

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, Camerlato, 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.

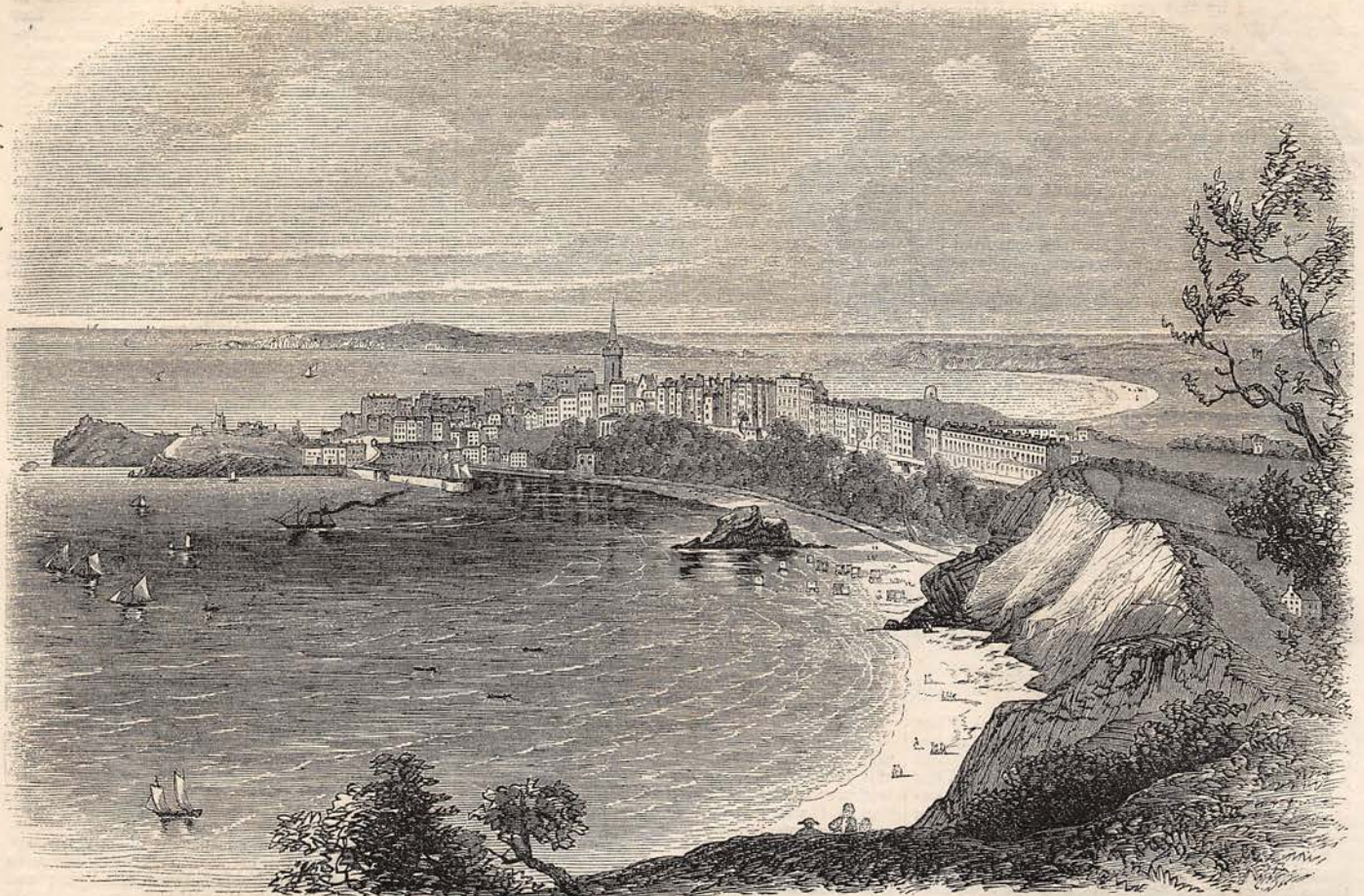
TENBY, Pembrokeshire, is picturesquely situated on the ridge of the old mountain limestone which forms the southern coast of the county, and stretches out into the British Channel. Standing thus on a small peninsula, Tenby offers unusual facilities for bathing. The sands are smooth and the water clear, 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.



TENBY, SOUTH WALES.

ters, the provisions of which were confirmed by Richard III. and succeeding monarchs. It is said to have been originally colonised from Flanders, and in ancient times to have been occupied as a fishing town by the Britons. Under the Tudors it rose to considerable importance as a military station and commercial depôt; but its walls and castle fell into ruin, and its trade decayed. During its transition period it sank into comparative insignificance, and so changed from a military station under Queen Bess to a watering-place under Queen Victoria.

