

THE  
LIBERATORS OF ITALY:

OR,

THE LIVES OF

GENERAL GARIBALDI;

VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF ITALY;

COUNT CAVOUR;

AND

NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.



BY

E. H. NOLAN, PH.D., LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA," ETC. ETC.

LONDON:

JAMES S. VIRTUE, CITY ROAD AND IVY LANE.

## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

|                                                             |                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| CAPRERA, THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI . . . . .       | <i>Vignette</i>     |
| PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GARIBALDI . . . . .                     | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| MAP OF ITALY . . . . .                                      | 3                   |
| VIEW OF VENICE . . . . .                                    | 8                   |
| VIEW OF LEGHORN . . . . .                                   | 11                  |
| PORTRAIT OF MAZZINI . . . . .                               | 17                  |
| PORTRAIT OF MENOITI GARIBALDI . . . . .                     | 53                  |
| PORTRAIT OF POPE PIUS IX. . . . .                           | 69                  |
| VIEW OF PERUGIA . . . . .                                   | 77                  |
| ST PETER'S, ROME . . . . .                                  | 99                  |
| VIEW OF NAPLES FROM THE MOLE . . . . .                      | 167                 |
| PORTRAIT OF COLONEL PEARD, GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN . . . . . | 178                 |
| PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON W. E. GLADSTONE . . . . .         | 238                 |
| PORTRAIT OF VICTOR EMMANUEL II. . . . .                     | 252                 |
| VIEW OF GENOA . . . . .                                     | 266                 |
| VIEW OF ALESSANDRIA . . . . .                               | 327                 |
| VIEW OF MILAN . . . . .                                     | 340                 |
| VIEW OF DESENZANO, ON THE LAGO DI GARDA . . . . .           | 346                 |
| VIEW OF VERONA . . . . .                                    | 348                 |
| PORTRAIT OF PRINCE NAPOLEON . . . . .                       | 354                 |
| VIEW OF TURIN FROM THE VIGNE DE LA REINE . . . . .          | 372                 |
| VIEW OF BOLOGNA . . . . .                                   | 375                 |
| VIEW OF FLORENCE . . . . .                                  | 383                 |
| PORTRAIT OF COUNT CAVOUR . . . . .                          | 406                 |
| PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON III. . . . .                           | 423                 |
| PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON . . . . .    | 585                 |



# CONTENTS.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | PAGE |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| INTRODUCTION                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1    | of Menotti—Narrow Escape of Garibaldi from Capture by Moringue—General Retreat of the Republican Army, and Sufferings and Dangers of Anita and Menotti—Garibaldi leaves the Service of the Republic—Turns Drover—Reaches Monte Video—Is a Pedlar and a Teacher of Mathematics—Again a Sea Captain—Marvellous and heroic Escape from Capture—Once more in Poverty with Anita at Monte Video                                                                                                                         | 51   |
| CHAPTER I.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| ITALY . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 3    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| CHAPTER II.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| Historical Sketch . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 13   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| CHAPTER III.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| LIFE OF GARIBALDI.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |      | CHAPTER X.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
| Birthplace—Parentage—Boyhood—Education—Goes to Sea—Love of a Seafaring Life—Intrepidity and Tenderness of Character—First sees Rome—Aspirations of Patriotism—First encounters a Tempest—Sick and a Stranger in a distant Land . . . . .                                                                                                                                                  | 19   | Garibaldi commands the Italian Legion—Becomes Commander of a Flotilla—Successfully defends a Fortress against the Fleet of Rossa—At the Head of his Legion surprises and defeats a Corps of Orbes—Terrible hand-to-hand Contest—"Garibaldi's Englishman"—Estates offered to the Italian Legion refused—An Ambush—Prepares to surprise Rossa in his Capital, and bring him a Prisoner to Monte Video—Breaks the Blockade—Monte Video in Extremity—Help at Hand . . . . .                                            | 56   |
| CHAPTER IV.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| Garibaldi becomes a Politician—First Revolutionary Enterprise—Marvellous Escapes—Heroic Rescue of a Student from Drowning—A Sailor once more . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 24   | CHAPTER XI.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| CHAPTER V.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |      | Anglo-French Intervention—Expedition up the Uruguay—Victory of the French and English Squadron—Garibaldi surprises and captures a City—His extraordinary Magnanimity—Innumerable Contests—Battle of the Zapavi—Defence of Gualaguachu—Terrible Conflict of the Salto, San Antonio . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 61   |
| Garibaldi as Admiral of the Republic of Rio Grande—Victories and Vicissitudes . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 28   | CHAPTER XII.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |      |
| CHAPTER VI.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |      | Garibaldi offers his Services to defend Pope Pius IX. from the Austrians—Embarks from Monte Video for Italy—Lands at Nice—Is received with Acclamations—Interview with King Charles Albert—Garibaldi treated with Disdain by the King and his Minister—Sets out for Milan—Lombardy commissions him as a General—Raises his own Troops—Is treated with Contumely by the Government, which eventually betrays him to the Austrians—His Volunteers Desert—His Struggles, Vicissitudes, Dangers, and Escapes . . . . . | 60   |
| Garibaldi's first Battle and Victory—Desperately Wounded—A Prisoner—Escape—Re-captured—Tortured—Captivity—Liberation—Once more a Commodore . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 32   | CHAPTER XIII.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |      |
| CHAPTER VII.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |      | Defends Rome—Beats the French from its Walls—Difference of Policy between Garibaldi and the Government—An Armistice granted to the French against Garibaldi's Advice . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 77   |
| Fits out two small Ships—Is at one Time a Rover, a Trooper, and a Guerilla—Idolised by his Men and by the Inhabitants—In Love—Defends an Outhouse alone for some time against one hundred and fifty Austrians, and afterwards aided by a Portion of his Men defeats them—Ordered on an Expedition—Carries his Ships overland to the Atlantic—Shipwreck—Hardly escapes with Life . . . . . | 36   | CHAPTER XIV.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |      |
| CHAPTER VIII.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |      | Defends Rome against new Enemies—Expedition against the Neapolitan Army . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 84   |
| A Soldier—Once more an Admiral—Again in Love—Takes a Wife—Anita Garibaldi—Terrible Naval Encounters—Anita a Heroine—Garibaldi again a Soldier—His Skill and Daring—Encounters—Beats—Hardships . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                   | 43   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| CHAPTER IX.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| Anita a Captive—Escapes—Her Sufferings and Success—Rejoins her Husband—Battle of Tequarre—Storming of San José—Retreat of the Republicans—Birth                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |

## CHAPTER XV.

- The French violate the Armistice—Surprise the most important Posts—Terrible Slaughter—Resistance and Heroism of Garibaldi—Siege of Rome . . . 90

## CHAPTER XVI.

- Anita joins her Husband at Rome—He abandons the City to make War in the Provinces, and she accompanies him—Dispersion of his Army—Sets sail for Venice—Capture of all his Companions, except Anita, by the Austrians—Death of Anita—Flight and Escape of Garibaldi . . . 100

## CHAPTER XVII.

- An Exile—Reaches Marseilles—Denied a Refuge in France, passes over to Tunis—Reaches the United States of America—Enthusiastic Reception there—His Avocations—Visits to England as a Mariner—Settles in the Island of Caprera . . . 105

## CHAPTER XVIII.

- The King of Sardinia at War with Austria—His Majesty sends for Garibaldi—Remarkable Interview—Garibaldi, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, attached to the Division Cialdini—Captures a Convoy—Obtains a separate Command—Passages of the Sesia and Ticino—Invades Lombardy—Gains the Battles of Varese and Malenno—With three thousand Men routs ten thousand Austrians—Captures Como—Compels Urban to flee from Camerlano . . . 112

## CHAPTER XIX.

- Garibaldi advances to New Conquests—Captures Bergamo and Brescia—Battle of Tre Ponti—Campaign of the Valtellina—French Emperor proclaims Peace—Garibaldi Resigns—The King gives him Command of the Army of Central Italy—Is opposed by French Diplomats—Obtains Leave of Absence—His Farewell Proclamation to his Troops . . . 121

## CHAPTER XX.

- The Expedition to Sicily—How to get Ammunition—Pursued by a Neapolitan Naval Squadron—Lands at Marsala—Joined by the People—Menotti Garibaldi in Battle—First Victory for Sicilian Liberty—The Battle of Calatafimi—Wonderful March—Storming of Palermo—More Garibaldians arrive in Sicily—Garibaldi at Palermo—What he did and what he ordered to be done—Enthusiasm of the Nuns and the juvenile Population . . . 130

## CHAPTER XXI.

- Liberation of Captives—Help for Garibaldi—Further Conquests in Sicily—Deliverance of the whole Island . . . 144

## CHAPTER XXII.

- Capitulation of Messina—Superstitious fears of Garibaldi among the Neapolitan Troops—Night after the Battle of Melazzo—Arms and Ammunition—Letter of Victor Emmanuel—Father Gavazzi's devotion to the cause of the Liberators—Obstinacy of the King of Naples prepares the Way for Garibaldi . . . 151

## CHAPTER XXIII.

- First Invasion of Calabria—Mysterious Visitors at Mesina—Sudden Disappearance of Garibaldi—Grand Invasion of Calabria—Storming and Capitulation of Reggio, and Retreat of the Believing Army—Revolutionary Preparations and Outbreaks . . . 156

## CHAPTER XXIV.

- Advance from Reggio—A Priest and a Friar, Garibaldi's Janitors—Conquests of Forts and Cities—Capture of San Giovanni—Death of the gallant De Flotte—Revolt of the Province of Basilicata—Ingenious Capture of Salerno—English Officers . . . 162

## CHAPTER XXV.

- Naples—Obstinacy of the King—Reaction, Intrigue, and Revolutionary Movements—Popular Enthusiasm for Garibaldi—The King leaves the City . . . 167

## CHAPTER XXVI.

- Garibaldi's Entrance into Naples—Formation of a New Government—Exultation of the Citizens—Difficulties in the Way of his Political Administration—Organises an Army to drive the King from Neapolitan Territory . . . 178

## CHAPTER XXVII.

- The King at Gaeta—Battle of the Volturno—Brutal Conduct of the Government of Francis II. . . 184

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

- Gallant Conduct of English Volunteers—King Victor Emmanuel joins Garibaldi—Reactionary Movements and Cruelties—The King enters Naples with Garibaldi—The Dictator treated Ungratefully—He Refuses to remain in the Service of the King—Retires to Caprera . . . 191

## CHAPTER XXIX.

- Life in Caprera . . . 197

## CHAPTER XXX.

- Agitation in Italy—Garibaldi prepares for a new Expedition—Arming of the People—Policy of the Italian Cabinet—Intrigues of France—Diplomatic Squabbles and Uncertainties—Animosity of the Reactionist and French Parties at Turin to Garibaldi . . . 203

## CHAPTER XXXI.

- Garibaldi's Proclamation to the Italians—Counter Proclamation of Victor Emmanuel—Garibaldi again in the Field—Attacked by the Royal Army at Aspromonte—Wounded and made Prisoner—Treated as a Culpit—Pardon and Liberation—Retires to Caprera—Long and serious Illness . . . 210

## CHAPTER XXXII.

- Visit to England—Lands at Southampton—Enthusiasm of the Public there—Guest of Mr. Seely, M.P., Brook House, Isle of Wight—Reception at Newport—Invitations from the Provinces—Life at Brook House . . . 218

CHAPTER XXXIII.

|                                                                                                     |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Preparations in London to receive Garibaldi—Leaves the Isle of Wight—Public Entry into London . . . | 226 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXIV.

|                                                                                                                                                                |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Garibaldi at Stafford House—Visits to Lord Palmerston, to the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Massini, &c.—The Opera—Grand Meetings at the Crystal Palace . . . | 237 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Sudden Resolution to leave England—Visits to Her Majesty's Theatre—To the City—To the Houses of Parliament—To Fishmongers' Hall—The Reform Club—The Tomb of Ugo Foscolo—Consul of the United States—The Prince of Wales visits him—Farewell before leaving London—Departure—Extraordinary Scenes on his Route until his Embarkation—Address to the People of England before leaving their Shores . . . | 244 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXVI.

|                                                |  |
|------------------------------------------------|--|
| VICTOR EMMANUEL II OF SARDINIA, KING OF ITALY. |  |
|------------------------------------------------|--|

|                                                                                                                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| His Youth—Heroism—Ascends the Throne—Swears to the Constitution of Charles Albert—Suppresses Revolts in Genoa—Progress of the Nation . . . | 252 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXVII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Administration of the Marquis d'Azeglio—Ecclesiastical Reform—The King and his People Excommunicated—Bishops Arraigned, Imprisoned, and Banished—Death of Santa Rosa—Cavour enters the Ministry . . . | 260 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

|                                                                                                |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Victor Emmanuel sends out his little Army to join the English—Its Progress to the Crimea . . . | 273 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXIX.

|                                                                                                                                                     |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Victor Emmanuel at Home while his Troops were in the Crimea—His Visits to France and England—The Paris Conference and its Results to Sardinia . . . | 291 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XL.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Sardinian Army in the Crimea, from the Battle of the Tchernaya to the Peace—The Treaty of Paris—Diplomatic Contest with Austria during the Sitzings—Extraordinary Memorial promulgated by the Representatives of Victor Emmanuel . . . | 301 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLI.

|                                                                                                                  |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Victor Emmanuel and his Kingdom, from the Peace with Russia to the breaking out of the War against Austria . . . | 307 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLII.

|                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Alliance of Piedmont with France—War against Austria—Extraordinary Manifestoes—French Army enters Italy—The Campaign opens—Success of the Allies . . . | 316 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLIII.

|                                                                                                                                                         |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Austrian Tactics—Arrival of the French—Victor Emmanuel and the Emperor at Alessandria—Retreat of the Austrians—Battles of Montebello and Palestro . . . | 326 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLIV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Entrance of the Allies into Milan—Pronouncement of the City for Victor Emmanuel—Grand Display and Enthusiastic Welcome given by the Citizens to the Troops—Touching Incident in connection with the Hero of Magenta—Reception of the Wounded in Milan—Further Movements of the Allies . . . | 339 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLV.

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| The Battle of Solferino . . . | 345 |
|-------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLVI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Advance of the Allies after the Battle of Solferino—Prince Napoleon's March from Tuscany—Sudden change of Policy by the Emperor of the French—Proposes an Armistice—Peace . . . | 354 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLVII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Emperor and Prince Napoleon at Victor Emmanuel's Head-quarters—Bad Feeling between Sardinians and French—Cold Reception of Napoleon in Milan—Magnificent Reception of Victor Emmanuel—Duchess offer Allegiance to the King—Treaty of Zurich—Covert Purposes of Austria—English Diplomacy in favour of Italy—General Cost of the War . . . | 365 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLVIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Opening of the Italian Parliament in 1860—Cession of Savoy and Nice—The King's Journey through the Provinces—Defective Administration in Central Italy by the Turin Officials—Great Services of Sir James Hudson—Secret Agreement made with the French Emperor at Compiègne—Invasion of the Papal Territory—Misgovernment of Naples by the Court of Turin—Siege and Surrender of Gaeta—Death of Count Cavour—The Ricasoli Ministry—The Ricasoli Ministry formed . . . | 372 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLIX.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Policy of the Ricasoli Ministry—Aspromonte—The Minghetti-Peruzzi Ministry—Frequent Changes of Ministerial Men and Measures—Southern Italy discontented in 1864—A new Convention with France—Disturbances in Turin—Flight of the Ministry—Formation of the La Marmora Ministry—Removal of the Capital from Turin to Florence—Personal Character of Victor Emmanuel and the Heir to the Throne—Census of United Italy—Its Prospective Army in Peace and War . . . | 381 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER L.

|                                                   |  |
|---------------------------------------------------|--|
| LIFE OF THE SIEUR CAMILLE BENSO, COUNT OF CAVOUR. |  |
|---------------------------------------------------|--|

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Family of Count Cavour—Birth: Early Youth—Enters the Military Academy—Is a Page at Court—Abandons the Military Profession—An Agriculturist—A Political Student—Visits England—Long Residence in England—Returns to Turin—A Journalist—Member of the Legislative Chamber—Minister . . . | 406 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XV.

The French violate the Armistice—Surprise the most important Posts—Terrible Slaughter—Resistance and Heroism of Garibaldi—Siege of Rome . . . 90

## CHAPTER XVI.

Anita joins her Husband at Rome—He abandons the City to make War in the Provinces, and she accompanies him—Dispersion of his Army—Sets sail for Venice—Capture of all his Companions, except Anita, by the Austrians—Death of Anita—Flight and Escape of Garibaldi . . . 100

## CHAPTER XVII.

An Exile—Reaches Marseilles—Denied a Refuge in France, passes over to Tunis—Reaches the United States of America—Enthusiastic Reception there—His Avocations—Visits to England as a Mariner—Settles in the Island of Caprera . . . 105

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The King of Sardinia at War with Austria—His Majesty sends for Garibaldi—Remarkable Interview—Garibaldi, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, attached to the Division Cialdini—Captures a Convoy—Obtains a separate Command—Passages of the Sesia and Ticino—Invades Lombardy—Gains the Battles of Varese and Malmé—With three thousand Men routs ten thousand Austrians—Captures Como—Compels Urban to flee from Camerlata . . . 112

## CHAPTER XIX.

Garibaldi advances to New Conquests—Captures Bergamo and Brescia—Battle of Tre Ponti—Campaign of the Valtellina—French Emperor proclaims Peace—Garibaldi Resigns—The King gives him Command of the Army of Central Italy—Is opposed by French Diplomats—Obtains Leave of Absence—His Farewell Proclamation to his Troops . . . 121

## CHAPTER XX.

The Expedition to Sicily—How to get Ammunition—Pursued by a Neapolitan Naval Squadron—Lands at Marsala—Joined by the People—Menotti Garibaldi in Battle—First Victory for Sicilian Liberty—The Battle of Calatafimi—Wonderful March—Storming of Palermo—More Garibaldians arrive in Sicily—Garibaldi at Palermo—What he did and what he ordered to be done—Enthusiasm of the Nuns and the juvenile Population . . . 130

## CHAPTER XXI.

Liberation of Captives—Help for Garibaldi—Further Conquests in Sicily—Deliverance of the whole Island . . . 144

## CHAPTER XXII.

Capitulation of Messina—Superstitious fears of Garibaldi among the Neapolitan Troops—Night after the Battle of Melazzo—Arms and Ammunition—Letter of Victor Emmanuel—Father Gavazzi's devotion to the cause of the Liberators—Obstinacy of the King of Naples prepares the Way for Garibaldi . . . 151

## CHAPTER XXIII.

First Invasion of Calabria—Mysterious Visitors at Mes-  
sina—Sudden Disappearance of Garibaldi—Grand  
Invasion of Calabria—Storming and Capitulation  
of Reggio, and Retreat of the Relieving Army—  
Revolutionary Preparations and Outbreaks . . . 156

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Advance from Reggio—A Priest and a Friar, Garibaldi's  
Janitors—Conquests of Forts and Cities—Capture  
of San Giovanni—Death of the gallant De Flotta  
—Revolt of the Province of Basilicata—Ingenious  
Capture of Salerno—English Officers . . . 162

## CHAPTER XXV.

Naples Obstinacy of the King—Reaction, Intrigue, and  
Revolutionary Movements—Popular Enthusiasm  
for Garibaldi—The King leaves the City . . . 167

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Garibaldi's Entrance into Naples—Formation of a New  
Government—Exultation of the Citizens—Diffi-  
culties in the Way of his Political Administration—  
Organises an Army to drive the King from Neapo-  
litan Territory . . . 178

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The King at Gaeta—Battle of the Volturno—Brutal  
Conduct of the Government of Francis II . . . 184

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Gallant Conduct of English Volunteers—King Victor  
Emmanuel joins Garibaldi—Reactionary Move-  
ments and Cruelties—The King enters Naples with  
Garibaldi—The Dictator treated Ungratefully—He  
Refuses to remain in the Service of the King—Re-  
tires to Caprera . . . 191

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Life in Caprera . . . 197

## CHAPTER XXX.

Agitation in Italy—Garibaldi prepares for a new Expe-  
dition—Arming of the People—Policy of the Italian  
Cabinet—Intrigues of France—Diplomatic Squab-  
bles and Uncertainties—Animosity of the Reac-  
tionist and French Parties at Turin to Garibaldi . . . 203

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Garibaldi's Proclamation to the Italians—Counter Pro-  
clamation of Victor Emmanuel—Garibaldi again in  
the Field—Attacked by the Royal Army at Aspro-  
monte—Wounded and made Prisoner—Treated as  
a Culpit—Pardon and Liberation—Retires to  
Caprera—Long and serious Illness . . . 210

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Visit to England—Lands at Southampton—Enthusiasm  
of the Public there—Guest of Mr Seely, M.P.,  
Brook House, Isle of Wight—Reception at Newport  
—Invitations from the Provinces—Life at Brook  
House . . . 218

CHAPTER XXXIII.

- Preparations in London to receive Garibaldi—Leaves the  
Isle of Wight—Public Entry into London . . . 226

CHAPTER XXXIV.

- Garibaldi at Stafford House—Visits to Lord Palmerston,  
to the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Mazzini, &c.  
—The Opera—Grand Meetings at the Crystal Palace 237

CHAPTER XXXV.

- Sudden Resolution to leave England—Visits to Her  
Majesty's Theatre—To the City—To the Houses of  
Parliament—To Fishmongers' Hall—The Reform  
Club—The Tomb of Ugo Foscolo—Censul of the  
United States—The Prince of Wales visits him—  
Farewell before leaving London—Departure—Extra-  
ordinary Scenes on his Route until his Embarkation  
—Address to the People of England before leaving  
their Shores 244

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VICTOR EMMANUEL II OF SARDINIA, KING OF  
ITALY.

- His Youth—Heroism—Ascends the Throne—Swears to  
the Constitution of Charles Albert—Suppresses  
Revolts in Genoa—Progress of the Nation 262

CHAPTER XXXVII.

- Administration of the Marquis d'Azeglio—Ecclesiastical  
Reform—The King and his People Excommunicated  
—Bishops Arraigned, Imprisoned, and Banished—  
Death of Santa Rosa—Cavour enters the Ministry . 260

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

- Victor Emmanuel sends out his little Army to join the  
English—Its Progress to the Crimea . 273

CHAPTER XXXIX.

- Victor Emmanuel at Home while his Troops were in the  
Crimea—His Visits to France and England—The  
Paris Conference and its Results to Sardinia . . 291

CHAPTER XL.

- The Sardinian Army in the Crimea, from the Battle of  
the Tchernaya to the Peace—The Treaty of Paris—  
Diplomatic Contest with Austria during the Sittings  
—Extraordinary Memorial promulgated by the  
Representatives of Victor Emmanuel . . . 301

CHAPTER XLI.

- Victor Emmanuel and his Kingdom, from the Peace with  
Russia to the breaking out of the War against  
Austria . . . 307

CHAPTER XLII.

- Alliance of Piedmont with France—War against Austria  
—Extraordinary Manifestoes—French Army enters  
Italy—The Campaign opens—Success of the Allies . 316

CHAPTER XLIII.

- Austrian Tactics—Arrival of the French—Victor Em-  
manuel and the Emperor at Alessandria—Retreat of  
the Austrians—Battles of Montebello and Palestro 326

CHAPTER XLIV.

- Entrance of the Allies into Milan—Pronouncement of  
the City for Victor Emmanuel—Grand Display and  
Enthusiastic Welcome given by the Citizens to the  
Troops—Touching Incident in connection with the  
Hero of Magenta—Reception of the Wounded in  
Milan—Further Movements of the Allies . . . 339

CHAPTER XLV.

- The Battle of Solferino . 345

CHAPTER XLVI.

- Advance of the Allies after the Battle of Solferino—  
Prince Napoleon's March from Tuscany—Sudden  
change of Policy by the Emperor of the French—  
Proposes an Armistice—Peace . . . 354

CHAPTER XLVII.

- The Emperor and Prince Napoleon at Victor Emmanuel's  
Head-quarters—Bad Feeling between Sardinians and  
French—Cold Reception of Napoleon in Milan—  
Magnificent Reception of Victor Emmanuel—Duchies  
offer Allegiance to the King—Treaty of Zurich—  
Covert Purposes of Austria—English Diplomacy in  
favour of Italy—General Cost of the War . 365

CHAPTER XLVIII.

- The Opening of the Italian Parliament in 1849—Cession  
of Savoy and Nice—The King's Journey through  
the Provinces—Defective Administration in Central  
Italy by the Turin Officials—Great Services of Sir  
James Hudson—Secret Agreement made with the  
French Emperor at Compiègne—Invasion of the  
Papal Territory—Misgovernment of Naples by the  
Court of Turin—Siege and Surrender of Gaeta—  
Death of Count Cavour—The Ricasoli Ministry—  
The Rattazzi Ministry formed . 372

CHAPTER XLIX.

- Policy of the Rattazzi Ministry—Aspromonte—The  
Minghetti-Peruzzi Ministry—Frequent Changes of  
Ministerial Men and Measures—Southern Italy  
discontented in 1864—A new Convention with  
France—Disturbances in Turin—Flight of the  
Ministry—Formation of the La Marmora Ministry  
—Removal of the Capital from Turin to Florence //  
—Personal Character of Victor Emmanuel and the  
Heir to the Throne—Census of United Italy—Its  
Prospective Army in Peace and War . . . 381

CHAPTER L.

LIFE OF THE SIEUR CAMILLE BENSO, COUNT  
OF CAVOUR

- Family of Count Cavour—Birth: Early Youth—Enters  
the Military Academy—Is a Page at Court—Aban-  
dons the Military Profession—An Agriculturist—A  
Political Student—Visits England—Long Residence  
in England—Returns to Turin—A Journalist—  
Member of the Legislative Chamber—Minister . . 406

## CHAPTER LI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                          | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Earnestness of the Cavour Administration—National Debts and Difficulties—Diplomacy of the War in Italy—Illness and Death of Cavour—His Personal and Intellectual Peculiarities . . . . . | 414  |

## CHAPTER LII.

## LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

|                                                                         |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Rise of the Bonaparte Dynasty—its Founder, and his Principles . . . . . | 423 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LIII.

|                                                                               |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Founder of the Bonaparte Dynasty and his Principles—(continued) . . . . . | 432 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LIV.

|                                                                               |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Founder of the Bonaparte Dynasty and his Principles—(continued) . . . . . | 440 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LV.

|                                  |     |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Parents of Napoleon III. . . . . | 451 |
|----------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LVI.

|                                                                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Birth of Charles Louis Napoleon—Education, Early Vicissitudes, and Perils . . . . . | 456 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LVII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Invasions France by Strasbourg—Defeated and Captured—Spared by Louis Philippe on Petition of Hortense—Sent to America in a French Ship of War—His Life there—Returns to Switzerland—Death of Hortense . . . . . | 462 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LVIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Virtual Expulsion from Switzerland—Finds Refuge in England—His Life there—His Expedition to Boulogne—Defeat and Capture—Trial and Conviction by the House of Peers . . . . . | 472 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LIX.

|                                                                       |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Incarceration in Ham—Conduct and Opinions when there—Escape . . . . . | 479 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LX.

|                                                                                                                                                                    |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A Refugee in England—Uses the Press to create a Bonapartist Feeling in France—Confidence in his Destiny—Singular Anecdote connected with his London Life . . . . . | 487 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Louis Napoleon in London again—The French Revolution—Discussions in France as to the Propriety or Safety of allowing his Return—He is elected a Member of the New Parliamentary Chambers—Assumes his Place—Is elected President of the Republic . . . . . | 494 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXII.

|                                                                                                                  | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| President of the Republic—Forms a Ministry—Election of Vice-President—Foreign Policy—Piedmont and Rome . . . . . | 504  |

## CHAPTER LXIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Legislative Assembly—Policy of Parties—The Roman Invasion approved by the Representatives—Insurrection of Red Republicans—Flight of Ledru Rollin and others to England—Disputes between the President of the Republic and the Legislative Assembly—The Assembly and the President invade the Constitution—Preparations for a Coup d'Etat . . . . . | 507 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXIV.

|                           |     |
|---------------------------|-----|
| The Coup d'Etat . . . . . | 512 |
|---------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXV.

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| The Coup d'Etat—(continued) . . . . . | 521 |
|---------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXVI.

|                                                                                    |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Testimonies of Eye-witnesses to the Atrocities of the Fourth of December . . . . . | 527 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXVII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| State of the Departments after the Second of December—The Measures of Repression—Disarming of National Guards at Paris—Decree against the Press—Protest of Refugees—Regulations for the Election—Interference of the Church . . . . . | 548 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

|                                                                |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| From the Completion of the Coup d'Etat to the Empire . . . . . | 563 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXIX.

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| The Empire—Is it Peace? . . . . . | 574 |
|-----------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXX.

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Marriage—War with Russia . . . . . | 578 |
|------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXXI.

|                                                                                                                            |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| War with Russia, continued—Peace—Diplomatic Discussions—Evasion of the Treaty—France courts Alliance with Russia . . . . . | 585 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LXXII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Visit of the Emperor to her Britannic Majesty—Visit of her Majesty to the Emperor—Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor—The Congress of Paris—Jealousies between France and England—The War in China—Events of Recent years—Character of the Emperor's Domestic and Foreign Policy . . . . . | 589 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

# THE LIBERATORS OF ITALY.

## INTRODUCTION.

"Italia! Oh Italia, thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty—  
O God, that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely, or more powerful and could claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress.

—Then, still untired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents poured  
Down the Alps.

—Nor the stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence."—BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

THE recent history and present conditions of Italy claim the attention and interest of the world. Whatever her glory in the remote past, or the gloom and bondage which so long hung over the Italian land and the Italian heart, the recent development of her vitality, moral and political, and the course of events, partly created by that vitality, and in part evolving it, cannot fail to invest the Italy of the present with an interest no way inferior to that of the past.

But lately two mighty potentates, the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria, stood in the array of battle upon her plains. Victory crowned the arms of the former, who now holds a position at variance with Italian liberty and honour. Italy is discontented, and eager to make sacrifices for the consolidation of her power, the independence of her territory, and the universal recognition of her name as that of a great and free nation. In presence

of these events Europe and the world are awaiting with mingled doubt, apprehension, and hope, the termination of these agitations, and the appearance of the Italian kingdom with the area of territory finally fixed as her own; and in the relation to the European family of states which her intelligence and resources may qualify her to take. What statesmen and politicians call the balance of power must be seriously affected by the advent of the new kingdom among the great states, and by the contracted or expanded range of her sovereign's dominions. Shall Italy have Rome for her capital, and possess the beautiful queen of the Adriatic—at once a source of power and a pride? or must Venice still give out her blood beneath the hoof of invading squadrons, and Rome wear the pall of superstition, bondage, and sorrow? The solution of these problems is of deep concern to the nations, and England must know or must learn that it concerns her.

No great struggle can take place upon the arena of continental Europe which Britain does not feel. War has no thunders which do not reverberate upon our shores, no lightnings which are not reflected in our social and political atmosphere. The industry of these islands is sensitive and apprehensive. Our manufacturers will seldom find customers where the ploughshare and the pruning-hook are turned into swords and spears; for, whatever our capacity for producing the instruments of destruction, our manufactures will not produce what our merchants cannot export. The money-market becomes deranged by the vicissitudes of commerce, as well as by the drains of specie for the payment of fleets and armies, and for repairing the waste which they create. Even when general revolutions or contiguous wars compel foreign capitalists to invest in England, there is monetary and commercial sensitiveness from the uncertain condition of our foreign customers. These facts always ensure the perusal by the English public of the records of a great revolution, or a great war wherever the hostile flags of rival nations or empires may be unfurled.

Our ideas of religious liberty plead with our best principles and opinions for the policy of free, constitutional Italy, and we ask ourselves, is it for this generation to see the temporal, and perhaps ecclesiastical power of the Pope, perish amidst the feuds of his own subjects; or shall the Papal chair and the triple crown rise from amidst the flames of revolution and the tide of battle ecclesiastically and politically omnipotent?

A state of things which suggests and ever constrains such questions must engage the thoughts of intelligent men in our own and every land. But who with sentiment, taste, and any acquaintance with history, can regard, unmoved, the rising glory of such a country,

connected with the greatest names and events of the past, and the most captivating associations of classic times?

Lord Macaulay has truly and expressively remarked, "History, when we look at it in small portions, may be so construed as to mean anything." Hence it is important in taking up an historical period or incident to view it in its consecutive relations; to trace it back to the events in which it has had its birth, as well as to follow it out to the consequences in which it has found, or is likely to find its issues. It is not always so difficult to trace the antecedents and sequences of current history as many imagine. God governs the moral as well as the physical universe by laws which it is the province of the statesman and historian to study, and by applying general principles to what is passing before his eyes, the work of Providence may be discerned, and some gleams of the future be caught as its light approaches.

It has been also truly as strikingly said, "A consummated era, or a completed life, presents a fair and safe field for the labours of an annalist." In each case the facts are accomplished, and all that can be known it is in the power of industry to reveal. Standing far back from the point of view, each object, each event, assumes its true proportions in relation to the whole; while many a tangled maze of intention and effect, of influences impossible to be understood at the scene and time of action, even by the actors, grows plain to an intelligent mind, revealing the finished game afar off. Yet it cannot be denied there is a peculiar interest attached to the lives of eminent men who remain upon the great stage of action, from whom still much is expected, and whose future may affect for ever the reputations of their past. In the case of Cavour we have to deal with a completed life. That of Victor Emmanuel is still before the world for judg-







## THE LIBERATORS OF ITALY.

ment. While much confidence is felt in him, he is regarded with a constitutional vigilance by the Italian people, and by all who sympathise with them. It is yet to be decided, will he be the royal banner bearer of a free nation in war and peace, or will he yield to the reactionists who creep around his throne?

Of Garibaldi all men have formed a clear and decisive opinion. Friends or foes have no doubts of the singleness of his purpose, and the directness of his aim. It may be predicated of his policy and enterprises that they will always be in harmony with the designs and direction of the career he has already pursued. But of no living sovereign or statesman can there exist so little certainty in reference to his future political course as of the Emperor of the French. There is speculative interest attached to it, full of curiosity, and yet of the most grave and earnest concern. What shall be the future of this adventurous politician, prince, and soldier? Is he destined to shoot like a fiery meteor over this hemisphere, or the world, and then perish like his predecessor?

Is he to be a new apostle of nationalities, propagating at the same time novel forms of freedom and of despotism, and leaving behind no definite political system, as certain comets, which, forming separate nuclei, cease to be, yet multiply themselves, creating new wonders?

The *prominent* action of Italy's deliverers began in the events which preluded and created the events of 1848. It will be necessary to glance at the state of Italy at that period in order to understand and appreciate the previous and subsequent career of her liberators.

Before entering upon the biography of its liberators, it is desirable to give a brief description of Italy itself. A country always maintains its great features, while the progress of civilisation, the incursion of new races, and even the change of religious opinion, will alter the city and the landscape; the social life of a people modifies its aspect, however distinct and prominent its great natural features may remain for ever.

## CHAPTER I.

### ITALY.

"Land of the mountain and the flood"—SCOTT.

THE description of the physical peculiarities of Scotland, given by the prince of novelists, is applicable still more to Italy. It is a country of striking characteristics in its general form, its geographical situation, and its detailed features.

A description of Italy a few years since would have presented Lombardy and Venice as Austrian territory. Lombardy has been won

by the Italian sword, but Austria still holds Venice in her thralldom. When Austria was driven from Italy (with the exception of Venice) in the recent war, Nice and the Duchy of Savoy belonged to Italy. The ally of Italy in that struggle has wrested those two provinces from the Piedmontese territory, as compensation for his alliance, and as security for his own preponderance, lest the rising kingdom should

become too great. Thus the territory which should be properly described as belonging to Italy has been varying, as new revolutions, invasions, wars, or settlements modified it. Italy may be described as bounded on the north, north-east, and north-west, by the Alps, on the east by the Adriatic, and on the west and south by the Mediterranean Sea. On the north-west it has France, on the north Switzerland, Carinthia, and the Tyrol; on the north-east Carnio and Croatia. It requires but a slight consideration of this position in relation to other powers and territories, to be convinced that Italy is likely to prove an object of jealousy to various powerful neighbouring nations, and that she is herself in danger of inroads from various directions. The country is, in a military point of view, very strong. The Italian may sing, as Milman paraphrases the Psalmist—

"For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God."

But Italy has seldom been united enough to turn her military advantages to account during centuries of misgovernment and oppressions. The magnificent frontier of the Alps affords fine opportunities of defence. This frontier is semi-circular. It is divided into three great masses, which are sub-divided into smaller groups.

The Western Alps beginning at the gorge of De Tenda in the south curve in a north-east direction to Mont Blanc. There are several passes through this range, namely, the Col de Tenda, Mont Genevra, Mont Cenis, and Little St. Bernard.

The Central Alps extend from Mont Blanc to the peak of the Drey Herren Spitz.\* Mont St. Gothard, the Simplon, and the Great St. Bernard, are comprehended in this segment of the circle.

\* Peak of the Three Lords.

The Eastern Alps run east and south from Drey Herren Spitz to the Port of Fiume in the Gulf of Guarnero.

Through the mountain frontiers the Austrians have five good passes, the French but two. Italy was far more exposed to aggression from Austria than from France previous to the "correction" of the French frontier by the annexation of Savoy and Nice.

The sea frontiers of Italy are of course exposed to the operations of naval Powers, but various important points are defended by fortifications, most of them at present mounted with good smooth-bore guns, but also bearing a proportion of a superior modern Sardinian rifled gun.

Having thus described the general boundaries and strength of position, it is necessary, to enable the reader to form a clear conception of the resources and quality of a country so often fought for during two millenniums, to present its peculiar features more in detail.

The deeds performed by her liberators, either when in arms for her rescue, or when in peace administering her affairs, cannot be appreciated unless the reader also has before his mind the general conformation of the country where the conflicts for liberty were sustained, and the general resources which her citizens and statesmen may employ for her prosperity and happiness.

Italy is divided by nature into two very dissimilar regions. The first is Lombardy or Upper Italy, bounded on the north by the Alps, and on the south by the Apennines. This tract commences on the north and west among Alpine heights and glens, whose aspect is that of Switzerland. The mountains then subside into broad meadow plains, watered by large rivers. Southward of the ridge of the Apennines is the second region, the strictly peninsular portion of Italy. On

crossing the mountains which bound it on the north we immediately lose the broad plains and full rivers of Lombardy. The Apennine accompanies us to the extremity of the peninsula, dividing it lengthwise, narrowing the flats, and forming deep hollows by the promontories which are everywhere sent out. The mountains, though in many districts lofty, are rounded in shape; and the undulating hills which cluster around their sides sink down into flat alluvial valleys like the deserted beds of lakes. Woods of olive trees, not unlike in character to the birch, cover the rising grounds with their grey foliage. Towns and villages on the plains, or oftener perched like castles on the hills, peer out from amidst vineyards, or clumps of the dark, flat-topped pine, and the tall, pillar-like cypress; and the most uncultivated and lonely of the vales are clothed with a picturesque and almost tropical prodigality of vegetation, in the wild trees and shrubs, the broad leafy masses of the glossy ilex, the rich forms and colours of the arbutus, and the graceful outline of the fragrant myrtle.

The mineralogy of Italy, particularly its volcanic products, would furnish a very extensive and interesting subject. The richest region is Piedmont, which almost rivals the Carpathian mountains in Hungary; next to Piedmont is the Milanese territory, particularly around Sienna; but its mines have been almost entirely neglected. Gold is found in the superior regions near Macugnana, and in the vale of Sesia; and the torrents of Evenzona roll down pebbles of quartz veined with this precious metal. Silver occurs in the valleys of Sesia and Aosta, and between Reggio and Scilla. There are rich iron mines in Sessera, Susa, Tuscany, Vermezzana, and Abruzzo-Ulteriore. Copper mines are very numerous in the districts of Aosta, in Piedmont; one is found also in the Milanese territory, and in

the Massa district of Tuscany. Antimony, arsenic, and zinc occur along with copper and lead in some of the silver mines: and plumbago, or black lead, near the baths of Bina. There are several mines of alum in the ecclesiastical territory; veins are generally found near the surface, particularly in the mountains of Tolfa. In the neighbourhood of Taranto are two salt lakes, one of which is nearly eight miles in circumference during winter, when filled with water. The salt works of Volterra produce 18,000,000 lbs. per annum. The borax lagoons of Tuscany are spread over a surface of thirty miles, and produce from 7,000 to 8,000 lbs. of borax per day. Beautiful marbles of various hues are found in the Genoese and Tuscan territories.

The productions of a country so various in its geological and topographical peculiarities are necessarily very diverse. Lombardy being well supplied with lakes and rivers, and having a rich alluvial soil, is exceedingly fertile, and rivals in its productiveness the finest soils in other countries. Sardinia is more celebrated for its picturesque character than for its riches; but although poor compared with the vast and well watered plains of Lombardy, it possesses great capacities for the industry of the husbandman and the manufacturer.

The Duchies, as they used to be designated before the kingdom of Italy was established, vary in richness, and are generally suitable for high agricultural development, but were so misgoverned under the dominions of petty tyrants, that they were much impoverished. The Apennine region is for the most part chill and barren, extending an unfavourable influence over the territories contiguous to it. But some of the valleys watered by winding rivers are surpassingly luxuriant. The meadows, clover fields, groves, gardens, and orchards, which stretch away by the Arno, and

around Florence, are amongst the most productive in Europe, and constitute landscapes as beautiful as the eye can rest upon. They are remarkable for a soft repose, and for the vast variety of tint over field and foliage which appear so charming in the light of the bright and clear Italian sky.

In the old kingdom of Naples, there is all the luxuriance of a southern clime and rich soil, intermingled in different directions with sterile and marshy lands.

Possessed of a fertile soil and happy climate, Italy is adapted to almost all the productions of Europe, and might by little pains be made nearly independent of foreign countries; but the state of agriculture, even in its best provinces, is faulty in the extreme. The implements of husbandry are everywhere of a rude construction. In Lombardy, the waggon is one of the clumsiest vehicles possible, being raised like a high scaffold above four small wheels, and drawn by means of one elevated pole, under which the oxen are yoked in a very uneasy manner. The plough is constructed in a very awkward style, and in despite of all the known principles of mechanics. The handles are of unequal lengths, and both so very short, that the ploughman having no lever to assist him, is forced to bend forwards, and to use all his weight to keep the share from entering too deep into the ground. Oxen are uniformly employed by the farmers both in the plough and waggon; horses are used only for riding to market and church, or for drawing a small provision cart or other family conveyance. In many places most of the work is done by the spade and hoe. The grain is separated from the straw in many places by the trampling of cattle, which are tied in a string, and whipped round and round till the operation is completed. In the Terra-di-Ottanto it is done by two oxen

dragging between them a heavy rough stone, which breaks the sheaves and shakes out the corn. Several districts are comparatively well cultivated, particularly Lombardy, Venice, Piedmont, and Tuscany; but those parts upon which nature has scattered her richest blessings, such as Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, formerly the storehouses of the world, still suffer under the evils of an oppressive feudal system. In good years Italy produces corn enough for its own consumption, and even for exportation; but when the harvest is not good—which happens almost every third year—the deficit must be imported from Africa and Hungary. De Chateaueux divides Italy as respects its agriculture into three regions. The first is Lombardy, or the great plain traversed by the Po, the fruitfulness of which allows the crops to succeed one another in a certain order which remains always the same. The second region extends on the south declivity of the Apennines from the frontiers of France to the borders of Calabria. This is the olive country. The third comprehends those pastoral countries where animals and vegetables thrive, but from which man is expelled by the malaria.

Having thus sketched the general character of soil and scenery, it is necessary to give some description, illustrating the political importance of the countries united under Victor Emmanuel, or claimed by Italy for his sovereignty, and over which the conflicts between the oppressors and liberators raged.

The name Lombardy is given by geographers to that portion of North Italy which is enclosed between the Alps and the North Apennines, and comprises the west portion of the basin of the Po. They sub-divide that region into Upper or Western Lombardy, and Lower or Eastern Lombardy. The states of Parma and Modena, and the east part of the continental

states of Sardunia, are comprised under the appellation Lombardy.

Venetian Lombardy comprises the whole east quarter of Northern Italy, and is bounded by the Sardinian dominions and the canton of Ticino on the west, on the north-west by the Grisons, on the north by the Tyrol and Carinthia, on the east by Istria, Carniola, and the Adriatic, on the south by the Po, from its confluence with the Ticino till it enters the Gulf of Venice. It lies between 9° and 14° E. longitude, and 45° and 70° N. latitude. Its greatest length, from the frontier of Carniola on the east, to the canton of Ticino on the west, is 220 miles; its breadth, from the Po to Mont Brenner, is 140 miles.

Lombardy is for the most part a level country. Its north frontier is covered by the Alps and their ramifications, amongst which the Splugen, the Arteler, the Cloce, the Legnone, and the Monte de l'Oro, present themselves; and in the east part are the Bereci and Euganean hills. The soil of the great plain of Lombardy is entirely alluvial, composed of materials which have been deposited by waters to an unknown depth. In the tract nearest to the mountains, gravel of considerable size is mixed with earth; but it becomes smaller and less in quantity as it recedes from the high lands; so that the whole seems nearly composed of a black and very fertile mould. The high enclosing mountains afford an immense supply of water, which the great lakes at the foot of the Alps serve to economise, and to discharge with regularity and steadiness. The fields are separated by rows of poplars. Towns and villages are numerous, the population very dense, the atmosphere cloudless, and the beauty of the country in general all that fertility and cultivation can bestow.

The Po, the great river of Italy, with its numerous arms and branches, waters this noble

region. On the left, the Po receives the Ticino, Olona, Lambro, Adda, Oglio, and Mincio: on the right the Secchia. The Po is by far the most important for magnitude of length and course, and is justly denominated the prince of the Italian streams. On account of its depth, it received from the Ligurians, who dwelt in its neighbourhood, the appellation of *Bodencus*, or "the bottomless." The classic pen of Ovid has immortalised it under the name of *Eridanus*, as consecrated by the fall of Phaeton, shaded by his sister-poplars, and enriched by their amber-tears. This magnificent stream rises in the recesses of Mount Vesulus or Viso, at an elevation of 6,466 feet, thirty miles to the west of Turin, on the confines of France and Italy, and nearly in the parallel of Mount Dauphine, in Dauphiné, and of Saluzzo, in Piedmont. Descending from the Western Alps, it passes on the north-east of Paluzzo, by Carignan, to Turin, receiving even in this short space many alpine streams, as the Varila, Maïra, and Grana from the south, and the Felice, Sagon, and others from the north. Most of these streams having had a longer course than that which is called the Po, might perhaps be more justly regarded as the principal river; nay, the Tanara, which rises in the Apennines, and flows into the Po, some miles below Alessandria, might claim, in the river Stura, a more remote source than the Po itself. The comparative course of the Po is about 300 miles. Its average breadth from Turin, where it becomes navigable, to Arona, where it falls into the Adriatic, is 1,200 feet. To the north of Ferrara it is as broad as the Rhine at Dusseldorf, and before it reaches the Mincio it rivals the Danube at Vienna. Its depth is everywhere great, and its current strong and rapid. The Tagliamento, Livenza, Piave, Brenta, Bacchiglione, and Adige, debouch immediately into the sea. At the foot

of the Alps several large lakes present themselves, such as the Lago Maggiore, Lago Varese, Lago Eugano, Como, Isio, Idro, and Garda. The principal canals are the Naviglio-Grande on the south-west; and the Adigetto, the Bianco, Frassine, Sartaro, and Monsclée.

The capital of Lombardy, the ancient Mediolanum, is Milan. It is situated in a flat region, nearly surrounded by the streams of the Olona and Lavessa, which irrigate a rich and fertile neighbourhood. From Milan the country extends far and wide in one vast and beautiful region, scarcely marked by an upland. The population of Milan is about the same as that of Edinburgh. The cathedral is celebrated for its beautiful Gothic architecture. Some of the streets and public buildings command respect; others, notwithstanding the climate, are dingy and squalid. The squares have a European celebrity, as has also the Amphitheatre and the Opera House, the largest and finest in the world. This city is the seat of a university, and its libraries have long been famous. Milan has collections of art, particularly of sculpture, rivalled by those of few cities. Her people cultivate art. Several of the great masters of Italian taste have been natives of the Lombard capital. There is nothing, however, connected with this city so remarkable as her fortifications, which occupy a circumference of eight miles. Milan has suffered much in its history from oft-repeated and terrible conquests; still, it is the most prosperous town in Italy, excepting Turin, and is surrounded by country the most luxuriant of any in the Peninsula.

The city of Mantua is of great importance to the military defence of Upper Italy. It is situated on an island of the Mincio, and is surrounded by marshes, artificially preserved, and made a portion of the defences, which are extensive and formidable. The Mincio secures Mantua in military operations—not only secures

the province which bears its name, but holds a position important to the rest of Italy. The town is the seat of a bishop, has a fine cathedral, and many churches, some of them decorated by fine pictures and statues. Here are also convents and monasteries, theatres and picture galleries, all extensive, and possessing a certain degree of magnificence. Within a short distance of Mantua, at Ardes, Virgil was born.

Verona is considered by many as of more importance than Mantua, and has been called by several military writers the key of Upper Italy.

Venice, now under the dominion of Austria, and for which all Italy sighs and seeks the rescue, is situated on the Adriatic, on a gulf which takes its name from the city. It is built upon a closely-formed cluster of islands, said to be seventy-two in number, separated from one another by shallows, which vary in depth from about five feet to more than eight feet. It is the capital of the province of Venice, which, united with Lombardy, has been called the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. After a history of more than 1,400 years, and many years of depression and dependence, it is again rising into importance, and likely to form a part of the new Kingdom of Italy when it becomes consolidated. Since 1797, the foot of the brutal and bigoted Austrian has been upon the heart of the fair city, and the Queen of the Adriatic has been a captive. If the sun of liberty has not yet arisen, the dawn of hope has broken through the darkness of her bondage, and Italy and Europe are pronouncing, Venice will yet be free.

This city has always been considered one of the most beautiful in Europe. The situation for "a sea-built city" is very fine; and resting on so many islands, the domes, spires, and splendid buildings seem to the distant specta-







tor to rise from the sea itself, or, as some have remarked, "to float upon its bosom."

The area of Sardinia, exclusive of the island from which the kingdom takes its name, is estimated at 19,850 square miles, including 12,280 square miles for Piedmont. The population of the whole kingdom, according to the census of 1853, was 4,368,932, including 2,750,000 for Piedmont. This region, extending from Mount Cenis and the Simplon to the maritime Alps and the Northern Apennines, as the result of careful irrigation and high culture, is highly prolific, and able to export a surplus produce of grain. Sardinia, on the other hand, does not produce enough to supply its own wants, the average importation of foreign grain being estimated at 201,278 quarters of wheat, 47,398 of Indian corn; total, 248,676 English quarters.

From its peculiar situation, Sardinia (using the expression generally) is highly picturesque, and the people daring, hardy, and energetic. Here the nucleus was formed around which the brave and free of all Italy were ranged for the deliverance of their country.

The capital is Turin. It is situated upon an extensive plain, where the rivers Po and Doria form their confluence, and was once the capital of those Laurinians of Liguria who offered such strenuous resistance to Hannibal. Dykes, cut from the Po and Doria, intersect the streets and the vicinity, affording water for various purposes, but especially for cleansing and draining. Here the King of Italy has his palace; and until Rome be clear of the French domination, here also the Houses of Legislature will sit, and the offices of administration be located. It is said that there are one hundred and twenty churches in this city, a church for every thousand of the inhabitants. The picture galleries of Turin are famous, containing many chief works of the oldest and best

masters of Italian art. There is a fine public promenade, and the town is surrounded by beautiful and luxuriant gardens. The university does not at present stand high in European estimation; provision is made in it for a considerable number of students. The arsenal is of great extent, and contains vast quantities of warlike material. The *Accademia Militare* is one of the most remarkable and important institutions of Turin. It is set apart for the education of officers, and is the great introductory college for that purpose. From it the more advanced pupils enter the College of Engineers and Artillery; the next class of students entering the staff college, whence, in the result of competitive examinations, they pass to commissions on the staff of the army. There are two schools for officers, besides one at Ivrea for infantry, and one at Pinerol for cavalry.

Alessandria is the most important military place in the old dominions of Victor Emmanuel, although the population of the city is not more than 40,000. The town is built on the left bank of the Tanaro, but two formidable fortifications are on the right bank. This fortified place commands an extended plain, and from its ramparts may be seen the not distant village and battle-field of Marengo, where the great Napoleon had one of the severest military struggles of his career, and victory, scarcely won, which was yet full of victory's fruits. Alessandria stands in the centre of the upper basin of the Po, all the roads which traverse that plain converging upon the stronghold. It is only sixty miles north-west of Genoa, and within a distance of only ten additional miles, in an opposite direction, of the capital.

Genoa is one of the most important cities of northern Italy, and gives its name to the gulf on the shores of which it has its site. It is built crescent-like towards the sea, ascending

terrace above terrace on the first slopes of the Apennines. This city is the naval arsenal of the king of Italy. The city itself is not larger than Limerick, or Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but its commerce, maritime resources, and situation, give it great influence as a place in relation to Italy. Once the Genoese were the merchants, and Genoa the emporium, of the world; now, no more can be said for its commerce than that it is first in Italy.

The Duchy of Parma, including that of Placenza and the province of Lumigiana, has a population of 508,784. It extends from the Po on the north to near the Mediterranean on the south. The whole of the public revenue does not amount to more than £353,280 sterling, which is absorbed by the expenditure.

Placencia, Pezzigluttone, and Cremorne form the salients of a triangle, and are of great strategical importance, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs. Placencia, the capital of the little Duchy of Placenza, is situated on the right bank of the Po, and is an important point of departure for an army destined to act upon the lines of that river. Pezzigluttone defends the passage of the Ada in this direction, for, although that river is broad, deep, and rapid, it is in some few places fordable by troops. Cremorne also defends the Ada, and the three places are so located as to defend one another.

The Duchy of Modena includes Modena, Guastalla, Reggio, Mano, Carrara, the district of the Apennines, and Fivizzano, and is not much larger than Parma. Its population at the last census was 606,139; its annual revenue was only £336,545, and its expenditure £349,126.

These little duchies were especially noticeable during the recent war for the character and conduct of their princes. Parma was governed by the widow (so called) of Napoleon I.,

to whom he was married after putting away Josephine, his wife.

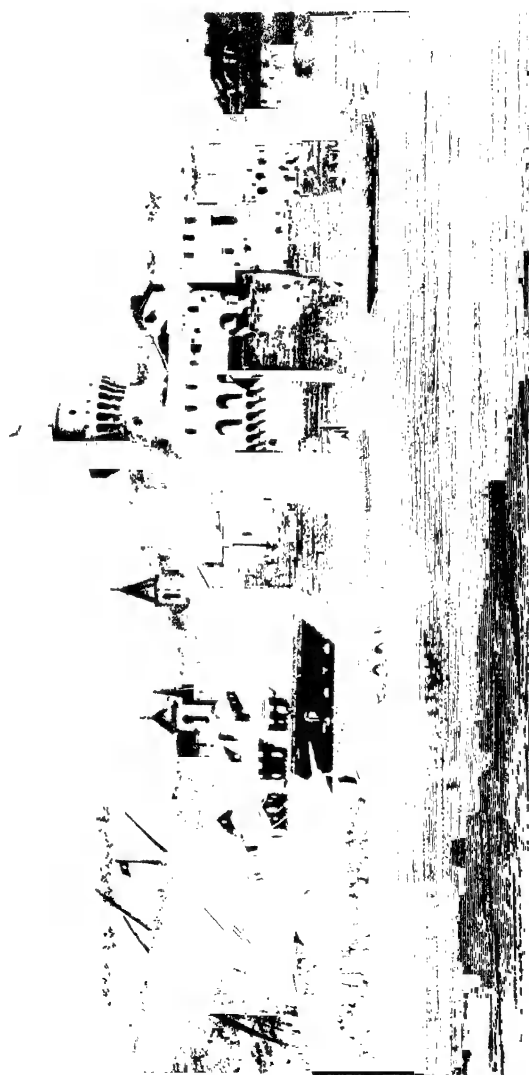
The Duke of Modena was amongst the most obstinate of the Italian despots, and was a mere protégé of the Emperor of Austria. From the year 1815 to the year 1848, numerous treaties were made between Austria and the Italian States. The tenor of all, whether territorial or political, was the aggrandizement of the imperial power, and the subjugation of the nominally independent Italian States eventually to Austria.

By the treaty between Austria and Modena, in 1847, the two powers bind each other to lend help and assistance "in case of an attack from without;" and the Emperor promised to lend every assistance for the preservation of "tranquillity and legal order," within the dominion of the Duke, and in case of their interruption to restore them by military assistance. In February, 1848, just before the great outburst of revolution in Europe, the Emperor imposed a treaty upon Parma identical with that imposed upon Modena.

The arrangements in 1815 for placing the ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, upon the ducal throne of Parma, Placenza, and Lucca virtually consigned these territories to Austrian domination, although certain stipulations of a reversiory interest in favour of Tuscany and Sardinia, gave some slight show of independence.

Tuscany, north of the Arno, includes almost all the territory of the ancient republics of Lucca, Pisa, and Florence. The soil, climate, and configuration of the country are as various as the diversities presented by the sterile, cold, Apennine region,—the fruitful valleys of the Arno, of the Chiana, and Ombrone, and the unhealthy Maremma. The population in 1854 was 1,817,466. There has been an increasing deficit in the finances of Tuscany of late











years, with the necessary result of loans. The ordinary expenditure in 1853 amounted to £1,193,973; and the extraordinary amounted to 8,637,940 lire; whilst the total receipts were only £1,214,632, leaving a deficit of £287,931, a dismal financial prospect to look forward to by this once prosperous little state. After the events of 1815, the Tuscan territory and its Duke became almost as much the property of the Austrian Emperor as Bohemia or Vienna. A treaty between Austria and Tuscany bound the two states to act together for the preservation of the peace of Italy, if disturbed either by enemies from without or revolutionists within. For this purpose the Emperor was to furnish 80,000 men, and the Grand Duke 6,000.

Florence, the capital of Tuscany, is one of the most beautiful cities in Italy. All Italians are proud of *Firenze*, as they have been accustomed to call it. It is situated in the valley of the Arno, one of the most delightful of Italian valleys. The city occupies both sides of the river; it is oval in form, and protected by fortifications. Florence has the reputation of containing the second cathedral in Italy, St. Peter's, at Rome, alone surpassing it. The university and the academy have been celebrated everywhere, and the picture gallery is one of the wonders of continental Europe. Here the Dukes of Tuscany held luxurious state until Garibaldi gave freedom to Italy. The society of Florence is very gay; in the winter a large portion of English, Russians, and Americans take up their residence there.

Leghorn also deserves notice in this sketch. It is the rival of Genoa in commercial importance, and possesses a population as large as Cork, or even Bristol, if the suburbs be included. The neighbourhood is marshy and unhealthy. It is well fortified towards the sea. The natives call it *Livonia*.

Pisa is another city in the Tuscan territory deserving mention. It is situated a few miles from the mouth of the Arno, and is celebrated for two things—its university and its leaning tower.

The States of the Church are bounded on the north by the Po, on the north-east by the Adriatic, and on the south-east by the kingdom of Naples, and on the north-west by Tuscany and Modena. They cover an area of 12,042 geographical miles, and according to the census of 1853, the whole population did not exceed 3,124,000. These numbers were not published until 1857. The spare character of the population is attributable chiefly to a considerable extent of the country being uninhabitable through the influence of malaria.

Civita Vecchia and Ancona are the two principal seaports. Accumulations of sand have rendered the ancient harbours of Terracina, Porto d'Anzio, Ostia, and Porto useless to vessels of large burthen; the rapid extension of the delta of the Tiber has had its effects on the latter place. Among the largest lakes are those of Thrasmene, or Perugia, Bolsena, and Bracciano.

The Papal States are divided into twenty provinces. Rome, the capital, is, as all readers know, the seat of the Papal throne; and the Roman States were the worst governed in the world, before Garibaldi added them to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. Such portions as are still secured to the Papal chair by the usurpation of the French, are as badly governed as ever. Distress, misery, brigandage, assassination, religious persecution, arrest without law, taxation without any public account of expenditure, mendicancy encouraged by the State itself, and the grossest ignorance, degrade the people and the Government.

To describe the city of Rome would be

impossible within the limits of these papers. Her palaces, churches, ruins, works of art, squalor, poverty, wretchedness; her ecclesiastical display and authority, and population hostile to the Government; her schools of painting and sculpture, and the destitution of all solid instruction, would require volumes to be written to pourtray them. What a contrast her ecclesiastical parade and weakness, her diminished population (not reaching a third-rate English city), and her poverty, to the glory and power of past ages, when Rome sat the queen of nations, the mistress of the world!

"First of the mighty" can it be  
That this is all remains of thee!"

As a ruined pile will often throw its shadows far, and spread by the very progress of demolition, so modern Rome throws from her ruined greatness a shadow over Italy and the world, and spreads and encumbers in the very process of her desolation. This has not come by chance.

"Est profecto Deus qui quæ nos gerimus audit quæ et videt,  
Neque id verum existimo, quod vulgo dicitur  
Fortuna, humana fingit artaque ut lubet." \*

The kingdom of Naples is bounded on the north-west by the Papal States, on the north-east by the Adriatic, on the south-east by the Ionian, and on the west by the Mediterranean Sea. It is estimated at about 31,595 English square miles. Its length, measured along the chain of the Apennines, is 350 miles. The breadth varies considerably. It is 70 miles from the mouth of the Garigliano in the Bay of Gaeta to the mouth of the Trigno on the Adriatic; and about the same from Salerno to the mouth of the Carapella. It is 112 miles

from Capo di Licosa to Bari, and to Brindisi 150; from the shore north of Paola to south of the mouth of the Crati is 29 miles, and only 16 between the gulfs of Sant Euphemia and of Squillace. The Neapolitan kingdom is divided into fifteen provinces. The population bears no proportion to the superficial extent of each province, the natural conformation of the country and various local circumstances combining to increase it in some, and to diminish it in others. On the 1st of January, 1853, the number of inhabitants amounted to 6,843,355, of whom 3,368,008 were males, and 3,475,347 were females.

The city of Naples is beautifully situated upon the bay to which it gives its name, and which is supposed to be the most beautiful in the world, although that of Dublin, and that of Messina in Sicily, may put in rival claims. Along the shores of the bay the city extends itself, rising gradually in the background among the shelving eminences which overlook the sea. All around and above the city are gardens and graceful plantations. A large villa population occupies the higher ground, their villas surrounded by the clustering vine and all the rich foliage of that bright southern clime. On the eastern side of the bay, Vesuvius, mantled with verdure, crowned with gloom or with flame, frowns, or gleams with fitful fires. On the sides of this deceptive mount, villas and villages, cottages and mansions are located, as if the people had never heard of the ancient and far-famed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and their dark fate, buried beneath the lava of the volcano.

The city of Naples abounds with attractions. Its architectural glories are surpassed by those of other Italian cities; it is, however, enriched by a splendid cathedral of the Gothic order, supported by one hundred pillars of granite, which in heathen times belonged to a temple

\* There is certainly a God that sees and hears whatever we do. I do not believe what is commonly spoken, that fortune makes and unmake human affairs at pleasure.

of Apollo. Thus, classic remains decorate and sustain a great edifice consecrated to the Christian name. Naples is also rich in art treasures.

The insular part of the kingdom of Naples, or of the Two Sicilies as it is also called, has figured prominently in the modern revolution, and was the theatre of some of Garibaldi's most glorious exploits. It is about the size of the Island of Sardinia, but a far more valuable acquisition to Victor Emmanuel. The capital, Palermo, the cities of Messina, Syracuse, and Catania, are all interesting and important. The cathedral of Palermo is a grand Gothic edifice. The cities of this island filled a conspicuous place in ancient history, and its soil is classic ground. Mount Etna gives it a world-wide interest; but that vol-

cano, like its continental neighbour, Vesuvius, has often spread death and destruction around it. Insular Sicily has had a strangely mingled history of glory, sorrow, shame, and crime. Earthquake, volcanic eruption, plague, pestilence, war, revolution, oppression, have cursed it by turns. Still does it rise from them all, as the verdure bursting up amidst the lava of some recent eruption from its burning mountain, when the genial climate penetrates all obstacles, and nurtures all beauty into vigorous life.

It is the opinion of eminent mineralogists, that the unworked mines of Italy are vastly rich, and that in this respect wealth may be developed for the new kingdom such as never was contemplated in the days of misgovernment and darkness.

## CHAPTER II

### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"State men are not so able as they are supposed to be."—RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

IN the last chapter we wrote of the country; in this we treat of its occupants.

In order to understand the circumstances which called the deliverers of Italy into activity, and gave them scope for the marvellous genius they exhibited, it is necessary to give a brief sketch of Italian history to the year 1848. All the men whose career is about to be placed before the reader took part in the affairs of Italy, and exercised some influence on its affairs previous to that time; but to comprehend that part, and the subsequent relation of these heroes to the course of events, the historical outline of this chapter is essential.

Pagan Italy is known to our educated youth. The great episodes of Roman history, the muse of Virgil, Horace, and Terence, and the eloquence of Cicero, must exercise an influence upon all nations, lasting as time. The military and imperial greatness of Rome are transcendent in the history of war and empire, however stained with blood the wreaths of her laurel, and capricious the acts of her despots.

When Christianity shed her light upon the nations, Italy was still destined to be great. She gave multitudes of her children to the churches. Unfortunately the church learned to seek repose upon the lap of empire, and became corrupted by her triumphs and her

treasures. An age of ecclesiastical supremacy and venality arrived when the chief doctors of religion became too indolent for anything but persecutions, except such as had a genius for political intrigue and administration, or those who in a wild fanaticism went out to proselyte in other lands, where they carried the ceremonial of the church, as well as the fire of the persecutor. With the full Papal period came a long season of depression for the intellect of Italy, until the phrase, "the dark ages," has become universally adopted to describe it.

"The slumber of the middle ages was first broken by Italian poetry, and the clarion's blast was given by Dante." He was born at Florence in 1265, and died at Ravenna in 1321. Few men in any age did more to create an intellectual revolution. When Dante died Francesco Petrarca was seventeen years of age. Although his genius was of a different order, his poetical feeling was matured by the greater poet who preceded him. This man also exercised upon his own day and upon after times a great influence. He, too, was a statesman, and had the faculty of attracting to him minds of the highest order. His writings have come down to us mellifluent of softness and sweetness, and vocal with soft harmonies. He did much to form the dulcet character of the modern Italian mind, and pour over its harsher features the mild radiance of his own genius. While yet the fame of Petrarca filled Italy, Torquato Tasso was born, and maintained an intellectual ascendancy until nearly the close of the fourteenth century. One of the great epics destined to transmit its fame to all ages—"Jerusalem Delivered"—was the creation of his stately and fertile mind.

It was not in poetry, philosophy, and statesmanship only, that the new era for Italy became conspicuous. Painting, sculpture, and

architecture had their revival. The name of Michael Angelo stands first among the revivers of art. His genius encompassed all departments. A sculptor, painter, and architect, he has left behind monuments of his conceptive power, masterly manipulation, and exquisite taste, which, if they may not last for ever, will fill all times and all nations with the history of their achievement. Raphael, a contemporary of Michael Angelo, introduced a new era in painting, and stands on the scroll of fame among the highest in all lands. Leonardo da Vinci, also of that remarkable period, was a man of more comprehensive power and versatility than perhaps any man of his age, fruitful as it was in men of taste and power. Eminently a painter, he was also sculptor, architect, poet, musician. He was known in the world of science, having been esteemed a good practical mathematician, mechanic, and astronomer. He cultivated botany, and as a florist surpassed most men of his age and country.

As the sixteenth century opened, the attention of the Italians was attracted to mathematics and astronomy. When the first half of the sixteenth century had passed away, this kind of learning was of more repute; and in 1564 was born a man intended by Providence to make great discoveries, and assert important scientific principles. That man was Galileo. As the discoverer of the telescope and microscope, and of the laws of the pendulum, he won celebrity and rendered great service to science. His confirmation of the Copernican system and overthrow of the Ptolemaic won for him the greatest fame.

The statesmen of Italy who flourished at the period when these, her most eminent artists and literati, lived, were in some cases also remarkable men. The Medici were truly great. Cosmo, "the father of his country," and

Lorenzo, "the magnificent," illustrated this. Machiavelli was as notorious as either, as intellectual, better versed in human nature, more especially evil human nature, more astute, and competent to deal with the wily and treacherous, himself without principle or scruple. As a man of letters, diplomatist, statesman, he was a great man, so far as any may be deemed so who are not guided by virtue.

The great intellect of so many of her sons did not procure good government for Italy. Pontiffs, princes, and ministers ruled despotically; crushing beneath their feet every blossom of promise, persecuting her ablest and best men, and slaying or driving into obscurity all who lifted their voice in favour of religious or moral reformation. Yet Italy produced many such men. Long before "the Reformation," men of public impression, sincere, eloquent, and earnest, arose in Italy, proclaiming in the main the same tenets which Luther, Melancthon, and their coadjutors afterwards successfully propagated. Savonarola was among the earliest of the Italian reformers who obtained notoriety and influence. His eloquence carried Florence captive, gained the attention of all Italy, and shook the Vatican. He was publicly burned as a heretic.

When the Reformation kindled in Europe, "a fire that could never be quenched," Italy, like Spain, saw the light, and felt the glow. In both countries numerous churches of the new Evangelism spread over the land, and extended the sacred flame. In each case it was trodden out by violence, or extinguished in blood. As deep a gloom set upon Italy for a time as that of the middle ages. Tyranny in all its forms triumphed. Foreign insult and injury were added to domestic oppression. Often she turned hopefully to her princes and her ministers when some show of patriotism and ability was made by them, but nearly

always to be disappointed. She realised bitterly the aphorism selected as a motto for this chapter, "Statesmen are not so able as they are supposed to be." Down to the period of 1796, for a considerable number of years, the provinces of Milan and Mantua were delegations of Austria. Russell, in his "Modern Europe," represents them as governed by their Austrian satraps with "prudence and humanity, a regard for justice, and a spirit of philanthropy and beneficence." The historian of Modern Europe had no sufficient evidence of these assertions. Austria *quietly* plundered the provinces as long as they were *quiet*, but upon the smallest display of resistance, relentless tyranny was put forth. The "delegates of Austria" did indeed find amusements for the people, which tended to enervate them, and they were patrons of the Italian opera, painting, and sculpture; but a terrible reign of civil and sacerdotal despotism ruled these provinces, preventing all freedom of speech, writing, commerce, or worship. The Italian was, like the eagle chained and fed on a gentleman's lawn, an object of some interest, but without scope for his nobler nature, which longed to break the chain and soar. Venice and Genoa were at that time independent republics, but an irresponsible aristocracy virtually, and even ostensibly, governed the people. Sardinia and Piedmont had independence under the government of their king, who ruled without a constitution. The governments of Southern Italy were pure despotisms; that of Pontifical Rome, what it had been before, what it is now, *semper eadem*. Such was Italy when, like its own Vesuvius, the great French revolution burst forth in fiery streams and resistless impetuosity.

There can be no doubt now, as Lord Brougham has proved, that the aim of the French revolutionists was to secure freedom

for themselves, and to protect against *foreign* interference all nations struggling for freedom also, in whatever form, monarchical or republican.

Allied Europe made war upon them in the hope of restoring absolute monarchy, and France marshalled her armies and launched them upon the territories of her enemies. Italy was to a considerable extent prepared to receive the new doctrines, and awaited with hope the march of the invaders as they rushed forth to her plains, from what she in the main considered to be regenerated France. It is not proper or possible here to describe the struggles which ensued. France found a leader in the person of Napoleon Buonaparte, who overcame all resistance, and in successive campaigns overthrew the despotisms by which Italy was governed. Mainly under the influence of Buonaparte, himself an Italian by birth, although a French citizen, the French republic held Italian lands, as conquered, or bartered them with Austria for political ends. When Buonaparte became Consul and Emperor, his Italian policy was the undisguised conquest of the whole peninsula under the pretence of deliverance. Yet Italy was freer and happier under the *régime* of Buonaparte than she had been under her own princes, and Austria. The power of the Pontiff, the most terrible of all to her, was held within the clutch of the great conqueror. The changes through which various portions of Italy passed during the long struggle, from the first republican invasion to the restoration of absolute monarchy in 1815, would demand space to relate beyond that assigned to our present purpose. When Buonaparte was a captive in St. Helena, the Bourbon was again seated on the throne of France, and the continental allies had formed "a holy alliance" against liberty. A congress was called at Vienna, amongst the purposes of

which the re-arrangement of Italy, upon something like the basis of the pre-revolutionary period, was considered to be pressing and important. The assignment of territory to the different sovereigns was then made, so as substantially to be what it was on the breaking out of the late Italian war with Austria.

In the interval Italy felt the iron of bondage enter into her soul; her self-respect was wounded to the core; she panted for freedom "as the hart panteth for the water-brook." All reliance upon the professed attachment to liberty by either France or England vanished, although some few of her patriots still turned to both countries with hope. To work out their own salvation by their own right hand became the political creed of the States of Northern Italy.

The endurance of Italy from the year 1815 to 1848 was a terrible trial. In Southern Italy the degradation became great; superstition, servility, highway robbery, and mendicity, cursed it. The lazzaroni of Naples, the brigands of Calabria and the Marches, were the terror of travellers, the wonder of foreigners, the shame of the country, and the reproach and condemnation of her statesmen, sovereigns, and Pontiff. Italy did not, during this long period, remain silent; her protests were loud. She clanked her chains in the ears of Europe, and demanded to be free. Nor did she sit down, and in frantic despair smite her own bosom and mar her own beauty. She made efforts to shake off the yoke, which were premature and unsuccessful, but proved her vitality. This real national life was shown in several ways, all of which have exercised an influence upon her present fortunes. A desire for union sprung up, the want of which had so long impeded the progress of the nation. It required many years to mature that feeling, and it has scarcely even yet borne its full ripe





Ging. mazzini







fruit ; but the seed was sown, and year by year the growth of Italian unity gave hope to the friends and alarm to the foes of Italy.

The efforts of Piedmont and Sardinia to obtain by quiet means good government, and arrive at sound principles of economical legislation, laid the foundation for the resources which enabled Italy ultimately to array herself against Austria. Men high up on the roll of fame—Charles Albert, D'Azeglio, Victor Emmanuel, and Cavour, had each a place in this good work ; and there were others of less note, but notable, who proved useful auxiliaries.

Joseph Mazzini, an advocate, a man possessed of great administrative talent, eloquent, a keen observer of the peculiarities of the Italian mind, and of inflexible determination, became the most active leader of the people.

Immediately upon the succession of Charles Albert to the Sardinian throne, Mazzini addressed to him a memorial, demanding the initiation of Italian unity, independence, and liberty. The reply of the king was a decree of banishment. The Genoese advocate then became the exiled conspirator. He directed the affiliated societies which were formed of Italian exiles in every part of Europe, and ultimately of residents in every part of Italy. Various desperate enterprises were undertaken by the members of these federated clubs, which were unsuccessful ; many perished in conflict, and many were executed. These attempts trained the Italian mind for the hour of its liberation.

Among the efforts which were made between 1815 and 1848 by portions of the Italian people, several were crowned with temporary success. In 1820-21 the Neapolitans rose in revolution, and compelled the king (Ferdinand I.) to acknowledge a constitution. His Majesty promised, signed, and publicly and

solemnly swore to maintain that constitution, and for a short time all seemed hopeful and happy for Naples. The Austrians, however, soon interfered, garrisoned Naples, enabled the king with security to forswear himself, and the *régime* of irresponsible tyranny was once more established. Then followed banishments, incarcerations, executions, and a war, constant and close, against everything which bore the slightest semblance to liberty.

Immediately upon the revolution in Naples, the people of Piedmont demanded constitutional government with a unanimity and vehemence which proved their earnestness. Charles Felix was then King of Sardinia, and was absent from Turin. His cousin, the Prince of Langnau, afterwards so well known as King Charles Albert, favoured, or appeared to favour, the revolution, and as Regent put forth what was equivalent to a decree for a constitution. The king revoked all that was done by the prince, and by the help of Austria soon suppressed the call for freedom. The chief place of strength in the king's dominions was garrisoned by the troops of the emperor. Once more Italy was prostrate beneath the galling bondage of the German and Croat.

The year 1830 became memorable as the date of a renewed French revolution, by which the elder Bourbon was driven into exile and Louis Philippe of Orleans placed upon the throne. Various countries caught the contagion, and Italy amongst them. In 1831 the people of the Roman States and of the Duchy of Modena rose in arms ; but the Austrian Government, more prompt than ordinarily, covered these provinces with troops, and restored the reign of despotic terror. In this effort for freedom, the present Emperor of the French, then a mere youth, took an active part with his elder brother, and after undergoing various perils, escaped to other

scenes and other events. In another chapter the part taken by young Louis Napoleon will be more properly set forth. When the Prince de Carignon (Charles Albert) attained the throne of Sardinia, he played the part of a bloody and brutal tyrant, assigning to death or bondage every friend of liberty upon whom he could find a pretext for fixing an imputation.

It was the old story of one king as bad as another, and of statesmen rivals in the art of intrigue and oppression, when Pio Nono ascended the Pontifical throne. From whatever motive, the new Pope commenced his reign by a grand amnesty to all Roman subjects under imputation of, or sentence for, political offences. This was on July 18, 1846. From that day the doom of the Italian kings and of Austria was sealed, although many years were still to elapse before this "beginning of the end" should issue in its final consequences. All Europe was astounded at the spectacle of a liberal Pope. One act of concession followed another, until at last Pius IX. signed a constitution. The enthusiasm throughout Italy was exuberant, and the Pope literally prepared the way by his own hand for the revolution of 1848.

The year 1847 was a year of peaceful revolution for some portions of Italy. Freedom of the press was decreed in Tuscany. A national guard was instituted, and sixty thousand citizens marched in procession to thank

the Grand Duke for his concessions. The course of the Piedmontese government and court was time-serving, vacillating, inconsistent, deceitful. Concessions were made but slowly, and not until they were likely to be received without thanks. The people of Sicily were subjected to persecution and outrage the most unendurable by the Neapolitan tyrant. The Austrians occupied Ferrara without asking permission of the Pope, and thus placed him before the people of all Italy as persecuted for his benevolence and liberality. Charles Albert—to gratify his own ambition, rather than to promote liberty—sided with the liberal cause, and wrote to the Pope, offering him assistance against Austria.

In August of that year of gathering storms, insurrection broke out in Calabria and on the opposite shores of the Island of Sicily. It was unsuccessful in both places, and followed by the most cruel and sanguinary barbarities on the part of the King of Naples.

However suddenly the revolution of 1848 burst upon Paris, it was no unexpected visitant of Italy. That country had been in a state of chronic revolution. Some hope of success, some encouragement afforded by any leading power, general and desperate revolt was certain to take place from the Alps to the Apennines. That encouragement was found and that hope inspired by the revolution in France in 1848, and the most notable hero was Garibaldi.

## CHAPTER III.

## LIFE OF GARIBALDI.

BIRTHPLACE.—PARENTAGE.—BOYHOOD.—EDUCATION.—GOES TO SEA.—LOVE OF A SEAFARING LIFE.—  
INTREPIDITY AND TENDERNESS OF CHARACTER.—FIRST SEES ROME.—ASPIRATIONS OF PATRIOTISM.  
—FIRST ENCOUNTERS A TEMPEST.—SICK AND A STRANGER IN A DISTANT LAND.

"The ardent zeal of one man may reform or save a nation."—*German Biographer of Luther.*

OF the family and lineage of Garibaldi little is known, but it is generally believed that their origin is Teuton. Garibaldi is a German name, and means "bold in war." The first part of the word is from the root of the old word for *spear*—Anglo-Saxon *gár*, Old Norse *geir*, Old Saxon *ger*. From this comes the word "German," *i. e.* "spearman." From it comes the French *guerre*, and English *war*. "Bald" is "bold." There was a Duke Garibald in Bavaria in the sixth century, and the name was known in Lombardy in the eighth. It is preserved in Germany at present in the corrupted form of *Gerbelt*. One may find in the build and complexion of Garibaldi an interesting commentary on this Teutonic origin of his name. Certainly the significance of the name proves the maxim *bonum nomen, bonum omen*.

Joseph Garibaldi, the hero and deliverer of Italy, was born in Nice the 22nd July, 1807. The General himself takes some pleasure in affirming that he was born in the same chamber as the great Marshal Massena. Garibaldi was the son of a sailor, and the grandson of one. His grandfather owned several merchant ships, and always held the command of one. His father was born on board ship, brought up a sailor, and commanded a vessel of his own. He attained at one time considerable wealth, but did not leave much to his children.

The physical education of our future hero comported with the exploits he was afterwards

providentially called upon to perform. Naturally of good constitution, frank, open and daring, his boyhood was literally spent, so far as its recreations were concerned, in seeking danger. He was an expert mariner, adroit, nimble, strong, and self-reliant, dauntless of the storm, fearing nothing but God. His chief delight, in the way of manly exercise, appears to have been in swimming. His own words are: "When and how I learned to swim I cannot at all remember; it seems to me that I must always have known how, and that I was born amphibious. Therefore, in spite of the little inclination which all who know me are aware I have to sound my own trumpet, I will simply say, without believing I am boasting, that I am one of the strongest swimmers in existence."

The mother of our hero was named Rosa Raguindo, and for her he entertained the most intense love and veneration. She was a woman of the rarest excellence, with supreme moral fortitude and the tenderest parental affection. Her influence upon her son was great. All mothers influence the destiny of their sons far beyond what they suppose, but rarely has such an influence been felt by a son from a mother as in the case of Garibaldi. Among the most remarkable sayings attributed to Garibaldi are those in which he describes his mother and his love for her. The following is pervaded by the wild imagination and ardent enthusiasm characteristic of the man: "One

of the bitters of my life, and not the least, has been that I could not make her happy, but on the contrary, have saddened her latter days. God alone can know the anguish which my adventurous career has given her, for He alone can know the immensity of the affection she bore me. It is to her pity for the unhappy that I owe that great love—I will say more, that profound charity for my country which has procured me the affection and sympathy of my unfortunate fellow-citizens. I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm that in the most terrible instances of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my vessel, which it tossed like a cork—when bullets whistled in my ears like the winds of the tempest, I certainly saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High, and for me. That which gave me that courage at which people have sometimes been astonished, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so holy a woman—while such an angel was praying for me! Alas! when the hero uttered these words he little thought that he should tread in vain the field of Aspromonte, and be borne from its dishonoured soil a bleeding prisoner. Much insight to the character of the man is given by this romantic tenderness and lofty conception of a mother's prayer—a mother's blessing and a superintending Providence.

Active and daring as the early life of our hero was, his chivalrous spirit seems not to have been communicated by parental example, or imbibed from instruction—it was original, having all its springs in his own heart. His father, Dominique Garibaldi, was quietly brave, but so tender in his disposition, and so fond of his son, that he discouraged his love of danger, and was constantly apprehensive for his safety when the ordinary duties of a sailor's life devolved upon him. Garibaldi's own ac-

count of the cultivation of his early personal prowess is this:—"My father did not have me taught gymnastics, nor the use of arms, nor horsemanship. I learned gymnastics by climbing among the shrouds and in slipping along the ropes; the use of the sword I learned in defending my own head, and in giving my best endeavours to split those of others; and equitation by following the example of the best horsemen in the world—the *Gauchos*."

He was placed early in life in as good a school as his father could procure for him, who was anxious to bestow upon his darling such advantages as the education then common in Italy could offer. Nice had some advantages in this respect from its contiguity to France. All the better classes in that city affected French literature, and all classes could to a certain extent speak the language. Garibaldi was an apt, ready, and ingenious schoolboy, but not much of a student. He made "trees and running brooks" the pages of his study. Before intrusting him to the perils of a school, his parents engaged a priest, named Giovanni, as his governor. This man our juvenile hero rather loved than respected. His next preceptor commanded both feelings;—he was also a priest. He directed his pupil's mind to the history of his own country and the study of its language; also to the Latin language and Roman history. This course of study nursed the patriotism which had already been lighted in the ardent heart of the romantic boy. His respect and affection for his schoolmaster, and his love of Latin and Italian literature, did not reconcile him to a quiet life. Thirsting for adventure even then, the daring boy proposed to a number of his school-fellows, flight to Genoa. He longed to see that famous city in particular, and the world in general, and to discover some hardy pursuit in which his boyhood might engage. Raffaele d' Andreis, Celestino Bumond,

and Cæsar Parodi were schoolmates who readily embraced a proposal novel and adventurous. They seized a fishing-boat and put to sea. A priest saw them put out from shore, and, recognising Garibaldi, hastened to his father, who sent a "corsair" in pursuit. Off Monaco the boat was overtaken, and the remarkable crew carried back to Nice. The defeat of his purpose produced an effect upon his mind which he always afterwards remembered; and the circumstance of the voyage having been frustrated by a priest, inspired him with a prejudice against the whole order, which neither his love for his early preceptor nor his gratitude to his schoolmaster was sufficient to counteract.

Restored to study, he seems to have prosecuted it with ardour, notwithstanding his great repugnance to a sedentary life. Especially he was fond of the eloquence of old Rome, and the soft yet brilliant Italian literature. Hence the fitness of expression in which the hero has often clothed his sublime thoughts, his grace and ease of language in private intercourse, and the flowing euphony of his periods when writing to his friends, or advocating his country.

The time arrived when some calling in life must be determined for the boy. His parents and his eldest brother were willing to make any sacrifices to secure him a professional career. None of them much favoured the church, although all of a religious turn. Garibaldi himself had a contempt for the vocation of a lawyer, although an intense admirer of forensic eloquence. Upon the medical profession he would not bestow even a thought. He had a preference for commercial over professional pursuits, but above all loved the sea. He would gaze upon it for hours in his childhood—his face radiant with admiration of its beauty and its glory. He would watch it when the sun threw upon it its morning gleam, and would look towards it with pensive eye when the last glories

of the day gave that rich but gloomy, that mellow but saddening, light to its waves, which every mind of delicate fancy has recognised. He loved to wander by its shores in the pale moonlight, and as it mirrored the heavens lit up by reflections from so many distant worlds. Had he been a heathen the sea would have been his ever present goddess; had he been born in polytheistical Italy, Neptune would have been his ideal god. To be a sailor—a wanderer in quest of unknown adventures, were the alternatives of his taste. It became a necessary family resolve that he should go to sea. How much this decision cost his idolising mother! How it saddened the heart of his calm and affectionate father! His mother ceased not to weep while preparing the outfit for her sailor boy, and the countenance of his father became gravely sad. They well knew that, eager for this species of excitement, he would scent peril afar off, as the war-horse the battle. The resolution of the lad was taken too firmly to be set aside, and all else in the loving circle of Dominique Garibaldi was made to bend to the interests and supposed happiness of Joseph.

Dominique committed his son to Angelo Pesante, a friend, who commanded one of those beautiful Italian merchantmen, then common, and such as we even still sometimes see in our English ports. This man had much part in forming, or at all events influencing, the character of our hero, who loved and admired him with both a personal and professional fervour. During all the changes of his adventurous career, Garibaldi dwelt in terms of rapturous admiration on the skill, courage, and commanding influence of Captain Pesante. At that early period of our hero's career, his mind seems to have been filled with enthusiastic admiration of the good and true, the brave and beautiful, wherever he found these qualities. The name

## THE LIBERATORS OF ITALY.

of the vessel commanded by Pesante was the *Costanza*, and when long years full of eventful life had rolled over the head of Garibaldi, and the name of the great and good chief vibrated upon the ears and hearts of all men, he still remembered his favourite *Costanza*. In what an interesting light it places the conqueror of Sicilian independence, to think of him as he stood a victor upon the shores of the far-famed isle, exclaiming, as he discoursed with his friend upon this first event of promising manhood, "Beautiful *Costanza*! the first vessel in which I ploughed the sea! Thy strong sides, thy lofty light masting, thy spacious deck, all, even to the female bust which leant over thy prow, will remain for ever engraved in my memory by the ineffaceable impression of my young imagination. How gracefully, beautiful and dear *Costanza*, did your crew, the true type of our intrepid Ligurians, bend to their oars! With what joy did I venture upon the balcony to listen to their popular songs, and their harmonious choruses; they sang songs of love, no one taught them any other then; however insignificant they might be, they affected, they intoxicated me. Oh! if these songs had been for our country, how they would have exalted me; they might have made me mad! But who could have told them at that period there was an Italy! Who then could have taught them that we had a country to avenge and set free!" What a strange and beautiful blending of vivid imagination, eloquent speech, and generous patriotism in these paragraphs! How interesting to know how the sage regarded his emotions when the hero-boy! Such was Garibaldi from the hour he first trod the deck of his beautiful *Costanza*, until the hour when defeated and an invalid he returned to his solitary rock at Caprera, ever true, ever devoted to his country, ever brave and loving and generous.

Under the care of Angelo Pesante, he made

a voyage to Odessa, and on his return found that his parents had been in great anxiety for his safety; who therefore renewed their dissuaves of a seafaring life. Finding his resolution unshaken, his father resolved to take him a voyage with himself, on board a ship of his own about to sail for Civita Vecchia. As this gave the young patriot an opportunity of visiting Rome, his joy at the prospect was exuberant. His own account of his feelings is: "To Rome! What joy to go to Rome! What else was Rome to me, a fervent adept of antiquity, but the capital of the world! A dethroned queen, but her immense, gigantic, sublime ruins, from which issued a luminous spectre, the memory of all that is great in the past. The Rome I saw in my youth was not only the Rome of the past, but also of the future, bearing in its lesson the regenerating idea of a people pursued by the jealousy of the powers because it was born great, because it had marched at the head of nations guided by it to civilisation. Rome! Oh, when I thought of her misfortunes, of her degradations, of her martyrdom, she became dear and holy to me above all things! I loved her above all things, not only in the superb combats of her greatness during so many ages, but still in the more recent events which I gathered into my heart as a precious deposit. Far from being diminished, my love for her afterwards increased by distance and exile. Often, very often, from the other side of the world, at 300 leagues from her, have I implored the All Powerful to allow me to see her again. In short, Rome was for me Italy, because I viewed Italy only in the reunion of her scattered members, and that Rome is for me the simple and unique symbol of Italian unity."

Soon afterwards, on board another ship, under another commander, Garibaldi encountered his first storm. The vessel in which he



was, escaped, but another ship foundered before his eyes, exciting at once his pity for those who perished and his admiration of the mighty power which could thus hurl the tempest against the massive deep and scatter its surface in furious agitation. This first experience of a tempest produced a deep impression upon him, but did not lessen his love of his profession, nor repress that secret longing to move amidst great dangers which was one of his absorbing passions. Voyage succeeded voyage in rapid succession, in which the young sailor gathered all sorts of "salt-water experience." Tempest, icebergs, capture by pirates, hard work, and hair-breadth escapes marked this portion of his career. To crown them all, he was taken with serious illness at Constantinople; his ship sailed, and he remained without money, helpless and friendless. Through the generosity of a physician his recovery was facilitated, and he obtained the situation of tutor in an Italian family then resident in the Turkish capital. As soon as he could obtain a ship, he again launched forth upon the element he loved so well. The name of this ship deserves to be recorded, as it was the first he commanded. It was the *Notre Dame*. He entered as mate, but soon found his way to be captain. In his now superior station our hero pursued his vocation with talent, courage, and persistence. His dream was Italy, when out upon the silent sea, beneath the solitary heavens; and time for reflection, and circumstances to invite it, were found in his lonely hours. How was Italy to be saved? How was the foot of the stranger to be banished from her soil, to him hallowed as the birth-place of mighty men and magnificent events? Was the chain of bondage to eat into her stricken and fettered bosom for ever? Such

were his reveries as his boat cut the ocean and pursued its way over the world of waters.

He attributes his first clear prospects of what a man should do for his country and for his kind to an obscure Italian patriot, who sailed with him to Taganrog. Further light was thrown upon his duty as a patriot by Emile Barrault, a Frenchman, whose subsequent career was not always equal to the principles he conveyed to young Garibaldi. The latter did not imbibe the sceptical doctrines of the St. Simonian leader; but his theory of patriotism and practical sympathy for the oppressed took hold of the heroic mind of the young captain, and held it fast, even until now. That theory was, simply, that it was a pious duty for every man to draw his sword in defence of his country; that it is unjust to assist his own country in the invasion of another; but that he who made the oppressed and invaded country his own, and drew his sword to avenge its wrongs, and save its national existence, was more than a soldier or a patriot—he was a hero. Speaking of the change thus produced in his opinions and aspirations, Garibaldi long afterwards said:—"There arose then in my mind strange glimmerings, by the light of which I saw in a ship no longer a vehicle charged with the exchange of the products of one country for those of another, but a winged messenger bearing the word of the Lord and the sword of the Archangel. I became greedy for emotions, curious for new things, asking myself if this irresistible vocation, which I had at first believed simply to be a captain of the long voyage, *had not for me horizons still unperceived*. Of those horizons I fancied I had a glimpse through the vague and uncertain mists of the future."

## CHAPTER IV.

GARIBALDI BECOMES A POLITICIAN.—FIRST REVOLUTIONARY ENTERPRISE.—MARVELLOUS ESCAPES.  
—HEROIC RESCUE OF A STUDENT FROM DROWNING.—A SAILOR ONCE MORE.

"Honor to him who, self-complete and brave,  
Can carve his heroic pathway to the grave;  
In heeding nought of what men think and say,  
Makes his own heart his world upon the way"  
*The New Timon.*

It was in 1830, when Garibaldi was but twenty-three years of age, that he first became conscious that there were persons working for the independence of Italy. The revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne of France, awakened some hope; and the sympathy shown in Italy created some consciousness that there was a political life in his country with which he was not familiar, and the existence of which he did not suspect.

It was in 1831, when the products of the new French revolution began to be understood well in Italy, that these facts became clear perceptions to the aspiring mariner. He landed in Marseilles, on a return voyage from the East, and there learned the results of the revolution in Piedmont, to which reference has been made in another chapter. He was indignant at the vindictive slaughter of so many Italians in cold blood by the king, incited by Austria. In this frame of mind he became acquainted with Mazzini, and a fervent friendship sprung up between the two men. Mazzini possesses the faculty of attaching to him ardent minds, and never did a more ardent thinker and a man of more fervid emotion link his destinies with those of Mazzini. In 1833 the latter fled from the menaces and proscriptions of Louis Philippe, and sought shelter in that home of continental political fugitives—Switzerland. When the plans of Mazzini were matured, another attempt was made at revolt in Italy, of which brief notice was taken in a

previous chapter, and in this Garibaldi agreed to bear a part, which was to enter on board the Sardinian frigate the *Eurydice*, to convert as many sailors to the national faith as possible, to seize the ship, and place it at the service of the Mazzinists. The labours of this new apostle of liberty were not ineffectual; he made proselytes, and committed to them the execution of the project, while he proceeded to take part in an attempt to seize the barracks of the gendarmes at Genoa. Having waited at the rendezvous, no gathering appeared; the authorities had discovered the plot, and no attempt was made to execute it. Troops began to surround the place where the young mariner loitered, and there was little time to secure his safety. He entered a fruiterer's, and informed the landlady of his position. Either she was a partisan, or a woman of compassionate feeling; she hid our adventurer, provided him a disguise, as if he had brought fruit from the country to her shop. He made his escape. When, after his deliverance of Naples, he related the events of that evening, he used these touching, but, alas! prophetic words:—"In the evening, about eight o'clock, with the pace of one who walked for pleasure, I left Genoa, thus commencing that life of struggle, persecution, and exile which I have not, according to all probability, seen the end of." This occurred on the 5th of February, 1834; for the efforts of Mazzini to bring about a revolution in 1833, were, from various causes,

retarded—more especially through the deficient enterprise of the Polish military leader. The flight of the *quasi* countryman was for the mountains, and was most embarrassing and perilous. He had to cross orchards and gardens, climb walls, gates, and fences, and at last, foot-sore, torn, bruised, and weary, he was free. He persevered, by night journeys, until he reached his loved Nica. Then his delicacy, and love of his mother prevented his appearance at her house, and he sought rest and succour with an aunt. He was not, however, safe at Nice, or did not deem himself so. He resumed his fugitive course next day, accompanied by two other young patriots. They travelled until they reached the Var, which at that period of the year, was generally swollen. His friends could not swim, and were obliged to remain behind. He dashed into the flood, which he bravely breasted and crossed. He considered himself safe, but new perils awaited him. He most unwisely, because too trustingly, approached a post of douaniers, and had the extraordinary candour to tell them who he was, and why he left Genoa. They arrested him, and carried him to Dragnignan. There he was placed in a chamber fifteen feet above a garden. He bounded with ease from his prison into the soft flower beds. The douaniers dared not pursuit in that fashion, and made, as Garibaldi wittily called it, “the grand tour of the staircase.” By the time they reached the garden, he was far beyond its limits, and away for the mountains, always the hope of the fugitive. He was ignorant of the country, but he knew the heavens, and guided by the stars, directed his flight towards Marseilles. Next day at evening he reached a village, and entered the auberge. Supper was demanded and supplied. The host waxed familiar, and the fugitive, once more too frank, told his whole story. The host coolly said, “I

feel it to be my duty to arrest you.” Garibaldi awoke to his danger, but successfully affected to be indifferent, observing that he was still hungry, and it would be time enough to make him a captive after the dessert, offering double fare. By degrees the young men of the village, accustomed to meet there and read and talk of the political news, arrived, and Garibaldi soon saw that his host had the means of executing his threat. The young men resorted to cards for their pastime. Garibaldi played well—there were very few things which he could not do well—and his compeers were pleased. They sung, he sung. Nature, which has bestowed so many gifts upon him, did not stint herself in the bestowment of voice and taste upon her favourite. He selected one of the popular songs of Berenger, the poet of the people. It was received with such hearty encores, that even the stern and anti-revolutionary host was delighted with the singer. Day dawned upon the convivial party. By this time they became aware of Garibaldi's position, and shouted, “*Vive la France! vive l'Italia!*” They had, during the song, which was one of the sweetest of the national poet's productions (*le Dieu des bonnes gens*), uttered cries of “*Vive Berenger.*” The French villagers took the fascinating singer under their protection, and conducted him beyond the reach of danger. The churlish host showed no disposition to “stay proceedings;” he had regard to his custom; the Italian wanderer was a favourite. Garibaldi's own reflection upon the incident is characteristic—“Certes, Berenger died without knowing the service he had rendered me.”

Our hero arrived at Marseilles, after three weeks of toilsome journeying. On his arrival there he congratulated himself on seeing “his name in print for the first time;” a sort of pleasure which most people find who appear

before the public through the press, although it is not in all cases a ground for gratulation. Garibaldi read in a French paper that he was a person sufficiently important to be pronounced worthy of death in his own country. Alas! how many heroes and benefactors have been denounced as aliens and criminals in the beginning of their career, and, if unfortunate, are ever the objects of calumny and denunciation, unless life closes over their generous and glorious deeds! Possibly this may be even yet the fate of Garibaldi. Who that has read of the events of Aspromonte, and of those which succeeded, and fears not that the liberator of Italy may yet be the doomed one of its rulers? The fate which was thought appropriate by the governing powers of Italy was sufficiently serious to induce the new revolutionary aspirant to change his name to *Pane*. He was sheltered in Marseilles by one whose name deserves to be perpetuated, Joseph Paris; and as the port afforded facilities for employment to a sailor, the generous host soon found for his *protégé* a situation as mate on board a French merchant ship. While preparing for his voyage, he had an opportunity, under most difficult circumstances, of saving the life of a young student who fell into the basin of the port. This heroic action was performed in sight of a vast crowd of persons, and among them the mother of the youth. "Joseph Pane" became a notorious and favourite person in Marseilles. The deliverer and the delivered never met again. Garibaldi sought reward for all his good actions, not in the approbation of men, but of his conscience and his God.

For the third time our hero, as a sailor, visited Odessa. Probably these trips to the Black Sea account for the sympathy he has ever since shown for the populations of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. During this voyage occurred one of the most romantic

incidents of his romantic career. On a night of clear moonlight, as he sat on the bulwark of his ship, looking out upon the serene waters of the Bosphorus, he saw a boat advance with muffled oars to mid-channel. The crew took up a sack and cast it into the sea. Garibaldi at once recollected that the Turks adopted this inhuman method of punishing females of their harems, sometimes even when there was only suspicion of crime. He leaped into the water, swam to the spot, and dived, and brought up the sack. It contained a beautiful Circassian girl. She was restored, and preserved secretly in the vessel until opportunity was found to place her under the care of the English consul at Odessa, by whom she was ultimately restored to her parents.

Returning to Marseilles, he found there a frigate of the Bey of Tunis, and went on board. Leaving it in the port of Gouletta, he came back again to Marseilles in a Turkish brig. Thus early he made himself acquainted with many nationalities, and the marine services of many countries.

At this juncture Marseilles was afflicted with cholera, and great exertions were made to induce persons to volunteer as attendants at the hospitals. Garibaldi offered himself for this dreadful service, in company with another brave man whose name deserves to be recorded, Triestan, a Tunisian. These two benevolent and fearless men continued their services for a fortnight, until the rage of the epidemic abated. It was not in the breeze or the battle only that Garibaldi feared nothing; whenever opportunity presented itself, to dare anything for a cause that was good, he was ready to make it available.

His expertness as a swimmer, and great strength especially as a diver, gave him the power, on many occasions, of saving lives from drowning. While at Marseilles, a negro sailor

fell overboard. Garibaldi plunged into the water and rescued him.

His desires for a seafaring life, and the necessities of his situation, urged him to seek employment on board ship, and he entered as second mate on board the brig *Nantonnier*, of Nantes, about to depart for Rio Janeiro.

He arrived in safety at that port. His admiration of the scenery and vegetation of the southern portions of the American continent has often been expressed with deep feeling, refined taste, and poetical conception. Referring to this voyage, and his entrance to Rio, once he said, "After having passed along the granite rocks which so well conceal the port from all eyes, that the Indians, in their expressive language, have called it *Nelhuo hy*, that is to say 'hidden water;' when after having cleared the pass which leads into its bay, clear and calm as a lake; when upon the western shore of this bay I saw the city rise, dominated by the Pas d'Annear, an immense conic rock, which serves not as a Pharos but as a signal shaft for the navigator; when I saw springing around me that luxuriant vegetation of which neither Africa nor Asia had given me but a weak idea,—I remained truly astonished at the spectacle which unfolded itself before me."

He had scarcely landed at Rio Janeiro when an incident occurred which influenced the future fortunes of our hero. There were, at that time, many Italians in the place, and among them one named Rosetti, as true, brave, and noble-hearted a man as ever was persecuted in Italy. When Garibaldi landed, he passed Rosetti; a glance assured them mutually of their nationality, and at the same time with the intuitive perception of character which both possessed, it made them friends. They became, as Garibaldi himself described their friendship, "brothers for life." Their

intercourse became frequent, their friendship ardent, their opinions almost identical, and their aspirations for the liberation of Italy, and of all oppressed nations, pure and perennial. Garibaldi and Rosetti were engaged at Rio several months in commercial enterprises, but they sighed for active political life, especially in those aspects of it where personal risk and valour are required.

At this juncture, Rio Grande was in revolt against the Emperor of the Brazils, and had declared itself a republic. Its early fortunes were unpropitious. The Emperor made war with superior force, and horrible cruelty. The little republic resisted with fierce tenacity, but unequal power. Bento Gonzales, the president, and Zambecarri, his secretary of state, were captured and confined in the fortress of St. Creag, at the entrance of the port of Rio Janeiro. Means of communication were opened between the captives and the two Italian patriots, who resolved to throw themselves heart and hand into the cause of the oppressed state. The imprisoned president issued letters of marque to cruise against Brazil, and Garibaldi became the accredited commodore of this undertaking.

When tidings of his exploits reached Europe, he was denounced as "a corsair," "a pirate," and the more signal his achievements, the more lavish was the abuse of those portions of the European press in the interests of despotic governments. Yet this portion of his career may be fairly ranked with the most honourable and heroic of his darings. He acted with justice, mercy, and magnanimity; protecting the weak, combating the mighty, true to his friends, faithful to the cause he espoused, and as generous to his foes. He sought no wealth by prizes, and performed no acts contrary to fair and honourable maritime war: his moral greatness was never more conspicuous.

## CHAPTER V.

## GARIBALDI AS ADMIRAL OF THE REPUBLIC OF RIO GRANDE.—VICTORIES AND VICISSITUDES.

"Of all that sailed on the perilous sea,  
Of rovers bold, the boldest was he"—*Song of the Corsair.*

GARIBALDI proclaimed maritime war upon the Brazilian empire with one vessel, a sort of fishing smack, of thirty tons burthen, and with a crew of sixteen men. This was the romance of war. An enterprise more wildly daring was never attempted; more skilfully conducted was never performed. The vessel was named the *Mazzini*. Garibaldi conferred this cognomen in honour of the man under whom he had first raised his hand for Italian freedom. Whatever may be the divergence of opinion or policy between these two Italian patriots, Garibaldi regarded the name as a symbol of nationality, and suitable as a password of war for a people struggling to be free.

The new admiral was not a man to remain long inactive. He had not studied in the school of "how not to do it." His barque was no sooner fitted out and manned, than it was launched forth for service.

A few miles from the mouth of the roads of Rio Janeiro are situated the Isles of Marica. The largest of these possessed a good anchorage. Thither the new "Corsair" steered. His little armament was so well concealed that he could with impunity cast anchor. Landing, his agility enabled him to "scramble up" to the highest point of the overhanging heights, and look forth upon the sea. The scene before him, associated with the novelty of his position, awakened the deepest emotions in his poetic mind. His own description of those emotions is full of his own ever overflowing imagination. "Then I stretched forth my arms with a feeling of happiness and pride,

and I uttered a cry, as an eagle hovering at his highest flight. The ocean was mine, and I took possession of my empire. I had not long to wait for an opportunity of exercising my power. While I was, like a sea-bird, perched on the top of my observatory, I perceived a goelette sailing under Brazilian colours. I made a signal for putting again to sea, and descended to the beach."

The Brazilian ship was made an easy capture. She was commanded and manned by cowards; she was summoned by a resolute and daring man. "The Corsair," as he was now to be unjustly nick-named, had an opportunity of showing his real character. A Portuguese passenger, crouching with abject cowardice, offered the captor a splendid casket of diamonds to spare his life. Garibaldi scornfully closed the precious treasure, handed it back to the suppliant, assuring him that he was not there to plunder or to destroy, but as the enemy of the Brazilian empire. The goelette was seized, the *Mazzini* was useless, as the Corsair of Rio Grande commanded a ship of more power.

Garibaldi, on taking possession of his prize, was in circumstances of considerable peril. He had now committed himself. If captured, his fate would have been that of a pirate, for the Brazilian Emperor's Government would have paid no attention to the commission of Gonzales. The prize was within range of the batteries of the port; he therefore scuttled the *Mazzini*, and bore away for the open sea. The goelette was the property of an Austrian

merchant, and that circumstance afforded the captor great delight. It was his first victory over the chief enemy of his native land. He gave to his new ship the name of *Scana Pilla*, a designation given by the Brazilians to the young Republics of South America; the meaning was expressive and suitable, "people in a rage." It was, however, the rage of those who were willing to do and dare all things for liberty; for whom life could offer no repose, unless it were blessed with freedom. Garibaldi liked this name; for, with the exception of Rosetti, there were none of his crew in whom he had much confidence, and some of them were reckless and unreliable. When sufficiently off the bay he let down the yawl of the captured ship, placing the prisoners and their property in it, with sufficient supplies. Garibaldi had on this occasion also liberated five negro slaves whom he found on board, but they naturally preferred staying with him to returning to bondage. They became part of his crew. Thus he had his first opportunity as a liberator, and from that hour until the latest and most glorious of his career, he has deeply sympathised with the oppressed negro race, and always expressed abhorrence of their oppressors.

His next anchorage was at Maldonado, a state of the Eastern Republic of the Uruguay. Here he was well received by the people and the authorities. Rosetti set out for Monte Video to sell the captured cargo, and arrange such other affairs as were necessary to the prospect of a successful cruise.

Our commodore remained more than a week at the mouth of the Maldonado river, when a change took place in the attitude of the authorities. Oribe was president of the Monte Video Republic, and did not recognise Rio Grande as a free and independent State. He ordered the authorities at Maldonado to seize Garibaldi

and his goëlette. The governor, however, warned instead of arresting him. Our corsair thus found time for a little exploit before he left, characteristic of his intrepidity. A merchant residing in the neighbourhood had purchased a considerable portion of the coffee which formed the cargo of the goëlette. He could not be induced up to that moment to pay, and there was room for suspecting that he had influenced Oribe to order Garibaldi's arrest that he might rob him with impunity. Garibaldi placed his pistols in his belt, flung his cloak over his shoulders, and proceeded in quest of the fraudulent merchant, whom he found enjoying the evening air before his own door. He saw his creditor approach, and waved his hand, implying that there was danger in his advancing. Garibaldi walked up, placed a pistol to his breast, quietly saying, "My money." The alarmed culprit pretended to offer explanation. The words were repeated; he trembled and hesitated. A third time, with sterner accent, the demand was uttered, and the money was paid. Garibaldi passed in safety to the *Scana Pilla*. Before midnight he weighed anchor to ascend the Plata. At daybreak he encountered a new and formidable danger; the ship was amidst the breakers of the Piedras Negras. As these rocks were marked upon the charts and well known to the commander himself, he could not account for such a calamity, as he had constantly consulted the compass during the night. The riddle was solved when the danger, through the coolness and skill of Garibaldi, was averted. Before leaving Maldonado, he had ordered the muskets and sabres to be placed on deck; these caused the deviation of the compass, and in this way had nearly caused the loss of the goëlette. So imminent was the peril that the stoutest of the crew became pale, and even the most profane prayed.

Garibaldi himself considered that all must have been lost had not the ship answered to the helm in a manner which could not be considered otherwise than extraordinary. It seemed as if the hand of the Almighty was stretched forth in especial interposition to save a life precious to human progress, liberty, and happiness.

It seemed as if danger marked him for her own. When the ship reached *Jesus Maria*, there was no means of landing, as he had given his yawl to the captives of the goelette. He made a raft, and, attended by a single sailor, made for a farmhouse on the coast. This sailor was an Italian, and, singularly, was named Garibaldi, although no relation of his captain. Maurice Garibaldi had, like his chief, a gallant heart. After incurring something approaching to miraculous escapes from drowning, they got beyond the breakers, and Joseph Garibaldi landed, while Maurice guarded the raft.

The scene presented to the gallant corsair was wonderful. He was on one of the most picturesque parts of the Oriental plains, so called because situated on the east side of the river Uruguay. It was "a boundless prairie, a carpet of verdure and flowers," as he himself described it. The hare, ostrich, antelope traverse this rich and beautiful plain, and are hunted by the Gaucho horsemen, whose feats of horsemanship are as wonderful as their life is wild. Garibaldi's courage was somewhat tested by the fearlessness with which numerous animals approached him, moistening his face even with their breath! They would stand as if stupified with astonishment, and gaze on him; except the gazelles and ostriches, which having, as it were, gratified curiosity, would run with the utmost speed, occasionally turning to see if they were pursued.

Garibaldi approached the lone mansion, to

ascertain whether his desire to purchase food could be gratified. The master of the house was absent; his wife, a very young woman, could not, without his permission, sell the strange captain any supplies, but invited him to await the return of her lord. During the interval Garibaldi found the lady to be an accomplished scholar and poetess; she presented him with the Spanish poems of Quintana, to induce him to study the language. Garibaldi is not generally known to be a man of such refined taste as is the fact. His delight in the ancient and modern classics of Italy is boundless, and he has studied French and English poetical literature profoundly. In one of his ecstasies, as they may be called, when Dumas visited him after the war of Italian Independence, he thus spake of himself:—

"Many of my friends have told me that I am more a poet than anything else. If one can only be a poet upon the condition of having written the '*Iliad*,' '*La Divinà Comedia*,' the '*Meditations*' of De Lamartine, or the '*Orientales*' of Victor Hugo, I am no poet. But if it be a poet to pass hours in seeking in the azure depths of the waters the mysteries of submarine vegetations; if it be a poet to remain in an ecstasy before the Bay of Rio Janeiro, of Naples, or of Constantinople; if it be a poet to dream of filial tenderness, childish remembrances, or early love, amidst balls and bullets, without thinking that your dream may terminate by having your head broken or an arm carried away—then I am a poet.

"I remember perfectly well that one day in the last war, worn out with fatigue, not having slept for two nights, having scarcely been off my horse's back for two days, watching Urban and his twelve thousand men with my forty Bersaglieri, my forty



horse, and a thousand men armed in all ways, following a little path on the other side of Mont Orfano, with Colonel Turr and five or six men, I stopped all on a sudden, forgetting fear and danger, to listen to the song of a nightingale. It was night, moonlight, and splendid weather. The bird shook out upon the wind his chaplet of harmonious notes, and it appeared to me as I listened to this little friend of my early days, that I felt a beneficent and regenerative dew shower down upon me. They who surrounded me believed that I hesitated as to the road we should follow, that I was listening if there were not the grumbling noise of distant cannon, or thought I heard the steps of horses resounding on the high road. No, I was listening to the song of the nightingale, which I had not heard for perhaps ten years, and the ecstasy lasted not only till those who were with me had repeated, 'General, there is the enemy!' but until the enemy himself, having said 'Here am I,' by firing upon us, had put the nocturnal charmer to flight."

With such a temperament Garibaldi found himself agreeably associated in the *estancia*, as the houses in that part of South America are designated.

On the return of the master, or *capitaz*, as the owner of such a house is titled, Garibaldi was able to transact his business; and having enjoyed the hospitality of this half civilised man and his poetic wife, by daybreak a bullock

was brought to the shore, slaughtered, cut up, and laid upon the raft. There was a furious sea, the breakers foamed and fretted, presenting a scene awfully grand and perilous. To return was a danger greater than even the adventurous approach. The raft itself was a table with a cask fastened to each leg, and a pole in the middle upon which the provisions were hung. The raft sunk until the water reached the knees of the daring voyagers. From the ship anxious eyes watched the unsteady table as it was tossed amongst the surging waters, and between the jutting rocks, upon which every moment it appeared as if it must be dashed to pieces. The two Garibaldis, laborious and fearless, worked a passage through the rocks, and rolled their frail support over the swelling waves. As they passed the breakers the danger increased. They could not with the pole by which motion was propelled reach the bottom, and could therefore give no direction to the raft, which was sinking. The current was so strong that at last it carried them away from the ship towards the Atlantic. Their only remaining hope of safety was in the presence of mind of the men on board ship. They set sail, passed the sinking raft, threw a rope which the Garibaldis attached firmly to their frail support, and which was eventually hauled alongside, and the two heroes saved. The ship remained in sight of the port of Jesus Maria that day.

## CHAPTER VI.

GARIBALDI'S FIRST BATTLE AND VICTORY.—DESPERATELY WOUNDED.—A PRISONER.—ESCAPE.—  
RE-CAPTURE.—TORTURED.—CAPTIVITY.—LIBERATION.—ONCE MORE A COMMODORE.

"The patriot's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
For ever dimmed, for ever crost;  
Oh! who can tell what heroes feel  
When all but life and honor's lost?"—MOORE.

THE *goëlette—Scana Pilla*—remained all night in the situation where she had reposed during the previous day. Two barques appeared from the Monte Video side, which Garibaldi persisted in supposing to be friendly, until the red flag had been displayed. This circumstance caused him to set sail; yet still he waited for them. Escape was easy, a fatal confidence blinded him, while the vigilance of genius still kept him on the alert. While in those opposing states of mind, one of the vessels neared the *goëlette*. Our captain ordered the arms upon deck, and the men to their quarters. Only three sailors could be seen on board the barque. As soon as it approached near enough, the deck was at once covered with enemies, who fired into the *goëlette*. Garibaldi resorted to tactics such as an experienced sailor would in such a case assume; but the ship did not obey; the helmsman, Florentino, a gallant Italian, fell dead from a musket ball. Meantime the ship, being well manned, fastened itself to the *goëlette* in order to board, and the crew began to mount. Shot and cutlass disposed of the intruders swiftly and gallantly, Garibaldi's sword cleaving its desperate way foremost and truest. He then seized the helm, by which Florentino lay a corpse. At the moment a bullet struck him between the ear and the carotid artery, passing to the back of his neck. He fell senseless on the deck; the negroes whom he had liberated, and other sailors with them, hid in the lower parts of

the ship, leaving the combat to the Italians alone. Those who most valiantly fought were Maurice Garibaldi and one Louis Carniglia, the pilot. The enemy intimidated by the loss of life among his crew, and the intrepid resistance offered, shoved off.

Thus our hero fought his first battle, won his first victory, received his first wound. As at Aspromonte, his last conflict, he is chief, and amongst the first to fall; as then, his heroic conduct won all who could see how nobly he dared and did.

He lay for an hour unconscious on the deck, when life again slowly dawned upon him. His despair may be imagined when it is stated that no one on board was an educated seaman, or had any experience such as would enable them to direct the ship. Even his friend Louis, "the pilot," was supposed to be incapable in such an emergency. As consciousness returned, the wounded captain called for the chart, and pointed as distinctly as his prostration allowed to the direction in which he wished his crew to proceed. Louis proved more expert and able than his want of education would have allowed any to think, and without accident of any sort, the ship reached the destination which Garibaldi desired—Santa Fe, on the river Parana. Meanwhile the situation of all, and more especially the wounded chief, was painful and disheartening. The cowardly crew moved about with the most abject terror depicted in their countenances, except the Italians, who

shared the heroism of their leader. Garibaldi considered his wound mortal, and naturally apprehended that they would be made prisoners. With that tenderness and refinement of sentiment by which he is so distinguished, he longed to reach the shore, that his final resting-place might be marked by some human hand. He requested Carniglia, if possible, to see him laid in a grave, who with tears pledged himself to perform the request. The verses of Foscolo haunted the mind of the stricken warrior, "A stone, a stone, which may distinguish my bones from those which death sows upon the earth or in the ocean." How affectingly tender his reflection: "My body would then have satisfied the voracity of some sea-wolf or cayman of the immense Plata. I should not then have revisited Italy. I should not have fought for her! For her, the only hope of my life! But then, likewise, I should not have seen her fall back again into shame."

The fate which Garibaldi so abhorred was, alas! reserved for the gallant Carniglia, who was destined soon to perish amidst the fury of the billows he often braved so well.

During this sad voyage, Louis Carniglia nursed Garibaldi with a woman's care, and comforted him with the words of manly consolation. The brave can only be cheered by the brave, when misfortune hides from his eyes the light of hope. For this man Garibaldi cherished an imperishable gratitude, and risked his life at a period not far distant to bring up his corpse from the deep sea, that it might have at his hand a visible resting-place. "When," said Garibaldi after an interval of many years, "I lay in my long struggle upon the bed of pain; when abandoned by all, I raved in the delirium of death, he was seated close to my pillow with the devotedness and patience of an angel, never leaving me for an instant but to go and weep where he could conceal his tears. Oh, Luigi!

thy bones, scattered in the abysses of the Atlantic, merited a monument, upon which the grateful proscribed exile might one day present you as an example to his fellow-citizens, and repay you these pious tears you shed over him!"

For nineteen days the fallen chief had no help or consolation but that which his rough and gallant follower afforded. The vessel thus reached Gulegway. A ship was met at the mouth of the Ibiqui, commanded by one Don Lucas Jartauls, who treated the wounded hero with extreme kindness, furnishing the vessel with medicines and nutritious food and drink.

This good Samaritan was imitated by some of his passengers, and letters of introduction were given by them to the governor of the province of Entre Rios. Garibaldi was well received by this exalted personage, whose physician extracted the ball from the sufferer's neck. This generous professor of the healing art was as skilful as kind, and soon restored his patient to health. Garibaldi was treated by the inhabitants with generous hospitality and respect. The governor, Don Pascal Echague, did all he could conducive to the safety and happiness of a man whom he could not allow to depart and would not treat as a prisoner. Our hero was, however, virtually a captive, for he could not leave until the Dictator of Monte Video, the brutal and treacherous Rosas, so decided. Rosas did not give any instructions, and Don Pascal was powerless without them to order the liberty of his *quasi* prisoner. Garibaldi, tired of inaction, resolved to escape. A friend favoured him, furnishing him with horses and a guide. The guide apparently betrayed him. He was pursued, fired upon, surrounded by cavalry at a moment when he was himself on foot; resistance was impossible, he was captured. He was immediately subjected to cruel treatment.

He was placed on horseback, his hands tied behind him, his legs bound to the saddle, so as to place him in an attitude of suffering, and was thus brought, weary, thirsty, and in pain, to Gualaguay again.

The person then in authority was one Don Leonardo Milan, a name which must pass down to posterity loaded with infamy. The tyrant demanded the names of the accomplices of the fugitive's escape. He refused to betray his friend. The infamous interrogator threatened the heaviest punishment. Garibaldi, cool and calm where danger is, firmly but respectfully refused. He was ordered to prison, and to the torture. The form of torture adopted was what was called in the country the *strapado*. His hands had for many hours been tied behind his back. The guards then passed another cord round his wrists, and placed the other end round a joist, and pulling it towards them, Garibaldi was raised four or five feet from the ground, suspended by the wrists.

The infamous Milan then entered the prison chamber of his victim, and sneeringly inquired if he would then confess. Scorning the wretch who sought by torture to make him betray his friend, Garibaldi spat in his face, and endured his sufferings in silence. Milan left the prison chamber, ordering the guards to keep the victim suspended until he confessed. For two hours he hung in agony, which even he, resolute and inflexible as he is, could not endure; unconsciousness or death must have come to his relief. This was the greatest trial of a personal nature which Garibaldi has been ever called to endure. His own retrospect of that horrible ordeal is graphic exceedingly; it is an agony to peruse it—what must it have been to suffer the reality!

"No one will accuse me of being too tender to myself, and yet I confess that I shudder every time that circumstance of my life is recalled to

*my mind*. All the weight of my body hung by my bleeding wrists and my dislocated shoulders. My whole body burned like a furnace; at every instant I begged for water, and my guards, more humane than my executioner, gave me some; but the water on entering my stomach, dried up, as if it had been thrown upon a bar of red hot iron. No idea can be formed of what I suffered but by reading the tortures inflicted upon prisoners in the Middle Ages. At the end of the two hours, my guards took pity on me, or believed me dead, for they let me down. I fell flat, at full length. I was nothing but an inert mass, without any feeling but heavy, severe pain—a dead body, or nearly so.

"In this situation, and without my being conscious of what they were doing to me, they put me in fetters. I had travelled fifty miles across the marshes with my hands and feet bound. The mosquitos, numerous and enraged at this season, had made my hands and face one single sore. I had undergone two hours of frightful torture, and when I came to myself, I was bound, side by side, with an assassin. Although in the midst of the most atrocious torments I had not said a single word, and that, besides, he had not been concerned in my flight, Don Jacinto Andreas was imprisoned; the inhabitants of the country were quite in a state of alarm.

"As for myself, but for the cares of a woman, who was to me an angel of charity, I should have died. She scorned fear, and came to the succour of the poor tortured prisoner. Her name was Madame Alleman. Thanks to this heavenly benefactress, I wanted for nothing in my imprisonment.

"A few days after, the governor, finding it was useless to endeavour to make me speak, and convinced that I would die rather than denounce one of my friends, did not probably

dare to take upon himself the responsibility of that death, and caused me to be conveyed to the capital of the province, Bajada. I remained there two months in prison, after which the governor desired me to be informed I was at liberty to leave the province. Although I profess opinions opposed to those of Echague, and that I have, more than once since that day, fought against him, I do not wish to conceal the obligations I owe him; and I should wish, even now, that I had it in my power to prove my gratitude for all he has done for me, particularly for my restoration to liberty. At a later period fortune threw into my hands all the military leaders of the province of Gualeguay, and all were set at liberty without the least injury to their persons or their property.

"As for Don Leonardo Milan, I would not even see him, for fear his presence, by recalling to me what I had suffered, should make me commit some action unworthy of myself."

From Bagada, through the service of professional men of his own calling, he made his way to Monte Video. There he met "troops of friends," most of them his fellow-countrymen, not all exiles like himself, but many of them settlers and mercantile adventurers, who preferred, as Italy was then situated, seeking a home in a far-off land. Concealment was, however, necessary; his antecedents left no favourable impression with the government; his exploits as "a rover" the Dictator regarded as feats that might be renewed in opposition to himself. After a month spent in recruiting their resources and maturing their plans, he and Rosetti set out for Rio Grande. The heroes travelled, according to the phraseology of the country, *a escatero*, a mode of journeying extremely rapid. The travellers are mounted, but attended by two or three horses each, which are trained to follow in such cases. When the horses upon

which they are mounted become fatigued, the travellers throw the saddles upon some of the horses in their train, which are not tired, having borne no weight, and thus comparatively fresh horses can be perpetually obtained.

Rio Grande was then in fierce insurrection against the Brazilian Empire. The people had endured much oppression, but were resolved upon a renewed struggle for independence. The capital, Porto Allegro, was in the hands of the Imperialists. The seat of the insurrectionary government was Pirantinino, which was the chief town of a province bearing the same name, wild, picturesque, beautiful, and fertile. With this country, as with South America generally, Garibaldi was charmed. Upon its rich vales and wood-clothed mountains he gazed with the delight which his taste for the beautiful in nature could not fail to inspire. The Republic of Rio Grande was situated along the Lagune of Los Patos—"the Lake of the Ducks." This lagune is little less than a hundred miles in length. The territory extending upon its shores was not of very great breadth. The population was then warlike, and burning to fling off for ever the Imperial yoke.

The Italian patriots were well received by Almeida, the financial minister of the new State. The president was absent; he was Bento Gonzales, with whom Garibaldi became acquainted when the former was a prisoner, and from whom he had received his commission as a commodore to cruise in the naval and warlike interests of the young republic. The president was a brave, generous, upright man, not always fortunate as a soldier, but always deserving well of fortune. He was thoroughly capable of appreciating Garibaldi and Rosetti. These heroic men were not desirous of sharing the honours and hospitalities of the little capital; they requested

the minister to allow them to join the expedition at the head of which the president had placed himself. Gonzales was leading the Rio Grande cavalry to check an incursion of Brazilian horse.

The Brazilians having retired, Gonzales and his new allies marched to Pirantinino, where Garibaldi was commissioned by the president as commodore of the Republic.

## CHAPTER VII.

FITS OUT TWO SMALL SHIPS.—IS AT ONE TIME A ROVER, A TROOPER, AND A GUERRILLO.—IDOLISED BY HIS MEN AND BY THE INHABITANTS.—IN LOVE.—DEFENDS AN outhouse ALONE FOR SOME TIME AGAINST ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY AUSTRIANS, AND AFTERWARDS AIDED BY A PORTION OF HIS MEN DEFEATS THEM.—ORDERED ON AN EXPEDITION.—CARRIES HIS SHIPS OVERLAND TO THE ATLANTIC.—SHIPWRECK: HARDLY ESCAPES WITH LIFE.

"Chance goes for much more than genius in the events of war and the fortune of heroes"—GARIBALDI.

OUR hero's first charge was the arming of two lancions upon the river Camacua, which debouched into the Lagune of Los Patos. He first recruited their crews, who numbered thirty men, of various nations, forming a body of men, as to their diversities of nationality, complexion, and character, more like the crew of a pirate, than of regularly commissioned vessels of war. Amongst these there were three men upon whose courage and capacity Garibaldi placed great reliance: his friend Louis Carniglia, whose fidelity had been so well proved; a Breton, of colossal stature, called Gros-Jean; and a Frenchman named François. Rosetti remained at Pirantinino. Garibaldi proceeded to Camacua, where he found another important coadjutor, of more consequence than any he possessed, in the person of John Griggs, an American of the United States. This man possessed the means of completing the equipment of the two sloops, which he supplied, and with great ability and perseverance assisted in accomplishing.

Garibaldi, Griggs, and the crews worked ceaselessly until this task was performed, at the end of two months. Forty coloured men

were recruited to strengthen the crews. Each sloop, or lancion, as the vessels were indifferently called, was armed with two small bronze cannon. One of these was about eighteen tons burthen, the other between eleven and twelve. Garibaldi took command of the larger, and Griggs of the smaller. The first was called *Le Rio Pardo*, the second the *Republican*. The ships were launched upon the lagune, and at once captured several small vessels of the enemy. The Imperialists were very powerful, having thirty sailing ships of war and one steamer. With such odds Garibaldi could have effected nothing, but for the character of the lagune upon which the warfare was to be conducted. It was only navigable for large vessels on a channel along the eastern shore; the rest of the space, especially on the opposite shore, was extremely shallow, so that the Brazilian fleet could not pursue the lancions beyond a moderate distance. Sandbanks advanced from the western shore far into the lagune, like the teeth of a comb set far apart. Garibaldi trained his men to go into the water and literally lift the vessels from one side of a

sandbank to the other, utterly baffling the most persistent pursuit. The Brazilians at first despised and sneered at "the rebel fleet," but they soon found that an expensive pastime; richly laden ships were lost, armed boats were vanquished, and the exploits of Garibaldi's lancers were heard of throughout South America. He conducted a desultory naval warfare with such skill, vigilance, rapidity, and terrible daring, that the fleet of Brazil was powerless, and its crews dreaded the names of Garibaldi and Griggs, as of beings supernaturally endowed. The two little sloops appeared to possess ubiquity, and their captains to know everything. Garibaldi provided a good uniform for his men from the spoils of the enemy, and in this as in every thing his genius appeared, for health, comfort, and convenience of movement, were happily provided for by the clothing he devised. Garibaldi once said of himself, that had he not been a sailor, his vocation would properly have been a singer in the Italian opera; one might say of him, after his equipment of his crews with apparel, that he would have answered equally well as a tailor or an outfitter. Whether in building a ship, commanding it, or dealing with the minutiae of its requirements, he was, however, a sailor above all things. Sometimes the little ships were shut up in the recess of some shallow, out of which they could not get, while a more powerful flotilla guarded its opening, but into which the enemy could not penetrate. Then, Garibaldi, mounting his crews, would transfer them into a body of guerilla cavalry, and appearing where neither friends nor foes could possibly expect him, deal a quick and decisive blow which the astonished foe was unprepared to resist. He seemed to be ubiquitous on land as well as on water, so that the puzzled Brazilians were stunned and power-

less. Sometimes his crew would appear as a company of infantry, and suddenly storm a position held by the infantry of the enemy, who, generally astonished and terror-struck, were an easy conquest.

On the shores of the lagune there were very many mansions, called *estancias*, which were deserted by the owners in consequence of the war. In these Garibaldi quartered his men, where they found rich gardens, orchards, and meadows. Here he could augment the number of his horses, and feed them, and occasionally give repose to his band. Vast herds of cattle occupied these estates. Our hero was never in want of "the sinews of war." The devotion of his band was extreme. They almost worshipped their leader. They were captivated and held in subjection by five features of his character, rarely found combined in one man: a valour the most heroic, manners the most courteous and tender, an intuitive insight to character, a perfect negation of self, and intellectual resources ready and ample in the most difficult and terrible emergencies.

In the country stretching inward from the lagune resided numerous families of wealth, culture, and distinction, in rebellion against the despotism of the Brazilian Emperor. It was the native country of the president of the young republic, Gonzales, and he had numerous relatives occupying fine estates and a vast area of country. The family were at once concentrated and diffused like a Scottish clan, and like it, bound together by bonds of fervent clanship, and animated at the same time by a glowing nationality. At two *estancias*, belonging to this family, Garibaldi and his followers were often guests, according to their quality. Donna Anna and Donna Antonia, sisters of the president, were the owners of those mansions, and formed a strong personal friendship for our hero. Hither Garibaldi would hasten when events

left nothing to be performed in the way of exploit, and he has always referred to this portion of his life with a feeling of exquisite tenderness, and grateful affectionate remembrance of those beautiful dwellings and their generous and hospitable inmates, happy in their own amiability and resources, even while the boom of the cannon and the blast of war were so near them. In the house of Donna Anna the gallant commodore experienced for the first time the passion of love. There resided with the Donna a family of refugees, among whom was the daughter of one Doctor Paolo Ferrara, named Manoela. With this beautiful South American Garibaldi fell in love, but as "the course of true love never did run smooth," our hero was not privileged to find this instance an exception. He "loved not wisely, but too well." The young lady was engaged, and to no less a personage than the son of the president. She was not insensible to the handsome person, winning manners, varied intelligence, and gallant spirit of the enamoured hero, but that was all the requital his love found, sought, or hoped.

Garibaldi, musing over these scenes of his youth when his days were entering upon "the yellow leaf," and "the fruits and flowers of love were gone," remarked—"Manoela was the absolute mistress of my soul. Although without hopes of ever possessing her, I could not help loving her. An occasion presented itself in which, being in danger, I had reason to suspect that I was not indifferent to the lady of my heart, and this consciousness which I had of her sympathy, sufficed to console me for the reflection that she could not be mine."

The danger to which he referred was indeed one of the most imminent of his perilous career. Donna Anna's estancia was named *La Bana*. During one of our hero's visits, the crews drew their boats on shore, and were engaged in curing

meat for their provision, before an "out-house," set apart for that purpose. While thus engaged, intelligence was brought that Colonel Pietro de Albreca, surnamed *Moringue* (pole-cat) for his cunning, had landed a few leagues off, with seventy horse and eighty foot, for the purpose of killing or capturing Garibaldi, his band, and their hosts and friends. The troops at Pietro's disposal were Austrians, and other German mercenaries, and Garibaldi, ever holding the Austrians in detestation, longed to encounter them on that distant field.

Garibaldi had sixty men in all. He sent out a dozen to reconnoitre, and placed the remainder under cover. The reconnoitring party having scoured the neighbourhood, returned, all bearing the same testimony, that no enemy was to be seen. There was a fog, which concealed Don Pietro's party, and of which no one knew how better to take advantage than he did. Not feeling quite relieved by the report of his scouts, the commodore spread the cattle about the neighbourhood, which are accustomed in that country to scent strangers, and show signs of uneasiness. They were quiet, and our hero thought the alarm unfounded. He dispersed his men, some to the lancers on the beach, some to the forge, others to fish, and a party to cut firewood. Garibaldi remained alone. The Pole Cat, and one hundred and fifty Austrians, were crouching in a wood within five hundred paces of him. Had he advanced as quietly as he came there, it had been all over with our hero for ever; but the charge was sounded, and on came cavalry and infantry in full speed, the infantry for speed clinging to the stirrups of the horsemen. Garibaldi and the cook had just time to reach the "galpon" (a place for cooking and curing meat in large quantities for market), when their foes were at the door; a lance thrust pierced the garments of Garibaldi as he entered. Moringue supposed that the



whole of the crews were in the galpon, and therefore, instead of dashing in the doors at once, took up a position. The guns of the Garibaldians were in the galpon. Garibaldi fired, and an Austrian fell; six successive shots brought down as many enemies, the cook loading as Garibaldi fired. His only hope was, that his men, hearing the shots, would hasten to his assistance. Through the smoke of the terrible fusilade kept up by the enemy, Louis Carniglia appeared, ever true to his chief. Another musketeer now aided the fire of the defence. Immediately after, a brave Biscayan, one Ignace Bilbao, joined them; and he had scarcely fired a shot, before an Italian, named Lorenzo, was by their side. Next, a Frenchman, named Edouard Mutru, followed by a mulatto, and a black, and these, again, by several Spaniards. Garibaldi had now thirteen men, besides the cook who was of use in loading for him. They made loopholes, and fired steadily into the mass of Austrians. These, aggravated by their losses, and maddened with shame and vengeance, mounted the building, and removed the roofing; in doing so, they fell dead among the defenders. With thirteen men he maintained for three hours a contest with one hundred and fifty Austrians, and triumphed. Few actions as heroic have ever been recorded. The negro Orocope broke the arm of Colonel Moringue himself with a musket ball, who immediately ordered the retreat to be sounded. His flight was so hasty, that he left fifteen Austrians dead behind him, and a great proportion of wounded were borne away. Towards the close of the action more of the crew came to Garibaldi's aid, bringing up his band to thirty. Of these five were killed, and five wounded, three of them mortally. The want of surgical aid was now felt by these heroic men; every other comfort was procured by

their hospitable entertainers. Upon the retreat of the Pole Cat, he came upon several of the crew, hastening to their captain's help; one he slew, the rest, by swimming or flight, escaped. This cunning and desperate man, Moringue, had never before been foiled, and had long been the terror of the coast, which he thoroughly knew. The result of the victory was to give confidence to the insurgents and to Garibaldi's own men, while it disheartened the German mercenaries, and the Pole Cat himself.

