

the man who had been his rival in the character of a suppliant and a pauper.

"It is past the time for taking in *vagrants*," exclaimed Humphrey Skillet; "against the rules. There they are, pasted up and signed by the overseers. Off with you! you shall find no shelter here. And you, too, Cis," he added, "as you have made our bed, so you must sleep in it."

The woman regarded him with an expression of such profound contempt, that it brought the colour to his pale, lean face. There is no feeling more painfully humiliating than the consciousness of being despised by those we once loved.

"And a happier bed, too, than any thee wilt lie in," she replied; "be it not, Gill? And *vagrants*! *vagrants*! as if we could not help a poor creature we found half dead upon the road to the doors of the poorhouse *without wanting admission ourselves*."

There was heroism—true heroism in her words, considering that the speaker and Gill were both without the means of procuring a night's lodging, for they had replaced the few shillings taken by the latter in the pocket of the way-worn stranger, and had neither of them broken their fast since morning; but a woman's heart, like her courage, rarely fails her at the right moment.

"The trumper can't remain here," said her former suitor.

"Her hour is upon her," urged Cicily.

"Well, there is a lying-in hospital in the *next town*," replied the brute, "and it is only twelve miles off."

"And who is to take her there? Humphrey Skillet, thee heart woe always more ugly than thee face, and that woe one reason why I hated thee."

"Bolt!" roared his superior, maddened by the taunt, "open the gates."

The porter reluctantly obeyed him.

"And now, help me to thrust these vagabonds into the street."

The master of Wicksal Workhouse approached the bench on which Bella Harding reclined; but, before he could place a hand upon her to carry his inhuman resolution into effect, the strong grasp of the miner was on his collar, and he found himself dashed to the other side of the lodge.

"Touch her, hang thee, and I'll tear thee limb from limb!" exclaimed Gill Gervaise, half choked with passion. "Thee a man! Poor as I be, I'd not change places w' thee."

"Thee wouldn't be my husband if thee did," drily observed his wife.

The worst passions in Humphrey Skillet's nature were roused. He determined to maintain his authority at any cost, and called loudly for the assistance of some of the male paupers.

In all probability, a scene of brutal violence would have ensued, but for the appearance of a gentleman, who happened, at that very moment, to be passing in the street. It was Squire Beacham, the magistrate whose inquiries into the expenditure of the overseers for supper and wine had so disgusted Mistress Penguin. He was a tall, venerable-looking man, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and benevolence in his still handsome face.

"What is the cause of this disturbance?" he inquired.

Cicily did not give the master an opportunity of being first to tell his tale, but related her version of the affair.

The gentleman could scarcely restrain his indignation when he beheld the features of the pale and suffering creature Humphrey Skillet would have thrust into the street.

"Let her be conveyed to bed instantly," he said, "and send for Doctor Tranion."

"It is past the hour for admitting casual paupers. There are the regulations, sir, signed by the overseers," said the master of the poorhouse, pointing to the printed rules pasted over the fireplace.

"The case is exceptional."

"Must obey my orders!" muttered Humphrey, doggedly.

"You will do well to obey mine, then!" observed the magistrate, sternly; "for, if any fatal accident should result from your refusal, I will most assuredly issue my warrant against you, and commit you to prison upon a charge of manslaughter!"

Cicily gave a low chuckle; she saw, by the effect the threat produced, that the brute was checked.

Mr. Skillet no longer refused obedience, but did as he was directed; and in a few minutes Peg Manders, the nurse, made her appearance in the lodge, accompanied by several of the female paupers.

Raising the sufferer, who by this time appeared quite insensible, in their arms, they carried her into the sick ward.

"It be all over w' her, I fear," observed Gill, in a tone of compassion; "she ha' left off moaning."

"She was alive when we brought her here," added his wife. "Ask the porter, squire, when he comes back—he will tell you whether we speak truth—the master has killed her."

Humphrey began to look exceedingly chopfallen; he even offered to go himself in search of the doctor.

"It is unnecessary," said Mr. Beacham, coolly; "Bolt has already gone. My good man," he added, turning to the miner, and placing half-a-guinea in his hand, "your humanity in carrying the poor creature so far deserves a recompense. It is a cold night," he added, regarding Cis, "to be upon the road so thinly clad."

"I had my cloak, squire, best part of the way."

"Till she took it off," added her husband, "to wrap round the young woman, who is dressed like a lady in fine clothes, and a large thing like my best nackin over her shoulders."

"I suppose you mean a shawl?"

"Yes, squire—that be what Cis called it."

His wife's cloak was brought to her, and, with many grateful thanks, she and Gill took their leave of the gentleman whose benevolence had saved them from passing the night in the streets; for, after what had passed, they would have perished rather than solicit shelter from the master of Wicksal Workhouse.

Shortly after their departure, Dr. Tranion made his appearance. There was not the slightest need of Squire Beacham's recommendation to induce him to exert his utmost skill—and he was exceedingly skilful—to save the life of his patient; for he was one of those rare men who regard their profession as a ministry to which the greatest sufferer has the greatest claim.

It was nearly three in the morning before the doctor returned to the lodge, where Mr. Beacham had waited to learn the result. The kind-hearted man felt an interest in the helpless stranger.

"How is your patient?" he inquired.

"Out of danger for the present," replied Tranion, "and the mother of a fine, healthy boy. I have left her under the care of the matron. I possess great influence over Mrs. Penguin," he added, with a merry twinkling in his sharp grey eyes. "Her faith in my stomach pill is sublime. Sir Barnard," he continued, "would give a large sum for similar news at the Hall."

"Is his daughter-in-law so near her time?"

"I believe so. You look surprised. In your simplicity, you doubtless imagined, squire, that I was to be the medical attendant of the lady. But you forget I am only the parish doctor—the doctor of the poor; and the baronet, although he nods to me at church, and is particularly civil to me at election time, would consider it a blot upon his escutcheon to have an heir to his ancient name brought into this troublesome world by so insignificant a personage as myself. Should any difficulty arise, most likely I should be sent for. The London practitioner has been at the Hall for the last three days. I see you have sent for your carriage," he added. "You shall see me down."

"Willingly," replied his friend.

During their ride, Dr. Tranion, contrary to his usual habit, remained silent and thoughtful, answering the questions of the squire by monosyllables. Once the latter heard him mutter to himself, "No, no! it is impossible! He is too honourable to act so heartlessly."

"Of whom are you speaking?" demanded Mr. Beacham.

Tranion started like one suddenly awakened from a dream.

"My stupid habit," he exclaimed; "talking in my sleep again. Good night, squire—or, rather, Good morning! I perceive that I have reached home."

The "good morning!" was cordially repeated as the friends separated; and the worthy magistrate continued his drive to Brook House, the family residence of the Beachams for the last three hundred years.

(To be continued.)

**ACTION OF SUGAR ON THE TEETH.**—M. Larez, of France, has proved that sugar, from either cane or beets, is injurious to healthy teeth, either by immediate contact with them, or by the gas developed, owing to its stoppage in the stomach. If a tooth is macerated in a saturated solution of sugar, it becomes gelatinous, and its enamel opaque, spongy, and easily broken. This modification is due, not to free acid, but to a tendency of sugar to combine with the calcareous basis of the teeth.

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER I.

To but few has it been given to direct the course of events—lead the march of nations—assist the progress of humanity, and leave the impress of their hand and brain upon the age in which they lived. When the necessity for such a man arises, Providence generally calls him forth; prepares him, by long training in the stern school of reality; fashions and tempers the instrument she has chosen to carry out her designs till it is fitted for its work.

Those who believe the world to be governed by accident—who perceive not the connecting link between events, how the life of a people, like some magnificent epic, gradually unfolds itself—regard the movement which has lately taken place in Italy as the unexpected eruption of a volcano—class it with the same phenomena—ignorant that it has been silently working for ages, that, like an event cradled upon the wing of Time, it was sure to arrive at last.

The fierce old Ghibeline Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Machiavelli—so often quoted, so little understood—Sovonarola, and Alfieri, all laboured for the same glorious cause—the freedom of their country. Their burning sarcasms against foreign rule and priestly despotism kept alive the sacred tradition, that Italy once was free.

The seeds they cast were left to germinate in the springtime of the future. It has dawned at last, happily for those who, hoping against hope, felt that a principle could not die, and earnestly devoted themselves to prepare the soil.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, the hero whose exploits we are about to trace, was born at Nice, or Nizza, as the Italians call it, in the month of July, 1807, of poor but respectable parents. His father had commanded a small vessel in his younger days—a circumstance which may account, perhaps, for the son's early predilection for the sea—an inclination which greatly distressed his mother, who had set her mind on the boy becoming a priest. The desire was not an unnatural one, considering that the signora had a brother eminent in the Church, who promised, at a fitting age, to commence the education of his nephew for the sacerdoce. The studies of the future liberator of Sicily do not appear to have been very satisfactory, since in 1820 the design was abandoned, and, with his parents' consent, he entered the navy of Sardinia, where he soon rose to the rank of lieutenant.

Whilst the illustrious subject of our memoir is acquiring those habits of discipline and self-control, so necessary to the formation of a successful leader, it may be as well to call the attention of our readers to the state of Italy, the true position of that long-suffering country being but little understood, even by the comparatively educated classes, in England. We shall pass over the brilliant, but brief, career of the Etruscans, who occupied the vast tracts of country situated between the Tiber and the Arno—too much of fable is mingled in their traditions to be admitted into the sober domain of fact—but pass at once to the dissolution of the Roman Empire, as a starting-point in history.

When Rome fell, the elements of existing society were dissolved; a race of far different temper passed in successive multitudes over the Alps, the Apennines, the Jura, and the Pyrenees, into the sunny, fertile plains of Italy. Conquest marched in their van, desolation halted in their rear. The law which drove them from their gloomy forests was the irresistible one of necessity; want rendered them ferocious; where plunder is the object, cruelty generally becomes the means, and the effete natives of the soil paid the terrible penalty which sooner or later overtakes degeneracy and effeminacy.

Many of the leaders of these fierce hordes succeeded in founding petty states, and more than one dynasty, which now boasts of rule by right divine, in reality can show no higher authority than conquest. None but those who are interested in maintaining an exploded doctrine will dispute the dictum, that what the sword of despotism won, the sword of freedom may win back again.

On the fall of the Roman empire the language and laws of Europe underwent a change, which the spread of Christianity still further modified, till above the might of semi-barbarous princes, the brutal ferocity of her invaders, Italy beheld a new power arise, shadowy at first and ill defined, but gradually acquiring consistency.

It was named the Church. In the infancy of the Papacy its weakness was its strength; its pliancy its safety; the world heard



nothing then of the indivisibility of its temporal and spiritual jurisdictions. It would have laughed such monstrous pretensions to scorn.

The Longobardi, the last and most vigorous of the race of northern invaders, were characterised not only by indomitable courage, but the noblest instincts of liberty, which, in the dark and sorrowful pages of Italian history, appear never to have wholly abandoned them. True, it might slumber for awhile, but only to revive with redoubled energy.

This love of freedom manifested itself in their early opposition to the feudal system, and gave the first check to the power of the German emperors, who, like fantastic savages, had decorated their brawny shoulders with the blood-stained rag, the last remnant of Rome's purple. They ultimately succeeded in freeing Northern Italy from their debasing yoke, and founded her glorious republics.

The League of Lombardy, the great charter of Southern Europe, was their work. The rule of the Longobardi, which had extended itself from the Alps to the Tiber, was maintained under various leaders till Charlemagne, at the head of his barbarous but warlike Franks, won the iron crown,\* which he affected to receive at the hands of the Roman Pontiff.

Louis le Gros soon lost the distinction Charles the Great had won, and the Papal influence transferred the crown of Lombardy to Otto the Great. Even at that early period, Rome trembled at the influence of France.

In the eleventh century, the old Lombard spirit revived in their Italian descendants, who, on the invasion of the Huns and Saracens, demanded and obtained permission of the emperor to defend themselves. It was granted as a political necessity, and produced their enfranchisement. Every city obtained its charter; municipal institutions were founded; and those safeguards of freedom—a national army and a representative government—shadowed forth.

The maritime states of Italy—Genoa, Venice, and Pisa—had previously bought or won their freedom; and, in the twelfth century, the doctrine of civil liberty had been practically taught throughout Italy, the imperial power derided, and the pontiffs, who had placed their sandaled feet upon the necks of kings, braved by the citizens of Milan and Florence.

Even in Rome liberty found a defender in the person of Arnold of Brescia, a republican monk. The people, excited by his eloquence, assembled at the Capitol to establish a senate. Greatly alarmed, the Pope and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa became reconciled, and Arnold was burned alive—fit seal to the unholy alliance and the horrors that ensued.

Milan and Tortona were laid in ashes, and the plough passed over their sites.

The reaction proved swift and terrible. The Lombards rose almost to a man. The legions of Barbarians were defeated, and their imperial master compelled to fly almost alone through Savoy. The fallen cities rose once more from their ashes, and the freed states confederated for mutual defence.

The existence of the Italian republics was an eye-sore to the despots of Europe. Kings, priests, and, we regret to add, nations, who neither comprehended nor dared to imitate their grandeur, leagued against them. The wars that followed were long and bloody; pestilence and famine, brought on by the occupation of foreign armies, did their work, not at once, but piecemeal. The convulsions of expiring freedom, like the throes of a strong man, were terrible to the last.

Florence was the last to fall. Leo X. and Charles V. united to force the family of the former upon the outraged citizens. Despite its desperate defence, the city, reduced by famine, fell, and with it the last liberties of Italy, bleeding at every pore but not extinct.

Freedom hath life that cannot die; and the present age has witnessed the breaking of the chain Pontiff and Emperor vainly pronounced eternal.

The conquests of Napoleon in Italy induced her sons to believe in the dawn of a better era. Again

\* It is curious to observe the ridiculous errors into which several of our high-class—query, *high-priced*—papers have fallen into in their description of the iron crown of Lombardy. It is simply a circlet or band of gold, about three inches broad, enamelled blue, set with polished but uncut gems, and far too small to be worn upon the head of any man—a woman or a child might possibly wear it.

It is called the iron crown from a narrow band of iron, supposed to be made from one of the nails of the crucifixion, inserted in the interior.

In 1835 the writer not only had the model of the crown in his hands, but was permitted to inspect the remarkable relic itself, in the cathedral church of Monza, where it was preserved in a species of shrine, formed of rock crystal, in the fork of an enormous cross, and only exhibited by the chapter on an order signed by the viceroy.

they were doomed to disappointment; it was but a change of masters, the French replaced the brutal Austrian, and all was told. On the downfall of the imperial adventurer the hopes of the long-oppressed people revived. The old republic of Genoa accepted the assistance of England, threw off the yoke, and proclaimed her independence. In the whole history of diplomacy never was a more cruel deception practised. England had pledged herself to Genoa; her soldiers entered their gates bearing a white flag, with the word "independence;" they were welcomed as deliverers, a provisional government formed, and the Count Jerome Serra elected president.

The bubble soon burst. In the dead of night the national colours were hauled down by command of Lord William Bentinck, and replaced by the flag of Piedmont. It was as though the British Government had betrayed them to the enemy they most detested, and the dream of Italian freedom was once more at an end.

Their new master, who had just emerged from his retreat in the island of Sardinia, was, in every sense of the word, a despot. The first act of the restoration was to direct his minister, Cerutti, to purchase a court calendar for the year 1790, and to replace such authorities as were still living in their offices.

When the English ambassador hinted at a constitution, the king by divine right turned upon his heel. To a Genoese noble who made a similar demand, he replied—

"The first man who prates of a constitution again shall be shot!"

No wonder if, after such a declaration, that order reigned in the dominions of his majesty.

It was not till the younger branch of the House of Savoy, in the person of the Prince de Carignan, succeeded to the throne, that better prospects dawned upon the country.

It would occupy too much space and too much of our readers' time were we to detail, step by step, events which ultimately transformed the most despotic little monarchy in Europe into a constitutional state.

Victor Emmanuel has reaped the benefit of his father's prudence and foresight.

Although Genoa welcomed the change, she did not cease to continue republican, to nourish dreams of liberty; and Mazzini, then the heart and soul of the Liberal party, succeeded in drawing around him the youth of his native city.

It was in 1834 that Garibaldi joined him in one of his ill-fated attempts, and found himself compelled, in consequence of its failure, to quit the Sardinian navy, and seek refuge in France. The change from a life of activity to a state of inaction was a trial the disappointed but still trusting patriot tried to endure with patience. He felt that he had a cause, and resolved not to permit the energies which might one day prove useful to that cause to rust, and accepted service with the Republic of Uruguay, in South America.

His heroic deeds in that land of romance and adventure, where Lord Cochrane so admirably distinguished himself, although exciting and varied, would keep our readers too long from that part of his career which more immediately interests them. It was whilst in command of the forces of the republic, both by sea and land, that he first gave proofs of those unconquerable energies, fertility of resources, and reckless personal courage, which have since astonished Europe.

One or two anecdotes, however, are too characteristic of the man to be passed over. England—whether wisely or not, we cannot now discuss—had assisted the colonists of South America to throw off the parent yoke. Those statesmen—and they are many and far-sighted—who blame her action in the affair, contend that, in rendering them from Spain, the British Government merely cracked the shell for the United States to pick the kernel; and late events have undoubtedly given a colour to the charge.

The digression is a tempting one; but, being foreign to our present purpose, we reluctantly forego it.

Peace, it would seem, is not destined to find a lasting home upon the volcanic soil of South America; her children are born too near the sun. Scarcely had the independence of the infant republics been acknowledged, than they declared war against each other; first Chili against Peru; then Buenos Ayres against Uruguay.

It was in the quarrel of the last-mentioned state that Garibaldi reaped his earliest laurels.

His first care was to form that celebrated Italian legion, whose achievements are still remembered throughout the vast continent of South America.

On his first arrival in the country, the chiefs of

the republic were inclined to look upon our hero as a boaster, not from a habit of speaking of himself or vaunting his own exploits, but from the light, laconic manner in which he treated the most serious difficulties.

"At present we have only a few fishing boats," they said to him; "we require a fleet."

"You shall have one," was the reply.

The hero kept his word; manning his boats with picked crews, he started at dead of night, and succeeded in capturing one of the enemy's sloops—with this, he felt himself in a position to act more boldly, and took to the open sea. A second and a third vessel fell into his hands; till, one by one, the whole of the squadron belonging to Buenos Ayres was in his power; an achievement we believe to be without a parallel in the history of naval warfare.

Whilst Garibaldi was sweeping the ocean, the enemy advanced in overwhelming force by land; their success was such that the Republic of Uruguay seriously thought of suing for peace till their defender landed, and succeeded in defeating them on land as he had done at sea.

It was at this eventful period of his life that the future liberator of Sicily met with his first wife, Annita, a woman every way worthy of sharing the name and triumphs of such a man; she not only fought by his side, but on more than one occasion, by her courage and presence of mind, preserved the life of her husband.

His greatest battle was fought in the neighbourhood of Monte Video, where, with five hundred men, he succeeded in routing an army of as many thousands, commanded by General Moldonado. It would require volumes to record all the trials, escapes, victories, and daring deeds of this extraordinary man; most reluctantly we feel ourselves compelled to close the page, as far as South America is concerned, by adding that peace was at last secured to the republic he served, and the worn soldier tranquilly reposing in the bosom of his family, upon his estate, when news of the Revolution of 1848 arrived.

The long-stifled cry of "Italia!" broke from his lips on receiving the intelligence—ease, friends, the consideration of all who knew him in his adopted country, were abandoned for the hope of aiding his native land.

Accompanied by his family and two hundred of the most devoted of his followers, he embarked for Europe.

The revolution of forty-eight and the flight of Louis Philippe,

"A King of shreds and patches,  
That from the shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket,"

shook to their rotten base the despotic thrones of Europe. Never was downfall more signally merited. How the regal huckster must have writhed at the cold contempt—the result of the Spanish marriages—with which England accorded the citizen monarch an asylum! Let Chateaubriand and the Legitimists prate as they will, the Bourbons are an effete race. Louis XVIII. was the last man of talent amongst them, and Charles X. the last gentleman—he at least quitted France like a king, although an exiled one—his successor fled like a bankrupt grocer.

It is useless to deny it, but France is the great moral battery whose shocks electrify the continent of Europe. In England we are less susceptible of them, because the sea divides us; and because, amid all our corruptions, political juggling, jobbings, and mismanagements, a large and intelligent liberty exists. That, at least, has not been tampered with; pity it should serve as the palladium of so many abuses; but they, too, will disappear with time, never by violence, that were unwise; the old rubbish must be carted away carefully.

Pardon these digressions, reader; as Falstaff says, they lay in my way. I cannot help them.

The heart of Italy beat with renewed life at the intelligence, whilst those of her tyrants quailed with fear.

Austria, as a means of gaining time, with her usual duplicity, talked of concessions she never intended to make; but, the adhesion of Prussia and Russia having been obtained, throw off the mask, and proclaimed martial law in Lombardy. Ferdinand, the monster king of Naples, proclaimed his intentions by bombarding the rich and populous city of Messina, an exploit which, for the rest of his miserable, dishonoured life procured him the *sobriquet* of Bomba.

The Roman Catholic Church acted with its usual caution. Pio Nono, in answer to an address demanding a constitution, replied—

"It is well known that I ardently desire to give



the government the form you claim, but everybody must be aware of the difficulty of such a task. I nevertheless flatter myself that in a few days it will be accomplished. May God bless your wishes and my labours!"

Was the Roman pontiff sincere? Italy believed he was, and adopted his name as her rallying-cry. The massacre of Perugia has forever dispelled the illusion.

Whilst things were in this position a new element developed itself, and embarrassed for a while the plan of action arranged by the three northern Powers. Germany, awaking from her long dream of metaphysics and beer, discovered that she had not only rights to win, but the means to enforce them. Symptoms of revolt appeared in Austria Proper, in Hungary, Bohemia, Prussia, and Baden.

This was the time for Italy to be up and doing—the voice of her patriots called aloud; and nobly did her children answer the appeal.

Milan, faithful to her glorious traditions, prepared to rise. The citizens were restrained only by the prudent counsels of their leaders. The insurrection, like the fires of a volcano which had long been seething, at last burst forth. On the 18th of March news arrived that the revolution had broken out in Vienna, and the movement could no longer be repressed. The people assembled in thousands before the palace of the governor, and demanded four things—the formation of a regency, a national guard, liberty of the press, and, though last, not least, the abolition of the police.

They were refused.

Many of the chief personages of the city, amongst others the Mayor Casati, now placed themselves at the head of the insurgents; the streets were unpaved—barricades erected—rich and poor, women and priests, even children laboured in the cause—the spectacle was most magnificent—an unarmed city rising against its oppressors; terrible in its indignation, resistless in its strength. In vain the Austrians attempted to temporise, by proclaiming an assembly of the States, the abolition of the censorship—concession came too late; the old Lombard spirit was roused—armed only with sticks and bludgeons they attacked the palace of the governor, and took it; the tocsin sounded from every church; thousands of peasants came pouring into the city. Still the heroic struggle continued; the neighbouring cities sent their contingents to the assistance of their brethren in Milan, and the position of the garrison became untenable. They ultimately withdrew, leaving nearly two thousand dead, and double that number prisoners.

The insurrection spread through all the provinces of Lombardy. The hated Austrians—demoralised and beaten—were everywhere pursued by the infuriated peasantry, who showed as little mercy, perhaps, as they had received.

The new government issued the following proclamation:—

"Citizens.—Our advanced posts towards Porta Tossi are already in the Gardens of the Passion, where our sharpshooters begin to sweep the bastions. Towards Porta Vercellina our men have safely got as far as the Grazie. Some aqueducts passing under the bastions have already been deprived of water, and admit of our communicating with the exterior. The barracks of the military engineers have been taken at the point of the bayonet. In the outskirts of the city fifty men of Melegnano have surprised from an ambush a battalion of chasseurs, who, believing themselves in the presence of a numerous body, fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded. Our tyrants are in want of provisions; officers have been seen with black bread in their hands. Without, the town is surrounded by numerous bands come from all sides; among them we see the uniform of Swiss sharpshooters and Piedmontese, who are in advance of their corps, who pass the Ticino. The Austrians demand an armistice, no doubt to be able to assemble and retire; but it is too late. The postal roads are covered with trees hewn down. Their retreat becomes already very difficult. Courage! draw near the bastions on all sides; assist your friends who are coming to meet you; to-night the town must be opened everywhere. Valiant citizens! Europe will speak of you! The disgrace of thirty years is effaced. The triumph of Italy is infallible. Long live Italy and Pius IX.!"

"The caserno of the engineers has just been taken—two hundred Italian soldiers and several officers are prisoners; they demand to fraternise with the people. "CATTANEO, CERUSCHI, "MILAN, MARCH, 21st." TERLAGHI, CLENCI.

A still more terrible proclamation followed. It was addressed to the clergy and magistrates of the communes:—

"Our enemies have fled from Milan. They proceeded in two columns towards Bergamo and Lodi. You are hereby commanded to arm yourselves and to exterminate the rest of these savage hordes."

"The President of the Committee of War, "POMPEO LITTA."

The Austrian army having retreated from Lombardy, concentrated itself at Verona.

The correspondent of the *Daily News*, in speaking of the cruelties committed by the Austrians, says—

"The atrocities committed by them before retreating from Milan were revolting in the extreme."

"Many of the circumstances reported are of a nature, the description of which we cannot allow in our columns. It is indeed to be hoped, for the honour of humanity, that they are altogether false, or greatly exaggerated."

The *Reform* says, "Five Lombards have been found, tied to trees, with their feet burned. In the cartouch-box of a Croatian who was killed, were found two hands of a woman with rich rings on the fingers, and ears with ear-rings in them. In some houses in Milan, as many as ten dead bodies of murdered persons were found, from the old man to the infant."

Public opinion, both in France and England, cried shame upon these horrors, but their governments remained silent.

Meanwhile the popularity of Pio Nono, whose name had been used as a rallying-cry in Italy, was on the wane. When Austria, recovering from the panic into which she had been thrown, prepared to march her barbarian hordes once more into Lombardy, the pontiff refused to declare war against her. Goaded by his refusal, the people committed many excesses, the most terrible of which was the cowardly assassination of his minister Rossi, an honest, upright man, but utterly incapable of dealing with the spirit of the time. An aged prelate, Monsignor Palma, was shot at the window of the Quirinal, almost in presence of the Pope, who shortly afterwards fled from Rome disguised in the livery of the Bavarian ambassador, and the republic was proclaimed. It commenced badly; assassination should never be the prelude to liberty; no amount of provocation can justify so cowardly an act—man-kind revolts at it, true courage scorns it.

Assassination was the crime of the republic in Rome—its suppression a fitting expiation. Serious men had no faith in it. The name of Mazzini, whether rightly or wrongly, was looked upon as symbolical of socialism. Even France, republican France, looked coldly on her sister republic of Rome.

Such was the state of affairs when Garibaldi landed in Genoa at the commencement of July, 1848. Piedmont, under its gallant but unfortunate monarch, Charles Albert, had taken the field in defence of Italian liberty; to him the hero of South America proffered his services—unhappily, they were rejected, his connection with Mazzini was too notorious—the King of Sardinia was fighting to win a kingdom, not to establish a republic; that is a fact should never be lost sight of, it does not lessen the merit of his sacrifice, although it serves to explain what in more instances than one must have appeared black ingratitude on the part of the Lombards. Garibaldi next offered his sword to the provisional government of Milan; after some delay it was accepted, when too late.

The success of Radetzky could no longer be impeded.

We have neither the heart nor the pen to chronicle, step by step, the defeat of a cause we love, yet we will do the grey-haired soldier of Austria no injustice—the tactics of Radetzky displayed consummate genius. With an energy extraordinary for his age, he re-formed his shattered army, led it from victory to victory till the fatal day of Novara extinguished, for a time, every prospect of freedom in Northern Italy. Garibaldi was the last to yield; but even he, after maintaining a gallant struggle for months in the Tyrol, found himself compelled to fly for safety into Switzerland, and wait for happier times.

All hope was not extinct. The republics of Venice and Rome still held out.

It is not to be supposed that, with its Pontiff in exile, the Church would remain idle. Its defenders cast their eyes around to discover the modern Charlemagne who should restore, if not its former splendour, at least the absent shepherd to his fold. Austria had her hands full; Portugal, Spain, and Bavaria—three minor Catholic Powers—were impotent. As a last resource, they turned to France, where Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon were silently struggling for the Presidency. The clerical party

had nothing to offer but its influence; but that influence was a power which both candidates were anxious to conciliate. Cavaignac had already been induced to send some slight succour to the Pope, but had not bid high enough; the priests doubted him, as the son of an old Conventionalist—a name terrible to their ears; added to which, once elected, they would have no means of compelling him to keep his promise. He desired to be President of the Republic—nothing more.

His rival, on the contrary, had a loftier game in view—the imperial purple.

It would be absurd to pretend to any personal knowledge as to how, or by whom, the negotiations were concluded. Subsequent events prove that the compact was really made. Louis Napoleon was elected by an overwhelming majority to the presidential chair; and shortly afterwards dispatched General Oudinot with a French army to Civita Vecchia.

No sooner did Garibaldi hear of his landing, than, quitting his retreat in Switzerland, he started for Rome.

(To be continued.)

### EXTINCT ANIMALS.

THE investigations of modern science have already resulted in the discovery of many important facts in connection with the structure and physical features of our earth. It has been long known that the great masses of plants and animals distributed over the earth's surface are adapted to the particular regions in which they are found, and that by removal they are deteriorated, and finally destroyed; but it remained for the geologists of the present day to establish the fact, that the condition of the earth had undergone, during a long series of ages, some very remarkable changes, and exhibited unequivocal evidence of organic life singularly unlike that which surrounds us now. Geology traces the various changes which the earth has undergone, and shows, that in precisely the same manner as particular animals and vegetables are now confined to precise limits, so, through each successive change through which the earth has passed, the delicate machinery of animal and vegetable life has been adapted to its various conditions.

In furnishing our readers with a brief sketch of some of the most interesting specimens of the extinct races, it is not necessary to enter further on the subject of geological formations than to show how these have affected animal life. The great geological periods we may divide into four ages:—1. The age of fishes; 2. the age of reptiles; 3. the age of mammals; 4. the age of man. The fishes belong to those sections of the earth's crust comprising the Devonian and Silurian, upper and lower; the reptiles are found in the carboniferous, trias, and oolitic formations; the mammals to the tertiary formations; and man to the present condition of the earth's surface.

THE AGE OF FISHES.—Among the limestone of the Devonian formation, or old red sandstone, we first meet with an animal vertebrated, or having a backbone. The entire formation has supplied 100 species of fish, and out of that number sixty-five have been furnished by Scotland. The Silurians and old redstone also abound in shells, some of them exceedingly curious, and all very numerous; but both shells and back-boned fish are very inferior in organisation to the race of reptiles.

During the period of the AGE OF REPTILES, some of the most singular and monstrous creatures were produced. Amongst these were the *ichthyosaurus*, or fish-lizard; the *plesiosaurus*, or serpent-lizard; and the *telesaurus*, a sort of crocodile, who lived down in Yorkshire, where the remains of his race are still found buried in large quantities.

The genus *ichthyosaurus* includes several species, but a general description of its characteristics may suffice. These are—Shortness of neck, back of the head and front of the chest being of the same width; a backbone, the joints of which were probably joined together by a sort of elastic bag; and a tail like a crocodile. A bony structure connected with the fore-fins gives evidence that the *ichthyosaurus* crawled on the sands; on visiting the shore, the creature would drag itself along the ground, and, during sleep, lie prostrate, with the belly resting on the ground. It possessed eyes of immense magnitude, and its body was clothed with a skin resembling that of the whale. The length of the common *ichthyosaurus* was about twenty feet. The *ichthyosaurus platyodon* (an inhabitant of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire) was chiefly distinguished from its fellows by the extra size of its head and



and in your next walk in the forest, will answer for small fish. To secure a more perfect rod, however, you must procure two or three hazels, of such thickness that, when joined end to end, they will form a gradually tapering rod. These will have to be joined together."

"Yes, papa, but that is just the difficulty; how shall we join them?"

"Patience, my boy! that is what I was just about to describe. They must be joined by the method termed *splicing*. The two ends to be joined are each to be cut, with a common pocket-knife such as Arthur possesses, so as to form a tapering end like this drawing—



These tapered ends are to be fitted together, and bound with waxed silk or fine twine. Perhaps the best thing you can have for the purpose is the thread used by shoemakers, several strands of which being twisted together, are then to be well waxed with shoemaker's wax, which, being a compound of pitch, resin, and oil, not only gives the twine so made great strength, but preserves it from being worn out or rotted readily. In binding the ends together, give the cord a few twists round, to hold the pieces in their places, thus—



Then proceed to wrap it regularly and carefully, binding as tight as possible, the coils being quite close together. When the joints are well covered, take the first end towards which you have been approaching as you have wrapped your cord over the first few wide coils, and lay it so as to make a loop, and bind the end which you have all along been wrapping round about half a dozen more times round, keeping under it the end of the loop. Now put the end of the wrapping string through the loop, and draw it tight, and you will secure a neat, firm, and durable joint. You must do this yourself; but I will give you another little drawing to show exactly the method of finishing the joint I have described. Here it is—



"O, thank you, papa: I am sure we can manage that. But a rod so joined must always be kept so; it cannot be taken apart without a great deal of trouble."

"It is not intended to be taken apart. Another time I will tell you how you may make one with joints, which can be easily put together and taken to pieces; but it will tax your ingenuity more than this one. You now only require to fasten a piece of cord, whip cord will be best, in the form of a loop, to the small end of your rod, to which the line, by means of another loop, can be readily attached, and your rod is complete for simple purposes. This loop of whip-cord is to be bound on with a piece of waxed silk, in a manner something similar to that used in binding your splice. I think you have now sufficient to exercise all your ingenuity for the present. Another week you shall try some additions to your rod."

(To be continued.)

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER II.

Rome in arms for the defence of her recovered liberties was a spectacle to interest the civilised world. Yet, strange to say, England, the country which ought to have sympathised most with the struggles of a long-oppressed, ill-governed people, beheld the landing of the French army at Civita Vecchia with indifference. The Marquis of Lansdowne declared, in the House of Lords, that the Government, of which he had the honour to be a member, saw nothing to disprove in the expedition against the ancient capital of the world. We can hardly believe it possible that the Cabinet were blinded by the proclamation published by General Oudinot on landing his troops. It might, nay, did, deceive the authorities of the city he took possession of—but statesmen, grey in diplomacy, familiar with its feints and subtleties, must have judged it at its proper value.

As a proof that Louis Napoleon dared not at the time avow his real purpose, we subjoin the following extracts from it:—

"France does not arrogate to herself the right

to regulate the interests which belong to the Roman people, and extend to the whole Christian world; she only considers that by her position she is called upon to facilitate the establishment of a government equally removed from the abuses which have arisen from the generosity of Pio Nono, and the anarchy which has succeeded him.

"The flag I have hoisted," adds the general, "is that of peace, order, conciliation, and true liberty, and I invite the co-operation of all who love their country to assist in the sacred task."

Mazzini and his brother triumvirs were not deceived by these artful professions; they perfectly comprehended both Oudinot and his mission. The former, with that regard for his personal safety for which he is so remarkable, was inclined to hesitate, till Garibaldi, who had been received with transport by the leaders of the liberal party and heads of the Republic, insisted upon taking measures for the defence of Rome. The honourable task was assigned to him: its difficulty will be better understood by a slight sketch of its present state.

Notwithstanding the destroying ravages of violence and time, the city still possesses a singular attraction to all who visit it—a something which startles and soothes them like the vision of a vanished world. Gigantic constructions attributed to the Tarquins, down to the comparatively modern palace of the Braschi, still exist. Each century has marked with an indelible impress the soil raised by its ruins. Rome may not improperly be compared to some vast cemetery where sleep a long series of ages, each one resting beneath its funereal stone, more or less mutilated by the finger of Time; and the traveller, as he kneels to read the inscription, finding but too frequently the characters effaced, departs full of sadness on his way.

It is the story so often repeated of man and his destiny, a struggle—ashes!

The charm of the Eternal City consists not in its religious and classical associations merely; those who are insensible to such influences find other sympathies; for there is presented to the philosopher a solemn picture of humanity—all which represents its grandeur and its weakness, its power and misery. In its thousand ruins a wondrous poetry exists, and their contrast with a nature full of life and vigour, something which fills the mind with a vague immensity, it penetrates as if the tomb were already passed—that inexhaustible existence the Creator has expanded throughout the universe.

The part of Rome most inhabited occupies the ancient Campus Martius, which, divided into narrow and irregular streets, offers a sad picture of poverty and desolation, despite the various edifices which encumber rather than adorn it.

In this quarter of the city one sees the modern age such as it was before the middle classes—now so powerful in Europe—placed themselves between the people and the aristocracy; the houses gloomy, narrow, and strongly barred; churches and convents, belonging to no style of architecture, erected at a period when Catholicism had stripped herself of the magnificent vestment with which the age had decorated her. Nothing in them recalls to mind the ancient cathedrals with their symbolic forms—their transepts and aisles figuring the emblem of the Christian faith; their lofty towers or graceful pinnacles rising to heaven like ardent aspirations; no half-veiled day; no distant echoes; but, instead of these, heavy domes, costly marbles, rich gilding, and statues, frequently of rare merit, form an *ensemble* which, however it may strike the imagination, fails to satisfy the heart.

Grecian architecture is as decidedly the architecture of Paganism as the Gothic is of Christianity.

Nearly deserted at the present day, on account of the exaggerated fears which the Romans entertain of the *aria cattiva*, or bad air, ancient Rome contains nearly all the space occupied by the seven hills. The Citorio alone forms part of the modern city. A scanty population are spread over its vast surface, dividing it, as it were, into a number of villages, by the cultivated lands which intersect them; by princely villas, gardens, and superb ruins, such as the Baths of Diocletian, those of Caracalla and Titus, the Coliseum, the Palace of the Emperors on Palatine Hill, the arch of Constantine, the Column of Trajan; and a thousand relics of the magnificence of that regal people, and of the Caesars who dethroned them.

