opposed by a majority of the deputies. His departure to Caprera, like his arrival, was attended with the greatest popular demonstrations of gratitude and affection.

In 1874 Garibaldi was again elected to Parliament. His appearance at Rome, now the capital, was at once desired and feared. The session had opened stormily. The opposition seemed bent on delaying, if they could not defeat, every measure proposed by the Government party. To the opposition Garibaldi would naturally belong. Would he come in peace or with a sword; to pacify or to foment the agitations of the moment?

He arrived at Rome, January 24, 1875. A crowd awaited him at the railway station; the streets were blocked; the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Several times the populace attempted to take the horses from his carriage and draw it themselves to the Via delle Cop-

pelle, where he was to lodge. And no wonder, for the sight of Garibaldi in that Rome which he had so longed and striven to free from foreign usurpation and ecclesiastical tyranny, was one to awaken emotions of no ordinary kind.

His appearance in the Chamber of Deputies on the morrow was eagerly expected. He entered, leaning on two of his friends, and even then advancing with difficulty, such havoc had years and infirmities made with that once erect and agile form. As soon as the tumultuous cheering which greeted him had subsided, the member who had the floor hastened to conclude his speech, and as soon as he sat down the new Deputy was summoned to take the oath. In spite of all his efforts; Garibaldi was unable to rise to his feet alone. Supported on either side, he listened to the reading of the oath by the President, and then slowly lifting his right hand, he responded in a deep and solemn tone, "*Giuro!*" (I swear). This word, pronounced with an accent of indescribable humility and reverence, produced the most thrilling effect. Every mind reverted to the scenes of twenty-five years before; a load of apprehension was removed from every breast, and applause loud and long burst forth from all parts of the Chamber. Members as well as spectators shouted frantically; the Right side rose in a body and joined in the cheers. The old hero, much moved, bowed his thanks, and soon after retired.

In the spring of 1879 he came to Rome, with the avowed purpose of promoting certain reforms in the administration, which seemed to him and to the ultra republicans, by whom probably his coming had been instigated, of the greatest importance. These reforms related principally to the extension of suffrage, and the abolition of the parliamentary oath of fidelity to the king and Constitution. Garibaldi's health was at this time deplorable. He could hardly respond to the acclamations by which he was greeted on his arrival at Rome, and kept his bed for some days afterward. King Humbert did not wait for him to recover sufficiently to present himself at the Quirinal, but, accompanied by his general of staff, went to the humble home of Menotti Garibaldi, where the old hero was staying, and gave him a most affectionate welcome. But the projects of reform did not meet with the concurrence which Garibaldi expected. They were not radical enough to please the extremists, and, of course, could find no favor with monarchists; while the conservative republicans saw in them such contradictory elements that they could not zealously give them their

sanction. They seem more like the vagaries of an old man's solitude than aught else. Garibaldi, perceiving that he was likely to accomplish little, soon left Rome, going to Albano, and thence to Caprera.

One of Garibaldi's amusements, in the times of forced inaction and solitude, was the writing of political romances. One of these, "Clelia," was translated into English and published in London, under the title, "The Rule of the Monk." It is founded on the enterprise of Rome, and so is another, called "Il Volontario," while "I Mille" relates to the Sicilian campaign. It is hardly necessary to say more of Garibaldi as a novelist, than that he finds it easier to do brave deeds than to describe them,—the pungent, laconic style which often gives force and dignity to his letters, renders his other writings spasmodic and exaggerated. They are expressions of his political convictions, held together with a slender thread of romance.

In 1859 Garibaldi married the daughter of Count Raimondi, from whom he was divorced in 1879. His third wife was, before her marriage, the mother of his son Manlio and his daughter Clelia.

On Friday, the 2d of June, 1882, Garibaldi died at Caprera. He had not recovered strength since his last visit to Italy, and feeling that the end was at hand, he had sent for his friend and physician, Dr. Albanesi. All day long, lying in view of the sea, he had watched for the expected vessel, and when the sun begun to set, the weary eyes turned from the window and the great heart ceased to beat. Italy mourned for him as her noblest son. The legislative bodies adjourned: the public buildings were draped in black. King Humbert sent a kingly message, saying that his father had taught him in childhood to reverence Garibaldi, and when he grew to manhood he found that the reverence was turned to love. In the midst of a great storm of wind and rain the body, which had lain in simple state, was buried at Caprera, there to remain until, as the will directed, it could be burned to ashes. Provision was made by the nation to purchase the island which was part of Garibaldi's fame, and the Romans carried his bust through their streets and set it in the Capitol.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

SUMMER NOON.

THE dust unlifted lies as first it lay,
When dews of early morning dried away;
The spider's web stirs not with gentlest gale,
Nor thistle-down may from its mooring sail.

Only by spastic shutting of their wings
We know the butterflies are living things;
The grasshoppers with grating armor prone,
Vault low and aimlessly from stone to stone.

If blooms of mead or orchard lure the bee,
He journeys thither buzzing drowsily;
At last the humming-bird is pleased to rest—
All but the shifting brilliance on its breast.

The fern-leaves curl, the wild rose sweetness spends
Rich as at eve the honeysuckle lends;
While scattered pines and clustered spruces deep
Within grave boughs their exhalations keep.

Absorbed in sole fruition of the cool,
The heron steadfast eyes the reeded pool;
While overhead the hawk, till lost from sight,
Pursues the failing circles of its flight.

The rabbit brown peeps panting from the hedge,
The fawn-hued field-mouse from the haycock's edge;
The creeping cattle feed far up the hill,
The birds have hid, and field and wood are still.

John Vance Cheney.