It was while engaged in this terrible conflict that the incident occurred which led Garibaldi afterwards to believe that the lady he so hopelessly loved was not insensible to his merits. The way in which the knowledge of it occurred to our hero, and his own feeling upon the occasion, can only be conveyed in his own words: — "We, however, celebrated our victory. Donna Antonia gave us a fête at her estancia, situated at a distance of about twelve miles from the galpon in which we had sustained the fight. It was at this fête that I learnt that a beautiful young girl, on hearing of my danger, had turned pale, and anxiously inquired after my life and health—a victory more sweet to my heart than the sanguinary triumph we had obtained. Oh! beautiful daughter of the American continent! I was proud and happy to belong to thee, in whatever manner it might be, even in thought. Thou wast destined, and thou wast forced to belong to another; and fate reserved for me that other Brazilian flower which I still weep for, and for which I shall weep while I live! Sweet mother of my sons! I knew her not in the midst of victory, but in adversity and shipwreck, and—much more than my youth, my face, or my merit—my misfortunes bound me to her for life. Anita! beloved Anita!"

His first charge after this signal defeat of

the Pole Cat, was the building of two new lancions, superior in size and strength to those which had already performed so much. They were finished and armed in a surprisingly short space of time.

An expedition against St. Catherine was resolved upon by the government, and Garibaldi was ordered, as commander of the flotilla, to take part in it. It was impossible, however, for him to sail out of the lagune. A Brazilian fleet commanded its exit, and fortified cities in the hands of the Imperialists also dominated it. How was this to be overcome? Garibaldi's own reflection was, "With such men as I commanded, nothing was impossible." Yet, brave as the motley crowd which followed him undoubtedly were, few among them possessed any extraordinary degree of daring, endurance, or skill. It was *the man* who commanded, not the men who obeyed, which constituted the invincibility of the band. Garibaldi infused his own spirit among them; his commanding genius inspired them, his heroism made heroes of them all.

Garibaldi's plan was to take the new lancions by land to a rivulet which flows from the Lagune of Los Patos into the Lake Tramandai, and thence to pass into the ocean. With incredible labour and ingenuity this was accomplished. Carriages were fabricated of sufficient strength, and the lancions were lifted upon them. Oxen were easily procured, and vast teams caused to draw the carriages. The population were struck with wonder at the daring conception of the man shown in everything, and all the people literally came forth to behold the novel sight of a naval squadron passing by land, a journey of fifty miles, to the ocean. His plan succeeded, and the little fleet emerged upon Lake Tramandai. Here a new difficulty presented itself; the exit was all but closed by a barrier of the most formidable breakers,

which sends inland for many miles a noise like the roaring of thunder.

At high tide the perilous effort was made. The crews and their commanders had much experience of the kind of navigation required; but Garibaldi himself attributed their success to daring rather than skill. From four o'clock in the evening until the shades of night were fast falling, did Garibaldi and his American lieutenant struggle through the dangerous intricacies of these rocky barriers before they were enabled to cast anchor, the open sea and unknown fortunes all before them. Never before had ship sailed out of the Lake of Tramandai.

They sailed during the night and next day towards their destination, threatened throughout their course with storm. The *Rio Pardo*, on which Garibaldi commanded, was overladen, orders having been given to take large quantities of supplies, it being uncertain how long the squadron might be required to keep the sea. This circumstance made her sail heavy, the waves washing her deck. Garibaldi attempted to run her inshore through the breakers; a terrible wave struck her and threw her over on her larboard. Garibaldi was at the moment on the top of the foremast, looking out for the most feasible passage between the foaming breakers; he was cast into the sea thirty paces from the ship. The starboard side of the ship remained above water. Garibaldi therefore, being perhaps the best swimmer in the world, thought only how he could save his companions. He collected various floating articles, pushed them towards the ship, encouraged his men to throw themselves into the sea upon these substances, and, clinging to them, allow themselves to be drifted to the shore. Several were thus saved by his courage and presence of mind. He looked out for his friend who nursed him so

tenderly when wounded, and who promised that a stone should mark for him an earthly resting-place. He saw him clinging to the barque, but impeded by a thick jacket, which hindered him from swimming. Garibaldi climbed up the wreck, cut open the jacket, and was in the act of divesting him of it, when a wave like that which wrecked the ship swept over it, carrying all living into the sea. Louis Carniglia disappeared for ever. Garibaldi was hurled, to use his own expression, "to the bottom of the sea like a projectile." He arose stupified, but conscious of his situation. His amazing power as a swimmer was now proved. He passed round and round the wreck, calling upon his friend Louis, but in vain; he probably never came up to the surface, loaded as he was by his rough apparel. The tempest howled fearfully, and the sea swelled and rolled over our unconquerable Garibaldi. It is impossible to describe the scene which then took place, or to relate adequately the events of the terrible hour in which its realities were depicted, in other than his own words. At Tangier, in 1859, he thus reviewed these events, and recorded his emotions:—

"As soon as I was forced to abandon the hope of succouring Carniglia, I again cast my eyes round me. It was a grace from God, no doubt, but at that moment of agony for others, I never had an instant doubt for my own safety, so as to disturb my exertions for theirs. My companions appeared scattered in all directions, separated, and swimming towards the shore with the skill and the strength of which each was master. I gained them in an instant, and giving them a cry of encouragement, passed them, and was one of the first, if not the first, among the breakers, cutting enormous waves of the height of mountains.

"But I gained the shore; my grief for the loss of my poor Carniglia, whilst making me indifferent to my own fate, gave me invincible strength. I had scarcely got footing before I turned round, moved by a last hope. Perhaps I might see Luigi again. I made eager inquiries of every desolate-looking figure as it emerged from the waves; but none had seen Carniglia. He must be drowned; the abysses of the ocean had not restored him to me.

"Then I again saw Edouard Mutru, he who, after Carniglia, was the most dear—he to whom I had pushed the fragment of the hatches, recommending him to cling to it with all his strength. No doubt the violence of the sea had torn the fragment from his hands. He was still swimming, but exhausted, and indicating by the convulsion of his motions the extremity to which he was reduced. I have said how much I loved him; he was the second brother of my heart whom I was about to lose in one day. I could not submit to be made in one instant a widower of all I held dear in the world. I pushed into the sea the piece of the ship which had aided me in gaining the shore, and sprang again into the waves, returning with profound indifference to seek again the peril I had just escaped. At the end of a minute I was within a few strokes of Edouard, and I cried out, 'Hold fast! courage! here I am! I bring you life!' Vain hopes! useless efforts! At the moment I was pushing the protecting piece of timber towards him, he sunk and disappeared. I uttered a piercing cry, let go my hold, and dived. Then, not finding him, I thought he had perhaps returned to the surface. I rose, but there was nothing! I dived again—again I rose. I uttered the same cries as for Carniglia, but all was useless—he also was engulfed in the depths of that ocean which he had not feared

to cross in order to regain me, and to serve the cause of peoples. Another martyr to Italian liberty who will have no tomb, no cross!

"The bodies of my sixteen companions, drowned in this disaster—faithful companions of my adventures, engulfed in the sea, were dashed by waves, carried away by currents to more than thirty miles distance towards the north. I then looked round among the fourteen who had survived, and who had all gained the shore, for one Italian face, for one Italian figure. Not one! The six Italians who had accompanied me were dead:—Carniglia, Mutru, Straderini, Navone, Giovanni—I cannot recollect the name of the sixth.

"I ask pardon of my country for having forgotten it. I know that I write this at a distance of twelve years; I know that during that time many events, otherwise terrible than that I have just related, have passed in my life; I know that I have seen a nation fall, and that I have vainly endeavoured to defend a city; I know that, pursued, exiled, tracked like a wild beast, I have deposited in the tomb the wife who had become the heart of my heart; I know that scarcely was the grave closed, when I was obliged to fly like the damned of Dante, who walk straightforward, but whose twisted heads look behind them; I know that I have no longer an asylum; that from the extreme point of Africa I look at that Europe which casts me out like a bandit—me, who have never had but one thought, one love, one despair—my country!—I know perfectly well all this, but it is not less true that I ought to remember that name. Alas! I do not remember it!

"It was a strange thing that with the exception of myself, it was the good and strong swimmers who had disappeared. Trusting, doubtless, to their skill, they had neglected to

avail themselves of parts of the floating wreck, and had hoped to sustain themselves upon the water without that help; whilst, on the contrary, among those whom I found safe and sound around me, there were several young Americans whom I had seen embarrassed in crossing the arm of a river ten feet broad. This seemed unaccountable, nevertheless it was the truth. The world appeared a desert to me. I seated myself on the beach, allowed my head to sink into my hands—and I believe I wept.

"In the midst of my grief, I was roused by the sound of a moaning complaint. I then recollected that although these men were comparatively unknown to me, as I was their leader, whether in fight or shipwreck, I ought to be their father in distress."

He found that the moans proceeded from those who were most suffering from cold. Then only was he made conscious that he also was cold. By great exertions he succeeded in rousing the men from the torpor that fell upon them, and after wandering some way they reached an estancia, "and that hospitality which for ever waits at the door of an American house."

The second vessel, commanded by Griggs, combated the storm in safety. Garibaldi attributed its success to the better build of the ship, although a smaller one than the *Rio Pardo*, and to the excellent seamanship of Griggs. To this man Garibaldi was romantically attached. Of him he said many years after:—

"Where have I met with a man of more admirable courage and of a more charming character? Born of a rich family, he had come to offer his gold, his genius, and his blood to the nascent republic—and he gave it all he had offered.

"One day a letter arrived from his relations in North America, inviting him to return to

the enjoyment of a colossal inheritance, but he had already gathered the most splendid inheritance reserved for a man of conviction and good faith—the palm of martyrdom; he had died for an unfortunate, but a generous and valiant people. And I, who had witnessed so many glorious deaths, I had seen the body of my poor friend separated in two, as the trunk of an oak is by the axe of the woodman; the bust remained standing upon the deck of the *Cassapara*, with his intrepid countenance still purple with the flame of fight, but the members, broken and detached from the body, were scattered around him. A cannon-shot had struck him at the distance of twenty paces, and he presented himself to me thus mutilated the day when I and a companion, setting fire to the flotilla by the order of General Carnavarro, got on board Griggs' ship, which had just been literally battered to pieces by the enemy's squadron.

"O liberty! liberty! what earthly queen can

boast of having in her train such a host of heroes as thou hast in heaven!"

The part of the province of St. Catherine upon which our shipwrecked mariner found asylum, was then in arms against the Brazilian Emperor. Garibaldi expected imprisonment in addition to shipwreck, but found friends only fighting for the country for which he combated.

St. Catherine was an extensive country, given as a dowry by the Emperor of Brazil to the Prince de Joinville; but the people hated the Imperial yoke, and put forth what efforts were at their command to shake it off. General Carnavarro was then in command of the native forces, and was marching upon the Lagune of St. Catherine, in the hope of surprising it. To join his forces was the next object of Garibaldi, and to effect this, he and his companions were well horsed by the people of the country. They joined the advanced guard under Colonel Texeiras.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A SOLDIER.—ONCE MORE AN ADMIRAL.—AGAIN IN LOVE.—TAKES A WIFE.—ANITA GARIBALDI.—TERRIFIC NAVAL ENCOUNTERS.—ANITA A HEROINE.—GARIBALDI AGAIN A SOLDIER.—HIS SKILL AND DARING.—ENCOUNTERS.—RETREATS.—HARDSHIPS.

"Night closed around the conquerors' way,  
And lightning showed the distant hill,  
Where those who lost that bloody day  
Stood few and faint, but fearless still."—MOORE.

COLONEL TEXEIRAS proceeded by forced marches to the Lagune of St. Catherine, in the hope of taking the Imperialists by surprise. The city of St. Catherine made no defence, not expecting the approach of an enemy,—the garrison fled. Among the spoils of war was a naval squadron in the harbour, which Garibaldi, who began the expedition as a soldier, seized,

manned as he best could, and became once more commander of the little fleet of the republic. One of the captured ships was named the *Itaparika*,—it was a goëlette, bearing seven pieces of artillery.

There was immediate work for Admiral Garibaldi, as the Imperialists, before they heard of the capture of the city of St. Catherine,

rine, and that their own ships on the lagune had become a hostile navy, sent arms, ammunition, soldiers, clothing, supplies of all sort, to strengthen the place against possible aggression. Men and material were all captured by Garibaldi, without resistance being possible. A provisional government was formed, with a priest at its head, and Garibaldi's friend Rosetti was appointed as secretary of state to the province, and established himself in Giuliana, a little city on the lagune. The government was utterly feeble and unfit, except so far as the influence of Rosetti counterbalanced its weakness, for as his greater friend said of him, "Rosetti was cut out for all kinds of employments."

Now came one of the most curious passages in the life of our heroic adventurer. During the shipwreck all his Italian friends were drowned. No one remained to him with whom he could communicate his thoughts. His heart sickened in its solitude. For this dreariness of soul, which was gradually unfitting him for his manly avocations, he could think only of one remedy—a wife. His own words are happily on record as explaining the state of his mind at that momentous period of his heart's fortunes.

"I had never thought of marriage, and considered myself perfectly incapable of becoming a husband, from my great independence of character, and my irresistible vocation for a life of adventure. To have a wife and children appeared to me a sovereign impossibility for a man who had consecrated his life to a principle, the success of which, however complete it might be, could never leave him the quietude necessary for the father of a family. Destiny had decided otherwise; after the death of Luigi, Edouard, and my other companions, I found myself in a state of complete isolation. It appeared to me that I was alone in the world.

I had not left a single one of those friends of whom the heart stands as much in need as life does of aliment. Those who had survived, as I have already said, were strangers to me; they were, doubtless, valiant, good-hearted men, but I had known them too short a time to have become intimate with any of them. In the immense void made around me by the terrible catastrophe, I felt the want of some heart that would love me; without this heart, existence was to me insupportable—almost impossible. It is true, I had recovered Rosetti, that is to say, a brother; but Rosetti, confined by the duties of his post, could not live with me, and I scarcely saw him once a week. I then wanted, as I have said, some one who would love me, *who would love me without delay*. Now, friendship is the fruit of time; it requires years to ripen; whilst love is sometimes lightning, the son of the storm. But of what importance is that? I am one of those who prefer the storms, whatever they may be, to the calms of life, to the quiet slumbers of the heart. It was, then, a wife I wanted; a wife alone could cure me; a wife, that is to say, the only refuge, the only consoling angel, the star of the tempest; a wife, that is, the divinity who is never implored in vain when implored by the heart, and, above all, when implored in misfortune.

"It was in this mood of thought that from my cabin in the *Itaparika* I turned my eyes towards the land. The manse of Le Bana was not far distant, and from my ship I could discover pretty young girls occupied in various domestic employments. One of them attracted my particular attention. I was ordered on shore, and immediately directed my steps towards the house upon which my looks had been so long fixed. My heart beat, but it contained, however agitated it might be, one of those resolutions which never know diminu-

tion. A man invited me to enter. I should have entered even if I had been forbidden. I had seen that man once. I saw the young girl, and said to her, 'Maiden, thou shalt be mine!' I had by these words created a tie which death alone could break."

The Government ordered their naval commander to cruise with his little fleet so as to harass the commerce of the enemy and make prizes. His ships consisted of the *Rio Pardo*, on board of which he commanded; the *Cassapara*, commanded by Griggs, the American captain; and the *Seival*, commanded by an Italian named Lorenzo. A Brazilian fleet lay at the mouth of the lagune, through which, on a misty night, the three ships were safely steered. Anita sailed with him. He had now a companion of his heart, a cure for his despondency, effectual and happy; but he had also acquired a new care, which must occupy his mind, and press heavily upon his heart, when begirt with the perils of the sea and of war. Still Anita was to him a help, and often not only his sweetest or his only solace, but an assistant in his enterprises, both vigilant and intelligent, and even as brave as himself. But in battle and storm his thoughts could not fail to be distracted by the danger to which she was exposed who was his life's sole treasure.

His cruise was successful; chasing and chased, he roved the sea, aided effectually by his captains, and made good prizes. His mind was, however, haunted by a presentiment that the Lagune of St. Catherine was the theatre of untoward events, and thither he directed his course. There is something of the prophet in the mental constitution and moral elevation of Garibaldi. Even his head is more like the ideal of one lifted to a high moral and spiritual altitude from which to speak to his fellow men, than like that of a mere warrior,

however able or successful. It is at all events a singular psychological trait of Garibaldi, that he seems to have an intuitive perception of coming good or evil. His hopes are not simply born of his heart; a light from heaven cheering them onward and upward seems to illumine them. His foresight of evil seems also preternatural; as though a voice which his ears hear not whispers upon his spirit the warning word.

In the instance before us his bodings of evil were too true. The mercenaries of many nations of Europe and America, who made up a large portion of the liberating army, treated the people of the provinces haughtily and injuriously.

In that army also were large numbers of Brazilian deserters, who were quite ready to desert again to their former service if secured from punishment, and who preferred flight to fight where the least chance of capture was before them. The incompetence of the government was another cause of danger and disaffection. An amiable but incapable priest, himself not adverse to an Imperial régime, directed civil affairs; and General Carnavaro, a loyal man and a brave soldier, with a self-confidence his talents did not justify, directed the troops. Only where Garibaldi and Rosetti could put forth their experience, ability, and courage, were public affairs well conducted.

Off the Isle of St. Catherine the *Rio Pardo* and *Seival* encountered a Brazilian frigate. The *Cassapara* had parted company in the darkness of a previous night. As soon as the commanders of the prizes saw the enemy, they became alarmed, and hauled down their flags. One only, which was commanded by the brave Biscayan (Gros Jean), referred to elsewhere, was brought into a port, Kulietuba, then in the hands of the republicans. The *Seival* suffered in this encounter, having all her guns

dismounted, and being so injured that the water made serious inroads upon her, while the sea was rough and the weather boisterous. She followed the prize to its harbour of refuge. Garibaldi, not having means to keep the sea alone, also entered Kulietuba.

This place did not promise a very secure protection, as the Imperial fleet, blockading the mouth of the Lagoon of St. Catherine, would be informed by the frigate of the late conflict, and of the place of refuge taken by the Republican squadron; pursuit was, therefore, certain.

Garibaldi took the guns from the *Seival* and placed them on a promontory which formed the bay of the eastern coast; here he constructed a gabioned battery.

At dawn of day three ships of the enemy approached. The *Rio Pardo* held double anchorage at the bottom of the bay. She was no match for the formidable squadron sent against her. Garibaldi had now all the bitterness of that new anxiety created by having a wife in circumstances so dangerous.

A powerful enemy approached, his means of defence were small, and his beloved Anita was on board. He besought her to land, but she refused to leave his side, and thus situated the first burst of the thunder of battle broke over them. The wind favoured the tacking of the enemy, so as to enable him to bring all his force to bear upon the little goelette, which proved herself a sound strong ship. As they tacked, the shore battery kept up a steady and effective fire, doing them much damage. Garibaldi fought the goelette with marvellous skill and desperate bravery, the vessels coming close enough for a murderous carabinaade, in addition to the discharges of artillery. Anita, carbine in hand, fought by her husband, encouraging the men by her voice, gesture, and exposure to danger. The success achieved

Garibaldi always attributed to "that Brazilian Amazon." After a fearful combat of five hours, the goelette and battery still unconquered, the enemy sheered off. The commander was killed, and the crews became demoralised.

During the conflict, Garibaldi had terrible evidence of the unsuitability of marriage to his wild and adventurous occupations. A cannon ball knocked down two sailors, and Anita with them. Garibaldi saw her fall, and believed her slain; the two sailors were killed, but she was unhurt, "the wind of the ball" having prostrated her. Garibaldi implored her to go below. She replied, "Yes, to drive out the cowards who are skulking there." She soon returned, driving before her three sailors, whose shame was not concealed that they were shrinking from the battle when a woman braved its peril.

Next day no enemy appearing, Garibaldi and his little squadron made for the Lagoon of St. Catherine, but were soon discovered and pursued by the fleet, which he skilfully eluded, and reached the lagoon in safety.

Our hero proved himself a prophet. He found the inhabitants of the province on the point of insurrection, into which they were driven by marauding mercenaries and deserters, wearing the uniform of the Republic. The city of Imbrii flew to arms and drove out the predatory horde which occupied it. General Carnavarro ordered Garibaldi to attack, and give it up to punishment by the troops. For the former design he was ready, the latter he purposed to thwart. The place was well defended against a naval attack, the only one they apprehended. Garibaldi landed at a little distance, and approached from a quarter against which no works had been thrown up. The place was stormed, and in spite of Garibaldi's authority, and dangerous personal efforts to



restrain the soldiery, was pillaged. Meantime the Imperial army was advancing in great force, the Republicans retiring before them.

Garibaldi's next care was to conduct the retreating troops and their baggage across the lagoon. This baggage was enormous, the pillage of friends rather than of foes. This was scarcely effected, when twenty-two vessels of the enemy, their decks covered with troops, appeared at hand to co-operate with the advancing Imperialist army, now in close pursuit. Garibaldi climbed the nearest mountain, and soon perceived that the plan of the naval and military commanders was to unite their forces at the entrance of the lagoon. He informed General Carnavarro, who gave suitable and requisite orders, but did not see them carried out, or could not constrain his troops to obey them, for they did not arrive in time, and there was nothing to defend the proposed point of the enemy's junction but the half-manned ships of Garibaldi. Our hero hastened to join his ship, but his intrepid wife had already begun the battle, placing herself by a gun, firing it with her own hand, and issuing to the cowed and drooping crew her orders with boldness and coolness. The lost ship, under Captain Griggs, had before this joined Garibaldi, and was of material assistance in the fierce conflict which ensued. In a short time all the guns on the *Rio Pardo* were dismantled, and Garibaldi's crew kept up a terrible contest with the carbine at close quarters, Anita bearing her part in this fire. When the match approached the guns of the opposing ships, the men of the *Rio Pardo* would crouch until the shot passed, and then spring up and discharge their carbines upon the gunners. Anita would not stoop before an enemy, but proud and erect, while the mitrail showered around her, she delivered her carbine fire upon the foe. Her danger nearly drove Garibaldi to distrac-

tion. It was the hardest test of his presence of mind. He bethought him of a means to place her beyond the rage of this horrible destruction. He ordered her to go to General Carnavarro to demand reinforcements, hinting that if he sent a man he would find some excuse not to return. His message was, that if the General sent him men and guns he would pursue the enemy's fleet into the lagoon, and, torch in hand, fire it. The General, deeming the feat impossible, refused concurrence, and sent no reinforcements. Anita had been ordered by Garibaldi to send the answer by a messenger; but to his alarm and almost despair, she came herself. The orders of the General were, not to hang upon the enemy's rear, but to save the hand-arms and ammunition, and burn his own ships.

It was as difficult to obey this order as to continue the fight. Every officer on board the squadron was killed, the gallant Griggs cut in two by a cannon ball. Garibaldi had no one upon whose intelligence and spirit he could rely but his Anita. She superintended the transportation to land of the arms and ammunition under a galling fire. As she passed from ship to shore, and shore to ship again, the men rowed with bent bodies, so as to present as little exposure to the enemy as possible, she stood with folded arms in the prow, fixed as a statue, graceful as an angel, and as if endowed with "spirit life," which no material element could touch. Garibaldi, meanwhile, passed from one barque to another, removing the ammunition and arms, and disposing of the tow, pitch, and powder by which they should all be consumed. The carnage utterly appalled his feeling heart: two-thirds of his men had perished with their officers. Well might he ask himself, at the sight of such a spectacle, how it was that, having taken no more care of himself than others had done, he had remained

unhurt? He had, in fact, exposed himself in all the fury of the battle, but the hand of God screened him, reserving him for other days and other deeds. When the orders of General Carnavarro had in all other respects been complied with, Garibaldi fired the ships: "In an instant," he reported, "a cloud of smoke enveloped our vessels, and our brave dead had at least, on the decks of their own barques, a funeral pile lighted that was worthy of them."

The greatest loss to the cause and to the leader was Captain Griggs—a man of superior education, great persistence, extraordinary sea talents, and heroic devotion to liberty. In order to promote it in South America he had left his home in the north, where he was surrounded by every comfort, and a little before he fell refused to return to receive a very large fortune which had fallen to him. He and Garibaldi were kindred spirits, and thus one by one the noble hearts he trusted and loved were broken. This saddened the spirit of our hero, over whose noble brow all who know him may watch to-day the shades of those dark memories passing.

When night fell, Garibaldi gathered what was left of his lost fleet, and joined the rearguard of the Republican army as it retreated upon Rio Grande.

Now the poetic and romantic nature of this extraordinary man found a new scope. He was in a path of adversity, full of danger, almost every calamity to be apprehended; how did his spirit look through the vista of battles, journeyings, wars, and exile, and see only the halo of light and liberty which shone afar off; and think of himself only as marching onward to the destinies upon which that light and liberty would beam in the effulgence of its glory! Yet hear him speak as he thus fled with a beaten army across the prairies, and

through the virgin forests of a wild and foreign region:—

"Amidst the changes of my adventurous existence, I have frequently had pleasant hours, good moments: and although that in which I found myself may not appear at first sight to form part of those which have left me an agreeable remembrance, I recall it, nevertheless, as if, not full of happiness, at least full of emotions. At the head of a few men left of so many combatants who had justly merited the name of brave men, I rode on horseback, proud of the living, proud of the dead, proud almost of myself. By my side rode the queen of my soul, the wife worthy of all admiration. I was launched into a career more attractive than that of the navy. Of what consequence was it to me that, like the Greek philosopher, I carried all I had about me, to save a poor republic, which paid nobody, and by which, if she had been rich, I would not have been paid? Had I not a sabre beating against my thigh, and a carbine lying across my holsters? Had I not close to me my Anita, my treasure, with a heart burning as warmly as my own in the cause of peoples? Did she not mingle in fights as an amusement, as a simple distraction in camp life? The future smiled serenely and fortunately upon me; and the more wild that these American deserts and solitudes presented themselves to me, the more beautiful, the more delicious they appeared."

From these reflections he was evidently conscious that he did not draw the sword for a magnanimous people, but he believed that they rose against oppression, and that their cause was just; this sufficed for his own view of the results to himself; his unselfish nature cared for no interests but those of liberty, justice, honour, and truth.

The retreat was continued until the retiring

army reached the limits of Rio Grande. Finding that the enemy did not pursue, the force was reorganised, and Garibaldi had assigned to him the post of a subordinate military leader in a new enterprise. Two divisions of the enemy directed their course against Cama da Serra, a "department of the mountain," belonging to Rio Grande. The mountaineers stoutly resisted the Imperialists, but called for help. Colonel Texeiras was ordered to render that aid, and Garibaldi commanded a small corps of the expedition. In this expedition he performed prodigies of valour. The enemy was beaten, driven across a river in which their commander perished, and the whole region restored to freedom and confidence. This was not to last long. Fresh forces of the Imperialists advanced, and Texeiras, by a series of headstrong, fool-hardy blunders, ruined all. The enemy, commanded by Mello, was not equal in strength to Texeiras, but the latter, not knowing by which of two roads he might have the best chance of intercepting him, divided his forces between them. The road upon which Mello did come was that upon which the smaller detachment was placed. It was no match for the foe, and had no help from the larger detachment. With the unfortunate part of the expedition served Garibaldi. Magnanimous in success, he was great in misfortune, which was nearly always the work of others, or the operation of natural causes, and in either case the superior parts and noble nature of our hero were more conspicuously brought forth. At a place deemed favourable, Texeiras, who commanded this detachment in person, took post. The enemy, whose information was good, effected a surprise which, but for the vigilance of Garibaldi, who expected such a result, would have issued in the annihilation of the whole. He spread a timely alarm, called the men to arms, and

took up a favourable position. Texeiras, instead of sending for the other detachment, and manœuvring before the enemy, at once ordered a charge. Brave but rash, his decision was a hazard too great to risk. He fell into an ambush, and was disastrously repulsed. Garibaldi rallied the infantry, and in turn repulsed the foe. Counting upon the well-known daring and imprudence of Texeiras, the enemy again skilfully caught him at a disadvantage, and nearly annihilated his cavalry. The infantry were in support, but were placed by Texeiras at too great a distance for such purpose. Garibaldi called for volunteers; twelve men responded to the call. With these he hurried forward, placed them on the summit of a hill, protected by a belt of trees, fired into the pursuing enemy, who, ignorant of their paucity of numbers, hesitated, giving time to a few of the bravest to rally, and finally the fugitives and support arranged themselves upon this little extempore citadel. As the small number of the defenders began to be ascertained by the reconnoitring cavalry, a general attack was determined, and a combat ensued which Garibaldi, no exaggerator, designated terrible and sanguinary. The whole force left of the Republicans when this assault commenced was but seventy-three, the Imperialists outnumbering them many times. Five hundred cavalry, excellently appointed and led, charged the hill desperately and repeatedly, only to be hurled back with defeat and slaughter by the resolute defence. A superior position presented itself at a short distance; thither they marched, harassed but unbroken by the cavalry. A belt of trees protected them in this new post, which the enemy was unable to penetrate.

When night fell the post was abandoned and retreat commenced; but, alas! Anita remained behind a prisoner. The distance was twenty leagues to Lages; thither the fugitives directed

their course. Garibaldi had much difficulty in keeping them together, for their sufferings from hunger, thirst, fatigue, rain, tempest, and guerilla attacks were great. At last they discovered a forest path, by which, approaching in single file, they reached a house surrounded by a large clearing. Rest, and plenty of food were here obtained, and Lages was reached without much further suffering, except that they entered the place drenched thoroughly by a tropical rain. Lages had declared for the Emperor, having heard that this portion of the force had been annihilated. The Imperial party fled upon the unexpected apparition of Garibaldi and his men, leaving behind their goods and valuables. Supplies were in this way obtained of everything requisite for all, especially for the wounded, not one of whom Garibaldi left behind. Lages had now to be defended against a numerous foe. This was done successfully until reinforcements arrived, but the enemy fled without feeling the effects of the bayonet when Garibaldi marched out against them. Soon after, the garrison began to desert, taking with them all the horses and materials they could steal, until at last Garibaldi, with about seventy adherents, were all that could be relied upon. This circumstance evoked from him some remarkable observations, whether viewed in a political or military light.

“It was in this circumstance that I verified the defects and vices with which the republican armies are generally reproached. These armies are composed of men for the most part full of

patriotism and courage, who only choose to remain under their colours whilst the enemy threatens, and depart and abandon them when he disappears. This vice was almost our ruin; this defect was near causing our destruction; in the circumstance, an enemy-better informed might have annihilated us by profiting by it.

“Let this serve as an example to people who wish to be free; let them learn that it is not with flowers, fêtes, and illuminations that the warlike, disciplined soldiers of a despotism are fought, but with soldiers still more warlike and more disciplined than they are. Let them not, then, undertake this rude task who are not capable of rendering a people warlike and disciplined after having roused them. There are also peoples who are not worth the trouble of rousing—the gangrene is not curable.”

Texeiras, finding that Lages could no longer be defended, ordered Garibaldi to retire to Mala Cosa, the head-quarters of the president. This could only be effected by a route similar to that by which he reached Lages; but the forest was cleared, and inhabited in many places. This did not add to the security of our hero and his little band, for these people were hostile to the cause for which he fought. They lay in ambush in various places on the route, but they did not choose such positions with skill, nor use them with courage. The little band passed unscathed through a wild and desultory fire, which lighted up the gloom of the forest, and kept them constantly on the defensive, until they reached the place of their destination.

## CHAPTER IX.

ANITA A CAPTIVE.—ESCAPES.—HER SUFFERINGS AND SUCCESS.—REJOINS HER HUSBAND.—BATTLE OF TAQUARRE.—STORMING OF SAN JOSÉ.—RETREAT OF THE REPUBLICANS.—BIRTH OF MENOTTI.—NARROW ESCAPE OF GARIBALDI FROM CAPTURE BY MORINGUE.—GENERAL RETREAT OF THE REPUBLICAN ARMY, AND SUFFERINGS AND DANGERS OF ANITA AND MENOTTI.—GARIBALDI LEAVES THE SERVICE OF THE REPUBLIC.—TURNS DROVER.—REACHES MONTE VIDEO.—IS A PEDLAR AND A TEACHER OF MATHEMATICS.—AGAIN A SEA CAPTAIN.—MARVELLOUS AND HEROIC ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE.—ONCE MORE IN POVERTY WITH ANITA AT MONTE VIDEO.

"Their joys and griefs were one,  
Love bound their hearts in bonds indissoluble."—*The Corsair*.

In the previous chapter it was related that in the battle of Caritubani Anita was made prisoner. She was carrying ammunition to an advanced position, when twenty of the enemy's cavalry surrounded her. She dashed through them at a bound of her steed. The ruffians had so little manhood that they fired; a ball pierced her hat and carried away a portion of her hair without wounding her. She gained by superior speed a greater distance from her pursuers who again fired; her horse fell dead, and she was borne away a captive. The treatment she received was rude in language, but no personal indignity was offered. As the colonel of the cavalry represented to her that her husband and his company of infantry were all slaughtered, she implored his permission to search the field for his corpse. This was conceded, and she performed the melancholy office unaided. With a woman's tears and a heroine's heart she turned over the bodies of the slain, and rent the air with piercing calls for him she sought, supposing that he might be lying wounded in the vicinity. Having at last satisfied herself that he had made good his retreat, she resolved at all hazards to escape. She was indifferently guarded, and found easy opportunity to enter a house adjoining that in which she was kept a prisoner. A woman resident there treated her with sympathy and

afforded her protection. Garibaldi's cloak had been captured by an enemy, but restored to Anita. This she exchanged for another belonging to her protector, and when night came she passed unobserved into the forest. Her dangers were sufficient to appal the bravest man. A deep gloom covered the earth beneath the gigantic trees which were around her. The reeds, which also grew to a great height in the intervals, were infested by beasts of prey and the deadliest serpents. Her hope was to pass through this labyrinth of death to Lages, and the distance was sixty English miles. Where there were clearings, the inhabitants entertained hostile feelings to the Republican cause. They lay in wait on the *picadas* (forest paths or tracks), to shoot down any fugitive who might have straggled behind the company which Garibaldi was then leading so gallantly through them. Many of the cavalry who had formed Texeiras' horse essaying to pass perished. Anita providentially found a clearing, the owner of which was humane, and gave her a fleet horse. On this she sped, the superstitious guerillas running in terror from her path, supposing that they were pursued by an apparition. It was a night of incessant lightning, and literally

"The live thunders leapt from crag to crag."

Amidst the roar of the bursting bolts, she

galloped fearlessly forward, passing over rocks and brushwood with desperate daring, a terror to the living, and herself appearing as one from the dead. At the river Canoas there was a cavalry patrol of the enemy; they rode away with the utmost precipitation, as an intense flash of lightning revealed her foaming courser, and her cloak streaming behind her, as if the appendage of some spirit charged with a mission of death to the war-torn land. Anita dashed to the side of the torrent, dismounted, and seizing her horse by the mane, swam across. This was not the least of her perils, for the waters were swollen by the tempest. The breadth of the Canoas was there five hundred paces. After four days without tasting food, except a few wild berries, she arrived at Lages, and thence, taking a cup of coffee only, she hurried to join the corps of Colonel Aranha at Vaccaria, as the place most likely to find her husband. There they soon met, each having, for an entire week of inconceivable dangers, despaired of ever again beholding the other. During these terrible hazards Anita was pregnant. In this state she accompanied her husband in the retreat (already mentioned) to the head-quarters of the president. From Mala Cosa, the Republican army marched to the neighbourhood of Taquarè, and formed a junction with a newly raised division commanded by General Netto. Within a few miles of that place Bento Gonzales resolved to give the Imperialists battle. The two armies were drawn up in array for a whole day. The Imperialists numbered 4,000 foot, 3,000 horse, and a park of artillery; the Republicans had little more than one-fourth that number. After some skirmishing, the Imperial troops retired upon Taquarè, whither Bento Gonzales followed them, and attacking them during the retreat, was repulsed with a loss of 500 men, but inflicting an equal loss

upon the enemy. Garibaldi was at the head of the marine force, and in the thickest of the fight, which he described as terrible, particularly in the forest, where the noise of the shots and the breaking of the trees, amidst the cloud of smoke, seemed like an infernal tempest. Bento Gonzales returned to Mala Cosa. A fortified place, called "San José of the North," became an object for the republican army to gain. It was situated on the northern shore of the lake *Los Patos*. A surprise was determined. Forced marches brought the expedition beneath the walls on a night of pitiless storm. At one o'clock in the morning the assault was given; the surprise was complete, the trenches were won, and the forts which guarded them. As soon, however, as the assailants entered the streets, they lost all discipline, and being in want of everything, gave themselves up to plunder. The enemy, driven to a quarter of the city well fortified, kept up their fire, and repulsed the few troops whom Garibaldi could keep together. In vain the officers sought for their dispersed men, they either could not be found, or were drunk, disobedient, laden with booty, or without their arms. The Imperial ships in the harbour opened fire and raked the streets; a magazine exploded in the chief fort which the Republicans had won, blowing up many of them. By midday the broken remnant of the assailants were in full route. A few cavalry and Garibaldi's sailors covered the retreat. His company was reduced to forty men. The fugitive army reached Bella Vesta, Garibaldi proceeding to St. Simon, a very large farm, for the purpose of superintending the building of some canoes. Those who were to assist in this undertaking did not perform their task; and as there were many colts on the estate, Garibaldi trained his sailors as troopers. While thus engaged, Anita was confined of her first-born,











September, 1840. Of this event Garibaldi said, "Instead of giving him the name of a saint, I gave him the name of a martyr; he was called Menotti." The child was born with a cicatrice on his head, in consequence of the fall caused to his mother when her horse was shot at the time of her capture. Garibaldi set out for Settembrina to purchase some necessities for Anita and his little boy. On his way he passed through a farm or estate, where Captain Massimo was in charge of horses for the cavalry. As Garibaldi passed on a few miles, he heard heavy firing in the direction of the farm he had left. He had scarcely gone, when the "Pole Cat," whom he had once so signally defeated, made a spring upon the station, killing the men and capturing the horses. Garibaldi proceeded on his route, and accomplished his errand of love. He then learned the sad fact that the crafty Moringue had marched through the district, suddenly appearing and capturing or dispersing all the small posts of the Republicans. His sailor band at St. Simon were obliged to take refuge in the forest, and with them Anita and his little boy, then only twelve days old. Garibaldi, in an agony of suspense, sought and found them. He brought them back to St. Simon, resolved to defend the place if attacked. Thence he encamped on the left bank of the Capinari, the river upon which he had formerly transported his ships with such great labour for the expedition to St. Catherine. Here by canoes he opened communication, and transported his company and material.

Soon after, the Pole Cat surprised the garrison of Settembrina, and Rosetti, refusing to surrender, was killed. Thus the last bosom friend of our hero had perished in this war.

A general retreat of the whole army under Gonzales was determined. Much as Garibaldi had known in these campaigns of painful re-

treat, this he described as the most terrible and disastrous. It lasted three months, amid the rains which in winter deluge that land. Anita endured it and yet lived. Garibaldi carried little Menotti through dangerous tracks, and over rivers, suspended from his neck by a handkerchief, so that he could warm him by his breath. At last, passing through a forest that seemed interminable, he found it necessary to slacken his pace, in order to save two mules, whose use could not be dispensed with, and sent Anita and her baby forward. When he rejoined them, he found them by a camp fire beyond the forest, with a packet of his troops, the soldiers in the act of wrapping the poor little boy in their woollen vests, and restoring him to life, after Anita had given up all hopes of his preservation. The lives of both mother and babe were saved by the tender care of these humane and gallant fellows.

A junction was now made with Gonzales, whose troops were decimated by fatigue and hunger, and the harassing pursuit of the ubiquitous Pole Cat, joined by the mountaineers who were loyal to the emperor. The retreating army at last reached the place of its rendezvous, and took up quarters. It was now evident that the Republican cause was lost; it was only a question of time when surrender must be made. Negotiations were already opened by the emperor's ministers, and there remained no longer room for Garibaldi to serve a cause for which he had fought and bled. Of the people he had no hope; they were not prepared for the destinies to which they aspired. Our hero therefore began to think of retiring from this service. At this time, too, he felt that his family required repose, and to be taken away from scenes of such distressing and harassing vicissitude. A longing to hear of his parents, of whom for six years he had no

tidings, took possession of his soul; and of the condition of Italy, the land of his birth and of his heart, he knew nothing, but sighed to learn something of her fate. He resolved on going to Monte Video, and to take up his abode there, unless the President of Rio Grande finding means of further resistance should again require his aid. The president entered into the purpose of our hero, and these two brave men, brothers in war and misfortune, took leave of each other.

Garibaldi was permitted to collect a drove of cattle, by selling which one at a time he hoped to provide the expenses of his journey. He collected nine hundred animals, most of them "completely wild." On the way many were drowned in the passage of a river, many were stolen by hired drovers, a large number perished on the track, and finally, when he had only five hundred left, they could not endure the remainder of the journey, so he killed them, and selling their skins, realised one hundred crowns. He arrived at Monte Video, where for his subsistence he combined two callings which were in curious association. He was a sort of local commercial traveller, carrying samples of all kinds about him, from Italian paste to Rouen stuffs; and a teacher of mathematics in a private family. He could scarcely find, by these means united, sufficient support for his family.

At last the Republic of Monte Video had need of such a man as Garibaldi, and requested him to enter its service. He became captain of a corvette called *La Constitution*.

The condition of the Monte Video republic at this juncture was peculiar. From ignorance of political economy on the part of a former president, her treasury was completely exhausted. Her population was not numerous, and her power was small. Rosas was the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, and had received a

previous president of Monte Video, then exiled, whose name was Oribes. Rosas made war on the republic ostensibly to re-establish Oribes, but really to become its dictator. No man was ever named upon the page of history so completely debased by cruelty and cowardice as the infamous Rosas. He was probably more ignorant than any man sustaining such high functions was ever before known to be. This despot sent his armies to invade the territory of the Monte Videon, or as it was also called, Oriental Republic. Oribes, the recusant and traitorous ex-president of that republic, commanded the invading army. Garibaldi drew his sword for the invaded and oppressed. The Oriental squadron was placed under the command of a soldier, one Colonel Casse; another soldier, or a sailor bearing a soldier's title, a General Brown, commanded the fleet of Buenos Ayres. Garibaldi was to proceed with two ships, armed with guns of small calibre, to assist Coriontes, which was in arms against Rosas; but our hero believed that the minister of Monte Video was desirous to get rid of him, and to possess no higher object in ordering the expedition. Had the minister really intended the destruction of Garibaldi and his ships, he could have devised no more likely a scheme. The new commodore had to ascend the Parana between two hostile shores, pursued by a squadron fourfold the strength of his own. Immediately upon leaving harbour he had to pass near to a battery, which the enemy had planted upon an island. He did not pass it without the loss of an officer and five men killed, and eight wounded. In ascending the river the vessel on which he commanded ran ashore upon an island at low water. He transported the guns to the sister ship, the men of which were aiding him in getting his vessel off the ground. While thus situated the enemy's fleet, consisting of seven ships, appeared in sight. There was no opportunity

for flight, and a combat to any one but Garibaldi would have been too hopeless to attempt. The events which followed were regarded by Garibaldi with sad, pungent feelings, and remembered by him ever after with so much emotion that we must record them in his own words.

"Notwithstanding the imminent danger in which I was placed, I did not give way to despair. No, God has given me the grace in every extreme occasion always to retain my confidence in Him; but I leave it to others to judge, particularly to sailors, what my situation was. It was not only my life that was in question,—I would willingly have given up that at such a moment,—but my honour was at stake. The more the people who had driven me to this extremity believed that I should in it lose my reputation, the more firmly I was resolved to carry it through the ordeal, bleeding it might be, but still pure.

"There could be no idea of avoiding the combat; all we could do was to meet it in the best possible situation. Consequently as my vessels, much lighter than the enemy's, drew less water, I made them approach close to the shore, which presented me, should all be lost upon the river, with a last means of safety in landing.

"I had the deck of the goelette cleared as much as possible, in order that some of our cannons might be of service, and these precautions being taken I waited.

"The squadron which was about to attack me was commanded by Admiral Brown; I was aware, therefore, that I had to deal with one of the bravest sailors in the world.

"The fight lasted three days without the enemy's thinking fit to board us. Towards the morning of the third day I had still some powder left, but I wanted projectiles. I ordered the chains of the vessel to be broken;

I got together nails and hammers, everything, either iron or copper, that could take the place of bullets or *mitraille*, and spat it in the face of the enemy, and that enabled us to get through the day.

"At length, towards the end of the third day, having no projectiles left, and having lost more than half of my men, I commanded fire to be set to the three vessels; whilst, under a heavy cannonade from the enemy, we reached the shore, every man carrying his musket and his share of the cartridges that were left. All the wounded that were transportable were carried with us; as to the others, I have before said what took place in such circumstances.

"But we were a hundred and fifty, or two hundred miles from Monte Video, and upon an enemy's coast. It was the garrison of the island which first undertook to molest us; but still heated by our fight with General Brown, we received them in such a fashion that they repeated the attack no more.

"Then we commenced our march across the desert, living upon the small quantity of provisions we had been able to bring away with us, and upon whatever we could procure upon our route. The Orientals had just lost the battle of Arrayo-Grande; we joined the fugitives, whom I rallied round me, and after five or six days of struggles, fighting, privations, and sufferings, of which no description can give an idea, we re-entered Monte Video, bringing back intact that honour which it had been so firmly believed I should leave behind me.

"This fight, and many others which I maintained against Admiral Brown, made him form so favourable an opinion of me, that whilst the war still lasted, and he had abandoned the service of Rosas, he came to Monte Video, and before seeing his family, he made

it his business to seek for me. He found me at my residence of the Podone, and embraced me again and again, as if I had been his own son. The excellent man seemed as if he was never tired of pressing me to his breast and evincing his sympathy for me. And when he had done with me, turning towards Anita, 'Madame,' said he, 'I have for a long time fought against your husband, and that without success; I was determined to conquer him, and make him my prisoner; but he was always ready to fight with me, and managed to escape me. If I had had the good fortune to take him, he would have learnt by the manner in which I should have treated him how great my respect was for him.'"

Our hero was now again without a commission, or any means of livelihood.

After his victory, Oribes marched upon Monte Video, shooting with relentless cruelty all prisoners, and even the peaceable inhabitants of the country were subjected to the

same fate, or beheaded, their heads in some cases placed as an exhibition in public thoroughfares. Oribes, although cruel, was not so bloodthirsty a man as Rosas, and whether these barbarities were perpetrated under the command of the tyrant, or in order to conciliate him, and maintain his support, Oribes went beyond the degree of vengeance which men believed natural to himself. He advanced against Monte Video proclaiming that neither native nor foreigner should be spared. There was nothing to resist him. Rivera, a former president, who commanded the lately vanquished army, was again collecting men and means for resistance. Whatever jealousies inspired certain of the government officials, that was no time for showing them. The aid of Garibaldi became of consequence to the very existence of the city, and this necessity opened to him a new career. This shall be reserved for a new chapter.

## CHAPTER X.

GARIBALDI COMMANDS THE ITALIAN LEGION.—BECOMES COMMANDER OF A FLOTILLA.—SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDS A FORTRESS AGAINST THE FLEET OF ROSAS.—AT THE HEAD OF HIS LEGION SURPRISES AND DEFEATS A CORPS OF ORIBES.—TERRIBLE HAND-TO-HAND CONTEST.—"GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN."—ESTATES OFFERED TO THE ITALIAN LEGION REFUSED.—AN AMBUSH.—PREPARES TO SURPRISE ROSAS IN HIS CAPITAL, AND BRING HIM A PRISONER TO MONTE VIDEO.—BREAKS THE BLOCKADE.—MONTE VIDEO IN EXTREMITY.—HELP AT HAND.

"Friend of the brave' in peril's darkest hour,  
Intrepid virtue looks to thee for power.  
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
On stormy floods and carnage-covered fields;  
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,  
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line."—CAMPBELL.

THE government of the Oriental Republic gladly accepted the offers of the foreign residents at Monte Video to form legions for the defence of the city. The French formed a body

of men chiefly composed of French Biscayans. The Spaniards also formed one, mainly consisting of Spanish Biscayans. The Italian Legion was enrolled by the instrumentality of

Garibaldi, who issued a proclamation to his compatriots to arm and defend the homes of a generous people who had shown them hospitality. At first, between four and five hundred men responded to his call; afterwards they increased to eight hundred—so many proscribed Italians constantly arrived who hoped to find in the congenial climate of South America a second Italy. They had no pay, but rations were supplied to them, and the republic promised grants of land to the survivors of the war, and to the families of such as should fall. Small as the number at the highest was, the Legion was for some reason divided into three battalions, Garibaldi commanding in chief.

Through the tardiness of Oribes, time was obtained to organise defence and drill the legions. A body of liberated negroes and coloured men, to the amount of five thousand, was also put into some discipline. "These," said Garibaldi, "made excellent soldiers." This was usually the case in South America; a large portion of the cavalry of the Rio Grande were sable lancers; according to Garibaldi's testimony, the most efficient he ever beheld. Few were armed in the service of the Brazilian Emperor or of Rosas, and they fought reluctantly. In Brazil the blacks were slaves; under Rosas, all men were situated worse than even in the compulsory servitude of the coloured people of Brazil.

Oribes loitered within an hour's march of the city at the head of from twelve to fourteen thousand men. Monte Video, with her blacks and foreign legions, mustered nine thousand for the defence. All the legionaries were not reliable. There were men among the French and Italians who did not care what government existed so long as it protected their commercial dealings; and the Spaniards were traitors; they thoroughly sympathised with

despotism, and as Oribes had friends within the walls who hated liberty in every form, these Spaniards were not without prompters whose influence was successful, for they soon deserted to the enemy, and fought with implacable fierceness against the state which had sheltered and fostered them.

The commander of the Orientals was General Paz, who, however, left the city to effect a rising in Entra Rios. An Italian, named Anzani, who had taken a heroic part in various struggles in Europe, arrived from a distant South American city at the request of Garibaldi, and soon completed the organisation of the Italian Legion.

A flotilla having been collected, Garibaldi was supposed by the government as likely to be more useful in its command than anywhere else, and more efficient than anybody else could be. Mancini, an Italian, took his place as head of the Legion *pro tempore*.

There was a fortress, called Cerro, which remained in the hands of the Orientals, although thirteen or fourteen miles higher up the river La Plata than Cerito, where Oribes was encamped. There was close to it the island of Los Ratos, also in a state of defence. Admiral Brown prepared to attack these places, which, being of great importance to the Monte Videans, Garibaldi and his flotilla were ordered to defend. After a conflict of three days, Brown was forced to sheer off, having suffered great loss.

The maintenance of discipline in the Italian Legion still had Garibaldi's care. There were some very bad men and worse officers in it. They conspired to assassinate Garibaldi and Anzani, and finding their intention discovered, twenty officers and fifty men deserted to the enemy: the men returned by degrees, but the officers completed their perfidy. Thus our hero was tried in every

way—"in perils among false brethren," as well as from open foes. Anzani restored confidence by his courage, constancy, and vigilance, in which qualities he could be equalled by Garibaldi alone.

A sortie was made, in which the Legion retired before the enemy without any display of manly spirit.

Soon after, Garibaldi, anxious to restore the character of his countrymen, offered to lead them on an expedition of no less danger than that of attacking the corps of Oribe before Cerro. Pacheco, the minister of war, accompanied the expedition. Garibaldi led his men on foot. A success was nobly achieved. A body of men, numbering six hundred, were attacked by the four hundred Italians. One hundred and fifty of the enemy were slain, and two hundred made prisoners, some severely wounded. The Italians lost five or six killed, and ten wounded. Garibaldi's heart was flushed with this victory, for it saved the honour of his country, so nearly compromised.

"We returned," said he, "in triumph to Monte Video. The next day Pacheco assembled the Legion, thanked them, praised them, and presented Sergeant Loreto with a gun of honour. The affair took place on the 28th of March, 1843. From that time I was at ease; the Legion had received its baptismal fire.

"In the month of May our flag was consecrated. It was of black stuff, with Vesuvius painted upon it, as emblematical of Italy, and of the revolutions it contained within its bosom. It was entrusted to Sacchi, a young man of twenty, who had behaved admirably in the fight at Cerro. He is the same man that afterwards fought with me at Rome."

Soon after this the Italian Legion occupied an advanced post. A Monte Videan colonel, with a small mounted party, went beyond it

to reconnoitre, and a shot from the enemy killed him. They were dragging his body away, when Garibaldi, at the head of one hundred men, by desperate fighting rescued it. Reinforcements from Oribe surrounded the little band, who were succoured only by the timely aid of the whole Legion, which was in turn charged by a larger force. The troops in the city hastened to their relief, and a general engagement ensued. Never did Garibaldi fight with firmer obstinacy; hurrying forward as a private soldier, he dealt death among the enemy, who shrank appalled by his audacious valour. Anzani showed a kindred heroism. The chastisement received by the enemy was terrible. Thence the army of defence was respected, and the Italian Legion feared. The names of Garibaldi and Anzani were in all lips within the ramparts of the city and the camp of the foe.

Some subsequent skirmishes occurred, but the Buenos Ayreans fled whenever the Italians prepared to charge with the bayonet.

Around Monte Video, and in the neighbourhoods of Cerro and Cerito, there were many conflicts, in which the prominent part was performed by Garibaldi. Some of them were terrible encounters, maintained by our hero against great odds. Excited by his voice, the Italians performed prodigies of valour, justifying what was afterwards said of them by an eminent person, "No wonder these Italians fight like lions; they are led by a lion." On one occasion, placed between the fire of two corps, each numerically far stronger than his own, he was obliged to retire upon Cerro. Of this conflict he thus wrote, in a journal intended for the perusal only of his friends:—

"I took the command of the rear-guard, in order to support the retreat as vigorously as possible.

"There was between us and Cerro a sort of



muddy river, called the Bayarda. We had to cross this with the mud up to our middles. In order to endeavour to throw disorder into the passage, the enemy established upon a hillock a battery of four pieces of cannon, which began playing upon us at the moment we commenced crossing. But the Italian Legion was becoming more warlike every day; they took no more notice of this shower of *mitraille* than if it had been an ordinary shower of hail. It was then I saw what brave men our negroes were. They suffered themselves to be killed, awaiting the enemy one knee on the ground. I was in the very midst of them, and was able to see how they behaved. The fight lasted six hours.

"There was then in the service of Monte Video an Englishman, who had *carte blanche* from Pacheco, who knew him well, to do everything he thought would be serviceable. He had from forty to fifty men under his command. We called him Samuel; I don't know whether he had any other name or not. I never saw a braver man than he was. After the passage of the Bayarda, I saw him coming alone with his warrant.

"Well, Samuel," said I, "where is your regiment?"

"Regiment!" cried he, "Attention!"

"Nobody appeared, nobody answered; his men had all been killed, from the first to the last."

While these events were passing, the year 1845 opened upon the war-stricken republic. Riveyra, the Oriental commander, sent a letter addressed to "Colonel Garibaldi," thanking him for his courage and great services to the cause for which they both bore arms, and also complimenting the gallant conduct of the Italian Legion. With this letter he sent a deed bestowing a large tract of land upon the Legion, with cattle, and various property

necessary to the estate. This gift, however, was not bestowed by the government, but by the generous Riveyra from his own patrimony. To this communication Garibaldi sent a characteristic reply:—

"Excellentissimo Signore,

"Colonel Pandi, in the presence of all the officers of the Italian Legion, has remitted to me, according to your desire, the letter you have had the goodness to write to me, bearing date the 30th of January, and with that letter a deed by which you make a spontaneous gift to the Italian Legion of a portion of land, taken from your own property, and extending between l'Arroyo de las Avenas and l'Arroyo Grande, to the north of the Rio Negro, and, in addition, a drove of cattle, as well as haciendas, standing upon this land.

"You say that the gift is made by you as a reward of our services to the republic.

"The Italian officers, after being made acquainted with your letter and its contents, have unanimously declared, in the name of the Legion, that they did not contemplate, when asking for arms and offering their services to the republic, receiving any other reward but the honour of sharing the perils of the children of the country which had afforded them hospitality. They obeyed, whilst acting thus, the voice of their conscience; having satisfied that which they consider simply the accomplishment of a duty, they will continue, as long as the necessities of the siege require it, to share the toils and perils of the noble Monte Videans, but they desire no other price and no other recompense for their labours.

"I have, consequently, the honour to communicate to your Excellency the reply of the Legion, with which my own sentiments and principles completely agree.

"I therefore return you the original of the donation.

"May God grant you many days.

"GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

Various events occurred by which the fortunes of the war were affected, but as these did not bear upon the personal career of Garibaldi, they are not proper to our narrative.

One of these incidents had an important connection with a deed by which Garibaldi distinguished himself. An Oriental officer, General Flanos, collected together 200 men at no great distance from the city, and suddenly cutting his way through the army at Cerro, entered Monte Video. This reinforcement encouraged the garrison to make an attempt to weaken the enemy. On the 27th of May, under cover of night, the Italian Legion, and some other troops, embarked, and landing near a deserted powder mill, concealed themselves within it. General Flanos with his two hundred horse and a body of infantry came out of the city and drew the enemy toward the powder mill. When the moment for so doing arrived, Garibaldi and his concealed force charged the astonished enemy, who, thrown into confusion, broke and fled, leaving numbers of their dead and wounded in the track of their flight. Being too hotly pursued, opportunity was afforded for the corps of observation at Cerro to fall upon the pursuers, and a murderous hand-to-hand conflict ensued, which issued in the total rout and extensive slaughter of the enemy. General Nang, who had the reputation of being their bravest general, was shot by an Italian. Carrying away a great booty in cattle and arms, Garibaldi and his comrades entered the city "with joy and hope in their hearts."

The success of this expedition led Garibaldi to propose another, most daring, and not im-

possible of execution. This was "to embark the Italian Legion on board the flotilla, to ascend the river, concealing my men as much as possible, as far as Buenos Ayres, and, on arriving there, to land in the night, direct our course to the house of Rosas, carry him off, and bring him to Monte Video. This expedition succeeding, the war would be terminated at a single blow." The government refused to sanction it.

Monte Video was not only assailed by land, but it was blockaded by sea. Garibaldi, when not engaged in land expeditions, found occupation in weakening the blockade. He would sail out, eluding the vigilance of the enemy, throw his grappling irons into a hostile merchant ship, and carry it in a prize through the encircling fleet. Sometimes he would make himself known, draw away the whole of the blockading squadron, and enable some friendly merchantman to enter the port. In this way the city was supplied with many things of which it stood in need, loss was inflicted upon the mercantile marine of the foe, and his navy was distracted and humbled.

At last our hero resolved to attack the squadron when a chance, however remote, arose of victory. Three blockading ships were stationed in the roads on a particular occasion, their armament forty-four guns. Garibaldi had three small and indifferent craft, carrying eight guns of small calibre. The maintops and masts of the shipping in Monte Video were covered with spectators, no doubt Anita the most interested of all. As the little squadron of Garibaldi approached the fleet of Rosas, it weighed anchor and sheered off. The name and prowess of our hero alone effected this. Men began to think that he could do as well as dare anything. The enemy no doubt dreaded some novel scheme for their destruction, and feared to encounter it. They could

not conceive of such a flotilla attacking such a squadron unless some sure but hidden means of painful assault were borne by them. The victor returned to port amidst the loud applause of the whole city.

At Monte Video, however, events did not make good progress. The finance of the government was in a deplorable condition. Desertion had destroyed the Spanish Legion. The French Legion did not enter very heartily into the enterprises which were contemplated, or attempted. Battle and sickness had diminished the invincible Italians, the native army

had also declined in number, and Riveyra's army in the field was defeated and utterly destroyed, thousands of prisoners being, by the orders of Rosas or Oribes, shot, decapitated, strangled, or bayoneted. Garibaldi was the nation's trust, the star of its hope, which alone cheered them over field or ocean. New events were, however, at hand favourable to the liberties of the brave little city. New and greater actors were approaching the arena of strife, whose united power no foes could long resist. These at last appeared.

## CHAPTER XL

ANGLO-FRENCH INTERVENTION.—EXPEDITION UP THE URUGUAY.—VICTORY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH SQUADRON.—GARIBALDI SURPRISES AND CAPTURES A CITY.—HIS EXTRAORDINARY MAGNANIMITY.—INNUMERABLE CONTESTS.—BATTLE OF THE ZAPEVL.—DEFENCE OF GUALEGUACHU.—TERRIBLE CONFLICT OF THE SALTO, SAN ANTONIO.

" 'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange,  
Stranger than fiction, if it could be told,  
How much would novels gain by the exchange?  
How differently the world would men behold !"—BROWN.

WHEN matters were at the worst in Monte Video, the English and French fleet put an end to the blockade, seizing the squadron, and dividing it between them.

An expedition up the Uruguay was resolved upon by the Monte Videan government, and the conduct of it was given to Garibaldi. His force consisted of his little flotilla with which he had defied Admiral Brown, and on board of it he placed two hundred volunteers of the Italian Legion. Their first conquest was an easy one, the island of St. Martin Garcia. The enemy abandoned it without defence. The Anglo-French squadron gave a certain measure of support to this expedition, and as

soon as it appeared off the city of Colonia the enemy fled. General Montero, however, rallied the fugitives, and took up a position upon the opposite side of the river. The naval squadrons cannonaded the deserted city previous to landing their marines and a body of sailors, probably fearing some ambuscade. The Italian Legion landed and took up a position, which Montero attacked. He was repulsed. The Italians garrisoned the city. The English and French squadrons sailed into the Panara, and were attacked by heavy batteries in formidable positions. After three days fighting the allies were victorious, having subdued all resistance. Garibaldi with his small

squadron then ascended the river, leaving the English and French lying near the conquered batteries. The attention of the admirals to Garibaldi had been most courteous, especially Admiral Lainé. These two gallant officers, high as their rank was, might be frequently seen by the bivouac fires of the Legion, sharing with Garibaldi the grilled meat which constituted his simple repast.

During the course of the squadron, it was aided by volunteer cavalry, especially a party under one Captain de la Cruz, a daring soldier and expert horseman. These troopers explored the country, provided Garibaldi with requisite information, attacked and put to flight detachments of the enemy, and captured several places of some importance.

Higher up the river was a strongly fortified place called Passandra, which our hero passed, and took up a position in and around an estancia, called the Herreidero.

General la Valleya made a night attack in very superior force, assisted by artillery; he was repulsed, losing many men. The position was impregnable to any attack except made in overwhelming force, and was defended with skill and bravery.

Many prizes were made on the river, and the city of Gualeguachu was taken by surprise. Here one of the most remarkable illustrations of the noble and generous character of our hero was afforded. The infamous Leonardo Milan, from whom, when a prisoner in his hands, Garibaldi suffered the vilest insult and most excruciating torture, was among the prisoners. Had our hero hung this man as an enemy of the human race, the world would pronounce the sentence just. But Garibaldi's magnanimous nature was incapable of a vindictive act; he gave the ruffian his liberty, doing him no injury.

The small force at the disposal of our hero

could not hold the captured city, but he levied in the name of his government a tribute, and compelled the authorities to furnish his men with abundant supplies of food and apparel.

The enemy was obstinate and persevering, resisting our hero's progress up the river at every spot where a position of any advantage could be taken. The contests which occurred were numerous, and many of them fierce. No pen ever has done justice to the exploits of Garibaldi in this half naval, half military expedition. Never did a leader expose himself more heroically, never did Providence surround with protection a more endangered man.

At last the squadron arrived at the Falls of Uruguay, called the Salto. General la Valleya and his troops fled, compelling the inhabitants to leave their homes. Valleya chose a good position upon an affluent of the Uruguay, the Zapevi. Garibaldi resolved to attack him, and marched out at night with the Legion, and the irregular horsemen under their admiral-captain, De la Cruz. At daybreak the camp was in sight, and its position might well have deterred any less adventurous leader than its intended assailant. On the right it rested upon the Uruguay, the left was protected by the camp carriages, which formed an admirable defence, behind was the affluent. In case of attack from a superior force, the position would not have been a safe one, but assaulted by a body numerically so inferior as now appeared before it, the arrangement was judicious, and in the judgment of the commander, impregnable. Forming the attack in two small columns, with the cavalry on the wings, Garibaldi made the assault; it was rapid, determined, and decisive; the enemy forded the Zapevi, leaving their dead and wounded on the field and a hundred prisoners, together with a piece of artillery, horses, cattle, provisions, and munitions.

It was a splendid victory, sharp, short, and conclusive. Garibaldi comprehended at a glance the advantages and defects of the position, and adjusted his means to his end with consummate wisdom and courage. His promptitude of action facilitated his conquest.

The inhabitants of the district and of the neighbouring city returned to their homes; the fame of Garibaldi's clemency and tenderness was great, even as his prowess on ship or field.

Under the superintendence of his ingenious and indefatigable lieutenant, Anzani, he fortified the public square of the city, which, from its elevated position, commanded the whole place. Communication was opened with the Monte Videan refugees in Brazil to induce their return, and to form the nucleus of a new provincial army.

An English ship of war and a French man-of-war arrived opportunely at Salto, and offered their assistance. All was needed.

On the 6th of December, 1845, General Uguisa advanced with 3,500 horse and 800 infantry, with a field battery, to attack the city. Garibaldi placed the major part of his men behind barricades in the narrow streets, and dominated with a small battery the principal approach. The enemy occupied some houses, and were advancing along the chief thoroughfare, when they were met by a shower of grape and canister from the battery, and by a fusilade from the narrow streets. They were confused and hesitated, and Garibaldi, perceiving this, charged with two reserve companies, driving them in disgrace before him. They gained no advantage but a booty of some cattle, which were guarded by some men from the English ship, who, from carelessness or contempt of the enemy, were not on the alert. This English naval picket then set to work with a will, and turned into a formidable fort

a private residence, so as to guard the cattle committed to their charge.

The enemy, encouraged by their previous success, directed an attack upon this point; the marines fled, panic-stricken by the superior numbers opposed to them, escaping by doors and windows as they could, and leaving the cattle under their care an easy prey to the foe.

The place was then blockaded by the enemy. By day he made incessant attacks for more than three weeks, by night the garrison conducted successful sorties. Worn out by fatigue and the dreadful sacrifice of his men, the General retired. The garrison were at that moment almost starving, mainly supported by eating their own horses; but Garibaldi captured as many as supplied to his cavalry and commissariat the number thus disposed of.

The year 1846 had now opened upon this struggle for liberty, and the strange career of the hero of these memoirs. During the first half of the year he could do no more than hold possession of the important position he had gained, dominate the surrounding country, and endeavour to engage the Monte Videan refugees in Brazil to organise and join him, so as to form a *point d'appui* for more extensive operations.

During his correspondence with the exiles, he had arranged with General Medina, of their number, to cross the frontier with five hundred horse, and promised to meet him on the heights of Zapevi, so as to cover his approach to the city, lest he should be overwhelmed by a superior force of the enemy. On the 8th of July, Garibaldi marched out for this purpose at the head of one hundred and fifty men of the Legion, and two hundred horse which had been added to the garrison by arrival from Brazil, under one Colonel Baez.

In the march the Monte Video force was

watched by a body of four hundred cavalry. Colonel Baez penetrated with his cavalry to the rendezvous, while Garibaldi took post at a convenient distance in the heights, in a *zaperè*—a sort of sun shelter—a roof of thatch erected on posts.

About noon a large body of hostile troopers, each having a foot soldier mounted behind him, advanced against this frail position. Baez, with his cavalry, advanced to cover the *zaperè*, and opened a spirited carbinade. The enemy, confident in such greatly superior numbers, charged and routed this squadron, while the infantry opened fire against the open shed. Garibaldi was with Baez when the flight occurred. He galloped towards his brave Italians. His horse fell just as he reached their front. This mishap, which might have been terrible in its consequences, only brought out more strongly the courage and presence of mind of the brave chief. Fearing lest his fall should cause his men to believe he was killed, he instantly fired a pistol, and was snatched up and rescued from his perilous position. With a gun in his hand he stood in the midst of his invincible Legion, numbering officers and men, and a few of the dismounted cavalry, one hundred and ninety. He addressed them in few, but spirited, stirring words, such as was his wont:—"The enemy are numerous, we are few; so much the better! the fewer we are the more glorious will be the fight. Be calm! do not fire until they are close upon us, and then charge with the bayonet." His words quickened every heart, and were obeyed.

He ordered the Legion to load with balls and deer-shot together. The enemy fired when within sixty paces, and several of the Garibaldians fell, but the return volley, reserved to the proper moment, was murderous; a line of dead, including the commander of the infantry, were strewn in front of the Legion.

Garibaldi then led them in a bayonet charge, effecting great slaughter, and dispersing the enemy's infantry. The cavalry then charged, but were met by a steady and destructive fire.

A gallant officer of Baez's cavalry (which had fled from the enemy) rallied a few men, and cut his way through the foe, reaching Garibaldi's side in safety. This circumstance surprised and confused the troopers, who were about to charge Garibaldi's infantry, by which means our hero gained time to pour in another volley, which emptied many saddles. Those troopers were, however, brave; they retreated a short distance, dismounted, and six hundred of them, carbine in hand, surrounded the straw-roofed shelter in which the Legion found some little protection. A fight now ensued more terrible than the preceding, and the heroism of the Legion surpassed all its former daring. The bravery of a trumpeter, a boy of fifteen, was especially worthy of notice. He received a wound from a lancer. Instantly he threw away his trumpet, drew his knife, and rushed upon the man who had wounded him, and stabbed him. They both died together. Garibaldi, in his report of the engagement, said—

"On the side of our antagonists I must admit there were displayed many acts of the greatest boldness. One of them perceiving that the kind of shed around which we were grouped, if it was no rampart against the balls, was a shelter from the scorching sun, took a lighted brand, clapped spurs to his horse, galloped through us, and as he passed threw the brand like lightning upon the straw roof of the shed. The brand fell short of the object of the horseman, but he had nevertheless performed a bold action. Our men were about to fire on him, but I prevented them by exclaiming, 'Spare brave fellows like him; they belong to our race!' and nobody fired.

"It was a miracle to see how all those brave men listened to me. A word from me restored strength to the wounded, courage to the hesitating, and redoubled the ardour of the strong.

"When I saw the enemy decimated by our fire and fatigued by our resistance, then, and not till then, did I say a word about retreat; not by saying 'Let us retreat,' but, 'In retreating, we will not leave, I hope, a single wounded comrade on the field of battle.'

"'No! no! no!' cried every voice. By the bye, there was scarcely one among us that was not wounded.

"When I saw all my people calm and quite steady, I quietly gave the order to retreat, fighting. Fortunately I had not received even a scratch, which permitted me to be everywhere, and when an enemy approached too boldly, to make him repent of his rashness.

"The few that were unhurt among us sang patriotic hymns, to which the wounded replied in chorus. The enemy could not make out what was going on."

The sufferings of the retreating Legion were appalling. Thirst especially contributed to this. Many of the men tore up roots from the earth and chewed them, while others sucked bullets. Night came on, and with it a delicious coolness. Placing all the wounded in the midst, except two who could not be borne away, they renewed their march, making for a belt of wood which was not far. On arriving there they found it occupied by a portion of the enemy's horse, who were promptly expelled. While resting there the foe was carefully reconnoitred, and were discovered dismounted and feeding their horses, evidently supposing that the Legion would remain in the wood all night. Garibaldi's next care was to supply his men with ammunition taken from the dead bodies of the slain.

The horsemen were encamped between the resting-place of the Legion and Salto, upon which the retreat was directed. In the still night Garibaldi stole his force quietly to their camp, and then, in column, with fixed bayonet, passed through them at double quick pace. The enemy sounded to horse, and resumed pursuit. Garibaldi caused his men to lie down in the thick brushwood, and in this position to await the enemy. The troopers dashed up, sounding the charge, but not discovering the position of the Legion, which awaited the cavalry until within thirty paces, and then fired a death-dealing volley into their midst. The living turned and fled. The Legion gained the banks of the river, slaked their thirst, and renewed their strength. The enemy rallied, the bravest of the troopers still closely pursuing, although a number of them fell under a dropping fire. The retreat was successfully conducted to its destination.

Meanwhile the little garrison that had been left behind, under the command of Anzani, consisting of few more than forty men, chiefly invalids and wounded, had been in the utmost peril. A large body of the enemy had surrounded the place and summoned the garrison to surrender. Anzani replied that he would blow up the magazine, and with it the assailants and defenders together, if an assault were made. Had not this resolute man held the place, Garibaldi and his band would have reached it only to incur captivity or death.

Two days after his arrival at Salto, Garibaldi wrote a letter to the Italian Legion at Monte Video, giving an account of these transactions in terms which show the importance he attached to them, and which admirably presents his own peculiar characteristics. Every man of the Legion remaining at Monte Video regretted that he had not shared with Garibaldi such great peril and renown.

"To the Commission of the Italian Legion at Monte Video.

"Brothers!

"The day before yesterday we had, in the plains of San Antonio, within a league and a half of the city, the most terrible and the most glorious of our battles. The four companies of our Legion, and a score of horse, who had taken refuge under our protection, not only defended themselves against twelve hundred of the men of Servando Gomez, but entirely annihilated the enemy's infantry which assailed them, to the number of three hundred men. The firing commenced at midday, and ended at midnight. Neither the numbers of the enemy, nor their repeated charges; neither the mass of cavalry, nor the attacks of the fusileers on foot, could prevail over us, although we had no other shelter but a shed in ruins, supported by four posts. The legionaries constantly repulsed the assaults of their infuriated enemies; every officer fought like a common soldier on this memorable day. Anzani, who had been left at Salto, and whom the enemy summoned to surrender, replied, match in hand, and his foot upon the Sainte Barbe (the powder-room) of the battery, although the enemy had assured him that we were all either dead or prisoners.

"We had thirty killed and fifty-three wounded. All the officers are wounded, with the exception of Scarone Saecarello, the major, and Traversi; but all slightly.

"I would not give up my name of an Italian legionary for a world of gold!

"At midnight we retreated towards Salto. There were about a hundred left safe and sound. Such as were only slightly wounded marched first, repelling the enemy when they were too troublesome.

"Ah! this affair deserves to be cast in bronze.

"Adieu! I will write to you at greater length another time. Your

"GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

The estimate formed of this victory by the government may be seen by the following "general order":—

"To give our chivalrous companions in arms, who have immortalised themselves on the plains of San Antonio, a high proof of the esteem in which they are held by the army they have illustrated in this memorable fight—

"The Minister of War decrees:—

"1. On the 15th current day, appointed by authority to remit to the Italian Legion a copy of the following decree:—

"A grand parade of the garrison will take place; it will assemble in the Market Street, with its right upon the little place of the same name, and in the order which the Etat Major will direct.

"2. The Italian Legion will meet on the Place of the Constitution, turning its back upon the cathedral, and then it will receive the following copy, which will be presented to it by a deputation, presided over by Colonel Francesco Tages, and composed of a captain, an officer, a sergeant, and a soldier of every corps.

"3. The deputation, on returning to their respective corps, will march with them towards the place directed, defiling in a column of honour before the Italian Legion; while the leaders of corps shall salute with the cry of 'Vive the country! General Garibaldi and his brave companions!'

"4. The regiments are to be in line at ten o'clock in the morning.

"5. An authentic copy of this Order of the day is to be given to the Italian Legion and to General Garibaldi.

"PACHECO Y OBES."



The decree directed :—

1. That the following words should be inscribed in letters of gold upon the banner of the Italian Legion :—

*"Action of the 8th of February, 1846,  
of the Italian Legion, under the orders  
of Garibaldi."*

2. That the Italian Legion should have the precedence in all parades.

3. That the names of the dead who fell in this battle should be inscribed upon a tablet placed in the Government Hall.

4. That all the legionaries should wear, as a mark of distinction, on the left arm, an escutcheon, on which a crown should be surrounded by the following inscription :—

*"Invincibili Combatterono l' 8 Febrayo, 1846."*

Garibaldi, wishing to give attestation of his sympathy and gratitude to the legionaries who had fallen fighting by his side in the battle of the 8th of February, caused a large cross to be erected on the field of battle, upon one of the faces of which was placed this inscription :—

*"To the XXXVI. Italians who died the  
8th of February, MDCCCXLVI."*

And on the other side :—

*"CLXXXIV. Italians on the Plains of  
St. Antonio."*

After the battle of San Antonio, Admiral Lainé, the French commander off La Plata, struck with astonishment, wrote Garibaldi the following letter :—

"I felicitate you, my dear General, upon having so powerfully contributed by your intelligent and intrepid conduct to the accomplishment of the feat of arms, of which the soldiers of the grand army which for a

while dominated over Europe might have been proud !

"I felicitate you equally upon the simplicity and modesty which render more valuable the reading of the relation in which you have given the most minute details of a fact of which the whole honour may be attributed to you, without fear of contradiction.

"This modesty has captivated the sympathies of persons able to appreciate suitably what you have done during the last six months—persons among whom you must reckon in the first rank our Minister Plenipotentiary, the Honourable Baron Deffandis, who honours your character, and in whom you have a warm defender, particularly when writing to Paris for the purpose of destroying unfavourable impressions that may have been given birth to by certain articles in journals edited by persons little accustomed to speak the truth, even when they are relating facts which have happened under their own eyes.

"Receive, General, the assurance of my esteem,  
"LAINÉ."

Admiral Lainé was resolved to visit the hero whom he so much admired. He found him in a miserable abode, the door of which would not shut, and through which both the wind and rain penetrated. Garibaldi described the interview in terms at once amusing and touching.

"It was night. Admiral Lainé pushed open the door, and as there was no light in the house, he ran against a chair.

"'Hollo !' said he, 'is it absolutely necessary a man should break his neck when he comes to see you, Garibaldi?'

"'See, wife !' cried I, without recognising the voice of the Admiral, 'don't you hear? there is somebody in the ante-chamber. Light ! light !'

"'And what am I to light?' replied Anita, 'don't you know there is not two sous in the house to buy a candle with?'

"'That is true,' replied I, and I opened the door of the apartment in which I was.

"'This way! this way!' guiding my visitor by my voice.

"Admiral Lainé entered, but it was so dark that he was obliged to announce his name to inform me to whom I was speaking.

"'Admiral, you will excuse me, but when I made my agreement with the Republic of Monte Video, I forgot among the rations to specify candles. So, as Anita has told you, not having two sous to buy a candle, the house is in darkness. Fortunately, I presume you come to speak to me, and not to see me.'"

Their interview ended, Lainé went at once to the Minister at War, and stated what occurred. The Minister directed a handsome sum to be placed at the General's disposal, who, without retaining even the two sous to buy a candle, divided the whole among his companions in arms.

Civil war broke out; Riveyra bid for power with success; he returned from exile a conqueror.

On the 20th of May a battle was fought on the banks of the Dayman. Garibaldi and his Legion again distinguished themselves, and again were victors.

After this he was ordered by Riveyra, then in supreme power, to proceed with the flotilla to Monte Video.

Riveyra, whose personal generosity to our hero caused him when before in power to offer Garibaldi and his compatriots a grant of land from his personal estate, now, in the name of the republic, settled Garibaldi on a farm. Here, for a short time, he was as happy as he could be out of Italy. His love of the country and of agriculture qualified him for the employment of farming, and his sweetly sensitive and amiable disposition fitted him for the richest enjoyment of domestic life.

His home was the resort of all the good and brave and wise in Monte Video.

English and French diplomacy now took matters in hand, and after many mistakes effected some good. The infamous Rosas lived long enough to experience defeat, shame, and exile, and when in 1864 Garibaldi was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people of Southampton, Rosas resided there, rich but obscure, sulky, and scorned by all whose moral or intellectual worth gave weight to their opinion.

In 1847 strange tidings reached Monte Video from Europe. Events were ripening there in which Garibaldi was destined to act a memorable part.

---





## CHAPTER XII.

GARIBALDI OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO DEFEND POPE PIUS IX. FROM THE AUSTRIANS.—EMBARKS FROM MONTE VIDEO FOR ITALY.—LANDS AT NICE.—IS RECEIVED WITH ACCLAMATIONS.—INTERVIEW WITH KING CHARLES ALBERT.—GARIBALDI TREATED WITH DISDAIN BY THE KING AND HIS MINISTER.—SETS OUT FOR MILAN.—LOMBARDY COMMISSIONS HIM AS A GENERAL.—RAISES HIS OWN TROOPS.—IS TREATED WITH CONTUMELY BY THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH EVENTUALLY BETRAYS HIM TO THE AUSTRIANS.—HIS VOLUNTEERS DESERT.—HIS STRUGGLES, VICISSITUDES, DANGERS, AND ESCAPES.

"How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land,  
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!  
But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,  
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
And tyranny usurps her happy plains."—ADDISON.

GARIBALDI, at this juncture, heard of the accession of Pius IX. to the Papal throne. The heart of the hero palpitated with joy as he learned the events, so favourable to Italian liberty, which ensued upon the new sacerdotal reign being inaugurated. He believed that at last his country would be free, and that the Pope would prove to be the immediate instrument of her resurrection. These opinions also prevailed among the Legion, and a portion of them resolved to offer their services to the Pontiff in the name of Italian liberty. Garibaldi accordingly made this offer in a letter to the Nuncio at Rio Janeiro. It is a singular and beautiful production, showing the religious qualities of heart and mind possessed by Garibaldi, however war and politics might engage his life. His friend Anzani joined him in assuming the responsibility of an application to the Nuncio.

"Most illustrious and respectable Seigneur,

"From the moment we received the first news of the exaltation of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pio Nono, and of the amnesty he granted to the poor, we have, with increasing attention and interest, followed the vestiges which the

supreme Head of the Church impresses upon the route of glory and liberty. The praises, the echo of which reaches us from the other side of the ocean, the emotion with which Italy welcomed the convocation of the deputies, and there applauded the wise concessions made to the press, the institution of the civic guard, the impulsion given to popular instruction and industry, without reckoning so many cares all directed towards the amelioration and the well-being of the poor classes, and towards the formation of a new administration; everything, in short, convinced us that there at length had issued from the bosom of our country the man who understood the wants of his age,—had learnt how, according to the precepts of our august religion, always new, always immortal, and without derogating from their authority, to bend according to the exigencies of the time; and, although these progresses are without influence upon ourselves, we have, nevertheless, followed them from afar, accompanying with our applauses and our vows the universal concert of Italy and of all Christendom. But when, some few days since, we heard of the sacrilegious attempt by which a faction, fo-

mented and supported by the foreigner, and not yet tired, after so long a time, of rending our poor country, was proposing to itself to overthrow the order of things already existing, it appeared to us that admiration and enthusiasm for the Sovereign Pontiff are too feeble a tribute, and that a more imperative duty is imposed upon us.

"We who write to you, most illustrious and respectable Seigneur, are men who, still animated by the same spirit which made us brave exile, have, at Monte Video, taken up arms for a cause which appeared to us just, and gathered together some hundreds of men, our compatriots, who had come hither hoping to pass less troubled days than those we were compelled to endure in our own country. Now, during the five years which its walls have been besieged, every one of us, more or less, must have given proofs more than once of resignation and courage; and, thanks to Providence and to that antique spirit which still warms our Italian blood, our Legion has had occasion to distinguish itself, and every time that this opportunity has presented itself, it has not allowed it to escape; so that I believe we may be permitted to say, without vanity, it has, upon the path of honour, passed all other corps which were its rivals and emulators.

"If, then, at the present time the men who have some acquaintance with arms are accepted by his Holiness, it is useless to say that more willingly than ever we shall consecrate them to the service of him who does everything for his country and the Church. We shall consider ourselves happy if we can come to the aid of the work of redemption of Pio Nono, we and our companions, in the name of whom we speak to you, and we shall not consider we pay too dearly with all our blood.

"If your illustrious and respectable Seig-

neurie thinks that our offer may be agreeable to the Sovereign Pontiff, lay it at the foot of his throne.

"It is not the puerile pretensions that our arm is necessary which induces us to make this offer. We very well know that the throne of St. Peter reposes upon bases which human succour can neither shake nor strengthen; and that, in addition, the new order of things reckons many defenders who would know how to repulse vigorously the unjust aggressions of its enemies; but as the work must be distributed among the good, and the hard labour given to the strong, do us the honour to reckon us among the latter.

"In the meanwhile, we thank Providence for having preserved his Holiness from the machinations of the Tristi, and we put up our ardent vows that it may grant him many years for the happiness of Christendom and Italy.

"Nothing remains now but to beg your illustrious and most venerable Seigneurie to pardon us the trouble we give you, and to accept the sentiments of our perfect esteem, and of the profound respect with which we are of his illustrious and most respectable Seigneurie,

"The devoted servants,

"G. GARIBALDI.

"LEO. ANZANI.

"Monte Video, October 12, 1847."

Garibaldi and Anzani waited until March, 1848, for an answer to their letter, but neither the Pope nor his Nuncio took any notice of them. These exalted personages had probably no wish to obtain the services of such allies. The heroes resolved to undertake a voyage to Italy, and then dare whatever might be attempted for the salvation of the country.

The great difficulty was to procure pecuniary means for this new enterprise. A fellow-countryman settled at Monte Video—one

Etienne Antonini—contributed more than all the other donors. The government, grateful for the long-tried services of Garibaldi and the Legion, offered its help, but this was only to a certain extent accepted, because of the poverty of the public treasury. The aid obtained was two cannons and 800 muskets.

Previous to these arrangements, Medici, an officer of Garibaldi's, had sailed for Italy. This man, who since has signalised himself in the war of liberation, did not join Garibaldi in South America until late in the summer of 1846. He preceded our hero to Italy in the hope, and with the purpose, of recruiting men to receive and join the expedition.

Considerable opposition was raised in Monte Video to the departure of the Italians. The men who were disposed to go were discouraged by representations that it was an enterprise too desperate to succeed, that death or dungeons certainly awaited them. The full course of events in Europe was not known, and even warm friends of the trampled land, and many of her own patriots, regarded Garibaldi and his Legion as sheep already doomed to the slaughter.

Accordingly, only eighty-five Italians out of so many hundreds volunteered to accompany him, and as soon as they embarked twenty-nine became faint-hearted and re-landed. The fifty-six men who remained were survivors of the sanguinary contest of San Antonio. To these were added several Orientals, and a black who was much attached to Garibaldi, and resolved to follow his fortunes. They embarked on the *Béponite*, a French brig, for Nice. Anita, who then had three children, with her family, accompanied them.

The Frenchman seems to have had no sympathy for the expedition; he acted a part incredibly base. Violating his compact, his extortions were such that the men had to sell their clothes to procure the means of satisfying him, so that

several were obliged to keep their bed during the voyage from want of apparel of any sort.

When three hundred leagues at sea, a fire broke out in the bread-room of the ship, separated from the powder-room only by a one-inch plank. Fire had fallen into a brandy cask, the contents of which were streaming about in a flood of flame. Terror seized every heart, and no man could help. Garibaldi, cool and collected even in such danger, extinguished the conflagration.

At Palo, near Alicant, the expedition was informed by the Sardinian vice-consul, that the constitution had been proclaimed in Piedmont, of "the five glorious days of Milan," and that Italian vessels had passed with the tri-coloured flag. Garibaldi hoisted that standard at once, improvised with half a bed-sheet, a red scarf, and the remains of the green facings of their uniforms.

On the 24th of June, the *Béponite* sighted Nice. Garibaldi was under sentence of death; was it not possible that he might be seized on landing, and executed? Before the ship touched the port she was boarded by some boatmen, who recognised him, and spread the fact of his arrival everywhere. The whole population rushed to welcome the adventurers, and bore them away to hospitable quarters with acclamations. Immediately volunteers from all quarters flocked to Nice.

Medici was at Via Regio, organising the insurrection, and he had already enlisted three hundred men. But Garibaldi, finding a state of things which he described as "the insurrection already organised, with King Charles Albert at its head," he determined to offer to him the service of his sword. He believed that the king was a patriot, whereas, in truth, his Majesty's object was to extend his dominions at the expense of neighbouring sovereigns, and neither he nor his ministers would have hesitated to use

Garibaldi for their purposes, and then abandon him to the Austrians or any other enemy. They were not even at that time disposed to make an instrument of him for their own aims in any form that would be an honour to him.

Anzani and Garibaldi, men so like, and so faithful to one another, were here destined to part for ever. The noble soldier was in the last stage of consumption, and in a few days died. This was a sore trial to our hero, who thus bitterly lamented him, and thus deeply treasured his memory:—

"In him I lost the half of my heart, the better part of my genius. Italy lost one of her most distinguished children. Italy! Italy! unfortunate mother! what a day of mourning it was for thee, when this brave among the brave, this loyal among the loyal, closed his eyes for ever at the sight of thy beautiful sun!

"At the death of a man like Anzani, I tell thee, O Italy! the nation which gave him birth ought to utter from the very depth of her heart a cry of grief, and if she does not weep, if she does not lament like Rachel in Rama, that nation is worthy of neither sympathy nor pity,—she would have neither sympathy nor pity for the most generous martyrs.

"Oh! a martyr, a hundred times a martyr, was our beloved Anzani! And the most cruel torture suffered by this valiant man was to touch his native land a poor moribund, and not to end as he had lived, fighting for her, for her honour, for her regeneration. Oh, Anzani! if a genius like thine had presided over the contests of Lombardy, at the battle of Novara, at the siege of Rome, the footsteps of the stranger would no longer degrade thy native land, and insult insolently the bones of our heroes.

"The Italian Legion, as has been seen, had done but little before the arrival of Anzani. Under his auspices it ran a career of glory,

enough to render the most boastful nations jealous.

"Among all the military men, all the soldiers, all the combatants; in short, among all men carrying the musket or wearing the sword, that I have known, I have not met with one who could equal Anzani in the gifts of nature, in the inspirations of courage, in the applications of science. He had the brilliant valour of Masina, the coolness of Davesio, the serenity, bravery, and warlike temperament of Manara.\*

"The military knowledge of Anzani, his acquaintance with everything, I never saw equalled. Endowed with an extraordinary memory, he spoke with astonishing precision of things past, even if those things past belonged to antiquity.

"I leave to a more skilful hand than mine the charge of tracing the military life of Anzani, worthy of employing the vigils of an eminent writer. In Italy, in Greece, in Portugal, in Spain, in America, he will find, by following his footsteps, the documents of the life of a hero.

"The journal of the Italian Legion of Monte Video, kept by Anzani, is but an episode of his life. He was the soul of that Legion, trained, conducted, administered by him, and with which he had identified himself.

"Oh, Italy! when will the All-Powerful mark the term of thy misfortunes, and give thee Anzani to guide thy sons against those who villify and oppress thee?"

Garibaldi resolved to go to Roverbella, the head-quarters of King Charles Albert, and offer the service of his sword and the swords of those willing to follow him as a leader. The king received him with disdain, ordering him to go to Turin and await the orders of the minister of war. It is well to record this

---

\* Three heroes who afterwards fell in the cause of Italian liberty.



man's name; history should not only make its pages monuments for the brave, and wise, and good, but it ought also to perpetuate the names of those who held power and wielded authority weakly or infamously, that worthless or wicked rulers may be warned. The minister was Ricci. He permitted Garibaldi to wait long before he took any notice of him, and then insulted him. "I strongly recommend you," said the haughty official, "to go to Venice; there you will get the command of a few small vessels, and in the character of a corsair you may be useful to the Venetians."

Garibaldi received this recommendation with calm and silent scorn. He remained at Turin disconsolate at the thought that his king valued him so little, and afforded him no opportunity to serve him.

He was one day pacing the Arcades when he accidentally met Medici, his friend and colleague, and they strengthened one another in the purpose of going to Milan and offering their swords to the provisional government then established in that city. The army of Charles Albert had just sustained its first reverses, and the Milanese were likely to welcome help from any quarter. On arriving at Milan, Garibaldi was made a general, and permission was given to him to raise a brigade of volunteers. A battalion at once joined him from Vicenza, which was in a state of perfect organisation. Garibaldi raised rapidly a battalion of Lombards, which he called the "Regiment Anzani," after the name of his deceased friend and heroic companion in arms. Medici was ordered by Garibaldi to organise a battalion from the youth of Milan, who in the revolution of the city had thrown up barricades and compelled the Austrians to leave the place. Mazzini was its standard-bearer.

Whatever may be thought in England of the peculiar political views of this man, he does

not deserve the calumny which portions of the English press have circulated, that he incited others to arms while he kept away from the field himself. Whenever there was an opportunity for him to expose his own life, he did so. Piedmont, Lombardy, and Rome have all witnessed his courage and persistence. He was, however, the chief organiser of those associations which fell under the displeasure of many liberal and just men in England and Italy. It must, however, be admitted, that the spread of secret societies of a political nature among the people promoted union, and prepared the population for action. Those societies have been denounced by friends of Italy in this country, under misapprehension of both the constitution and influence of those confederated bodies of men. Some of the secret societies were formed against liberty, under the influence of the Jesuits and other religious orders. Those societies, both favourable and hostile to freedom, had a common influence in giving to the people habits of organisation and the power of large combinations. Some of these societies bore the name of freemasons, and were supposed to be affiliated to the great masonic order recognised in most countries of Europe. This is a misapprehension. Masonic lodges were in some instances, both in France and Italy, carried away in the current of the popular feeling, but generally the members of that order abstained from all reference to politics in their lodges, as it is contrary to their principles and obligations to one another to allow either political or theological controversies to disturb their order. The Carbonari were undoubtedly instrumental in fanning the flame of Italian patriotism, and their extensive organisation made them formidable to the Italian princes and Austria. It was to Mazzini that Italy was indebted for the formation of a society which produced the greatest effect in

calling forth the enthusiasm of the people, and he organised it with such skill as to make it a terror to all the despotic princes not only in Italy but in Europe.

On the other hand, amongst those, especially in the higher classes, ready to give their lives for the unity and independence of Italy, were many who reasonably distrusted the action of any secretly-enrolled body, and were by this distrust discouraged and repressed in their efforts during the struggles of 1847-8-9. The youth enrolled in the secret societies of northern Italy were the most prompt to respond to the call of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Medici, and others, to join the ranks of the volunteers for Garibaldi's Lombard campaign. These explanations as to the state of feeling in Lombardy will account for what followed, and which otherwise would be incomprehensible to Englishmen.

It will, from the above *exposé* of Italian disunion, be easily understood that the provisional government at Milan was composed of men who had little confidence in the people. They were anxious to conciliate the goodwill of King Charles Albert of Piedmont, and they knew he detested the names of Garibaldi and Mazzini, and looked with alarm upon all popular movements which were not entirely under the control of the highest classes and the authorities. Accordingly the Milanese government either affected to treat the Legion distrustfully in order to please the king, or really distrusted the popular element which composed it.

They actually refused muskets, one of the ministers declaring that "it would be a waste of arms to bestow them on such troops;" that Garibaldi was a *Sabreur* and nothing more! There were leading men in Milan patriotically desirous to throw off the Austrian yoke, but who would rather bow the knee to an Austrian viceroy than see Lombardy independent, and governed by the free voices of all her citizens.

The people of Italy were not united, and here was the chief cause of the failure of the revolution which Charles Albert so ingloriously led.

The provisional government had also the shamelessness and audacity to offer the Legion the uniforms of the Austrians remaining in the magazines of Milan. This insult was keenly felt by those brave men, a large proportion of whom belonged to the first families in Lombardy. The Legion had thus neither uniforms nor arms. They took the linen from the Austrian magazine, and made blouses. Arms and ammunition were procured by the exertions and at the expense of the Legion.

Thus clothed and armed, the Legion began the march for Bergamo, singing patriotic songs as they marched. On arriving at that place, they were joined by a regiment just conscripted there for the Piedmontese service, and two pieces of artillery of the National Guard.

The march proved useless, for the Legion was recalled by the committee of the Milanese provisional government, which ordered them to return by forced marches.

The men who issued this command were Fanti, Maestri, and Rostelli.

The Legion had returned as far as Monza, when information arrived that Milan had capitulated, and that the Austrian cavalry were in pursuit of them. Garibaldi directed a retreat upon Como, so as to be near the Swiss frontier in case it might prove necessary to enter it as refugees. This was accomplished with much fatigue and hardship, the men suffering much from thirst and want of food. On arrival at Como, so convinced were the volunteers that the cause was lost, four-fifths of them retired into Switzerland, leaving with Garibaldi not more than eight hundred men. He took post with this body at La Camerlata, a well-chosen spot for the operation of so small a force. From this place he sent to all

the revolutionary leaders in northern Italy, exhorting them to maintain their positions to the last, and so to act as to be in communication with him for common objects, and to fall back upon Switzerland in the last resort. His counsels were not followed,—despair seemed to have relaxed the hearts of all.

Garibaldi, finding that no co-operation could be expected from the other leaders, fell back upon San Fermo. There he harangued the men, exhorting to fortitude and perseverance, assuring them that by a guerilla warfare they would render service to their country, rallying the less brave, and gaining time for bolder and more general plans. More than a third of his men deserted that night.

Garibaldi ordered Medici to go out in all directions, and win back, if possible, deserters and stragglers. He succeeded in bringing in three hundred men. With his small remnant of seven hundred and fifty, our hero determined to attack the Austrians. Such a purpose must seem so wild, so impossible of fruitful result, that nothing but a knowledge of the amazing resources of this wonderful man could prevent unqualified condemnation.

It was now the 12th of August, and Garibaldi, stung by the conduct of Charles Albert and his partisans in Lombardy, issued a proclamation denouncing him as a traitor to the unity and independence of Italy; that he was unworthy of confidence, and ought to be dethroned. Thus a second time Garibaldi became, in the name of Italy, a rebel against his own prince. The victorious Austrians had driven back all who offered them any resistance; and this was the moment chosen by Garibaldi to advance against them. He marched upon Arona, and there taking two steamboats, and twenty other vessels, he embarked his men, and arrived next day at dawn at Serino.

Garibaldi became ill with intermittent fever. He found the prairies and forests of South America healthier than the marshy districts of his native land. He was obliged to rest in a lonely house a little distance from his troops, leaving his friend Medici in command. That officer had no information of the direction in which the enemy lay, or how far they were off.

In half an hour the scouts came running in crying, "The Austrians! the Austrians!" and Medici rushed to Garibaldi's sick chamber repeating the cry. He ordered the men to arms, and springing from his bed of fever, placed himself at the window, from which he could survey the country for a considerable distance. He had not long to remain at his post of observation, for on came the enemy, confident of slaying or capturing the whole Garibaldian force. Our hero divided his little band into two parties. With one he barred the approach of the enemy, with the other he prevented any movement in flank.

The force of the assailants was from twelve to fourteen hundred men, who marched along the high road and approached the position. Garibaldi ordered the first division of his little army to charge. The enemy were four to one, and remained steady; Garibaldi brought up his other division and routed them in utter disorder.

Undoubtedly the man most exposed to danger in this unequal conflict was the leader himself. Colonel Medici noticed this fact in terms which seemed to tell that the hero had a charmed life:—"Garibaldi had directed the attack on horseback, in front of the bridge, within fifty paces of the anberge (occupied by the Austrian sharpshooters), in the midst of the fire; it was a miracle that, exposed as he was, like a target to the enemy's guns, no ball had struck him."

The Austrians fled in shameful panic, throw-

ing away their arms, and terrified at the bare idea of Garibaldi being at hand. Medici, with one hundred men, pursued the coward column, adding to their confusion and their loss.

Garibaldi marched upon Guerla and thence to Varesa, which he entered amidst the triumphal demonstrations of the people.

Here an Austrian spy was taken and shot. Instead of furnishing to the enemy information as to the numbers and intentions of the volunteers, his papers betrayed the plans of the Austrians, three columns of whom were advancing in such way as to place themselves between Garibaldi and Switzerland, and also prevent his retreat into Piedmont. Garibaldi ordered his advanced guard under Medici, consisting of a single company, to Viggia, and thence to march against a body of Austrians. The company soon came up with the Austrian General D'Asprè, at the head of five hundred men. Medici found a position capable of defence—the rock of San Masseo. Besides being impregnable with tolerable means, it was immediately upon the Swiss frontier.

Medici defended this post, several Swiss, armed with carbines, good marksmen, coming to his assistance. When his ammunition was expended, these brave Swiss conducted the force, by paths unknown to the Austrians, safely into Switzerland. The inhabitants showed the refugees every kindness. General D'Asprè published a lying bulletin declaring that he had encountered the whole "army of Garibaldi" and dispersed it.

While Medici was so skilfully and gallantly conducting his separate command, Garibaldi had work of his own to perform. The Austrians had so manœuvred, and possessed such overwhelming numbers, that the retreat of Garibaldi upon Switzerland was rendered very difficult. He decided to march upon Merazzone, a very strong position for a small body

of men to occupy if attacked by a superior force. He had, however, only five hundred men, while the Austrians numbered five thousand. They attacked him. With his heroic band he held them at bay for a whole day, and when night came forced his way with carnage through their lines. At a league from Merazzone he dismissed his men, nominating Lugano as a rendezvous. He on foot, disguised as a peasant, and with a peasant guide, sought the confines of Switzerland. There Medici found him in bed, exhausted, bruised, scarcely able to speak. On the morrow he was again ready for new scenes and new enterprises. His lowland campaign could not be resumed; his bands were dispersed, and he had only the few men of the company of Medici which found shelter in Switzerland. The hair-breadth escapes he had incurred, the suffering he had endured, the ceaseless exertions he had put forth were as extraordinary as the genius and contempt of danger which pervaded all he dared and performed.

Garibaldi exhorted Medici to keep his party together, and await events, while he, entering Piedmont, should place himself in Genoa, and watch the first indications that might arise of hope for action.

Apita and her children were with Garibaldi's relations at Nice, and thus escaped the perils of his campaign in Lombardy.

The Sardinian government had seen its error in treating him with contempt, and now offered him a command in the army, but Garibaldi refused to serve under a government which he deemed incapable and unjust.

A revolution was planned in Sicily, and a deputation waited upon him, begging him to embark for the island and assist the patriots. To this he assented; but affairs at Rome presented such an aspect that our hero resolved to go thither.











## CHAPTER XIII.

DEFENDS ROME.—BEATS THE FRENCH FROM ITS WALLS.—DIFFERENCE OF POLICY BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND THE GOVERNMENT.—AN ARMISTICE GRANTED TO THE FRENCH AGAINST GARIBALDI'S ADVICE.

"O Rome! my country, city of the soul,  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
In their stout breasts their petty misery  
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,  
Ye whose agonies are evils of a day!  
A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay"—BYRON.

ROME had revolted against the authority of Pio Nono when the people became convinced that either he had never been the sincere friend of Italian unity and freedom, or had fallen under the influence of the reactionists. The Pontiff fled, and a government was formed by the people, who proclaimed the Roman Republic.

The Roman States, which are now mainly under the dominion of Victor Emmanuel, were then under the sway of the Pope.

Of the twenty provinces into which they were divided, Cornara of Rome stands first; it includes within its jurisdiction the capital and the Agro Romano. The other nineteen consist of two classes, Legations and Delegations. The Legations are governed by cardinals, although none have been so latterly; and the Delegations generally by prelates, with the title of monsignore. The *Legations* consist of Bologna, Ferrara, Forli, Ravenna, Urbino, with Pesaro and Velletri. There are thirteen *Delegations*, or Provinces:—Ancona, Macerata, Camerino, Fermo, Ascoli, Perugia, Spoleto, Rieti, Viterbo, Orvieto, Civita Vecchia, Frosinone, with Pontecorvo and Benevento. The Legations and Delegations are divided into districts, the latter into governorships, and

these again into communes. In some of the Legations public spirit and national feeling were less strong than in other parts, but all felt oppressed. Garibaldi hastened to Rome, where he eventually took his seat in the constituent assembly as representative of Macerata.

On his route he suffered much from rheumatism. The hardships he had endured were beginning to tell upon him in this form.

He was not well received by some of those in power. A few were jealous of his influence, others were prejudiced against him under erroneous personal impressions. By the Roman citizens he was regarded with confidence and affection. Garibaldi did not arrive too soon; Rome needed his aid, for she was beset by enemies. A French intervention was the most formidable of her alarms. The President of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, resolved upon the occupation of the Roman States, and a fleet and army were sent to Civita Vecchia, the army under the command of General Oudinot. That place was occupied in gross violation of the rights of the Roman Republic.

The French advanced upon the capital. The Assembly resolved to defend Rome, although a party existed which was willing to open the

gates to the French, whom, they contended, came as allies and protectors. The influence of Mazzini, Cernushi, and others of note induced the Assembly to pass a decree of resistance. Cernushi, who had erected the barricades of Milan, was appointed inspector of the barricades of Rome. Guns were mounted on the chief places proper for artillery, and the citizens prepared for defence. Medici observes of this juncture:—

“It was then the providential man appeared. Suddenly a great cry resounded through the streets of Rome of ‘Garibaldi! Garibaldi!’ And an immense crowd cried as they preceded him, throwing their caps in the air, and waving their handkerchiefs—‘Here he is! here he is!’

“It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which took possession of the population at the sight of him. He might have been thought to be the protecting god of the Republic, who hastened to the defence of Rome. The courage of the people increased with their confidence, and it appeared as if the Assembly had not only decreed defence, but victory.”

Biagio Miraglia, who wrote a history of the Roman Revolution, thus records the enthusiasm of the citizens on this occasion:—

“This mysterious conqueror, surrounded by such a brilliant halo of glory, who, a stranger to the discussions of the Assembly, and ignorant of them, entered Rome on the eve of the very day on which the Republic was about to be attacked, was, in the minds of the Roman people, the only man capable of maintaining the decree of resistance; therefore the multitudes, on the very instant, united themselves with the man who personified the wants of the moment, and who was the hope of all.”

It was at the head of his brave Legion, raised with so much zeal and care, that Garibaldi entered the once imperial city, making it more

illustrious by his glory. When the French landed at Civita Vecchia, the Legion was at Arragni, expecting to march against the Neapolitans. When their presence was required at Rome, a stronger brigade was organised, of which they formed the nucleus. There were two battalions of his own Legion, including forty men who came with him from South America, wearing the red blouse and green facings, three hundred men from Venice, four hundred young men of the university, three hundred *douaniers mobilisés*, and three hundred emigrants, chiefly Italians, making a total force of two thousand five hundred. There was added a troop of ninety lancers, armed and clothed by their commander.

Garibaldi was charged with the defence of the walls, from the gate Portese to the gates San Pancrazio and Cavallegieri, occupying the most elevated and salient points without the walls from the Villa Corsini (the four winds) to the Villa Pamphili.

On the 27th of April the advance of the French advanced guard marched to Palo, and were followed next day by the command of which they formed a part. On the 29th the advance guard was at Castel Guido, within fifteen English miles of Rome. Captain Oudinot, brother of the general in command, passed on towards Rome with another officer, and a small detachment of light cavalry, for the purpose of reconnoitring. They dashed on to within three miles of the city, and came upon an advanced post of the Romans, situated at the junction of the Aurelian routes. The officer who commanded the Romans warned Captain Oudinot to retire, in terms of courtesy, but also of decision.

“What do you want here?” asked he.

“To go to Rome,” replied the Frenchman.

“That cannot be allowed,” said the Italian officer.

"We speak in the name of the French Republic."

"And we in the name of the Roman Republic; therefore turn back, Messieurs."

"And if we are not willing to turn back?"

"Then we must endeavour to make you, in spite of yourselves."

"By what means?"

"By force."

"Then," said the French officer, turning towards his men, "if that be the case—Fire!" at the same time discharging a pistol he drew from his holster.

"Fire!" replied the officer commanding the Roman advanced posts.

The French cavalry retreated, leaving a chasseur, whose horse was shot, a prisoner with the Romans.

In the French press the latter were represented as having fled before the French. Colonel Medici, in commenting upon this representation, naturally said, the Romans were infantry, the French cavalry, if the former fled, how came they to bring in a prisoner?

General Oudinot was enraged at this proof that he must conquer a city into which he had been led to believe he would have been received with acclamations. He accordingly marched in full force against the city upon the 30th. His plan of assault was as follows—"A double attack must be directed against the gates Angelica and Cavallegieri, in order to divide the attention of the enemy. By the first the enemy's troops, which are encamped upon Monte Mario, will be forced, and afterwards the Angelica gate will be occupied. When our troops shall have occupied these two points, we will push the enemy with all possible force, and in all ways, and the general rallying place shall be the Place St. Pierre. We particularly recommend that French blood should be spared." The General did not seem

anxious to spare the blood of the brave and patriotic men who were defending their homes and their country against French aggression.

Eminent military men have pronounced the plan of attack bad, and except so far as the bravery and discipline of the French soldiers were concerned, the execution of the plan was equally bad. Whatever be the merits of such military criticisms, the result appears to justify them.

General Oudinot had 8000 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and twelve field-pieces. For its numbers this army was one of the finest ever sent into the field by France. The troops had nearly all served in Africa, and were of well-tried discipline and courage.

The roll of the French drums announced the attack, and according to the plan of assault given above, the columns advanced. They were met instantly by a heavy fire from the Roman guns of position. The French Voltigeurs and Chasseurs de Vincennes skirmished with the Roman light infantry, and were subjected to a rifle fire from the walls.

There were very few soldiers to take part in the defence—volunteers somewhat disciplined; and the citizens conducted it, and with a bravery never surpassed, seldom equalled.

The French columns which advanced against the Cavallegieri gate, had to penetrate a broken ground, wooded and unequal, presenting many obstacles. Accustomed to the desultory warfare of Africa, they turned these difficulties in some degree into advantages, making of wood and inequalities ramparts, behind which to maintain a fire of terrible precision, and as the fire of the Romans occasionally slackened before it, the advance was pushed with energy and rapidity. The French proved themselves well qualified to fight in loose order, rallying with alacrity when repulsed. The Chasseurs de Vincennes

rivalled the Voltigeurs in courage and efficiency, proving themselves formidable marksmen, "picking off" many officers and citizens. The French advanced to the very wall, and by their bearing showed that they anticipated a speedy triumph.

Garibaldi watched the advance from the gardens of the Pamphili Villa. He ordered small detachments to penetrate through the vineyard, and surprise the Chasseurs, but these vigilant soldiers were not easily caught unawares; they were reinforced, and sustained their advanced position. Garibaldi sent to the general-in-chief for a thousand men, promising victory if they arrived in time. Two battalions were despatched at once to his post. He arranged everything needful to secure against reverse or accident, and with the troops that remained after so doing, he made a sortie; but in the progress of its execution, his troops were mistaken by the citizens for the enemy, and fired upon. He was obliged to halt, and for a short time the success of his enterprise was in peril. When the error was seen he again advanced, charging with the bayonet, fleet as the lightning, and as blasting. He at once broke the French centre; but the French rallied, and fought with the skill and discipline of men who had been well exercised with the bayonet. For an hour the fight ebbed and flowed, hand to hand, Garibaldi performing prodigies of valour. Wherever he appeared all around seemed nerved with a new inspiration of valour, and even Frenchmen shrank from his wild but skilful daring. At last the enemy gave way, some scattering into the country, others turning in confusion upon their reserves. A general rout of the attacking columns ensued, and two hundred and fifty French prisoners, with as many dead, dying, and wounded, were left upon the field.

But the battle was not won. The French

reserves were intact. A proposal was made to Oudinot by a gallant officer to lead a new attack by a route which he knew, and promised that if a brigade were placed at his disposal, he would surprise certain posts, and all the more easily as the Romans, flushed with victory, could not expect the like. The name and rank of this hero was Captain Faleas of the artillery. According to his plan, the brigade would pass unperceived under the walls of Rome, in front of the gardens of the Vatican. On part of the road, at each side, there were some houses, in which it was proposed to leave detachments to cover a retreat if necessary, while nearer his destination, supports could be left concealed among the ruins.

This new column of assailants advanced unobserved until they reached as far as the Consular route of the Angelica gate. At that moment the sun flashing out from a passing cloud with peculiar brightness, shone upon the furnished arms of the brigade, and the sheen of their bayonets was visible to the citizens posted in the Pontifical gardens. In an instant a fire greedy of death was poured upon the head of the column, one of the first shots striking down the gallant Faleas, who led it. From other posts a cross fire fell upon them, smiting with terrible energy all the foremost ranks. For a while the columns deploying carried on a rifle combat, but the men at last gave way, seeking shelter in the casini which are scattered among the vines. The chastisement was terrible, while the loss experienced by the Romans was insignificant.

Had the body of men placed on Monte Mario, which maintained a fire that smote the rear of the column, descended and charged, the column would never have been able to regain the centre from which it was nearly cut off. There were besides, 2,000 citizens massed behind the Porto Angelica, who also might

have cut off the retreat of the assailants, but no man bethought him of the attempt. Garibaldi could not be everywhere; had he been there, the entire brigade would have been swept away or captured.

While this was pending on the left, Oudinot in person, confident of the success of Faleas, and fearful, after the defeat of his column by Garibaldi, that his communications would be cut off, launched his whole force upon the right, bringing the main shock of his power against Garibaldi. For hours the fight raged, the French assailing with fury, the Romans resisting sternly to the death. After the fourth hour of this terrible conflict, *Chef de bataillon* Picard, with three hundred men of the 20th regiment of the line, obtained a post occupied by the battalion of the University, which was weak in number, and consisted of mere youths. The skill of the Frenchman turned the position into one of great strength. With incredible rapidity, Garibaldi, with the battalion of exiles, some detachments of the Roman Legion, and two companies of his own chosen troops, stormed the place. The French sped to the assistance of the little garrison, and crossed bayonets with the Garibaldians, only to perish or recede. Nino Bexio crossed swords with Picard, the French commander, and made him prisoner. His men laid down their arms. The whole detachment and their general were slain or prisoners. The battle was won. Instead of entering Rome, Oudinot had scarcely a hope of getting back to Civita Vecchia. Garibaldi wrote on a scrap of paper, from the field, to Avizzani, the Roman Minister of War, "Send me fresh troops; and as I have promised to beat the French, and have kept my word, I promise you I will prevent any one of them from regaining their vessels." Avizzani was willing to send out of the city a strong body of men to be used at Garibaldi's discre-

tion; but Mazzini, who was Triumvir of Rome, and who did not always take the same views as Garibaldi, opposed it. "Let us not," said he, "make a mortal enemy of France, by a complete defeat; let us not expose our young reserve troops to a close fight with a beaten but valiant enemy." This counsel was followed, Garibaldi was not supported, and Oudinot escaped destruction, and retired upon Civita Vecchia.

Several eminent writers in Europe have doubted the power of the Romans, had they acted on Garibaldi's advice, to annihilate the French, and have therefore endorsed the advice given by Mazzini to the minister of war. But all officers well acquainted with the relative positions and resources of the two armies, concur in declaring Garibaldi's plan, in a military point of view, perfect, and that the resources of the Romans were adequate to afford him the means of accomplishing it.

It should be recollected that the French had only two squadrons of cavalry, and at that moment these were not upon the scene of action. The Romans had, within the city, a considerable body of cavalry, not highly disciplined, it is true, but very efficient for the pursuit of a beaten and fugitive infantry. There were two regiments of dragoons, and two squadrons of mounted carabineers, within the city. There were also two good infantry regiments of the line, fresh, and every way competent to combat the troops of Oudinot.

Mazzini was influenced by the belief that the democratic party in France would resist the policy of the President as regarded Rome, and be successful in their resistance. He was encouraged to believe so by Ledru Rollin, a sincere friend to the Roman Republic; but the indiscretions and extreme opinions of that leader, and the worse than indiscretions of many of his party in France, alarmed the

friends of order, and caused them to hesitate in joining any opposition to Louis Napoleon that might weaken the authority of government, or afford an opening for the propagation or practice of the theories which the Red Republicans avowed. No effectual opposition was urged to the French President; but had the army of Oudinot been captured or destroyed, the attention of all France would have been called to the expedition; its objects and character would have been discussed so thoroughly, that it would have probably been too hazardous for Bonaparte to send out another so long as he did not possess imperial authority.

Between the judgment of Mazzini and that of Garibaldi, the fate of Rome and of Italy, for long years of the future, rested on that day. Mazzini's counsel triumphed, and Rome was thereby as surely lost as if the arms of the French Republic had borne its banners to the Capitol.

The victory was, however, decisive, and to the genius and courage of Garibaldi it was mainly due. Colonel Medici, who took part in the event, says, "Warlike science, discipline, courage, and impetuous attacks all gave way before our soldiers, young and inexperienced as they were. But Garibaldi was there, erect on horseback, with his hair streaming to the winds, like a statue of brass representing the god of battles. At the sight of the invulnerable man, every one recalled to his mind the exploits of the immortal ancestors, the conquerors of the world, whose graves they trampled under feet. It might be said that they knew that the shades of Camillus, Cincinnatus, and Cæsar, surveyed them from the top of the Capitol."

In France especially, but throughout Europe generally, the events and issues of the day were grossly misrepresented. The French

represented themselves as betrayed; as having made a reconnaissance, during which they were inveigled into the city, and fallen upon to a disadvantage; and vengeance was invoked upon Roman treachery. The facts were, that a great battle was fought, that after repeated efforts to enter Rome, the French army was repulsed, and that Garibaldi, with comparatively "a handful" of troops, came down and beat them in the open field; and, finally, so severe was the defeat, the French general was obliged to sue for an armistice.

Another *canard* which the friends of the French President set flying, presented to the people of Europe the French as sparing the city because of its artistic monuments. The truth was, the French spared neither man nor monument. The cupola of St. Peter's was struck repeatedly by French cannon balls, and showers of shot fell upon the Vatican. The Pauline Chapel was especially rich in works of art; it was cut by balls, and one of the pictures torn across by a splinter. Similar injury was inflicted upon the Sistine.

The loss of the French was thirteen hundred men. Only one hundred Romans were killed and wounded, and one prisoner was lost, but that prisoner was a notable man; it was Ugo Bassi. This benevolent and courageous man was a priest who attended the field, to encourage the combatants and console the suffering. He bore no arms; and it spoke nothing for French chivalry, that an unarmed clergyman, performing the offices of his religion, should be made a captive of war.

Rome was a scene of gladness. Illuminations blazed from villa and church, and flamed up from graceful column and ruined pile. Bands of music passed along the public ways, or took their stand in open areas, while multitudes joined in singing patriotic hymns. Rome once more heard the voice of liberty.

The thunder cloud of battle had burst over her, but it broke to scatter the influences which fructify and refresh the spirits of the brave and true.

"Italy!

Time which bath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents  
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
And hath denied to every other sky,  
Spirits which ~~are~~ from ruin : thy decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity,  
Which gilds it with revivifying ray."

On the first of May, Garibaldi sought permission from the minister to pursue the French with his Legion, as he was not able to overcome the influence wielded by the Triumvir Mazzini against more effective measures. Permission was given. The Legion only numbered one thousand two hundred men. Either the request of Garibaldi should have been refused, or troops should have been placed at his disposal, to enable him to accomplish something of importance. The Roman government appeared to be only somewhat wiser than the provisional government of Milan. Garibaldi went forth with two columns. Massina commanded one, which marched from the Cavallegieri gate, the other issued from the gate San Pancrazio, with the General at its head. Garibaldi intended not, as the minister and Mazzini supposed, merely to harass the French, and be instrumental in keeping them at a distance : his aim was broader and more profound. He intended to surprise the French camp and give battle, trusting to a general rush from Rome of the volunteers to assist him, so as to extinguish the French invasion

at once. Arriving at their camp he found it deserted. They had retired upon Castel de Guido, pursued by Massina, whose route being shorter than that of the General, enabled him to come up with them. Garibaldi overtook Massina near the tratelline of Malagratta, where the French were apparently drawing up in line for action. Garibaldi took up an extremely advantageous position on the flank of the French army. He was just preparing to charge, when an officer rode forward with a flag of truce, requesting an armistice, that General Oudinot might have time to ascertain if the Roman people accepted the republic and were resolved to fight for it. This was an unworthy artifice. Neither General Oudinot nor his master, for such in fact the French President was, cared whether the Romans accepted the republic, or whether they were willing to defend it. The object of the invasion was not to ascertain the will of the people, but to conquer them. Liberty in Rome was liberty in Europe. Napoleon knew that, and resolved to frustrate it ; for if Rome continued unconquerable and free, France could not become subject to the sceptre of a Bonaparte.

The French officer offered to surrender the captured priest as a proof of his general's loyalty to the terms he requested.

While yet this conversation was proceeding, an order came from the Minister of War for Garibaldi to return, the wise men (?) of Rome had granted the armistice. Oudinot was left to recruit his forces, conduct intrigues, and prepare for a more certain spring upon his prey.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## DEFENDS ROME AGAINST NEW ENEMIES.—EXPEDITION AGAINST THE NEAPOLITAN ARMY.

"Yet, freedom ! yet thy banner torn, but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm along the wind ;  
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind."—BYRON.

THE King of Naples had been successful in his wars against liberty in Sicily and Calabria, and flushed with success, he determined to do what the French had failed to do, conquer Rome. His Majesty, at the head of twenty thousand men, and with thirty-five pieces of cannon, marched against the city. Veletri, Albano, and Fregate had surrendered, and his advanced guard was only a few leagues from Rome, on the Tiber's left bank. Garibaldi asked permission of the Roman minister to measure swords with the Neapolitan tyrant. Permission was granted, but as in a previous case, no adequate force was placed at his disposal. His Legion had been increased to two thousand five hundred in number, and with these he might go where he pleased, but no other troops were placed at his command. Garibaldi reviewed his troops on the Place of the People. His appearance and that of his faithful Legion, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Gustave de Hoffstiller, in his "Siege of Rome," thus describes the hero and his retinue :—

"Just as six o'clock was striking, the General and his staff appeared, and was received with a thunder of *vivats*. I saw him for the first time. He is a man of middle height, his countenance scorched by the sun, but marked with lines of antique purity. He sat his horse as calmly and firmly as if he had been born there ; beneath his hat—broad brimmed, with a narrow loop, and ornamented with a black

ostrich feather—was spread a forest of hair. A red beard covered the whole of the lower part of his face. Over his red shirt was thrown an American puncho, white, lined with red, like his shirt. His staff wore the red blouse, and afterwards the whole Italian Legion adopted that colour.

"Behind him galloped his groom, a vigorous negro, who had followed him from America : he was dressed in a black cloak, and bore a lance with a red banderole. All who had come with him from America wore pistols and poniards of fine workmanship, in their belts, and carried whips of buffalo skin in their hands."

Emele Dandolo thus describes him at this juncture :—

"Followed by their ordonnances, all the officers who came from America separate, unite, gallop about in disorder, go here and there, active, watchful, indefatigable. When the troops halt to encamp and take a little rest, whilst the soldiers are putting their guns in *faisceaux*, it is a common spectacle to see them spring from the saddle, and provide, every one personally, the General as well as the rest, for the wants of their horses, which operation being performed, the riders take no more heed of them. If there are no provisions at hand, three or four colonels or majors jump again upon their horses, bare backed, and armed with lassoes, venture out into the country in search of sheep or oxen. When



they have collected as many as they want, they return, driving their prize before them, distribute a given number of them to each company, and all, officers as well as soldiers, set to work to slaughter, to cut into quarters, and roast before immense fires enormous pieces of beef, mutton, or pork, without reckoning the smaller animals, such as turkeys, fowls, ducks, &c.

"While this is going on, if the peril is distant, Garibaldi rests, reclining in his tent; if, on the contrary, the enemy is near, he does not dismount from his horse, but gives his orders and visits the advanced posts; frequently throwing off his singular uniform, and, dressed as a peasant, venturing upon the most dangerous explorations. The greater part of the time, seated upon some elevated spot which dominates the environs, he passes whole hours in sounding the depths of the horizon with his glass. When the trumpet of the General gives the signal for departure, the same lassoes serve to catch and bring in the horses, which are grazing about in the fields. The order of march is settled on the evening before, and the troops set forward without any one knowing or heeding whither they are going.

"The personal Legion of Garibaldi consists of the most incongruous assortment of men that can be imagined; people of all ranks and all ages; of boys of from twelve to fourteen years old, attracted to this life of independence either by a noble enthusiasm or a natural restlessness; of old soldiers brought together by the name and the renown of the illustrious condottieri of the New World; and among all these, many who can only boast of the half of Bayard's device, *sans peur*, and who seek in the confusion of war license and impunity.

"The officers are chosen among the most courageous, and raised to the superior grades

without the least attention to seniority or the ordinary rules of advancement. To-day one may be seen with a sabre by his side, he is a captain; to-morrow, from a love of variety, he will take his musket again, place himself in the ranks, and there he is once more a soldier. There is no want of pay; that is furnished by the paper of the triumvirs, which only costs the printing. Proportionally, the number of officers is greater than that of the soldiers. The baggage-master was a captain; the General's cook was a lieutenant; his orderlies had the same rank; his staff was composed of majors and colonels.

"From a patriarchal simplicity, which is so great that it might be believed to be feigned, Garibaldi resembles rather a chief of a troop of Indians than a general; but when danger approaches, or is come, he is wonderful for his courage and quick-sightedness. Whatever may be wanting in strategic science to make him a general according to the rules of the military art, is amply compensated for by an astounding activity."

The troops marched forth late in the evening, and in order to disconcert the Neapolitan spies, of whom there were too many at Rome, the departure was conducted as if the expedition was projected against the French. By a detour they, at eight o'clock in the morning, were within a league of Tivoli. Here they halted for the day. In the evening they marched to the Adrian Villa, which lies at the foot of the mountain upon which Tivoli is built. The extensive subterranean chambers, ruins, and groves of the Adrian Villa afforded suitable quarters, and means of defence; a body of men such as Garibaldi commanded might keep the place against the whole Neapolitan army, provided he was duly supplied with artillery. It was not Garibaldi's intention to occupy the position long. On the 6th

of May, therefore, he set out for Palestrina, and after a cautious but fatiguing march, in which he preserved the spirits and bodily strength of the men, they gained the summit of the mountain. Thence reconnoitering parties were sent in every direction. One of these came upon an obscure village in which a Neapolitan detachment was quartered, which was instantly dislodged, and some made prisoners.

On the 9th of May tidings arrived that the Neapolitan army was approaching Palestrina, and in a few hours this news was confirmed, as from the heights of Mount St. Peter they were seen advancing along the two roads which led each to the gate Del Lole. The force consisted of two regiments of foot guards and a division of horse.

The General detached four light companies of infantry to occupy an elevated position commanding the enemy's approach. Manara, the Lombard leader, occupied a post from which he could see everything, and make known by trumpet signal what was necessary.

It was not long until the Roman bersaglieri opened fire upon the advanced guard of the Neapolitans. These were ordered to deploy and skirmish in loose order, but the cowardly troops refused to obey. An alarm at once spread through the Neapolitan ranks that Garibaldi was in their front, and to them the name was a terror, as if it designated some superhuman being.

The right of Garibaldi's advance fell upon the enemy's left flank, which broke, the soldiers taking to flight in a manner the most dastardly. The left of the Roman advance waited until their opponents came quite close, and then discharged a terrible volley, every shot of which answered for its missive by a fallen foe. They then charged with the bayonet, the terrified tirailleurs turned headlong from

the field, seeking shelter in some houses, which they yielded as soon as attacked. The Neapolitan cavalry had a good opportunity for a charge, and with better courage than the infantry had shown, used it. They were received by the Roman light infantry, many falling upon the bayonets in a useless attempt to penetrate the squares. This charge caused great sacrifice of life to those who made it.

Garibaldi watched the encounter, and sending to Manara a battalion of infantry, ordered a bayonet charge. It was fierce and decisive; the whole line of the enemy fled in disorder, leaving many dead and wounded and three pieces of cannon on the field. Had the Roman government placed at the disposal of Garibaldi some of the good cavalry which remained idle at Rome, the Neapolitan division would have been cut to pieces. Garibaldi thought it possible that so precipitate a flight might be the prelude to an ambushade, and as the Romans were pursuing hotly, he recalled them.

So eager were the Neapolitans to get away that very few prisoners, except the wounded, were left behind. Of these Emele Dandolo gives the following amusing account:—

“About twenty prisoners, almost all of the reserve, and consequently dragged from their families, and forced to fight for a cause which was not their own, were brought before Garibaldi. Trembling, and with clasped hands, they implored their lives. They were fine-looking men, well clothed, but detestably armed with heavy flint guns, with bags full of images of saints, Madonnas, relics, and amulets. They wore them round their necks, they had them in their pockets, they had them everywhere. They said the king was at Albano, with two regiments of Swiss, three of cavalry, and four batteries; more reinforcements were expected from Naples. They had

been sent, under the orders of General Zucchi, to take Palestrina, and secure Garibaldi, of whom they had a terror hardly to be imagined."

Garibaldi advanced his outposts, and sent patrols which penetrated within the enemy's lines. He also spent a day in exercising his men in drill, and the use of their weapons, for his Legion was mainly composed of volunteer recruits.

The troops were ordered to make their quarters in a convent, the monks of which refused them admission, and when force was employed, fled. Entreaties and courtesy were in vain expended upon the brothers before the decisive resort was adopted. The sappers broke open the doors. The enraged soldiery, who had suffered under torrents of rain, and continued to endure it for an hour at the convent's gates, while peaceable means of obtaining an entrance were resorted to, at last burst in, and made themselves comfortable with whatever good things were left behind by the fugitive brothers. Emele Dandolo, who was present at the scene, thus depicts it:—

"In less than half an hour the convent was turned upside down; there had been scarcely time to post sentinels at the chapel, the cellar, and the library. After all, there was little to take; the brothers had left nothing but the larger furniture, such as could not be put into a *havresac*; but a good number of peasants, who had excited our soldiers to this rummaging, took advantage of this disorder, and like ants, joined three and four together to carry off things too heavy for one.

"Many of our men, not too religious, ransacked the convent, happy once in their lives to have to deal with monks. One came out of a cell with a broad Dominican hat on his head, another walked gravely about with a long white robe over his uniform. All appeared at the call of the drum with an enormous lighted

wax candle in their hands, and during all the night, from the ninth to the tenth, in honour of our victory over the Neapolitans, the convent was splendidly illuminated. The correspondence of the poor brothers was no more respected than the rest, and more than one letter was brought in triumph and read aloud by the soldiers, that would have made the chaste founders of the Order blush to the ears. On the 10th of May we stopped at Palestrina, and encamped in the meadows. The Neapolitans appeared to have lost all inclination to attack us, and crowned the hills of Albano and Frascati, drawing by degrees nearer to Rome. Garibaldi, who feared a combined attack of the Neapolitans and the French, set forward."

The Neapolitans, avoiding Garibaldi, drew near to Rome, and our hero, who distrusted the French, believed that they would break the armistice and join the Neapolitans. He therefore decamped, and after a long and fatiguing march, gained the city. Scarcely had his tired soldiers sought repose than the alarm rang. The French were, it was alleged, about to attack Monte Mario. Garibaldi roused his sleeping heroes, and marching through the Angelica gate, found there French outposts, with whom some shots were exchanged before they retired. Exhausted as the Legion was, it had no softer place of repose than the bare earth, and beneath the serene clear sky of an Italian night the soldiers slept, their hands clutching their weapons.

The French gave no more trouble just then, but the Neapolitan army drew nearer daily, and the government of the city resolved to attack them with a force of ten thousand men. Garibaldi was offered the rank of General of Division, his previous rank being that of General of Brigade. The chief command was given to a Colonel Roselli, who was thus promoted over the head of the man whose skill and heroism

had saved the city. What wonder if Rome should fall, when her citizens conceded the chief authority to men capable of such conduct. Garibaldi felt the slight, but said he was willing to serve as a common soldier. To overlook and even affront the capacity, as well as the susceptibility of such a man in a crisis so terrible, showed a want of moral as well as intellectual fitness in the men thus permitted to govern.

When the expedition reached Zagarole, the troops were much fatigued, and there was no food, except such as the foresight of Garibaldi had ensured. His division had enough and to spare, but the general-in-chief had made no arrangements whatever to procure supplies. Garibaldi's men "lassoed" cattle on the road, which, in addition to those they drove with them, fed the army.

The Neapolitans, headed by their king, and aided by Swiss mercenaries, occupied Velletri, Albano, and Frascati; their advanced guard was pushed even to Fratvecchia. They had also reoccupied Palestrina, from which Garibaldi had so lately driven them; and this circumstance interposed a great difficulty in the way of the expedition, as that city commanded the only road from Rome. The position was finely chosen; their right wing was protected by the Apennines, their left by the sea, and strong places protected the whole line.

Garibaldi led the Roman advance, with the vigilance and circumspection which have always characterised his military undertakings.

Monte Fortino was considered by Garibaldi the strategic point of the attack, for besides offering other advantages, it enabled the Romans to menace the enemy's communications with Naples. The enemy had the weakness to abandon this post, as well as Palestrina, leaving the way clear for their determined

assailants. The Neapolitan detachments everywhere fell back upon Velletri. Garibaldi resolved to attack it with about one thousand nine hundred men, horse and foot, but he had no intention of attempting a storm; his aim was to draw out the enemy in pursuit of him, and give the rest of the Roman army a chance of falling upon them on favourable ground.

This plan succeeded in bringing out the enemy, who at first skirmished; then, reinforced with heavy infantry and cavalry, charged the position which Garibaldi had chosen. His fire, steadily and closely given, repulsed them. A fresh body of five hundred horse burst from the city along the road in headlong charge.

Garibaldi had only sixty troopers to oppose them. On they came with a mighty rush upon the little band led by Garibaldi himself. The Neapolitans literally rode over them. Garibaldi was thrown ten paces from his horse. The hero sprang to his feet, and fought on foot; his horse also rose, and he managed to remount, and rallied the men, who supposed him slain. Placing his hat on his sabre, and waving it, he was recognised and hailed with cheers. Still on went the Neapolitan cavalry, followed by battalion after battalion of infantry. They rode hotly to their doom. Garibaldi's second line and reserve, consisting of excellent troops, but few in number, occupied positions that could not be stormed, and poured into the enemy a tempest of bullets. Garibaldi sent to the general the sapient government of Rome had placed over his head for reinforcements, and received for reply, that "the soldiers could not be sent, as they had not eaten their soup!" Garibaldi resolved with his hero's will to contend alone. In the meantime the gallant Lombard, Manara, sent to the general-in-chief, imploring him to allow him to assist Garibaldi. After an hour's delay permission was granted. Manara's

men did not want to eat their soup, so that no bad pretext for allowing Garibaldi and the Legion to be slaughtered could exist in that case. It was treason or imbecility.