Rome is more like an open country than a fortified city; its walls are comparatively useless for purposes of defence, and the area they inclose so vast as to be out of all proportion with the number of its inhabitants.

The energies of the extraordinary man to whom

the defence of the infant Republic was intrusted, were not directed to the drilling of troops, and preparation for the coming contest alone—his voice was heard in the council of the Triumvirate, where it prevailed over Mazzini's, and by his advice the prefect of the province of Civita Vecchia published the following reply to the dispatch of General Oudinot:—

"General, I have read your letter, in which you inform me that the French Government, desirous of terminating the situation under which the Roman people have been groaning for some time past, and to facilitate the establishment of a state of affairs far different from the anarchy which has lately prevailed, has resolved to send an army to Civita Vecchia.

"As a representative of the Roman republic, I protest against the word *anarchy*. Such an insult has not been deserved by a people who, in the exercise of their undoubted right, have constituted themselves into a government of order and morality; and I must declare to you that France is ill informed of the events which have taken place here, as well as of our conduct under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty.

"Force may do much in this world, but I am unwilling to believe that Republican France will employ its soldiers to overthrow a government established under auspices and upon principles similar to her own.

"Europe, which now beholds us, will judge your acts; and History will decide whether our political annals justify the accusation of anarchy. When you have ascertained the truth, I am convinced you will feel assured that the Republic is supported by an immense majority of the people."

Nothing could be more moderate, yet at the same time more dignified, than this reply to the insolent aggression of France. Neither Garibaldi nor his associates imagined for a moment that it would arrest the march of the invaders. Oudinot was bound by his instructions; the support of the priestly party was of too much importance to the furtherance of Napoleon's plans to permit their being trifled with, and the struggle became inevitable.

Mazzini, who is a capital hand at proclamations—the greater part of his life, in fact, has been passed in writing them, which may account for his never having risked it with the sword—issued the following address to the citizens:—

"Romans! a foreign intervention menaces the sacred soil of the republic. A corps of French soldiers has landed at Civita Vecchia. Whatever their instructions may be, the salvation of the principle unanimously adopted by the people, the right of nations, the honour of the Roman name, command the government to resist. And resist it will.

"It is important that the Romans should prove to France and the world, that they are a nation of men who have dictated laws and given civilisation to Europe. It is important History should not say, 'The Romans wished, but knew not how to be free!' It is important the French people should learn from our resistance, our declaration and prayers, our irrevocable determination to be no longer subject to the abhorred Government we have overthrown.

"Let the people look to these things; they will be betrayed and Rome dishonoured, if a contrary course should be taken. The Assembly is sitting in permanence. The Triumvirate will do its duty and fulfil whatever may befall its own mandate of order—solemn, calm, concentrated energy. The Government will punish inexorably every attempt that may be made to plunge the country into anarchy, or to stir up troubles to the Republic. Citizens, organise and group yourselves around us! God and the people! The justice of our cause must triumph."

Meanwhile, the greatest excitement prevailed in Rome, where it was reported, and confidently believed, that Pio Nono had intrusted his person to the protection of the French army; and the citizens began to suspect, not without cause, perhaps, the courage of Mazzini, and compare his high-sounding promises and inflated addresses with the quiet, persevering daring of Garibaldi, who, modest as he was brave, continued to occupy himself with the defences of the city. Their confidence in the hero was not misplaced.

Oudinot had already taken up a menacing position in the neighbourhood of Rome, when he dispatched several of his officers to demand admission, as a friend, to protect the city against the Austrians—to ascertain what form of government the people desired, and effect, if possible, a reconciliation between them and the Pontiff.

To do them justice, the heads of the Republic rejected these insidious proposals with scorn, and the general prepared to enforce them by arms.

Scarcely had the decision of the Triumvirate



JULY 14, 1860.]

reached the encampment of the French, than Garibaldi and his Romans marched forth to resist the attack certain to follow. The advance of the invaders was repelled, their outposts ignominiously driven back, and the entire vanguard might have been destroyed or captured, had the victor been permitted to follow up his advantage. Unhappily, he was not only discouraged, but thwarted, by the Triumvirate, who felt jealous of his success and popularity with the people.

News also had arrived that the Assembly in Paris had expressed its disapprobation of the expedition to Rome, by a majority of eighty-seven votes. This inspired an unwise confidence, and, instead of seconding the gallant efforts of the only man capable of saving the Republic, the time was frittered away in negotiation.

Despite the vote of the Assembly, Oudinot continued to advance; he had sold himself, body and soul, to the President, who, in turn, dared not trifle with the compact he had entered into for the restoration of the Pope with the clerical party in France. It was the price of their assisting him to restore the empire and mount the imperial throne. There was no retreating; it was the crown or Vincennes, and, in defiance of the vote of the Assembly, he forwarded to the general in Italy the following letter:—

“My dear General,—The telegraphic dispatch announcing the unforeseen resistance you have met with before the walls of Rome, has deeply grieved me. I had hoped that the inhabitants would receive with eagerness an army which had arrived to accomplish a friendly and disinterested mission.

“This has not been the case. Our soldiers have been received as enemies. Our military honour is engaged. I will not suffer it to be assailed. Reinforcements shall be forwarded to you. Tell your soldiers that I appreciate their bravery, and take part in all they endure; and that they may always rely upon my support and gratitude.”

This dispatch produced an immense sensation not only in Italy, but in France. In the National Assembly it was severely commented upon; but the members were split into too many parties to take the only dignified course—arrest the writer for exceeding his authority! Many were led astray by the specious assertion that the honour of the French flag was compromised. It was in vain that Ledru Rollin replied that justice and right were of more importance than the honour of a flag. The once popular tribune was scarcely listened to; his vanity, weakness, and laxity of political principle had destroyed the influence he once possessed; and, like his colleagues in the Provisional Government, he had fallen into ridicule—which, in France, is inseparable from contempt.

Meanwhile, the struggle had advanced to the very walls of Rome. Garibaldi, who knew the weakness of the city, the difficulty of defending it, if once the invaders were permitted to penetrate within the walls, placed his army between them and the enemy. In vain the French attempted to force his lines; the bravery of the chief inspired the citizens, who proved themselves that day worthy the name of Romans. Wherever danger most pressed, the heroic leader was to be found; his genius foresaw and provided against every peril; his sword carried desolation into the ranks of the invaders, whose bombs fell in the place of St. Peter, and even menaced the Vatican.

Mazzini wished to submit. His respect for art—the possible destruction of monuments so precious to his country—were assigned as a reason; but the stern soldier refused to listen to him—the liberty of his country, in his eyes, was something more sacred than the relics of pagan or imperial Rome; and the event justified his decision. The French were defeated after a contest which lasted till the close of day. Hundreds fell, and a still greater number remained prisoners in the hands of the victor.

Had the feeble, vacillating government of the Republic seconded him, and permitted him to advance as he wished and complete his success by a general attack upon the French lines, the result would have been more complete. As it was, Oudinot found himself under the humiliating necessity of asking surgical assistance for his wounded from Garibaldi, who, with his usual generosity, granted it.

The approach of 15,000 Neapolitans under the command of their King Ferdinand II., one of the greatest monsters that ever reigned, left the soldier no repose.

It is no part of our purpose to trace the career of this despotic monarch, his long and, unhappily, successful struggle against the liberties of his people. The means he employed would have been looked upon with horror even in a barbarous age, but his chief atrocities were perpetrated in the island of

Sicily, where, under the protection of a British fleet, his family had formerly found shelter when driven from the throne of Naples by the arms of France. By the assistance of his Swiss mercenaries, several successive insurrections were put down, and each time the work of vengeance and cruelty followed—blood was shed like water.

The following are the statistics of the executions for political offences in Sicily for one year only. Appalling as it is, it is imperfect. The names of many who expired in dungeons under the tortures of the police are wanting:—

Penne . . . . .	8
Cosenza . . . . .	4
Catania . . . . .	9
Syracusa . . . . .	14
Florida . . . . .	9
Misilmeri . . . . .	17
Marineo . . . . .	8
Canicati . . . . .	4
Villabate . . . . .	8
	81

The list, we believe, is official.

We shall have occasion to speak again of Sicily when we come to that part of our memoir which describes its last glorious—and, thank Heaven! successful—efforts to throw off the yoke that for ages has oppressed it.

Ferdinand II., not content with staining his soul with the blood of so many patriots, added perjury to his long list of crimes.

At the commencement of 1848, the discontent of the nation had reached a pitch which even he found dangerous to brave; so, with his usual cunning, he tampered with it. A succession of decrees marked the progress of his fears. On the 15th of January appeared the first, considerably augmenting the powers conferred upon the councils of Sicily and Naples, promising the necessary alteration in the laws, the administration, and liquidation of the public debt; treaties of commerce; a revised tariff. On the following day, a second edict was published, giving liberty to the press, and an amnesty for all political offences; and, on the 29th of the same month, the following sovereign act was posted on the walls of Naples:—

“Having heard the general wish of our well-beloved subjects for guarantees and institutions in conformity with the present state of civilisation, we declare it to be our will to accede to those expressed desires, by granting a Constitution.”

“Desiring to bring into effect immediately this firm deliberation of our mind—

• In the sacred name of the most Holy, Omnipotent, one and triune God, who alone possesses the power to search hearts, and whom we sincerely invoke as the judge of the purity of our intentions, and of the frank loyalty with which we have determined to enter upon this new order of political affairs—

“Having given mature examination to our councils of state upon the subject:

“We have resolved to proclaim, and do proclaim, as irrevocably sanctioned by us, the following Constitution.”

Even whilst the grateful Neapolitans, believing in the sincerity of his promises, uttered *vivas* in honour of their king, Ferdinand II. wrote to the Emperor of Austria and Louis Philippe in the following terms:—

“I have given a Constitution, and established the basis of it, but I shall await your approbation, that my conduct may not disturb the order of Europe.”

On the 24th of February Ferdinand and his son, the present king, took the following oath to the Constitution:—

“I promise and swear, before God and upon the holy evangelists, to profess, and cause to be professed, and defended, and preserved, in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion, as the sole religion of the state.

“I swear and promise to observe, and cause to be observed inviolably, the Constitution of the monarchy promulgated and irrevocably sanctioned by us on the 10th of February, 1848, for the said kingdom. I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws at present in operation, and all others which shall be hereafter sanctioned by the terms of the said Constitution of the kingdom.

“I promise and swear further, never to do or attempt to do anything contrary to the Constitution and the laws sanctioned both by propriety and by our well-beloved subjects. So help me God, and have me in His safe keeping!”

How the tyrant kept his oath, the massacre of the defenders of the Constitution he had sworn to observe can best declare.

The Neapolitan forces were within twelve miles of Rome when Garibaldi fell upon them at Alba Longa and dispersed them. Ferdinand himself set the example of flight by scampering away at the head of his guards. The crisis of the Republic, however, was at hand—Louis Napoleon, who, unfortunately, disposed of the vast military resources of France, had sent twelve pieces of heavy artillery and a reinforcement of six thousand men to Oudinot, who once more appeared before the city.

We cannot trace the progress of events step by step—the advance of the Austrians, the wiles of diplomacy—it would keep us too long from the stirring, glorious movement at present so successful in Sicily.

Twenty-five thousand French, supported by a numerous artillery, were before the Eternal City; and on the 3rd of June Oudinot opened his batteries. The old walls soon crumbled beneath the well-directed fire; but when the enemy advanced to the assault, they were driven back with bloody slaughter by Garibaldi and his troops; for sixteen hours the contest lasted, and the assailants were ultimately forced to retreat to their own lines by the band of patriots opposed to them.

For a month the unequal contest was carried on. The attack on Rome attracted the attention of Europe; men watched its progress in breathless expectation. The Gauls once more besieged the capital, and a page of past history was being repeated.

Garibaldi insisted upon his wounded being properly accommodated; and gave great offence to the party of bigots still remaining in Rome, by converting several churches—of one of which, viz., that of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, we have given an illustration on the next page—into hospitals, as if the temples of the God of mercy would be profaned by being devoted to works of mercy.

The passionate love of military glory has ever been an *ignis fatuus* to lead the French people from the sober paths of civil liberty. The prince who could gratify that one desire might rule them as he pleased; demand any sacrifice of blood or treasure; they were ready to pay the price, and not too scrupulous in judging of the justness of the cause.

No one is better acquainted with this weakness than their present master. Napoleon chafed impatiently at the check his arms had met before the doomed city, and menaced Oudinot with superseding him in his command. At the same time, he cunningly soothed the ruffled vanity of the nation by attributing the delay to the necessity of respecting the monuments of Rome. Civilisation and art—of which France was the protectress—demanded they should be spared.

As usual, the pretext, and not the reason, was made public.

Had Garibaldi been left to exercise his own discretion in the conduct of the war, there is little doubt but the assailants might have been defeated, or, at any rate, their triumph so long delayed, that it must have covered them with shame, instead of the tinsel glory they soon afterwards achieved. But he was compelled to obey the orders of Mazzini and his colleagues in the Triumvirate, who more than once dispatched him during the siege to keep the Neapolitans in check.

It was during one of these forced expeditions, on the night of the 24th of June, that the French obtained a signal and undisputed advantage. Under cover of the darkness, they advanced to the breach, and took up a position within the city.

On the 30th, a still larger body escalated the walls. Many suspected treachery, and violent disputes arose. Garibaldi was for defending Rome to the last; Mazzini, for surrender, and finally carried his point. A capitulation was signed on the 3rd of July, and the Roman Republic at an end.

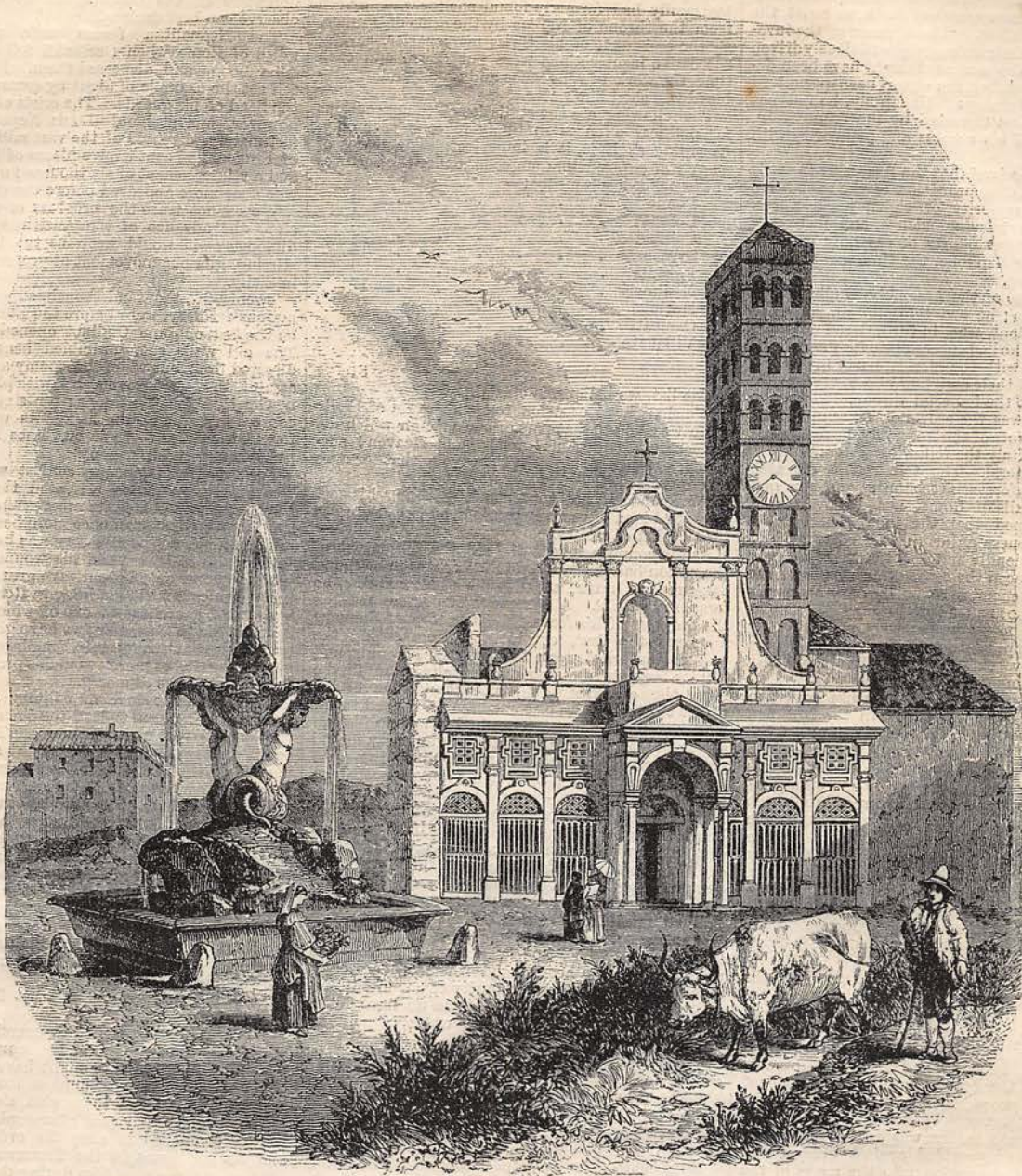
The heroic chief, indignant at their cowardice, marched out of the city, with his division of 5,000 men, towards Terracina, and the triumphant enemy took possession of the capital of Europe.

The first act of Oudinot was to dissolve the Assembly, and dispatch an aide-de-camp to lay the keys of Rome at the feet of Pio Nono.

The compact between Louis Napoleon and the clerical party was fulfilled to the very letter; he paid in honour and reputation the price of their assistance, and afterwards held them with an iron hand to their bargain. In every commune and village of France the priests led the ignorant peasantry in troops to vote for the Empire.

Had the hero of Italy been alone, it is impossible to speculate on the turn events might have taken. It was open to him to invade Naples, whose pusil-





CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN.

lanimous monarch had twice fled before him, or to raise the Legations by the magic of his name; but his wife—the beautiful, courageous, devoted Annita—was with him; no entreaties could prevail on her to quit his side; to his commands she opposed her tears, and we all know the power they possess over the man who passionately loves.

Although far advanced in pregnancy, this heroic woman, mounted on horseback, shared the dangers and fatigues of his retreat. Each hour they augmented. Three armies—the French, Austrian, and Tuscan—were opposed to him, the former on the side of Viterbo, the second at Monterchi.

It was in vain that he offered to disband his troops. Oudinot covered himself with eternal infamy, by consigning the officers whom he sent to treat with him on the subject to prison like common malefactors.

The word had gone forth, both from Paris and Vienna, no truce—no treaty with Garibaldi. Tyranny is proverbially far-seeing, and the despots feared both the future and the man.

Still he was dangerous, and, whilst at liberty, his enemies felt anything but secure, for in the midst of their triumph he read them more than one lesson. Falling on the Austrians at Mercatello, he defeated

them with frightful slaughter, and compelled them to retreat for reinforcements, which soon arrived in such overwhelming numbers, that it would have been madness to renew the contest.

Nothing, therefore, remained for the future liberator of Sicily and his wife, but flight to some seaport in the Roman States or the Adriatic, where they might embark for a place of safety.

French, Austrians, and Tuscans were still leagued against him. They surrounded the neutral territory of San Marino and demanded his blood. At Cesinatico an Austrian squadron fired upon the vessel in which the hero sought to embark with his suffering wife and the few devoted adherents who refused to leave him; and they were compelled to seek for shelter by hiding in the uncultivated, thickly-wooded district lying between Volacca and Magnavacca. Death was proclaimed against all who should assist him.

Deep as are our sympathies with the persecuted patriot, they are weak compared to the commiseration we feel for the devoted Annita, who, on the banks of a river in the neighbourhood of Chioggio, was seized with the pangs of labour. We cannot describe the scene, the unutterable misery of that sad hour. Mother and her child both perished,

and were interred in their lonely, unhallowed grave by the hands of the bereaved husband and father, who once more set forth upon his pilgrimage.

How strong must have been his love of country, his confidence in the future, to sustain him in that hour! Had there been one particle of ambition in his nature, one ignoble desire of aggrandisement, he must have sunk—no feeling less lofty than the purest patriotism could have sustained him.

For more than a month Garibaldi wandered in various disguises, tracked like a wild beast by his ferocious hunters, amid the deepest recesses of the Apennines, a price set upon his head, sometimes the guest of the rude shepherd, but far more frequently without knowing where to lay his head.

Is it too much to suppose that a special providence watched over the safety of the man destined to accomplish the deliverance of his country? Miraculously preserved, he reached the Sardinian harbour of Porto Venere, at last, with only a single follower!

At Nice the people received him with acclamations. The Government felt anxious for his departure. The time was not yet ripe; and a frigate of war conveyed the hero and martyr of Italian freedom to Tunis.

(To be continued.)



attempt to turn me from the cottage, I'll shute 'em jist as I wida wild baste or a mad dug. You hear me, and ha' knowed me long enough to tell whether I am a man to keep my word or no."

"That thee beest, Gill," cried his hearers; "and we will help thee. The place be empty since thee left."

A proposal was made to break open the door, which Cis prudently opposed; she preferred waiting, as she said, the arrival of the lawyer.

She had not long to wait; a smart gig was seen driving along the straggling street which constituted the village. Its occupant, a shrewd little man, with piercing black eyes and hair of the same colour, alighted, and was received by the crowd with a cry of "Long life to Lawyer Penny!"

"Thank you, my friends. Have you followed my directions?" he added, turning to the miner.

Gill pointed to the cart, where Cis remained seated.

"Good—excellent! Now, which is the house?" His client pointed it out to him.

"Is there a smith here?" he inquired. "Ah, here you are, I perceive, my old acquaintance, Chinery!" he added, extending his hand to a sturdy-looking man, who stepped from the throng, to shake it. "Do me the pleasure of drawing the staple from the lock of that door."

"It be your order, lawyer?"

"By my order."

"And on your authority?"

"No."

"I can't do it, then."

"On the authority of a written order addressed to me by the lady of the manor, Miss Maude Gaston, the lawful owner of Penswick Manor."

This announcement was followed by a general shout of joy; the sturdy smith no longer hesitated, but, with one blow of his hammer, smashed the chain and staple into pieces; a dozen hands rushed to unpack the cart, and the furniture was nearly housed when a fresh actor appeared upon the scene, in the person of the agent.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, looking round him.

"It means," replied Gill Gervaise, appearing at the door of the cottage, armed with his gun, "that I be back agin."

"I perceive you are back again," observed Beckford, satirically.

"And have taken my rights agin," added the miner.

"And qualified yourself for the assizes."

"Nothing of the kind, Benjamin Beckford," said the lawyer, stepping out of the house; "we are both business men, and understand these things. Gill Gervaise has entered possession of the place again in virtue of an order of Miss Gaston's. There is a copy of it. The original you can see at my office in Penzance."

"Pshaw!" muttered the agent, "she is mad."

"Prove her so," observed the man of law, "and her next heir will, doubtless, feel very much obliged to you; but, till you have proved her so, it is valid. If you or Sir Barnard think proper to dispute it, I am quite ready to accept service as her legal adviser."

"This is absurd," cried the agent; "and all who have assisted in the illegal, audacious attempt shall rue their insolence!"

"Legal—perfectly legal," said Penny, holding the document in the face of the speaker.

"Turn them out of the cottage," said the agent.

This was addressed to the miners. Not a man amongst them stirred; and one, a fine young fellow, the very same Sam Barlow whom the speaker suspected of having fired at him but a few weeks previously, darted from the crowd, and took up a position by the side of his old companion and friend.

"Thee stood by me, Gill, like a man," he exclaimed, "and I wor a mabyer if I didn't stand by thee!"

A mutual grasp of the hand followed.

"Be it lawful, lawyer?"

"Perfectly lawful," replied the little man, "for Gill to defend his home against all who may attempt to dispossess him."

"And for his friends to assist him!" he added.

There was a move among the crowd, with whom the miner and Cis were extremely popular, and several placed themselves in front of the cottage.

"You shall repent this," said the agent; "if there be law or justice in Cornwall, the affair won't end here!"

A shout of derision followed him as he rode slowly away.

(To be continued)

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

### LESSON XXIX.

THE German preposition *um*, "for," is used in so many senses, that it is not easy to translate it. We shall give you some examples of its most general use; but German reading, and perhaps intercourse with the natives, will be necessary to make you familiar with all of them. *Auge um auge*, "An eye for an eye;" *Einen Tag um den andern*, "Every other day."

*Um* is poetically used for *für*. It is also used by way of comparison. Ex.: *Dieser Mann ist jetzt um tausend Pfund reicher*—"This man is now by a thousand pounds richer."

*Um* may sometimes be translated by "about," or "respecting." Ex.: *Um die gesundheit*, "respecting the health;" and also to express intention, or our term, "in order." Ex.: *Ich komme um Ihre Tauten zu sehen*. It is also used to express loss. *Sie kommen um ihr geld*, "They lose their money." *Um* also means "round about;" and *um und um*, "on all sides." Another signification of *um* is the end of anything. *Wenn das Leben um ist*, "When life is at an end."

The preposition *bei* stands for "with." We will give you some examples of its use. *Bleiben Sie zum abendessen bei uns*, "Stop to supper with us." *Unser Freund war gestern bei mir*, "Our friend was with me yesterday."

*Bei* generally requires the dative, or, as some grammarians would call it, the ablative case. The use of *bei* with the accusative, after verbs implying motion, is no longer in general use.

*Bei* is used in the Bible for "nearly, about," but it has no longer this meaning in common conversation.

*Binnen* is used for "within," as relates to time, but in the following sense: "Often within the last six days" would be *Oft in den letzten sechs Tagen*.

*Entgegen* may be used either for "against," or "to meet a person." *Est is uns entgegen*, "It is against us;" *Wir wollen ihm entgegen gehen*, "We will go to meet him."

*Gegenüber*, "opposite to," is placed after the nouns to which it refers. Ex.: *Dem Thale gegenüber*, "Opposite the valley."

The preposition *wider* represents our "against," or "opposed to."

In the following lines, describing the power of affection, many of the prepositions are introduced, and, by learning this stanza by heart, you will acquire a knowledge of many of those that govern the accusative—

Durch Dich ist die Welt mir schön, ohne Dich würd' ich sie hassen;  
Für Dich leb' ich ganz allein, um Dich will ich gern erblassen;  
Gegen Dich soll kein Verleumder ungestraft sich je vergehn;  
Wider Dich kein Feind sich waffnen; ich will Dir zur Seite stehn.

This stanza has been beautifully Anglicised thus:—

'Tis through thee, and thy hallowed love only,  
That this cold world's an Eden to me;  
Without thee, how hated and lonely  
Its pleasures and pageants would be.

I feel I but live in thy sight,  
And I watch every glance of thine eye,  
For thou art my life and my light,  
And gladly for thee would I die.

My vengeance shall hotly pursue  
Every secret detractor of thee;  
And the envious shall cease not to rue  
The wrath that they kindly in me.

The shafts of thy foes I've defied,  
And against thee in vain do they arm;  
For I'll stand evermore at thy side,  
And perish or shield thee from harm.

### THE LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Through thee, the world is beautiful to me; without thee, I should hate it.  
For thy sake, I live alone; for thee, will I willingly die!

Aimed at thee shall no slander go unpunished.  
Against thee shall no enemy arm himself; I will stand beside thee.

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER III.

THE true punishment of tyranny lies in its fears. It lives in an atmosphere of doubt and terror. The shadow of its cruelties, like an unwholesome malaria, envelops it. The groans of its victims cannot be so completely stifled but at intervals they will make themselves heard; low and plaintively at first, like the wail of an approaching storm. Gradually they gather strength—the voice of indignant humanity swells the cry, and lament becomes resistance.

Then it is that, mistaking ferocity for firmness, the despots of the earth attempt to drown the sound in blood; succeed, perhaps, for a time, and triumphantly proclaim that order reigns—the order of the grave containing a living corpse.

Such was the sad emblem of Italy on the fall of the Roman Republic. Austria, with her vassal princes, indulged in premature rejoicings. *Te Deums* were chanted by an obsequious priesthood at a hundred altars, and the temple of the God of Mercy profaned by unhallowed thanksgivings for the destruction of that freedom which He has given as a heritage to all.

How the modern sphinx enthroned at the Tuileries must have chuckled at the crowned gudgeons of Europe swallowed the bait! Louis Napoleon had spat in the face of his former professions, trampled them under his feet, given the lie to his past life, pledged himself to the cause of order; could they do less than recognise him when his allies, the priests, had led the ignorant but well-meaning peasantry of France in droves to vote him an imperial crown? Statesmen smiled, and looked upon his advent to power as a stereotyped phase in the cycle of politics—Republic, Empire, Restoration—thought of St. Helena, and speculated, probably, whether Longwood were still habitable.

Europe, we venture to predict, will never repeat the Promethean tragedy again—Revolution, or a renewed coalition of the great Powers, may possibly hurl Louis Napoleon from the throne he has so clearly usurped; but it will be only his corpse; he will die upon its steps.

Notwithstanding the abuse he has made of such high qualities, it is impossible to deny the genius and courage of the man. Let us hope that, satisfied with the pitch of greatness he has already achieved, he will cease to tempt the future, and use the powers God has endowed him with, to the noble task of consolidating the peace of Europe.

England has undoubtedly already been once outwitted by the astute ruler of France. By accepting him as an ally in the Crimean war, she gave him a status he could not otherwise have assumed. The Congress of Paris confirmed his advantages, which he has since clung to with all the tenacity of his nature.

England should have fought her battle with the Czar alone. The rottenness of her military system, the indecision of her ministers, the incapacity of her generals, might have led to many bitter humiliations, but none so fatal to the prestige of her name as descending to play second fiddle to France; being dragged into a peace at the moment she was best prepared for war—a peace which left France one enemy the less, England one the more. As for the blunders, difficulties, and abuses we had to contend with—terrible as they proved in their consequences—Alma and Inkerman are proofs that English pluck must ultimately have surmounted them. Napoleon's war in Italy was but the second act of the political drama so skillfully played. "For the greatest and the last," as Shakespeare says, is "still to come."

Tunis did not prove a resting-place for the hero whose sagacity and courage had so nearly defeated the arms of France. Sardinia, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted at Novara, could only bow the head with resignation when the victors intimated to her that the presence of her illustrious son so near the scene of his former exploits was an eye-sore—a blot upon their triumph. Garibaldi, broken in fortunes but not in spirit, yielded to necessity, and spared his beloved country further humiliation by embarking for America, where he commenced business in the neighbourhood of New York as a manufacturer of candles.

We must pass over this episode in his history, doubtless the most painful of his life, for in the boasted land of Liberty the martyr and champion of her cause met with little sympathy. The almighty dollar could neither comprehend the character of the man nor the greatness of his sacrifice. Yankee Doodle lives by the altar without serving it, and boasts of freedom, that is to say of his own, whilst trafficking in the blood, bones, muscles, thaws, and sinews of his fellow-creatures!



When permitted to return to Europe, Garibaldi took the command of a small vessel, and traded between Genoa and Newcastle, chiefly in coals. It was in England that for the first time in his life he had an opportunity of studying the working of a constitutional government. His republican ideas gradually sobered down. He saw the absurdity of tempting the impossible; understood that Italy could only achieve her independence by rallying round the throne of Victor Emmanuel, to whose policy he henceforth frankly allied himself.

Whilst engaged in this humble capacity, many and bitter were the jests of his enemies. Generals he had beaten; unfledged diplomats, and experienced ones, too, whom his decision had baffled, ridiculed his fall.

The same men who professed unbounded admiration for Cincinnatus at his plough, sneered at the petty trader. "The fellow had found his level." They even affected to approve of his return, as a warning to low-born adventurers.

At the commencement of 1859 a new era dawned for Italy. The great ruler at the Tuileries condescended to speak, and gave the first, though faint, clue to the enigma which for several years had puzzled the Cabinets of Europe.

"I regret that my relations with your Government are not so amicable as I could have wished," said the Emperor, addressing himself to the ambassador of Austria. Not another word was added; those already spoken were sufficient to alarm the diplomatic world, and destroy all confidence in peace; the exchanges of Europe felt the shock. Pius held tightly to his money-bags. How the representative of the Hapsburgs must have winced at being thus snubbed in presence of his colleagues!—by a Bonaparte, too—a member of that family the Holy Alliance had declared should never reign!

Politicians thought it possible to patch up a peace. Louis Napoleon listened to their propositions—expressed the most fervent hopes that war might be avoided, although he had already determined in his secret mind that nothing should turn him from his long-contemplated scheme of first humbling Austria, and then making an ally of her, as he had done with Russia. He even affected to fall into Lord Malmesbury's idea of a congress, and so completely hoodwinked our foreign minister that he used the influence of England to delay the march of the Austrian army.

The friendship of Lord Derby's Cabinet proved fatal to the campaign of Austria. Had it advanced to Turin, the result might have been different.

Whilst Italy was in this half-hopeful and expectant state, the revolution broke out in Tuscany. The Grand Duke, having refused either to abdicate or ally himself with Sardinia, was compelled to quit Florence. The military refused to execute the infamous order contained in a sealed paper at the citadel to bombard the city of the red lily,\* and joined with the people, who proclaimed Victor Emmanuel dictator.

Parma, Modena, and Manica followed the glorious example; and a crowd of petty tyrants, the lieutenants and satraps of Austria, were compelled to quit their dominions.

In reply to the insolent summons of the Cabinet of Vienna to disband his army in three days, under peril of seeing his kingdom invaded, the King of Sardinia issued a dignified, temperate proclamation.

"The Austrian Government," it asserted, "cannot be ignorant of the fact that the negotiations lately carried on have led to a proposition for a general disarmament, made by England, and accepted by France, Russia, and Prussia. Sardinia, actuated by a spirit of conciliation, adhered to this proposition unreservedly.

"The conduct of Sardinia has been appreciated by Europe, and, whatever the future consequences, the entire responsibility will fall upon Austria—who was the first to arm, who has rejected a proposition accepted by all the Powers, and substituted for it an insulting, menacing summons."

If the invading army of Austria failed in achieving what ought, in a military point of view, to have been the object and justification of its rashness—the capture of Turin—it fully maintained its reputation for cruelty and excesses.

On entering Novara, General Gyulai demanded a daily supply of 100,000 rations of bread, 30,000 rations of meat, 50,000 rations of rice, 30,000 of salt, 100,000 of tobacco, 22,500 of oats, 1,000 quintals of hay, and 2,400 breutes of wine. These enormous supplies were to be continued during five days; were excessive in proportion to the number of troops; and, when collected, were sent into

Lombardy. At Voghara a daily supply, to continue also for five days, was demanded of 50,000 rations of bread, meat, rice, wine, and tobacco.

So exorbitant were these demands, and so rigidly were they executed, that the peasantry were reduced almost to famine.

On the first advance of the Austrian army, Napoleon saw that the time for action had arrived, and began to pour his troops into Italy. The magnificent organisation of his commissariat proves, if other evidence were wanting, how long he had meditated and prepared his designs.

Leaving the Empress as Regent during his absence, he set out for the theatre of war, eager to prove to the world that his great administrative powers were not the only portions of his uncle's genius he had inherited.

On landing at Genoa, where he was most enthusiastically received, Louis Napoleon issued the following proclamation to his army. To sober English taste it may—nay, does—appear bombastic, but it suited the nation to which it was addressed:—

"Soldiers! I come to place myself at your head, and conduct you to the fight. We are about to second the struggles of a nation now vindicating its independence, and to rescue it from foreign oppression. This is a sacred cause, which has the sympathies of the civilised world. I need not stimulate your ardour.

"Every step will remind you of a victory. In the Via Sacra of ancient Rome inscriptions were chiselled upon the marble, reminding the people of their exalted deeds. It is the same to-day. In passing Mondovi, Marengo, Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, and Rivoli, you will, in the midst of those glorious recollections, be marching in another Via Sacra.

"Preserve that strict discipline which is the honour of the army. Here, forget it not, there are no other enemies than those who fight against you in battle. Remain compact, and abandon not your ranks to hasten forward. Beware of too great enthusiasm, which is the only thing I fear.

"The new *armes de précision* are dangerous only at a distance. They will not prevent the bayonet from being what it has hitherto been, the terrible weapon of the French infantry.

"Soldiers, let us all do our duty, and put our confidence in God. Our country expects much from you. From one end of France to the other the following words of happy augury re-echo:—'The new army of Italy will prove worthy of her elder sister.'

"NAPOLEON."

Before leaving Paris the Imperial writer had published an address still more inflated, in which he promised to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. In the course of our narrative it will be our duty to weigh, impartially, whether the non-fulfilment of his pledge was entirely his own act, or the result of circumstances over which he had no control.

Rarely has such an opportunity of redeeming the past—that spectre of most lives—been given, as to Louis Napoleon, in his late war with Austria. Had he comprehended the true policy of his position, the real glory of France, and assisted to rend bleeding, but still beautiful, Italy from the claws of the double-headed eagle—left the scarce palpitating victim to recover from her long agony instead of inflicting fresh wounds, his name had been great. The world might have believed in him once more; admitted that his pretensions to generosity and disinterestedness were not all a lie. It was his last chance. In driving a huckster's bargain for Nice and Savoy, he threw it away. The prize was not worth the sacrifice. The annexed provinces add little to the real strength of France, but detract enormously from the fame of her ruler.

Englishmen, we should think, cannot but regret the undignified part acted by her Government on this occasion. The Peers and Commons scolded and threatened over it with a passionate vehemence unworthy of a great and powerful nation. Lord John Russell's menace, of seeking an ally elsewhere, was simply ridiculous.