The Castle, an ivy-covered ruin on a height above the sea, retains sufficient of its former proportions to indicate its old strength. Its situation was admirably adapted for defence: occupying the extreme point of the promontory, it was secured by inaccessible rocks on every side except that facing the town, which was strengthened by art. It is probable that the structure was founded by the Anglo-Normans. In their wars with the Welsh princes, the castle became a frequent point of attack. It was taken by Meredydd and Rhys (1151), who put the garrison to the sword in consequence of their having sheltered some inhabitants of Tenby who had the year before attacked and wounded Cadell, their brother, while on a hunting excursion in the neighbourhood. A few years later it was invested by Maelgwn with an overwhelming force, by whom the place was taken and the works demolished. The ruins of this ancient fortress are remarkably interesting, and the whole neighbourhood abounds with romantic spots, all more or less associated with events in its past history. Immediately to the seaward of Tenby are some insulated rocks of wild and picturesque appearance, which exhibit curious excavations. Some of these are accessible on foot at low water: this is the case with the small rock called St. Catherine's, contiguous to the town, which in one direction has been perforated quite through by the repeated action of the tides.

Altogether, considering its eligible position, its excellent beach, fine sea, noble views, and numberless points of interest, Tenby is certainly one of the most beautiful of our English watering-places, and well deserves the rising popularity which it enjoys.

THE CASTLE OF CHAMBORD.

ALMOST everybody is attracted by a regal dwelling, and, whether it be a royal residence of modern or of ancient times, there is an interest belonging to it which attaches to no other edifice. How many thousands flock to Hampton Court to inspect those long suites of rooms once tenanted by King William and Queens Mary and Anne! How many visit the old banqueting-hall, with its stained glass and armorial bearings, erected by a cardinal and presented to a king—the richest present subject ever offered to a monarch! How many run down to Windsor to look through the State apartments of the Castle, to gaze with admiration on the splendid pictures on the walls, and to speculate on what must be the gorgeous appearance of the rooms when the carpets are laid down, the furniture uncovered, and the chandeliers unveiled!

The interest felt by the people in royal palaces is shared by our neighbours over the water. For example, there is an inconsiderable village, in the department Loir-et-Cher, on the Cossin, ten miles from Blois. Chambord—such is the name of the village—owes all its importance to the neighbouring royal castle, one of the most magnificent and best preserved in France. Surrounded by woodland scenery, buried in the heart of a thick forest, Chambord presents a strikingly picturesque aspect—its towers, turrets, and minarets of black stone conveying to the visitor the impression of solemnity and grandeur.

Chambord was originally a hunting lodge; but Francis, passionately devoted to the chase, selected the site for a palace, surrounding the building with a noble park, watered by the Cossin. He was thus able to indulge his favourite pursuit of hunting without suffering the inconvenience of a mere hunting lodge, and could enjoy, like Henry VIII. at Windsor, the grandeur of the palace without sacrificing the pleasures of country life. For twelve years eighteen hundred workmen were employed in constructing this splendid edifice, which was further enlarged by Henry II., and completed by Louis XIV. Here it was that the Emperor Charles V. was sunn-

tuously entertained by Francis I.; here many a royal feast was held by succeeding monarchs; here, for nine years, dwelt Stanislaus Leczinsky, king of Poland; and here Marshal Saxe, to whom the castle was assigned by Louis XV., resided in kingly splendour. At the outbreak of the first Revolution, the people seized upon the building, its spacious apartments were stripped of every valuable, and the magnificent furniture was sold by auction. The castle was subsequently granted to Marshal Berthier by the first Napoleon, and, being sold in 1820, was bought by subscription for the Duke of Bordeaux. The present aspirant to the throne of France, grandson of Charles X., bears the title of Count de Chambord; that he, however, will ever re-establish the old régime is most improbable, and as it is well-known that the malignity of the Bourbon party to England is far greater than that of the Napoleon family, few Englishmen can wish success to the intrigues of the "old party."

Notwithstanding the vicissitudes it has undergone, Chambord is one of the noblest specimens of the Renaissance, or revival of art in France. Its lofty donjon, spiral staircase, spacious apartments, and magnificent chapel, are in excellent preservation, and attract a large number of visitors. That portion of the "royal house" represented in our engraving is probably the most interesting of the whole edifice. It is called the lantern, and has elicited the warmest approbation of artists and architects. "The four towers of the donjon," says Blondel, "are each sixty feet in diameter. In the middle of the edifice rises a fifth tower, thirty feet in diameter and one hundred in height, which gives, very ingeniously, a pyramidal form to the structure." This fifth tower is the lantern, shown in our illustration. The lantern and the spiral staircase leading to its summit received some injuries during the frenzy of the first Revolution, but these were not so serious as to detract from the extreme beauty of the structure. The view commanded from the summit extends far over the surrounding country; the umbrageous forest stretching far away like a sea of foliage, giving glimpses here and there of the winding Cossin and the country road. A visit to Chambord