Garibaldi, unaided, opposed with one thousand nine hundred men to a host, ordered a charge along the whole line, placing his guns in a position to rake the enemy. Manara came to his assistance, or all might have been lost. Garibaldi, grateful for the aid thus afforded at a critical moment, thus reported:—"These brave young men arrived, marching in quick time, by the high road, under the fire of the enemy's artillery. When they came up with our rear-guard, the latter opened to let them pass; they defiled by sound of trumpet, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. At the sight of these young men, short, brown, and vigorous—at the sight of their black feathers floating in the wind, the cry of 'Vivent les Bersaglieri!' burst from every mouth. They replied by the cry of 'Vive Garibaldi!' and fell into line." The enemy retired fighting, until, under cover of their cannon, they halted.

Garibaldi, in narrating the event of this succour, told this remarkable circumstance:—

"As soon as he arrived on the field of battle Manara looked about for me. He soon recognised me by my white puncho, and galloped towards me; but on his way he was stopped by an incident which I relate here, because it admirably represents the spirit of our men. As they passed before the music, which was playing a lively air, a score of his men could not resist the influence of the tune, and under the fire of the balls and *mitraille* of the Neapolitans began to dance! At the moment when Manara himself, under a shower of bullets, was looking at them and laughing, a cannon-ball swept away a dozen of the dancers! This accident produced a slight pause, but Manara cried out, 'Well! play on, music!'

The music began again, and the dance was revived with greater spirit than ever."

Garibaldi sent fresh messengers to the general-in-chief, assuring him that with nine thousand men he deemed an assault practicable, but no reply was given.

The sharp-shooters of Manara kept up a desultory fire against the gunners in the city.

The general-in-chief at last condescended to approach the scene of conflict, but it was too late; the enemy had not only recovered their order, but were already adding such strength to the place as would make assault desperate.

The king, with six thousand men, stealthily retired from the city. Information of this reached Garibaldi, who proposed to the commander-in-chief a plan for falling upon the enemy as they evacuated the place, which he did not doubt from this incident they would attempt that night. The commander was afraid to risk it, or would not adopt the idea because coming from Garibaldi.

The city was evacuated as our hero expected, and with such haste and fear that the wounded were left behind, and some of the troops, who were all made prisoners.

Garibaldi started in pursuit, but was ordered back to head-quarters, and a portion of the army returned to Rome.

During the conflict Garibaldi received two slight wounds, one in his hand and another in the foot.

The gallant priest, Ugo Bassi, rode beside him unarmed, but making himself an effective aide-de-camp. During the hottest fire, he persistently requested the General to send him where there was the most danger, that he might perish rather than some one more useful.

On the 24th of May Garibaldi re-entered Rome, amidst the acclamations of the people.

It was now found that the Austrians were

menacing Ancona. Four thousand Romans were ordered to the defence of the Legations and the Marshes. A second division was deemed

necessary to support the first; but before it could be despatched, events of a new order and of great magnitude occurred.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE FRENCH VIOLATE THE ARMISTICE.—SURPRISE THE MOST IMPORTANT POSTS.—TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER—RESISTANCE AND HEROISM OF GARIBALDI.—SIEGE OF ROME.

"A general who goes to sleep upon the faith of a treaty, awakes a dupe."—FOLARD.

THE despatch of troops to watch the Austrians weakened the garrison of Rome, and before a new body should be sent to their support, it became matter of serious apprehension how the French would act under such circumstances. The commander-in-chief therefore addressed a letter to the commander of the French army, and received a reply, the perusal of both which is necessary to throw light upon the events which rapidly crowded around the subject of our memoir. The letter of General Roselli was as follows:—

"Citizen General,

"It is my perfect conviction that the army of the Roman Republic will one day fight side by side with the enemy of the French Republic, to maintain the most sacred rights of peoples. This conviction leads me to make proposals which I hope you will accept. It is known to me that a treaty has been signed between the government and the plenipotentiary minister of France—a treaty which has not received your approbation.

"I do not enter into the mysteries of politics, but I address myself to you in quality of General-in-Chief of the French army. The Austrians are in march, and intend to concentrate their forces at Foligno; thence, with

their right wing inclining towards the Tuscan territories, to advance by the valley of the Tiber, and effect a junction with the Neapolitans by the Abruzzi. I cannot believe that you would see such a plan carried out with indifference.

"I think it my duty to communicate to you my suppositions relative to the movements of the Austrians, particularly at a moment when your undecided attitude paralyses our strength, and may assure success to the enemy. These reasons appear sufficiently powerful to lead me to demand of you an unlimited armistice, with a notification of fifteen days before the resumption of hostilities.

"I believe this armistice, General, necessary for the safety of my country, and I demand it in the name of the honour of the army and of the French Republic.

"Should the Austrians present their heads of columns at Civita Castellana, it is upon the French army that history will throw the responsibility of having compelled us to divide our forces, at a moment when they were so valuable to us, and with having thus secured the progress of the enemies of France.

"I have the honour to request a prompt reply, General, begging you to accept the salutation of fraternity. "ROSELLI."

To this the French general replied :—

“ General,

“ The orders of my government are positive. They prescribe to me to enter Rome as soon as possible. I have denounced to the Roman authorities the verbal armistice, which, at the request of M. de Lesseps, I consented for a time to grant, and I have, in writing, sent word to my advanced posts that the two armies were at liberty to recommence hostilities.

“ Only, in order to give your Nationals, who would wish to leave Rome, and at the desire of M. the Chancellor of the French Embassy, the possibility of doing it with facility, I defer the attack of the place until Monday morning at least.

“ Receive, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

“ The General-in-Chief of the Corps de l'Armée of the Mediterranean,

“ OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO.”

This letter of General Oudinot represents the armistice as a concession of his, whereas he himself first sought an armistice when his troops were first baffled and beaten before Rome.

The letter, however, assured General Roselli that no attack would be made before Monday, which would be the 4th of June. The military representative of the French Republic did not, however, disdain to make this pledge with the intention of basely breaking it; for on the night of the 2nd of June, before midnight, his troops effected a surprise by which the most important posts of the Romans were captured. The Romans slept serenely, except where the solitary sentinels paced their lonely rounds. Garibaldi was amongst the sleepers; he, as well as others, relied on the honour of a great nation, as pledged through the com-

mander of its army. The work of dishonour to Oudinot, and of danger to Rome, was accomplished before Garibaldi, at three in the morning of the 3rd, was awakened by the booming of the cannon. Before he was able to hurry to the point of peril, the mischief was irretrievably accomplished, and the treachery securely perpetrated.

Just before midnight of the 2nd of June, a French column, covered by the darkness, reached the Villa Pamphili. They were challenged by the sentinel, who was answered by a single voice, “ Viva l'Italia.” The sentinel allowed the speaker to approach, who instantly stabbed him with a poignard: no shot was fired, no alarm given. The column had only to pass swiftly into the villa, where the small body of men on duty were for the most part captured or killed, the rest escaped by flight. The Villa Valentini and the Villa Corsini were surprised by the same stratagem, but some resistance was made, in which the alarm was spread; the slumbering gunners were aroused, and began to play upon the Corsini and Valentini. Garibaldi and Rome started from their dream of security to the reality of a perfidy, of base and undying infamy. Several descriptions have been given of the strategical points to be contested, by Medici, Emele Dandolo, and by Garibaldi himself: without such description the events which ensued would not be intelligible. Garibaldi's own portraiture of the scene upon which the conflict passed is at once the briefest and most vivid :—

“ From the San Pancrazio gate there is a road leading directly to Vascello; this road is about two hundred and fifty paces long. At the end of that, the road divides; the principal branch descends to the right, along the gardens of the Villa Corsini, surrounded by walls, and joins the high road to Civita Vecchia. The second branch, ceasing to be a public road to

become a garden path, leads directly to the Villa Corsini, distant about three hundred metres. This path is flanked on each side by high and thick hedges of myrtle. The third turns to the left, and, like the first, keeps close along the opposite side of the high wall of the Corsini garden.

"The Villa Vascello is a large massive building of three stories, surrounded by gardens and walls. Within sixty paces of it is a small house, from which firing can be directed against the windows of the Villa Corsini.

"On the left-hand road, at a hundred paces from its separation from the main road, there are two other small houses, the one behind the garden of the Villa Corsini, and the other twenty paces forwarder. The Villa Corsini, placed upon an eminence, dominates the whole neighbourhood. The position of the villa is very strong, as, if attacked simply and without making any works of approach, it would be necessary to pass through the gate which is at the extremity of the garden, and to undergo, before reaching the villa, the concentrated fire which the enemy, sheltered by the hedges, the vases, the parapets, the statues, and by the house itself, could make upon the point where the walls of the garden meet at a sharp angle, leaving no other opening between them than that of the door.

"This ground is everywhere very uneven, and beyond the Villa Corsini presents many places favourable for the enemy, who, couched in these inequalities or sheltered by clumps of trees, can plant reserves screened from the fire of the assailants, supposing he was forced to leave the house.

"When I arrived at the S. Pancrazio gate, the Villa Pamphili, the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Valentini were all taken. The Vascello alone remained in our hands. Now the Villa Corsini being taken was an enormous loss to

us; for as long as we were masters of that, the French could not draw their parallels. At any price, then, that must be retaken; it was for Rome a question of life and death. The firing between the cannoneers of the ramparts, the men of the Vascello, and the French of the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini, increased. But it was not a fusillade or a cannonade that was necessary; it was an assault, a terrible but victorious assault, which might restore the Villa Corsini to us."

In accordance with this view of the attack and defence, Garibaldi, under fire of the French tirailleurs, rallied the men. His voice was instinct with the passion of valour, and his mien at all times inspired heroism in others. His most gallant Monte Videons, and his first and bravest legionary officers, were soon by his side, others gathered as they could, and the Villa Corsini was stormed. The loss, however, was so heavy, that it could only be held for some minutes; the French, strongly reinforced, returned. Again it was in the hands of the French, after terrible carnage inflicted and sustained. The Romans again assailed, but in vain; their columns retired broken and bleeding from the unequal struggle.

Manara, the Lombard, called to his men, and placing them under the command of Captain Henry Dandolo, a Venetian noble, said:—"Lombards, forward! retake that villa or lose your lives! Remember Garibaldi is looking at you!" Ferrari, who had led the previous assault, stopped the onset. "General," said Ferrari, "what I have to say is not with the hope of diminishing the danger, but with that of succeeding. I know the locality; I have just come out, and you have seen that I hesitated more at coming out than going in. Well, then, this is what I propose. Instead of following the garden path, and attacking in front, we will glide, the company Dandolo on



the left, the first on the right, behind the myrtle hedge. A stone thrown by me to the company Dandolo, will inform him that my men are ready; a stone thrown by him will be understood in the same way by us. Then our eight trumpets shall sound at once, and we will rush to the assault from the very foot of the terrace."

This plan met Garibaldi's approval. It was executed successfully. The heart of our hero was gladdened when the clang of the trumpets rose high above the booming of the battle.

The gallant assailants penetrated the villa, which was defended everywhere, and from the terrace of the grand salon of the first story a murderous fire was directed upon them. The stairs and passages were heaped with slain and wounded men. The villa, taken and retaken, remained, after appalling carnage, in possession of the French. What Garibaldi wanted was men. The French before the place were twenty thousand strong; our hero had but two thousand. To every company of Garibaldi's volunteers, Oudinot could oppose a battalion.

Both sides knew the value of the Villa Corsini to the future of the siege, and both resolved to contest it to the last.

After fruitless efforts to conquer the Villa Corsini, Garibaldi, without hope, but under a conscientious conviction, resolved to make one more effort. Reinforcements had collected around him, consisting of troops of all sorts gathered hastily by Origone and the young priest (Ugo Bassi). Marina arrived at the head of twenty lancers, on horseback, and Garibaldi left Vascello, where he had stationed himself at the head of a small troop of dragoons, to lead the attack in person. The men were inspired by extraordinary enthusiasm when they perceived that Garibaldi himself would conduct the attack. No order was observed, the intention being by a hand-to-

hand encounter to effect an entrance as they best could. Marina performed a daring exploit. Followed by his lancers, he cleared the terrace of the villa, and arriving at the foot of the stairs, charged on horseback up the flight of steps that conducted to the principal landing-place leading to the grand salon. A volley of musketry delivered immediately near him, swept rider and horse away. Manara, at the head of his bersaglieri, rushed forward with the bayonet before the enemy could reload, and the villa was at last taken. The season of victory could, however, be computed only by moments, for the whole of the French reserves charged into the house; a conflict ensued which Garibaldi declared to be the most sanguinary and fatal in which he ever took part. The last to retire was the hero himself, unhurt, but his cloak torn with bullets and bayonets. The few that escaped reached the line of houses still in possession of the Romans, and from the windows maintained a fusillade upon the enemy.

In the evening Emele Dandolo, a writer of ability, and Gaffredo Manelli, a young Genoese poet, begged permission to attempt the place at the head of a hundred men. Garibaldi saw no hope of success, but replied, "Do so; perhaps it is God that inspires you." The storm was conducted with the greatest gallantry, but in vain; troops of the highest discipline and in overwhelming number kept the post. Only fifty of the assailants returned, their leaders severely wounded. The battle was over, the French were masters of the villa, and were, from their numbers and resources, invincible. The Romans lost one hundred and eighty officers, and men in proportion. It was a sanguinary sacrifice, necessary but terrible.

Seldom have men braved death so resolutely, or submitted to it with such patriotic resignation; but Garibaldi was there,

The conflict was not wholly without result ; for although the Villa Corsini was not won, several of the other positions seized by the French were retaken. These were made the advance line of the defence.

The French resolved to prosecute the siege with all the appliances of science and an army of forty thousand men. Garibaldi knew that to save the city was impossible ; there remained nothing but to make the glory of its fall shed new lustre on the Roman name, and new disgrace upon those whose success was secured by an infamous breach of armistice.

Garibaldi placed his head-quarters in the Casino Savorelli, which, overlooking the ramparts, the S. Pancrazio gate, the Vascello, the Villa Corsini, and the Valentini, was a commanding position, enabling the General to observe what was passing at the most important posts of defence. This position was, however, exceedingly exposed to the fire of the French sharpshooters. He placed it in good order of defence by volunteer pioneers, and awaited results,

The French soon found out where Garibaldi was posted, and kept up a constant fire upon it with shot and shell. The house was surmounted by a little "belvedere," and unknown, the General ascended to it to take observations ; the French opened fire upon it, and with such energy that Garibaldi compared it to a tempest. The daring chief, so regardless of personal peril, sometimes ordered his breakfast in this elevated spot, and the French were not gallant enough to spare the hero, whose life brave men might be expected to respect ; on these occasions a revengeful fire was urged upon the spot where his morning repast was taken. It is wonderful he escaped. He had only a slight wooden protection, and, perched up in the presence of the enemy, it seemed impossible but that some missile would execute

its mission of vengeance. Probably never did the pages of history record an instance where God watched over the life of hero or prophet as He shielded by his providence this man, He reserved him for other times, more suitable to His great purposes by whom the end is seen from the beginning, and the instrument chosen and preserved for its use.

From that little belvedere, while "the balls made the house shake as if in an earthquake," the General watched, "and hoped even against hope."

One of the staff hoisted upon a lightning-conductor a banner, on which, in very large characters, the words were marked—

"Good day, Cardinal Oudinot!"

The French had the bad taste to open a tremendous fire upon the place in answer to this harmless banter.

General Avizzani, Minister of War, ascended to Garibaldi's observatory, and perceiving the danger to which he was exposed, ordered it to be protected with sacks of earth.

The personal dangers incurred by Garibaldi and his officers were of such a nature as one rarely meets in the annals of war. He related some of these with his own peculiar simplicity, strangely pervaded by quiet humour and deep pathos.

"This rage of the French artillerymen to riddle my poor head-quarters with bullets, balls, and obus, sometimes produced scenes sufficiently amusing. One day, it was the 6th or 7th of June, I think, my friend Vecchi, who was at once an actor in, and the historian of, the drama we were representing, came to see me at our dinner-hour. As I had some people there, I had ordered a dinner from Rome, which was brought in a tin case. I perceived that the sight of our little set-out tempted Vecchi, and I in consequence asked him to partake with us ; General Avizzani and Con-

stantine Rita were there likewise. We sat down on the ground in the garden; the balls shook the house in such a manner that if we had attempted to eat upon the table, we must have had one of those apparatuses that are placed upon the tables of ships when bad weather prevails. In the very middle of the dinner a bomb fell within a metre of us, and all jumped up and decamped. Vecchi was about to act as the others had done, but I held him by the wrist, and he being a member of the Assembly, 'Conscript father,' said I, laughing, 'do not leave your curule chair.' The bomb burst, as I was sure it would, on the side opposite to that on which we were sitting.' We got off with having ourselves and our dinner covered with dust.

"Vecchi had done wisely in profiting by the repast I had offered him, for we did not dine every day. Sometimes the waiter from the restaurant, terrified by the noise of the French mortars, by the fusillade of the Chasseurs of Vincennes, but above all, by the number of dead bodies he met with in his road, stopped short, not daring to come further. Then the first comer got possession of our feast, and appropriated it to his own use. One morning, at three o'clock, one of my soldiers, named Cassanova, made me a macaroni; otherwise for forty-eight hours I had lived upon a cup of milk coffee and two or three bottles of beer.

"It somehow happened that all the adventures of the kind I have related happened to Vecchi. Another time, having his report of two days to make, being of the advance guard at the Castabili Vineyards—one of the casini we had in the neighbourhood of the Villa Corsini was so called—he found me at dinner and on a table; this time the gentlemen of the artillery having the kindness to give me a little intermission. Before me stood a dish

with a very appetising savour. I made room for him beside me, and invited him to partake of it. But just as he was about to sit down, Manara stopped him.

"'Do nothing of the kind, Vecchi,' said he; 'three days together, officers who have partaken of the General's dinner have been killed before they have had time to digest it.'

"And so it was; David, Roser, and Panizzi had been killed as Manara described.

"'Good!' said Vecchi; 'that squares marvellously with a prediction made respecting me.'

"'What is that?' said Manara.

"'In my infancy a Bohemienne drew my horoscope. She predicted that I should die in Rome at the age of thirty-six, and very rich. In 1838, in a journey I took on foot from Naples to Salerno, near Sarno I perceived a Gitana in a field by the road side, whom I took a fancy to kiss on account of her beautiful eyes. She kept me off with her knife, but I opposed to her offensive weapon a defensive one, in the shape of a bright new crown. On accepting the crown she took my hand and announced to me that I should die at Rome, at thirty-six, and very rich. I am in my thirty-sixth year; without being rich, I am too well off to wish to die—but I am a fatalist—like a Mahometan; I believe that which is written is written, so give me some of that ricotto, General.'

"We laughed at Vecchi's story, but Manara remained serious, saying:—

"That's all very well, Vecchi, but I shall be uneasy till this day is over.' Then turning to me: 'For Heaven's sake, General,' added he, 'don't send him anywhere to-day.'

"This suited him exactly. He was terribly fatigued with having watched the two preceding nights, and after dinner requested me to allow him to retire and have a little sleep.

“ ‘You can lie down on my bed, if you like,’ said Manara, whether speaking seriously or following up the joke; ‘in God’s name, don’t go out to-day.’

“Vecchi took him at his word, and threw himself upon the bed. About an hour after, as I perceived the French officers placing gabions in the open trenches opposite our battery, I looked about for an officer to order the fire of a dozen tirailleurs to be directed against them. I don’t remember where I had sent all my people to, but I was alone. I thought of poor Vecchi, who was sleeping soundly. It went against me to wake him, but the balls were making horrible havoc; so I pulled him by the leg, and he opened his eyes.

“ ‘Come, rouse up!’ said I; ‘you have been asleep four-and-twenty hours; Manara’s prediction is no longer to be dreaded. Take a dozen of your best marksmen, and silence those fellows yonder.’

“Vecchi, who is very brave, did not require a repetition; he took a dozen bersaglieri, picked shots, and posted them behind a gabioned barricade, which was raised, with the assistance of the sappers, by an ordnance lieutenant named Parzio. From that he commenced such a murderous fire against the French, that they were provoked to return cannon balls for his bullets, or rather those of the bersaglieri. Half-an-hour after, one of my men came to me, saying, ‘Have you heard, General, poor Vecchi is killed?’ The news went to my heart. I had been the cause of his death, and I could not help reproaching myself with it, but at the expiration of half-an-hour, to my great joy I saw him coming towards me.

“ ‘Oh! in God’s name,’ cried I, ‘let me embrace you; I thought you were dead!’

“ ‘No,’ replied he, ‘I was only buried.’

“ ‘What do you mean by that?’ said I.

“He then related to me how a ball had cut open a sack of earth, which emptied itself upon him, and that at the same time this sack, in emptying itself, made all the other sacks give way, so that ten or twelve of them came tumbling upon his head and literally buried him. But a more picturesque circumstance than the death of Vecchi might have proved, was connected with this affair. The same ball that had buried Vecchi, struck against a wall, and at its rebound broke the back of a young soldier. The young soldier, placed upon a gun-carriage, crossed his hands upon his breast, raised his eyes towards heaven, and breathed his last sigh. He was being carried to the ambulance, when an officer threw himself upon the body and covered it with kisses. The officer’s name was Parzio, that of the young soldier was Colomba Antonietta. His wife had followed him to Velletri, and had fought by his side on the 3rd of June.

“This reminds me of my poor Anita, who was also so calm in fire, and whom, much against her will, I had left at Rieti. She was in the family-way, and for the sake of the child she bore in her bosom, I had persuaded her to be separated from me.

“On the 7th, Corpus Christi day, there was a truce on both sides. On the 9th I ordered a grand sortie, to interrupt the advanced works of the French, which were nearly carried to the second bastion of the left. For this operation I called upon the Douaniers and a battalion of the 9th regiment. The bersaglieri at that moment were doing duty at the casini on the left of the Via Vicellia, and were on guard at the bastions. Captain Rosas, the same whom I had seen carried away from the Villa Corsini, and who had said to me, ‘General, my account is settled,’—Captain Rosas had only been struck by a spent ball; and though, in good

conscience, the contusion was severe enough to have him placed in bed, he was up on the morrow, and on the day I am speaking of, absolutely insisted upon taking the command of the 4th Company, destined for the second bastion. Seeing that the guard of the trenches very much annoyed the assailants, Rosas took a carbine, and being an excellent marksman, he fired fifteen shots, more than half of which told. His men charged, and he fired.

"His skill aroused the rivalry of some African Chasseurs, who commenced returning him shot for shot. The first ball carried off his hat; but picking it up, he waved it in the air, crying 'Viva l'Italia!' But at that very moment a ball entered his mouth, and passing out at the nape of his neck, extinguished the cry. After enduring two days of agony, he expired."

On the 10th of June, General Roselli ordered Garibaldi, with half of the whole army, to make a sortie. Various delays and accidents occurred, and finally a panic, which all the influence of Garibaldi in person could not check. No military injury ensued, but the object of the sortie was lost.

On the 13th of June the French began a fearful bombardment, which was continued from day to day, with little intermission. Garibaldi's head-quarters became absolutely untenable, and on the 20th he took post with his staff at the Corsini Palace. Breaches were effected, and the approaches skilfully and bravely worked by the French.

On the 21st, the French executed a surprise more remarkable than they had on the 3rd. As Garibaldi described it, they did not come on as men about to make an assault, but as men relieving guard. It was his conviction, and that of the true hearts around, there was treachery. Upon whose head was suspicion to alight? This could not then be answered.

When it became known that the French had gained, without the trouble of fighting, those posts, of which being in possession their capture of the city was easy, the tocsin was sounded, and all Rome flew to arms. Generals Roselli and Avizzani were of opinion that the enemy should be attacked by the whole people. Garibaldi, better acquainted with the art of war, declared that an undisciplined populace could not dislodge the French, but would in all probability be seized by some sudden panic, and be the victims of a massacre. When morning dawned, Garibaldi saw that, as in the case of the Villa Corsini, he could take the positions, but they would be retaken by fresh troops, he losing perhaps half his men. He advised that Rome should be abandoned, and the enemy be assailed from such portions of the country as would be adapted to the sort of guerilla warfare an army so composed was best able to make.

At this juncture he heard of the triumph of the reactionists in France, and the flight of many of his friends from that country to England. He from that moment saw no hope for Rome.

Still he determined to sell dearly to the enemy all further conquest, should it be resolved to defend Rome to the last. He ordered the ancient Aurelian enclosure to be fortified. He so managed to erect batteries and establish a cross fire upon the French works, that they were unable to maintain them, and lost many men. The French endeavoured to erect new batteries; the Romans used every effort to prevent them. Again Garibaldi was successful; the enemy's batteries were dismounted. Oudinot pressed the siege, not merely as a general who, by the art of war and superior force, means to capture a city which it is his duty to assail, but with vindictive passion and treacherous dissimulation.

The brave resistance he met with, instead of creating admiration for the heroic patriots, so hurtled his pride as to give a vengeful form to his efforts. While the French newspapers were publishing despatches (as in the case of his first attack upon Rome), sent by the general to his government, declaring his inability to carry the city with the promptitude the power at his command would justify, because he was anxious to spare the churches and monuments of taste, he literally spared nothing, sacrificing life wantonly, and showering missiles of destruction where only injury could be inflicted upon the inhabitants, churches, and monuments. When the word of such a man as Garibaldi is opposed to that of General Oudinot, the public will have no hesitation in its decision. Garibaldi's testimony of the mode in which Oudinot made war upon Rome is plain and explicit. "He ordered bombs to be launched upon all the quarters of the city. It was particularly during the night that he employed this means of exciting terror. Many fell upon the Transtiberian quarter, many upon the Capitol, some upon the Quirinal, upon the Place d'Espagne, in the Corso. One of these bombs fell upon the little temple which covers the Hercules of Canova, but the cupola, fortunately, was strong enough to repel it. Another burst in the Spada Palace, and damaged the famous fresco of the Aurora of Guido Reni. Another, more impious still, broke the capital of a column of the marvellous little temple of Virile Fortune, a masterpiece respected by ages. The triumvirate offered the families of the people whose houses were destroyed, an asylum in the Corsini Palace.

"The conduct of the Roman people during these days of trial was worthy of ancient times. Whilst during the night, pursued by the showers of projectiles which crashed in the

roofs of their houses, mothers flew from one place to another, pressing their children to their breasts; whilst the streets resounded with cries and lamentations, not a single voice spoke of surrendering. In the midst of all these cries, one jeering cry was frequently heard when a ball or an obus brought down the side of a house:—'A Benediction from the Pope!'"

Battery after battery of the French was silenced by the steady and well-directed cannonade of the Romans, but still new ones sprung up as if by magic, armed with superior artillery, and manned as rapidly as the gunners were swept away. The result was, at last, the Roman batteries were silenced; to use Garibaldi's own expressive phraseology, "I never beheld such a tempest of flame, such a torrent of *mitraille*; our few cannons were in a manner stifled by it."

Two most important posts, held by Medici, remained with the Romans, being held with a tenacity and skill which our hero considered miraculous; these were the Cassini and the Vascello. All the artillerymen had been killed, and their duty was performed by infantry. Thousands had perished, not only slain but mutilated, under "the fire infernal" which rained upon the suffering city. Women and children perished in numbers, and hope, where any was cherished, sank rapidly from their view. All the troops were required for nightly service, the sick and wounded being the reserve; bleeding and dying men had themselves enrolled for duty.

On the 29th, the French had everything prepared for an assault, and redoubled their bombardment as a terrible preliminary. It was a night of tempest; the thunders of Heaven and of man were hurled together upon Rome. Brighter than the fiery flashes of the cannon the forked lightning played across

the arena of battle. The city amidst all this presented a wonderful spectacle; it was the festival of St. Peter, and the custom of illuminating on that night was not departed from. A brilliant illumination brightened all, even to the dome of St. Peter's. On Garibaldi's own mind, a grand, a solemn impression of that night's terrible panorama has ever remained:—

"He who during that night had fixed his looks upon the Eternal City, would have beheld a spectacle which the eyes of man can only expect to contemplate once in the course of ages. At his feet he would have seen stretch out a large valley filled with churches and palaces, cut in two by the winding of the Tiber, which appeared a Phlegethon; on the left of a hill the Capitol, upon the tower of which floated to the wind the flag of the Republic. On the right, the dark profile of Monte Mario, upon which, on the contrary, floated the united flags of the French and the Pope; in the background the cupola of Michael Angelo, rising up amidst the night, all crowned with light; and as a frame to the grand picture, the janicula and the whole line of S. Pancracio, illumined also, but by the lightning of cannons and muskets.

"And then, by the side of all this, something still more grand than the shock of matter—the struggle of good and evil—the principles of the Lord and the principles of Satan—of Arimanes and Oromanes—the struggle of the sovereignty of the people against right divine—of liberty against despotism—of the religion of Christ against the religion of the Popes."

At midnight the scene presented a strange contrast to this hubbub of nature and of war. It was calm, with all the beautiful serenity of the Italian sky. The bombardment ceased; and all was still where hosts had contended more fiercely than the warring elements.

The French were preparing for the grand assault. Their preparations were soon made; at two o'clock their signal guns gave the defenders warning, and all flew to arms.

The gate of San Pancracio was the important point of defence. Thither Garibaldi hastened; his demeanour was that of one who sought to die. He did seek death, for he knew victory was impossible. The French fell back before him, but others took their places and came on, new troops succeeding those who fell before the steel of the Romans. Vecchia saw Garibaldi there, and said of him, "Garibaldi that night was greater than I had ever seen him—greater than any one had ever seen him. His sword was like lightning; every man he struck fell dead; the blood of a new adversary washed off the blood of him who had just fallen. He might have been thought Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Fermio at the battle of Gavinova. I trembled, in the expectation of seeing him fall from one instant to another. But no! he remained erect as a destiny!"

Not so his gallant negro Agayur, who came with him from South America; while the faithful fellow held a fresh horse for his master, a ball struck him instantly dead. Deeply the hero bewailed his loss, for none that were true and brave were too humble to be loved by him.

The Assembly was sitting, and sent for Garibaldi, who, as he entered, found Mazzini speaking, urging the necessity of carrying forth beyond the city such troops as would follow them. When our hero entered, the deputies arose, and uttered a loud shout of applause. The appearance of the man startled all, even in the crisis of a debate upon the decision of which everything depended. His face was covered with blood—the blood of Rome's enemies—and his uniform was torn almost to fragments. The evidence of the

desperate personal resistance he had made, filled the senators instantaneously with awe, amazement, and admiration. A cry came from all, "To the tribune—to the tribune!" He ascended, answered their questions, and thus addressed them:—

"All defence is henceforth impossible unless we are resolved to make Rome another Saragossa. On the 9th of February I proposed a military dictatorship, that alone was able to place on foot a hundred thousand armed men. The living elements still subsisted; they were to be sought for, and they would have been found in one courageous man. At that period audacity was repulsed, little means prevailed. I could not urge the argument further; I yielded, modesty restrained me, for I confess I might have been that man. I was in this wanting to the sacred principle which is the idol of my heart. If I had been attended to, the Roman eagle would again have made its

eyry upon the towers of the Capitol; and with my brave men—and my brave men know how to die, it is pretty well known—I might have changed the face of Italy. But there is no remedy for that which is done. Let us view with head erect the conflagration of which we no longer are the masters. Let us take with us from Rome all of the volunteer army who are willing to follow us. Where we shall be, Rome will be. I pledge myself to nothing; but all that my men can do that I will do—and whilst it takes refuge in us our country shall not die."

The advice of Garibaldi was not followed. The Assembly made proclamation that the defence had ceased.

The conduct of the victors was neither just nor generous; they insulted the bodies of the dead, they tyrannised over the living. The old order of things was restored, and Rome has ever since wept in chains. France, in the name of religion, crushed liberty.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ANITA JOINS HER HUSBAND AT ROME.—HE ABANDONS THE CITY TO MAKE WAR IN THE PROVINCES, AND SHE ACCOMPANIES HIM.—DISPERSION OF HIS ARMY.—SETS SAIL FOR VENICE.—CAPTURE OF ALL HIS COMPANIONS, EXCEPT ANITA, BY THE AUSTRIANS.—DEATH OF ANITA.—FLIGHT AND ESCAPE OF GARIBALDI.

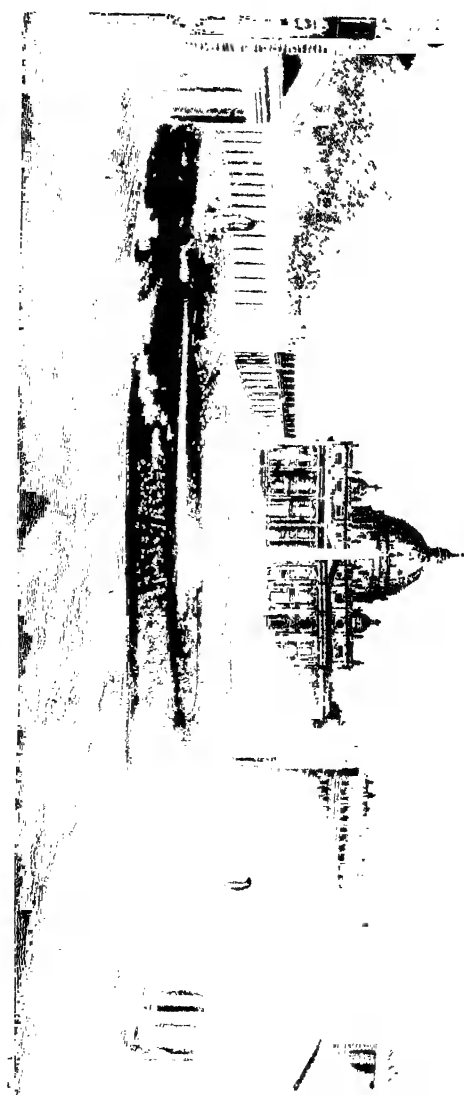
"Then thou! whose love and life together fled,  
Have left me here to love and live in vain,  
Twined with my heart,—and can I deem thee dead,  
When busy memory flashes on my brain?  
Well, I will dream that we may meet again,  
And woo the vision to my vacant breast.  
If aught of young remembrance then remain,  
Be as it may futurity's behest,  
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!"—BYRON.

DURING the contests in Lombardy, Garibaldi's heroic wife, Anita, and her three children, remained with his mother at Nice. There he desired them to remain, for Anita was preg-

nant, and her health betrayed unfavourable symptoms. Moreover, he had reason to believe that their enemies were plotting against her, and he thought her safer amongst his own rela-











tions at Nice than anywhere else. Her resolute spirit would expose her, if near him, to participation of his dangers. On all these grounds he urged her to stay at Nice. Hearing of her husband's terrible adventures and escape to Genoa, she hurried thither, and placed herself by his side. Thence she proceeded to Rieta while he defended Rome. She at last arrived at that city, taking the General by surprise, and was there during the most terrible events of the siege. His own description of her arrival is characteristic:—

“On the 14th of May, in the morning—I think so at least, I write without anything I can refer to for the date—we were breakfasting at the Villa Spada, in a chamber of the third story, with Sacchi, Bueno, and Cocculi. We were all in our shirt sleeves—I rather thoughtful, for I had just been obliged to condemn one of our officers to death, a Neapolitan who, seized with a panic, in the course of the night had abandoned his post—when we heard quick steps in the corridors. The door flew open—I uttered a cry; it was Anita, come to rejoin me, escorted by Orrigoni. The gentlemen, on recognising my wife, put on their coats and left us.

“‘Do you know how she has amused herself in coming from the Carozze here, General?’ asked Orrigoni.

“‘No; how?’

“‘In stopping all along S. Pietro in Montorio, to look at the French batteries. Look how we are both covered with dust! that was done by the bullets striking against the walls. ‘Come along! come along!’ I kept saying, ‘it is of no use to get shot here.’”

“Dear Anita! I pressed her to my heart; it appeared that everything would now go on according to my wish. My good angel had returned to my side. I regretted I could not grant Anita the first request she made me,

which was the pardon of the Neapolitan officer; but it was necessary to make an example. I had it not in my power to reward Medici for his admirable conduct at Vascello; I was obliged to bestow a punishment on a coward for his cowardice. He was shot.”

When the surrender of the city was determined, Garibaldi summoned the troops to meet him, and demanded if they would follow him to the Apennines, and there seek for fresh opportunity of assailing their enemies, French, Austrian, and Neapolitan. Two-thirds of the defenders of Rome ranged themselves under his banner, numbering 4,900 men, nearly all mounted.

Anita, dressed as a man, Ugo Bassi, the pious priest, and a citizen of Rome of great benevolence and influence named Cissamachio, were the first to join him, as they were the last to leave him when all was lost. In the shadows of the evening the little army marched out by the Tivoli gate. “My heart,” said Garibaldi, “was sad as death.” The last news he heard before he quitted the fallen city was the death of his friend, of gallant memory and deathless fame, Manara. Anita might have remained in Rome, under the rule of the French, with comparative safety, and obviously ought to have done so until after the birth of her child, but her fearless spirit never shunned the path of danger, and her loving heart would not forsake that path when her noble husband trod it.

His retirement from Rome was soon known everywhere. Austrians and Neapolitans at once put themselves in motion to prevent his supposed purpose of reaching Venice. The army of the French Republic zealously aided the tyrants of Austria and Naples. He reached Terni harassed by enemies, but in good order; his troops, however, began to despair of ever reaching Venice. He left Terni on the 11th

of July, but so begirt was he by hostile armies, that his troops became completely demoralised. The troopers sold their horses and deserted, inflicting injuries upon the inhabitants which seem incompatible with the heroism which they had displayed at Rome. Their conduct seems to confirm the unfavourable character given by R. H. Wrightson in his "History of Modern Italy," by Gretton in his "Vicissitudes of Italy," by Patterson, Stocqueler, and others, of the conduct of the Romans immediately before and after the flight of Pío Nono. There is no doubt that the inhabitants of the Roman States, and of Southern Italy generally, had become debased by oppression, and maddened to revenge by the horrid and long-inflicted cruelties to which they had been subjected. The spread of socialist and anarchical political opinions, under the influence of some able but unprincipled leaders, produced this result. From men of this stamp Garibaldi had recruits. He was like David in the cave of Abdullah; all that were distressed, that had an injury to avenge, or danger to escape, if brave enough to follow a gallant chief, flocked to his standard, only in part regardless of the patriotic ends he had in view.

The peasantry at last, incited by the priests, armed against the Garibaldians, and blood-hounds were set by the Austrians upon the track of the fugitives. The brave Medici was his chief hope and consolation; his soldiers, and the Lombards formerly led by Manara, generally stood true.

To reach Venice became impossible unless it could be effected by sea, and that seemed impracticable for his band. He marched to San Marino, where he dismissed his men. With a small troop of friends and faithful adherents he valiantly broke through the Austrians and reached Cisanatico, a port on the Adriatic. A sufficient number of fishing boats

were seized, and after a night of hard labour, the fatigued heroes got fifteen vessels ready for sea, and departed for Venice. All things prospered through the voyage until the little fleet reached Mesola, little more than fifty miles from their destination, when an Austrian naval squadron came in sight and attacked them; nine were captured, six eluded their pursuers. The crews dispersed, as affording the best chance of escaping the numerous enemies that sought their destruction. In the boat with Garibaldi was his Anita, the patriot priest Ugo Bassi, Cicera Vecchia, and his two sons. Of all these Garibaldi alone escaped. Ugo Bassi was probably as much beloved by Garibaldi as any of the many brave men whom he regarded with so much patriotic fervour and personal esteem. His character and his fate Garibaldi has himself described with vigorous and feeling language:—

"He was born at Cento, of a Bolognese father, but like André Chenier, of a Greek mother. His name was Joseph, but on becoming a Barnabite he had assumed that of Ugo, in remembrance, no doubt, of our patriotic poet, Ugo Foscolo. He was thus at once of both Latin and Hellenic race—the two finest and most intelligent races in the world. His hair was brown, and curled in natural ringlets; his eyes were brilliant as the sun, sometimes calm, sometimes exceedingly animated; his mouth smiling, his neck white and long; his limbs agile and robust, his heart afire for glory and danger; his instincts mild and honest; his mind elevated, warm, rapid; born at once for the pious contemplation of the anchorite and the irresistible ardours of apostleship. His studies were not a labour, but a conquest. He gained a knowledge of literature, science, and the arts, with miraculous quickness; and as the mirror of all knowledge, he knew the whole poem of

Dante by heart. Six months sufficed for his learning Greek; as to Latin, he spoke it as if it were his maternal language, and made verses in the spirit of those of Horace. He wrote fluently both English and French; and when events led him into the midst of the fire and noise of battles, he constantly carried about him Shakspeare and Byron—the English tragic writer, and the poet who died at Missolonghi, heard the patriotic pulsations of his heart. Besides all this, he was a painter and a musician.

“Bassi, and Gavazzi his friend, were a Providence to the army. His powerful eloquence not only raised the Italians to the love of Italy and a devotion for her, but it drew from the most rebellious coffers, numerous and rich offerings. At Bologna he worked miracles; the rich gave money by thousands; the women gave their jewels, their rings, and their earrings. One young girl having nothing to give him, cut off her magnificent hair, and offered it to him. He was present at all our battles, and at all our acts of devotedness, at Courcida, at Treviso, at Venice. A sister of charity, an apostle, an intrepid soldier, it was above all at the battle of Treviso, where his friend and companion, General Guidotti, died, that he displayed all the virtues of his heart. A ball mutilated his hand and left arm, and opened a large wound in his chest. While still pale, and suffering from his cruel wound, he was seen at the fight of Mestre, a flag in his hand, mounting first, and without arms, to the assault of the Palace Bianchini.

“Bassi accompanied the Italian Legion in all its peregrinations. His powerful word fascinated the people, and if God had marked a term to the misfortunes of Italy, the voice of Bassi, like that of St. Bernard, might have drawn whole populations to the field of battle. If Italy ever comes to be united, may God

restore her the voice of a Ugo Bassi. When Rome had fallen—when nothing was left for me but exile, hunger, and misery, Ugo Bassi did not hesitate a moment to accompany me.

“I received him in my bark at Cesenatro, and he shared with me the last smile of destiny—its farewell smile.

“In that bark, which I guided with my own hand, were Anita, Ugo Bassi, Cicera Vecchia, and his two sons. All are dead, and in what a manner! O sacred dead! I will relate your martyrdom.

“The name of Ugo Bassi will be the watchword of the Italians on the day of vengeance.”

When the Austrians made this priest prisoner, they treated him with every form of insult and cruelty. By order of a high sacerdotal dignity, himself an Italian, the skin was taken from his tonsure and from his fingers, because it was alleged, by favouring revolution, he had dishonoured the Host which his hands had touched, and the sign of his calling which his head had borne. Bleeding from these inflictions, he was led to execution.

Cicera Vecchia was also a remarkable man, and he, too, perished. He had devoted all his energies, influence, and property, and he was rich in all these, to the defence of Rome. So active and useful was he, that Garibaldi called him “*primus inter pares*,” modest, frank, loyal, and honest. This excellent man and his children were taken by the Austrians, and shot.

Anita, of course, remained with Garibaldi. She was not taken by the cruel Austrians; this horror was at least spared both the heroine and the hero; but, alas! it was her destiny to perish otherwise. Once, when recalling to himself her search for him when she supposed him slain on an American battle-field, he said, “The search was useless; it was for me, on

the contrary, that fate reserved the anguish of bathing with my tears her icy cheeks; and when I had endured that supreme agony, I was unable to cast a handful of earth or a few flowers upon the grave of the mother of my sons!"

When they separated from Ugo Bassi and the Vecchias, they wandered, seeking shelter where they might hope to find it. During these searches for temporary protection, Garibaldi had generally to carry her in his arms. He at length obtained a phaeton, by which he conducted her to a farmhouse. One Dr. Nannini was there, and pronounced her case to be one of dangerous fever, caught by privation, fatigue, and anxiety. She asked for a little cold water, but before the gentle hand of the gallant man could place it to her lips, she smiled faintly upon him, and expired with a sigh. He burst into a paroxysm of inconsolable grief; but the enemy was at hand; by flight only could he hope to live for his children and his country, or to avenge her death. He left such injunctions for her burial as he believed would secure her a decent grave. The people, afraid of the Austrians, made her that grave in a field. Anita slept not in the precincts of a church, or where friends might honour the place of her cold repose.

Garibaldi's account of her progress with him from Rome to the place of her death is succinct and tender, at once saddened and animated by a grief which depressed, and yet fired his memory with vivid emotion.

"I determined to try my fortune out of Rome, when the city was forced to succumb to the arms of Louis Napoleon, who had become its conqueror. Anita wished to share the dangers of the enterprise. I objected, but vain were all remonstrances! Her feeble health she treated as nothing. Had I then no longer any desire to have her with me, and

endeavoured to leave her behind, under various pretexts? She asked me whether I doubted her courage? Had I not had proofs enough? Oh, that delightful life in camp! The magnificent cavalcade! And the combats—they were delightful to her! And as for fatigue, privations, and mishaps, what are they to one whose happiness is in the heart? Anita! you were identified in feeling with Italy, and happy in the hope of the redemption of a people! She did not go armed; she was not spotted with blood; but her intrepid countenance might put even cowards to the blush. Yet her imposing presence did not avail at San Angelo, in Vado, and San Marino, to stop the fugitives; the word 'cowards!' uttered by her in contempt, was borne away by the wind, and no longer wounded the ears of men who had lost their spirit.

"At San Marino she had symptoms of a dangerous disease, and I insisted that she should remain there. But all in vain! The increasing dangers did not diminish her resolution to go. At Cesnatico, when we laboured all night to effect the departure of the boats, Anita, seated on a rock, sadly contemplated our wearisome toil.

"At the last landing on the beach of Mesola, she was hardly able to walk.

"In vain she flattered herself that the land would restore her to health. The land! it had nothing to give her but a grave. Italy, receive the bones of the American Amazon, the martyr of Italian liberty! Soil of generous men, press lightly on the grave of the brave daughter of America!"

He went forth alone, again a fugitive and a wanderer. Wife and friends all torn from him, his mother and children only comparatively safe at Genoa. His poetic spirit might well murmur in the words of one whose verse he admired so much:—



"But time shall tear thy shadow from me last!  
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death, thou hast:  
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend!  
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast;  
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,  
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend."

For thirty-five days Garibaldi wandered a sorrowful and bereaved fugitive before he was able to reach Genoa. From thence with little

difficulty he reached Nice. He was not, however, safe even in the dominions of Sardinia, the government of which dare not offend either France or Austria. He was obliged, therefore, once more to become an exile. He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing his mother, whom he adored, and his children, dearer to him than ever, because motherless.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AN EXILE.—REACHES MARSEILLES.—DENIED A REFUGE IN FRANCE, PASSES OVER TO TUNIS.—REACHES THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION THERE.—HIS AVOCATIONS.—VISITS TO ENGLAND AS A MARINER.—SETTLES IN THE ISLAND OF CAPRERA.

"Farewell to the land where in childhood I wandered,  
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;  
 Unblest is the blood which for tyrants is squandered,  
 And fame has no wreath for the brow of the slave."—MOORE.

At Nice his family could afford him only an uncertain shelter. He visited the Island of Caprera, and remained there in obscurity for a little, watched by the government of Piedmont. Finding it impossible to remain, either with personal security or usefulness to Italy, at Nice, Caprera, or anywhere in Italy, he went to Marseilles, where there were many Italians, and many liberal Frenchmen.

How varied the changes which had passed over his eventful career since he last found in the same city safety as a refugee! Since then he had commanded fleets, defended and besieged cities, led armies in the field, resisted and overthrown powerful tyrants, and quickened nations with a spirit of patriotism and valour. But now, as when he first visited Marseilles, it was no safe place for him. The French government would not tolerate a man who had humiliated the French army, obstructed and nearly defeated the French President's

design on Rome, and whose influence was so infective that all who came into contact with him became patriots.

He tarried only a short time in Marseilles, and crossed to Tunis; but while circumstances unnecessary to relate drew him thither, there was danger to the Italian patriot also there. Africa as well as Continental Europe rejected him. After a short stay in Northern Africa, he went on board a vessel for New York. He had always been an admirer of the North American Republic, except for the foul blot upon its escutcheon—negro slavery. He hoped once more to find in the New World a home until Providence should again make a way for him to serve his beloved Italy. He landed in New York in the early summer of 1850. He was received with generous enthusiasm. He there went into partnership with a fellow-countryman as a soap and candle manufacturer, at which he worked laboriously.

A compatriot relates that during this period he visited the hero at Staten Island, where his soap-boiling establishment was. "He was greasy, grimy, and much changed since the last time I had seen him, the day before the capitulation of Rome. Anita's death was written in—ploughed into his face, but the old genial smile, although saddened and softened, mantled his face the moment he saw me, and he accosted me thus:—'I am glad to see you, but cannot shake hands on account of the tallow.'" His new calling was not fortunate. Garibaldi was often doomed to prove, like many other men of genius, that to deserve success is not always to attain it.

He then tried the West, and opened a cigar store in Cincinnati. How strangely the name stands associated with the man and his position! Cigars did not suit his peculiar talents any better than candles, and he left Cincinnati for California, to work in "the diggings," or find some employment such as those who so wrought were creating in that rapidly peopling and adventurous region. There, however, he found it most opportune and appropriate to his nature to embark in his old profession of a mariner. He became captain of a merchant ship belonging to a citizen of the Peruvian Republic. As a mariner he visited several of the cities on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard of America, and also visited England. He was several times at Shields and Newcastle, and the hardy and generous sons of the Tyne proved that they knew how to appreciate him. A public-spirited citizen of Newcastle, Mr. Cowen, became his host and his friend, and led his fellow-townsmen in their manly demonstrations of respect. A sword was given to him by the men of that vicinity, which the hero prizes to this day. When in 1864 he visited London, he frequently spoke in public and in private of Mr.

Cowen, and of Newcastle, of the reception he had there met, and his grateful remembrance of it.

Early in March, 1854, the noble Italian patriot arrived in the Tyne in command of a fine American vessel of above one thousand tons burthen—the *Commonwealth*. Having kindly but firmly declined any public demonstration—for, like all heroes, he is as modest as he is brave—it was resolved, at a numerously-attended meeting of the friends of European Freedom, held in the Exhibition Room, Nelson Street, on Tuesday, March 28th, to present him with an address of welcome and sympathy, accompanied with a sword and telescope, to be purchased by a penny subscription. The proposal when made public was received with great enthusiasm, demands for subscription-lists coming from all parts, and the expressions of approval and sympathy being warm and numerous. The sword, made by Messrs. Heeley and Son, Birmingham, was a handsome weapon with a gold hilt, on which this inscription was engraved:—"Presented to General Garibaldi by the People of Tyneside, friends of European Freedom. Newcastle-on-Tyne, April, 1854." The telescope—an excellent and elegant article made by Mr. John English, Grey Street, Newcastle—bore the same inscription.

The presentation took place on board his ship at Shields, on Tuesday, April 11, the day before he sailed, the deputation being introduced by Joseph Cowen, jun., who delivered an eloquent and manly speech, after which he presented a complimentary address from the subscribers to the fund for purchasing the presents he bore. He then said:—

"General!—Along with this address I have to ask you to receive this Sword and this Telescope. The intrinsic value of these articles is but small, and to a Republican Chieftain,

who is accustomed to animate his compatriots by deeds of personal prowess, such a sword may be more ornamental than useful. But, when I tell you that it is purchased by the pennies of some hundreds of working men, contributed not only voluntarily but with enthusiasm, and that each penny represents a heart which beats true to European Freedom, it will not, I think, be unworthy of your acceptance and preservation."

The General, who was much moved by this spontaneous expression of good-will, replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I am very weak in the English language, and can but imperfectly express my acknowledgments for your over great kindness. You honour me beyond my deserts. My services are not worthy of all the favour you have shown me. You more than reward me for any sacrifices I may have made in the cause of freedom.

"One of the people—a workman like yourselves—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem—the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy for my poor, oppressed, and down-trodden country. Speaking in a strange tongue, I feel most painfully my inability to thank you in terms sufficiently warm.

"The future will alone show how soon it will be before I am called on to unsheathe the noble gift I have just received, and again battle in behalf of that which lies nearest my heart—the freedom of my native land. But be sure of this: Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown her exiled sons in the days of their darkest troubles.

"Gentlemen, I would say more, but my bad English prevents me. You can appreciate my feeling and understand my hesitation. Again I thank you from my heart of hearts, and be

confident of this—that whatever vicissitudes of fortune I may hereafter pass through, this handsome sword shall never be drawn by me except in the cause of liberty."

The deputation then surveyed the vessel, exchanged friendly greetings with the patriot crew, and, after bidding the noble captain an affectionate farewell, left for South Shields, three hearty cheers being given for Garibaldi and the good ship *Commonwealth* as the boat passed under her bows. The editor of the *Northern Tribune* for May, 1854, remarked:—

"The *Commonwealth* is a fine clipper vessel, and rides the water grandly, with 1,000 tons on board. She is loaded with coals, and bound for Genoa. Although fitted for the merchant service, she is capable of rougher work, should circumstances require it. She sails under the American flag and hails from New York, but her owners are Italians. The crew are all exiles—most of them Italians who have fought under Garibaldi in Rome and Monte Video. All are intelligent and well-educated men, and many of them of 'noble families.' Though they sail under the star-spangled banner, none are American citizens. They cannot surrender their nationality and forswear their allegiance to their fatherland. Some day they will form the nucleus of a patriot legion. Headed by their heroic chieftain, may they soon have an opportunity of measuring swords with the heartless oppressors of their country! . . . The hopes of Italy centre in him, and the blessings of every true friend of freedom follow his footsteps!"

The hardy and laborious sons of the Tyne at all events verified these words, and have ever since cherished the remembrance of the hero's visit.

The accompanying letter was written just as the vessel left the Tyne:—

"Ship Commonwealth, Tynemouth.

"April 12th, 1854.

"My dear Cowen,

"The generous manifestation of sympathy with which I have been honoured by you and your fellow-citizens is of itself more than enough to recompense a life of the greatest merit.

"Born and educated, as I have been, in the cause of humanity, my heart is entirely devoted to liberty—universal liberty, national and worldwide—'*ora e sempre*' (now and for ever).

"England is a great and powerful nation— independent of auxiliary aid—foremost in human progress—enemy to despotism—the only safe refuge of the exile—friend of the oppressed; but if ever England, your native country, should be so circumstanced as to require the help of an ally, cursed be that Italian who would not step forward with me in her defence.

"Your government has given the autocrat a check, and the Austrians a lesson. The despots of Europe are against you in consequence. Should England at any time in a just cause need my arm, I am ready to unsheathe in her defence the noble and splendid sword received at your hands.

"Be the interpreter of my gratitude to your good and generous countrymen.

"I regret, deeply regret, to leave without again grasping hands with you.

"Farewell, my dear friend, but not adieu!—make room for me in your heart.

"Yours always and everywhere,

"G. GARIBALDI.

"Jos. Cowen, Jun., Blaydon Burn.

"P.S. At Rio de la Plata I fought in favour of the English against the tyrant Rosas."

These letters are very characteristic of the man, and furnish the reader with means for a

clear perception of his habits of feeling and of thought.

He also frequently visited London. A fellow-countryman relates an incident of one of those visits as follows:—

"I was walking with him, and with a distinguished exiled member of the 1848 Chamber of Deputies, when we met an English member of Parliament of known advanced Liberal sentiments, who was acquainted with the Frenchman. Garibaldi and myself were introduced to the M.P. by the Frenchman. The M.P. courteously invited us all three to dinner, but stated that he could not name a day until he went home, as he forgot the nature of his engagements for the next few days. He asked us to give him each our address, so that he could communicate with us. We did so, Garibaldi, with great naivete and unconsciousness, and evidently much to the amusement and astonishment of the wealthy M.P., giving as his present address, 'Barge, No. —, Surrey Canal, Rotherithe. Garibaldi was loading or unloading, I now forget which, some goods there, and slept on board the barge which contained them."

He despised no duty, however inferior. In this respect he resembled the great Duke of Wellington, who, after leading an army, condescended to command a brigade. So Garibaldi, who had commanded naval squadrons, would deem it no indignity at the call of duty to sleep in a barge.

He had before this purchased the little island of Caprera, off the Sardinian coast, in order that he might some day retire there.

The island was the property of an Englishman, who whatever fancy value he may have put upon it, could not estimate it at much for its productiveness.

Garibaldi had many temptations, both in America and Europe, to accept the support of

rich and influential men, but his independent spirit could not brook it. To other illustrious exiles similarly tempted, his reply was in the spirit of the poet—

"Thou shalt prove  
How salt the savour is of others' bread ;  
How hard the passage to descend and climb  
By others' stairs. But that shall gall thee most  
Will be the worthless and vile company  
With whom thou must be thrown among."

In his sea-girt home he has continued ever since his purchase of it, except when called to arms for his country. For years it was his destiny to occupy its wild but tranquil shore, before the war of 1859 summoned him to the field. When his achievements on that arena were over, he again returned to his rock, to dwell with his goats, the seagull, and the petrel; fond of retirement, but ever hospitable, even to unseasonable visitors. In 1862, when the events which issued in the conflict of Aspromonte were terminated, he again resumed his place upon this islet of rocks, only occasionally emerging for some useful purpose, as quickly to retire. Few readers can be otherwise than curious to learn how the hero spent his time during the years of his occupation of his little sovereignty, not only previous to 1859, but in the intervals of his quiet residence since. A personal friend of his thus describes the home and the man as seen there:—

"I had the rare fortune to see the General in the rocky little island of his own at different times, in every season, on the eve of mighty events, standing in the shade of his, to tell the truth, not as yet very leafy fig-trees, receiving deputations, tourists, friends of every category, marrying his daughter and welcoming home his son, reciting Ugo Foscolo's poetry to Mme. Turr, and having a kind word, nay, a gift of some sort or other—a book, a likeness, or an autograph—for the humblest of his visitors.

I have invariably found him to be the great good man that he is, hospitable, unaffected, cordial, and full of that human kindness which, in him, by virtue of a voice and regard peculiarly eloquent, exercises a fascination on all who come within the circle of his magnetic presence.

"In one of his rambles this mighty hunter explored the narrow strip of lengthy lizard-shaped island which forms the eastern boundaries of the bay, and presents a surface as rugged and strewn over with immense blocks of fractured granite as if part of the rocks piled up—Pelian on Ossa—in the fabled efforts of giants to storm the high heavens—had been hurled down and rolled back here in shattered confusion. The island was lonely, listless, and wretched; but when, overcoming the difficulties of progress on a ground torn up in all directions, so as to form a stony wilderness of chasms and precipices, without any of the providential branches for the adventurous wayfarer to hold on in case his head should feel giddy or his foot should slip, our pathfinder had reached the sharp crest of Mount Telaihne, the view charmed his poetical and soaring mind at once. There, indeed, a glorious sight expands before and beneath the spectator. Perched on that culminating point of the granitic confusion, placed nearly in the longitudinal centre of that ridge which, very abrupt towards the open sea, but accessible and more amphitheatrical though precipitous enough in all conscience also on the side facing Maddalena Bay, divides Caprera into two unequal parts, running slightly curved, from north to south, Mount Telaihne is a prominent feature in the landscape, rendered famous by a little white house, behind which the whole range seems to form a massive screen of jealous protection, rich in scraggy juttings and angular inlets, with here and there a group of blocks

massed into lesser but distinct eminences, standing, sentinel-like, close to the modest dwelling-place of honest greatness. From that mountain summit Garibaldi saw Sardinia, Corsica, Maddalena, San Stefano, and further on, Monte Christo, Capraja, Gorgona, Elba, all bathing in the smiling waves of the blue Mediterranean. Shortly afterwards he bought a few acres of rocky ground to construct a hut on for his 'home.'

"Still the fine view alone to be obtained from the top of a mountain very difficult of access can hardly account for the choice of such a dwelling-place. Garibaldi must have been moved by other considerations, too, which he alone could tell us, but which I make bold to guess, to some extent basing my conjectures on what I have been fortunate enough to see and know of the General's habits and predilections in his hospitable and philanthropic hermitage.

"It was not dejection that led him there. His is the mind that never despairs. He is faith made man—*etsi fractus illabatur orbis*. Nor was it contempt for his fellows. Disappointments leave no bitterness in Garibaldi's heart, mindful of no past offence, open to every sentiment of generous forbearance. His trust in the triumphs of truth and his love for the people are inexhaustible. Failures in doing good will never make him pusillanimous, and however entitled he might be to feel dissatisfied with and indignant at the ingratitude and even insults offered to him and his by those who plucked the first, finest, and most savoury fruits of his heroic deeds, Garibaldi is always ready to join them on the field of battle for national independence and human rights. It may be, however, that after Novara, and Rome, and Venice in 1849, he would not be an eyewitness of his country's renewed bondage, yet wished to remain on Italian soil in order to be within the circles of such eventualities as may

arise in the interests of the cause to which he devoted his life. Thence the probable resolution not to leave Italy, but to await in retirement alone, yet hopeful. Such is likely to have been one, if not the chief, of the reasons which made him settle in Capraja. Another, of less weight certainly, and figuring as a corollary to the above rather than as a reason of distinct influence, must have been his partiality for the sea, far from which Garibaldi could not live long at all, save if and when engaged in liberating some land. And the more secluded the spot whence to contemplate the mighty freedom of his favourite element, the better pleased he will be with it. Garibaldi's spirit, like Prospero's, floats over the mystic waters.

"When he had explored Capraja, and had reflected upon the advantages of such a place for one who was unwilling to expatriate himself, but desirous of being spared the daily sight of his country's helpless humiliation, and when he had seen how he could live there alone, sea-girt, rock-screened, with plenty of fish, game, and good water, though nothing else, at his disposal, the drawbacks from the absolute ruggedness and sad sterility of the spot must have crossed his unpretending mind only to be laid at rest by the kind thought that he would 'do something by-and-by for this poor little island,' and be up and doing on it from early morn till evening dusk, in order that *others* after him shall find it some day less devoid of attraction, and of an aspect more calculated to satisfy civilised curiosity.

"One thing, at any rate, is certain, and it is this—that he alone could have thought of rendering this island worth living in at all; nor can I have the least doubt about the General's perfect faith in a future Capraja covered with orange groves and pretty cottages, a worthy gem in the beauteous sea, and under

the glorious sky of Italy, for I have seen him smile most encouragingly to the budding fig-trees, and show great and earnest tenderness for the ripening grapes sheltered behind rough walls of his own construction against the blasting breath of the sea. If this dream be not doomed to disappointment, there never was a colony with such titles to be proud of its founder than will be that of unpopulated Caprera.

"Nor is probability against it. The importance of Maddalena Bay is an admitted fact. Nelson pronounced it to be a harbour of the first rank in the Mediterranean. Let Italy but complete her unity, and this harbour is sure to become one of the principal stations for the national navy. The depth of its waters, sheltered by the barrier-like grouping of three islands, with channels between them, one or other of which, according to whence the wind blows, is always sure to let ships sail in and out freely, by whatever weather, guarantees a future of prosperity for Maddalena. This prospectus once admitted, the share of Caprera in the coming harvest of material advancement will be a matter of course, its situation, under such improved circumstances, being of sufficient inducement for speculators to render it habitable, fertile, and pleasant, with shady walks leading to sandy beaches, pretty bathers from gay villas clustered around the ancient house to be known for all times to come, and to be taken care of by a grateful posterity, as 'the General's Hermitage.'

"Caprera, it must be owned, had, previously to the glorious year of Marsala, not seconded very energetically the kind efforts of its benefactors to improve it. Beyond wild goats' skins it refused to yield anything. On one occasion a few dozens of this article having been shipped for the markets of Genoa, Gari-

baldi's commission agents, the Messrs. Medici and Sacchi, now generals in the Italian army, were instructed to sell them for his account, and to place the money at his banker's, deducting therefrom a balance due for goods to be delivered at Maddalena. Affairs took, however, another aspect after the return from liberated Naples of this modern Cincinnatus."

Such was Caprera, and Garibaldi there, up to the period of 1859. What it became after, when, more than a king, he laid by power, and again returned to his rugged home, will appear on another page.

Thus was the hero peacefully pursuing his work of cultivation when duty called for his interposition in the affairs of Italy.

In that memorable year Napoleon III., who had been gradually drawing nearer in amity to Piedmont, resolved on interfering between her and Austria. The events which led to such a result form no part of the history of Garibaldi. They belong to three other actors in the great drama—the King of Sardinia, his minister Cavour, and the Emperor Napoleon. It is enough here to observe that Sardinia resolved upon war with Austria. France had determined to be her ally. The Austrian emperor, doubting the intentions of the French sovereign, and thrown off his guard by a well-affected hesitation on the part of the latter, assumed the offensive, invaded the Sardinian dominions, and at the head of a numerous army, and with an artillery of tremendous power, threatened the extinction of Victor Emmanuel's reign. In these circumstances the king and Count Cavour sent for Garibaldi to his obscure retreat, sought his counsel and his aid, invested him with power and authority to render efficient service, and opened up to him a new path of fadeless glory and immortal renown.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KING OF SARDINIA AT WAR WITH AUSTRIA.—HIS MAJESTY SENDS FOR GARIBALDI.—REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.—GARIBALDI, WITH THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, ATTACHED TO THE DIVISION CIALDINI.—CAPTURES A CONVOY.—OBTAINS A SEPARATE COMMAND.—PASSAGES OF THE SESSIA AND TERCINA.—INVADES LOMBARDY.—GAINS THE BATTLES OF VARESE AND MALNATE.—WITH THREE THOUSAND MEN ROUTES TEN THOUSAND AUSTRIANS.—CAPTURES COMO.—COMPELS URBAN TO FLEE FROM CAMERLATA.

"He holds no feeling with unmanly fears,  
Where duty bids he confidently steers,  
Faces a thousand dangers at a call,  
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all."—COWPER

On the 1st of January, 1859, the language addressed in public to the ambassador of the Emperor of Austria left no doubt in Europe that France would be speedily at war with that power, but diplomacy delayed matters until the middle of April, when Cavour, in the name of King Victor Emmanuel, summoned Garibaldi to Turin. The hero was then in his humble cottage at Caprera, but hastened to obey the commands of his sovereign. He arrived at Turin, and had an interview with Count Cavour in the presence of the king. What occurred on that important occasion may never be known with certainty. Count Charles Arrivabene, upon the authority of a high personage at the court of Turin, gives the following account of it. The authority is generally supposed to be that of Farini:—

"The famous Italian leader was, as usual, in bad humour with the prime minister of the king. Distinguished by courage, disinterestedness, and public spirit,—bred to simple and daring occupations,—endowed with an unbounded frankness,—Garibaldi had no great liking for Cavour. He thought him too proud of his descent, and of his intellectual superiority. In the opinion of this honest and fearless republican, Count Cavour bore a lively resemblance to those noblemen of the *ancien régime* who looked down with disdain on the

common people, and governed them accordingly. But the little sympathy he felt with Cavour did not prevent him from hastening to his summons. Garibaldi arrived at the palace of Piazza Castello at five o'clock in the morning. He was shown into the well-known red room, where he found himself in the presence of Victor Emmanuel, of his prime minister, and of Farini.

"‘Well, General,’ said Cavour, ‘the long-expected day is near at hand: we want you. The patience of Count Buol is nearly exhausted, and we are only awaiting the moment when he will have lost it altogether.’

"‘I am always ready to serve my country,’ replied Garibaldi, ‘and you know that I shall put all my heart into the work. Here, in the presence of our *Re galantuomo*, I must, however, be permitted to speak my mind openly. Am I to understand that you are going to summon all the forces of the country, and, declaring war against Austria, to attack her with the irresistible power of a national insurrection?’

"‘That is not precisely our plan,’ answered Count Cavour. ‘I have not an illimitable faith in the power of the insurrectionary element against the well-drilled legions of Austria. I think, moreover, our regular army too small to match the 200,000 men our enemy



has massed on the frontier. We must therefore have the assistance of a powerful ally; and this is already secured. You will now,' added the Count, 'fully understand the meaning of the words addressed by the French Emperor to the Austrian ambassador on the 1st of January.'

"'Although my principles are known both to you and to the king,' Garibaldi is reported to have answered, 'I feel that my first duty is that of offering my sword to my country. My war-cry shall therefore be, "Italian unity, under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel!" Mind, however, what you are about, and do not forget that the aid of foreign armies must always be paid for dearly. As for the man who has promised to help us, I ardently wish he may redeem himself in the eyes of posterity by achieving the noble task of Italian liberation.'

"At this moment the king, who always feels an unbounded regard for Garibaldi, took him by the hand, assured him that Louis Napoleon had always desired to see Italy free and happy, and added that he (the king) had consented to the marriage of his daughter to Prince Napoleon because he was certain of the Emperor's good intentions towards Italy."

The result of the interview was that Garibaldi accepted the command of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, a corps of volunteers already organised by General Cialdini.

Volunteers flocked from northern Italy, the Duchies, and Venice to the standards of Victor Emmanuel, and no department of his army was so popular as the Alpine *Caccadores*.

At the end of April Garibaldi placed himself at their head. They consisted of three regiments of infantry; his old friend Medici, one of the most adventurous and skilful officers that ever served under Garibaldi, commanded one, Cosenz and Arduino commanded

the other two. There was also a company of Genoese sharpshooters, the Genoese being much attached to our hero; these were mounted, as was also a squadron of Guides, commanded by Signor Simonetta, of Milan.

These men were not mere adventurers, as it has been common to represent the followers of Garibaldi; they were composed, for the most part, of well-born, respectable, and even wealthy citizens of Lombardy, the Duchies, and Romagna.

The Austrians began the invasion of Sardinia in May. Bonaparte declared war against Austria on the ostensible ground that, by this proceeding, they violated treaties and menaced the French frontiers.

Garibaldi received from Victor Emmanuel the commission of Lieutenant-General; but as the Italian Government seemed doomed to slight the man to whom Italy owed so much, and the king was soon also to be a debtor, his commission was not published. Marmora, the minister of war, was a strict royalist, and unwilling to offend the bureaucratic party at Turin, resisted the public announcement of the new and legitimate title of him who had proved himself a general of nature's own making. Marmora did worse than this; he attached Garibaldi to General Cialdini's division, thus depriving him of any opportunity of independent action, and of following the bent of his own peculiar genius. This narrow policy nearly paralysed the operations of Garibaldi, and for a time deprived the cause of the king and of Italy of the full value of his support.

On the 2nd of May Victor Emmanuel called the nation to arms. On the 3rd of May the Emperor Napoleon proclaimed war. His troops marched to the assistance of the Italians. The hostile armies made their respective dispositions, and the war began with

energy and determination on both sides. It is not the purpose of this memoir to notice the general conduct of the war, which will be more appropriately related in the narratives of Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon; only so far as Garibaldi took part in it, does it here come properly under remark.

Cialdini's Italian division occupied the left bank of the Po, and at the commencement of the Austrian advance was engaged in frequent skirmishes. In one of these, on the 8th of May, this skilful general was wounded. Garibaldi and his Alpine chasseurs co-operated in these different actions, and always with glory.

On the 7th of May, Cialdini and Garibaldi captured a convoy of cattle, plundered by the Austrians from Italian farms. This was executed by the vigilance and promptitude of the Garibaldini chasseurs. Cialdini received information that, on the next day, Gyulai, the Austrian general, intended to make a reconnaissance in person on Casale. The Italian general ordered Garibaldi to use the utmost vigilance.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the Austrian advanced guard, one thousand strong, consisting of a battalion of Croats, approached, but encountered a battalion of Garibaldi's Chasseurs of the Alps, which were thrown forward in expectation of the enemy. The chasseurs fired one volley and charged with the bayonet; the Croats turned and fled.

In the passage of the Sessia General Cialdini's division greatly distinguished itself. In the morning of the 30th the passage was effected. The Austrians, well posted, disputed hotly the advance of the Sardinian army, led by Cialdini; a rapid charge of the bayonet swept the Austrians from the field, but not without a resistance resolute and deadly.

Palestro was captured and held by the Sardinians; but next day Austrian reserves en-

deavoured to retake it. The defence mainly rested with Cialdini's division, which King Victor Emmanuel joined, and fought with desperate bravery at its head, meriting the title given him by Garibaldi—*Re Galantuomo*.

As some of the troops properly belonging to Garibaldi were with the division Cialdini, this account is given of it. Garibaldi, however, had a work all his own to perform. After the repulse which he had, under Cialdini's orders, given to the Austrians on the 8th, he received an especial commission from the king. His Majesty gave him a rescript empowering him to raise recruits and contributions, and laid down for him a plan of separate action, which his Majesty, in concert with his staff and Minister of War, had framed. The hero objected to be tied down by a prescribed plan, and urged upon his Majesty the wisdom and even necessity of giving him scope for the exercise of his own peculiar aptitudes. Victor Emmanuel at once replied, "Go where you like, do what you like! I feel only one regret, that I am not able to follow you." It is supposed by Count Arrivabene and others, that this desire of the king arose from the anticipation of the vain-glorious disposition of the French to appropriate to themselves all the honour of victory, stripping from the brows of the ablest and noblest allies wreaths fairly won. In the Crimea, British and Italians, who were more than rivals of the French in valour, experienced from generals and soldiers of the French army this ungenerous emulation.

Garibaldi hastened to execute his new commission. He had organised a most efficient staff; most of the officers, his gallant companions in arms in 1849, surrounded him; men of experience in the more stern realities of war, and men who knew and enthusiastically loved their leader.

On the 9th of May Garibaldi's chasseurs

were pushed forward to Verrica. The Austrians were within three miles. The night being darker than usual in Italy at such a season, Garibaldi took all precautions against surprise.

In a villa near the camp Garibaldi established his head-quarters. While repose gave rest to the weary soldiers, and all slumbered save the camp officers, sentries, and patrols, there were wakeful watchers in that villa. A Garibaldian sergeant, a Lombard by birth, but who had spent his early life in Vienna, came suddenly, on a by-road, upon a man dressed as a peasant of the neighbourhood. Challenging him, he at once knew that he was a German in disguise, arrested him, and brought him before Garibaldi. When examined by the latter, in the presence of his staff, the sergeant's suspicions were confirmed. Important papers were found upon him; his mission was to hover near the lines of Garibaldi, and report to the Austrian quarters the number of his troops, and the dispositions of his force. Garibaldi, always merciful, would not shoot him, but confined him. Next morning he was found dead, having hanged himself to avert the certainty, as he deemed it, of a public execution. This man was a Hanoverian, many of whom fought in the Austrian lines. Northern Germany did not sympathise with Italian liberty. German aggrandisement had more charm for even the educated men and professed patriots of the north, especially of Prussia. Their nationality was invidious and selfish.

The discovery of this spy was of importance, as it prevented the enemy from receiving the intelligence upon which he had relied.

On the 12th of May the Cacciatori were at San Germano, in front of the enemy, whose intention was to cross the Sessia, and proceed to Vercelli. Garibaldi marched to Biella. Thence to the 21st of May he constantly

skirmished with the Croats, whose numbers encouraged them to maintain combats to which their valour was not equal. Garibaldi marched to Arona, and arranged as if to take up his quarters there for some time. In the night he stealthily marched out in the direction of Castallete Ticino. It was his intention to cross the Ticino, and this he accomplished by a most daring and skilful manoeuvre. He sent forward the corps of Guides, which were commanded by Major Simonetta, with orders to cross to the Austrian side, and there collect boats for the passage of the rest of the forces. Austrian steamers passed up and down the lake, and patrols of military were on the opposite shore; but the brave and energetic Simonetta accomplished his orders, and when Garibaldi arrived he found easy means of passing over his whole corps. Many of our hero's troops knew well the country, and in this respect the Austrians were at a great disadvantage.

Garibaldi landed near Sesto Calende on the 22nd of May, and on the evening of the 23rd entered Varese. He was now on Lombard soil, the invader of Austrian territory.

A small detachment was left at Sesto Calende, which the Austrians attacked. It was brought off by the skill and courage of its captain, Decristoforis. A single soldier, left wounded in a cottage by the road, was murdered by the Austrians, who carried on the war much in the way they, in 1864, made war upon Denmark, vindictively and cruelly.

Garibaldi placed Varese in as good a position of defence as possible. The people aided with enthusiasm, all able to bear arms joining the troops. The two chief entrances to the place were barricaded, and the defence of one committed to the experienced and dauntless Medici, of the other to Cosenz. At daylight on the 25th, General Urban, who was de-

tached for this purpose from the main Austrian army, advanced to the attack. His force was 5,000 strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in proper military proportion. The place was dominated by an eminence, upon which Urban posted his artillery, and directed a fire much to the injury of the town and danger of its garrison. He did not hesitate to shell the place, irrespective of any military advantage to be gained by so doing. His infantry were formed in two columns, one directed against the position held by Medici, the other against the post occupied by Garibaldi in person—the Esplanade of Ponti, and the Villa Bunni.

Again and again the Porta Como, where Medici commanded, was assaulted, and as often were the enemy repulsed. Against Garibaldi's position the attack was comparatively weak; he therefore descended to the Porta Como, joined Medici, and attacked the Austrians, routed and pursued them. At Malnate, Urban paused in his retreat, and for an hour maintained a fierce conflict, but was beaten, and driven in confused and headlong rout. The loss of the Italians was small, that of the Austrians very considerable. In the retreat, when beyond the chastisements of his pursuers, Urban acted like a genuine Austrian, inflicting cruelties upon the inhabitants. Whole families of unarmed persons were butchered by this satrap of Austrian brutality.

Urban entertained a salutary fear of volunteers after these disgraceful defeats. An eminent Italian, referring to the general effect of these operations, thus notices the value of volunteers, and Urban's apprehensions of them:—

“This contest proved how useful may be the employment of volunteers in national wars. The knowledge they possess of the topography of the country, the numerous acquaintances they have amongst its population, the influence

they exercise—all this may be turned to the greatest advantage by the regular army. Were I in need of arguments to prove the truth of this, I need only quote the report of General Urban to Count Gyulai after the defeat he had sustained at Camerlata. In that report, the Austrian Lieutenant-Marshal especially dwelt on the fact that Garibaldi was at the head of troops who, having numerous connections in the country, were able to learn every strategic operation of their adversary, whilst he was generally ignorant of their movements, and not unfrequently deceived by the false reports wilfully concocted by the inhabitants of the province. I hope that God will always preserve England from any foreign invasion; but should an enemy be daring enough to land on these shores, the English people will then doubly bless the day on which the noble youth of this country set to work, heart and soul, to become thoroughly acquainted with the use of the rifle.”

Garibaldi continued a system of marching and counter-marching which harassed and confused the Austrians. The country in which these operations were carried on is inexpressibly lovely. Mountain and valley, wood and water, picturesque villages and solitary hamlets surrounded with flowers and foliage, meet the eye in every direction. The topographical peculiarities which gave the region its loveliness afforded Garibaldi opportunity for retreat or attack, for surprises, baffling the calculations of a stranger, and for means of suddenly disappearing from the enemy's front and presenting himself at some point calculated to confound the strategy of even the most skilful foe, whose troops and whose officers were ignorant of the locality.

At last our hero took up a position at Cavellese, a mountain village four miles from Como. It was admirably chosen; the rear

afforded easy opportunity of retreat to Switzerland, the front was protected by lines of hills, amongst and around which considerable streams wound their way. His left had for support the Lake of Como, and his right rested on a broken and abrupt country, of difficult access. Garibaldi knew where to pitch his tents as well as where to attack.

Urban took post at San Fermo, a hamlet near Como, not daring to attack the Italians in such a position, and hoping to draw them prematurely from their fastness. This time it was Garibaldi's turn to be in want of information. While he remained upon his perch in the mountain his opportunities of gaining any knowledge of events passing in Sardinia or on the great plain of Lombardy were necessarily few. The allied generals did not trouble themselves about Garibaldi or his movements; they left him to himself to get supplies and material as best he could.

While in this perplexity, a beautiful young lady dashed up a mountain path on horseback, and arrived at the General's quarters. The thought occurred to her that her countryman would be at a loss for intelligence of the enemy's numbers, and of the strength of his position. She rode over to the lines of Urban, incurring the risk of death, or capture worse than death, and having scrutinised their lines, brought to Garibaldi a reliable account. Verily he had the faculty of attaching to his fame and his interests the best, bravest, and truest of women, as well as the best, bravest, and truest of men. This Lombard heroine put the General in possession of the facts he wanted to learn, and determined his immediate course. Having pointed out upon a map the exact positions of the Austrians, and received the thanks and benedictions of the chief, this noble daughter of a noble realm descended by safe paths, known to her, in security to her home.

She was an angel sent from heaven, a providence in the form of woman, to Garibaldi at a moment so critical. He ordered his second battalion of Cacciatori to steal down in front of San Fermo, and another battalion to wind round the mountain and place itself so as to intercept Urban's retreat or advance upon Como; for now Garibaldi was enabled to perceive that Urban's object was to bar his passage to that place. Urban had an army of 10,000 men with which to execute his object; Garibaldi's entire service was but 3,000. The second regiment having descended from its own position, ascended unperceived the elevation on which San Fermo rested; and without a shot being fired, their steel, like a lightning flash, struck the enemy. The post was defended by a Styrian corps, which had no heart in the war, and finding itself thus suddenly attacked, it knew not by what numbers, was seized with panic and fled, throwing the whole camp into confusion and consternation. Some brave men resisted, but the gallant Garibaldians swept them with their bayonets into the general current of the fugitives. The battalion on the Como was too feeble a barrier to stem such a tide of flight and panic; on rushed the fugitives, receiving the fire of this corps, and its close and hot pursuit with the bayonet. The coward throng fled into and through the streets of Como, chased by 2,000 men, for two-thirds only of Garibaldi's force was actually engaged. They were pursued beyond Como, and driven headlong to Camerlata, from which in their terror they retreated to Monza. Their guns, magazines, and camp equipages, and much valuable material of various sorts, were left in the possession of the conquerors. Beyond Como efforts were made to rally this mob of affrighted soldiery, and in the eagerness of pursuit, and the determination of the Garibaldians to consummate their victory, a con-

siderable number of the bravest of the brave fell to rise no more, and many were carried wounded into Como, where every house was a home for the victors, every woman a nurse, and most men capable of bearing arms a volunteer to replace the fallen.

Few victories on record surpass this for secrecy and celerity of movement, skilfulness of plan, and daring in execution. By the instrumentality of a courageous and patriotic woman this grand feat of arms was made possible.

Como had suffered dreadfully from the Austrian domination. Pecuniary exaction, insult, outrage to woman, death to man, characterised the intolerable reign of the oppressor. With Garibaldi came liberty, order, security, peace, and beneficence. The people were worthy of their liberator, women as well as men. Happy the country, however down-trodden, whose women are patriotic! Alas for the land, however great, whose sons, however brave, have mothers who hug their own chains, and have no sympathy for the cause of peoples!

Garibaldi established a provisional government, placing as its president a noble and intelligent man, in the confidence of Count Cavour. He also put the town in a state of defence sufficiently strong to protect it from a *coup de main*, while he transferred his exploits to other places.

His next care was to obtain some information, if possible, of the allied armies under the command of his fellow-liberators, King Victor Emmanuel and the Emperor Napoleon III.

An officer of his staff informed him that the Austrians had forgotten to break the telegraphic wires running to Milan. "Well then," said Garibaldi, "let us send a message to the Austrian commander of the Lombard capital; he will, perhaps, be kind enough to give us some news." Major Corte hastened to the

telegraph office, and told the officer on duty to telegraph—"Have the allied armies made any offensive movement?" Message from Milan: "Who asks the question?" Major Corte: "Lieutenant-Marshal Urban." Answer of the Austrian commander of Milan: "No."

He also ascertained from another quarter that the Turin government had thought it worth while to remember him, and had sent him a field battery, for he was now destitute of artillery, except such as he had captured from Urban, who, notwithstanding his panic, had rendered some of the pieces unserviceable; the rest were placed in position for the defence of Como.

To protect the arrival of the cannon from Turin, it was necessary to retrace his steps to Varese. Before doing this he designed the capture of a fort called Levano, on the shores of the Lago Maggiore. The troops he detached for that purpose found it impossible to accomplish the exploit without cannon, of which they had none. Their gallant attempts were foiled from this cause alone. Urban, hearing that Garibaldi had divided his forces, took heart, and also marched upon Varese, which he entered, levying exactions upon the inhabitants.

Garibaldi, by a detour, and a march wonderful for its speed and the endurance of his soldiers, suddenly took post on the hills of Sant Ambrogio, by the sanctuary of Madonna del Monte, a place of great strength. His little army occupied two elevated summits, which dominated the Austrian position. He soon saw that Urban had been reinforced, so as more than to repair the losses incurred in his recent rout. Urban felt so sure of victory, being again well supplied with artillery, and strong in cavalry, that he telegraphed to Milan, "Garibaldi is surrounded, I shall have him, dead or alive, before the day is closed."

He manœuvred well to effect this purpose. Garibaldi pretended to fortify the place and prepare for a resolute defence. Night closed over the confronting armies. Garibaldi caused to be lighted up a large number of bivouac fires, and made his men pass to and fro behind them in such a way as to be seen from the position of Urban, and to leave with him the impression that the post would be defended. As the night wore on the heavens became suddenly obscured, lightning played over the hostile forces, and the thunder reverberating from hill to hill, roared with incessant peals; rain descended in torrents, causing all who could, among the watch and pickets of the Austrians, to seek cover. Garibaldi silently descended, marched close to the wing of the Austrians, nearest his route, and when morning dawned, Urban's promised captive was safe away. These events brought the operations of Garibaldi to the 5th of June.

Before Urban recovered from his astonishment, Garibaldi, by one of his wondrous marches, as strange and skilful and daring as his battles, was in Como.

This portion of the campaign, with all its events, soon became known in Italy, and, indeed, all over Europe where the press dare record it, and the name and fame of the hero filled all lips and all hearts which love and honour the brave.

Victor Emmanuel, Count Cavour, Napoleon, notwithstanding their occupation and anxieties, gave vent to their astonishment and admiration. Garibaldi had, in esteem of the French, proved himself to be "as brave as Ney, as vigilant and skilful as Massena." He had performed, with a few thousand men, what neither of these great men would have thought of attempting.

The estimate formed of Garibaldi by this episode of his Italian struggle was never so

well expressed as by the historian of "Italy under Victor Emmanuel." His critique was in these terms:—

"There is something apparently supernatural in the life of the daring Italian leader. Few generals could have so wonderfully escaped from the grasp of an overpowering enemy, who felt certain of surrounding him, and indeed had taken all the necessary measures to that end. The ability shown by Garibaldi during the short campaign, and in subsequent operations, was no doubt the result of his experience, and the successes he obtained are mainly to be ascribed to that power of comprehensiveness which he possesses in so high a degree. Being an excellent mathematician, he at once studies the ground on which he is going to operate, calculates all possible combinations of strategy and tactics, and acts accordingly. Endowed with the greatest determination, he never hesitates. His plans being once settled in his mind, he strikes instantly, dares all issues, and succeeds. There is, besides, another consideration, which may perhaps appear strange at first sight, but which nevertheless is confirmed by experience. The secret of Garibaldi's victories is to be found principally in the system he has adopted of doing almost always the contrary of that which is suggested by the strict rules of war; in a word, of acting quite in opposition to what the enemy would expect him to do. In the campaign of Upper Lombardy, Urban had always thought (and he was right according to the principles of war) that Garibaldi had a base of operations—a line from which, in case of reverse, he could fall back on the main body of the allied armies. Hence the indecision of the Austrian general; hence Garibaldi's marvellous escape from Villa Medici. It is true that the Italian leader did everything to confirm the Austrian commander in his opinion; but the fact is, that his com-

munications with the Sardinians were almost always cut off without the Austrians being aware of it. He always acted alone. His principal aim was to spread the insurrection amongst the Lombard population; and he pretended to fall back upon the advancing Franco-Sardinian army in order to advance more rapidly. With the intuition of military genius, he perceived that by gaining the Lake of Garda, and occupying the mountain districts of Salò and Gardone, the Austrians would be obliged to send a considerable force in pursuit of him, and that this would help the allied forces in case a reverse should retard their progress towards the Mincio.

"The means resorted to by Garibaldi in order to lead his adversary astray were no less ingenious, and always succeeded. His plan is to deploy as many forces as he can spare in opposite directions. When he first arrived at Como, he sent Captain Ferrari with 150 men to Leno; then he ordered Sub-Lieutenants Cavana, Pisano, and Zeffirina, to lead each of them twenty or thirty men on the different roads to attack the Austrians wherever they would meet them, without, however, engaging themselves too much. He thus made the enemy believe that he was at the head of numerous troops; and the Austrians were easily kept in error. This system had also

the advantage of impressing the people of the country with his superiority in numerical strength, and of inducing them to take up arms against the oppressors of their country. The effect of this skilful plan was, that when Urban retired on Monza, he was quite convinced that General Cialdini's division was operating with Garibaldi, whilst, in fact, the first-named general was then engaged at Palestro with Baron Zobel. To act upon Urban's mind, Garibaldi now and then sent telegraphic messages to Cialdini from different places, knowing that they would be intercepted by the Austrians. In one, sent from Como, he said, 'Help me. Urban will attack me again to-morrow; I cannot resist.' From Varese he had telegraphed, 'I am obliged to fall back on you. Send the cavalry to support my backward movement.' Neither Cialdini nor any other general of the allied armies was within the reach of such telegrams. There was, however, a general who read them, and who never thought they were concocted with a view to his own deception.

"The Austrian General Urban, with a far superior force, never succeeded in surrounding or isolating the 3,000 Cacciatori delle Alpi, though an opportunity presented itself at Varese, at Como, and afterwards at Tre Ponti."



## CHAPTER XIX.

GARIBALDI ADVANCES TO NEW CONQUESTS.—CAPTURES BERGAMO AND BRESCIA.—BATTLE OF THE PONTI.—CAMPAIGN OF THE VALTELLINA.—FRENCH EMPEROR PROCLAIMS PEACE.—GARIBALDI RESIGNS.—THE KING GIVES HIM COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF CENTRAL ITALY.—IS OPPOSED BY FRENCH DIPLOMATISTS.—OBTAINS LEAVE OF ABSENCE.—HIS FAREWELL PROCLAMATION TO HIS TROOPS.

"The friend we've tried  
Is by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us."—MOORE.

WHILE Garibaldi remained at Como, the people of that place clothed and equipped 1,400 men. The plan our hero formed was, if properly supported by Cavour, to march upon Milan, and fall upon the rear of the Austrian army which had been defeated at Magenta, and by this means prevent their retreat upon the Mincio. Cavour had promised him four regiments of Cacciatori della Apennini, but they never came. Colonel Baldoni had organised them very imperfectly, and they were kept lingering where they were of no use to any of the armies in the field. The opinion of Garibaldi was, that the military officials of Turin were unwilling to augment his forces, and that some of the men of highest rank in Lombardy, in communication with the Sardinian Government, were afraid of his popular principles, and the enthusiasm entertained for him by the masses. His followers did not hold Cavour blameless in these matters; but, in truth, the count had more to do than, perhaps, any other man could have performed in like circumstances. Garibaldi was also haunted by apprehensions, which all his followers shared, that Napoleon III. would turn the defeat of Austria to his own account, and that France would, on the whole, sustain him in doing so, if the grandeur of their Emperor was displayed as the protector of Italy, or the greatness of his empire promoted by extension of territory. He had no confidence in

Napoleon, a qualified confidence only in Cavour, but implicit faith, affection, and admiration towards Victor Emmanuel. Upon these men, whatever the successes of Garibaldi, the fate of Italy must depend.

General Urban did not molest our hero. A Russian prince, residing near the lake, was joined, it is said, by an English family, also resident there, in entreaties to do so, and catch or slay the lion in his den; but Urban had already felt his talons too deeply to desire any propinquity.

Volunteers from every part of Upper Lombardy poured into Como, eager to be led against the enemy by Garibaldi, and by him alone. He left some of his officers to organise them, while he embarked his available troops upon the lake, and proceeded to Lecco. Thence he proceeded with the utmost rapidity upon Bergamo, capturing on his way an Austrian officer engaged in levying war contributions upon the inhabitants; so completely were the Austrians unaware of his approach.

That place was strong, and capable of resisting a very superior force to that of its garrison. The Commander-in-chief, Gyulai, ordered it to be defended, but a rumour of Garibaldi's approach terrified the Croats, who abandoned the city. Just as the Italians entered it, an officer seized a telegram at the railway station, informing the general who was supposed to be still in command of the garrison, that a rein-

forcement of 1,500 Croats would shortly arrive. Garibaldi posted troops in ambush at the station. The train was stopped, a fugitive shouting the name of Garibaldi, and the 1,500 men left the cars and fled in disorder, pursued by a small body of the Italian chasseurs, who killed and captured a considerable number.

While in Bergamo, Garibaldi was sent for by King Victor Emmanuel, then, in consequence of the recent successes of the allies, at Milan. Thither the hero obediently repaired. The interview, at the request of the king, was alone. What passed remained a matter of privacy. Garibaldi returned to his troops, bearing decorations and honours for them, and wearing upon his own breast the gold medal given for valour, the most honourable decoration the hand of the king could append. On his return, he marched upon Brescia, a well-fortified place, sanctified in Italian association by the blood of many martyrs to liberty, shed in 1840 by those cruel "Tedeschi," who were now doomed to flee as cowards from its walls. Although Austrian troops hung upon his flank during this march, they dared not obstruct his progress, nor assist in defending the city.

The garrison spiked the guns and fled in the utmost trepidation. A deputation of citizens came forth to meet the General. The city was in a blaze of joy, the liberator was welcomed with songs and flowers, and the shouts and blessings of the liberated. The citizens had soon an opportunity of giving more stern proof of their patriotism. A detachment of Austro-Hungarian hussars entered the city, ignorant of the flight of their brigade. The people, supposing it the advance guard of an Austrian force, flew to arms; no citizen remained without a weapon; old men and boys, with knives and daggers, joined the manhood of the city as it crowded to the

defence. Ladies of the highest quality organised impromptu companies of women to erect barricades. The hussars fled. Garibaldi's composure quieted all alarm, and the surging city was stilled in obedience to his command.

Garibaldi was now on the high road to Vienna, and various daring projects were attributed to him, but a communication from the king on the 12th of June demanded his co-operation with the grand allied army, and the honour was accorded to him of supporting his movements by a powerful force of the regular army.

Victor Emmanuel established his headquarters on the line of the Mela, near Brescia; Napoleon left Milan on the day Garibaldi received these orders, and made Gorgonzola his headquarters. The allies were in pursuit of the enemy, directing their course towards the rivers Oglio and Chiese.

Garibaldi's part was to march to the last named river, cross it, and occupy Lonato. The movement was good in strategy, but dangerous of execution. Four regiments of Sardinian lances, and two batteries of royal horse artillery, were ordered to join him. General Sambu was the officer in command. At midnight Garibaldi encamped at Sant'Enferina, four Italian miles from Brescia.

Our hero's task was to march twelve miles on a line parallel to that upon which the main army of the Austrians was marching, and to do this he must proceed over a roadless country, cut up by ditches and canals, and intercepted by garden walls. The object in view was, to hide the intention of the Sardinian general to pass the river and with his light cavalry and artillery dash upon the retreating enemy.

When, on the next morning, Garibaldi was about to perform his part of the manœuvre,

the Sardinian general had not arrived, and was three hours' march distant. Perhaps he had no wish to be in time for co-operation with "a guerilla chief;" at all events, he never came.

Obliged to act, Garibaldi divided his forces. The Austrians became aware of this, as well as of his presence in their vicinity. They detached a large force through ground which effectually covered their approach until they attacked the battalion commanded by Cosenz, posted at Tre Ponti. Notwithstanding the disparity of force, after six assaults with the bayonet the Austrians were compelled to retire; the presence and voice of Garibaldi empowered the heroic regiment to effect this miracle. The loss of the Italians was severe; some of the best and bravest of their officers perished—men noble by birth and heroism.

The next day Garibaldi received fresh orders from head-quarters, to march by Vabarno towards the Lake of Garda. He took post at Salò. While occupying this place, an Austrian steamer was sent to reconnoitre it, under the impression that the Garibaldians had no artillery. In the meantime some field-pieces had arrived, and opened fire upon the ship; its magazine exploded, and all on board perished; its deck was covered with Croats.

While yet Garibaldi was at Vabarno, before reaching Salò, a messenger came from the Emperor Napoleon III., with the congratulations, salutations, and eulogies of his Majesty. The bearer of these was a Corsican, who had known "the tiger of Monte Video" when in that country. The imperial messenger expressed his Majesty's surprise and regret at the want of respect shown to the hero by the government of Turin, and its shameful neglect of his force as to arms, supplies, clothing, &c., all which the Emperor would be happy to supply, and receive honour if he knew that the ribbon of the Legion of Honour was upon the breast of

so brave and honourable a soldier, a distinction which was at his command. Garibaldi coldly replied that he wanted nothing for his soldiers or himself, and as coldly dismissed the envoy.

Two days after he arrived at Salò he received orders to join a portion of Cialdini's division in the Valtellina. The object was to guard the passes of Stelvio and Tonale, which it was alleged there was some apprehension might be entered by armies of the German Confederation, sent to the aid of Austria as a German power, although contending for non-German provinces.

Garibaldi's suspicions of Napoleon were now ripened. His own intention was to cross the Lake Garda, to enter the Veronese mountains, and by his presence raise insurrection in the valley of the Adige. He saw that by binding him down to co-operation with the main army of Sardinia, his plans were obstructed and his efficiency impeded. Had it been the design of the allied commanders to place him in a trap where he might be slain or taken, they could hardly have accomplished it more skilfully than by the orders which led to the battle of Tre Ponti. He arrived at the conviction that it did not enter into the design of Bonaparte to free Italy from the Alps to the Apennines, or to free Italy at all, but to wrest territory from Austria to aggrandise himself and the father-in-law of his cousin.

Whatever the motives of the imperial and royal commanders, the presence of an Austrian *corps d'armée* in the Valtellina gave a good colour to the despatch of Garibaldi thither. Had that corps pushed through the passes, the rear of the allies would have been endangered. Cialdini and Garibaldi were to render such an event impossible.

On the 20th of June the latter left Salò; he arrived at Leno, where he embarked his troops, and made for Colico. Continuing his marches,

he on the 2nd of July approached Bormio. At the edge of the valley in which it stands, Medici, commanding the advanced guard, halted, and was informed that the Austrians were posted within two miles of that place, at Bagni Vecchi, and Bagni Nuovi, and at the first bridge and tunnel on the Stelvio road. Medici advanced, attacked, beat them, and drove them into the Tyrol. Major Bixio was not allowed to pursue them, as the Austrians had taken refuge on territory of the German Confederation.

The campaign in the Valtellina was a series of skirmishes in which the Garibaldians earned great distinction. There were no great battles, but the most skilful strategy was developed, and the noblest daring displayed. The scene of action suited the romantic nature of the poetic chief; Nature seemed to call aloud—

"This noble realm—this lovely land,  
Freedom and nationhood demand!  
For oh! the Great God never planned  
For slumbering slaves, a home so grand"

He was preparing to march for Bormio, when news reached him of the armistice concluded by the French Emperor, as preliminary to the Peace of Villafranca, and the Conference of Zurich. He was ordered to halt. His head-quarters were at Loverè, a small town on the margin of the Lake of Iseo. At this juncture Count Arrivabene visited the General, of whose appearance he gave the following description:—

"When, early next morning, my brother took me to the head-quarters of Garibaldi, the General was not dressed in the costume with which English eyes have been made familiar, nor did he wear the Greek cap or the round hat with Puritan plume which the fancy of foreign painters generally ascribes to him. He was clad in the Piedmontese uniform of his rank; and the only difference between him and any other Piedmontese officer was in the colour

of the cloth. The officers of his staff, who are more like brothers than subordinates, were already at their work, in spite of the early hour. Whether in peace or in war, Garibaldi always gets up at dawn, and, if not prevented by duty, invariably goes to bed a little after sunset. During the summer, he never fails to take an hour's nap in the course of the day, to strengthen him for his remaining work.

"On entering the room, I saw him sitting at a small table, examining a map spread before him. His intelligent and benevolent face—still young, in spite of the excitement of his hard life—was at that time saddened by the recent turn of events. In speaking of Villafranca, a tone of irritation was observable in his voice, generally clear and ringing as a bell. He did not despair, however, for Garibaldi never doubts the future of his country. On hearing the news of the peace, he went to Victor Emmanuel's head-quarters, in order to give up his commission, and those of all the officers of all his corps; but his Majesty would not accept them. 'Italy still requires the legions you command,' answered the king; 'you must remain.' And Garibaldi remained."

The hero was deeply touched by the pressing entreaties of the king not to forsake him; he pitied the position to which he had been reduced—unable to prosecute the war without making France an enemy, and unwilling to recognise a peace which left Italy still torn and dismembered. On the 19th of July he thus addressed his soldiers:—

"Whatever may be the progress of political events under existing circumstances, the Italians must neither lay down their arms nor feel discouraged with disappointment. They must hurry into the ranks, and testify to Europe that, led by the valiant Victor Em-

manuel, they are ready henceforward to meet the vicissitudes of war, of whatever nature they may be.

(Signed) "GARIBALDI, General."

The king became anxious that Garibaldi should assume the command of the Tuscan army, which General Ulloa, a partisan of the Bonapartes, had done his best to disorganise. This was opposed by the intrigues of the French, and Garibaldi begged permission to resign the honour. He received an unlimited leave of absence, and addressed to his chasseurs the following proclamation—

"My Comrades in Arms,

"I am obliged to retire at present from the service, and General Pomoretto has been selected by his Majesty to command the brigade. I trust, while brave in action, you will be disciplined, and strive to acquire under arms the skill which will allow you to take your proper rank when opposed to the enemies of our country.

(Signed) "GARIBALDI

"Bergamo, August 11, 1850."

The reader, to form a clear idea of the circumstances which affected Garibaldi's ultimate relations to the government, must be informed more particularly of the general situation of affairs. The details of these belong properly to the memoir of Victor Emmanuel, but an outline must here be given in explanation of the position and conduct of Garibaldi.

In the month of September the Treaty of Zurich was made, by which Lombardy was ceded to Victor Emmanuel. During the war the minor states of Italy had thrown off the yoke of their tyrants, but according to the Zurich treaty, these tyrants were again to take possession of their thrones. It was, however,

stipulated by the high contracting parties that the people and princes were to be left to themselves. France, Austria, and Sardinia were not to interfere.

Cavour had resigned the premiership of Victor Emmanuel's cabinet, as he was disgusted with the policy of the French Emperor. In his retirement his influence was as great as ever; he was literally still at the helm of affairs, and by his counsels guided the men to whom the different revolted provinces had entrusted their administration. He recommended the king to make Garibaldi the commander-in-chief of central Italy, because he knew Garibaldi would, above all things, work for Italian unity. Deputations from the assemblies of the states of central Italy came to Turin during September, and offered annexation of those states to Piedmont. Victor Emmanuel conditionally accepted those offers. Garibaldi took the command, and forces were organised at Modena, Bologna, Parma, and Florence. These organisations resulted in an army of twenty-two regiments of infantry of the line, eleven battalions of Cacciatori, four regiments of cavalry, and fifteen batteries of artillery. Garibaldi, while in command of the central Italian army, was much harassed by the mercenaries employed in the Papal States, whose invasions, plunder, and assassinations rendered it necessary, in his opinion, to take decided steps. He had resolved upon crossing the Tavoletto, the recognised boundary between liberated Italy and the papal dominions. The Swiss mercenaries in the service of the pontiff deserted daily, and Garibaldi addressed to them the following spirit-stirring epistle:—

"Noble Sons of Helvetia,

"It is not the first time that your brothers have shed their blood in behalf of the Italian cause; as, unhappily, it is not the first

time you have been seen to fight for the oppressors of Italy. Ten years ago, our young volunteers were taught by you how to use a musket and to march to battle.

"At Vicenza you formed the select legions of our army, and you then added new and well-deserved lustre to the proverbial bravery of Swiss warriors.

"Believe me, the Italians are decided to maintain the most complete order, and to keep strictly to the rules generally adopted in war. They have proved it during recent events. There has not been an example of an Austrian prisoner or wounded man not being religiously respected by us, whilst our enemies have at all times shot our prisoners and massacred our unfortunate wounded.

"Yes! we will not lay aside the rules of common warfare; but if, instead of obtaining the accomplishment of our rights, as we hope, our enemies unite themselves again to bring us back to a state of slavery—if the priests think to rule us as they did for so many centuries past, I cannot then say that a war of extermination, which will be our last resource, will not occur.

"We know that you have been deceived, and that you are still kept under the dishonoured flag of the priests by vain illusions. We also know that the Italian troops which are now at your side, instead of fighting against the sacred cause of their country, will turn their arms against you in the day of battle. Well, then, we hope that the gallant descendants of Morat's heroes will never stain their hands with the blood of a people who are defending the same cause which was defended by William Tell and your forefathers—the cause of the independence of the country.

"Gallant Swiss! instead of marching against us, we expect you to join our ranks. We shall be proud to have such fellow-warriors as you

are in the approaching battles for liberty. Italy, then full of gratitude, will not fail to reward you, and your names shall be added to the sacred list of our liberators.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"Rimini, 21st October, 1859"

"This plan," Arrivabene says, "was frustrated by the course of events. The remonstrances of French diplomacy, and the deplorable antagonism which had arisen between Fanti and Garibaldi, induced the latter to resign. The withdrawal of such a man from the army was a fact which could not fail to excite feelings of discontent. His prestige was so great, and his activity so wonderful, that his departure became the signal for disorder."

It was as impossible for Garibaldi and Farini (the dictator of the *Æmilia*) to agree. Farini was a royalist who looked upon every one who did not entertain the theory of a constitutional monarchy, checked and weighted by an aristocracy, as an enemy, unless so far as he could be used to subserve the interests of that theory. He therefore thwarted Garibaldi in every way, who was in all respects more honourable and loyal than Farini, or any of his secret coadjutors. Farini sent private orders to the generals under Garibaldi's command not to obey him. It was at his instigation Fanti was placed above our hero in command. Cavour, who had implicit confidence in Farini, was influenced by underhand communications, and Garibaldi at last could rely upon nothing which he heard or saw. He was surrounded by diplomatic trick and intrigue, and it appeared with Farini and his school far more important to thwart Garibaldi than the tyrants of the Duchies, or foreign foes.

Garibaldi had given to Farini and the Turin ministerial people mortal offence by making military merit and patriotism the sole grounds

of promotions or appointments in his army. He had no respect for the red-tape system of the officials at Turin, and was therefore unpopular with them, and with their instruments. After repeated altercations with Farini, in which our hero gave vent to indignant language, he gave up the hope that he could be useful in co-operation with that man. Such were the circumstances under which he quitted the army of central Italy. He departed for Nice, but before he arrived there, his journey through Italy was amidst public acclamation and tokens of the deepest gratitude and devotion. He already announced his programme for the liberation of southern Italy. At Turin he was welcomed by the king with fervent manner and eulogistic words. It is alleged that his Majesty used his best persuasions against any aggressive movement upon the Papal States, the two Sicilies, or Venetia. What reply the great chief gave to his prince is unknown, but his resolves were to strike from those fair regions the power of the oppressor.

Before retiring to Nice he resolved to visit the grave of Anita. Ah! had she lived to witness the triumphs of him she loved so well, how proud would not her heart have been of his glory! How happy to have beheld his usefulness! How his own heart would have exulted had she lived to participate his happiness!

It will be remembered by the reader that Anita died at a farmhouse while she and her husband were fleeing from their pursuers. That was in 1849. In 1859, the brave fugitive revisited the spot, a victor and a liberator in his own land. He was staying at Ravenna, whence he made this sacred pilgrimage. He was accompanied by Menotti his son, Teresita his daughter, and Madame Deideri. Anita had been buried in a field through the fears of the

peasants of their persecutors. Before the visit of Garibaldi, the body had been removed to a little chapel in a most solitary situation, a mile from the farmhouse where she had sighed her last breath.

Garibaldi trod again the tracks over which he had borne her on his shoulders, a fugitive, ten years before. The party arrived at the little chapel as the shadows of evening were drooping over it, leaving that "dim religious light" upon its altar which so much disposes the spirit to look into the past with a deep and chastened sadness. Near to the altar, reposing in this soft Italian twilight, lay Anita, beneath a lonely tomb, over which kind hands had arranged black drapery and memorial flowers, showing to the hero that there too Italian hearts thought of him, and sympathised with him in that

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;  
To which life nothing brighter or darker can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting."

The religious ceremonials peculiar to the Roman Catholic religion were performed by the priest, as the desolate hero and his children leaned lowly over the grave of the brave and generous wife, and tender, devoted mother.

While at Nice, tidings of the distrust and dissatisfaction of the people with the government of Turin, and their ally Napoleon, continually reached him.

The people were led to believe that, within the precincts of the court and the cabinet, there was treason to the cause of Italian unity and independence, and revolution itself was menaced. Garibaldi resolved to quiet this disturbed feeling, and at the same time let the public know that intrigues were at work which embarrassed his public services and endangered the Italian cause. He issued for these purposes the following address:—

“TO THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

“As underhand intrigues continually check the liberty of action inherent in the rank I hold in the army of central Italy, and which I used to further that object which every good Italian proposes to himself, I am leaving the military service for the present.

“On the day that Victor Emmanuel once again summons his soldiers to arms for the redemption of the country, I shall again be at the side of my brave companions. *The miserable and crafty policy* which, for a time, troubles the majestic progress of our affairs, must persuade us that it is our duty to assemble around the brave and legal soldier of independence, who is incapable of recoiling from his sublime and generous path, and that we should prepare, at present more than ever, gold and iron to receive those who would gladly plunge us again in the horrors of the past.

“G. GARIBALDI.

“Nice, 18th Nov., 1859”

Our hero had founded a great national society for procuring arms—“a million of muskets”—of which association he was made president. Against this plan, and the society which sustained it, the French, the Piedmontese officials, and the reactionists everywhere directed their energies. The government was afraid, and the more aristocratic circles of the Liberals were jealous of it. Garibaldi repaired to Turin, and was persuaded to dissolve this association. He accordingly issued the following manifesto :—

“TO THE ITALIANS.

“Summoned by some of my friends to try the part of conciliator between all the factions of the Italian liberal party, I was invited to accept the presidency of a society to be called the Armed Nation.

“But, as the armed Italian nation is a fact that terrifies everything disloyal, corrupting, and tyrannical, whether in Italy or out of it, *the crowd of modern Jesuits have become alarmed*, and cry out ‘anathema!’

“The government of the gallant king has been importuned by the alarmists, and in order not to compromise it, I have decided on abandoning the noble object proposed to us.

“With the unanimous assent of all the members of the society, I declare, then, the Society of the Armed Nation dissolved, and I invite every Italian that loves his country to assist by his subscription towards the acquisition of a million muskets. If, with a million muskets, Italy, in the presence of the foreigner, should be incapable of arming a million soldiers, we should have to despair of humanity. Let Italy arm, and she will be free.

“G. GARIBALDI.

“Turin, Jan. 4, 1860.—5 p.m.”

It was the intention of the gallant chief to leave Nice for his island home, but events ripened so fast, and the public mind of Italy was so excited, that he abandoned his purpose, and proceeded to Genoa. That place became the focus of patriotic projects and organisations, and it soon became obvious to every one, as to Garibaldi, that the time was rapidly hastening for a new appeal to arms.

An insurrection broke out in Sicily; the insurgents implored the aid of Garibaldi, and not in vain.

Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were opposed to any attempt to succour the Sicilians, fearing a new war with Austria, joined by Naples, and perhaps abetted by France.

Garibaldi was firm in his resolution to set out for the new theatre of action, and addressed the following letter to the king :—



"Sire,

"The cry for help which reaches me from Sicily has touched my heart, and the hearts of some hundreds of my old soldiers. I have not advised the insurrectionary movement of my Sicilian brethren; but, as they have risen in the name of Italian unity, personified in that of your Majesty, against the most disgraceful tyranny of our age, I did not hesitate to take the lead of the expedition. I know that I am going to embark on a dangerous undertaking; but I trust in God, and in the courage and devotion of my companions. Our war-cry will always be 'Long live the unity of Italy! Long live Victor Emmanuel, its first and bravest soldier!' Should we fall in the enterprise we have undertaken, I trust that Italy and liberal Europe will not forget that it has been determined by the most unselfish sentiments of patriotism. Should we succeed, I shall be proud to adorn the crown of your Majesty with a new, and perhaps its brightest jewel, on the sole condition that you will prevent your advisers from handing it over to foreigners, as has been done with my native country. I have not communicated my project to your Majesty, for I feared that the great devotion I feel for you would have succeeded in persuading me to abandon it.

"Your Majesty's most affectionate subject,

"G. GARIBALDI."

Notwithstanding the explicit statement of Garibaldi that he had no hand in the Sicilian movement, Count Charles Arrivabene, generally so excellent an authority, affirms that Garibaldi and the party of action had chosen this as the first field for employing the revolutionary ele-

ment in opposition to the diplomatic and dynastic policy of Cavour. Garibaldi did not love the great premier, nor was he an object of the diplomatist's partiality. He wished to use Garibaldi as a tool, which, if need be, might be thrown away. The revolutionary chief sought co-operation with all men true to the cause of Italian unity and independence, and for that object only. His "eye was single," and therefore "his whole body was full of light." What Garibaldi wrote to the king was simply true. His Majesty had no faith in such an expedition. Cavour believed in its speedy and utter failure. Garibaldi only hoped, but added daring to hope. It was the policy of the king and the Turin cabinet to take no notice of the contemplated expedition, neither to aid nor hinder it, and remain free, or apparently free, of all responsibility connected with it.

By the 5th of May Garibaldi had all things ready at Genoa, and 1,080 brave men ready to accompany him. None of his enterprises was more worthy or more necessary. The condition of the Sicilian people was one of supreme suffering: anguish wrung every heart. The King of the Two Sicilies, Ferdinand II., was one of the most cruel and remorseless tyrants that ever lived. The island was drenched in blood and tears. The administration consisted in bonds, stripes, and executions for all who dared to utter an aspiration for liberty—for all men who withheld the sweet smile of adulation from despotism and the king.

It was Mazzini that roused the Sicilians to this effort to break their chains. Humanity, patriotism, and conscience prompted Garibaldi to vow that they should never be bound

## CHAPTER XX.

THE EXPEDITION TO SICILY.—HOW TO GET AMMUNITION.—PURSUED BY A NEAPOLITAN NAVAL SQUADRON.—LANDS AT MARSALE.—JOINED BY THE PEOPLE.—MENOTTI GARIBALDI IN BATTLE.—FIRST VICTORY FOR SICILIAN LIBERTY.—THE BATTLE OF CALATAFIMI.—WONDERFUL MARCH.—STORMING OF PALERMO.—MORE GARIBALDIANS ARRIVE IN SICILY.

"Could the chain for one moment be riven,  
Which tyranny flung round us then,  
Oh 'tis not in man nor in Heaven  
To let tyranny bind it again."—MOORE.

WHEN all things were ready, two steamers were seized, and the Legion placed on board. The little squadron immediately set sail to make war upon the Neapolitan Bourbons. At sea Garibaldi put forth the following proclamation:—

"On board the *Piemonte*, May 7th, 1860

"CORPS OF THE CACCIATORI DELLE ALPI!

"Your mission will be, as it always has been, based upon complete self-denial, for the regeneration of the common country. The brave Cacciatori have served, and will serve, their country with the devotion and discipline of the best military corps, without any other hope, without any other pretension, than that of a stainless conscience.

"No rank, no honour, no recompense is held out to my brave companions: when the danger is past, they will return to a quiet domestic life; but, now that the hour of battle has struck, Italy sees them again in the front rank, cheerfully volunteering to shed their blood for her. The war-cry of the Cacciatori delle Alpi is the same that resounded a year since on the banks of the Ticino—'Italy and Victor Emmanuël!'—and this cry will strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of Italy.

"ORGANISATION OF THE CORPS.

"Giuseppe Sirtori, Chief of the Staff. Staff officers: Crispi, Manin, Calvino, Majocchi,

Graziotti, Borchetta, Bruzzesi. Turr, First Aide-de-Camp of the General. Orderly officers: Cenni, Montanari, Bandi, Stagnetti. Orsini, Commander of the Artillery.

"COMMANDERS OF COMPANIES.

"Nino Bixio, Commander of the 1st company; Antonio Forni, 2nd; Stocco, 3rd; La Masa, 4th; Anfossi, 5th; Carini, 6th; Carroli, 7th.

"COMMISSARIAT.

"Acerbi, Bovi, Maestri, Rodi.

"Ripari, Chief of the Medical Staff.

"This organisation is the same as that of the Italian army to which we belong; and the rank, given to merit rather than to interest, is that already achieved on other battle-fields.

"G. GARIBALDI."

A curious circumstance, illustrative not only of the resources of Garibaldi, but of those of his officers, occurred on the voyage. Garibaldi hailed the sister ship to that in which he sailed. It was commanded by Bixio, and was named the *Lombardo*:—

"How many muskets have you on board?"

"One thousand," was Bixio's reply.

"And how many revolvers?"

"Not one."

"How much ammunition?"

"Not any."

It was then first discovered that the boat

laden with the revolvers and ammunition had not delivered its cargo on board the steamer.

This unsatisfactory discovery caused a cloud to pass over the placid countenance of the General. For one moment he seemed in doubt as to what he should do; then again hailing Dixio, he shouted :—

“Keep your vessel close alongside.”

Having delivered this brief order, he appeared absorbed in thought, but soon regained his usual serenity. He was, however, anxiously bent on devising some means for recovering the lost ammunition.

He then went to the man at the helm to direct him to steer in a certain course, merely using these words :—

“Friend, mind you keep to this.”

It would have been useless to direct the man by the points of the compass; for, although a very good soldier, he was no sailor at all, and would not have understood any order delivered to him in nautical language.

Garibaldi next summoned the officers to his cabin, and addressed them thus :—

“Gentlemen, you have just heard that there are neither revolvers nor ammunition on board. The revolvers are not of much consequence, but our muskets are of no use without cartridges. So we must manage in one way or another to procure some.”

“But how?” inquired the officers.

“I think I know one way. When we reach Talamone we shall only be twelve miles distant from Orbitello: one of us must land there, and use his best endeavours to persuade the governor of the fortress to supply us with what we require.”

The officers appeared astonished.

At last one of them said, “But suppose the governor should arrest the messenger?”

“That,” said Garibaldi, “is certainly not improbable.”

The officers again kept silence.

“Never mind,” said the General, “I know some one who will go.”

“We will all go,” exclaimed the officers, speaking together. “The interest we feel in the cause is quite sufficient to prompt us.”

“I view it in that light,” said the General; “but do not give yourselves any trouble. I know some one who will go. Where is Turr?”

Garibaldi here left the cabin in search of Turr, and soon recognised him by his Hungarian dress.

“Turr,” said he, “I have a word to say to you when we reach the land.”

As soon as they reached Talamone, Turr presented himself before the General.

“Are you ready to be shot?” inquired Garibaldi.

“I should certainly prefer that to remaining at sea,” replied Turr.

“Well, then, take a *calessino*, summon to your aid all your diplomatic eloquence, and persuade the Governor of Orbitello to give you the ammunition we require.”

Turr began to laugh. “Do you expect that the governor will comply with my modest request?”

“Who knows?” replied Garibaldi. “At any rate you can try.”

“Give me an order upon him, then.”

“In what capacity can I authorise you to convey an order to the governor of a Tuscan fortress?”

“Well, give me a letter of recommendation to him. I’ll do the rest.”

“Willingly.”

Garibaldi wrote—

“Believe everything that my aide-de-camp, Turr, will tell you, and assist him to the utmost of your power in the expedition I have

undertaken for the glory of Piedmont and the prosperity of Italy. Long live Victor Emmanuel and Italy!

“G. GARIBALDI.”

“With this,” cried Turr, “I would claim Proserpine from the hands of Pluto himself.”

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was on his road to the fortress. On his arrival the governor hesitated. Seeing this, Turr said:—

“I expected your refusal, and consequently made my preparations for it. Let me have a man who can convey this despatch to the aide-de-camp of the king. The sole question is to get the king to give us that which he has already bestowed on us, and which we were stupid enough to lose. Only consider the consequences of delay: it would take three days to go to Turin, two more to get the ammunition up to Genoa, and two more before the ammunition can reach us; thus seven days would be lost, without considering the mischief that might arise from these orders being transmitted from one hand to another, by which means we might compromise the king, who cannot appear ostensibly in promoting the cause. I will not allude to the unfortunate Sicilians, who are now anxiously awaiting succour from us. Pray reflect on what I have said. Here is the letter for the Marquis de Trecchi, the king’s aide-de-camp.”

“My dear Marquis,

“When embarking we had the misfortune, by some unaccountable accident, to lose the boat on board of which were stowed our arms and ammunition; therefore, I beg that you will ask his Majesty’s permission for us to be supplied with 150,000 cartridges, and, if possible, a thousand muskets and bayonets.”

“COLONEL TURR.”

The manner in which Turr addressed the king’s aide-de-camp dispelled all doubt from the governor’s mind.

“Take what you require,” said he to Turr; “I know that, in a strict military point of view, I am committing a fault, but I am willing to risk the consequences, from the conviction that the step taken is for the advantage of my sovereign and the welfare of the state.”

Turr removed 100,000 cartridges, 300 artillery charges, and four pieces of cannon. The governor was disposed to go to Talamone and deliver the material to Garibaldi in person.\*

Our hero, thus furnished with ammunition and ordnance, adopted a *ruse de guerre* to distract the attention of the King of Naples, and lead him to believe that the expedition was intended for the States of the Church.

He detached one hundred men under Colonel Zambianchi to invade the Roman States, and summon the people to revolt, scattering abroad the following proclamation:—

“ROMANS!

“To-morrow you will hear the priests of Lamoricière say that some Mussulmans have invaded your territory. Well, these Mussulmans are the same who fought for Italy at Monte Video, at Rome, and in Lombardy; the same whom you will mention to your children with pride when the day shall come which, by emancipating you from the tyranny of the stranger and the priest, will leave you free to enjoy recollections; the same who for a moment yielded to the numerous and warlike soldiers of Bonaparte, but who yielded only with their brows turned towards the enemy, and pledging themselves to return

\* Count Arrivabene asserts that he first went to Garibaldi, who received him in the full uniform of a Piedmontese General, and with such an air of superiority as awed the reluctant official, who then complied with the request. The Count was mistaken.

to the fight, and not to leave their children any other legacy than that of hatred to oppressors. Yes, these companions of mine fought outside your walls, by the side of Manara, Melana, Masina, Mameli, Daverio, Peralla, Panizzi, Remorino, Daniell, Montaldi, and so many other brave Romans who now sleep near your catacombs, and whom you buried yourselves, because *wounded in front*. Our enemies are both astute and powerful; but we tread the land of the Scævolas, the Horatii, and the Ferruccios: our cause is the cause of all Italians. Our war-cry is the same which was heard at Varese and Como—"Italy and Victor Emmanuel!"—and you know that with us, whether defeated or victorious, Italian honour is safe.

"GARIBALDI"

"April 30."

Count Arrivabene, apparently on no better evidence than the date, thinks that Garibaldi originally intended the expedition against the Papal States. There is no reasonable grounds for this belief, and the evidence to the contrary was absolutely conclusive when the historian wrote.

As the two ships glided over the deep, the question became pressing for decision, where should the landing be attempted?

"I think," suddenly broke out Garibaldi, in his ringing voice,—“I think that we must make for Porto Palo. It is not far from Menfi, and I consider it a good place for landing. What is your opinion, Castiglia?”

"I should agree with you," answered the commander, "were this map correct; but from what I recollect, I am certain that the entrance to the small harbour of Palo is not deep enough to afford our steamers a secure landing. I should recommend Marsala."

Garibaldi, after remaining silent for a few minutes, said:—

"You are right, Castiglia. To get to Marsala, we must pass between the small islands of Maretime and Favignana, which will afford an excellent shelter to our vessels. Were the Neapolitan ships to discover our expedition, we might easily escape by steaming either in the direction of Sardinia or towards Africa. This, however, I would never do, unless the enemy were in great force. Should we encounter only two frigates, our guns are ready; and I will also show our Cacciatori how to board the enemy's vessels."

After various doubts and dangers the vessels reached their destination, but not without being pursued by a Neapolitan squadron, which was too late, for the men had landed, and the vessels were unloaded before the Neapolitans could open fire. Finding that the invaders were beyond the reach of shot and shell, the cruel and cowardly Bourbon who commanded the squadron bombarded the dwellings of the inhabitants.

As soon as Garibaldi landed, he issued two proclamations—one to the people, and one to the Neapolitan army. These were calculated to produce a powerful effect upon the minds of both. Citizens were stirred up to arms by these enkindling words; and soldiers of the Bourbon, on reading the heart-touching appeal, seized the first opportunity to desert.

"SICILIANS!"

"I have brought you a body of brave men, who have hastened to reply to the heroic cry of Sicily. We, the remains of the battles of Lombardy, are with you; all we ask is the freedom of our land. United, the work will be easy and short. To arms, then! He who does not snatch up a weapon is a coward or a traitor to his country. Want of arms is no excuse. We shall get muskets, but for the present any weapon will do in the

hands of a brave man. The municipalities will provide for the children, women, and old men deprived of their support. To arms, all of you! Sicily shall once more teach the world how a country can be freed from its oppressors by the powerful will of a united people.

“GARIBALDI.”

“TO THE NEAPOLITAN ARMY.

“Foreign insolence reigns over Italian ground in consequence of Italian discord. But on the day that the sons of the Samnites and Martii, united with their brethren of Sicily, shall join the Italians of the North, on that day our nation, of which you are the finest part, shall resume its place, as in former times, among the first nations of Europe. I, an Italian soldier, only aspire to see you drawn up side by side with these soldiers of Varese and San Martino, in order jointly to fight against the enemies of Italy.

“G. GARIBALDI.”

The invading chief proceeded to Salemi, where he halted on the 13th and 14th, to organise the bands of volunteers, designated *squadre*, which flocked to his standard. Thence he marched to Calatafimi. The utmost enthusiasm animated the whole Sicilian people.

Meanwhile the Neapolitan General Landi marched through the pass of Monte del Pianto dei Romani, at the head of four battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and four mountain howitzers. He made proclamation that he came “to crush the firebrand of Italy, the outlawed fillibuster of South America.”

Battle was now imminent. Garibaldi's 1,080 Cacciatori were joined by 1,200 Sicilian peasants, nearly all of whom had fire-arms of some kind, and knew how to use them. On the morning of the 15th, Garibaldi, not waiting to

be attacked, assaulted the force of Landi. He ordered the squadre to outflank the enemy, which they bravely did, while he, by a series of manœuvres which were too much for the skill of the Bourbon general, puzzled and confused him, and in the midst of his hesitation the Cacciatori charged with the bayonet. The enemy gave way, a desultory fire from the squadre pouring upon his flanks; and, as many of the Sicilian peasants were good marksmen, the execution done was severe. The fight lasted three hours, and Garibaldi lost 200 men. Several of his best officers were wounded. Baron Stocco Mannu, son of the eminent Italian of that name, and his own gallant boy, Menotti, were wounded. These noble young men behaved with great distinction, and none with more than Menotti Garibaldi. He was shot down while carrying a flag before the troops in a terrible charge. Thus Anita lived again in the person of him whom she bequeathed to the hero, beside whom she had often faced unblanched the storm of battle.

Garibaldi did not rest long to contemplate his laurels. The retreating enemy resisted at intervals, only to be driven back with renewed disgrace. The strategy of Garibaldi dazzled and distracted his opponents. His troops, and, occasionally, the Sicilian volunteers, fought heroically. In this career of victory they approached Palermo. Garibaldi had in the mean time proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily, ruling in the name of Victor Emmanuel:—

“Salemi, 14th of May, 1860.

“Giuseppe Garibaldi, commander-in-chief of the national forces 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.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"Stef. Turr, Adjutant-General."

The march upon Palermo was one of the boldest strategy, as it was one of the greatest difficulty. To advance by the way most feasible would have been to hazard the destruction of his small force, for Palermo was defensible against even a strong army approaching by the ordinary route, and the troops, Neapolitan and Bavarian, were numerous, and well appointed. Garibaldi made his way by the mountains, over places which neither goatherd nor traveller had ever trod. His few guns were at times dragged along by his men, and not unfrequently actually carried by them.

His plan was to enter Palermo by the southern side, passing the line of Neapolitans which were massed at Monreale and Parco. When he appeared upon the opposite slopes of the hills the Neapolitans retired to the plains, but reinforced by Colonel Bosco with a strong column, they again advanced, throwing themselves across the path of the intruder. By admirable strategy Garibaldi succeeded in deceiving and eluding them. He pretended to menace Parco, then affected to retreat on Corleone, placing Colonel Carini with a small force on the road, as if the rear-guard of his little army; he then crossed the mountains in the direction of Milismeri, upon which place he came on the 25th. He there collected the Sicilian squadre, and sent them, under the command of La Masa, to seize the heights between Parco and Palermo. The Neapolitan commander was taken by surprise. The squadre were attacked, but held their advantageous

position, and, on the 27th, Garibaldi and his volunteers appeared on the outskirts of Palermo, his riflemen occupying the Termini gate. Thither the Neapolitan General Lanza hastened with his troops, only to be repulsed and driven from post to post, until Garibaldi established himself in the city, showing as much skill in his choice of positions as he had in his extraordinary march upon the place. The Neapolitan squadron bombarded the city, causing the destruction of property, and sacrificing the lives of many women and children. The British Admiral Munday commanded a naval squadron in the harbour, and in vain protested against this barbarity.

The garrison still held the royal palace, the streets in its neighbourhood, and the forts, from which it might well be considered impossible that such a force as Garibaldi had at his command could ever dislodge them. Several days and nights of struggle and carnage ensued. Barricades were taken and re-taken. Repulses, with terrible slaughter, were made by the Garibaldians against the columns of Neapolitans which were launched against them. Street-fighting, with all its horrible accessories, raged. The Bourbonists murdered men, women, and children, in the houses. Plunder, massacre, and rape, all attended by new, ingenious, and atrocious cruelties, were perpetrated in the names of the king and of religion. Still Garibaldi fought and conquered; the enraged citizens struggled with every weapon they could collect; blood streamed through the streets of the stricken and shattered city. Amidst smoking ruins and bursting shells, the cry of the sufferers arose, "Long live Garibaldi, our Liberator!" "Long live Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel!" "Garibaldi has come, we shall be free!" "Down with Francis of Naples!" "Death to the Bourbons?" Sometimes the hero of this ter-

rible scene, surrounded by a few officers, without soldiers, defended a barricade, in hand-to-hand encounter, shooting down with their revolvers the assailants, or, sword in hand, stretching them lifeless on the barriers which interposed between them and a host. Never did ancient Romans achieve by personal valour so great a glory. Never did so few conquer so many.

It would only be suitable to professional readers to detail the skilful operations by which this noble struggle was sustained by Garibaldi. The popular reader, unless acquainted with the locality, its net-work of narrow streets, its salient points, its public buildings, their capacity for defence, their relative importance in military strategy, could form no conception of the genius displayed by Garibaldi, and the incredible audacity with which he pursued the plans he adopted. It would require a large volume to describe minutely the storming of Palermo.

General Lanza, disheartened and defeated, thought that, while he yet occupied the palace and forts, he might, through Admiral Munday, negotiate a surrender. He asked for an armistice of twenty-four hours, and a conference in the mean time on board the British flag-ship.

On the 30th of May the conference took place. Garibaldi's men needed repose; their hardships were intolerable, and many were sick and wounded; all were borne down by fatigue. The hero has ever since spoken with gratitude of Admiral Munday, and to the English nation, for the services then rendered by its representative. The gallant sailor's sympathies were with Garibaldi and the Palermians, and he showed considerable tact in the management of the negotiations, proving himself a skilful and merciful umpire.

The French, American, and Sardinian naval commanders were present. Two Neapolitan

generals, and Garibaldi, conducted the conference in their respective interests. An amusing incident excited the merriment of the English, French, American, and Sardinian officers. One of the Neapolitan generals, desirous to make good terms, by impressing a sense of his own consequence upon Garibaldi, observed to him, haughtily:—

"You must know that I am an old officer, that I have been through a great many campaigns, and that it has been the occupation of the greater part of my life to make war."

"If that be so, I congratulate you," answered Garibaldi, in a quiet and dignified manner. "For myself, I have only once seen military service in a regular army, and cannot therefore boast of possessing your experience in the art of making war."

All present, except the Neapolitan general himself, relished the *suaviter in modo* of this reply; the other Neapolitan officer's cheeks were mantled with shame. Garibaldi could give "the retort courteous" in conference, as well as the repulse in arms.

A second armistice was resolved upon for further negotiation, and, finally, a convention was signed on the 6th of June, by which the Neapolitans engaged to abandon Palermo, and all the rest of the island, except Messina, Melazzo, and some minor places deemed necessary to their support.

Whether Garibaldi's force could have ever driven them out it is impossible to say—probabilities are against it. If, however, he could hold his positions until Medici arrived from Genoa with 2,500 men, the reinforcements expected thence, there is no doubt he would have captured the city and the garrison. Probably this was what Lanza apprehended, for the words, "They come, they come!" echoed through Sicily, and friends and foes looked forth for the new Legion by which



the army of Garibaldi would be so seriously augmented.

But for the humanity, energy, vigilance, and influence of the British admiral, there would have been no city to conquer; the bombs of the Neapolitan squadron would have reduced it to a mass of smouldering ruins, but even upon the charred heaps of its desolations Garibaldi would have planted the Italian tricolour. Alas! it would have floated over piles of innocent dead. Nuns, monks, mothers, maids, children, babies upon the breast, remorselessly slaughtered by the hands of those calling themselves men, soldiers, and Christians! Dumas says:—

“A Frenchman, living in Palermo, brought a poor man to me who had been put under torture. The mildest of the punishments to which he had been condemned was, to tie his body and limbs together in the form of a ball, and then to let him roll down the whole length of the stairs of the royal palace. These stairs had been previously fitted with sharp nails and fragments of knife-blades. The other tortures he had to undergo were too horrible to relate. The sister of this poor man was violated by the Neapolitan soldiers at the period of their retreat. These monsters then cut off her head, and threw both head and body naked into the street, where some of our carabineers found them and humanely buried them.

“When the royalists were ordered to face the carabineers of Genoa—all good shots, who killed a man every time they fired—they rushed into several houses, and seizing all the women and girls they could find, forced them to march in front, and, with fixed bayonets closely pointed at their backs, drove them onward. But the carabineers, sure of their mark, were not baffled by this cowardly device, and took such steady aim at the intervals between the poor women, and over their heads, that, although some of them were wounded by the

Neapolitan bayonets, not one was touched by the balls of the carabineers; and so it befel that, notwithstanding this living rampart, the Neapolitans were put to flight.”

The butcheries of the Neapolitan troops and Bavarian mercenaries were as indiscriminate as they were sanguinary. The following letter to General Lanza by the representative of the Swiss government confirms this:—

“To his Excellency, Marshal Lanza, clothed with full powers by his Sicilian Majesty.

“Palermo, 2nd June, 1800.