*England should never menace unless she is prepared to strike.* Her silence is a warning and a reprobation more significant than words.

It is not our intention, neither have we the space, to chronicle step by step the events of a war, the details of which are doubtless familiar to the majority of our readers. The heart of Italy beat high with hope as well as courage. Garibaldi, who had settled in the island of Capri as a farmer, saw that the moment for action had at last arrived; and, manning his little vessel, he set sail for Sardinia. The heart and sword of the hero were still his country's.

It will scarcely be credited that General Della Marmora not only declined seeing him, but refused to employ the man whose arm had already done so

much for Italian freedom. Victor Emmanuel and his patriot minister were, however, induced to grant him an interview. They appreciated the value of his name, his influence with the people, the purity of his life and motives. The meeting took place, we have every reason to believe, in the ancient palace of the Dorias, at Genoa.

Garibaldi stipulated neither for honours nor reward. All he demanded was an *independent command*, unfettered by ministerial authority.

The readiness with which it was granted proves the high value set upon his services.

The future deliverer of Sicily was right in his demands. Independence in his command was the only mode of action that became him, or could prove beneficial to his country. He would have died rather than have served under the orders of France, whose soldiers had so lately joined with the common enemy of Italy in hunting him and his unfortunate wife from every refuge after the downfall of Rome.

The recollection of Annita and her child in a lonely grave would have been a reproach to him, added to which, his genius rendered him more suited to a guerilla war.

The control of a martinet like Della Marmora might have paralysed and defeated plans conceived and carried out at the spur of the moment.

Outraged in all that was dear to him as a citizen and a man, Garibaldi presented a true personification of Italy roused and panting for revenge—strong, although still bleeding from the wounds her tyrants had inflicted.

No sooner was it known that Garibaldi had raised his flag than the young, the devoted, the brave—all who felt their country's wrongs, and loathed the oppressor—hastened to join him. Fathers, whose sons had been crippled by years of imprisonment in the damp, reeking dungeons of Austria; sons, whose parents had been condemned to the mines upon a mere suspicion; friends, who had mourned the companions of their boyhood, ruthlessly torn from them, rushed to the standard of the hero, with a confidence only to be equalled by their courage!

In England—whose soil, happily, for ages has been unpolluted by the insolent march of an invader—we can scarcely comprehend the wild enthusiasm, the burning indignation of the sons of Italy; the memory of ages of oppression and humiliation was a spur to prick the sides of their intent; whilst Austria still further added to the flame by the cruelty of her proceedings. She felt, probably, that her prey was escaping her, and, like some savage beast, experienced an inhuman pleasure in mangling the victim she could no longer retain beneath her claws.

We question if, in the history of civilised warfare, a proclamation can be found equally ferocious as the one published by General Gyulai to the citizens of Piacenza:—

"A Court is organised, and only applies one punishment—death. The following are considered crimes incurring that penalty:—1. High treason, or any act tending to forcibly change the system of the empire of Austria and of the duchies, or to attract or increase any danger from abroad against the said States. 2. The concealment of arms or ammunition of any kind. The public are fairly warned that the punishment of death will be inflicted on any one, whatever his condition may be, or however irreproachable his previous conduct, who shall be found in possession of arms or ammunition, either on his own person or in his house, or in any place to which he may be supposed to have access. 3. Taking part in assemblages, whether armed or unarmed. 4. Illegal enlistment, acting as spy, seducing soldiers, whether they belong to the Austrian or allied troops, and generally all that may occasion disadvantage to the Austrians and advantage to the enemy. 5. Armed resistance or aggression against sentinels or patrols, and the slightest violence against any Austrian or allied soldier. A warning is also given that the sentinels and patrols not only have a right, but are commanded, to use their arms against any one who may not yield at the first summons."

The only parallel with the infamy of Gyulai that we can call to mind in modern times may be found in the horrors inflicted by Davoust upon the unfortunate citizens of Hamburg.

We have given the proclamation of the Austrian commander less from its importance, for our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the brutal mode of warfare practised by the oppressors of Italy, than as a contrast to the one issued by Garibaldi, which, if it appears somewhat inflated to sober English taste, has at least the merit of being free from cruelty:—

\* Florence, the Italian name for Florence, signifies a red lily.



"Lombards," it commences, "you are summoned to a new existence, and will respond to the appeal as your fathers did of yore at Pensida and Legnano. The enemy is the same as ever—pitiless, an assassin, and a robber. Your fellow-patriots of every province have sworn to conquer or die with you!

"It is our task to avenge the insults, outrages, and slavery of twenty generations. It is for us to leave our children an inheritance free from the pollution of foreign domination.

"Victor Emmanuel, chosen by the nation for its supreme chief, has sent me to organise you for the patriotic struggle. I deeply feel the holiness of the mission, and am proud to command you.

"To arms, and bondage must cease! He who can seize a weapon and does not is a traitor to his long-suffering country, and a stain upon the soil that gave him birth.

"Italy, with her sons united, and free from foreign tyranny, will know how to regain the rank Providence has assigned her amongst nations."

Not one word of France—the generous ally—the disinterested friend, fighting for an idea—could the heroic chief condescend to introduce into his address to his fellow-countrymen. His soldierly, straightforward common sense guarded him against an error that would have lessened his reputation. Probably, also, he had penetrated the idea—or, at least, suspected it—which induced Louis Napoleon to cross the Alps. Whatever dupes the declaration of the Imperial charlatan has made, it is clear Garibaldi cannot be classed in the number.

His first attack proved as successful as it was daring. In concert with the Sardinian General Cialdini, he arranged to assail the Austrians at Vercelli, and at the head of his brave bands set forward on the night of the 4th of May. Marching in silence, and with the utmost caution, when within four miles of the outposts of the enemy, a prisoner, who had fallen into the hands of the advance guard, was brought before him. The man wore the hated uniform of Austria, and proved to be an Italian, who, like thousands of his countrymen, had been compelled to serve in the ranks of the oppressors of his country. He had deserted, as he stated, with the intention of joining the Italian army.

Some thought he was a spy, and proposed to shoot him.

"Shoot me, if you please!" exclaimed the prisoner, "but at least ascertain whether the warning I give you is correct or not. You are marching upon a battery which commands the road—on the first alarm its guns will open upon you. Let me see you take another route first, and I shall die content."

"What other?" demanded the leader. The prisoner informed him of the existence of a lower road, through a thick wood, which would enable him to leave the battery upon his right.

"Are you acquainted with it?" was the laconic question of the chief.

The answer was in the affirmative, accompanied by an offer of conducting him.

The position was an embarrassing one; the success of the enterprise and the safety of his men depended upon the truth or falsehood of the statement. With that devotedness which through life has been the characteristic of this extraordinary man, he decided on setting out alone to ascertain the correctness of the statement. Vain were the remonstrances of his officers, the murmurs of his soldiers; he was not to be deterred from his purpose, but, setting spurs to his horse, started at once, leaving his informant in their hands. More than an hour elapsed before he returned, an interval of anxiety and doubt, and, as our readers may suppose, full of danger to the prisoner, whom his captors menaced with death in the event of anything fatal occurring to their leader. At last, to the relief of all, he made his reappearance. His first act was to embrace the captive, and untie the cords that bound him with his own hands.

By taking the road through the wood, as Ernesto Pucinella (the name of the deserter) proposed, Garibaldi formed a junction with General Cialdini; and, falling with their united forces upon the Austrians, succeeded in surprising them.

To do the enemy justice, although surprised, they fought bravely; but their famous battery proved useless, its guns being turned in an opposite direction. After a fierce contest, they broke their ranks and fled, unable to withstand the bayonet charge of the Italians, but not before several hundreds of their men had fallen. Unfortunately, they succeeded in carrying off their guns. Five hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the victors.

Dearer even than his triumph must have been the feelings of the hero at liberating from their cruel ravishers nearly a hundred of his countrywomen,

whom the brutal enemy had carried off from their homes and families, and conveyed, bound with cords, in carts, to serve as victims for their licentious pleasures.

For the honour of humanity, the sanctity of our hearths and homes, we trust that those Englishmen who at this juncture did not hesitate publicly to avow their sympathy with Austria, ignored these revolting facts.

The success, the dashing gallantry of the act, excited intense enthusiasm throughout Italy, where the details speedily became known; and doubtless would have produced a similar impression in Europe, but for the mean jealousy of the French. The telegraph was in their hands, and the victory of Vercelli was merely hinted at.

Garibaldi might have repeated the words of our own Nelson, when the mean envy of his superiors in rank caused his name to be suppressed in the publication of a dispatch announcing an engagement in which he had borne a distinguished share.

"Never mind," remarked the great naval commander, "I will one day have a gazette of my own!" and nobly he kept his word.

The celerity of the Italian hero's movements proved almost as embarrassing to the enemy as his own headlong courage and the devotion of his troops. A large division of Austrians was posted in the neighbourhood of Como to overawe the town and country round it. This division, regardless of the disparity of numbers, Garibaldi decided upon attacking. Falling upon it unexpectedly, he succeeded in putting it to flight, and the following morning entered Como amidst the rejoicings of the citizens, but was afterwards compelled to abandon the place in consequence of the advance of the enemy in such overwhelming numbers, that resistance would have been folly. Had he possessed guns he might have held it, but guns were denied him, despite his frequent and urgent applications to the Sardinian minister of war.

As to the French, he affected to ignore their presence in Italy, and refused to consult in concert on any measures with them; hence the unceasing jealousy—the bitter hostility—with which Louis Napoleon—that strange compound of littleness and greatness—pursued him. With that marvellous instinct he possesses in reading the true character of men, he probably foresaw that the defender of Rome might one day prove an obstacle to his schemes of family aggrandisement in Italy.

When informed by General Cialdini that he was not to be supplied with artillery, the hero answered in his usual off-handed manner, that it signified but little; he could capture them from the enemy. In his next contest he kept his word, and succeeded in taking two. With these, at Malmade, where he fell upon five thousand Austrians, he did dreadful execution; and, after a struggle of unexampled severity, which lasted several hours, defeated them with great slaughter.

A body of troops, which, notwithstanding the jealousy of his august ally, the Sardinian monarch had sent to support, arrived in time only to witness his victory.

One secret of the success of Garibaldi is undoubtedly the enthusiasm and confidence of his followers; they not only trust, but love him. The man is honoured as much as the general; and it may be truly said—

The patriot knew, and few have known so well,  
To touch the soldier's heart—to breathe the spell  
That wakens courage in the battle hour,  
Nerves the young arm with the enthusiast's power;  
That in defeat believes in victory still,  
And gives to countless hearts one heart—one will!

(To be continued.)

### The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

PINKS are always inclined to burst their calyx, and in that case the petals fall over on one side, making a very ragged appearance. This can only be prevented by tying a piece of bast matting round the middle of the pod, when it is first showing the point of the flower, by cracking at top.

When firmly tied, the divisions of the green calyx should be torn down as low as the tie, when the flower, being equally free all round, will open even. Those who are particular will, with a pair of ivory or tortoiseshell tweezers, bring down the broad petals or their places all round alike; and those who are about to show for prizes will follow this up, by bringing down the next size and placing the whole uniformly.

The grass-like shoots at the bottom may be taken

off and struck under a hand-glass, the top three joints being sufficient above ground, and say two pair of leaves stripped off at bottom; but many leave this job until the end of the month.

CARNATIONS and PICOETTES are rising for bloom, and must be loosely supported against wind. As soon as you can, you may remove all but the strongest shoot; and when the buds show, thin them out to three at the most, and let these be distant from each other rather than close.

Roses may be budded this month, either on stocks or on other roses, to change or add to the sorts. The operation, which has been explained, consists in making a slit down the bark of the stock or branch to be budded, and then another slit across it; raise the bark with the handle of the budding-knife, or a thin piece of wood, ready to receive the bud.

The bud must be taken with its leaf, by shaving off a thin portion of the wood, beginning half an inch below the bud, and bringing the knife over half an inch above. This has to be tucked under the bark of the stock, and when the bark is properly placed over it, tying it in firmly. A handful of damp moss, tied loosely over it, will keep the sun and wind from drying it before the bud unites.

As many as nine varieties of roses have been put on one tree, but they require incessant watching, to see that none get the mastery. Two or three sorts are very often put on one stock, but when this is done, they ought to bloom at the same period of the summer, and be alike in habit though not in colour.

Dig up late tulips, and store them till planting time. Fill up the vacancies with asters, stocks, and other annuals, or budding plants. The plants turned out from pots do the best, therefore many grow annuals in pots on purpose.

Look well to the greenhouse plants that are set out in their pots; watch their growth, and see that there are no rambling branches growing out of shape, and cut them back. Shift any that are in pots too small.

Cuttings of almost everything may be struck under a hand-glass in the common border; but they must be shaded the first week or two from the sun, and be occasionally watered, because the glass keeps off the rain.

DAHLIAS must be well supported against the wind and rain, for a heavy shower would cause the branches to fall and break with the weight.

PANSIES continually throw up side shoots; these should be taken off from any you wish to propagate, because they strike like grass in a shady border.

SEEDS TO BE SOWN NOW:—Cineraria, calcicolaria, pansy, hollyhock, lupin, digitalis, antirrhinum, columbine, Brompton and giant stocks, delphinium, aconitum, phlox, and perennials generally.

### PALERMO.

THE events of the last few weeks have invested the ancient city of Palermo with absorbing interest. As the capital and principal sea-port of the island of Sicily, its occupation by the Garibaldians brought the struggle to a close, and, in fact, established the complete freedom of the island from Neapolitan control. The triumph of the liberal cause was acknowledged, however reluctantly, by King Ferdinand; and forthwith the tone of communication was altered, and the heroic leader of the people was no longer described as a rebel and an outlaw, but as His Excellency General Garibaldi.

Some particulars of the modern history of Sicily were furnished in a former number of our paper (see vol. vi., pp. 44–55), but the classic interest attaching to this beautiful island exceeds that of later times. It is a land sacred to the graceful mythology of Greece, abounding in memorials of the classic age; its charms have been sung by Homer; the brilliant pages of Thucydides are devoted to passages of its history; Cicero has described some of its labouring (or prisons), and the achievements of its princes are the subject of one of Pindar's noble odes. The Corinthian and Dorian colonists, who established themselves at Syracuse, introduced Grecian civilisation. The Carthaginians, who settled at Panormus, and other Sicilian cities, were gradually involved in hostilities with the people of Syracuse, a city nowise inferior to Athens, and a people animated by the Hellenic spirit. During the course of the Peloponnesian war, Athens became intimately associated with Sicilian affairs, and at length an armament was dispatched—the greatest and most powerful ever sent forth by any of the Grecian States—for the reduction of Syracuse. The story of this fatal enterprise forms the most interesting portion of Thucydides' history. It was planned by the genius of Alcibiades, marred by the indecision of



Let us go together. Lassen Sie uns zusammen hingehen.  
 I heard a knock. Ich habe klopfen hören.  
 Who is it? Wer ist es?  
 It is the tailor. Es ist der Schneider.  
 Let him come in. Lassen Sie ihn hereinkommen.  
 This coat does not fit well. Dieser Rock sitzt sehr schlecht.  
 I beg your pardon, you will see that it fits you admirably. Ich bitte um Verzeihung, Sie werden sehen, daß er Ihnen ausgezeichnet sitzt.  
 I want a waistcoat. Ich brauche eine Weste.  
 Take my measure, if you please. Wollen Sie mir gefälltig das Maß nehmen.  
 How will you have the waistcoat made? Wie wollen Sie die Weste gemacht haben?  
 Make it after the present fashion. Machen Sie sie nach der jetzigen Mode.  
 Do not forget that I must have the waistcoat home next Saturday without fail. Vergessen Sie nicht, daß ich die Weste nächsten Sonnabend unfehlbar haben muß.

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

We have now double duty to do in weeding, and especially if weeds are coming up in the gravel walks, which should be kept clean, and after every shower of rain well rolled.

Lawns ought to be mowed constantly, before the grass gets too long, for, if allowed to run up, nothing but stalks will be seen after cutting; by constantly keeping it down, that is, frequently mowing it, the grass will always fill up.

The value of a mowing machine, where there is much grass, is almost incalculable, because a boy can wheel it about, and, if he goes a dozen times over the same spot, he does not touch it after the first cut.

Turning to house plants, and, indeed, all that are in pots, the most important point to attend to is watering. This should never be done sparingly; but it often happens the soil shrinks from the sides, and the water may go down between the ball and the pot, and run through, wetting only the outside of the soil.

To prevent this, the surface of the soil should be now and then stirred; the sides are then closed, and the water soaks through the whole ball, instead of running down outside it.

Another point worth attending to is keeping the foliage clean: this can generally be done by watering them all over now and then; but if necessary, sponge the leaves. Cleanliness is everything to plants.

If you have to shift a plant into a larger pot, be as particular in washing the pot inside as you would with a vessel you were going to drink out of. It may seem curious to wash a pot to put dirt in, but what is left in a pot is often poison to the next plant. It is said that the roots of plants exude as well as absorb, and that what it exudes is poison. All we know is, that plants cannot thrive in a dirty pot, and therefore we never use them a second time without thoroughly washing.

Now is the time to go to rose nurseries, to see all the varieties blooming, and select those we fancy to order for autumn planting, either to enrich or begin a collection, or form a rosary.

But what is a rosary? The portion of garden given up to roses; whether this be in the form of two borders, which is the most simple, or in any fanciful device, matters not; but we think roses are of themselves so interesting, that they require no fancy work.

An avenue between two banks of roses is a splendid feature in a garden, or even between two single rows. If there be room, however, and roses for four rows, so much the more effective, because they form a bank. Say the back rows five feet high; the next, three feet six inches; the next, two feet;

and a front row, dwarf. This, on each side a broad walk, has a most striking effect, because it forms two sloping banks of roses.

Very few of the fanciful designs for rosaries show off the flowers to advantage; that in the Crystal Palace grounds, though costly and elaborate in iron ornament, will look for years neither one thing nor the other; and when covered with roses, if it ever should be, all the fine ornament will be smothered.

Nor would it answer for many of the best flowers. It will be chiefly furnished with climbing varieties; for there seems no place for a collection of the finest kinds, whereas, in two lines or banks, every description worth growing may be shown to advantage.

All kinds of plants in pots, in-door and out, must be carefully watched and watered when necessary, not by a time rule. There are days when some want it twice and others not once; every plant should be looked to as an individual, unconnected with the rest. Those which stand out of doors want as much attention as the plants under cover. Never mind about rain; we must not conclude that they are wet enough because there may have been a great shower on many of them, because bushy plants throw off all the wet and the pot gets none.

Many a good plant has been spoiled through neglect in this particular. A wet season has caused its death, because the wet season caused a neglect of watering it, when it was starving for lack of moisture.

In the kitchen garden, when a crop is done with, have the ground dressed and dug, that is, dressed by spreading the dung all over the surface, and then dug, turning the top to the bottom.

It may then be cropped with any of the greens that are ready for planting out—cabbage, cauliflower, brocoli, leek, or any of the winter greens.

If a piece of cabbages have been nearly all cut, finish them, and put all the stumps in another place very close, in rows a foot apart, to stand for sprouts. Earth up celery on dry days.

G A R I B A L D I.

CHAPTER IV.

In chronicling the deeds of the man whom history will doubtless regard as the hero of the Italian war of independence, the narrative would appear lame and disjointed without some allusion to the progress of the French and Sardinian armies, upon whom, after all, the great weight of the contest fell. The deeds of Garibaldi can only be regarded as so many brilliant episodes in the vast epic whose last canto lies hidden in the future.

It was on the 20th of May, 1859, at Casteggio, that France and Austria came to blows. Never were two armies more embittered against each other, or more impatient for action. There was the memory of insults, humiliations on either side to avenge.

A single division, under the command of General Forey, held the place. The Austrians, 15,000 strong, advanced with great impetuosity, and, to do them justice, cool, determined courage; so fierce was the shock that the French were driven back with considerable loss, and but for the timely arrival of a body of Piedmontese cavalry, led on by the gallant Sonnez, in all probability would have been defeated.

Taking our description from the testimony of an eye-witness, nothing could have been more brilliant than the charge of the Piedmontese; each soldier felt that he had a country to win; a defeat to avenge; and the sanctity of a home to guard. Shouting "Novara!" the Italians, heedless of the murderous fire, broke through the serried ranks of their enemies, who retired, leaving 500 slain and nearly 300 prisoners in their hands.

The French journals in their account of this skirmish, for it was little more, claimed all the merit, and only casually alluded to the presence of their allies; not the only injustice the brave Piedmontese had to complain of during the progress of the war.

This first affair led to the battle of Montebello, where the Napoleon won some of his earliest laurels. The name was destined to prove a second time fatal to the army of Austria, and yet, if anything could excite them to desperate deeds, it ought to have been the recollection of their forefathers' defeat; and there is little doubt that, if they had been properly led, victory must have crowned their efforts, for the French forces were not only widely scattered, but unsupported by cavalry.

The first brunt of the contest fell upon the divi-

sion of General Forey, which occupied Montebello and Valeggio. Vinoy hastened to support him.

In this, as in the preceding action, the Piedmontese cavalry bore an honourable part. After occupying Casteggio, they had been compelled to retreat before the superior numbers of the enemy, and fell back upon Montebello.

For several hours the contest raged; the long, straggling streets of the village ran blood; from every house the male inhabitants fired upon the detested foe, whilst the women and children served them with ammunition. Superior numbers prevailed at last, and for a moment the arms of Austria triumphed.

The retreating French and Sardinians, being supported by a small battery of artillery and the 91st and 98th regiments, which soon afterwards arrived upon the scene of action, returned to the attack, and drove the enemy from Montebello—before they could wreak their brutal vengeance upon the inhabitants—with fearful slaughter.

In their retreat the Austrians suffered severely, and would have been utterly destroyed but for the steadiness of the artillery, the best branch of their service. At Casteggio, finding themselves supported by a battalion of Tyrolean riflemen, they made a successful attempt to defend the place. The belligerent parties now changed positions. The fugitives became the pursuers; the pursuers, fugitives, who retreated in great disorder to Montebello, which the presence of the 52nd regiment and 6th battalion of Chasseurs enabled them to hold, but only after a frightful contest.

Austrians, French, and Piedmontese, so hot was the pursuit, had entered the village together. It was the crowning effort of the day—the struggle to decide the victory. After displaying courage and determination worthy of a better cause, the oppressors of Italy were compelled to retreat, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded behind them.

Much has been said respecting the inefficient manner in which the army of Austria was officered; but we perceive little proof of it up to the present time. The disorganisation of her troops, which afterwards occurred, had not then become apparent. They fought well and bravely. In fact, they had no other hope; for the peasantry, whose homes had been sacked, wives and daughters dishonoured, harvests destroyed, hung with vengeful perseverance upon their rear.

There was but small chance of the wounded Austrian left upon the field ever rejoining his countrymen again; the knife did its work.

General Forey, in his dispatch to Baraguay d' Hilliers, gives a widely different version of the affair:—

"Hearing, about mid-day, that a strong Austrian column, with artillery, had occupied Casteggio, and had succeeded in driving from Montebello the Guards of the Piedmontese cavalry, I went immediately to the outposts on the road to Montebello with two battalions of the 74th, destined to relieve two battalions of the 84th, cantoned upon that road, in front of Voghera, and on the heights of Madura.

"During this time the rest of my division took to their arms, a battery of artillery at their head.

"Arrived at the bridge thrown over the brook called the Fossagazzo, the extreme limit of our advanced posts, I ordered a section of the artillery to be ranged in order, supported on the right and left by two battalions of the 84th, who defended the stream with their sharpshooters.

"During this time the enemy pushed on from Montebello upon Ginestrello. Having ascertained they were directing their march upon me in two columns, the one by the highway, the other by the embankment of the railway, I ordered the battalion of the left of the 74th to cover the embankment to Cascina Nova, and the other to the right of the road, in the rear of the 84th.

"This movement was scarcely effected than a sharp fusillade, extending along the whole line, was exchanged between our riflemen and those of the enemy, who advanced against us, supported by the heads of columns opening upon Ginestrello.

"The magnificent fire of our artillery checked their march.

"I next ordered my right to advance. The Austrians retreated before the attack of my troops, till, perceiving that I had only one battalion to the left, he suddenly directed a strong column against it; a movement which the gallant charge of the Piedmontese cavalry, under General Sonnez, defeated. Being joined by General Blanchard and the 98th, I directed him to go to support the battalion of the 74th, charged with the defence of the railway, and take up a position at Cascina Nova. Successful on this point, I advanced my right again,



and organised my column of attack under General Beuret, in the following manner:—

"The 17th battalion of Chasseurs, supported by the 84th and 74th, disposed in échelons, were thrown forward on the parts south of Montebello, where the enemy was fortified.

"A hand-to-hand fight then took place in the village, which it was found necessary to raze house by house. During the struggle General Beuret fell, mortally wounded, at my side.

"After an obstinate resistance, the Austrians at last began to give way before the impetuous assault of our troops; and although strongly entrenched in the cemetery, their last position was taken at the point of the bayonet, to the cry, a thousand times repeated, of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"It was then half-past six; I judged it prudent not to push further the success of the day, and encamped my troops behind the cemetery, guarding my position with four pieces of cannon.

"I cannot praise too highly the conduct of our troops, who, I regret to state, have suffered largely. Our loss amounts to 600 or 700 men, and many superior officers.

"That of the enemy must have been considerably greater, judging from the number of dead, not only upon the roads, but in the village of Montebello.

"We have taken about 200 prisoners.

"As for myself, Monsieur le Maréchal, I am happy that my division has been the first to engage with the enemy. This glorious baptism, which recalls one of the splendid days of the Empire, will mark, I hope, one of the steps spoken of in the Emperor's order of the day.—(Signed) "FOREY."

If the French general was thus bombastic in speaking of the engagement of Montebello, the Austrian ministers were equally untruthful in describing it as a slight skirmish. It was neither a brilliant victory nor a trivial affair.

Count Stadion, says the *Viennese Gazette*, passed the Po on the 20th by the bridge at Vicazzina, with 25,000 men, in order to ascertain the position of the enemy, whom he found at Casteggio, which place he stormed.

He next came upon the army under Baraguay d'Hilliers, near Montebello, and attacked him, in order to force the maréchal to display his strength.

In the combat Count Stadion was slightly wounded, had ten officers killed, and sixteen disabled. The French brought up fresh troops by rail.

At night his Excellency retired, having effected his purpose.

It is now time to return to the course pursued by Garibaldi, whose successes, far from exciting the approbation of Louis Napoleon, were viewed by him with intense jealousy, and strict orders given to suppress all mention of his name and achievements in the papers and public dispatches—a littleness which neither diminished the ardour of the hero in the cause of his country, nor lessened the real value of his services. How important they were may be judged from the fact that Gyulai dispatched Urban, the most ferocious of his generals, to oppose him. The revolt of the inhabitants of Varese, who had succeeded in disarming the Austrian garrison, had seriously alarmed him.

The inhuman proceedings of Urban—like those of the monster Haynau, the woman-flogger—have devoted him to the execrations of mankind. He was one of those beings who delight in deeds of cruelty and blood. He knew but one mode of warfare—extermination. No orders were too atrocious for him to carry out. Old men, women, children, utterly incapable of bearing arms, were shot, not upon suspicion, but from mere wantonness. Probably he thought to excite terror by his proceedings. He did so; but it was terror accompanied by a burning desire of revenge.

There is little doubt but the cruelties exercised by Austria inflicted great moral injury upon her cause. Not even the English Tories dared venture to justify them. The members of the Derby Cabinet found themselves compelled to conceal their sympathies, or at most, indulge only in a timid expression of them. Had they attempted to interfere, the nation—true to its instincts, its strong love of liberty—would have driven them ignominiously from power. In listening to the horrors perpetrated in Italy, Englishmen forgot their traditional jealousy of France, their profound mistrust of her ruler; there was but one feeling, one voice, one prayer heard in the city of merchant princes, amid the looms of Manchester, the workshops of Birmingham, Sheffield, and the great seats of industry—

"Liberty to Italy, even though the French achieve it!"

General Urban affected to treat with contempt the man by whom he was destined to be defeated.

Garibaldi not only checked his advance, but would have destroyed both him and his band of savages with no other force than his own raw, undisciplined levies, had not the French made a pretence of assisting him, in order that they might share the glory.

The movement, although of no real use, partially paralysed the efforts of the hero.

General Niel, as was stated in the journals, was ordered to support him—an assertion as false as it was impudent; for in a dispatch dated from Turin, on the very day the general was supposed to be aiding the great Italian leader, occurs the following passage:—

"General Niel entered Novara this morning at seven o'clock, and drove back the Austrian outposts. At five in the evening the emperor arrived, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants."

So persevering were the attempts to lessen the fame of Garibaldi, that even falsehood was resorted to by his detractors. It was given out that, instead of defeating Urban, he had been defeated by him, and had no means of escape, except the pass of the Stelvio.

At the very time this shameless lie was made public, the patriot chief was victorious, and had just issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants of Como:—

"Citizens!—All young men who can carry a musket are called upon to join the tricolour banner of Italy. No one would wish to remain unarmed and inactive during this holy war. No one, when the day of freedom comes, would willingly confess he took no part in it!

"This is the hour to show that you do not utter falsehood in speaking of your undying hatred of Austria!

"To arms, then! No sacrifice can be too great to accomplish the work of Italian independence.

"GARIBALDI."

Day by day the position of Austria in Italy was becoming more critical. The Valtelline was in insurrection, and the old Lombard spirit ready to break forth once more in Milan. Even this was not the worst. Florence, the appanage of the younger branch of the Hapsburgs, rose and threw off the yoke. Lord Normanby's friend—who wished to prove his divine right to rule by bombarding the loveliest city of Italy, and by the massacre of its inhabitants—was compelled to abdicate; and the citizens nobly avenged themselves by suffering him and his family to depart in contemptuous silence. Not one act of violence stained their revolution.

The following account of the expulsion of the Grand Ducal family is taken from an authentic narrative drawn up at the time:—

"A few weeks since, and the throne of Leopold seemed no more insecure than that of most Italian potentates, in times of popular commotion; but an excitement gradually rose among all classes, burning to know the course their sovereign intended to pursue in the inevitable struggle. The procrastination of the Court increased the feeling, and, though a declaration of neutrality might have checked, for the moment, the passions of the people, it was at last felt that nothing short of an immediate decision in favour of Piedmont could prevent a popular demonstration. General Ferrari, the head of the Tuscan forces, sent in his resignation, while bands of soldiers and citizens paraded the streets, singing patriotic songs, and mingling the names of Victor Emmanuel and Italian independence. Throughout the day, emissaries of the National party might be seen posting up addresses to the citizens, in the most public manner, urging them to throw off the yoke of Austria, and rise in the name of Italian independence. At an early hour on the morning of the 17th, 20,000 persons assembled in the Piazza Santa Maria Antonia, where the tricolour of Italy was raised amid rapturous acclamations."

This significant act accomplished, bands of citizens and artisans dispersed themselves in every direction through the city, each party preceded by a man bearing the national standard.

In less than an hour the tricolour was floating over the Palazzo Vecchio, the ancient palace of the Medici, and the fortresses of St. George and St. John.

By far the greater number of the insurgents proceeded to the residence of the ambassador of France, who thanked the people for the expression of their sympathy; but the most enthusiastic display by far took place before the palace of the Sardinian minister, who presented himself to the people amid waving of banners and thousands of *vivas*.

In his speech he reminded them that the eyes of Ita., Piedmont, and Europe were upon them—exhorted them to respect religion, laws, and property

—recommended discipline to the army, quiet and order to all.

"The moment will come," he exclaimed—"nay, is now at hand—when you will be called upon to employ arms in defence of your country." He next announced that the Grand Duke had declared his intention of abandoning Tuscany, and demanded, in the name of national honour and of Victor Emmanuel, that no insult should be offered to him, and trusted that the citizens would obey the Government organised to meet the emergency.

The speaker next disclaimed any intention on the part of Sardinia of interfering in the affairs of Tuscany. The object for which she had drawn the sword was independence, not ambition.

In this position of affairs the Grand Duke called upon the Marquis of Lajatico, who declared that abdication in favour of his son was the only means of securing the succession to his family. His Imperial Highness declined, and summoning the *corps diplomatique* to his presence, declared that he preferred quitting the country to such a humiliation.

Even his guards and domestics had mounted the tricolour; thousands were on the Grand Piazza, where the most perfect order prevailed. The leaders of the people possessed unbounded influence over them; in proof of which, and to the eternal honour of the inhabitants of Florence, not one act of violence occurred during the day.

An address was issued to the people declaring that Leopold II., although his opinions coincided with those of Tuscany, was on the point of abandoning his country with his family, and that a Junta would be formed which would maintain order. General Ulloa, it was announced, was on his way to Florence, sent by Victor Emmanuel, to whom the Dictatorship of the country would be offered during the war.

Never was revolution more peaceably accomplished. At eight o'clock in the evening the Grand Duke with his family, escorted by a band of officers, deputed to see him safely to the frontiers, quitted the capital of his dominions, and took the road to Bologna. Long before midnight the most perfect tranquillity reigned in the city.

The Revolution of Tuscany was a fatal blow to the influence of the house of Hapsburg; it proved incontestably the undying hatred of the people; their abhorrence of its rule. The entire peninsula was agitated with alternate hopes and fears; whilst the crowned brute who reigned at Naples trembled on his throne.

This is not the moment to touch upon the state of the southernmost kingdom of Italy. We shall have occasion to speak of Ferdinand II. and his subjects fully, in describing the career of Garibaldi in Sicily. Unfortunately, there is much that we must wade through first, otherwise the record would be incomplete.

The weak and ungenerous attempts made by Louis Napoleon—the French, we believe, with all their vanity, would, as a nation, have disdained such petty rivalry—were successful only for a time. Several foreign journals, animated by no very friendly spirit towards the emperor, and, let us hope, by a love of justice, took up the hero's cause.

One of the most influential of these papers, in speaking of him, at a time the Parisian journals affected to ignore his whereabouts, says:—

"The whole interest of the war is now centered in Garibaldi and his body of volunteers. This distinguished general, for such he is, far beyond any officer in the allied armies, has been, all through the present week, striking the Austrians where they least expected it; inflicting upon them heavy blows and great discouragement, rendering their position in the north of Italy untenable."

Having crossed the Ticino at Sesto-Calende, he pushed on to Varese, from which he expelled the enemy, and then entered Como after a severe conflict, fighting two distinct battles in one day.

This done, he roused the Valtelline to resistance, and the hardy mountaineers responded to his call. The result was the expulsion of the Austrian authorities from the entire province, and the occupation of Sondrio, the capital, by the revolutionary government.

The next movement of Garibaldi was of a political character, highly detrimental to Austria. He issued an address calling on the Lombard population to rise and expel their oppressors; and though nothing is known with certainty of the effect of this proclamation, it cannot be doubted, looking at antecedent facts in the history of Italy—the revolution of 1848, for instance—that it was calculated to alarm the Austrian authorities, who sent a large force against the patriot leader. For a time he was lost sight of: to all appearance, there was but one path



of escape for him and his band of heroes—into Switzerland, where their career during the war would have ended.

Contrary to expectation, he suddenly reappeared in the Valtelline, descended again upon Varese, routed the enemy, and entered Como once more in triumph.

It should be added, that not only did Garibaldi perform these feats without aid from the regular army of the allies, but, there is every reason to believe, against the secret wishes of the Emperor of the French.

Day after day, as Europe watched his adventurous progress step by step, the public were informed that Louis Napoleon was to send a division of the French army to support the daring chief; but there is no evidence that a single French soldier ever moved in aid of Garibaldi.

We trust that we have established in the minds of our readers the truth of our assertion, that the great deeds of the illustrious subject of our memoir have not only been achieved without foreign support, but in opposition to the will of the man who at one time appeared the sole arbiter of Italy.

It was a singular mistake for so shrewd a calculator as Louis Napoleon to suppose that he could remove the yoke from the neck of intelligent, highly-gifted people, and that it would retain its subserviency—voluntarily retain it—till he had replaced it by another. The eagerness with which the Italians sprang to arms—the patriotic cry which echoed from one extremity of the peninsula to the other—ought to have undeceived him. We believe that he is confident in his star. His uncle either believed, or affected to believe, in a similar superstition. Folly! The humblest soldier who fell upon the fields of his victories or defeats was as much under the guardianship of Providence as himself.

In her eyes, like those of a tender mother, all her children are equal; and if some appear more successful—run a brighter career than others—it is that temperament, self-control, energy, perseverance, early training, and, above all, opportunity, assist them in the race.

Hitherto we have made but slight mention of the Sardinians, and none of their monarch, who really merits the title his people have given him, of "the chivalrous king." We question if any consideration less important than the liberty of his country, and the overwhelming number of the enemy opposed to him, would have induced Victor Emmanuel to accept the assistance of his imperial ally. From the first, he must have doubted the disinterestedness of his idea, and his open, frank, loyal, soldier-like nature revolted at the tortuous, ungenerous policy imposed on him towards Garibaldi.

We dare not blame him. The stake, perhaps, justified the sacrifice.

The defeat of Austria at Montebello, however galling to her pride, had not seriously endangered her hold upon Italy. The double-headed eagle, its beak and claws dabbled in blood, still held the palpitating body of its victim in its strong grip, and refused to release its hold. The contest had yet to be decided.

At Palestro the Austrians fiercely disputed the passage of Victor Emmanuel across the river, but after a desperate struggle were compelled to retreat. The 3rd regiment of Zouaves, attached to the Sardinian division, displayed the greatest courage. Almost unsupported, and in front of a battery of eight guns, they passed the stream, scrambled up the heights, and charged the Austrians with the bayonet. More than four hundred of the enemy were hurled into the stream by this gallant regiment, which captured six of their cannon.

The Sardinians also took two pieces of cannon, and displayed an equal amount of bravery.

