

"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 PICOTEES 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.

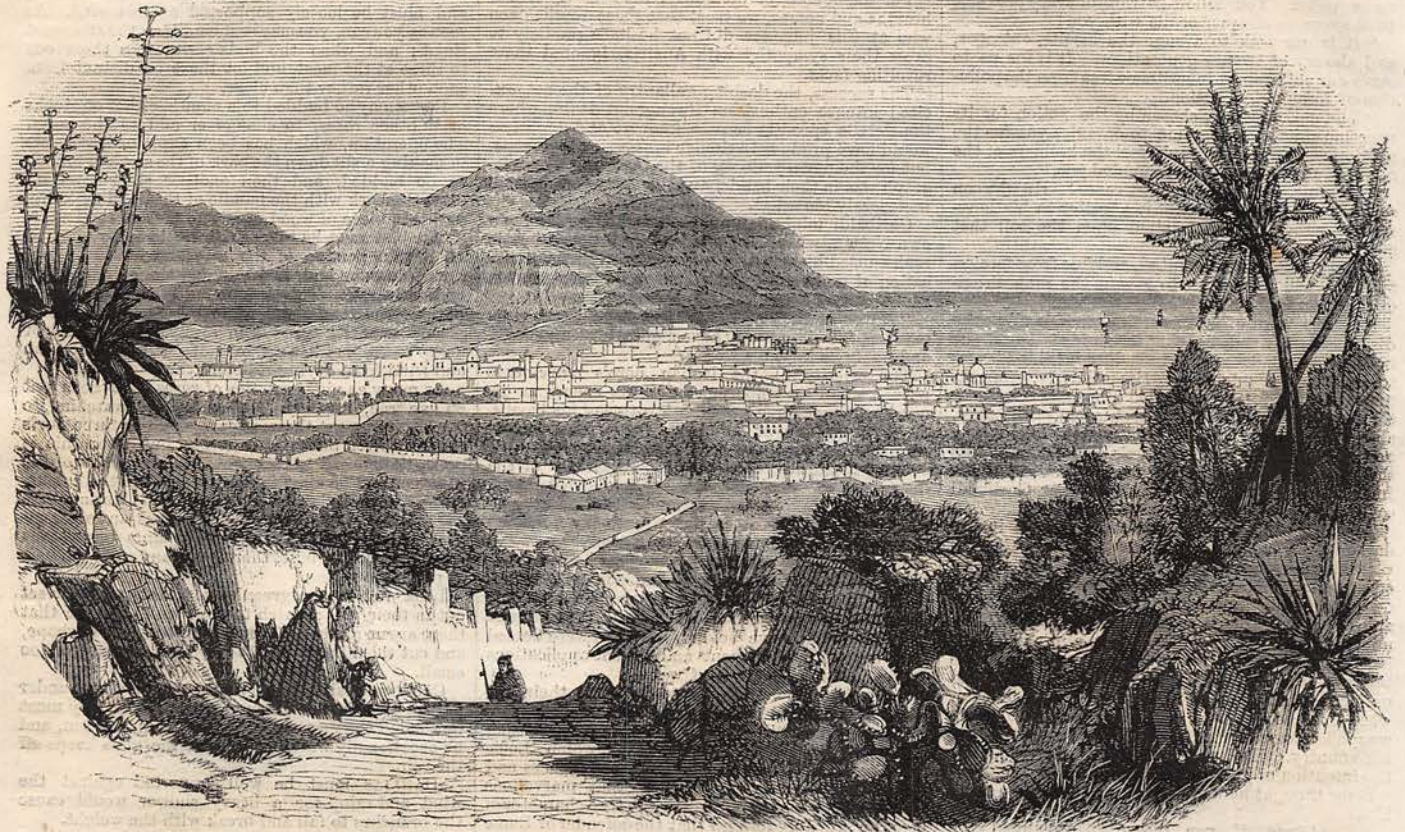
PANSIES continually throw up side shoots; these should be taken off from any you wish to propagate, because they strike like grass in a shady border.

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



PALERMO, THE CAPITAL OF SICILY.

Nicias; it was one of the grandest efforts ever made by Greece, and one of the most disastrous blunders ever committed. The Athenians were defeated, and with that defeat terminated the glory and empire of Attic Greece.

The siege of Syracuse by the Romans, under Marcellus, is another important event in the ancient history of Sicily, and is especially remarkable as having given employment to the extraordinary talents of Archimedes. He devoted his abilities to the defence of the city—set the enemy's fleet on fire by means of burning-glasses, and prolonged the siege for three years; but the city was at last taken, and Archimedes perished.