“Your Excellency,

“Acting upon information received from various persons, to the effect that Alberto Tich Holzer, a native of Switzerland, husband of Donna Rosa Bevilacqua, living at No. 778, in the Grande Piazzetta, and shop No. 22 in the street leading from the Piazza Ballero to the Castro gate, had the misfortune to be pillaged and his house burnt; that his shop and warehouse were both plundered, and that his son, a boy of twelve years old, on endeavouring to escape from the flames, was shot by a soldier; inasmuch as no one was able to state what had become of the rest of the family, I thought it my duty to apply personally to his neighbours for some information that might assist me in my search, but none could give me any. Some supposed that the rest of the family had been arrested by the soldiers, and this was all I could gather on the subject, except that it might be possible that this numerous family had been taken to the convent of the White Benedictines, and confined in the refectory there, and there burnt when the soldiers set fire to the convent before retreating to the royal palace.

“As I could not possibly believe in the truth of such a report, I instantly repaired to

the above-mentioned convent to learn what I could on the spot.

"Making my way through a totally ruined part of the town, and amongst burnt houses, from which issued a pestilential odour, I asked every one I met what was the cause of such horrors, and from each of the few survivors in this quarter I received the same answer, namely, that all the marks of ruin I beheld had been caused by the troops, who, during their retreat towards the palace, after being repulsed from their defensive post at the Montalto gate, had slain every person they came in contact with. As soon as I arrived at the convent of the White Benedictines, I was shown a large space which I was told was the spot where the refectory had stood; there I found men busily engaged in bearing away burnt corpses, which I was told were the bodies of the people who lived in that part of the town, who had been arrested by the soldiers and locked up in the large dining-hall, and that, having done this, the soldiers had sacked the convent and then set fire to it.

"I then inquired of these grave-diggers how many dead bodies they had carried away; they said 'forty.' I next asked them how many they thought still remained, and they answered 'twenty.' Thus, there were no less than sixty persons slain in this convent alone. I therefore, with feelings of the greatest anxiety, turn to your Excellency to obtain some information with regard to the fate of my countryman; whether he is actually a prisoner with the rest of his family, or not; and trust you will give me any clue in your power as to the fate of these unfortunate people.

"I present my demand to your Excellency in the name of humanity and justice; and, in the event of their being prisoners, claim an order from your Excellency for their immediate deliverance, and for compensation for all the

damage my countryman may have received from the Neapolitan soldiers.

(Signed) "G. C. HIRZEL,  
"Agent of the Swiss Confederation."

Truly the hand of despotism is red with the blood of the innocent, as well as of the brave who have fallen in conflict with it. He that concedes anything to irresponsible government concedes all. Liberty must be held by the citizen's own hand, tempered and directed by his own honesty and wisdom, and guarded by his own sword.

There were many episodes in the capture of Palermo, curious, interesting, and touching.

During the hottest part of the conflict, a priest, styled Father John, an abettor of Garibaldi, advanced close to the enemy's line and preached a sermon upon union, fraternity, and liberty. A Bourbon officer snatched a musket from a soldier, fired, and broke in two the large crucifix carried by the benevolent, patriotic, and gallant priest. A Garibaldian instantly shot the officer dead, and springing forward, carried off his sword as a trophy. Father John demanded the scabbard as his share, on receiving which he placed it in his girdle, fixing his broken crucifix in the entrance, considering himself more than compensated. The incident had its effect on both sides; they regarded the whole in their superstitious habits of thought as a Divine interposition in favour of the priest, and the cause he advocated.

It will interest the reader to learn something of this Father John, Garibaldi's Sicilian chaplain, the successor of his beloved Ugo Bassi. On landing at Marsala, he presented himself to Garibaldi and offered his services, refusing to carry any weapon, but bearing a crucifix. In this mode he was in the front of every contest until the Italian flag floated over the

palace and forts of Palermo. Dumas, who visited Garibaldi in Sicily, relates the following amusing yet serious instance of the earnestness and patriotism of this good priest :—

“At Calatafimi, while the troops were resting after the battle, Brother John arrived with 150 men from his own parish, whom he had induced to follow him.

“Early on the following day the Italian army arrived at Alcamo; on approaching which place, Brother John, who rode at Garibaldi's side, whispered to him these words: ‘General, you must not forget that you are excommunicated.’

“‘I do not forget it, brother,’ replied the General; ‘but what am I to do?’

“‘This is what you must do, General: we are here in the midst of a religious people—more than religious, indeed—superstitious; therefore I am anxious that when you pass the church of Alcamo you would enter it for the purpose of receiving the benediction.’

“Garibaldi reflected for an instant; then making a sign in the affirmative, said, ‘Well, I will do as you wish.’

“Delighted with this concession, which he anticipated would be demurred to, Brother John galloped off to the church, there sought for a cushion for Garibaldi to kneel upon, endued himself in canonicals, and awaited the arrival of the General.

“But Garibaldi, either forgetting the promise he had made, or else, on further reflection, wishing to evade its performance, passed by the church without going in. Brother John noticed this evasive movement, and by no means relished it; so hastening out of the church, he seized Garibaldi by the arm and said, ‘What does this mean? Is this the way you keep your promise?’

“Garibaldi replied with a smile: ‘You are right, Brother John; I am wrong, and am perfectly willing to make the *amende honorable*.’

“‘Come into the church, then.’

“‘Yes, I will, Brother John.’

“And this redoubtable man (who, it would seem, by what the Neapolitan journals say, has received power from the Devil to emit fire from his eyes and mouth) not only allowed himself to be led by the priest like a child, but, actuated by a religious feeling that can never be wholly suppressed, knelt down on the outer step of the church before the eyes of the assembled population, the peasants, and the army.

“This was really going beyond what he had promised Brother John to do; who, seeing the good turn matters were taking, rushed into the church with that Italian vivacity which will burst forth even under priestly raiment, and, after taking possession of the holy sacrament, hastened back, exclaiming, ‘Let all behold; here is the victor humbling himself before Him who alone giveth victory!’

“Proud of this fresh triumph of religion over arms, he then proceeded to bless Garibaldi in the name of God, of Italy, and of Liberty.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The present extraordinary change of affairs seems almost to stupify this superstitious population, which was nearly starved under a Catholic viceroy, and is now fed by an excommunicated general. Brother John, indeed, does his best to explain this to them in his own way, by telling them that Pius. IX. is the Antichrist, and Garibaldi the Messiah!”

In accordance with the convention, the Neapolitans withdrew by sea. There were 27,000 men thus removed, who were unable to hold the city against 3,000, most of whom had recently been armed peasants.

## CHAPTER XX.

GARIBALDI AT PALERMO.—WHAT HE DID AND WHAT HE ORDERED TO BE DONE.—ENTHUSIASM OF THE NUNS AND THE JUVENILE POPULATION.

“Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum”

THE occupations of Garibaldi when master of Palermo have been exquisitely described in an article in the *Cornhill Magazine* (May, 1864), by a gentleman who was with him. These sketches are the only sources from which one can glean some of the incidents of that time. They are too touching and illustrative of the man to be omitted.

“Among the pleasant memories of personal contact with Garibaldi, none rise so vividly before my mind as the early morning rides about Palermo and its neighbourhood during the month that elapsed between the taking of that city and the battle of Milazzo.

“Frequent were the morning visits paid to the convents, in which the city and its environs abound. The nuns had been severe sufferers by the bombardment; the convents of St. Catherine and of Martorana were one mass of ruins, and several others were very much damaged. Nevertheless the romantic figure of Garibaldi had turned the heads of the saintly sisterhood, who were one and all piously enamoured of him. Not a day passed but offerings of candied fruits, preserves, syrups, sweetmeats, *cognate bocche di dama*, arrived at the Dictator’s residence, arranged in curiously-wrought baskets, interspersed with artificial flowers, filigree work, embroidered handkerchiefs and banners, accompanied by an inscription in gold letters on white satin, of which the following is a specimen:—

“‘To thee, Giuseppe! Saint and hero!

Mighty as St. George! Beautiful as the seraphim! Forget not the nuns of —, who love thee tenderly; who pray hourly to Santa Rosalia that she may watch over thee in thy sleeping and thy waking hours!’

“One morning, in accordance with a previous invitation, we visited the famous convent of —, outside the Porta —. The lady abbess met us at the vestibule, and taking the General by the hand, led the way to the refectory, where the tables spread for breakfast resembled a fancy fair—sugar castles, cupolas, temples, palaces, and domes; and in the centre a statue of Garibaldi, in sugar. The patient ingenuity of the nuns must have exhausted itself in the ornamental department of that sumptuous repast. With the exception of one or two venerables, and a few middle-aged, all the nuns were young, most of them of noble birth. As the General entered, the tress-shorn maidens clustered round him with timorous and agitated mien; but the benign and smiling countenance of the far-famed captain, the manners of the perfect gentleman, which are so essentially his, reassured them at once.

“‘How beautiful,’ exclaimed one. ‘He is the image of *Nostro Signore*,’ whispered another; while a third, in the heat of her enthusiasm, seized his hand and kissed it; he withdrew it, and she, springing on his neck, impressed a fervent kiss upon his lips. Her audacity proved contagious; it spread first to her young companions, then to the middle-

aged, to the venerables, and finally to the abbess, who at first seemed scandalised. We stood by, spectators!

"In the course of a month the General had visited nearly all the convents and charitable establishments. But it was not always an affair of kisses and sugar-plums. His aim was to penetrate the hitherto inviolable mysteries of those anti-social institutions; to discover and punish peculation, redress hidden wrongs, soothe misery, and by a stroke of the dictatorial pen put an end to abuses which long years of oppression had sanctioned. Many a victim of parental avarice or ambition found in him an instrument of providential justice.

"I think I have never seen him more deeply moved than during a visit to a female foundling hospital, where several hundred children were immured. From their own lips he heard the piteous story of their daily sufferings, tasted the mouldy bread, the yet more loathsome soup; while the foul odour that pervaded the rooms, the filthy rags that hung on the emaciated frames of the helpless creatures whose misfortune was visited on them as a crime, their haggard faces, the dilated pupils of their eyes, set the seal of truth on their harrowing stories. I saw the General's eye fill with tears as he stood in the midst of that group of misery, clinging to his knees, to his sword, to his hands; and when the brutal guardians attempted to explain or excuse their conduct, one glance of terrible scorn flashed upon the speaker silenced him more effectually than any spoken words.

"Leaving two of his aides to purchase food for the day, then to investigate and report, Garibaldi mounted his horse in silence, and we in silence followed. As we neared the Porta Nuova, he turned to the left, and keeping on the outside of the city wall we crossed the

spacious Piazza d'Arme, which extends from the eastern side of the city up to the foot of Mount San Pellegrino, and entered the shady avenue of the royal gardens—*della Favorita*. The roll of drums, and a cry of 'Galibardo! Galibardo!' echoed from the underwood, whence issued helter-skelter a swarm of boys in red cotton shirts, out at elbow, barefoot, and for the most part bareheaded. It should be said that as soon as he entered Palermo, the General ordered one of his old comrades of Monte Video to collect as many boys as he could, and drill them. The piazza was the theatre of their daily manœuvres, the ex-royal gardens serving as a cool retreat for their hours of repose.

"Major Rodi, whose left hand lost in the Monte Videan campaign was replaced by a wooden one, now came galloping along the front of his impish legion, shouting, 'Eyes right! dress!' then reining up his horse, he said—'General! at dawn a hundred barbers, got together with no small difficulty, came down to the sea-shore and shaved the boys' heads; then I had them well soaped and dipped—they swim like fishes. Now, one can approach them without danger.'

"At this piece of information Garibaldi burst out laughing. 'How many boys have you collected?' he asked.

"'Nearly two thousand. With the help of the three taris [about one shilling], we shall have all the progeny of Palermo.'

"My commissary-general grumbles sadly at the three taris, but I tell him that no benefit we can confer on these brave islanders can equal that of making soldiers of their sons.'

"'And soldiers they will make, General! and we shall have a regiment fit for fighting in a trice.' So saying, the major galloped off to incite his boys to a further exhibition of their

attainments, while the General, turning to me, said—

“ ‘None of these poor children can either read or write; I wish you would set on foot a school for them.’

“ ‘With all my heart, General!’

“ ‘Think over it, and come up to the Pavilion with the plan.’

“ On the morrow, having completed a rough plan for a military college, I went to the Pavilion to submit it to the General.

“ I found him on my return stretched on his little iron bed, his elbow on the pillow, his head upon his hand, evidently lost in thought. At the foot of the bed stood a small table, covered with papers, which served as his desk; in the opposite corner a basin and ewer; on the drawers a whip, or rather a slip of black leather, rolled up at one end to form a bundle, a wide-awake, a bandanna, a sword, and a box of cigars. A Mexican saddle, which served for a bed in the camp, hung over the back of a chair; a second chair completed the furniture of the carpetless room.

“ ‘Sit down and smoke,’ said the General; ‘that box contains cigars from Nice; they are all that remain to me of my poor country.’ Then with true Ligurian economy, he broke one in halves and began to whiff in silence.

“ I handed him my rough plan of a military college for the whole of Sicily, capable of receiving three thousand pupils, to be boarded, lodged, and educated gratuitously. He approved the project, but wished that the college should be adapted to six thousand pupils.

“ ‘Organise it immediately—don’t lose a moment,’ he said with animation.

“ ‘Very good, General; but remember that I came to fight. Will you allow me to do this work gratuitously, and to follow you when you march?’

“ ‘Yes; but you must work vigorously.’

“ ‘In order to do that, I must depend on you alone; if each step must await ministerial approbation, work that could be done in days will take as many months.’

“ Without replying, he took up a sheet of paper and wrote as follows:—

“ ‘COMMAND-IN-CHIEF OF THE NATIONAL ARMY.

“ ‘Palermo, June 24, 1860.

“ ‘Signor is by me authorised and ordered to organise the military college. For said organisation he is to be supplied with all necessary means.

“ ‘G. GARIBALDI.’

“ ‘Furnished with this mandate, I took my leave.’

The writer persisted in overcoming the various obstacles which presented themselves, and wonderful progress was made with the college. The boys, however, escaped in considerable numbers, having a desire to go to the wars.

“ On the morrow the foundling hospital for male children outside the Porta Macqueda, endowed with an annual income of seventeen thousand ducats, was, by a dictatorial decree, turned into a military college, to the delight of the sixty boys, who found themselves transformed into little soldiers.

“ From the raw material collected by Major Rodi, I chose my first battalion of boys, varying from fourteen to seventeen years of age; these I clothed, fed, and lodged in the ex-hospital. So enthusiastic was the General about the boy-college, that assistance poured in on every side. Officers from the famous thousand of Marsala, doctors, lawyers, judges, and students who had enlisted as volunteers in the bands that now swarmed down on Sicily from Upper Italy, proffered their services as teachers, or as non-commissioned officers. This educated intelligence, combined with energy, was precisely adapted to tame the vivacious,

impetuous, semi-barbarous elements with which we had to deal.

"I contented myself with a complete course of elementary military education, reserving the superior branches for a later period. The course concluded, it would depend on the way in which the pupils passed their examinations whether they left the college with commissions. The only terms of entrance were the birth registers and medical certificate. The schools were soon opened by competent masters, and in less than a month proceeded with all the regularity of old establishments. Drill, gymnastics, fencing, and target-shooting, kept the boys employed from dawn to sunset, and it was wonderful how soon the *gamins* of Palermo, many of them corrupt, all impatient of rule, were transformed into orderly and intelligent scholars.

"I appointed Major Rodi commander of the first battalion. During his long residence in the backwoods of America, ever at war with nature or the soldiers of Rosas, he had acquired certain looks, gestures, and movements suggestive of wild Indians. Some of his cries during drill, resembling the cries of certain animals, used to set my teeth on edge. His paternal tenderness for his *piccoli diavoli*, as he called the boys, was exceedingly touching, though, once off parade, by no means conducive to discipline.

"In order to deliver them from temptation, I gathered the remaining thousand into the convent of S. Pol, which by another dictatorial decree had been annexed to the college, and hurried on the organisation of the second battalion. With the aid of a corporal's guard, kindly furnished by Colonel D——, placed at the gate and at the four angles of the college, I hoped to have put a stop to further desertions. Colonel D—— was empowered by the General to form a brigade of Sicilians, and anticipating a speedy renewal of hostilities, he was straining

every nerve to fill up the vacancies. Seated in a chair in the middle of the esplanade adjoining the college, dressed in a suit of Indian silk, he drilled his troops with admirable patience and energy. They were all dressed in white, he having persuaded the head of the commissariat to purchase a magazine full of ex-Bourbon uniforms at the modest price of eight piastres per soldier. His admiration for my first battalion was unbounded; 'the martial aspect, the precise movements, the precocious physical development of those "dear boys" was wonderful;' he was delighted that his men should assist in guarding that 'gem of a college.'

"To Garibaldi, who was the true founder, it was as the apple of his eye. Accompanied by his staff, he visited the institute frequently, and was present every morning on parade. Dismounting, he would review each company separately, give invaluable advice to the officials, and animate the little soldiers by his presence.

"The fame of the college, the enthusiasm of the time, the increasing tendency towards equality which invariably follows on a revolution, the seductions of a military career during a time of war, and last, not least, the item *gratis*, caused application for admittance to pour in from all classes of Sicilians, and many were the demands from Upper Italy."

The conduct of these boys, some mere children, at the battle of Melazzo, was truly wonderful. The narrator already quoted had an opportunity of testing this, of which he gives a pathetic yet animated description.

"I arrived at 8 p.m.; the General was already in bed. As I came out of the palace, where he had taken up his quarters, I heard my own name called from the opposite balcony by Major M——. Entering the large gateway, and crossing a grass-grown, cloistered square, I found myself in a quondam monastery, now

converted into a hospital. In the long corridors lay the wounded of both camps, some on straw, but by far the greater number stretched on their cloaks, with their knapsacks for pillows. Major M—— looked pale and worn—literally broken down by fatigue. I asked him how the day had gone?

“‘It is ours! but the victory was dearly bought; my corps is decimated as usual.’

“As I passed down the left corridor, I heard a young voice crying, ‘Signor Comandante,’ and saw three lads lying on the straw, their once white uniforms stained with blood and mire.

“‘They are your boys; they deserted to Dunne,’ said my wife. ‘Come and see another,’ and she led me into a room opening out of the corridor, where, on one of the beds abandoned by the monks, lay a little fellow asleep, an ice-bladder on the stump of his lost left arm.

“‘It was amputated this afternoon,’ said

my wife. ‘Poor little mite, he is only twelve. He said, ‘I’ll be good if you’ll hold me, signora; if it hurts I won’t scream. I’ll only cry a little.’ I held him on my lap; he kept his word, and told me afterwards that I cried more than he did, which was quite true. Then he went fast asleep, as they nearly all do after an operation.’

“‘Are you angry with us, Signor Comandante?’ asked one of the elder lads, taking my hand and stroking it as I returned to them. ‘Such lots of our brigade are wounded or killed; our colonel says that after the battle of Melazzo, no one can say again that the Sicilians never fight.’

“I felt choking, I could not speak. I kissed their pale brows, put some money into their hands, and rushed out into the open air. Sad, indeed, is the night of a victory to one who has not shared the battle!”

## CHAPTER XXI.

LIBERATION OF CAPTIVES.—HELP FOR GARIBALDI.—FURTHER CONQUESTS IN SICILY.—DELIVERANCE OF THE WHOLE ISLAND.

“*Palmarum qui meruit forum.*”

UPON the departure of the Neapolitan and Bavarian troops, the prisoners held by them were of course liberated; they consisted of men of the highest families in Sicily, princes and nobles. The authorities did not trouble themselves to retain men of little note for any length of time in the gaols; they soon consigned such to death.

The liberation of the captives was a great day for Palermo. They were escorted with their families in five carriages. The town was gaily decorated with flags; the tricolour waved

from every window in the line of procession; the Garibaldian Legion, and the volunteers of Sicily, lined the streets, and the air was rent with the acclamations of the people. The liberated captives, their families, and the carriages which bore them, were covered with flowers and tricoloured ribbons cast from windows and balconies. Garibaldi was deeply affected by the scene, the substantial blessings which it celebrated, and the dearest of all these—Liberty.

Messina having become the head-quarters of



the Bourbons, and Palermo that of the Libérators, it was obvious that one or other of these places must become the centre of victorious operations, and the means of conquest or reconquest be organised at either. Garibaldi's activity soon decided this. Having pushed on a portion of his troops, he organised means of procuring accurate intelligence, in which he had the co-operation of the people. A despatch arrived from one of his advanced posts, as follows :—

"We have received the following from Messina, dated 12th June. 'The royal garrisons of Trapani, Termini, Agosta, Girgenti, Catania, and a part of that of Palermo, have arrived at Messina, which now contains in addition to these a great number of wounded, *shirri*, police agents, and civil employés. There are now at least 15,000 men there, either soldiers or auxiliaries of the government.'

"The following proclamation was immediately distributed among the royal troops, in the name of the people of Messina :—

"'Neapolitans!—You are the children of Italy; Italy! that land which stretches from Mount Cenis to the waters of Sicily, now red with blood.

"'Rise then in the name of Italy, in the name of Liberty!

"'The brave men of Varese and Como are with you and for you; and yet you fight against them! God said to Cain, "What hast thou done to thy brother?—now thou art cursed from the earth!"

"'Italy says to you, "What have you done to your brothers? You accursed ones!"

"'Every drop of blood spilt in Sicily draws down a curse on your heads, on the heads of your sons, and your sons' sons!

"'Neapolitans! Italy pardons you; but rise with the fire of your own volcanoes against those who bear no goodwill to Italy.'"

Agents were found who devised means of scattering this both in Messina and Calabria.

The government of the Dictator was greatly disturbed and scandalised by the banditti attacking and robbing innocent persons under pretence that they were Bourbonists, and assassinations and incendiarism were perpetrated in the name of liberty. A singular story is told, illustrating this, by the author of "The Garibaldians in Sicily." He was at Villafrati with Colonel Turr, who was ill :—

"I heard the steps of several horses approaching, which induced me to rise up and look out of the window.

"I then found that the party consisted of seven horsemen armed with guns and pistols, and that the two last men were mounted on the same horse. At the head of the troop rode a man who looked like the chief; he wore on his head a Neapolitan *kepi* with four braidings, indicative of the rank of captain, and by his side was suspended a dragoon's sabre with a silver knot. There was nothing in all this to attract my attention, but for a fact that I could not help noticing, namely, that half-a-dozen chickens were poking out of the saddle-bow of one of the horsemen. 'Upon my word,' said I to Turr, 'these fellows are not likely to starve.'

"Turr made an effort to rise for a moment, glanced at them hastily, and fell back on his bed without saying a word.

"'What are these men?' said I.

"'Some of La Masa's guerillas, I should say,' replied he.

"Then turning to me in a moment after, he continued, 'Just observe where they are going.'

"After watching them from the window, I informed him that they appeared to be taking the road towards Palermo.

"Major Spangaro then coming into the room,

Turr said to him, 'Major, see who those men are who have just gone by.'

" 'They are some distance off by this time,' remarked I; 'I can just see them winding round the other side of the village.'

" 'General,' asked a young officer who watched at Turr's bedside, 'shall I take a horse and bring back their captain to you?'

" 'Take four men and bring the whole body of them; do you hear, Carbone?'

" 'Oh, there's no need for that,' replied the officer; 'why disturb four men for them?—I'll go alone.' He then left the room, and mounting a horse without a saddle, galloped after them.

" Turr began talking with the major, while I went to the balcony and followed the movements of the young officer. In less than ten minutes he came up with the little troop. The captain had turned his head several times already; but as he only saw one man following them, he did not trouble himself about him. From the window where I was I could see everything, and guess, from their gestures, what was passing, although I could not, of course, hear a word they said.

" 'Well,' exclaimed Turr, 'can you see them?'

" 'Perfectly.'

" 'What are they doing?'

" 'Nothing yet; they appear to be chatting together in a friendly manner. But stay—what's going on now? The captain has this moment sprung off his horse, and is clutching his gun, whilst Carbone, having drawn his revolver, is placing it against the other's breast.'

" 'Quick!' shouted Turr; 'send off four men instantly to assist Carbone.'

" 'It is needless; the chief of the troop has remounted his horse, and is obediently turning his head this way, followed by his seven men,

evidently by Carbone's orders, who brings up the rear with his revolver in his hand.'

" At the end of five minutes the head of the little column appeared in the street approaching the general's quarters, and not long after they halted at the door.

" 'Tell Carbone to come up to me alone,' said Turr; 'and—but, before he comes, to place these fellows in charge of his comrades.'

" I accordingly summoned Carbone, but there was no need to caution the Garibaldians to keep watch over the seven horsemen, as they had already formed a pretty secure living barrier round them.

" 'Well,' said Turr to Carbone, as he entered the room, 'it appears they made a show of fighting?'

" 'Yes, general; but, as you see, it ended better than I had at first anticipated.'

" 'Well, now tell me all that happened. Do not omit the least detail. Before I see their chief I want to know what sort of a man he is.'

" 'General, I came up with them about fifteen hundred paces from here; and feeling then that I was engaged on a more difficult mission than I had anticipated, I addressed their chief first in a polite manner.'

" 'Quite right,' said Turr laughing, 'always be polite, Carbone; and pray what did you say so politely?'

" ' "Noble captain," said I to him, "the general has sent me to inquire where you are going." "I am going to Palermo," he replied. "I am glad of it," I rejoined, "for the general has despatches and a sum of money to send to Palermo, and wishes you to take charge of them." "What, I?" "Yes, you; he therefore desires you to come to his lodgings, so that he may intrust them to you." "I am very sorry," replied the chief, "but I have no time—" "Oh, if that is the case, a different

turn must be given to the matter; instead of making a request, I must desire you to obey his order." "By what authority?" "By his authority, as your superior officer. If you are an officer, as your *kepi* and sabre denote, you must obey him; but if you are not an officer, I must arrest you for wearing those things which you have no right to assume." Then, continued Carbone, 'he made a quick movement indicative of an intention to dismount and make use of his gun, but I promptly drew forth my revolver, and, pointing it to his breast, said, "I'll kill you instantly if you do not follow me." This he made up his mind to do, and we have got him.'

"'Very good, indeed,' said Turr; 'now let him come up.'

"I was about to leave the room, when Turr called out to me, 'Stop; he is most likely some sort of bandit, so there is no harm in your witnessing what may take place. Moreover, you have a special right to be here: it was through you we were led to arrest him.'

"It was, I found, of no use demurring, so I agreed to remain. Soon after, the door opened, when a man, between twenty-five and twenty-eight, of fair complexion, with blue eyes, and rather tall, entered, with an air of remarkable assurance; but seeing Turr lying on his couch, he stopped short and turned pale.

"Turr, on his part, fixed his truthful eye firmly on him, but without showing any signs of astonishment beyond a curl of his moustachioed lip.

"'Oh,' said Turr, 'it's you, is it?'

"'Excuse me, general,' replied the prisoner, 'but I do not know you!'

"'Well, then, I know you! Try to march without limping.'

"'I cannot, general; I am wounded in the leg.'

"'Yes, by a ball above the knee; but it was

not in the face of the enemy that you received that ball.'

"'General, indeed——'

"'It was when you tried to rob the treasury of Santa Margarita. Yes, I know you,—you are Santo Meli. I had you in my hands at Rena; and you would have been shot then and there if we had not been forced to march on hastily to Parco. I then delivered you over to Santa Anna, who did not guard you well; but I will take good care now not to transfer you to any one's charge, and you will be the better guarded, I warrant.' Then turning to Major Spangaro, he said, 'Major, to-morrow you will hold a court-martial, of which you are to be the president, on this man. Now disarm him, some of you, and take him to prison.'

"An officer advanced and took away the prisoner's sabre, while two soldiers, taking their places, the one on his right, the other on his left hand, led him out of the room. 'Well,' said I to Turr, 'you are getting on briskly, my dear fellow!'

"'That is how we must deal, in such a troublesome time, with those who are robbers, murderers, and incendiaries.'

"'But are you sure all the time that this man comes under this threefold category?'

"'Yes; for he has robbed the treasury of Santa Margarita, assassinated a goldsmith at Carleone, and burnt the village of Calaminia; but he shall be tried, and all this will come out, you will see. He shall not be shot without good reason.'

"'You think, then, that he will be shot?'

"'I feel pretty sure of that. We were only just before talking about the diligence being stopped. Well, if two or three more affairs of this sort should happen, they will say in our reactionary papers that, since the Bourbons have been driven out of Sicily, no one can be safe in moving out of his house

alone. My friend Garibaldi, in his Roman campaign, ordered one of his soldiers to be shot for stealing thirty sous from an old woman. Garibaldi possesses no other property than two pairs of trousers, two red shirts, two neckties, a sabre, a revolver, and an old felt hat. Garibaldi must needs borrow a *carlin* in order to give alms to some poor creature, for the simple reason that he has never such a coin in his own pocket; but this self-denial does not prevent the Neapolitan papers from calling him a fillbuster, or the French papers from designating him as a pirate. In the times in which we live one must be trebly brave, pure, and just, not to be calumniated to some extent. With such claims, one may hope to be appreciated at the end of a dozen years by one's enemies; but it takes nearly double that time to receive that justice from those whom one has served. Now, pray go to breakfast, for it is high time; and send me some broth made by yourself, and a spoonful of some preserved fruit if you can find any.' "

The brigand was tried; but doubts of his object in perpetrating the alleged crimes arising, he was sent to head-quarters at Palermo for the further investigation of his case.

Thus, with care, prudence, lenity, yet with impartial justice, the officers and agents of the Dictator conducted the military and civil government of the portion of the island under his control, as afterwards when he was supreme in every part.

Soon after this, tidings arrived from Genoa that 40,000 muskets and a steam-ship had been purchased for the expedition, and that 45,000 men in Italy had enrolled their names as volunteers.

Arms, ammunition, a ship, and a number of English and a few Irish volunteers arrived.

Several British officers of ability and energy joined our hero at this juncture.

Colonel Medici (who was amongst the recent arrivals) was ordered to occupy Barcellona and Mri preparatory to an advance against Messina. Colonel Fabrizio was directed to hold the heights commanding the road to that city which leads from Melazzo.

About the middle of July an intercepted letter—from the general commanding at Messina to Colonel Bosco, commanding at Melazzo—fell into the hands of the ever vigilant and active Medici. The purport of the letter was that in a few days he would join Bosco with 8,000 men, and so overwhelm the Garibaldians with a force they could find no means to resist. Medici telegraphed to Garibaldi, who was at Palermo, who had just been reinforced by 900 men, under Major Corte, from Gaeta. The Dictator embarked these troops on the *City of Edinburgh* steamer on the 17th, and arrived at Patti next night. A Neapolitan man-of-war was on the watch to prevent any maritime operations, but a Sardinian man-of-war became the escort of the *City of Edinburgh*, and ensured its safety. The troops at once marched to the assistance of Medici. Upon Garibaldi's arrival he determined to attack Bosco on the 20th, then strongly posted at Melazzo.

The town of Melazzo is built on a promontory, near where it joins the mainland. From the elevated ground towards the sea, a castle with a powerful armament of guns overlooked the place. The Neapolitans garrisoned this castle and occupied the approaches to the town, and the farmhouses, gardens, and some marshy and wooded land in its vicinity. They consisted of four battalions of rifles, the 15th regiment of the line, two squadrons of dragoons, and 500 artillerymen, and small detachments of scientific corps. The regiment

of the line was Neapolitan, the rifles were Swiss and German Jagers, the cavalry were Bavarians, and the remainder of the force were of all these, but especially Neapolitans.

Garibaldi's little army consisted of 4,400 men, disciplined and irregular. He had but three pieces of cannon, old, and of inferior calibre. The Neapolitan force was well equipped and organised, and their commander, Bosco, had boasted that he "would drive the ragged Garibaldians off the island." He was not, however, destined to effect this by the battle of Melazzo, although the escape of Garibaldi from death or capture was narrow.

Garibaldi resolved, as usual, to assume the offensive. He placed on his left the battalions commanded by Mallenchini. His right lay along the Miri road to Melazzo, and consisted of a few companies of Cosenz' infantry and the 900 men, newly arrived from Italy, under Corte. The centre and reserves consisted of the battalions of Corras and Vacchieri, chiefly Sicilian volunteers, and the battalions of the British colonel, Dunne, which was composed of Sicilian peasants—men not of a brave temperament, nor disposed to endure with tenacity. Dunne was just the man to command them. He was resolute and competent.

At 7 o'clock in the morning of the 20th the attack commenced. The Neapolitans had plenty of cover; they fought behind trees and shrubs, garden walls and embankments, and after a contest of three hours, when all Garibaldi's reserves were brought up, no impression had been made upon the Neapolitan position. Garibaldi became convinced that only by manœuvres, at once skilful and daring, could victory be obtained. He selected fifty men of Dunne's Sicilians, and attended by his gallant aides-de-camp, Missori and Statella, he turned Bosco's right.

Just at this moment Colonel Dunne, with

his *picciotti* debouched on the high road skirting the walls of a garden defended by a company of the enemy's Jagers. Dunne ordered a detachment of his men to climb the wall and dislodge the enemy. The men were cowards, and in vain did the gallant colonel use his sword to keep them in front; the most they could be got to perform was to keep up a skulking fire near the garden wall. A writer who was on the field of battle soon after the event, and who talked with those who served,\* relates what then occurred in a manner which, were not the honesty of the writer unquestionable, should be regarded as incredible. He states that the colonel (who must indeed be a strong man to perform the feat), seizing one of his men by the shirt, threw him over the wall, and repeated this exploit, until the Neapolitans seeing them descend into the garden, as if from the air, fled crying, "*A malora! Volano! volano!*" ("They fly! they fly!")

At this juncture, Garibaldi, having with his small band turned Bosco's flank, was placed in circumstances of extraordinary peril; it was, indeed, one of the greatest dangers of his life of hazard. His small party had been strengthened by some of the Guides and a small detachment of the Genoese carabinieri, and the whole emerged upon the road, Garibaldi mounted. They sought at once to make available the advantage they had gained, having completely turned the enemy's right. They rushed to a charge, and were met by a fire of grape and canister so terrible, that only the Dictator himself, his aides-de-camp, and six or seven men, remained erect; all the rest were killed, or lay wounded upon the road. Garibaldi's stirrup and boot were partly carried away; his horse was wounded, and he was

\* Count Arrivabene.

obliged to dismount. Missori's horse was killed. A reinforcement from Dunne's irregulars arrived, but Garibaldi did not entertain the hope of capturing the battery which had inflicted such loss upon him, with men of that stamp. He placed himself at their head, and charged through the reeds of a marshy piece of ground, where the riflemen of the enemy were posted, as well as in the skirts of an orchard of Indian figs. He cleared these coverts of their crouching occupants, and ordered Missori and Statella, by climbing a wall close to the dangerous battery already referred to, to endeavour to carry it in that way. At the head of fifty men they executed the movement, but, to their amazement, and almost to their horror, saw Garibaldi on the road, standing alone, with his sword in his hand. Just as the gun was captured, a charge of Neapolitan cavalry was made upon the victors. The Garibaldians being Dunne's Sicilians, did not know how to receive a charge of cavalry, and broke away to the right and left, on the one side against the garden wall, on the other along the thick plantation of fig-trees. They opened fire upon the careering horsemen, bringing down numbers as they passed. Had these troopers been well commanded they might have sabred the Sicilians, but they were surprised and alarmed by the reception they had met with, so contrary to the practice of infantry when receiving cavalry. It was, however, necessary to get back, and they again charged along the road. Garibaldi, his aides-de-camp, and a few men, barred the way. Garibaldi seized the bridle of the Bourbon commander's horse, and demanded that the officer should surrender. "Rather," was the reply, "it is you that must surrender," accompanying his bold words with a sabre cut at Garibaldi, who, parrying the blow, gave a back cut upon the horseman's cheek, by which

it was laid open. The hero was surrounded by several troopers; he wounded one with a sword-thrust, and defended himself against the others. His pistols he had, unfortunately, left in his holsters when his wounded horse became unmanageable. Missori, his aide-de-camp, shot two of them with his revolver, and the horse of a third; the dismounted trooper rushed upon Missori, who, by the butt of his revolver, fractured his skull. Statella also shot one of Garibaldi's assailants. Dunne's soldiery gradually closed in, and, headed by Garibaldi and his dashing aides-de-camp, captured or slew the greater part of the cavalry.

Medici, by skilful movements and great audacity, having rallied the discouraged and embarrassed troops on the left, forced himself upon the narrow slip of land which lies between the mainland and Melazzo, and seized a bridge. This was decisive of the battle. Garibaldi immediately joined Medici at that point; the enemy retreated to the city. Garibaldi ordered Medici to hold the bridge, while he repaired on board the *Veloce* (the Bourbon ship of war, the crew of which having seized it, brought it over to the patriots), and, climbing the shrouds, he could see the precise attitude of Bosco's force. Then, directing the guns of the ship with great precision, he prevented the retreat from being covered; and throwing shells into the city, most of the Neapolitans were compelled to take shelter in the fort. Garibaldi left the ship, and directed a musketry fire in the streets to dislodge the enemy occupying any position there. Next day Bosco capitulated.

During this conflict the Bavarians fought better than the Neapolitans, and the Swiss mercenaries better than either. The loss of Garibaldi was terrible, one fourth of his whole force was *hors de combat*. A large proportion of his bravest officers was wounded.

The terms of capitulation were, that Bosco and his men should be allowed to embark for Naples, under parole, not to be in arms against Garibaldi for three months. Arms, ammunition, and all material of war, as well as horses and provisions, to remain with the conquerors. The beaten forces sought to take

away with them various matters upon which they had set their hearts; and Bosco himself desired to bring his steed with him, but Garibaldi was inexorable; the garrison was permitted to leave, but all the valuables remained with the conquerors.

## CHAPTER XXII.

CAPITULATION OF MESSINA.—SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS OF GARIBALDI AMONG THE NEAPOLITAN TROOPS.—NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF MALAZZO.—ARMS AND AMMUNITION.—LETTER OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.—FATHER GAVAZZI'S DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF THE LIBERATORS.—OBSTINACY OF THE KING OF NAPLES PREPARES THE WAY FOR GARIBALDI.

"The rugged foremost, that with grave foresight  
Wields kingdoms, causes, and affairs of state."—SPENSER.

SCARCELY had the garrison of Melazzo got to sea, than another letter from the commander at Messina was intercepted, in which he informed the commander at Melazzo, that he was ordered to send the greater portion of his troops to Naples. Garibaldi knowing the indecision of General Clary, and rightly concluding that his troops were demoralised, resolved to prevent their departure, except under terms such as those submitted to by Bosco. Accordingly the Dictator ordered Medici to march upon Gesso and thence to Messina. General Clary at once entered into a convention to surrender the city and its forts, retaining the citadel; the city and harbour not to be bombarded from the citadel unless under provocation by some breach of the convention.

Thus these troops were detained while our hero prepared for his continental enterprise.

The moral effect of his victories preceded his continental expedition. The superstitious soldiers who had fought against him circulated in Naples upon their return thither the wildest

stories, such as that Garibaldi was eight feet high; that with a single blow of his sword he could cut a man in two; that fire escaped from his nostrils; that he purchased impunity in danger by selling his soul to the devil; that at Calatafimi he received 150 musket balls in his red shirt, and after the battle shook them all out, he escaping unharmed.

Alexander Dumas gives the following interesting account of Garibaldi and his soldiers after the conflict at Melazzo:—

"I had witnessed all the movements of the battle from the deck of my yacht, and now longed to rejoin Garibaldi and hail him as the victor. I accordingly proceeded to land, and in the midst of the last musket-shots entered Melazzo.

"It is difficult to give any idea of the disorder and terror which prevailed in the town, never very patriotic in feeling, it is said. The dead and the wounded were lying in the streets, and the house of the French consul was full of

dying men. General Cosenz was amongst the wounded.

"None could tell me where Medici and Garibaldi were to be found, until I perceived Major Cenni in the midst of a group of officers, when he volunteered to take me to the General; and after considerable difficulty we found him lying under the porch of the church, with his staff asleep around him. He was lying on the pavement with his saddle for a pillow, quite worn out and fast asleep. Near him stood his supper—a bit of bread and a jug of water. The sight threw me in imagination 2,500 years back: it seemed to me as if I stood before Cincinnatus. May God preserve him to you, my dear Sicilian friends! Should you lose him, the whole world will never be able to provide you with such another.

"The General soon opened his eyes, and on recognising me, desired me to keep by his side the whole of the following day."

"I was prompted by a feeling of curiosity to see how his orders had been carried out, and therefore proceeded to the gates of the town, where I found one solitary sentinel, almost dead with fatigue, on the watch, in the midst of fifteen of his comrades fast asleep. The sentinel was obliged to walk about briskly in order to avoid falling asleep too, and even then found it very difficult to keep his eyes open. With respect to the barricades, they were formed of a few tables, chairs, and planks, over which a child could easily jump; those who had undertaken their construction had fallen asleep very soon after they had commenced their work. These brave fellows, like the Spartans of Leonidas, considered their breasts sufficient ramparts to resist the enemy. As I left the town, I prayed to Heaven that Bosco might not be prompted to make a breach through these unyielding living ramparts."

One of Garibaldi's chief cares was to obtain

arms. The weapons with which his troops had fought were very inferior. The muskets, of an old and clumsy pattern, and although often borne by good marksmen, could with difficulty be made serviceable. Alexander Dumas undertook to go to France, purchase, and carry back a large number of the best arms. Garibaldi gave him a letter of credit upon the Municipality of Palermo, but forgot to sign "Dictator" after his name. The Duke de la Verdura, who officiated as syndic, refused the money, observing that Garibaldi might be killed, and then the municipality would have to pay it. When he heard this, Garibaldi wept at the ingratitude of those whom he daily risked his life to serve. He had rescued the people of Palermo from bondage, liberating their noblest families from cruel incarceration: here was one of these nobles, even holding rank and office at the Dictator's will, refusing to assist the arming of his troops for the rescue of a sister land. The order was not for quite the sum of £5,000. Dumas obtained 1,000 muskets, 550 rifles, 10,000 cartridges, and 50,000 percussion caps. These were safely delivered in Messina before the close of August.

While Garibaldi remained in Sicily he had much to trouble him. The government of the French Emperor showed, in various ways, hostility to his enterprises, and a certain amount of sympathy with the Neapolitan Bourbons. There were various opportunities for these displays in Sicily, but from the court of Turin they were still more obvious. French agents did much to bias the court and cabinet of Victor Emmanuel to the prejudice of Garibaldi. Unhappily the exertion of such influences was not confined to French emissaries; other European governments did their best to separate Victor Emmanuel from his most loyal and useful subject, and Italy's most noble and magnanimous citizen. One Count



Giulio Litta arrived in the island in July, upon a diplomatic errand. The count was the bearer of a letter from the King of Sardinia, or King of Italy, as he was even then frequently designated. The letter was as follows :—

“General,

“You know that I did not approve of your expedition, and that I was entirely foreign to it; but to-day the very grave circumstances in which Italy is placed make it a duty to enter into direct communication with you.

“In the event of the King of Naples consenting to evacuate the whole of Sicily, voluntarily abandoning all sort of action, and formally pledging himself to exercise no pressure whatsoever upon the Sicilians, so that the latter may freely pronounce their will, and choose the mode of government which they may prefer, I believe it will be wise in you to renounce altogether any further enterprise against the kingdom of Naples. In the contrary event, I expressly reserve my entire liberty of action, and relieve myself from comment in regard to your projects.

“Your affectionate

“VICTOR EMMANUEL.”

The policy of the Sardinian court was to profit by Garibaldi's exploits whenever success attended them; to neglect and disown him in his enterprises, the success of which they desired; and, as afterwards at Aspromonte, to slay him, if necessary, for attempting objects which, by indirect and underhand means, the promoters of that policy had incited him to undertake.

Garibaldi, with all his loyalty and affection towards the king, respectfully conveyed, through the count, his resolution if possible to deliver

Naples from its present oppressions and degradation.

At the moment that Count Litta presented his credentials to Garibaldi as a messenger from Victor Emmanuel, several British officers were with Garibaldi, and a scene arose very flattering to the English nation. An Italian nobleman,\* also present on the occasion, thus describes it :—

“Carresimi and Missori, the hero of Melazzo, who wore the insignia of a major, introduced us to Garibaldi's apartments. It was swarming with officers and private soldiers, busily at work, and talking with all the force of their lungs. Padre Gavazzi was also there. He had exchanged the gown of the Barnabite monks for the red shirt of the Garibaldians, and was to be the Peter the Hermit of the National Crusade.

“When we were ushered into the room of Garibaldi, he was writing despatches at a small table, for he intended to start in a few hours for Gesso, where Colonel Medici had preceded him. His manners were, as usual, very cordial and kind, and he said that he was most grateful to the English people for all they had done to help the cause.

“‘I am very proud,’ he proceeded, addressing Count Litta, ‘of having some English officers and soldiers amongst my troops. They represent that great nation which will always be the defender of freedom in Europe.’

“Colonels Peard and Dunne were present, and they naturally thanked the General.

“‘I am not flattering either your countrymen or you, gentlemen,’ said the Liberator, turning towards the two English officers. ‘I am satisfied with you and your companions; and I mean exactly what I say.’” . . .

“How strange a spectacle did that army

\* Count Charles Arrivabene.

present! What a variety of uniforms did it exhibit—flannel shirts of every colour, white bournouses, and feathered Puritan hats! Here comes by a well-known countess in a half-hussar, half-amazonian dress; there, the sharpshooters of Colonel Peard are parading in their brown blouses. Down below, several of Dunne's regiment are being drilled by their English officers, the elegance of whose red jackets contrasts with the rougher costume of their comrades. On the left of a dirty osteria, towards the beach, a hut has been constructed; and a large inscription tells the passer-by that the 'Albion Club' has been established there. British activity is never at fault; where there are ten Englishmen there must be a club. It is true that the Albion Club at Faro was only a poor hut, the floor of which was covered with a mat, while two rough wooden benches served for divans. But there was always a glass of wine to be had there, and a sausage and crust of bread were never wanting. Towards noon, you had also a chance of securing what at Faro in those days was called a dinner—*i.e.*, an omelet, plenty of fried fish, and excellent figs."

Deputations from all the continental Neapolitan provinces began to arrive at Messina, urging upon Garibaldi a descent upon the coast. These delegates were composed of all ranks in society, from the nobleman to the peasant, many of the latter class wearing singularly picturesque dresses, and showing an acquaintance with the political situation not to be expected from them. Continental Naples was ripe for revolt, and all who were discontented looked to Garibaldi as their destined liberator.

The expedition was determined upon; the organisation of the liberating army proceeded with efficiency and rapidity; national guards were enrolled in all the cities and many of the rural districts of the island, to protect it from reactionary plots or foreign attack.

The King of Naples prepared for the coming event. He granted a constitution, which came too late; the people received it without thanks, and used it to acquire more facility for military preparation to aid Garibaldi. The king sent an emissary to him, proposing to place 50,000 men and a fleet at his disposal for the invasion of Venice. Either this was a ruse, to trap the Dictator, or, willing even to do this to save himself, the Bourbon was as unfaithful to Austrian and Papal policy as he was to his oath, sworn to his own subjects. The Dictator refused any terms with so false a man. The king sent an envoy to Turin to propose a treaty offensive and defensive with Victor Emmanuel, who declined any political connection. Nothing remained for the Bourbon dynasty but to meet by force the impending crisis of its fate. The king's stubbornness, and high sense of prerogative, impeded the ministers who were willing to aid him.

By the ninth article of the constitution, he was to disband the Bavarians, with whom the liberal royalists, and even the more moderate native advocates of absolute royalty, were unwilling to co-operate. The king violated this article.

His ministers required to be consulted in the conduct of the war; they received an arrogant reply, that to make peace or war remained with the sovereign, and he would forego none of his rights. One of his generals, whom he relied much upon, and who had fought in Sicily, declared he could not command the same men, as they acted more like brigands than soldiers; many of them were Bavarians and Swiss mercenaries. The king consigned the officer to a dungeon. Proud and impracticable, he pushed aside with iron sceptre all proffered services, and frowned upon all wise and moderate counsels. The entreaties of his ministry, and the citizens of Naples, that he would conduct the

war on a plan which, whether successful or otherwise, would spare the capital from bombardment or storm, he treated as if he felt the matter only so far as regarded his own convenience.

Even when his states were in open revolt, and the Garibaldians were in Calabria, he remained deaf to counsel and remonstrances, as obstinate as he was cruel.

Probably he relied upon the promises which he alleged both the governments of Piedmont and France made to him, that Garibaldi should not be permitted to pass the straits of Messina; but his ministry could place no faith in either country, the policy of both Cavour and Napoleon having been so clearly proved to be unscrupulous in the attainment of any end. Whatever sincerity the French Emperor might have felt in wishing to keep Garibaldi out of Naples, his desire was only partly entertained by Cavour. The latter actually urged the Neapolitan liberals to revolt in favour of Victor Emmanuel, but pressed them to make the attempt without accepting assistance from Garibaldi, whose honesty and moral exaltation Cavour constantly feared. The Neapolitan leaders showed how hopeless such an attempt must prove, and Cavour was not unwilling to accept for his master so splendid a prize at any cost.

The Bourbon king constantly received intelligence which he concealed from his ministers, pursued a furtive policy, and issued military directions at variance with the judgment of his constitutional advisers and his most skilful military friends.

He was not unwilling to abandon the island of Sicily to Victor Emmanuel, or to recognise its independence, provided Garibaldi was not its ruler, and that the government of Turin guaranteed the integrity of his continental dominions.

When he knew that a few Garibaldians under Missori (the hero of Melazzo) had landed in Calabria (as will be shown in another chapter), he sent for M. Brenier, the French minister, requesting him to use the naval resources in the bay to prevent the main body of Garibaldi's army from crossing the straits, and pleading his right to this demand from the promise which he affirmed was made by the French government. The minister declared that he officially knew nothing of such a pledge, and dare not take upon himself so great a responsibility. In fact, the understanding in Italy, France, and Austria, among all concerned, was that the Treaty of Zurich had established the principle of non-intervention between princes and peoples in the peninsula. The French minister therefore could not interfere unless the commands laid upon him by his court were imperative. Besides, England had protested against intervention, and the British admiral had shown unmistakable symptoms of a disposition to prevent it.

The king then inquired, "Will you advise me what to do?"

"Sire," replied M. Brenier, "since your Majesty does me the honour of asking my advice, I beg to state that, were I in your place, I would place myself at the head of my army, and march out against Garibaldi, leaving the province of Salerno in charge of General Pianelli, and the town of Naples under the protection of the national guard. The presence of your Majesty in Calabria would prevent any attempt at defection in your army, and would also tend to encourage the troops to fight. In case of defeat the town of Naples would be spared, and the king could then proceed either to Trieste or to Vienna; thus leaving on the last page of his history a just claim to the gratitude of the Neapolitan people."

The king continued to reflect a little longer,

and then said, "After the first success that I may gain, I will do what you advise; but that is an essential preliminary."

At length the period approached for the expedition. Garibaldi had collected 12,000 men, and 6,000 more were expected to join him in Calabria from northern Italy. His troops were impatient for action, and filled with patriotic enthusiasm for the liberation of another, and one of the fairest portions of their glorious Italy. Still they awaited with subordination the hour when their far-seeing chief

would give the signal for embarkation. They looked forth with longing eyes upon the sea from their rude camp, which, with its red-shirted occupants, as one described it, looked "like a cornfield sprinkled over with poppies."

Various attempts at embarkation failed from the vigilance of the Neapolitan ships of war; but the troops were gaining in these adventures, as well as preparing, by improved discipline on shore, for the great and glorious enterprise which was to add new power and lustre to Italian unity and independence.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

FIRST INVASION OF CALABRIA.—MYSTERIOUS VISITORS AT MESSINA.—SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF GARIBALDI.—GRAND INVASION OF CALABRIA.—STORMING AND CAPITULATION OF REGGIO, AND RETREAT OF THE RELIEVING ARMY.—REVOLUTIONARY PREPARATIONS AND OUTBREAKS.

'O Freedom!—

'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep for one moment in chains."—MOORE.

WHEN the fulness of time arrived, Garibaldi resolved to throw a small body of men upon the coast of Calabria for the purpose of surprising a place of some strength, so as to form a base of operations, facilitate the landing of the main body, and quicken the people to insurrection. The officer upon whom the honour of this forlorn hope was conferred was the intrepid Major Missori, to whom Garibaldi was mainly indebted for the preservation of his life at the terrible battle of Melazzo. It was indeed a forlorn hope; 200 men, but all picked from the old Cacciatori of the Alps, who fought under Garibaldi in Lombardy.

Deep was the sensation in camp and city when the little squadron of boats received their freight of heroes. Many a prayer was breathed for their safety and their success, many a

benediction uttered, and cheers and adieus were shouted by their fellow braves. The night was dark but still, just such as Garibaldi desired. It gave security to the passage and the landing, and hope of effecting the surprise. The signal of their success was to be a flame of fire sent up from the conquered fort. The gloom which obscured the heavens had its disadvantages as well as its facilities. Six of the fishing boats lost company with the rest of the flotilla, and unable to regain it, returned. This circumstance very much weakened the number of the little band. The obscurity also prevented those who gained the shore from landing at the spot most likely to give security to their advance. On the coast they lost their way, and were encountered by Neapolitan patrols. The ringing clangour of the mus-

ketry was heard distinctly at Messina, and told the sad truth that the object of the expedition had not been obtained. The sound of musketry died away, and no signal fires pierced the gloom of the horizon. Suspense and grief rested upon the heart of Messina. The dauntless chief still hoped; he knew Missori well. Time rolled on, when slender streaks of fire flashed up the dark distance. What could it mean? This was not the beacon of victory; it was not over the locality of the fort that was to be the fruit of the surprise. Higher and broader the flame ascended, until it assumed the form of a glowing pillar surmounted by the density of a preternatural darkness. A Calabrian in Messina at once exclaimed, "They are safe! they have taken to the hills; that flame shoots up from my native village; they are in the midst of friends and allies!" Joy and hope were again ascendant in camp and city, which retired to repose, believing that Missori and his faithful few had toiled up the steep, and found shelter at a distance from their foes.

Such was the fact: the pickets of the enemy, believing that Garibaldi and his army were there, fired and fled. Thoughts of their own safety occupied the garrison too much to allow of the idea of pursuit. Missori passing unobserved between the enemy's outposts, gained the hills, and found friends and asylum. He discovered means next morning to communicate with Garibaldi. Missori passed from village to village, raising insurrection, until, by the middle of August, his band had increased to a brigade of 2,000 men. Every night Garibaldi knew the position of his lieutenant by the signal fires lighted on the heights.

A circumstance now occurred which delayed the expedition. Doctor Bertani, Garibaldi's agent at Genoa, and the Marquis Trecchi, an orderly officer of Victor Emmanuel, arrived at

the island, and had an interview with Garibaldi. Its object did not then transpire, and all the quidnuncs of camp and city were highly excited on the subject. This excitement became general when Garibaldi suddenly left the island, leaving orders with Cosenz to help Missori by fresh bands. Several attempts were made, some only with success, while Garibaldi was absent. The cause of that absence was the facts communicated to him by the king's messenger and his own agent. Bertani and his colleagues had raised 5,000 men for the invasion of Rome. This expedition sailed; the fleet of Victor Emmanuel stopped it, and the admiral assured the leaders that the Emperor of the French had resolved with all his resources to make war upon any invaders of the Papal States, and had intimated that resolution to the Sardinian cabinet. The admiral would, however, allow those troops to be brought to Sicily. Garibaldi's sudden departure was for Arane, and connected with arrangements to bring this new force into the field with his own troops.

On his return to Sicily, August 18th, he found the first portion of the troops, with which he intended a serious demonstration, already nearly embarked. His whole force was divided into four divisions, and to place them in accord with the army of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi gave them the numbers which followed those of the Sardinian army, which then consisted of fourteen divisions. The first brigade, under General Eber, a Hungarian of great literary and military merit, was about 2,000 strong; the second, commanded by Bixio, numbered 2,500. These brigades were commanded by General Türr, the well-known Hungarian officer, as chief of the fifteenth division. The second division (numbered 16) was under Cosenz, a Neapolitan of distinction, and possessing great military knowledge. Count

Milbitz, an old Polish officer, who had made himself famous at Warsaw in 1830, and at Rome in 1849; Sacchi, a Genoese exile, who had risen from the ranks to the post of major in the Spanish army; and Eberhart, a Prussian officer, were the three brigadier-generals of the sixteenth division, which was 8,000 strong. Medici, the Lombard, the best general of the army, was in command of the seventeenth division. Its first brigade was under the orders of Simonetta, a countryman of Medici, a man endowed with all the qualities which make a good superior commander. The second brigade of this division had for its chief Nicola Fabrizzi, a Modenese by birth, and a staunch patriot. This division numbered 4,800 men. To these three divisions was to be added that which Colonel Pianciani intended to take into the Papal States, but which afterwards joined the army in Sicily; 500 hussars, under the command of Carissimi; 300 Guides, commanded by Missori; 450 artillerymen, under Orsini and Scalia, and 160 engineers.

The navy was composed of the steam sloop *Veloce* and eleven steam transports. (The Marquis Anguissola, the Neapolitan commander of the *Veloce*, had passed over with his vessel to the National cause, and the name *Veloce* was changed into that of *Tuckori*, from the Hungarian officer who was killed at the taking of Palermo.)

On the 18th of August the embarkation on board the *Torino* and *Franklin* was completed. Bixio's brigade, 2,500 strong, 1,090 volunteers of Colonel Pianciani's division, and Eberhart's brigade, numbering about 700 men. At ten o'clock, the *Torino*, under the command of Bixio, and the *Franklin*, on board of which was Garibaldi, steamed towards Capo d'Armi. The *Franklin* sprung a leak, the *Torino* ran on a sand-bank, but the troops were landed. Garibaldi had instructed Missori to make his

way towards Capo d'Armi with his Guides and Picciotti. This the hero could not accomplish, as a force of the Neapolitan army hung on his flank. Garibaldi directed him to march along the flank of Aspromonte, which overhangs Reggio. The troops lay down for rest on the beach; but were not left long to enjoy it, for the Neapolitan squadron, which was not vigilant enough to intercept the landing, approached, pitching shot and shell into the camp. As soon as the troops withdrew from this cannonade, the ship of war which had "run aground" was attacked and burned.

It was a moonlight night in a soft Calabrian summer, when the order of march for Reggio was given by the chief. When the night was far advanced, the troops passing along the bridle-path of Aspromonte, reached a little hamlet above the cape. An emissary from the revolutionary committee of Reggio had just arrived with information that 12,000 Neapolitan troops were echeloned along the road from Bagnara to Reggio. These troops were the advanced column of the grand army of 30,000 men sent to conquer and capture the Dictator of Sicily. Another important piece of intelligence reached him from the same source—that the corps which harassed Missori had been called in. This left the gallant Garibaldian better chance of co-operating with his chief against Reggio, or rather against the Neapolitan garrison. That body was not large, only 1,500 men, but the castle was strong, the city afforded good points of defence, and a powerful artillery aided it. In the neighbourhood several brigades of Neapolitans were placed so as to give prompt succour to the garrison.

On the evening of the 20th the chief was within eight miles of his destination, and there made preparations for attacking the garrison before daylight on the 21st. He had

ordered Cosenz to embark a force at Faro, land on the Calabrian coast, and effect a diversion. This was accomplished. Garibaldi, dividing his force into two columns, arrived in the suburbs of the city unperceived. It is here necessary to observe that it is built upon a hill side, sloping to the sea somewhat precipitously. The chief streets run parallel with the coast, and are intersected by other streets descending to it. A strongly-built castle and a neighbouring fort dominate coast and city, but the city itself is commanded by the hills, which group as its background. The whole vicinage is a chain of elevated hills.

Garibaldi's approach took the Neapolitan general (Gallotti) by surprise. He expected that an attack would come some time, but from the sea, and felt confident of his power to repel it.

At half-past two in the morning the advanced guard of Bixio silently crept through the streets to the Piazza; the commander was Menotti Garibaldi. He had before shown his father's daring, he now displayed something of his skill. The rest of the column, with two companies of Sacchi's brigade, followed, and without a shot being fired, the Piazza was occupied. The other attacking column was commanded by Garibaldi in person. Menotti Garibaldi was ordered to take up a position in the lowest of the three streets lying parallel to the shore. The first exchange of fire was between the two companies of Sacchi's brigade and a patrol coming up from the coast. The whole garrison was immediately under arms, and the clangour of battle filled the streets. Just then the moon set. The panic-stricken Neapolitans fled to the castle and the fort, calling on the saints for protection from the terrible Garibaldi.

Major Baldimi rushed into the fort by the rear, the soldiers shouting the name of Garibaldi;

the unresisting Neapolitans crouched in terror before the assailants, begging for mercy. The General of Reggio had now concentrated all his troops in the strong castle, and barricaded the approaches, which he swept with grape and canister, while he pitched balls and shells into the city. The defence was formidable. Bixio was wounded, the men of his company were falling, when from the heights in the rear a fierce roll of musketry was directed against the castle. Missori had arrived with his squadre. The gunners in the castle fell fast under the galling fire of his riflemen.

Garibaldi had personally other work of importance. The Neapolitan General Brigante advanced to assist the garrison of Reggio. Garibaldi threw himself in his path—Brigante retreated. Garibaldi returned to Reggio. It was now mid-day; the town was in the hands of the patriots, but those who wore the uniform of the tyrant still held the castle. Garibaldi knowing the terror which prevailed among them, notwithstanding the strength of the place resolved to storm it. On the first symptoms of this, a flag of truce was hoisted, and the commander proposed to capitulate. Garibaldi allowed the troops to go by sea to Naples without disarming them. General Gallotti justified his easy surrender by assuring the Garibaldian officers that he had sworn to his wife to preserve his own life, if possible. The lady stood with him among the astonished Garibaldians, exulting in his escape, without appearing to have any juster views of his honour than he had himself.

Apropos of the gallant conduct of Garibaldi's firstborn, the following lines by Walter Savage Landor, addressed to the hero's children, have an especial interest :—

"Children" be not too proud, although the man  
Whom Ocean smiles on with parental love,

And Earth from every corner with loud applause  
 Hails a deliverer, children! is your sire.  
 Oh, what vast empire have ye to defend!  
 A name so high, so inaccessible,  
 Virtues so pure, and courage so humane,  
 All are your heritage, by liveried serfs,  
 On right and left, will these be long assail'd:  
 March ever onward, but march watchfully,  
 Follow his steps, and ye are safe; depart  
 One furlong from them and ye sink beneath  
 The vilest head that ever dosed on throne  
 Or ever bow'd to it: be true to Faith,  
 Not Faith recumbent upon downy lies,  
 But Faith that grasps the hand of Providence  
 And Justice in this darken'd world of ours,  
 And bends to One above, to none below."

Tidings of this victory sped everywhere through Calabria and the Island of Sicily: the town, the heights, the shore of Sicily blazed with illumination, and the many hued phases of pyrotechnical display. The sea shone afar off in the glow of those lambent displays of a people's joy and confidence. Such rejoicings discouraged the enemy, who could not but perceive that when the troops failed the Bourbon, all was lost, for the hearts of the people were far from him.

Speedily tokens of this were given everywhere as the news of the capture of Reggio flew from place to place. It would be impossible, within the limits assigned to this work, to develop the progress of the national rising; the following instances in which hope and courage burst forth after the first victory of Garibaldi will enable the reader to account for the possibility of many of his exploits, and to perceive that his audacity, strange and terrible as it was, was also wisdom. Just at this juncture, Garibaldi's friend Dumas was in his own yacht, the *Emma*, in the bay of Salerno, and an impression was circulated in the town and along the shore that Garibaldi was on board the yacht. In spite of assurances to the contrary, the general commanding drew out his whole force in battle array a mile and a quarter in extent, as if a host were necessary

to conquer one man. The whole population turned out, and shouts rent the air of "Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel for ever."

Meanwhile, a deputation of the municipality made its way to the *Emma* to declare its unanimity in the cause of Italy; and Salerno was soon after illuminated like a fairy palace, General Romano lighting up his house like the others; the government offices occupied by the troops alone remaining dark. Dumas says:—

"I procured from my powder-magazine some Bengal lights and Roman candles, in three colours, and with these the *Emma* was illuminated in her turn. This was loudly applauded by the Salernitanans.

"The *fête* lasted till midnight. Ices and cakes were sent on board the *Emma*, and, on my part, I ordered up some champagne from my cellar; and the shouts of 'Viva l'Italia! viva Garibaldi!' must have quite deafened the Neapolitan soldiers, who looked on quite astounded and scared at these demonstrations."

General Florès wrote from Bari, saying, that on the 18th August the inhabitants of Proggia, and the 120 dragoons belonging to the garrison, had together raised the cry of "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" He sent two companies of the 13th regiment against them, but they also joined the insurgents.

General Salazar, commandant of the maritime station of Messina, also wrote to the government, stating that Garibaldi had just been joined by the steamer *Queen of England*, with eighteen guns, and 18,000 rifled muskets. He, therefore, demanded speedy assistance; and orders were consequently given to despatch to his aid the frigate, the *Borbora*: but just as they were about getting up steam, the engineer disappeared. Thus, on all sides, it was evident that the fall of the Bourbons was being accomplished. The following official news from Potenza became widely circulated:—



"TO THE COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL UNITY  
AT NAPLES.

"Potenza, 18th August.

"This morning the gendarmes, in number about 400, led by Captain Castagna, assembled on the Great Square of Potenza, and were compelled by the people to shout for Garibaldi and United Italy.

"The men who formed the front rank at once responded to the cry: but the captain shouted 'The King for ever! death to the nation!' and ordered his men to fire on the people and the national guard. The two latter, although not very numerous, at once returned the fire, and, in the most gallant manner, compelled the gendarmes to fly, after leaving behind them on the field of battle, seven killed, three wounded, and fifteen prisoners. The rest of the gendarmes are giving themselves up by degrees.

"Three of the national guards were slightly wounded in the skirmish, one of them being the brave Dominico Alcesta, who was struck on the temple. During the contest, some gendarmes entered the house of a poor couple, killed a child, and wounded both the father and mother.

"The revolution is now in full operation here, and masses of men are continually pouring in from all parts of the country.

"A provisional government will be proclaimed this evening.

"The arms we expected have not yet arrived; this culpable delay appears to me inexplicable.

I do not attribute the blame to you, but to those who promised so much; luckily, however, sporting-guns, poniards, knives, and nails can be readily made use of as arms by a people resolved to conquer its liberty.

"What, may I ask, are you doing meanwhile at Naples? What is going on at Avelino, in the Abruzzi, at Campo Basso, and at Salerno? Rise up boldly; imitate us; the propitious hour has arrived! To arms in the name of Italy!

(Signed) "COLONEL BOLDONI.

"MAGNANA, Barrister."

While the cities were thus preparing for revolution, or in its first stages, the mountaineers were in arms, only waiting for leaders. The royal army was embarrassed by this state of things, while Garibaldi took it into account in all his calculations, movements, and contests.

It was one of the striking peculiarities of his military qualifications, that he possessed something like an intuitive power to estimate the relative force of all difficulties and advantages. His memory also was wonderful. The Conqueror of Waterloo sadly remarked, when reviewing the conflict, "I could not remember everything." Garibaldi, without any such experience of large commands, really appeared as if he could "remember everything," and that, too, in the midst of uttermost peril to his person and his army.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ADVANCE FROM REGGIO.—A PRIEST AND A FRIAR, GARIBALDI'S JANITORS.—CONQUESTS OF FORTS AND CITIES.—CAPTURE OF SAN GIOVANNI.—DEATH OF THE GALLANT DE FLOTTE.—REVOLT OF THE PROVINCE OF BASILICATA.—INGENIOUS CAPTURE OF SALERNO.—ENGLISH OFFICERS.

*Alençon.*—"One to ten  
Lean, raw-boned rascals. Who would e'er suppose  
They had such courage and audacity."—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*

GARIBALDI did not allow the festivities and rejoicings of Reggio to detain him, nor did he tarry because of the grateful homage of the people to his person. He put himself at once upon the trail of the enemy. On the 22nd of August he was ready to proceed from his advanced position at Accellero. Here a Neapolitan *parlementaire* arrived, and sought the General's quarters. The Austrian general, Brigante, attended by an officer, and preceded by a trumpeter, arrived very early in the morning. An interview was granted by the conqueror. After half an hour's private discussion, Brigante demanded the safe retreat of the column he commanded, which Garibaldi refused, and gave orders for the troops to advance.

It is a curious circumstance that in almost every step of our hero's career in Italy he had the assistance of some good priest. Ugo Bassi was the friend, companion, and, in a sense, aide-de-camp of the hero in his Roman campaign; Father John and Father Gavazzi were his most useful helpers in the island of Sicily; and now, in his campaign of continental Sicily, two other priests were his constant attendants, and shared very largely his confidence. One was named Gusmaroli, a secular clergyman, and the other a Capuchin friar, named Froschianti.

The life of the former of these priests was one of great devotion to liberty rather than to religion. He was animated by a deep hatred of the enemies of his country, espe-

cially of the Austrian invader, and he suffered accordingly.

The friar was not so prominent a person as the secular, but both were remarkable men. Garibaldi was more open to the influence of ecclesiastics whom he supposed to be sincere than his officers were. By the army generally, perhaps none of the priests who attached themselves to it at any time were thoroughly trusted, except Ugo Bassi and Gavazzi.

Don Gusmaroli had been the curate of a hamlet near Mantua. In 1848 he was the chaplain of the Mantuan volunteers. Soon after the armistice of Milan, this corps went to Rome, and became a part of the army under the leadership of Garibaldi. Gusmaroli went through that short but glorious campaign, caring little for the excommunication of the Pope. At the restoration of Pius IX., being impoverished, he returned to his parish. Watched by the Austrian police, he passed, at intervals, several months in prison, charged either with having spread Mazzini's proclamations, or with having helped peasants to pass the frontier in order to escape the Austrian conscription. At the breaking out of the war in 1859, he raised a band of a hundred volunteers, and joined the Cacciatori, then organised at Biella by Garibaldi. The priest became a lieutenant, but was allowed to follow the staff of Garibaldi more in the quality of a useful man than in that of an officer. Though ignorant, Gusmaroli was

shrewd; and "he knew so well how to obtain the sympathy of the General, that in a few months he became one of his favourite attendants. He and the Capuchin were the two janitors who, night and day, guarded the inner apartments of the General, anticipating all his desires, and providing for all his wants."

This Gusmaroli was a valuable man; and so was the friar, in a lesser degree, to the correspondents of the English and French press, who were able to glean from him much information as to the inner life of Garibaldi in tent and bivouac, in the barrack of the soldier and the palace of the Dictator.

Garibaldi's line of march was along the ridge facing the Straits.

He sent forward an intelligent officer with six Guides to reconnoitre the road of Villa San Giovanni. This gentleman (Nullo) was also attended by a British officer, named Forbes. No enemy was seen, and the party pushed on with some precipitation until reaching the suburb of the town, when suddenly they were in presence of two squadrons of lancers.

Nullo boldly galloped up to the Neapolitan commander and demanded his surrender.

"Surrender to you!" was the contemptuous reply, followed by the question, "where are your troops?"

To this the reply was given, "Garibaldi will be here in ten minutes, and I advise you to spare useless bloodshed, which can neither benefit your lancers nor the troops of your general, for they are already outflanked by General Cosenz."

The commander hesitated, and then mildly requested Nullo to speak to General Melendis, who was with a battalion of light infantry at the other extremity of the town. Nullo did so, and demanded that the lancers should be marched back beyond the bridge which crossed a river bounding the opposite end of the place.

It was also arranged that messengers should be sent to Garibaldi to ask for terms. While this was transacting the inhabitants hoisted the tricolour, filled the air with shouts for Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, and made themselves masters of the place under Nullo's guidance. Garibaldi approached at dusk, and took up a position within gun-shot of General Melendis's quarters.

Garibaldi, by one of those dexterous manœuvres for which he is so famous, outflanked the Austrian brigadier, separated him from the force under his superior officer, and summoned him to surrender. This, after some evasion and treachery, was complied with. As soon as the capitulation was made, the Neapolitan soldiers, and most of the officers, showed the most abject fear, as their superior officers had given out that Garibaldi would show no quarter, and the men themselves being persuaded that both he and his troops were in league with the devil. Their alarm was such that they prostrated themselves, and kissed the feet of the Garibaldians. Some of the Neapolitan troops were, however, intelligent enough to understand the merits of the case at issue, and were desirous of an opportunity of practically proving their patriotism.

The surrender of General Melendis was followed by that of his superior officer, General Brigante. According to the terms of the capitulation, the Neapolitan troops were permitted to embark for Naples.

While Garibaldi was conducting his flank movement against San Giovanni, two officers arrived from Cosenz, and gave the following account of his movements since setting sail from Faro, in Sicily. The senior of these gentlemen thus addressed some superior officers of Garibaldi's staff:—

"Whilst you were engaged in the attack on Reggio, our expedition left Faro, caring but

little for the Neapolitan cruisers which were in sight. Having safely landed our troops between Scylla and Altafiumara, we took the mountain tracks, and ascended the high lands according to the orders received from Garibaldi. Our march was not much interfered with by the enemy; for the small body of Neapolitan troops we met now and then do not deserve to be noticed, inasmuch as they fled as fast as they could whenever they saw us. The advanced guard of our column, however, was getting near the village of Solino, when it was met by some Calabrian volunteers, who told Colonel De Flotte, under whose orders the guard was placed, that the village was then occupied by the 5th battalion of the Neapolitan Cacciatori. De Flotte was not the officer to wait for reinforcements, and he knew, besides, that the two small companies of Frenchmen and Englishmen he had with him were quite strong enough to meet and rout a battalion of Francis II. On entering the village, they were attacked by the enemy, whom they repulsed after a short combat. The positions had just been carried at the point of the bayonet, when poor Colonel De Flotte, anxious to make prisoners of a few Neapolitans, ran towards a lane of the village, sword in hand, summoning them to surrender; but at the corner of the lane one of the Neapolitan Cacciatori, who was concealed in a house, shot him dead on the spot. You may take my word for it that the French fully revenged the death of their brave commander. As soon as Solino was occupied by our troops (who, after De Flotte's death, were led by Captain Goodall, a dashing young Englishman), the Neapolitan sharp-shooter fell into their hands, and was shot on the ground, without the benefit of a court-martial.

"We were allowed to follow our march without being further molested, and I have been sent with my comrade to inform Garibaldi that

we are occupying a position above Villa San Giovanni, whose church you can distinguish amidst the grove of orange trees below.

"We buried the body of De Flotte in the churchyard of the village, and a subscription has been opened amongst the officers of our brigade to erect a monument worthy of him."

The gallant French officer, De Flotte, who fell on this occasion, was a warm friend of Garibaldi's,—a burning enthusiast,—his whole soul devoted to the liberty of mankind of whatever colour, nation, race, or creed. His character was singular, and his idiosyncrasies were always excellencies. Garibaldi deemed that his name was worthy of being perpetuated, and held in esteem by the brave and free. Accordingly, in his order of the day of the 26th of August, he thus made mention of him:—

"We have lost De Flotte.

"The epithets of a brave, honest, and true democrat are insufficient to represent all the heroism of one who possessed so incomparable a spirit.

"De Flotte, a noble son of France, was one of those privileged beings whom no one country has the right of exclusively claiming. M. de Flotte belongs to the whole of mankind: for that country was his wherever a suffering people was struggling for liberty. De Flotte died for Italy, and fought for it as he would have fought for France. This illustrious man has given a precious pledge to that fraternising of nations, the development of which is the cherished object of humanity. Slain in the ranks of the Chasseurs des Alpes, he was, together with many of his brave fellow-countrymen, a fit representative of that generous nation which, although it may halt for a moment in its progress, is, nevertheless, destined by Providence to form the vanguard of peoples, and of the civilisation of the world.

"G. GARIBALDI."

He was the friend of Alexander Dumas, who thus notices him :—

"It was at the fight of Solino that De Flotte, for the first time in his life, wielded a deadly weapon. In all the previous battles he had been engaged in, he stood with his arms crossed in the midst of the fire, watching and encouraging his men. I had offered him a rifle as well as a revolver, but he refused them both, with these prophetic words :—'On the day that I shall kill, on that day shall I be killed myself!'

"At the attack of Solino, however, he was armed with a rifle, with which he shot two Neapolitans, and was himself mortally wounded on the field of battle by the large ball of a musketoon."

Garibaldi marched upon the fort of Altafiumara. It surrendered without a struggle.

The next advance was upon Scylla, which fell also without a conflict; fear of Garibaldi paralysed generals and troops to such a degree that resistance was impossible.

On the march to Scylla, a young Neapolitan officer of distinction, a prisoner, gave the following singular account to the officers of Garibaldi's staff, of the spirit and condition of the army in which he was a captain :—

"I am the only son of a general who was an intimate friend of Ferdinand II. Brought up at the military school of the Annunziata, I was compelled by my father to follow the career of a soldier. Having joined my regiment, it was not long before I discovered that many of my brother officers were secret agents of the king's police, continually bent on eliciting the liberal feelings of their comrades, in order to denounce them. I was so disgusted at finding that the military uniform covered such degraded beings, that I wrote to my father to say I was determined to resign my commission. At this intimation he fell into a violent passion, and wrote back that, if I dared to do such a

thing, he would not only, as they say in England, cut me off with a shilling, but have me imprisoned at once. So I was compelled to remain, and to go through many hard trials; for, my liberal opinions having been detected, I was looked upon as one of the black sheep of the flock. Although I am grieved to see an army disband in this shameful manner, yet I assure you that this is the happiest day of my life."

This noble young soldier enlisted on the march in one of the patriot battalions, and soon after perished before Capua.

Garibaldi prosecuted his march through Calabria. His enemy, General Brigante, after the capitulation (already recorded), was murdered at Melito by his own soldiers, who afterwards buried his dead body with his horse.

General Ghio, who was the next officer of importance likely to cross our hero's way, retired before him, and Garibaldi permitted him to do so unmolested, although the guerillas of Calabria would have cut off his corps had Garibaldi permitted. The General was of opinion that all these Bourbon soldiers might be gained for the national cause, and with this opinion he justified that indisposition to shed blood which he always displayed when the emergencies of the occasion did not overrule his wishes. Garibaldi's object was not to slay the corps of Ghio, but to compel it to capitulate. He therefore with a small body of Cacciatori and National Guards pursued, ordering Turr and his corps to follow as quickly as possible to his support. So great was the audacity of Garibaldi and the cowardice of Ghio, that the latter with his corps retired, when he might easily have turned and captured the pursuer. At last the fugitive Neapolitan made a stand at Savoria Manelli, which is upon the high road from Catanzaro to Naples. Garibaldi and a body of Calabrese turned upon the hills

in flank of the town, where the troops of Ghio, amounting to 7,000 infantry and about 2,000 cavalry and artillery, were partly in an entrenched camp before the town and partly in the town itself. Not fearing any attack from the quarter from which it came, he had formed no outposts, sent forth no pickets, and even established no suburban sentries. The Calabrese, dispersing, opened a destructive fire upon the aggregated mass of troops. Colonel Peard, at the head of a few mountaineers, entered the town, and found every one ready to submit. Peard advanced to the general, and demanded his surrender. The coward chief seemed glad to be able to do so without fighting. He had then the meanness and presumption to ask Garibaldi for his arrears of pay, and money to pay his expenses to Naples, whither he was to be permitted to depart.

On the 30th of August, at this place, Garibaldi received intelligence of what had passed in Naples up to the 25th, and sent by sea despatches to Liborio Romano, the minister, stating that whatever policy that official pursued, it must have regard to the safety of the city. He further urged the importance of preventing any outbreak of the people until he appeared before the place.

On the 31st the march was resumed, and rapidly executed until the force reached Cosenza. At this place the revolution had been consummated. General Calandrelli had capitulated to the people, and was permitted to depart for Naples. Garibaldi was resolved to prevent his arrival there, and ordered Turr to intercept him with a considerable body of troops lately landed as auxiliaries.

Garibaldi himself, attended by a small retinue of officers, and with a few light troops, pressed on with extraordinary rapidity to overtake the retreating general, who, whatever his other talents may have been, possessed a capa-

city for flight which showed him to be a man of energy in one direction at least. In the pursuit our hero entered the province of Basilicata (ancient Lucania).

General Calandrelli had surrendered to Cosenz. A deputation from Naples reached Garibaldi, to inform him that Count Cavour had ordered them to have a Sardinian provisional government proclaimed in Naples before Garibaldi should arrive. These gentlemen seemed to think that the Dictator should acquiesce in this plan, the object of which was to make it appear that Naples had been liberated without any help from him, and that a spontaneous desire to unite with Piedmont, irrespective of Garibaldi or his coadjutors, made Naples free. Thus at every point intrigue in the court and cabinet of Turin thwarted Garibaldi. Cavour was willing to use him as an instrument that could be at any time thrown away, but could not endure that the hero should wear the laurels he won, or gather any that Cavour could pluck from his grasp, without, in doing so, impeding his own policy. Garibaldi sent back this deputation with disdain. They did not express the mind of the people of Naples, but only of the emissaries of Count Cavour and a certain very limited circle.

Garibaldi pushed on for Naples with redoubled activity, notwithstanding that he showed repeatedly indications of fatigue. He received intelligence from Salerno that the enemy had abandoned that place, and directed his retreat upon Capua by way of Nocera. This force of the enemy consisted of 12,000 infantry, a proportionate force of well-disciplined cavalry, and 30 pieces of artillery. Had they chosen to act on the defensive with courage and address, they could only have been conquered after much sacrifice of life by the Garibaldians. A singular scheme, effected by a few officers of a reconnoitring party sent











out by the General, occasioned the retreat of the Neapolitans.

On the 4th of September the English Colonel Peard, the English naval officer, Commander Forbes, and Gallenga, arrived in the town of Eboli. The inhabitants and the chief magistrate mistook Peard for Garibaldi. At first this was denied, but perceiving that the mistake might be made advantageous, they resolved to gain by it whatever might prove useful. They proceeded to the telegraph-office. In 1859, Gallenga had followed the march of the Tuscan army, then commanded by Ulloa, and was therefore on good terms with that general, who was supposed to have succeeded General Pianelli as Francis II.'s Minister of War. On entering the office, Gallenga, having exchanged a few words in English with Colonel Peard, thus telegraphed to General Ulloa:—

"Eboli, 11.30 p.m.—Garibaldi has arrived with 5,000 men, and 5,000 Calabrese are momentarily expected. Disembarkations are anticipated in the Bay of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno to-night. I strongly advise you to withdraw the garrison from the latter place without delay, or they will be cut off; and let me beg of you, as a personal friend, but a

political enemy, to abandon a sinking cause, which must be your ruin."

The minister telegraphed to Eboli, "Any news of the division of Calandrelli?" To this Peard and Gallenga answered, "General Calandrelli and his division passed yesterday under the orders of Garibaldi at Lagonegro, and now form a portion of the National Army." Other telegrams were sent by these two officers to the Sindaco of Salerno, ordering him to prepare many thousand rations for the next day. Thus completely deceived, the minister at Naples and the general at Salerno were equally anxious to bring off the troops in safety.

Garibaldi soon entered the place amidst popular acclamations. A deputation from Naples, not of intriguers under the influence of the Turin ministry, but of prominent citizens, came to our hero at Salerno, urging his immediate march upon Naples. Garibaldi, accompanied by only thirteen officers of his staff, and several English gentlemen, set off for that city. Before, however, relating the facts of his triumphant entry, it is necessary to state the events which had transpired in the great city since Garibaldi's landing in Calabria.

## CHAPTER XXV.

NAPLES: OBSTINACY OF THE KING.—REACTION, INTRIGUE, AND REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.—POPULAR ENTHUSIASM FOR GARIBALDI.—THE KING LEAVES THE CITY.

"On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal, universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn."—*MURDER.*

WHILE Garibaldi was marching, a conqueror, obtaining laurels so easily won, Naples and its king was in a state of great agitation, and the court full of vindictive rage. His Majesty

attributed all his misfortunes to the wiles of the Emperor Napoleon. This appears from a letter which he wrote to that potentate:—

"You have advised me to grant constitu-

tional institutions to a people that has not asked for them, and I acceded to your request. You have caused me to abandon Sicily *without fighting*, promising that, by so doing, the possession of my kingdom should be guaranteed to me. *Hitherto the Great Powers seemed to have persisted in their idea of abandoning me.* But I must warn your Majesty that I have resolved *not to abdicate my throne without fighting for it.* I shall make an appeal to the justice of Europe, which must know that I will defend Naples whenever I may be attacked."

It is surprising that, possessing any intelligence, the king could address such false statements to the emperor, as that he had abandoned Sicily without fighting. Certainly his troops fought badly, and were beaten by inferior numbers; but they did all their capacity allowed, not only to resist in the field and the fortress, but to inspire terror by the most atrocious and cowardly cruelties.

It would appear that when statesmen or princes acquire the habit of lying to those who dare not contradict them, they also become possessed of an audacity which emboldens them to assert the most glaring falsehoods, where they are sure to be discredited.

The generals of the king imposed upon him, as he so long imposed upon others. The vanquished commander of Reggio assured him that he only surrendered from want of food; and similarly weak and false reasons were assigned by the officers in command of the other strong places surrendered to General Garibaldi, to account for their capitulations.

Carislas arrived at the office of the Neapolitan Minister for War, informing him that Basilicata had revolted, and proclaimed Garibaldi dictator. The minister immediately proposed that the king should abandon Naples, and allow the revolution to take its course. His Majesty refused, expecting aid from the

Emperor Napoleon, who having advised him so far, would, he thought, be compelled in honour to send him help.

A newspaper, called *The Garibaldi*, was published in Naples, which, with wonderful temerity, advocated the cause of the revolution.

The committee at Naples sent forth agents and money to assist the organisation of revolt in the provinces, and 100,000 muskets, many it is true not of a very good description, were sent from various quarters into Calabria.

At this juncture, the king's uncle, who had before given him liberal counsel, which he had rejected under the influence of his chosen clique of advisers, clerical and lay, once more offered his advice. It was contained in a letter, which is one of the most remarkable documents connected with the struggle:

"Sire,

"Although, when I formerly warned you of the dangers which threatened our house, my words were not listened to; yet, at the present moment, when my voice is raised to forbode greater evils, let me entreat that you will listen to my advice and not be led to reject it by evil counsellors.

"The change which has just come over Italy, and the craving for national unity, so decidedly manifested within the few months—since the capture of Palermo—have deprived your Majesty's government of that power which is indispensable to the support of a state, and have rendered an alliance with Piedmont utterly impracticable.

"The people of Upper Italy, horrified at the cruelties perpetrated in Sicily, have repelled by their avowed sympathy the ambassadors from Naples; and we are now reduced to the sad extremity of testing our fate by an appeal to arms, unsupported by any alliance, and exposed to the resentment of the masses, who,

throughout Italy, have risen at the cry of extermination, levelled at our house, which has, alas! become the object of universal reprobation.

"The civil war, already raging on the peninsula of Italy, will inevitably drag down this dynasty into that abyss which the intrigues of perverse advisers have for a long time past prepared for the posterity of Charles III. of Bourbon.

"The blood of citizens, uselessly shed, will again inundate the thousand cities of your kingdom; and you, sire, in whom once centered the hope and love of your people, will be regarded with horror, as the sole cause of a fratricidal war. While there is yet time, sire, save our house from the maledictions of all Italy.

"Follow the noble example of our royal kinsman at Parma, who, at the moment when civil war broke out, released his subjects from their allegiance, and allowed them to be the arbiters of their own destiny.

"Europe and your own subjects will know how to appreciate so sublime a sacrifice, and you will then be able to look confidently up to the Almighty, who will recompense the magnanimous act performed by your Majesty.

"Your heart, after having been steeped in misfortune, will expand with the noble aspirations of patriotism, and you will bless the day in which you so generously sacrificed yourself to the grandeur of Italy.

"In addressing you, sire, in these terms, I only fulfil the sacred obligation which my experience imposes on me, and I pray that Heaven may direct you in the right course and render you worthy of its blessings.

"Your Majesty's affectionate uncle,

"LEOPOLD, Count of Syracuse."

This produced no effect. His Majesty persisted in expressing his surprise that all should

forsake him; he could not understand why the persecutions, repressions, incarcerations, and murders perpetrated by his dynasty should make it the subject of universal malediction.

Shortly after the solemn warning of the Count of Syracuse, troops were sent in several directions to suppress provincial revolt, and the sack and pillage of the revolted towns promised to the soldiery as the reward of success—"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

The most influential minister of the king, Liborio Romano, endeavoured to preserve the liberties of the Neapolitans, although a state of siege was declared; but the king, deaf to all advice except it came from the reactionists, invaded these immunities, and added fresh exasperations to the public hatred against him. The queen's mother was obliged to reside at Gaeta, the influence of Romano having secured her banishment thither. The brothers and uncles of the king, with the exception of the Count of Syracuse, counselled the king to his irreparable ruin.

Count Trani, Count Aquila, Prince Charles, and Prince Louis considered that the honour of the dynasty could only be consulted by suppressing the revolution and the constitution together by arms.

Nevertheless, the king dreaded the approach of Garibaldi, and caused his plate, jewels, and treasures to a vast amount to be sent away by sea. He then opposed Liborio Romano openly, and frustrated every measure of conciliation adopted by that minister.

Some singular circumstances, the authenticity of which depend altogether upon the testimony of Alexander Dumas, now occurred. Dumas had written to the minister, informing him that he "considered it impossible for an intelligent man like himself to entertain any hope of preserving the dynasty of the Bour-

bons in Naples; and I pointed out to him the advantages that would accrue to him as a statesman, the honour he would acquire as a patriot, if he would consent to withdraw from Francis II. the support of his own popular name, and, by declaring himself his enemy thereby, become one of the elements of his fall.

"Liborio Romano stated, by way of reply, that he should expect to see me the same evening at his own house. In return, I urged that a description of my person had been officially published at Naples, and that, if I went to his house, he would be himself thereby seriously compromised, and that, in our respective situations, it would be more proper for him to address me than for me to address him.

"Muratori conveyed my answer to him. Two hours afterwards, when it was quite dark, a boat came alongside of my yacht, containing two men and two women; one of the former wore a cloak and a hat with a wide brim, which shrouded his face. This was no other than Liborio Romano. Our mutual introduction was short; we shook hands and embraced each other.

"I then drew him to a corner in the after part of the yacht, and we entered into conversation together.

"Such was the state of political circumstances when Liborio Romano, knowing that I was Garibaldi's *intimate friend*, came to explain his position to me.

"There was no one then at Naples specially accredited on the part of Garibaldi. Carbonelli and Mignona, his two agents, had already proceeded to Basilicata, to stir up a revolt in that province. On the departure of the former, I gave him a revolver which had been presented to me by Madame Ristori. Brother John, too, Garibaldi's chaplain, had gone to Il Vallo with two hundred francs I had given him, and the revolver presented to

*Alex. Dumas the First* by Emile de Girardin. As the General's friend, I thus stood alone, and held no direct power from him, but only two letters from him to serve as my credentials amongst the patriots.

"That may explain why Liborio addressed himself to me. He proceeded to say: 'I will struggle for the constitutional cause as well as I can. When, however, I find that a struggle on my part is no longer of any avail, I will send in my resignation, then retire to your yacht; and, according to the state of affairs at Naples, either join Garibaldi, or declare the king a traitor to the constitution before the national guard and the people.'

"'Do you really mean to do that?' said I.

"'I give you my word of honour I will.'

"'I take your word for it,' continued I. 'But, after what I was told on board the flagship of Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan, I find that my flag is not sure of meeting with protection. Allow me, therefore, to make an approach to the English admiral with the view of securing that refuge for you on board his ship which you would not meet with on my boat, as M. de Missiessi is pleased to call it.'

"'Do this as you propose; but matters may come to such a crisis this evening that I may have to retire from the ministry to-morrow.'

"'When you shall have left I shall go too; but by what medium can we then communicate with each other?'

"Either through the instrumentality of Madame —, one of the two ladies who have accompanied me here, and to whom I will introduce you; or else through that of Cozzolongo, my secretary. Moreover, my intimate friend Muratori will always be ready to act as a medium of communication between us, when practicable.'

"This concluded our discussion, and when Liborio Romano had introduced me to Ma-

dame — and her companion, they left the yacht together. I then repaired on board the *Hannibal*, and inquired for the admiral. He then happened to be ashore, but was expected to return shortly; so, in his absence I was received by the commander. Within ten minutes' time, however, the admiral made his appearance on board. I explained my situation to him, and pointed out to his attention that through the conversation I had had with two French naval officers, I learned that my yacht could not be regarded as a safe refuge for a dismissed minister. I therefore requested him to give an asylum to Liborio Romano on board the *Hannibal*, in case of need.

"The admiral, in that cordial spirit which is so characteristic of the English navy, sent immediately for the commander. 'Captain,' said he, 'have your cabin in readiness after this evening to receive Liborio Romano, in case he may desire to withdraw from the town and come on board the *Hannibal*.' The commander bowed in acquiescence, and left the room. I thanked the admiral for his courtesy, and returned to my yacht.

"The next day, Madame — brought me a portrait, and the following brief note from Liborio Romano:—"I beg of you to write underneath this likeness, 'the portrait of a coward,' should I fail to keep the promise I made to you last night.'"

One reactionary attempt after another quickly followed, and it was even contemplated by the absolutist party to make away with Romano. The chief of all the plots for reaction, and of all the measures which were disastrous to the dynasty, were organised by the king himself, or when suggested to him, espoused with all his authority and influence. The nuncio and bishops were his principal coadjutors.

Soon after the visit paid by Romano to Dumas, he was honoured by a visit from the

Count of Syracuse, which was as remarkable as that of the minister. Dumas, our authority, alone sustains this relation also:—

"The day before that on which a small reactionary conspiracy was to break out, the very day when the letter of the Count of Syracuse appeared, that prince sent M. Testa, his physician, to tell me that he had not forgotten our acquaintance made in 1835, and to add that he should be delighted to see me again. I sent him word, in reply, that if he would do me the honour to come on board the *Emma*, he should be doubly welcome, both as a friend and as a patriot.

"The very next day he came on board.

"After cordial salutations had been exchanged between us, the prince looked up at me, and began to laugh. 'Well,' said he, 'what do you think of the present posture of affairs?'

"'I think that if your highness had accepted the proposition I made to you fifteen years ago, you would have spared Naples and Sicily a great deal of blood, and your house many misfortunes.'

"'That is very true,' said he; 'but who could have foretold all that has happened?'

"'Either a prophet or a poet.'

"'Well, then, as prophet or poet, what do you advise me to do?'

"'I advise your highness——'

"Here he interrupted me by a shrug of the shoulders, and went on to say, 'At the present day, where are the "princes" and "highnesses" of the house of Bourbon? We are all condemned, my dear Dumas, and are irresistibly impelled down a declivity. Louis XVI. showed us the road to the scaffold; Charles X. the way to exile; and happy are those who will be quit of their troubles with exile.'

"'Well, then, my dear prince, as you have

reached this degree of historical philosophy, why do you still remain at Naples ?'

" 'Because, until to-day, I thought I could struggle successfully against reaction; now I feel my inability and retire.'

" 'That you may well do, now that you have shot off your arrow.'

" 'Well, what do you say to my letter ?'

" 'I find it to be the more cruel on account of its implacable truth.'

" 'You know Liborio Romano, don't you ?'

" 'Only within the last three days; but that interval has sufficed to make him my friend.'

" 'You choose your friends well. He is *the* man—the only man in Naples. But warn him to be on his guard.'

" 'On your part ?'

" 'Yes; if you like.'

" We then chatted about Paris, where we had seen each other five or six times between our two political interviews, and about the bygone days of our youth, and various topics.

" The prince, after an interval of mental abstraction, tinged with sadness, suddenly returned to our original subject.

" 'You, then, as well as others, advise me to leave ?'

" 'Yes, prince, I do.'

" 'You think I can do no good by staying here ?'

" 'Your longer stay would only cause distrust to all parties.'

" 'Well; I will come and see you again to-morrow.'

" He rose up, and, after renewed mutual salutations, got into his boat, and went on board the Sardinian admiral's ship. On the following night the royalist conspiracy broke out."

At this period great sensation was produced at Naples by the frequent arrivals of Garibaldian steamers, under flag of truce, bearing

the prisoners taken in the various conflicts and capitulations already related. On one of these occasions the Garibaldian in charge was Orrigini. He had thirty officers and some hundred soldiers as captives, to be landed in Naples. Orrigini was a man of rare qualities, and one of those men of singular capacity and purity of motive who held a deep place in Garibaldi's heart. He had been with the hero in all his fields of action—Monte Video, Lombardy, Rome, Sicily; and then in Calabria. When Garibaldi was an exile and a wanderer, after the fall of Rome, Orrigini shared his exile and his wanderings. He was as if the echo of the great leader's footstep, and the voice of his lips. Where the fragrance is, the flower is near; Orrigini was seldom seen, that Garibaldi was not at hand.

The arrival of this man was of great importance to the cause of Naples. He was competent to communicate the views of Garibaldi to the patriots. Romano was able to gather from him the real prospects of Garibaldi's campaign, as seen from his point of view, and thus informed, the minister could advise the king for the best, whom, it is generally believed, he was really desirous to save, if he would govern constitutionally. Still the situation of the minister was itself most hazardous. His life was in danger from the Bourbonists. Spies were hired by the royalist party, who made offers to various persons in the liberal interest to assassinate the king, in order that, if such a sham attempt were made, discredit might be thrown upon the cause of freedom. Some of these spies were arrested by the instrumentality of Romano, and others were denounced by Dumas as having made diabolical overtures to him.

The arrival of another Garibaldian flag of truce, covering more prisoners under a capitulation, brought fresh intelligence of Garibaldi



and his triumphs. Captain Orlandini, who commanded, while performing the duties immediately assigned to him, had opportunities of serving the general cause. Dumas relates:—

“Just about this time, Romano sent his secretary, Cozzolongo, over to me, and I availed myself of the opportunity of transmitting to him the Count of Syracuse’s warning, that he should take care of himself. I also added some details about Garibaldi’s movements, which I stated I had obtained from the vessel bearing the flag of truce. An hour after Cozzolongo had left, Romano told Muratori to bring the Garibaldian captain to him. He also asked me to accompany him, notifying to me that as he was minister of police, I could not possibly run any risk by landing. I replied to him that I was not deterred from landing through any risk I might thereby incur, but by the promise I had made to Garibaldi not to re-enter Naples but with him; and that therefore Muratori must be content with the company of Captain Orlandini only, in returning to the palace of Riviera-Chiaia.

“At the appointed hour, Orlandini came on board the *Emma*. My yacht, as I have already stated, was moored at the distance of only two hundred yards from the king’s windows, which were easily recognisable by the strips of cloth hanging before them, to keep off the sun’s rays.

“For the last two days I had had fourteen tailors on deck, making red shirts in readiness for some of the Neapolitan insurgents to put on at the proper moment. The day before, I had forwarded a hundred of these shirts to Salerno by four persons, each of whom wore twenty-five of them. As may be supposed, the thinnest of the four appeared of awful size; as for the others, they were scarcely human in form—luckily, it was night-time.

“Orlandini was greatly astonished at what he had witnessed. He had gone into the town, and had seen everywhere portraits of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. A crowd of bathers near the *Emma* shouted ‘Garibaldi for ever!’ and a party of young people in a boat sang the ‘Marseillaise’ in their own dialect.

“I had ordered up my best champagne, my Follet-Louis, and my Greno, and about fifty young men belonging to Naples, whom we could not accommodate at dinner in consequence of the small size of the table, drank to the Dictator’s health with the wine placed before them.

“All this, I repeat, took place within two hundred yards of the king’s palace, who could not look out on the bay without his eyes being tormented at the sight of the two masts of my yacht.

“Eight o’clock was the hour fixed upon for M. Orlandini to go to Liborio Romano’s house. Just as he was about to leave, I ordered the crew to display some green, red, and white Bengal lights, Roman candles, and other fireworks. So the captain stepped into the yawl in the midst of a fiery eruption from the *Emma*, which seemed as if she were inclined to defy Vesuvius. Two of these Roman candles were borne by two commissioners of police.

“Thus, you see, it is impossible to conspire more openly than we do.

“Two hours afterwards, Orlandini returned. Romano had repeated to him the promises he had before made to me, that he might convey them to Garibaldi. The chief source of anxiety and care now left for the ministry was to spare Naples, if possible, the horror of a bombardment.

“As Romano shrewdly suspected something would occur during the night, he left his

house with the intention of not returning before the next morning.

"Orlandini, feeling on his part anxious to know what was going to happen, promised me that he would not leave Naples until the next day, at noon, and that he would breakfast with me on board my yacht.

"What did occur was the attempt at a reaction, or rather, the reactionary movement in earnest.

"Towards nine o'clock in the evening, a youth employed at Ferrante's printing-office, named Francesco Diana, presented himself before the commissioner, Antonio Davino, telling him that an hour before a Frenchman, named Hercule de Souchères, had directed to be taken to his lodging, No. 6, Largo Santa Teresa, a quantity of printed papers, which he, Diana, thought likely to compromise the security of the state; but as the commissioner did not attach much importance to his declaration, he insisted that they should take possession of these papers by forthwith searching Souchères' house, where they would certainly be found. . . . He declared at the same time, that, before withdrawing the copies of the manifestoes printed by Carlo Zumachi, he had gathered, from some observations made by Souchères in a confidential chat, on the occasion of his delivering up the MS. copy to be printed, that their aim was to stir up a bloody reactionary movement, at the head of which persons of the highest importance would figure, and which was to break out on the following day, 30th August, at noon. A formal declaration to the above effect was then drawn up and signed by Diana. At midnight, Bardari, the prefect of police, proceeded to M. Souchères' house, arrested him, and found there fifty-five proclamations.

"Besides these proclamations, various papers were found, but the only one among them of

any importance was a letter, written by M. de Souchères, indicating the respective parts that the king, the royal family, and the clergy were to play in this conspiracy.

"At midnight, the minister went to the king to inform him of the attempted reactionary movement, with which his Majesty was perfectly well acquainted. Francis II. listened to the recital, not without showing some bitterness; then, addressing the minister of police, he tartly observed: 'Don Liborio, you seem more skilful in discovering royalist plots than liberal conspiracies.'

"'Sire,' replied Don Liborio, 'that is because royalist plots are hatched at night, and by very few persons; whereas liberal conspiracies are hatched in the day-time, and by the whole body of the people.'

"'Besides,' said the king, without appearing to heed Romano's rejoinder, 'I knew of a French priest who did conspire in a reactionary sense, but he got away.'

"'Your Majesty is mistaken,' replied Romano; 'he is now under arrest.'

"'Well, then,' said the king, with some impatience, 'let him be sent to the criminal court, and be put upon his trial.'

"The minister then took his leave. The next day, M. Brenier\* called upon Romano to demand the liberation of M. de Souchères, saying, deprecatingly, 'Of what use is it to keep a poor wretched priest in prison?'

"'Oh, indeed,' said Romano, 'if he be a priest he must be all the more dangerous.' So the minister kept M. de Souchères in prison, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of M. Brenier. The affair was, indeed, of the most serious kind, for it compromised the Count of Trani and the Count of Caserta, who had dictated the proclamation. As for General

---

\* French minister at Rome.

Cutrofiano, he had contented himself with correcting the proofs. The same day I received a message from Romano, which ran thus: 'There is war now between the king and myself; either he shall quit Naples, or I shall quit the ministry.'

"The next morning the Count of Syracuse came on board the *Emma*. He knew all that had taken place during the night—the nomination of Cutrofiano to the chief command of the place, and that of Prince Ischitella to the command of the national guard. He asked me if I had had any news from Romano. He had been told that minister had been arrested during the night while in bed. I reassured him on that point, by telling him that Romano had not slept at home. The prince left me in a state of great agitation, and told me that he should start to-morrow, at the latest." His royal highness took refuge on board a Sardinian frigate.

Count Arrivabene draws from this relation of Dumas inferences as unjust as they are unfavourable to the Count of Syracuse. He describes his conduct as heartless, but does not quote the records Dumas gave of these interviews to prove his allegation. The quotations we have given confute Arrivabene's assertion. The count clung to the positive and perverse king until all hope of utility in doing so expired in the midst of renewed reactionary plots.

Arrivabene affects a sympathy for the royal family which has a sentimental and fashionable air about it, while he asserts the righteousness of the popular cause. Never did prince less deserve sympathy in his fall.

The people of Naples were deeply agitated when the king, by a *coup d'état*, dismissed his ministry and his acknowledged constitutional obligations together, and it soon became obvious to the reactionists that either the

king must leave Naples, or it must become a scene of revolution and bloodshed. The citizens petitioned his Majesty to leave, and thereby save the city from destruction. On the 4th of September he sent for Romano, and gave his consent to have the city spared by taking his own departure. On the 5th he had interviews with the French and other ambassadors, and prepared to depart. Spinelli, the minister, was ordered to write the king's farewell to his people, and not Liborio Romano, as alleged by Arrivabene, although it was actually written by him. It was as follows:—

"Amongst the duties prescribed to kings, those that belong to the days of misfortune are the greatest and the most solemn, and these I intend to fulfil with resignation, free from weakness, and with a serene and confident heart, as befits the descendant of so many monarchs.

"Thus actuated, I once more address my voice to the people of my kingdom, from whom I am now about to depart with bitter grief.

"An unjust war, carried on in contravention of the law of nations, has invaded my states, notwithstanding that I was at peace with all the European powers.

"The important changes which led to my adhesion to great national principles, were not sufficient to ward off the mischief; moreover, the necessity of defending the integrity of the estate entailed upon me the obligations of events which I have always deplored; therefore I solemnly protest against this invasion, and confidently appeal from it to the justice of all civilised nations.

"The diplomatic corps residing at my court has all along known the sentiments of my heart in favour of my people generally, as well as for this illustrious city. My anxious

desire to secure this metropolis from ruin and war, to save her inhabitants and all their property, her sacred churches, her monuments, her public buildings, her collections of art, and all that which forms the patrimony of her civilisation and of her greatness, and an inheritance to future generations, is a sentiment that should soar above the influence of temporary passions.

"The time has now come for me to act up to these professions. The war is now approaching the walls of the city, and with unutterable grief I am now about to depart with a portion of my army, to betake myself whither the defence of my rights calls me. The remainder of my army will remain, in order to protect the inviolability and safety of the capital, which I recommend as a sacred treasure to the zealous care of the ministry; and I call upon the honour and the civic feeling of the mayor of Naples and of the commandant of the national guard, to spare our most beloved country the horrors of internal discord and the disasters of civil war. For this purpose I concede to the above-named functionaries the fullest powers that they may require.

"As a descendant of a dynasty that has reigned over this country for one hundred and twenty-six years, the affections of my heart are rooted here. I am a Neapolitan, and cannot, without bitter grief, address the words of farewell to my dearly beloved people. Whatever may be my destiny, be it prosperous or adverse, I shall always preserve for them an affectionate remembrance. I recommend to them concord, peace, and a strict observance of their civic duties. Let not an excessive zeal for my fate be made a pretence for turbulent proceedings.

"Whether it may please the justice of God to restore me to the throne of my ancestors or

not, all that I pray for from this time forth is to behold again my people united, strong, and happy.

"FRANCIS II."

"On the morning of the 6th the king signed a great many decrees; at two o'clock in the afternoon he received the ministers, and bade them adieu in the following terms:— 'Gentlemen, I am compelled to depart; but I leave in a calm spirit, because my fall is not the result of my own fault, but must be regarded as one of the decrees of Providence. Whatever my destiny may be, I will courageously endure it. The only thing that wounds my heart is, that Naples should abandon the cause of its king without striking a blow in his favour. I thank you all for what you have done on behalf of the country and for me.' "

At about four o'clock the king quitted the palace. He embarked on the *Sajetta*. The vessel sailed at six for Gaeta.

On the evening of the 6th of September, news of Garibaldi's arrival at Salerno reached Naples, as will be seen in another page. The ministers anxiously met at about nine o'clock that same evening at the house of Spinelli, the president, and resolved to depute the Syndiac of Naples, the Prince of Alessandria, and the General di Sazepono, to wait upon Garibaldi, and confer with him as to his entrance into the capital. They also determined to send the advocate Emilio Civitta. Cozzolongo, then commissioner of police, was directed to accompany him; these were to set out before the principal deputation.

The next morning, at six o'clock, Romana, Lancilli, and the Directors di Cesare, Carafa, Giacchi, and Miraglioli, assembled. After waiting in vain for the arrival of Spinelli, the president, Di Martino, and Pianelli, they resolved to draw up an address to Garibaldi; then Romano produced one already written by himself.

It was approved of by all, but signed only by Romano, di Cesare, and di Giacchi :—

“General,

“You have before you a ministry whose power was conferred on them by King Francis II. We accepted the trust as a sacrifice due to our country, we accepted it at a difficult period: when the thought of the unity of Italy under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, for a long period cherished by the Neapolitans, and which—sustained by your sword, and proclaimed in Sicily—had become irresistible in its influence; when all confidence between the government and the governed was destroyed; when old wrongs, and long-suppressed hatred had come to light, thanks to recent constitutional liberties; when the country was disturbed and agitated, owing to the fear of a violent reaction,—such was the condition of affairs when we accepted power in order to maintain public tranquillity and to save the state from anarchy and civil war. This was the aim of all our efforts. The country understood our motives, and how to appreciate our conduct. The confidence of our fellow-citizens has never deserted us, and it is to their efficacious zeal that we owe that tranquillity which has preserved the city in the midst of so many contending parties.

“General, all the populations of the kingdom have manifested their desires, either by open insurrection, or through the medium of the press, or by other demonstrations. They, too, are all anxious to form a part of one great united Italy under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. You, General, offer in yourself the highest expression of this thought. All eyes are turned towards you; the hopes of all rest on you. And we, the trustees of the national power—we, who are also Italian citizens—we deliver up that power into your hands, in the full confidence that you will

make a worthy use of it, and that you will lead the country to attain the noble object you have constantly had in view, and which is inscribed equally on your standards, and in the hearts of all—ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL!”

The two preceding envoys, Emilio Civitta and Cozzolongo, found that Garibaldi had already been informed of what had taken place. He sent the following telegram to Don Liborio Romano, minister of the interior and of police:

“ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL!

“To the People of Naples.

“As soon as the syndic and the commander of the national guard of Naples, whom I am expecting, shall arrive, I will promptly present myself amongst you.

“At this solemn moment I recommend you to preserve that order and tranquillity which so much conduce to the dignity of a people about to resume the exercise of their own rights.

“GARIBALDI,

“Dictator of the Two Sicilies.

“Salerno, 7th of September.”

Liborio Romano replied to the above by the following telegram:—

“From Liborio Romano, Minister of the Interior and Police, to the invincible General Garibaldi, Dictator of the Two Sicilies.

“With the greatest impatience Naples is awaiting your arrival, that it may hail the redeemer of Italy, and place in his hands the powers of the state and its own destiny.”

“With this in view, I shall remain responsible for the maintenance of order and public tranquillity. Your own words, which I have already made known to the people, offer the greatest pledge for the success of these efforts.

“Awaiting your further orders, I remain, with profound respect,

“LIBORIO ROMANO.”

It does not redound to the honour of Romano that while denouncing the king's conduct in his correspondence with the Garibaldians, he should be preparing a royal farewell in terms so highly flattering to the royal purpose, policy, and feelings; for Romano did prepare that document for the contingency, so that when Spinelli applied to him for assistance and advice in its composition, Romano was already prepared. Whatever may have been his patriotism or his loyalty, he did not perfectly reconcile them, nor either, with the candour which is demanded in an honourable cause.

At all events, by such a document he rendered the king a substantial service, and caused his departure to bear about it the semblance of a dignity it could not otherwise have borne.

It is astonishing that while Count Arrivabene, and most writers worthy of respect, denounce the conduct of Romano, who literally acted at the same time as the minister of Francis II. and of Garibaldi, Dumas, who participated, saw no wrong in his procedure, but loaded him and it with unqualified eulogy. With politicians as well as priests, the end too often sanctifies the deed.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

GARIBALDI'S ENTRANCE INTO NAPLES.—FORMATION OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.—EXULTATION OF THE CITIZENS.—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF HIS POLITICAL ADMINISTRATION.—ORGANISES AN ARMY TO DRIVE THE KING FROM NEAPOLITAN TERRITORY.

"Alack! what mischief might be set abroad  
In shadow of such greatness."—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

WHEN the hero of these great transactions arrived at Naples, the city was garrisoned by the royal troops. As he entered, one detachment prepared to fire upon him. Standing erect, with folded arms, he looked sternly towards them, and the soldiers instantly presented the military salute. Passing another post, the officer commanding ordered his men to fire; they refused. Had these detachments delivered their volleys, and the Dictator had fallen, all the elements of conflict pent up by his mighty influence would have burst forth and exhausted themselves in sanguinary collision. Garibaldi, as was the custom with great personages entering that city, first drove to the Bishop's Palace. There he was received by Father John, the ecclesiastical hero of the

march upon Palermo, who officiated in all the pomp and ceremony of the Roman Catholic worship. He gave, not for the first time, his benediction to the Dictator, now indeed of both Sicilies.

The whole population of Naples crowded to the streets, balconies, and windows, waving scarfs and handkerchiefs, casting flowers forth, and mingling with their shouts of triumph songs of patriotism; but above all the sounds of joy arose the continuous peal, "Long live Garibaldi our Liberator!"

Our hero's indefatigable friend, Dumas, arrived at Naples, and was appointed "Director of Museums and Excavations," an honorary office, which nevertheless excited Neapolitan envy and ill-will, so jealous were the people











of any office being held by foreigners, even although in the persons of men who had expended fortunes, and risked life to secure the liberties of Naples.

Garibaldi conferred the general direction of affairs to Cosenz, one of his officers, a Neapolitan, and well acquainted with those of his countrymen able and willing to serve the state.

Garibaldi put forth a proclamation, reflecting his own spirit. All his public documents were the work of his own mind; he allowed none other to interpret his to the people.

“TO THE BELOVED POPULATION OF NAPLES,  
OFFSPRING OF THE PEOPLE!

“It is with true respect and love that I present myself to this noble and imposing centre of the Italian population, which many centuries of despotism have not been able to humiliate, nor induced to bow the knee at the sight of tyranny. The first necessity of Italy was harmony, in order to unite the great Italian family; to-day, Providence has created that harmony through the sublime unanimity of all our provinces for the reconstitution of the nation; and, for unity, the same Providence has given to our country Victor Emmanuel, whom we from this moment may call the true father of our Italian land. Victor Emmanuel, the model of all sovereigns, will impress upon his descendants the duty that they owe to the prosperity of a people which has elected him for their chief with enthusiastic devotion. The Italian priests who are conscious of their true mission have, as a guarantee of the respect with which they will be treated, the ardour, the patriotism, and the truly Christian conduct of their numerous fellow ecclesiastics, who, from the highly praiseworthy monks of Lagrancia to the noble-hearted priests of the Neapolitan continent, one and all, in the sight and at the

head of our soldiers, defied the gravest dangers of battle. I repeat it, concord is the first want of Italy; so we will welcome as brothers those who once disagreed with us, but who now sincerely wish to bring their stone to raise up the monument of our country. Finally, respecting other people's houses, we are resolved to be masters in our own house, whether the powerful of the earth like it or not.

“GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.”

General Cosenz formed a ministry. Liborio Romano retained the office he held—Minister of the Interior. Dr. Bertani was made Secretary General, a post equivalent to Premier. Cosenz retained for himself the ministry of War, Pisanelli was charged with the portfolio of Justice, and the Marquis d'Affitto accepted that of Public Works. These appointments were more than mortifying to the Cavour party.

Garibaldi decreed that the Neapolitan navy should form part of the Sardinian, under the orders of Admiral Persano. The Dictator then asked his ministers where he should fix his residence.

“Here, in the Palace of the Foresteria,” answered one of them.

“No,” rejoined Garibaldi; “I have not come to Naples to dwell in royal residences. Is there any house in the city belonging to a Genoese family?”

“Yes, there is the d'Angri d'Oria Palace, which is just empty, the prince having gone to Paris with his family,” answered one of the bystanders.

“Very well,” said the Dictator, “we will proceed to the Palazzo d'Angri after we have shown the Neapolitans that we are Christians. Let us first go to the cathedral, to hear the *Te Deum*.”

Thus ended the first day of the Dictator's

reign. Night came, and with it the illuminations. The people of the nearest villages flocked into the city, and some of the Garibaldian troops also came up from Salerno. The population of Naples was consequently considerably increased.

The city was in a blaze of lustre; the pyrotechnical tendencies of the southern Italians found full scope. Palace and civic dome streamed with light. Variegated lamps wound round every column, and hung in graceful and brilliant festoons from many a balcony. The still hostile king was made the subject of maledictions written in fire, while compliment and praise for Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, the deliverers of Italy, shone out in jets of flame over the thronging multitudes, who repeated those inscriptions in shouts of almost frantic joy. The Dictator appeared on the balcony of the palace several times, and with his far-piercing voice, which was so often heard above the thunder of battle, warned and encouraged the multitudes—exhorting them to heroic courage, manly forbearance, unity, and a love of liberty to be quenched only in death, if death indeed can quench so pure a flame.

At last the wearied chief sought repose; and when this was understood, the vast but orderly multitude became still, and the footfall of the moving throngs alone was heard. In the remoter parts of the city—the noise of which could not disturb the slumbering conqueror—the roar of exultation was continued, as Bengal lights, tricoloured garlands of lamps, rockets, and torch processions attested the unabated enthusiasm and joy of the people.

Among the beautiful sights of the lighted city and suburbs, none were more attractive than the lamp decorations of the trees—tree connected with tree, and branch with branch, by lines of lamps formed in intelligible characters or significant symbols. The ships in

the harbour also bore similar decorations, which were reflected again by the water, as if the sea itself, proud of its own freedom, exulted in the new-born liberties of those who dwelt upon its shores.

Day succeeded day; the people still stirred with an unbounded fervour wherever Garibaldi appeared.

The Dictator did not, however, allow public affairs to be neglected. The king, at the head of an army, was still on Neapolitan soil. The troops left in garrison in Naples had orders from the king to hold their positions to the last. They nevertheless surrendered without condition. The volunteers quartered at Salerno were marched into the city, and sent forth to the Volturno, to watch the king's forces.

Garibaldi's government, although supported by the great mass of the people, and successful in everything, was much disturbed by intrigue. The chief inconvenience arose from the Piedmontese party. They were jealous of the Garibaldians being in power, forgetting who fought, and bled, and conquered, to make Naples free. Most of the officers and friends of Garibaldi were either republicans or men of extremely liberal views. The Piedmontese party were all constitutional monarchists, but differed among themselves as to the amount of political privilege to be conceded to the people. They preferred an aristocratic *régime*, or at all events a limitation of popular rights and franchises, extensive and decided. Some of them were mere place-hunters, and supposed that they would gain influence with the court and cabinet of Turin by thwarting Garibaldi.

To such an extent did these persons endeavour to embarrass him, that the Dictator sent away their leader, or at all events the most efficient and dangerous man of the party. Garibaldi could adopt no measure, however simply useful, that this party did not denounce,

the press in their interests questioned its advantage, misrepresented its character, and hinted at some ulterior object.

This party numbered within it correspondents of the press in other parts of Europe, but especially of the periodicals published at Turin, Paris, and London, who directly, or more generally indirectly, represented Garibaldi as a mere soldier, incapable of sustaining the responsibilities of government; as a good, but weak man, except in the field; and under the influence of a knot of Red Republicans and socialists, who would speedily initiate a state of things worse than the despotism of Francis II.

These murmurs became an outcry when Mazzini made his appearance in Naples, and was received by Garibaldi with tokens of confidence and respect. Mazzini was then represented by the Piedmont party as the virtual ruler of the Two Sicilies, and it was declared that his extreme opinions and impracticable counsels would lead to a restoration. The only hope, these persons assured Europe, for Naples and Italy, was for King Victor Emmanuel to set aside Garibaldi at once, and place a Sardinian nobleman at the head of affairs, who would nominate a ministry from the Piedmont party, to the exclusion of all Garibaldians whatever. They might indeed be allowed to fight, if need for them arose, at all events in irregular bands.

There was no justice or force in these murmurs and this outcry. Garibaldi, every one knew, had no notion of making Naples a republic, and the focus of a new and republican revolution in Italy. He had seldom agreed with Mazzini as to policy, and sometimes differed with him as to principle. "Italy united under Victor Emmanuel" as a constitutional king, was the programme of Garibaldi, from which none could turn him. There had been

nothing in his conduct to create a suspicion of his purpose, nothing in his history to cause a doubt of his sincerity. Mazzini's party professed, whatever might be their wishes, to accept "Italy united under Victor Emmanuel," as the only possible way of uniting Italy at all, and recognised it as the inflexible rule of the Dictator's political arrangements.

Garibaldi consulted not only the general interest as it appeared to him, but the public opinion. Bertani, whose exertions for the salvation of the Two Sicilies so ably seconded those of Garibaldi, was requested by the Dictator to resign, because he was regarded by large classes as openly a republican partisan. The Marquis Pallavicini was nominated in his place; a person less objectionable to those whose leanings were aristocratic. Pallavicini, with the permission of Garibaldi, as pro-Dictator, published a paternal appeal to Mazzini to leave the Neapolitan provinces. The latter refused to do so, alleging his right as an Italian citizen, but protesting that he accepted, contrary to his own opinion, but in deference to the majority, the national purpose of unity under Victor Emmanuel.

The anti-republican party would not credit these assertions, and the agents of Cavour fostered their incredulity,

Cavour was, however, a man of intellect and energy, and zealous for the unity of Italy under the sceptre of his prince, and with free institutions. He perceived that the best way of correcting any undue influence of "the party of progress" in Naples, was by initiating some decisive measure of progress himself. He accordingly resolved to send an army into the Papal territory, and measure swords with Lamoricière and his mercenary legions. Cavour justified this step on the pleas that the position of Lamoricière was menacing, the outrages of his legions intolerable, the people of the

Pontifical States unanimously in favour of intervention, and that if some bold forward steps were not taken, the republicans would gain an ascendancy in Italy fatal to constitutional monarchy. Upon these representations Napoleon promised that he would not oppose. When this should be accomplished, it was the intention to form a junction on the Voltorno with Garibaldi, and thus secure the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel.

Garibaldi experienced other annoyances than those which arose from the anti-republican or republican parties, in their separate actions or mutual conflicts.

The Pope's Nuncio remained in Naples with the purpose of creating reaction, until finding his intentions thwarted, he retired to Gaeta with the king's army.

Baron Brenier, the French ambassador, showed hostility in every way, and the commander of the French fleet was not less hostile. Every occasion was chosen by these officials to show some petty insolence, or more serious slight.

The British Admiral Munday lost no opportunity of showing Garibaldi and his officers respect; but the English minister, Elliot, was cold, hesitating, and timid. Even when the admiral was openly demonstrative in his respect for Garibaldi, his officers, and his government, the English minister "fought shy" of any supposed participation.

Notwithstanding all his difficulties, the Dictator secured liberty and happiness to the people, and infused a desire for unity and freedom with and for all their Italian brethren.

The king's forces at Gaeta were increased, and tidings came from day to day that he considered his resources sufficient for the reconquest of the Two Sicilies, if no foreign aid were given to Garibaldi.

The Dictator resolved to set these aspirations at rest by an attempt to expel the king from the Neapolitan borders. He induced Admiral Persano to land a regiment of bersaglieri and a force of artillery, which was on board his fleet. With this the admiral complied, notwithstanding the indignation and protests of the French minister.

Volunteers arrived from various cities of "the Duchies," and a considerable number of Garibaldi's own gallant Ligurians. The Cacciotti of Calabria, the volunteers of Basilicata, and many of the national guard and lazzaroni of Naples, were enrolled as regular soldiers and subjected to strict discipline.

The Calabrese were 10,000 in number, under Baron Stocco; the Basilicani were 2,200, under Corte; the rest of the forces numbered not far short of 30,000 men.

With all his other cares, he had to concern himself constantly with the affairs of the Island of Sicily. Depretis, the pro-dictator of that province, resigned in consequence of a quarrel with Crispi. During the autumn, and even when before the enemy, Garibaldi had to cross the Straits, and reduce to harmony the concussing elements in the political life of Palermo and Messina.

It cannot be denied by any impartial person, that so far from Garibaldi displaying political weakness, or an incompetency to deal with the great affairs of government, at this juncture his sagacity was almost prescient, his discrimination of character keen and refined, and his penetration of the means, ends, and motives of entangled and treacherous diplomacy profound and rapid. He dealt wisely, not only with the intricate skein of politics which no one else could have unravelled, but even with ecclesiastical matters of moment, and sometimes of danger. An American gentleman who saw and spoke to him at this juncture of

his history, very well describes his intellectual power, and gives a description of his person and manner, which is also worth inserting, as the reader cannot but feel interested in his appearance and bearing at different stages of his career :—

“He had a broad and round forehead ; a straight and almost perpendicular nose, not too small, but of a delicate form ; heavy brown moustaches and beard, which conceal the lower part of his face ; a full, round chest ; free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill health, and a rheumatism which disables his right arm ; a full, dark eye, steady, penetrating, and pensive, but mild and friendly ; an easy, natural, frank, and unassuming carriage, with a courteous nod and a ready grasp of the hand, as a recognition of one introduced by his friend. Such was Garibaldi, as he appeared at the first glance, and before he had time to speak. His first words were uttered in a tone corresponding with the courtesy of his movements and the glance of his eye ; while the freedom of his utterance, and the propriety and beauty of his language, drew all my attention from his form and features, to the sentiments he expressed and the facts he mentioned. To my surprise, I found my thoughts turned, in part, from the fields of battles, the siege of Rome, and the sortie of San Marino, to the principles of the Italian Revolution, and the true doctrines of Christianity, perverted by the enemies of Italian liberty. The cruelties of Popery—its degrading tendency—its duplicity, hypocrisy, idolatry, and atrocities—its history, desperate condition, and inevitable ruin—were treated by him in rapid succession, with the clearness of a theologian and a statesman combined, and in language which united, in a peculiar degree, propriety, beauty, and force. And all this was done without an appearance of the

slightest effort. He did not hesitate for an instant for an idea or for a word ; and it was self-evident that he spoke under the combined influence of feelings fully decided, a clear judgment fully convinced, and both in perfect harmony. No man, I thought, could listen to him, even for a few moments, without the certain conviction, not only that he spoke in accordance with his convictions, but under the direct, imperative, and solemn direction of his conscience.”

It must not be supposed from this account of his ecclesiastical views, that he felt disposed to espouse any particular form of Protestantism. He had no predilection then for any ecclesiastical system or form of worship, although believing in the great fundamental doctrines of the Scriptures, after the interpretation of the Protestant evangelical school. That this view of his theological and ecclesiastical opinions is correct, as explaining his policy when Dictator of the Sicilies, the following letter of a gentleman who knew him in China, a few years before, will confirm :—

“I am reminded of the very strong feeling of hatred to Papal rule which is entertained by that large body of Italians of whom Garibaldi is the life and soul. It appeared when that hero was in China two or three years after his last expatriation, that in conversation he evinced much more hatred of Papal than he did of Austrian domination,—denouncing his Holiness, in no measured language, as the arch-leader of the greatest system of delusion ever entralling the senses of man.

“‘We have sworn,’ he said emphatically, ‘to crush that tyranny, and though the chances appear small now, they will come.’ It was only natural that we should ask him in reply to this, with what established form of religion the Papacy would be replaced ; and those who know the emphatic and somewhat

romantic manner in which Garibaldi is wont to express himself, may imagine the solemnity of his answer. Lifting up his hand to heaven, and waving it round to the hills, he rejoined—'There, above, around, we see the works of an almighty, ever-blessed God! It is enough for us to worship Him in our hearts; we want no form; we scout tradition!' This, he said, was the religion—the religion of nature—of the thousands who, secretly with himself, have sworn to drive from the fair field of Italy every vestige of Papal superstition.

"Whether Garibaldi eventually is to be more than the simple fisherman general, remains to be seen."

It is not proper in these pages to discuss how far the views of Garibaldi were adapted to his position, or right in themselves; but to present them as facts, which bore upon his theories and practices of government, is important to a correct estimate of the man and his administration. He was actuated by no selfish

motive, and guided by no narrow view. He had studied politics and peoples from his youth; he had gathered experience by intercourse with statesmen, and by having been himself a power upon which the safety or welfare of states depended. He was therefore not the dauntless simpleton which it suited portions of the Paris and London press to represent him, but the able as well as fearless, the informed as well as resolute, man, both of counsel and action; as sagacious as Cavour, without his intrigue; as persistent as Mazzini, and more practicable; as fearless as the Apostle Paul, and as pure in motive.

Thus Garibaldi ruled well in spite of all the obstacles that obstructed his benign and wise purposes; as the sun passing across the heavens penetrates the obscuring clouds, sheds its ray in some moment in the depths of the forest or the ravine, bathes the open field in fertilising light, and covers all things rude or beautiful with its own glory.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KING AT GAETA.—BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO.—BRUTAL CONDUCT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCIS II.

"I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent"—SHAKESPEARE, *Ju'ius Cæsar*.

MEANWHILE the army of Piedmont, under Cialdini, the old comrade in arms of Garibaldi, crossed the Papal frontier, and defeating Lamoricière in several actions, wrested the Papal States from the Pope with the exception of Rome, Civita Vecchia, and some other posts occupied by the French. An account of these events would not properly belong to a memoir of Garibaldi, but they are here noticed as necessary to explain the early appearance on the

Volturno of the troops of Sardinia in co-operation with those of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies.

Early in September the positions of the army on the Volturno confronting those of the king were occupied, and the forces were continually increased until they assumed imposing numbers. The king on his part had rallied all the reactionary forces of the country, and many of the soldiers and officers who had capi-



tulated to Garibaldi, in Calabria and Basilicata, broke their parole, and for the sake of pay were enrolled in the king's service again. His Majesty also had recruited his army with Bavarian, Austrian, and Swiss mercenaries.

The advance of Cialdini's army in the rear of the Neapolitans was a military event of great importance to both the armies contending on the Volturno. It placed the Neapolitan troops in an unfavourable strategical position, and it brought to the aid of the patriots new forces, well disciplined, with engineers and artillery of a superior order. The volunteer army was numerically and in equipment very inferior to their foes; the language of the great dramatist might be applied to them—

*"Oh, such a tattered host of mounted scarecrows!  
So poor, so famished, their executors,  
The greedy crows, hovering over their heads,  
Impatient for their lean inheritance."*

They were wretchedly deficient in artillery, and in the other scientific branches of the military profession, although commanded by men skilful as generals, as well as of undoubted heroism.

The Neapolitans, who were disposed to act on the defensive notwithstanding the inferiority of Garibaldi's forces, were now strangely enough compelled to adopt the offensive, from the very fact that their enemies had increased in number and efficiency. To dislodge Garibaldi's army from its positions became absolutely necessary to the safety of Francis II. and his followers. Unless that could be effected, and speedily, there was no apparent hope for the royal cause. If Garibaldi were driven back, and pursued into Naples, he would probably be obliged to abandon that city, and the king once again in possession of his capital, the minister of France would have interfered; that must have proved the signal for other diplomatic intervention, which would be sure to issue in the restoration to the king of at least his continental dominions,

upon constitutional conditions, which he would eagerly assume, and afterwards ~~as~~ eagerly violate.

A council of war was held by the king with all his generals, the members of his family, and those persons upon whose political capacity he relied most, and it was resolved that upon the 1st of October, the sovereign's birthday, a grand attack should be made upon the Garibaldians. Every effort to awaken the loyalty, rouse the bravery, and stimulate the bigotry of the royal army was put forth. Generals, priests, the gentlemen and ladies of the royal family, and the king himself, resorted to every means they could conceive as applicable to the circumstances, to kindle enthusiasm among the royal troops.

Accordingly on the 1st of October, 40,000 men, thoroughly disciplined, supported by a numerous and well-appointed artillery, were concentrated between Capua and Cajazzo, for the purpose of passing the Volturno. It seemed beyond human calculation to expect that such an army as Garibaldi commanded, considering its inferior discipline and appliances, could contend against such overwhelming odds.

Garibaldi, from his head-quarters at Caserta, organised a skilful defence, for although not acquainted with the immediate purpose of his Majesty, he divined with his usual foresight the policy which events would constrain.

The head-quarters of the king were at Capua. It was a town and fortress, the latter of great strength and advantageous position.

A ridge from the Abruzzi chain of hills stretches towards the left of the town: the Volturno runs in the opposite direction into the Tyrrhenian Sea, with another chain of eminences along its left bank. Along the foot of these hills there was a road parallel with the river, from Santa Maria through Formicola, whence bending to the right, through a moun-

tain defile, it leads to San Leucio and Caserta (where Garibaldi took up his own quarters).

The road described passes the foot of Mount Tifata before reaching Formicola. On the slopes of the mount, the picturesque little town of Sant' Angelo (the post of Medici) is situated. At Formicola there was a ferry, by which might be reached the town of Cajazzo.

There are besides the road many mountain tracks along the left of the river. By these paths, Ponte de Valle and Maddaloni are easily approached.

The town of Santa Maria is but three miles from Capua, on the road to Naples. That little place has its site in a large plain, extending from the western skirts of the mountains to Naples.

The road from Santa Maria to Capua was parallel with a railway.

Close by the Volturno to the sea extends the canal of Lagna Regii; it connects the towns of Aversa and Santa Maria.

This brief and plain description will give the non-military reader a facility for perceiving the characters of the attack and defence. The popular reader will also perceive that such an unequal and rugged country, intercepting by so many obstructions the advance of artillery and cavalry, constituted especial difficulties in the way of the attack.

The chief portion of Garibaldi's line was stretched along the country from Sant' Angelo to Santa Maria, and there the onslaught of the enemy must be made. It was necessary in order to break this line that it should be stormed by heavy columns of infantry, under the cover of powerful artillery. Numerous guns of heavy calibre, excellently appointed and numerously manned, were, with vast labour, surmounting all obstacles, brought up for this purpose.

The key of the defence was Sant' Angelo,

which post was commanded by Medici, one of the bravest and most skilful of the Garibaldian commanders; indeed, this officer had frequently commanded a corps of Garibaldi's little army, and in feats of courage and generalship he almost rivalled his great chief.

The battle began by a skirmish upon the chief point of the defence, the Neapolitans feeling their way by a feigned attack, the experience obtained in which was not favourable to their hopes for the general result. Nevertheless, they were sanguine of success, so many elements of superior strength were possessed by them, and so intoxicated with fervour for the royal cause had the royal troops been made by sacerdotal influence, appeals to their loyalty, and large promises of reward. Arrivabene says that Medici was almost unrivalled in defending entrenched positions; but the evidence afforded by his exploits does not distinguish him in this respect more than in his operations in the open field, in attack, pursuit, retreat, or in storming entrenchments.

At last the brunt of battle came, and Medici was the first to feel it. A strong battalion of grenadiers crossed the river, forcing its way through Medici's outposts, by paths through woods familiar to the assailants. This battalion was followed by others of well-disciplined infantry, and the first entrenchments of Medici, and others extending along the line nearest to him, were carried by a sudden and impetuous rush. The royalists even passed the lines of the patriots and ascended Mount Tifata. A barricade had been erected at the foot of Sant' Angelo, under Garibaldi's own superintendence; it was stormed. Colonel Dunne gallantly defended another barricade in front of a post called Casa Bruciata. This was also assaulted with success. Another strong post, comprising the battery of the railway and the barricade of Porta Capua, was

assaulted with great fury. Milbitz, who defended, repulsed the enemy, although all his outposts were driven in and some of his entrenchments stormed. In front of the railway Malenchini's brigade was driven in, and with difficulty regained its lost ground. Thus the left and centre of Garibaldi's lines were all but conquered. Meanwhile Ponte di Valle and Maddaloni, on the extreme right, defended by Bixio, were assaulted by one-fourth of the whole attacking force.