The following day witnessed a second contest, and the same result, in the neighbourhood of Palestro, which Austria vainly attempted to re-take. At one period of the battle the struggle was a severe one. It was on this occasion that the Sardinian monarch covered himself with so much glory, by dashing forward at the head of his troops wherever the fighting was most furious. So desperate was his courage, that not only his own soldiers but the Zouaves vainly endeavoured to restrain him. Reckless of his personal safety, Victor Emmanuel remembered that he had a father to avenge—a country to redeem—and nobly did he fulfil his duty. Fortune that day smiled upon the righteous cause; the vanguard of his army defeated the enemy at Sesto Calende, and crossed the Ticino in pursuit of them.

It was on this occasion that the King of Sardinia published the following proclamation to his army:—

"Soldiers! our first battle has marked our first victory. Your heroic courage, the admirable order

of your ranks, the daring and sagacity of your leaders, have triumphed to-day at Palestro, at Vinzaglio, at Cassalino. After an obstinate defence, the enemy, repeatedly attacked, abandoned his strong positions. The campaign could not open under happier auspices. To-day's triumph is to us a sure pledge that you have in reserve other victories for the glory of your king and for the fame of the valiant Piedmontese army.

"Soldiers! your grateful country expresses to you its gratitude by my voice; and, proud of our battles, already points out to history the names of its heroic sons who, for the second time on the 30th day of May, have valiantly fought for it.

"VICTOR EMMANUEL."

In a second address to his troops, which appeared the following evening, the king announced that upwards of a thousand prisoners had been taken, together with eight pieces of cannon, five by the Zouaves and three by his own men.

"Our august ally, the Emperor of the French," he added, "on visiting the field, expressed the sincerest congratulations for our triumph, the immense advantages of which his sagacity fully appreciated. Soldiers! persevere in this noble course, and Heaven will crown with success the work so happily commenced."

This affair, however brilliant and useful to try the spirit of the patriot army, had, in reality, but little influence on the ultimate fate of Italy. The first great battle had yet to be fought; both parties saw that the hour was approaching, and resolutely and sternly prepared for the contest.

(To be continued.)

[The article on POPULAR DELUSIONS will be continued in our next number.]

### THE APPROACHING SOLAR ECLIPSE

(Concluded from page 124.)

It occasionally happens that when an eclipse is proved to have occurred at any particular time, a similar eclipse has been observed at a particular interval, and this, in the course of time, after the same term of years, is found to occur at regular intervals. For instance, an eclipse is recorded to have happened on July 14, 1748, at noon. It would seem that this eclipse first began to be visible during the 12th century, in the reign of Stephen; at a certain interval of 18 years and a few days—discovered by the Chaldeans, and called by them the *sauros*—it has crept more northerly on the earth, and was invisible in England till the year 1622, on the 30th of April. It appeared again in 1676, and again in 1694, 1730, 1748, 1766, 1802, 1820, and will be again visible in 1874, 1892, 1928, and so on till the year 2030, when the eclipse will, as it were, wear off the surface of the earth, and fall into empty space; from which it has been supposed that no more returns of this eclipse can happen till after a revolution of 10,000 years. The same result takes place with reference to solar eclipses occurring at other times than those mentioned above.

Having stated this much by way of introduction, it is now proper to give some brief details respecting the methods which astronomers employ in their researches as to the actual cause of the eclipses which are given in our almanacs. Many observations as to the exact situation of the sun and moon with respect to each other have been made at the various European observatories during the last century; the results of which are the formulae on which the eclipses, as we now have them, are based. It is well known that an eclipse of the sun can only occur at the instant of *new moon*, and a lunar eclipse at *full moon*. This last fact once clearly demonstrated, it is easy to dispose of the objection sometimes urged against the supernatural darkness which happened at the time of the Crucifixion, A.D. 30—an event which we know to a certainty occurred at the *Pascal full moon*; this circumstance clearing proving the truth of revelation, and showing that that phenomenon cannot be ascribed to the ordinary operations of nature.

The bulk of the sun is so enormous in respect to the earth or moon, that the shadow cast by either of the latter bodies in comparison of the former is, as it were, nothing in contrast with the vast disproportion in their magnitudes. The diameter of the sun, from the latest observations, measures 887,076 miles, which makes this enormous globe to have 1,401,910 times the volume of the earth, while its mass is 355,000 times greater. The sun is distant from the earth 95,000,000 miles, and the moon 240,000 miles. The apparent magnitudes of both the sun and moon, as seen by the naked eye, are nearly the same. The paths of the sun and moon are not equal, though each appear to describe the

same circle through the stars. Close observation reveals the fact that the paths of the sun and moon intersect each other; the places in the heavens where these intersections occur are called *nodes*. Hence we deduce the fact, that when, at intervals extremely rare, the sun and moon happen to meet at these *nodes*, the dark body of the moon must interpose between the earth and the solar light; and it is at this instant of new moon that we have the phenomenon of an eclipse of the sun. On the arrival of the moon at this intersection of their several paths—or fourteen days after, at the other point of contact—there is also the lunar eclipse. If the moon's orbit were the same as that of the sun, an eclipse would take place at every change of the moon; but the same beautiful law which causes the diversity of seasons occasions also the variable times of the withholding of the light of the sun or moon. The greatest number of eclipses that can happen in one year is seven, and of these five may be solar and two lunar, or three solar and four lunar. The average number is four, and the least two. Many interesting facts are elicited in the explanation of the cause of the variation in the number of eclipses.

The forthcoming eclipse will not possess in itself that interest which has characterised previous eclipses in our own day. Nevertheless, though it be what is termed *partial*, many interesting facts may be observed in its course. Although in 1851 and 1858 the atmosphere in England was unfavourable, yet at other places the much-desired sight was obtained without any of those atmospheric drawbacks which occurred in this country.

While the inhabitants of the earth are for a short time deprived of the light of the sun, very frequently the brightest stars and planets are clearly visible. Almost always Venus and Jupiter, when above the horizon, present themselves as conspicuous objects in the surrounding darkness. The colour of the sky, and of objects surrounding the observer, frequently changes in a remarkable manner at the moment of obscuration. Dr. Halley, in recording this characteristic of the eclipse of 1715, says, as the totality came on, every one was sensible of a damp and chill. The same effects are visible on animals and the feathered tribes. Cattle in the fields congregate together, as if apprehensive of an enemy. At Montpellier, the swallows, before the commencement of an eclipse, suddenly disappeared; and in one place, it is said, a great number of birds fell on the earth. In 1842, the birds in the trees near Lodi suddenly ceased singing at the moment when the total obscuration came on; and at Milan, the bees quitted their hives in great numbers soon after sunrise, but returned to them in haste immediately the last rays of the sun had vanished.

As before stated, phenomena similar to the above will not be so conspicuous in the forthcoming eclipse, and it will not be till the year 1887 that a total eclipse will be visible in England; other large eclipses will occur March 6, 1867; December 22, 1870; and May 28, 1900. On the 18th of July, in the present year, the eclipse will be partial—that is to say, if the sun's surface be supposed to be divided into twelve parts, from 9½ to 10 of those parts will be eclipsed. The dark shadow of the moon first comes in contact with the earth, and soon after the central phase of total darkness commences at 57 minutes past noon near the mouth of the Columbia River, in North America. It rapidly extends in an easterly direction across North America and Hudson's Bay, and reaching the North Atlantic Ocean at 2h. 5m, the sun will be centrally eclipsed and in total darkness at noon-day. The eclipse rapidly extends over the Bay of Biscay, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea, and it leaves the earth in the neighbourhood of Abyssinia, near the Red Sea. The dark shadow of the moon having left the earth, the solar circle is again visible, and the aspect of the heavens is the same as heretofore.

The following remarks from the late Rev. Dr. Dick may appropriately close this paper, and may suggest themselves at the moment of the total obscuration of the light of the sun:—"Without the beams of the sun, and the influence of light, what were all the realms of this world, but an undiminished chaos and so many dungeons of darkness! In vain should we roll our eyes around to behold, amidst the universal gloom, the flowery fields, the verdant plains, the expansive ocean, the moon walking in brightness, or the innumerable host of stars. All would be lost to the eye of man, and the 'blackness of darkness' would surround him for ever."

Much more might have been added to what has been stated, but enough has been advanced to reiterate the sentiment of the philosopher, "Contemplated as one grand whole, astronomy is the noblest monument of the human mind."



## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

### LESSON XXXI.

WE observed in the last lesson that the proper selection of the case, after the preposition, was one of the difficulties of the German language. Prepositions may govern the genitive, dative, or accusative case, but the nominative never. Those among our German pupils who are less thoroughly grounded in grammar than others, or who have lost sight of the explanations about cases given in the first German lessons, may be glad to be reminded of the effect the difference of case has on the articles. It influences demonstrative pronouns in much the same manner. We give the articles in the genitive, dative, and accusative cases.

#### DEFINITE ARTICLE.

Singular.			Plural.
Mas.	Fem.	Neut.	
G. deß	der	deß.	der, of the
D. dem	der	dem.	dem, to the
A. den	die	daß.	die, the.

#### INDEFINITE ARTICLE.

Singular.		
Masc.	Fem.	Neut.
G. eines	einer	eines, of a
D. einem	einer	einem, to a
A. einen	eine	eitt, a.

Observe that when *auf* is used with the accusative, a motion from one place to another is implied. Ex. *Ich lege es auf den Tisch*, "I put it on the table. *Er geht um drei auf die Börse*, "He goes to the Exchange at three."

*Auf* sometimes means "after." Ex. *Auf Kält und Wind folget Sonnenschein*, "After cold and wind follows sunshine."

*Auf* also stands for a future period alluded to. Thus: *Er hat seine Abreise auf morgen festgesetzt*, "He has fixed his departure for to-morrow."

In some senses, *auf* represents "for." Ex. *Mein Bruder leihet mir täglich sein Pferd auf eine Stunde*, "My brother lends me every day his horse for an hour."

*Auf* signifies "in consequence of," "according to." *Auf seinen Befehl*, "In consequence of his orders."

The dative case is used with the verbs *bestehen*, "to insist upon," and *beruhen*, "to rest upon;" but *auf warten*, "to wait for," *vertrauen*, "to confide in," and *sich verlassen*, "to rely upon," require the accusative. Ex. *Sie müssen auf mich warten*, "You must wait for me." *Wir vertrauen auf ihn*, "We confide in him." *Ich verlasse mich auf sein Versprechen*, "I rely upon his promise."

#### DIALOGUE ON BUYING AND SELLING.

What do you require, sir?	Was befehlen Sie, mein Herr?
I want paper.	Ich brauche Papier.
How do you sell it?	Wie theuer verkaufen Sie es?
That seems to me rather dear.	Das scheint mir ein wenig theuer.
I also want wafers and pens.	Ich brauche auch Oblaten und Federn.
Steel pens, you mean.	Stahlfedern meinen Sie.
Give me also some paper.	Geben Sie mir auch Papier.
Well, I'll take a quire of this.	Nun ich nehme ein Buch von diesem.
Do you not require sealing wax?	Bedürfen Sie kein Siegelack?

GIVE YOUR WIVES A REST.—As soon as genial weather comes and abides with you, you who are, from the nature of your occupations, compelled to reside in towns, should let your wives have a chance of running into the country with the little ones, where they will be free from the wearying cares of housekeeping. Let them visit the old homestead (if Providence vouchsafe unto them such a blessed retreat), and place their bright-eyed babies on their mothers' bosoms—one of the dearest wishes of every young wife's heart. The wives of professional men and men of business need such seasons of refreshment and repose; and if they have them not, broken constitutions, premature old age, and untimely graves are the almost certain results. Therefore, give your wives a rest.

## The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

A FEW words upon the plants which are most useful to cover arbours or verandahs, or to ornament the fronts of houses, may be acceptable, now that they may be seen in perfection in a stroll of a mile.

The principal of our favourites are climbing roses, honeysuckles, wisteria sinensis, jasmines, clematises, and passion flower, of the flowering kind. The Virginian creeper, the foliage of which turns scarlet in autumn, and the ivy, which is always green, have no flower worth mentioning.

Roses of almost every colour may be had to climb—that is, varieties that will grow so fast, and make such long shoots, that they may be trained to go any height, and almost cover any space.

When these have been made to cover as much as they are required, the only management necessary is to cut back all the side-shoots every year to two or three eyes, because they bloom in the new growth, and each eye sends forth its shoot.

Honeysuckles may, in the same way, be trained and fastened where they are to remain, and, year after year, be cut back to a spur of two or three eyes, for it is also in the young wood that these bloom.

*Wisteria sinensis* is that beautiful climber which is, in the early spring, covered with lilac blooms, of the form of the laburnum flowers, hanging in graceful racemes all over the plant.

Of the jasmine there are three conspicuous varieties. The old-fashioned white jasmine, known to everybody by its delicacy and fragrance; *jasminum revolutum*, a very fine yellow, with bright green foliage; and *jasminum nudiflorum*, which flowers in the winter and spring before any foliage makes its appearance.

The white is a rapid grower, and when it has reached the height and dimensions it is destined to cover, it will grow out from the wall or house, and all the branches hang gracefully. *Jasminum revolutum* is not so hardy as the white, but quite as handsome, yet will not so soon grow tall as the other; and *jasminum nudiflorum* has all its stems covered with golden yellow before any other flowers make their appearance.

The clematis boasts many varieties; the most familiar is the sweet-scented one that blooms in autumn, and is the wildest grower of all climbing plants. The clematis *sibboldii* has a large white flower with a purple disc; and clematis *azurea grandiflora* is a splendid purple star, as large and as handsome as a passion flower.

The passion flower is a fast growing plant, covering a good deal of space in a season; and although the individual flower only lasts a day, there is such a quantity, that there is always enough out to be interesting.

The Virginian creeper will cover a house in a season, and as autumn approaches, the leaves turn to a brilliant scarlet, and remain so till they fall.

With regard to ivy, the flowers are nothing to boast of; but it is an evergreen always bright and close; and once in its place, it is lasting; no pruning required. It is always cheerful; it looks warm in winter, and cool in summer.

"A rare old plant is the ivy green."

All these are to be had well established in pots. They require a fair depth of good soil to root in, and may be turned out without disturbing the ball of earth. They require at once releasing from the supports they have had, and fastening to the wall, or house, or trellice, as the case may be.

Of the annual climbers, the most conspicuous are *convolvulus major*, and *tropeolum canariensis*. These have merely to be sown where they are to grow, in the spring of the year, or, as they may be flowered earlier by pot culture, both are frequently kept in stock, to be turned out any part of the summer.

Now look well to the pots out of doors, for twenty-four hours' neglect of watering will do mischief. Do not fancy that a recent shower has watered them, for the most bushy will have thrown the water outside the pots, which may be perfectly dry inside.

Plants in the dwelling-house must be kept clean, and the surface of the soil in the pot stirred every week or fortnight, but not low enough to bruise the fibres of the root.

In the kitchen-garden take up potatoes as wanted, until they are ripe, and then take the whole crop up. Ripeness is indicated when the skin will not rub off. Plant out all sorts of greens for autumn and winter, also lettuces, and hoe between all the crops.

## THE LITTLE MECHANIC.—No II.

### MORE OF RODS AND TACKLE.

"OUR rod is completed, dear papa; but neither Arthur nor I quite understand the use of the loop we have attached, as you told us, to the small end of it. Why could we not tie the line to the rod, papa, instead of to the loop?"

"Because the simplest plan is best, and it would be troublesome to attach the line to the rod itself each time you wish to use it, and then remove it when you are done. By having a similar loop on the end of the line to that you have attached to the rod, you can fasten and unfasten your line in a minute. To join them, hold the loop on your rod in your left hand, and that on your line in your right hand; now put the loop in your left hand through the loop of your line which is in the other hand; then put the end of the line through the loop on the rod; pull it all the way through, and draw it tight. You will thus form a knot which cannot possibly slip, and, whilst it is thus strong and firm, can be very easily undone again. The different parts of your line may be joined in a similar manner."

"Thank you, papa; I now see the advantage. You were going to tell us, papa, at some time how to make a rod of which we could undo the joints easily, so as to pack it into small compass. The rod we have already made I wish to give to Arthur. May I try to make mine with joints, that I can take apart at pleasure?"

"I am quite willing that you should try, my boy; but I am afraid you will find it a more difficult task than the one you have finished. Your joints, in this case, must consist of metal sockets attached to one piece of the rod, into which the next piece must fit tightly."

"What kind of metal, papa? I am afraid you cannot manage that."

"The simplest joint of this kind that you can use, will consist of a piece of tinned iron, or tin, as it is commonly called, bent round into a tube to fit your rod at the end to be joined; a piece of sheet zinc might answer the same purpose. The edges of the tube must be soldered together to keep it firm, and, when completed, it may be painted the colour of the rod, for the double purpose of preserving it from the action of the atmosphere and improving its appearance. To make the joint neater, and to make it fit tight, the tube should be made a little smaller than that part of the rod to which it is to be attached, which may then be carefully pared away sufficiently with your pocket-knife until it fits properly."

"Oh, papa; but I fear that sounds very difficult. How are we to manage the soldering?"

"That sounds more difficult, my boy, than it really is. It does require some care and some tools which, at present, you do not possess—a 'soldering-iron,' as it is called, for instance; but as it may be useful in other experiments, I may, perhaps, allow you to purchase one."

"But how shall I use it, papa?"

"I am going to describe that to you now. Soldering, as you perhaps know, is the method of joining two metals together, by means of another which is melted between the parts to be joined. It is necessary, therefore, that the solder should always be more fusible—that is, melt with less heat, than the metals to be joined. That most commonly used, and called 'soft solder,' consists of a mixture of tin and lead, generally two parts of the former to one of the latter. We might easily make this solder by melting the metals in their proper proportions in an iron spoon over the kitchen fire. It would be better, however, to buy it in rods ready prepared."

"Where shall we procure it, papa?"

"At the plumber's or whitesmith's, where, also, you may probably procure a small 'soldering-iron.' To solder the edges of your joint together, the soldering-iron must be made hot—not quite red-hot—in the fire. The edges to be joined having been in the meantime scraped quite clean, and a little powdered resin laid along them, a small piece of the solder is then placed on the powdered resin, and the heated soldering-iron applied; the solder will at once melt, and may, with the point of the soldering-iron, be spread along the edges, and thus join them firmly together. You must now scrape neatly away all the superfluous metal that is not needed to give strength to the joint, and your work is completed."

"Oh, thank you, papa. That does not sound so difficult as you describe it. But how shall we fasten the metal tube to the rod?"

"I have told you that you will make the tube a little less in diameter than that part of the rod to which it is to be attached. The largest tube will have to fit the smallest end of the piece which forms the butt-end of your rod. The tube will be about



four or five inches long; and the rod, having been pared with your knife so as to fit in tightly, is fixed in the tube about two inches deep, leaving a similar length projecting, so as to form a socket into which to insert the next joint. The tube may be made fast to the first-mentioned piece by punching it with a bradawl, making a slight indentation of the metal enter the wood."

"Now I understand you, papa, and I think this would complete our second rod, when we had made a sufficient number of tubes of the right size."

"Yes, with one exception; for some kinds of fishing you will require a 'reel' or 'winch,' which will be attached to the butt-end of your rod, for the purpose of containing an extra amount of running-line, when you wish to 'play your fish.' Large fish, when they are hooked, frequently dart off with considerable speed and force, and it is prudent to give them plenty of line, and allow them to do so, otherwise your line would probably be broken. The reel will be best purchased at a shop where fishing-tackle is sold, as you cannot make one that will be nearly so efficient. You may, if you choose, try one or two substitutes. With a little ingenuity, a common cotton reel, of sufficiently large size, might be made to serve. But as one important use of the reel is the facility of rapidly lengthening or shortening the line, it is desirable to be able to wind or unwind with the greatest ease and celerity. I think, therefore, it will be desirable to purchase one. They are made of brass, and are bound to the butt-end of the rod with similar cord to that you used in your splicing."

"I think now, papa, we have learnt enough to make our rod sufficiently useful and complete. You promised to tell us something more of the tackle, the floats, the lines, &c."

"Perhaps another time I will do so; but I think you have enough to remember for the present."

(To be continued.)

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

### ALCHEMY.

THE transmutation of base metals into gold was a delusion which held possession of the popular mind for centuries. Those who professed to know the secret were described as alchemists, and they rivalled each other in their ridiculous pretensions. Most of us recollect the nursery oddity, which stated that "Stephen John Afternoon, milk-pan weaver, made a glass pair of stairs out of a pig-stye parlour door;" and the pretensions of the alchemists were not in any degree less absurd, nor was the jargon which they employed less ridiculous in its nature. That credulous people should be deceived; that those who were greedy of gain should speculate in a scheme which promised to enrich them beyond the dream of avarice, is not surprising; all that seems really singular about it is, that some of the alchemists unquestionably believed in the ultimate success of their profitless pursuit, and that so many should be rash enough to profess to do that which was certain to invite investigation, and so likely to involve them in utter ruin. A writer, as recently as 1801, in treating gravely of the subject of alchemy, says:—"Geber is good—Artemus is better, but Flammel is best of all—and better still than these is the instructions" (not very excellent English, by the way), "which those who follow shall never want gold." A secret so important, so freely communicated to the whole world, ought to have completed an entire revolution in the affairs of public and private life. No one would have cared for the diggings; the gold-fields of California and Australia would have offered their auriferous treasures in vain; no chancellor of the exchequer would have needed to "cudgel his brains" on the solemn question of the budget; no one would have cared to venture on rash speculations in the City or on the course; no one would have been tempted to fraudulent dealings; and nobody in the wide world need have been short of money. The secret of how to make a brass candlestick or copper warming-pan into golden ingots, might have made us look for something better than gold as a test of respectability and position, and brains might have beaten bullion; but whatever might have been the result, many men would have given their ears to know the secret. Well, the secret has been disclosed for these sixty years, and the world is not a pound the better for it.

But the secret—what is the secret? asks the reader, impatient, of course, to begin at once on his coal-scuttle and fire-irons. Know then, that, according to the modern alchemists, the expence "thou must be at will be but a trifle." "All

the instruments necessary are but three—viz., a crucible, an egg philosophical, and a retort with its receiver. "Put your fine gold in weight about five pennyweights, fill it up, put it into your philosophical egg, pour upon it twice the weight of the best Hungarian mercury, close up the egg with an hermetic seal, put it for three months in horse-dung; take it out at the end of that time, and see what kind of form thy gold and mercury has assumed; take it out, pour on it half of its weight of good spirit of sal-ammoniac, set them in a pot full of sand over the fire in the retort, let them distil into a pure essence, add to one part of this mercury two parts of water of life, put them into thy philosophical egg, set them in horse-dung for another three months; then take them out and see what thou hast—a pure ethereal essence, which is living gold," and which was said to possess the extraordinary power of miraculously turning all baser metals into the most precious and durable gold!

Truly this was a very plain practical receipt, but—and "there's the rub"—one had to ascertain, first of all, what was meant by the water of life, and from whence it was to be obtained. To learn this secret was not by any means an easy matter; once known, the alchemists professed you would have the philosopher's stone, and not only be able to make gold, but explode disease and prolong life to an indefinite period, and become at once as rich as Croesus, and as deathless as the fabled Wandering Jew. But where was that philosopher's stone to be found? The alchemists themselves fell to logger-heads about it, and denounced each other as impostors.

The professors of alchemy maintained that the antediluvians knew all about the philosopher's stone. They pretended that Shem or Chem, the son of Noah, was an adept in the art, and traced the words *chemistry* and *alchemy* to his name. It is asserted that the art was practised by the Chinese 2,000 years before the Christian era. It certainly was professed very soon after the commencement of that era in the eastern world, and the prefix *al* to the word *chemistry* marks its connection with Arabia.

Geber, who lived in the eighth century, maintained that all metals laboured under disease which was to be cured only by pure gold; that the same valuable substance would heal every mortal malady; and that the secret of propagating gold, just as a plant might be propagated, was an arrangement of nature discoverable by man. He wrote 500 treatises to prove the truth of his assertions; and the style of these compositions justifies Dr. Johnson's etymology of the word *glibberish*, which, he says, was originally applied to the language of Geber and his tribe.

Raymond Lully—born at Majorca, 1235—ranked high as an alchemist. It is asserted that he made gold, while residing in the Tower of London, from iron, pewter, lead, and mercury, to the amount of six millions; but, unfortunately for the story, it is very doubtful whether he ever was in England, and more than probable that the origin of the statement of his enriching the Treasury by so large an amount, is traceable to the tradition that he was the first financier who suggested a tax upon wool, which brought in the sum named to the exchequer. But that Lully professed to make gold is beyond dispute; so did his friend Roger Bacon; so did Pope John XXII; it was the chimera of the old philosophers, all of whom dabbled in it more or less.

The believers in alchemy were confirmed in their faith of this golden dream when Nicholas Flamel, in the fourteenth century, a man who had all his life appeared as if in deep poverty, died and bequeathed an immense fortune for the foundation of churches and hospitals. He was known to have conducted numerous experiments for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and when his wealth was suddenly disclosed, it was universally declared to be the result of alchemy. But a little investigation would have shown that Nicholas was a miser of the closest sort, and that he made money, not by magic spell or transmutation, but by conjuring and usury, cent. per cent. on moneys lent or debts collected!

The fifteenth century was remarkably productive of alchemists. Basil Valentine, a monk of Erfurt, in Germany, particularly distinguished himself in this art. He was of opinion that the metals are compounds of salt, sulphur, and mercury, and that the philosopher's stone was composed of the same ingredients. He wrote twenty-one books on the process of transmutation. These he placed in an inclosure within the stonework of one of the pillars of the church, and after his death they were supposed to be lost; but a thunderbolt shattered the pillar, and the manuscripts were discovered—the

pillar, on the veracious authority of Valentine's disciples, closing up again of its own accord!

It is unnecessary to pursue the histories of these old alchemists. They believed—from Hermes down to Woulfe, which includes a range of near four thousand years—all baser metals might be turned to gold.

Some of the alchemists were honest seekers after truth. They were deceived, by their limited range of observation and crude experiments, into the belief that it was possible to do that the utter impracticability of which is patent now-a-days to the meanest capacity. We should do injustice to some of these men to write them all down as rogues and tricksters, when want of knowledge was the sole cause of their deception. The labour and pains, watchings, vexations, and frettings, and especially the costs those unfortunate men plunged into, bear evidence of their sincerity. Prepossessed with the conceit of becoming rich on a sudden, they closed their ears against any arguments employed to disabuse them, and so sank themselves into the lowest degree of poverty. One of these men declared before he died that "if he had a mortal enemy, whom he desired to make miserable, he would advise him, above all things, to give himself up to the study and practice of alchemy."

The majority of the alchemists, however, were no better than swindlers. These were the men who were patronised and applauded. They resorted to every species of artifice to deceive their employers, and to reap a golden harvest for themselves. They put oxide of gold at the bottom of the crucible, carefully concealed from view, but ready to be discovered at any moment the alchemist thought proper. They made a hole in a piece of charcoal, filled it with powdered gold, and threw it on the baser metals to be transmuted, so that real gold might be found in the crucible. They put an amalgam of gold into the crucible with tin or lead, and thus exhibited grains of gold to the eyes of their credulous dupes. They used small pieces of wood hollowed at the end, and filled with gold filings, which in burning left the metal in the crucible. They whitened gold with mercury, and made it pass for tin, so that when it was melted, and the gold appeared, they might declare it was obtained by transmutation. They taxed their ingenuity to discover—not the philosopher's stone, but the best methods of deceiving their avaricious but simple-minded believers. The appearance of a few grains of gold gave an air of credibility to the impostor's pretensions, and induced the speculator to advance money, to sell his plate, to mortgage his lands, to plunge himself into difficulties, and to find himself, at last, a ruined and disappointed man.

In future articles we shall refer to charms and amulets, signs and omens, and stories of the apparitions of the dead.

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER V.

HOWEVER they may have sneered at his talent as a commander, his greatest enemies have never cast a doubt upon the personal courage of Louis Napoleon. At the battle of Magenta, which lasted two days, the 3rd and 4th of June, he gave not only brilliant proofs of it, but of coolness and presence of mind, qualities equally necessary for a successful general.

From the best and most reliable accounts, it would appear that the French and Sardinian forces having effected their passage across the Ticino at Turbigo, took the enemy by surprise, and gained an important position, which was confided to the imperial guard, under the command of the Emperor himself. No sooner were the Austrians aware of this, than they made a tremendous attack upon it. The French, incited by the presence of their sovereign, who, whatever may be the real feelings of his subjects towards him, is decidedly the idol of the army, performed prodigies of valour, holding out against enormous odds until General MacMahon brought up his division, and drove them back with immense slaughter.

Neither our space nor design permits us to enter into the details of these important days. There is little doubt, however, that the sword of the gallant Irishman retrieved the error of his master and the fortunes of the day. Louis Napoleon, yielding to one to the impulse of his feelings, generally so completely under control, created his deliverer Duke of Magenta and *Maréchal* of France, as a recompense for this important service.

"You have saved the army," he exclaimed, as he embraced him on the field of battle. Like most



Englishmen, we confess to a dislike to the present ruler of France, doubt his intentions, have no faith in his promises, yet we will not knowingly offer the slightest injustice to his genius. His plans were well conceived, although his own impetuosity or vanity, call it which we will, in carrying them out, so nearly marred the result. They consisted in massing the allied armies on one point of the Austrian line of defence, and in crossing it at another point with their reserves.

This position will be better understood by stating, that if the Emperor had attempted to cross at Valletta, he would have found the enemy in force at Mortara; if at the Po, an army of two hundred thousand Austrians would have disputed his passage. The crossing of Turbigo was not only a stroke of genius, but admirably conducted. The only error was, in leaving the imperial guard to hold the passage against seventy-five thousand men. This was the danger from which MacMahon extricated his imperial master.

Although the brief account we have given merely describes an episode, it is, in fact, a key to the entire battle, whose results were most important, not only in a strategical, but a moral point of view—the road to Milan lay open to the allies.

The French official bulletin details the events of the second day with considerable exactitude, and to that we must refer our readers; merely observing, that several of the statements, such as the Austrians having 20,000 men *hors de combat*, and leaving 12,000 guns (rifles) and 30,000 haversacks upon the field, must be taken *cum grano salis*. One passage we will extract at full, believing it to be strictly true:—

"At Magenta the combat was terrible; the enemy defended the village with desperate courage. On both sides it was felt to be the key of the position. Our troops possessed themselves of the place house by house, at the same time causing enormous loss to the Austrians, more than 2,000 of whom were disabled. General MacMahon made about 5,000 prisoners; among them was one entire regiment—the 2nd Chasseurs-à-pied—commanded by Colonel Hauser. But the corps of the General itself suffered severely; 1,500 of them were killed or wounded. At the assault on the village General Espinasse and his ordnance officer, Lieutenant Procédofond, both fell to rise no more. Colonels Drouhot, of the 65th of the line, and de Chabrière, of the 2nd Foreign regiment, also fell at the head of their troops.

"The Vinay and Renaud divisions performed prodigies of valour, under the orders of Marshal Canrobert and General Niel. The former had set out from Novara early in the morning, and were about to bivouac, when the orders of the Emperor arrived. It is needless to add they were received enthusiastically. They advanced as far as the Ponte di Magenta, driving the enemy from their position, and making more than 1,000 prisoners, but being eventually opposed by a superior force, suffered severe loss; eleven officers killed, fifty wounded, and 650 men *hors de combat*.

"At length, about half-past eight in the evening, the French army remained masters of the field of battle, and the enemy withdrew, leaving in their hands four cannon—one of which was taken by the grenadiers of the Guard—two colours, and 7,000 prisoners. The number of the Austrians who fell or were wounded is estimated at about 20,000. 12,000 guns and 30,000 haversacks were found on the field of battle."

The oppressors of Italy affected, at first, to treat the affair with contemptuous brevity:—

"A desperate combat," it was stated in their Gazette, "took place yesterday, between the first and second corps d'armée, under the command of Count Clam and Prince Edward Lichtenstein, and the enemy, who had passed the Ticino with very considerable force.

"The result of the struggle was undecided.

"Milan, June 4th.—The army is still fighting in the neighbourhood of Milan. There is a great movement amongst the people. It is said not to be going badly with the army."

The following notice appeared on Sunday evening, placarded upon the walls of Verona, and was marked "official":—

"Early yesterday a hot fight began at Magenta between the enemy, who had crossed in great force to the eastern bank of the Ticino, and the troops of the first and second corps d'armée. The conflict was maintained with varying fortune till night set in. Final details are still wanting, as the struggle for victory has been renewed to-day and still continues. Eye-witnesses report that our troops rush to battle with joyous shouts, and display endurance and bravery fully worthy of the old renown of the Imperial Army. The authorities and the troops at

Milan, with the exception of the castle garrison, have withdrawn at the command of General Gyulai. The town is quiet. Further details will follow later."

Austria, with her usual vanity and weakness, the next day announced a victory.

During these operations, which we have been led to describe somewhat more lengthily, perhaps, than the distance of time and prosessed object of our writing warrant, the contest was still going on between Garibaldi and the Austrian butcher, Urban. In France it was stated, and generally believed, that the Italian hero had been compelled to take refuge in Switzerland; even in England, where the manoeuvres of the Parisian press are so well understood, the tale was for a while believed, till it at last oozed out that the illustrious chief not only held his position at Como, but had been reinforced by 800 men from Sardinia. Victor Emmanuel also had written him a letter, thanking him for his services. Proud as the popular leader naturally felt at such a testimony, the enthusiastic gratitude of his countrymen must have been still more gratifying to his heart. In proportion as his name became a terror to the Austrians it was cherished in every home of Italy. He had achieved great things—deeds that make men live; achieved them with only 4,000 volunteers, imperfectly armed, under his command, taking four cannon from the enemy.

General Urban, with his usual barbarity, had caused the only prisoner he had taken to be shot, affecting to consider him as a rebel, not as a soldier. Terrible was the wrath of Garibaldi when informed of this inhuman outrage; with stern justice he commanded his prisoners to draw lots, and two of them to be executed, and sent the following message by an Austrian, whom he liberated, to his adversary:—

"Inform General Urban," he said, "that for the Italian he has shot I have taken the lives of two of his men. Assure him, that if he murders one of my soldiers in cold blood again I will shoot every prisoner, no matter how high his rank, marshal, prince, or even the Emperor of Austria himself, who may fall into my hands."

This declaration, which all who know the man felt assured would be carried out to the very letter, caused the German butcher to pause in his cruelties.

From Como the heroic chief advanced to attack the enemy at Bergamo, where he fought the most considerable action he had yet been engaged in. The narrative of this achievement sounds like a page taken from antique times, when faith in the justice of their cause enabled men to accomplish what now would seem miracles of valour.

On approaching the Austrians, a party of skirmishers, in order to conceal the paucity of their numbers, hid themselves in a wheat field, and kept up a fire, at the rate of four shots a minute, producing as great an effect as an entire division. Deceived by this simple device, General Urban sent a battery to dislodge them by discharging grape, which thinned the band of patriots, without shaking their resolution to obtain possession of his guns.

When within four or five hundred yards of the battery, they formed in platoons, in the hope of surprising the artillerymen. Shouting the name of "Garibaldi and Italy!" the patriots dashed forwards to seize the battery; the men in charge of them and a squadron of hussars defended them. Although the devoted, gallant band were only seventeen in number, in a few seconds every gunner was slain, before the hussars surrounded them.

An Italian corporal, a giant in height and strength, fought with desperate courage. Seizing the rammer of one of the pieces, he struck right and left at the horses, throwing both them and their riders into confusion. Thirty men now arrived to their assistance, and the hussars retreated, leaving thirty of their number upon the ground.

In another part of the field, the Austrians had planted a battery of twelve pieces of cannon: one by one they were silenced.

The word to attack with the bayonet was given: Garibaldi, heading his band of heroes, led them against the long, closely compact line of Austrian soldiers, which vainly fired volley after volley to impede their progress. A moment, and for a moment only, they fell back—a simple exclamation of their leader sufficed to rally them again.

"Eh, soldiers! giving way!" were the only words he uttered.

The effect proved electrical. The Italians waited not to return the fire, but bounding over the dead, charged their enemy with the bayonet, and when that was blunted or broken, with the butt ends of their weapons. None asked for quarter, and none was given, till the lines of General Urban gave way, and his men fled in all directions.

The contest, however, was not over yet. The Austrians returned again in overwhelming force, and Garibaldi was compelled to abandon his artillery; still, the hero resolved to proceed to Brescia, which he effected by a manoeuvre as bold as it was original, which an eye-witness graphically described in a published letter.

We cannot do better than give it:—

"As I have mentioned Garibaldi and his corps, it will probably interest you to hear how he came from Bergamo to Brescia.

"The Austrians had scarcely withdrawn from the former place, when a messenger was arrested, bearing orders from headquarters to hold the town at any price, if it had not already been given up. It would have been rather awkward if the order had arrived before. Garibaldi, being without cannon, would scarcely have ventured upon attacking the enemy in a town inclosed by high walls and with only two gates. As it was, the National Guard fell to making barricades so as to keep the place against the enemy should they return.

"Meanwhile Garibaldi, in order to mislead the Austrians, turned towards Romano, close to the high road from Milan to Brescia; the Austrians followed to bar the road to Brescia. They had scarcely gone off on that scent when Garibaldi turned again to the north, and making a march of forty-five miles in less than twenty-four hours, appeared before and in Brescia, before the Austrians had the remotest idea of his whereabouts. How little they knew them appears from the fact that the officer attached as chef-d'état major to Urban's division was taken prisoner with several of his orderlies in the town into which he had ventured, never suspecting the presence of Garibaldi."

On taking possession of Brescia the illustrious chief published the following address to the inhabitants:—

"The joyous demonstrations with which you have received the Chasseurs of the Alps, give new proof of your patriotic enthusiasm. The sublime spectacle which your city presented the instant that the sound of the alarm bell was heard, has shown that you are worthy of your renown. Hastening at the first cry, with the Chasseurs of the Alps, you showed that, as jealous guardians of your recovered independence, you were resolved to defend it with your lives, to consecrate it with your blood. Glory to the Brescians!