Palermo, as well as Syracuse, was founded at a very early date. Sicilian writers are not to be relied on in this matter, many of their statements being obviously apocryphal; Polybius and Thucydides, however, state that it was founded by a colony of Phœnicians, and called *Panormus* (a station for all ships), from the number of vessels accommodated in its harbour. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Carthaginians; was subsequently occupied by the Romans; still later fell into the possession of the Saracens; was conquered by the Normans in the eleventh century; and, as capital of the island, has shared the fate of Sicily; and from 1806 to 1815 it was the residence of the Court of Naples.

The city of Palermo presents a noble appearance from the sea. It is built on the shores of an extensive bay, in a plain surrounded, on three sides, by mountains, and called from its luxuriance the golden shell. Two handsome streets divide the city into four parts, by intersecting each other at right angles. These streets are closed by four gates, are well paved, and lined with buildings. To the south-west is the sea and *Porta Felice*; to the north-east is *Monreale* and *Porta Nuova*; to the north-west is *La Favorita* and *Porta Macqueda*; to the south-east the road to *Messina* and *Porta Termini*. The street which leads straight from the *Porta Nuova* to the *Porta Felice*—that is to say, to the sea—is called the street of *Toledo*, and in its lowest part, near the sea, the *Cassaro*. Outside the *Porta Nuova* a suburban

avenue stretches far to the north-east, adorned on both sides with magnificent villas, belonging to the Palermitan nobility. The principal place is in the centre of the town, and is octagonal in form, each of its eight sides consisting of a noble edifice of the Doric, Ionian, and Corinthian orders; fountains and statues add to the magnificence of the scene, and render the *Piazza Ottangoloza* one of the finest public places in Europe.

The manufacture of silk, introduced into Sicily as early as the eleventh century, is still one of the chief branches of industry at Palermo. The tunny fishery employs nearly 4,000 fishermen and about 1,000 boats. But a lengthened period of tyrannous exaction and cruel oppression have crippled the enterprise of the people, and almost extinguished their capacity for business; as a last mark of vengeance, the heavy bombardment which the town has suffered has converted all the quarters to the right and left of the royal palace into blackened ruins. These were chiefly inhabited by the poorer classes, and thickly crowded with monasteries. "As you can see," says an eye-witness, "by those which have hitherto escaped, they are in the style of those at *St. Giles's* or 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 those of the houses which had escaped the shells, and numbers were thus burnt alive in their hiding-places.

But brighter days are coming, and scenes such as these are but the close of a long list of still greater atrocities inflicted on the oppressed people by the Neapolitan Government. Palermo is free. She has seen the last of the *störri*, and a happier day has dawned upon her—a day which shall witness her elevation to an important place in social, commercial, and political status. Enceladus the Titan is virtually slain; the liberator of Sicily has defied the Cyclopean thunders; Ulysses has de-

livered the captives in the cave of Polyphemus; all the ancient fables of Sicily are, as it were, rehearsed before us; *Minerva* returns to elevate and instruct; and agriculture flourishes again under the auspices of *Ceres*. Freed from the yoke of the Neapolitan Bourbon, a golden age revives for Sicily.

#### ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

##### LOWESTOFT.

LOWESTOFT, in the county of Suffolk, is a seaport and market town, and has recently become a favourite watering-place. There are few towns within the same distance from London which can rival it in point of situation; and, notwithstanding its apparently exposed position as the most easterly point of England, it is remarkable for the extreme salubrity of its climate. The town consists of a single street, directly facing the beach, running from north to south; several minor streets branch off to the west, and although they are narrow and irregular, they are paved and well lighted. The church is a handsome Gothic building, and there are several Dissenting places of worship in the town. The upper part of the market-house is used as an assembly-room, for meetings, concerts, exhibitions, &c., and there is also a small theatre. All the usual attractions of a watering-place are to be found in Lowestoft. Wide sands extend from the sea-shore almost to the pathways of the street; and the bathing on the shelving coast is safe and practicable at all times of the tide. There is a beautiful marine parade opposite the beach, and a couple of piers, each running about a quarter of a mile into the sea. The sea view from the Esplanade is very fine, and there is an endless variety of shipping offered to the eye. Now a gay yacht skims lightly over the waves; now the offing is crowded with French and Dutch craft, or a fleet of fishing-boats, on their way to the opposite coast, in search of cod and whiting for the London market; and again, light wherries shoot across the way of black, heavy-looking colliers, and row-boats full of merry holiday-makers glide over the waters in all the luxury of summer enjoyment.

\* A representation of this gate is given on page 44.