Garibaldi was equal to the terrible emergency: his plan was clear, bold, and decisive. He hastened from Caserta to Santa Maria, and thence directed the movements of his supports and reserves. Eber's brigade he ordered to support Bixio; the brigade of Türr, with such desultory aid as it could find, to march in the direction of Capua. Assanti's brigade was to march at once upon the general field of action, and deploy as circumstances might demand. After all these arrangements, a few troops remained as a *dernier* reserve. The General then, in a carriage, directed his course to Sant' Angelo. He did not know that the enemy had just crossed his line of route. Before he and his staff could reach their destination, a battalion of royalist sharpshooters opened fire upon them at a distance of fifty yards. One of the horses of the General's carriage was killed. Missori rode on the box of another carriage; the coachman fell dead beside him.

In all probability the whole party would have been captured, at least such as escaped being killed, had not a single company of Medici's infantry come to the rescue. The sharpshooters turned upon the assailants, allowing the escape of Garibaldi and his staff across the fields and in the by-paths which conducted to Sant' Angelo. This escape was not the most wonderful part of our hero's good fortune on the occasion. His danger,

had he advanced along the direct route unpeded by the riflemen, would have been still greater; in fact, his fate would have been inevitably sealed. Had he reached Sant' Angelo by the road, he would have come upon the enemy, who had won that part of it by Sant' Angelo, and had captured the battery. The detour he was obliged to make brought him upon the upper part of the town where Medici was posted. He instantly ascended the mountain, surveyed the whole field of battle, and perceived that the enemy were everywhere more or less successful. Sant' Angelo was about to be taken in the rear, and the prospect was, that surrounded, the garrison would be slain or made prisoners. In all probability no quarter would have been given, and Garibaldi, Medici, and their heroic followers would all have perished.

Medici defended his post in front with a calm, resolute, persistent, and effectual obstinacy. Garibaldi ordered some troops and mountain howitzers up to the height above the line of the Neapolitan troops advancing against Medici's rear. Not expecting to be assailed from that quarter, the enemy were taken by surprise, and precipitated into the plain. Then joining Medici, Garibaldi ordered a bayonet charge of his whole disposable force at a moment most favourable for such an operation. The conflict was sharp, short, and decisive. He was recognised by the enemy, and filled with their old fear of him, they turned and fled. Sant' Angelo, after four hours of terrible battle, was safe. What a series of wonderful providences preceded this result. The best officer defended the point where the contest was severest. Garibaldi, in his attempt to reach it, was saved from capture or death only by the opportune arrival of a single company of infantry whose presence was not expected, and who had no

notion of the importance of the service they were about to render. He was turned by his enemies themselves from the very route, by allowing him to proceed upon which, they could have captured him. He arrived at the juncture most important by a way the safest, into which he was driven, and leading to a position which gave him instant opportunity of scanning the whole field of battle, and determining the means conducive to victory ! Surely it seemed as if unseen angels trod with him his path of storms, and guided his spirit and his footsteps.

At Santa Maria, Milbitz contrived to fortify the place so as to enable him to defend that part of the line with very inferior forces, notwithstanding his first reverses. The enemy, unacquainted with the artificial strength of the position, spread to the right and left, exposing themselves to effectual attack upon the weakest part of their line. This Malenchini effected by a brilliant charge under the orders of Milbitz. The surprised and confused Neapolitans were broken against one another, driven upon their supports and reserves, entangled battalion with battalion inextricably, until the huddled masses reeled in crowded disorder from the field.

The battalions of the left wing of the royal army had penetrated the town of Santa Maria from Porta Capua to the Amphitheatre ; but a single company of Garibaldians, all Frenchmen, behaved with a gallantry and military intelligence which set all efforts to dislodge them from their position at defiance.

The repulse of the royalists was general, but not so decisive as to deprive them of hopes of final victory by renewed assault.

The enemy, therefore, again advanced under the eyes of the king himself, and immediately directed by his lieutenant, Retucci. The railway battery (reconquered) and Porta

Capua were attacked fiercely and persistently ; shot and shell were hurled as if showered from heaven, and bayonet charges were again and again repeated, but the gallant Garibaldians withstood all as if the shield of the archangel covered them.

The magazine of Porta Capua exploded, destroying men and defences ; the enemy took advantage of the disaster, burst through the burning ruins, and struggled amidst the flaming timbers and fragments of the shattered battery to gain a footing, in vain. Breast to breast, men encountered each other over the *débris* of the battered and broken defences, until Victory gave her wreath to Freedom.

The enemy were chased out of the shattered lines, and two of their guns were captured. The captors had not strength to secure their prize. A crowd of British sailors, spectators of the fight, were at Porta Capua. " Bear a hand, lads ! " cried an English Garibaldian. The sailors, as if touched by magic at this call in their own tongue, rushed forward, and bore in the guns with enthusiastic alacrity.

Francis II. and Retucci, with the desperation of despair, resolved to bring their whole strength forward. Fresh regiments were ordered to the front, and their field batteries advanced in great numbers to within three hundred yards of the walls of Santa Maria.

Between the town and the railway station a force of Garibaldians occupied an open space where cavalry might attack. Three thousand horse were directed against that position.

Thus, Santa Maria was attacked on all sides, and with all arms of military power, and with fury as fierce as if hell poured up its own appliances of destruction, and the appropriate agents to wield them. The cavalry onslaughts were bravely made ; the Neapolitans in the king's service seemed resolved to

redeem themselves from the disgraces of Sicily and Calabria. In vain, however, were the charges of the fiery horsemen, as, with fetlock deep in blood, their war-steeds were goaded to the very precincts of the battery. Compact and fearless, the noble infantry of Garibaldi checked the hot war-horse and its rider, scattering them, slain and wounded, upon the open ground, and at last hurling them, with well-aimed volleys, from the field. The cavalry rode back, crestfallen, to Capua.

The efforts of the royal infantry and artillery were not more successful. While the fight raged at Santa Maria, it was also furious at Sant' Angelo, where Garibaldi, Medici, and Colonel Pace were themselves equal to a host. There, and on the road between those two points where Assanti's troops had ranged themselves, victory also declared for the patriots. The difficulty which Assanti had to keep open the communications between these two posts, with so small a body of men as he commanded, was surmounted by bravery and military intelligence.

Bixio was hotly assailed at Ponte di Valle, and while the events recorded were passing on the other portions of the line. The bad generalship of the assailants gave Bixio such advantage that he repulsed them effectually by noon. This enabled him to send a brigade to the aid of Santa Maria, which, without such assistance, would have probably fallen. Garibaldi, perceiving that the attack was strongest there, gave his presence to the defence during the latter portion of its operations.

The Neapolitan general advised his Majesty to make one more grand effort, directing it upon Sant' Angelo. While preparations were making to execute it, the king and his lieutenant were deterred by the appearance of a body of troops on the roads of Corditello and

San Tamaro. These troops were merely advanced parties, very few in number, thrown forward by Brigadier-General Corte from his detachment posted in defence of the line of the canal Lagni Regii. Corte had not the means of making any important demonstration; but he so manoeuvred as to deceive the stupid royalist generals as to his strength, and without knowing their intentions, frustrated them, answering not only the purpose for which he so intelligently operated, but accomplishing more important effects.

Garibaldi never gives an enemy much time to think; the electric spark flies quickly through his own brain, and his deed is as swift as his resolve. Perceiving the hesitation of the enemy, and trusting to the moral influence that would ensue from becoming the assailant along his whole line, he ordered a general advance.

Eber, who had been sent with his brigade—so called, numbering 200—by Bixio, to assist in the defence of Santa Maria, was the first to attack. He rushed from the Porta Capua (already so terribly contested), and pierced the Neapolitan lines rapidly and keenly as an arrow the heart of him against whom the archer directs it. It was upon the success of this assault that Garibaldi relied in the first instance, although, to confuse the enemy, another brigade was sent from the opposite end of the line, which, making its exit from Porta Sant' Angelo, drew off the attention of a large body of the enemy.

Eber was expected to perform a single object, not easily accomplished. He was to penetrate to the Capuchin convent and the cemetery of Capua, and retake them. These posts were occupied by the royal guards, under the command of his Majesty. Eber's rapid advance had to contend with a hurricane of artillery; and then, a body of cavalry, superior

in number, was placed across their path. Garibaldi's Hungarian Hussars, only sixty-nine in number, charged these cavalry, routed them, and captured their guns. Eber's little band, which could not but have felt a moment before that its task was impossible, dashed on with enthusiasm, charged into the coveted positions, and carried them; the royal guard fled before the king's presence, and could not be rallied.

The Garibaldian army had no need to advance; the Neapolitans fled for shelter under the bulwarks of the fortress of Capua.

The British in Garibaldi's army covered themselves with immortal honour. Brigadier-General Dunne, Colonels Peard, Dowling, and Pace, and Major Wyndham, fought with the utmost bravery, and honoured the cause by their competent knowledge as well as by their skill.

Notwithstanding the brilliant victory, the successes of the royal army in the early part of the day enabled them to make a considerable number of prisoners, who were hurried to the rear, and treated with horrible barbarity, notwithstanding the notorious fact that Garibaldi treated his prisoners with the utmost generosity, generally giving them their liberty on parole, and very often unconditionally. The royal soldiery endeavoured to massacre the prisoners, and were only prevented by the officers, who knew that such a course would

endanger a terrible retaliation. English and French influence were in vain wielded to procure for the captives moderate treatment. They were cast into dungeons filled with vermin, without ventilation, robbed of their clothes and money, left in a state of disgusting filth, and supplied with food inadequate in quantity, and in quality even offensive, while threats of murder were constantly offered.

Lord Palmerston seems to have been the bugbear of the royalists. They at once hated and feared him, loaded his name with curses and reproaches, and menaced the prisoners with sanguinary retaliation for his lordship's supposed ingenuities in opposing the cause of despotism.

It is not too much to aver that civilised nations have no records so shameful, dastardly, and cruel as those which would simply and truly disclose the treatment of prisoners of war and prisoners of policy under the authority of the Neapolitan tyrant, unless, perhaps, in the annals of similar crimes and atrocities perpetrated by his predecessor.

The language of our great English dramatic writer may be here well applied—

**Tumultuous wars**

Shall kn with kn, and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit; and this land be called  
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's bones."

## CHAPTER XXVIII

GALLANT CONDUCT OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS.—KING VICTOR EMMANUEL JOINS GARIBALDI.—REACTIONARY MOVEMENTS AND CRUELITIES.—THE KING ENTERS NAPLES WITH GARIBALDI.—THE DICTATOR TREATED UNGRATEFULLY.—HE REFUSES TO REMAIN IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING.—RETIRES TO CAPRERA.

"*Messenger*.—West of this, scarcely off half a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy;  
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

"*Mowbray*.—The just proportions that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on and face them in the field."—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

THE Neapolitan army, weakened by losses on the Volturno, desertions and prisoners, was not in number much beyond 30,000 men, at all events did not amount to 40,000. It became important therefore to the king to prevent the advance of Cialdini, and a junction of his army with that of Garibaldi.

The object of the two chiefs, on the other hand, was to "sway on and face them in the field."

A Sardinian brigade, which had arrived in Naples, was sent to the front, and the English Legion, under Colonel Peard, was sent to the outposts. These were attacked by a large force of the enemy, and with every indication of an especial national hostility. In the centre of the positions occupied by the English there was a battery, in support of which Peard placed one company. In front there was a farmhouse where another company was posted, with directions to turn the building to the best defensive purposes which its construction allowed. Two companies were placed in support of the advance, and two were thrown out to the left. The farmhouse was attacked by very superior numbers, and Peard himself hurried forward with supports. On an adjoining hill there were detachments of bersaglieri, who were outnumbered, but, reinforced by some reserves of the English, were enabled to hold their ground.

The whole Legion then advanced, led by the gallant Peard, who was accompanied by Lord Seymour. The advance was steadily made, the men formed in line making an appearance as if veteran troops, although none of them were ever before in front of an enemy. So heavy and precise was their fire, that the Neapolitans severely suffered. The first man to fall on the side of the English was Mr. Tucker, an artist on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*; he acted as interpreter, and behaved with the greatest gallantry in the conflict. He was shot in advance of the line of skirmishers, and had the honour of falling nearest to the enemy. The firing increased in range and rapidity, but the Neapolitans were repulsed. The English reserve companies arriving in the field, the royalist forces were driven within their lines. This was a brilliant combat, and won the highest renown for the English. Garibaldi, with whom the British as sailors and soldiers were favourites, expressed his warm approbation. The loss of the English was very small, considering that they exposed themselves with the utmost audacity; two were killed, eight wounded more or less severely, and a considerable number very slightly. In all probability the smallness of their loss may be accounted for by the boldness of their advance, pressing on rapidly and fearlessly, but with the greatest coolness and steadiness.

About this time a reactionary movement was executed at Isernia. Garibaldi sent 800 men thither, commanded by Nullo, Caldesi, and Mario. The expedition was unfortunate, a large number of the men having been assassinated by the peasantry; even women perpetrated the most dreadful cruelties; some of the prisoners were buried alive, and others torn limb from limb. A spirit of bigotry makes people blood-thirsty—"The dark places of the earth are the abodes of cruelty."

The Sardinians on the Volturno advanced with sure and rapid march, the Neapolitans retiring before them until they placed the river between the two armies, and found security, as they hoped, under the guns of Gaeta.

On the 10th of October, Garibaldi called upon the people to vote by universal suffrage whether they would have Victor Emmanuel for their king. The voting was fixed for the 21st, and Victor Emmanuel became the elect of the people, 1,300,000 voting for, 10,000 against him. On the 11th, the Sardinian king entered the Neapolitan territory, establishing military co-operation with the Dictator of the Two Sicilies, who on the previous day issued one of his characteristic spirit-stirring proclamations.

#### 'TO THE CITIZENS OF NAPLES.

"To-morrow, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, the elect of the nation, will break down the frontier which has divided us for so many centuries from the rest of our country, and, listening to the unanimous voice of this brave people, will appear among us.

"Let us worthily receive the sent of Providence, and scatter in his path, as the pledge of our redemption and our affection, the flowers of concord—to him so grateful, to us so necessary.

"No more political colours, no more parties, no more discords! Italy one (as the people of this metropolis wisely determine), and the

King Galantuomo, are the eternal symbols of our regeneration, and of the grandeur and prosperity of the country.

"G. GARIBALDI."

On the 23rd our hero concentrated his forces at Calvi. On the 25th he sent Colonel Missori with his respects to Victor Emmanuel at Teano, and to inform his Majesty of the movements which had taken place. The king complimented the hero of Melazzo, and expressed his unbounded admiration of Garibaldi and his gallant volunteers.

It was arranged that a meeting of the king and now ex-Dictator should take place next day at the foot of Santa Maria della Croce, and that the king should review Bixio's division and Eber's brigade. At eight o'clock next morning, the Garibaldians, ragged and battle-stained, were drawn up to receive the king; they were mostly young men, but veterans in soldierly appearance. The king arrived; Garibaldi advanced to meet the monarch, who was attended by his brilliantly-equipped staff. The republican chief was dressed in the ordinary red shirt of the Garibaldians, over which hung his American blue-grey cloak; his head was covered with a "wide-awake," bearing a single plume; a pair of black trousers and very heavy boots completed his uniform. At his side hung the sword which was given him by Mr. Cowan, of Newcastle, on behalf of the working-men of that place, the same with which he struck for liberty and victory at Calatafimi and Melazzo—"A sword," says Arrivabene, "worth all the embroidered uniforms in the world." The heroes rode out from their respective staffs and cordially grasped hands. "General," said his Majesty, "but for your daring and enterprise the unity of Italy could not have taken place for ten years yet." Garibaldi replied, "It may be, sire, but I could not have attempted



my expedition had not Victor Emmanuel been the most noble and generous of kings." The Garibaldian soldiers shouted with 12,000 voices, "Long live Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy!" the king replying with loud voice, "Long live Garibaldi and his noble army!" Alas! that noble army was poorly requited for its services, when Italy—Rome and Venice excepted—was one, and the sceptre of him for whom they bled and conquered, and won kingdoms, swayed in peaceful power.

When the review passed, the two heroes rode together to Bellona, their staffs attending them. They journeyed for nearly an hour, and conversed on the position and prospects of the country. Immediately after the interview, Garibaldi said to one of his generals, "I did not shrink from telling the king that he is surrounded by a set of men who are not the warmest friends of Italy. I tried to persuade him that what has been said about the influence which Mazzini and his friends exercised over me is a mere calumny. 'How could I have insisted upon sending Mazzini into exile, when he has done so much for Italian unity?' said I to Victor Emmanuel; and his Majesty agreed that I was right."

From the hour when the king and the greater chief met, the bearing of the Piedmontese officers was offensive. Indirectly, but not less really, they showed an indisposition to fight beside the Garibaldians, and assumed airs of superior consequence, which would have been amusing, or simply ridiculous, if it had not been disgusting, because impolitic, ungrateful, and unjust.

The Neapolitans occupied the right bank of the Garigliano, and the king ordered the Garibaldians to besiege Capua, while his army contested with the Neapolitans in the field. This arrangement gave umbrage to the Garibaldian soldiers, and the impression spread among

them that a policy existed at the court of Turin to use them and their chief as long as necessary, and then cast off both.

The Piedmontese army drove that of Francis II. from the field. The Piedmontese admiral blockaded the gulf; the French admiral would not recognise the blockade, and made many demonstrations against the fleet of the Sardinian admiral. The French Emperor declared to his Sardinian Majesty, through their respective ministers, that his admiral had exceeded his authority. This declaration was never believed in Southern Italy, either by Sardinians, Garibaldians, Royalists, or Frenchmen. The incidents of the Sardinian operations, as far as they require notice, belong rather to the life of Victor Emmanuel than of Garibaldi.

The 1st of November was a great day at Naples. Garibaldi distributed medals to his braves. To the Hungarian Legion, ever true to him, he presented colours. The occasion was festive and joyful; and Garibaldi was blessed, as if he had that day won a new victory. The General delivered the following extraordinary address:—

"This is a memorable day for us, for it cements the alliance of two nations, and establishes the fraternity of the people. To-day you have destroyed that principle of egotism which has kept the nations separated, and thus has facilitated the servitude of all. The people with whom you have fraternised to-day have the same enemies who threaten you. Your cause is theirs, and theirs is yours.

"But, before fighting against this external enemy, you have internal enemies to beat down; and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, it is that of telling you the truth frankly and without a veil. In using this privilege, I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope.

"I am a Christian as you are; yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery, and has proclaimed the freedom of men. The Pope, who oppresses his subjects, and is an enemy of Italian independence, is no Christian; he denies the very principle of Christianity; he is Antichrist.

"This truth you must spread among those who are near to you; for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of the fact, that Italy will be really free and united."

On the 7th of November Victor Emmanuel made his public entry into Naples. It was indeed a winter's day, darkness hung over the fair city as if portentous of political gloom and social trouble. Garibaldi proceeded to Santa Maria to meet his Majesty. The two gallant men met as hitherto, cordially and as personal friends; one ready to do homage to the chosen sovereign of his country, the other to do the homage of a king to a man, the greatness of whose deeds and virtues raised him above all rank, the man who conquered and gave away kingdoms in the interest of justice and liberty. Happily, Fanti and Farini were not in the king's retinue; the hero detested their policy, opinions, and character.

The king took his seat in the royal carriage with Garibaldi by his side, the two prodictators of Sicily sitting opposite. The public would have preferred the absence of the latter; courtesy, policy, or etiquette, or all three together, ruled in the programme. The streets of Naples were thronged with its own inhabitants, and the people from far and near; even from the coasts of Sicily men came to witness this auspicious wonder. Victor Emmanuel was received with demonstrations loyal and hearty; but Garibaldi with greater enthusiasm. It was the old Scripture event realised as truly as if the people shouted, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his

tens of thousands." To detail the demonstrations of the people of Naples, will be unnecessary; the public reception of the monarch passed over joyously. The king then sought Garibaldi alone, to persuade him to remain in Naples and assist in the government of Southern Italy. This Garibaldi would have done for the public benefit and that of his sovereign if his principles and truth allowed; but he had no confidence in the honour or patriotism of the king's chief advisers.

Garibaldi demanded that he should be for three years constituted governor of Southern Italy with very great powers. He believed that without time and such powers he could never appease discontents and cause the severed elements of social and political life to cohere. This demand was refused. His second requirement was, that the decrees he had signed during his dictatorship should be recognised, except where from the necessity of the occasion they were at variance with constitutional law. This was conceded partially, but so clogged with conditions that it appeared as if the royal government was intent upon blotting out from Naples all traces of the dictatorial régime. The third requisition was that the rank conferred by him upon his followers should be recognised. This was also made the subject of a *conditional* concession, which Garibaldi could not with honour accept. It was plain that the royal government was willing to employ him as a well paid official, civil or military, or in both capacities, as any ordinary servant of the crown, but that they had resolved to ignore the extraordinary position which, as the conqueror of the Sicilies, he had a right to claim, and that, with some few exceptions, the government was desirous to escape any connection with the radical followers of Garibaldi, civil and military. It was true that those men had rendered immortal services to their king

and country, unbidden by the monarch or his ministry; so much the better for those who reaped the advantage; but the duty of showing public gratitude to those heroic men was not deemed either necessary or advantageous, except in some way which would go off in mere flash and parade, or confer some trifling pension.

The king was perhaps obliged to do as his premier advised. Garibaldi would not see Cavour; he believed the minister sought solely the aggrandisement of Piedmont, not the good or the glory of Italy. He considered that he had bartered away its provinces simply to extend the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi's policy was Italy free and united; he considered Cavour's to be the extension of the dominions of the Piedmontese monarchy, and that he would sell one part of Italy to Austria if he could thereby make a good bargain for Piedmont. Garibaldi sought for union and Victor Emmanuel king of the Italians; he believed that Cavour sought only Sardinian ascendancy in the peninsula. It was impossible to reconcile those opposing views, and almost as impossible to believe that while Victor Emmanuel desired to reign over a united Italy only as a constitutional monarch, the chosen of the people, he was not free from the hereditary ambition of his house, nor unwilling to profit by the mere dynastic schemes of his minister. At all events, with such views Garibaldi could not co-operate in the government of Southern Italy. It was unfortunate for that fair region that his services could not be secured; years of social shame and obstruction would have been spared it.

Whatever Garibaldi advised was rejected; whoever had opposed, thwarted, insulted Garibaldi was lifted to power. Farini, whom he had expelled from Naples as dangerous to its peace, the king's government had already sent to Sicily, which Garibaldi's unaided arm

had won for the Sardinian crown. He was not simply insulted, he was calumniated by the king's ministers. His Majesty professed loud and enthusiastic admiration for the hero who had placed so many millions of men beneath the constitutional sway of his sceptre; but his Majesty surrounded himself with Garibaldi's calumniators and enemies—not simply political opponents; and he allowed to be nominated, as his representatives in the provinces conquered by Garibaldi, the most notoriously hostile persons to the conqueror. There was no necessity for this; there were many men able and willing to serve; but those men were the creatures of Count Cavour, and no part of his policy was more resolutely pursued than that of rooting out of Italy the influence of Garibaldi. Garibaldi might well expect that as he had promoted his Majesty's glory and dominions, and also served Italy at the risk of all things, the king might incur some inconvenience in conceding something to him—

"A man that all his time  
Hath founded his good fortune on your love,  
Shared dangers with you."

The personal enemy of Garibaldi, Farini, was sent by Cavour to take the reins of power from the quondam Dictator, who at once resolved to seek his island retreat. On the 9th of November he bid farewell to his brave comrades, in an address full of tenderness and patriotism, but fired with indignation at the treatment he had received:

"We must consider the period which is just drawing to a conclusion as almost the last stage of our national resurrection, and must prepare ourselves to finish worthily the marvellous design of the Elect of twenty generations, the completion of which Providence has reserved for this fortunate age."

"Yes, young men! Italy owes to you an undertaking which has merited the applause of the universe. You have conquered, and you will conquer still, because you are prepared for the tactics that decide the fate of battles. You are worthy of the men who pierced the serried ranks of a Macedonian phalanx, and who contended, not in vain, with the proud conquerors of Asia. To this wonderful page in our country's history, another more glorious still will be added, and the slave shall show at last to his free brethren a sharpened sword, forged from the links of his fetters. To arms, then, all of you! all of you! and the oppressors and the mighty will disappear like dust. You, too, women, cast away all cowards from your embraces, they will give you only cowards for children; and you, who are the daughters of the land of beauty, must bear children who are noble and brave. Let timid *doctrinaires* depart from among us, to carry their servility and their miserable fears elsewhere. This people is its own master. It wishes to be the brother of other people, but to look on the insolent with a proud glance: not to grovel before them, imploring its own freedom. It will no longer follow in the trail of men whose hearts are foul. No! no! no! Providence has presented Italy with Victor Emmanuel. Every Italian should rally round him. By the side of Victor Emmanuel every quarrel should be forgotten, all rancour should disappear. Once more I repeat my battle-cry—"To arms, all—all of you!" If March, 1861, does not find 1,000,000 of Italians in arms, then alas for liberty! alas for the life of Italy! Ah, no! far be from me a thought which I loathe like poison. March, 1861, or, if need be, February, will find us all at our posts—Italians of Calatafimi, Palermo, Ancona, Volturno, Castelfidardo, and Isernia; and with us

every man of this land who is not a coward or a slave. Let all of us, rallying round the glorious hero of Palestro, give the last blow to the crumbling edifice of tyranny. Receive, then, my gallant young volunteers, at the honoured conclusion of ten battles, one word of farewell from me. I utter that word with the deepest affection, and from the very bottom of my heart. To-day I am obliged to retire, but for a few days only. The hour of battle will find me with you again, by the side of the champions of Italian liberty. Let those only return to their homes who are called by the imperative duties which they owe to their families, and those who by their glorious wounds have deserved the gratitude of their country. These, indeed, will serve Italy in their homes by their counsel, by the very aspect of the noble wounds which adorn their noble and youthful brows. Apart from these, let all others remain to guard our glorious banners. We shall meet again before long, to march together to the redemption of our brethren who are still the slaves of the stranger. We shall meet again before long, and march together to new triumphs.

"G. GARIBALDI."

When Garibaldi was informed that only £30 sterling was in the hands of his private secretary, which by desperate economy had been saved, he smilingly replied, "Never mind, Basso, we have at Caprera plenty of wood and corn, which we will send to Maddalena for sale."

Before the hero left Naples he visited his friend, Admiral Munday, who fired the salute due to a general officer—an honour not bestowed upon him by his sovereign when he quitted the realm which he had placed at that monarch's feet. On the same day he went on board the *Washington*, in which

he sailed for Caprera. Before leaving, he sent a despatch to the king, resigning his rank of general, and returning the grand collar of knighthood of the Annunciation which had been conferred upon him. This grieved his Majesty, who would have bestowed any rank or pecuniary reward within the power of his sovereignty, but Garibaldi resolutely refused all distinctions and all pecuniary recompense.

The *Washington* bore the hero home to his sea-girt rock.

It appeared then as if the political life of Garibaldi had closed. His noble soldiers might use the language of one of our own poets—

"That star of the field, which so often had poured  
Its rays on the battle, is set,  
But enough of its glory remains on our swords,  
To light us to victory yet."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### LIFE IN CAPRERA.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression, and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more My ear is pain'd,  
My soul is sick, with every day's report  
Of wrong, and outrage, with which earth is fill'd"—COWPER

THIS chapter might have been headed "Garibaldi at home;" but Caprera was regarded by him rather as his dwelling-place. Nice, his beloved Nice! bartered away to an ally, he alone regarded as his legitimate home. As he sighed for the restoration of Rome, its great capital, to Italy, and the rescue of Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, so did his heart long to see the tricolour of Italy, instead of that of France, wave once more over the place of his birth. He is an exile still, even at Caprera, for Nice is ruled by the sceptre of the stranger.

He arrived safely at the island, and while his envious opponent, Farini, and his rival in the king's esteem, Cavour, were failing utterly in the moral and social cultivation of Southern Italy, he was successful in the material cultivation of his rude estate. He

was visited in the spring of 1861 by a friend, who thus describes what he saw:—

"During the winter and spring of 1861 a great deal had been done to find out and fence in some grounds that would admit of cultivation. On my first trip to Caprera, in March, 1861, I saw there already much that promised well. 'The garden,' with here and there some picturesque blocks of granite firmly set, presented an aspect decidedly vegetarian, and the gardener now lived in a new little house of pleasant exterior, the old wooden hut having been given up to the horses. During my subsequent visits I saw still more progress made. The white cottage had been enlarged by a wing that domineers over the original body, above which it rises one story high, with apartments quite comfortable, and a flower garden of its own, walled in,

forming a sheltered corner, full of pretty colours and sweet scents, in the capacious courtyard, overrun by chickens, guinea fowls, ducks, and three domesticated gulls. A wind-mill, too, has been erected close to the house, on the side which faces the bay.

"From the new establishment in Caprera—flanked by an iron cottage, a gift from English friends—various roads have been made to the boathouse, the landing-place, and the garden. In this last-mentioned enclosure wells have been dug, reservoirs made, and an effective system of irrigation introduced; the trees and vegetables of all kinds, thus provided with plenty of water, being protected also against the withering breezes of the sea by rocky walls, of which the General himself built up a line two thousand five hundred feet long.

"One is almost inclined to fancy that Caprera was waiting for Italy's flourishing up again before it would consent to be made productive in the least. Now it bears fruits of various kinds and good, thanks to the hand that knew how to clear the meridional gardens of his country from Bourbon weeds and priestly parasites.

"The bloodless victories in this campaign against sterility have been marked by many accidents more or less interesting. I shall select a few, in which *pars minima fuit*.

"The sea having too much water for driving a mill, and there being no streams on these islands—though of fountains there are many and good ones—the General's flour had to be made daily like his coffee—in fact, by means of a coffee-mill. Garibaldi wanted to cure this defect, and at the same time to add an ornament to his island, by the erection of a windmill, there being plenty and to spare of the atmospheric currents to keep it in motion—indeed, the place is so perfectly 'ventilated' that there was some chance of solving at last,

by that mill, the dream of *perpetuum mobile*. Accordingly a solid tower was built up, of the approved round form, and the wings were lifted up just during my second visit there on the 25th day of May, 1861—a date I here put down, since on its morrow it was that the General gave away his only daughter, Teresita, in marriage to Major Canzio, one of the *mille*, and son of a Genoese merchant.

"The work was no joke at all, and I, too, had the honour of having put a helping hand to it. There being no machinery or contrivance of any kind beyond a rickety ladder of the smallest size to stand upon, as a basis of operations we stood, three of us, on the unequal ground, and did our best to lift the substantial heavy arms of the Quixotic giant up to within the reach of a working man, who, bent forward and downward from the top of that monument, tried hard to seize it and drag it up, at the risk of being dragged down himself headlong by the ponderous windcatcher, and upon our devoted heads. It was, I repeat it, no joke at all to stand there exposed to being crushed, or at least maimed, any moment; but we stood our ground, and no one thought of escaping from the perilous work, because Garibaldi was there too, and gave an occasional lift, and shared our risks. This little picture may, in its miniature form, show the readiness, or, at any rate, the resignation of Garibaldi's followers to die rather than fly from any mortal post, in his presence, with his wondrous regard fixed upon you. It is true that he is the last man to provide for his own security, and if he does not spare any one, least of all does he spare himself in the encounter of fatigue, danger, and death for a good purpose. General Turr, on a former occasion, when 'the first stone was laid' for that mill, allowed himself some sceptical banter respecting the future movements of the machinery in the very teeth of the restless

breezes. When, therefore, the mystic wings—which may now and then make you fancy you see a couple of gigantic birds perched cross-wise on a post, or see turkeys tied to a pole, which has evidently taken firm hold of their legs, considering that with all their incessant flappings in contrary directions they can't fly away—were seen turning round and round with cat-like noiselessness, the General, recollecting the joking doubts expressed about the practicability of his aerial undertaking, turned towards me, and while pointing to the rotatory novelty, said, 'You must tell Turr that you have seen it move.' While he gave that commission a pleasant smile rested on his countenance, but there was in his voice and regard also a shade of serious satisfaction at being enabled to prove the justness of his useful scheme by the success of the mill which—whatever that Inquisitor-General Turr may have told to the contrary—*eppur si muove*."

Interesting as the above description is of life in Caprera, the same gentleman, in another letter, places it in a still more delightful point of view, socially, although it does not appear that all the material enterprises of Farmer Garibaldi were successful, any more than all the more adventurous exploits of his mysterious history.

"I have given you an instance of a successful experiment in Caprera's industrial operations. But I saw the reverse of this medal during a third visit, on the 27th of September, 1861—a date memorable, too, in the annals of poor Caprera, from the first wine ever grown and pressed there having been tasted there on that day. The General had then his whole family around him. Ricciotti had just come home from England after an educational absence of seven years, during which he had unlearned his native tongue so completely as not to understand his own father, except when

spoken to by him in English. There was Teresita, too, with her husband, the Major Canzio, not in the army, he having retired from it into private life, *Dictatoris ad exemplum*, after the annexation of Naples to the Kingdom of Italy. This was the first visit paid to Caprera by the General's daughter in her new quality of bride. Menotti, of course, was near, though absent on a fishing excursion, so that he could not arrive in time for our dinner, and only joined the party in its post-prandial *siesta* in the court-yard behind the house, and at once began to take a leading part in a game of Italian bowling, known by the name of *boccie*. The dinner was good and copious, though plain. The company drank wine of Sardinian growth, the General keeping to his favourite beverage, water, though he has taken no pledge, and does not think of his abstinence from the use of fermented liquors in the light of a virtue to be forced upon others whether they like it or not. Wine, beer, and spirits of any kind he takes only on special occasions to please others, but his sobriety is equally proof against the not unfrequent intolerance of people intoxicated by water. For dessert, a number of grapes have been cut down from their festooned places over the dining-room table. They were the first grapes of the island produced by the vintages from Marsala. The beautiful fruit, white and black, was unanimously pronounced and proved to be excellent, a praise that warmed the well-pleased producer into a generous eulogy of poor Caprera's undeveloped capabilities for bringing forth something besides stones and spare weed. That our praise was prompted by no mere wish to flatter the General's decided zeal, never exaggerating, and certainly very amiable, nay, at times, when taking apologetic forms, even very touching partiality, or, let us call it, foible for all that relates to his insular

pet, will be evident from the verdict pronounced directly after the grapes had been adjudged their finishing award against the first wine.

"A bottle of white Caprera having been uncorked by order of the master, our host poured out, with his own hand, a small glassful for every one of the company, eight to ten persons, and then, as the French would say, '*a promené ses regards*' all round in placid expectation of the sentence to come. But no one would drink. All had the same thought, which some one interpreted by the question whether the General would not taste even his own wine, the produce of his own labours. 'I shall taste this one certainly,' replied he, in a half serious tone, and at the same time poured out a little also for himself. Now the glasses went up and they went down again. The wine was undrinkable. It had a suspicious smell for the nostrils, it tasted like liquefied sulphur to the palate. With the best will to swallow it, the boldest could not get it down. The spectacle was decidedly humorous. Significant glances were exchanged across the table and between neighbours, but no one seemed inclined to say the first word of condemnation. I must own it, I felt some curiosity to see whether there were any courtier among us bold enough to praise that wine. There was none; there could not have been one; a very Dangeau would not have dared to go in his flattery beyond the limits of eloquent silence. I sat next to Colonel Missori (he who saved Garibaldi's life at Melazzo, and the only one of the meridional army who has been decorated with the gold medal of valour; he may have been seen lately in England, a very fine-looking and thorough gentleman), and we looked at one another for a moment inquiringly, and then whispered, loud enough to be heard, the fatal word, 'Bad, too bad!' There was no with-

standing evidence of such sulphuric kind, and all joined us in the painful declaration of our lamentable opinion. The General said nothing at all. He may have felt real pain—no vexation, a sentiment too paltry for his mind—at the failure of his first year's vintage, as far as the wine went. A bottle of red was tried with no better result, and so we missed the pleasure of seeing Garibaldi's noble face brighten up with that peculiarly charming smile of contentedness which makes him radiant with delight at the sight of honest success from a work of his own. There is, however, no doubt but that the wine of Caprera may turn out excellent. It may have even been so since. The first vintage was spoilt—probably by some mistake in manipulation, a mystery which I don't profess to fathom. Certain it is that the grapes were splendid, both for appearance and taste. The figs, too, are fine and luscious. The kitchen-garden is well able to furnish the household with vegetables of every sort. Still, a great deal of the necessaries of life must, I suppose, be 'imported,' the free commonwealth of Caprera hardly ever being without visitors, and the General is so very hospitable. Indeed, he shares his all with everybody. As to himself personally, he has but few needs. Coffee and cigars, especially the last, are the only luxuries he indulges in. Nizza and Vevey very kindly pander to this smoking propensity by occasional presents of a few boxes of the favourite 'weed,' a sign of remembrance particularly agreeable to him. On one occasion he gave his photograph and two such nice cigars to every member—thirty persons—of a deputation of working men. And there is such a hearty readiness in his manner of anticipating unspoken desires for such small gifts, to be treasured up as souvenirs. You see that he does not do it with a bad grace, or in the meaningless way of mechanical politeness, nor



yet from vanity or condescension, but from a genial willingness to oblige you. 'Ask something from me; do, I shall be very happy to comply with your wishes.' These words of exquisite kindness were addressed to me, and moved me almost to tears, such was their tone of touching spontaneity and cordial benevolence. I begged of him the favour of two portraits, with his sign manual, one for my mother and one for myself. 'Come, let me give them to you at once,' was his reply, 'lest I should not remember it before you leave,' and stepping down from the hillock of the mill, where our conversation took place, he called me into his room, and gave me three photographs, writing his name under every one of them, adding to the one especially destined for myself a few words of such goodness as would, in themselves, be sufficient to strengthen a man's character against any faltering on the path of patriotic duties and consistency. 'This is for your mother, this one is for yourself, and this here you may like, perhaps, to give to some friend of yours.' Can there be anything kinder than the thought of this additional favour granted unasked?

"And all this takes place naturally without any affectation of whatsoever kind. In him the public character, just because it is an assumed one, has not effaced the private man. Garibaldi has never been seen attitudinising, and this is the reason of the great impression his appearance always produces even on such as are very unwilling to undergo it. He never acts a part, never studies his movements, is always at ease, a very embodiment of simple majesty.

"As during his previous residence in Caprera, the hero was tormented by tourists and autograph seekers, to the great torment of his family, and, however resigned and benevolent,

to the great torment of himself. Once, indeed, but only in one singular instance, he made a remark which, both by its form of pathetic suddenness and the melancholy of its humour, gave clear testimony how very tired and worn down he must feel, now and then, by that solutionless continuity of, at times very trying, visitors. Menotti, with Basso I think, and somebody else, having returned from a boating excursion along the east coast of Sardinia, gave an account of their day's work and pleasure, and spoke of an island they had discovered, smaller, but wilder than Caprera, and inaccessible for steamers. 'I wish I had known that before we settled down here!' said or sighed the General, quietly, pensively, and then he smiled. This is the only instance I know or have heard of in which anything like even a melodious groan escaped him at being admired and loved so unwisely, though so well. The fact is that it were better for his peace of mind and body, and even for his finances, to live in the busy world than in that island solitude, where he can't help receiving the swarm of visitors landed by every successive boat, with a cargo of petty grievances, one-sided information, teasing reports, accusations, jealousies, calumnies, hatreds, and such other amenities dished up in so many courses for his particular digestion. How his temper could have escaped being soured, and his mind being poisoned, is to me a mystery, but at the same time an irrefragable evidence in favour of an extraordinary healthfulness of both his heart and soul; he is always ready to sacrifice his own comfort if by that he can be of any help to, or simply please, others. And this holds good with him in matters small or great. What he is chiefly prompted by is an unbounded sympathy for such as are engaged in an unequal struggle against adversity. He is even more humane than patriotic, and he could

not see any one suffer without doing his best to relieve him. Hence the *deus-ex-machina*-like appearance of some of his rescuing exploits, ranging between the fabulous and the homely, since he does not mete out the quickness and degree of his help according to the rank and chances of the distressed, but according to the imminence and grandeur of the danger that menaces him.

"A bark tossed about by an angry sea between rocky shallows in one of the channels to Maddalena Bay is about to be wrecked. The crew—strangers unacquainted with these coasts—stand helpless, in momentary expectation of their fate, when lo! they see a boat, rowed by two men in red shirts, come on shooting over the furious waves, and the bark, under the guidance of this providential captain, is led out of the deadly maze into safe waters, and the 'lifeboat' is rowed back again to Caprera by Giuseppe and Menotti Garibaldi. A little girl, left alone for a little while in the General's court-yard, sets up a most pitiable crying for her 'ma.' He goes to comfort her, but his kind efforts and soothing words are of no avail; the child's heart is too full of mysterious panic and unreasoning grief to be quieted by any one but the mother's caressing hand; yet the General does not tire of keeping company with the poor woman's daughter till the mother returned to stay her

tears. This scene I saw. Others of a similar character I heard narrated in Maddalena, where, by-the-bye, the General is never spoken of in any but in language of deep respect and warm devotion.

"The ex-Dictator of the Two Sicilies is an elector inscribed on the franchise rolls of Maddalena, and I was amused to find that on the lists stuck up for general information in the market-place, his name is followed by the sacramental *alfabetico*. The General, it seems, is reputed to have learnt his A B C, and is not set down for an *analfabetico*, like some of his brother electors."

He did not, however, so confine himself to his rock, as to take no interest in the affairs of the peninsula and its varying politics. He appeared at the court of Turin, sat in the Parliament, and presided on some public occasions over assemblies which were likely to influence the future of Italy. He repaired to Turin repeatedly after the death of Cavour, and had long and important interviews with Ratazzi and Ricasoli; but he invariably hurried back to his garden and his windmill from the entanglements which politicians sought to throw around him. Such was life at Caprera, and such the course of him who has given to its name memorable associations for all time to come, until the cry of Italy again called him to arms

## CHAPTER XXX.

AGITATION IN ITALY.—GARIBALDI PREPARES FOR A NEW EXPEDITION.—ARMING OF THE PEOPLE.—POLICY OF THE ITALIAN CABINET.—INTRIGUES OF FRANCE.—DIPLOMATIC SQUABBLES AND UNCERTAINTIES.—ANIMOSITY OF THE REACTIONIST AND FRENCH PARTIES AT TURIN TO GARIBALDI.

"Everybody is mystified, and dreads to do his best to mystify his neighbour, and it must be admitted that everybody succeeds pretty unsatisfactorily."—ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DURING 1862, the agitation of the Italian people was profound. The desire to liberate Rome and Venice was universal, "the party of action" urging immediate war for those purposes; the conservatives and the moderate classes (such as correspond to the Whigs in England) hoped to effect them by diplomacy. The King of Italy, in various ways, direct and indirect, sought to bring about some understanding with the Pope, by which his temporal power should be surrendered to Victor Emmanuel, the monarch in return undertaking to support the Pontiff in a degree of splendour and ecclesiastical authority such as might satisfy the ambition of even a high priest.

It was also urged upon the Pontiff that, in case of refusal, the king would be compelled to avert a revolution, by sending troops to Rome, if by convention with the Emperor Napoleon the army of the latter should be withdrawn. At the beginning of February it became necessary for the Pope to make some formal decision.

The *Gazetta di Torino* published a letter from Rome, which stated that an extraordinary consistory was held at the Vatican, at which not only the cardinals, but also the ministers, and among them Mgr. de Mérode, were convoked, in order to decide whether it would be more dignified in the Pope to resist or not, in case the Italian troops should advance. Mgr. de Mérode alone spoke, declaring for resistance, a counsel which was received with loud ap-

proval. The Pope then announced that he would act according as he might think best.

Italian diplomacy was directed also to Paris, and especially through Prince Napoleon, the Emperor's cousin, and the king's son-in-law. The Emperor was desirous that the Pope would mitigate the severities of his reign, and withdraw his support from the system of brigandage, which the ex-King of Naples organised in Rome, under the auspices of the Roman Government. Those brigands were rarely natives of the Roman States; some of them were Neapolitans; almost all the Italians among them were natives of continental Sicily, the rest were Austrians, Bavarians, Swiss, Belgians, and Spaniards. They professed themselves to be engaged in a holy war, for Church and King, and with this ostensible purpose they passed the frontiers, and committed excesses, terrible beyond precedent, even upon Neapolitan soil. Incendiarism, rapine, sacrilege, murder, rape, mutilation, and torture, were the ordinary acts of these ruffians. The French troops did not effectually interfere; but the Emperor advised the Pope to put an end to these things, and by good government render it unnecessary for a foreign army to remain at Rome. These counsels were met by the ever-recurring "*non possumus*."

Early in the year, Prince Napoleon put forth an energetic influence in Paris for Italian unity. An amendment was presented by Prince Napoleon, to be introduced into the address of

the Senate. It was couched in the following terms :—"The Senate profoundly regrets that the Court of Rome has not given a more favourable reception to the propositions made by France in the despatch of the 18th of January." The withdrawal of this amendment was insisted upon, M. Troplong having consented to insert in the address a clause giving a very mild expression to a regret, which would have had the character of blame had it been adopted as proposed by the prince.

It soon became obvious that nothing decided would be either undertaken or permitted by the Government of the Tuileries. Cardinal Antonelli, at this juncture, made the astounding assertion that "the Holy See was on the best terms with the Italian people." This produced great indignation in Italy, especially in the north; according to the *Lombardo*, of Milan, a protest against that declaration was signed by 24,000 citizens of the capital of Lombardy. Thus every occurrence, whether in Rome, Turin, or Paris, complicated affairs, exasperated the Italians, and provoked a resort to arms on the part of those who impatiently, but patriotically, longed for the unification of all parts of the peninsula. Indeed, a report prevailed in Europe that France would withdraw from Rome, and assist Victor Emmanuel to conquer Venice, *if further compensation were made to France from Italian territory*. About midsummer, these reports were extended and more fully believed, as the French press published many ominous articles and paragraphs about the necessity of checking the party of action in Italy, and curbing the national ambition of the new kingdom. The *Pays* especially referred to Genoa as a place which must be purged of its ultra-liberal ideas, as "a stronghold of Mazzinians, that must be suppressed." At the end of July, the same journal began an article in a similar spirit

with the words, "Rome must be watched, but Genoa must be disarmed and reduced to impotence." At the same time other papers were allowed by the French Government to throw out encouragement, that provided Garibaldi did not again and prematurely raise the standard of war, France would either assist, or not prevent, the great object so dear to him. Thus the *Indépendance* was allowed by the censor to publish with impunity the following :—

"What will Garibaldi do? Censured by the king, by the government, by the legal representation of the country, will he resign himself to a further adjournment of his dearest hopes? We think he will. Not that these censures can deprive him of power; but he must understand that the more popular he is, and the more his intentions are seconded by the masses, the more the interests of Italy require him to be prudent, and not to expose the destinies of the country, now so promising, to founder altogether in a horrible civil war. We therefore do not doubt that the victory, this time, will remain with the constituted authorities. But such victories are not to be gained twice, and if M. Ratazzi hopes to exercise any influence upon public opinion much longer, he must make up his mind to extract from the very agitation which he is now opposing a moral force, sufficient to enable him to conduct the Italian movement, by legal means, to its necessary end. He must either persuade France to join him in solving the interminable Roman question, or he must solve it without, and, if need be, against her; otherwise he will be hurled from power with contumely, as having been nothing else than the servant of foreign and preponderant influences. The choice of a minister placed at the head of a nation of 25,000,000 of men can scarcely be doubtful in this triple alternative."

Matters had now ripened in Italy, or, at all

events, in the mind of Garibaldi and those most attached to him, for another effort to rescue Italian provinces from bondage. He wrote addresses, made speeches, visited different parts of Italy, and the whole people appeared to be so roused that it was generally believed in Europe they would rise *en masse*, and follow him. Cavour was dead; Ratazzi was Victor Emmanuel's premier, without the tact, the resolution, or the intellectual and political resources of the deceased statesman, and was regarded by Garibaldi and many Italians as a tool of the Emperor Napoleon. It was alleged and credited that Ratazzi proposed to Victor Emmanuel to confine Garibaldi in Caprera, as a prisoner on parole, at the bidding of the French Emperor, and that the King wrote to Garibaldi, entreating him to modify his plans, and intimating that, in case of refusal, Ratazzi would confine him in Caprera. Whatever might be the exaggeration in this rumour, which first found public expression in the *Cologne Gazette*, Garibaldi did receive some official communications which wounded his dignity and his honour, and which he thought humiliating to Italy. He resolved to carry out his plans, and sound the tocsin of war once more.

A certain class of writers complain that feats of arms needlessly fill the historical page. One of this school has written—

"Your orthodox historian puts  
In foremost rank your soldier thus:  
The redcoat bully in his boots,  
That hides the march of men from us.  
He puts him there in foremost rank;  
You wonder at his cap of hair,  
You hear his sabre's cursed clank—  
His spurs are jingling everywhere."

The soldier, however, legitimately occupies a prominent place in history, for he has influenced the actual life of nations to a great extent in every age. What would Italy be now had not

Garibaldi as a soldier animated the enthusiasm of her sons to achievements in the field? An oppressed nation that will not fight cannot expect to be free; a free nation which despises military virtue will become the prey of the invader. It was Italy's destiny in modern as in ancient times to be a grand theatre of battle, and whoever writes her history, or the history of either her oppressors or liberators, must relate the deeds of soldiers.

In the summer of 1862, the "advanced party" in Italy, especially in the north, made preparations for a struggle, the issue of which it was believed would prove successful.

"The Italian Emancipation Society" had ramifications over all Italy, and was a formidable instrument of power with the popular party. The executive committee issued the following address to the affiliated associations:—

"Whilst we are engaged in organising a financial committee to appeal to the wealthy classes to form a fund for the democracy of Italy, we are under the necessity of applying to the associations to request them to raise the sum of 1 fr. from each member, in addition to the usual subscription fixed by Art. 17 of the statute, an offering which will be required once only. This money will form a supplement to the sacred fund destined for the deliverance of Rome and Venetia. We trust the above will sufficiently explain the object to which it will be exclusively applied by us. If the associations desire the realisation of what holds the first place in their thoughts, it is necessary for them to submit to this sacrifice. We ask it in the name of our country. To do it immediately is the only way to render it beneficial. We urge the directing committee to take whatever measures they may think most speedy and effective. We have too much confidence in

their patriotism to think there is any need of pressing them further. As soon as the money is collected, each directing committee will please to remit it to M. Antonio Mosto at Genoa. Fraternal salutations!—The Executive committee—A. BERTANI, B. CAIROLI, A. MARIO, LUIGI DI CELLI, ANTONIO MOSTO.”

At this juncture, the press of Paris, the ministerial organs at Turin, and some of the London newspapers, daily abused Garibaldi. He was represented as a warrior but no statesman; a weak and vacillating person, so amiable as to be under the influence by turns of men the most adverse in their views and characters. The newspapers of all the German capitals copied this abuse, and abundantly added to it. He was represented as a restless and impracticable man, because he would not endorse the policy of Ratazzi, whom the king under French influence supported. These imputations were unmerited. All Garibaldi desired was a definite and clear policy on the part of the Turin cabinet, based upon the principle of his old war-cry, “Italy united under Victor Emmanuel.” Rightly or wrongly, he favoured no republican schemes. Italy was not republican, and Garibaldi knew that; he loved and trusted Muzzini, but, as often before, differed with him in opinion, and especially as to the practicability of his plans. The hero cherished both love and loyalty to his sovereign, but his great and true heart loathed the clique of reactionaries, schemers, and mercenaries or sycophants of France by whom his Majesty was surrounded. He had no confidence in any of the political agents at Turin, except in the representative of England, a country for which he bore a love next to that which he felt for his native Italy.

It may be that some readers may imagine that the errors of Garibaldi are ignored improperly in this work, and that the policy and spirit of

opposition to him at Turin is unjustly denounced. Did space allow, a multitude of unexceptionable authorities might be quoted, English and foreign, to prove that Garibaldi was ever willing to defer to the king and his cabinet in any prudent reticence or delay, provided only that their policy was clear and persistent—all Italy, from the Alps to the Apennines free, and its people, whether Roman, Sicilian, Tuscan, Modenese, Lombard, Venetian, or Piedmontese, citizens of the kingdom, ruled by Victor Emmanuel.

A gentleman,\* conversant with the events of the time, wrote what was true, and the truth of which many witnesses could prove, when he thus expressed himself as to the king’s refusal to allow the hero a year to restore order in Naples; in reference to Garibaldi’s reception by the ministerial party at Turin when he left Caprera and assumed his place in parliament; and of the general conduct of the anti-liberal advisers of the king towards the hero subsequent to that time, and up to the period the occurrences of which these pages narrate:—

“The king, I believe, would of himself have cheerfully granted Garibaldi’s wish, but the counsels and wire-pullings of schemers and aspirants after political place and notoriety overcame his better judgment, and on the 8th of November, 1860, the spectacle was presented to the world of a man at whose call the whole of Italy would have risen (excepting the aforesaid politicians and non-combatants) quietly and unobservedly, before sunrise, leaving with three or four attached friends, for his home—a barren, sun-scorched rock, that more than one of his assailants would like to make his prison-house, or even his grave, did they dare!

“Six months after, he unwillingly left his home to appear in parliament as a people’s representative, and how was he received?

---

\* William de Rohan.

"I will not now answer this question, as I dislike recrimination or acrimonious words on any subject. But having had opportunities and means, such as very few have, of knowing what really passed behind the curtain, I will content myself with saying that were I at liberty, as a man of honour, to produce such documentary and other evidence as is within my possession and grasp, I am sure that public opinion, so far from expressing itself against him for what he is doing now, as some do, or hesitating what to think, as others do, would speak with one voice of stern and uncompromising reprobation of the manner in which Garibaldi has by turns been cajoled, deceived, and betrayed by the very men who now would deliver him over to imprisonment, exile, not to say death on the scaffold.

"I again repeat that it would be painful to me to speak more plainly, but if called on to substantiate my words I will not delay an instant in doing so, and the world shall then judge.

"It is idle to assert, as is every day done, that Garibaldi is under the 'influence' of this one or of that one, swinging like a pendulum betwixt monarchists and republicans, betwixt extreme and moderate parties, and Heaven only knows what else; for such is not now, nor was it ever the case; he has his own views, his own thoughts, and adheres to these, but to none other; thus he ever does and ever has done, so long as I have known him; and whether he do right or wrong, the merit or fault is entirely his own. I utterly deny that any one living can make him swerve a hair's breadth from the course he has once determined on; and whatever that course be, he considers it well before acting, and makes no one his confidant until the hour arrives. As is natural, and indeed inseparable from his mild character and unambitious views, he is approached by

many who often succeed in making him a victim to misplaced good feeling, or who, if defeated in their schemes, afterwards turn round to calumniate one whom they cannot dupe.

"Much has been said to the effect that Garibaldi is a soldier but no politician. Now, let me ask any one of these quid-nuncs one question—When has he ever had a fair opportunity of proving his capacity for governing?

"To instantaneously organise disjointed materials, and blend together in one mass of harmonious action the discordant habits, opinions, and interests, private and public, which the successive foreign tyrants of eight centuries have been sedulously, and only too successfully, labouring to create and foster, was a work that the most able man who ever lived would have found difficult, if not impossible; why, then, should Giuseppe Garibaldi, who claims not any of the advantages which position, education, or wealth are admitted to give a man, but says bluntly, 'I am honest and love my country,' and who indulges unfortunately only too much in the belief that others are like him—why, then, should such a man be stigmatised or upbraided for complaining of those whom he has for two years been patiently watching in their game of delusion, petty vanity, perhaps treachery—as if his right could be for one moment questioned to be styled 'Liberator of Italy'?

"I may be allowed to say, without vanity, or violating confidence, that having been honoured with the kind, and even friendly, notice of King Victor Emmanuel, I have ever found him a plain, unassuming, and straightforward man, a genuinely 'galant' uomo,' but unfortunately, like Garibaldi, much too trusting in some who are not worthy of it. I speak advisedly in saying that I well know his Majesty's sentiments on many points, and consequently lament his having allowed things to go

on in the way they have done for some time. I hope, however, that the hour is approaching when he will act for himself, and be rather 'King of the Italians' than King of Italy. Most certainly, be it as it may, no sovereign ever had a more honest, faithful, and abiding servant and friend than Garibaldi, nor was ever a gallant soldier and monarch worse served than he is by some of his ministers."

There are grounds for believing that in the summer of 1862 the policy of France was so to influence the government of Turin, in its general measures and its conduct to Garibaldi, that the party of action would enter upon some rash enterprise. If the government of Turin failed to prevent the like, or to suppress it when entered upon, the necessity of leaning upon French protection would be obvious, and the influence of the Emperor in Italy would be increased. If the government of Turin should succeed in intercepting any bold enterprise to rescue Rome or Venice, or in putting down the movement, then it would compromise itself with the party of action, and so in that case also be obliged to rest for support upon the government of the Tuileries.

At this juncture Russia and Prussia were induced by France to recognise Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy. The *quid pro quo* was an understanding that the king of the newly recognised dominion would discountenance revolutionary proceedings, and all measures on the part of the Garibaldini, which might involve another European war.

The policy of France was successful. Italy became, as it were, bound to the triumphal car of the French Emperor.

Garibaldi believed that England would take advantage of his projected enterprise to use all her influence at Paris to induce the French Emperor to abandon Rome, in which case his Imperial Majesty would be certain to unite

with England in pressing upon Austria the surrender of Venice. So curiously combined and intricate were the political facts and the motives of governments and parties, that Garibaldi could not be censured for hoping that the time had arrived for solving the enigma of the general situation.

Probably in no European journal or periodical, and in none of the orations made in the parliaments of London, Turin, and Paris, was there expressed so clear and fair an estimate of the *status quo ante bellum*, as was put forth in an article of the *London Review*, just as Garibaldi had cast the die, and gone forth once more to battle for Italian liberty.

"Garibaldi has become one of the powers and one of the representative men of Europe. To such men nothing is absolutely impossible. It is not as if some reckless and unknown adventurer were leading a forlorn storming party against the armies of France. The Bayard of Revolution carries with him, wherever he goes, a charmed life and a magic influence. To suppose him capable of beating the French garrison at Rome would be to suppose him capable of miracles. It would be a great disaster if the French arms were to come into collision with the arms of Italian Revolution; still greater a disaster, perhaps, if Italy succeeded in inflicting even a temporary blow on the vanity of the French people. But there are many chapters in the book of the future which have to be turned before the time comes for Garibaldi to encounter the French eagles within gunshot of the Vatican. We have not now to consider what would be the effect of an encounter between the raw levies of the Liberator of Sicily and the disciplined legions of Napoleon. The question as yet is only this—What may be the effect upon Italy and on Europe of Garibaldi once more in arms, and crying 'Rome or death'?"



"The French Emperor is himself too completely the child and champion of democracy not to appreciate the possible effect of a stormy and sudden movement beyond the Alps. He has no personal interest to serve by withdrawing his flag from Rome. It is his business to keep well with the Catholic party, and to preserve peace in Europe. But if once the national will of Italy is loudly spoken, it remains to be seen whether he can afford to neglect it altogether. Democracy in France would have a word to whisper in such a case into its Imperial bondsman's ear. The French Emperor may silence the educated and crush the middle classes. The masses who form the staple of the French empire and republic know that he is their representative and champion. The championship of democracy has its perils and responsibilities as well as its pleasures and its privileges. We do not believe the Emperor of the French can safely break with the Italian nation, and again brave the daggers of a hundred new Orsinis. Hitherto the Italian nation has been tolerant of his intervention. Garibaldi now appeals to them, and demands in their name that it shall cease. The scandal of a rupture with the nation he has helped to make is the last thing a man so wise and so cautious as Napoleon would wish to entail upon himself. He has had an excuse till now for maintaining his position on the Tiber. His choice is now limited to one of two alternatives. He must accept civil war and anarchy in Italy, or else abandon Italy to its natural protectors. He may, perhaps, not fear to accept even the former. We think, however, that it will be a fatal error if he does. At any rate, at all hazards, Garibaldi is willing to cross the rubicon—to cast the die, and to stake life and reputation on the risk.

"We do not pretend to predict the issue of

the Garibaldian plan. But if France is ever to be moved from Rome, we believe that it will not be at the sight of Italy sitting like Patience, and turning her eyes upon the capitol; but from the imminent apprehension of foreign disturbance, and perhaps European commotion. Time enough has been given to Napoleon III. to consult his dignity, and the dignity of the French flag. It is now time that he should consult the peace of Europe, which he is imperilling every hour that he remains at Rome. We reproach him with no sinister motive for protracting the occupation. He is merely refusing to abandon an old political idea of his own. Surely he must at least abandon it, or else upon his head must be the guilt of the bloodshed and trouble that may ensue. Rome is kept back from the Italians, and they have an abstract right, at all events, to clamour till it is restored. In hoisting the flag of independence, Garibaldi is doing what may be extremely distasteful to Europe and to France. For all that, it is natural that Italians should view the matter in a different light. As for the charge of disloyalty and piracy, it may be left unanswered till we see what is the upshot of the affair. Italy is not in a normal state. Constitutional niceties have not been so eagerly observed the last few years in Europe, that minute objections to the formalities of his proceeding can be sustained. If unsuccessful, he compromises nobody—certainly not the obsequious cabinet of M. Ratazzi. If he succeeds, the voice of Europe will proclaim him a hero and a patriot. The government of Turin cannot now be squeamish as to forms, after accepting the consequences of his irregular enterprise of two years back. If in his own name Garibaldi is to annex kingdoms, he surely may raise in his own name the standard of national independence. It would be much better for Italy if so anoma-

lous a state of things were past and done with. So long as it lasts it must be endured. It will never cease till the French leave Rome. England has abstained long enough from interfering, from a proper sense of what was due to French honour and susceptibilities. Whatever is done by us should be done in a friendly and courteous spirit. But if Lord Palmerston has at heart the interests of freedom and peace, it is his business to make England's voice

heard amidst the noise of conflicting interests. We cannot abdicate our position as one of the leading Powers of Europe. The time has come for us to speak out. The French occupation is endangering the peace of the world and the future liberties of Italy. It is not too much to say that those liberties now depend very mainly on the line taken on this exceedingly important occasion by the English government."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION TO THE ITALIANS.—COUNTER PROCLAMATION OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.—GARIBALDI AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—ATTACKED BY THE ROYAL ARMY AT ASPROMONTE.—WOUNDED AND MADE PRISONER.—TREATED AS A CULPRIT.—PARDON AND LIBERATION.—RETIRE TO CAPRERA.—LONG AND SERIOUS ILLNESS.

"Oh, forget not the field where they perished,  
The truest and best of the brave!  
They are gone, and the bright hope we cherished  
Gone with them, and sunk in the grave."—MOORE.

GARIBALDI having left Caprera was active in his proceedings. He directed his course to Sicily, the scene of some of his greatest exploits. There he was ostensibly discountenanced by the prefect of Palermo; but the government had shown so many symptoms of secret approval, that he paid no attention to the warnings and prohibitions of the royal authorities.

The prefect of Palermo at length issued the following proclamation:—

"Fermentation has agitated the public mind for some time past. A report has been spread that the government does not disapprove the events which have occurred. Respect for the laws has alone prevented its opposing them by force. Now, however, that the meetings, by taking up arms, have assumed a military cha-

acter, they are forbidden by the laws of the government. Citizens are warned to beware of this. Let those who have yielded to delusion return to their homes. The government cannot renounce its mission, cannot permit any name, however dear to the country, to usurp the prerogatives of Victor Emmanuel, the king chosen by the nation."

The prefect, however, took no step to stop the expedition.

Garibaldi issued a proclamation to the young men of Italy, dated from Bois Frenzzi, in the province of Corleone, in Sicily, August 2:—

"Young comrades, the holy cause of our country unites us again to-day. Without asking where we are going, with smiles upon your lips, you have hastened hither to fight against

arrogant foreign rulers. I ask only of Providence to preserve me your confidence. I can promise nothing but toils and troubles, but confidently rely upon your self-denial; for well do I know you, O mutilated remnant of glorious battles! It is unnecessary to ask of you bravery in the fight, but I must ask you to preserve discipline, without which no army can exist. The Romans by their discipline were enabled to become the masters of the world. Strive to gain the affections of the people, as you knew how to do in 1860, as well as the esteem of our valiant army, in order to bring about the unity of the country. Upon this occasion, also, the brave Sicilians will be the forerunners of the great destinies to which the country is called.

“GARIBALDI”

The King of Italy issued a proclamation, dated Turin, August 3:—

“TO MY PEOPLE!

“At the time when Europe is rendering homage to the wisdom of the nation, it is painful to see young people, carried away by illusions, and forgetful of the duty of gratitude due to our best allies, make of the name of Rome, that name which is the desire of all, the signal for war. When the hour for the accomplishment of the enterprise shall arrive, the voice of the king will make itself heard. Every other summons is that of rebellion and of civil war. The responsibility and the rigour of the law will fall upon those who will not listen to my words. I shall know how to preserve the dignity of the crown and of parliament, in order to have the right of demanding from the whole of Europe justice for Italy.”

The proclamation of Garibaldi, and the counter proclamation of Victor Emmanuel,

produced a profound sensation throughout Europe, in Italy especially. They became the subjects of interrogation and debate in the parliament at Turin.

Ferrari, a deputy, demanded of the Minister Ratazzi an account of the policy which the government intended to pursue in reference to Garibaldi's expedition. The premier immediately said—

“My reply to M. Ferrari shall be short. The facts which have led to the king's proclamation are known to the public; namely, that enrolments were becoming daily more considerable, and effected by agents who had no right to make any. It was, therefore, indispensable and urgent that all doubts should cease, to let the nation hear the voice of its king and government. To M. Ferrari's second question, I reply that it is the intention of the crown to warn the imprudent. Before having recourse to those extreme means which the government has at its disposal, we have considered it our duty to warn those who might declare themselves against the laws, or place themselves above them. We have taken the oath to the constitution, and no prudential reasons can induce us either to forget it or not to cause it to be respected. The king, elected by the suffrages of 22,000,000, is the most powerful king on earth, and has nothing to fear. If, upholding the constitution, we have arrived at the point where we are, we have resolved, under the same banner, to maintain the principle which has made Italy what it is. General Garibaldi has not given the kingdom of Italy to the house of Savoy; he does not represent Italy; he has only powerfully contributed towards its formation, and he has done so by his programme—‘Italy and Victor Emmanuel!’ But it is precisely in virtue of this merit of his that Garibaldi must prove himself obedient to the laws. If the

General quits the path of legality, if he wants to speak in the name of the country, and endanger by his acts the fate of the nation, then General Garibaldi will become amenable to the law. For my part, I am convinced that the words of the king, whom he has always respected, will convince him that he has not the right to do what he does. I am therefore fully confident that civil war will be avoided. I repel the idea of a *coup d'état*; we must govern according to law, and never shall a proposal of a *coup d'état* cross my lips. I express a hope that the voice of the sovereign will not be raised in vain; but if it were, does M. Ferrari wish the fate of Italy to be left in the hands of a single man, however great he may be?"

The reply of Ratazzi to Ferrari was received by the chamber with applause. A short discussion ensued, during which the king was praised for "his firm and noble words," after which the Chamber proceeded to the order of the day. That the representatives of the nation should show such unbounded faith in the government while Garibaldi was in the field in consequence of its failure, surprised persons throughout Europe, even those who thought Garibaldi's proceedings rash, and the time-serving of the ministry excusable, or even absolutely necessary, while the French Emperor maintained the attitude he did.

Had Garibaldi reason to suppose that the king and his ministers indirectly encouraged him? If so, then his conduct was as justifiable as in his first expedition to Sicily, and even more so than when he crossed to continental Sicily to march upon Naples. After the issue of the campaign the ministry were openly charged by the press and in parliament with having encouraged Garibaldi for the purpose of entrapping and destroying him. Other accusers believed that the government intended to

support Garibaldi's expedition, relying upon promises, or *quasi* promises, or at least implied permissions, on the part of the French Emperor. There was proof enough ultimately afforded that Ratazzi believed in his own power to influence the judgment of the Emperor, and that the latter played with him, being desirous of seeing the party of action suppressed by means of the royal government, or that, the latter failing to accomplish this from want of will or of power, its safety might appear to be dependent upon the Emperor. When Ratazzi was on the eve of being hurled from office, he pleaded the promises of the French minister, who disclaimed ever having said or written anything which could afford encouragement that Rome would be surrendered to the King of Italy; and expressing the Emperor's firm resolution to hold Rome with all his means against any power that might assail it. The French press and the French Assembly, at the same time, justified and praised the Imperial policy, declaring that France was the natural supporter of the Church, and guardian of its sacerdotal chief. That Ratazzi did give Garibaldi some countenance in the projected expedition, is as certain as that he believed he had some encouragement himself from the French minister in the name of his Imperial master. During the great debate in the Italian parliament in the following November, Signore Massari, a Neapolitan deputy, and a disciple of Ricasoli, declared that the minister and the court had been accomplices in the enterprise, which they afterwards betrayed and put down, with a severity which was at once impolitic and cruel. As for the affair of Sicily, the people saw Pallavicini, the constant friend of Garibaldi, appointed prefect; they saw the reception of Garibaldi himself by the sons of the King of Italy, with whom he went about publicly; they saw arms landed, volunteers

collected; they watched the march to Ficuzza, the entry into Catania, and the departure from that city; and what could they believe, but that all was a comedy? Signor Massari then ridiculed the hesitation and changes of opinion in the ministry after the fatal affair of Aspromonte, and warned them that, instead of destroying the prestige of Garibaldi, as they hoped, they had invested him with a popularity exceeding even that of 1860. The minister of course denied that he had ever promised Garibaldi support, or given permission to the enterprise; but no deputy accused him of direct promise or a written permission. To the accusation of having *connived* at the expedition for some purpose friendly to it, or hostile to Garibaldi and his party, no satisfactory answer was given; no explanation consistent in itself, or with the minister's position, of the open way in which Garibaldi was allowed for months to prepare his warlike means, and raise recruits, was offered to the Assembly.

The most remarkable confirmation of the duplicity and criminality of the government, was presented by the letter of a deputy, M. Crispi, to the *Diritto* of Genoa:—

“Sir,

“As the tribune of the nation is now silent, I avail myself of your paper to denounce to the country the machinations of a political party that purposes to govern Italy with the violence of a state of siege. In the month of June, unknown persons, having all the appearance of provocative agents, presented themselves to me with offers of service for political ends of a nature that no honest man would listen to. From the beginning of July I was continually accosted in the Carignano Palace, in the streets, at my own house, by young men much of the same stamp as the

famous Troglia, of the Acerbi cause notoriety, who unceasingly asked me to get them enrolled for Garibaldi. These cowards seemed to desist from their malpractices, after I had recourse, on the 5th of August, to the Questor Chiappupi, and charged this magistrate to turn his attention to the discovery of all these proceedings. After a stop was put to the attempts of these pretended partisans, and of those who feigned a wish to enlist, another and not less immoral plot was laid to entrap me. On the 10th of August, a captain in the army came and asked me for some money, that he might desert and join Garibaldi; and on the 30th of the same month, the morrow of the massacre of Aspromonte, a workman, who said he belonged to the printing-office of the *Espero* (a government or moderate paper), came to ask my advice for organising a popular demonstration in Turin. Faithful to the *plébiscite* of October 21, 1860, of which I was one of the authors, my enemies should have known that my loyalty and my duty forbid my offending the law, and, therefore, that their foul contrivances have been and ever will be ineffectual. Nevertheless, they return to the charge; and to-day they have given me notice that the police intends to arrest me, of its own special will (*suo motu proprio*), in contempt of the 26th and 45th articles of the statute, which, as a citizen and a deputy, I shall still and can invoke, in the defence of the freedom and of the inviolability of my person. I can understand that Commendatore Ratazzi, in order to get rid of my importunate presence in the Chamber, may be willing to violate in me the parliamentary guarantee, violated in my colleagues and friends the Deputies Mordini and Fabrizi. I defy him and his lawyers, however, to take criminal proceedings against me, that will not prove at least as clumsy and ill-founded as those taken against Colonel

Acerbi. In any case, I shall remain at my post ready to combat, by all legal means, and to disclose to the nation the Decembrist designs and deeds of an anti-national government.

"Believe me, &c.,

"F. CRISPI,

"Deputy to the Parliament."

Whether covertly encouraged by the king and the royal princes, Garibaldi is too loyal, and too much attached to Victor Emmanuel, ever to divulge; but his opinion has often been given that he was ensnared and betrayed, and his language generally pointed to ministerial intrigue and treachery.

Whatever might be the hopes which Garibaldi entertained of help from Turin, or at least of not being hindered by the government, he organised his force, proceeded to Catania, and made his war-cry, "Rome or death."

The government, who had allowed him to proceed thus far, ordered a large body of troops, under Colonel Pallavicini, to intercept and disarm him. The Turin party were loud in their exclamations that he should be "taken dead or alive."

It was the object of our hero to avoid collision with the royal troops, and for that purpose he led his small band of 2,000 men up the goat paths of Aspromonte, along which the reader will remember he marched when intending to attack Reggio. On the 29th of August, he had reached the table land, and directed his troops to rest. Pallavicini, well knowing Garibaldi's habits in the field, saw the necessity of pressing close upon him with picked troops in such superior numbers as to ensure success. Some of the best light infantry in Victor Emmanuel's service were engaged in this pursuit. Garibaldi was resolved in no case to give battle to the soldiers of his sovereign, or he would by his extraor-

inary resources, so often displayed, have defeated even a greater number of such adversaries. He could have chosen positions from which a far greater number could not have dislodged him, and he might have manœuvred in the mountain range, nearly every crag and track of which was known to him. While he slept Pallavicini arrived, and at once attacked the Garibaldians. Garibaldi hastened to the post to order his men not to fire upon their brethren, subjects of the same sovereign. In thus acting, he placed himself in a situation of great exposure, and received two balls, one which slightly wounded the right leg, the second striking the foot. Notwithstanding his wound, he tried to rush between the opposing lines, and after a few paces forward, fell. He was borne by his staff to the edge of a wood close to the place of combat. The Sicilian picciotti fled. The remaining forces, about 350 volunteers, fought around their fallen chief with the noblest gallantry. Notwithstanding the numbers opposed to them, they sustained the action for more than two hours. Garibaldi called out to the men to desist from their efforts, but in vain; their grief and rage for his fall were uncontrollable, and they fought with the utmost fury. They were also indignant at the treachery of Pallavicini, who sent forward his bersaglieri close to the Garibaldian line, shouting, as if fraternising with the volunteers, "Viva Vitorio Emmanuelle! Viva Garibaldi!" The volunteers received them with similar demonstrations of patriotism, until the bersaglieri, arriving within a short distance, raised their pieces, and with close and deadly aim, fired, and consummated their treachery. The defeat of the volunteers was, under all the circumstances of the case, inevitable. The wounded hero was at last surrounded and made prisoner. He was laid upon a litter, and in great agony, from the nature of the wound, was borne from the

field. When the firing terminated, he became calm, and even serene. A shepherd, named Vincenzo, who had been guide to Missori in 1860, had a cottage on the mountain, to which Garibaldi was carried.

The sun was just sinking behind Etna as the suffering hero was borne beneath the humble shed. Next morning, as soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, the sad procession of prisoners and victors proceeded towards the coast. Arriving at Lylla, Garibaldi was placed on board the royal frigate, the *Duca di Genova*. Thence he was taken to Spezzia. The surgeon of the steamer endeavoured to extract the ball, which was lodged in the foot, but the pain was so excruciating that whenever the attempt was made the sufferer fainted. Menotti, his son, was with him, also wounded, in the thigh.

An officer on board the *Duke of Genoa* frigate, wrote to the *Diritto* a touching letter relating what he witnessed on that unhappy day :—

“When the General received the bullet he was passing along our front of defence, outside the first line, situated on the slope of the undulating ground which formed a little hill close to a wood of fir trees. He was there ordering the men not to fire. I saw a slight shiver of his body. He took two or three steps and began to stagger. We ran to him, and, holding him up, placed him upon the narrow border of the wood. It would be impossible to describe to you the scene at this moment. The wounded lion, regardless of his sufferings, was truly great in his indignation and superb anger. Raising his cap on the back of his hand, he cried, ‘Viva Italia! Viva Italia!’ It was a sonorous, profound, Titanic cry, which came from his heart. I had his poor foot resting on my thigh; and when in his exaltation he apostrophised the assailants, and as he cried out to them, and as he looked at the guard and asked them what they did with his followers, I felt a shivering

in all his limbs, and, reminding him of his wound, I implored him to be quiet. They constructed, as well as possible, a sort of hand-barrow, and the same evening at sunset the sad convoy commenced to defile from the Casina dei Forestali, which is in the middle of the plain of Aspromonte, to the hut of a shepherd named Vincenzo, whom I have known since 1860. If you had seen Garibaldi carried on to the frigate; if you had seen him hoisted in his litter upon the deck, half raising his body, with his serene forehead, with his fascinating eye, speaking in his favourite Genoese dialect to the commander and the officers, advising them himself as to the movements of the litter! It was a magnificent spectacle, and we ourselves, despite the grief of seeing him wounded, could not escape the effect. All this seems to me a dream. I cannot realise the idea that the General is with us, that the lion of a hundred battles lies there bleeding, unable to move.”

On arriving at Spezzia, he requested that a telegram should be sent to Doctor Bertani, in whose skill he had great confidence, and who was his friend. The government had the cruelty to prevent the doctor’s arrival.

At Spezzia, Garibaldi was made to feel that he was a prisoner. No person was allowed to hold any communication with him, but his daughter and her husband, his son Ricciotti, and his cousin Colonel Deideri.

The presence of the ball in the wound caused the illustrious sufferer poignant and continued pain. Surgeons of high reputation, Italian and English, differed in opinion as to whether the ball was in the foot, but ultimately a French surgeon succeeded in extracting it.

While in this condition he was incarcerated, and his accommodation was such, according to the accounts published in Italy, as must for ever disgrace the government of the king, nor can his Majesty himself escape the odium of

permitting to be thus treated, one who had won kingdoms for him, and was ever loyal and attached.

The *Movimento* of Genoa gave the following particulars as to the place in which Garibaldi was confined :—"The building, which contains six rooms, has no furniture whatever, with the exception of some mattresses stretched on the ground for prisoners. The kitchen contains no other articles than two magpies, which often hop over the whole house. The food is not bad, but it is served without any tablecloth. The General's chamber alone presents any appearance of furniture. It is not very large. The walls have been at one time covered with velvet paper, which now hangs down in shreds. There are two great cupboards of wretched appearance, and painted yellow, four or five chairs, a little table, on which stands a brass candlestick with a tallow candle, and the bed where Garibaldi is lying. This bed is worth notice. The mattress is of doubtful thickness. There are four holsters, but two are without cases. We ought to add that M. Ansaldo, the commander of the fort, and Colonel Santa Rosa try to mitigate by their manner the harshness of the orders of the Ratazzi ministry."

The government were slow to publish the official report of Pallavicini. This exasperated the public, as it was believed that the report contained passages damaging to the government. At last a report or abstract appeared, which agreed with no other account ever given of these transactions. Pallavicini represented the combat as a regular attack, in which he was the conqueror of Garibaldi. He concealed the treachery to which he had resorted, and the fact that Garibaldi never encountered him, but fell while interposing to prevent resistance. He affirmed that he twice summoned Garibaldi to surrender, who refused, and detained the officer in each instance, whereas Garibaldi

received no warning, and detained no officer. There are few things more false in their spirit and expression than a military despatch, unless the writer be, like Garibaldi, a man of singularly scrupulous honour.

It was much to the scandal of King Victor Emmanuel and his government, that Garibaldi should receive such cruel contumely at Spezzio, and that the comforts necessary to the wounded general should be supplied by Englishmen. The king was, however, in the hands of his government and parliament, and more in the power of his great ally, the Emperor of the French, than under the constitutional influence of his ministry and the legislature. Happily, the French people raised the cry of amnesty, or in all probability the time-serving ministry at Turin would have brought Garibaldi to a shameful public trial and severe punishment, perhaps death. The French Emperor foresaw that instead of allaying the revolutionary and democratic fervour in Italy, the defence of such a prisoner would involve the enunciation of principles and the revelation of facts which would kindle a fire in Italy that no government could quench. Notwithstanding that the public feeling of France and England and the governments of both countries were shocked by the idea of holding incarcerated, or punishing, the man who had won kingdoms for his sovereign, the Ratazzi ministry showed the utmost reluctance to forego the opportunity of inflicting the worst which their vindictive policy might safely dare. Their hostility to Garibaldi personally, jealousy of his influence, and apprehensions of his bold ideas and policy, were all aggravated by the last proclamation he had issued. It was a declaration of war in the king's interests, against the king's ministers. Its perusal will convince the reader that the hour had then



arrived when the power of the ministry or of Garibaldi must be at once overthrown.

"ITALIANS!

"My programme is always the same. I wish, as much as it depends upon me, that the *plébiscite* of the 21st of October, 1860, shall be ratified—that the pact signed between the people and the king shall be carried out to the letter.

"I bow to his Majesty Victor Emmanuel, a king elected by the nation, but I am hostile to the government, which is only Italian in name—to a government which, to please diplomacy, ordered in the month of May arrests and trials at Sarnico, as it now provokes civil war in the South, to curry favour with the Emperor Napoleon.

"Such a ministry cannot, must not, be longer supported. It deceives the king; it compromises him as it did in the proclamation of the 3rd of August last. By its obstinacy it drives the Southern provinces to separation, it betrays the nation.

"The livery of a foreign master can never be regarded as a mark of honour or esteem by any government of our own.

"When I reached Sicily, that generous isle was at the point of despair. The Neapolitan provinces—no one is ignorant of the fact—cannot be kept down by any amount of troops.

"Love and good government must be the foundation of Italian unity. The civic authorities have preferred a different line. They have sown hatred broadcast, and they reap hatred in return.

"Madmen! They wish for civil war, the more easily to drown in blood the future of Italy, and to offer up acceptable victims to the altar of despotism.

"For my part, I cannot allow these culpable designs to be carried out. Let the for-

mula of the *plébiscite* once more save Italy. Let all local petty interests give way to the great idea of Italian unity.

"Let all the hearts, all the intellect of Italy, join to achieve the great end of our resurrection. Let the thoughts and ideas of all be exclusively directed to the liberation of Rome. Leave the rest to the future.

"To Rome, then! to Rome! Rise, brave men of 1848 and 1849! Up, generous youth of 1859 and 1860. Come to this holy crusade! We shall be victorious because our motto is: 'Reason, national right, and the approval of the world!'

"Our revolution has engendered great hopes in the world. We must justify those hopes.

"I am sure that the Italian people will not be wanting in its duty. May it please God that our victorious army will be with us.

"If I have at any time rendered service to our country, believe in my words. I am determined to enter Rome as a conqueror, or to die under its walls. But if I die, I am convinced that you will nobly avenge my death, and carry out the work I have taken in hand.

"Long live Italy! Hail to Victor Emmanuel in the Capitol!

"GARIBALDI.

\* Catania, August 24, 1862."

At last it was announced to the world, after many of the Garibaldians had been bitterly and cruelly punished, that an amnesty would be granted, and the indignity of a formal pardon was extended by the king to Garibaldi and his immediate followers.

The wounded lion slowly retired to his lair. The grey rocks of Caprera once more depicted his shadow; and the vineyard and the garden which his hands had formed were again to be subject to his culture. English physicians, and aid in other forms, assisted his recovery; and the presence of his family and a circle of

faithful friends, made cheerful his otherwise solitary home.

But the health of the mighty man had received a shock from which it will probably never recover. The wound inflicted, and eagerly inflicted, by Italian hands, deprived him of the power of locomotion, and impaired, perhaps for ever, his ability to lead troops in the field as a guerilla chief. In 1864, at Ischia, after his visit to England, he observed to a French gentleman, "My health is good, the trunk is sound, but the limbs are a wreck; I must make haste if I am to deliver Rome and Venice, or my legs may refuse to serve me." The impediment of French domination, policy, and power, proves, and is likely yet to prove, a still more serious obstacle. It is more than probable that his career of military usefulness and achievement is over, even although his purposes may still be again to raise the standard of liberty on behalf of Italy, or some other oppressed land. No one can, of course, foretell what may arise to facilitate the hero's future usefulness, and cover him with even a greater glory than all the past; for if the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli's re-

mark, "the unforeseen always comes to pass," is not strictly true, there is in the expression much that experience justifies. The present aspect of political affairs on the continent of Europe, the physical condition of Garibaldi, and his advancing years, seem to preclude the expectation of any scope for the hero's further efforts. The state of feeling amongst professional politicians in Piedmont, and within the circle of men from whom the king is likely to choose his cabinets, also renders it unlikely that Victor Emmanuel will summon Garibaldi to his aid to rescue Rome or Venice.

Whether he will again march to battle, and bear upon his sword the liberty of peoples, or remain in his dignified and illustrious retirement, we must ever think as a very gifted and genial-hearted English woman (Eliza Cook) has sung of him, with more of hearty feeling than poetry in her strains:—

"Say, where is the Victor whose triumphs outshine  
The bright halo that circles his crest?  
Rare fields has he won, and great work has he done,  
But no star do we see on his breast.  
And no star does he need, for his Soul is a gem  
That proclaims him the high-born and rare;  
Let him live with the few—"GARIBALDI THE TRUE,"  
'Tis the title such Soldier should wear."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

VISIT TO ENGLAND.—LANDS AT SOUTHAMPTON.—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PUBLIC THERE.—GUEST OF MR. SEELY, M.P., BROOK HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—RECEPTION AT NEWPORT.—INVITATIONS FROM THE PROVINCES.—LIFE AT BROOK HOUSE.

"He is dear to our land—to our homes, to our hearts,  
With a fame that shall never grow dim:  
And Old England ne'er gave such a cheer for the brave  
As her trumpet-tongue echoes for him."—ELIZA COOK.

DURING the residence of Garibaldi in Caprera, after the unfortunate affair of Aspromonte, he was an object of excessive jealousy and uneasiness to the cabinet at Turin. No

ministerial changes made any, or made but slight, alteration in this respect. The king, by common consent, was exonerated from any participation in this unworthy feeling; but he

was kept in a constant state of alarm lest Garibaldi should organise some movement to be put in action when his wound was healed, which might commit his Majesty to a war with Austria, or a breach with France. It was the opinion of the Turin politicians and the military authorities, that Italy could not cope with Austria, and that a war with the Kaiser for the possession of Venice would issue only in ruin to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, unless his Majesty were supported by France or England. The Emperor Napoleon feared to give countenance to such an undertaking, lest all Germany should side with Austria, and Russia ultimately aid the arms of the Confederation. The intimate connection of the English court with that of Prussia, and with several of the royal families of the minor German States, also influenced the policy of the French Emperor. He knew that in a war against united Germany and Russia, containing 130 millions of persons, England would render no aid, and it was not impossible that some difference of opinion with the British Government, or the influence of the German courts over the court of her Britannic Majesty, might place England, so far as France was concerned, on the side of her enemies. The civil war in America had several aspects in which a probability was indicated that difference with the Northern States might arise, and leave the Emperor in no condition to aid Italy. His project of overthrowing a republican form of government in Mexico, as he did in Rome, led to more friendly relations with Austria, and the placing of the Archduke Maximilian on the ancient throne of the Montezumas. Italy, under all these circumstances, could expect no help from France, and Victor Emmanuel honestly believed that it was his policy and that of his people to wait patiently, but in readiness, until new European combinations and events

gave a hope that France would aid in the conquest of Venetia, or at least protect the throne of Victor Emmanuel from any disastrous result upon his attempt to rescue that glorious province from the domination of the Croat.

It was also King Victor Emmanuel's opinion that all the power of Italy was insufficient to wrest Rome from the French; whereas the voluntary surrender of his position by the Emperor to the king, was within the scope of diplomacy, especially as the daughter of the king was married to the cousin of the Emperor. Hence the coldness of the king to Garibaldi, and his concurrence in the watchfulness that was kept by the Italian government over Caprera, its lord, and his followers.

The English people did not generally make allowance for King Victor Emmanuel, nor for the difficulties with which his government constantly found the situation beset. They were indignant at the seeming ingratitude of the monarch, and the real pettiness and mean party invidiousness of the official classes at Turin. The more Garibaldi was sneered at in those directions, the more he was honoured in England. The speeches of certain orators in the British parliament, the allies of despotism everywhere, against Garibaldi, his motives, and his measures, increased the generous fervour of the English nation for the hero. The wise and liberal policy of the Palmerston cabinet towards Italy met with the support of the British people to so vast an extent, that its opponents were without influence. Such was the public temper when the announcement was made that Garibaldi would come to England. Many persons of great importance and notoriety had been public guests in London within a few years previous to the visit of the Italian hero, but the presence of none produced anything like the same degree of

excitement. Napoleon III. and his beautiful Empress, Victor Emmanuel, and other great personages, came, and were well received, but no such enthusiasm as that which surrounded Garibaldi greeted them.

"He came not a conqueror, tyrant, or king,  
But a Patriot loyal and brave."

As soon as it was known that the great Liberator would visit England, societies and public bodies of all sorts prepared to do him homage. All classes and communities were in rivalry to show him how Britons appreciated a pure and honest patriot—a pure and honest man. The hurrahs of London were likely to compensate for the ungrateful sneers of Turin. The prisoner of Spezzio would find a welcome no crowned king or emperor could expect. England was about to pronounce her verdict upon the policy of Piedmont, and to do so not obtrusively, but appropriately and opportunely.

There was an intense desire to see what sort of person he could be who had done and suffered so much with such disinterestedness—to look upon the face and form of such a man, and see if any harmony existed between his appearance and a character so marked; to ascertain if he were, in the language of the poet—

"In dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person."

The hero was invited by the working men of London, in co-operation with their brethren, the children of labour, all over the land. The invitation was theirs; he was in an especial sense to be their guest. He loved the workers. He was a son of honest toil—a worker true and righteous.

Southampton was the town in England which had first the honour of welcoming him. It was arranged that he should land there,

and become the guest of Mr. Seely, M.P., at his mansion in the Isle of Wight.

The intention of the Southampton people was to welcome his landing with a salute of guns, hoisting of flags, processions, and such other demonstrations on a grand scale as might be deemed fit for the occasion. The town was crowded on Saturday, April 2, 1864, persons having arrived from all the country round, from London, and even from the north, to behold the face of the man who had liberated peoples and given away kingdoms. The vessel (the *Ripon*) which bore the precious freight did not arrive on the 2nd. On the 3rd, Sunday, the event took place, a day upon which the religious proprieties of the English people would not allow of political or festal rejoicings. The day was moreover gloomy, the sky piled with clouds, and rain falling at intervals. At half-past twelve o'clock, while the people of Southampton generally were in church, a telegram was received from Hurst Castle, informing the mayor that the *Ripon* had arrived there. Captain Engledue, of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, placed a steamer at the disposal of a select party of the General's friends, and the reporters for the public press. Mr. Seely, M.P., the Duke of Sutherland, General Eber, who so often behaved gloriously under Garibaldi's command, especially on the Voltorno, a deputation from the Italian Committee of London, consisting of Signori Semenza (vice-president), Negretti, Serena, and Vivante; Mr. John Richardson, Treasurer of the London Garibaldi Reception Committee; and Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun., an especial friend of the General, deputed from Newcastle, were on board. The mayor and corporation remained on shore, to give an official reception.

The party sent out boarded the *Ripon*. Mr. Seely and the Duke of Sutherland were at

once admitted to the General's cabin. The Duke invited the latter to be his guest during some portion of his stay in England. The invitation was accepted. Garibaldi then entered the saloon, where he received his visitors with that genial smile and affable bearing so characteristic of him.

It was at once noticed with sorrow that his noble countenance bore deep marks of grief and care; his hair was tinged with the snows of life's winter, and he was lame, limping as if in pain, while he rested on a stick.

Besides his two sons, his suite consisted of five persons:—His son, Menotti, who was twenty-two years of age, Ricciotti was in his eighteenth year. The elder, who has often been wounded while fighting by his father's side, was a young man of extremely well-proportioned and muscular build; and the appearance of both was highly intelligent and engaging. Signor Guerzoni, his secretary, who was lately a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and had long been associated with the General. He is an active politician, and is said to exercise great influence over the man to whom he has devoted himself. Basso, who is better known as "Garibaldi's chaplain," who has served with him through all his Italian campaigns. He is a native of Nice, and has been acquainted with the hero whose fortunes he follows for thirty years. Colonel Chambers, who was Garibaldi's English secretary, was a deputy-lieutenant of Lancashire, a lieutenant-colonel of the Liverpool Volunteers, and a magistrate of that town.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* gave the following graphic description of the arrival of the deputations on board the *Ripon*:—

"'The General is in his cabin,' says a steward; and in a moment that cabin is full. The Duke of Sutherland, General Eber, and Mr. Seely are the first to greet him. Mr. Dolmage

considerately stands at the door to prevent any undue crowding; and the rest of us stand as near to it as we conveniently can, anxiously waiting our turns for introduction. I hear a full-toned but sweet voice saying, 'Better, better, I thank you much,' in reply to inquiries as to his foot, some minutes before that voice's owner is visible to me. The natural eagerness of those yet outside is so far unallayed, when by a change of positions I obtain my first glimpse of the General. He is seated on his couch, with sling cigar-case and courier's bag hung up over his head, is shaking hands warmly with 'Friend Joseph Cowen,' is asking after the town of Newcastle, and gracefully acknowledging to all around the many kindnesses he has received. Leaning on his walking-stick, and limping slightly, he proceeds, accompanied by all of us, to the cushioned seat at the end of the saloon. In truth, a kingly-looking man, some five feet eight inches in height, he is broadly built, and his presence is pre-eminently commanding; he has a broad and lofty brow, soft and gentle eyes, which sparkle with humour and playfulness, a full-size well-shaped nose, a massive jaw indicative of power, and a smile which a woman might envy. He wore light and thin trousers, smartly made, patent leather boots, a silver grey gabardine with a scarlet lining or hood, and an embroidered smoking cap, which looked as if it had been worked by some fair admirer. A black silk handkerchief round the neck—of course no collar—and a light crimson bandana thrown loosely over the shoulders, completed a costume which, for picturesqueness, it would be difficult to equal. He understands English perfectly, but speaks it with a slightly foreign accent, and it may interest some readers to know that on my shaking hands with him we reciprocated right heartily the peculiar

grip only known to 'brethren of the mystic tie.' "

But the vessel approached the dock where Garibaldi was to land. The quays were lined with a dense concourse of spectators, who, as the steamer entered the dock, gave a loud and reverberating cheer, which became tenfold more vociferous when the General appeared on the deck and ascended the paddle-box. In order that all might have an opportunity of seeing him, he stood for some time on each paddle-box alternately and also on the captain's bridge. Immediately after the ship had been moored alongside the pier, the mayor and principal members of the corporation ascended the paddle-box, and were introduced to their distinguished guest. The mayor then addressed Garibaldi in a brief but felicitous speech. He said that he welcomed him not only to the heart of Southampton, but to the heart of England. He would not attempt to describe in words what were the feelings entertained towards him by the English people. His name had been made illustrious by the most noble deeds, and was a household word throughout the country and the world. In the name of the town of Southampton he welcomed him to the shores of England, and, as the chief magistrate of the port at which he landed, he invited him to receive his hospitality. To this Garibaldi replied, "I am grateful for your welcome, and accept your hospitality." The General, while still standing on the paddle-box, wrote a brief letter to the Italian Committee. The following is a copy of the original :—"Desidero non avere dimostrazioni politiche—sopra tutto non eccitare dei tumulti." The translation being :—"I desire to have no political demonstrations—above all, not to excite tumult." After writing this missive, Garibaldi descended to the deck amid renewed plaudits. Among the gentlemen who

were introduced to him there were two who wore Garibaldian uniforms, and to whom he laughingly said, "Oh, you wear the red shirts, do you?" Several ladies were then presented, and he received them with almost paternal tenderness. One of them, at once youthful and charming, delivered to the General her message of congratulation in Italian, and then stooped to kiss his hand, which, his face all the time being lighted up with pleasure, he made a feint of attempting to withdraw. The spectators could not but be touched with this graceful expression of sympathy on the part of a fair countrywoman, who, for a moment, might be said to embody the feeling which is entertained towards Garibaldi by millions of the women of England. Mr. Arthur Andrew he immediately recognised as the son of Richard Andrew, who was mayor when Kossuth visited Southampton. Mr. Joseph Cowen he received as one of the eldest of his English friends. Garibaldi then left the ship, and entered the mayor's carriage, drawn by four greys. All along the line of route there was an immense assemblage, who received him with the utmost enthusiasm. On arriving at the mayor's residence, on the summit of which was hoisted the Italian flag with the cross of Savoy, the General was conducted to his private apartments, and repeatedly responded to the acclamations of the people by showing himself at the windows.

The passengers by the *Ripon* spoke warmly of Garibaldi's gentleness of manner and of his demonstrative affection for his sons. There was scarcely one of the passengers to whom he did not address a friendly word, and exhibit the unreserved kindness of his nature. No one, in fact, could have become more popular on board, and this remark applies equally to his sons.

The next day was a gala day for Southampton;

flags fluttered over the house tops, spires, and domes, and from the masts of the shipping in the port. A general holiday to landsmen and seamen permitted all to enjoy the festival of generous sympathy. The heavens looked down upon this banquet of freedom, and smiled serenely and brightly. Early in the morning the General received deputations and addresses. His friend, Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, had quite a number to present from the north of England and Scotland. Invitations were presented from many great provincial towns and cities, indeed from nearly all the most important, that the General would visit them, and he at once consented to do so upon a plan which seemed to admit of the possibility of many, if not all, of the projected visits being paid.

About eleven o'clock, a civic procession was formed, and proceeded to the residence of the mayor. The streets were so crowded, that great difficulty was found in getting the procession through.

The band of the 1st Hampshire Engineers took up position on the lawn in front of the mayor's house, and played the Garibaldi Hymn, and various pieces associated with the reminiscences of the hero's feats of arms.

At the mayor's house the procession was reformed, and proceeded to the Council Chamber. A carriage drawn by four greys headed the procession; in it were seated Garibaldi and the mayor. The reception was popular in the fullest sense, the people shouting in the streets below and waving their hats, the windows filled with elegantly dressed ladies, waving handkerchiefs and Italian tricolours. Bands of music essayed to pierce the acclamations of the populace, and the church steeples sent forth the clangour of their pealing bells. Southampton was glad. Simplicity, heartiness, and unity characterised the expres-

sion of its gladness. Garibaldi wore a red Garibaldian shirt and grey cloak. Arrived at the Council Chamber, the Mayor, attired in robes of office, introduced his guest "to the men and women of England." With his own characteristic grace and dignity, the General rose and bowed his thanks. His countenance wore an expression of gravity relieved frequently by a sweet smile, and brightened by the quick expression of his flashing eye.

The address of the Mayor was appropriate, full of feeling, and pervaded by a tone of eulogy modestly expressed, but into which the speaker threw the earnestness of one who felt that it was deserved.

The address of the corporation was also singularly apposite.

Probably there was not a public man, whatever his nationality, in Southampton, who did not volunteer some demonstration of respect for the great man of the day; unless one exception, as signal as solitary, may be mentioned. Rosas, the ex-dictator of Buenos Ayres, the cruel and atrocious tyrant whom Garibaldi had baffled and chastised on behalf of the oppressed and suffering, was then residing at Southampton. Possessed of immense wealth, acquired in the worst way, he enjoys it, after his manner, in that salubrious and picturesque neighbourhood. He of course was not numbered among those who had any desire to welcome the hero of Monte Video. Had he come out from his obscurity, the contrast of the two men, their characters, histories, and situations, would have exposed him to execration on the part of even those who desire to forget him.

After the reception of the illustrious visitor by the corporation, he proceeded to the Royal Pier, where he embarked on board the *Sapphire* for Cowes, Isle of Wight. The embarkation was as much a great scene as the pro-

cession and the reception at the town hall. Southampton. Water was covered with yachts, boats, and steamers, crowded with persons anxious to get a near and complete view of the eminent stranger. Such vessels as were passed hoisted the Italian tricolor, and their crews loudly cheered, with the exception of a British man-of-war, from the crowded decks of which no huzza came, and over which no ensign was dipped. Some stern and absurd Admiralty order had bound the hands and lips of the English sailors.

Arrived at Cowes, the reception was similar to that at Southampton. Mr. Seely's carriage bore away his glorious prize to Brook House, amidst the hearty plaudits of the people, and the music of popular bands.

Mr. Seely took his guest by the most retired route, the latter saluting the poor people that were collected on the road with his usual bland and captivating style. His younger son, Ricciotti, noticed with delight the primroses and violets on the green banks which skirted the road. The next day Garibaldi was not fatigued, and met with pleasure the poet laureate and distinguished friends of his host.

Unfortunately, a bad feeling sprung up between the representatives of the working-classes and the persons most about Garibaldi's person. The deputations from the London working-men's committees, reported in London their dissatisfaction with the bearing of certain persons constantly near the General, and declared their conviction that a coterie were already conspiring to prevent Garibaldi's visit from being what it was intended to be—a visit to the working-classes. No blame was attributed to Mr. Seely. Much of the suspicion was groundless, but there were a few persons desirous that matters should be so conducted as not to wound the susceptibilities of the French and Italian governments.

While Garibaldi remained at Brook House, he met many, a meeting with whom gave him pleasure. Herzen, the Russian exile, went down from London to see him. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., and a goodly gathering of the more liberal M.P.'s were favoured with interviews, or enjoyed his society.

During his brief stay in the Isle of Wight, the little capital of Newport gave him a public reception. This small town is noted for the Conservative tendencies of its corporation, but the most Radical population in the kingdom could not show more zeal to honour Garibaldi. An address from the corporation and a grand banquet afforded opportunity for this. At the banquet, when the Queen's health was given, the guest cheered, his voice piercing the loud "hip, hip, hurrahs" of the loyal assembly.

It was an interesting incident in his visit to Newport, that nearly all the inhabitants wore Garibaldian favours. A juvenile band was dressed in Garibaldian military costume.

The way in which Garibaldi spent his time at Brook House cannot fail to be of interest to all who see in the minute incidents of habit, and the traits and manners of domestic life, the truest indications of the man. A gentleman who had opportunity of observing the hero in this phase of his existence, thus described the daily doings at Brook House.

The visitor had observed a deep shade of melancholy upon the countenance of the guest, one of those seasons of sadness which, in the midst of exciting scenes and public events, come so often upon the heart and countenance of him whose life has been tinged with so many sorrows. Referring to this expression of Garibaldi's countenance at Newport, the writer, on Friday, the 8th of April, observed:—

"Obviously Garibaldi was moved by some



deep emotion. His manner was as gracious but he wore a pensive expression which he never shook off. Did a glance at Menotti, looking so bright and brave, remind him of some sad day when his mother died in that dreadful wood where the brutal Austrians chased him? At the banquet the General's mind wandered to other scenes—to sterner duties and sacred hopes. The shade was there. His great heart seemed nerving itself for other scenes than festive ones, or was dwelling on the fate of those yet in prisons. Mr. Kennard, M.P., spoke of prisons which he had opened. He seemed to be thinking of prisons yet barred. To-day he has recovered his sweet playfulness of smile. Residing within two hundred yards of his house, and knowing his habits, I stepped down early this morning and found him giving a sitting to Mr. Dowling, of London, who has come down to paint his portrait for the Mayor of Southampton. 'When you want me,' he said to Mr. Dowling, 'tell me so, and I will attend you;' and then he sat down to read letters I handed to him. On reading the letter of Mr. Cowen, senior, he said, turning to Colonel Chambers, who stood near, 'This is from Mr. Cowen's father. I will accept his invitation to Stella Hall;' adding, with cordial emphasis, 'He received me ten years ago. I was there ten years ago.' When told that Mr. Cowen invited him in the name of the population of both shores of the Tyne to go down the river, he, smiling, said, 'Well, I shall be glad.' Mr. Taylor, M.P., who visited him on his landing at Southampton, had sent him an earnest request to visit Leicester, where the whole population desired to see and greet the General, for whom they have a most enthusiastic regard. 'This request is from my friend, Mr. Taylor,' Garibaldi said; 'the member of Parliament and chairman of the Italian Committee. Yes,

tell him I will visit Leicester. It will give me great pleasure. I will go to Lei-ces-ter,' said the General, making three syllables of the word. 'Then, you will go to Leicester,' observed Colonel Chambers, giving it the usual pronunciation. 'Ah, you call it Lester, do you; we call it Lee-ces-ter,' said the General, laughing. 'You English are very good for to pronounce not the words.' He was interested to hear that Colonel Chambers had a farm at Leicester or adjoining. Mentioning to him the desire felt in York to know if he would visit the famous city, where, as he said, he went once with Mr. Cowen to see the Minster, he answered that he would call at York. I telegraphed that the General's intention might be communicated to the Mayor, from whom a most influentially-signed address was presented at Southampton to the General. As Signor Guerzoni, the General's Italian secretary, who has charge of it, was not at Brook at that moment, it could not be referred to; but the General answered he would call, on appealing to Colonel Chambers to be sure that it lay on his route to the north. I discharged the duty entrusted to me by Sir John Bowring of offering Claremont House to the General and his suite, did it meet his convenience and pleasure to spend a quiet day at Exeter. 'It would give me pleasure,' said the General. 'Tell Sir John'—but recalling the routes on the map, he added, 'I fear it will not be in my power to go so far as Exeter.' On mentioning, at the request of Mr. Robert Mills, of Rochdale, that there was a strong desire for him to visit that energetic town, he was pleased to hear that Mr. Bright resided there, and observed that his opinions were the same as Mr. Cobden's. He was sorry he could not say whether he should be able to go. He seemed to be aware of the last great speech Mr. Bright delivered in the House of Com-

mons. But the requirements of Mr. Dowling's pencil abridged our conversation. Before going to Newport yesterday, the General planted a tree at Brook House, and the poet-

laureate planted another in commemoration of the General's visit. The General does not leave here till Monday. This day is one of undimmed splendour and brightness, but it is cold."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

PREPARATIONS IN LONDON TO RECEIVE GARIBALDI.—LEAVES THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—PUBLIC ENTRY INTO LONDON.

"If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming"—SHAKESPEARE.

DURING Garibaldi's stay at the Isle of Wight, extensive preparations were made in London for his public reception. Some general notice of these is necessary to enable the English reader, especially at a distance, to comprehend fully the magnitude and popular grandeur of the great event. Whatever interest the people of England may take in his career of enterprise and danger, they will naturally turn with pride and pleasure to the incident of the generous and enthusiastic reception given to him in their great metropolis.

Although only six months previous to the publication of these pages which record it in this history, the event has, in the relations given of it, become confused. Varying and sometimes contradictory accounts of the different episodes and incidents of the great historical fact were given in the daily and weekly journals, arising from the necessary haste with which they were written. By a close comparison and collation of all these, an examination of numerous documents, and conversation with some of the chief actors, an account may be presented in these pages correct in detail, and expressive of the facts and

feelings of the hour as they impressed themselves upon an observer.

A committee was formed consisting of members of Parliament and gentlemen accustomed to take part in the public business of the metropolis, for the purpose of raising a fund to bear the expense of the General's visit, and of presenting him with a public testimonial. This committee, in the main, took charge of the arrangements for his being brought to London, and his procession through it, until his arrival at the Duke of Sutherland's house, whose guest he was to be.

A working-men's committee, composed of delegates from various operative associations, was formed for co-operation with the general committee.

An Italian committee was formed of the General's compatriots, for the purposes of making a demonstration of their attachment to his person and principles, and of raising a fund to present testimonials to him and his son Menotti.

The society of total abstiners from alcoholic drinks, under the erroneous impression that Garibaldi was a total abstainer also, pre-

pared means of a great demonstration in his favour. The General, although he has always occasionally used beer and wine, except at intervals when he drank only water, is so abstemious in his habits, and so much opposed to the habitual use of intoxicating beverages on the part of all about him, that he might be reasonably set down by the total abstainers as a friend to their principles, by which so much good to individuals and the country have been produced.

Various trades, fraternal, co-operative, friendly, benefit, and charitable associations organised themselves to make suitable demonstrations.

It was remarked that while all these bodies were so forward in zeal, the society of Freemasons, numbering so many of the nobles and literati of the land within its pale, offered no indication of a desire to honour Garibaldi, although he was the grand master of masons in the Two Sicilies. This was the more remarkable, as when foreigners of distinction who are freemasons arrive in this country, especially in any public capacity, the craft confers upon them many distinctions which its usages allow. The Prince of Prussia was thus honoured, although he had rendered no services to mankind, and has since showed as little disposition to be just, as to be humane or generous. As the husband of the Princess Royal, it was proper and loyal to render him all respect; as the guest of the English people "brother Garibaldi" was equally entitled to some public recognition by his brethren.

The corporation of London voted an address and the freedom of the city, but unfortunately not unanimously. There were two dissentients.

The Germans held meetings in which they agreed to present Garibaldi with an address, to give him a serenade and *fackel-zug*. The two latter the General declined, to the former

he consented. As Garibaldi had made war all his life against German influence in Italy, there was something graceful and generous in the conduct of the London Germans, who were led in the affair by a countryman of intense nationality, *Karl Blind*.

The Poles in London organised in great strength to form a part in the procession, and present an address.

It was arranged by the general committee of sub-committees, that the addresses should not be presented on the day of the public entry but on a day set apart for that purpose and other objects at the Crystal Palace.

Sir Richard Mayne, director in chief of the Metropolitan Police, offered his aid in preserving order; and the Home Office gave its sanction to every measure which was possible, and which the working-classes desired.

The London and South-Western Railway Company offered to place a special train of ten carriages at the service of the General, his suite, and their friends, when ready to leave the Isle of Wight for London. They appointed Nine Elms station, Wandsworth Road, as the terminus for the special train, and the place of assemblage for the deputations and public bodies to meet the visitor upon his arrival. At great inconvenience and expense, the company placed their vast premises at Nine Elms at the disposal of "the reception committee."

On Saturday, April the 9th, the final arrangements for the reception and procession were published. Their detail here will enable the reader to follow the order of the procession, and to account for various occurrences.

#### "OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

"The special train placed at the disposal of General Garibaldi and his suite by the South Western Railway Company will leave Southampton for London at twelve o'clock, arriving

at the Nine Elms station at half-past two. The General will be met at the station by the reception committee and the parties authorised to present addresses. A limited number of persons will be admitted to the station to be present at the reception of the General.

"The admission to the station will be by tickets only; these will be restricted to the subscribers of the Garibaldi Fund and the members of the committees. No persons without tickets can be admitted under any circumstances whatever.

"The holders of white tickets will take their places on the platform on the left side; those holding green tickets on the platform at the upper end facing the door; the holders of red tickets will occupy the platform on the right; and the holders of blue tickets will take their places in the area between the two side platforms. The direction of the arrangements within the station will be under the control of Mr. George Potter.

"The gate of the station yard leading into the Wandsworth Road will be opened at half-past twelve, and will be closed at two o'clock precisely, after which hour no admission will be granted under any circumstances whatever.

"The carriages intended to fall into the procession, if occupied by ticket-holders, will be admitted into the station yard at the gate leading into Nine Elms Lane before two o'clock, and will take their places in the order assigned to them on the right hand side of the carriers' shed. After the addresses have been presented, the visitors are particularly requested to remain in the station until the General, his suite, and the committee have taken their seats in the carriages assigned to them, which will be marshalled in order by Mr. Hornsby, under whose control the general arrangements within the station yard will be placed.

"The gate leading into the Wandsworth Road will be opened immediately after the General has entered his carriage, which will be drawn up in the gateway, whilst the procession marches past him, the carriages of the committee and others joining the procession according to the directions of the gentleman to whom the procession arrangements have been entrusted.

"The carriage of General Garibaldi will fall in nearly at the end of the cavalcade, and will be followed by his suite and the members of the committee. Mr. J. Baxter Langley will superintend and direct the arrangements of the procession.

"The route of the procession will be as follows—namely, Wandsworth Road, Miles Street, Bond Street, New Bridge Street, Upper Kennington Lane, Kennington Road, Westminster Road, Westminster Bridge, Parliament Street, and Pall Mall. At the end of Pall Mall the carriages and the procession will turn up St. James's Street and disperse, the marshals of the procession only going forward to conduct the General into the courtyard before Stafford House, where he will be received by his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

"The management and direction of the flags and decorations in the procession will be under the control of Mr. Davis, who has full authority to suppress any banner, or flag, or emblem calculated to excite tumult or create annoyance to the procession.

"It is earnestly requested that all parties intending to occupy places in the procession, will be in the places allotted to them as soon after one o'clock as possible, and to enter Wandsworth Road (along the north side of which the procession will be massed) by side streets further west than Miles Street, which must be closed at an early hour. A certain number of gentlemen have consented to co-

operate with Mr. Baxter Langley in the arrangement of the procession, and all persons having a respect for the character of General Garibaldi are earnestly solicited to give these gentlemen (who will be distinguished by an official badge) their firm support in the fulfilment of their duties, so as to secure a great popular demonstration from the reproach of irregularity or disorder.

"By order.

"JOHN ROBERT TAYLOR,

"JOHN RICHARDSON,

"Hon. Secretaries of City Committee.

"ROBERT HARTWELL,

"Hon. Sec. Working Men's Committee.

On Monday morning, April 11th, at eight o'clock, Garibaldi left Brook House, Isle of Wight, in company with his hosts and fellow guests, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Foster, M.P., Mr. Caird, M.P., and Mr. Dunlop, M.P. The reception at Cowes, and on board the *Medina* steamer, was similar to the other displays of affection and admiration made by the people of the Isle of Wight. A delay occurred in consequence of the tardy arrival of the baggage, and this was only the first of a series of hindrances to punctuality, which, to some extent, impaired the great effect of the metropolitan demonstration.

On arriving at Southampton, the scenes of previous welcome were renewed; carriages were in waiting to conduct the hero to the railway, and the authorities of the town were in attendance.

The railway station was tastefully decorated by the company, and a vast number of ladies were accommodated with seats, who gave the General a most enthusiastic reception.

The special train, consisting of twelve carriages, decorated with flowers, evergreens, and emblems of Garibaldi, his principles, and

achievements, was not permitted to leave until a quarter past twelve o'clock—another delay in the arrangements which affected the general result; it then started amidst the ringing cheers of the populace, and the waved adieus of the concourse of ladies. At Bishopstoke the train passed slowly, in deference to the wishes of the people at that station, who had assembled in all their force and with all their capacity of demonstration.

At Winchester the progress was stopped, while an address was presented by the Corporation at the carriage window, the bands of the town playing "See the conquering hero comes." He, however, came to go away quickly, for, the ceremony over, the train renewed its speed. At Basingstoke and Woking scenes essentially the same were presented. All along the rail from Southampton to London wherever a group of persons could find an eligible standing place, and a chance of seeing the great Captain, men, women, and children had assembled.

At last, considerably after two o'clock, the train arrived at the great goods station of the company, and even the practised ears of those who, like Garibaldi himself, had often heard the shout of a great people, were astonished at the huzzas which burst forth on every side, not only from the multitude which was within sight, but from the masses which stretched away where a glimpse of the train could not be obtained. Trucks, carriages, piles of timber, stones, railway material, walls, house tops, and places which might have been supposed inaccessible, were covered with persons who seemed to lose all concern for their safety in the effort to catch a sight of the hero of the occasion.

The preparations made to receive the General were in character with all the other concomitants of the event. London had been all day

thronged with multitudes pouring in living tides in the various directions leading to the line of the projected procession.

The various public bodies took up their positions early in the day, each procession having a separate rendezvous, whence, when collected and arranged, its members marched, generally headed by bands of music, to the positions assigned in the grand programme.

Among the earliest which arrived on the Wandsworth Road was "the Polish Legion," 500 strong, a fine-looking body of men, whose appearance excited general sympathy, the people uncovering and cheering for Poland. This Legion had no band, but their march was measured by part singing, which had a peculiar and touching effect. They especially sang the national martial tune, "Poland is not yet forlorn." A number of distinguished Polish officers was in this procession, and were hailed with sympathetic plaudits.

From various parts of the country trades' societies had arrived, amongst which the most noticeable was "the Society of Cordwainers of Stafford."

The station of Nine Elms, generally dark and dingy, wore a bright aspect. Its exterior everywhere was covered with decorations, flags floated from every prominent position, devices and emblems innumerable expressed the homage by which the great guest of the day was greeted. "Welcome Garibaldi;" "Welcome the Hero of Italy;" "The Man of the People;" "The Pure Patriot;" "The Bravest of the Brave;" "Garibaldi the Great and Good;" "The Liberator of Italy," were the chief sentences which, printed or formed of wreaths and flowers, were in every direction displayed. The interior was not over-crowded, care having been taken by the committee that tickets should be administered within strict limitation. The great majority of the privi-

leged persons were ladies, many of high rank; they were nearly all dressed in some manner complimentary to their guest, their apparel presenting a combination of the three Italian national colours, or tricolour rosettes, and baskets of flowers were borne in their hands.

While waiting for the arrival of the train, all were much moved by the entrance of the guard of honour of the Garibaldian Legion, the remains of those gallant young Englishmen who had volunteered to assist Garibaldi's Neapolitan campaign, and who fought so nobly on the Volturno. It was a sad circumstance that, during the passage through the streets of the great procession, several of these brave fellows were seriously injured, some nearly fatally, in their efforts to protect the carriage in which Garibaldi was seated from the impetuous rush of the multitude to accomplish the infatuated desire that possessed them, of shaking hands with him. The band of the Italian Union also enlivened the hours of delay, by the performance of various beautiful and appropriate pieces in a most artistic manner.

When the train arrived, the members of the different committees proceeded to receive the General and his party, but owing to an unforeseen defect in the organisation, order was not preserved, and a considerable amount of time was lost in conducting those who accompanied him to their places on the platform, which was erected within what may be called the reception pavilion. As soon as he entered, the enthusiasm of the assemblage burst forth, and for a long time the cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued. When silence was at last restored, the orderly part of the reception was taken up. The Committee of the Italian Union naturally had preference, and delivered an address through their president. It is neither possible nor desirable to lay before the reader all the addresses pre-

sented to the General during his visit. Some of these were, however, so striking in their spirit and language, and evoked from Garibaldi replies so characteristic, that their perusal will have an interest as permanent as general.

"Amidst the applause of the first city of the world, which proclaims you the great benefactor of humanity, will sound grateful to you the voice of your countrymen who come here to receive you. We have followed you with palpitating hearts in all your enterprises, in the darkest year of our native country. We have always put our trust in you. We are proud to receive amongst us the glory and hope of Italy, and we shall unite ourselves unanimously to the free people of this great country in recognising in you the first champion of modern civilisation. Under the imposing circumstances, we beg of you to allow us to unite with you in thanking the great people, both for the hospitality with which it has always received us as refugees, and of the sympathy and help which they have always given us when aiming at the accomplishment of our freedom."

There were two other addresses for presentation, one from the City Committee, the other from the Working Men's Committee. Both were very beautiful specimens of writing and decoration—the former, especially so, was the work of Mr. J. R. Taylor, the law stationer, one of the secretaries. It was read by Mr. Councillor Richardson, and was as follows:—

"TO GENERAL GARIBALDI.

"Sir,

"The inhabitants of the British metropolis rejoice to welcome you among them; rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded them of testifying their enthusiastic admiration for the first of living patriots—the undaunted and disinterested champion of not only the freedom and

independence of his own beloved and classic land, but of civil and religious freedom throughout the world.

"Free England welcomes with affectionate and heartfelt respect the great apostle of liberty; the heroic and chivalrous soldier, whose sword is never drawn but in a just cause; the conqueror of a kingdom, that he might deliver its people from oppression—poor himself whilst making others rich; the self-devoted, self-denying citizen, loving the rights and welfare of his own country and of the whole human race better than his own life; the truly good, pure-hearted, and upright man, whose private worth is only surpassed by his public virtues, and more than Spartan and Roman magnanimity.

"We thank you, General, for thus honouring us by becoming for a time our guest, and we sincerely and profoundly trust and pray that the same merciful and Almighty power which has hitherto, and in a marvellous manner, preserved, amidst the greatest perils and dangers, a life so precious to Christendom and mankind, will complete your restoration to perfect health and strength, and enable you yet to accomplish all that your heart desires for the future, making that future even more glorious than the past, more fruitful in great and good works, more beneficial to Italy and all other oppressed Nationalities.

"By order of the committee,

"JOHN RICHARDSON,

"JOHN ROBT. TAYLOR,

"Honorary Secretaries.

"London, April 11th, 1864."

Nearly every sentence was followed by a burst of applause; especially that which expressed the hope of future achievements, to the fulfilment of all the hero's wishes. With

difficulty silence was restored, and then with strong emotion Garibaldi said :—

“I am very happy to be enabled to-day to give my thanks to this noble nation for its general sympathy for the cause of my country and for the cause of mankind. Long ago I wished for this day, and I am very happy to-day to express to you all my gratitude.”

After another interval of tumultuous enthusiasm, Mr. Hartwell, one of the secretaries of the Working Men's Committee, read the following address :—

“TO GENERAL GARIBALDI.

“Illustrious Chief,

“In the name of Briton's sons and daughters of toil we bid you welcome to this metropolis. We hail you as the representative of a regenerated and united Italy; and for the love we bear to that beautiful land and its noble people, so long oppressed, but now, thanks to your devoted patriotism and indomitable courage, almost freed from the foreign oppressors, we hail you! Your name is to us a household word, the symbol of liberty, associated with lofty daring, bold enterprise, and unselfish devotion to the cause of human progress. For your noble deeds we thank, love, and welcome you; and in the name, the sacred name of that liberty for which you have fought, bled, and which you have won for the oppressed peoples, we give you a place—a first place—in our hearts; and while doing so we cannot forget that there are men who have been associated with you in your glorious enterprise, who are also deserving of our admiration and esteem—especially the illustrious Joseph Mazzini, who has done so much for Italy, Freedom, and Humanity. We therefore hope soon to be able to show our love for your co-workers. Accept, then, dear brother, our heartfelt delight at seeing you in our midst; and,

expressing the fervent desire for the full realisation of our hopes—viz., your country's and the world's freedom—once more, in the unbounded fulness of our love for you and liberty, we welcome you.

“Signed on behalf of the working men of Great Britain's metropolis.

“ROBERT HARTWELL,

“Secretary of the Working Men's  
“Committee.

“London, April 11, 1864.”

The reception of this bold and out-spoken recognition of the fullest significance of Garibaldi's career was enthusiastic in the extreme. The mention of Mazzini's name evoked a manifestation exceeding great. It was not perfectly unanimous. There were a few expressions of dissent, but the display of enthusiasm was utterly overwhelming. As the hurrahs seemed about to die away, they were revived and prolonged, the determination being to make a vehement protest against the recent slander of Mazzini at Paris, and in the English House of Commons, in connection with Mr. Stansfield. Garibaldi's emotion was more manifest than at any other moment, and it was perhaps fortunate that an unexpected utterance gave him a little time for reflection on his answer. An Italian lady, occupying a seat immediately in front of the platform, arrested his attention, and addressed to him, with earnest but graceful gesture, a speech, in which she said :—

“General,

“You cannot but rejoice at the great demonstration which you have here witnessed to-day—coming from the heart of the most powerful nation in the world. This nation has proved herself to be the friend of our country, and I am overpowered with joy at witnessing this moving scene—the more so as I am a



countrywoman of the hero whom we so heartily greet. I wish to raise my voice to the English people, to thank them for the honours heaped upon General Garibaldi for his defence of Italian liberty against despotism. General, may at last your noble example kindle all hearts to support you, and enable you to establish that civilisation in Italy which will unite all humanity like a happy family."

The sensation produced by this startling incident was intense, and the ladies in the assembly showed heartily their sympathy.

Garibaldi simply bowed his acquiescence.

When general quiet was again restored, the reply to the working men's address was given by the great working man of Nice, Genoa, Monte Video, Cincinnati, and Caprera, in all which places he had, as the Apostle Paul described himself as having done, "laboured working with his own hands."

"I like to see the working men particularly. I am very grateful, and will forget not in all my life this welcome of that class I have the honour to belong to. They like to call me the brother of the working man of every part of the world!"

The General was of the same spirit as the late Mr. Fielding, M.P. for Oldham, when he told the House of Commons he had been a factory child, and would "stand by his order." The working men present accepted the General's reply in this sense, and appreciated the stern energy of his utterance, showing how his heart beat to them.

It was three o'clock before these imposing ceremonies terminated, and Garibaldi and his retinue left the building.

He then proceeded to the Duke of Sutherland's carriage, in which the Duke, Mr. Seely, M.P., and Signor Negretti, also seated themselves. A rush to shake hands with him,

which act he graciously accorded as far as possible, created delay, and impeded the orderly execution of the programme. The carriage was eventually drawn up by the kerb in the Wandsworth Road, in order that the procession of the various trades might pass it. Immediately behind the General's carriage was that in which sat the intrepid Menotti Garibaldi and his younger brother, who were objects of deep interest to the public, especially Menotti, who had fought and bled so often by his father's side. It required the most strenuous efforts, both persuasive and physical, on the part of the committees, the body guard of the English Legion, and the police, to keep back the crowds from the carriage, the whole multitude being eager to stand in the closest proximity to him, and even to grasp his hands or touch his cloak. Alas! that his faithful heroine, Anita, had not lived to see those who were her life's pride and treasure so honoured by the vast population of the most populous, wealthy, and powerful city in the world. How must the hearts of those who had so often followed him to the battle have bounded, as they witnessed his glory! Their blood and tears had mingled with his, the light of their swords had blended with the light of his. For Menotti, Eber, Missori, the day was a proud one, for he their chief, and the pride of their heroic hearts, received due honour.

The different public bodies who had inscribed their purpose of taking a place in the procession then marched past, and saluted the General. This part of the programme was admirably arranged by J. Baxter Langley, a gentleman of singular energy, prompt adaptation to circumstance, and possessing a generous and manly sympathy for the unhappy, slighted, slandered, or oppressed. His zeal on this occasion was rewarded with success; the procession of the trades, fellowships, and societies

marched past, maintaining order and precision in all the part allotted to them.

First to pass was the Cordwainers' Company of Stafford, headed by a band, and bearing an immense banner. Then came the band of the 10th Tower Hamlets Volunteers, leading the way for the Farmers' Company, in their white kid leather aprons, and bearing the insignia of their craft. Immediately afterwards came the Memphis Lodge of Freemasons,\* with a most beautiful banner borne before them—a carriage containing the four principal officers of the Lodge bringing up the rear. Next came the Temperance societies, the Foresters in their official costume, the Odd Fellows, and all the Friendly societies. Almost every one had a band accompanying it. Some of the societies had tall wands, on the top of which hung festoons of laurel, while one or two had the classic victor's wreath, in which were entwined the Garibaldian colours. For three-quarters of an hour there was a constant succession of Friendly and Temperance societies passing. At last the carriages in the station-yard fell into the procession. Following them came the Poles and members of the Polish Legion in London, and next the Hungarians and Germans. The Italian committee's and other carriages next fell into the line, and close behind them came a small detachment of the Notting Hill volunteer fire brigade in their uniform. Finally the band of the Italian Union of London took up position immediately before the carriage of General Garibaldi, on either side of which marched a guard of honour of members of the old English Garibaldian Legion. The last of the procession had moved when an accident occurred which marred the order that pre-

vailed. When the Italian band struck up Garibaldi's Hymn, one of the horses in a carriage, then at the corner of Miles Street, took fright, reared, plunged, and fell, throwing the postilion. The animal was quickly got up, but was again restive, and broke the pole of the carriage. This stopped for the time the progress of the last part of the procession, while the forward part of it got far in advance. Assistance was, however, speedily rendered, and the broken carriage having been removed, the *cortège* was again able to proceed.

Then commenced the grandest scene ever witnessed in London on the reception of a man by a people, or probably in the world. Never was so vast a concourse crowded together in the thoroughfares of a city; and never did even the peoples liberated by the hero's own hand receive him with more enthusiasm.

All the streets were crowded with people. All the windows, and even the house-tops, covered with eager expectants; and as the *cortège* advanced, and the object of all eyes and hearts appeared, shouts were raised by the multitudes, such as their great numbers and great heartiness must have made astonishing to him who had so often witnessed the applause and gratitude of delivered cities. The procession reached Westminster Bridge by half-past six o'clock. It was difficult to pass, so dense were the crowds of people. It was sunset; the sight was beautiful, and Garibaldi caught its inspiration.

There was very little that was artistic in the displays from the windows and public buildings; flags and inscriptions of welcome generally constituted the decorative attempts. There was an exception in Bridge Street, Westminster, at the house of Mr. Cremer, the celebrated manufacturer and vendor of toys. He had suspended a number of elegant medallions, with a great variety of well-conceived decorations. The house front was covered

\* This Lodge has no connection with the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons, of which the Earl of Zetland is Grand Master.

with most tasteful ornaments and devices complimentary of the approaching guest. The Italians burst into an enthusiastic cheer as they came in front of Mr. Cremer's house, and continued waving their hats until they had passed. Indeed, the whole procession and cavalcade saluted the spirited and tasteful proprietor of that house. The sons of Garibaldi waved their hats in token of acknowledgment. But the writer of these lines was most struck by the manner of Garibaldi at this spot. He seldom raised his hat during the procession, but remained standing in the open carriage, supported by the hands of the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Seely, and Signor Negretti. When, however, he came opposite Mr. Cremer's, he raised his hat, and with a movement expressively indicating gratitude and respect, bowed his uncovered head in acknowledgment. He paid a similar compliment to the occupants of the undecorated windows in the rear portion of the premises of Fendon's Hotel, occupied by Mr. Bromfit, from which he received so hearty a greeting, that he felt and acknowledged it. Many of the gentlemen who thus cordially received the hero, differed with him in political opinion, and in some of his measures adopted by him for the best of ends, but all felt that his motives were disinterested as his conduct was heroic, and that he had effected a greater amount of practical good than any other living man.

As the *cortège* turned out of Bridge Street into Parliament Street, the concourse of people was wonderful; far up George Street a sea of heads could be seen from the carriages of the procession, and as far back as Poet's Corner, and more especially around the statue of Canning, the people seemed piled on platforms rising one above another. The progress up Parliament Street and Whitehall was of imposing grandeur. The crowds in-

creased, if possible, in density to Trafalgar Square, where the most closely-packed multitude in all the line of procession awaited its arrival. The windows and even roof of the Treasury in Whitehall were occupied to the uttermost by ladies and gentlemen. The Horse Guards was decorated and crowded in a manner which showed that the officers of the British army did homage to the irregular warrior; and that the princely chief of that army knew how to do honour to the brave in any army or in any service. The Admiralty, over which the Duke of Sutherland presided, was, as might be expected, covered with Garibaldian emblems, and every spot in and on the building which could afford space for a human being was occupied. At both the Horse Guards and Admiralty, ladies were extensively accommodated. They were nearly all dressed in Garibaldian costume, and stripes of cloth tricolor, of the Italian order, draped the entire front of the building. Yes, it is true, that along that way, over which princes have proceeded in rich and courtly show, princes by whom peoples were despised and down-trodden, there passed on the 11th of April, 1864, the chief of revolutionists, supported by a member of each branch of the British senate, and welcomed by the whole people, and by the authorities of the land! Yes, it is true! the tricolor floated above the official buildings of Whitehall, and the fair and noble of the land stood in the historic banqueting room, the abettors and admirers of him who taught nations to revolt against tyrants, and to conduct revolt with a clemency and justice which tyrants knew not. There was no other country in Europe where so noble a homage would be paid to liberty, no other country the sovereign of which would feel proud that the sympathies of her people surrounded the heroic organiser of just and righteous revolutions. Garibaldi passed, the

friend of freedom without anarchy, along the great historic way of the metropolis, in which a queen reigned, also the friend of freedom without anarchy. The revolutionist effected by the sword what the sovereign whose people received him maintained by the sceptre. No wonder that the same lips which so often and so heartily exclaimed "God save the Queen," should be ready to shout the welcome "Long live Garibaldi." Who would have thought that over the equestrian statue of Charles I., the enemy of English liberty, the tricolor standard of successful revolution would ever have been seen to float! Who could have supposed that in such a situation a flag should wave, emblem of the deeds of him who should lead nations against despotic princes, and a despotic Pontiff! Yet all this came to pass; perched on the statue of King Charles, at Charing Cross, an adventurous Garibaldian bore aloft in triumph the Garibaldian flag.

The emotion of the General was visible to every person acquainted with his countenance. When arriving at Charing Cross, all that vast area, its paths, spaces, monuments, and house-tops, and summits of public buildings, were darkened by men, vociferous in their welcome to the hero of truth and freedom, the General's face repeatedly changed colour and expression, and moved as if convulsively as he approached this great and magnificent sight.

Along Pall Mall he was greeted from the clubs as warmly as if all "the loungers" there had suddenly become enamoured of liberty. Had Mars, the god of war, passed through Rome on a triumphal car in the days of her greatest military glory, he could not have been received with more ardent homage than was Garibaldi from the humble suburb of Lambeth to the gates of St. James's Palace.

The shades of evening had almost passed into the gloom of night, when the ducal car-

riage entered Old Stable Yard, St. James's. From the palace itself could be seen through the dim twilight flags waving, and voices of welcome pealed out from its ancient pile.

"Well may the people shout to-day,  
Well may the frequent banners fly—  
A conqueror comes along the way,  
A hero-king is passing by!  
No captives droop behind his car,  
No bloody trophies flaunt above;  
His sword was drawn in freedom's war,  
His conquest every freeman's love.  
Too often while a victor passed,  
Has freedom wept and turned away;  
Her hour of pride has come at last,  
She clasps the conqueror's hand to-day."

The General entered Stafford House leaning on the arm of the Duke of Sutherland. Red cloth had been laid down from the door to the entrance of the grand staircase, at which point the Duchess of Sutherland advanced and cordially welcomed the illustrious guest. The Duchess Dowager of Sutherland also came forward to welcome him, and after an interchange of compliments the Duke conducted the General to his quarters. He appeared greatly fatigued by the excitement of the day. The Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Marchioness of Ely, Viscountess Jocelyn, the Hon. Leopold Agar Ellis, Lady Blantyre, and the Hon. Misses Stuart, the youthful Marquis of Lorne, Lords Albert and Ronald Leveson Gower, Lord Richard Grosvenor, General Ebor, Hon. Henry Howard, &c., came on the grand staircase to witness the arrival of the General, but they took no part in the welcome, which was confined to the noble host and hostess, and the Dowager Duchess. The crowd still persisted in surrounding the house and cheering vociferously, as if expecting that the General would come out on the balcony and address them. He did not do so, and the crowd at length dispersed.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

GARIBALDI AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—VISITS TO LORD PALMERSTON, TO THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND, MAZZINI, ETC.—THE OPERA.—GRAND MEETINGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"Welcome, because the glory of thy wreath  
 Had never shade nor stain,  
 Because thy sword sprung never from its sheath  
 Except to cleave a chain,  
 Because thy hands, outstretched to all who live,  
 Armed not for thine own sake,  
 So strong to save, opened so wide to give,  
 Do not know how to take;  
 Because thy foes can reckon to thy charge  
 Only the noble crime  
 Of faith too liberal and love too large  
 For this unworthy time."