"The enemy who still infest these countries are not armies who menace our city, but fugitive bands, who, in opening the way of retreat, leave, wherever they go, traces of their barbarity and their execrable domination, now finally overthrown. The moment has come for accomplishing the country's vengeance, for fighting in the names of your brothers dead on the battle-field or upon the gibbets of Mantua, for continuing your traditions of glory!

"To the rage of your enemies, who are forced to abandon our beautiful country, hasten to augment the ranks of volunteers. The tricoloured banner, the emblem of Italian independence, floats above your heads, and demands the love and courage of the country.

"Let the glorious Italian-French armies, in delivering you from your enemies, find you worthy of your liberators!"

"GARIBALDI."

This was the first mention made by the patriot in any of his proclamations of the ally. As a soldier, his generous nature could not be insensible to the blood shed by France at Magenta in the cause to which his own life had long been devoted; he did ample justice to the bravery of her soldiers, but disdained one word of flattery to her ruler.

At this period his movements appear to have been incessant. Urban left him little or no repose; he had received fresh reinforcements at Castelmedolo, and two days afterwards resumed the offensive.

His opponent, fortunately, was prepared for him. In expectation of some such attack, Garibaldi had distributed a number of his followers in the farm houses and mills in the neighbourhood of Brescia, in order to embarrass the enemy.

Fortune, especially in war, rarely proves constant. Few generals have succeeded in chaining the fickle goddess to his chariot wheels so securely but that at times she will break her fetters, if only to show her power. Urban, burning to retrieve his past disgrace, commanded the attack. All the points occupied by the volunteers were carried, and their defenders, after a struggle which lasted only two hours, fled for shelter into Brescia.

What renders this defeat more remarkable is, that the Austrians were inferior in number, but undoubtedly the *élite* of the army.

A few days later, and this disgrace was nobly avenged. Garibaldi, in turn, defeated and cut to





GENERAL NIEL, COMMANDER OF THE RENAULD DIVISION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

pieces a corps of between three and four thousand Tyrolese that threatened the Valteline, and drove the remainder as far as the first cantonira of the Stelvio Pass.

The little army of patriots consisted at the most of about 5,000 men, drawn from every part of Italy by the magic of their leader's name. There were even a company of Calabrians and a body of Genoese riflemen.

Their greatest advantage over the enemy consisted in their moral superiority, nearly a third being men of intelligence and education. Scarcely one of them but at some period of their lives had been outraged, either in person or in his affections, by the brutal Government of Austria, whose aim, since the Holy Alliance gave her possession of her beautiful prey, seems to have been how most to excite the disgust and hatred of the people, to destroy all trace of nationality, and crush the rising thought of independence wherever it presumed to show its head.

To accomplish this the museums were robbed, and the most precious objects of art—objects truly and nationally Italian—sent to Vienna. Such members of the old Lombard nobility as refused to accept the badge of slavery, a chamberlain's key, or a decoration, were systematically insulted; the people ground to the earth by taxation; the episcopal sees filled by German or Hungarian prelates. Not even Milan was exempted from this last insult; the chair of St. Ambrosius was filled, during our long residence in that lovely city, by the Cardinal Count de Caisrueke, who, to the last hour of his existence, never acquired the language of the people he was called spiritu-

ally to rule over; although we remember to have heard him on one occasion (the death of the Emperor Francis I.) attempt to preach in Italian. During his sermon he remained seated!

Austria appears from the very first to have entertained an instinctive dread of Garibaldi's influence over the inhabitants of Lombardy, and, although unable to defeat him, cunningly contrived to hem him in by a line of troops extending from Piacenza to the Lago Maggiore. How cleverly the hero passed the Ticino, at Sesto Calende, has already been recorded, as well as the successes he achieved over the butcher Urban. No wonder that his name became a terror; even the inhabitants of the Tyrol became alarmed, and at the very time the lying journals of France represented him as defeated and flying into Switzerland for safety, the imperial commissioner at Inspruck issued the following proclamation:—

"We are confidently informed that the free corps, headed by the infamous traitor and rebel Garibaldi, are threatening the frontiers of our beloved country. The monster may cross them any day, and spread all the horrors of war amid our peaceful valleys. In the face of such danger every other care must give place to active exertion. Unite in rifle corps, and hasten to the frontier. The enemy will fly with terror at your approach. Prove to the Emperor and Germany that you are the worthy sons of your brave fathers.

"From the Committee of Defence at Inspruck."

In this proclamation we know not which appears most ludicrous—the terror which inspired it, or the impudent appeal against the horrors of war. Did

the Committee of Defence imagine the Italians did not suffer from them? Had they forgotten that many of the most atrocious outrages committed on the long-suffering peasantry of Italy had been perpetrated by Jägers of the Tyrol?

To many of our English readers the policy pursued by the Emperor of the French towards Garibaldi must appear strange and unreasonably capricious. They are mistaken. As in every other act of Louis Napoleon's life, there was both a principle and a purpose concealed in it. The principle was to engross all the glory of the campaign for the arms of France, and thereby increase his own popularity at home—the purpose, to impress upon Italy her utter dependence upon her generous ally.

To carry out these points, the idea of a national army was to be discredited.

Regarding the matter solely in a military point of view, the conduct of the Emperor was unwise, as well as ungenerous. The movements of Garibaldi ought to have been supported by a division of Piedmontese, and the left wing of the allies extended, so as to alarm the enemy, force him to withdraw his own left and centre, and thereby facilitate an attack on Piacenza and Valenza—an advantage too obvious to require comment.

The battle of Magenta left the road open to Milan, towards which city the victorious allies directed their march, and arrived almost without opposition; the Austrians relinquishing the strong intervening points they occupied. The only serious affair was the combat at Melegnano. Great and indescribable were the transports of the citizens when their deliverers from a brutal enemy appeared before their gates.





MARGATE, ISLE OF THANET.

The entry of the Sardinian and French troops was an ovation. From every balcony flowers and wreaths were showered by fair and delicate hands upon the sun-burnt soldiers. The doors, for so many years closed against the Austrian officers, were opened wide to welcome those of Victor Emmanuel and his ally. Quarters were offered—nay, pressed upon them—by the owners of stately palaces. Many even converted the lower portions of them into hospitals, in which the noblest ladies of Italy waited upon the wounded like humble Sisters of Charity. Scarcely a citizen but contrived to find room for one or more soldiers. It was not quarters but a home they found in Milan.

It would be curious to speculate upon the feelings of the two monarchs the first night of their sojourn in the capital of Lombardy. The King of Sardinia must have recollected the night when his father, broken in all but courage, found shelter within its walls—the dastardly, not to say ungrateful, attempt made by an agent of Austria, or some fanatical disciple of Mazzini, upon his life—and his chivalrous heart must have swelled with joy at the thought that Novara was avenged.

Louis Napoleon doubtless had his dreams and recollections too! Before him rose the matchless Duomo, the pride of Milan; matchless, not as a work of art, but as a thing of beauty. Beneath its roof his uncle had assumed the iron crown of Italy, with the vainglorious boast, that "God had given it him; let those beware who touched it." Thus, people are apt to attribute to divine interposition the success of their own worldly schemes. He would not so soon have repented of His work.

It is not a little singular that the first Napoleon twice refused to receive a crown from the hands of the minister of religion; neither Pius VII., in Paris, nor Cardinal Caprara, in Milan, placed the diadem upon the brow of the victorious soldier, who, with arrogant self-confidence, deemed his own hands alone were worthy of the act.

For a successful adventurer, who believed himself the elect of the Most High, it was a singular method of returning thanks.

The crown of Italy! The prize, no doubt, is a splendid one; and the present ruler of France must

have experienced something like a pang when he felt it gliding from his grasp, and suspended over the head of Victor Emmanuel. Thoughts that, if he had acted a more open part, Europe might have been less suspicious of his intentions—less opposed to his retaining it—probably presented themselves. At the *present moment*, he felt that to attempt it would be the signal for a general coalition against him. England had given manifest signs that she doubted him. Germany began to rouse and arm herself. He had but one ally, and even there his dependence was doubtful—Russia.

No; the splendid dream had to be relinquished.

(To be continued.)

#### ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

##### MARGATE.

JOINED to London by boat and rail, Margate has become one of the most popular watering-places on the south coast of England. During the season, the influx of visitors is immense; and the whole business of the residents appears to be that of ministering to the pleasures and necessities of these ever-shifting multitudes.

Margate is finely situated, stretching along the shore, and covering the declivities of two hills; and, with the exception of some of the old streets, is well built, well paved, well lighted, and supplied with good water. The humble fishing village, which in course of time has changed to a favourite watering-place, was originally called St. John's, and consisted of a small cluster of huts built round the old church, and having a wooden pier which, in the time of Henry VIII., was described by Leland as "sore decayed." The church, still remaining, is a Norman structure, and contains some interesting brasses, but is chiefly famous for its five bells. The fifth is said to have been cast by a Fleming; and this gave rise to the traditional rhyme:—

John de Damdelyon with his great dog\*  
Brought over this bell on a mill cog.

\* Dog is supposed to be the name of the vessel in which this bell was conveyed.

Long before Margate attracted visitors for pleasure, it was frequently selected as a place of embarkation on important occasions; and when we fought the French, it supplied its share both of ships and seamen. Dutch William, and the Duke of Marlborough, and the first two Georges, and Queen Caroline honoured the place with their presence, and gradually it began to assert its importance, and to have its attractions acknowledged. On the hills, and beyond the boundaries of the old town, new houses were erected, and squares, and streets, and terraces—rivaling those of the metropolis itself—appeared. Sailing boats made pleasure trips to Margate, and were known as hoyes. Citizens and their wives, professional people, west of Temple Bar, and even aristocracy from the extreme west, went down to Margate in the season—some by coach, but mostly by the hoy, for the sake of the passage. The Margate hoy became a subject for wits to laugh at; it was humorously described in a song which attained considerable popularity; and Charles Lamb wrote an essay on the same subject, full of pathos and quaint expression; Peter Pindar ridiculed, not the hoy, but the hoy's destination, Margate; Gray called it Bartholomew Fair by the sea-side; and Horace Walpole described it as one of those "Abigails in cast gowns that mimic the capital."

But Margate could very well afford to bear the jest and sneers of those who stayed away. So many people came—and those who came were so well pleased, and so ready to come again and again—that the new watering-place asserted its pre-eminence. Its fine sands, pure and salubrious atmosphere, and excellent accommodation, made its rise rapid. The erection of the Sea Bathing Infirmary, the foundation stone laid by Dr. Lettsom, was guarantee of the good sanitary condition of the place; and, as visitors increased, the squares and terraces extended still further, places of amusement, bazaars, and boulevards appeared; bathing machines ranged themselves in order, and Beale, the Quaker, invented the umbrella bathing screen.

In 1817 steam lent its valuable aid to the rising popularity of Margate, and in the height of the



venture to walk there again. The keepers were bringing the body to the Hall, but Sir Barnard forbade it, and directed them to take it to Wicksal Workhouse."

Egbert staggered rather than walked from the dining-room. His mother looked anxiously after him.

(To be continued.)

### The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

LESSON XXXII.

In the last lesson we spoke of the various uses of the preposition *auf*, a little word that may be so variously translated.

There is one use of *auf* that seems very strange to English people. They would never guess that "How does one say that in German?" would be translated, *Wie sagt man das auf Deutsch?* Yet such is the case. And "in *Deutsch*, in *Englisch*," &c., would be quite incorrect.

Another familiar use of *auf* is to make it an adverb. Ex. *Steh auf*, "Get up." It may also be used as a conjunction—"that;" and again it may be employed as an interjection—*Auf!* "Up!" or "Come!"

The preposition *hinter*, "behind," is used with the dative when it speaks of anything stationary. Ex. *Maria hat einen Garten hinter ihrem Hause*, "Mary has a garden behind her house."

*Hinter her*, in the sense of "walking behind," also requires the dative. Ex. *Er ging eine halbe Stunde hinter mir her*, "He walked for half an hour behind me."

The preposition *in*, "in," is also used with the dative, when things are represented as stationary. Ex. *Karl ist niemals in meinem Hause gewesen*, "Charles has never been in my house."

If you employ *in* with the accusative case, a movement "into" is implied. Ex. *Wir fürchten in ein solches Haus zu gehen*, "We are afraid of going into such a house."

*Neben*, "near," when used with the dative, also denotes continuous locality. *Hans stand neben mir als ich redete*, "John stood near me while I spoke."

But if *neben*, "near," is used with the accusative, movement is signified. *Der Krieger stellte sich neben mich um mich zu vertheidigen*, "The warrior placed himself at my side to defend me."

*Ueber*, with the dative, also denotes the continued locality of the object with regard to place; but *ueber* with the accusative denotes motion. Ex. *Diese Arbeit ist ueber seine Kräfte*, "This work is beyond his strength."

*Unter*, "under," denotes locality with the dative; it indicates movement with the accusative. Ex. *Er trat unter einem Baum*, "He stepped under a tree."

IALOGUE WITH A WATCHMAKER.

Have the goodness to examine my watch.	Haben Sie die Güte, meine Uhr zu untersuchen.
I have let it fall.	Ich habe sie fallen lassen.
We will see what must be done.	Wir wollen sehen, was daran zu machen ist.
I see you bought it at Geneva.	Ich sehe, Sie haben sie in Genf gekauft.
It cost me a great deal. It is a repeater.	Sie hat mich sehr viel gekostet. Sie ist eine Repeatinguhr.
At one time it gains; at another it loses.	Bald geht sie vor, bald nach.
The main spring is not broken?	Die Hauptfeder ist nicht zerbrochen?
No, there is nothing broken. It must be cleaned.	Nein, es ist Nichts daran zerbrochen. Sie muß rein gemacht werden.
When can I fetch it?	Wann kann ich sie wieder abholen?
You can have it in eight days.	Sie sollen sie in acht Tagen haben.
May I reckon on you?	Kann ich mich auf Sie verlassen?
I will not fail.	Ich werde nicht erman- geln.

### The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

MANY are the disadvantages under which the cultivators of plants in dwelling-houses labour when they have no out-of-door garden.

A plant requires changing every now and then from one pot to another of larger size, and fresh soil to surround that which it has been growing in.

This must be met by having pots of various sizes, and a heap of proper compost always at hand; both of which can be kept, without inconvenience, in any out-door place, however small, but cannot well be kept in the house.

However, some people keep the pots that plants have died in, and sow seed or stick other plants in, without thinking of the consequences; but they may as well turn a horse into an empty manger as put plants into exhausted soil.

If there is no convenience to keep proper compost, get some at a nursery when you want it; and if you have all the room and facilities you require for keeping and mixing the various soils, attend to two or three points. Vegetable mould is decayed leaves fairly rotted into mould, and is of itself very fertile, requiring nothing to induce growth, and therefore is the most valuable manure, because it does no harm if used in excess.

PEAT EARTH, such as is always recommended to mix with loam, is the top six inches of many commons where heaths grow in abundance, and is full of half-decayed fibre. This is used to lighten soil by mixture of certain portions with it.

SAND is useless, except to render, by mixture, stiff clay porous; and separate the particles, so that water may percolate through it.

DUNG of cows, rabbits, deer, sheep, and horses, should be rotted before using; and any of these will fertilise a very barren soil and render it fruitful.

LOAM may be called the staple—the foundation of soils; when there is, naturally, too much clay in it, it is called clayey soil; when there is too much sand in it, it is called sandy loam. The purest loam may be generally found in the top spit of a meadow, and if it be stacked up and the grass allowed to rot in it, it becomes doubly valuable; because a third of it is decayed vegetable, or, as it is called, leaf mould.

The very best compost for all potted plants would be one-third of the loam from rotted turfs, one-third peat earth, rubbed through a coarse sieve, and one-third rotted dung. This, well mixed and laid together, cannot be beaten for any plant except heaths, and for these we should put a double share of peat.

Thirty years ago we recommended this as a universal compost for plants in pots; for even heaths, which succeed best in peat earth, will, nevertheless, do moderately well in this, and all other plants do better in this than any other mixture.

If, therefore, you have convenience for keeping soil enough to enable you to shift your plants, or to grow fresh things in pots, get a barrowful each of loam, dung, and peat, mix them well together, and leave them in one heap, to be used when required.

Any nurseryman will accommodate you with a barrowful of each, and with pots of the size you are likely to want.

If the loam, as it is called, is too stiff, and consequently too adhesive, you must add a fourth ingredient—silver sand, but only enough to take off the stiffness.

Prepared with these, and pots of a right size, look over all the plants and examine the state of their roots. If they have reached the sides of the pots and began to mat, they should be shifted.

Choose a pot as much larger as will hold from half an inch to an inch thickness of new soil all round the old ball. Put some crocks at bottom, and some of the compost—enough to raise the old ball to within half an inch of the top of the rim.

Before you put the ball of earth in its place, rub off the upper part of the soil as far as you can without damaging the fibres, then place it in the centre of the pot, and fill in the new soil all round it.

Thrust a blunt stick down all round to press the soil into its place, that there may be no vacant space between the ball and the side of the pot; water it well, and it will go on well for a long time.

If you have no convenience for keeping soil, send for a barrowful of proper compost when you want it, for it is in vain to attempt keeping plants when they are once pot-bound, that is to say, when the pots are full of roots.

If they are changed now they will go through the winter well; all you have to do is to water when the surface is dry, but never while it is damp.

If those who have lost their plants will tax their memories, they may trace all their misfortunes to the want of a proper shift; because, when the pots are crammed full of roots, too much or too little water is so easily given, that the plants cannot live through the constant checks they receive.

### GARIBALDI.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER years of slavery, Milan once more rejoiced in her recovered freedom. Long suffering had taught the citizens of Lombardy the necessity of subduing municipal jealousies. It was no longer a question which city should be the capital; whether Sardinia should be annexed by Lombardy, or Lombardy by Sardinia. Ancient prejudices and mutual rivalries were forgotten in the universal cry of joy which broke from a down-trodden people, hailing the dawn of liberty.

Victor Emmanuel and his imperial ally had made their public entry, in the midst of an enthusiastic population, and were preparing to proceed, on the 7th of June, in solemn procession to the Duomo, where the clergy only awaited their arrival to chant "Te Deum" for their victories, when intelligence arrived that the hated enemy were advancing to attack them. The fête was postponed, the troops removed the flowers from their muskets, and once more prepared for battle.

The Austrians, with a perseverance well worthy of a better cause, had succeeded, during the preceding day, in assembling between twenty and thirty thousand men near Melegnano, about ten miles' distance both from Milan and Lodi.

There was something ominous to the oppressors in the last-named place. It was scarcely possible that at Lodi Frenchmen could be vanquished—the memories of past glory forbade it.

News of the approach of the enemy reached the allied sovereigns at a very early hour in the morning, and just as day began to dawn Louis Napoleon gave orders to General Bazaine to advance with twelve thousand men, a portion of Forey's division.

It was three when they started, and by eleven they were at Melegnano. The contest commenced at once.

To do the Austrians justice, they fought admirably. Roden, the most talented, perhaps, of their commanders, led them on, and for awhile the battle appeared doubtful. Despite all his skill, General Roden was out-maneuvred by Ladmiraalt, who, crossing the rice fields and a succession of canals to the left of his position, brought his men up to the support of the 78th regiment, which had hitherto borne the brunt of the fight.

The scene in the streets of the village must have been terrific. From the windows and roofs of every house the Croats and Tyrolese marksmen kept up a deadly fire, but nothing that day could resist the impetuous valour of the French. Lodi was within hearing of their guns, almost within sight, and they eventually drove the Austrians from their position.

As the latter were retreating from the village, the troops under the command of Forey arrived, and opened upon them with their artillery; the bombs and shells did fearful execution; the retreat was changed into a flight; and the slaughter became carnage.

On the part of the Austrians, General Roden and thirty-five superior officers were slain, and they left, at the very least, 2,000 prisoners in the hands of the victors, who suffered heavily on their side.

It was in this encounter that the Zouaves made that fearful error, still so much regretted, of firing upon each other, in which their colonel was killed. It occurred at the entrance to the burying-ground. Blinded by dust and smoke, each party mistook the other for enemies.

In the report of the battle which appeared in the French official journals, the following tribute was paid to the courage of the vanquished:—

"The resistance opposed by the Austrians was of the most obstinate character; whole companies, though completely surrounded, fought to the last man. When the principal streets of Melegnano were occupied by our soldiers, they discovered a vast building at the end of the village towards Lodi, surrounded by a moat and strongly fortified. The Zouaves had to attack the principal entrance, and find their way through courts and passages totally unknown to them. At every step the enemy defended themselves bravely."

In the report transmitted by order of Napoleon to the French minister of war, the loss of 50 officers and 800 men *hors de combat* only was admitted.



The next day the Austrians evacuated both Pavia and Lodi—a proof of the importance of the engagement.

At this time the popularity of the emperor was great. Men began to have faith in him, and when he published his celebrated proclamation to the people of Italy, the feeling rose to enthusiasm.

There have been moments in the life of this remarkable man, in which he has risen to the height of genius. His moral portrait, like one of Rembrandt's, presents a singular contrast of lights and shadows.

This proclamation we look upon as the most happy inspiration of his pen. It is too important to be omitted from our history:—

“TO THE PEOPLE OF ITALY.

“The fortune of war has brought me to the capital of Lombardy, and I wish to tell you why I am here.

“When Austria made an unjust attack upon Piedmont, I determined to support my ally, the King of Sardinia. The honour and interests of France made it a point of duty.

“Your foes, who are also mine, have endeavoured to lessen the sympathy all Europe felt in your cause, by giving out that I made war only for personal ambition, or to aggrandise the territory of France. If there are men who cannot understand the epoch in which they live, I am not of the number.

“In a sound state of public opinion, men of the present day become greater by the moral influence they exert than by barren conquests. I seek with pride that moral influence, by contributing to render free the most beautiful country in Europe.

“Your welcome has proved that you fully understand me. I come not here with a pre-arranged plan to dispossess sovereigns, or to impose on you my will. My army will have two works to perform—fight your enemies and keep internal order. No obstacle shall be raised to the free manifestations of your legitimate wishes. Providence often favours nations as it does individuals, by offering them the opportunity of sudden greatness; but it is on condition of their knowing how to avail themselves of it wisely. Earn, then, the boon now offered you. Your desire for independence so long put forth, so often baffled, shall be realised, if you show yourselves worthy of it. Unite, then, one and all, in one great object—the deliverance of your native land. Adopt military organisation; rally round the standard of King Victor Emmanuel, who has indicated to you so nobly the path of honour. Remember that without discipline there is no army; and, burning with the sacred fire of patriotism, be soldiers to-day, to become to-morrow free citizens of a great country.

“NAPOLEON.”

Such language was not only philosophic and eloquent, but noble: pity that it should have proved untruthful. The cession of Savoy and Nice would seem to prove that Napoleon did draw the sword for the aggrandisement of the territory of France; nor would his ambition have been satisfied with that advantage but for the admirable conduct of the people of Italy, whose calm attitude and firm persistence in annexing themselves to the kingdom of Sardinia defeated his ulterior but secretly cherished views. His own words evoked the spell that destroyed them.

The frank and gallant soldier-king, Victor Emmanuel, was completely deceived by the protestations of his imperial brother, and confirmed the impression they produced upon the minds of the Italians by endorsing them with the public expression of his own unbounded confidence.

In his address to his army he says:—

“The Emperor of the French, my generous ally, worthy of the name and genius of Napoleon, in taking the command of the heroic army of that great nation, has resolved to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. You, vying with each other in making sacrifices, will second this magnanimous determination on the field of battle. You will show yourselves worthy of the destiny which Italy is henceforth called upon to fulfil, after centuries of suffering and sorrow.”

Austria, like some infuriated beast of prey, finding that her victim was gradually escaping from her clutches, doubled the ferocity of her conduct; neither age nor sex were spared by the cowardly monster whom Garibaldi had so repeatedly defeated.

In war we are aware that terrible exaggerations appear on both sides. But of the infamy of Lieutenant Field-Marshal Urban no reasonable doubt can be entertained; Count Cavour, the patriot Minister of Sardinia, having forwarded an official report of his cruelties and murders to the representatives of his country in every Court of Europe.

We present our readers with the official document.

We question if even the poor old Marquis of Normanby would venture to justify it:—

“Turin, June 12, 1859.—On the very day of the battle of Montebello, early in the morning, some Austrian troops encamped on the heights of Torricella, a small commune in the province of Voghera. A patrol having met the bailiff of the tribunal on the road, compelled him to act as guide to the village, and commenced searching the house of a farmer named Cignoli. The soldiers soon discovered a small quantity of shot for a fowling-piece. Every member of the family of the farmer, as well as several persons who happened to be present, were led out into the yard—nine in all, namely: Peter Cignoli, aged 60; Antony Cignoli, aged 50; Jerome Cignoli, aged 35; Charles Cignoli, aged 19; Bartholomew Cignoli, aged 14; Antony Setti, aged 26; Gaspard Riccardi, aged 48; Hermenegild San Pellegrin, aged 40; Louis Achille, aged 18. There were, it will be seen, an old man of sixty years and a child of 14. The patrol conducted them to the presence of the Austrian commander, who was on the main road on horseback, in the midst of his troops. The monster commanded the bailiff to remain by his side, and then ordered the peasants to proceed down a narrow path running parallel with the high road. The unfortunate beings had advanced but a few steps, when he gave the word to a platoon of men, ready drawn up for the execution, to fire.”

Eight fell instantly dead, and the aged Cignoli, mortally wounded, gave no signs of life.

After this cowardly assassination, the Austrian troops resumed their march, and their commander, turning to the bailiff, told him he might depart, giving him at the same time his card as a safe conduct.

It bore the name of Lieutenant Field-Marshal Urban, and was surmounted by a count's coronet.

This card is attached to the back of the official report.

“Such enormities,” adds the circular of Count Cavour, “require no commentary. It was an assassination as cowardly as it was atrocious. Similar examples could only be found amidst barbarians and savages.”

Such were the horrors which marked the fury and shame of baffled Austria. And yet English statesmen were found to sympathise with her! and but for the dread of public opinion, which sided entirely with the Italians, would doubtless have attempted to express their good wishes by something stronger than words!

The enemy, defeated in every engagement, had gradually retreated to their stronghold in the quadrilateral, beyond the Mincio, intending to await in that secure position the attack. The advance of Garibaldi and Prince Jerome, the latter of whom displayed anything but alacrity in meeting the foe, threatened to cut them off from their communication with Germany. They recrossed the Ticino, and prepared to meet the French and Sardinians at Solferino.

The Emperor of Austria, assisted by the veteran Hess, had taken the command of his forces in person, not doubting but his presence would inflame their courage to the most intense pitch. To do them justice, they fought bravely, though unavailingly.

It was at the battle of Solferino that the value of the new rifled cannon, introduced into the army of the allies, was practically tested. At each discharge they swept the ranks of the Austrian reserves at a distance, and threw them into disorder at the very moment they were most required to support their columns in front.

In this battle the Sardinians, especially the first division, under General Della Marmora, greatly distinguished themselves—twenty-five thousand held their position against double the number of Austrians, who had all the advantage of position.

Although a battle of giants, Solferino was dearly won. The Austrians retired in good order, the victors being too much exhausted to carry on the pursuit.

There is no doubt but the movement of the Austrians in recrossing the Ticino was bold and skilful, had it been well carried out.

After the enemy had for a second time abandoned Lonato and Castiglione, the Sardinians advanced to the north, in order to invest Peschiera, whilst the French marched in a direct line for that part of the Mincio half-way between the last-mentioned town and Mantua.

By means of pontoons, the enemy crossed the river on the night of the 23rd, in considerable force, a movement so little expected by Louis Napoleon, that he declined sending the reinforcements which the king of Sardinia had solicited.

When the corps d'armée under the command of Baryguay d'Hilliers came in sight of Solferino at

daybreak, the Austrians commenced the attack with the utmost impetuosity. The French marshal was decidedly taken at a disadvantage, and sent off several aides-de-camp for support. Three hours' terrible carnage took place before General Niel arrived, when the assailants were, in turn, driven back, and ultimately forced to retreat beyond Solferino.

The struggle, however, was far from being over. Maddened by the shame of repeated defeats, the Germans rallied suddenly, charged with desperate courage, and, in turn, drove the French from the hill.

At one period of the day the oppressors of Italy had decidedly the advantage, but the incapacity of their generals lost it them. The artillery of the French was brought into play, and did terrible execution. Had their adversaries concentrated their force against the weak point of the enemy's line, far too greatly extended, the vanquished and victors, in all probability, would have changed places.

The imperial guard and a strong division of infantry were now directed to attack the Austrian centre. The movement was undoubtedly a stroke of genius on the part of Louis Napoleon, and proves that his claims to be considered a great commander do not rest entirely upon the flattery of his courtiers, or the garbled statements of the *Moniteur*. It succeeded, more than any other movement, in deciding the fortunes of the day.

Desperate attempts were made to retake Solferino, but the French as desperately defended it; the Austrians felt discouraged, and slowly retreated, but still presenting a menacing front to the foe.

Whilst the contest was at its height, the horrors of the battle-field were augmented by a fearful storm, in which the dread artillery of heaven pealed high above the mimic thunders of the combatants. It was during this war of elements, in the midst of lightning and rain, that the Germans made their last charge—which their enemies admitted to have been a most splendid one, although it failed to change the fortunes of the day.

It is stated, on excellent authority, that in this desperate engagement twenty thousand men were slain.

We have already given the spirited address published by Garibaldi after taking possession of Brescia. To a mind like his, inactivity, whilst a single Austrian remained in Italy, appeared impossible, and he resolved to place himself in a position to cut off their retreat through the Tyrol, in the event of their defeat by the allied armies.

The engagements of the popular hero of Italy were not exactly battles, but brilliant episodes, rather, in the eventful war which terminated so disastrously—we use the words advisedly; for had Louis Napoleon so willed it, his promise of clearing the country of the enemy, from the Alps to the Adriatic, might have been fulfilled to the very letter. But it was not to be—something was still to be left for patience to endure, and heroism to achieve.

The most brilliant skirmish, and one of the latest, occurred at Rezzato, a village between Brescia and Peschiera, where a small portion of Garibaldi's force encountered a whole battalion of the enemy.

Men whose hearts are filled with the love of country are not easily appalled by superiority of numbers. The gallant band divided, one part to the shelter of a thick wood flanking a farm, which their comrades hastily took possession of. Confident in their advantage, the Austrians advanced boldly, but were received with a fire so deadly and well-sustained, that they rapidly retreated, followed by the patriots, till they reached the village, where a much larger body of the enemy were entrenched. The odds were fearfully against them, but the Italians disdained to fly, and maintained an unequal combat till the arrival of Garibaldi with two regiments to support them. Fresh troops and cannon were brought up by their opponents, and the fight became a drawn battle.

Garibaldi, with only a few mountain guns, found it impossible to silence the artillery of the Austrians. Both parties maintained their position.

Foiled by land, and filled with intense hatred of the hero in whom the sentiment of Italian nationality appeared embodied, the enemy next attempted to obtain an advantage by water, and dispatched a powerful steamer, named after the Emperor Francis Joseph, to the Brescian side of the Lago.

No sooner did the vessel attempt to enter the little harbour of Salé, than the guns from a battery hastily erected by the patriots opened upon her, and she blew up in the centre of the lake.

All on board perished.



Emboldened by this success, a smaller steamer was gallantly captured by a party of Garibaldi's men, whilst his main body returned to Brescia.

The consequence of this exploit was, raising the inhabitants of the Val Canonica, which made an addition of nearly three hundred men to their force.

It is impossible not to wonder at the marvellous successes of the chief who, with such slender materials at his disposition, accomplished so many famous deeds. The services Garibaldi had rendered to the national cause were too important to permit an acknowledgment being longer delayed. Had Victor Emmanuel, the soldier-king, whose valour excited the enthusiasm even of the Zouaves, consulted his own feelings only, there is every reason to believe that the tribute would have been sooner and gracefully paid. He, at least, was far from the suspicion of entertaining a mean jealousy.

It was by the express command of the King of Sardinia that the following order of the day appeared in the *Piedmontese Gazette*.—

"Whilst the allied army still stood upon the defensive, General Garibaldi, at the head of the chasseurs of the Alps, boldly advanced from the banks of the Dora upon the right flank of the enemy. With marvellous rapidity he reached Sesto Calende, penetrated into Lombardy, and succeeded in establishing his camp at Varese, after dispersing the Austrians.

"Assailed in his position by Marshal Urban, with three thousand infantry, two hundred cavalry, and four guns, the general sustained several attacks, from which he issued victorious. In succeeding combats he made his way to Como, where he once more repulsed the Austrians, who fled, leaving their stores and baggage."

The journals of the Swiss, who sympathised earnestly with his success, did the hero of Italy full justice:—

"Success," observes the *Gazette* of Zurich, "has justified the campaign of Garibaldi, and consequently it is impossible to disapprove it. His success is due to his own personal bravery, and the devotion of his followers, as much as to the egregious blunder of Gyulai in leaving the Ticino frontier uncovered.

"The battles of Malmate, Camerlata, and San Fermo soon followed. After Garibaldi had captured Como he was forced to quit it, and the Austrians advanced to enter it again, as they did Varese, when Gyulai published his detestable proclamation, threatening the insurgents with fire and sword. Visconti Venosta, the Royal Commissary, escaped in a steamboat. The bishop, who had been imprisoned, because he advised the people to remain quiet until the allied armies approached nearer, was released at the appearance of the Austrians, and went with the mayor to make his submission in the name of the town. But in the meantime the news of the victory of Magenta arrived, and the Austrians hastened to retreat. Garibaldi again entered Como. At first, he was not as well received as he was at Lecco, where the most enthusiastic cheers greeted him. Thence he proceeded to Bergamo, with the hope of cutting off the retreat of General Urban, whose corps, composed of 8,000 men, was compelled to traverse a hostile country without provisions or supplies of any description. He endeavoured to cross the Adda at Cassano, where he would have found the railway, but the last troops which quitted Milan had blown up the bridge, and he was forced to cross at Trezzo, in boats."

It would be absurd, as well as manifestly unjust, to attribute the treaty of peace, which Louis Napoleon soon afterwards signed with his brother emperor at Villafranca, either to jealousy of the superior fame of Garibaldi, or dread of the spread of revolutionary principles, although the latter was the cause assigned in his speech to the legislative body in France.

All Germany was arming, and England, whether wisely or not, we will not venture to pronounce, refused to enter into an alliance with him, to secure the independence of Italy—a decision to be regretted, perhaps, more than blamed. With all our mammon worship and cotton interest, we still possess a moral tone which revolts at broken faith. Englishmen had not forgotten the peace forced upon them when they were fully prepared to continue the war in the Crimea; and although deeply sympathising with Italy and her struggles against her brutal oppressors, declined assisting her former ally to make war for an idea, especially an undefined one.

On the subject of the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, Garibaldi remained true both to his past and present glory, by vehemently opposing it. The blunt, honest soldier could not comprehend

why the beautiful city of his birth should be transferred like a bale of merchandise to the imperial huckster.

If for the fifty millions expended in the war, it was too much; if as a price of the blood of the brave Frenchmen who left their bones in Italy, too little. The independence of the country they died for would have been the only fitting equivalent.

In this country the press has pretty generally attributed to Louis Napoleon a desire of creating for his cousin a throne in Central Italy. It is very presumptuous, no doubt, to differ from such excellent authorities, but we do differ from them. Prince Jerome will never wear a crown with the consent of the Emperor, much less by his assistance. They hate each other too cordially.

On the day when Plon Plon, as the Parisians term His Imperial Highness, broke into the circle of the Elysée Bourbon and branded the then President as a bastard—a kite introduced into the eagle's nest—all friendship was broken between them.

Had not Odillon Barrot, the minister, interposed, a duel there and then would have followed; the other ministers interfered, and the affair was hushed up, but not forgotten.

The Munitists stand a much better chance of their imperial relative exerting his influence for them at Naples.

It will doubtless be expected that some description should be given of the person of one whose exploits have lately excited the attention of Europe. Instead of the dashing, romantic-looking personage, a strange combination Don Juan and Massaroni, which many of our readers, the ladies especially, most probably have imagined, Garibaldi is a plain, quiet-looking man, with a thoughtful, pleasing expression of countenance, though not decidedly handsome; the forehead large and well developed, and great determination about the mouth.

In height, he is rather under five feet eight inches. At the time the writer of these sketches first met with the liberator of Sicily, his hair and beard were of a light brown, more like an Englishman's than an Italian's; toil rather than time, he is told, has silvered them. It was previous to the death of his wife, during the memorable siege of Rome.

The greatest peculiarity of the man is silence respecting himself and all that relates to his achievements, no man having, we confidently venture to assert, ever heard a boast from the lips of Garibaldi.

Our next article will commence with an account of his expedition to Sicily.

(To be continued.)

## Scientific Notes.

**NEW MOTIVE.**—It is stated by the French scientific papers that M. Lenoir has conceived a new means of propulsion, of such efficacy that a speed of from 12 to 14 knots an hour will be attainable, at no greater expenditure of material than would be required for a ship's galley-fire. It consists in the ignition of a mixture of from two to five per cent. of hydrogen gas with atmospheric air by the electric spark. The expansion of the gas resulting gives motion to the piston. The Emperor has commanded the test of this discovery by competent scientific persons.

**THE MAGNESIAN LIGHT.**—Magnesium, the metallic base of the well-known earth so useful in medicine, is lighter than aluminium, like that of a silvery white colour, and not subject to rust. It may be hammered, filed, and drawn out into threads; it ignites at the temperature at which glass melts, and burns with a steady and vivid flame, the ash resulting being pure magnesia; while it has been found experimentally that a very fine magnesium thread emits a light equal to that given by 74 stearine candles of 5 to the pound. These peculiar properties have suggested the possibility of using it for illuminating purposes. To effect this, it is only necessary to devise some mechanical means of spinning the metal into thread; when this is attained, we shall have a light more simple and efficient than any yet used, whether electric or lime. The illuminating power may be increased to any extent by adding to the size of the wick, the only requisites to light being the magnesium thread, a clockwork arrangement to supply it continuously as used, and a spirit lamp. Costly as magnesium is, more economical modes of producing it will doubtless be suggested by the demand for it. It seems also that the magnesian light will be specially valuable in photography, since, according to Bunsen, the sun has only 34 times its photo-chemical power.

**PETROLEUM SPRINGS.**—A number of springs of

this mineral oil have lately been discovered in Western Pennsylvania. One, at Chigwell, of 181 feet in depth, yields 90 barrels of oil daily, which, however, no process of distillation where it may be subjected can deprive of its offensively pungent odour.

**CONNECTION OF PHENOMENA.**—A paper recently read before the Association of French Engineers suggests an interesting subject of scientific inquiry. It asserts that the phenomena of sound, light, and heat are due to the same agency—*i.e.*, electricity; their various manifestations and actions on the sense being consequences of the differently accelerated vibrations of the same universal ether. In case of sound, for instance, air, or solid bodies, would be only the vehicles of the motion which elicits the electric energy, and ultimately acts upon the sense by alternate dilations and relaxations of the nerves of hearing, or by that change of temperature consequent thereon. Now, in support of this novel theory, it may be observed, that however determinate may be the natural forces which pervade the universe, yet their action is never uniform. It intermits, as though the inertia of matter could only be vanquished by repeated efforts. No single impulse imparted to air or ether can give to us the consciousness of light or sound. Motion is always propagated by pulsations, in equal times. Whatever the vehicle of impressions, its vibrations must be frequent and *periodical* to produce an effect. Neither air nor water, for instance, flow from an orifice in an unbroken stream. The friction of its sides is broken, as it were, by starts; a jet of water issues by pulsations, and is formed of distinct drops, an appreciable interval of time occurring between the descent of each—though, from the persistence of light, and blending together of successive impressions, the distinction between the drops can only be made apparent to the sense by looking at falling water on the occurrence of a flash of lightning in a dark night, when the seemingly continuous stream will, in that vivid glimpse, be resolved into a succession of drops, like pearls strung upon a thread. Thus, a vibrating musical string receives an apparent increase in size; and any rapidly revolving object gives the impression of a luminous circle. Flame burns with the same intermittent action. When a lighted candle is passed quickly through the air, its flame will break into a beaded line, with short intervals of darkness between the light; and so regular are its pulsations that its musical pitch can be thereby distinguished. Flame burnt in glass tubes emits a musical note, corresponding to its size and intensity, which are determined partly by the size of the orifice. In the same manner the electric force overcomes the resistance to its emission from the surface of electrodes, escaping thence in tremors, and becoming visible to the eye intermittently; the radiating light being broken up into strata and separate flashes, as a liquid stream is broken into drops, or a sound into pulsations.

## ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

TENBY.

TENBY, Pembrokeshire, is picturesquely situated on the ridge of the old mountain limestone which forms the southern coast of the county, and stretches out into the British Channel. Standing thus on a small peninsula, Tenby offers unusual facilities for bathing. The sands are smooth and the water clear, and bathing on either beach is pleasant and convenient. The town is, therefore, remarkably attractive to bathers, who regard salt water as Nature's best restorer.

"The sea's the mill that people mean  
To make the old grow young again."

The journey, though Tenby is nearly 300 miles distant from London, is facilitated by the excellent arrangements of the Great Western Railway Company. Their line extends to New Milford, and the short distance which intervenes between this station and Tenby is made by a regular conveyance.

Of late years Tenby has been greatly improved. The houses are neatly built, the streets clean, and well lighted with gas. Its pure air and fine scenery promise to make it one of our most attractive watering-places, and it adds to these all the ordinary features of similar resorts—theatre, library, assembly rooms, promenades, &c. The public baths are both extensive and elegant; they comprise numerous baths and dressing-rooms, warm and vapour baths, bed-rooms for invalids, together with a handsome promenade-room, and are approached by an excellent carriage road. They are supplied by a reservoir, which is filled with fresh sea-water at each tide.

The history of the town extends back to the time of Edward III., when it was incorporated by charter.



## THE DEFACED TOMBSTONE.

In vain I tried to read the name  
Of him who slumbers here;  
On the memorial stone have beat  
The storms of many a year,  
Till not a line is left the grave  
That Love or Pride the dead one gave.  
*His name?* Ah, say what matters it?  
What though the years had stayed  
Their pitiless hands, and left the lines  
Fresh as when first arrayed?  
When over all the lesson ran—  
What wouldst thou know?—Here sleeps a man!  
*A man?*—Priest? Warrior? Statesman? King?  
Or serf? no matter what!  
Cowl, sabre, pen, plough, diadem—  
All covered but one lot:  
Ambition, hatred, love, hope, fear—  
Where are they?—only mouldering here!

## GARIBALDI.

## CHAPTER VII.

ALTHOUGH Austria, by the treaty of Villafranca, ceded Lombardy to Louis Napoleon, her pride not permitting her to make the sacrifice to Sardinia, whom she affected to consider and treat as a second-rate power, the double-headed eagle still retained her grasp upon the heart of Italy—Venetia and the Quadrilateral remained to her.

Never was Europe taken more completely by surprise; and we question if even the governments who, by their hostile position to Louis Napoleon, had in a great measure contributed to the peace, felt altogether satisfied with the result—England, especially, who had coquetted with her opportunities till she lost them. Had the policy of our Government been frank, the result would have been different—the promise of freeing a long-oppressed land, from the Alps to the Adriatic, kept.

There is little doubt but the peace thus unexpectedly arranged, gave France one ally more. The sympathy shown to Kossuth and the Hungarian hordes who were ready to rise, although a barren one, had alarmed and deeply offended the Emperor of Austria, who found himself menaced in the most vulnerable point of his dominions. In the interview between the two sovereigns, there is little doubt but this was pointed out by the astute conqueror, and a treaty concluded, the *secret articles* of which are still to be made public.

These events are of such recent occurrence, that it is needless to remind our readers of the cry of indignation which broke from one extremity of Italy to the other. Hopes had been betrayed. Victor Emmanuel scarcely concealed his discontent at the want of courtesy shown by his imperial ally in coming to an arrangement with the enemy without consulting him—and Venice, betrayed at the very moment her hopes were highest, bowed her head once more to the detested yoke.

Unhappily, England had, by her antecedents, lost the moral right of blaming France for this act of treachery. In abandoning Venice to the merciless grasp of Austria, she had only imitated our own treachery to Genoa, whom we invited to rise against her foreign masters by a promise of freedom, and then heartlessly consigned to Sardinia—not the Sardinia of the present day, but Sardinia under a rule as despotic, and almost as infamous, as that of Naples or Modena.

It was only when the younger branch of the House of Savoy, in the person of Carlo Alberto, the father of the present king, mounted the throne, that constitutional government was established in that kingdom.

With all his knowledge of mankind—and it is both great and varied—the present ruler of France had not properly estimated the character of the Italians. Suffering had taught them prudence. Nothing could exceed the calm dignity with which they quietly proceeded to secure the annexation of Central Italy to the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. No delay, no amount of provocation, goaded them to excesses which could afford a pretext for intervention; and the great act was at last accomplished, despite the secret wishes both of France and Austria. The union with the Legations followed, in defiance of the threatened thunders of the Vatican, which fell at last; but in so mild a form, that men of sense merely smiled. Pio Nono published an undignified protest, in the form of a letter, to the King of Sardinia, and all was over.

The apartments of his Holiness, in the catacombs, to which he was ever alluding, still remain untenanted.

In this position of affairs, thinking men naturally asked what would be the next phase in the great drama of Italy? Evidently, things could not remain

as they were. And many ardent spirits looked towards Garibaldi for a solution of the problem. But the popular leader remained impassible, and gave no sign. Prudence prevailed over the natural impetuosity of his disposition, his ardent love of country—or, rather, became the expression of it. France had still a powerful army in Lombardy, as well as a strong garrison in Rome. The arena was not clear. When the troops of Louis Napoleon had retired beyond the Alps, and not till then, did the moment appear favourable for action, of which Sicily naturally became the scene.

Had Garibaldi attempted to revolutionise the remaining portion of the Roman States, he would have found himself opposed to the forces of the late ally of his sovereign, who dared neither avow nor openly assist him. And Naples—with her mercenary legions of police, and fleet—was held too well in hand for a band of adventurers to attempt a movement there with any prospect of success. Sicily, on the contrary, was ready to throw off the yoke. Her sons yearned with impatience to feel themselves free men, and not the slaves of an idiot king, who had inherited his father's brutality and hypocrisy, without one spark of talent.

With indefatigable zeal the national hero made arrangements for an enterprise as glorious as any History can point to. Volunteers flocked readily enough to the standard of Garibaldi. There was a spell in his name—a religion in his cause. But money—the sinew of war—was still wanting. Even that, at last, was forthcoming—thanks to private friends of the leader in Scotland and England. It is possible, also, that Victor Emmanuel, or his minister, Count Cavour, secretly assisted him—openly, they could not; and the expedition only awaited certain concerted demonstrations in the island to sail. There is little doubt but Austria and France were both aware of these proceedings; both, however, affected to remain passive spectators. We say affected; for whilst one Power privately remonstrated, the other permitted her discharged soldiers to enlist in the service of the Pope and King of Naples, whose fears had not yet taught him the lesson of prudence.

Before entering upon the last phase in the liberation of Italy, the revolution of Sicily—so admirably planned and executed—it will be well to give our readers not only a slight sketch of the island, but of the long years of cruelties and oppression under which the inhabitants had groaned.

Beauty is sometimes said to be a fatal gift. To Sicily it has ever proved so. The fertility of her soil, the delicious purity of her climate, has, from the earliest ages, rendered her the prey of the conqueror.

A happier era we believe, at last, to have dawned for her, and should the great Powers of Europe not interfere, there is little doubt but she may become fertile and rich, as in the golden days of her prosperity, when History gave her the name of the granary of Rome.

Much, however, depends upon England. Should our Government look coldly on her heroic struggles for freedom, or permit itself to be once more cajoled by the unprincipled Cabinet of Naples, that happy future, we fear, must still be postponed.

The reigning house of Naples has not the slightest claim upon our assistance, or, what is only another word for it, our mediation. The late king gave a constitution to his subjects under the sanction of our name, and, when the moment of danger had passed, violated it and laughed at us.

It is to be hoped that neither her people nor the British Cabinet will again be deluded by any such fare.

Sicily is the largest island in the Mediterranean, and by far the most fertile. It is about 200 miles in length, and 140 in the widest part of it.

Poets and even historians contend that this lovely isle, the fairest daughter of Greece, was at one period joined to the Continent, but severed from it by some extraordinary convulsion of nature, at a very early period—a tradition not improbable when we consider the volcanic nature of the soil, and that the Straits of Messina, which separate it from the main land, in some places are not more than five miles across.

The island derives its present name from the Siculi, who took possession of the greatest part of it. It has also been designated the island of the Sun, and the land of the Cyclops and the Lestrygons. The Phenicians are said to have carried on a considerable commerce with it, in which the Trojans participated.

Various colonies from Greece formed separate states, the most powerful of which was Syracuse. For a lengthened period Rome and Carthage disputed

the sovereignty of the island. The former at last prevailed, and established her dominion, which lasted till 440, when the Vandals took possession, and held it till driven out by Belisarius, and it became part of the eastern empire.

In 825 Sicily was conquered by the Saracens, who, in their turn, were expelled by the Norman Prince Roger, whose descendant was crowned king of both Sicilies in 1120.

The French under Charles, brother of St. Louis, conquered it from the Norman princes, and ruled with such cruelty, that life became insupportable.

This state of things led to the Sicilian Vespers, the most sanguinary page, perhaps, in the history of the island.

John of Procida, a noble gentleman, who had not only been plundered of his possessions by Charles, but dishonoured in the tenderest point, secretly resolved on vengeance, and headed a vast conspiracy, the object of which was to wrest his country from the invaders. So cautiously were his measures taken, that neither the king nor his ministers had the slightest suspicion of the danger that menaced them. They forgot that the Sicilian character resembled the volcanic nature of the soil, calm and smiling one instant, spreading fire and desolation the next.

The conspirators had even gone so far as to fix on a successor; and Peter III., king of Aragon, had consented, in the event of their success, to accept the crown of the Two Sicilies.

It was in Palermo that the long-suppressed indignation of the people broke forth, without waiting for the signal. The brutality of the French soldiers gave it for them, and they were not slow in answering it.

The inhabitants of the city had issued forth to a festa, held in a church not more than a mile from the walls. The guards of Charles, who were on duty at the doors, committed a gross outrage upon the delicacy of the females, under pretence of ascertaining that they had no concealed arms.

Droguet, a French officer, having laid violent hands upon a fair young girl, her lover stabbed him to the heart. Blood once shed, the passions on either side became too much excited to admit of compromise. But one cry was heard, "Death to the French!" who, defending themselves bravely, retreated to the church; but even there their infuriated enemies followed them. No mercy was shown, and several hundred were slain.

The insurrection spread like wildfire. From every campanile the bells sent forth the signal. It passed from village to village—reached the remote towns; and every one was answered by the same terrible result; till, at last, eight thousand Frenchmen fell beneath the avenging knives of the Sicilians.

One Frenchman alone escaped the general massacre, and the circumstances are so honourable, both to the insurgents and the object of their admiration, that we feel pleasure in recording them.

Guillaume de Porcelleto, as the governor of one of the smaller towns in the interior of the island, had so nobly conducted himself, administering justice with an impartial hand to all, that he had won the respect and love of the incensed enemies of his sovereign. By common consent of the people, he was not only conducted on board one of their vessels bound to Provence, but paid the full value of the possessions he had acquired in the island.

Charles of Anjou was with the Pope at Orvieto when intelligence of these disasters to his troops arrived. In the first outbreak of his wrath, he vowed to exterminate the hardy Sicilians—to make their name a warning and an example to all future ages. Vain boast! Peter of Aragon had already set sail for Sicily, and was shortly afterwards crowned at Palermo.

Fortune—to prove her alliance with Justice—does sometimes side with the righteous cause. The new monarch and his subjects not only succeeded in maintaining their independence against the wrath of Charles, but braved—what, at that period, was looked upon as far more terrible—the thunders of the Church. In vain Pope Martin hurled his anathemas against Peter and all who owned his rule; the curse fell harmless. The Sicilians and Aragonese, under their great admiral, Ruggino Doria, were triumphant at sea, and not only defended their own shores, but took possession of several towns on the Calabrian coast.

In one of these encounters the heir of the defeated tyrant fell into their hands, and was taken prisoner to Palermo.

Charles shortly afterwards died of rage and grief. His son ultimately recovered his freedom by a formal renunciation of his claims to the throne of





SICILIAN REVOLUTIONISTS BREAKING INTO THE CHAMBER OF TORTURE AT PALERMO.

Sicily, but retained the remaining portion of his father's kingdom.

In the fifteenth century the two crowns were once more united in the person of Alfonso of Aragon, after a separation of one hundred and sixty years.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century France and Spain disputed the possession of the kingdom, which ultimately fell to the last-named Power, and degenerated into a mere province, being governed by a viceroy.

It enters neither into our plan nor limits to write a history of the successive governments of Naples, and we must pass over the brilliant episode of Masaniello, under whom the people obtained a momentary gleam of freedom, and the war of succession, by which the two crowns were once more divided, Austria obtaining Naples, and the House of Savoy Sicily. Should Victor Emmanuel obtain the oft-disputed prize, he will not be the first of his race who has worn the island crown.

This arrangement, however, did not last long. Charles, a son of Philip V. of Spain, ultimately secured the throne. He was the first of the Bourbon princes, and the only one who governed with justice and moderation.

From him the late monarch, Ferdinand II., descended in a direct line, one of the greatest monsters that ever reigned in Europe. He was born in the very year his father granted a constitution to Sicily, which he afterwards violated. His first wife was a princess of the house of Savoy, whom he is said to have ill used; his second, an Austrian archduchess, whose influence has proved as fatal to the country as that of her predecessor Caroline, known as the dark Queen of Naples; the woman who declared, when her subjects on one occasion offended her, that she would leave them *only their eyes to weep with*—a woman who possessed no womanly feeling or virtue, whose influence, joined to that of the familiars of Lady Hamilton, tarnishes the honour of England's greatest naval hero.

What a glorious life Nelson's would have been, but for his share in the death of Caraccioli!

But we must not dwell upon it; it would lead us too far from our subject. The hero felt the stain, and it may be open to discussion whether in his

last battle at Trafalgar, he did not expose himself to the death he met with as some kind of expiation.

Till within the last few years, it has been one of the peculiarities of Englishmen to pay little or no attention to foreign politics. They received their impressions from an ill-informed, and too frequently a dishonest press, which, when the Sicilians, on the downfall of Louis Philippe, broke into insurrection against the intolerable tyranny they suffered, blamed them for their excesses.

At that time, they little knew the justification. A letter recording the horrors of the prison-house at Palermo, has lately been published by an eyewitness of the atrocities he describes—a clergyman of the Church of England.

We give it, as it appeared in a daily paper:—

"Sir,—In one of your powerful appeals to humanity on behalf of the oppressed Sicilians, you lately noticed the atrocities committed under authority by the police of Palermo in the year 1848, when they last attempted to free themselves from the oppressor, and most true is your unvarnished tale. On the morning of the 17th of February in that year I was among the foremost, and the only Englishman present, when the rush was made into the disclosed region of death which you refer to. The facts were these:—About 40 of the *sbirri* had been captured by the revolutionists, treated by them with kindness, and placed in security until they could be sent to Naples—a friendly precaution to prevent their being murdered by the indignant mob, which then broke into the police palace, and cast the books and furniture from the windows. A portion of the spacious building appeared, however, to be inaccessible; windows and loopholes there were in it, but no opening to one entire wing of the dark prison-house. Presently, on removing one of the huge bookcases, some fresh-plastered wall appeared concealed behind it; a passage was quickly broken through it, and the senses were almost overpowered by the steaming effluvia which issued from seven dark chambers communicating with each other, where, upon clearing the loopholes, a secreted scene of horror was before us such as wants the best testimony to be believed. There lay human bodies, and the mutilated

remains of such, in every stage of death and decay—bundles of rotting rags mingled with bones, and limbs, and filth filled the corners of the smaller rooms; chains hung riveted to the walls above, whence some of these remains had dropped as they died—some still holding in their iron grasp the arms or ankles of their famished victims. Skeletons, almost fleshless, were piled upon others which were quite so, and placed on stone shelves which had served as their beds while living; naked bodies, black and pulpy, were hidden beneath others more recently dead, yet alive with maggots; and, greater horror still, two human bodies in writhing attitudes were hanging crucified upon the wall of the largest chamber, the reeking, blood-stained stones of which held rusty spikes corresponding to the outstretched hands and feet of others which had been so suspended, and still retaining the stringy remains of muscles torn to shreds, from which the heavier portions had dropped and lay in heaps of putridity beneath. Shrieks of indignant horror arose from the infuriate crowd, a portion of which rushed back to the prison where the captured *sbirri* were secured, brought them out, and shot them down on the instant. Others remained, raking and searching among the bones and bodies, examining minutely the putrid remnants of those they fancied might have been their fathers, brothers, or kindred, who had long been missing, but whose fate they knew not.

"One of the *sbirri*, whose life I tried in vain to save, endeavoured to persuade me that the suspended bodies were not crucified while alive, but nailed there to augment the tortures of the living prisoners.

"Further details I could give, from my intimacy with Sicily and its people during those stirring times; this, indeed, was a scene never to be forgotten—enough to sicken the thought that dwells on it, and to attest, were it needed, the usual and very accurate truthfulness of your assertions.—I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful servant,

"G. W. BRIDGES.

"Beachly Parsonage, June 2."

The outrages of the fanatical Sepoys in India were not more horrible than the deeds described. Who can wonder a people subject to such horrors,





MISS AYLMER RESCUED FROM IMMINENT DANGER BY JOHN WALTON.

in the first burst of triumph at their recovered liberty, expressed their joy in blood? In our own opinion, mercy to such miscreants would have been misplaced—a treason to humanity and to their race.

And it is the son of the perpetrator of such crimes, the inheritor of his principles and policy, who lately appealed to England for protection—to guarantee his possessions—the power to tyrannise over his subjects! Had Lord Palmerston faltered, he would not at this time have been Prime Minister of England. The people with one accord would have hurled him from power, and thundered in the ear of the King of Naples, “No!”

(To be continued.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN HEIRESS;  
OR,  
The Old Fend.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “FRENCH HAY,” ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

And that should teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.—HAMLET.

Oh! strange and different to those of but one ten minutes before, were the tones of my employer's voice now, as she herself opened the door for my egress.

The generous words, and cordial notice of those whose rank she idolised, stamped me with a value that no personal merit or virtue would have won. Henceforth I was not the poor paid singer, but the protégée of the Countess of Liddesdale and her fashionable and accomplished daughter, whose presence at this fête Mrs. Elliot had managed to gain by some slight service rendered to a person in whom they took an interest—an obligation which they returned by the honour of this visit.

The two other songs appointed to me were equally fortunate with the first. It was a night of triumph, and when, again supported by M. de Coutance, I

received the congratulations and applause of the audience, and resisting all Mrs. Elliot's blandishments—who would fain have yielded to her guests, what she would never have dared to ask for herself, and enticed me into the hitherto forbidden supper-room—I felt almost happy in the mercenary thought which even in the midst of all would intrude, that now I should surely obtain some employment whereby I could support us all.

I did not know then, how soon, in the busy world of London, people and things, which others have no interest in remembering, are forgotten, nor how uncertain and little to be relied upon, is public praise.

Had this fête and my success occurred during the London season, when everybody who gives parties, gladly seizes upon any novelty to vary the monotonous round of entertainments, and genius of all sorts and descriptions is at a premium, my fortune would have been made; but as it was, with half the people gone, and the rest fast going out of town, I was forgotten.

Even kind Lady Liddesdale and her daughter, leaving Berkeley-square next day, put me aside for a time, and after a week's vain hope that something would surely come of all the eulogiums I had received, my heart began by degrees to sink, and despite the encouragements of my constant friend M. de Coutance, who persisted in drawing bright auguries from the concert, strove to reconcile myself to the idea of oblivion.

At the beginning of the next week, however, a circumstance occurred which, for a time, diverted my thoughts from every other subject, engrossing us all entirely.

John had gone out as usual, in search of employment, and, instead of returning home at his accustomed hour, remained abroad the whole day, reaching home about dusk in a state of the wildest excitement and delight, exclaiming, as he burst into the room where Mary and I sat at work—

“Oh, Polly! oh, Miss Bell! such a thing has happened! Never say aught against this here patched-up leg no more; it's done its dooty jolly this day. Who do you think I've been with, a'most the whole of this blessed a'ternoon?”

“How is it possible for us to tell? A new master, perhaps?”

“Pooh! a new missis more like. Why, your aunt, Miss Bell, Miss Aylmer, to be sure.”

“Miss Aylmer!”

“Ay, glorious, aint it? An' sha'n't I have a chance now to do sommat for you, as has done so much for me and Polly, for I'm to be her own coachman, and sommat 'ill turn up some day as 'ill open a door for me to speak to her, an' tell her outright what sort of a nicee she's got.”

“Well, but how did you see her? how did it all come about? Do speak plain, John. See, Miss Bell is turnin' quite white. How did you come to see the lady?”

“Why, this afternoon, as I was standin' at Cox's livery stables at Charin'-cross, where I'd been to see if there was 'ere a job as they'd got to set me on, I seed a spiccy open carriage and pair o' spankin' greys come tearin' along the Strand, steerin' straight into the very middle of all the carts and carriages, as was pretty near as thick together as leaves on a tree. The coachman had lost his reins and his brains too, and knowin' what was a-goin' to happen, pitched himself right off of his box, and that in coorse scared the horses ten times worse, sendin' 'em on like mad things. Everybody was a runnin' an' a squeakin', except the lady in the carriage, an' though she couldn't help seein' what was afore her, she never moved a peg, but sat as still as if she'd been a image. My dear life! she was a sight to see! One wouldn't have minded the chance of a broken bone, to save such a princely cretur. Well, the poor brutes managed to keep out of a smash, till they came nigh opposite the top o' Parliament-street, where there was a great dray, that must have finished 'em outright, and then I thought my time was come, so I cut away out o' the yard, and saved the lady somehow, though one of the horses was killed dead on the spot!”

“And you? Oh, John, are you hurt?”

“Not a bit. Never was jollier or happier in my life! wouldn't change to be King William's own brother! for when I'd got the lady safe in a shop, and had her leave to do what was best for the car-



respect, they are worse, because what is said is often forgotten—what is written remains.

While pointing out the dangers of writing merely for the sake of writing, we do not wish to furnish those who neglect this means of intercourse with any excuse. Friendship delights in the frequent interchange of letters. To love it is almost necessary, and estrangement often follows on neglecting to fulfil the promise of writing, or on leaving letters unanswered. In order to save oneself a little trouble, it is cruel to keep those who love us in suspense; but, we must own, gentlemen are more frequently guilty of this cruelty than ladies. They have business to plead in excuse, and for this very reason (to return to the former argument) ladies should not enter into arrangements with their suitors for daily correspondence. Of course the lovers agree, but business interferes; the lady is indignant if she does not receive letter for letter; and as love is not always reasonable, the plan of writing every day often ends in a serious quarrel.

#### CARELESS AND UNSUSPECTED POISONING, AND HOW TO GUARD AGAINST IT.

We believe the cases of intentional poisoning are insignificant in number as compared with those which are the result of accident or carelessness, the latter being by far the most fruitful source of this species of mortality, and, at the same time, that which excites the least attention, after the first sensation caused by the report of such cases in the newspapers has died away. Take the case of Smethurst, and the poisonings at Clifton as examples. Everybody remembers all about the former case, in which only one death was involved, while not one in a thousand, probably, remembers the number of deaths and the amount of suffering caused by the latter occurrence; and still fewer could say what punishment was inflicted on the man who sold one poison to colour the buns instead of another of a less deadly nature, which he imagined he was selling. The extent to which poisonous substances are used to give a pretty colour to certain sweetmeats and jellies, is another secret cause of injury to the system, without the sufferer or his medical attendant being aware of the cause of the indisposition. Let those who are in the habit of dining out, bear in mind that in nine cases out of ten, the jellies which look so pretty owe their prettiness to some chemical preparation, the effect of which on the stomachs of those who eat of them was never the subject of a moment's consideration on the part of the cook. Thus it happened that at a dinner-party, where several persons ate of a very beautiful green jelly, all of them were made more or less ill, and some died, the colouring matter used in this case being an arseniate of copper. People read of these occurrences, and forget them, as accidents which are never likely to happen to themselves; but when a paragraph appears, hinting at some more hidden source of poisoning, a sensation of alarm spreads over the whole kingdom. Not very long ago, there was a statement, copied from one newspaper into another, that arsenic had been found in turnips, which must have been derived from the artificial manure employed! Now, as the use of artificial manure is as universal as the consumption of turnips, everybody imagined that all turnips must contain arsenic, and there was an immediate falling-off in the demand for that esculent for domestic purposes. The alarm was not altogether groundless, for plants do actually take up arsenic into their tissues, when it is present in the ground in which they are grown; but the fact is, that artificial manure contains such a minute quantity of arsenic as to render poisoning from this cause in the highest degree improbable. At the same time, the fact that so deadly a poison is contained in some manures, is a strong argument in favour of the appointment of public analysts, provided for by a Bill which has recently passed through the House of Commons. Experiments have been made, with the view of ascertaining the effect of watering cabbages with an arsenical solution, and it was found that, as soon as the arsenic had ascended the stalk, a little above the ground, the plant invariably died. Similar alarm was excited by the statement respecting the action of the water on the lead which lines our cisterns, but we suppose that, since the publication in the *Times* of the letter of the editor of the *Photographic News*, these apprehensions have died away; at all events, we have heard nothing of the matter since. There is, however, a species of lead poisoning infinitely more dangerous, the action of which is confined almost exclusively to the male sex. The quantity of tobacco and snuff

sold throughout the country, packed in tinfoil, is very large; and it has been found, by experiment, that these substances act on lead with considerable energy, consequently, a portion of the material in which they are enveloped is decomposed, and a salt of lead is formed in the tobacco or snuff in a greater or less proportion, according to the length of time it remains in the tinfoil, and doubtless, also, according to the degree and kind of adulteration to which these articles have been subjected previously. This is a very important matter, and one which it is only necessary should be made public to put an end to this kind of poisoning, inasmuch as it is just as easy to procure these commodities from the bulk as in the neat-looking packages in which death or sickness lies concealed. But perhaps the most insidious and most universal poisoning—which probably affects the health of thousands of individuals in this country without the cause being suspected—arises from the use of green paper in the decoration of rooms. A short time back a case was published relating the narrow escape from death of the younger branches of a family from this cause; and more recently an instance has occurred within our own knowledge, where a father and son, the former a strong, robust man, the latter a boy, had been ailing for six months, the indisposition commencing almost immediately after the room they occupied had been newly-papered with green paper! As we do not wish to excite alarm without pointing out a remedy, we will suggest two methods by means of which anybody may ascertain whether arsenic is contained in a green specimen of paper of this colour. One method is, to take a small piece of the paper and immerse it in a solution of ammonia, allowing it to remain therein a considerable time. If the solution assumes a blue tinge it may be presumed that arsenic is present. Take out the paper and drop a piece of crystallised nitrate of silver into the liquid, when, if arsenic be really present, the crystal will become yellow. The other method, which we consider to be more certain, is to scrape off the surface of the suspected paper from a small portion of that which covers an obscure part of the room; then insert a paper tube inside a glass test tube, and pour this powder to the bottom, the object of using the paper tube being to prevent any portion of the powder from touching the sides of the glass. Remove the paper tube, close the vessel tightly, and expose the contents to the heat of a jet of gas until the whole is thoroughly carbonised. If arsenic be present it will sublime, and deposit itself as arsenious acid on the sides of the tube. Let it stand till quite cold, and then take out the burnt powder which remains in the tube, and pour in a small quantity of distilled water, add two or three drops of liquor potasse, and boil for a minute or two. The addition of a little ammonio-nitrate of silver or ammonio-sulphate of copper will cause a green or yellow precipitate, if the solution contains arsenic.

It only remains now to suggest an effectual preventive against any injury resulting from living in a room hung with arsenical paper, and this consists in having the paper well-sized and varnished.

#### Scientific Notes.

**ALLEN'S GAUGE.**—This consists of a hollow metal pillar, the chamber of which is connected with a thick glass tube parallel to it, and below, by a bent pipe of twice its capacity, with the boiler. The air in the gauge, acted on by the water or condensed steam in the pipe, indicates the pressure by the height of the water-line in the glass tube opposite a graduated index. The simplicity, sensitiveness, and facility of adjustment of this gauge recommend it, since the air, acting as an elastic spring, can be renewed at will, and is less subject to be influenced by changes of temperature than the metallic springs generally used for the purpose.

**THE LARCH.**—This tree, which, during the last century, has been so extensively planted in the United Kingdom, especially in the north, appears to be generally strangely deteriorating. In many places only one tree in three is free from decay. This is variously attributed to degeneracy of the seed, excessive moisture, atmospheric influences, oxide of iron and other deleterious minerals in the manures employed, secret ravages of insects, fungi, or to mismanagement; whereas the fact may be sufficiently accounted for by the climate and soil being uncongenial to it. The larch is easily convertible, and, when sound, which is rarely the case, is durable; but its liability to warp forms a strong objection to its use, except where large unwrought timbers are needed, when it should be from 50 to 100 years old. It is only applicable to

fencing, telegraph and hop poles, coal-pit props, and, when large, to forming railway sleepers. It is unfit for interior furnishing, and not equal to English oak for naval, or Baltic pine for architectural purposes. It is economical only for temporary buildings, the cost of seasoning, even on the spot, being fully equal to the differential price of other timber in carriage. Under these conditions its adoption for plantations has been unwise, and further culture of it is to be deprecated.

**THE ENGLISH OAK.**—It is stated on good authority that the insects to whose punctures galls are attributable, are making such ravages both in this country and America, that in a few years the extirpation of the oak tree is imminent, unless some remedy be promptly resorted to.

**SINGULAR COAL.**—Near Cairo, in the vicinity of the N. W. Virginian Railway, live coal has been recently discovered of a peculiar character. On examination, it is found to be a mass of crystallised mineral oil, or petroleum, without any stratification or intermixture of other substances. When laid on a hot metal plate, this singular substance melts like wax. It yields 165 gallons of crude oil to the ton. After a single process of distillation 82 per cent. of impure oil remains, and after a second process 61 per cent. of a clearer oil, and 30 per cent. of lubricating oil and paraffin result. It is thought that if shafts were sunk to sufficient depth a natural reservoir would be discovered, from which this vein has originated, similar to that in an adjacent county.

**THE LARYNXOSCOPE.**—The instrument with this learned name, meaning the throat-inspector, has been beneficially used in the Parisian hospitals, and effectually removes the difficulty hitherto experienced by surgeons in treating diseases of the throat, when left to judge of its condition by external appearances; this device enabling them to inspect minutely parts hitherto concealed from their research in the living subject. The patient being seated, with open mouth, before a lamp, a concave mirror concentrates its rays, so as to direct a flood of light into the throat. A smaller mirror is at the same time introduced by a wire into the cavity of the throat, on a line with the tonsils, and being inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees to the larger one, reflects back upon it the organs thus vividly illuminated, so that they can be as satisfactorily examined as if the surgeon had seen them directly.

**DEAFNESS.**—Mdlle. Cléret, a young woman in humble circumstances, anxiously pondering on the means of obtaining relief from the deafness that afflicted her, conceived the idea that sulphuric ether would prove efficacious, and on trial found so much benefit from it, that she was encouraged to administer it similarly to two deaf and dumb children. As the experiment was followed by the happiest results, she devoted herself to their education, and her mode of treatment became known. The French Government commanded that this new specific should be tested in the public hospitals, and a favourable report has been recently made as to its efficiency; but the discoverer of this means of alleviating suffering is beyond the reward of her labours, having become insane from excitement. The ether is to be dropped into the ear of the patient daily, in the proportion of from 4 to 8 drops for a child, and double that quantity for an adult; but it would be very unwise for any person to meddle with the delicate organism of the ear without the advice of a medical man.

#### GARIBALDI.

##### CHAPTER VIII.

The struggle of the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies to obtain a constitutional government is not a story of yesterday, but has been carried on for more than half a century, sometimes in secret, sometimes openly, but always with a devotion, courage, and disinterestedness which proved them worthy of a better fate. In England, till very lately, but little was known of the actual state of the kingdom subject to the sceptre of the Spanish branch of the Bourbons; a race more ignorant and despotic than even the *branche aînée* in France, of whom it was justly said on the restoration, they had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. Hundreds of our countrymen visited Naples every year—invalids to seek renewed health from its delicious climate, artists to sketch the scenery, antiquarians to study the relics of Herculaneum and Pompeii, scholars to elucidate some obscure point in history, and occasionally a traveller of philosophic mind to examine the condition of the people. The latter formed the exception. On their return they rarely published



the results of their observations, for fear of being branded as revolutionists by the partisans of the Holy Alliance everywhere triumphant.

It was the writings of a female—Sidney Lady Morgan—which first drew the attention of thinking men to the state of Italy and Sicily; with a fearless pen she described the horrible oppression which desolated the most beautiful portions of God's earth; held the predominant parties up to ridicule; lashed their pretensions with her keen, sarcastic wit; and proclaimed to her astonished countrymen the infamous treachery of their Government, which had broken its solemn promises to the Genoese, and sold them like a bale of merchandise to the King of the Anchoyias—a *sobriquet* given by the Italians to the sovereign of Sardinia.

In the history of literature there probably never was a book so well abused; the Tory press of the day, with Croker at their head, opened upon it like a pack of foul-mouthed hounds. All that scurrility could invent, or slander insinuate—short of legal libel—was poured forth to put the work and its author down. Woman like, her little ladyship did not choose to be put down; she knew that she had truth upon her side, and boldly proclaimed it.

Other and better, because less passionate, writers succeeded, and the conviction slowly gained ground, that, in the settlement of Europe, after the fall of the first Napoleon, England, or rather her worthless representative, had acted a most ignoble part, and betrayed the name of his country, by assisting to barter away the liberty of nations who confided in her promises.

Still our statesmen asked themselves whether it were possible that the Neapolitan Bourbons, for whom we had wasted so much blood and treasure, were really the worthless race described?—whether the radicals, as the liberals were then designated, had not overcharged the picture? and many of the Conservative party cling to the illusion yet.

To dissipate the least doubt, we shall, before resuming our account of the achievements of the hero of Italy, give a brief sketch of the treachery, deceit, cruelty, and falsehood of the monarchs of the Two Sicilies since the peace of 1815.

Ferdinand IV., who, in 1817, changed his title to Ferdinand I., was one of the most consummate hypocrites that ever disgraced a throne. He had but two passions—devotion to despotism and the chase. So powerful was the last, that when his brother, Charles IV., ex-king of Spain, was dying at Naples, he forbade the bulletins, which were daily sent to him at Persano, to be opened, fearing lest the announcement of his precarious state should interfere with a party he had arranged!

On his return they were read to him, and stated that his brother, who was dying, earnestly begged to see him.

"By this time I dare say he is dead," observed Ferdinand, coolly. "I should be too late if I started now," and orders were accordingly issued for the next day's sport.