ON Wednesday, the 13th of April, the programme which the patriotic Duke of Sutherland laid down for his guest was such as to spare his physical powers, tried so much by the previous day. The General was at home in Stafford House. Between him and the Duke of Sutherland a friendship had sprung up in the winter of 1862. The duke then visited Naples, and from all he saw and heard, conceived an intense sympathy for the slighted and invalid chief, then suffering from his wound in Caprera. The duke called at the island and made the General's acquaintance. Two men so liberal and frank, and filled with such generous instincts, could not but love one another.

The Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, the friend of the Queen, the supporter of every religious institution, the abettor of liberty, the ardent apostle of the anti-slavery cause, had invited the General to her beautiful place at Chiswick. As this became generally known, the route thither from St. James's was thronged from an early hour on Tuesday, and the greetings of the day before were repeated wherever the duke's carriage was seen. *En route*, his grace conducted his guest to pay a

visit to Lord Palmerston. The great statesman and the great warrior remained an hour together.\*

From Cambridge House the duke's carriage proceeded along Piccadilly and through Hyde Park, where Rotten Row was crowded with a grand equestrian concourse of fashionable persons. The carriage roads were also completely filled with equipages. As the General passed all riders were stationary, and salutations were offered with that courtesy which the highly cultivated can offer, and that respect which one so good and great must ever command. The course of the General was through Kensington, Hammersmith, and Turnham Green; and notwithstanding the distance, the whole way was lined with people, who greeted the guest of England as he passed, and the windows, especially of the fashionable neighbourhood of Kensington, were thronged with ladies, as on the previous day, wearing Garibaldian favours.

\* It is alleged on authority most respectable that Lord Palmerston eagerly seized the General's hand, and shook it as if it belonged to an old friend after a long absence. Garibaldi, ever sensitive, said, "I am grateful for such a kind reception from so powerful a friend of Italy." To which his lordship replied, "I am happy to shake the hand of a gallant a man."

Arrived at Chiswick, the duchess received her guest with courtly but warm welcome. Earl Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Granville, the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, and other eminent persons, arrived. The visit was a short one. In the evening there was a grand entertainment at Stafford House, comprising many of the nobility and members of Parliament. The company were generally on the Liberal side of politics, but the Earl of Derby and a few other Conservative noblemen were present. Before returning to Stafford House from Chiswick, he paid a visit to Mr. Stansfield, and addressed a large crowd from the balconies.

On this day an address was presented to him by the Poles, one of the most affecting incidents of his visit.

A deputation of the Polish Committee of London waited on General Garibaldi at Stafford House in the morning. Three little girls, in Polish costume, presented the General with bouquets in the name of Poland. They were rewarded by a kiss each from Garibaldi. The address was delivered in the French language, and is translated as follows :—

"General,—The population of the free country of England is stirred with joy at the news of your arrival on her soil. Her compact and enthusiastic crowds hurry to meet you, and hail you as the most illustrious representative of the vindication of the sacred right of the peoples to liberty and independence. They greet you with acclamation, not because you are a hero, but because, above all, they see in you the incarnation of the greatest human principle. In the midst of this crowd transported with joy, you perceive, General, a group of men whose sorrowful countenances and preoccupied minds contrast with the spontaneous and general joy of which you are the object. The hospitable and generous multitude

enjoy all the rights of free citizens; but this group of men, a mere handful of Poles, who have come from the land of martyrdom, in the fullest sense of the term, desire to pay to you, in the name of their country and of their cause, the homage of their utmost veneration and devotedness. Poland has heard the noble words in which you recently accorded your support. She sees in that support another powerful guarantee of her resurrection, an invincible proof of the solidarity which still unites them with the peoples, the harbinger of the ultimate victory of liberty over the tyranny that yet oppresses the earth. Poland thanks you for having with your brave hand unfurled her standard and associated it with those of the Italian and Hungarian nations, of which you are now the hope and will be the liberator. Poland expects no less from the great soul of Garibaldi. Welcome, then, General, to the free soil of Great Britain, and may the Almighty, the God of justice and liberty, long preserve you to aid in accomplishing His reign on earth!"

Garibaldi replied as follows :—

"Thanks! many thanks to you. Tell your brothers in Poland that although I have yet done nothing for Poland, certainly not what I should desire, still I hold the cause of Poland as that of my own country, Italy—as the cause of liberty, and I am ready to sacrifice my life for that cause. If I pray to God for strength, it is that I may be able to devote myself to your cause and to the cause of Italy, and to the emancipation of the peoples."

On the Tuesday evening he paid a short visit to Earl Russell, which was followed by a longer one the next day. It was rumoured that important topics connected with Italy were discussed in that interview. He also visited his friend Mr. Seely.

He paid a visit to Woolwich, to inspect







NAYAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR

aged by Fdw<sup>as</sup> Stodart from a Photograph

My handwriting



the Dockyard and Arsenal, returning home by London Bridge and through the City, which was crowded, as it usually is in the hours of business. The unexpected arrival of Garibaldi produced an excitement which suspended business, and directed the vast commercial throng to the route along which the carriage proceeded, where the usual enthusiasm was evinced. The same evening a grand dinner was given by the Duke of Sutherland, in honour of his guest; among the nobility and eminent persons present were the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury. That noble lord had been no friend to Italy any more than the Earl of Derby, who had declared, in the House of Peers, that he was unable to comprehend for what the war of 1859 in Italy was waged. There was a strange incongruity in inviting such men to meet Garibaldi, however graceful it might have been on their part to call upon him, or volunteer any act of respect. The General retired early in the evening, his early morning hours rendering it impossible that he could endure the late sittings of English fashionable life.

On Thursday he visited Mr. Taylor, M.P. for Leicester, at his house, Camden Hill, Kensington, and also some prominent Italians resident in London.

That was the evening appointed for going to the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden; his visit to which formed one of the most interesting episodes of his stay in London. Four carriages left the Duke of Sutherland's house, conveying the General, his suite, and the Duke's other guests. The streets were crowded, as the intention of the General was known. He entered by the Floral Hall; as he arrived, the band of the Coldstream Guards played "See the Conquering Hero comes." He was greeted by a brilliant assembly in the hall, which was lighted up, and decorated with exquisite taste.

When Garibaldi appeared in his box, the house resounded with plaudits, which were continued until the time for commencing the performance had considerably passed. It was a brilliant scene, and the grandest feature of it was the General himself, as he stood in manly and soldierly dignity while he bowed his acknowledgments to the *élite* of the land. The performance consisted of "Norma," and the second and third acts of "Masaniello." The latter were of course selected because of the affinity of the Neapolitan insurrection to a portion of Garibaldi's own career. So the audience took it, and every allusive sentence brought a storm of applause. Garibaldi's interest seemed deeply excited, and he remained until the close.

Before going to the opera, the hero and his sons visited Mazzini.

The United Service Club elected the General and his sons honorary members.

On Friday he visited Bedford, his chief object being to see some steam ploughs in operation, as everything connected with farming has his concern. The corporation and people of the town received him with the same cordiality as all other English communities received him.

Saturday, the 16th of April, was fixed upon for a grand Italian concert in the Crystal Palace, and the presentation of swords to the General and his soldier son, exclusively the testimonials of Italian patriotism. A vast concourse assembled of over twenty-four thousand persons.

An address was presented, in harmony with previous addresses, but pointing to Rome and Venice as still oppressed.

The General replied at greater length than in any of his other speeches, reiterating his purpose, and urging that purpose upon his compatriots, of aiding England should any

combination of continental tyrants attack her. He alluded in grateful terms to the Queen, whom he called *Cara Regina*. This allusion awakened the utmost enthusiasm in the assembly, which rose and cheered again and again, repeatedly resuming fresh series of cheers when the demonstrations began to subside.

After the addresses luncheon was served, and the General was wheeled slowly along to the canopy, beneath which he was to take his seat. As he approached, he was met by four Italian young ladies — Alessandra Zuccani, Daria Zuccani (her sister), Angelina Carozzi, and Madeline Cetti—all dressed in white, with fairy-like elegance, and each carrying a beautiful bouquet. When the General came up, the eldest of the four young ladies stepped forward and presented him with her bouquet, accompanied with an address in Italian to the effect that amidst the universal exultation and joy at the presence of Garibaldi in England, they wished to raise their voices, and salute the Chieftain of the Thousand. Garibaldi accepted the bouquet, thanked the young ladies for their address, shook hands with many ladies, kissed some of the younger ones, and slowly made his way to the place in which he was so eagerly expected. Immediately that he was seen there arose the same loud, long shout which characterised all the greetings he received. He seemed almost to hesitate when advancing to his seat in the presence of so overwhelming an assembly of delighted friends. Still more reluctantly Menotti and Ricciotti were persuaded to seat themselves on his right and left; the Duke of Sutherland taking the fourth seat. In the adjoining gallery were Mrs. Craufurd, wife of the member for Ayr, and her sister, Madame Saffi, wife of the Roman triumvir. For the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland and the ladies of her party seats had been reserved in the front of the orchestra.

The concert began with the first piece upon the programme, "Inno di Garibaldi," at the very instant when the hero of the day made his appearance in the gallery set apart for his use. The inspiring strains of this chorus accordingly mingled with the shout that arose from the expectant multitude upon the first intimation that the General was drawing near, and lent additional vigour no less than melody to the welcome uttered by twenty thousand English voices.

The pieces were all selected in the spirit of the occasion, and the performance was all that Italian art could make it. The enthusiasm excited by the concert reached its height at the chorus "La Garibaldina," and especially when the last verse was sung, of which the following is a translation:—

"Hail' oh, leader, from darkness and sorrow  
Fame hath woven a wreath for thy brow;  
Bright be the dawning of Italy's morrow—  
Dawn it shall, for the herald art thou.  
O Garibaldi! true and noble heart,  
Lead on, we are thine  
Until our latest breath;  
From hearths and homes, and loved ones we depart,  
To battle, to glory, to death."

A person well situated for witnessing the scene which then occurred thus depicted it:—

"No words can describe the scene which took place during the singing of these lines. The principal vocalists, all eminent, and popular in their profession, turned towards the balcony which contained Garibaldi, and with every gesture and look of which the Italian frame is capable, signified their enthusiastic concurrence in the sentiments to the utterance of which they lent every power with which nature had gifted them. The choir and orchestra, inspired by the fervid action of their excellent conductor, who, with his national colours tastefully displayed upon his breast, threw himself with all the ardour of a loving

compatriot into his work, seconded their efforts nobly, and thus a chorus was produced such as can never be forgotten by the least susceptible individual who was privileged to hear the strain, and see under what circumstances it was sung. At the first line of the refrain, "O Garibaldi, nostro salvatore," the audience, moved by one impulse, rose up, and remained standing, turned towards the Italian hero, during the remainder of the piece. When all was ended, the voice of the multitude found scope, and men and women, artists and conductor, laid down their respective functions to join in one overpowering demonstration of enthusiastic devotion to the serene-looking and noble man, who looked down in a sort of glad yet quiet wonder, too great to be confused by this tumultuous homage; and replied better by his sympathetic eyes, moved lips, and very simple gestures, than by any amount of actions such as are associated with heroes of a smaller kind."

A sword was then presented to the General by Signor Serena, an exile of Venice, who delivered an appropriate address. This was followed by an address from the Italians resident in London.

A deputation, consisting of the Italian Committee, presented a small picture, in an elegant frame, the subject being "The Italian Colours." It represented a very beautiful Italian girl, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand, the colours being red, white, and green. Signor Vivanti presented the picture, and said, in Italian: "General, Signor Succoli, an Italian artist, hopes you will accept this picture, which he has called 'The Italian Colours' (*La Coccarda Italiana*). These noble colours, once trampled in the dust by the enemies of Italy, now raised by your hand, wave high from the Alps to the Strait of Sicily. The Italians see in these colours the emblem of

Italy and of yourself, her liberator. The red reminds them of your blood generously shed in the cause of liberty—the white is an emblem of the purity of your soul—the green, of the hope with which your name inspires the oppressed." Garibaldi accepted the picture "with thanks."

Signor Serena then presented Menotti Garibaldi with a sword, saying, as he did so, "Accept, Menotti, this sword, given to you by the Italians of London, and use it, as you have commenced, fighting by the side of your father, as a worthy son of Garibaldi." The young hero gracefully, and with unaffected simplicity, expressed his thanks. Garibaldi looked on with mingled love and pride, and, with a grateful expression of countenance, turned again and again to the deputation during the short ceremony.

Soon after the heroes and their escort retired from the building.

In the evening they dined with Lord Palmerston at Cambridge House, and met a brilliant reception.

On Sunday, Garibaldi lunched with his friend Alexander Herzen, the celebrated Russian liberal, at his house in Teddington. It was one of the most remarkable incidents of Garibaldi's English visit, taking into consideration the peculiar position of the host, the character of the guest, and the interchange of opinions between Garibaldi and Mazzini, who had so often agreed and so often differed in their strange careers.

A select party of English and foreign friends were assembled to meet the General, amongst whom were Signor Saffi, Prince Dolgoroukou, Signor Mordini, a member of the Italian parliament, &c. As usual, crowds had assembled to greet the General, who was enthusiastically cheered on his arrival and on his departure. M. Herzen, accompanied by his friend and

fellow-editor of the Russian democratic journal, *La Cloche*, M. N. Ogareff and Mdme. Ogareff, received the General at the garden gate and led him into the house; but the cheering outside was so vehement that the General was compelled to return for a moment to the garden, where he good-humouredly waved his hand in acknowledgment of the applause of the crowd. He had scarcely entered the house again before another carriage drove up, and MM. Herzen and Ogareff welcomed with equal honours their old and esteemed friend, Joseph Mazzini, between whom and Garibaldi the greeting was warm.

A magnificent luncheon had been prepared, at the conclusion of which Mazzini rose and proposed the health of General Garibaldi in the following words:—"My toast will include all that is most dear to us all, those things for which we have fought and striven. I drink to the Liberty of the Peoples; to the Association of the Peoples; to the man who is the living incarnation of these great ideas, Joseph Garibaldi; to that poor sacred heroic Poland, whose sons have been silently fighting and dying for liberty for more than a year; to that young Russia, whose device is land and liberty—new Russia that will at no distant day hold out a sister's hand to Poland, acknowledge her equality and independence, and cancel the remembrance of the Russia of the Czar; to those Russians who, with our friend Herzen at their head, have most wrought and laboured towards the creation of this new Russia; to that religion of duty which will give us strength to strive, and to devote ourselves, even unto death, for the realisation of these ideas."

The toast having been drank with enthusiasm, Garibaldi rose and said: "I am about to make a declaration which I ought to have made long ago. There is a man amongst us here who has rendered the greatest services to

our country, and to the cause of liberty. When I was a young man, having nought but aspirations towards the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my young years. I sought such a man even as he who is athirst seeking the spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around him slept. He alone fed the sacred flame. He has ever remained my friend, ever as full of love for his country and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Joseph Mazzini. To my friend and teacher!"

The General afterwards rose a second time and said: "Mazzini has uttered some words with regard to unhappy Poland, to which I adhere with all my heart. Now let us drink to that young Russia, that suffers, struggles, and shall triumph like ourselves, and is destined to play a noble and important part in Europe."

After this, raising his glass for the last time, Garibaldi drank "To that free England whose generous hospitality and noble and fruitful sympathy have won from all oppressed peoples so large a debt of gratitude and affection."

The early portion of Monday, the 17th, was spent in the usual way, visits and the reception of deputations engrossing the General's time. A detailed account of these, however invested with a temporary interest in the metropolis, are not of sufficient importance to detain the attention of the distant reader.

In the evening the General paid his second visit to the Crystal Palace, for the purpose of receiving the addresses of the numerous bodies, metropolitan and provincial, which had sent deputations to present them. So great were the numbers constituting these deputations, that the Crystal Palace was chosen as the fittest place for their reception.

At five minutes past three o'clock the engagements of the occasion began.

The first presentation made was two beautiful bouquets, borne by two very pretty little girls; one of them was Louisa, daughter of D. Chinnery, Esq., of Dulwich Manor House; and the other, Edith, daughter of Professor Falding, D.D., of Rotherham College. After this, the deputations which followed were, in each case, restricted to six in number.

The first of these that approached was the mayor, town clerk, and four counsellors of the Dover Corporation, in their robes of office. Ascending the dais from the right, the deputation moved to the centre of the platform, presented its address, shook hands with the General, descended on the opposite side, and subsided into seats strictly reserved for their accommodation just before the orchestra. Brighton followed Dover, and a hearty cheer marked the recognition among the deputation of Mr. White and Mr. Coningham, two of Italy's oldest and truest English friends. The address concluded with a pressing invitation to Garibaldi to visit "the queen of watering-places," if only for one day. A deputation from Woolwich was the third in order. It was followed by deputations appointed by public meetings in Norwich, Marylebone, Lambeth, the West Cliff, (Brighton,) the Brighton Working Men's Club, the Southwark Temperance Society, temperance societies in Bishopsgate, Clapham, and Chelsea, and the Surrey Chapel Band of Hope (headed by the Rev. Newman Hall and Mr. Murphy). The Friends of Fatherland, a society of German workmen in London, attracted special attention and applause by the elegant emblazonment of their address, and its presentation upon a crimson velvet cushion, decked with the Italian colours and bearing a laurel wreath. The Working Men's Institutes of Upper and Lower Norwood and of Hastings, the working men of Brentford, one of whose representa-

tives, named Alexander Hodgman, made a little speech, telling the General that he had served under him in America, and mentioning the name of General Castella. "Castella!" said Garibaldi; "yes, I know him well; God bless him, and you too." The Brighton Young Men's Christian Association, the Maidstone Reform Association, the Streatham and Clapham Temperance Societies, the Shoreditch Working Men's Club, the Brighton Abstinence Society, passed without special notice.

Not so the Central Horticultural Society. Claiming Garibaldi as "a fellow-labourer in the field and in the garden," they tendered him an offering of fruit and flowers by the hands of a little boy and girl, Master Chute and Miss Ellen Tanton. The General was evidently much pleased by the incident, kissed the children, and took their baskets with thanks.

A Bible Society, by its deputation, presented the General and his sons with a copy of the Holy Scriptures each, most elegantly bound. They were accepted with grateful and reverential expressions.

Then followed deputations from the Loyal Orange Institute, the London Unity of Odd Fellows, the Welsh Congregational Dissenters in London, the Finsbury Collegiate School, the London Mechanics' Institute, and the Memphis Lodge of Freemasons. The Memphis is the Lodge to which Garibaldi belongs, and its address, written in French, hailed him as "Dear and very illustrious brother." This deputation was followed by one whose appearance created profound enthusiasm. It bore the flag of Poland. The General rose to meet it, and clasped warmly the hands of the deputies. Colonel L. Oborski said, "that while Poland is struggling for liberty, Italy and Hungary are expected to fulfil their duties towards the liberation of Europe." Count

Albin Potoski presented a medal struck in commemoration of the insurrection of 1863, declaring that it represented the real desire of the Polish nation—the political and religious freedom of every inhabitant of Poland. He assured the General of the earnest hopes of Poland, that Providence will give him good health for the sake of Italy and all the oppressed nations. The General resumed his seat, and the deputation passed on amid great cheering. Then, suddenly, he rose and advanced to the front of the dais, and exclaimed twice, “I beg of the generous English nation not to abandon Poland.” The enthusiasm enkindled by this appeal was indeed intense; English cheers and foreign voices made the palace

vibrate. To the Swiss residents, carrying the flag of Helvetia, the General said, “Of you also I beg you will not allow Poland to die.” Next came a deputation from his own British Legion, wearing their uniform, and headed by ‘Captain Styles.’ They greeted him as “Most noble and beloved General;” and he answered, “I am proud again to see my brothers in arms.” The presentations concluded with addresses from the various Garibaldian committees in London. The ceremony occupied altogether about an hour.

Garibaldi left the platform amid the strains of the Garibaldi Hymn, performed by the band below, but remained some time on the grounds with the people.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

SUDDEN RESOLUTION TO LEAVE ENGLAND.—VISITS TO HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE—TO THE CITY—TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—TO FISHMONGERS’ HALL—THE REFORM CLUB—THE TOMB OF UGO FOSCOLO—CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES.—THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS HIM.—FAREWELL BEFORE LEAVING LONDON.—DEPARTURE.—EXTRAORDINARY SCENES ON HIS ROUTE UNTIL HIS EMBARKATION.—ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND BEFORE LEAVING THEIR SHORES.

“He has proved what a welcome the Britons can give;  
He has heard what a sound we can raise;  
While our maidens have shed crowning bloom on his head  
And our mothers poured blessings and praise.  
Our children have prattled and laughed in his arms;  
Our old men have gone forth in the crowd;  
Our young manhood in pride, has kept guard by his side,  
Our great war-kings have seen him—and bowed.”—ELIZA COOK.

THE happiness of the people was clouded, as the multitude left the last meeting at the Crystal Palace, by the rumour that Garibaldi was about suddenly to return to Caprera, and that his departure was the result of some intimations made by the government of the necessity of his doing so, in consequence of some

diplomatic occurrences. The Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Italy were blamed each by numerous classes. Some attributed it to their joint action, and all blamed our own government for acting upon the suggestions of foreign courts.

All these impressions were erroneous; but



the suspicion of the people was excited by the efforts of Garibaldi's ministerial friends to represent his health as the reason of his purposed withdrawal, while Garibaldi himself, and his non-governmental friends, declared his health to be excellent. The English surgeon employed by his English friends pronounced him to be an invalid in a condition so dangerous, that only immediate withdrawal from scenes of such labour and excitement could be relied on for his security. His Italian physician declared him perfectly able to go through his projected series of visits, as improved in health, and showing no indications of failing power or injurious fatigue. These rumours and conflicting opinions filled the whole country, and produced much angry discussion.

On the night of the 19th, Lord Clarendon, in his place in the House of Lords, denied on behalf of the government that any concession had been made by it to that of France in connection with the departure of Garibaldi, and that any concession had been required by that government from the government of England. In the House of Commons Lord Palmerston made a similar denial.

From the provinces expressions of the keenest disappointment mingled with indignation arrived in town; and notwithstanding the denials made in both Houses, the statement was persisted in, that Mr. Ferguson, while stating what was true, that too much toil was exacted from the General, had gone beyond what it was necessary to say, under the influence of high personages, real friends of the General, but embarrassed politically by the whirlwind of enthusiasm with which the public had received him. No one doubted that the statement of any of her Majesty's Ministers was worthy of the utmost reliance; but it was suspected that some hints, the least of which would be sufficient to influence the General,

had been given to him. It was not doubted by thoughtful and moderate persons, that Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Earl Russell, and the Duke of Sutherland, were sincerely concerned for the General's health, and anxious not to incur the heavy responsibility of giving their countenance to exertions on his part which were sufficient to try the strongest constitution; but still suspicion lurked in the mind of the whole public that some foreign political influence was employed, and that the members of her Majesty's government were unable to escape its force. It was some time before anything which even approached a satisfactory solution of the mystery was arrived at, and in the meantime insinuations were circulated by the press, the gossips of the clubs, and the talk of the general public.

The report of his speedy departure increased the number of addresses and deputations, among all which none were so interesting or so much engaged his sympathy as those connected with the "Emancipation Society."

On Tuesday night he, accompanied by his sons and several other eminent Italians, went to her Majesty's Theatre, where even a more enthusiastic reception was given to him than had been accorded at the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden.

On Wednesday, April 20th, the City of London conferred the intended honour upon the guest of the nation.

The Guildhall being under repair, means were resorted to of attaching to it temporary accommodation for the guests and spectators.

The General had ceased to be the guest of the Duke of Sutherland, and had become the guest of Mr. Seely (his quondam host in the Isle of Wight), at his town mansion, Princes Gate, Kensington. At twelve o'clock he descended to the carriage through an avenue of ladies, who had assembled to do him honour.

The arrangements were nearly as bad as any capacity for creating confusion could make them. Only one of Garibaldi's sons occupied the same carriage with himself, and he the younger. Of the eight or ten carriages that composed the cortege, several never reached the Guildhall, possibly through being unfurnished with tickets, and among the excluded was the gallant Menotti. The foremost carriages drove through Hyde Park and Piccadilly. So great was the crowd that they could not move at more than a walking pace; they were separated before they reached St. James's Street. There and in Pall Mall the balconies and windows of the clubs and of many of the houses were filled with applauding spectators. Charing Cross was again the scene of a vast and excited concourse, covering the steps of the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church, the edges of the basins, and the pedestal of Nelson's column. Along the Strand and Fleet Street the road was kept clear by a powerful body of police, allowing no carriages to pass but those whose occupants could show tickets for the Guildhall. Quicker progress was now made, and the procession kept better in hand. It was fifteen or twenty minutes past the time fixed, when the General's carriage arrived at the Guildhall.

When the General entered, he and his son Ricciotti occupied two of the chairs set apart to the right of the civic throne; a third chair was vacant—it had been destined for Menotti, who, from the mal-arrangements referred to, was unable to gain admission.

When the usual preliminary proceedings were gone through, the city chamberlain delivered the city address, by far the most interesting which the hero had received since landing upon our shores. The introductory portion of it was a philosophical estimate of his character, most eloquently expressed, and

probably the happiest ever made of this extraordinary man.

“Illustrious Sir,

“The city of London invites you to-day to accept the highest honour at her disposal, placing your distinguished name upon the list of worthies inscribed upon the roll of honorary citizenship. It becomes my duty accordingly to address to you in her name a few words, however inadequate, of thanks, congratulation, and hearty welcome. We are well aware that no one shrinks more sensitively than yourself from the voice of eulogy, and yet, living as you do to please, not yourself alone, you will feel that there are occasions—and this would appear to be one of them—when, for the sake of others, truth, though flattering, should be listened to. Bear with me, then, while I attempt to give feeble expression to the feelings of unbounded admiration and affection entertained towards you by the citizens of London. I am not called to dilate upon the marvellous incidents of your eventful career, rivalling in interest the wildest romance, because the resolution of this Honourable Court, devised so as to secure a perfect unanimity of welcome, directs my remarks rather to your character than to the political events of your life. History, it has been said, usually reproduces herself at intervals more or less frequent, but we turn her pages in vain to meet with the prototype of Giuseppe Garibaldi; ‘none but himself can be his parallel!’ We find, sir, no counterpart to your career even among the fabled legends of the early periods of that city with which your name is henceforth imperishably associated, when Romans in the interest of their country

‘Spared neither lands nor gold,  
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,  
In those brave times of old.’

In your person that primitive spirit of self-sacrifice is reproduced, in combination with characteristics and qualifications hitherto deemed incompatible. The genius of an accomplished general, associated with the instincts and daring of one of the old sea-kings; valour which liberated kingdoms and placed them at your feet, combined with the stern incorruptibility of a Dentatus and the severe simplicity of a Cincinnatus; a heart in which the boldness of a Leonidas dwells compatibly with the tenderness of a woman and the trust and truthfulness of a child. The whole strangely tempered and elevated by an earnest craving for the reign of peace, brotherhood, and freedom, manifesting faith in the world's future, in humanity, and in God."

The remainder of the address was a recapitulation of the more salient events in the hero's career.

At the termination of this oration, the gold box was handed to him, in which the document conferring the freedom of the city was inclosed. He received it, bowing, and handed it to his son Ricciotti, as a souvenir of his visit to the city of London. Menotti could not gain admission.

The General's reply was characterised by his usual feeling and felicity of expression.

The Guildhall ceremonial was marked by probably greater enthusiasm than had ever before attested public approbation upon the bestowment of the city's freedom.

From the Guildhall the party proceeded to the Mansion House, where a *déjeuner* was prepared. Garibaldi was much puzzled and amused by the mysteries of the loving cup.

At four o'clock he took his departure. The crowds were as dense as on the occasion of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark entering London. Bands were stationed in various

places along the route, and every demonstration which popular enthusiasm could offer was displayed.

The procession passed along the City Road, where a body of City Militia and the Honourable Artillery Company were drawn up.

The Euston and Marylebone Roads, Oxford Street to the Marble Arch, were crowded with delighted multitudes. From that point across Hyde Park to Apsley House, the road was lined with the carriages of the nobility and gentry, mostly filled with ladies, many of whom wore the Garibaldian jacket, and were decorated with the Italian tricolour; even the rosettes on the horses' heads were very generally composed of ribbons of those hues.

After nearly two hours from the time of leaving the Mansion House, the procession arrived at Mr. Seely's house. The whole lines on the route to and from the Guildhall were overhung by flags, and at intervals by triumphal arches. The demonstration rivalled that of his entry into London the first day of his visit.

Early on Thursday evening the General, his sons, and suite visited the Houses of Parliament, and for a short time listened to the debates. Before his arrival, and while his sons and suite occupied places in the gallery appropriated to ambassadors and distinguished strangers, Mr. Gladstone explained to the House the circumstances of Garibaldi's sudden departure. Mr. Gladstone declared that he, at the request of several of Garibaldi's friends, English and Italian, suggested to the General the impossibility of his visiting such a long list of provincial towns within the space of time prescribed, and begged him for the sake of his health to curtail the list. The General replied that he could not draw a satisfactory line of distinction between towns to be visited, and such as should be excluded from his list,

and resolved to return to Caprera. The Chancellor of the Exchequer assured the House that no political motive existed in dissuading the General from the vast undertaking before him, but a consideration for his health alone led to the step taken.

In the evening after leaving the Houses of Parliament, the General dined with the Fishmongers' Company, and received the freedom of the guild in a gold box value one hundred guineas.

In the early part of the day the General had a brilliant reception at the Reform Club. A breakfast was given to him by the members of the club at half-past eleven o'clock. Nowhere could he have been received more heartily.

Earlier still on Thursday, the General paid a sad, but dignified tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased fellow-countryman, Ugo Foscolo, who was buried at Chiswick Cemetery. The General, accompanied by Signor Panizzi, of the British Museum, Signor Saffi, Semenza, Zanzi, Serena, Vivante, and his secretary Guerzoni, and Doctor Basile, left Mr. Seely's house at seven o'clock, and arrived soon after at the cemetery. He entered it with all his followers, and with profound respect and sympathy approached the tomb, which was originally erected by Mr. Hudson Gurney, and was restored in the year 1861. The scene was very touching, the General having always had the greatest admiration for the great patriot Ugo Foscolo. The news of the General's arrival soon became known in the neighbourhood. People surrounded him by hundreds, shaking hands with him, and, in fact, repeating those ovations so well-known to everybody. A gentleman connected with the family of Mr. Hudson Gurney, after paying his respects to the General and conversing with him, made an appropriate speech to the

multitude, to the effect that the General came to pay a tribute to the tomb of "Ugo Foscolo," the great Italian poet and patriot, whose successor and representative was at present the General Garibaldi.

The General, with his usual benignity, thanked everybody, and, turning to his Italian friends and admirers, told them that his wish was to put on the tomb a laurel crown in bronze, with the following inscription:—

*Ai generosi,*

*"Giusto di gloria dispensiera, è morte."*

*Deposta oggi 21 Aprile, 1864, dal Generale Giuseppe Garibaldi.*

Friday, April 22nd, the last of Garibaldi's stay in London, was like all that preceded it during his visit, one of activity for him.

In the morning he breakfasted at the house of the American consul, 2, Kensington Gate, where a numerous party of Americans, resident in London, were present. The meeting was most cordial. The speech of the General was closed by some remarkable sentences. He expressed himself warmly enlisted in favour of the United States in the struggle with the Slave Power, and said he would go there at once and tender his services if they were needed, but he was glad to know they were not. Having expressed his strong condemnation of negro slavery, he said he was proud to acknowledge himself a citizen of the United States, which he could claim as his adopted country, as they were the great bulwark of human liberty. England and America united in sentiment would keep the peace of the world.

He then proceeded to Stafford House to take leave of its generous master. There the Prince of Wales visited him, and had a long private interview.

At a quarter to three o'clock the General took his departure, the leading Italians of

London arranging themselves at both sides of the entrance. He was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Mr. Seely. The carriages proceeded directly to Cliefden Park, Marden Head, Berks, one of the seats of the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland. The party arrived safely.

Before his departure he wrote the following farewell to the people of England:—

"I offer my heartfelt gratitude and thanks to the English nation and their Government for the reception I have met with in this free land.

"I came here with the primitive object of thanking them for their sympathy for me and for my country; and this my first object is accomplished.

"I have desired to be altogether at the disposal of my English friends, and to go to every place where I might be wished to go, but I find that I cannot now fulfil all these engagements of my heart,

"If I have caused some trouble and disappointment to many friends, I ask their pardon; but I cannot draw the line between where I could and where I could not go, and, therefore, for the present, these are my thanks and my farewell.

"Still I hope, perhaps at no distant time, to return to see my friends in the domestic life of England, and to redeem some of my engagements with the generous people of this country, which, with deep regret, I feel that I cannot now fulfil.

(Signed) "G. GARIBALDI.

"23, Prince's Gate, London, April 22."

On Saturday, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess and Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, he drove to Windsor, to inspect the model farm.

On Monday the 25th, he visited Eton College; proceeded thence to Slough, and took the train for Devonshire. Along the whole line the greatest excitement prevailed. At Didcot, Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, the populations turned out with cheers, music, flowers, and public addresses.

The General turned off at Durston through Yeovil to visit the fleet in Portland Roads. He was received on board the flag-ship *Edgar* by Admiral Dacres, and afterwards witnessed gun practice on board the *Warrior*. At eight P.M. he proceeded by special train for Plymouth to visit Colonel Peard.

At one o'clock A.M. on Tuesday he arrived at Plymouth. At Yeovil, Exeter, Taunton, Newton, &c., there was an extraordinary succession of scenes. At Bristol, the multitude expressed a purpose to carry him off, and not allow him to be taken from England, as they conceived, against his will. At Plymouth, late as was the hour at which he arrived, one hundred thousand persons were computed to be in the streets. He proceeded thence to Penquite, to be for a short time the guest of his old comrade in arms, Garibaldi's Englishman, Colonel Peard. He passed Tuesday night at his house, and on Wednesday, April 27th, embarked at Fowey. The vessel was, however, driven back to St. Maw's Bay, where he was detained until Thursday by the unfavourable state of the weather.

Before his embarkation he addressed a brief letter to the public press of England, thanking it for its liberality and industry in interpreting his wishes to the people.

His final leave-taking was by a letter addressed to the whole nation, one which shows the soldier to be a statesman. It is the most remarkable political manifesto of modern times, and one of the most remarkable in history.

“TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE !

“ Illustrious cities, highly-reputed corporations, representative bodies from every class of citizens, have honoured me with countless addresses, to which my heart would have desired, but time is wanting, to answer worthily. I hope, however, to be allowed to partly fulfil my debt by this special farewell of affection and gratitude to all.

“ On this occasion I cannot, however, speak of myself alone, because I must not interpret the many eloquent and generous words that have been addressed to me, as a mere personal honour, which is of little importance beside the greatness of the cause for which in these days the hearts of the English people and mine have throbbed in unison, but as a fresh proof of that sympathising solicitude that the richest, the most prosperous, and the freest nation of the world nourishes towards another nation, which, twice recognised as the mother of civilisation, has, through martyrdom, through persevering struggles carried on with daring and with wisdom, become worthy of reassuming her place in the world, and proclaiming, ‘I am risen.’ For this reason I believe I can reveal the thought of Italy to England, as I believe I may hold up England as an example and a hope to Italy. The two nations are already sisters; they may speak together in sincerity and confidence. In England the institutions of the country, the respect for the laws, all that prodigious contexture of autonomous and yet organised forces, of order true and lawful, not vulgar or violent, combined with absolute individual freedom, freedom of conscience, freedom of domicile, freedom of the press, of speech, and of association; the right of national defence, not the privilege of a special body, but recognised to all; an army bright in glory, yet untainted with that disease

of modern times, known under the sinister name of militarism—the rifle volunteers—England’s pride and my dream; the strength, the decorum, the activity, the perseverance, the perseverance above all by which when once a position or an institution is conquered retreat is never known;—all these things, which form the admiration of civilised peoples from afar, and excite an intense desire to emulate, I would almost say to envy, on a nearer view, may and should be proposed as an example to Italy.

“ For myself, it was impossible to live a few days in this land without doing homage to these many truths, and, still more, without freely recording them to my fellow-countrymen, not so much in testimony of the deep impression England has left on my own mind, as for a lesson and incitement to them.

“ To the English people I have nothing to recall which they do not know. They know what Italy desires. Italy has made up her mind to exist; she has the right to do so; and, if any should doubt, suffice, I would add, that she already exists, in fact, and that nothing will prevent her completing herself. Italy desires but to break the yokes of the two adverse powers that oppress her, and—let the world hear it—she can never rest until she shall have accomplished this aim, which is for her a question of life or death.

“ The English people, who would rather disappear under their ocean than allow the sacred soil of their country to be violated by the foreigner, will comprehend how legitimate are the aspirations and how immovable the resolves of my country.

“ England knows that by disinterestedly co-operating in favour of the destinies of Italy in 1860, she contributed to further establish order and peace in Europe—to that peace and that order which alone are durable and beneficent, because founded on justice and on pro-

gress. England will, I am convinced, become more and more confirmed in this view—that if it is for Italy to show herself strong, and really to be strong and independent of servile alliances, in order to induce confidence from her true friends—amongst whom the first place is due to England—England herself will see in how much the alliance of a young, civilised, and free nation, like Italy, is preferable to the heterogeneous and insecure connubium with despotic powers.

“Yet I cannot hope—I say it with grief—that Italy will be able to accomplish her destiny without again encountering the direful proof of arms. England’s voice is listened to and respected. She is, in a great degree, arbitress of the fate of Europe, but let her be fully persuaded that she can never solve the Italian question, or that of the other nationalities, by any contrivance of compensations and diplomatic exchanges.

“But in the face of the great principle of the solidarity of peoples, proclaimed and sanctioned by universal conscience, I cannot speak of Italy alone, still less at a time when the omen and the promise of this true holy alliance have been irrevocably confirmed when lately I pressed the hands of proscribed men from every part of Europe.

“On quitting this hospitable shore I can no longer conceal the secret wish of my heart—in recommending the cause of oppressed peoples to the most generous and sagacious of nations.

“Since their arising is certain and their

triumph fated, England will know how to spread over them the powerful shield of her name, and to sustain them, if need be, with her strong arm.

“England knows that she will not be alone in this great mission. Across the Straits there lives another gigantic people that has been oftentimes impelled by the acts of despotism to be the rival and the enemy of this country, but which freedom will be the means of turning into a peaceful competitor and friend.

“Freedom! This is the sun that would fructify the sincere and formidable alliance of the two peoples—of civilisation against savagery; and by which, without unsheathing the sword, the great work of the world’s peace be installed.

“G. GARIBALDI.

“Penquite, Par, Cornwall, April 26.”

Garibaldi is said to have dictated this letter to his secretary with deep emotion and earnestness.

The weather cleared, the yacht sailed for Caprera, where the hero landed, and resumed the quiet labours of the farm and the vineyard; but his thoughts are still of the destinies of nations; of those who are encircled by the chains of the oppressor; of those who aspire and resolve to be free; and while his heart turns back in grateful and loving memories to England, it looks forward with glowing ardour and patient hope, and who can tell with what unrevealed purposes, to Venice and to Rome.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## VICTOR EMMANUEL II. OF SARDINIA, KING OF ITALY.

HIS YOUTH.—HEROISM.—ASCENDS THE THRONE.—SWEARS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF CHARLES ALBERT.  
—SUPPRESSES REVOLTS IN GENOA.—PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

"Foremost and greatest in the ranks of kings,  
Thy march hath trod a host of fictions down :  
Honour upbears thee on her proud-spread wings,  
And on thy brow sits wisdom as a crown.  
Oh where is chivalry, if not in thee?  
Thou art as one who, in an earlier day,  
Through lone, dark midnights, upon reverent knee,  
Did watch his arms beside some altar grey,  
Thence to ride forth and champion the world !  
First in the noble struggle of the free,  
No lagging banner hath thy hand unfurled :  
Here, planted fast, and rooted as a tree  
In the strong heart of nations, let it stand,  
Victorious ensign of a glorious land !" —E. L. HERRY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL II. of Sardinia, King of Italy, is the eldest son of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and was born at Turin in the year 1820, March 14th.

The youth of Victor Emmanuel does not appear to have been particularly distinguished. He did not display any ardent love for literature or great aptitude for acquiring learning. His intellectual powers were respectable, but evinced nothing original or brilliant. Athletic exercises and games, manly sports, and military occupation, had the chief charms for him. He was "a mighty hunter," a good shot, a daring rider, and a heroic soldier. It is not necessary nor desirable in a work like this to enter into his domestic character, or private personal qualifications, as these had little connection with his public work as one of the liberators of Italy. The private life, peculiar habits, and domestic events of eminent persons, always draw out the interest of the popular reader, but it is only when these are interwoven with the public life of the man. In the case of Garibaldi, *all* his habits of life

enter into his public character ; his loves and marriage and family adventures are portions of his mysteriously eventful public life. So it is in the case of Napoleon III. But in the life of Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour, the private and the public history are not blended ; they are as distinct as two separate careers. We have to do with their memoirs as Liberators of Italy, and shall therefore pass by lightly their interests and proceedings, private and domestic, and regard them mainly as they passed over the great stage of political performance.

The father of Victor Emmanuel had two sons ; the subject of this memoir was Duke of Savoy, his brother Duke of Genoa. Neither was distinguished in the affairs of Italy, previous to the fatal wars of Charles Albert against the Austrians. Both the young princes showed themselves worthy of the royal house from which they sprung, fighting with determined valour in the field, and pursuing a course of unwearied soldiery in camp. Their courage in battle made them favourites with the troops, and











their manly bearing at all times gave them popularity with every class.

The defeat of Charles Albert at the battle of Novara led to his abdication in favour of his son. The young prince had behaved nobly in that conflict, and as nobly sustained defeat; his accession to the throne was therefore attended by the sympathy and approval of all his father's subjects, and was generally acceptable in Europe.

Immediately after Charles Albert incurred the defeat, March 23, 1849, he called a council, and embracing the Duke of Savoy in the midst of his officers, he presented him to them as King Victor Emmanuel II. He then dismissed the council, and remained for a short time in private conversation with the two princes, to whom he offered such advice as the occasion demanded. Without returning to Turin, or taking leave of any other member of his family, he hastened away with a single attendant, embarked for Oporto, and remained in that town in entire seclusion, given up to austerities and devotions, until at the end of three months he died of a broken heart.

Thus the reign of the young monarch commenced in gloom. His father was a fugitive, and in a short time became a victim to his misfortunes, even in death. The armies of Piedmont had been defeated and demoralised; the fine dreams of Piedmontese ambition were swept away by the realities of battle and conquest. The little kingdom was involved in debt and discredit, and but for English and French diplomacy would probably have become a province of Austria.

Victor Emmanuel, immediately on ascending the throne, swore to the constitution which his father had conceded to his people. Six days after the conflict at Novara, the senators and deputies assembled at Turin, and Victor Emmanuel took the oath.

There was a strong party among the clergy and the nobles, who were desirous that the young king should refuse the obligation, declare the constitution no longer binding, and by favouring a reactionary feeling, secure his throne from aggression by Austria, or any combination of Italian sovereigns. True to his own honour, the interests of his people, and the cause of civil and religious liberty, he rejected all such advice, and declared that he would reign only as a constitutional sovereign.

This resolution was the first step in that career of success which has been so wisely and bravely followed. He won by his frankness the confidence of many of the Mazzinians, and his people generally rallied round him.

It is necessary to place before the reader an outline of the constitution of the Piedmontese kingdom, in order that the conduct of both monarchs may be fairly judged, and that the system of Piedmontese liberty, afterwards extended throughout Italy, may be probably appreciated.

It was in February, 1848, that Charles Albert, discussing "the signs of the times," addressed himself thus to his people :—

"Now, therefore, that the times are ripe for greater things, and in the midst of the changes which have occurred in Italy, we hesitate no longer to give our people the most solemn proof that we are able to give of the faith which we venture to repose in their devotion and discretion.

"Prepared in tranquillity, the political institutions, which will form the completion of the reforms which we have already effected, are being matured in our council, and will consolidate the benefit in a manner conformable with the state of the country."

Then followed the Articles of the Constitution, which proclaimed the Catholic religion that of the state, with toleration to the other

forms of public worship existing; the inviolability of the person of the sovereign; the responsibility of ministers; the deposit in the king's hands of the executive power, the command of the naval and military forces, the sanction and promulgation of the laws, the administration, by deputy, of justice, and the power of granting mercy and commuting punishment; the exercise of the legislative power, in conjunction with two chambers—the members of one to be nominated by the king, and the other to be elective. It was further decreed that no tax should be levied without the consent of the chambers, that the press should be free, the liberty of individuals guaranteed, and the judges be irremovable; finally, the king reserved to himself the power of levying and disbanding the militia.

The treaty of peace with Austria made the line of the Sesia the boundary between the territories of the emperor and the king. As soon as the convention was ratified, the king began to disband his army, and introduce economy in all branches of the state finances. An event of a painful kind impeded the execution of his intentions in these respects. A formidable revolt broke out in Genoa. The people were not satisfied with the constitution, nor could they believe that Italy would refuse co-operation with Piedmont in driving the Austrians from Italian soil. The experience of 1848 and 1849, bitterly and dearly bought as it was, had not taught the Genoese that the time was not come for a united Italian republic.

The king was compelled to suppress the Genoese revolution by force. An army, consisting of 36,000 men, under General La Marmora, was employed for the accomplishment of this purpose, with success. The king was merciful to the vanquished. Partly by superior force, partly by firm administration,

and in a great degree by clemency, the spirit of revolt was conquered in Genoa, and the city served the sovereign obediently, and even loyally.

One of the wisest measures of the king was the appointment of the Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio as his prime minister. That nobleman was renowned for his moderation, and was regarded by his country, and abroad, as a discreet, consistent, and honest statesman. He became not only the minister of Victor Emmanuel, but his private counsellor and personal friend. D'Azeglio set to work with resolution and industry, introducing administrative reform into the various branches of the government where it was required, and those were many. The Piedmontese constitutionalists now held the balance between the visionaries of the Left, and the less noisy, but more insidious attacks of the *Codini*, while they applied themselves to staunch their country's wounds, husband her resources, and amidst the surrounding triumph of absolutism, prepare for the day when they might point to Piedmont to refute the assertion that Italians were not fit for representative institutions.

Apart from this gallant little state, free at home, though conquered in the field, the records of Italy, subsequent to the battle of Novara, are a dreary catalogue of evils. Like unto the roll of Ezekiel, lamentations, and mourning, and woe, are stamped on every page,\* until the war of 1859 drove out the Austrian, and the native tyrants who were the satraps of the Austrian, from all but Rome and Venice.

The progress of free Sardinia in every respect was remarkable. Commerce revived, agriculture was fostered, and modern British implements and principles of cultivation were

---

\* "Vicissitudes of Italy," by A. L. V. Grelton.

introduced. This was especially the case under the administration of Count Cavour, and by that statesman's example and influence when not serving in the ministry as its chief. The taxes were necessarily heavy, for the Austrians insisted upon Piedmont paying the expenses of the late war, 75 millions of francs, and occupied Alessandria and other important military positions until they were liquidated. But the public burdens were adjusted with skill and justice, although Sardinia was not remarkable for her attainments in political economy or financial science. It was important that both the navy and army should be reorganised, and this was gradually and wisely effected. The advantage of her naval reform and reconstruction was seen when the war of 1859 broke out, and the fleet of Victor Emmanuel rendered such important service in the Bay of Naples and the Straits of Sicily. The importance of the military reforms was signally shown when in 1855 Victor Emmanuel joined the allies in the war against Russia, and his splendid little army fought in the Crimea. The vices of the military system when Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne were numerous, and to them must be attributed mainly the signal defeat at Novara. The selection and education of the officers were the prominent defects. The aristocracy and the wealthy classes regarded the army as a pleasant and rather idle profession; one in which military rank and decorations might be easily won or bought, and in which glittering uniforms might set off the persons of the wearers. Hence the number of officers was out of proportion to the requirements of the troops and the financial resources of the state. By the time the Crimean expedition was resolved upon, the improvements were such as to give the army very great efficiency. The author of this work, in his "History of the War against

Russia," gave the following account of the state of the Piedmontese military resources and organisation \* as then existing.

The peace standard of the army was 41,647 soldiers, classed in this way:—

|                                           | Men.   |
|-------------------------------------------|--------|
| 10 brigades of Infantry of the Line . . . | 23,470 |
| 10 battalions of Rifles . . . . .         | 3,637  |
| 10 regiments of Cavalry . . . . .         | 5,221  |
| 3 regiments of Artillery . . . . .        | 4,163  |
| 1 battalion of Sappers and Miners . . .   | 1,049  |
| 1 Waggon-train Corps . . . . .            | 464    |
| 1 battalion of Chasseurs France . . .     | 644    |
|                                           | 41,647 |
| To which must be added Gens-d'armes .     | 3,904  |
| in all . . . . .                          | 45,551 |

In time of peace the Gens-d'armes, or Carabinieri, as they are called here, are employed as police, but in war they form a royal body-guard, and in that capacity a portion served with Charles Albert in the last war. The war establishment of the Sardinian army is 85,000 men, but this may easily be increased to 100,000 by an extraordinary levy.

Under the influence of the reforms which of late years have been carried out by the enlightened supervision of the premier and the war minister, professional education is provided for the officers. At Turin there is a military college, where boys are admitted from fourteen to sixteen years of age upon passing an examination in reading, writing, arithmetic, Italian, and the principles of religion. The standard of admission is miserably beneath what it ought to be, nor is the curriculum such as to make up for that defect. The term of study is five years. The examinations are in modern languages, but only French and German are studied, except in exceptional cases; in history, which is very imperfectly pursued; and in mathematics and fortification, which are

\* Nolan's "History of the War against Russia," vol. ii. p. 77. J. H. Virtue, London.

studied within narrow limits. If, however, a student desires to enter the staff corps, engineers, or artillery, he must remain two years more, during which he has to read hard, and make very respectable progress in chemistry and gunnery. The former is studied more extensively than in English military colleges, but in every other respect the English and French standards of acquisition, especially the latter, are superior. There is a college at Ivrea (established 1850), which tends to make up for the deficiencies of the military colleges, for there subalterns must pass a year, and stand important examinations before they can obtain ordinary promotion. There is a college for cavalry at Pinerolo (established 1849), where every pupil who has studied at Turin must remain for two years before being gazetted (as we say) to a cavalry regiment. This institution is in principle similar to the other Italian and Austrian schools for cavalry instruction, and they are well fitted to turn out good cavalry officers. The late Captain Nolan, whose death at the battle of Balaklava was so much regretted by the British army—to the cavalry service of which he was so useful—received the elements of his knowledge of cavalry tactics in an Italian school.

The poor are not neglected in the means adopted for military education in Sardinia. At Raccerigi there is a school for the education of soldiers' sons; boys enter at twelve, and remain four years, when, if they pass their examination, they join the line with the rank of sergeant or corporal, according to the progress they have made at school. This supplies the army with intelligent non-commissioned officers, who have all the buoyancy of youth—unlike the British system, which necessarily takes the non-commissioned officers for the most part from among the old soldiers. The Sardinian plan has the disadvantage of im-

peding the promotion of soldiers from the ranks. This system is borrowed from the Russians. At Asti there is a school of military music, which may account for the superiority of the bands of the Sardinian regiments. Besides all these means of instruction, there are regimental, and even brigade schools, where the elements of geography, topography, geometry, and algebra are taught; and where such of the privates as cannot read or write are instructed in these educational preliminaries. Probably more progress is made in these schools than in the colleges. It is singular that, with so elaborate a system of military colleges, there is no school of military surgery;\* but the government affords many facilities for improvement during the practice of the profession. Promotion goes by seniority, and this is as rigid as in the service of the Hon. East India Company; but there is a reserve of a certain proportion, amounting practically to nearly one-third, for merit. A tenth of the sub-lieutenancies are reserved for non-commissioned officers. It is on the whole a more liberal system of promotion than that of the army of England, but not so liberal as that of France. On service, when an officer falls, his next in regimental service takes his place, and all regimental promotion is made in the regiment—this promotes a fine *esprit de corps*.

The army is under the immediate command of the minister of war, who is always a military man; he is assisted by a board of superior officers, forming what is called "the permanent consultative council of war." To this all important business is referred; this board performs all the duties of what we call the quartermaster-general's and adjutant-general's departments. The late Duke of Genoa,† and

\* This want has been since supplied.

† Brother to the king.



the minister of war (Marmora), used great exertions to bring the artillery service up to the standards of England and France. Perhaps those and the Prussian are alone superior to that of Sardinia. The gun-carriages are, for lightness and solidity, better than any other in the world, and they have this peculiarity, that the same carriage will suit a gun of six pound or sixteen pound metal, or a howitzer of thirty-two pound. The whole *matériel* of the artillery is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by that of any other army. The defect is slowness of movement in everything; there is too much of the German element in the system? The horses are heavy German, strong in draught, and hardy, but slow. The rapidity of the British or French artillery movements could not be performed by the Sardinian. There are twenty field batteries in that arm of the service, each containing eight guns, of which two are served as flying artillery, and these in the field are most useful.

The light cavalry are armed with carbine and sword like our own, but they also carry pistols similar to our old "horse pistols," now disused. The heavy cavalry are also armed with carbine, pistols, and sword, but carry lances, contrary to our practice of arming with that weapon only the light cavalry. The light horse carry their carbines slung across the shoulder; the heavy, whose carbine is of shorter range, sling it across the saddle in front of the rider. The cavalry horses are nearly all German, and nearly all too heavy; the Island of Sardinia furnishes a few, they are lighter and better adapted to light cavalry. The Sardinian rifles are very superior; it was upon their model the French Chasseurs de Vincennes were formed. The country is indebted to General la Marmora (not the war minister) for the organisation of these troops. "No light troops can excel the Bersaglieri for quickness, pre-

cision, and endurance, but they have not had such advantages in arms as the Chasseurs de Vincennes, though new rifles are now being made for them. The ten battalions are composed of four companies each." The infantry is divided into brigades of two regiments each; each regiment into four battalions; and each battalion into four companies. They are short, thickset men, resembling the Dutch in form, but not in countenance, and are far more active, hardy, and enduring. They are patient, laborious, and brave, and remarkable for strength. The transport and commissariat is imperfect, but both were improved when the army took the field in the Crimea.\*

It was essential to Piedmont that her army, if not great numerically, should be thoroughly disciplined, national, well officered, and composed of intelligent and healthy troops, for the Austrians regarded Victor Emmanuel and his kingdom with the keenest jealousy, and most malicious hatred. The Austrian government press ceased not to vituperate the monarch and his subjects, and to declare the little kingdom to be a nucleus of revolution, and a danger to Austria and to all the Italian States. It was in fact a danger to the despots of all of them; but it was the hope of the peoples who still burned to throw off the galling yoke under which their proud spirits chafed.

All eyes throughout the peninsula were turned in hope to Victor Emmanuel and his free people. The author of these memoirs in another work thus described the state of Italy during the first five years of Victor Emmanuel's reign:—

While the admiration of Europe was directed to these events, and to the chief actors in them, there was also much gratulation at the indication given by these circumstances of the working of principles and feelings in

---

\* Further improvement has been since introduced.

the heart of Italian society, which were likely to produce still greater things for rejoicing and hope. Although Sardinia was in advance of Italy generally, yet her voice was that of the great majority of the Italian people. Lombardy burned to be free. At Milan, the city of the Iron Crown, there were hearts true and stern as that emblem, and who hailed what was done at Turin as the mariner beholds the star which guides his bark when the storm and the cloud are passing away. Florence was not a city of willing slaves; for the petty despot of Tuscany sat upon a throne built of Austrian bullets, and encircled by Austrian bayonets. The people of the Tuscan state neither sympathised with the native tyrant, nor the foreign masters to whom that tyrant was himself a slave. Naples, with her *lazzaroni*, her Swiss guards (volunteers from the cantons of the *Sonderbund*), the truest tools of royal oppression, was not a city of unambitious bondsmen; her people did not forget the struggle of '48, nor the treachery which rebound their yet heaving breasts, filled with the fresh inspirations of liberty. All above the police agents and street vagabonds sighed to be free. Their mournful hope was, that some day the bright sun of their beloved Italy would "rise and give them light to die," if liberty was not to be their inheritance. From the smouldering ruins of Brescia, where the bloody captain of despotism, the Austrian O'Donnell, paid the penalty of his oppression, the chain was clanked by hands ready, at the first hour of hope, to bear the brand or wield the sword.

And Venice, fair queen of the Adriatic, though still sleeping in thy fetters, thy dream was of liberty! Beautiful captive! for thee, too, as for all Italy there was hope. There was one prince beneath the azure skies of the classic realm who scorned to be chained to a pontiff's chair or a kaiser's throne. There was

one free nation within the confines of long-lost but glorious Italy which had the opportunity, without which even the brave must stand in silence and in gloom. And Rome, although thou art not eternal, as thy parasites proclaim thee, thy people are worthy of a better destiny. While from thy half-buried temples, and from beneath the shadows of those broken columns which tell of a glory which cannot be revived, thou hearest the edicts of oppression, and lookest upon the blood of persecution, thy love of freedom is not quenched; for "one bleeding moment" thy sons were free, and used well their liberty, and again long for the hour when slaves may snap their manacles. Thy Romans are Romans still—the lineaments of their proud race linger on their manly countenance; sons of fathers who, as heroes, conquered the world, and as martyrs to a purer cause conquered death and torment, they only need the dawn of the "good time coming," the sound of the glad trumpet which shall soon speak to the nations that their time to be men has once more returned, and they will rather see the monuments of thy fame broken by bombardment, and piled up in the ramparts of popular defence, than linger among those monuments as shadows of what Romans were. Even the Roman, with his strength of will and still indomitable courage, may look to Piedmont as the schoolmaster of Italian liberty, as in the dark centuries of the middle ages Piedmont was a light to the nations. Great was the mission of the little kingdom of Sardinia. Countrymen of Cromwell and of Milton, who sympathised with and protected the fathers of those who now inhabit a portion of that realm, welcome this new ally, and stand by her, although Austria fulminates and intrigues, until Piedmont is the centre of a wider dominion and the glory of a regenerated Italy.\*

\* Nolan's "History of the War against Russia," vol. ii. p. 79.

The Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio laid the foundations of much of the good effected in Piedmont in every way, although Marmora and the Duke of Genoa might justly claim the honour of the military organisation and reforms which were of such vital importance. Cavour, in these respects, built chiefly on other men's foundations; but he built as a skilful architect and a persistent workman.

The name of D'Azeglio was a watchword of hope and expectation to all the intellect of Italy. To the country he governed so discreetly the refugees from all the enthralled states of Italy fled, and were there safe and free. For the practical illustration of the great principle of representative government, all Italians looked to Piedmont next to Great Britain. If liberty without anarchy could be enjoyed in Piedmont, why not everywhere in Italy? was the question which Italians put to their fellow-countrymen, their oppressors, and those in Europe who sympathised with them everywhere. D'Azeglio had gained a great experience of his countrymen throughout all Italy. His father had been Sardinian envoy to Rome, and he, when only fifteen years of age, accompanied that statesman. He entered the army, and studied the principles and details of the military profession. As an artist he was very distinguished, having given up the prospects opened to him by his rank and influence in the military career, to follow the bent of his inclination for artistic pursuits. After a study of ten years at Rome, he acquired the reputation of being the best landscape painter in Italy. He became also famed for literature. Having left Rome and taken up his residence at Milan, he married the daughter of the Sardinian minister there, Alessandro Manzoni. There he wrote his historical romance "*Ettore Fieramosca*." This work, in a literary point of view, was of much excellence; but the spirit of patriotism

which pervaded it drew attention to its author from all Italians who aspired to be free. The Austrian police made his residence in Milan unsafe. The political atmosphere of Turin was not then such as the generous and gifted young Piedmontese noble could endure; he therefore settled in the neighbourhood of Florence, where a milder political administration then prevailed. He there resided ten years, devoting himself to works of art; but at the expiration of that period again resumed the pen, which he knew so well how to wield, and produced a romance called "*Nicolò dé Lapi*." The national spirit which pervaded the work gave it a popular reception all over Italy. In 1846 he published a pamphlet bearing the title "*Casi di Romagna*." The subject at the time was sure to excite interest, not only in Italy, but in France and England, if treated with ability. It made a great sensation, especially in Piedmont, where probably every man able to read perused it. To this pamphlet the liberal tendencies of Pio Nono were attributed, when the pontiff's mitre surmounted his brow. The Tuscan government had ceased to be tolerant, and D'Azeglio was ordered to leave the Grand Ducal dominions. He returned to his native Turin, where he was cordially welcomed by the king; but the minister of Charles Albert, the notorious Solaro della Margheritta, insisted upon his retirement from the capital. O Italy! how thou hast persecuted, or rather thy rulers have persecuted, the best and bravest of thy children! How thou hast stricken the hands that were outstretched to save thee! How thou hast heaped oppression upon the hearts that bled for thy redemption!

When Pius the Ninth proclaimed the celebrated amnesty, D'Azeglio proceeded to Rome. He there wielded his pen in favour of what in England we would call Whig principles. He

also wrote the only fierce, and by far the most eloquent, effusion of his pen, the "Lutti di Lombardio," denouncing the atrocities of Austria at Milan. This work did much to hasten the appeal to arms. Brave as he was tasteful, refined, and talented, at the first call of his country he girded on the sword, and rushed to assist in her liberation, and at the memorable defence of Vicenza, consecrated his patriotism by his blood; he fell desperately wounded in the conflict. After a long illness his life was

saved. He was elected a deputy to the Parliament of Piedmont, and soon nominated by Victor Emmanuel to the high post of premier. The king had read and studied his writings, admired his character, loved him for his amiable and generous spirit, trusted his integrity, and committed the administration of his government to his wisdom.

Such were the circumstances which gave D'Azeglio to the counsels of Victor Emmanuel and the aid of Piedmont.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE MARQUIS D'AZEGLIO.—ECCLESIASTICAL REFORM.—THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE EXCOMMUNICATED.—BISHOPS ARRAIGNED, IMPRISONED, AND BANISHED.—DEATH OF SANTA ROSA.—CAVOUR ENTERS THE MINISTRY.

"Under the freest governments the many are ruled by the wisdom and boldness of the few."—*Italian Pamphlet.*

THE political difficulties of D'Azeglio were almost appalling. It seemed as if, circumstantially, everything was against him. The ultramontane party, led by priests and monks, was powerful, and used its power mischievously. The ultra-liberal party were loyal at heart, but very few of its members had experience in government, and it numbered amongst its votaries no great statesmen. It had the merit of possessing great principles, and relying upon them; it had the misfortune of seldom perceiving when a measure was practicable, or when for a great principle, an opportunity for its application might be found. It required from the government what was impossible, and expected it to ignore great parties, that of the retrogrades and that of the *juste milieu*, and listen only to its own arguments and inspirations. No government could do so, at all events in Sardinia, without frightful civil war.

The impracticability of the "Left," or extreme liberal section of the parliament, was exemplified as soon as D'Azeglio assumed the reins of power. It was necessary under the constitution to which Victor Emmanuel had sworn, to submit the treaty with Austria to his parliament. The Left denounced it as humiliating to Piedmont, and insisted upon its rejection. The retrograde party played a doubtful game, siding alternately with the government and the Left, in such a manner as to frustrate the policy of both, and to commit them to mutual hostility. To such an extent were these intrigues successful, that they openly boasted that Victor Emmanuel to preserve his throne must abolish the constitution. He did not "abolish the constitution," and he did preserve his throne. He dissolved parliament and appealed to the good sense and justice of his people, and not in vain. Immediately upon the dissolution, the king put forth

a frank, manly, and spirited manifesto, in which he declared that he was resolved to maintain the liberties of the nation, adding, "Shielded by the memory of my father, confided to the honour of the House of Savoy, protected by the sacredness of my oath, they can run no risk. Who could fear for them? . . . I am authorised in calling that assembly to a strict account of their proceedings, and I appeal with confidence to the judgment of Italy and of Europe. I signed a treaty of peace with the Emperor of Austria; it was necessary for the public good, and was neither dishonourable nor ruinous. The honour of the country and the sacredness of my word alike required the fulfilment of its stipulations without duplicity or quibbling. But the Chamber, when applied to for its ratification, by insisting upon terms which it knew to be unattainable, destroyed the reciprocal liberty of the three estates, and thus violated the statute of the realm. I have sworn to maintain justice and liberty. I have promised to save the nation from the tyranny of factions, whatever be the name, the rank, or the aim of those composing them. This vow, this promise, I have maintained in the dissolution of a parliament become utterly impracticable, and in the immediate convocation of a new one. But if the nation and the electors deny me their support, not upon me will fall the blame of future calamities; they, and they only, will be held responsible."

The elections were favourable to the government. The most violent leaders of "the Left" were thrown out, and the majority of "that side of the house" were informed by their constituents that the treaty must be fulfilled, the honour of Piedmont and of this king requiring that it should. When parliament assembled, the opposition and noise of the Left had vanished, and there was instead a general

quiet but mournful acquiescence with the terms to which Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel were obliged to submit.

The most difficult of all the hard tasks which the premier had allotted to him, was that of reconciling the immunities and privileges of the Church with the new constitution. The latter provided that "justice was to be administered by the crown," but the ecclesiastical courts claimed an independent jurisdiction. The constitution provided for the appointment of judges by the sovereign, irremovable except for crime; but the Church declared that the king's judges had no power to try a priest. As there had been a concordat signed by Charles Albert in 1841 conceding all that the Church claimed, the king's government sought the consent of the Pope for the modification of that agreement, so as to place "the rights of the Church," as they were called, and the prerogatives of the state, in harmony. Count Lucardi was sent to Rome to bring about such a state of things by negotiation. Pius the Ninth received him arrogantly and angrily, declaring with violence, "that he regarded the proposals to modify the ecclesiastical privileges as so many stabs directed to his back and to that of the Church." He at last consented to refer the ambassador to Monsignor Cattarini for negotiation. This haughty prelate acted as if there had been no constitution in Piedmont and no revolutions in Italy. He insisted upon "the Pope's exclusive right of trying a bishop, whatever his offence, and wherever it might have been committed, wholly independent of civil magistrates, *even should the authority of the laws, or the security of the state, be endangered thereby.*"

Lucardi sought for concessions in vain; he returned to Turin the bearer of proud and haughty messages from the Pontiff and the Monsignor. Victor Emmanuel met this dis-

play of insolence by nominating him Minister of Justice.

In February, 1850, he brought a bill before parliament which produced a great sensation in Italy. The following were its chief points:—the clergy, for offences against the civil law, to be rendered amenable to the ordinary tribunals; religious corporations to lose the right of receiving dotations or bequests; the extraordinary number of Church festivals to be abridged, as tending to foster idleness and debauchery; and lastly, marriages to come under civil regulation, as in France and Belgium.

The bill was carried after a vigorous opposition from the high church party. The Pope remonstrated, and denounced Piedmont as a prey to all licentiousness. The bishops declared the bill "heretical and pestilential towards the salvation of souls."

The Nuncio was recalled from Turin. The bishops directed their clergy to refuse "the last rites of the Church" to all persons who had in any way supported the bill, unless they repented of their deadly sin. The Archbishop of Turin, Monsignor Franzoni, enjoined his clergy not to obey the new law. The bishop was cited before the High Court of Justice, declared contumacious, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

The Archbishop of Sassari, in the Island of Sardinia, absolved his diocese from all obligation to obey the act thus promulgated. He also was cited, declared refractory, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

The whole kingdom was thrown into a terrible state of agitation. The nobility sided with the clergy; many of the military, especially the Savoy regiments, were expected to throw down their arms; they declared that they would not make war against the Church.

The people took part with the government

and parliament. The widow of Charles Albert and the wife of Victor Emmanuel were on the Pope's side. All depended upon the honour of the king. He passed through the fire unscathed. The king and his people were excommunicated by the Pope. Seldom have a prince and people passed through such an ordeal, united on behalf of civil and religious liberty.

The extreme measures adopted by the clerical party roused public indignation, and did more to serve the king and the government than any efforts of their friends.

Santa Rosa, the member of the cabinet who supported this ecclesiastical reform, became ill, and on his deathbed was refused "the sacraments," unless he repented of his part in passing "this law against the interests of the Church." He declared himself a Catholic, that he had meditated no wrong against the Church, and could not violate his conscience. His family implored that the consolation reserved for a dying Catholic might be given to him, and they were refused. He died imploring God to accept him, and refusing to violate his conscience. These circumstances produced wild excitement among the people. The bishop was compelled to give the rites of sepulture. He withdrew from Turin to avoid public indignation. The deceased member of the cabinet was buried with extraordinary honours; multitudes from all parts of Italy attending the funeral. The two chambers, the municipal authorities, the students of the universities, and the National Guard formed part of the funeral procession, and from the balconies as it passed flowers were thrown, and other emblems of respect.

The people and parliament did not allow their indignation to escape in mere manifestations. The religious order to which the priest who refused the sacraments belonged, the *Padri Leristi*, was suppressed. The Arch-

bishop was proceeded against a second time ; a sentence of two months' imprisonment was inflicted, and he was banished the kingdom.

Nevertheless, the ministry, dreading the power of the priests, sent another envoy to Rome to negotiate. This weakness increased the Pope's arrogance and obstinacy. He refused to receive an ambassador from Victor Emmanuel; but when admitted to an audience in his private capacity, was informed that the repeal of the Lucardian law, and the restoration to all his privileges of the refractory archbishop, were preliminary to any negotiations whatever.

Santa Rosa's successor in the cabinet was Count Cavour. He was selected by the cabinet, backed by public opinion, and recommended to the king by the ministry. It is alleged that his Majesty smiled and said, "Do you not perceive that he will end by supplanting you all?" There was more sagacity in the remark than Victor Emmanuel was supposed to possess, for if Camillo di Cavour was a Jacob in no other respect, he was undoubtedly a supplanter.

The appointment of Cavour to a place in the ministry gave it some moral force, and a great increase of intellectual strength. His counsels were generally sagacious, and his strong will bore down all competition for power on the part of his colleagues, while he offered cordial support and deference to the chief of the cabinet. The accession of Cavour, however, did not lessen Victor Emmanuel's difficulties, although it increased his power to encounter them. The opening of the Sardinian parliamentary session in 1851 proved both these statements. Cavour's official support was very effective, and the difficulties which the king encountered were all but overwhelming. The "party of action" necessarily urged the government to bolder measures, and to

steps which the other Italian powers, and especially the Pope, would consider aggressive. The reactionary party was fierce in spirit, compact in organisation, and very numerous: priests, nobles, and country gentlemen in the main constituted it, but some men of every class, and a vast number of women of every class, were attached to it.

One of the first events of 1851, which brought the hostile parties into battle array, was a request by the Vaudois, Protestant inhabitants of the Alpine districts, for permission to build a church in Turin, where many of their brethren resided. Their petition was granted by the government. The high church party filled the land with their reclamations and protests. Toleration to heretics they proclaimed to be treason to the Church, and destruction to the state.

D'Azeglio was alarmed, and to conciliate the party withheld the application of the law on civil marriages. This act on his part was scarcely constitutional, and it would be difficult to prove that the hostility of the ultramontanes was lessened by the timidity displayed. Count Lucardi consistently retired from the situation of minister of justice, but it was obvious that the cabinet was desirous of casting him into the sea of tumults, as Jonah was thrown overboard in order to allay the tempest. Farini, a Roman exile, celebrated as an historical writer, succeeded him. He was then a man after Cavour's heart, attached to royalty, jealous for its prestige, an advocate for constitutional forms of government, and cautious in yielding to popular demands. As Farini had aided Count Mamiani in upholding the Pope as a constitutional sovereign, his appointment was not so bitterly opposed by the high church party, as that of almost any other of the prominent men, recognised at Turin as competent to fill the office, probably

would have been. The influence of the government and the king's authority were much aided by the countenance given to expatriated men of distinction, the natives of other Italian states. There was no part of Italy from which numbers of excellent men, some of them illustrious for their talents or their virtues, were not chased by persecution; upon many sentence of death had been pronounced. Thus Piedmont became the home of Italian fugitives, and an object of regard in all the territory of the peninsula. Not only did the government afford protection to the emigrants, but public situations of emolument were thrown open to them, and sums voted for the support of the necessitous.

In the course of this session, Cavour accepted the ministry of finance, in addition to that of justice, and became a very powerful person in Piedmontese politics. The narrative of his particular services and policy belongs to the memoir to be given of him in future pages of this work. It is here necessary, as depicting the progress of Victor Emmanuel's reign, to point out the effects of Cavour's policy. His ministry of finance was a great success. Piedmont prospered, the monetary affairs were well managed, and treaties of commerce brought her into new and more intimate relations with England and Belgium; she not only survived her defeats, but gathered strength; and if she did not retain the laurels of victory, she was successful in prosecuting the pursuits and gaining the prosperity of peace.

A good opinion prevailed throughout Europe, among statesmen and constitutional princes, as well as free peoples, in favour of Victor Emmanuel, his ministers, and his kingdom. The princes and governments of the other Italian states, and the Emperor of Austria, showed jealousy and dislike of his Majesty and his measures. The liberty of the press allowed

in Sardinia was a subject of bitter complaint, as the condition of all the Italian governments and peoples, and of those of Austria, were the subjects of critique.

At the close of the year, murmurs gave place to menace. When Napoleon III. effected the *coup d'état*, the Emperor of Austria and all the Italian sovereigns assumed that his new imperial majesty would be of their mind, and frown upon the constitutionalism of Sardinia, and the consequences that attended it. The kaiser and his satrap princes made haste to threaten Victor Emmanuel; they could not exercise sufficient self-control or policy to await the development of events in France; they at once informed Victor Emmanuel that he must conform to their modes of government, or expect their hostility. Tuscany and Naples were the most prominent in joining Austria in these demonstrations.

The king met these demands with dignity and firmness, yet also with conciliation. He declared that he would stand by the constitution to which he had sworn, but would give no offence to his neighbours, and allow none to be given which he could by constitutional means prevent. It was soon seen that the French Emperor was as jealous of a free press in his neighbourhood as the kaiser, "Bomba," or the petty princes and dukes, and Victor Emmanuel seemed begirt with enemies. D'Azeglio proposed measures for punishing press attacks upon sovereigns with whom Sardinia was at peace. He again temporised on the marriage law. Cavour formed a more or less ostensible alliance with Rattazzi, who held in hand a small party, the views of which were liberal, but nearer to those of the government than the programme of the party of action. D'Azeglio disapproved of this coalition, but allowed himself to be drawn along by Cavour to a certain extent. Ultimately he considered the course



taken by Cavour deficient in caution, and somewhat defiant. The former was personally less conservative than his rival, for such Cavour had then become; but fear of the reactionaries, backed by the crowned heads of continental Europe, caused him to hesitate and compromise. Cavour believed that it was necessary to make use of the less extreme of the radical parties, gain in that way a hold upon the peoples of Italy, and thereby deter the monarchs of the peninsula and their abettors from violence. The king had to decide between these two statesmen. He believed Cavour to be ambitious, and, politically, somewhat unscrupulous; he considered D'Azeglio to be the more prudent politician, and withal a man of a refined and delicate sense of honour politically as well as personally. He decided in his favour. This decision was reasonable and just. Cavour was more ambitious for Piedmont and its king than for himself; but the king could not then descry the far-seeing policy of that minister, while he was able to appreciate the liberal and prudent measures by which D'Azeglio served him so well in seasons of trial and misfortune. Cavour and Farini retired from the cabinet, but the Count contrived before his retirement to have Ratazzi made President of the Chamber. Cavour was replaced by the Cavaliere Cibrario, who in the estimation of his countrymen was not only inferior in capacity to his predecessor, but whatever his personal excellence, quite unequal to the post. Meanwhile D'Azeglio pursued a course of liberality and of wisdom, but for the occasion too timid. He considered that the king and state would be ruined if Sardinia became the focus of Italian agitation. A single happy paragraph from one of his speeches will illustrate the bent of his mind, and the policy in which the king gave him his support.

"We have all of us to traverse a region

infested by wild beasts, and are obliged to pass close by a cave in which a fierce lion sleeps. If our guides, knowing our dangerous vicinity, warned us not to speak and not to make a noise lest he should be roused; and, nevertheless, one of the party persisted in exerting his lungs to the uttermost, I think the most natural impulse of the rest would be to put their hands on his mouth and say, 'If you wish to be devoured, we are not of the same mind.' Let us, however, presume that in spite of all our precautions, the lion awakes and rushes out upon us; then, of course, we would defend ourselves to the last."

During the early portion of 1852, D'Azeglio served Victor Emmanuel to the best of his ability, and on the whole wisely; but feelings, opinions, and events were in progress which demanded a firmer hand at the helm, and the patriotic statesman advised the monarch that Cavour was the man for the time. Accordingly the formation of a new ministry was confided to the Count, who reconstituted that to which he had himself belonged under D'Azeglio, with such changes simply as his own position as chief required. The king, with that brusque frankness which is characteristic of him, promised the new premier his support, which was cordially given. It was then November, and nothing could be effected that year in parliament, either to dominate or conciliate parties.

In 1853 the premier had opportunity of proving his great qualifications for a post which became, every year that he held it, more responsible and important.

With the assistance of his chief functionary of state, the king promoted further improvements in all branches of state affairs. The material interests of the country were carefully studied and wisely promoted, and the popularity of the sovereign probably exceeded

that of any other in Europe, Queen Victoria of England excepted.

In 1853 a rupture with Austria tested the firmness and courage of Victor Emmanuel. An insurrection broke out in Milan, which was subdued. The viceroy, iron-handed Radetzky, sequestered the property of all Lombards residing in the dominions of the King of Sardinia. This was a breach of good faith, for Austria had consented that those Lombards should become naturalised in Sardinia, and hold their Lombard estates as any other foreigners holding property in the territories of the kaiser. Victor Emmanuel, supported by England and France, remonstrated and protested in vain. The king then took the bold step of recalling his minister from the court of Vienna, and dismissing the Austrian minister from Turin.

When the parliamentary session of 1854 opened, the king's position was scarcely on the whole encouraging, but he met the prospects of the situation with hope. The diplomatic rupture with Austria was formidable, for the king had not adequate means to meet that power in the field; but on the other hand the resources of Sardinia were increasing, and all Italy regarded it as the home of the free.

The king's speech was bold without being defiant, sanguine without being boastful. His assurances that he would uphold the liberties his father planted, were made with solemnity, and without any affectation or sanctimonious phraseology.

Soon after the court visited Genoa to celebrate the inauguration of the railway connecting that city with the capital. Genoa is a republican city, attached on principle to that form of government, the birthplace of Mazzini, and for years the home of the Garibaldi family. The people received the court coldly, which Cavour dexterously laid to the account

of their republican opinions, but the intention was rather to show their indifferent confidence in Count Cavour himself, whom they regarded as an enemy to all who held their opinions, and as anxious to use the ultra-liberal party for high conservative purposes, and then treat them with irony and contempt. Truly or falsely such were the views entertained by the Genoese; and the fact that they so thought, and not any disloyalty to the sovereign, caused them to receive his visit with stern silence.

Ecclesiastical distractions again disturbed the peace of the country. The religious houses were numerous and rich, and their inmates idle. The government desired to apply a large portion of their funds to the support of the inferior clergy. The superior clergy resisted it, and their influence was great. The Pope also bitterly opposed, and the year 1854 passed away without this great reform having been effected.

The year 1855 was signalised in the king's history by several events of the most important nature. The cholera smote portions of his dominions with great severity, more particularly Genoa. The king, notwithstanding the cold reception he met with on his previous visit, one of mutual congratulation to monarch and people, hastened to the pestilence stricken city, and behaved with a generosity and courage, which, had he no other claim from fame, would merit her proud rehearsal of his deeds. He visited the cholera hospitals, encouraged the doctors and nurses, took in his hands the cold blue hands of the suffering and dying, rivalled Garibaldi himself in the manly generosity and courage which that hero showed in like circumstances. He roused the almost paralysed municipality by his advice, exhortation, and example, and from his private purse dealt out largely the means of procuring necessary supplies.





Some supposed that the king wished to die, and sought to perish in so noble a cause, for his domestic griefs had been heavy; sorrow after sorrow had shadowed his path from the beginning of the year. In the month of January the king's mother died. Ten days subsequently he buried his wife. A month after he was made a widower he was bereft of his only brother, the Duke of Genoa, to whom he was tenderly attached, who had fought beside him in the battles of King Charles Albert, and whom Victor Emmanuel declared to be the best soldier in Piedmont.

At the opening of this, to the king, eventful year, and, as it afterwards proved, a year eventful to his dominions and to Italy, the king's government entered into treaties with the governments of Great Britain and France, then at war with Russia, to send a force to co-operate with those powers before Sebastopol.

The diplomatic proceedings by which this was brought about, and the policy which ruled the different powers respectively are interesting, and especially so to England, who was aided in her struggle by the gallant Italian band of Victor Emmanuel.

The author of this work gave, in his history of the war against Russia,\* a brief but complete account of the alliance thus formed and the conduct of Piedmont in the whole transaction. It would be impossible for him to convey anything more full in the same compass.

In the diplomacy of the early months of 1855 the conduct and policy of Sardinia was not marked by the tricks to which Russia and the German powers resorted. There was a frankness and nobleness about it to the lasting honour of that gallant little kingdom. Immediately upon the opening of the new year, the

desire of Sardinia to enter the alliance against Russia assumed a practical shape, and it was proclaimed to the world that her army would be united to the armies of the allies against the common foe. On the 26th of January, "the act of acceptance," on the accession of his Majesty the King of Sardinia to the convention of the 10th of April, 1854, was signed and ratified on the 4th of March. The basis of the alliance of the Western Powers with Sardinia was not the treaty of the 2nd of December, in which Austria principally figured, but the convention of the 10th of the preceding April. The fifth article of the convention is so short, and so necessary to the clearness of the narrative, that it is here subjoined:—"Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French, will readily admit into their alliance, in order to co-operate for the proposed object, such of the other powers of Europe as may be desirous of becoming parties to it." In the *Moniteur* of the 13th of March the following appeared:—"His Majesty the King of Sardinia having acceded to the convention concluded at London on the 10th of April, 1854, and our envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to his said Majesty having, in virtue of our full powers and in our name, accepted the said accession, the respective ratifications were exchanged at Turin on the 4th of the present month of March; and, in consequence, the said act of acceptance of the accession and the military convention concluded between France and Great Britain and Sardinia will receive full and entire execution."

The minister of the French marine addressed at the same time the following circular to all the commanders-in-chief of the French naval forces, and to the captains of ships of war at sea:—"Sardinia, by a treaty signed on the 26th ult., having acceded to the treaty of

\* "History of the War against Russia," by E. H. Nolan, Ph.D., LL.D. Virtue and Co., Ivy Lane and City Road, London.

alliance concluded on the 10th of April, 1854, between France and Great Britain for the protection of the Ottoman empire, now finds herself at war with Russia. You will consequently have to extend in future to the Sardinian navy the support and kind offices you are bound to render the French and English navies; and when you chance to meet ships of war of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, you will concert measures, and establish with their commanders the same relations of intimacy as with the commanders of the ships of war of her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Please to acknowledge the receipt of this circular."

The English government published documents so similar that their quotation is unnecessary. The Sardinian government issued two state papers in connection with these transactions remarkable for their perspicacity, and a certain exalted tone of feeling. On the 4th of March the *Piedmontese Gazette*, in an extraordinary number of the day, published the manifesto of his Majesty Victor Emmanuel II. :—

"Turin, March 4, 1855.

"For a long time Europe has regarded with just and jealous suspicion the continual aggrandisement of Russia, the progressive application of that system which Peter the Great inaugurated, more naturalised in the nation perhaps than in the Muscovite sovereigns, and tending with all the forces, visible and invisible, to the conquest of Constantinople, not as a final end, but as a beginning and step to new and more unmeasured ambitions.

"These projects of Russia, subversive of the equilibrium of Europe, threatening to the liberties of peoples and the independence of nations, never revealed themselves, perhaps, so

clearly as in the unjust invasion of the Danubian provinces, and in the diplomatic acts preceding and following it. It is with good right, then, that France and England, after a long and useless attempt at means of conciliation, had recourse to arms to support the Ottoman empire against the aggressions of its powerful neighbour.

"On the solution of the Oriental question depend the destinies, not immediate, but future, of Europe, and of Asia, and, more directly and proximately, of those states bordering the Mediterranean Sea, which cannot therefore remain indifferent spectators of a struggle in which their own vital interests are concerned, which will determine whether they remain free and independent, or become vassals, in fact if not in name, of the colossal Russian empire.

"The justice of the cause espoused by the generous defenders of the Sublime Porte, the considerations which tell so powerfully always on the heart of the king, of the dignity and of the national independence, have determined his Majesty the King of Sardinia, after the formal invitation which he has received from the two great Western powers, to accede, by the act of the 12th of last January, to the alliance, offensive and defensive, stipulated on the 10th of April, 1854, between their Majesties the Emperor of the French and the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. But before that act received the indispensable completion by the exchange of ratifications—before, therefore, it could in any way be put in execution, the Emperor Nicholas, lamenting, with language not devoid of bitterness, that the rights of nations had been violated by us by having (as he supposed) without previous declaration of war sent an expedition to the Crimea—accusing the king, besides, of ingratitude in having forgotten the ancient proofs of

friendship and sympathy given by Russia to Sardinia—hastens himself to declare war.

“Without stopping at the supposed violation of the rights of nations, which could only be an error of the Chancery, we will observe that, with the ancient memories of friendly correspondence passed between the predecessors of his imperial Majesty and those of his Sardinian Majesty, the Emperor might have compared other more recent and personal recollections of his own behaviour for the last eight years towards the kings Carlo Alberto and Vittorio Emanuele Secondo. But, first of all, he should have persuaded himself that his Majesty approached this alliance not through forgetfulness of ancient friendships, nor through resentment for recent offences, but from the firm conviction of being imperiously driven to it, both by the general interests of Europe and the particular interests of that nation whose destinies Divine Providence has committed to him; and it is therefore that, in taking part in a serious war, the king never doubts the answer to his appeal from the old faith of his beloved people, the bravery of his soldiers, confiding, as he confides, in the protection of that God who in the course of eight centuries has so often supported the monarchy of Savoy in severe trials, and guided it to glorious successes. His Majesty is secure in the conviction of having done his duty, nor will so many severe and cruel afflictions diminish his resolution and constancy in the defence, with all his power, against all aggressions whatsoever on the sacred interests of the people and the imprescriptible rights of the crown.

“While the king desires that the negotiations for peace already initiated in the city of Vienna may be successful, in fulfilment, however, of the obligations contracted towards France, England, and Turkey, he has ordered the undersigned minister to declare, in virtue

of the above-mentioned act of accession, his land and sea forces to be in a state of war with the Russian empire.

“The undersigned declares, besides, the orders of his Majesty that the *exequatur* accorded to the Russian consuls in the royal states should be revoked; the property and persons of Russian subjects nevertheless to be scrupulously respected, and a competent term accorded to Russian ships to leave Sardinian ports.

“C. CAVOUR,  
“The President of the Council,  
“Minister of Foreign Affairs.’

At the same time, the Sardinian government issued the following circular to the foreign ministers accredited to its own court, and to its own agents abroad:—

“SIR,

“I have the honour to transmit herewith some copies of the manifesto by which the government of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, in the name of the king, declares war to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia.

“When the treaty of alliance of the 10th of April, 1854, between France and England was officially communicated to Sardinia, the government of the king, while recognising the right and duty of the great Western powers to oppose the invasions of Russia, and to defend the Ottoman empire against unjust aggression—while openly declaring that its most lively sympathies were with the cause which France and England had generously undertaken to defend—thought it right, nevertheless, to abstain for the moment from availing itself of the stipulated reserve in the 5th article of the treaty.

“Now, however, the war has taken such considerable proportions in the East and in the Baltic, and the whole world has been able to

convince itself that the question which agitates the East is a European question, all agree in recognising that if the Great Powers have a more direct interest in it, the states of the second order are no less menaced in their commerce, and, what is more, in their independence, by the ambitious projects of Russia. The moment is arrived, then, to oppose to those vast means of action of which she can dispose, and to the enormous advantages of her geographical position, the united efforts of the Powers who, devoid of all ambitious thoughts, only aspire to ward off dangers which later might be unavoidable, and to assure the triumph of the eternal principles of justice and equity.

"These considerations have determined his Majesty the King of Sardinia to accept the invitation addressed to him by their Majesties the Emperor of the French and the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to accede to the treaty of the 10th of April, 1854. The act of accession, as well as the two conventions referring to it, having been signed on the 26th of January last, and ratified this day, his Majesty, in consequence of the stipulations therein contained, now declares war to Russia.

"His Majesty has not seen without painful surprise that while the act of accession, unratified, had not yet any absolute legal value, and was in no ways executory, the Emperor Nicholas, by a note of Count Nesselrode's, and in language full of bitterness, taking the initiative in hostilities, has accused him of violating the rights of nations, by sending an expedition to the Crimea without a previous declaration of war, and reproached him with forgetfulness of the marks of friendship shown in past times by Russia to Sardinia.

"Concerning the pretended violation of the rights of nations, it is sufficient to compare the

date of Count Nesselrode's circular (5th [17th] of January last) with that of the ratification of the act of accession (4th of March), to be convinced of the astonishing flippancy with which the chancellor of the Russian empire has advanced so grave an accusation, and which is so inappropriate to the princes of Savoy, and, above all, to a monarch to whom the voice of the whole people has accorded the title of loyal.

"As to the reproach of ingratitude, the Emperor Nicholas, instead of recalling the marks of friendship which two of his predecessors formerly showed towards Sardinia, ought to have recollected that in 1848, without any personal motive, he withdrew his minister from the court of Turin, and hastily sent the Sardinian representative at St. Petersburg his passports; that in 1849 he refused to receive the letter of notification of the accession to the throne of King Victor Emmanuel II., a refusal highly injurious, which finds few precedents in the history of diplomacy, and which appears to indicate, on the part of the Czar, the strange pretension to interfere in our interior affairs, affecting not to recognise the transformation, not revolutionary, but legal, which had been made in our political institutions,

"After having added these short explanations, in order to place the conduct of the king our august sovereign in its true light, and on referring to the motives exhibited in the accompanying manifesto, I beg you to transmit a copy of the present despatch to the minister of foreign affairs of the government to which you are accredited; and I beg you to receive, sir, the renewed assurances of my very distinguished consideration."

"C. CAVOUR."

Almost contemporaneous with these publications by the cabinet of Turin, the court of



Russia issued the following declaration of war in the form of a circular to other courts :—

‘St. Petersburg, Feb. 17.

“The court of will, we doubt not, share the opinion of the Emperor upon the policy of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, at a moment when that sovereign, without any ostensible motive, without any legitimate cause or complaint, and without even the shadow of the smallest infringement upon the direct interests of his country, has placed at the disposal of England a *corps d’armées* of 15,000 men for the invasion of the Crimea. In taking this step the Sardinian government appears to have left it the care of the public journals to warn us of an aggression which it has not thought fit to justify by a declaration of war. We understand the motive of this silence.

“The court of Turin, we admit it, would have had some difficulty in conciliating its policy with the national sentiment of its country; it would have experienced equal difficulty in making its present conduct harmonise with the ancient *souvenirs* of the house of Savoy. In consulting the annals of its history, it might cite the incident of a Russian army crossing the Alps; but, it is true, it was to defend Piedmont, and not to invade it. In the councils of the cabinets of Europe, in the reign of the Emperor Alexander, of glorious memory, it is again Russia who lent her faithful support to the independence of Sardinia, when the house of Savoy was reinstated on the throne of its ancestors. Must we finally recall to mind that, at the same period, if Genoa was reunited to the kingdom of Sardinia, it is because the imperial cabinet recognised the necessity of assuring at the same time the commercial prosperity and the greatness of the country

which the arms of Russia had contributed to deliver from a foreign yoke? To-day, sinking in oblivion the lessons of the past, the court of Turin is about to direct against us, from that self-same port of Genoa, a hostile enterprise, which Russia has the conscientious satisfaction of knowing was not provoked by her.

“The attitude thus assumed by Sardinia, without a formal declaration of war, as we have stated, would make us doubt what name we ought to give to the auxiliary troops destined to invade our frontiers under the flag of a country with which we have hitherto been living in peace. However, if the court of Turin loses sight of the principles and customs consecrated by the law of nations, as the immutable rule of the international relations of states; the Emperor, for his part, is resolved to observe them. With this intention, his imperial Majesty feels it incumbent upon him to declare that peace is *de jure* and *de facto* broken by this flagrant act of hostility, the whole blame of which recoils upon the Sardinian government. We leave it to bear the entire responsibility thereof, in the face of the opinion of its country, and of all Europe.

“It behoves especially the allied Powers to appreciate the conduct of the court of Sardinia, when it has deemed it opportune and loyal to turn its arms against us at the very moment when the imperial cabinet entered into a deliberation at Vienna, destined to open the path to the re-establishment of peace.

“The wishes which tend towards the accomplishment of that work of pacification seem to have been strangely misunderstood by the cabinet of Turin. In fact, whilst the governments of Central Europe wisely imposed their legitimate authority to prevent one of the belligerent powers from recruiting its legions in the states who insist on having their neutrality respected, the Sardinian go-

vernment, less chary of the blood of Italy, consents to pour it out for a cause foreign to the political and religious interests of its nation. For, in good faith, it cannot be pretended that by unfolding her banner by the side of the Crescent, Sardinia fancies she at all serves the cause of Christianity. Nor can it be affirmed that she seeks to defend the weak against the strong when she joins her arms to those of France and England.

"It is this latter power, if we are rightly informed, which takes the Sardinian troops under its command—we will not say in its pay, as we wish to abstain from wounding the national feelings of a country with which to our regret, we are about to be at war.

"Notwithstanding this necessity, the Emperor will still afford protection to the private interests of Sardinian subjects, who entertain ancient commercial relations with Russia. They shall not suffer from the errors of their government. They are at liberty to remain in the empire in all security, under the protection of our laws, as long as they do not infringe them. But the Sardinian flag will henceforth cease to enjoy the prerogatives accorded solely to the mercantile navy of neutral states. A term shall be fixed for the departure of Sardinian vessels that may be actually in Russian ports. The *exequator* will be at once withdrawn from Sardinian consuls in Russia. The Russian agents at Genoa and Nice will also receive orders to suspend the exercise of their functions, peace between the two countries having been broken by the court of Sardinia from the moment it acceded to the treaty of alliance concluded on the 10th of April, 1854, between Great Britain and France.

"The Emperor has deigned to charge me to communicate these determinations to all friendly powers.

"NESSELRODE."

The motive of Sardinia in entering into the anti-Russian alliance, there is every reason to believe, was unselfish. The character of Victor Emmanuel and of Count Cavour prove as much. The men by whom the prince and his chief minister surrounded themselves were of a similar stamp. Throne and ministry sympathised on principle with liberal government, and equitable international relations. Yet it admirably suited the policy of Sardinia to join the coalition. Austria and France had been gradually drawing closer, and it was rumoured all over Europe that a secret treaty was concluded between the Emperor and the Kaiser on the 24th of December, by which the former pledged himself to the integrity of the Austrian dominions in Italy, and, in alliance with Austria, to preserve the then existing territorial circumscription of all the Italian states. That the French policy was misled by a strong pro-Austrian bias could not be concealed from Victor Emmanuel, nor be a subject of indifference to him. This was the more alarming as the policy of the Bonapartists in Italy from 1848 up to 1853, and even up to the time when the convention with England was signed in the spring of 1854, was bitterly anti-Austrian. It had necessarily been so, for Austria did her best to thwart and humiliate Louis Napoleon. She prevented his recognition by Russia, and his forming a German marriage alliance; while the press of Vienna was perpetually repeating the epithet *parvenu*, which Louis Napoleon, by a happy audacity, had applied to himself. Accordingly, French agents had been at work all through Italy abusing Austria, forming French connections, proclaiming that France was the natural protector of Italian liberty, and the natural avenger of Italian wrongs, and that between the two empires there could be no alliance. The name of Murat was evoked in

Naples; the king of Rome was talked of in Romagna; and the kingdom of Italy was a pet phrase at Milan in the mouth of every Frenchman. Italy was assured by every form of persuasive that she had no hope but in France, and that she must look to the magnanimity of a Bonaparte, whose heart was filled from Italian fountains, for her rescue and her future glory. All this suddenly ceased when the English alliance came into being. The Aberdeen ministry was Austrian in its sympathies as much as the pure Whig ministry that preceded it was the reverse. Lord Aberdeen was just what he described, in the House of Lords, as being very amusing, that he should be thought "a sort of an Austro-Russian." Louis Napoleon followed the track of the English policy in his pro-Austrian proceedings, but he went further than the Aberdeen government, *as a whole*, intended—the Whig portion of it being adverse to the *degree* of favour shown by the Peelites to Austria. The game played by the French Emperor obviously was, to adopt only such a line of policy as England would initiate, or at least approve, but to cut out a path for himself in that road,

and work with agency peculiar to his own aims and objects—the establishment of his dynasty, the conciliation of the despotic courts, and the consolidation of his influence in Europe. It was therefore wise for the Sardinian king not to look on quietly while the bonds of Austrian amity were drawn tighter by the hands of France, feeling, as Sardinia ever must feel, that Austria is the deadly enemy of her independence and prosperity. To anticipate Austria, and step further into the alliance was a wise and bold policy, and was crowned with success. She agreed to keep up a force of 15,000 men in the field, under the command of the British chief; and a loan of one million sterling was to be afforded to her by the allies, to enable her to keep up that army. She vigorously carried out her obligations, and the allies honourably executed theirs; while Austria was enraged to perceive, as a consequence of this movement, that the allies guaranteed the independence of Sardinia while the war continued, making it impossible for Austria to take any advantage of the occupation of the Western Powers, to precipitate herself as a spoiler upon the Piedmontese kingdom.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VICTOR EMMANUEL SENDS OUT HIS LITTLE ARMY TO JOIN THE ENGLISH. — ITS PROGRESS TO THE CRIMEA.

"The king can make a belted knight,  
A lord and duke, and a' that;  
An honest man's a'boon his might—  
A man's a man for a' that."—BURNS.

PROBABLY the motto selected for this chapter was never before applied to a royal personage. Burns meant it for the honest folk who come not in the way of kings. But the natural

character of Victor Emmanuel was frank, straightforward, and honest. He was a king, surrounded by diplomatic intrigue, and not strong enough, or acute enough, always to resist

it; but "for a' that," he was a man of the true, bold, honest, chivalrous type, and sometimes baffled the cliques of political intriguants by his brusque, direct assertion of his own honour.

In his engagement with the Western Powers he fulfilled all that he undertook, and performed more. Although having engaged to send but 15,000 men to join the forces in the Crimea, he sent 18,000, and these were selected from the choicest of his troops.

Struggling as was the condition of the little realm that thus came to the aid of her more potent allies, it was only what might have been expected from the generosity of the monarch, and the spirit of his subjects.

Many deeds of heroism have been achieved within the vales of Piedmont, upon her mountain slopes, and beyond their precincts, by the children of these hills and valleys, when freedom to worship God summoned their honour and their energy to the deed. While Spain, for which England shed so much blood and spent so much treasure, shrank with her characteristic cowardice from even an expression of sympathy with the sister nations of Western Europe,—while Portugal, bound to England as her oldest ally, and whom, in case of any aggression upon her, we are bound by treaty to protect, skulked from the duty and obligation which fairly rested upon her, of garrisoning our military stations in the Mediterranean,—while even Northern Europe, having so much to gain by our alliance, and so much to apprehend from the continued encroachments of Russia, would not strike a blow nor man a gunboat in her own defence,—Sardinia signed the protest against invasion and plunder, which we, with our allies, have published to the world, and threw down her gauntlet beside ours against the gigantic champion of modern despotism.

The speech of the Sardinian minister, Count Cavour, made to the Chambers, shows that the

view taken in these pages of the spirit of the Sardinian policy is correct. The opposition from the two extremes was animated and protracted. The "Right" of the Chamber described the project as one of servile compliance with foreign dictation; the "Left" represented it as impolitic to mingle in a quarrel where Sardinia had no interests at stake, and out of which might arise ultimate dangers. Cavour, speaking in the name of the sovereign, of the nation, and of the cabinet, quelled all opposition by the deep earnestness of his manner, and the force of authority with which he spoke.

"I hold it as indispensable to the improvement of the actual state of Italy, and exceeding all other considerations in importance, to raise up her reputation, so that all the people of the world, rulers and ruled, shall be compelled to do her justice. For this, two things are necessary: to prove to Europe, first, that Italy has sufficient sense and moderation to sustain free institutions, and to adopt the most perfect known form of government; secondly, that the military valour of her people is equal to that of their forefathers.

"You have, as yet, done Italy good service by the conduct you have pursued during seven years, proving, in the most conspicuous manner that Italians can govern themselves with wisdom, prudence, and loyalty. It is now your privilege to render her as equal, if not greater, service;—it is given to our country to demonstrate how the sons of Italy can bear their part in fields of glory. And I am certain that the laurels reaped by our soldiers in the East will do more for the future fate of the Peninsula than all that has been effected by those who thought to achieve her regeneration by their eloquence or their pen."

The king was anxious to lead his army in person, but the advice of his ministers overruled the purpose. This was a great disap-

pointment to the "Galantuomo Re," but the safety of the state was the first question. The king longed, in a good cause, to lead an Italian army upon a foreign field, but Providence ordered that his sword should sleep until the great awakening of Italy for liberty and independence.

On the 14th of April the king reviewed his troops. It was his intention to address them, but the deep sorrows he had experienced, the struggles of faction in his little state, and the repugnance he felt to allow a Piedmontese army to depart on a warlike expedition without him, so preyed upon his feelings that he was unable to speak. Durando, the minister of war, read the address which his Majesty had prepared. It was simple and inspiring; appealing to the patriotism and loyalty of the soldiers, and expressing his own confidence and admiration in them, and his deep interest in their fortunes. The enthusiasm of the army, and the vast concourse of civilians assembled, was a sight of grandeur, and calculated to give hope to prince and people.

In the "History of the War against Russia," a succinct but amply descriptive account of the whole transaction was given by the author of this work; it was as follows:—

A considerable number of the officers departed before the bulk of the little army set sail. These officers embarked at Genoa during the month of March. Early in April a fleet of British steamers arrived at Genoa, but the accommodation afforded by it only extended to about half the expeditionary army. The king, being desirous to see the whole of the troops assembled before any embarked, detained the transports, so that a fresh accession of vessels arrived, and the entire transport fleet became so large that the harbour of Genoa was not

extensive enough for their accommodation, and some found shelter in Spezzio. It was looked upon as significant that the place of review was the plain of Marengo, immortal in history as the site of Napoleon's hardest fought and least likely victory over the Austrians. The troops were arranged in the form of a crescent; altars were erected for the benediction of the flags; a vast concourse assembled to witness the scene, and an amphitheatre of seats accommodated an immense number of the notabilities and gentry of the provinces now subject to the old dukedom of Savoy. The appearance of the king was welcomed by a loud shout from the great concourse of citizens and soldiers. He was attended by a *cortège* of the principal officers and nobility of his realm. As he passed each regiment, the band played the Sardinian national tune. Immediately by his side were the two brothers Marmora, one of whom had served him so well as minister of war, and had resigned his post to command the expeditionary force. It was the first time the king had made any public appearance since his overwhelming domestic afflictions had nearly borne him to the earth. The Archbishop of Tortona appeared, to give the sanction of the church to the policy of the king. Mass was celebrated along the lines, the troops presenting arms, and the spectators uncovering. As soon as the religious ceremony terminated, the profound and solemn silence which rested upon the multitude was succeeded by the roar of cannon, and the huzzas of excited patriotism and loyalty, while, rising above all the sounds of enthusiasm, the fine military bands of the Piedmontese regiments could be heard pouring forth their martial strains. The king presented personally the flags to the regiments appointed to receive them, while he assured the officers in brief, pithy, and feeling addresses that nothing but the stern necessities of the state

\* "History of the War against Russia," vol. ii. p. 414.

prevented him from leading his army. As the personal courage of the king was well known, and it was also well known how important his presence was in his kingdom, considering its relations to Austria, Rome, and the various Italian states, this assurance was well received. The close of this eventful day was attended by military and civil pageant, and every heart felt the glow of a patriotic fire, destined, we trust, long to burn for the light and glory of Sardinia and of Italy.

The 23rd of April witnessed the departure of the first division of the expeditionary army. Seven thousand men, with all the necessary material of war, embarked. The embarkation was delayed by the defective state of the Sardinian commissariat, and a painful accident added to that delay. The Screw Steamship Company's vessel *Craesus* sailed from Genoa on the 24th of April, with 400 men on board, and a heavy freight of provisions, having in tow a sailing transport loaded with guns, munitions, and stores. She had not been many hours at sea when fire was discovered in the hold, all efforts to extinguish which proved abortive. When taking to the boats the Sardinians, brave although they are in battle, did not show the steadiness and discipline which the English have always shown in like circumstances; a rush was made for the boats, some of which were soon upset, and many men perished. The soldiers of the expedition betrayed more superstitious feeling in connection with this accident than would have been expected among so free and gallant a people, and a depression fell upon the whole force.

Previous to the embarkation of the division, General Alfonsa Della Marmora, the commander-in-chief, delivered an address to the soldiers, which was received by them with pleasure, patriotic feeling, and military pride:

"We shall have before us a strong and

powerful enemy; but by our side will stand brave armies, which have already consigned to history the celebrated names of Silistria, Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman. We shall arrive in a few days at the seat of war, and vying with our allies in courage, firmness, and discipline, we will endeavour to imitate the constancy of which they have given such heroic proofs. . . . A cruel and premature death has deprived us of a prince who was to guide us in that glorious enterprise.\* You followed him with alacrity in the fields of Lombardy, and admired him at the fatal battle of Novara. He expired, regretting his inability to lead you to victory. May the name of the Duke of Genoa remain engraved on our hearts. . . . Soldiers! let us swear not to disappoint those expectations, and pledge ourselves to demonstrate that an Italian army is worthy to co-operate in this gigantic struggle."

Some of the officers had occasion to travel by way of Naples, where the authorities treated them with the most pointed incivilities. It did not need Austrian instigation to induce "King Bomba" to act in this spirit of mean and petty malevolence; but it was currently believed, and not without foundation, that these discourtesies received additional venom from the sting of that power. At Constantinople the Turkish government gave a generous reception to their new ally, and the French there made many demonstrations of goodwill and fraternity. At Balaklava and Kamiesch the displays of friendship on the part of English and French were very grateful to the contingent. There was a confidence in it felt by the allies, and the reception was such as the brave meet from the brave. When they landed, they marched up the Balaklava valley by Kadikoi, and took up their position

---

\* The Duke of Genoa.

near the left of the French army. The British and French commanders soon perceived that in General Marmora they acquired an auxiliary of intimate practical acquaintance with all military detail, and scientific acquaintance with the theories of armies and of war. The personal appearance of the men, their picturesque uniform, their polite bearing, and their heartiness to the cause of the allies, soon won for them the respect, good feeling, and good opinion of the whole host.

It was on the 8th of May that the Sardinians landed at Balaklava; and on the 9th they sent up their advanced guard to the front. Scarcely had they set foot upon the shores of the Crimea than cholera appeared among them, and many officers and men soon perished. This army was hardly entirely free from the pestilence while in the Crimea. When the tidings arrived in Italy of this sacrifice of life, not in gallant deeds before the common enemy of free Europe, but uselessly and wretchedly, Italy literally wept. Everywhere, from the court of Turin to the limits on all sides of the Peninsula, there were lamentations and woe. The anguish of Victor Emmanuel was great. The dead were honoured, the living were comforted, as far as the sympathy and aid of their countrymen could mitigate their condition. The priests declared that these calamities were God's judgments upon the king and the nation on account of the favour shown to liberal political opinions, the toleration of heretics, and the circumscription of the authority of the Church, and this tended to fill the more ignorant classes with awe, and to damage the *prestige* of the monarch and his ministry: the army in the Crimea was destined to sustain it by its fortitude and fighting qualities.

The Sardinians in the Crimea were posted on the Tchernaya, with a French corps, although

originally intended to act with the British portions of the allied armies. Early in July the cholera disappeared, but broke out again in August with somewhat less violence than before, but became at times as severe as it had been. The battle of the Tchernaya was one of the grandest of the war, and the only one in which the Russians acknowledged themselves completely and signally defeated. To the reverse inflicted, the Sardinians nobly contributed. This will be a convenient place to give such a description of the battle\* as will bring out fairly the part taken in it by the gallant little army of Victor Emmanuel.

The object for which the Russians initiated the battle, was to dislodge the allies from their posts, and, in case of success, to make a general attack along the whole of the allied positions, from Balaklava round to the Quarantine, driving the allies in every direction across the plateau upon Kamiesch.

For several weeks prior to the attack Prince Gortschakoff had been uneasy for his supplies, both of food and munitions of war; the horses and oxen by which they had been hitherto conveyed had to a great extent perished, and the resources of the provinces which supplied them did not allow of their being speedily replaced. Besides, the operations of the allied squadrons in the Sea of Azoff, in the latter end of May, the early part of June, and the whole of July, had greatly lessened the stores of fish and corn, upon which the garrison had drawn for its wants. Representations to this effect had been made by Prince Gortschakoff to the government of St. Petersburg, and in reply to them reinforcements were poured in with all possible rapidity,

\* This battle was called by the French the battle of Tractor Bridge, and our other allies followed their example. The Russians and British called it the battle of Tchernaya.

and orders were issued that, with a force of between 50,000 and 60,000 men, an attack along the line of the Tchernaya should be made. Various representations have been given of the opinions of the Russian commander-in-chief as to the expediency of this experiment. The impression in well-informed military circles in England is that Gortschakoff was more anxious for supplies than reinforcements, although desirous of both, and that he was by no means confident of the policy of forcing a battle upon the Tchernaya and its confluent streams. There is little doubt that Osten-Sacken disapproved of the enterprise, but that all the inferior generals were clamorous for the speedy accomplishment of the attempt, in concurrence with the desire of the government.

The plan of action in its general features and leading detail became known to the allies after the battle was over. General Read, a Russian officer, of Scottish parentage, being slain, the plan was found in the breast of his coat. It will throw a clearer light upon the actual progress of the battle to present the reader with this plan :—

“The following is a disposition of the *corps d’armées* of the right flank (General Aide-de-camp Read) :—

“1. *Composition of troops.*—Seventh division of infantry, twelve battalions. *8th artillery brigade.*—Battery of position, No. 3, twelve guns; battery of light, No. 3, six guns; battery of light, No. 4, eight guns; battery of light, No. 5, eight guns; three regiments of the twelfth division of infantry, twelve battalions. *14th artillery brigade.*—Battery of position, No. 3, twelve guns; light, No. 3, six guns; light, No. 4, six guns; 2nd battalion of rifles, one battalion; 1st company of 2nd battalion of sappers, quarter of a battalion; one regiment of lancers, eight squadrons; horse-battery, No. 26, four guns; one regi-

ment Don Cossacks, No. 37, six sotnias: total, twenty-five battalions and a quarter, eight squadrons, six sotnias, and sixty-two guns.

“On the 3rd (15th) of August, at night-fall, General Aide-de-camp Read will descend M’Kenzie Heights with all his troops, in the steps of Lieutenant-General Liprandi, and will form his two divisions into columns on the height of the new redoubt, near the high road, having to his left the seventeenth division, commanded by General Liprandi.

“He will leave all his baggage at the camp, and form a waggon-stand, where the infantry will deposit their sacks. In this waggon-camp large boilers for cooking, and brandy, are to be ready on the 4th (16th) of August; the men are to be provided with four days’ rations, one pound of meat, their canteens full of water, and with the requisite camp utensils. Each regiment to be provided with a case of ammunition and two ambulance carts. The other ambulance carts to remain under the orders of General of brigade Zouroff, who is charged with the conveyance of the wounded. The cavalry and artillery are to take with them as much provender as possible, such provender to be placed on some suitable spot.

“4. The head-quarters for the day of the 3rd (15th) will be at M’Kenzie Heights. General Read having concentrated his troops on M’Kenzie Heights, will immediately send an officer to the commander-in-chief, to inform him of his arrival and of his arrangements. On the 4th (16th) during the attack, the commander-in-chief will take up a position on the slope of M’Kenzie Heights, near the new redoubt. At 4 a.m., at the same moment as the movement of the seventeenth division takes place at Telegraph Height, General Aide-de-camp Read will advance, form the seventh and twelfth divisions of infantry into order of battle beyond the enemy’s range, and



will place in the rear, as a reserve, the regiment of lancers, supported by Cossacks. He will continue his movement with that of General Liprandi, and will advance towards the Tchernaya in such manner as to be able to cannonade the enemy on the Heights of Fedukhine, when orders shall have been issued to that effect. With this view, detachments of sappers are to be attached to the seventh and twelfth infantry divisions, and also detachments of regiments accustomed to handle flying bridges, and to throw them promptly over the canal, so as to offer a road to the infantry and artillery.

"5. When the order of the commander-in-chief to advance on the Fedukhine Hills shall have been received, the troops are to cross the Tchernaya, to the right and left, by the means of passage prepared; the damage done by the artillery will be immediately repaired by the sappers. The bridges will be thrown over under the orders of superior officers commanding the detachments.

"6. Having occupied the hills to the left and centre, General Read will form in order of battle there, with his front turned partially towards Mount Sapoune, partially towards the enemy, covering himself in both directions by his guns in position. As regards the hills on the right, having driven back the enemy, he will occupy them with troops of the first line.

"7. One of the principal cares of General Read will be to see that the irrigations of the Tchernaya are let out by the sappers, and that the bridges are thrown over as speedily as possible, to carry over with every possible speed the artillery and cavalry to the other side.

"8. After taking the Heights of Fedukhine, General Read will remain there, and await special orders from the commander-in-chief, in case an attack on the south side of

Mount Gasforte should be thought absolutely necessary.

"9. After the battle General Read will take measures to fortify the Fedukhine Heights.

"Quartermaster-general,  
"MAJOR-GENERAL GROTENFELD."

Such was the plan contemplated; and its early execution became desirable, as the Russian army in the field, especially when so largely increased by the recently-arrived reinforcements, was suffering from want of water. Had not the summer been one in which an unusual quantity of rain fell, the sufferings of the Russian soldiery would have been still greater, as the allies commanded the whole line of the Tchernaya, and, to some small extent, its tributaries.

The ground on each side of the river ascends in unequal and broken slopes to a range of hills or hillocks, on which plateaux are formed of very unequal dimensions, and at varied distances from each other. These ranges of heights approach nearer to one another, because nearer to the river in the vicinity of Inkerman, and they separate more and more widely as the distance from Inkerman increases. They are variously designated as hills, heights, and mountains, the last being the name given by the Russians. But their elevation is greatly inferior to the ranges of hills by which, looking from the plateau before Sebastopol, the scene is bounded. The high knolls which are formed on the opposite sides of the river on the acclivities from its banks are called by various names, such as plateaux, mamelons, knolls, heights, hillocks, &c. It is especially necessary to keep this in view in reading the despatches and the reports of the generals, to avoid confusion arising from this diversity of terms.

Descending from their extreme right on

the plateau before Sebastopol, where Bosquet's forces were posted by Inkerman, the French occupied positions along the elevations on the left bank of the river to the Bridge of Traktar, at the other end of which, on the right bank, they formed a *tête de pont*, well defended, and detached their outposts upon the acclivities ascending from the vicinity of the bridge on the right bank.

Beyond the bridge, still farther up the river, the French line was extended, so that the bridge was opposite to the centre. Farther to the right were posted the Sardinians, on the elevated grounds, with their advanced detachments thrown across the Tchernaya, occupying the banks of two tributary streams of inconsiderable size. Both the French and Sardinians were supported by cavalry, and guns of position occupied commanding points. On the Sardinian line a powerful English battery was planted.

Farther still to the right, beyond the lines of the Sardinians, and somewhat in their rear, were placed the forces of Osman Pasha, who commanded the Turkish troops in the Crimea in the absence of Omar Pasha, who was perpetually sailing about between Balaklava and Eupatoria, Eupatoria and Kamiesch, and all these places and Constantinople, sulky and chagrined at the duties assigned to him in the arrangements of the allied generals. A considerable force of English cavalry were upon the extreme right, and in support.

This general view of the positions in which the allied troops were placed will prepare the reader for a detailed account.

From the Traktar Bridge, which was opposite the right centre of the French, an excellent road led to the M'Kenzie Heights, which was the head-quarters of the enemy. The Tchoulion Heights were opposite the right wing of the French, and their range extended

in face of the Sardinian army. The stream of the Tchoulion rising in these hills, or at all events winding its course among them, descends to Tchorgoum, and there pours itself into the Tchernaya. The Sardinians crossed the river at this confluence, and occupied both banks of the stream. Farther to the right and to the rear, Generals Scarlett and d'Allonville occupied the entrance to the valley of Baidar; the Turks were more to the rear—towards Balaklava—than the cavalry. The chief authority along the whole line of the Tchernaya was in the hands of Pelissier, as his forces were numerically superior to those of the other allies. The command of the French lines was entrusted to General Herbillon, with the cavalry general, Morris, as second in command. General della Marmora commanded the Sardinians. Osman Pasha was in communication with both Herbillon and Marmora. The lines were beyond the limits of Sir Colin Campbell's command; the English officer having chief authority was General Scarlett. Captain Mowbray, of the artillery, was the principal British officer having post within the lines. The forces of our French ally, with their arrangement, is given from an official authority; some slight discrepancies between it and the despatch of General Pelissier will be found, but the general-in-chief is, in such cases, to be corrected by this detail. It must be borne in mind that along the French front ran the aqueduct by which the Karabelnaia portion of Sebastopol was fed with water from the Tchernaya. This constituted an additional line of defence after the enemy should cross the river, and made the position extremely strong, rendering it exceedingly difficult for any large force to ascend, unbroken, with sufficient celerity the range of plateaux occupied by our ally.

“ On the right of the ravine, and facing the

Russian army, was encamped the first brigade of Faucheux's division (2nd Zouaves and 19th battalion of Foot Chasseurs), with the 6th battalion of the 13th artillery. This hill is strongly commanded by the crest of the plateau of Tchoulion. On the second hill, much higher than the first, were, on the right, the second brigade of General Faucheux's division (General Faily, with the 95th and 97th), two regiments of the first brigade of General Camou (50th and 3rd Zouaves), and the 3rd battery of the 2nd artillery. Lastly, at the extreme left, on the third hill, the rest of the division of General Camou (a regiment of African Rifles, 6th and 82nd), and Generals Wimpffen and Vergé, with the first battery of the 13th regiment. Behind these hills, forming the reserve, was General Cler, with the 62nd and 73rd, and five mounted batteries, of which two were of the Guard.

"The first brigade of Herbillon's division (14th battalion of Foot Chasseurs, 47th and 53rd of the line) was placed midway on the plateau of Inkerman, under the telegraph, and near the Canrobert Redoubt.

"The division of cavalry commanded by General Morris (four regiments of African Chasseurs) bivouacked on the plain of Balaklava, behind the right of the Fedukhine\* Mountains. The Turks occupied the mountainous ground of Balaklava, against which, however, there could be no occasion to apprehend an attack; for it is a broken region, that renders any manœuvre of masses totally impossible. Whatever the intention of the enemy, he could not, in any case, do more there than make false demonstrations. 'The positions we hold being very favourable for the defensive,' said General Herbillon, in his instructions to the generals under his orders, 'we must not lose their

advantages by too much precipitation. It is necessary to study the movements that the enemy may make, and to profit by the moment that may appear the most propitious to attack vigorously. The generals of division who are in positions of which they have a knowledge, will be in a measure able to judge of this opportunity. They will be supported by the general commanding the lines of the Tchernaya."

On the night of the 15th, the Russian army was moved down from the M'Kenzie Heights, and took post silently along the range of hills which confronted the French and Sardinian positions. In order to prevent any suspicion of such a movement, demonstrations had been made in the direction of the Baidar Valley, where General d'Allonville watched the lower part of that gorge. On the evening of the 15th, especially, D'Allonville was made anxious by these demonstrations, and telegraphed to General Herbillon accordingly. The telegraph was interrupted by the darkness, as the French used the semaphore system. Whether from this cause or some other, Herbillon does not appear to have used any extraordinary precautions, nor to have put Marmora on the *qui vive*, who was a very diligent and vigilant general.

Two divisions of the Russian army had arrived late on the evening of the 15th, and were only allowed a short time for rest and refreshment, when they were put in motion towards the intended points of attack. The Emperor's orders to drive the allies from the Tchernaya was read at the head of every regiment, and his Majesty's appeals to Russian patriotism and heroism produced an exciting effect upon the men. The general-in-chief did not, however, trust to this excitement alone—as usual, drunkenness was added to religious and national fanaticism, the men being largely supplied with alcohol. The stimulus of *rack*

\* "The Russians gave this name to the heights which they attempted to storm by the Traktar Bridge.

was only given to the infantry, in order to sustain their fury in the assault: the artillerymen who cannonaded the allied positions, and the cavalry who were held in reserve, were preserved in sobriety, as the part they were expected to perform required coolness in those to whom it was assigned.

On the morning of the 16th, before dawn, the attacking columns were put in motion: on their right, where the French were to be assailed, General Read commanded; on the left, against the Sardinians, the command devolved upon Liprandi. The morning was misty—a circumstance the advantage of which frequently fell to the Russians in their attacks, and on this occasion they made it available for a furtive advance upon the allies.

Liprandi's force descended the Tchouliou Heights upon Tchorgoum; the advanced post of the Sardinians was held by 200 men, who were stationed above the right bank of the stream, which fell into the Tchernaya there. These 200 men were supported by a rifle battalion, who took post on the left bank of the stream. The Sardinians did not expect an attack, and no preparations more than ordinary were made to receive one. The sentries beyond the outpost heard the tramp of a large body of men, and discharged their muskets. The picket advanced, and fired; and the 200 men who occupied the advanced position were instantly engaged with a large body of the advanced guard of the enemy. These 200 men fought with the coolest gallantry. They knew that the only way to prevent the main body from being surprised in the obscurity of the morning mist was by maintaining a prolonged contest, however unequal their force to that of the enemy. Nobly did they fulfil this duty, a fourth of the entire Sardinian loss being sustained by that small body of men. So steady was the fire of these companies, that the Rus-

sians were kept in check for many minutes. Nor did the little band retire as the enemy came on increasing in force; they, with intrepid resolution, crossed bayonets with the advancing ranks, and were engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle when the rifle battalions in support arrived, and covered their retreat. This was effected with masterly skill, doing credit alike to the discipline and bravery of the Piedmontese. When the sharpshooters arrived, the Russians were leaping from the parapet of the epaulement—behind which the advanced companies were placed—among its gallant defenders, who made no movement in retreat until ordered by the commanding officer of the supports to do so. They crossed the stream, fighting as they retired; and, receiving further supports, fell slowly and securely back upon the main defence, which was, in consequence of the enemy having been kept so well at bay, ready for the coming assault. The flying batteries of the Russians discharged an eager fire on the retreating Savoyards; but so badly was that fire directed, that little loss was inflicted. The mist which rose from the river prevented the enemy from directing with effect the fire of his artillery; and the same cause, together with the smoke from the cannon and musketry, which hung densely over the scene of contest, rendered it difficult for the English and Piedmontese guns to find the range of the advancing foe.

While this was going on in front and on the flank of the Sardinians, the French were also attacked. Their first intimation of battle was the sound of musketry, opened by the Piedmontese advanced companies when they discerned the descending corps of the enemy. The French stood to their arms, but before they had time to muster, the balls from the Russian heights, which were crowned with artillery, scattered the dying watch-fires, and

broke in among the tents. A moment after, the French advanced posts on the other side of the Tchernaya were assailed. They did not hold their positions with as much tenacity as their Piedmontese brothers-in-arms; they retired quickly, but with that address so peculiar to the French, rapidly followed by the enemy, who manifested at once resolution and activity.

It was on the extreme left of the French, below the Traktar Bridge, that the Russians first gained access to the left bank of the river. The defence was commanded by General Camou. He was fiercely assailed by probably the whole of the seventh division. His skirmishers were swept back after a brief and desultory resistance, the enemy dashing into the water, and forcing the passage manfully. The officer in command was the first to leap into the flood, and was

"Bravely followed by his grenadiers,  
Tho' bullets flew like hail about their ears"

The left bank was gained almost instantaneously, and, with a celerity for which Russian troops had not the credit, they formed, and ascended the slopes. The French poured a deadly fire from the margin of the aqueduct; but the Russians crossed that line of defence also, undismayed by the increasing roll of musketry, and gained the summit of the plateau, where the main body of Camou's division rested, and whence his artillery played with murderous effect upon the advancing host. Here, before there was time for the assailing column to deploy, the 50th regiment of the line and the 3rd Zouaves poured in a close volley, beneath which it was broken. Before any attempt at formation could be made—the assailing force being, properly, neither in line nor in column, but confused and crowded on the upper portion of the acclivity—the two French corps charged with the bayonet, and rolled the disorderly mass of troops into the

aqueduct beneath. The conduct of the Russian officers was worthy of all praise. They endeavoured to rally and re-form their men at the aqueduct, but the 82nd regiment of the line charged them in flank, and they were hurled down upon the Tchernaya. As they passed through the river, and clambered up the opposite banks, the French batteries played upon them with grape and canister, strewing the water's brink and the hill-side with the slain.

Thus, the attack on the extreme left of the allied line was signally repulsed; and on the extreme right the obstinacy and skill of the Sardinian outpost and supports rendering a surprise impossible, caused the enemy to hesitate upon the expediency of attacking so strong a position, manned by soldiers so resolute. Liprandi ordered a heavy cannonade, which was answered with superior skill and spirit by the Sardinians; while loud above all the booming of the battle the English battery of heavy guns could be heard, as by its sure and terrible fire Liprandi's artillery was shattered, and lanes swept through the columns of his infantry.

While the Sardinians were contesting the banks of the Tchoulou, and General Camou so effectually defended the Lower Tchernaya, General Read, in person, precipitated himself upon the French centre, by way of the Traktar Bridge. After the battle, Gortschakoff accounted for his defeat by alleging that these movements on the allied left and centre were premature—that Read was ordered first to ascertain the success of Liprandi at the wooden bridge of Tchorgoum before either the stone bridge of Traktar was stormed, or the Tchernaya below the bridge was crossed. The directions found on the person of General Read do not bear out that criticism, which seems to have been an after-thought on the part of the prince; besides, Liprandi acted in the early

part of the combat as if his part were only a feint, and that the key of the allied positions was the Traktar Bridge. Liprandi pushed down his troops in pursuit of the retiring Piedmontese until they reached the wooden bridge which crosses the Tchernaya above the junction of the Tchouliou; but there the defence of the gallant mountain-men was so tenacious, that if he designed anything more than a diversion for Read, his conduct was pusillanimous, or utterly unaccountable. If there were blame to be cast anywhere for the defeat, it should be upon the living Liprandi, or Gortschakoff himself, and not upon the slain Read; in fact, the Russians came on in the same way as at Inkerman, were defeated much in the same way, and endeavoured by a similar pretext—the slander of a fallen general—to account for their repulse.

Whatever might have been the orders given to Read as to making his attack dependent upon the success of Liprandi, he did not wait for a result, of which the conduct of that general gave no promise, but launched his seventh division against Camou, and was beaten back signally, as we have seen, while he personally superintended the charge upon the Traktar Bridge. The French fled across the bridge and the river after a feeble resistance: in some ambuscades on the bank a show of determination was made, but they were soon driven out. Crossing the bridge, and at various portions of the river, where, despising the pontoons which they brought for the occasion, the Muscovites boldly rushed through the water, wading to their middle, and gained the bank and the gorges which opened from the bridge with the most daring courage and dashing celerity. Such prompt action on the part of Russian infantry had not before been witnessed by the French, and was not supposed to be characteristic of the troops of that nation.

The twelfth Russian division, supported by the fifth, made good the passage of the bridge, and of the river above the bridge, in spite of the skilful dispositions and intrepid fighting of General of brigade De Failly. To the left and right of the bridge were the batteries of Captains Vautré and Sailly, and these made havoc among such of the enemy as used the planks and flying bridges. Those who rushed into the water were beneath the range of shot, and were more concealed by the mist. The flying bridges and heavy planks were struck by the cannon-balls, and broken, or thrown into the river, and many of the assailants perished in that manner; but on so many points was a passage sought, and by methods so independent of one another, that the arrangements of De Failly proved utterly inadequate, and the Russians swarmed up the slopes. The French literally ran up the heights, and had no time to spare in their efforts to escape their determined pursuers. Although (as already remarked) the width between the heights above the Tchernaya increases up the river from Inkerman, yet where the action was fought was an exception, so that the enemy had a steep ascent. The regiments intended to act in support arrived opportunely, as the heavy masses of the enemy directed their surging advance against De Failly to their right, and Herbillon to their left. A battalion of the 73rd regiment of the line strengthened the position of De Failly; while General Cler debouched with three battalions—one of that regiment, and two of the 62nd—upon the hill, to the right of the Traktar gorge. There a terrible contest had made progress before the supports were fairly brought into action.

“General Fauchaux, aided by Commanders Darbois and Algeo, at the head of two battalions of Zouaves, and one of Chasseurs, had withstood a host. Both commanders had fallen

and 400 of their brave soldiers lay around them, when Cler arrested the impetuosity of the enemy by a volley discharged at once into their compact mass. At this moment the Zouaves had given way; but falling into line with Cler's battalions, they joined in a bloody bayonet charge, which swept the enemy more rapidly down than he had ascended, until the river for a moment impeded his course. The French, halting, opened a steady and deliberate fusillade upon the defeated soldiers as they pushed through the stream, and struggled up the opposite banks. Here they found the ladders which they had cast away in their advance, of use to them in a mode they little calculated when they carried them into action as accessories of their attack.

De Faily's reinforcements proved equally efficient. This intrepid officer advanced before his men, his sword gleaming in the light, which now began to conquer the morning mist. He was gallantly followed; the brigade delivered one volley, and a bayonet charge, after the manner of the British, which sent the enemy in flight back upon the Tchernaya. These brilliant charges very much resembled that executed at Busaco by Colonel Wallace, when, with four companies of the Connaught Rangers, he precipitated a French column down from the heights, just as they were about to deploy, and attack in flank the Hon. Colonel King and his Fusileers (the 5th).

The Russians, baffled and repulsed at all points, did not yet despair of victory. The seventeenth division, which was with Liprandi on the heights above the Tchoulion, was pushed down against the French right under Fauchaux; the twelfth and fifth divisions immediately re-forming, divided themselves into three columns, and once more assaulted the bridge of Traktar.

At this juncture the mist entirely cleared

away, and the appearance of the attack was beautiful as seen from the Fedukhine Heights; the glittering helmets of the Russians and the sheen of their bayonets seemed like waves succeeding waves, rolling onward as they reflected the sun's rays. They did not advance like troops which had experienced defeat. The seventeenth division had not been in very severe action, although for some time previously they had been kept in check above Tchorgoum by a Turkish column, moved over by General Marmora, and some companies of his bersaglieri (riflemen of Piedmont). The French made suitable dispositions to arrest the new danger. Colonel Forgeot, who commanded the horse artillery, and had not come into action until the Russians were retreating after the failure of their first assault, now placed seven batteries of his force along the front of the French line, more especially to the right below the positions occupied by Fauchaux, where the ground being undulated rather than steep, favoured his dispositions. General Pelissier himself now arrived upon the scene of action, speedily followed by General Simpson, the latter rather as an observer. Pelissier brought up the reserves,—Levaillant's division of the 1st corps, Dulac's division of the 2nd, and the Imperial Guard.

Liprandi commanded the Russians, where the assault was in the direction of the division of Fauchaux and the right of Herbillon's division; Prince Gortschakoff in person directed the assault against the left of Herbillon's division and the division of De Faily, General Read having fallen in the previous attack.

The attempt to cross the bridge and to ford the river was not found so easy of accomplishment as when Read directed the previous passage. The *tête de pont* on the Russian side was defended for a short time fiercely; but the enemy pressed on in such overwhelming

numbers that it could not be retained. Colonel Danner, at the head of the 95th, threw himself upon the bridge and defended it, foot to foot, while the French batteries at either side supported him, sweeping the farther end of the bridge with a *mitraille*, before which great numbers of the assailants fell. Still the river was forded in several places, and the heights ascended; but the left wing of Herbillon's division, and the supports under Cler, repulsed the assailants with a fatally precise fire, and once more a bayonet charge pushed them back upon the Tchernaya. The right of Herbillon's division and the division of Fauchaux were not approached by the bayonet on this occasion; the batteries of Forgeot's horse artillery poured forth so destructive a fire, that the Russians hesitated, wavered, and fled, before they felt the touch of French steel. Thus, once more, the left bank of the river was clear of the enemy; but this immunity did not continue long, for the seventeenth division, as if ashamed of its repulse, rallied with alacrity, and, reinforced by the regiment of Odessa, composed of several battalions, made a more determined charge than ever, and this time upon the extreme right of the French. The object of Liprandi seemed to be to pierce between the French right and the Sardinians; this would open for them a passage to the plain of Balaklava. General Marmora perceived the intention of Liprandi before the attempt was developed, and sent the second Piedmontese division, under General Trott, to form along the aqueduct. This division he supported by Sardinian and English cavalry, in case opportunity should be afforded for their action. Besides these excellent dispositions, he directed several batteries upon the flank of the Russian column. Rightly judging that he had little to fear from the enemy in front of him while so large a force was

directed against the French right, and knowing that if any attempt were made his Turks and bersaglieri would keep them at bay until reinforced, he thus detached a large amount of his troops against the flank of the enemy. Before Trotti had time to deploy on the extreme of the hill occupied by the French, the battle there had raged with great fury. Some writers represent Trotti's division as only arriving when the enemy was repulsed, and the guns of the Sardinians as playing upon the flank of the flying Russians; but French officers of the highest authority, who were present at the action, and Sardinians, who were also engaged, represent the discomfiture of the assault as due in great part to the heavy fire of Trotti's batteries and the guns of position, which were turned upon their exposed flank. This was the circumstance which really prevented the execution of the out-flanking movement, for the troops who sought to effect it, taken in front and flank by cannon and musketry at close range (the mists no longer present to cover their advance), were sacrificed in prodigious numbers, and staggered back to the aqueduct, falling in lines beneath the fire of their triumphant foes. Yet this bleeding, stricken mass rallied upon the aqueduct, and opened a formidable fire of musketry upon the French, taking little or no heed to the Piedmontese upon their flank. The Odessa regiment, which had hitherto remained in support, and in observation of which the Sardinians were obliged to manœuvre with circumspection, now made its way through the shattered but obstinate remnant of the seventeenth division, and ascending the hill in close column, preserving its order under a most galling fire, and moving with the most steady and perfect discipline. This fine body of men directed its way to the extreme right of the French, where a battery had been placed, and behind the battery



General Cler, with two battalions, was concealed on a slight declivity. His orders were that not a shot should be fired until the drums beat the charge. The Russians advanced with the greatest audacity, charging the battery with the bayonet; the gunners, having given a terrible salvo, sought shelter. The drums instantly beat the charge; the two battalions sprang forth and fired; a sudden flash from the long line of bayonets gleaming in the morning sun—a cheer—a shock—another cheer, and the proud brave regiment of Odessa fell as the ripe leaves cut by the blast of an autumnal storm. Many perished on the slope, many in the aqueduct and in the space where it joins the Tchernaya. The avenging French pressed on with order but rapidity, and smote with terrible energy, as if a winged sword flashed from heaven upon the vanquished. Trotti poured in his fusillade along the flank, and the guns from the Sardinian batteries showered death upon the doomed battalions. The colonel and nearly all the officers were among the slain. One-third of that fine body of men were seen clambering up the sides of the Tchoulion, or seeking shelter where any projecting crag afforded them a partial cover. The battle was over—the victory was won; but the punishment to be visited upon the enemy was not even yet exhausted. They had brought over three field-pieces in the last attempt near the stone bridge, which were well placed and well served. In the Russian eagerness never to lose a gun, many men were lost in their efforts, which were successful, to carry the pieces away. Their sufferings were very considerable in front of the Sardinians, for as Gortschakoff collected and deployed his beaten battalions upon the heights, the English battery, composed of guns of tremendous power, threw its missiles upon them. The loud roar of the English artillery, which smote the ear

above all the din of battle, now seemed to break out with redoubled fury, as Captain Mowbray cannonaded the enemy, who formed his lines upon the opposite plateaux, the left resting on the Telegraph Hill—or, as General Marmora designated it, the Tchorgoum Mamelon—and the right resting on the lower slopes of the M'Kenzie.