We relate this anecdote merely to show that the royal Nimrod was destitute of all natural affection as well as decency. On the death of the ex-king, Ferdinand retired to his palace at Portici; so great was the scandal caused by his heartlessness, that even the Neapolitans murmured.

The evening before the funeral he invited the English ambassador to hunt with him on the following day. Sir William A'Court excused himself on the plea of having to attend the funeral ceremony of his Majesty's brother on the morrow.

It is not, however, with the private life of Ferdinand that we have to do, or we might fill a volume with similar instances of his want of every proper feeling and dignity. It is with his public acts, and these are stained by the darkest treachery and hypocrisy.

It is an error to suppose that liberal ideas and love of constitutional principles had ever been entirely rooted out in Italy. Lombardy still remembered her ancient liberties; Florence, her municipal privileges destroyed by the Medici; Naples, the freedom she had enjoyed under her ancient rulers. The sacred tradition of a glorious past, and aspirations of a happier future, were studiously kept up by a number of secret societies, the principal of which was the Carbonari, whose efforts were chiefly directed to the army. The idea was both a grand and simple one—to wrest from tyranny the instrument of its crimes, and use it, as the Liberals of Spain had done, to establish a constitution. As far as the attempts went, they were successful.

In 1820 a regiment of cavalry raised the flag of the order—red, black, and blue, at Nola; the troops stationed in the neighbouring towns joined in great numbers, which were still further increased by the

defection of the force sent by the king to suppress the movement.

It was in this position of affairs that Ferdinand I. displayed those twin qualities of falsehood and cunning which have branded his name with infamy.

When urged by the ministers to place himself at the head of the army, and proceed in person against the Liberals, he meekly replied that bloodshed was distasteful to him, that neither his health nor principles would permit him to undertake such a task, and finally announced his resolution of transferring for a time the direction of affairs to his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria.

Father and son, doubtless, perfectly understood each other. The prince accepted the high trust, and was proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Everything that was demanded was conceded—the Spanish constitution of 1812 proclaimed, a national parliament promised, and ultimately convoked. The prince and royal family, acting under the king's direction, carried the deception so far as to review the insurgent army, and thank General Pepe and his officers for the great service they had rendered to their country.

The Neapolitan Parliament showed itself worthy of the mission it had received. Despite of intrigues, dissensions, and divisions, it succeeded in adapting the constitution, which had been borrowed from Spain, to the wants and wishes of the country—amending the laws, and giving action and consistency to the new form of government.

When this portion of their labour was accomplished, Ferdinand, his son, and the princes of the family solemnly swore fidelity to the new order of things; and the people, unfortunately, believed in their sincerity—royal oaths not being at so great a discount then as they are now.

It is possible that even the Bourbons might have continued in the path of constitutional government but for Austria, for ages the vampire of Italy. The Cabinet of Vienna became alarmed—liberty was too near her gates to be pleasant. She consulted at once, therefore, with the high contracting parties to the Holy Alliance, and it was agreed that a congress should assemble, as the best means of dealing with the new enemy which had arisen in the shape of a principle.

It met first at Troppau, and afterwards at Laybach. As a precautionary measure, to prevent the revolution from spreading, a numerous body of troops were ordered to assemble on the left bank of the Po, and, when everything had been prepared, Naples was threatened with invasion, unless things in Naples were restored to their former state.

At this juncture of affairs the position of Ferdinand became critical. He was virtually a prisoner in the hands of his people. His brother monarchs contrived, however, to extricate him from his difficulties, by summoning him to repair in person to Laybach, to deliberate with them upon such concessions as might be granted to his subjects without danger to the peace of the peninsula.

His majesty eagerly accepted the invitation; and, after much difficulty, obtained permission of his Parliament to quit the kingdom. Before leaving he had the infamy to renew the oath he had already taken to the constitution.

His first letters to his son spoke only of the reception he had met with from his brother monarchs, hunting parties, and anecdotes of the Emperors of Russia and Austria; not a word respecting public affairs. These as they arrived were duly laid before Parliament by the Lieutenant of the kingdom, who affected to act with the utmost candour and openness, whilst secretly setting every engine of corruption and intrigue at work to win over the service of the most influential members.

An attempt in which, unfortunately, he but too well succeeded.

The Liberal party were far, however, from suspecting the full extent of the danger that menaced them; at the worst, they anticipated only a modification of the Constitution they had established; trusting that the basis, or representative system, would be left unchanged—an illusion which lasted till the 28th of January, 1821, when the following letter, from the king to his son, was read before the Senate.

We give it at length to our readers. As a specimen of royal hypocrisy and falsehood, it has never been exceeded:—

"My dearest Son,—You are perfectly acquainted with the sentiments which animate my paternal heart for the happiness of my people, as well as the motives which determined me, at my advanced age, and in spite of the inclemency of the season, to undertake a long and painful journey.

"I saw that our beloved country was threatened

by new misfortunes, which my presence might prevent, and resolved that no personal considerations should prevent my making an attempt, dictated by duty.

"From my first interview with the allied sovereigns, and the communications made to me of the deliberations which had already taken place in the assembled Cabinets at Troppau, I could not entertain the slightest doubt as to the view taken by the great Powers respecting the events that have occurred in Naples from the 2nd of July to the present day.

"I found them firmly resolved not to admit or acknowledge the state of things which resulted from those events, or which may still result from them. They regard it as being incompatible with the tranquillity of my kingdom and the security of the neighbouring states, and are determined to put an end to such a state of things by force of arms, if persuasion should fail to cause them to cease.

"Such is the determination announced to me by the sovereigns personally and by plenipotentiaries—a determination which nothing will induce them to alter. It is wholly out of my power and that of any other mediator to obtain a different result.

"Should the conditions agreed upon by the sovereigns be accepted, the measures which follow can only be arranged through my intervention. I must, however, warn you that the monarchs will require such guarantees as they may judge necessary to secure the tranquillity of the neighbouring states.

"As to the system which is to succeed, their majesties have given me an insight as to the aspect in which they view the question.

"They consider the measures I shall adopt an object of importance for the peace of Europe. They desire that, aided by the wisest and most honourable of my subjects, I should consult the permanent interests of my people, without losing sight, however, of what the general wishes of Europe may require; and that the results of my solicitude and efforts may be a system of government calculated to guarantee for ever the repose and prosperity of my kingdom, and, at the same time, such as will give security to the other states of Italy, by removing all those varied motives of uneasiness to which late events have given rise.

"It is my earnest desire, my dearest son, that you give this letter all the publicity which the importance of the subjects it treats upon demands, so that none may deceive themselves as to the perilous position in which we may be placed.

"If this letter produces the effect which I have a right to look for, from the consciousness of my paternal intentions, as well as from my confidence in your enlightened judgment and in the excellent sense and loyalty of my people, you will have to maintain public order and security until I shall have had the opportunity of making known my will to you in a more explicit manner regarding the re-organisation of the administration.—Your affectionate father,

"FERDINAND."

This hypocritical letter was followed by the march of 50,000 Austrians by way of postscript.

Although neither the nation nor the Parliament were deceived as to the overwhelming nature of the peril which menaced them, they prepared at once for resistance. The army numbered 40,000 men, exclusive of militia and volunteers, but it was both badly organised and officered. The Regent had already contrived to sow disaffection, the Church aided him, and on the approach of the enemy the army dispersed.

Only one military chief, general Pepe, offered any serious resistance, but being unsupported, he was defeated, and the whole kingdom once more submitted to the absolute power of the king.

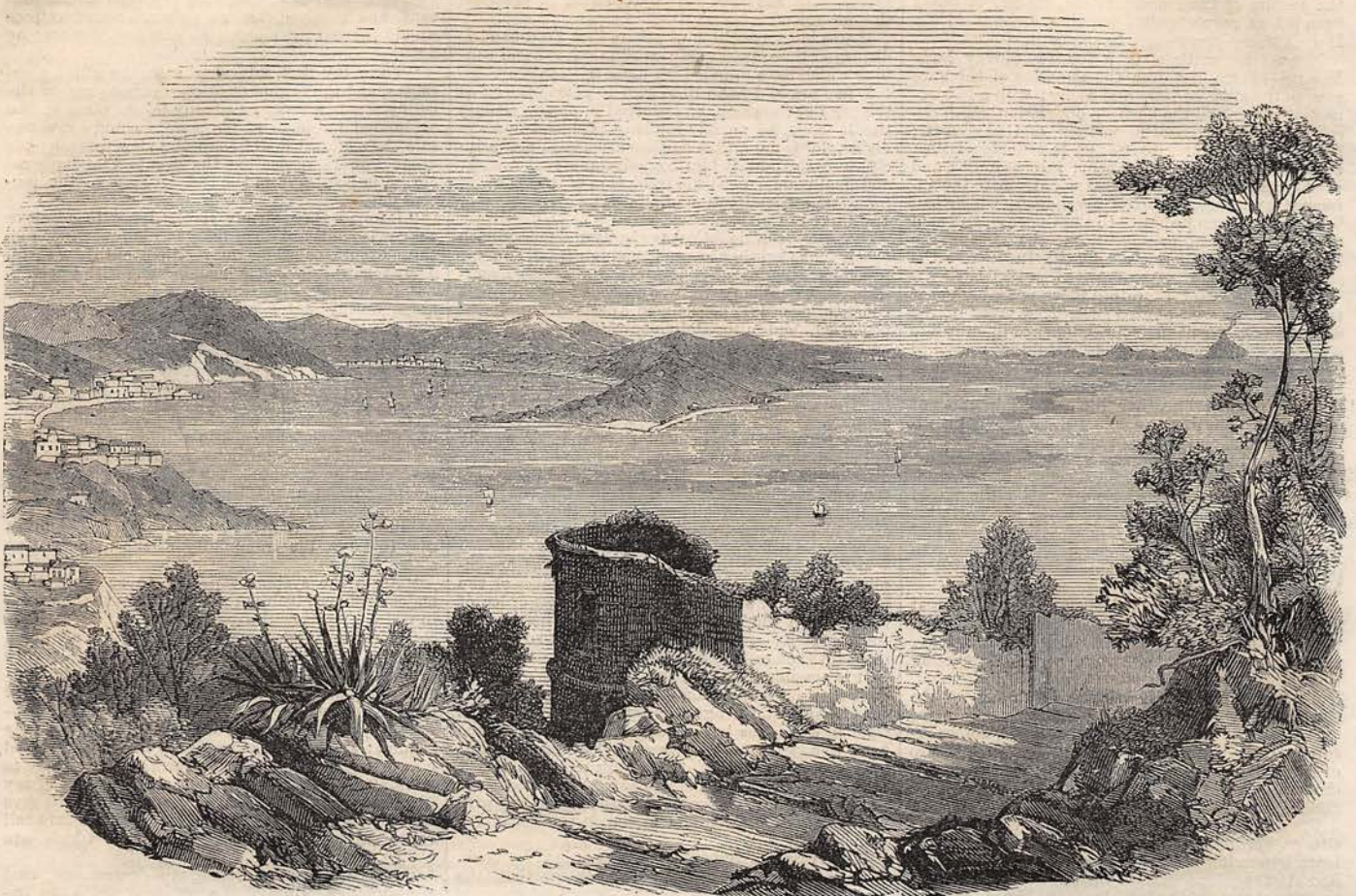
Conscriptions and executions, many of them secret, followed. One of the pretended criminals, who had declared his hopelessness of resistance from the very first, was asked by his judges why he had so rashly attempted it. He answered, "As a lesson to my children."

A reply worthy an ancient Roman.

Francis I. succeeded his father, Ferdinand, in 1825, and never were the destinies of a people committed to a more bigoted or indolent prince. His mother, Caroline, of infamous memory, it was currently believed, had attempted to poison him, in order that her favourite son, Leopold, might reign. If true, the attempt proved abortive, as far as life was concerned, although it was most probably the cause of his weak intellect.

Under his reign the system of repression and cruelty was rigorously acted upon, and education in the upper classes discouraged. It is recorded that on one occasion, when a distinguished professor of





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mathematics was presented to him, he turned his back upon him, observing to his confessor, Monsignore Cackle, that his esteem was for devoted, obedient subjects, not for a parcel of idle, useless scholars!

Amongst the number of patriots unjustly executed during the brief reign of Francis I. was the celebrated Captain Patilari, a name still cherished with veneration by all men of liberal opinions in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

The history of the man is almost a romance. Being at Messina, the populace, excited by the treachery of more than one of their leaders, turned their fury against him. In the struggle his horse fell, and Patilari had his thigh broken.

The first resolution of the people was to drag him through the streets till he expired. A few who knew the man, and his life of devotion to the cause of liberty, succeeded with great difficulty in rescuing him from their hands, and conveying him to the hospital of the city; from which place he was removed when only imperfectly cured, and cast into one of the deepest dungeons of Messina by the Austrians, who arrived and established a military commission to judge the rebels, as they were termed by their oppressors. So numerous were the victims, that the captain remained a year before being brought before the bloodthirsty tribunal.

When he appeared, his oldest friends failed to recognise him. His hair had become quite grey; his limbs were paralysed, so that he was unable to stand. The wreck had extended to his mind—the gallant fellow was a maniac.

Not even Austrian officers would incur the infamy of condemning a man to death in such a state, and he was remanded to his prison. The entreaties of a woman, the Marchioness Messinoise, obtained permission for him to be carried into the court-yard, in order to breathe a purer air than that of his dungeon, every day; and his mind slowly recovered the shock it had received. With renewed strength came the renewed love of liberty.

How, or by whose assistance, he escaped, has never been clearly ascertained, and probably never will. Certain it is that he did contrive, not only to quit his prison, but to pass over to Calabria, where

his friends succeeded in concealing him, despite the researches of the Government.

Meanwhile, the tribunal, composed of foreigners (Austrians), condemned him to death in his absence.

When the Government of Francis I., in 1825, became active in their searches after those patriots who had hitherto escaped them, Captain Patilari, fearing to fall into its hands, determined upon escaping to a foreign land. He set off without passport; embarked on board a merchant vessel bound for Corfu; unhappily, it was driven by stress of weather into the Neapolitan port of Otranto, where he was recognised and shot.

Happily for humanity, the reign of Francis I. was a short one; he expired in 1830, leaving his throne to Ferdinand II., the father of the present king.

By his first wife, a daughter of the Emperor Leopold, he left one daughter—the Duchess de Berri; by his second, six sons and six daughters.

His death-bed is described as having been most fearful.

Ferdinand II. succeeded in rendering his rule more infamous than that either of his father or grandfather; volumes could not contain the murders, torturings, atrocities, and perjuries of which he had been guilty.

Before the first year of his reign had expired, eleven of the noblest heads in the kingdom fell beneath the swords of the executioners. They were Ballotta, Barucchieri, Cadella di Marco, Maniscaleo, Quattrocchi, Ramondini, Rizzo, Sarzano, Scarpinato, Santoro, and Vitale.

In 1833 four brothers, named Rossarol, entered into a conspiracy to rid the earth of a monster by assassination. The plot failed, as such plots generally and deservedly do. Two of the young men shot each other; one died; the other, together with an officer named Angellotti, was taken barefoot and bareheaded beneath the gallows, but their lives were spared; an enormous sum of money paid by their families redeemed them.

In 1837 the council of war at Teramo condemned eight to death—Antico Brandizi, Caponetti D'Angelo, Mandricchia, Palma, Proccacini, and Topetta.

But why continue the list? Every year was marked by the blood of his victims. The royal monster knew

himself secure from any interference with his sanguinary pastime from France, and dreaded but very little that of England, whose Government, in dealing with him, displayed an apathy amounting almost to crime.

The revolution of 1848 roused him from this state of security. Insurrections broke out both in Sicily and Naples. Then it was the tyrant bethought him of his grandfather's expedient; granted a constitution; swore to maintain it, and afterwards, when the danger had passed, extinguished it in the blood of those who had trusted to his oaths.

The death of Ferdinand II. was even more terrible than that of his predecessors—a loathsome disease consumed him, and his son, by his first queen, a princess of the house of Savoy, succeeded him.

Unhappily for himself, the present king thought fit to follow in the footsteps of his father. Torturings and private executions have been continued even while the north of Italy was in arms. Influenced by the Queen-mother, an Austrian archduchess, he has followed the same course; but his punishment cannot be far distant. Garibaldi has already succeeded in wresting from him Sicily, and, unless diplomacy interferes to interrupt the work of justice, Naples must speedily escape him.

Who that is acquainted with the crime of the Neapolitan Bourbons will question the righteousness of the judgment which we trust will speedily drive its present possessor from the throne he has dishonoured?

We must now return to Garibaldi and his preparations for landing in Sicily.

(To be continued.)

HOPE, our guiding star, shines brightest in the darkest hour, and peoples the gloom with fairy forms of its own creation; like a beacon to the storm-tossed mariner, it speaks of rest and joy after the bitter present shall have passed; and while the parting voice still lingers on the ear, cheers us through the long perspective of coming years with the prospect of the returning spring. Memory is not so brilliant as hope, but it is almost as beautiful, and a thousand times as true.



are starved with famine, live not above seven days;"\* that there are seven modulations of the voice, seven circles in the heavens, seven days of the week, seven planets, seven stars about the Arctic Pole, seven stars in the Pleiades, and seven colours in the rainbow; seven ages of the world, seven changes of man, seven liberal arts, seven mechanical arts, seven metals, seven "holes in the head," seven pair of nerves, seven mountains at Rome, seven wise men of Greece, and seven sleepers at Ephesus! It would be hard to say what all this proved, except the idle fancies and ridiculous assumptions of the astrologers. It does show us, however, how grossly ignorant and childishly credulous those must have been, or who attach any importance to assertions and practices so palpably absurd.

In our next article we propose dealing with some of the popular delusions about ghosts, and with that subject to bring our series of sketches to a close.

#### A FEW HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS ABOUT TO MARRY.

WE must add one serious reason to those we advanced in the last chapter against writing very long letters. If these letters are not filled up with gossip, as were "Euphemia's," then, in all probability, they are replete with enthusiasm; and as feeling, like everything else, changes and passes away, it is by no means improbable that the writer will repent of this enthusiasm.

Passionate speeches are forgotten or indistinctly remembered, and the fondest looks leave no record behind them; but written documents remain years after they are penned. Years do we say?—we have still letters in our libraries, the originals of which were written by hands that for centuries have mouldered in the grave.

But it is less for the sake of posterity than for your own that we advise you to be not quite un-mindful of possibilities, even when writing to your lover. We do not mean that your style should be stiff and cold. Far from it. Your future husband has a right to your love, and the pen, like the tongue, should be the heart's interpreter. But avoid absurd exaggeration in your epithets, and shun all romantic absurdities.

Persons about to marry do not always get married. If you look over past chapters of these "Hints," you will see how often faults that some might think trivial lead to the dissolution of engagements, and remember that we have devoted our attention principally to the faults and failings of our fair friends; their suitors' errors also ruffle but too often the course of love.

Without any fault on the lady's side, the caprice or coldness of the gentleman may occasion the breaking off of the engagement.

It is better when mutual affection ceases that the parting should be peaceably agreed upon. It seems to us, that any man who could woo and win a young girl's affections, and become indifferent to her as soon as the charm of novelty passed away, is not to be regretted; and, in many cases, she has reason to rejoice that she found out his heartlessness before, not after, marriage. But there are cases in which ruthless triflers ought to meet with their deserts; and how much sorer the young lady might wish to conceal her sorrow and weep in private, her parents may consider it their duty to urge her to prosecute the deceiver, in order that he may not go unpunished, to play the same cruel part with another maiden, and spread misery in other peaceful homes.

Where a suitor—who is possessed of this world's goods—amuses himself with courtship, captivates a young girl's heart, and then leaves her to divert himself with something new, we should be among the first to recommend an action for "breach of promise;" and, had we to assess the damages, the trifler should not come off easily. But what can atone—to her he has deceived—for wounded feelings and blighted hopes? At any rate, when all is known, and when even the love-letters are produced in court, if discretion has guided her pen, she will have nothing to blush for.

When persons about to marry (before taking the desperate plunge), change their minds by common consent, the letters should be returned to the writers of them; and no gentleman who has a nice sense of honour hesitates, on receiving back his letters, to comply with the lady's request to return them. But, unluckily, all men have not a nice sense

of honour, and sometimes there is difficulty in recovering the letters—another reason for caution in writing them.

Subject as engagements are to casualties, ladies should not be too prompt in giving their portraits to their lovers.

Before the discovery of photography the cost of a likeness in miniature was a barrier to the indiscriminate interchange of portraits; now it can be effected with little expense to either party. But woman's delicacy of feeling is unaltered, and it would still be equally galling to a sensitive young lady to think that an inconstant lover had it in his power to hold up her likeness as a trophy of his own power and as a butt of ridicule for his friends.

In the early part of the engagement the suitor can hardly aspire to the possession of the lady's likeness; and in the latter, why should he ask for the picture just as he is about to be blessed with the original?

It is in the event of absence that the portrait of the beloved one is so great a solace, and it were wrong to deny lovers any rational consolation in their affliction. All we wish to show is, that such a proof of affection as a portrait should not be given thoughtlessly by our fair readers, and that what our lively neighbours call a *gage d'amour*, "a pledge of love," should be *par l'amour obtenu*, "obtained by love," not by the passing fancy of an hour, but by affection so faithful, that the object of it may reasonably hope it will prove to be what the amiable poet so charmingly describes:—

"The love that soothes life's latest stage,  
Proof against sickness and old age,  
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,  
Becomes not weary of attention,  
But lives when that exterior grace  
Which first inspired the flame decays."

#### Scientific Notes.

**LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.**—It is satisfactory to find that during the terrific gales of the months that have passed of the present year, the life-boats in connection with the Royal National Life-boat Institution have been instrumental in rescuing one hundred and fifteen of our fellow-creatures from a watery grave, as well as assisting vessels with valuable cargoes safely into harbour. Nearly all the services of the life-boats took place, as usual, during stormy weather and heavy seas, and frequently in the dark hour of night; yet not a single accident happened either to the crews or the boats.

**MARSHES OF THE GIRONDE.**—There is a vast marshy tract in the west of France, tenanted by frogs and wild fowl, the barrenness and uselessness of which have hitherto proved impracticable to the industry of man, yielding him no harvest, but rendering the vicinity unhealthy. Amid all changes of dynasty, this source of pestilence has been neglected. Immense sums were squandered on the fountains of Versailles and Neuilly, or in turning cultivated land into forests for the recreation of royal voluptuaries, but this means of benefiting the nation was overlooked. This tract is now being scientifically drained, by order of the Government, and will probably be shortly one of the most productive regions of the south. When this is effected, the type of pestilential fever peculiar to the spot will disappear; oak and beech will replace the straggling osier and broom, and corn will wave in the now stagnant pools.

**MECHANICAL POWER.**—Strange applications of power are occasionally made in America; we have ourselves watched the operation of lifting and moving a large brick dwelling to a considerable distance with wonder; but nothing can exceed in this way a late occurrence at Chicago, when a block 320 feet long, consisting of thirteen large stores and a splendid marble bank, presenting an unbroken front, was raised bodily from its foundations to a height of 4 feet 8 inches in 5 days, and was then built up to from below by the masons. At the time, the houses were filled with occupants engaged in their wonted affairs, yet not a pane of glass was broken or any of the interiors disarranged by the movement! The entire weight raised was estimated at 35,000 tons, 6,000 screws and 600 men being engaged in the process.

**GIGANTIC BURNING GLASS.**—Mr. Brettel, an ingenious artist of Islington, has succeeded in producing an extraordinary glass lens of unusual power and dimensions. With a diameter of 3 feet, it fuses in a few seconds platinum, iron, steel, flint, and the most refractory substances. A diamond—the most infusible of all things—weighing 10 grains, placed within its influence, lost 4 grains in weight

within half an hour. During this process of tentative fusion, the gem, while emitting pale white fumes, expanded and unfolded itself like a flower bud in the very act of bursting from its calyx; but when the diamond was withdrawn from the focus of the lens, it resumed its proper form, lucidity, hardness, and susceptibility of polish. A lens the counterpart of this, made in England during the last century, was one of the presents to the Emperor of China taken out by Lord Macartney's embassy.

**TETANUS.**—A Swiss medical journal mentions the successful employment of tartar emetic in a case of tetanus, or lock-jaw—that terrible disease for which science has hitherto found no cure. Accidental laceration of a finger had been followed by gangrene and lock-jaw, and the age of the sufferer, who was 63, was unfavourable to recovery. Repeated doses of tartar emetic were given, half a grain every thirty minutes, in conjunction with warm baths, morphine, and chloride of potash, and this treatment effected his recovery. The tartar emetic produced copious evacuation, but little vomiting, and may be considered as the principal agent in the case, the other medicines being merely alleviatives.

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER IX.

FROM the day when Garibaldi resigned his command in the Sardinian army, men naturally asked themselves what next would follow; no one believed in his inactivity: the whole life of the hero gave a contradiction to such a supposition. Some speculated on an attempt to revolutionise Rome and secularise the Papal States, whilst the more far-sighted cast their eyes towards Sicily, where insurrectionary symptoms had already manifested themselves, and been partially repressed. Every fortress was in the hands of the Neapolitans, the people only partially armed.

In organising his expedition, the Liberator of Sicily was placed in a perilous position with the Sardinian Government. It would be useless to inquire whether the ministry were sincere in their prohibition, or decided upon seizing the arms and ammunition collected in Genoa, till they ascertained that the expeditionists had other supplies. To all appearances they fulfilled the obligations of international law, and cleverly deprived diplomacy of the right to call them to an account.

Garibaldi was acting on his own account, and Sardinia had nothing to do with him.

Two days previous to the sailing of the expedition a small ship had cleared from Genoa to Malta—a mere blind, for every one knew her destination. It was on board of this vessel that Garibaldi and more than half of his followers embarked. They consisted principally of his own tried companions, Chasseurs des Alpes, Romagnols, Lombards, and several Genoese. A second expedition sailed from Leghorn, and joined the former at sea.

It was a small force to attack an army with, in possession not only of every strong place in the island, but well supplied with artillery and ammunition; but its leader was one who never yet calculated odds when the liberty of his country called him into action. If Fortune favours the brave, never had soldier a greater claim upon her smiles.

Before sailing, the papers in Turin published the following letter, written by the hero to a friend:—

"It is the duty of all to encourage, aid, and augment the number of combatants against oppression. It is not the insurrectionary party in Sicily whom we are assisting, but Sicily herself, where there are enemies to contend with. It was not I who advised an insurrection in Sicily; but from the moment that our Sicilian brethren threw themselves into the struggle, I considered it my duty to assist them. Our battle cry will be, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!'"

Crime and oppression generally bring the fitting punishment with them. If the Governor of Marsala had not given an order to disarm the inhabitants of the city generally, including even the consuls, Captain Murray's vessel, the Intrepid, would not have placed itself, probably, in such a position as to prevent the Neapolitan ships of war from firing upon the two steamers which conveyed the expedition. That gallant officer had landed to consult with the vice-consul as to the steps necessary to take in consequence of the latter having been forcibly compelled to give up his arms. The first steamed rapidly up to the mole, and immediately commenced discharging large bodies of armed men; the second unfortunately grounded about a hundred yards from the entrance to the harbour.

\* A learned writer on magic omens to this, and instances the case of a friend of his, a "Dr. Spry" who lived upwards of two years upon a gooseberry a day! He adds, somewhat significantly, "this gentleman was particularly abstemious in his diet."



Even this accident, however, had been foreseen—or, at least, provided against; every boat within reach was launched, and the liberators landed in safety—although a Neapolitan war steamer and a large sailing frigate were within cannon shot.

The commanders of the enemy's ships appeared paralysed, and knew not how to act. One went on board the *Intrepid*, and made inquiries respecting the body of men just landed; the second requested Captain Marryat to send one of his boats, with a Neapolitan officer in it, to ask the *Sardinian steamers to surrender*—a service the gallant Briton very properly declined.

The following is the statement of the English officers, who were on shore at Marsala at the time of the affair:—

"At ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst. two English vessels bring up off Marsala, and shortly afterwards are both at their anchorage. Two Neapolitan steamers, which had accompanied them, 'to watch their proceedings, no doubt,' stand off, apparently to take a look along the coast, or to tell a frigate on the station of the arrival of the Englishmen. Hardly, however, are the two steamers out of sight, when two other steamers are seen coming in from seaward at full speed. As they approach they hoist Sardinian colours, and come so close round the stern of one of our ships that it was impossible to mistake who or what they were. The foremost of these strange steamers was the smaller of the two, and but few men were to be seen on her deck. But on the bridge, beside the captain or pilot, was an officer in a red blouse (like the rest), and with 'a feather in his cap.' All are armed, and a field-piece points out from an opening in the bulwarks just above the starboard paddle-box. The other and larger vessel was 'literally crammed with men,' some in red, some in dark green; most 'in plain citizens' attire.' This is how the two strange steamers looked on that memorable morning. Both steamers make straight for the mole; the smaller one gets in 'all right;' the other grounds about a hundred yards short of the molehead. The landing from the inner one begins at once, and it is surprising where all the men, who now come steadily over her side, could have been stowed. So they land and walk up in small parties to the town, as leisurely as a party of English yachtsmen from Malta. There was the usual fussy health-officer hurrying to ask them 'if they had *pratique*,' but that was the only difficulty, except, indeed, 'that confounded semaphore swinging its arms about as if in a rage;' and straight to this semaphore the health-officer is ordered to march in front of the landing party. In ten minutes that semaphore had ceased from troubling. Then there was another fussy 'commissioner from the Government' taking down a list of the names of compromised persons. This gentleman's papers are quietly 'distributed in much smaller pieces than he had intended.' And then the prison gates are opened, and, though there was no time to make a systematic gaol delivery, there is no reason to fear that any but political offenders were released. The Government at Naples has no room to spare for ordinary crime. Meantime, the small steamer has been cleared of men, stores, guns, and ammunition, and the latter laid along the mole for removal, just as if it belonged to his Majesty's regular troops. Presently, after a little delay, boats 'in any numbers, and of all sizes,' run alongside the steamer aground, and the men come down the ladder in perfect order. What a moment for our gallant fellows, staring with all their eyes and glasses! There are the two Neapolitans steaming back 'as hard as they could come, and cleared for action, too.' And not only the steamers but the frigate is running down to her anchorage with every sail set before a beautiful breeze. Nearer and nearer they come; well within range, and still there are hundreds to land. It is a splendid sight to see them stepping into the boats as coolly as the crew of a captain's gig at Spithead. Now the Government steamer stops: every eye aboard the British ships is on her bow gun. 'Why doesn't she fire?' But, no! she's backing, and filling, and signalling to the frigate, 'which is by this time getting disagreeably close.' And Garibaldi's men—why, they are all landed, forming into fours, and marching off, 'as if from parade.' At last comes a shot from the steamer—short; another—the men on the mole dip, and it passes over them; and on they march again. Here's the frigate! she has shortened all sail, and, as she comes in a line with the molehead, crash goes her broadside of grape and canister, down go the volunteers, over goes the storm, and up they are again, 'marching as orderly as before.' Frigate and steamers now sheer off a little, and are content to throw a stray shot or two at the working

parties who are clearing the mole of the landed stores, with an ample supply of horses and carts. A ricochet shot half smothered them in dust every now and then, and that is nearly all the harm done. One man was wounded out of the twelve hundred who had thus been landed, with arms, ammunition, and four field-pieces, 'in just one hour and three-quarters, in the very teeth of a frigate and two steamers, without hurry or disorder, and without returning a shot!'

The rapidity with which the news of Garibaldi's landing spread, proves the complete organisation of the Sicilian patriots, who flocked by thousands to the standard of the liberator; not peasants and sailors only, men of strong thighs and muscles, but priests and students; the latter, boys in years, but men in heart and purpose. It was no longer an insurrection, but a people in arms to reconquer their ancient liberties and drive the oppressors from the soil.

If anything were wanting to paint the intolerable tyranny under which the inhabitants of the island had so long groaned, it would be the insatiable hatred with which the Neapolitan soldiers and police were pursued by the Sicilians. The word "pity" appeared erased from their language; quarter was sternly refused. Their rulers had shown no mercy, and they found none.

One of the first acts of Garibaldi, after taking possession of Marsala, was to establish a provisional government. That done, he waited for some days for fresh arrivals, occupying himself meanwhile in drilling his recruits.

Everything being prepared, the hero commenced his march towards Palermo, whose inhabitants with difficulty restrained their impatience. The nearer the moment of liberation appeared, the more severely the yoke of their tyrants galled them. Here and there partial disturbances occurred, which were quickly suppressed in blood.

It is not to be supposed that Garibaldi was permitted to advance unopposed. Scarcely a day passed without some feat of arms—some desperate struggle we have neither time nor space to chronicle. History will one day present to the world a finished portrait of this remarkable man—his persecutions, triumphs, and achievements. Ours is merely a pen-and-ink sketch—it pretends to nothing more—in which details are necessarily passed over.

Between Marsala, the starting-point of the expedition after it landed in Sicily, and Palermo, are two important points—Calatafimi and Monreale. At the former, all the roads meet; consequently, while in possession of the Neapolitans, it was impossible for an enemy marching from the south to turn their flank.

General Landi appeared perfectly sensible of this advantage, and posted himself, with four guns and a strong body of troops, upon the neighbouring heights; and, fully convinced that he should be able to defend his position, awaited his assailants with vain confidence, laughing and joking with his officers, who congratulated him and themselves on such a glorious opportunity of proving their loyalty and devotion to their beloved monarch and his cause.

The opportunity, in fact, did not fail them, but the courage of the boasters did. The *Cacciatori* of the Alps dashed up the slopes, and carried them with scarcely an effort. Landi retreated rapidly towards Palermo, leaving one gun in the hands of the victors.

In his flight the poltroon suffered severely from the peasantry, who hung upon his rear, and showed little mercy to such stragglers as fell into their hands.

It was literally war to the knife. Finally, the fugitive, whom his own soldiers named, in derision, "*Scampavia*," reached Monreale, whose magnificent convent and church are situated on the road between Palermo and Trapani, and overlooking the bay of Palermo.

The great problem for the insurgents was how to obtain an entrance into the city, which lies in a kind of natural basin, surrounded by mountain barriers, with only two openings.

The Neapolitan army were encamped in this basin or plain, amply supplied with artillery and provisions, where they held undisputed command; they also occupied the road by which Garibaldi was advancing.

The position of the liberator was not only embarrassing, but dangerous; the enemy being in the centre of a circle, as it were, could bring all their force to bear upon any point attacked.

To distract the attention of the enemy, Garibaldi pretended flight, perfectly assured that if once he presented himself at the gates of Palermo, the inhabitants would rise *en masse*.

Suddenly crossing the mountains, he appeared

before Parco; the Neapolitan troops marched to defend it, abandoning their advantage.

Nothing in the struggle which has lately taken place is more extraordinary than the system of communication established between the revolutionary committee and the leaders of the insurrection. The most commonplace circumstances served as a telegraphic signal—such as the position of a boat in the bay. It is asserted that the ships of the royal navy were unconsciously made by their commanders the connecting link.

Palermo is full of narrow streets, more dangerous to the soldier even than those of Paris before the late wondrous changes, in case of a popular insurrection. It is divided into four quarters—the Via Toledo, leading to the beach, the Marina, the Porta Felice, and the Palazzo Reale, which commands the town. As the guns of the fortress commanded the space between the sea-shore and the Piazza Bologni, the Neapolitan general had withdrawn the troops, and information of the fact was speedily conveyed to Garibaldi, who seized upon the occasion with the instinct of true genius, and descended from the heights of Misilmeri, determined to win the prize left open to his grasp.

Considering the character of his troops, how little they were disciplined, their want of ammunition and artillery, he felt it necessary to attempt his entrance by a *coup-de-main*, and at daybreak on the 27th he burst like an avalanche at the southern gates of Palermo. Then commenced a struggle which may well be called heroic. From every window, housetop, and eminence, the exasperated people poured down boiling water, molten lead; hurled each missile, not sparing even their household furniture, upon the royal troops, who, upon the first alarm, marched from the Castello. To do the wretches justice, they fought well, knowing that if once they turned and fled, death would be certain. From street to street, from piazza to piazza, the contest raged, blood marking its progress at every step. Mere boys broke from their mothers' arms to take part in the glorious fray, young girls bade their lovers depart; in fact, none but the infirm and aged were absent from that day's fight!

Eventually, the Neapolitans capitulated, but not till they had perpetrated horrors which no pudic pen can describe.

In the Convent of Benedictines, they confined several hundred of the principal inhabitants of the quarter—men, women, and children, set fire to the building, and deliberately shot them as they attempted to escape.

Shortly after mid-day the firing ceased, and Garibaldi made a tour of inspection round the town. In his red flannel shirt, with a loose coloured handkerchief round his neck, and his worn wide-awake, he was walking on foot among those cheering, laughing, crying, mad thousands; and all his few followers could do was to prevent him from being bodily carried off the ground. The people threw themselves forward to kiss his hands, or, at least, to touch the hem of his garment, as if it contained the panacea for all their past and, perhaps, coming sufferings. Children were brought up, and mothers asked on their knees for his blessing; and all the while the object of this idolatry was as calm and smiling as when in the deadliest fire, taking up the children and kissing them, trying to quiet the crowd, stopping at every moment to hear a long complaint of houses burnt and property sacked by the retreating soldiers, giving good advice, comforting, and promising that all damage should be paid for.

On the 1st of June the royal treasury was given up by the Neapolitans; negotiations for that purpose had been carried on several days. "The first offer made was not accepted, Garibaldi insisting that they should give up their arms, which they refused to do. Since the armistice began, the offer was renewed on the part of the troops, under circumstances which made it desirable to accept it. No one supposed that the money had been left in the building, but so it was; the Neapolitans were so sure of their position, that they did not think it necessary to provide for emergencies, and so about 5,000,000 ducats, or above £1,200,000, remained in cash. The exact sum is 5,441,444 ducats; out of this, only about 100,000 ducats are Government property, the rest private deposits. M. Crispi, the Secretary of State, went there in company with the cashiers and comptrollers of the establishment; a procès-verbal was drawn up and signed by the above-named employes, as well as the captain in command of the post. He had about 125 men with him, who were allowed to retire with arms and baggage. They had only one man wounded, which is easily explained by the good position they held, and by the fact that no regular attack was ever undertaken against them. While in their posts





THE ATTACK ON PALERMO.

they amused themselves with firing from sheltered positions at all passers-by. Even since the armistice, two men are said to have been killed close to the Porta Felice. From the papers found, it appears that 792,000 ducats were taken out of the Government funds to defray the war expenses, which were rather heavy, as the soldiers have received double pay ever since the beginning of the disturbances."

The following picture of the horrors which ensued is taken from the *Times* :—

#### "HORRORS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

"One might write volumes of horrors on the Vandalism already committed, for every one of the hundred ruins has its story of brutality and inhumanity. Were there not so many of the officers of the ships who have strolled about the town and seen them with their own eyes, I should be almost afraid of writing them down, so incredible do they sound. It is, above all, in the quarters to the right and left of the Royal Palace, mostly inhabited by the poorer classes and thickly crowded with monasteries, that the horrors can be witnessed by every one who walks up. Any one can do so by using his senses. There are the black ruins of blocks of houses. As you can see by those which have hitherto escaped, they are in the style of those at St. Giles and the Seven Dials, with the only exception that all the windows have balconies before them. In these small houses a dense population is crowded together, even in ordinary times; the fear of the bombardment crowded them even more; a shell falling on one, and crushing and burying the inmates, was sufficient to make people abandon the neighbouring one and take refuge a little further on, shutting themselves up in the cellars. When the Royalists retired they set fire to houses which had escaped the shells, and numbers were thus burned alive in their hiding-places. All about the neighbourhood of the Albergeria the air is charged with the exhalations of the corpses, imperfectly covered by the ruins, and with that greasy smell occasioned by the burning of an animal body. If you can stand the exhalation, try and go inside the ruins, for it is only there that you will see what the thing means. You will not have to search long before you stumble over the charred remains of a human body, a leg

sticking out here, an arm there, a black face staring at you a little further on. You are startled by a rustle, you look round and see half-a-dozen gorged rats scampering off in all directions, or you see a dog trying to make his escape, over the ruins; myriads of flies rise up at your approach, and you hurry out in order to escape their disgusting and poisonous contact. I only wonder that the sight of these scenes does not convert every man in the town into a tiger, and every woman into a fury."

The tyrant of Naples, treading in the footsteps of his father, thought to secure the intervention of the Great Powers in his favour, even after the perpetration of such atrocities. His minister, Carafa, called the diplomatic corps together, and requested a pledge from them that in the event of Garibaldi offering the crown of Sicily to Victor Emmanuel, they would refuse to recognise the transfer.

The ambassadors refused to give any such pledge. Francis next applied to England and to the Emperor of the French, declaring his willingness to grant such reforms as would restore the peace of his kingdom. England refused to interfere, loyally and straightforwardly. Louis Napoleon, who was at Lyons when the telegraphic dispatch arrived, replied :—"That it would be impossible for any foreign power to interfere, unless the revolutionary government were recognised."

A dispatch from Turin explained that the King of Naples, by ratifying the armistice between Gen. Lanza and Garibaldi, had recognised the revolutionary Government as a Power, and had, therefore, rendered foreign mediation possible. The King of Naples thereupon dispatched an envoy to Paris to solicit the Emperor's intervention. This envoy, M. de Martino, met the Emperor at Fontainebleau, and also Lord Cowley, the Chevalier Nigra, and Prince Metternich.

The proposal of the King of Naples to grant reforms, while seeking the intermediation of the Emperor of the French, was, of course, communicated to the Sardinian Government. Count Cavour thereupon addressed the Cabinet of the Tuileries, requesting it not to lend its aid, by any intervention, to the King of Naples, but to follow the policy in regard to Sicily which was observed as respects Tuscany,

Parma, Modena, and the Légations. He reminded the French Cabinet that the principle of non-intervention in Italy, as contained in the celebrated note of Lord John Russell, had been officially accepted by the French Government. Seven French war-vessels had arrived at Naples; and two steamers, having on board troops and ammunition, were captured by Neapolitan ships of war.

Many of his admirers have often wondered where Garibaldi got those lessons of diplomacy which, it is supposed, require years to learn. He saw that ministers, courts, and ambassadors, on hearing of his success, would commence their interference, and resolved to disappoint them by taking the affairs of Sicily out of the ordinary domain of diplomacy. The following laconic address announced to Europe his assumption of absolute power under the title of Dictator :—

"Giuseppe Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the National Force in Sicily. At the invitation of the principal citizens, and on the deliberation of the free communes of the island—considering that in time of war it is necessary that the civil and military power should be concentrated in one man—decrees that he assumes, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, the Dictatorship in Sicily.—Salemi, 14th of May, 1860. "G. GARIBALDI.

"Stef. Turr, Adjutant-General."

Never were the advantages of a loyal, honourable character more conspicuous than in this act. Men who had lately broken the chain of tyranny, been rescued from the loathsome dungeons of the police, almost by miracle, yielded with a smile of touching confidence their lives and liberties to his hands, because they knew the man, and loved him.

In describing the defeat of the Neapolitans, we must not paint the conduct of every one who fought and bled in *couleur de rose*. Many acts of private vengeance were perpetrated; we had almost called them acts of justice. Prisoners dragged the gaolers, who had guarded and tortured them, to prison; and the police were all but exterminated by the populace.

Ere we judge the Sicilians, let us remember what they suffered.

(To be continued.)



## OUR RIVERS.

AMONG the great blessings lavished on this country, we must not fail to reckon our numerous and abundant rivers. In every direction the streams meander through our peaceful plains, imparting health and beauty as they flow.

In this article we shall direct attention to two of our most important rivers—the Thames and the Severn.

In former days the inhabitants of London did not make the "silver-winding Thames" the receptacle of rubbish from warehouses, nor convert it into the common sewer of the metropolis.

Kings and nobles in stately barges inhaled the fresh air on waters that, of late, tons of chloride of lime have failed to purify. In fact, two hundred years ago the Thames at Westminster was as bright and pure as it is now at Hampton.

We trust the suggestions of science will at length prove successful in counteracting the evil influences that even prosperous commerce, wonder-working steam, and vastly increased numbers, have exercised on our noble river.

In fact, we have reason to believe that the measures adopted have already produced some improvement.

The source of the Thames is a spring called Thames Head, near the village of Sandon, about two miles west of the ancient town of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire.

The derivation of the name of this river has long been matter of controversy. The appellation it bears above Oxford is *Thamæ-Isis*—probably from the combination of the rivers Thames and Isis. The name of this river in French also suggests the union of the two; for instance, *Tamise*. Poetically, the Thames at Oxford is called the Isis; but it has never been generally known by this name, even in ancient or modern times. The annotator on Camden strengthens this assertion. He says, "It may be safely affirmed that it does not occur under the name of Isis in any shorter or authentic history, and that the name is nowhere heard of, except among scholars."

Turning from its name to consider its nature and peculiar attributes, we find it difficult in prose to do justice to this river, so poetically described as

"Hasting to pay its tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity;  
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,  
But free and common as the sea or wind;  
Where he, to boast or to disperse his stores,  
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,  
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs  
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours;  
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
While his fair bosom is the world's exclaiming.  
Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

These lines, by Sir John Denham, show a just appreciation of the beauties of the Thames. But rivers, in all their diversities, appear a favourite theme with poets. Gray introduces the Thames in one of his finest odes. The modern bard of Erin is similarly influenced, as shown in his popular song—

"Flow on, thou shifting river;"

and Lord Byron's apostrophe to the Rhine will be admired by every one who can appreciate poetical eloquence.

The Severn is second in importance to the Thames, and is found among the "vales and hills of Wales." We speak of the Severn, which rises from a small lake on the mountain of Plynymmon in Montgomeryshire. This river forms the principal beauty of the surrounding country. It receives many small streams, and becomes navigable near the town of Montgomery.

The Severn is both a Welsh and English river. It passes from Montgomery into Shropshire, and waters the towns of Shrewsbury and Bridgenorth; taking a south-easterly direction it enters Worcester, and the historical town of Tewkesbury rises on its margin. Entering Gloucestershire, it runs through the city of Gloucester. It then empties itself into the Bristol Channel.

A fish peculiar to the Severn is the lamprey. It is in season in the spring of the year, when it has an exquisite flavour; in the summer, it is less palatable. A great quantity of salmon is also caught in the Severn.

About sixteen miles from the mouth of this river, a navigable canal has been constructed. This conveys the water of the Severn to within about two miles of Cirencester. This water is then carried

by a tunnel or archway, the height of which is fifteen feet above the surface of the water (through Saperton Hill, two miles and three furlongs in extent), and this with the object of its communicating with the Thames at Lechdale.

Now that railroads intersect England and Wales, this canal has lost much of its importance, and the aqueduct can hardly be compared with modern achievements; but in the last century, when those works were completed, they ranked with the great triumphs of the day.

## Scientific Notes.

ENGRAVING UPON PORCELAIN.—MM. Jardin and Blancod, of Paris, have been applying hydrofluoric acid to engrave upon porcelain. The latter is first covered with a varnish, upon which the drawing is made with a fine point, when the porcelain is placed in a bath containing hydrofluoric acid in the state of a vapour, which eats out the lines forming the picture. The porcelain is then placed in a bath containing gold or silver in solution, and a deposit is made of the metals with a galvanic battery; no deposit is made on the surface covered with the varnish.

TO DESTROY INSECTS IN GRAIN.—A French commission appointed to examine into the means of destroying insects which prey upon grain that is stored up, have reported that a small quantity of chloroform, or sulphate of carbon, put into the interior of a grain pit, and then hermetically sealed up, will destroy all the pests. About seventy-five grains of the sulphate of carbon are sufficient for about four bushels. Grain placed in a heap and covered with a tarpaulin may be effectually treated thus to destroy such insects.

REFRIGERATORS.—At a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, the "Polar Refrigerator," for keeping provisions cold and fresh in warm weather, was exhibited. This refrigerator has two provision chambers, separated from each other by a wedge-shaped ice-box. The ice is placed on a rack at the top of the box, and the water of the melted ice falls below on a filter; thus manufacturing ice-water for drinking and other purposes. The walls of the provision chambers are of sheet zinc, and the sides of the ice-box are corrugated, in order to give a greater cooling surface and strength.

MILKING BY MACHINERY.—Truly it may be asked, What will not the mechanical skill of our inventors accomplish? One of the latest novelties in the application of machinery, is that introduced for milking cows. We are assured that it has been fully tested, is a practically useful implement, and can be made to fit any cow, as to the distance the teats are apart, or the different sizes, without changing the machine in the least. Three minutes is all the time needed to milk any cow in, and this is accomplished with less labour than otherwise occurs. The cows, it is said, stand quieter, and like to be milked with the machine better than by hand.

COPPER MINES.—A recently discovered copper mine is now being worked in Acton, Canada, the richness of which exceeds anything hitherto met with in other parts of the world. English ore contains on an average 6 or 7 per cent. of metal, which is worth £6 18s. per ton; Australian sells at £20 4s., Chilian at £18 10s., and Cuban at £13 12s. per ton; but this mine yields 30 or 40 per cent. pure metal, the very refuse being richer than average English ore, while merchantable ore rudely dressed is worth £37 10s. per ton! This ore is not extracted by difficult labour from a narrow lode imprisoned between impracticable rocks, but forms a vast mass 60 by 30 feet square, running to an unknown depth. A single blasted piece of rock yielded 7 tons of ore, which sold for £30 per ton. At an expenditure of £300, 70 tons of ore were sent to Boston at that price, while from 200 to 300 more awaited shipment. Such was the promise of these first irregular efforts, that it was anticipated that, when suitable machinery had been set up, twenty men would be able to extract 100 tons monthly with ease. The copper-bearing range in which this extraordinary mineral treasure is situated extends over several townships, to all of which it may be expected to insure prosperity and wealth in the future.

BREAD.—The fermenting agents which we use in the making of bread have, or should have, a twofold aim: the first is to lighten the bread by introducing a gas (always carbonic acid) in the dough, and thus throw its particles asunder by mechanical action. This object is attained by all known fermenters. But the second aim is only reached by

two fermenters—the sour dough (dough in a state of acetous fermentation, and used by the Germans in the making of their rye bread), and the well-known yeast. These two bodies seem to act directly on the granules of starch, and burst them. Bread made properly with these two agents ought to be more nourishing than bread made by other means; and experiments made upon regiments of soldiers, convicts, &c., in Saxony, have shown its advantage to be about 35 per cent. Besides this, bread raised by yeast or sour dough has an agreeable flavour, and retains its moisture longer than bread raised by alkalies. Mineral alkalies (saleratus or bicarbonate of soda), used in the fermentation of bread, have, besides disadvantages in an economical point of view, a most hurtful and pernicious influence upon the human system. Introduced into the system, they seem to take the place of lime and its phosphates in the blood. Justice and common sense should banish mineral alkalies to the soap manufactory; but bakers should be compelled to eat the alum and sulphate of copper which they use to make bread white and their customers sick.

## GARIBALDI.

## CHAPTER X.

THE fall of Palermo gave hope to the lovers of freedom—dreamers as they were considered by the politicians of the Metternich school, who had pronounced the name of Italy a mere geographical distinction—and struck terror to the despot throned at Naples. The long-oppressed city appeared radiant and joyous as a lovely widow who had cast aside her weeds of mourning and clothed herself again in bridal robes. From every prison, countless captives were set free, and blessed the man whose energy had restored them to the light of heaven. Long-divided friends, lovers, brothers, fathers, and sons, clasped each other's hands in speechless joy. Even those whose names had been almost forgotten, whom death had deprived of every natural tie, joined in the universal hymn of thanksgiving. Victory could not restore to them the dead, the ties they had lost, the beings who loved them; but it gave them back the pure, sweet breath of heaven—the right to call themselves men; to walk erect and free, as God had made them.

When the unheard-of sufferings, the torturings, and humiliations, the patriots had endured, were considered, it is wonderful that a sanguinary reaction did not take place. A few instances only occurred of private vengeance—or, rather, justice—being perpetrated. The gaolers, executioners, and police alone were hunted down. In one or two instances the sufferers led their persecutors in triumph through the streets, and afterwards shot them—a death almost too mild, considering the relentless cruelty they had displayed towards their victims.

In this position of affairs, the worthy son of Bomba bethought him of his father's policy, and proclaimed a constitution. He thought that men would believe in him; but the hour for concessions had passed. Warned by experience, they refused to trust him. What, they asked, could one perjury more or less add to the infamy of the Bourbons?

By a sovereign act—as it was pompously termed—constitutional and representative institutions were granted to the kingdom of Naples.

A general amnesty granted to all political offenders.

Spinelli named to form a new Government.

A treaty to be made with Sardinia, and the national flag adopted.

Similar institutions were also decreed to Sicily, and a royal prince promised as Viceroy.

The terrors of the king did not stop at these concessions. An especial envoy was sent to Paris, and the Commendatore Martini, an honest man and a liberal, dispatched upon a similar mission to London.

The reply of Lord Palmerston put an end to all hope of England's interference to prop up a falling dynasty, and maintain a corrupt, perjured tyrant upon his tottering throne. It was worthy the country he represented, and the tenor of his lordship's political life. It almost redeemed his supineness in the Cagliari affair.

European diplomacy, however, did not hold itself checked by the refusal of England or the enigmatical conduct of the Emperor of the French. It started at the march of Revolution, which brought, as it were, the shadow of its corruptions and past misdeeds to face it. What it could not accomplish at London and Paris was attempted at Turin, and private as well as public pressure brought to bear upon the Cabinet of Victor Emmanuel. Agents



were sent to Palermo to get up an agitation for immediate annexation to the kingdom of Sardinia. It was so far successful, that the municipality of Palermo sent an address to Garibaldi, requesting the immediate annexation of Sicily to the Italian kingdom.

The Dictator replied that such annexation was his wish, that he was a great admirer of King Victor Emmanuel, and that he believed the annexation would be accomplished by him, and with him; but that at present the annexation of Sicily alone would not be advisable; besides, in the event of immediate annexation, he would then be under the necessity of retiring.

This was the trap into which his enemies, counting upon his patriotism, and utter absence of personal ambition, calculated he would fall. But the hero of Italy for once proved himself as fine a matadore as those who secretly sought his overthrow.

At a later period, when Count Cavour, the popular minister of Sardinia, expecting the annexation would be at once enthusiastically proclaimed, sent Farini with powers to take the government of the island into his hands and administer it in the king's name, Garibaldi cut short the intrigues by arresting the delegate, and sending him a prisoner on board a vessel bound for Genoa lying in the harbour.

He had determined not to surrender his powers till Italy was free; and God, who inspired him with noble confidence, generous thoughts, and dauntless courage, we doubt not, will sustain him till he has performed his task.

The proffered constitution was far from calming the agitation which reigned at Naples. Men had no confidence in the act. It appeared madness to expect really liberal concessions from the son of Bomba, who had been educated in his father's views of the divine right of kings, who had evinced during his short reign his father's cruelty without his talents.

Writing from Naples, a correspondent in the *Times* observes: "There is a swarming of Italians here from all parts of the world; old exiles meeting after many years' dispersion, most of them gathering for one purpose—to aid the great movement in Sicily. You may see in the evening, at the Caffè Florio, Prince Butera, young Baron Cusa, the Marquis of Sant'Onofrio, Alfonso Sciala, the Prince of Nisemi; on the morrow they are all on their way to their native island, to offer their arms, their brains, their purse to Garibaldi. Everywhere in Sicily the Royal troops are giving way, and fall back on their last stronghold of Messina. But it seems almost certain Garibaldi will waste no time in a siege. He will leave Medici and others to organise the Sicilians for that final work, and will himself strike some great blow in his own style on the mainland. In their present buoyant frame of mind, people here feel sure both that the King of Naples can offer no resistance, and that no finger will be held up to stay his downfall. I have pressed the hand of a great and good man here this morning, and he told me, with that confidence which arises from positive knowledge, that 'the Bourbon and his dynasty have passed away.' As he took leave of the Neapolitan general, Garibaldi assured him 'he would never rest till he saw the Italian tricolour waving on the bastion of Castel St. Elmo at Naples.' Meanwhile, the bewildered tyrant condenses his forces round the capital; but what avail such forces? Half of them are on their return to Palermo, and they will inform their comrades how it was that 28,000 of them proved to be no match for 900 Garibaldians. There is little doubt that the king is leaning upon a broken reed, and his troops will most probably hide the disgrace of a defeat under the pretence of a scarcely less ignominious defection."

In England, which is probably the last country in Europe to catch the infection of enthusiasm, subscriptions were opened to assist the Liberator of Sicily in a war far more holy than that which sent our forefathers to the burning sands of Palestine. They fought for the recovery of an empty sepulchre—a monument of stone. The struggle in which Garibaldi has engaged is for those living temples in which the image of the Deity still lingers, however much tyranny and oppression have succeeded in effacing the august resemblance.

In this state of affairs, the Court of Naples clearly perceived that, like a mad dog, it was left to die of its own rage. Were it necessary, a hundred proofs might be adduced to show that neither the king nor his subjects have the slightest faith in the farce of a constitution. Spinelli and De Martini, his ministers, go about, like Diogenes, knocking at every door in search of a man who may be willing to put faith in royal promises, and meet everywhere with mistrust

—no one believes them. It is in vain they declare that this time it is "si fa davvero" (in earnest), avowing that previously the sovereign only played a false and perjured part.

"Aid us," they cry, "to pacify Sicily, to prevent Messina from falling into the hands of Garibaldi; give us, by your cordial acceptance of the constitution, and co-operation with the Government, grounds upon which to appeal to the Cabinets of Europe, and save the monarchy from dissolution."

These, and a hundred similar appeals, have been made in vain. As we before observed, the Bourbons were no longer to be trusted. The race is effete, worn out, morally as well as physically incapacitated for any great or noble task by a long succession of intermarriages—the fatal error which, we doubt not, first brought insanity into our own royal family.

With us fortunately, however, such alliances are of little consequence. England has guarantees for her liberties which no other country in the world possesses.

If the king and government of Naples really entertained any longing hopes of succeeding in warding off the dangers which menaced their political existence, the following spirited proclamation from the secret committee of patriots must have dissipated them.

It is dated the 15th of June, and we consider it too remarkable a document not to give it in an unmodified form to our readers:—

"Inhabitants of the City of Naples.—Too long already have your silent tears watered the land of Samnium, too long have Italian brows been bent before crime and infamy.

"Incessantly menaced in your persons, in your property, in your honour, for forty years you have been the playthings of the ambition and of the tyranny of a handful of men. With us you have deplored the ruin of the national finances; you have seen taxes levied to provide for the pleasures of an imbecile Bourbon, and become the booty of a few nobles who ostentatiously displayed their luxury before you as if it were a patent of nobility.

"You behold daily your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, subject to cynical tortures and immolated by a barbarous police. Blood asks for blood, and that of your relations and defenders of your rights cries aloud for vengeance.

"Slaves bought by money in South America did not tolerate such odious treatment, and we, Neapolitans, born free men to live where our fathers lived as rulers, how could we have submitted to such exactions, have endured such sanguinary outrages? "But let us bid a truce to timid regrets; let us leave lamentations to the tyrant; the future does not rest in his complaints. Hitherto knocked down by the cowardice and villany of example, taken by the contagion, our brains were confounded like those of slaves.

"At the sight of victorious Sicily, at the magnanimous example of Piedmont, at the powerful voice of Garibaldi, let our hearts throw off a shameful torpor, let us seize weapons to conquer, chastise, and liberate. Let Vesuvius respond to Etna, and the Apennines be the conducting wire of deliverance to our brothers of the North.

"For a long time, Neapolitans, we have tolerated that which could not be avenged without shedding the blood of our fellow-citizens. For a long time we hesitated to commence an impious struggle with our brethren led astray by pretorian uniforms.

"But by the side of the duties of the citizen are also those of the father; the hour has come to cast aside an unjust sensibility, to escape from the curse which weighs upon bad fathers and slaves!

"Let the mask be dropped! Let every man select his course; between honour and infamy traitors only can hesitate, and cowards only remain undecided. Let everything within our reach become a terrible weapon, from the deadly rifle to the sharpened lava of Vesuvius; let us rather be crushed under the ruins of Parthenopes than tolerate the tyranny of the Bourbon, and, if he needs must reign, let him reign in a churchyard.

"Brothers, await the orders of your committee; distrust bad news, and especially silly manifestations only suited to encourage the oppressor, to intimidate the weak, and to delay the day of redemption.

"Sons of the Samnites, invoke the courage of your ancestors; sharpen your swords and prepare silently, for, we swear it unto you, the struggle is near at hand.

"Neapolitans, you are sons of Italy. Italy extends from Mont Cenis to the blood-stained waters of Sicily. Rise in the name of Italy and of Liberty!

"Those who shed their blood for your sakes come courageously to you, and you fight against them!

"God said to Cain, 'Unhappy man, what have you done with your brother?' Italy will say to you, 'Cursed brothers, what have you done with your brothers?'

"Each drop of blood shed in Sicily is a malediction on your heads, on the heads of your children, and of your children's children.

"Neapolitans! Italy forgives you; but you must rise like the flames of your volcanoes against those who do not wish to allow Italy to exist!"

It was in vain that the partisans of a falling system—men who lived upon its corruptions—tried to prevent the effects of this spirit-stirring proclamation, by ordering the police to tear it from the walls; for every one they destroyed a dozen made their appearance. Upon the doors of churches, private houses, even on the gates of the royal palace and barracks, it was affixed, and men dressed as workmen read it aloud to the people.

For several weeks Garibaldi and his colleagues were engaged in preparations for the attack upon Messina, whose fall was considered the touchstone of success. That important city, once in the hands of the insurgents, and not only the liberation of the entire island would follow, but a point be secured for disembarking an expedition upon the main land.

The battle of Melazzo, which led to this desirable result, was one of the most remarkable struggles the present age has witnessed. Grand as an epic in the whole, exciting as a romance in its episodes.

Colonel Medici, who had been named military commandant of the province by the revolutionary government, had advanced at the head of his column, imperfectly armed, against the fortress of Melazzo. The troops under his command, including the reinforcement of volunteers sent to him by sea, did not amount to eight thousand men. The garrison, consisting of the first regiment of the line and a company of artillery, not being thought sufficient for the defence of the place, was about to be reinforced by four battalions of riflemen, each a thousand strong, a squadron of chasseurs à cheval, and a battery of field artillery. They quitted Messina on the 14th of July. The road which leads from Messina to Melazzo ascends the mountains in the rear of Messina immediately after leaving the town, and having reached the summit of them at La Scala, descends towards the opposite or northern shore of the island. Just before reaching this it winds round the last spur of the mountain, which ends rather precipitously at the town of Gesso. This latter point, therefore, commands the road towards Messina, and it was important to keep it in case of a reverse. The fourth battalion of riflemen was left behind for this purpose, with the order to guard the main road with four companies, and to send the remaining four to observe the mountain paths by which the position of Gesso could be turned. The rest of the column advanced on the same day to Spadafora-Sammartino, and reached Melazzo the next day, the 15th.

Medici had been apprised of the intention of the Neapolitans to send a column against him several days before the column actually started; this knowledge of the plans and movements of the enemy is one of the great advantages which a national army has. What the Neapolitans can only obtain by bribery, and frequently not by this means, the insurgents can get almost without an effort on their side. Nay, the desire to inform them of anything which passes in the enemy's camp is so great, that the difficulty lies in distinguishing what is important and what is not. No paid spy ever observed all the slightest indications so closely as this Argus-eyed popular police. In this special instance the very telegraph, that powerful engine of warfare, turned against the Neapolitans. The electric wire along the coast had been destroyed by the people, in whose eyes that black wire passes for one of the most dangerous weapons of the Neapolitans, and only the aerial telegraph remained, the movements of which could be seen and interpreted.

Medici, apprised that the Neapolitans under the command of Bosco were double the number of men under his command, took up a position at Mirz, about three miles in front of Barcellona, on the high road to Messina, taking the river bed of the torrent of Santa Lucia as the base of his line. The mountain slopes in this part of Sicily are so steep, and the torrents so rapid and full of pebbles, that they fill up the whole space intervening between the mountain spurs. The torrent of Santa Lucia exhibits this character better than any other of the torrents of which we have any knowledge. It makes an even space of 200 to 300 yards in width, which you might almost think prepared for a garden walk. It forms in summer time the only road to several of the moun-





THE PROMONTORY OF SCYLLA, ON THE ITALIAN COAST.

tain passes. In the lower part of it, near Miri, where the hills fall off, both sides of the torrent are guarded by walls several feet in breadth, and from five to six feet high, leaving only a passage for the high road which traverses Miri.

The concentration of roads towards Melazzo gave the Neapolitans the advantage of a concentric position, which they were not slow in availing themselves of. It was still further increased by the nature of the ground, covered with a most luxuriant vegetation, forming a succession of gardens, in which it is all but impossible to make a combined movement.

Under shelter of this thick cover the Neapolitans extended their lines, taking all the roads within their line, and choosing, above all, the points of intersection of the main road from Miri with the road to Messina. They divided their guns on these points, loopholed the garden walls, and placed their riflemen in the gardens, where they were most effectually concealed.

The following disposition of their forces was made by the patriots.

Before describing it, we must acknowledge the great obligation due to the correspondent of a contemporary, from whose columns we have borrowed the preceding and some of the following details.

The left, under the command of Colonel Malanchini, consisting of two battalions of Tuscans and a battalion of Palermitan recruits, was to advance on the road close to the seashore and go right at the town of Melazzo. The centre, under the orders of Medici, and composed of his first regiment of four battalions, all old troops, some from Lombardy, was to advance by the direct road from Miri; one battalion of the 2nd Regiment was to take the main road to Messina, starting from Corioli, and was to be joined by the battalion from St. Lucia. The centre and right were to unite by the cross road nearest to Melazzo, and then work up their way united towards Melazzo. A body of Sicilians, under Colonel Fabrizi, was to take position on the extreme right at Arelis, so as to oppose any attempt made from Gesso to assist the force at Melazzo. A second line and reserve,

the troops arrived with Garibaldi, were placed together with the troops which had come up with Cosenz.

Although the whole movement was under the orders more especially of Medici, Garibaldi was, of course, the soul of the fight, finding himself invariably at the point most exposed, and exposing himself, as it is his wont to do. He was with the centre, which was making its way slowly over and through all the obstacles, when the news arrived that the left, unable to resist the superior forces of the enemy, was giving way, and thus exposing the whole line to be turned on that side. Taking the only reserve remaining, a battalion composed of North Italians and Palermitans, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dunne and several other English officers, he went to the left to stem the advance of the Neapolitans. His presence and the exertions of the officers of the battalion succeeded in steadying these young troops, who not only resisted further attacks, but pushed forward towards the guns with which the enemy was sweeping the road. One advance bolder than the rest brought them to the guns; an English sailor, lately enlisted at Patti, was the first across the wall behind which one of the guns was posted, and the next moment the gun was carried off in triumph. Just at the moment when it was disappearing behind the curve in the road the cry arose of 'Cavalry—cavalry!' and excited confusion. Vain were the attempts of Garibaldi and of the officers to overcome this bugbear of young troops; they pressed against the garden wall on one side, and, jumping a ditch on the other, they opened a road to about a dozen bold horsemen of the Chasseurs à Cheval, who, with their captain at their head, rushed through this break in our line to re-capture the gun. Garibaldi had only time to step aside, when the horsemen passed sabring right and left. But they did not go far, for after the first panic the infantry recovered and soon emptied the greater part of their saddles. The captain, a sergeant, and a private tried to make their escape, and would have succeeded but for Garibaldi's personal bravery. He went into the middle of the road, and having left his revolvers in the holsters when he dismounted, he

drew his sword and placed himself in position to stop the captain. The only person with him at the time was Captain Missori, of the Guides, who was likewise on foot, but armed with a revolver. His first shot, wounding the horse of the Neapolitan captain, brought it on its haunches; Garibaldi seized hold of the bridle, intending to secure the captain as his prisoner. But the captain answered to the demand to surrender by a blow with his sword at Garibaldi, who parried and retaliated, cutting the Neapolitan captain with one stroke down the face and neck, and prostrating him dead at his feet. While Garibaldi was thus engaged in this single-handed combat, Captain Missori shot down the sergeant who came to assist his officer. This one dispatched, he seized hold of the private whose horse had been shot, and, when he resisted, shot him also with another barrel from his revolver.

This brilliant incident served not a little to animate the troops on the left, and they soon came up in a line with the centre. But the hardest part of the fight was still in store. In spite of the heat of the day, and without having tasted food that morning, the Cacciatori advanced step by step and drove the enemy back towards the neck of the peninsula, where at the intersection of the road from right and left he had chosen his real point of resistance. The ground had been carefully prepared beforehand, the positions for the guns chosen, the garden walls loopholed, and a barricade constructed to defend the approach. This point became the scene of a hard hand-to-hand fight, which lasted for several hours, costing many a brave man his life.

The result of the battle of Melazzo was to open to Garibaldi the gates of Messina, and negotiations were entered into at once for the evacuation of the forts.

Sicily may now be considered free, and our task, at least for the present, ended. Should the hero of Italy, as we believe and trust he will, pursue his glorious task upon the mainland, we shall give our readers one or more concluding chapters, to render the history of the most remarkable and disinterested man the world has seen since the days of Washington complete.



## National Song of the Italian Patriotic Army of Garibaldi.

THIS NATIONAL SONG, WHICH IS NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND, HAS BEEN TRANSMITTED TO US BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AT NAPLES, WHERE IT IS NECESSARILY VERY POPULAR.—THE MUSIC AND WORDS ARE COPYRIGHT.  
The English version of the Song is as close a translation of the Italian as the music would admit of.

*Allegretto.*

La Ban-die-ra di tre co-lo-ri e sem-pre sta-ta la più bel-la noi vo-glia-mo sem-pre quel-la per la no-stra li-ber-tà  
Thou e-ver glo-ri-ous tri-co-lour! Thou e-ver ho-ly ban-ner! With joy..... we fol-low thee for dear-est li-ber-ty!

La Ban-die-ra la Ban-die-ra di tre co-lo-ri e sem-pre sta-ta e sem-pre sta-ta la più bel-la noi vo-glia-mo sem-pre quel-la per la no-stra li-ber-tà  
Thou glo-ri-ous, thou e-ver glo-ri-ous tri-co-lour! e-ver... beau-ti-ful, thou e-ver ho-ly ban-ner! With joy..... we fol-low thee for dear-est li-ber-ty.

glia-mo sem-pre quel-la per la no-stra li-ber-tà noi vo-glia-mo sem-pre quel-la per la no-stra li-ber-tà.  
joy..... we fol-low thee for dear-est li-ber-ty. With joy..... we fol-low thee for dear-est li-ber-ty.

### MISS SARAH JACK, OF SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(Concluded from page 363.)

MISS JACK was a person in whom, I think, we may say, that the good predominated over the bad. She was often morose, crabbed, and self-opinionated; but then she knew her own imperfections, and forgave those she loved for evincing their dislike of them. Maurice Cumming was often inattentive to her, plainly showing that he was worried by her importunities, and ill at ease in her company. But she loved her nephew with all her heart, and though she dearly liked to tyrannise over him, never allowed herself to be really angry with him, though he so frequently refused to bow to her dictation. And she loved Marian Leslie also, though Marian was so sweet and lovely, and she herself so harsh and ill-favoured. She loved Marian, though Marian would often be impertinent. She forgave the flirting, the light-heartedness, the love of amusement. Marian, she said to herself, was young and pretty. She, Miss Jack, had never known Marian's temptations. And so she resolved, in her own mind, that Marian should be made a good and happy woman; but always as the wife of Maurice Cumming.

But Maurice turned a deaf ear to all these good tidings; or, rather, he turned to them an ear that seemed to be deaf. He dearly, ardently loved that little flirt; but seeing that she was a flirt, that had flirted so grossly when he was by, he would not confess his love to a human being. He would not have it known that he was wasting his heart for a worthless little chit, to whom every man was the same, except that those were most eligible whose toes were the lightest, and their outside trappings the brightest. That he did love her, he could not deny, but he would not disgrace himself by acknowledging it.

He was very civil to Mr. Leslie, but he would not speak a word that could be taken as a proposal for Marian. It had been part of Miss Jack's plan that

the engagement should absolutely be made down there at Mount Pleasant, without any reference to the young lady; but Maurice could not be induced to break the ice. So he took Mr. Leslie through his mills and over his cane-pieces; talked to him about the laziness of the niggers, while the niggers themselves stood by tittering; and rode with him away to the high grounds, where the coffee plantation had been in the good old days;—but not a word was said between them about Marian. And yet Marian was never out of his heart.

And then came the day on which Mr. Leslie was to go back to Kingston. "And you won't have her, then?" said Miss Jack to her nephew, early that morning. "You won't be ruled by me?"

"Not in this matter, aunt."

"Then you will live and die a poor man? You mean that, I suppose?"

"It's likely enough that I shall. There's this comfort, at any rate, I'm used to it."

And then Miss Jack was again silent for awhile.

"Very well, sir; that's enough," she said, angrily. And then she began again: "But, Maurice, you wouldn't have to wait for my death, you know." And she put out her hand, and touched his arm, entreating him, as it were, to yield to her. "Oh, Maurice," she said, "I do so want to make you comfortable. Let me speak to Mr. Leslie."

But Maurice would not. He took her hand and thanked her, but said that in this matter he must be his own master. "Very well, sir," she exclaimed; "I have done. In future, you may manage for yourself. As for me, I shall go back with Mr. Leslie to Kingston." And so she did. Mr. Leslie returned that day, taking her with him. When he took his leave, his invitation to Maurice to come to Shandy Hall was not very pressing. "Mrs. Leslie and the children will always be glad to see you," said he.

"Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Leslie—and the children," said Maurice. And so they parted.

"You have brought me down here on a regular fool's errand," said Mr. Leslie, on their journey up to town.

"It will all come right yet," replied Miss Jack. "Take my word for it, he loves her."

"Fudge!" said Mr. Leslie. But he could not afford to quarrel with his rich connection.

In spite of all that he had said and thought to the contrary, Maurice did look forward, during the remainder of the summer, to his return to Spanish Town with something like impatience. It was very dull work, being there alone at Mount Pleasant; and, let him do what he would to prevent it, his very dreams took him to Shandy Hall. But at last the slow time passed away, and he found himself once more in his aunt's house.

A couple of days went by, and no word was said about the Leslies. On the morning of the third day, he determined to go to Shandy Hall. Hitherto he had never been there without staying for the night, but on this occasion he made up his mind to return the same day. "It would not be civil of me not to go there," he said to his aunt.

"Certainly not," she replied, forbearing to press the matter further. "But why make such a terrible hard day's work of it?"

"Oh, I shall go down in the cool, before breakfast; and then I need not have the bother of taking a bag."

And in this way he started. Miss Jack said nothing further, but she longed, in her heart, that she might be at Marian's elbow, unseen, during the visit.

He found them all at breakfast, and the first to welcome him at the hall door was Marian. "Oh, Mr. Cumming, we are so glad to see you;" and she looked up into his eyes with a way she had, that was enough to make a man's heart wild. But she did not call him Maurice now.

Miss Jack had spoken to her sister, Mrs. Leslie, as well as to Mr. Leslie, about the marriage scheme. "Just let them alone," was Mrs. Leslie's advice. "You can't alter Marian by lecturing her. If they really love each other, they'll come together; and if they don't, why then they'd better not."

"And you really mean that you're going back to Spanish Town to-day?" said Mrs. Leslie to her visitor.

"I'm afraid I must. Indeed, I haven't brought my things with me." And then he again caught