Considerable discussion has been raised as to the possibility or propriety of a cavalry charge upon the flying enemy, and Mr. Russell says that if a Murat had commanded the cavalry, thousands of the enemy would have been made prisoners and their batteries captured. This, however, is by no means certain. A cavalry pursuit on such ground would probably have been, in some respects, a repetition of the scene at Balaklava when the light cavalry were slaughtered. The Russian batteries on the heights would have mowed down their fellow-soldiers of the retreating infantry, according to their custom, in order to reach the victorious cavalry. Marmora did order forward the Sardinian and English cavalry immediately at his disposal, and prisoners were made and fugitives cut down, but General Pelissier would not support that movement, for the reasons alleged above. Some French officers gave out that Pelissier would have pursued the Russians with the whole cavalry force, had not General Scarlett refused to expose his troopers to so great a risk; but there was no truth in this. The English general was not only ready to act, but he and his horsemen were burning for a charge. Pelissier was actuated by a prudent and just reluctance to sacrifice the gallant soldiers of an allied nation where the issue was so uncertain; and the results did not promise that the prize would compensate for the hazard of the undertaking. Sir Edward Colebrook, who paid a second visit to the Crimea immediately after

this battle was fought, kept a journal of what fell under his observation, which was afterwards privately circulated among his friends. Sir Edward favoured the author of this history with a copy, from which the following extract is pertinent to the discussion as to the propriety of a cavalry charge. The whole of Sir Edward's sketch of the scene of conflict is extremely interesting, as well as correct, we therefore give it entire:—

"The 22nd (August) we started with Major Tupper for the Tchernaya and scene of the Russian attack; we passed over the field of the light cavalry charge of last October, and ascended the opposite heights, now occupied by the French. As Tupper was present in the action with the horse artillery, and had been over the field afterwards, I could not have had a better guide. I was struck by some points of resemblance to the position occupied by the Russians before the Alma, and carried by the British. A river winding sluggishly in front, between steep banks, here and there fordable, but full of holes; the artillery placed on the side of a gently rising hill, forming a natural glacis, sweeping the plain by which the Russians advanced. The French position was, however, much stronger than the Alma. Our troops were able to form under cover of the hill, after crossing the river, though some were unfortunately pushed forward in confusion, which occasioned severe loss. The Russians, on the other hand, were exposed during the whole of their advance. The Tchernaya besides was a more difficult river to pass than the Alma, and, moreover, the French position was defended by a second water-course, viz., the aqueduct, which, though little more than a ditch, was a deep one, with high banks, and they were lined by troops. When we add to this that the Russian artillery were placed on the spur of the opposite hill at

long range, and unable to advance as the troops moved forward, their attack on this occasion was rash in the extreme. Some guns were brought down in the plain, a short distance from the river, but they were too few in number and unable to hold their ground.

"This attack may be said to have been a fight for water; the white cliffs opposite are said to be very deficient, and the mass of the Russian troops are kept on the Lelbek. Had they carried the heights, they would have occupied a strong position with a river in their rear, and been ready to move offensively at any time, while our large force would have been hemmed into a narrow space and starved for want of water, or, in spreading to obtain it, they would have been open to attack. Some impatience has been expressed at the French success not having been followed up, and it is said that our cavalry were invited to pursue the retreating Russians and declined.\* I feel bold to say, if the inspection of the ground by an idle amateur is worth anything, that an attempt to follow the enemy with cavalry alone would have been madness. The Russian artillery were well placed for defensive operations

---

\* "Major-General Sir J Scarlett has pointed out to me that this is incorrect. What really took place is described in the following passage of Marshal Pelissier's despatch on the occasion:—'For a moment I felt inclined to order a portion of the cavalry to charge, and out down the remnant of the 17th Russian division between Toboulou and Traktar Bridge; with this object in view I had prepared some squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were joined by some Sardinian squadrons, and by one of General Scarlett's regiments, the 12th Lancers, from India; but the retreat of the Russians was so prompt that we could only have made a small number of prisoners, and this fine cavalry might have been reached by the enemy's batteries still in position. I deemed it preferable not to expose it for so small a result.' So far from declining to advance, part of the British cavalry had been put in motion to support the French squadrons when the order to advance was countermanded. As the report in the text was current in camp after the action, and it has received countenance from my journal, which has been already privately circulated, I am glad to have the opportunity of inserting this correction in the note."

though not for attack, and the cavalry, even if it crossed the river (which was not very easy in face of an enemy), would have met with destruction. It would have been, in fact, another Balaklava. If any pursuit was attempted, it should have been by the whole force, but allied movements cannot, from their nature, be as rapid as bystanders would wish; and pursuit to any distance was out of the question, as the position the Russians fell back upon was of immense strength. The Russians besides, though beaten, fell back in good order, and their retreat was covered by both cavalry and guns.

"We followed the course of the Tchernaya to the ford in front of the Sardinian position, and rode to their outposts on the hill occupied by the Russian artillery on the 16th. I had a double object in this—I was able to view the field of battle from the Russian side, and reconnoitre the white cliffs that bar our passage to the north. They look like white walls, stretching for miles to the east without a break, and any attempt to carry them by direct assault would be, I should think, perfectly hopeless.

"This was to me a day of much interest. It wanted the excitement of the sight of actual conflict, but I was spared the horrors of a battle-field when the strife is over. The dead were removed, but the field bore abundant traces of the struggle, remains of accoutrements, cartridges, and Russian bread in great quantities."

If the appearance of the field, as seen by Sir Edward Colebrook six days after the battle, gave evidences of a fearful struggle, what must have been the exhibition of horror presented there when in the bright noon and afternoon of an August day the wounded were collected, and the narrow sphere of the conflict was wholly open to view? The dead lay in-heaps

on both sides of the river, especially where the most desperate efforts were made, and where the regiment of Odessa was out to pieces on the French right. The bridge of Traktar was choked with the dead and wounded: the river flowed reddened with blood—the allies could not even water their horses in it for several days. The French loss was only 19 subaltern officers killed and 53 wounded; 152 sub-officers and soldiers killed, 146 missing, and 1,163 wounded. The Sardinians lost only 250 men. The Russian sacrifice to this sanguinary enterprise it is impossible to estimate with accuracy. The French buried 2,129; the Russians buried 1,200: making the number certainly slain 3,329. There were 1,664 wounded Russians carried by the French ambulances from the field, and 400 prisoners were taken uninjured. The wounded borne away by the enemy were very numerous, and many perished during their retreat in the evening, whose bones were left to whiten on the slopes of the M'Kenzie. It is probable that 10,000 were lost to the Russian army altogether, for it was believed that the numbers they buried on the right bank of the Tchernaya were greater than announced in their report; besides, they dug deep graves on the heights, to which, for hours after the battle was over, they were busied in carrying those who, borne to their hospital accommodation in the rear, had proved mortally wounded. It may be easily conceived that the slaughter was immense from such numerous assaults made by compact bodies of men, and continued without intermission for five hours.

An armistice for the burial of the dead took place; but in consequence of the Russians barbarously firing on the French ambulance parties, who were carrying away the Russian wounded from the field, by which

many of those poor wretches were mutilated or killed, Pelissier refused to bury their dead; Gortschakoff, without any apology for the barbarity thus practised by his soldiers and sanctioned by his officers, sent down 2,000 unarmed men to aid in the work of burial. They were attended by a Cossack guard, to prevent their deserting.

Probably the Russians never fought with a greater contempt of death—not even at Inkerman—which was attributed to the excitement of intoxication infuriating their combativeness, intensifying their fanaticism, and stupefying them to a sense of danger. The regiment of Odessa behaved best where all behaved well. Their skill did not equal their vigilance, alertness, and caution in making the surprise, nor their courage in executing the duty imposed upon them. It became obvious that the Muscovite army was no match for the allies in the field.

The French and British commanders, in their despatches to their respective governments, lauded the intelligent generalship of Marmora, and the heroism of himself and his gallant Italians.

The report of Marmora to the English general, Simpson, was enclosed in that officer's despatch. Marmora, in his preliminary remarks, refers to the positions taken up, and the initiation of the fight, already sufficiently described, and thus portrays his own active part in the fray:—

“I begged his Excellency Osman Pasha to bring up the Turkish troops which were stationed furthest off; and I ordered the fourth battalion of riflemen (bersaglieri) to the support of our outposts, which only consisted of three companies, in order that these latter might be enabled to hold their ground as long as possible, and thus give us time to complete our arrangements.

“Attacked in the rear by the enemy's artillery, and charged by three columns of infantry, the outposts, after an hour's firing, fell back, the reinforcements I had sent to them greatly facilitating their retreat. At the same time I made every effort to silence the enemy's guns. In this endeavour I was assisted by the Turkish field-pieces from Alson, and by the English battery, with which you were good enough to reinforce us. Several of the enemy's ammunition waggons exploded between seven and eight o'clock.

“In the mean time the Russians had stationed fresh batteries near the centre of their position, and had opened a most effective fire of artillery on the *tête de pont* at Traktar, and on the French positions on our left. A column of infantry, under cover of this fire, attacked the Mamelon, which formed the extreme right of General Herbillon's division. The first column had crossed the Tchernaya, and surmounted the steep ascent of the Mamelon, in spite of the fire of the tirailleurs, when it was vigorously attacked by the French troops in support, and hurled back, broken and disordered, into the Tchernaya.

“As I considered, from the subsequent dispositions of the enemy's forces, that he only intended to make a demonstration of artillery before our position, while he concentrated his infantry chiefly on the extreme right of the third division (Faucheur), on which point a second column was now advancing, I ordered a portion of my fifth brigade, under the command of General Mallard, to march to the support of the right wing of the French, and I posted two of our batteries in a position from whence they could obtain an oblique fire upon the Russians. At the same time I requested the English cavalry to move down into the plain to be in readiness to charge. I had given similar orders to my own cavalry.

"When the soldiers of my fifth brigade arrived at the Mamelon, they found that the enemy's attack had been already repulsed; but the fire of the two batteries of the second division (Trotti) appeared to do great execution on the second Russian column, which, checked in front by the French troops, and harassed in the rear by the fire of our batteries and the musketry of our battalions, fell back in the greatest disorder. I then ordered some of our battalions to advance under cover of the riflemen (bersaglieri), but I was requested to countermand this movement.

"The enemy, repulsed at all points, commenced his retreat. One column, which appeared to me to consist of a division, retreated by the Valley of the Tchouliou. Another division, the one which had attacked our outposts and the French right in the morning, fell back upon the zigzag mamelon; while a third division followed the road which leads to M'Kenzie's farm. I took advantage of this state of things to re-occupy with my troops the zigzag mamelon, in which design I succeeded perfectly, in spite of the imposing force which the enemy still retained on that point. In the mean time, three battalions of Turkish troops

advanced into the Valley of Tchorgoum, to replace the battalion of Cialdini's brigade, which was occupying the Heights of Karlooka. Later in the day I crossed the Tchernaya with four squadrons, and marching in a parallel line with the zigzag mamelon, came upon the old Russian redoubt, whence I could easily discern, at a little distance before us, a very fine array of regular cavalry, supported by horse artillery. It was distributed in twelve separate bodies, and must have been composed of at least fifty squadrons. This cavalry did not fall back on M'Kenzie's road till the whole of the infantry and artillery had effected their retreat.

"The losses sustained by our troops, a portion only of whom was engaged, were very inconsiderable. They amount to about 200 men placed *hors de combat*; and I impute the fact of our not having lost more men mainly to the works with which we fortified our position, and to the batteries of heavy guns which you were so obliging as to lend us for their defence. It is, however, my painful duty to announce to your excellency that Count Montevecchio, the general commanding the fourth brigade, is mortally wounded; a ball passed through his chest."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AT HOME WHILE HIS TROOPS WERE IN THE CRIMEA.—HIS VISITS TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—THE PARIS CONFERENCE AND ITS RESULTS TO SARDINIA.

"The hubbub of certain sounds, the watchword of factions."—SOUTHEY.

WHILE the eyes and hearts of the Sardinian monarch and people were turned to their braves on the shores of the Black Sea, there was much to give concern at home. The cholera had reappeared, making sad havoc, and, as on former occasions, Genoa sustained the heaviest measures of affliction.

Commercial distress was created by the paralysing presence of the terrible Asiatic disease, and by other causes, among which was political discontent, which was itself intensified and extended by the general distress. The grape disease seemed to make a climax to these evils, ruining many, and discouraging

the government, the landed, and the commercial classes.

These gloomy circumstances, and the gloomy feelings they created, were cheered by the advent of a good harvest, and scarcely was the land gladdened by the ripened grain, than tidings rolled over the wave that a great battle had been fought upon the heights of the Tchernaya, that the Sardinians, supported by British artillery and cavalry, had occupied an important post, in conjunction with a French *corps d'armées*, and had repulsed masses of Russians with the coolest determination, sustaining small loss, and gaining a great victory. Thus did the balance tremble in the hands of fortune as evil and good were dealt out to the brave little state.

The government put forth its utmost strength to promote public improvement, and restore the financial and commercial prosperity, which had been impaired by religious feud, and political faction injuring public confidence, by increased taxes, pestilence, great fiscal and ecclesiastical changes, and the vine blight.

The government proceeded with care and caution, so as not to infringe the principles of political economy, and yet encourage the development of industry. To put obstacles out of the way, and prevent certain feudal and ecclesiastical privileges from obstructing, was their chief work, and it was onerous and delicate. The fruit of this policy was that manufactures sprung up in many directions, which proved productive. The most important of these generally were, silk, soap, wax, jewellery, firearms, cabinet making, and wood carving; but there were very important factories erected for woollen stuffs, linen, composite candles, glass, and china. The watchmaking trade of Savoy became formidably competitive to that of Geneva.

The railroads were improved, and new

schemes laid down and discussed, which afterwards were completed.

The navy was the object of great care, and means were efficiently put in force to protect Sardinian commerce against any ships of Russia in any quarter of the world, or of any ally of that power that might spring up.

The organisation of the army went on, and subscriptions were raised for the sick and wounded in the Crimea. Men and women of gentle blood volunteered as nurses; food, clothes, medicines, medical instruments, bandages, ointments, and appliances, were received by the army department; and every city and large district were equally prominent in providing some honours and tokens of admiration and gratitude for the absent brave.

Victor Emmanuel was the patron and munificent contributor to every good work. Notwithstanding his constitutional gaiety and love of pleasure, he gave himself up to counsel, and to work—hard and stern work—and studied the welfare of his people in every conceivable manner. His popularity spread all over Europe. He became the object of a sort of enthusiasm among the populations of all free countries, but of bitter hatred to the reactionists everywhere, except perhaps in his own kingdom, where, however opposed to him, there was probably no personal animosity on the part of the old nobles and high priests of reaction. The clergy generally, however, represented him as a very irreligious king, and, in truth, it would be difficult to say that this was altogether a calumny. His personal life was marked by many bold irregularities, which had been a source of distress to those members of his family who had been so suddenly and signally called away from his side. But it was not because of any immoralities that he was really thus denounced. The press and the orators in the interests of the reactionaries proved this at the time. It

was his toleration of free thought and free religion which offended the party, which, had he been a bigot and a despot, would have treated as "venial sins," the "mortal sins" with which they charged him. There was much room for scandal in the Church on account of the sovereign's conduct to the sectaries. He not only let them alone himself, but he compelled others to let them alone. If they were stoned, smitten, or insulted, "the king's justice" pursued the aggressor, and the fortunate heretic found some succour and protection. Alas for orthodoxy! his Majesty went on from bad to worse in the priests' esteem, for he actually subscribed his money, and used his influence on behalf of distressed Protestant pastors, and replaced their dilapidated and inadequate churches by buildings that were "decent and devout to seem," and kept out the rain and snow of the rude Alpine storm. This conduct drove the clergy of the upper ranks into paroxysms of opposition and wrath, which were frequent, for the king's sins in these directions were neither few nor far between. Three churches were erected at Nice, Genoa, and Pignerol, for the Valdese worship. "The Free Italian Church" opened places for prayer, lecture, or exposition of the Scriptures in all chief places of the king's dominions, "none daring to make them afraid." The poor historic Protestants of Piedmont might well say, "he loved our nation and built us a synagogue." There would be far more chance of a scripture-reader or itinerant preacher being arrested in Ireland, upon information sworn by the priest that the religious itinerant would create a breach of the peace, than that any power the priesthood could employ would be sufficient to raise the slightest obstructions to the "colporteur," or Evangelist, who made Sardinia the field of his sacred enterprise.

Victor Emmanuel's government endeavoured

to make education the base of his reforming work. The people were ignorant; schools, lyceums, atheneums, colleges, lectures, "infant preparatories," asylum for orphans, were established with an energy and enterprise wonderful, when the resources of the embarrassed little state are at the same time considered. The priests made a terrible struggle to get the exclusive possession of the schools, or at least the teaching, but Victor Emmanuel would not let them. The success of the government in appropriating the riches of the luxurious religious houses to the augmentation of the incomes of poor priests assisted all his reformations, for a great number of the country clergy derived great advantage from the changes, and could not, with any grace, oppose or thwart the efforts to instruct the people which were put forth. Some, indeed, were hostile even in proportion to the benefits they received, and withal slanderous and vituperative—in only a few cases were they made amenable to the laws.

The politic alliance with England and France brought Victor Emmanuel into closer alliance with the monarchs of those countries, and he resolved to visit them, giving to the occasion as much of a public character as possible. The first visit was paid to his Imperial Majesty.

The visit of Victor Emmanuel was well known to be in the interests of the alliance; but, at the same time, prompted by the aspect which affairs began to take between the allies and Russia, through the officiousness of Austria. The Sardinian court perceived that Austria was desirous of bringing on a peace that she might herself take advantage of "the situation," and therefore determined to cement the alliance between the court of Savoy and the courts of France and England; or at all events to sound their intentions towards

Sardinia, as her interests might be affected by a closer alliance of the Western Powers with Austria. It was hoped also by the Sardinian cabinet that such a demonstration of good-will would be made by the French and English people, particularly the latter, as would give a decided tone to the friendship professed by their governments for the only free Italian state. The policy of this movement was attributed to Count Cavour, but by whomsoever originated it was wise, and crowned by complete success. The *Piémonte*, a Sardinian journal, reputed to be semi-official (at least, so the Vienna press represented it), declared that the visit of Victor Emmanuel was not to form any new treaty, nor for any real or ostensible political business, but nevertheless it had a political signification, and was intended at once as a demonstration of the policy of Sardinia, and as a means of evoking the feeling of the Western governments and peoples. Perhaps ambition had some part in the breast of the royal tourist upon this occasion, for the *Piémonte* ended an article on the subject of his journey by the significant declaration: "Italy and her future destinies will be solemnly honoured in his person, in the face of all Europe."

On the 20th of November his Sardinian Majesty left Turin for Genoa. His departure was regarded with deep interest by the citizens of the metropolis, who offered to his Majesty every token of respect which might be expected from their well-known good taste, loyalty, and patriotism. At Genoa, the debarkation of the sovereign was regarded with deep interest by all classes, and by foreigners, who, in so large a proportion reside in that far-famed city. Prayers and blessings followed the sovereign, and he had reason to be proud of the devotion of his people. He set sail in the *Carlo Alberto* frigate, and on the 22nd arrived in the port of

Marseilles. The frigate and the forts exchanged salutes, which circumstance gave the signal for the people and officials of Marseilles to throng forth to honour the royal guest. He landed dressed in the uniform of the royal regiment of Sardinian Hussars; the prefect and the general commanding the garrison received him with the formalities usual on such occasions; the people with respect and enthusiasm. The crowd remained uncovered while the staff passed along the lines, and loud *vivas* greeted his approach; the ships in the harbour were covered with flags, and many also floated from the windows of the principal streets of the city. Notwithstanding the satisfaction which so hospitable a reception must have afforded his Majesty, that of his own subjects resident in Marseilles, where they were numerous, must have been much more so. They thronged around his carriage, and offered the warmest tributes of devoted loyalty which the occasion permitted. His Majesty left the same day for Paris, visiting Lyons *en route*, where his reception was equally agreeable to him and to his nation.

On the 23rd he arrived in Paris. At the station of the Lyons railway, he passed under a gay profusion of Sardinian, French, British, and Turkish flags, arranged with that artistic faculty which in so high a degree characterises our Parisian neighbours. The decorations of the waiting-room and its approaches were truly elegant, especially a canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, over the door of the waiting-room. The Imperial Guards and the Cent Guards (the latter a cavalry escort employed on all state occasions), and seven of the imperial carriages, were ready to conduct his Majesty and suite to the palace of the Tuileries. As soon as his Majesty alighted at the railway terminus, Prince Napoleon received him, while the band



of the Guides played the "*Marche de Savoie*." As the *cortège* proceeded to the Tuileries, the eagerness of the multitudes to get a glimpse at his Majesty was manifested, and acclamations, hearty and continuous, resounded along the line of his progress. At the foot of the grand staircase of the palace he was received by the Emperor, and, at the top of the staircase, the Empress and her suite awaited him. Apartments had been prepared for him at the Pavillon Marsan, whither he retired after his reception. The king remained six days in Paris, where festivities and entertainments of various descriptions, in the elegant and hospitable style always maintained by Frenchmen, did him honour. On the evening of the 29th of November, he left for London, *via* Calais. His reception at Calais was very cordial, but he merely passed through. The British steamer, *Vivid*, and the yachts, *Firefly* and *Osborne*, were his naval escort. His Majesty was accompanied by his celebrated minister, Cavour, and an illustrious suite. At half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th the little squadron reached Dover; the *Blenheim* (a line-of-battle ship) fired a royal salute, and the Drop Redoubt, on the heights, discharged a salvo of artillery. The troops, consisting of the Lincolnshire Militia and the Swiss Legion, were drawn out as a guard of honour for his Majesty. General Grey, Lord Byron, Lord Chelsea, Mr. Rice, M.P. for Dover, the naval and military authorities, the mayor and chief citizens, were in attendance, with the Sardinian minister and his secretary, Baron Marochetti (better known by his eminence in sculpture). His Majesty proceeded to the Ship Hotel, where the mayor and corporation waited upon him. Mr. Bodkin, the recorder, presented him with an address. The reply of his Majesty was delivered through the Sardinian minister. As the first public words

addressed by the king to the English people, they are worthy of record:—

"Gentlemen,

"You are the first who have offered to me, on landing on the hospitable soil of England, words of congratulation and of welcome. Those words are more highly appreciated by me on that account; and I am most happy to receive through you the first marks of sympathy at the moment I am realising a wish, long entertained by me, of visiting the sovereign of this great country. The expressions you have adopted in pronouncing an eulogium on the Sardinian army in the Crimea are most grateful to my ears, and I am sure the approbation of the countrymen of those who combated so well at Alma and Inkerman will be highly valued by our soldiers. I accept the expression of your good wishes as a happy omen of my journey, and I beg that you will convey to your fellow-citizens, whom you represent, my most sincere sentiments of gratitude."

At ten o'clock his Majesty left for London, and reached the Bricklayers' Arms Station soon after twelve o'clock, where Prince Albert and an escort of cavalry awaited him. The Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs, with many military officers of distinction, were presented to his Majesty at the station. The royal carriages conducted the party to the railway station at Paddington. The morning was piercingly cold, and the carriage in which his Majesty was seated was an open one, yet the king persisted for some time in sitting uncovered, but the prince succeeded in inducing him to put on his hat, and to wrap himself in a warm fur coat. He looked pale, and traces of both sickness and care were on his countenance. His reception by the people must

have been gratifying to him in the extreme, for it could not have been more cordial. The day was as clear as cold; and all the profusion of decoration to be seen in western London on occasions of public pageant met the eye of the visitors. The journey by railway from Paddington to Windsor was rapidly performed. The queen received her royal guest at the grand entrance of the castle. In the afternoon he accompanied her Majesty on a visit to her royal mother's residence at Frogmore. At half-past four the Lord Mayor and sheriffs of London arrived at the castle to pay their respects, and invite his Majesty to visit the city. A grand dinner-party in St. George's Hall closed the occupations of the day. On the following day the king visited Woolwich, inspected the Arsenal and Dockyard, and reviewed the artillery on the common. The next day being Sunday, his Majesty and suite attended worship in the Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Cardinal Wiseman received him there. On Monday the king went to Portsmouth to inspect the dockyard and fleet at Spithead. Six hundred marines, who had only arrived from the Crimea two days before, were drawn up to honour the royal suite. These bearded war-worn veterans attracted the king's notice greatly, who seemed to gaze on them with most profound interest. The naval display also deeply impressed him, so large a fleet having never before been seen by his Majesty. One incident, more than any other, afforded pleasure to all present, British and Sardinians. A visit was paid to the new screw steamship *Republe*, 91 guns, which much pleased his Majesty. Prince Albert gracefully told the first lord of the Admiralty as they retired, that it was her Majesty's pleasure that the ship should henceforth bear the name of *Victor Emmanuel II.* Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, the mayor

of Portsmouth, on behalf of the corporation, presented to the king an address, and received a gracious reply. During his Majesty's stay in England most of the principal cities sent deputations and addresses.

On the 4th of December he left Windsor, and arrived early at Buckingham Palace, where various addresses were presented to him by civil and ecclesiastical bodies. Among these some were of a very peculiar character. That from the Protestant dissenting deputies of "the three denominations"—Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist—in and around London was very striking, and the reply of his Majesty by his ambassador still more so.

*Address of the Protestant Dissenting Ministers to the King of Sardinia.*

"TO HIS MAJESTY VICTOR EMMANUEL II.,  
KING OF SARDINIA.

"May it please your Majesty,

"The general body of Protestant dissenting ministers of the three denominations (Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist), residing in and around the cities of London and Westminster—a body from its earliest origin identified with the maintenance and progress of religious liberty, and enjoying the privilege of admission to the presence of the successive sovereigns of these realms—hail the visit of your Majesty to this metropolis as the honoured guest and ally of our sovereign, her Majesty Queen Victoria, and regard it as an assurance of continued amity and the free intercourse of the people of both nations in promoting commerce, liberty, and the best interests of society.

"We have been warmly interested in the recent history of the kingdom over which your Majesty has been called to reign. To Italy, her kingdoms and republics, has the civilised world looked as the early homes of learning, refinement, and liberty; but Sardinia, under

your Majesty's reign, has alone generously responded to the expectations and necessities of the times. Her people and her rulers have, with a calm moderation, sought her prosperity. The establishment and administration of constitutional government, the recognition of the independence of the churches of the Waldenses, and of the freedom of conscience and worship of all your subjects,—the emancipation of your people from the wide-spread influence of monastic establishments, and the maintenance of civil government unrestricted by ecclesiastical domination,—have been regarded by the members of this body as auguries of the highest good for all Italy and Europe; and they would thus express their admiration and gratitude for the noble and persevering adherence to the principles of liberty evinced by your Majesty.

"We have not been unmoved by the severe afflictions which, under the providence of a gracious God, your Majesty has been called to endure, and our prayer is that prolonged life may be granted to your Majesty, for the welfare of your people and the prosperity of your kingdom,—that your Majesty's reign may be prosperous,—and that your heart may be cheered by the purest consolations of true religion as revealed in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Signed by order and on behalf of the general body, this 3rd day of December, 1855.

"J. HOWARD HINTON, M.A., Chairman.

"JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., Secretary."

*Reply of the Sardinian Ambassador to the  
Chairman of the general body of Dissenting  
Ministers, &c.*

"Mr. Chairman,

"In granting to his states constitutional government, King Charles Albert intendend to

establish the perfect equality and the civil emancipation of all religious professions.

"His successor has worthily followed his example. I am satisfied, consequently, that I convey to you the sentiments of the king in thanking you for the congratulations and good wishes which you have addressed to him on the occasion of his visit to England; and I am confident that it is with great satisfaction that his Majesty has seen the course of impartial toleration which, from the commencement of his reign, he has proposed to himself, so perfectly approved by the public opinion of this country.

"Be pleased to accept, Mr. Chairman, the assurance of my high consideration.

"MARQUIS D'AZEGLIO,  
"The Minister of Sardinia."

The lord provost of Edinburgh presented an address, as the representative of that community. For bad taste, impolicy, and sectarian folly, this composition could scarcely be exceeded; it drew from his Majesty a just and indignant rebuke. They are documents too remarkable to exclude from any history of those events. The address was as follows:—

"In common with the enlightened millions of Europe and of the civilised world, we have contemplated with admiration the magnanimous efforts made by your Majesty to establish the great blessings of civil and religious liberty in your own dominions. In particular, as Scotchmen, we cannot fail to regard with peculiar interest and satisfaction the freedom of worship so fully accorded to our brethren of the Waldensian Church—a freedom which we fondly trust will be extended to all your Majesty's subjects; and we are convinced that the blessings thus extended to them will be returned a thousand-fold in the increasing temporal

and spiritual prosperity of your Majesty's dominions. From the past history of the world, we were quite prepared for the kind of resistance to which your Majesty's enlightened efforts would be exposed; and the mimic thunders of the Vatican did not in the least take us by surprise. But, holding as we do, that every kingdom is entitled to the exclusive management of its own internal affairs, and to repudiate all interference from without, we could not contemplate without admiration the merited contempt with which your Majesty treated an uncalled-for effort to arrest the progress of improvement on the part of a power whose right to dictate in such a manner is not only unfounded but preposterous. Your Majesty may find abundant encouragement to pursue your noble course in the approval of your own conscience—in the support of a brave people—in the enlightened public opinion of Europe—and in the certainty that 'the curse, causeless, shall not come.'

"Your Majesty is now cordially welcomed to a land whose rulers and inhabitants have passed through precisely similar struggles to those in which Sardinia is now engaged, and which has prospered just in proportion as those struggles have been successful. Great Britain has risen from comparative insignificance to occupy the foremost rank amongst the nations of the earth, in consequence of the blessing of the Most High upon the energy of our ancestors in throwing off the yoke of ignorance and superstition, establishing civil and religious liberty, introducing an open Bible, and the universal preaching of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. All this has been done, also, in opposition to the strenuous resistance and hearty denunciations of the same papal power. Our monarchs, too, have been excommunicated, and those excommunications have never been withdrawn. But ample experience

has proved, not only that they are utterly powerless for evil, but that the blessing of God has descended upon Britain just in proportion as, by her fidelity to truth and liberty, she has been found worthy of the curses of the pope.

"We earnestly trust that our own rulers will learn an important lesson, in reference to the unaltered intolerance of the papal system, by the presence of your Majesty among them; and that the measures of improvement so happily introduced into Italy under your Majesty's prosperous reign, may not only be maintained and extended, but may spread until the whole Italian peninsula has been restored to the possession of the same privileges in which your Majesty's subjects so happily rejoice.

"Signed in name and by appointment of this meeting, this 3rd day of December, 1855, by

"JOHN MELVILLE, Lord Provost."

When it is remembered that the King of Sardinia is a Roman Catholic, and that nine-tenths of his people are of that communion, the impropriety of such an address is at once obvious. Its impolicy was also clear; for had his Majesty passed over without some expression of disapproval the attack upon the Church of Rome, which, whether true or otherwise, was not called for on such an occasion, he would have involved his kingdom and himself in political trouble, and fierce ecclesiastical agitation would have raged through his dominions. As it was, advantage was taken of the occurrence, and the press of Italy, Austria, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, in the Roman Catholic interest, poured forth columns of fierce invective against the king and his entertainers for weeks after. The following was the reply, given through the ambassador:—

"Gentlemen,

"The king could not but be very happy to learn, by the address which you have sent to him, the wishes that you entertain for the prosperity of his reign, and his alliance with England and France for the defence of European liberties. His Majesty could not but feel deeply gratified by the manner in which you have praised the Sardinian troops who share in the Crimea the common dangers of the allies, and, happily, also the laurels which are their reward. I cannot, however, dissemble that it is with extreme regret his Majesty has learned the expressions of contempt with which your address stigmatises the Court of Rome. The king, like his ancestors, has considered it a duty to maintain in his hands intact the civil power. He has deeply deplored the line of conduct which the Holy See has believed it its duty to adopt these last years towards him; but the descendant of a long line of Catholic princes, the sovereign of subjects almost entirely Roman Catholics, he cannot admit words of reprobation so severe, and especially so hurtful, to the chief of that Church upon earth. He cannot share in those sentiments of contempt, which not only could never find an entrance into his heart, but, above all, could never find their place in a reply such as that which I have the honour to address to you. Your address expresses further the hope that his Majesty may extend to his subjects of every creed the same privileges conceded to the Vaudois. I am happy to inform you that your wishes are already accomplished. The king, Charles Albert, in emancipating the Vaudois, wished to extend this measure, not only to the Protestants of all nations, but even to the Jews, who, in the states, enjoy in common the same civil and religious rights. In rehearsing thus the well-known sentiments of the king, I do not doubt

that I have secured to him a further title to your esteem; for, a Roman Catholic sovereign, he has proved that in his eyes religion was a symbol of tolerance, of union, and of freedom, and that one of the principles which formed the basis of his government was liberty of conscience.

"Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my high consideration.

"MARQUIS V. E. D'AZEGLIO."

When the addresses were all delivered, and the deputations withdrawn, his Majesty held a diplomatic *levée*. That terminated, he proceeded to Guildhall, to meet the citizens of London. On the line of route he was received with acclamations. At the Guildhall, a superb throne was erected upon a dais covered with blue velvet, with the Sardinian knot, and the initials F. E. R. T. (*Fœdere et religione tenemur*) embroidered on it, after the fashion of the imperial bee in France. Various other emblems and mottoes afforded gratification to the spectators, and proved the skill and good taste with which the whole was designed.

The recorder, aldermen, and common council advanced to the foot of the throne, and the recorder read the following address:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons of the City of London, in common council assembled, desire to offer to your Majesty our grateful congratulations on your Majesty's arrival in this country, as the honoured guest of our beloved and most gracious queen; and on behalf of our fellow-citizens, and for ourselves, we humbly tender to your Majesty the warmest expression of our gratitude for the welcome visit to our city with which you have deigned to honour us this day.

"We hail the arrival of your Majesty as a

happy proof of the extension of those friendly and intimate relations which it is the wish of this people to cultivate with all nations, and which are daily drawn closer by the cordial intercourse of sovereigns, the interchange of mutual courtesies, and the progress of unrestricted commerce.

"We see in your Majesty the representative of a long line of illustrious sovereigns, and rejoice to find the throne filled by one who, in the present momentous epoch, has joined his armies to those of France, Turkey, and England; and who has not only avowed his desire to participate in the triumph of the principles for which the allied Powers are now resolutely contending, but, animated by the generous sentiments of the Sub-Alpine people, and the tradition of the house of Savoy, has heroically thrown himself into the cause of justice and civilisation, with a resolution to persevere until a durable peace, guaranteeing to every nation its legitimate rights, shall be obtained.

"It is with solemn gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events, that we reflect upon the unbroken success which has proved the superior power and bravery of the allied armies and fleets, supported as they have been under almost incredible privations by a lofty sense of the righteous cause in which they are engaged, and in which the arms of Sardinia have borne so generous a part.

"Our most gracious sovereign, and her illustrious allies, undazzled by the splendour of repeated triumphs, and the continued progress of victory, seek no more than to vindicate the rights of nations, and secure a lasting and honourable peace.

"In the contest for this high purpose, our beloved queen, acting in concert with her allies, may firmly rely upon the strongest and most cheerful efforts of the loyal citizens of London, and of all her people, united as they

are in duty and affection to her Majesty's person and government, and in a determination to defend the cause of national independence and of civil and religious liberty."

His Majesty the king read his reply in Italian. The following is a translation:—

"My Lord Mayor,

"I offer my heartfelt thanks to you, to the aldermen, and to the commons of the city of London, for the cordial congratulations which you present to me on the occasion of my visit to her Majesty the queen, and to the British nation.

"The reception that I meet with in this ancient land of constitutional liberty, of which your address is a confirmation, is to me a proof of the sympathy inspired by the policy I have hitherto pursued—a policy in which it is my intention constantly to persevere.

"The close alliance existing between the two most powerful nations of the earth is honourable alike to the wisdom of the sovereigns who govern them, and to the character of their people. They have understood how preferable is a mutual advantageous friendship to ancient and ill-defined rivalry. This alliance is a new fact in history, and is the triumph of civilisation. Notwithstanding the misfortunes which have weighed upon my kingdom, I have entered into this alliance, because the house of Savoy ever deemed it to be its duty to draw the sword when the combat was for justice and for independence.

"If the forces which I bring to the allies are those of a state not vast, I bring with them, nevertheless, the influence of a loyalty never doubted, and supported by the valour of an army always faithful to the banners of its kings.

"We cannot lay down our arms until an

honourable, and therefore durable, peace has been secured. This we shall accomplish by seeking unanimously the triumph of true right, and the just desire of each nation.

"I thank you for the good wishes you this day express for my future happiness, and for that of my kingdom.

"While you thus express yourselves with respect to the future, it gives me pleasure to speak of the present, and to congratulate you on the high position attained by Great Britain. This is to be attributed to the free and noble character of that nation, and also to the virtues of your queen."

In returning from the city, the king paid a token of respect to Lord Palmerston, for he proceeded to the mansion of the noble premier,

and held an interview with him before returning to Windsor.

On the 5th her Majesty held a Chapter of the order of the Garter, for the purpose of investing the king with that insignia. In the evening a grand banquet was given to the knights in St. George's Hall.

On the morning of the 6th, at five o'clock, the king left Windsor, her Majesty rising to bid him adieu at that early hour. Many of the people of Windsor assembled in front of the palace, to pay their parting respects, although the morning was cold and dark, notwithstanding that the stars shone out clear. The king returned to his dominions *via* France, embarking at Folkestone for Boulogne. Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge accompanied him to the place of his embarkation.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE SARDINIAN ARMY IN THE CRIMEA, FROM THE BATTLE OF THE TOPKANYA TO THE PEACE.—THE TREATY OF PARIS.—DIPLOMATIC CONTEST WITH AUSTRIA DURING THE SITTINGS.—EXTRAORDINARY MEMORIAL PROMULGATED BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.

"The battles, sieges, fortunes  
That I have past, SHAKESPEARE (*Othello*).

"Numberless mouths which were filled with lies as with arrows."—SOUTHEY.

THE incidents in the allied armies from the proclamation of the armistice to the announcement of peace only require a brief notice.

When the tidings arrived on the 2nd of April that peace was indeed established, spring had scattered her floral profusion around the camps, and the graves of the gallant men who had died for honour and country were covered with the bright Crimean verdure. Nature seemed to rejoice at the prospect of peace, and to offer her own beautiful tribute to the remains of the fallen brave. The electric

telegraph had scarcely conveyed the tidings that the war was over, when the guns of the allied armies thundered their salutes, and the rocks echoed the jubilee of these rude instruments of joy, so lately the implements of carnage and woe. Each of the allied armies fired a salute of 101 guns, but all was silent in the camp of the Muscovs and in the northern forts: the tidings had not yet reached those who had so much cause to rejoice in their relief from unparalleled privations and prospective defeat—perhaps entire destruction. On

the same day that these joyous tidings arrived Pelissier put forth a characteristic address to his army, which is not pertinent to the purpose of these pages.

In a few days after, having waited in the vain expectation that the English general would put forth an order of the day, congratulating his army, the Sardinian commander addressed his troops :—

“SOLDIERS !

“The peace signed at Paris on the 30th of March last puts an end to the hopes each of us entertained for the glory of our arms. This feeling is more keenly felt by those who know the important task which was reserved to us had hostilities continued. But the object for which the sword was drawn having been attained, we ought not to desire the prolongation of the calamities which are inseparable from war. Let us console ourselves with the thought that what we have done, and what we were ready to do, is appreciated by our generous allies, and will not be lost for the future of our country.

“I owe you praises and thanks for your constant self-denial, for your exemplary discipline, for your ingenious activity, and for your bravery ; but you will hear them with greater pleasure from the mouth of our beloved monarch, whom we hope shortly to behold again.

“Whatever may be the post in which the sovereign will may place me, I shall never forget how, on the 16th of August, after having contributed in driving back the formidable attacks of the enemy, you all eagerly desired to follow the flag which crossed the Tchernaya. I shall always remember with what ardour, on the 8th of September, each of you was desirous of taking part in the assault, one of the most murderous recorded in history.

“And should fate hereafter lead us to other

battle-fields, I shall esteem myself happy to be with you, my present comrades in this memorable war of the Crimea.

“The Commander-in-chief,

“DELLA MARMORA.”

On all occasions of public assemblage Sir William Codrington and the English were characterised by the absence of display and the possession of gentlemanly dignity in appearance and manners. The Russians also avoided display, unless where it could be made with substantial and distinguished advantage, then they were proud of it. Marshal Pelissier and his officers neglected no opportunity to exhibit their rank and honours, and show off their finest uniforms. The Sardinians were modest and retiring in their deportment, as unassuming in friendly intercourse as they had been unconquerable in combat.

About the middle of May the British army was actively withdrawing from the Crimea. The third division was the first to move, and all its regiments were speedily embarked.

The departure of General della Marmora and his staff was the signal for a general manifestation of respect on the part of the British, between whom and the Sardinians the warmest cordiality existed throughout the occupation. The British commander-in-chief issued a “general after-order,” dated Sebastopol, May 17th, and signed by General Windham, as chief of the staff :—

“The greater part of the Sardinian army has quitted the Crimea, and General della Marmora himself will soon embark.

“A guard of honour, with artillery, will be held in readiness for the departure of the Sardinian commander-in-chief.

“The commander of the forces trusts that General della Marmora will himself receive,



and convey to those whom he has commanded in the Crimea, the good wishes of the English army for their future prosperity.

"With steadiness, with discipline, with resource, the Sardinian army has long maintained and efficiently guarded the advanced position entrusted to it; and it bore its honourable share, with the troops of France, in the battle of the Tchernaya.

"In our intercourse there has been neither difficulty nor difference, and this good feeling between all the armies of the alliance has had a very important influence in determining the peace of Europe."

The efforts and losses of the Sardinian army were, perhaps, most correctly stated by the author of "The Camp and the Cutter" (Mr. Edwin Galt):—

"The Piedmontese army of the East attained a maximum of 17,584 men. Up to October 31, 1855, it lost 1,632 men, of whom 1,211 died of cholera, 170 of typhus fever, and 251 from wounds and other causes. In this number there were 56 officers, 1,563 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and 13 belonging to the commissariat. From October 31 to the evacuation, though the official returns are not complete, the losses of the Sardinian army may be estimated at 900, making a total of 2,532. The Piedmontese government also sent to the East 3,659 horses and mules, 48 pieces of cannon, 52 carriages for fieldpieces, 310 caissons, 1,190 chests of arms and tools, 200 tents, bought at Marseilles, and 200 cast-iron stoves."

The Sardinian army was gradually and safely removed by the extensive transport power of the English.

While these events were passing the work of pacification was proceeding in Paris. There the representatives of the interested

Powers assembled. On the 30th of March the treaty of peace was finally agreed upon and signed, and on the 27th of April ratifications were exchanged. Amongst the plenipotentiaries, those who took their place in the name of the King of Sardinia, were the Sieur Camille Benso, Count of Cavour, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, Knight of the Order of Civil Merit of Savoy, Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour, decorated with the Imperial Order of the Medjidie of the first class, Grand Cross of several other foreign Orders, President of the Council of Ministers, and Minister Secretary of State for the Finances; and the Sieur Salvator Marquis de Villa-Marina, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, Grand Officer of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour, &c. &c. &c., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Sardinia to the court of France.

On the 8th of April there was a sitting in which questions were raised of vital interest to Victor Emmanuel and to Italy. Count Walewski initiated this discussion, and the following remarks were addressed by him to the ministers. The language is quoted from the report of the proceedings taken for the British Government:—

"The first plenipotentiary of France observes that the Pontifical States are in an abnormal state; that the necessity for not leaving the country to anarchy had decided France as well as Austria to comply with the demand of the Holy See by causing Rome to be occupied by her troops, while the Austrian troops occupied the Legations.

"He states that France had a twofold motive for complying, without hesitation, with the demand of the Holy See—as a Catholic Power and as an European Power. The title of the Eldest Son of the Church, which is the boast

of the sovereign of France, makes it a duty for the Emperor to afford aid and support to the sovereign Pontiff; the tranquillity of the Roman States, and that of the whole of Italy, affects too closely the maintenance of social order in Europe for France not to have an overbearing interest in securing it by all the means in her power. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to overlook the abnormal condition of a Power which, in order to maintain itself, requires to be supported by foreign troops.

"Count Walewski does not hesitate to declare, and he trusts that Count Buol will join in the declaration, that not only is France ready to withdraw her troops, but that she earnestly desires to recall them so soon as that can be done without inconvenience as regards the internal tranquillity of the country and the authority of the pontifical government, in the prosperity of which the Emperor, his august sovereign, takes the most lively interest.

"The first plenipotentiary of France represents how desirable it is for the balance of power in Europe that the Roman government should be consolidated in sufficient strength for the French and Austrian troops to be able, without inconvenience, to evacuate the Pontifical States, and he considers that a wish expressed in this sense might not be without advantage. In any case, he does not doubt that the assurances which might be given by France and Austria as to their real intentions in this respect would have a salutary influence.

"Following up the same order of ideas, Count Walewski asks himself if it is not to be desired that certain governments of the Italian peninsula, by well-devised acts of clemency, and by rallying to themselves minds gone astray and not perverted, should put an end to a system which is directly opposed to its object,

and which, instead of reaching the enemies of public order, has the effect of weakening the governments, and of furnishing partisans to popular faction. In his opinion, it would render a signal service to the government of the Two Sicilies, as well as to the cause of order in the Italian peninsula, to enlighten that government as to the false course in which it is engaged. He is of opinion that warnings conceived in this sense, and proceeding from the Powers represented in the congress, would be the better received by the Neapolitan government, as that government could not doubt the motives which dictated them."

This speech threw the assembly into a state of excitement approaching disorder. The Austrian plenipotentiaries literally raved with wrath, and protested against the advantage taken of a conference for a special purpose, for the general views and policy of France. Prussia sided with Austria. Russia slyly fomented the dispute among the ostensible allies. Lord Clarendon, as the representative of her Britannic Majesty, made a long and eloquent speech in support of Count Walewski's views, but went far more deeply into the justice and policy of the French minister's suggestions, and treated the whole subject in a more liberal point of view. Count Cavour, on behalf of Victor Emmanuel, expressed a full concurrence with the address of the Earl of Clarendon, and going beyond that, boldly denounced Austrian interference and oppression as the cause of all the troubles and misfortunes of Italy. The sitting ended with these general expressions of opinion, and with a mutual distrust and even hostility which could scarcely be disguised by official etiquette and personal courtesy. The policy of England, France, and Sardinia, was irreconcilably opposed to that of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The latter, however, pretended to favour whatever seemed to con-

travene the interests of Austria. The plenipotentiaries of Victor Emmanuel, finding that they could not pledge the conference to any course tending to the liberation of Italy, presented a memorial addressed to the plenipotentiaries of France and England, on April 16th. This document had a powerful effect upon those to whom it was addressed, and produced a great sensation in Europe. It did much to prepare the public opinion of Europe for the complete emancipation of Italy.

"The undersigned, plenipotentiaries of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, full of confidence in the just sentiments of the governments of France and England, and in the friendship which they profess for Piedmont, have never ceased, since the opening of the conferences, to hope that the congress of Paris would not separate without taking into serious consideration the state of Italy, and deliberating on the means to be adopted for the re-establishment of its political equilibrium, disturbed at present by the occupation of a great part of the peninsula by foreign troops. Certain of the concurrence of their allies, they could not think that any other power, after having testified so lively and so generous an interest in the fate of the Eastern Christians of the Slavonic and Greek races, would refuse to interest themselves in the people of the Latin race, who are still more unhappy by reason that the advanced degree of civilisation which they have attained makes them feel more acutely the effects of bad government.—This hope has been disappointed.

"Notwithstanding the good-will of France and England,—notwithstanding their well-intended efforts,—the persistence of Austria obliged the discussions of the congress to be strictly bounded within the sphere of the questions marked out before its meeting, and is the

cause of this assembly, on which the eyes of Europe are fixed, being about to dissolve, not only without having effected the least amelioration for the ills of Italy, but without giving a ray of hope for the future to the nations on the other side of the Alps, calculated to calm their minds and to make them bear the present with resignation.

"The peculiar position occupied by Austria in the congress, perhaps rendered this deplorable result inevitable. The undersigned are forced to acknowledge this. Nevertheless, without addressing the least reproach to their allies, they believe it a duty to call their serious attention to the sad consequences that this may have for Europe, for Italy, and especially for Sardinia.

"It would be superfluous to trace here an exact picture of the state of Italy. What has taken place in those countries is only too notorious. The system of repression and violent reaction commenced in 1848 and 1849—justified in its origin, perhaps, by the revolutionary disturbances which had shortly before been suppressed—continues without the smallest relaxation. It may even be said that, with few exceptions, it is exercised with redoubled rigour. Never were the prisons and dungeons more full of persons condemned for political causes; never has the number of exiles been greater; never has the police been more vexatious, nor martial law more severely applied. What is taking place at Parma only proves this too clearly. Such a system of government must necessarily keep the populations in a constant state of irritation and revolutionary ferment. This has been the state of Italy for seven years. Nevertheless, the popular agitation appeared recently to be calmed. Italians, seeing one of their national princes coalesced with the great Western Powers for the support of the principles of right

and justice, and for the amelioration of the fate of their co-religionists in the East, conceived a hope that peace would not be made without some relief for their misfortunes. This hope kept them calm and resigned. But when they know the negative results of the congress of Paris; when they learn that Austria, notwithstanding the good offices and benevolent intervention of France and England, refused all discussion—that she would not even enter into an examination of the means proper for remedying such a sad state of things—there can be no doubt that the dormant irritation will be awakened among them more violently than ever. Convinced that they have nothing to expect from diplomacy and the efforts of the Powers which take an interest in their fate, they will throw themselves with southern ardour into the ranks of the revolutionary and subversive party; and Italy will again become a hotbed of conspiracies and tumults, which may perhaps be suppressed by redoubled rigour, but which the least European commotion may cause to burst forth in the most violent manner. So sad a state of things, if it merits the attention of the government of France and England, equally interested in the maintenance of order and the regular development of civilisation, must naturally pre-occupy the government of the King of Sardinia in the highest degree. The awakening of revolutionary passions in all the countries surrounding Piedmont, by the effect of causes calculated to excite the most lively popular sympathies, exposes it to dangers of excessive gravity, such as to compromise that firm and moderate policy which has had such happy results for the interior, and gained it the sympathy and esteem of enlightened Europe. But this is not the only danger threatening Sardinia. A still greater is the consequence of the means employed by Austria to repress the revolutionary ferment in

Italy. Called by the sovereigns of the small states of Italy, who are powerless, to repress the discontent of their subjects, this power occupies militarily the greater part of the valley of the Po and of Central Italy, and makes its influence felt in an irresistible manner, even in the countries where she has no soldiers. Resting on one side on Ferrara and Bologna, her troops extend themselves to Ancona, the length of the Adriatic, which has become, in a manner, an Austrian lake; on the other, mistress of Piacenza, which, contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the treaties of Vienna, she labours to transform into a first-class fortress; she has a garrison at Parma, and makes dispositions to deploy her forces all along the Sardinian frontier, from the Po to the summit of the Appennines. This permanent occupation by Austria, of territories which do not belong to her, renders her absolute mistress of nearly all Italy, destroys the equilibrium established by the Treaty of Vienna (1815), and is a continual menace to Piedmont. Bounded thus on so many sides by Austrian influence—seeing developed on her eastern frontier, completely open, the forces of a power which she knows to be animated by unfriendly feelings towards her—this country is held in a state of constant apprehension, which obliges her to remain armed, and to take defensive measures excessively burdensome to her finances, already tasked by the events of 1848 and 1849, and by the war in which she has just participated. The facts thus indicated by the undersigned suffice to render evident the dangers of the position in which the government of the King of Sardinia finds itself placed. Disturbed within by the action of revolutionary passions; excited all round by a system of violent repression and foreign occupation; threatened by the extension of Austrian power—it may at any moment be forced, by an inevitable necessity, to adopt

extreme measures of which it is impossible to calculate the consequences.

"The undersigned do not doubt but that such a state of things will excite the solicitude of the governments of France and England, not only on account of the sincere friendship and real sympathies that these Powers profess for the sovereign who, alone among all, at the moment when their success was most uncertain, declared himself openly in their favour; but, above all, because it constitutes a real danger for Europe. Sardinia is the only state in Italy that has been able to raise an impassable barrier to the revolutionary spirit, and at the same time remain independent of Austria. It is the counterpoise to her invading influence. If Sardinia succumbed, exhausted of power, abandoned by her allies—if she also was obliged to

submit to Austrian domination, then the conquest of Italy, by this Power, would be achieved; and Austria, after having obtained, without its costing her the least sacrifice, the immense benefit of the free navigation of the Danube, and the neutralisation of the Black Sea, would acquire a preponderating influence in the West. This is what France and England would never wish—this they will never permit.

"In conclusion, the undersigned are convinced that the cabinets of Paris and London, taking into consideration the state of Italy, will decide, in concert with Sardinia, on the means for applying an efficacious remedy.

"C. CAVOUR.

"DE VILLA-MARINA.

"Paris, April 10th, 1856."

SALAR - N. 2. ADU.

## CHAPTER XLI.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AND HIS KINGDOM, FROM THE PEACE WITH RUSSIA TO THE BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA.

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire,  
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow."—BUENA.

THE motto selected for this chapter expresses the condition of Sardinia, as a whole, and the feelings with which its monarch regarded it after the peace of Paris, until Austria threw down the gauntlet in 1859.

The main element of disturbance in Victor Emmanuel's mind, was an apprehension of Mazzini, his plots, and his party. Victor Emmanuel seemed moved by a morbid apprehension of this redoubtable champion of Italian liberty. He regarded the patriot with something of hereditary animosity, as the enemy of his father, Charles Albert, whom, he believed, Mazzini was willing to give over to

the stroke of the assassin. If any tendency to disturbance showed itself anywhere in Sardinia, Mazzini was made responsible for it; if in all Italy any mob outrage took place, or any conspiracy was discovered, it was attributed to Mazzini, no matter how contrary its objects or proceedings to his known principles and plans. No doubt the great Roman Triumvir was busy during those years, as in the quarter of a century that preceded them, and that his efforts were influencing Italy for the exertions she was to put forth; but he had no designs against the personal safety of Victor Emmanuel or his ministers.

The exact relation of Mazzini at that time to Italian politics, and the views with which different Italian and European parties regarded it, are problems of some difficulty. By many it is believed that Mazzini retarded the advance of Italy to unity and liberty, by his extreme opinions, abortive schemes, and reckless enterprises; by a large class of Italy's best and bravest, he is considered to have been the soul of Italian earnestness, as he was the father of Italian unity.

Since the issue of this work commenced in numbers the author has received a communication from one who is deserving of the gratitude of Italy, and the respect of all men concerned for her happiness, Il Capitano De Rohan Aintante Navale dal Generale Garibaldi, commodore of the second expedition to Sicily, 1860, in which he complains that Mazzini is not ranked in these pages among Italy's Liberators. As no doubt a similar complaint will be made by other gallant men who justly love and revere Mazzini, it is proper to remark here, that whatever the services rendered by Mazzini to Italy, he is not one of its liberators. He is a Liberator of Italy in the same way Il Capitano De Rohan himself may have that rank assigned to him, inasmuch as both men, with Missori, Menotti Garibaldi, and a host of others, have taken distinguished parts in the struggles which freed their country from the oppressors; but they are not the men whose policy, power, or leadership in chief drove out the Austrian, subdued the Bourbon, and consolidated the principalities.

Garibaldi subdued kingdoms. Victor Emmanuel staked his all, and won. Cavour conducted the diplomacy which precipitated Victor Emmanuel upon the field, and drew the French Emperor to his assistance. Napoleon III. passed his armies beyond the Alps, and contested the plains of Lombardy with the

hosts of Austria. These were the men who *actually* achieved the liberation of Italy. Mazzini wrote, worked, toiled, made expeditions, and did not accomplish the deliverance of his country, nor any portion of it, either by the sword, or guiding, directing, or originating the plans and policy of those who did. As a patriot, the most disinterested, one who, in the language of Captain De Rohan to the author of these pages, "sacrificed everything but life for the liberation of Italy," he deserves the immortal honours of the Italy of the future, as well as the love and confidence of the Italy of the present; but it is impossible to award to him practical success. Morally, he influenced the youth of Italy as no other man did. He inspired hope when all was shrouded in despair; he urged to action when lethargy had fallen upon the national spirit. He organised patriotic conspiracies, and found resources when apathy left few to help him; but his expeditions failed, his schemes were abortive; his doctrines, ethical and political, not always beyond question; and finally, no one plan of his, and no one effort of his to promote Italian unity and liberty succeeded. This work is designed to record the history of the actual liberators, the men whose diplomacy or sword, or both, actually struck off the chains of the enthralled, and not the history of those who, with Mazzini, wrote and kept alive Italian thought and patriotism by whatever means.

It is necessary now to offer to the reader some judgment upon the genius and character of Mazzini, in his relation to the Italian struggle. In Great Britain and the United States of America, where this work is likely to be most read, much diversity of opinion exists concerning Mazzini. By a large class he is regarded as the true hero of the Italian revolution, as he whose word produced the

resurrection of Italy, and as the truest, bravest, best, most generous, and disinterested of patriots. In these strong opinions there is much truth. Mazzini is a great man, a true patriot, as disinterested and heroic as he is persevering and enthusiastic. But there is another large class who accuse Mazzini of having, through error of judgment, matured conspiracies, and contrived headlong expeditions, which could issue in nothing but ruin to all who participated in them, and injury to the Italian cause. They consider him as influenced in his policy by speculative crotchets and doctrines, which, with some show of philosophy, are full of fallacy. It is also alleged that he is not scrupulous as to the means he employs to overthrow despots, and that tyrannicide itself, odious to the public feeling of England, forms a part of the instrumentality to which his countenance is given.

A publication of the events of his life by Mazzini himself, accompanied by a sort of glossary, showing the circumstances under which they occurred, has just issued from the press.\* This work has been extensively reviewed in the most eminent literary and political organs. By selecting a specimen from one of the periodicals most opposed to him, and another from an eminent political journal sympathising with him, the reader will have, in a brief compass, material for forming a clear judgment.

"Throughout this volume there shines the character of a high-minded, energetic, resolute man, true to his principles and his friends, believing himself set apart for the service of his country, and ready to sacrifice everything and to bear anything in order to fulfil his mission. But, at the same time, there is

apparent throughout the character of a man utterly unable to understand those differing from himself, ignorant of the diversity and complexity of the political world, and accounting all divergence from himself and his views as the result of an innate baseness and blindness of mind. It is easy to see that such a man may have charmed and endeared those who did not presume to differ from him, and to whom daily intimacy gave an insight into his nobler and loftier qualities. It is also easy to see how such a man may have rendered Italy the greatest of services by imparting to the revolutionary element a higher and wider spirit than it had in the old days of the Carbonari. But it is equally easy to see why his voice is little listened to since Italy has been successful, and why the leading Italians think it much better he should write books in England than come to guide and rule in Italy.

"The only clear political fact which we can gather from this hopeless jumble of dates, documents, figures, theories, and manifestoes, is that Mazzini joined in a Carbonari outbreak when quite a young man, found that it failed, speculated on the causes of its failure, and came to the conclusion that an Italian revolution, to be successful, must be got up in quite a different way, and by quite a different set of men. The Carbonari had, he conceived, no political principles. All they aimed at was rebellion, and all their machinery consisted in the formation of secret societies, with all kinds of oaths, mysteries, symbols, and hierarchies. The leaders were good men in their way, but of very narrow views, and merely plotting little local revolutions. Mazzini conceived the idea of appealing to a new generation on new principles. He invented Young Italy, with the programme of national unity in one great republic. It was to the conversion of the eager, the young, and the untried, of men

\* "Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini." Autobiographical and Political. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1864.

to whom Carbonarism was unknown, that he directed his efforts, and what he taught them was to aspire to realise the great and glorious dream of a united Italy, governed by the best and wisest of its citizens. He also invested his political project with a religious character, and, recoiling in horror from the materialism of the eighteenth century, he exhorted his disciples to look upon devotion to the cause of Young Italy as a sacred duty to God. He also thought that he had got hold of a new philosophical truth, which consisted in abandoning the 'rights of man,' as savouring of the promotion of the individual, and substituting for them the rights or duties of association. It was not the right of the individual that he contended for, but the right of a perfect society to exist. It is highly illustrative both of the man and of the period of Continental thought to which he belonged that, having got thus far, he proceeded to frame what he called a law of history. This law consisted in the purely arbitrary assumption that each nation in turn is called on to assert and work out some one philosophical truth or doctrine, and that no nation can work out two. France had worked out with great success the doctrine of the rights of the individual man, the emancipation of the private citizen from the fetters of feudal tyranny and feudal law, and the establishment of civic equality. But the days of this philosophical triumph were over. Something new in the history of the world was wanted, and the theory of a perfect society constituting itself as an instrument of the perfect man required to be developed and realised. But the law of history forbade France to satisfy this want, for France had already had its turn and embodied a philosophical truth. It was, therefore, hopeless for Italy, which required the establishment of the new doctrine, to look

to France for help. Any connection with France was to be deprecated, for it was the fate of France to be constantly upholding a truth that was worn out. And if, in deference to the law of history, France, under whatever government it may be, is to be avoided by Italians, much more is it to be avoided when under the government of a Bonaparte. For the first Napoleon was the typical Frenchman, the highest embodiment of the self-assertion of the individual, and the summit of contrast to the association of free citizens in a perfect system. It is, therefore, on the very highest ground, and in obedience to a first-rate law of history of his own discovery, that M. Mazzini had always been so bitterly opposed to that political alliance between Italy and the 'Man of the Second of December,' to which the Italy of fact owes its existence and its duration.

"Unquestionably the new form given to the Italian revolution by M. Mazzini did much to ennoble its character, prepared his countrymen for great events, and imbued them with those larger views which it is so difficult for the inhabitants of small states to conceive. At the same time, it must be remembered that the Italian revolution was by no means the work of Young Italy alone. It, like the English revolution of 1688, was the work, not only of revolutionary writers and thinkers, but of wealthy and respectable citizens, of trained diplomatists, of regular disciplined troops. M. Mazzini has, as he says, unlimited faith in revolutions, and thinks that all these concurrent elements of success were perfectly unnecessary. Revolutions, in his opinion, are sure to succeed if they are rightly conducted and led by the right men. In face of the recent history of Poland, he considers that guerilla bands can safely oppose such troops as those of Russia and Austria. Directly, in fact, he speculates about anything away from



his own province, he goes so far from real life and real experience that he ceases to be interesting. But in his own province—that of warming up the youth of Italy to something more than little local outbreaks, and of imbuing them with general principles of political duty—he was a remarkable, a successful, and a very valuable man. Perhaps he succeeded, not only through the intrinsic merits of his thoughts and writings, but on account of the very difficulties with which he had to contend. No one can doubt that he was a first-rate conspirator, full of ingenuity, resources, and boldness, and the effect of his manifestoes must have been greatly enhanced by the mysterious manner in which they came into the hands of their readers. The documents which he issued to explain what Young Italy meant, and was meant to do, seem to us wearisome, monotonous, and prolix in the extreme. But it is always necessary to repeat over and over again the same proposition in order to arrest the attention of an uneducated public, and the sympathisers with Young Italy probably thought that it would have been scarcely worth while to set in motion the elaborate machinery by which these documents were forwarded to their destination if they had been shorter and simpler.

“The recent accusations made against him by the French Government, and the notoriety which was given to these accusations by the attack on Mr. Stansfeld in the House of Commons, will make many Englishmen more anxious to know how M. Mazzini in this volume speaks of assassination than to know anything else about him. The truth appears to be that he has always disapproved theoretically of assassination. He regards it as useless and as opposed to his principles, inasmuch as it gives prominence to individuals. It leads people into the fatal error of thinking

that the history of nations depends on the course taken by this or that man. According to M. Mazzini, this is a palpable mistake, and any impartial reader would allow that, if a man is to be judged by the general principles to which he clings, there is an obvious inconsistency between the views of M. Mazzini and the assassination of a single man. He is equally explicit in disclaiming any theory of the lawfulness of putting to death those who prove false to secret societies or to associations like that of Young Italy. He leaves traitors to the shame of treason, and observes that to assassinate those who reveal the secrets of an association was one of the prevailing practices of the Carbonari, from whose ways he was so anxious to separate himself. He also asks us to observe that no honest man can suffer himself to be guided by the assertions of such a government as the French; and he refers with triumph to the case of an Italian who was killed by two of his countrymen while M. Mazzini was at Marseilles. The *Moniteur* inserted a paragraph saying that the deed had been instigated by M. Mazzini to avenge a treason to his association. Some time afterwards a French tribunal inquired into the facts, and held it to be clearly established that the assassination had nothing to do with M. Mazzini. In the recent case, no one acquainted with the ways of the French police or the forms of French law attached any importance to the revelations of Greco, or the assertions of the official prosecutor. But then there was the undeniable fact that on one occasion M. Mazzini had been privy to a plot to assassinate Charles Albert. He gives, or rather reprints, a full and candid account of the affair in this volume, and he owns that he was over-persuaded by Gallenga, who, he says, proposed to commit the murder. He at first strongly opposed the project, and showed its

fully and uselessness. But Gallenga was so unalterable in his determination, and so fixed and terrible in his language, that M. Mazzini thought he was one of those inscrutable beings who are chosen by Heaven to deal out a signal vengeance. He was overawed, and assented. Such, at least, is his account; and it does not the less commend itself to us as in all probability an accurate version of what took place, because it exhibits M. Mazzini as combining high principles, absurd misconceptions, and a hearty love of a plot."

This estimate of the works and character of Mazzini was given by the *Saturday Review*, one of the ablest of the London periodicals, and one of the most opposed to Mazzini, his proceedings, and his party.

The reader will now observe the testimony borne by a friendly witness, the *Daily News* :—

"The time has not yet come for the formation of a just judgment upon the character of Mazzini. He has not yet fully emerged from the storm clouds in which his spirit has been matured. Like all men who have taken a leading part in national revolutions, he has for years been the subject of violent opinions directly contradictory one of another. By some he is regarded as a dangerous conspirator against legitimate authority, a leader of assassins, a cold-hearted homicide, in whose eyes human life is of no value compared with the realisation of a favourite scheme. By others he is held in fervent esteem, little short of worship, as a man of antique virtue, who has devoted his life, his affections, his property, and his very reputation to the noblest cause that can inspire the human breast. They look upon his whole life as a consistent and heroic protest against the worst forms of tyranny, and as an effort unparalleled in constancy under the bitterest trials to vindicate human freedom. Which of these is the true sentence? Which of them

will be accepted by posterity? It is not for us to decide a matter which still occupies the minds of men inflamed by the passing interests of the day and the passions which they generate; but there are certain facts connected with this conflict of opinions which cannot be omitted in any judicial view which may be taken of it hereafter. The most furious opponents of Mazzini are evidently those who know nothing of him personally, but are content to take their views of him from second-hand sources, whilst his most ardent admirers are those who have known him intimately and long. This is an important fact, and should have its weight in the formation of a final judgment. The character and position of his friends and of his enemies should also be taken into consideration, for it may depend much upon this whether their opinions are impartial or not. Now it must be admitted that Mazzini's enemies in every land, not excepting our own, are also the foes of freedom and progress, persons who have everything to fear from the final success of efforts to emancipate mankind; but his friends are men of all ranks and conditions in life, many of them distinguished for philanthropy and high principle, men who have nothing to gain by his success, and nothing of a material kind to lose by his failure. From these circumstances we think it impossible for any candid and judicious mind to concur in the base representations of Mazzini which have been made current by his avowed enemies. To agree with his most ardent friends may not be altogether so easy as to reject the calumnies of his opponents. There are many things said of him which arrest even a favourably disposed mind."

There is one element of judgment of great importance, which shall be laid before the reader to enable him to form an opinion for himself on this *vezata questio*, namely,

Mazzini's own avowed theory of government, and of the principles upon which it rests :—

“The nation is the sole sovereign.

“All power not issuing from the nation is usurped.

“Every individual who oversteps the powers with which he has been invested by the nation is an unfaithful servant.

“The nation alone possesses the inviolable right of choosing her own institutions, and of improving or altering them when no longer in accordance with her wants, and with the progress of the social intellect.

“But as the whole nation cannot meet in assembly to discuss and decree its institutions, it acts by means of delegation; elects a certain number of men in whom it has confidence, and deposes them to receive the expression of the national wants and the national will, and to represent and constitute that will in the form of law.

“The will of the nation, expressed by delegates chosen by the nation to represent it, will be law to her citizens.

“The nation being one, the national representation must be one. The unity of the first involves the unity of the second.

“The vast association of the nation includes all the social elements and all the social forces. A truly national system of representation must therefore be the expression of the will of all these elements, and of all these forces.

“Whenever a single one of these forces is neglected there exists no national representation, and the tendency and desire of that force to be represented will create the necessity of radical change. Hence strife and revolution take the place of tranquil and pacific progress.”

“National representation is not founded upon any description of property qualification, but upon the basis of the population.

“The vote of every citizen is required to constitute a truly national representation. The man who does not exercise the right of election in any form is no longer a citizen. The pact of association is broken in regard to him by the fact that it has not included the expression of his will, and every law is therefore to him tyrannous.

“The objection to universal suffrage, arising from inequality of capacity or education, will be met by a double system of election, in which the electors, having first been chosen by universal suffrage, will proceed to elect the representatives.

“The representatives of the nation will be paid by the nation, and every other public office will be forbidden them during the exercise of their representative functions.

“The number of representatives to be as large as possible. A great obstacle is thus offered to corruption. The decrease of liberty in France has always corresponded to the diminution in the number of deputies.

“The electors, when gathered together, perform the functions of the nation. The power of the nation is unlimited, and hence all restrictions placed upon the exercise of this power, in the choice of representatives, are opposed to the principle of national sovereignty.”

This was the man who was the bugbear of the court of Turin, and also of those of Rome, Naples, Florence, Vienna, and Paris. No man in Europe was ever probably so much hated and feared by the powerful, who were oppressors, as Joseph Mazzini. It was the hard fate of Victor Emmanuel, although no oppressor, to be in danger from the intrigues of the great conspirator, and the principles of the ubiquitous republican propagandist.

A conspiracy, discovered at Genoa, on the 29th of June, 1857, was, of course, attributed to

Mazzini. The plot appeared at all events to have been purely republican, and if successful at Genoa, that city was to be made the base of operations against Naples. The Turin government received warning from Paris, where more accurate information of the doings of the Italian revolutionists appears to have been obtained than in Italy itself. The suppression of the revolt was easy, and the punishment of the offenders was light. A circumstance arose out of the affair which led to formidable diplomacy between Austria and Naples. Shortly before the projected revolution was to break out, a vessel, sailing between Genoa and Turin, was seized on the high seas by Colonel Pisacane, and others who had embarked with him belonging to the revolutionary party. They altered the vessel's course, landed at Ponga, in the kingdom of Naples, liberated 300 political prisoners, armed them, and receiving them on board, directed the vessel's course to the province of Salerno, and to the port of Sapri. There they were intercepted by Neapolitan troops, the colonel mortally wounded, and the whole band killed or captured. The crew of the captured steamer, which was named *Cagliari*, were thrown into prison, and the ship retained as a prize.

The King of Sardinia demanded the restitution of the vessel, of which its owners had been despoiled, and the liberation of the crew, which had no part in the conspiracy.

The Neapolitan government, unaccustomed to justice in any form, refused these reasonable demands; diplomacy failed, and only under the threat of war were they surrendered.

The attitude of Sardinia was bold and manly, and the moral influence of the king, the government, and the state was greatly extended throughout Europe.

The influence of the Paris congress upon Sardinia was important. It brought the go-

vernment into much more intimate communication with France and England, and inspired hopes of a new alliance for the liberation of Italy. When the Sardinian plenipotentiaries returned to Turin, Count Cavour met the Chambers, and addressed to them remarkable words.

"The opposition of Austria prevented the passing of any resolutions on our behalf, but warm wishes were expressed, to which the plenipotentiaries gave their adhesion. I cannot believe that wishes expressed by two such great powers as France and England will prove fruitless; I hope, on the contrary, their effects will soon be apparent in the peninsula. It must be owned, however, that the conferences of Paris have certainly not tended to ameliorate our relations with Austria. The Sardinian and Austrian plenipotentiaries separated without personal rancour, but, and I say it with regret, with the growing conviction that the policy of the two nations is further than ever from approximating. This is the inevitable consequence of our sovereign's straightforwardness, of his firmness in maintaining the independence and liberties of our country.

"This situation is, I admit, not without its difficulties and dangers; but I am convinced that neither difficulties nor dangers will ever induce this assembly to recommend a change of policy to the cabinet. Meantime we may claim your applause for a great result. The Italian question has now become a European question. The cause of Italy has not been advocated by demagogues, revolutionists, and sectaries. It has been carried before the congress by the plenipotentiaries of the great powers of Europe, England and France. From the congress it has now passed to the tribunal of public opinion. . . . The struggle may be long; it will demand prudence and reflection; it will be subject to fluctuations and

difficulties ; but I have the firm conviction our cause will ultimately triumph."

All Italy was moved by this speech, a subscription was set on foot to procure 100 pieces of cannon for the fortifications of Alessandria, and the subscribers were scattered over the entire peninsula. From every part of the glorious realm addresses to Victor Emmanuel were poured forth, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts on the part of the Austrian and Bourbon spies, detectives, and informers.

Victor Emmanuel, amidst all this turmoil of diplomatic contention, domestic revolt, and foreign quarrel, paid profound attention to the material development of his kingdom. The iron mines of Savoy, and the island of Sardinia, were thrown open to general enterprise. Factories for the construction of railway plant and locomotives were established. Agriculture received all the encouragement the state could give in harmony with the principles of political economy.

As time wore on it became evident that a quarrel between Sardinia and Austria could not possibly be prevented.

In 1857 the Emperor visited Milan, and all the crowned heads of Italy sent compliments to him except Victor Emmanuel. When, in 1855, that prince lost, by death, within a short period, all his nearest and dearest, the Austrian Emperor returned no answer to the official notification of these deaths. This so hurt Victor Emmanuel that he marked the slight by refusing to the Emperor the customary compliments

upon the Emperor's visits to the capital of Lombardy. So great was the demonstration of hostility to the Emperor in Milan, that he attributed it to the popularity of Victor Emmanuel, and could scarcely be restrained from invading that monarch's dominions.

In the spring of 1857, the first act of the great drama may be said to have opened. The Emperor remonstrated upon the offensive tone of the Turin press, the sanction of the Piedmontese government to the subscription for the 100 pieces of cannon, and the reception of Lombard deputations and addresses contrary to the will of the Austrian government, which claimed the loyalty of these provinces. The reply did not please the kaiser—it was cool, temperate, yet daring.

Meanwhile all Italy was ready for outbreak against its tyrants, so that Victor Emmanuel opened the session of 1858 with the remarkable expression—"We are not insensible to the cry of anguish which reaches us from all parts of Italy."

Such was the state of things when the ever-memorable year of 1859 opened upon Italy ; there was then every indication that the moment could not be long deferred, when the surging fires pent up within her bosom would burst forth in floods of vengeance and destruction. *Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat* was written by unseen hand under the arms of every potentate or power that deferred the adjustment of Italian policy, and the redress of Italian wrongs.

## CHAPTER XLII.

ALLIANCE OF PIEDMONT WITH FRANCE.—WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA.—EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTOES.—FRENCH ARMY ENTERS ITALY.—THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.—SUCCESS OF THE ALLIES.

"Strike boldly, York, 'tis for a crown."—SHAKESPEARE.

As the year 1858 closed and 1859 opened, the grievances of Italy were intolerable from the oppressions of Austria, the Neapolitan Bourbon, the petty princes, and the Pope. The Emperor of the French had resolved to aid Piedmont in driving out the Austrians. The policy by which he was influenced is not a subject so suitable to a memoir of Victor Emmanuel as it is to the pages that will hereafter, in this work, be given to the records of the life of his Imperial Majesty. It is, however, necessary to set forth some of the preliminary incidents and documents, without which the story of the campaign of 1859 would be unintelligible.

The French Emperor, from whatsoever motive, and with whatsoever aim, resolved upon war, in alliance with Piedmont, against Austria, and all Europe was startled by the first decisive indications of the fact on the 1st of January.

On that day the Emperor received the foreign ambassadors, as is the custom in France, and addressed them. To the Austrian ambassador he expressed himself in terms of intense dissatisfaction, on the ground of his master's Italian policy, rendering Italy revolutionary, to the danger of peace in the French Emperor's dominions, and menacing to Piedmont, so as to endanger the balance of power in Europe, or at all events in that part of Europe, and thus indirectly prove a menace to France.

It was clear, from the tone and manner of the Emperor, that he was resolved upon war, but as yet his language did not amount to a declaration, and Austria hoped by her diplo-

macy to divert his purpose. The *entente cordiale* which had appeared to exist between France and Austria during the war against Russia, led the court of Vienna to believe that every difference would be adjusted, that France would be alienated from Piedmont, and that Austria would be allowed to glut her vengeance upon the daring little state. Austria also calculated upon the assistance of the German confederation, and at least the moral support of Russia, perhaps the material support. In all these respects the kaiser was under a delusion fatal to himself. There probably existed a written agreement of some kind between France and Russia, at all events a tacit understanding subsisted that Russia would not interfere; the Czar was not unwilling to see the kaiser humiliated, as he failed to assist and somewhat obstructed the arms of Russia during the campaign of the Crimea. Prussia was too apprehensive for the safety of the Rhine provinces, to join Austria against France unless backed by Russia. The Russian people were uneasy and exhausted after the formidable struggle with England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, and had no disposition to make sacrifices to be avenged on so small a state as Sardinia, or to rescue so faithless an empire as Austria. England was in favour of Italian independence, although doubtful of the policy of Sardinia; but she in vain used her influence with Austria to avert a quarrel by generous concession.

Thus the French Emperor had his way cleared, and after his New Year's Day philippic

against the government of the kaiser; he bided his time, watched events, misled Austria, assured Sardinia, and professing peace, and a hope of adjusting national differences by diplomacy, made ready for war.

"Though war nor no known quarrel ere in question,  
Defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintained, assembled and collected  
As were a war in expectation."

England looked upon the formidable preparations of France with great jealousy. She suspected that some pretext would be made to gain territory at the expense of Italy. The public opinion of England could endure no hope that the French Emperor or French arms would introduce, promote, or secure real liberty in Italy. Indeed strong apprehensions existed in Great Britain that any interference by France would in the long run prove adverse to the freedom of the Italian people. The language of Byron thrilled through the public judgment and conscience of England—

"France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,  
And fatal has her Saturnalia been  
In Freedom's cause in every age and clime."

Thus matters progressed, Sardinia adopting a cool, cautious, and unerring policy—that of quietly provoking and irritating Austria without committing any overt act. This succeeded. The haughty kaiser, chafed in presence of the calm, silent, fearless demonstrations of Piedmont, and became desperate, as throughout Italy the voices of the people arose in a hubbub of murmur and expectation, and every hand was ready to lift a weapon for Sardinia. Outwitted by his opponents, and driven to madness by the public feeling displayed in Italy, and the prevailing contempt shown by Sardinia, the kaiser burst the bands of policy and prudence, and rushed upon his doom. He marched his army into the territories of Victor

Emmanuel, issuing a manifesto which gave no satisfactory reason for so extreme a measure, and leaving himself without justification before neutral nations, while a *casus belli* was afforded to the French Emperor, on the ground that treaties were broken, and the armies of a powerful empire, in violation of such treaties, approached his territory.

"TO MY PEOPLE!

"I have commanded my faithful and gallant army to step in and terminate the hostile proceedings emanating for years from Sardinia—proceedings by which the indisputable right of my crown, and the inviolate existence of the empire entrusted to me by God, have been of late most violently attacked.

"I by this step have satisfied a grave but unavoidable duty of my imperial office.

"I feel quiet in my conscience, and, looking up to God Almighty, confidently subject my undertaking to His judgment.

"I likewise confidently submit my resolution to the impartial verdict of my contemporaries and of succeeding ages. As to my faithful people, I am assured of their co-operation.

"Ten years ago the same enemy, violating every clause of international law and martial right, and being prompted by no other motive than a desire of conquest, invaded the kingdom of Lombardo-Venetia. After glorious battles he was twice beaten by my army, and delivered up to the arbitrary will of the victor. Obedient, however, to the dictates of generosity, I tendered a conciliatory hand to him.

"I have not appropriated to myself as much as an inch of his territory, nor have I laid my hand on any of the rights belonging to the crown of Sardinia in the assembly of European nations. Amongst the conditions of peace I prescribed none preventing a repetition of

similar events, believing that I should find a guarantee in the tender of reconciliation I sincerely made, and which was accepted.

"The blood shed by my army for the honour and right of Austria I sacrificed to peace.

"The answer to this forbearance—a forbearance unexampled perhaps in the annals of history—was an immediate renewal of the former enmity, and an ever-increasing agitation, supported by all the resources of disloyalty, against the tranquillity and welfare of my Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

"Being fully conscious of what I owed to the precious treasure of peace for my people, as well as for Europe, I met the course of these new hostilities by patience only.

"The very measures I, in order to counteract the manifold incitements to rebellion, had to carry out for the security of my Italian countries, and the protection of their confines against revolutionary agencies, were latterly made a reason for an augmentation of hostile preparations on the part of Sardinia. But even then my patience was not exhausted.

"Giving due credit to the well-intentioned mediation undertaken by certain great powers friendly to Austria, I consented to take part in a congress of the five great Powers of Europe.

"The four points proposed by the royal government of Great Britain as a basis for the discussions of the congress, and communicated to my government, were accepted by me. In so doing, I added a few conditions tending greatly to the promotion of a true, sincere, and lasting peace.

"Being, however, conscious that on the part of my government no step had been taken conducive in the least degree to a disturbance of peace, I at the same time demanded that that power guilty of the whole complication, and which was the moving cause of the

endangering of the public tranquillity, should effect a preliminary disarmament.

"Yielding to the urgent requests of the friendly Powers, I at length gave my consent to the proposal of a universal disarmament.

"The mediation was broken off owing to the non-acceptance of the conditions put forward by Sardinia.

"After this, one step only remained for the maintenance of peace. I ordered the royal government of Sardinia to be immediately requested to put its army on a peace footing, and disband the free corps.

"Sardinia did not respond to this request. Thus, the time has come when we are necessitated to compel the acknowledgment of our right by an appeal to arms.

"I have commanded my army to march into Sardinia.

"I am fully aware of the grave import of this step. If there was ever a moment when the cares of the imperial office pressed heavily upon me it is the present. War is a scourge of humanity. I am deeply moved to see the lives and fortunes of thousands of my faithful subjects threatened by it. I am fully sensible to the fact, that war is a trial of more than usual severity at a time when my empire is progressing on the path of internal development, and consequently requires the continuance of peace.

"But the heart of the monarch ought to be silenced when honour and duty alone are allowed to speak.

"On the frontiers stands an armed foe, allied to the party of universal revolution, and openly avowing the plan of forcibly appropriating to himself Austria's possession in Italy. To assist this enemy, the ruler of France—interfering, under the mask of trivial pretences, in the internal arrangements, formally ratified, of the Italian peninsula—moves his



troops onwards. Some of the French detachments have already passed the frontiers of Sardinia.

"Serious times have passed over that crown handed down to me by my ancestors in immaculate purity. But the glorious history of our fatherland bears testimony to the fact that, when the sombre shadows of revolution menacing the highest possessions of humanity with destruction seemed to spread over this quarter of the world, Providence invariably availed itself of the sword of Austria to scatter by its shining blade the gathering spirits of darkness.

"We again are on the eve of a time when the destruction of every established power is to become the watchword, not only of parties, but of monarchs.

"The sword I am compelled to take up is hallowed by the sacred end for which it is unsheathed. I have drawn the sword in defence of the honour and right of Austria, in defence of the rights of all peoples and states, and for the most sacred possessions of humanity.

"I now turn to you, my people—to you who, by preserving unshaken fidelity to your hereditary dynasty, have become an example to the nations of the globe. I call upon you, my people, to stand by me with your old fidelity, devotion, and readiness for every sacrifice, in the strife now broken out. I, their supreme commander and 'Lord of War,' send my military salute to your sons called into the ranks of my army. Proudly you may point to them, from whose hands the eagle of Austria will rise to new honours.

"Our contest is a just one. We enter upon it full of courage and confidence.

"We hope not to stand alone in this conflict.

"The soil on which we battle has been

enriched by the blood of our brothers, the German nation. It has been conquered and, up to this day, maintained as one of the defences of Germany. On that soil the rancorous enemies of Germany were generally wont to commence the manœuvres, whenever the breaking of its internal force was their ultimate end. The foreboding of such a danger is now pervading the German countries, making itself perceptible from the palace to the cottage, and from one frontier to the other.

"I speak in my capacity as a prince of the German confederation, when I point to the common danger, and call back to memory those glorious days of universal enthusiasm that restored to Europe its liberty by the fiery power of national excitement.

'With God for the Fatherland!'

"Given at my palace and first imperial metropolis of Vienna, the twenty-eighth day of April, in the year 1859.

"FRANCIS-JOSEPH."

The following communication was presented to the *Corps Legislatif*, after the appearance of the Austrian proclamation:—

"Austria, by ordering the entry of her army into the territories of the King of Sardinia, our ally, has declared war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. All the great Powers have protested against this act of aggression. Piedmont having accepted the conditions which ought to have ensured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? It is because Austria has driven matters to such an extremity that her dominion must either extend to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic, for every corner of Italy which

remains independent endangers the power of Austria.

"Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct, but now energy becomes my first duty. France must now to arms, and resolutely tell Europe :—'I wish not for conquest, but I am determined firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy. I observe treaties on condition that they are not violated against me. I respect the territories and rights of neutral powers, but I boldly avow my sympathies with a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who now groan under foreign oppression.'

"France has shown her hatred of anarchy. Her will was to give me power sufficiently strong to reduce into subjection abettors of disorder and the incorrigible members of old factions, who are incessantly seen concluding compacts with our enemies; but she has not for that purpose abandoned her civilising character. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the amelioration of the human race, and when she draws the sword it is not to govern, but to free. The object of this war is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe to us their independence. We do not enter Italy to foment disorder, or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which burdens the whole peninsula, and to help to establish there order based upon lawful satisfied interests. In fine, then, we enter this classic ground, rendered illustrious by so many victories, to seek the footsteps of our fathers. God grant that we may be worthy of them! I am about to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the Empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and the

enlightenment of the Emperor's last surviving brother, she will understand how to show herself worthy of the grandeur of her mission. I confide them to the valour of the army which remains in France to keep watch upon our frontiers and to protect our homes. I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard. I confide them, in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotedness of which I daily receive so many proofs. Courage, then, and union! Our country is again about to show the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts; for that cause is holy in the eyes of God which rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence."

The proclamation of the King of Sardinia to his troops completes the manifestoes of the three Powers.

#### "VICTOR EMMANUEL'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

"Soldiers!—Austria, who is increasing her armies on our frontier, and threatens to invade our territory because here liberty reigns with order,—because, not might, but concord and affection between the people and the sovereign here govern the State,—because the groans of oppressed Italy here find an echo,—Austria dares to ask us, who are only armed in self-defence, to lay down our arms and submit to her clemency.

"That insulting demand received the reply it deserved. I rejected it with contempt. Soldiers, I tell it to you, convinced that you will take an insult to your king and to your nation as an insult to yourselves. The announcement I make to you is the announcement of war! Soldiers, to arms!

"You will have to face an enemy not new to you. But, if brave and disciplined, you need not fear the comparison; and you may

quote with pride the battles of Goito, Pastrenga, Santa Lucia, Somma-Compagna, and even Custoza, where four brigades alone struggled for three days against five *corps d'armée*.

"I will lead you. We have made each other's acquaintance before this, on more than one occasion, in the heat of battle, when, fighting by the side of my magnanimous father, I had opportunity to admire your courage.

"I am sure that on the field of honour and of glory you will maintain, even add to, your reputation for bravery. You will also have for companions those intrepid soldiers of France, conquerors in so many noted battles, who were your brethren-in-arms on the Tchernaya, and whom Napoleon III., who is always to be found where there is a just cause to defend or civilisation to promote, sends generously to our assistance in numerous battalions.

"March, then, confident in victory, and twine new laurels round your flag, that tricolour under the folds of which the *élite* of the youth of Italy is collected, and which indicates to you that the task before you is the independence of Italy—that just and holy work which will be your battle-cry.

"VICTOR EMMANUEL.

"Turin, April 27."

Upon the publication of the manifesto the Austrians moved across the Ticino and the Sesia, establishing military positions, raising contributions, and laying waste the country. These violations of the usages of European warfare were permitted under the pretext of punishing revolutionists; but the brutality was indiscriminate. General Gyulai, the commander of the Austrian troops, put forth the following address to the subjects of Victor Emmanuel:—

"SARDINIAN PEOPLE!

"Although we pass over into your territory, we have not directed our weapons against you.

"Our weapons are destined to oppose a revolutionary party, who are weak in numbers, but are mighty in their audacity—who violently suppress each word of peace which is raised, and encroach on the rights of other Italian States, as well as on those of Austria.

"If the imperial eagle is received by you without hatred and without opposition, so shall order, tranquillity, and moderation come with it, and peaceable citizens can reckon with security upon peace, happiness, laws, and property being held inviolable.

"My word is your surety for that discipline which goes hand in hand with the imperial troops.

"As organ of the magnanimous sentiments of my enlightened king and master, I proclaim and repeat to you at the moment I enter your territory, this only—that our war is not a war against peoples and nations, but against aggressors who, under the hypocritical cloak of freedom, would rob every one of that blessing if the God of Armies were not also the God of Justice.

"If once again your opponents and our opponents are subdued—if again order and peace be restored, so will you, who now call us enemies, in a short time call us liberators and friends.

"FRANCIS COUNT GYULAI,

"Field Marshal to His Imperial and Apostolic Majesty, Commandant of the Second Army Corps, and General Military Governor of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom."

An order of the day, addressed by the Emperor of Austria to his army, was issued at the same time, and was followed by an

address of the King of Sardinia to the Italian people :—

“PEOPLE OF THE KINGDOM !

“Austria assails us with the powerful army which, with a pretended love of peace, she assembled to our injury in the unhappy provinces subject to her dominion.

“Unable to bear the example of our political organisation, and unwilling to submit to the judgment of a European Congress as to the evils and dangers which she alone entailed upon Italy, Austria now violates the promise given to Great Britain, and makes a point of honour a *casus belli*.

“Austria dares bid us to lessen our troops, to disarm, and give into her power those brave youths who, from all parts of Italy, have come forward to defend the sacred banner of national independence.

“A jealous guardian of our common heritage of honour and glory, I give up the government of the state to my beloved cousin, Prince Eugene, and once more draw my sword.

“Together with my soldiers, the brave troops of the Emperor Napoleon, my generous ally, will fight the battles of freedom and justice.

“People of Italy! Austria assails Piedmont because I have advocated the cause of our common country before the councils of Europe, because I was not insensible to your cry of distress. She thus breaks violently those treaties which she has never respected. Thus the right of the nation is restored to its integrity, and I can with full conscience fulfil the vow I made on the grave of my high-souled father. While I take arms to defend my throne, the freedom of my people, and the honour of the Italian name, I fight for the rights of the whole nation.

“Let us put our trust in God, and in our concord; let us put our trust in the valour of

the Italian soldiers—in the alliance of the noble French nation—in the justice of public opinion.

“I have no other ambition than that of being the first soldier of Italian independence. God save Italy !

“VICTOR EMMANUEL.

“C. CAVOUR.

“Turin, April 29, 1859.”

Immediately upon the publication of this appeal Tuscany rose in revolt: the Grand Duke fled. The King of Sardinia put himself at the head of his army. France sent 120,000 men across the Alps and round by Genoa. The Emperor of the French took the command of the “Army of Italy,” leaving the Empress to act as Regent, supported by his uncle Prince Jerome. Prussia ordered six *corps d’armée* of the Federal Contingent to be placed on the war footing. The Wurtemberg Chambers called out the Landwehr, made a forced levy of horses, and opened a war-credit of seven millions of florins. The King of Saxony convoked the Chambers. Rastadt, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, was put upon a war-footing and provisioned for eight months. England resolved upon neutrality, but reinforced heavily her fleet and garrisons in the Mediterranean. Russia remained perfectly passive. The minor states of Europe and the Transatlantic states, looked on with silent but profound interest, while the gathering storms of war were preparing to burst in fury over the Italian peninsula.

There existed throughout Europe, from the moment the French Emperor’s New Year’s Day harangue became known, intense anxiety to ascertain what policy the Pope would pursue; whether he would stand by the Eldest Son of the Church, whose troops guarded his capital, or by his “Apostolic Majesty,” who

had done so much to keep down liberalism in Italy, prevent the invasion of heresy, and confirm the authority of the Pope in the Austrian Empire by a concordat after the Pontiff's own heart. When affairs ripened, all the accredited foreign ministers at Rome received the following:—

"The hopes entertained of maintaining peace in Europe have not been fulfilled. According to the announcements in the official journals, and from the formidable preparations for war made by the two nations, it is clear that hostilities will soon commence.

"Such a state of things seriously affects the heart of the Holy Father, who, invested with the sublime character of the common Father of the Faithful, and as the Vicar of Him who is the Author of Peace, as likewise in accordance with the duties of his Apostolic ministry, desires nothing, nor does he demand anything of God in his present prayers, but to behold so dear and precious a blessing as peace prevail over the whole earth.

"Yet, amid the sadness which fills his heart, his Holiness loves to trust in the good feeling of the powers to arrest, or at least diminish, the dangers which menace Europe, if it be impossible to avert them. Whatever course events may take, his Holiness demands, with reason, that in case of war, the neutrality shall be respected which the Pontifical Government intends to maintain as suitable to its character—a neutrality from which it can never deviate, as it declared under other circumstances, and as it now declares for good reasons.

"His Holiness expects, therefore, that during the present war his neutrality will be respected, and that any collision will be avoided which might inflict injury on the Roman States and the subjects of the Holy See. Although the Holy Father is full of confidence in the reasons

already expressed, yet on so important a question he thought it his duty to give to the undersigned Cardinal Secretary of State the special charge to address to your Excellency the present note, with a request to communicate it to your government, and to give it to understand of how much consequence it is to leave the Pontifical Government and its states in a condition which alters in no respect the neutrality which is peculiar to it by reason of its exceptional character—a neutrality which the public law acknowledges, and which the great Powers have all admitted under similar circumstances. In expectation that your Excellency will make an affirmative reply to this communication, the undersigned has the honour to renew the sentiment of his high consideration.

"JAMES CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

"Palace of the Vatican, May 3."

France accepted the neutrality of the Papal States; but Piedmont did not. The French police, by order of General Goyon, imprisoned the following public men at Civita Vecchia:—Ciro Eupi, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; Felix Aviani, Charles Berlingeri, Giachetti Sestrai, inspector of the arsenal, and three other persons. They were arrested on suspicion of being warm partisans of Austria.

The Pope's circular was followed by a rush of volunteers from the States of the Church to join Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel. The Papal government dared not interfere, as the dominant interests of the French forbade it; and the excitement in Romagna, Bologna, and Ferrara was intense. Groups of volunteers departed from Rome, or arrived there to be sent forward by the secret committee, and the population greeted them with boundless enthusiasm.

It is here desirable to afford the reader some

information as to the numerical strength and constitution of the armies of France and Austria at this juncture. The quality and numbers of the Sardinian army were stated when relating the preparations made by Victor Emmanuel to enter the alliance against Russia.

The Austrian army available for service out of Austria amounted to about 400,000 men of all arms. The discipline and education were careful. The cavalry bore a larger proportion to the infantry than in other European armies, excepting the army of Russia, where the Cossacks increase the cavalry to considerably above a quarter of a million. There were 65,000 cavalry in Austria, of whom one-third were heavy. The artillery comprised nearly 1,400 guns, including those upon the fortresses scattered over the empire; the men and officers of this arm were 70,000 in number. No fewer than 11,000 officers and men composed the engineer-force, exclusive of the pontoon and pioneer corps, 5,000 strong. The infantry consisted of 62 regiments of the line, guards, &c., each regiment containing six battalions, four of which were "service-battalions," each 1,324 strong. There were 20,000 *gend'armes*, and a reserve of discharged soldiers, which amounted to 100,000. The necessity which Austria was under of keeping all her fortresses well-manned, and her cities well-garrisoned, reduced the number of troops disposable for field-service, to about 400,000 men. Five thousand seven hundred pupils received an education, more than half the number free, to fit them to become non-commissioned officers. This education began at the age of seven, and terminated at eighteen; it was conducted in three successive schools, and the most deserving pupils in the highest schools were sent to the Academies, whence they obtained commissions as officers. At least fifty or sixty young men of humble birth obtained commissions yearly in

this manner, in various parts of the Austrian service. The education given was of a very efficient character in military subjects. These favours were bestowed entirely on the ground of the father's service in a military or official capacity, and not as the reward of success in open competitive examination.

The schools for officers were also efficient. Thus in the Artillery and Engineer Academies the subjects were high, and the amount of time devoted very great. A large number of pupils obtained high marks. The same character applied to Wiener Neustadt, the school for the infantry and cavalry. The pupils of Wiener Neustadt only furnished about one-twentieth of the officers of the whole army. The rest entered with scarcely any examination.

The studies of the Staff School were few in number, but select. There was open competition for entrance. On leaving, the students were placed in the order of merit, and each entered the staff accordingly. Encouragement was offered for success in the Staff School by immediate promotion being given to the second lieutenant, and the prospective promotion of lieutenants to the rank of captain, after three years' more service, was also secured.

The French army, when the war establishment was complete, numbered 580,000 men. Of these, nearly 400,000 were infantry. From the scarcity of horses the light cavalry in France was not more than 30,000 in number, exclusive of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. The heavy artillery was inferior to that of Austria as to the number of guns, but far superior in every way in field artillery. France had fewer forts to protect, and the Emperor had bestowed a great deal of attention upon the improvement of field-guns. Rifled cannon (4-pounders) were sent into Piedmont. There were three regiments of Engineers, of 2,500 men each, and a Pontoon train. The

## THE LIBERATORS OF ITALY.

Chasseurs, or riflemen of the French army, were trained to the use of the Minié and the *carabine-à-tige*. But in this respect the Austrians were scarcely their inferiors: the *Jagers* and Borderers were very expert marksmen.

The French military colleges were models for Europe. The armies were composed of soldiers levied by yearly conscription for a service of seven years. Substitutes were allowed, but under the second empire they were selected by the state. A fixed sum was paid over to the authorities, and the choice of the substitutes made by them. In this respect the military policy of Austria was similar.

The troops were officered partly from the military schools and partly by promotion from the ranks. The proportions were established by law. One-third of the commissions are reserved for the military schools, and one one-third left for promotion from the ranks. The disposal of the remaining third was left to the Emperor. In actual practice, it is said that two-thirds of the officers in the artillery and engineers are taken from the pupils of the Polytechnic, and one-third only from the ranks: in the line, on the other hand, about two-thirds are promoted from the ranks, and one-third only have gone through St. Cyr. Only a small proportion of those promoted from the ranks rise above the rank of captain in any of the services.

The promotion was partly by seniority and partly by selection.

The following regulations existed as to the length of service in each rank before promotion would be given during a period of peace:—

2nd Lieut. cannot be promoted to Lieut. under 2 years' service.

|             |   |   |             |   |   |   |
|-------------|---|---|-------------|---|---|---|
| Lieut.      | " | " | Captain     | " | 2 | " |
| Captain     | " | " | Major       | " | 4 | " |
| Major       | " | " | Lieut.-Col. | 3 | " | " |
| Lieut.-Col. | " | " | Colonel     | " | 2 | " |

Thus the youngest lieutenant-colonel must have been in the army thirteen years.

But in time of war these regulations were not in force.

Up to the rank of captain, two-thirds of the promotion was according to seniority, and the other one-third by selection.

From the rank of captain to that of major (*chef de bataillon ou d'escadron*) half of the promotion was by seniority, and the other half by selection, and from major upwards it is entirely by selection.

The mode of selection was as follows:—The general officers appointed by the minister-at-war to make the annual inspections of the several divisions of the army of France, when they have completed their tours of inspection, assemble together for the purpose of comparing notes respecting the officers they have each seen, and to prepare a list arranged in the order in which they recommend that the selection for promotion should be made.

The principal military schools then existing in France were:—

1. The Polytechnic School at Paris (*Ecole Impériale Polytechnique*) preparatory to—
2. The Artillery and Engineers' School of Application at Metz (*Ecole Impériale d'Application de l'Artillerie et du Génie*).
3. The Military School at St. Cyr (*Ecole Impériale Spéciale Militaire*), for the infantry and cavalry, into which the officers' department of the Cavalry School at Saumur has lately been absorbed.
4. The Staff School at Paris (*Ecole Impériale d'Application d'Etat Major*).
5. The Military Orphan School (*Prytarée Impériale Militaire*) at La Flèche.
6. The Medical School (*Ecole Impériale de Médecine et de Pharmacie Militaires*) in connection with the Hospital of Val-de-Grâce.
7. The School of Musketry (*Ecole Normale de Tir*) at Vincennes, founded in 1842.

8. The Gymnastic School (*Ecole Normale de Gymnastique*) near Vincennes.

9. The Music School (*Gymnase Musical*).

10. The Regimental Schools (*Ecoles Régimentaires*.)\*

The military schools were under the charge of the minister-of-war, the authorities of the schools communicated directly with his Excellency on all matters under their direction.

Such was the state of the armies of the contending nations when Austria "let slip the dogs of war," and truly her cry was "havoc;"

for her troops entered the Sardinian dominions urged by a vindictive spirit on the part of those who directed them from Vienna, and of their own officers, especially those of superior rank, which it is to be hoped Europe will never again witness, whatever the cause which may engage her chief states in hostilities. Sardinia bravely accepted the challenge. Victor Emmanuel struck boldly—it was "for a crown;" and, as the issue proved, for crowns, as the ultimate fortunes of the war placed in his hands all the diadems of Italy.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

AUSTRIAN TACTICS.—ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.—VICTOR EMMANUEL AND THE EMPEROR AT ALESSANDRIA.—RETREAT OF THE AUSTRIANS.—BATTLES OF MONTEBELLO AND PALESTRO.

\* By our camp fires rose a murmur  
At the dawning of the day,  
And the tread of many footsteps  
Spoke the advent of the fray;  
And as we took our places,  
Few and stern were our words,  
While some were tight'ning horse-girths,  
And some were girding swords"—*Ballads of Ireland*.

From all parts of Italy bands of volunteers made their way to Turin, many joined the forces under Garibaldi, and many also were enrolled in the regular army. Old grey-headed men, and boys, gathered in groups in the streets of the capital eager to be counted off into the battalions ordered to the front, or the reserves which were destined to augment their strength. Turin resounded to the stroke of hammers, the rumble of artillery, and of the heavy cars bearing material and munitions of war to the points of defence.

The Sardinian regular expeditionary army contained five excellent infantry divisions, of about 13,000 men each. Every division had two battalions of bersaglieri, a regiment of cavalry, three batteries of artillery of six guns, and a company of sappers. There was a division of cavalry under General Sambuy, numbering sixteen squadrons, to which two batteries of horse artillery were attached. The numerical strength of this division was 2,200 horse, and twelve pieces of artillery.

The five infantry divisions were under the orders of Generals Durando, Fanti, Mollard, Cialdini, and Cucchiari. The king was commander-in-chief, with General Morozzo della

\* The same military colleges still exist, and all the military regulations are substantially the same. The cavalry is increased, and the supply of horses good.







S. Bredah

S. Bredah





Rocca as chief of the staff, and General La Marmora commander *ad latus*.

When the campaign opened, the Sardinian army was echeloned on the line which runs from Casale to Alessandria, and thence to Tortona and Novi. The division of cavalry on the left bank of the Po slowly retired from the Ticino towards the Sesia; while the division commanded by Cialdini occupied the line of the Dora-Battea, which had been fortified by General Menabrea, commander of the royal engineers.

The Austrian general invaded Piedmont on both banks of the Po. He sent two *corps d'armée* across the Ticino to occupy the provinces of Novaro and Somellina, and at the same time crossed the Sesia, and occupied the town of Vercelli. The Ticino formed the boundaries of Piedmont and Austrian Lombardy. It was a very imperfect defence to the former. The passage at Pavia, near the confluence of the Po and Ticino, enabled the Austrians to turn the position of the Sardinian army so as to separate it from its fortified post at Alessandria. The country is level and open, offering fine opportunity for the action of cavalry, in which the Austrians were numerically so superior. The Sesia was of less strategical importance to the invader, but it was necessary to pass both rivers. Had the kaiser's general been prompt, the Sardinian arms might have suffered serious and even disastrous reverses before the French came to their help. Gyulai, although a Hungarian by birth, was nurtured in Austria, and was as tardy as Austrian generals in Italy had proved themselves to be in the wars with the first Napoleon, drawing from that master in strategy the censure—"the Austrian generals never know the value of time."

While the German accomplished those movements, he also crossed the Po, and overran nearly the whole province of Voghera.

The French hurried forward with their usual rapidity, descending from Mont Cenis and Mont Genève, through the valley of Dora Ripana upon Turin.

The first and second French corps, the Imperial Guard, and the *matériel* of the army, had sailed from Toulon to Genoa, crossed the Appenines, and spread themselves in the valley of the Serivia.

On the 12th of May the French Emperor entered Genoa.

The Emperor and his legions did not arrive too soon, and but for German tardiness, they would have been too late, for Gyulai, some days before the Emperor's reception at Genoa, concentrated a powerful force at Vercelli on the right bank of the Sesia, threatening the line of the Dora-Battea, and the town of Torea. On the right of the Austrian line, Trino and Gattinara were seized. These dispositions indicated an intention to march at once upon Turin.

The concentration of the allies frustrated such a purpose if it existed, and compelled a retrograde movement of the enemy as a strategical necessity. His delays had already rendered his plans abortive; it was no longer possible to take the allies in detail, and seize, by a *coup de main*, Turin or Alessandria. The French Emperor entered the latter place amidst acclamations of the citizens and garrison. Over the Porta Marengo, which leads from the fortress to the celebrated battle-field so hardly won by the first Napoleon, and so disastrously lost by Austria, was emblazoned in tricolor letters—"To the descendant of the conqueror of Marengo." The Emperor was met by Victor Emmanuel, mounted on a charger of extraordinary power, and was conducted to the palace of the Sardinian king. On his arrival, the Emperor was astonished and delighted to find the very map on which Napoleon I. had traced the plan of his movements before the battle of

Marengo. The map was offered to the Emperor, and gladly and thankfully accepted.

If the soldiers of kaiser or Emperor were tardy or late in their movements, not so the gallant Garibaldi, who had already fought and discomfited the Austrians, baffled their general, disconcerted his movements, and so puzzled and bewildered them by his sagacity, activity, and courage, that, slow as Gyulai was, he now hesitated more than ever, and Garibaldi allowed him no rest, and little time to think. In fact, the movements of Garibaldi and Cialdini, with whom he co-operated, so confused the Austrian marshal, that he seemed to have lost himself, not knowing what to do. As he retired, the Sardinians placed their headquarters at Occimiano, covering the passage of the Po at Casale, and of the Sesia at Vercelli, which place the Austrians literally robbed before abandoning it. The French threw themselves along the line of the Po, confronting the positions which the Austrians took up after their retreat. The dispositions of Gyulai showed that he could not divine the purpose of his opponents, and that his own resolutions were far from being clear and determinate.

The Franco-Sardinian army formed in shape of a crescent sweeping from Vercelli to Voghera. The first and second French corps was at one extreme of the crescent, opposite to the Austrian fifth corps. It was the eve of the battle of Montebello.

#### BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

The conflict known to history as the battle of Montebello, began at Genestrello at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of May. The Austrians were the assailants. The position occupied by the allies, and especially by the French at the post named, was so menacing that it became necessary for the

Austrians to make an attempt to dislodge them.

There were a railway and a post-road running through the position, and both were skirted by hills. In these rising grounds the Austrian sharpshooters found cover. Braune's brigade was on the railway, and two battalions of Schaafgottsche were on the carriage road. General Gall was posted at Rabeco, Bils at Cassatisma, Prince Von Hess at Branduzzo, and Boer at Barbaniello. The Austrians advanced from Genestrello against Cascina Nuova, which was defended by the French colonel, Cambriels, with a single battalion of the 74th regiment of the line. For two hours he kept his position against the superior force brought against him, until General Forey came to his assistance, who repulsed the Austrians and drove them out of Genestrello. They retired upon Montebello, where, fifty-nine years before, Lannes, a lieutenant of the first class, had beaten an Austrian army. Forey was a general of division, and had the first of the corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers under his command. He was supported gallantly by a Sardinian battalion, under Colonel Maurice de Sonnaz. The fight at Montebello was fierce, and lasted several hours. There was little of the art of war displayed, and little occasion for strategy; it was a close and energetic conflict. The infantry under Forey scarcely exceeded 6,000 men; but he was ably sustained by six full squadrons of "crack" Sardinian cavalry. Victory rested with the allies, although Montebello was defended by 20,000 men under Field-marshal Stadion. The division of General Forey lost 500 men in killed and wounded; the Austrian loss did not much exceed this, but 200 of the kaiser's soldiers were left prisoners with the conqueror.

The battle was not one of magnitude, nor of great strategic importance, but became

noticeable as the first of the campaign, and the first victory of the allies, gained with singular disparity of numbers.

On the 21st, General Cialdini, aided by Garibaldians, decided a sharp action at Vercelli, driving the enemy across the Sesia.

On the 24th, Gyulai showed the effect of these actions by retiring his head-quarters from Mortara to Garlasco.

On the 30th, Napoleon established his head-quarters at Casale.

The inhabitants of the Valteline rose in insurrection in favour of Garibaldi.

The Austrian Emperor received, on the same day, the reserves of his army at Verona.

This day of the campaign was distinguished by a glorious combat, and victory for Victor Emmanuel. The opportunity for this exploit was afforded him by the mistaken tactics of his adversary. After the battle of Montebello, Gyulai informed the Emperor that the movements of the allies betrayed their intention. He considered that they had been massed between Alessandria and Voghera for the purpose of advancing towards Pavia, and threatening Piacenza. This delusion was fatal to the Austrian commander and to his master. It was, however, the interest of the allies to keep up and increase the general's confidence in this error by whatever movements would blind him to their real intentions. For this purpose the Emperor directed General MacMahon, whose head-quarters were at Voghera, to make a show of crossing the Po near the village of Corvina. MacMahon pretended an attempt to throw a bridge of boats across the river at that place. Meanwhile, the whole army was commanded by the Emperor to change front. This movement began on the 28th; but the army was ignorant of the nature of the evolution in which it was participating until the night of the 29th, so well did the Emperor

keep his own counsels and prevent information from reaching the enemy. On the 30th the movement was completed, to the astonishment of the Austrians, who had no conception of the stratagem. The Sardinian army was ordered to mask the proceedings of the French by a demonstration opposite the village of Palestro. When the movement was executed, the army formed from Cameriano to Casale, with Palestro for its centre. The railway system, which Count Cavour had created, enabled this mighty movement to be made with celerity, and the safety which celerity so often secures in military operations before an enemy. The army took post parallel to the Sesia, and by thus out-manceuvring the enemy, compelled him to retreat on its left bank.

#### BATTLES OF PALESTRO.

Victor Emmanuel's part was to force the passage of the Sesia, and drive the Austrians out of Palestro. On the 29th the king's head-quarters were moved to Vercelli. On the morning of the 30th Cialdini, with a brigade, boldly crossed the river. The king, at the head of his army, crossed at Pezzano, opposite, or nearly opposite, Castelnovello. The first Austrian position at Palestro was elevated and fortified. The Sardinians stormed it. Cialdini made the assault with numbers totally inadequate to the task. He was, however, after performing prodigies of valour, reinforced, and again reinforced, until he overbore the enemy, and with the bayonet drove him out of his defences. The Austrians were well supported; and the Bohemian and Tyrolese troops, which occupied the post, fought with undaunted resolution. Many prisoners, of whom a large proportion were wounded, and many stands of arms, were captured by the victors.

The troops which crossed the river were also engaged at Vinzaglio and Casalino, and the

conflict at the latter village was fierce. The Bohemians and Tyrolese showed the same bravery as at Palestro, but were defeated by the desperate perseverance and self-sacrifice of the Italians. At the close of the day, Victor Emmanuel addressed the following proclamation to his army:—

"Chief Head-quarters at Torrione,  
"May 30, 1859.

"Soldiers!—Our first battle has been our first victory. Your heroic courage, the admirable order of your ranks, and the valour and sagacity of your chiefs, have this day triumphed at Palestro, Vinzaglio, and Casalino. The enemy, repeatedly attacked, has, after an obstinate defence, left his strong positions in your hands. This campaign could not commence under more favourable auspices. The triumph of this day is a sure pledge that you have other victories in reserve for the glory of your King and the fame of the brave Piedmontese army. Soldiers! the country exultingly expresses its gratitude to you through me, and already points out to history the names of its heroic sons, who for the second time have bravely fought for it on the memorable 30th of May.

"VICTOR EMMANUEL."

The battle of Palestro was not, however, yet over; or, rather, the village was destined to be the theatre of another battle the next day. General Zobel was ordered, with fresh troops, to retake it. He commanded four brigades, and holding one in reserve launched the other three against the place. The troops did not show the alacrity or rapid action of the assailing Italians the day before, but they came on with firmness and steadiness, and fought with bravery and pertinacity. Cialdini's division, aided by a French regiment of Zouaves, main-

tained the post, and the king placed himself at its head, leading it, and with an intrepidity which surprised all who beheld it, exposing himself to the greatest dangers. Garibaldi could not more fearlessly seek the path of danger than did Victor Emmanuel on the memorable day of the second battle of Palestro, or, as some would describe it, "the second day of that battle." Several of the officers of his staff were wounded, and General La Marmora, who kept by his Majesty's side, had his horse shot dead. The French Zouaves (the 3rd regiment), at the close of the day, elected the king their corporal, as the 73rd demi-brigade of the French Republican army elected General Bonaparte after the battle of Monttenotte.

The Austrians lost 500 men killed or drowned in the Brides, and 1,000 prisoners. The Italians lost nearly 1,000 men. The French Zouaves also lost heavily, as they behaved with the utmost gallantry, capturing a considerable proportion of the cannon which fell into the hands of the conqueror.

This ended the contest in the provinces of Voghera and Somellina.

Count Arrivabene relates an anecdote, without giving his authority, which is interesting and striking, showing how the fortunes of war and revolution change the fate of princes:—"A sub-lieutenant of the Nizza cavalry regiment presented himself to the French Colonel Chabron, having been directed to escort the Austrian prisoners to Vercelli. The young officer was tall and slight, of fair complexion, and of elegant bearing. He addressed the colonel with so pure a French accent, that the superior officer could not help saying, 'Surely your pronunciation is too good for you to be a Savoyard. To what country do you belong?' 'I am a Frenchman,' answered the cavalry officer; 'I am De Chartres.' 'You



come from Chartres? How does it happen, then, that you are in the Sardinian service?' asked the colonel. The young man rejoined, 'I do not *come* from Chartres, but my *name* is De Chartres. I am the second son of the Duke of Orleans.' Before Colonel Chabron could say anything in reply, the young prince, whose father he had loved and admired in Africa, had galloped away to join his men."

On the 1st of June, General Niel entered Novara, drove out the enemy, and occupied the city. The Austrians at last became convinced that they had mistaken the plans of the allies; but it was too late to repair the mischiefs which this misapprehension had entailed. The allied scheme of campaign was so well laid and so far developed that it was impossible to frustrate it.

The Austrians now occupied positions which were evidently taken up by constraint, the movements of the allies, not their own policy or strategy, determining the course of the Austrian generals. The first corps, under Clam, was at Buffalora; the second, under Liechtenstein, at Mortara; Schwartzberg's at Terpolata; and the 7th, under Zobel, at Robbio.

The utter abandonment of the Sardinian territory was now an absolute necessity for the Austrians. Accordingly, the retreat of the whole army began after the second day's unsuccessful fight at Palestro.

On the morning of the 2nd of June, Zobel was ordered to retire his corps on Castel Agogna and Mortara, and pass Vigevano. He was closely followed by the advance guard of the French. He nevertheless arrived at Vigevano at midnight.

On the morning of the 3rd he received a letter from Liechtenstein, announcing that the French had passed the Ticino at Turbigo Buffalora, where Clam was posted near Magenta,

which formed part of that battle-field so soon to be contested. Schwartzberg, Liechtenstein, and Zobel hastened to Magenta on the 3rd to strengthen Clam, who it was supposed must soon be attacked by the allies. At 2 p.m. Zobel arrived at Abbiate Grasso, another important point in connection with the ensuing battle of Magenta. Gyulai came upon Zobel when the latter halted, and ordered him to remain where he was; similar orders were sent to Schwartzberg. Reischach, with his division of the 2nd corps, was in advance of that body three-quarters of an hour's march; orders were sent by Gyulai for him to discontinue his route. These orders were all unfortunate for the cause of the kaiser and his army, and were not understood by the generals of corps; indeed, they were unanimously denounced by the army. The 3rd of June was wasted by the Austrian general, and a considerable portion of the 4th, when time was still more precious. It was not when contending with the ubiquitous Garibaldi only that Gyulai was tardy and too late; before the more powerful armies of the Emperor and King he was equally characterised by the same fatality.

On the 3rd of June the allies were successful in two contests, which may be represented as resolving themselves into one—Robecchetto and Ponte Patriana. The French general, Leffèvre, was the hero of these encounters, and the famous Turcoes the soldiers by whom victory was achieved. All minor contests, however, were subsidiary to the great battle of Magenta, which destiny had reserved for the morrow.

#### BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

On the morning of the 4th of June the Austrians numbered in a line equal in length to that of the allies, 90,000 men, at some distance in their front, by whom they were far out-num-

bered, the allied force amounting to more than 130,000 men. The positions of the inferior force perhaps balanced the disparity of numbers, for the French had to cross a river in front before they could assail the Austrian lines.

Gyulai established his head-quarters at Abbiate Grasso. His right wing rested on the village of Magenta. His centre lay along the acclivities between Abbiate Grasso and the village of Rebecco. He took post himself on the extreme right of his left.

The object of the kaiser's general was to cover his line of operations from Mortara to Vigevano, and the two roads which led from the Ticino to Milan, one by Magenta, the other by Abbiate Grasso and Giugano. On the line of defence, as it was contested in the approaching battle, there were about 60,000 troops; but it is a fact omitted both in French and Italian accounts, that a large proportion of these men did not arrive until late on the day of the battle, in consequence of Gyulai having countermanded their march the day before.

The purpose of that general was to cut off the French army from the bridges of San Martino and Buffalora, thus isolating the troops which had crossed the river. This would have compelled the Italians and the 2nd corps of the French to fall back upon Turbigo, under peril of being severed from the other portion of the allied army.

The Austrians occupied a ridge, the village of Magenta being the key of the whole position. The surrounding country was covered with groves, vineyards, small farms, gardens, and rice-fields. The neighbourhood was richly picturesque, the spires of the village churches rising prettily above the orchards and woods, and the edifices also seen peeping through the foliage or reposing upon the more open, verdant, and cultivated undulations. In the distance could

be seen the glorious Alps. The soft and ripe Italian summer covered with lustre the blooming products of the fertile soil of Lombardy, and all nature smiled where hosts were tramping in the hot haste of war, and the mustering of mighty men was preparing for the wild harvest of destruction and death.

Along the front of the Austrian position ran the Ticino, and nearly parallel with it flowed the waters of the Naviglio Grande. A railroad and a post-road, raised high above the level of the neighbouring rice-fields, converge upon the plateau, along which and the slopes descending from it the Austrians were posted.

On the morning of the battle the allies were literally looking for the Austrians, and were in much doubt where to find them. The Emperor resolved upon hot pursuit and attack, wherever they might be met with, so as to effect the demoralisation of the troops, confuse the slow generals, and produce a moral effect upon the population of Lombardy, which would influence it in obstructing the retreat and injuring the resources of the common foe.

General MacMahon, with his own corps, supported by the Voltigeurs of the Guard and all of the Sardinian army ready for an advance, marched in the direction of Buffalora and Magenta, not knowing that the enemy was posted there. The 2nd and 3rd divisions were the only portions of Victor Emmanuel's army which followed MacMahon; General Fanti's indecision and dilatoriness prevented the rest of the army from being in time. There was a temper among the generals and officers of the Sardinian army, which was nearly as productive of tardiness and cold routine as a similar tone of thought and feeling in the Austrian army. The personal influence of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Cialdini, and some other officers and civilians of note, and the general zeal of the Italian people, corrected

this evil. Fanti was able and ambitious, but one of the patrons of routine, and very jealous for the high tone and respectability of the army. Victor Emmanuel was intensely disappointed that the glory of his army should be sacrificed to the whims of any of his generals; his hasty spirit chafed at the mal-arrangements which left to the French an undue share of the glory of Magenta.

While MacMahon took the direction indicated, Canrobert advanced along the right bank of the Ticino. Niel held his troops in hand at Trecate, and there awaited the imperial commands.

A portion of the French stealthily crept forward to the bridge of Buffalora, which had been injured as the Austrians retreated across it, and was unfit for the passage of an army. The engineers laid down a pontoon bridge by its side, across which General Wimpffen, with the 2nd and 3rd regiments of Grenadiers of the Guard, passed and reconnoitred the enemy's positions with great circumspection. He even approached the heights, bringing two pieces of cannon, carried on the shoulders of his grenadiers.

While Wimpffen was doing this important service, the Emperor arrived at the bridge. From this point, as from a centre, his Majesty could survey the positions of the enemy. From the Lombard side the village or hamlet of Buffalora was to the left, the new bridge of Magenta in the centre, and the old bridge to the right; the ridge forming a bow, the arrow of which was the elevated post-road running above the rice-fields. The Emperor viewed the picturesque scene, rendered still more so by the presence of a brilliant army, with profound and earnest interest. It is said that, with quick sagacity, he at once mastered the strategic points, and saw some of the most important movements by which the field could

be won. The plan of the battle was not, however, his, nor was the execution of it the result of his will or prevision, the glory in these respects belonged exclusively to MacMahon, although the presence, firmness, and intelligence of Bonaparte conduced much to the issue of the day.

The Emperor's first orders were that Wimpffen should retire from his reconnaissance upon the bridge of Buffalora.

Before his Majesty could decide upon anything, the roar of artillery was heard in front of Magenta. MacMahon had arrived, and had determined to attack the enemy, and with his characteristic promptitude at once resolved the method by which the attack might be made successful. He ordered General Espinasse, with his Imperial Guards, to storm the hamlet of Marcallo, and thence to march directly upon Magenta. He proceeded with his own corps to Buffalora, to cross the bridge, and thence march also upon Magenta, which MacMahon, as it proved rightly, believed to be the key of the position.

Napoleon was not made acquainted with the details of MacMahon's plan, who considered that all depended upon the prompt use of time. The imperial confidence was such that the Emperor yielded to his general the conduct of the day, himself supporting the movement by Buffalora with such portions of his Guard as he had with him; they did not exceed 5,000 men. The whole numerical strength of the allies *on the field* did not equal that which the Austrians eventually brought up; and their positions were equivalent to a third of the numbers of their assailants. The Austrians, however, began the battle with inferior numbers. Count Arrivabene says:—

"The position occupied by the Austrians at noon on the 4th extended itself along a semi-circular chain of heights, with its right bending

on Buffalora, its main body at Magenta, and its left at Abbiate-Grasso. The Naviglio Grande, running between two steep banks, covered the whole of that formidable line. Before and behind the bridge of Magenta, there are two strong and lofty buildings—the railroad station and the custom-house; and the greater part of the *corps d'armée* of Clam, Zobel, Schwartzenberg, and Liechtenstein, had been brought up during the day to defend these positions."

The Count is an impartial and honest writer, but he is at the same time an ardent patriot, and is naturally led with some facility to place his countrymen and their allies in a most favourable light. From the above extract, it might be inferred that by noon, on the day of battle, the corps named, or the greater part of them, were massed around Magenta. The Count is probably misled by Major Miller, but the facts are at variance with the statement. It will be recollected by the reader, that in the retreat of the Austrians on the 3rd, Gyulai stopped the corps of Zobel, Liechtenstein and Schwartzenberg, which day was passed uselessly. Zobel's corps had indeed approached the head-quarters of Gyulai. It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, when Zobel received orders to leave the place where on the previous day he had been halted. He did not arrive until half-past four (a slow march) to the support of Clam, who held the village of Magenta, and ordered him to march to the left wing and attack; Reischach, commanding the right wing of the corps, was left to his discretion. It was still later when other detachments arrived upon the field. Had all that fought in defence of Magenta been there opportunely, the allies must have paid a much dearer price for this victory. When Count Arivabene says,\* that at two o'clock

the Austrians had 60,000 men massed within the relatively narrow compass of the field of Magenta, the error is obvious, as the entire amount at the disposal of Gyulai for that battle did not much exceed that number, and a very large proportion of them did not arrive upon the ridge until long after that hour. This mismanagement was one of the causes why Gyulai was ultimately superseded by the kaiser. On the moment of the allied attack, Count Clam sent to his commander-in-chief for assistance, alleging that the force of the enemy was overwhelming, and Clam knew that there was a large body of men at his commander's disposal. It is said, that so urgent was this demand, that the aide-de-camp, who carried the letter, rode the ten miles which separated the commander-in-chief and his subordinate, in twenty minutes. Gyulai read the letter, remarking, "I shall proceed at once to dinner, and then give the necessary orders: you shall also dine." The chief of command did dine, while Clam and his exhausted troops resisted their impetuous assailants at Magenta; when the reinforcements were sent they were *too late*.

As the plan of MacMahon was put in execution, so was it conducted, with great vigour and undaunted courage.

Espinasse stormed with desperate celerity the positions which lay between him and the village of Magenta. MacMahon having crossed the bridge of Buffalora, bent his way to form the junction with Espinasse, which formed the vital part of the scheme of battle. While MacMahon was doing this, the Emperor supported him from Buffalora with the small resources at his disposal. The Guards crossed the bridge, following Wimpffen's advance. Long and terrible was the conflict here. Wimpffen was beaten back again and again by superior force, only yet again to advance.

---

\* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel."

Destructive bayonet charges sent the Austrians reeling back whenever the moment appeared to have arrived that Wimpffen might be certainly overwhelmed. The Imperial Guards, under Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, were involved in the conflagration of fire with which the Austrian arms surrounded these supports, so that D'Angely's aide-de-camp at last informed the Emperor that the Imperial Guard could no longer hold the ground upon which they had advanced, and where their valour and sufferings were rendering such signal service in supporting MacMahon's effort to join Espinasse. "Tell him," was the reply of the Emperor, "they *must* keep their ground." They obeyed, many died, but the survivors conquered.

The artillery of Espinasse had been silenced, and he was merely able to keep his position in front of Magenta, while the battle was raging under the eye of the Emperor. This was the case for two hours, when suddenly the booming of artillery was again heard from the position of Espinasse. MacMahon had joined him; his plan was so far carried out. They were marching on the village of Magenta, and attacking the front of the Austrian positions between it and the Ponte Nuovo. MacMahon had swept along with irresistible energy, carrying confusion into the Austrian lines, where no conception had been formed of so daring a movement, and now the pressure ceases upon Saint-Jean d'Angely and Espinasse, and the latter advances with MacMahon upon the grand position of the Austrian army.

The village of Magenta was reached. There was, as already noticed, a large building in its front and another in its rear; these had been fortified and garrisoned with the best Tyrolese sharpshooters. The storm was perilous, and was fiercely and impetuously made. The buildings were gallantly defended; and many a

Frenchman and Italian fell beneath the fire of the riflemen who manned their roofs, chambers, walls, and approaches. The Austrians fought obstinately, and the arrival of reinforcements at the last moment enabled them to prolong a defence which might possibly have been effectual had Gyulai sent forward those troops in time. The determination of the resistance only inflamed the courage of the assailants, who charged, surmounting every obstacle, and over piles of the dying and the dead strode on to victory. The railway station and other buildings fell in rubbish under the crushing weight of a well-directed artillery fire; village dwellings, farm-houses, barns, workshops, railway-sheds, were on fire; and amidst all this flame and blood MacMahon effected his conquest.

While he was thus personally and by his troops performing feats of valour never surpassed by a French general or his soldiers, Canrobert and Niel, acting under the Emperor's orders, arrived with their corps, crossing the river at Buffalora. Had there been any doubt of MacMahon's success, it would have been removed by these powerful and numerous reinforcements. Saint-Jean d'Angely immediately assumed the offensive under the eye and orders of the Emperor. He poured in his fresh troops upon that part of the Austrian line which faced the position which he held, rendering it impossible for Clam to move troops to his right to save Magenta, which lost all was lost. Gyulai had himself arrived upon the field of battle, his first act of folly being to telegraph to Vienna that he was gaining a great victory. Although the troops driven out of Magenta were smitten by the cannon of the Imperial Guard advanced by General Sévelinges, Gyulai ordered an attack on Ponte Vecchio, with the object of gaining the bridge of Buffalora, holding it, and sepa-

rating the French corps at either side. Just as the troops advanced, gallantly, notwithstanding all their disasters, beating the charge upon their drums, General Trochu and his French division arrived upon the field. Canrobert ordered them to charge the advancing Austrians, which they did with a bearing so soldierly and dashing that the enemy fell back, Trochu pushing on until he passed a thousand yards or more beyond the line of Magenta. Gyulai ordered the regiment of the Grand Duke of Hesse to cover the retreat, and withdrew his army from the field. The regiment made a splendid effort to perform this duty, but was swept along broken and bleeding before the torrent of fire and bayonet that advanced along the route of the fugitive Austrians. The battle was won. MacMahon had crowned his brow with unfading laurels, and had proved himself one of the bravest men and most skilful generals in Europe.

The Austrians, beside the dead and wounded they sent to the rear in the progress of the battle, left 6,000 dead upon the field, and 4,000 prisoners. The French also lost heavily; General Espinasse, whose part in the battle was so signal, perished; the gallant and skilful General Cler, who behaved so well in the Crimea, was also killed. How MacMahon escaped is beyond conception, for he spurred his horse into the thickest of the fight, and was seen amidst the flame and ruins of Magenta, urging on his troops from one desperate bayonet charge to another. There were 4,250 French killed, wounded, or missing.

The Emperor met MacMahon in the village of Magenta next day, and, taking him by the hand, said, "MacMahon, you did wonders yesterday. To-day you are a Marshal of France, and Duke of Magenta." Verily France knows how to reward her brave and her able men.

Seldom has a field of battle presented more palpable traces of sanguinary struggle. The dead lay in piles, friends and foes

"In one red burial blent."

The wounded were lying helplessly entangled with the dead, with broken guns and wheels, amidst the *débris* of ammunition waggons and the smouldering ruins of burned homesteads. Many were wounded among the conquerors who were able themselves to seek the surgeons' quarters, or were found by the hospital patrols sitting or standing upon the field, having staunched their wounds. In many cases the wounded and dying, and even the dead, clung to the trophies they had won in the conflict, or to the weapons they had wielded so well.

Many among the sufferers were young soldiers—mere boys, conscripts—nor were they the least brave among the conquerors. Old soldiers presented themselves at the surgeons' tents for amputation of arms, hands, or fingers, smoking their pipes, and making merry with their misfortunes. Fortitude in suffering was displayed, even as valour in combat.

Seldom has a French general or a French army distinguished itself as much as at Magenta, and perhaps never was any more worthy of encomium.

The night after the battle was sad, brilliant, and joyous. Men mourned their friends and brothers. Comrades sought for comrades amidst the dead. Dying soldiers were borne in the arms of those who knew where they had fallen. Officers were sought out by their faithful soldiers, and reserved from the fate of the undiscovered wounded, or honoured among the noble slain. Women wept over their fallen husbands, and especially numbers of Italian women who hung about the camp of the Sardinians, if haply husband, son, or brother, might find succour from their gentle hand.







Alas, that man should slay his brother! That the differences of nations should be submitted to the cruel arbitrament of war! That principles, policies, interests, should need to be maintained where the cannon vomits forth its destructive charge, the well-aimed rifle sends its swift missive to the unsheltered breast, and the pointed steel pierces the heart it seeks. Amongst all the promises of God to this blood-stained world, few are more cheering and hope inspiring than that which foretells a really "good time coming," when nation shall not only cease to lift the hand against nation, but when they shall learn the art of war no more, when peace and liberty shall smile upon a war-stricken and oppressed world.

"Haste happy day, which we so long to see,  
When every son of Adam shall be free."

If there was sorrow on the conquered field of Magenta, so was there also joy. The victors exulted in their hard won laurels; promotions, honours, were before them; and the glory of France and the unity of Italy absorbed the thought of the allies. France had added new lustre to the halo of her warlike renown, and Italy saw from the shattered ruins of Magenta her reconstruction and freedom nearer than she had ever descried it through the gloom of the past. Well might the air resound with "Vive la Italia!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Victor Emanuele!". The sun sunk, and as its last oblique rays faded over the battle-field of Magenta, one of the loveliest of Italian nights was revealed. The stars shone out as if in honour of the victors, and as if they "fought in their courses" against Gyulai.

"Saw ye yon blazing star?  
The heavens look down on Freedom's war,  
And light her torch on high!"

The serene night fell calmly on the sleeping dead, on the languid forms of the living but

stricken, on the silent sentry as he paced his lonely rounds, on the watchful patrol, as the cry of *qui vive* rose up into its stillness, on the gathered groups which crowded around the watch-fires and the bivouac, carousing in the soldiers' carelessness, talking of home and what France and what Italy would say of Magenta, and singing the songs, the refrains of which awakened some patriotic thought or feeling, and which was caught up again and again, until the air was filled with the clamour of their enthusiasm. There slumbered the grenadiers of Wimpffen; there again Saint Jean d'Angely's light imperial guardsmen; yonder reposed the artillerymen whose thunder shook the field; here caroused and sang the light-hearted voltigeur and chasseur, as the pleasant tripping *vivandière* supplied them with the wines of Italy and France. Amidst that host there were two men, thoughtful yet triumphant, MacMahon and Napoleon. They were victors. To MacMahon's fine intellect and noble courage all was to be attributed. He knew not what illustrious reward awaited him on the morrow. His thoughts for that morrow were of new plans of victory. The imperial winner in the movements of war which had just closed, had yet a long game to play as far as human foresight could pronounce, and he no doubt counted the cost and the peril, and wished that events might speedily give him an opportunity of putting an end to the carnage, of making the war short but glorious, "always the best for France, which does not endure long wars."

Victor Emmanuel undoubtedly felt sore disappointment that his noble soldiers should have had so little opportunity of proving that the heroes of Palestro rivalled their imperial allies. Indeed it is alleged that after this battle some discontents and envies sprung up between the allies, the Sardinians complaining

that the French arrogated to themselves all the glory, while much of the fighting and the heaviest outpost duty devolved upon the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel. These murmurs and envies were, however, hushed before the great interests at stake and the dangers to be encountered.

The beaten Austrians were in a very demoralised condition, officers and soldiers murmuring at the manner in which the army had been handled. Gyulai was cursed in his camp, the defeat being attributed to his slowness, coldness, contempt to his commanders of corps, obstinacy, conceit, and incompetency. Although he knew that Canrobert and Niel had reinforced with their whole corps the French army, he ordered General Clam to have his corps in readiness to renew the action on the morrow. "Tell his excellency," said Clam, "that I shall be too happy to take a musket in my hand and fight as a private soldier, if the army can be brought together; but as for my corps, it is in no state to do anything at present."

Gyulai was deposed when the news of his conduct reached Vienna. He was, however, a favourite at court, and was consequently offered the Banship of Croatia. He had the patriotism and spirit, notwithstanding all his folly, to refuse it, and go back to the army as colonel of his own regiment, at its head, to redeem his honour. This gallant conduct, in the view of the Austrian army, covered a multitude of sins.

At nine o'clock, on the night of the 4th, the Austrian general determined upon a decided retrograde movement. He ordered Zobel to hold the village of Corbetto at all hazards, so as to gain time for the retreat. On the right of the Austrians Mensdorf and Prince August of Holstein kept the high road with their cavalry, an arm of the service in

which Austria was strong, but which it had little opportunity of employing upon the field throughout the day.

The French kept up a cannonade and fusilade during the few hours of night upon the village of Corbetto, so as to keep the wearied garrison on the alert, and cause considerable loss among them, and at five o'clock in the morning of the 5th, strong columns of French advanced. Zobel was obliged to draw back his right wing, and the retreat became precipitate, the troops halting only occasionally to keep their persistent pursuers at bay, until they reached Castelletto, where they crossed the Naviglia, and the pursuit ceased.

An Austrian officer in this retreat, writing to a friend in England, gives the following glimpse of the fear and despondency which fell upon the army in which he served:—

"The enemy has ceased to pursue us since we passed the Naviglia. Since yesterday we have come up with Benedek's corps, and hope we shall be able to keep off the enemy. The seventh corps is fearfully cut up. The regiment Kaiser has 41 officers killed and wounded; the regiment Gruber, 36; of the Chasseurs, there is not a single officer who is not wounded! so you may form an idea of the loss among the men. Benedek's corps is intact; as he said yesterday, 'I have not had the good fortune to hear a ball whistle this campaign.' You can imagine the feeling in the army against Gyulai; he is perfectly unfit for commanding. The troops fight like lions, but their general must know how to lead them.

"Lodi, June 9.—Benedek has engaged Zobel to stay with him and keep back the enemy. Mensdorf has joined us. Unfortunately the cavalry is of little use in this bout. I interrupt this to see about a cannonade. It arose from the enemy having

attacked Benedek's advanced posts; our poor friend Boer (General) is killed.

"June 11.—Benedek has told Zobel he must retire on Crema, and he will follow us, as he finds we have no hope of success against the strong force of the enemy.

"Ciginone, June 12.—I do not speak of my health; as to feelings, you may imagine what

they have been since Magenta. We have only one hope, a battle, to re-establish the honour of the army, compromised by an incapable commander-in-chief. We hope the Emperor will place himself at our head."

Alas, for Austria! she had her wishes gratified; but battle did not redeem her honour, or restore her military prestige.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIES INTO MILAN.—PRONOUNCEMENT OF THE CITY FOR VICTOR EMMANUEL.—GRAND DISPLAY AND ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS TO THE TROOPS.—TOUCHING INCIDENT IN CONNECTION WITH THE HERO OF MAGENTA.—RECEPTION OF THE WOUNDED IN MILAN.—FURTHER MOVEMENTS OF THE ALLIES.

"Take up the child, MacMahon, though  
Thy hand be red  
From Magenta's dead,  
And riding on, in front of the troop,  
In the dust of the whirlwind of war,  
Through the gate of the city of Milan, stoop,  
And take up the child to thy saddle-bow,  
Nor fear the touch, as soft as a flower,  
Of his smile, as clear as a star!  
Thou hast a right to the child, we say,  
Since the women are weeping for joy, as those  
Who, by thy help, and from this day,  
Shall be happy mothers indeed  
They are raining flowers from terrace and roof:  
Take up the flower in the child,  
While the shout goes up of a nation freed  
And heroically self-reconciled"—MRS. BROWNING.

At the meeting between the Emperor and General MacMahon, it was arranged that the allied sovereigns should make a public and triumphant entry of Milan. This purpose the Emperor suddenly altered; it was his custom thus, at a moment, without giving any intimation that such a change was probable, to ignore his expressed resolves.

The garrison of Milan was commanded by General Kellerman, whose first intimation of defeat was the shattered and demoralised con-

dition of several regiments which had retired from the field and entered Milan. The same means afforded intelligence to the citizens, who at once prepared to raise barricades and attack the Austrians. Kellerman perceiving the determined attitude of the people, and the utterly disheartened state of his troops, evacuated the city on the morning of the 8th.

The people met on the Piazzà Broletto, and demanded the proclamation of the Act of 1848, which united Lombardy to Piedmont.

The municipal assessors proceeded to the balcony of the palace, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Lombardy. A deputation from the municipality and the most influential citizens, comprising some of the most respectable names in Lombardy, was sent to the allied camp, announcing these proceedings. The deputation was received by the allied sovereigns.

On the 7th, the Emperor removed his headquarters from Magenta to a village called Quarto Cagnino, about a mile from Milan. Thence he immediately sent orders to General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who reached Buffalora the day after the battle, to pursue the enemy, marching to Melegnano, and occupying that place if the enemy were encountered. This was to be effected under the directions of the new marshal, with whose corps he was to place his own.

At ten o'clock, on the 7th, Marshal MacMahon, at the head of his second corps, entered Milan by the Porte Vercellina. He was expected by the people. The royal allies, with good taste, left the glory of the occasion to the man whose genius and determination had liberated Milan. The decorations of the city surpassed anything previously known in its history. The richest silks, for which Milan has been for ages famous, draped the balconies and piazzas; folds of heavy damask, embroidered with gold and silver, fell from the chief public edifices; constructions of artistic taste arose as if by magic in the great thoroughfares; fresh camellias and lilacs were entwined around the columns which supported the entrances to the churches; roses and narcissus buds covered the new palace Pecinini. From the arches of the Piazza Mercanti hung festoons of white camellias, red tulips, and green laurel-leaves, forming the Italian tricolour; French and Sardinian flags floated

above churches, towers, domes, steeples, arches, public buildings, and private houses. In the windows of every dwelling were heaped bouquets, bunches of May roses, and sprigs of laurel, to cast upon the conquerors as offerings of gratitude. The streets were crowded with all classes clothed in their best costumes, their countenances radiant with joy and triumph. Bands of young girls and children attired in white, and carrying red aprons full of laurels and flowers, were placed along the streets to strew the path of the conquerors with the beautiful summer offerings of floral Lombardy.

Moving amidst these scenes were the men who had thrown up the barricades, still armed with whatever weapons could at the time be seized.

The Duke of Magenta rode in front of his Chasseurs, and was received by acclamations from every balcony and piazza; and from the multitudes which filled the streets, while the flowers, treasured for the purpose, fell in blossoming showers upon him and his noble soldiers. When he reached Santa Margherita, it was almost impossible to pass through the dense crowds without wounding the people. A cry of wild distress arose close to the Marshal's horse. A poor woman was struggling to save her child from being rode over, and was herself entangled by the dress with the accoutrements of the marshal's horse. She was falling, still clasping the child in her arms, when MacMahon stooped swiftly and placed the little one on his saddle bow. A loud shout from street and windows marked the public sympathy, approval, and gratitude. "The Austrian generals," wrote one who had felt their scourge in Venetia, "had not accustomed the people to such human feeling." The mother was released from her peril, and the gallant MacMahon bore forward the child as a fresh trophy, but gained bloodlessly in the cause of





humanity. The well-known tender character of the hero made the whole scene one of most appropriate occurrence, which is beautifully expressed in the language of the poetess, whose celebration of the incident is made the motto of this chapter. Indeed, it was a day of strange and touching scenes for Milan. Scarcely had the 2nd *corps d'armée* passed through the gates, when the carts loaded with the wounded entered the town. Long was the train of the vehicles which bore the maimed and unhappy warriors, French and Austrians mingled together; and piercing were the cries wrung from them in their agonies as the motion of the rough cars disturbed their bandages and irritated their wounds. The people crowded around, offering gifts of fruit and flowers and cordials, which the Austrian enemies, now bleeding and fallen, shared. The whole population sought for litters and private carriages to bear to their homes some of the patients. Never was generosity more simultaneous, prompt, and effective. Many a splendid equipage was that night stained with the blood of friend or foe, borne away to hospitable shelter. The Austrian press spread a report that the Milanese treated the wounded prisoners with neglect and even cruelty. This was a wilful and ungrateful calumny.

Next day was also auspicious for Milan. The allied sovereigns, who had left the glory of the previous day exclusively to the real conqueror of Magenta, prepared to enter the city early the following morning. The fatigue of the past evening had caused nearly the whole population to remain unusually long upon their pillows; but the royal visitors were very early, so that there were few to receive them. This was probably "accidentally on purpose," so as to allow MacMahon's public entry to be the exclusive day of festivity and gladness. Accordingly, only a portion of the corporate

body and those who of necessity rose early, were at hand to meet the imperial and royal conquerors. An escort of the imperial Cent Garde led the procession, the Emperor, with Victor Emmanuel on his left, followed, attended by brilliant French and Sardinian lines of staff officers. Then followed the Imperial Guard, with their commander in the late battle, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, at their head. Flags and flowers still hung over the silent city while it slept, and a grand *cortège*, which it saluted not, proceeded along its nearly empty streets. The rumour, however, spread, and groups, dressed anyhow, collected in the windows and by the doors, shouting, "Vivano i nostri Liberatori." When the cavalcade arrived at the Villa Buonaparte, the Emperor entered, that place having been appropriately chosen for his residence. Its name seemed properly to designate it for the purpose; it was also beautifully situated in the groves of the public gardens. The Emperor's uncle, Napoleon I., had inhabited this villa when at Milan; so had another uncle, Eugène Beauharnois. His mother, when Queen of Holland, and he was but a child, had been a temporary and delighted resident of the villa. In 1813 the Emperor himself was there, he pointed out to his suite the room which he had then occupied.

It was arranged that the king should stay in the court apartments; but he had a repugnance to do so, as the Archduke Maximilian had left behind him much property on the occasion of his flight. Who would have then thought that, a few years later, Victor Emmanuel, as King of Italy, should be requested by the ambassador of that same Maximilian, to recognise him as Emperor of Mexico—a throne for which he should be indebted to the victorious arms of Napoleon III.?

"O tempora mutantur et mutamur cum illos."

The king took up his abode at the palace of the Marquis Busca, a very vain and wealthy noble, a pro-Austrian, who, however, knew how "to sail with the wind," and welcome an Italian king and conqueror. On the same day the Emperor, attended only by an aide-de-camp, and therefore not recognised, rode out; but on his return he was known, and the wildest demonstrations of gratitude and respect were made by the people. They stopped his horse, shook hands with him, threw flowers in his path, and shouted with all their ardour.

The city poured out its glad multitudes: there was a general *fête*. As the evening came illuminations sprang forth as if by magic. The night was a rich mellow Italian moonlight, showing the heavens above, while church and tower, colonnade, piazza, palace, and monument blazed with encircling lamps, woven in French and Italian tricolours. A grand torch-light procession, of great length, marched past the temporary palaces of the imperial and royal chiefs. Well might Bonaparte say, "The joy of these people shows how much they must have suffered."

Count Cavour arrived at Milan and was made an object of lavish enthusiasm.

Amidst these wonderful ovations there was one man only who dared to frown or to oppose, that was Monsignor Cascia, Archbishop of Milan. He would not give his assent to the *Te Deum* or any other of the religious ceremonials by which some patriotic priests, and the citizens generally, desired to celebrate their deliverance.

While festive scenes were passing in Milan, the booming sound of cannon was borne from the direction of Melegnano, whither Baraguay d'Hilliers had been ordered by the Emperor to dislodge the Austrians in position there. MacMahon had marched to San Martino, where the two marshals met, and arranged

their plan of assault. When the sound of battle reached Milan, the excitement was boundless; anxiety, hope, confidence, were portrayed on the countenances where exuberant rejoicing and triumph had alone been seen. What tidings the good citizens of Milan received in explanation, and as the result of the hoarse voice of war which had broken upon their ears, will be seen by the issue of the conflict.

#### BATTLE OF MELEGNANO.

The plan arranged between the two French generals was, that the Duke of Magenta should direct his *corps d'armée* on San Giuliano, and then, turning to the left, flank the right of Melegnano, and by placing himself on the road from Cassano to Lodi, cut off the retreat of the enemy. Forey's division was to proceed on the right, taking the road from Noseda to Pedriano, turning Melegnano in that direction; this was, in fact, the principal point of attack, and was to be supported by powerful artillery. The division of Ladmirault was to make a movement to the left, similar to that of Forey on the right. A brigade of General Bazaine's division was to attack Melegnano in front. The plan of MacMahon was admirably adapted to his purpose, and gave additional proof of his genius.

The site of Melegnano is on level ground. Its houses are high and strong, its streets narrow, and its cemetery so situated as to serve as a fortification. The place was very defensible. On the 1st of September, 1515, the French won a victory at this place.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of June, MacMahon put his plans in execution. He was not able, from various obstructions, to occupy the position he assigned to his own corps until six o'clock in the evening. General Bazaine arrived in front of Melegnano half an



hour sooner. He found the houses and farm buildings at each side of the road fortified, the entrance to the town barricaded and defended with artillery. Bazaine's advance was under a heavy cross fire from the houses, loop-holed, and in some cases having guns mounted, while the cannon at the entrance to the town played along the road. Bazaine brought up his artillery, and fire was kept up at very close quarters. The attempts of Bazaine's Zouaves to storm were defeated, one bloody repulse followed another. At this juncture, Forey arrived with his division at the point assigned to him, and opened a terrible artillery fire. Bazaine ceased his fire and assaulted the barricades. The Austrians behaved not only with bravery but devotion. The first line of defence consisted solely of officers who had volunteered for that purpose. They did all men could do but conquer. The active Zouaves overcame the barriers, and being well supported by troops of the line, poured into the main thoroughfare. The sappers had then no difficulty in removing the barricades for the passage of field artillery, which raked the streets, enabling the Zouaves to advance with facility. Forey's troops were equally successful. Ladmirault, guided by the fire, directed Courreck and Niol to march with their battalions *au pas de course* on Melegnano.

The Austrians were, by these combinations, driven in upon the centre of the town, where in the main streets and the piazza they defended themselves bayonet to bayonet, and sword to sword, with obstinate resistance. Barricades, porticoes, churches, had to be carried by storm. The Zouaves gained the very centre of the town; but from windows and streets a fire was directed upon them close and deadly. French officers fell fast, and the Zouaves lay in heaps. There was an old castle where the defenders had entrenched

themselves, and were reinforced by a brigade which had been on the left bank of the river Sambro. It was in vain for a long time the French rushed on, unmindful of difficulties or death; but they at length conquered. The last position of defence was the post-office, which was stormed by the French infantry of the line, but even after the Austrians were driven out, they attempted to storm the place in turn, and the 30th regiment, which had so gallantly conquered, lost a large number of its remaining men. It was now late in the evening, thunder burst over the shattered and blood-stained town, and rapid and vivid flashes of lightning presented the combatants in ghastly clearness to one another. A regiment of Ladmirault's now arrived at the post-office, turning the scale in favour of the regiment of Bazaine's brigade, which had won and kept it. It was then nine o'clock; the Austrians had lost every position and retreated. Now was the time for MacMahon to intercept and capture them. Forey was unable to make his way, in consequence of the obstructions of the country, until half an hour after the proper time. MacMahon occupied positions facing Lodi, where it was expected the Austrians would attempt the passage of the Adda.

The battle of Melegnano, one of the bloodiest ever contested for the numbers engaged, was fought and won by French valour. These tidings soon reached Milan, dispelling all the alarm of cannon sounds which had interrupted the popular festivities. The Austrians retreated with admirable order and celerity. They betrayed none of the tardiness which robbed them of all hope of victory in the invasion of Piedmont. They crossed the Adda in spite of the French, destroyed the bridges of Lodi, Paullo, and Pizzighettone, and pursued the route towards the Chiese, the Oglio, and the Mincio, with a rapidity of flight which

rivalled an advance of French Turcos or Zouaves. The Piedmontese were in active pursuit of the division of Urban, which halted at Cassano, unable to proceed farther from the excess of its fatigue. The Piedmontese were about to attack when a French officer interfered, and went forward to demand a capitulation. Urban amused him for two hours with negotiations, by which time he and his corps slipped away, breaking the bridge behind them. The Austrians were very clever in retreat, more especially their Croat battalions.

Marshal MacMahon, with the 2nd *corps d'armée*, advanced to Castiglione. The movements of the Austrians could not be ascertained with safety. M. Godard, the aeronaut, was with the Emperor, and was ordered by his Majesty to report himself at MacMahon's head-quarters for the purpose of an aerial reconnaissance. He ascended, and sailed in the direction of Pozzalongo and Peschiera, but was unable to discover anything except a few cavalry in the neighbourhood of the former place. This ascent was contemporaneous with a reconnaissance under the direction of General Niel with the like result. MacMahon and Niel both came to the conclusion that the enemy had crossed the Mincio. They had previously thought it probable that battle would be offered on the great plains of Medole, or the broken country extending from the clear Lake of Garda to Monzambano, Valezzio, Volta, and Goito.

The Austrians had crossed the Mincio, but recrossed, and, to some extent, took up the very positions upon which MacMahon and

Niel had originally supposed they would give battle. It is not clear whether they had passed the Mincio in the first instance, intending to continue their retreat to the strongholds of the quadrilateral, or merely to deceive the allies, and lead them to a fast and imprudent pursuit, all the while resolving to contest a battle on the side of the river where the allies were still advancing.

When the Austrians were already on the heights of Solferino, and in the plain of Merode, the French generals supposed that only strong reconnoitring parties remained on their side of the river.

The Emperor of Austria had joined his army, assuming the supreme command, although General Hess was the virtual commander. The Austrian generals were unable to ascertain the precise positions of the allies or to divine their plans. The kaiser had greatly augmented his army in the field by the garrisons of Piacenza, Pizzighettone, Cremona, Ancona, Bologna, Ferrara, Mantua, Verona, Peschiera, and other cities; so that he numbered, for field operations, 140,000 men, for the most part fresh troops. The allies could not bring forward quite so many, and their troops were fatigued by the battles and marches they had undergone. The ground occupied was well known to the Austrians.

The kaiser's staff consisted of a brilliant suite of princes, archdukes, and generals, and all were confident that the army, fighting under the eye of their sovereign, would retrieve previous disasters and gain a great victory. Such were the preliminaries of the terrible contest at Solferino and its neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

"When all is still on death's devoted soil,  
The march-worn soldier mingles with the toil;  
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye;  
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
And hears thy stormy music in the drum"—CAMPAELL'S *Pleaures of Hope*.

THE ground on which the terrible battle of Solferino was fought was extended in area, and complicated exceedingly. The French came upon the scene of contest in detached corps, and from different directions.

These circumstances render an account of the dispositions of both armies, and the progress of the conflict, difficult to a degree beyond what is usual in narratives of battles. Count Arrivabene visited the field immediately after the struggle, and has given the clearest and plainest account of the character of the ground occupied by the contending armies. The despatches of the commanders engaged, although too technical for the general reader, give a tolerably lucid relation of the various stages of the battle. These guides shall be followed, as the writer attempts to elucidate the character of this wonderful contest of arms, so glorious to the fame of Bonaparte and Victor Emmanuel, so important to the power of both, and so happy in its effects upon the liberation of Italy.

On the morning of the 24th of June the Austrian army covered a part of that hilly ground, about twelve miles in length and nine in width, which presents nearly the form of a parallelogram, the four angles of which are Lonato, Peschiera, Volta, and Castiglione delle Stiviere. The left side of the parallelogram declines from Volta to Castiglione towards the south-west, opposite the flat country through which runs the main road from Cas-

tiglione to Mantua. The ground thus circumscribed is partly severed in the middle by a little stream, tributary to the Mincio. At the source of this stream the hills attain their highest elevation, and begin to bend towards the Mincio. This point may be considered as about the centre of the parallelogram; Solferino and Cavriana were on the right bank of the stream; Rondotto, Monte San Giovanni, and Pozzolengo, on its left. The extreme right of the Austrian line sloped down from Peschiera into the plain of the Mincio, passing through the open country which formed its pivot.

The length of the line, which is intersected by the main road of Goito, was not less than twelve Italian miles. The key of the Austrian position was the village of Solferino. Cavriana was its centre. The Mincio, running from the Lake of Garda at Peschiera, passes south, with numerous curves, as far as Rivalta, where it assumes the form of a lake. The hills which comprise the parallelogram range on both banks at almost right angles towards the river.

The line of battle of the two armies was drawn on the right bank of the hills which, sloping from the north-west towards the south and Castiglione, here make a bend, and touch the Mincio in a line to the south-east. The ground of the parallelogram was intersected by small valleys, approached by gentle slopes or steep declivities, and occasionally cultivated, accord-

ing to the quality of the soil, the most stony in Lombardy. The descents of the hills, and the fields into which the valleys are divided, abounded in corn, vineyards, and mulberry trees, and were fenced by low walls of large stones, separating the *luoghi*, or small holdings of the numerous landowners. The tableland of the higher ridges was covered with reddish heath or oak woods.

The allied armies, the day previous to the battle of Solferino, extended from the edge of the Lake of Garda, at Desenzano, all along the western edge of the hilly country, from Lonato down to Castiglione, and, bending back towards Carpenedolo, touched there the Chiese. From the imperial head-quarters of Montechiaro, a general order had been issued on the 23rd, regulating the advance of the allied armies, which was to commence at two o'clock on the following morning. This order prescribed the action of Victor Emmanuel's army, of which the first and second divisions at that time occupied the hills surrounding Lonato; the third, Desenzano and Rivoltella; the fourth, a position in advance of Lonato towards Peschiera; and the cavalry, Biddizole. According to the arrangements of the French Emperor, his Sardinian Majesty was to advance on Pozzolenigo. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, whose left wing was in communication with the Piedmontese army, was to march from Esenta on Solferino, and Marshal MacMahon from Castiglione on Cavriana. Niel and Canrobert's corps were to proceed through the plain: the first from Carpenedolo on Guidizzuolo, the second from Mezzano on Medole. The Imperial Guard was to move forward from Montechiaro on Castiglione; and two divisions of cavalry of the line were to take a position in the plain between Solferino and Medole.

During the night, the Austrians advanced their outposts as far as Le Fontane and Grole,

in the vicinity of Castiglione. The corps under the command of Baraguay d'Hilliers and MacMahon were the first to come upon the enemy. Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps came from Esenta in two columns. The first of these, formed by the second division, under the command of General Ladmirault, marched on Solferino through Santa Maria, Barche di Castiglione, and Barche di Solferino. The second, led by General Forey of the first division, left Esenta later, and marched on Grole and Le Fontane, passing through Castiglione; the third division followed the second at five o'clock.

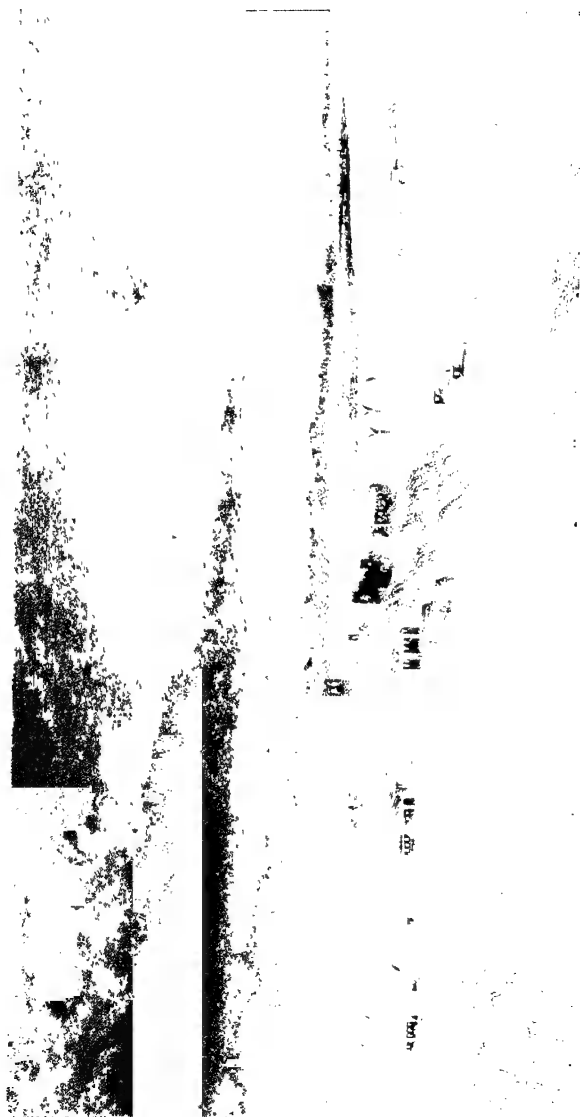
The commander of the second column found the Austrians strongly entrenched in the positions which overlooked the hamlet of Grole. This hamlet, and those of Fontane and Fenili, were carried by Forey's troops. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers was therefore enabled to despatch a message to the Emperor Napoleon at Montechiaro, informing him that he was pursuing the troops of the enemy, who fell back towards Solferino. Whilst the first French *corps d'armée* had thus engaged the enemy on that side, Marshal MacMahon had also encountered him on the road to Guidizzuolo, along which he was to march, and then bend to the left, and march on Cavriana by San Cassiano.

General Niel's advance had been much impeded by the conformation of the country. He did not reach the village of Medole until six o'clock, which he found occupied by the Austrians, whom he drove out, capturing several guns and many prisoners.

Marshal Canrobert was still slower in his advance than Niel, although he had not such difficult obstructions. On his arrival at Castel Gaffredo, he found it occupied by the Austrians who had turned its natural advantages for defence to good account. His success was as











brilliant as that of Niel at the village of Merode, upon which Canrobert, after his victory, directed his march.

For the clearer arrangement of the narrative it is now desirable to describe the attack of the allies, beginning from their extreme left. The left of the French was the corps of d'Hilliers opposite Solferino, but the left of the allied army was occupied by King Victor Emmanuel and his Italians, whose position was almost isolated, and who had to fight almost a separate battle. Victor Emmanuel's position centred at San Martino, upon which point his divisions arrived slowly, obstructed by the enemy. They endeavoured to push on so as to form a junction with the left of d'Hilliers, but were confronted by 20,000 Austrians, under Benedek, one of the best of their generals. The Austrians captured San Martino, and only by desperate efforts were they held in check; Benedek endeavouring to cut off the retreat of the Savoyards, and separate them from their communications with the French. A small body of d'Hilliers' cavalry was manœuvred in the undulated ground with such skill as to leave the enemy under the impression that it was numerically formidable, and chiefly by this means the communications were kept open, the Sardinians at the same time doing their part with chivalrous courage. Some of the buildings and farm-houses for which the opposing armies contended were captured and recaptured four times, and nearly all changed occupants several times during the day.

Through many hours of fierce slaughter this sort of warfare went on, but the Austrians reinforced made a more determined onslaught than ever. The farm of Contraccania, one of the chief points of the contest, was forced for the fourth time, the positions of the Rocolo and the church of San Martino, which the Sardinians had retaken, again fell to the

enemy. Everything seemed against the gallant Piedmontese when their hero-king galloped through their lines, crying out to his troops, "My children, we must take San Martino and hold it, or the enemy will compel us to make San Martino." The significance of this expression can only be understood by a reference to the custom of the Lombards to remove, when they change their residences, on the feast of San Martino; hence "to flit," as the English say, is in Lombard parlance, "to make San Martino." "Long live the king! Long live Italy!" was the response. The appeal of the monarch had roused the troops to a very frenzy of patriotism and courage. The charge was beaten upon the drums of the infantry, and for the fifth time the important post was conquered by the Sardinians. They did not long hold it. Fresh masses of Austrians regained it over slaughtered piles of the soldiers of both armies. The Piedmontese already counted their losses by thousands.

Fanti's division of the Savoy army had been occupied in keeping open the communications with d'Hilliers at Solferino. Victor Emmanuel countermanded it, and brought up some other troops which had been similarly employed. With Fanti's division came the tidings that d'Hilliers had stormed the height of Solferino, and this inspired the wearied and decimated Piedmontese with new hope and ardour. At the moment Fanti was turning to the assistance of the hardly pressed troops, an Austrian column pressed forward to turn the right of the Sardinians, which movement, if successful, would probably have issued in driving them into the Lake of Garda. Fortunately d'Hilliers was enabled to see what was occurring, and to help the defence. He sent the artillery of General Forgeat, which shelled the advancing column, broke it, and compelled it to recede. Fanti was able to proceed unmolested.

Scarcely had the division reached the lines of the Italian army, when a darkness, which seemed preternatural, lowered over the embattled hills and plains. Then the heavens were rent by the lightning, and loud thunder rolled over the heads of the astonished troops. Scarcely had the echoes of these peals died amongst the hills, when large hail fell, covering the whole scene of battle. This was succeeded by tempest, and finally a deluge of rain burst upon the amazed armies. So rapid and extraordinary was the succession of these phenomena, that both armies paused as if awed by the interposition of a superior power. The loud voice of Victor Emmanuel startled his soldiers with the cry, "Avanti alla carica," and the fresh troops, supported by the rest of the army, launched themselves against the Austrian positions. At this moment the Austrian general was ordered to hold his ground at all costs, to cover the retreat of the army whose centre had been penetrated by MacMahon at Cavriana. The battle had raged for fourteen hours, still in front of the Sardinian army everything appeared yet to be done. The cannon of the king was brought so close to the enemy that it must be captured or do deadly execution; it did do execution, swift and mortal. On sped the infantry and cavalry, now hurled back and then again advancing, their gallant king foremost among the brave, the troops, especially the volunteers, shouting, "Long live Italy! Long live our king!" How it would have issued it is impossible to conjecture, so fierce was the mutual enmity and determination to conquer; but Benedek received orders to follow and cover the retreat, which he did, pursued by the advancing waves of the army of Sardinia. The work of the Italians was accomplished. All had been brave, the king bravest of the brave. He had in this action shown skill as well as courage, and

proved himself a good officer as well as a dauntless soldier.

Dead, wounded, and missing, the little army of Sardinia lost more than 5,000 men, one-third of the entire loss of the allies. On no part of the field did the Austrians fight so well, nor were they anywhere on the line of battle so skilfully commanded. Their loss must have been equal to that of the Sardinians.

Such was the character and result of the contest on the extreme left of the allied army. Passing further right to the left of the French line of battle, d'Hilliers combated before Solferino long and valiantly ere victory crowned his efforts. The hill of Solferino was higher than any other portion of the ridge occupied by the Austrian army. The highest portion of the eminence called Solferino, is called "La Rocco di Solferino." The tower of the village is also called "La Spia d'Italia" (the watch-tower of Italy). So extensive is the view commanded that the beholder may see from the Alps to the Apennines. Mantua, Verona, Ceresara, Bozzolo, Cremona, are visible. The Lake of Garda is also seen nearly to its termination in the heart of the Tyrolese Alps.

When Louis Napoleon arrived at Castiglione, the whole French line was engaged, and the left very fiercely. He ascended the church steeple, from whence the theatre of battle was spread before him. The smoke of the guns, and the swayings to and fro of the various opposing bodies, enabled him to see at a glance the state of the contest.

On his left he could perceive that d'Hilliers had posted four guns on the top of Monterasso to cover the approach of the divisions Ladmirault and Forey. The troops of the former faced the vicinity of the Solferino cemetery, and held their ground in a position which seriously menaced the enemy, notwithstanding his fierce and well-directed fire.









To the right the Emperor could see MacMahon pushing his way through the fields bordering the stradone of Mantua, his left approaching the position of d'Hilliers, his right facing the plain, along which he expected the march of Niel. At this juncture, Niel having driven the Austrians out of Merode, was advancing from Robecco and Ceresara. The enemy, perceiving this, endeavoured to prevent the junction, and Niel was hastening forward rapidly to frustrate their purposes. Beyond Niel's line of march the smoke of guns could be seen, and their report heard. These tokens came from Canrobert, whose corps had conquered Castel Goffredo, and was marching upon the common rendezvous of MacMahon, Niel, and Canrobert—Merode. Nearer to Castiglione than the course of any of the corps to its right, d'Angely and the Imperial Guard were pressing along the main road towards Guidizzuolo.

Such was the scene presented to Louis Napoleon. He at once formed a judgment as to the designs of the enemy, and gave to his chiefs of corps the orders he thought necessary. He considered that the Austrians, knowing that Solferino was the key of their position, were desirous of (in military phrase) diverting the attack. This they hoped to effect by operating upon the French right, separating the second and fourth corps, and thus severing the Gallic line.

Louis Napoleon resolved to baffle this design, and at the same time press on the assault upon Solferino, by wresting which from the enemy he could be driven upon his centre at Cavriana, where his line might be penetrated by MacMahon and a retreat compelled, or a destructive rout effected. Bonaparte ordered General Morriss, commanding the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, to join MacMahon, whose care, in the first instance, was to drive out the

enemy from a farm, where they were strongly posted, called Morino. Saint-Jean d'Angely was ordered, with the infantry of the Guard, to the support of the first corps attacking Solferino. Thus MacMahon was enabled to hold open his line of communication with Niel, and d'Hilliers to press on more confidently against the key of the Austrian defence.

All these orders were executed with rapidity and discipline, and the artillery told fearfully upon the Austrians in the plain, whose smooth-bore guns could not carry shot to the distance of the French batteries, the large range and more effective fire of which dismounted the Austrian guns rapidly, and mowed down the heavy cavalry which were curiously placed so as to draw off the French fire in the hope of saving the guns. The destruction of artillery and cavalry in this manner conducted much to the success of MacMahon's corps.

As soon as his orders were executed, Bonaparte rode over to the Duke of Magenta, and unfolded his plan, who appears to have approved of it, as it was carried out, and decided the action.

While d'Hilliers was approaching nearer and nearer to the masses he had cooped up in the village, and on the heights of Solferino, MacMahon steadily performed his part of the operations. He held the plains of Merdoe, gradually turning his course upon Cavriana, which he was to assault, as soon as d'Hilliers conquered the Solferino heights, should he prove so fortunate. MacMahon was also to watch his line of connection with d'Hilliers, in which he was assisted by the Imperial Guard supporting the latter. Besides these duties, the Duke of Magenta was obliged to keep a vigilant eye upon his communication on the other wing of his corps, until Niel and Canrobert could arrive to his assistance. To aid him in

this respect the cavalry of Morriss formed into line upon his extreme right.

Niel came on slowly, and Canrobert more slowly still; the former had to fight intercepting bodies of Austrians, whom he gradually vanquished. Canrobert *thought* he would have to fight them, *believed* that they would intercept him, *heard* the like from various informants, hesitated, and did not come on. This hesitation might have lost the battle; as it was, it prevented the destruction of the Austrian army, and caused Bonaparte to be more eager for peace than he would have been had the Austrian retreat been cut off, and a more deadly blow struck at the *keiser's* power in Italy.

Such were the combinations, inefficient only as depended upon Canrobert, at the period of the contest which had arrived.

On the left of the French line, Baraguay d'Hilliers now made prodigious efforts to accomplish his part of the scheme. His troops had suffered severely. He expected aid on his extreme left from the Sardinians, but although the division Fanti approached, it was wanting elsewhere, as has been already shown, to sustain the shock of battle upon the Sardinian lines, and aid in the bloody struggle around San Martino. The arrangements of the day for success now depended upon the power of d'Hilliers to force Solferino; until that was effected, all that MacMahon could do was to watch his own flanks, hold his position on the plain, and approach Cavriana gradually and cautiously.

The Emperor mounted his horse and made to the point of most consequence. He gave some orders and ascended the Monte Fenile, where Forey's artillery was playing upon some Austrian infantry, massed in the little valley below the right declivity of Solferino. The Emperor had scarcely cast his eye upon the

lines of the enemy, when the bayonets of a long column of infantry were seen flashing as lightning from cloud to cloud. The troops above whom these ranks of steel were gleaming, were concealed by foliage. They soon became visible; and pressed on in a dense column, with the obvious intention of charging and rending the French line. A brigade of Forey's division, then posted at the foot of the hill, where the Emperor stood, essayed to stop their progress, and with success, but suffering terrible slaughter. They stood within range of a powerful artillery, which planted showers of destroying missiles on their flank. Nevertheless, they sturred not; the men fell without murmur, none flinched. Forey ordered a regiment to carry the position on which the Austrian guns were planted. It failed, being out-numbered five to one. A fresh column of Stadion's infantry issued from the Austrian heights, which must have overthrown Forey's division and swept away everything then opposed to it. The moment was full of peril, the fate of Italy trembled in the balance, but the Emperor remained cool, collected, and resolute. He had provided against such contingencies earlier in the day, as the reader will remember, by placing the infantry of his Guard in support. He ordered them up; the sudden appearance of such a fine body of men checked the impetuosity of the Austrians. A few volleys from the Guards, a brilliant charge with the bayonet, and the routed Austrians were chased back until they passed Castel del Monte, and rested upon their reserves at Monte Sano. Ladmiraunt, under the eye of d'Hilliers himself, performed prodigies of valour, occupying the surrounding heights, and supported by reserves, forced back the Austrians step by step. Although he received a musket ball in the shoulder, he pressed forward on foot, leading his men from charge to charge, until, at



last, faint from loss of blood, and again wounded, he was obliged to resign the command to General Negrier, in the acme of the conflict. Bazaine's brigade, with Negrier, and a body of Zouaves, ascended the slopes of Solferino under a terrible cross fire, only to be hurled down by the close musketry volleys and bayonets of the stubborn Austrians. Again, and again, did Negrier attempt to storm the cemetery, which both parties regarded as an important conquest. Assisted by some of Bazaine's troops, his last effort was desperate, but in vain. The cemetery building was loop-holed, and the best marksmen of Tyrol made sure aim upon the assailants. Negrier drew back, but did not abandon his purpose. He knew that the cemetery lost, all was lost to the enemy, as far as the post of Solferino was concerned; but he also perceived that his compatriots were making their way up the hills called the Tower and Cypress, which, once possessed, a fire could be opened upon the cemetery in the rear, and aid him effectually in again advancing in front.

At this juncture the Austrians opened fire from a powerful and very numerous artillery upon Monte Fenile, where the Emperor's headquarters were established. Shot and shell rained around him without drawing his attention for a moment from the sanguinary events passing beneath him. His Cent Garde closed around him, many paying the forfeit of limb or life. His Majesty's physician, Baron Larrey, had his horse killed a little in the rear of the Emperor.

The Austrian positions were strengthened by reinforcements, nearly all the Emperor-Napoleon's supports and reserves had been brought into action, his troops were fast falling, yet he believed in victory, and little by little, step by step, his battalions were gaining upon the foe. The French artillery and guards just

then broke the opposing flank. The Tower Hill of Solferino was beset by the bruised but still determined brigades which had fought their way thither. The Cypress Mount, after a bloody struggle, was carried, and with it all the Austrian guns upon its summit. Forey now gave orders to storm the Tower Hill of Solferino, and take it at all costs. The French prepared for an effort which must be final or fatal. Amidst the beating of the charge, the clangour of the light infantry bugles, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" the whole force that could be collected charged up the hill, crowded its summit, captured the guns, and bayoneted or hurled down its steep slopes those who had so long and so resolutely defended it. The Austrians fled into the narrow streets of the village of Solferino, which were raked by a fire from their own guns so lately captured, and by the shrapnel of the French artillery. Forey at once led his victorious men against the cemetery and the fortified convent in its front. It was now Negrier's turn to seize the occasion he had waited for. Attacked in front and rear,—the gates of the convent, its roofs and walls, pounded by artillery,—the defence was ineffectual although stubborn.

From the cemetery the victors crossed the paths and fields which separated it from the village; every wall and farm was defended by Austrians, and the village itself whither the troops driven headlong down from Solferino had fled was also held by portions of battalions dislodged from other places. A street fight took place in the village similar to that at Melegnano, the Austrian artillery was captured, and they were soon in full retreat upon Cavriana, pursued by General Manéque. They retreated in order, slowly, and fighting as they receded. On Monte Lacara a whole division of Croats was posted which had not come into action, and Casal del Monte was

held by German battalions. From these positions Manègue received a fire which checked his advance, and laid low many of his ardent soldiers. Leboeuf opened upon them with his artillery, but the Austrians, increasing in confidence, became assailants, and would have been victors had not the Grenadiers of the Guard come up at the crisis of the conflict. The Emperor, who seemed that day to think of everything, saw the peril, and sent the relief.

This was the time for MacMahon to advance upon Cavriana, and so co-operate with d'Hilliers advancing thither along the ridge from Solferino; the enemy, beaten at Cavriana, would no longer be able effectually to hold any part of the field.

The Emperor accordingly rode over to Monte Fontana, where an aide-de-camp of MacMahon requested succour, as neither Niel nor Canrobert had helped him at all, and his corps had to contend with the whole Austrian army except those portions which had confronted Victor Emmanuel and d'Hilliers. Thus, in consequence of the absence of the two fine corps, upon the co-operation of which the Emperor had calculated, he had to fight with greatly inferior numbers, against, for the most part, fresh and veteran troops.

He had no means of helping MacMahon, whose aid must come from Niel and Canrobert, and yet Cavriana must be taken, or all might still be lost. The conquest of Solferino was half the battle, but the other half might never be won. The French had been struggling nine hours; it was two in the afternoon; the troops were weary; what was to be done? So early as twelve MacMahon had heard from Niel that he was ready to move in the direction of Cavriana. MacMahon felt that then or never the blow must be struck. Turning to his left, he fiercely assaulted Cavriana, and gloriously carried it. Morriss secured com-

munication between him and the cavalry echeloned on the plain protecting his right, now more than ever necessary.

MacMahon's advance was obstructed by charges of cavalry, in which arm the Austrians were powerful, and the ground gave them good opportunity for its use. Nevertheless, with his usual bravery and pertinacity, he drove all before him. It is needless to give the details of every combat which was conducted before the grand point of attack was reached.

Meanwhile Niel was advancing, resisting desperate efforts on the plain of Merode to separate him from MacMahon, or rather to render their junction impossible. Niel intended to march upon Guidizzuolo, as soon as the duke should storm Cavriana. His design was to cut off the Austrians from retreating on the road of Volta and Goita, not doubting that MacMahon would make a conquest of the great central position of the enemy. Niel, however, was waiting for Canrobert, and Canrobert was waiting for a supposed advance of Austrians upon his line of march, and those delays marred the glory of the result. Niel dare not advance in the full execution of his purpose unless some of Canrobert's troops should occupy Robecco and other parts left behind in his advance. At half-past two o'clock a division of Canrobert arrived at Robecco. This enabled Niel to conduct the offensive with effect.

MacMahon attacked Cavriana, the troops advancing along the ridge from Solferino also assailing it. Niel penetrated between Cavriana and the left wing of the enemy, to whom all was thus lost. The only hope for the kaiser was in an orderly retreat. Had Canrobert showed proper decision, such a retreat would have been impossible; as it was, the Austrian army escaped destruction.

It will be recollected that Baron Benedek,

who had been engaged against Victor Emmanuel, was ordered to hold his ground so as to cover the retreat; this he performed, and eventually he placed his own corps under cover of the guns of Peschiera. The retreat was skilfully conducted; it was rapid, but orderly. Two hours after Cavriana was conquered the Emperor of the French occupied the headquarters, from which the kaiser had fled accompanied by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a group of princes, marshals, and generals. It was just as the Austrians turned from the field that the first gusts of the tempests howled and dashed over the still raging battle between Benedek and Victor Emmanuel. The Emperor Francis Joseph wept, as he turned from the field and fled. The Austrians protected the backward movement of their army from the Campo di Medole, by reinforcing their positions at Guidizzuolo, on its verge. When the storm, which swept so fleetly and fiercely over the country, had passed off, the French under Canrobert at last advanced, just too late for the battle, and only in time for a portion of the pursuit; and even then only one division of his corps was ready for this operation. This division passed between Cavriana and the village of Guidizzuolo, where the Austrians were most in strength.

At Cassanova they were in some force, and there Prince Windischgratz fell, fighting, refusing to surrender. When the day closed the Austrians still held Guidizzuolo. During the night Canrobert himself, with the remainder of

his corps, arrived; but the Austrians retired before dawn, directing their course upon Gazzaldo and Rodigo, and towards the right bank of the Mincio in the direction of Goito.

Probably the last man who left the field was the venerable Field-marshal Count Nugent. This brave old man endeavoured to prevent the precipitate flight of the Croat regiments, striking them with his whip, and calling them cowards. They fled, leaving him behind, and he narrowly escaped capture.

The loss of the French was 12,000 men, besides 150 officers killed and 570 wounded, including five general officers. The total loss of the Austrians was probably 23,000.

The Austrian soldiers and regimental officers behaved splendidly, but the generals, with the exception of Hess and Nugent, were indifferent officers, and some of the chief were altogether incompetent. Clam Gallas, Prince Leichtenstein, Baron Zobel, Lannegen, and Zedwitz were worse than useless.

Prince Napoleon, at the head of a corps, was supposed by Leichtenstein to be marching upon Mantua; this paralysed his services. It was an error similar to that of Canrobert, on the side of the French.

The day after the battle presented the usual scenes, but far more intensified; the number of dead and wounded must have appalled the stoutest and even the hardest heart. But the prize repaid the cost. Lombardy was conquered from the Austrians. This was the grand result of the battle of Solferino.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.—PRINCE NAPOLEON'S MARCH FROM TUSCANY.—SUDDEN CHANGE OF POLICY BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—PROPOSES AN ARMISTICE.—PEACE.

*Respite from.*

It did not suit the purposes of the allies to remain any longer inactive than the exigencies consequent upon a conflict so terrible as that of Solferino required. Indeed the pursuit by portions of the allied armies commenced with the retreat of the Austrians.

On the 10th of June the latter abandoned Piacenza; the upper valley of the Po was thus cleared of the oppressor.

The French *corps d'armée*, under the command of Prince Napoleon, was now enabled to support efficiently the troops which had conquered Solferino. That prince was placed in command of a corps originally numbered the fifth, and a separate line of progress assigned to it. Thus there were in fact four separate armies acting against the Austrians—those under the French Emperor, the King of Sardinia, Prince Napoleon, and Garibaldi.

Twelve days before the event of Solferino, the Emperor Napoleon ordered Prince Napoleon to leave Tuscany, whither his corps had marched, and form a junction with the allied armies near Mantua.

On the 19th of June the Prince reached Massa, and divided his corps into two divisions, or rather two corps. At the same time the Tuscans, who had thrown off the yoke of the Grand Duke and declared for Victor Emmanuel, advanced under General Ulloa, a man in the confidence of Cavour, but who subsequently, in 1861, fought, happily in vain, for the Neapolitan Bourbon. Cavour's confidential administrators and generals were

not always as faithful to Italian unity and liberty as the great Count himself, and Ulloa was a specimen of the class. Prince Napoleon ordered that general to proceed to Parma by way of Modena. Thither the Prince also directed his course, leading the division Ulrich.

On the 13th the first division of the Prince's corps had entered Piacenza. On the 19th it rested on the Ogli; on the 26th it reached Sabionetta, while the battle of Solferino was raging. This advance had an important influence upon the battle, for it paralysed the corps of Prince Leichtenstein. The latter prince, was directing his march upon Ceresara, a very important strategic point in reference to the events passing at Solferino; but the appearance of General D'Autemarre's division at Piodena, led Leichtenstein to believe that the corps of Prince Napoleon and the Tuscan army were in strength in his neighbourhood, and he did not dare to advance to Ceresara.

The day after the battle another division of Prince Napoleon's corps and the whole of the Tuscans arrived at Fornova, where the Prince heard of the terrible but glorious events of the preceding day.

During the 28th of June and the two following days, Prince Napoleon crossed the Po at Cassal Maggiore. There he received an imperial message to hasten by forced marches to Goito. On the 3rd of July, the division Ulrich marched from Gazzaldo to Goito, Ulloa and D'Autemarre following closely.





The fact of Prince Napoleon at such a critical juncture being able to march from Tuscany, and form junction with the united army of the allies, without having to undergo an encounter, or overcome a single obstruction, proves the deficiency of Austrian generalship, and revealed an amount of ability and officer-like promptitude, for which the censors and critics of the illustrious Prince did not give him credit.

The Austrians were pressed so closely, that they fled from the allies, and crossed the Adige.

The French in pursuit, under D'Hilliers, crossed the Mincio, at Salionze, on the 30th of June.

The corps of MacMahon took post along the ridgy country between Monzambano and Custoza.

Canrobert was posted at Valeggio, except one division and Desveaux's cavalry which were left at Goito.

On the 1st of July the bulk of the allies followed the first corps across the Mincio, and extended themselves from Goito on the right to Peschiera on the left. The Sardinians, as at Solferino, were on the extreme left, their right connecting itself with the left of the corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers; their line passed through Castel Nuovo and San Gheorgia. The first division formed communication with Niel's corps, which was in position at Somma Campagna. The vale of Villafranca was occupied by the second corps. The imperial headquarters were established at Valeggio.

The allied armies were thus drawn up in line for a battle, which was eagerly expected by the allies.

During the evening a division of the first corps was ordered upon Palanza Valcoria, the fourth corps was moved nearer to Olioni, and the second was moved from Villafranca to

Santa Luisa, occupying the line of the river Tione.

On the 3rd of July a skirmish occurred between some French arriving from Mantua and a detachment of Austrian hussars, commanded by a German prince. The French were victors after a severe contest, in which Lieutenant Juvat was wounded; the Austrian prince was made prisoner, mortally wounded, and soon died. He fought with the utmost gallantry and devotion until his leg was broken, and at the same time he was cut with a sabre across the forehead.

The weather was now splendid, days rather warm, followed by nights balmy, bright, and calm, favoured the encampers, and the contemplated operations of the allies.

The Emperor Napoleon, anxious to gain intelligence as to the movements of his army, had recourse to the balloon. The aeronaut's information was only of negative value; he was able to say with certainty where the Austrians were not, and that they had not done, or attempted to do what had been deemed probable.

Count Cavour hung about the camps, inspiring, or endeavouring to inspire, the allied sovereigns with renewed vigour in the prosecution of the war. Two days after the battle of Solferino, Count Cavour and his secretary, Nigre, had an interview with the French Emperor, and were struck by certain peculiarities in the tone of his mind. He appeared to be disgusted with the differences of feeling and opinions among his generals, was impressed with horror at the carnage he had witnessed, and was so elated with victory as to appear satisfied—for the time at all events—with glory, for himself, the French army, and the grand nation.

Still he appeared resolved to carry the war to its proposed conclusion—"Italy free from

## THE LIBERATORS OF ITALY.

the Alps to the Adriatic." He intimated to Cavour his intention of fostering a revolution in Hungary, and Kossuth had actually arrived in Italy, and was in communication with Napoleon and his agents. The Sardinian camp and court, although startled by the indications of feeling above referred to, on the part of his Imperial Majesty, had no doubt of his warlike resolves, and no suspicion that peace was possible until Austria was humiliated, and her power to persecute Italy or embarrass France for many years broken.

Yet, besides the state of mind indicated by the Emperor, shrewd observers were impressed with a great change in the character of his movements; the Austrians were not pressed as their demoralised condition would have justified, and the allies seemed to linger in their positions, in contrast to the rapid, energetic action which had hitherto characterised the proceedings of their chief.

On the morning of the 6th of July signs of life were shown at head-quarters, and orders were given which appeared as if a battle was intended on the following day.

At daybreak the allied armies had taken up positions prescribed to them the previous evening. Marshal Canrobert had formed his line of battle in the plain, his right wing resting on Valeggio, and his left towards the hill near Venturelli. The Imperial Guard, in reserve, was placed behind the advanced corps, its right bending in the same direction as that of Canrobert; its left towards Fornelli. The cavalry of Desveaux was behind the right wing of Canrobert's first line of infantry. The Duke occupied with his corps the hills which rose before him at Santa Lucia; while Niel with his troops crowned the heights of Olioso. The corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers, and the two Italian divisions attached to it, were drawn in line of battle at Castel Nuovo, opposite the

village of Pastrengo; and Prince Napoleon had been directed to take up a position behind the main road which leads from Salionze to Castel Nuovo, and to move either to the right or the left, or be ready to advance, according to the necessities of the day.

Either these grand preparations for a battle were made to menace the enemy, and cause him to be more favourable to a truce, or for the purpose of deceiving Victor Emmanuel, so as more furtively and rapidly to carry out private negotiations with the kaiser for a cessation of hostilities. At all events such were opened, and resulted in the armistice of Villafranca and the treaty of Zurich.

Up to this time nothing of consequence had happened in any of the armies. Some skirmishing, in which the Austrians lost officers of rank, the fortunate march of the corps Prince Napoleon, and the siege of Peschiera, conducted entirely by the army of Victor Emmanuel, alone enlivened the action of the allies. The siege had not, of course, advanced beyond the merest preliminaries.

The habits and manners of the occupants of the allied head-quarters were very characteristic, and throw an interesting light upon the spirit of the time, and the temper and tastes of the rulers of France and Italy.

The French head-quarters had been established at Valeggio, at the country seat of the Marchioness Maffei (then the residence of the Countess Maffei Negroni), one of the most distinguished of the Italian aristocracy. The villa was magnificent, and its situation exceedingly picturesque. The kaiser had occupied the same elegant mansion as his headquarters before the defeat of Solferino.

In this mansion the French Emperor was accompanied by eleven generals, who acted as his aides-de-camp, and fourteen orderly officers. Besides this numerous staff, there were, at the



Emperor's quarters, foreign ministers, commissioners, secretaries, some *maîtres des requêtes* of the council of state, physicians, surgeons, chemists, messengers, grooms, orderlies, police, &c. The Marshal Vaillant, as head of the Emperor's staff, gave orders to all these attendants, except the detectives and police, who were under the control of the Marquis of Cadore.

The Emperor, notwithstanding this large train of attendants, and the pomp which generals usually assume in war, lived with great plainness personally. He wrote at his desk many hours each day, and generally in his shirt sleeves. Like his uncle, he made himself felt everywhere and in everything. His kindness to the poor was unbounded, presenting a striking contrast to the kaiser, whose haughty and stern bearing and callous indifference to the wrongs and sufferings of the people, provoked their bitterest resentment.

The Emperor's table was spread with simplicity, and temperance in every respect was observed there.

So early as three o'clock in the morning the staff was summoned to his presence. During the day he frequently showed himself to his troops, and inspected their positions, attended by a few officers and Cent Gardes.

It would seem as if the Emperor or his government had some misgiving that an attempt would be made upon his life by Austrian agents, for the force of detectives that watched his going in and out, and every approach to head-quarters, was enormous. These men were under the secret discipline of Inspector Hyrvois, an experienced adept in the kind of vigilance required. Italians, Corsicans, Poles, English, and French constituted this secret body-guard, especially the first two of those nationalities, as they were supposed to be more generally acquainted with the

French and Italian emigrants of London, Paris, and Brussels. No person could approach the Emperor in camp or quarters without being observed, and well scanned by these emissaries; and if the faintest suspicion of the stranger's purpose existed, means were at once brought into requisition to satisfy the observers, or arrest the intruder.

Victor Emmanuel's quarters at Monzambano were more open and lively. He had no military body-guard, no detectives, no police of any sort. He lived in the small house of a private gentleman, Signor Melchiori. General La Marmora, and two or three other generals, resided with him, and no other persons whatever, except a few servants. The royal staff, with General Morozzo della Rocca, were quartered in a large private house in Monzambano. The king dined there every day, Count Nigra acting as steward of the household. To this place the ministers, who frequently arrived from Turin, military commissioners from other armies, and the agents of foreign governments repaired for interviews with the king, or to transact business. The *officiers d'état major*, five generals, and ten orderly officers constituted the general staff at Monzambano. At this place the most influential and frequent visitor was the Count Cavour.

On the evening of the 6th of July, the camps and the inhabitants of their neighbourhood were on the *qui vive*, a report having found circulation that the French Emperor had sent a *parlementaire* to the head-quarters of the kaiser. The departure of the messenger to Verona had been observed at the French head-quarters by the military persons there, and by some of the people of Valeggio.

General Fleury was the person entrusted by the Emperor with the important mission. He departed from Valeggio at seven o'clock, P.M., July 6th, on the eve, as now supposed, of a

great battle. At ten o'clock General Fleury presented to the kaiser a letter from the Emperor of the French proposing an armistice. Early on the morning of the 7th the kaiser accepted the armistice; and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon General Fleury brought back the Austrian Emperor's reply. A month's armistice had been agreed upon to give time for arranging the basis of a treaty of peace.

These tidings spread consternation in the court and camp of Victor Emmanuel, to whom public rumour, in the first instance, bore the tidings. The Emperor neither consulted his royal ally, nor even intimated his purpose. Had the Austrian Emperor refused the armistice, it is probable Victor Emmanuel would never have known it had been proposed, unless through the press of Vienna, or the correspondence of the Turin government with foreign courts. The motives, whether selfish or prudential, of the Emperor's proceeding in such a furtive and unfair manner, cannot here be discussed; if made the subject of investigation, it must be in the pages given to his personal history, but here it is necessary to notice all the broad facts of the French Emperor's proceedings during the campaign, as they are so bound up with the fortunes and history of the King of Sardinia.

Victor Emmanuel felt insulted and betrayed; this was the feeling also of his army and his nation, his cabinet, and of all friendly courts, cabinets, and peoples. Count Cavour lost all self-control; according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, he raved and stormed like a maniac. Victor Emmanuel, as in other instances of severe trial and profound emergency, maintained a self-possession and displayed a good sense for which even his most ardent admirers hardly gave him credit. He restrained the rage of his followers, and wisely laid himself out to make the best of events as

they ripened. Cavour resigned his office as head of the ministry, but was still consulted on all great occasions.

The language of Victor Emmanuel to his powerful but uncertain ally, when the latter condescended to inform him of his purpose of effecting a peace, was full of dignity, and pervaded by a tone of pathetic resignation.

"Whatever may be the decision of your Majesty, I shall feel an eternal gratitude for what you have done for the independence of Italy; and I beg you to believe that under all circumstances, you may reckon on my complete fidelity."

The French Emperor, upon the acceptance of the armistice by his enemy, sought a personal interview, which Francis Joseph was exceedingly unwilling to grant, desiring that negotiations might be carried on by General Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother-in-law of the Emperor Alexander Napoleon, however, was persistent in his request for a personal interview, and it was finally arranged that the two Emperors should meet on the 11th. This was also kept secret from Victor Emmanuel and his minister. Count Cavour heard of it at Turin on the 10th, a messenger of the French government having, at the railway station, been more open than his superiors desired. Cavour hurried off to Monzambano, expressed his indignation against Napoleon, and then resigned. It is alleged, however, that he offered the king very violent counsels, which his Majesty had too much sense to follow: amongst the unwise acts urged upon the king by his minister, who appeared to be nearly insane with passion and exasperated pride, was the rejection of peace, and the withdrawal of his army from Lombardy, leaving the two Emperors to deal with one another. Such a course would have been Victor Emmanuel's destruction: had he pursued it he

would not now have been King of Italy, but like his father, he would have been obliged to abdicate, and to mourn in his exile over the wounds his precipitation had inflicted upon his country, and the ruin brought upon his family, perhaps his dynasty. Cavour, however, cunning of fence, astute in intrigue, and far-seeing in policy, did not always advise his king with prudence, nor judiciously and fairly administer his sovereign's government.

It is generally accepted as true, however incredible in itself, that while the king was perfectly calm, Cavour so far gave way to his rage as to insult his Majesty, and incur the dishonour of being ordered from his presence and his service. If this be correct, and it has never received an authentic contradiction, Cavour did not resign his post as premier until it was intimated to him that he had presumed upon his services and the confidence reposed in him, and was no longer a servant of the crown. Incidents like these are interesting in the history of the reconstruction of Italy, as well as in that of the individuals who had the genius to deliver her, and the honour especially to rank as her liberators.

The interview of the Emperor and Kaiser took place at Villafranca, which was neutral ground, for the purposes of negotiation. They met at seven o'clock, July 11th, in a private house in the Contrada Cappuccini. The interview did not last an hour. Their Majesties conversed in Italian and German, Napoleon picking to pieces the flowers in a vase, either from an effort to conceal his anxiety, or from the easy confidence he felt throwing an air of recklessness over his manner. When they descended to the street, and presented to each other the officers of their staffs, Francis Joseph was pale and embarrassed, and seemed to suffer under a sense of discomfiture and humiliation, while Napoleon bore himself

easily, and as if nothing uncommon had occurred. Those who knew him best felt assured that his gratification at having negotiated in person with a legitimate Emperor whom he had defeated on the field of battle, was unbounded.

Nothing was written at this secret meeting, all that was agreed upon was verbal.

The Emperor Napoleon, on arriving at his head-quarters, at once sent for his cousin, without any previous communication with the Sardinian court, and despatched him to Verona, with powers plenipotentiary to arrange preliminaries of peace.

These events, which passed as rapidly as (according to some who knew him) the Emperor's mind changes, produced the greatest sensation in Europe, and many and strange versions of them were generally credited. The circumstances which led to the imperial interview, were subjects of curiosity everywhere. Probably the most correct relation of them ever given, was in the *Trieste Zeitung*:—

“Up to the moment of the signature of the armistice by Marshall Vaillant and Baron von Hess there had never been any question of peace, but almost immediately afterwards the Emperor Napoleon made direct propositions, in writing, to the Austrian monarch, and requested him to send a person who enjoyed his confidence to Valeggio. His Majesty's choice fell on Prince Alexander of Hesse, who brought about the meeting between the Emperors Alexander and Francis Joseph at Weimar about thirteen or fourteen months ago, and so distinguished himself at Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino that he got the Cross of Maria Theresa. The Prince, who was already acquainted with the Emperor Napoleon, was extremely well received by his Majesty, who candidly told him that he ‘ardently wished’ for peace. In the course

of conversation the French monarch expressed a desire to have an interview with his imperial adversary, 'whose personal acquaintance he was very desirous of making, as he felt assured he should have little difficulty in coming to an understanding with him.' At first the Emperor Francis Joseph declined the proposed interview, on the plea that it would be painful to his feelings should he be obliged to meet as an enemy a monarch whose acquaintance he had just made, which would certainly be the case if more favourable conditions were not offered by France. The negotiations were continued, the Emperor of the French displaying from beginning to end an extraordinary 'pliability.' On the 10th the Prince of Hesse received from the Emperor of the French a long letter (it is said to have covered two sheets of paper), in which the military and political reasons why the Emperor of Austria ought to conclude peace were given with equal force and lucidity. After having communicated some curious information relative to the policy of the neutral Powers, the Emperor declared that if his propositions were refused, 'he would wage a war of life and death, and would not hesitate to have recourse to any means which would enable him to obtain his ends.' At the same time his Majesty again expressed a wish to treat in person with his imperial adversary. The impression produced by the letter in question, which is said to bear the date of July 10th, 3 a.m., was such, that the Emperor Francis Joseph at once agreed to the proposed interview."

The *Indépendance* of Brussels gave the following account of the circumstances which preceded the armistice :—

"The Emperor of Austria having caused a demand to be made in the French camp, if it were not possible to obtain the remains of

Prince Windischgratz, who was killed at Solferino, the Emperor Napoleon caused them to be sought for, and they were recognised, partly by his uniform, and partly by some letters from his newly-married wife, which he had about him. The corpse was placed in an artillery waggon, and conveyed, accompanied by an officer of the staff and an escort, to the Austrian head-quarters. The officer expressed to the Emperor the condolence of the Emperor of the French, and his Austrian Majesty (who was just recovering from a somewhat severe indisposition) begged, not without emotion, the officer to convey his thanks to the Emperor Napoleon, and to express his sorrow at the death of so many brave men in the French army. This led to some remarks on the cruel necessity of war, and from what was said, the Emperor Francis Joseph was able to perceive that those necessities were regretted as much by his opponent as by himself. The Emperor Francis Joseph afterwards sent the son of General Urban with a flag of truce to the French camp, as is known, and the Emperor Napoleon, by an autograph letter, proposed a suspension of arms. It is added, that the latter has carried his courtesy to the extent of neutralising, for the signing of the preliminaries of a truce, the town of Villafranca, although the usages of war would have justified him in requiring those formalities to take place at his own head-quarters."

There are reliable grounds for believing that these representations, coming from an independent source, were substantially true.

There existed, however, a strong desire, both in Italy and in England, to learn what the organs of the French government would declare upon the subject, and that was satisfied, even before the two Emperors met at Villafranca. The *Moniteur*, on the 10th of July, contained the following :—

"We hasten to make known the circumstances in which the suspension of hostilities just concluded between the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria took place. Communications were exchanged between the three great neutral powers, with a view to come to an understanding, for the purpose of offering their mediation to the belligerents. The first act of that mediation was to tend to the conclusion of an armistice; but, in spite of the rapidity of telegraphic transmissions, the accord to be established between the cabinets would not allow this result to be obtained for some days. However, the hostilities of the French fleet against Venice were about to commence, and a fresh struggle between the armies before Verona might take place at any moment. In presence of that state of things, the Emperor, always faithful to the sentiments of moderation which have constantly directed his policy, and moreover, being pre-occupied, before all things, with the desire of preventing any useless bloodshed, did not hesitate to ascertain, directly, the disposition of the Emperor Francis Joseph, with the idea that, if those feelings were in conformity with his own, it was a sacred duty for the two sovereigns to suspend at once hostilities, which might become without object from the fact of the mediation. The Emperor of Austria having manifested similar intentions, commissioners named on either side met to decide on the terms of the armistice, which was definitely concluded on the 8th inst., and the duration of which was fixed at five weeks."

The following official despatch was posted up at the Paris Bourse on the 13th:—

"Vallegio, July 12.—The Emperor to the Empress.—A treaty of peace has been signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself. The conditions of peace are the following:—

An Italian Confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope. The Emperor of Austria gives up his rights over Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who remits them to the King of Sardinia. The Emperor of Austria keeps Venetia, but it is to form part of the Italian Confederation. A general amnesty is to be granted."

The French Emperor immediately issued a proclamation to his army, informed them that the principal aim of the war was obtained, and that Italy would, for the first time, become a nation. Venetia would remain to Austria, but would form an integral part of a new Italian Confederation.

The public feeling in France was one of unbounded satisfaction, even the *Univers*, the organ of the ultramontane party, thus expressed its contentment:—

"The joy felt at the peace is doubled by the manner in which the Emperor has concluded it, quite independently of those prudential counsels that were preparing to profit by the blood they had allowed to be shed. As the Emperor of Austria will have a voice in the Italian Confederation, the States of the Church will be properly protected. Glory to the two Roman Catholic Emperors who have concluded between themselves the peace of the world, and who take the Church under their own protection."

The arrangement regarding Venice did not in France meet with universal approval; but on the whole the French people thought that the Emperor made the best arrangement possible on its behalf. M. Prevost Paradol represented public opinion in France fairly when he wrote:—"We need not say that the war once begun, the complete enfranchisement of Venice was in the number of our dearest wishes, though we should have thought it too much to pay for such a result, if it had been necessary

to pursue it through a general war. But the modification of the legal situation of Venetia has none the less a great importance. The mere fact of the entrance of Venetia into the Italian Confederation renders impossible the design, sometimes attributed to Germany, of incorporating that portion of the Italian territory in the Germanic Confederation. It is useless to add that Venetia, henceforth united to the common destiny of Italy, will probably enjoy liberal institutions, which it will be the mission of the Italian Confederation to uphold and guarantee in case of need, as the Germanic Confederation has just done for the German Duchies submitted to the crown of Denmark. It may be less easy to sketch in anticipation what that Italian Confederation will be under the honorary presidency of the Pope; but if these questions still present some difficulties to be solved, they rather, perhaps, regard Italy herself and the organisers of the new system, than the rest of Europe."

The *Patrie* stated the gain of Sardinia as follows:—"Lombardy, which in virtue of the Peace of Villafranca, has just fallen to the King of Sardinia, counts a population of 2,800,000 souls on a superficies of about 22,000 kilometres square. Up to the present time Lombardy has been divided, administratively, into nine provinces or delegations, viz., Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Crema, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Sondrio, Brescia, and Bergamo. The fortresses of Mantua and Pavia form a part of the province of Mantua: and the fortress of Pizzighettone is included in the province of Cremona. After the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, that kingdom will comprise a superficies of 99,280 kilometres square, with a population of 7,800,000 inhabitants. In a territorial respect, it will take the tenth rank in Europe, coming immediately after the Two Sicilies, and surpassing Portugal and Bavaria.

Under the head of population, Sardinia will occupy the ninth rank, coming after Naples, and standing higher than the united kingdom of Sweden and Norway, Belgium, and Bavaria."

The *Patrie* then proceeded to argue that Victor Emmanuel ought to be satisfied with such results, and that Europe, for the sake of peace and order, should recognise them.

All these plans of the French Emperor were doomed to disappointment, the policy of Cavour, and the heroic enterprises of Garibaldi frustrated them, and created for Italy a better status among the nations, and a wider area of freedom than entered into the purposes of her imperial ally.

It is interesting to study the feelings and purposes of the great enemy of Italy under these circumstances. They are best ascertained by looking into the documentary evidence the court and accredited journals of Vienna put forth.

The following is a translation of the manifesto of the Emperor of Austria:—

"When all concessions that were allowable, and compatible with the dignity of the crown and the honour and welfare of the country have been exhausted, and when all attempts at a pacific arrangement have miscarried, there is no room for choice, and what cannot be avoided becomes a duty. This duty placed me under the stern necessity of demanding from my people new and painful sacrifices, in order to place in a state of defence their most sacred interests. My faithful people have responded to my appeal; they have pressed forward unanimously in defence of the throne, and they have made the sacrifices of every kind demanded by circumstances with an eagerness which merits my gratitude—which augments, if possible, the profound affection which I feel for them; and which was adapted to inspire the assurance that the just cause in defence

of which my brave armies went forth with enthusiasm to the contest would be victorious. Unhappily, the result has not corresponded with the general effort, and the fortune of war has not been favourable to us.

"The valiant army of Austria has in this instance again given proofs of its tried heroism and its incomparable perseverance so brilliant, that it has commanded the admiration of all, even of its enemies. I experienced a legitimate pride in being the chief of such an army, and the country ought to feel indebted to it for having maintained vigorously, in all its purity, the honour of the Austrian flag. It is not less perfectly established that our enemies, in spite of the greatest efforts, in spite of the superior forces which they had for a long period been preparing for the conflict, have been able, even by making the greatest sacrifices, to obtain only advantages, not a decisive victory; while the Austrian army, still animated by the same ardour, and full of the same courage, maintained a position, the possession of which left, perhaps, a possibility of recovering from the enemy all the advantages he had gained. But for this purpose it would have been necessary to make new sacrifices, which certainly would not have been less bloody than those which have been made already, and which have deeply afflicted my heart.

"Under these conditions it was my duty, as a sovereign, to take into serious consideration the propositions of peace which had been made to me. The consequences of this continuance of the war would have been so much the heavier, because I should have been obliged to demand from the faithful people of my dominions new sacrifices of blood and money, much more considerable even than those which had been made up to that time. And, notwithstanding, success would have remained

doubtful, since I have been so bitterly deceived in my well-founded hopes that this contest not having been entered into for the defence of the rights of Austria only, I should not be left alone in it. In spite of the ardent sympathy, worthy of acknowledgment, which the justice of our cause has inspired, for the most part, in the journals and peoples of Germany, our national allies, our most ancient allies, have obstinately refused to recognise the great importance of the grand question of the day. Consequently, Austria would have been obliged all alone to face the events which were being prepared for, and which every day might have rendered more grave.

"The honour of Austria coming intact out of this war, thanks to the heroic efforts of her valiant army, I have resolved, yielding to political considerations, to make a sacrifice for the re-establishment of peace, and to accept the preliminaries which ought to lead to its conclusion; for I have acquired the conviction that I should obtain, in any event, conditions less unfavourable in coming to a direct understanding with the Emperor of the French, without the blending of any third party whatsoever, than in causing to participate in the negotiations the three great Powers which have taken no part in the struggle. Unhappily, I have been unable to escape the separation from the rest of the empire of the greater part of Lombardy. On the other hand, it must be agreeable to my heart to see the blessings of peace assured afresh to my beloved people, and these blessings are doubly precious to me, because they will give me the necessary leisure for bestowing henceforth, without distraction, all my attention and solicitude on the fruitful task that I propose to accomplish—that is to say, to found in a durable manner the internal well-being and the external power of Austria by the happy development of her moral and ma-

terial forces, and by ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time in legislation and administration. As in these days of serious trials and sacrifices my people have shown themselves faithful to my person, so now by the confidence with which they respond to me, they will aid in accomplishing works of peace, and in attaining the realisation of my benevolent intentions. As chief of the army, I have already expressed to it, in a special order of the day, my acknowledgments of its bravery. To-day, I renew the expression of these sentiments. While I speak to my people I thank those of their children who have fought for God, their Emperor, and their country. I thank them for the heroism of which they have given proof, and I shall always remember with grief those of our brave companions in arms who have not, alas! returned from the combat.

(Signed), "FRANCIS JOSEPH.

"Laxembourg, 19th July, 1859."

The government press of Vienna, anxious to justify the submissions of the kaiser, its leading organ put forth the following reason and apology for his conduct:—

"Amongst the motives which have influenced the Emperor of Austria in seizing on the first occasion for concluding a peace as honourable as circumstances would permit, is,

no doubt, the situation more and more disquieting which events have made for Hungary. All the news that reaches Vienna from that kingdom, which is without troops whose fidelity can be counted on, is exceedingly bad. Public opinion, it appears, pronounces in a certain number of comitats against the system of absolute centralisation introduced since 1856 into all parts of the Austrian empire. The Hungarian populations desire to preserve their old nationality, and to regain possession of the rights and privileges which the Emperors of Austria, in their days of danger, accorded or confirmed. It is believed at Vienna, that the government will henceforth pay the most serious attention to Hungary, and that after the conclusion of a definitive peace, it will employ all its efforts in the moral and material improvement of that kingdom."

This representation of the kaiser's policy was undoubtedly true. It has been shown in previous pages that Bonaparte was intriguing in Hungary, and making overtures to Kossuth and the revolutionary party. As soon as he saw that a cessation of arms was in his interest, he threw over his revolutionary allies, Kossuth was neglected, and the imperial press only referred to the Hungarians at all in terms which implied the hopelessness of their cause.



## CHAPTER XLVII.

THE EMPEROR AND PRINCE NAPOLEON AT VICTOR EMMANUEL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—BAD FEELING BETWEEN SARDINIANS AND FRENCH.—COLD RECEPTION OF NAPOLEON IN MILAN.—MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.—DUCHIES OFFER ALLEGIANCE TO THE KING.—TREATY OF ZURICH.—COVERT PURPOSES OF AUSTRIA.—ENGLISH DIPLOMACY IN FAVOUR OF ITALY.—GENERAL COST OF THE WAR.

"Enough of his glory remains on our swords  
To light us to victory yet."—MOORE.

THE gallant Sardinian army might adopt the language of our motto as they rested upon their arms during the armistice, or quitted the field in consequence of the peace. They had followed their king as heroes; he had led them as a hero. They did not despair of Italy, and believed the occasion would come for wielding the brand on behalf of Italian unity and liberty. There was also one other man whose glory remained on the swords of Italian soldiers—

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame." \*

the illustrious and magnanimous Garibaldi. The soldiers of Italy therefore, at first disposed to set the armistice at naught, were guided and governed by the counsels of their king, and submitted with what patience they could command for the time, to the half-measures with Austria. Meanwhile, other scenes must pass before their eyes in the great drama.

On the 12th of July the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Napoleon dined with Victor Emmanuel at his head-quarters. Cavour was there, but hurried away, having offended his king by the license of his speech. An eyewitness \* gave the following account of that dinner-party:—"The king received his guests at the door of the house, and they went up to the room where the royal table had been laid. The physiognomies of the three personages were exceedingly curious. The stern, bronzed face of the Emperor betrayed emotion of no

sort. His eyes, as usual, scarcely moved in their sockets, and, judging by his countenance, he seemed almost as unconcerned as if nothing had been changed since the great battle of Solferino. The Prince, on the contrary, attempted to disguise his embarrassment by speaking to the Sardinian general. Victor Emmanuel was silent; but his soldier-like countenance could scarcely conceal the efforts he made to preserve the semblance of composure. His eyes restlessly wandered about, as if desirous to escape from the scrutinising glance of his companions. It was indeed a sad party, in harmony with the occasion. When dinner was over, the king walked with his guests to Casa Melchiori, hardly exchanging a word with either the one or the other.

"The manners of the Sardinian officers were not a whit more gay; a polite coldness was observable in their demeanour whenever they asked or answered a question of their French comrades; but of cordiality there was absolutely none. These feelings of unmistakable coolness were so much increased at a later period, that the French and Piedmontese officers scarcely saluted each other."

The same evening the Emperor left for Milan, *en route* to France. The city was crowded with silent multitudes, who offered the Emperor no salute as he passed. They regarded him as only a qualified friend to Italian freedom, and an enemy to Italian unity. His Majesty felt this, and complained that the Italians were ungrateful. They complained

\* The Count Arrivabene.

that he was uncertain and insincere, and believed that he had never intended to set Italy "free from the Alps to the Adriatic."

On the 10th of August, Victor Emmanuel made a public entry to Milan, as the capital of his newly-acquired province. Before entering it he issued the following proclamation:—

**"THE KING TO THE PEOPLE OF LOMBARDY.**

"Heaven has blessed our arms. With the powerful aid of our magnanimous and valiant ally, the Emperor Napoleon, we arrived, in a few days, after victory upon victory, at the banks of the Mincio. To-day, I come back among you, to tell you the happy news, that Heaven has granted your wishes; an armistice, followed by the preliminaries of peace, assures to the people of Lombardy their independence. According to your desire, so many times expressed, you will henceforth form, with our ancient states, one single and free family. I will take your destiny under my direction, and hope to find in you that concurrence which the chief of a state needs, in order to create a new administration. I tell you, people of Lombardy, trust to your king. Established on solid and imperishable basis, he will procure happiness for the new countries which Heaven has entrusted to his government."

It would, perhaps, be scarcely possible for Milan to wear more splendid decorations, or abound in more exuberant joy, than she did when MacMahon was welcomed after his victory of Magenta. Such scenes were revived; and this time shouts of *Viva il Ré* ascended from the whole population. The emotion of the king was very great. Sovereign and subjects exulted in the independence and mutual relations, which their own swords had done so much to win. The king remained a week, during which joy and pleasure reigned at Milan.

On the king's reappearance in Turin, demonstrations of loyalty, true and enthusiastic, awaited him.

The Italians of all ranks and classes were proud of their noble army, and the gallant volunteers who had been led by Garibaldi.

Events in the Duchies hastened on the way the king wished them. The people refused to receive back the runaway princes, and tendered allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. This the stipulations of Villafranca, afterwards consolidated into a treaty at Zurich, could not prohibit, for the people were by these compacts left to themselves.

The arrangements for a conference to be held at Zurich were made during the armistice; but it is neither necessary nor interesting to enter into the details of the various events and intrigues connected with it. The treaty itself can in summary be presented to the readers; that is instructive as explaining the French Emperor's policy, and as revealing the starting-point from which the reconstruction of Italy so rapidly proceeded.

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, desirous of putting an end to the calamities of war, and to prevent the renewal of the complications which give rise to it, by contributing to erect on solid and durable foundations the internal and external independence of Italy, have resolved to convert into a definitive treaty of peace the preliminaries signed by their hand at Villafranca.

[Here follow the names and titles of the Zurich plenipotentiaries.]

"Art. 1. There shall be in future peace and friendship between his Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, as also between their heirs and successors, their respective states and subjects, for ever.

"Art. 2. All prisoners of war shall be immediately returned on both sides.

"Art. 3. To attenuate the evils of war, an exception is made to the general law, and all Austrian vessels captured, not yet condemned as prizes, shall be restored.

"The vessels and cargoes shall be restored in the same state as when taken, after payment of all expenses, charges, &c., incurred by their capture, and on payment of the usual allowance to the captors (*fret acquis aux capteurs*); no indemnity can be claimed on account of prizes sunk or destroyed, nor for the loss of merchandise, even not condemned as prize property.

"It is also understood distinctly that all decisions given hold good.

[Art. 4 declares the cession of Lombardy to his Majesty the Emperor of the French.]

"Art. 5. His Majesty the Emperor of the French declares his intention of handing over (*remettre*) to his Majesty the King of Sardinia the territories ceded by the preceding article.

"Art. 6. The territories still occupied in virtue of the armistice of the 8th of July last shall be reciprocally evacuated by the belligerent powers, the troops of which will retire immediately beyond the frontier line stipulated in Art. 4.

Articles 7 to 17 inclusive recapitulate a treaty between France and Sardinia relative to the settlement of the financial points between the two countries, and the money indemnity to be paid to Austria and France.

"Art. 18. His Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria engage themselves to favour with all their efforts the creation of a Confederation between the Italian States, to be placed under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father, and the object of which would be to maintain the independence and the inviolability of the Confed-

rated States, to assure the development of their moral and material interests, and to guarantee the internal and external safety of Italy by the existence of a federal army.

"Venetia, which remains placed under the crown of his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty, will form one of the States of this Confederation, and will participate in the obligations as well as in the privileges (*droits*) resulting from the federal pact, the clauses of which shall be determined by an assembly consisting of representatives of all Italian States.

"Art. 19. As the territorial delimitations (*circonscriptions*) of the independent States of Italy which took no part in the late war cannot be changed except with the sanction of the Powers that presided at their formation and acknowledged their existence, the rights of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Duke of Modena, and of the Duke of Parma, are expressly reserved between the high contracting parties.

"Art. 20. Desirous of seeing the tranquillity of the States of the Church and the power of the Holy Father assured, convinced that such object could not be more efficaciously attained than by the adoption of a system suited to the wants of the populations and conformable to the generous intentions already manifested by the Sovereign Pontiff, his Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria will unite their efforts to obtain from his Holiness that the necessity of introducing into the administration of his States the reforms admitted as indispensable shall be taken into serious consideration by his Government.

"Art. 21. With a view to contribute by every effort to quiet the public mind, the high contracting parties declare and promise that in their respective territories, and in the lands restored or ceded, no individual compromised

by the recent events in the Peninsula, no matter what his rank or position in society, shall be prosecuted, annoyed, or troubled, in person or property, on account of his conduct or political opinions.

"Art. 22. The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged within one fortnight, or earlier if possible. In faith of which the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed it, and fixed their seals thereunto.

"Done at Zurich on the 10th day of the month of November, of the year of grace 1859.

"BOURQUENEY.

"BANNEVILLE.

"KAROYL.

"MEYSENBUG."

"ADDITIONAL ARTICLE TO THE TREATY SIGNED BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA AT ZURICH ON THE 10TH OF NOVEMBER, 1859.

"The Government of his Majesty the Emperor of the French engages itself towards the Government of his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty to make, on account of the new Government of Lombardy, which will guarantee its repayment, to pay to it 40,000,000 florins (*conventions-münz*), stipulated by the 7th article of the present treaty, in instalments, as follows:—

"Eight millions of florins shall be paid cash, by a bill on Paris, without interest, on the expiration of the third month, dating from the day on which the present treaty was signed, and which will be handed to the Plenipotentiaries of his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty when the exchange of ratifications takes place.

"The payment of the remaining 32,000,000 florins shall take place at Vienna, cash, in ten successive instalments, to be made every two months, by bills on Paris, each of 3,200,000 florins. The first of these payments will be

made two months after the payment of the bill of 8,000,000 florins above stipulated. For that date, as for the other following, the interest will be reckoned at 5 per cent., dating from the first day of the month which will follow the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty.

"The present additional article shall have the same force and value as if inserted *verbatim* in the treaty of this day.

"It shall be ratified in one single act, and the ratifications exchanged at the same time.

"In faith of which the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the present additional article, and affixed their seals thereunto.

"Done at Zurich on the 10th day of the month of November, of the year of grace 1859.

"BOURQUENEY.

"BANNEVILLE.

"KAROYL.

"MEYSENBUG.

"Art. 2. Our Minister and Secretary of State in the Department of Foreign Affairs is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Done at Compiègne, the 27th of November, 1859.

"Seen, and sealed with the Seal of State,

"NAPOLEON.

(Countersigned) "DELANGLE,

"Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice.

"A. WALEWSKI,

"Minister of Foreign Affairs."

The pecuniary indemnities fell heavily upon Sardinia, but the rich province of Lombardy compensated for all.

The reader will naturally inquire with what purpose did Austria enter into this treaty. This question can be answered upon authority indisputable.

A curious article appeared in the *Verona Gazette* of the 14th, that is two days after the meeting at Villafranca. As the article is headed, "Quartiere Superno" it has all the authority of a communicated article. After stating that the Emperor of Austria has concluded peace in order to put a stop to the scourge of war, the writer alludes to the Emperor's complaint that he had been abandoned by his old allies, and remarks as follows:—

"The sacrifice of Lombardy is great, no doubt, but we find consolation in the reflection that what is momentarily ceded is not always lost. Influences change; fortune will not always be against us. Sooner or later we shall cross the Mincio in order to reconquer the tombs of the heroes of Somma and Custoza. That land—soaked with our blood—shall still be ours. God promises it to us from the heavenly regions, through the voice of the white-haired Radetzky. Austria is obliged to make peace; but we must not forget that while she retains the Quadrilateral of the fortresses she may still consider herself, in a military point of view, as the mistress of the whole valley of the Po. She only leaves the Lombards to the intemperance of their political feelings: the end of the drama we shall see at another time."

It was in this spirit that the Austrian plenipotentiaries signed this treaty of Zurich, and the Austrian court and government have regarded Italy ever since.

It has been constantly said upon the Continent, especially in France, that England did nothing for the salvation of Italy. The Italians themselves think differently. But for the influence of Great Britain the German confederation would, in all probability, have aided Austria in the war. Austria, for a number of years, had sought to have Venetia included in

the Germanic confederation, so that in case any war with France or Sardinia threatened to deprive her of it, all Germany might be pledged to maintain the Austrian dominion there. When the war broke out in 1859, Austria again urged this policy. The German governments and people were on the whole willing to enter into the engagement, and most especially the government of Prussia. The remonstrances of England undoubtedly had the effect of deterring Prussia, and with Prussia the rest of Germany, from interfering. There is a fine spirit breathed throughout, and without any menace the implication is plain, that should Germany interfere in favour of Austria, Great Britain may feel herself free to abandon her neutrality.

The following despatch, which was made the subject of inquiry in both Houses, will be read with some interest. It is a re-translation from a German version of the original:—

"Foreign Office, 22nd June, 1859.

"My Lord,

"Her Majesty's Government sees with great concern an indication manifesting itself in Germany to take part in the war which has broken out between France and Sardinia on one side and Austria on the other. It depends chiefly upon the moderate and sagacious behaviour of Prussia whether the present war is to be confined to Italy or extend to German territory, and perhaps to other parts of Europe. The Emperor Napoleon has declared that it is not his wish to attack Germany. It is hoped and believed that the Prince Regent of Prussia will not take part in an attack upon France. But it has been maintained that Germany is, if not directly, at least indirectly, threatened; that if she did not take part in a war on the Po, she would soon have to defend herself on the Rhine; that the Austrian fortresses on the Mincio and the

Adige were in reality the bulwarks of Germany against France. There is much loose and unproved assertion in this statement. The war between Austria and Sardinia has undoubtedly—perhaps inevitably—sprung from the state of things in Italy. Since 1815, Austria has exercised a supremacy *in facto* over the Italian states; in the course of the last few years, Sardinia has favoured and fostered the passions of the Italians for independence. When Lord Loftus demanded from Count Buol a pledge that Austria would in no case order her army to cross her frontier in Italy without having previously come to an understanding with France, the reply was: ‘No, I cannot give you that assurance, for it would be a surrender of our sovereign power. We shall not intervene in any state unless our aid is asked for, and in that case it will be granted, and the knowledge that it will be granted is the best preservative of order.’ Consequently, Austria was not prepared to give up the claim to a right of intervention, in case she was appealed to for the latter, and Sardinia, on the other hand, would not give up the pretension to represent the sorrows and aspirations of Italy; but, inasmuch as the King of Sardinia was not able to carry through such a dispute with his own force, he has demanded the assistance of the Emperor of the French, and it has been granted to him. I do not speak here of the immediate cause of the war—on this point my predecessor has already very completely developed her Majesty’s views. But from the statement just made it is evident that the fundamental origin of the war is to be sought for in the diametrically opposite pretensions put up by Austria and Sardinia. This war has broken out without any reference to Germany. The assertion that France, when successful on the Po and the Brenta, will prove to be aggressive on the Rhine, is a perfectly arbitrary as-

sertion. The momentous question of involving the Continent in war should not be decided on the ground of vague hypothesis and exaggerated apprehensions. Nor is it a tenable statement, that the fortresses on the Mincio and on the Adige are bulwarks of Germany. It must be borne in mind that the fortresses of Peschiera, Verona, and Mantua do not fall within the ancient limits of Germany; that, on the contrary, the whole territory from Verona to the Adriatic, in the year 1792, formed part of a weak, unwarlike, and decaying Italian state. The utmost that can be said is, that while many Germans look upon these fortresses as a bulwark of Germany, many Italians look upon them as a menace to Italy. The treaty of peace must decide about their future fate. The reasons adduced in favour of a war on the part of the German States thus being insufficient, very strongly resist so precipitate a course. The Prince Regent of Prussia will, in his wisdom, weigh the impolicy of exposing his country to be considered the champion of the maladministration of Italy. It cannot be necessary for the safety of Berlin and Magdeburg that the government in Milan and Bologna should be bad. But in the eyes of the Italians, Prussia, should she appear in arms by the side of Austria, would be considered as a defender of everything Austria has committed and omitted. There is still another consideration of the utmost importance. Hitherto the war has produced but little excitement in France. As soon as the question of superiority in the field shall have been decided, the two belligerent Powers will probably be strongly inclined to put a stop to this exhausting war. But should France, by a German attack, be called upon to defend her own frontiers, it is impossible to foretell to what pitch the passions of international hatred might not be inflamed, and for what space of time the continent of Europe

might not have to suffer the desolations of war. You are already sufficiently informed of her Majesty's resolve, supported by the unanimous feeling of her people, to observe a strict neutrality. Her Majesty has kept this country free from all and every obligation which might interfere with her freedom of action. Her Majesty's government entertains the hope that Prussia will adopt a course as nearly similar as the circumstances of Germany will permit. Possibly the time is very near when the voice of mediating friendly Powers will be able to make itself successfully heard, and when representations in favour of peace will no longer be without effect. Pray read this despatch to Baron Schleinitz, and leave a copy with him.

"I am, &c.,

"JOHN RUSSELL.

"To Lord Bloomfield."

The din of arms and diplomacy at last died away together, and Italy had time to reflect upon the cost of the undoubtedly great advantages acquired, and the other belligerents might also profit by the retrospect. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, soon after the peace, thus estimated the cost to Europe at large:—

"It is impossible to estimate the absolute cost of a war, since its influence on trade and industry, though immense, is indefinite. Considering only the sum actually expended in supporting the campaign, it seems that Austria,

without reckoning the loan she raised in England at the beginning of 1859, has expended 200,000,000 gulden for the purposes of war. France has applied 500,000,000f. to the same purpose. Piedmont, it is known, had access to the French military chest; but, besides this, she increased her loan by 50,000,000f., and her debt to the Turin Bank by 33,000,000f. The exact sums spent by the other Italian States cannot be ascertained with precision, but, reckoning the 5,000,000f. added to the Bolognese loans, 20,000,000f. cannot be an over estimate. With regard now to the neutral Powers, Russia gives us no means of making an accurate estimate, but considering the additions to her various army corps, the cost to her must have been 15,000,000 thalers. Finally, the sums raised by the German States for the purpose of putting their forces on a war footing may be taken together at 90,000,000 gulden, about a third of which remains still unspent." These conclusions the German paper arranges in a table as follows. We translate francs into pounds:—

|                      |   |   |   |       |             |
|----------------------|---|---|---|-------|-------------|
| Austria              | . | . | . | about | £20,000,000 |
| France               | . | . | . | "     | 20,000,000  |
| Piedmont             | . | . | . | "     | 4,000,000   |
| Other Italian States | . | . | . | "     | 800,000     |
| Russia               | . | . | . | "     | 1,200,000   |
| England              | . | . | . | "     | 880,000     |
| Germany              | . | . | . | "     | 5,120,000   |
|                      |   |   |   |       | £52,000,000 |

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT IN 1860.—CESSION OF SAVOY AND NICE.—THE KING'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE PROVINCES.—DEFECTIVE ADMINISTRATION IN CENTRAL ITALY BY THE TURIN OFFICIALS.—GREAT SERVICES OF SIR JAMES HUDSON.—SECRET AGREEMENT MADE WITH THE FRENCH EMPEROR AT COMPIEGNE.—INVASION OF THE PAPAL TERRITORY.—MISGOVERNMENT OF NAPLES BY THE COURT OF TURIN.—SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF GAETA.—DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.—THE RICASOLI MINISTRY.—THE RATAZZI MINISTRY FORMED.

"Let the Italians concentrate the moral forces of the nation in Piedmont. Let them wait, and be ready for the commencement of the new struggle."—*MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.*

THE opening of the Italian Parliament at Turin in 1860, was an occasion of the deepest public interest throughout the whole peninsula, and among the friends of liberty everywhere. There, for the first time, the representatives of United Italy assembled in Senate.

Various important incidents occurred in connection with the auspicious event. In every city and district from which a deputy proceeded, the circumstance of his departure excited enthusiasm, and he was attended by the prayers and blessings of the people. At Turin, multitudes were congregated from all parts of Italy, to witness this glorious proof of the political reconstruction and new-born liberty and unity of the peninsula. The demonstrations of joy were boundless; the shouts of triumph rose up from the vast throngs as the voice of many waters. Joy lit up every face, as the rising sun covers with glory the silver sea.

Still there were troubles to be met; and the chief of these was the cession of Savoy and Nice to the French Emperor. The discussions on this subject were opened by Garibaldi, in a tone of eloquent and indignant patriotism, which not only thrilled upon the ear of the assembly, but also upon the heart of the Italian people. Cavour defended the policy of the painful sacrifice, regretting bitterly that it should ever have been a necessity. Yet it was not Cavour's work; the new parliament did not

open under his ministerial auspices, but he soon came into power, and the burden of defence rested upon him. The facts were, that the French Emperor refused to recognise the annexation of the *Æmilian* and the other Italian provinces, under the pretence that Italy, under Victor Emmanuel, would prove too strong a neighbour. He finally consented to give the recognition, provided "compensation" were made to France by "a rectification" of boundaries. Savoy and Nice were the price of that recognition. It was undoubtedly wise to pay it, especially as the territories were not to be annexed unless a majority voted in favour of the measure. Such a majority did vote; whether cajolery or menace, or both, were employed to effect such a result, or the unbiassed opinion of the people were given. The whole world believed that the means taken to secure the vote were as dishonest as the reasons assigned for demanding the annexation. It cannot, however, be denied, that many of the Savoyards were desirous of being connected with France. It suited them commercially; they hoped, in a great number of instances, to profit permanently, if ingloriously, by the vote they gave; they were ardent Roman Catholics, and Victor Emmanuel was under papal denunciation, while the Emperor of the French was the Pope's protector. France was the only country upon which the Roman Church could lean for active propagandism,











where wealth and the sword would be required as its chief instruments; the priests were fervid in their zeal to connect Savoy with that great country which was ambitious to be known as the protector, not only of the Pope, but of "the Church," and the poor Savoyards voted, to a great extent, under their dictation. In Nice there can be no question that corrupt means were resorted to for the purpose of securing an ostensible assent. Members opposed to political separation from Italy took no part in the public demonstrations, knowing that the Emperor had the power as well as the will to secure the province to himself. To England, which regarded the whole affair as fraudulent and scandalous, neither the French Emperor nor the Italian ministry behaved with truth or honour. There can be no doubt that the seizure of these two provinces, for such it virtually was, affected the *entente cordiale* between France and the United Kingdom. Lord Russell spoke the public feeling of Great Britain when he denounced the conduct of the Emperor, and declared that England must look for other allies. No united action between the two countries was likely to take place for many years, so strong was the conviction that separate and selfish, under the ostensible appearance of united, objects, would be followed by his Imperial Majesty.

The administration of government in the various provinces annexed to the older dominions of Victor Emmanuel, caused considerable discussion in the Italian Parliament and much difficulty in the cabinet. It cannot justly be demanded for Count Cavour that he managed this part of the king's business well. Disunion was created by his measures, which the patriotism and benevolent temper of Garibaldi did much to heal. Yet, perhaps, it was impossible to govern Italy from Turin.

When the cares of parliament allowed, the

king made a tour through the country. From city to city, from province to province, he passed through triumphal arches, under flags and banners and garlands. Cities were illuminated, and territories, but lately independent, cast offerings in homage at his feet. The people arose at his approach to welcome a king and a conqueror, the royal champion of Italian unity and liberty, the benevolent and beneficent father of his people. Politically, and as a patriot and a king, he was not unmindful of the significant language of his long-trying friend and counsellor D'Azeglio, who, when he was premier, once said in his place in parliament, in reply to an opponent, "Much has been said in these days of the rights of the people; there is one, however, and the greatest of all, of which we have never heard—their right to the good example of their rulers."

During the occurrences of 1859, 1860, and 1861, which so beset the king and his people with difficulties, and at the same time surprised them by conquests in war and diplomacy, one of the wisest and best of the advisers of Victor Emmanuel and his ministers was Sir James Hudson, the English minister. A distinguished Italian *litterateur* has said of him, "A man who has done more for my country than any other foreign friend of Italy."

It became exceedingly important to preserve order in the newly-annexed provinces, where many elements of anarchy existed. There was in all these provinces a reactionary faction; and the superior clergy were ceaselessly occupied in bringing discredit upon the king and his ministers. In Parma, so strong was the military sentiment in favour of the duchess, that in 1859, soon after her flight, it effected her restoration; nor was she driven out by force, but retired from the conviction that her subjects were resolved to do their part on the first opportunity in favour of a united Italy.

In Tuscany also, abundant proof was given that the embers of faction had not expired. The enemies of liberty everywhere cherished the hope that the dominions of Victor Emmanuel would fall to pieces from anarchy before the year 1860 expired; nor was that hope given up when the triumphs of 1861 were achieved, nor for years after, for it was confidently predicted, especially in Vienna, Berlin, and London, that the annexations of 1860-61, would complete the mass of combustible elements which would explode the political cohesion of Italy. It was in circumstances like these that Sir James Hudson rendered the king and the country he ruled the most signal services. His despatches to the British government were wise and prescient, and pervaded by a generous desire for the welfare of the Italian Peninsula. His communications with the government of Victor Emmanuel were made in such a temper and spirit, so well-timed and statesmanlike, that the Italian sovereign and ministry were much guided by his advice, not only on every foreign question, but even on matters connected with provincial policy, his thorough knowledge of Italy, and his penetration of the Italian character under all its provincial diversities, qualifying him to offer such counsels.

Italy was agitated not only by her own reactionists, but by foreign emissaries. Austro-Italians, friends of the deposed petty princes, Bonapartists, French legitimists, Spaniards and Belgians, priests and laymen, infested the chief cities, towns, villages, and even the quietest districts, sowing dissensions, and endeavouring to inspire alarm by attempts at conspiracy. The French Emperor was anxious to appease his brother of Austria by carrying out the arrangement of Villafranca, and the agents of his government were utterly unscrupulous in their efforts to restore Tuscany

to the dynasty of Lorrains. The last provision of the preliminaries of peace at Villafranca regarded "the rights" of the house of Lorraine, and the French agents at Florence seemed as regardless as the two Emperors of the wrongs of the Tuscan people.

In the early part of 1859 the Tuscans resolved to take up arms, and resist whatever forces might be brought against them, French, Austrian, or Italian, and they nobly proved their persistence.

The government of Tuscany, by Baron Ricasoli, was unjust and tyrannical; Protestantism was put down by force, the Protestant church being closed, and all missionary efforts stopped. Ricasoli was no devotee, but his disposition was despotic, and to be earnest about religion he regarded as a folly to which no indulgence should be shown. An ardent nationalist, zealous for Italian unity and independence, he hated religious liberty, except when it meant the right to neglect religion altogether, to disobey priests, and mock the ceremonials of Christianity. Punishment was not, in his judgment, due to the mobs who assailed the "evangelicals," but was properly reserved, in the interests of liberty and order, for those who had dared to assert "freedom to worship God." Yet, irritating as the administration of this haughty and insolent persecutor was, the Tuscans forgave all, in view of his zeal for a united Italy under Victor Emmanuel; they believed that when that should be accomplished, all other privileges and advantages would ensue.

In the Legations there were also troubles enough to make the royal head uneasy on the pillow. The emissaries of the Pope possessed opportunities there which they had not anywhere else in Italy, and whatever advantages they might possess for reactionary purposes elsewhere, existed in the Legations in a degree











more efficient and available. These provinces of the papal dominions had been wasted, enervated, and degraded, possibly more than any part of Italy, and their sense of wrong and misery made the people vindictive and fierce, when the hour at last came to rouse them from their stupor and hopelessness. In 1848 they had nobly asserted their independence, but after the sanguinary days of the reaction they sunk into political torpor, although there were always among them faithful and fearless souls in which the love of liberty thrilled, and in whom the aspirations of national independence could not be quenched by civil or ecclesiastical oppression. Farini, the dictator, who acted in Victor Emmanuel's name, was neither much better nor much worse than the other satraps of the Turin Government. He was insincere, harsh, and impolitic; but like Ricasoli, he was for Italian unity, which idea was worshipped by the Bolognese with a fanaticism as fervent as that of a Romish devotee before a Madonna.

During the whole of 1860, 1861, 1862, there were murmurs in Parma, Modena, Florence, and Bologna, chiefly created by the jealous temper of the agents and confidants of the Turinese government. Various official changes, however, favourably modifying this aspect of affairs, only brought out more fully the fact that Turin could only govern Italy in a provincial spirit. Many whose dissatisfaction with this state of things, and who would have perilled much to resist it, were restrained by loyalty to the person of Victor Emmanuel, by their devotion to Italian nationality and unity, and by the sanguine hope that Rome was soon destined to be the capital, where Sardinians, Tuscans, Lombards, and Emilians would all merge their provincial partialities in the grand and glorious Italy over which Rome would cast the halo of past and future glory.

Amongst the most important events to Italy

in 1860, was the resignation of the Ratazzi cabinet, which had not proved itself equal to the great occasion which brought it into existence, and the reappointment of Cavour as chief adviser of the crown. At the close of January this change took place. The king has never been hasty in dismissing his ministers; he has constitutionally left the displacement of cabinets to the action of parliament, which, since the reconstruction of the Italian States, has never proved itself expert in exercising its parliamentary prerogatives in this respect. The great European Powers were disposed to interfere by a congress in the affairs of Italy; and England had intimated her wish that Cavour should represent Victor Emmanuel at that congress. Ratazzi, as chief of the cabinet, sent a Piedmontese general officer to the Count's country-house, to ascertain if he would take this diplomatic post. The Count would only accept it on one condition, dictated by patriotism and wisdom, that the dictatorial power of the executive, conferred by the Piedmontese Chambers at the opening of the war, should cease by the action of parliament within a week. Ratazzi, much more illiberal than Ricasoli, if not more despotic, did not relish this condition, and while yet he deliberated upon it, Cavour, leaving his retirement at Seri, went to Turin, and consulted Sir James Hudson, the British envoy. This was an additional offence to Ratazzi, who hoped to thwart Cavour by raising the cry of English dictation. Ratazzi behaved conceitedly, rashly, and unpatriotically, and with a mighty show of wounded dignity and indignation resigned office, and the king recalled Cavour to power. As soon as the Count was in his proper position, he arranged to fulfil his own programme. No congress, however, was destined to influence the progress of Italian liberty.

There were few incidents in the career of the

new king of Italy beyond those already related, until the ever memorable enterprises of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies became a source of concern, and ultimately of triumph and advantage.

The policy dictated by Garibaldi's successes, on the part of the Sardinian court and ministry, was (as shown in the life of Garibaldi) to enter the States of the Church, further abridge the temporal power of the Pope, and assist in driving the Neapolitan army from the Voltorno.

The King of Sardinia had a good reason, or a good pretext (however it may be viewed), for entering the Papal States. The French general, Lamoricière, was engaged in the papal service to command legions raised for the purpose ostensibly of protecting the Pope, but with the additional purpose of invading Victor Emmanuel's dominions, in conjunction with the armies of Naples and Austria, when opportunity should present itself. The legions of Lamoricière were a menace to Italy, and a source of constant annoyance and alarm to the territories of Victor Emmanuel contiguous to the papal dominions. Before venturing upon the bold step which Cavour advised, and which so well suited the king, the Piedmontese government secured a pledge from the French Emperor that he would not interfere. The representations of Farini were, that unless the royal troops put an end to the army of Lamoricière, the Garibaldians would enter the territories of the Church and be hailed by the people as deliverers. His Imperial Majesty of all things deprecated such a result, and wished his Royal Majesty to prevent it by force; but the reply, that a general revolution in Italy—Mazzinian in character—might ensue, swayed the mind of the Emperor, and when at Chambery, he gave the Sardinian general, Cialdini, the advice, "whatever you do, do quickly."

Cavour, assured, was left free to his purposes, and a campaign in Umbria was

determined upon. On the night of the 10th, or rather morning of the 11th, of September, a corps of the Sardinian royal army, under Cialdini, crossed the frontier at Saludeccio, and another corps, under Fanti, marched on Foligno. Cialdini was bold, skilful, and impetuous; in less than a week he was enabled to write from Osimo to General Cucchiari, then at Turin:—

"September 18.

"This morning, at ten o'clock, General Lamoricière attacked my extreme positions on the counterfort which extends from Castelfidardo, by Crocetta, to the sea. All the prisoners affirm that he had with him 11,000 men and 14 pieces of artillery, having reinforced the troops at Foligno with all that he had at Terni, Oscali, and elsewhere. He supported his attack by a sortie of 4,000 men from the garrison of Ancona. These troops assailed us in a really furious manner. The combat was short, but violent and bloody. We had to storm several positions successively, and after a simulated surrender, the defenders of these positions assassinated our soldiers with poniards. Several of the wounded stabbed our men as they were coming up to succour them. The results of the day are as follows:—We have prevented the junction of Lamoricière's corps with the garrison; we have taken 600 prisoners, among whom are 30 officers, some of them of high rank; we have also taken six pieces of artillery, and among them those given by Charles Albert to Pope Pius IX. in 1848; a great many ammunition-waggons and baggage-waggons, one flag, an infinity of arms, and many knapsacks left behind by the routed men. All the enemy's wounded, including General De Pimodan, who led the attacking column, are in my power, as also a considerable number of dead. The column which sallied forth from Ancona

was compelled to retreat; but I have hopes that I shall capture a large part of it this night. Prisoners and deserters are coming in every moment in great numbers. The fleet has arrived, and is opening fire upon Ancona.

"CIALDINI, the General Commanding  
"3rd corps d'armée."

Lamoricière succeeded in retiring upon Ancona, where he capitulated after eleven days.

When Ancona was surrendered, the royal army marched upon the Abruzzi, and soon after formed the junction with Garibaldi, previously arranged between that general and Victor Emmanuel; the events connected with which have been related on previous pages, in connection with the life of Garibaldi, as also the incidents which happened up to the period of the retirement of the ill-requited hero to his sea-girt domain at Caprera.

On the departure of Garibaldi, the king could be hardly said to be popular at Naples, and he did not make much endeavour to regain the goodwill of the Neapolitans. Farini was made his lieutenant, who placed in offices of power or emolument, men who had notoriously thwarted Garibaldi in all his most useful and beneficent measures. The attempt to govern Naples through his *protégé*, Farini, was one of the most perverse of all Cavour's least fortunate measures, and the king, so far from interfering, either by advice or authority, seemed to concur in Cavour's policy. Ratazzi, Minghetti, Nigra, Romano, Poerio, Spanneta, Peruzzi, and all the leading persons who then or subsequently, either in Naples or Turin, had any influence in the administration of affairs in the Sicilies, were as unfortunate as Cavour himself. Naples would not be governed in the spirit of Turin; the king and the class of men from whom cabinets and high administrators were taken would govern it in no other way;

the result was discontent, even disaffection, while progress, moral and material, was retarded. Garibaldi foresaw this, and predicted it; he understood the Sicilians on both sides of the straits, and his measures while Dictator, if not faultless, were on the whole wise, humane, and equitable. Farini soon abandoned Naples in despair; Nigra succeeded him, and he began his career with the same errors which had frustrated and disappointed his predecessor. There was confusion under Farina; confusion worse confounded under Nigra. The king and Cavour would do nothing to remedy this state of affairs, because they did not study the genius of the southern people, nor sufficiently respect popular feelings, nor prudently indulge popular prejudices which might harmlessly have been conciliated. There was, however, after Garibaldi left, much to be performed besides domestic administration. Gaeta was unconquered; the King of Naples and his army were there; and the French Emperor, annoyed at the policy he was obliged so recently to adopt in reference to the Papal States, was desirous to thwart the Italians in their efforts to expel King Francis. The presence of the French fleet was something more than a moral support to the Bourbon, and French agents did their best to encourage him, as did others to discourage the Sardinians. King Bomba made sure that as the French favoured him, and the Pope was on his side, the Austrian Empire would take heart and assist him. It was even rumoured that the Empress of the French cherished unbounded sympathy for the queen of Naples, and showed it so demonstratively as to inspire hope at Gaeta. At all events, Bomba shut himself up in the fortress with 10,000 of his best troops. Cialdini fixed his head-quarters at Mola, in the Villà Caposelle, the gardens of which were situated above the Formiana Villa,

once the favourite residence of the great Roman orator Cicero. The principal street of the town runs parallel with the Gulf, and conducted to a road which led towards the fortress. Half a mile from Mola this road divided into two; one along the shore, the other in the direction of the mountains. For some distance it skirted the foot of Monte Conca, and then curved through the defiles of the mountains, at the end of which was the town of Itri. Where the main road to Gaeta turned towards Itri, Monte Conca stood on the left in the direction of the Gulf, screening a narrow valley with its flank. There were no roads, but paths skirted the base of the mountain. From the foot of Monte Conca two other eminences would be reached, called the Cappucini and Monte Sant' Agata, which commanded the round hill at the bottom of which stood Gaeta. This hill was called the Torre d'Orlando, and formed a separate part of the fortress. Batteries ranged its flank, so that their occupants could dominate the narrow defiles of Monte Conca and the sea-shore. The right side of the fortress could not be approached by a besieging force until these batteries were silenced. To effect this, other batteries had to be erected on the heights of the Cappucini and Monte Sant' Agata, for which purpose the besiegers made roads to them. The work was performed by parties of soldiers of the line, after encountering enormous difficulty. The fortress was defended by 800 guns, which were increased during the progress of the siege. These guns were mounted on numerous batteries, chosen according to the judgment of the best officers available.

There were the Trinity bastion, with five tiers of guns; that of the Queen, with sixty 60-pounders; then those of St. Andrew, of Breccia, of Philipstadt, of Capelletti, and of the citadel, where there were shut up very

many prisoners. Besides these, there were the Annunziata, Favorita, Ferdinanda, San Giuseppe, Santa Maria, Del Porto, Guastafarro, Torriane Francese, Trabacco, Carolina, Duca Calabria, Fico, Conca, Falsa Bracca, Gran Guardia, Poterna, Contro Guardia, and, lastly, four more, called the Trinceramento of Porta di Terra.

Some of these batteries were mounted by guns of very large calibre and excellent construction; but those of the besiegers generally sustained superior ordnance. Here the Cavelli gun, invented by the Piedmontese general of that name, was first brought into use by Cialdini, and with success; it proved to be a powerful instrument in reducing the defences. The Marquis Persano commanded the Sardinian fleet, and was much obstructed by the French admiral; a small Spanish squadron also put forth its best efforts with the same intent. As the Sardinians could not effectually use the sea, the siege made slow progress, defenders and assailants keeping up a cannonade from day to day.

In January, 1861, the Emperor of the French withdrew his opposition, and the fleet of Admiral Persano soon brought matters to a close. A terrible naval bombardment was opened on the 22nd of January. The war steamer *Garibaldi* was, by a singular coincidence, the first to open fire, aided soon after by two smaller vessels; finally the *Charles Albert*, *Maria Adelaide*, and *Victor Emmanuel* poured in their fire, closely followed by the rest of the fleet. The effect of this fire was soon seen upon the defences, which were extensively shattered. The Cavelli guns, at the same time, played from the land batteries with destructive force and precision, and it became evident that the fate of the fortress and its royal owner were sealed.

Early in February the place capitulated, and

King Ferdinand lost his last foothold upon his former dominions.

The details are too similar to others which have been given in these pages in connection with the havoc of war, to require their relation here; suffice it to say, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies became irrevocably annexed to the other dominions of King Victor Emmanuel.

The year 1861 was not only signalled by the capitulation of Gaeta; the death of Count Cavour also made it memorable in the history of Victor Emmanuel. On the 6th of June in that year the great statesman expired. Three days before his death he named Ricasoli as the most suitable man for principal adviser of the crown, and remarked that Ratazzi also possessed qualities which made him valuable as a servant to the king. Possibly these remarks, said to be made to Commendatore Nigra, had some influence upon the king's selection, for Ratazzi was nominated premier a few days after the great Count's decease.

Ricasoli, ever resolute, self-reliant, bold, self-willed, and impetuous, determined to carry all before him—to have Venetia from the Austrians and Rome from the Pope. He was not long in office before he addressed to that sovereign a singular letter, in which, “as a Catholic and an Italian,” he urged his views upon the Pontiff. The letter was of great length, and the views of the writer were urged with considerable ability and power. It was intended to induce the Pope to co-operate with the idea of Italian unity and independence, and surrender his temporal power. The latter portion of this epistle is too remarkable not to place it before the reader:—

“The clergy are already divided; the flock is separated from its pastors. There are prelates, bishops, and priests who openly refuse to take part in the war which is being waged from Rome against the kingdom of Italy; a

much greater number loathe that war in secret. The multitude see with indignation ministers of the sanctuary mixing in conspiracies against the state, and refusing to the public voice the prayers which are asked of them by the authorities. They groan with impatience when they hear the Divine Word abused from the pulpit, so as to make it an instrument of censure and malediction against all that the Italians have learnt to admire and bless. The multitude, little accustomed to subtle distinctions, may in the end be led to impute to religion that which is but the act of men who are its ministers, and to separate from that communion to which for eighteen centuries the Italians have had the glory and happiness to belong.

“Do not, Holy Father, cast into the abyss of doubt an entire people who sincerely desire to be able to believe and to venerate you. The Church needs to be free; we will give it its entire liberty. More than any one we wish that the Church may be free; for its liberty is the guarantee of ours. But to be free it must disentangle itself from the ties of politics, which have hitherto made it an instrument of war against us in the hands of this or that power. The Church has the eternal truth to teach, with the authority of its Divine founder, whose assistance is never wanting to it. It should be the mediator between combatants, the protectress of the feeble and the oppressed. But how much more reverently will its voice be listened to when not open to the suspicion that worldly interests inspire it!

“You can, Holy Father, once more change the face of the world; you can raise the Apostolic See to a height unknown to the Church during past ages. If you wish to be greater than the kings of the earth, free yourself from the miseries of this royalty which makes you only their equal. Italy will give you a secure see, an entire liberty, a new

grandeur. She venerates the Pontiff, but she cannot arrest her march before the Prince; she wishes to remain Catholic, but she wishes to be a nation free and independent. If you listen to the prayer of this favourite daughter, you will gain in souls more power than you have lost as a prince; and from the height of the Vatican, when stretching your hand over Rome and the world to bless them, you will see the nations, re-established in their rights, bending before you, their defender and their protector."

This letter was dated Turin, August, 1861. The following articles were proposed for the acceptance of the Pope, and were transmitted with this letter, half appeal, half manifesto :

"Article 1. The sovereign Pontiff preserves the dignity, the inviolability, and all the other prerogatives of the sovereignty, and, in addition, the precedence established by custom over the king and other sovereigns. The cardinals of the Holy Church shall retain the title of Prince, and the honours which are attached to it.

"Art. 2. The government of his Majesty the King of Italy pledges itself not to interpose an obstacle on any occasion to the acts performed by the sovereign Pontiff in virtue of his divine right as chief of the Church, and of the canonical law, as Patriarch of the West and Primate of Italy.

"Art. 3. The same government recognises the right of the sovereign Pontiff to send nuncios abroad, and undertakes to protect them so long as they shall be in the territory of the state.

"Art. 4. The sovereign Pontiff shall have full liberty of communication with the bishops and all the faithful, and, reciprocally, without interference on the part of the government. He shall also be able to convoke, in the places

and in the forms that he shall judge expedient, the councils and the ecclesiastical synods.

"Art. 5. The bishops in their dioceses, and the curates in their parishes, shall be exempt from all governmental interference in the exercise of their ministry.

"Art. 6. They shall live, notwithstanding, in subjection to the common law in regard to offences punished by the laws of the kingdom.

"Art. 7. His Majesty renounces entirely the right of patronage as respects ecclesiastical benefices.

"Art. 8. The Italian government renounces all interference in the nomination of bishops.

"Art. 9. The same government undertakes to furnish to the Holy See a fixed and irrevocable dotation, the amount of which shall be regulated by mutual consent.

"Art. 10. The government of his Majesty the King of Italy, in order that all the Powers and all the Catholic nations may contribute to the maintenance of the Holy See, will open with those Powers the proper negotiations for determining the quota of each of them in the dotation spoken of in the preceding article.

"Art. 11. The negotiations shall also be directed towards obtaining guarantees for what is established in the preceding articles.

"Art. 12. In accordance with these conditions, the sovereign Pontiff and the government of his Majesty the King of Italy shall come to an agreement by means of commissioners delegated for that purpose."

The letter and the articles were sent through the French government, which had no indisposition, or at all events, showed no unwillingness to support them. The Pope treated them with indignant silence. M. Flanqueur, the French minister, wrote to Ricasoli that the Pope did not receive them well, and was not in a temper to consider such proposals.



These proceedings on the part of the new premier were opposed in the chambers both by the ultramontanists and the radicals; but a majority approved of the policy.

The overbearing, haughty, and self-confident spirit of Ricasoli offended both his own sovereign and that of France, and tended much to disorganise his own party in and out of Parliament. His general administration was not more happy than his local government of Tuscany. Cavour had proved himself in designating Ricasoli for the first office in the ministry, as defective in judgment as he had often proved himself in selecting men to carry out his views in the provinces. Indeed,

it is alleged on good authority, that the great man became convinced of his error in this respect, and had resolved upon a new course, had continuance of life been vouchsafed to him.

Mazzini formed a society called the "Comitati di Provvedimento," which elected an assembly appointed to meet in Genoa, in February, 1862. The conservative portion of the parliament demanded the suppression of this society; Ricasoli boldly and sternly refused, unless the society, or its representatives at Genoa, violated the law. A parliamentary vote, by implication at least, of censure was passed, the premier resigned, and Ratazzi was nominated first minister.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

POLICY OF THE RATAZZI MINISTRY.—ASPROMONTE.—THE MINGHETTI-PERUZZI MINISTRY.—FREQUENT CHANGES OF MINISTERIAL MEN AND MEASURES.—SOUTHERN ITALY DISCONTENTED IN 1864.—A NEW CONVENTION WITH FRANCE.—DISTURBANCES IN TURIN.—FLIGHT OF THE MINISTRY.—FORMATION OF THE LA MARMORA MINISTRY.—REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL FROM TURIN TO FLORENCE.—PERSONAL CHARACTER OF VICTOR EMMANUEL AND THE HEIR TO THE THRONE.—CENSUS OF UNITED ITALY.—ITS PROSPECTIVE ARMY IN PEACE AND WAR.

"The rights of nationality are imperishable"—BARON RICASOLI to Pius IX.

THE change from Ricasoli to a Ratazzi cabinet was not favourable for the wisdom or strength of Italy. Ricasoli was a more liberal man than Ratazzi, and was patriotically intent upon the perfect unification of Italy. Ratazzi was time-serving, uncertain, and treacherous. Here again Cavour's judgment as to the fittest men to administer Italian affairs was at fault. Ratazzi not only opposed Ricasoli in fair parliamentary opposition, but he set on foot intrigues with his own and with a foreign court to embarrass his more straightforward opponent. He had private interviews on political affairs with the king, and in Paris

with the French Emperor, when Ricasoli was but a few months in office. One of his first acts in power was to appoint Marquis Pepoli, a cousin of the Bonapartes, to the high office of Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

During a considerable portion of 1862, it was necessary for Ratazzi to keep an army of 80,000 men in the south, to suppress brigandage, and guard against the consequences of the public discontent.

Very soon the sly and indirect policy of the expert courtier brought him into collision with Garibaldi, whose support he at first did all he could to obtain.

Finally, Ratazzi's ministry broke down, to be succeeded by a worse. The old adherents of Cavour generally shared power among them, and nearly always used it badly.

Between the period of the conquest of Gaeta and the Paris Convention of September, 1864, there was an episode in the life of Victor Emmanuel which probably proved to be one of the most painful and regretful seasons of his career. The capture of Garibaldi at Aspromonte, desperately wounded by Sardinian weapons, is a blot upon the page of Italy's history, and by many it is regarded as a stain upon the escutcheon of Victor Emmanuel. Wherever the guilt of that transaction and of the subsequent treatment of Garibaldi may rest, Italy looks back to the event with shame and sorrow, but with not less pride to her "uncrowned king;" she might take up her dirge in the language of a poet of another land—

"My patriot falls, but shall he be unsung  
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?  
No! every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
And future ages hear his growing fame."

The name of the minister upon whom the responsibility of the incarceration and affront of Garibaldi lies will go down to posterity, not only in Italy but in the whole civilised world, with the brand of shame upon it.

The circumstances of Garibaldi's expedition, which ended so unhappily at Aspromonte, have been related in the memoir of that hero included in this work; it would therefore be an unnecessary repetition to do more here than refer to it as a sad episode of the history of the gallant and patriotic king.

In 1864 Italy is still discontented, although somewhat better governed.

September, 1864, was a period of new hope and strange occurrence for all Italy. On the 15th of that month a Convention was made

between the French Emperor and the King of Sardinia, by which the former agrees that his troops shall evacuate Rome within two years, and the king undertakes not to invade, or suffer to be invaded, the territories of the Pope, to transfer a portion of the public debt of Rome to the government of Italy, and to remove the seat of the Italian government from Turin to Florence. This agreement came out suddenly, no Italian or French party, and no foreign government, suspected that such a movement was in contemplation by the imperial conjuror. France received the tidings with acclamation, except indeed the ultramontane party. Austria received them with rage and alarm, as a menace to herself, and a violation of the treaty of Zurich. If the French remove from Rome the Austrians will have an argument the less, and lose all pretext for usurpation at Venice.

Germany sympathised with Austria, as she did in 1859, especially Prussia, the court and government of which, although hating Austria, hated liberty, and the independence of oppressed nationalities more. England received the startling tidings with approbation. Roman Catholic governments sympathised with Austria and the Pope. The latter showed an ostentatious reserve, but indicated plainly intense anger and resentment. The French government informed the Pontiff that within two years he must raise an army for his own protection if he required military force to defend himself against his own subjects.

The citizens of Turin heard the news with pain and wrath, because the transfer of the capital was not to Rome, for which they would willingly make the sacrifice, but to Florence, a city of less pretension to such an honour than that of the old Sardinian capital. Disturbances broke out in the streets; the Peruzzi-Minghetti-Spaventa ministry ordered the carbiniers (the gendarmes of Turin) to fire on the people,





which was murderously and treacherously executed, and the event raised such a storm of indignation in Italy that the ministry had to resign.

Seldom did a more corrupt and incapable cabinet administer the affairs of any country in or out of Italy, and it is wonderful the king could tolerate them in power for an hour. True to his maxim, however, he left the origin of constitutional action with his parliament. Public indignation would not wait for this, the ministry fled from Turin to escape popular retribution. A new ministry, under the veteran General La Marmora, was formed, and the public of Piedmont was appeased. On the formation of the Marmora ministry the documents became known in connection with the Convention, the facts of which had only recently transpired, and Italy at large rejoiced, believing that the protection of France withdrawn, the Roman people will never submit to the old tyranny maintained by new bands of mercenaries. Meantime, Florence is in a military sense a more important metropolis in view of a war with Austria for Venice, and from its central situation a more convenient capital from which to administer Italian affairs. It is believed that the south of Italy will thence be righteously governed, as it was not, so long as the seat of power was within the circle of the prejudice, pride, and haughty temper of Turin.

As the spirit and intention of the Convention is much discussed while these pages are issuing from the press, it is just to the governments of Paris and Turin, and desirable for the reader's more complete information, to give the text of the Convention, and the exposition made by the French government of its own views.

The following is the text of the Franco-Italian Convention:—

“Art. 1. Italy undertakes not to attack the

present territory of the Pope, and even to prevent by force any attack proceeding from the exterior.

“Art. 2. France will withdraw her troops gradually as the army of the Pope becomes organised. The evacuation will nevertheless be accomplished within two years.

“Art. 3. The Italian government will make no protest against the organisation of a Papal army, even composed of foreign Catholic volunteers, sufficient to maintain the authority of the Pope and tranquillity both at home and on the frontier of the Papal States; provided, however, that this force does not degenerate into a means of attack against the Italian Government.

“Art. 4. Italy declares herself ready to enter into an arrangement for assuming a proportional part of the debt of the former States of the Church.

“Art. 5. The present Convention will be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged within a fortnight or earlier if possible.

(Signed) “DROUYN DE L'HUYS.

“DI NIGRA.

“PEPOLI.”

A protocol following the Convention says:—

“The Convention will only become executive when the King of Italy shall have decreed the transfer of the capital of the kingdom to a place to be subsequently determined upon by his Majesty.

“The transfer to be effected within a term of six months from the date of the Convention.

“The present protocol will have the same force and value as the Convention, and the ratifications will be exchanged at the same time as those of the Convention.”

A declaration signed by M. Drouyn de l'Huys and the Chevalier di Nigra, dated 3rd October, says:—

"According to the terms of the Convention of the 15th September and the protocol appended thereto, the delay for the transfer of the capital is fixed at six months from the date of the Convention; and the evacuation of the Roman States is to be effected within the term of two years, dated from the decree ordering the transfer of the capital. The Italian plenipotentiaries supposed therefore that the latter measure might be taken by virtue of a decree to be immediately issued by the King of Italy. This hypothesis would make the periods from which the two measures were to date almost simultaneous.

"But while, on the one hand, the Turin cabinet considered that so important a measure demanded the concurrence of the Chambers and the introduction of a bill, on the other the change in the Italian ministry caused the reopening of Parliament to be adjourned until the 24th October.

"Under these circumstances, the point of departure originally fixed would no longer allow a sufficient delay for the transfer of the capital.

"The Government of the Emperor, desirous of favouring any plan, which, without altering the arrangements of the 15th September, would tend to facilitate its execution, consents that the delay of six months for the removal of the Italian capital, as well as the term of two years for the evacuation of the Pontifical territory, shall commence from the date of the royal decree sanctioning the bill which will be presented to the Italian Parliament."

The circumstances and discussions which led to the conclusion of the Convention have been condensed, and are to be found in three protocols, the first of which dates from July, and contains the essence of a query of much interest, "What if the Pope should decline the facilities offered to him for the organisation of

an army?" This was Nigra's question. Drouyn de l'Huys was somewhat perplexed, but replied, however, at once, that "in such a case his Holiness must abide by the consequences of the refusal, the Government of the Emperor declining to assume any responsibilities on the matter." The Italian minister was delighted to hear that, and when the Convention was drawn up he proposed an article embodying the above declaration. To this, however, the Foreign Secretary of Napoleon demurred as unnecessary, and likely to raise additional hostility to the stipulations. Nigra, seeing that the point could not be carried, gave it up at once.

The *Gazette de la Croix* gives the following analysis of a note said to have been transmitted to the nuncio in Paris by Cardinal Antonelli:—

"The Cardinal complains that the Imperial Government kept him in ignorance as to their intentions previous to the 15th September. He insists that the Pope, in his quality of independent sovereign, can call in, when circumstances render needful, the aid of a foreign army to replace that of France. His Holiness does not mistrust the loyalty of his actual subjects as he formerly mistrusted the loyalty of those provinces torn from him by Piedmont. But he is convinced that the subalpine kingdom will do secretly all it can to shake the fidelity of the Romans. He therefore fails to see in the Convention anything but a guarantee given by France to revolutionary ideas, of which Piedmont will inevitably take advantage. If France shall continue to disturb the Pope in the exercise of his sovereign power, and contest his right to defend himself as he thinks fit, he will be obliged to protest against such an abuse of force, and assume the attitude which his duties as Pope and sovereign point out."

By order of the Emperor, the French mi-

nister for foreign affairs addressed the following despatch to Count de Sartiges, ambassador of France at Rome :—

“Paris, Sept. 12.

“M. le Comte,—The position we occupy at Rome has long been the subject of the most serious pre-occupations on the part of the Emperor’s government. Circumstances have seemed to us favourable to examine anew the real position of affairs, and we believe it useful to communicate to the Holy See the result of our reflections.

“I have no occasion to recall the considerations which have led the flag of France to Rome, and which have hitherto determined us to retain it there. We were resolved not to abandon this post of honour as long as the object of the occupation should not be attained. Yet we have never thought that this situation ought to be permanent; we have always considered it as abnormal and temporary. It is in these terms that the first plenipotentiary of the Emperor characterised it eight years ago. He added, conformably to his Majesty’s orders, that we heartily desired the moment when we should be able to withdraw our troops from Rome without compromising the internal tranquillity of the country and the authority of the Pontifical Government. We have renewed the same declaration upon every occasion.

At the commencement of 1859, the Holy Father had made upon his part the proposition to fix the evacuation of the territory guarded by our troops for the end of that year. The war which then broke out in Italy having decided the Emperor to renounce their recall, the same idea was again taken up as soon as events appeared to authorise the hope that the Pontifical government would be in a position to provide for its security with its own forces. Thence arose the agreement established in

1860, in virtue of which the departure of the French troops was to be carried out in the month of August. The agitations which ensued at that same period again prevented the execution of a measure which the Holy See desired as we did. But the Emperor’s government has none the less continued to see an exceptional and transitory fact in the presence of our troops at Rome, to which, in mutual interest, we ought to put a stop as soon as the security and independence of the Holy See should be placed out of reach of new perils.

“How many reasons, indeed, had we not to wish that the occupation should not be indefinitely prolonged? It constitutes an act of intervention contrary to one of the fundamental principles of our public law, and one so much the more difficult for us to justify, as our object in lending to Piedmont the support of our arms has been to liberate Italy from foreign intervention.

“This situation has besides the consequence of placing two distinct sovereignties face to face upon the same ground, and of thus being a frequent cause of grave difficulties. The nature of things is here stronger than the good will of men. Numerous changes have taken place in the chief command of the French army, and the same disagreements, the same conflicts of jurisdiction have been reproduced, at every period, between our generals-in-chief, whose first duty is clearly to watch over the safety of their army, and the representatives of the Pontifical authority, jealous of maintaining the independence of the territorial sovereign in acts of internal administration.

“To these inevitable inconveniences which the French agents most sincerely devoted to the Holy See have not succeeded in removing, were joined those which fatally result from the

difference of political points in view. The two governments do not obey the same inspirations, and do not proceed according to the same principles. Our conscience, too, often compels us to give advice which the conscience of the Court of Rome too often also believes itself forced to decline. If our persistence took too marked a character we should seem to abuse the strength of our position, and in that case the Pontifical government would lose in public opinion the merit of the wisest resolutions. Upon the other hand, in assisting at acts in discord with our social condition and with the maxims of our legislation, we can hardly escape the responsibility of a policy we are unable to approve. The Holy See, by reason of its own nature, has its particular codes and laws, which, upon many occasions, are in unfortunate opposition to the ideas of the present day. Distant from Rome we should still certainly regret to see it apply them rigorously, and, guided by filial devotion, we should undoubtedly not believe ourselves able to keep silence when similar facts should happen to give pretexts to the accusations of its adversaries; but our presence at Rome, which creates for us more imperious obligations in this respect, also, under the circumstances, renders the relations of the two governments more delicate, and brings their reciprocal susceptibilities the more in conflict.

"Manifest as these inconveniences might be we were careful not to allow ourselves to be diverted from the mission we had accepted. The Holy Father had no army to protect his authority in the interior against the projects of the revolutionary party. On the other hand, the most inquiet disposition prevailed in the peninsula on the subject of the possession of Rome, which the Italian government itself by the mouth of its ministers in parliament, as well as by diplomatic communications,

claimed as the capital of Italy. So long as the cabinet of Turin was possessed with these views we could not but fear that if our troops were recalled the territory of the Holy See would be exposed to attacks which the Pontifical government would not have been in a position to repel.

"We desired to afford it our armed support until the danger of these unreflecting movements appeared to have passed away.

"We are now impressed, M. le Comte, by the happy changes manifest in this regard in the general condition of the Peninsula. The Italian government has exerted itself for the last two years to disperse the last relics of those formidable associations which, favoured by circumstances, were formed beyond its action, and whose projects were principally directed against Rome. After contending with them openly, it has succeeded in dissolving them, and each time they have essayed to effect a reconstruction has easily defeated their plots.

"That government has not confined itself to preventing the organisation of any irregular force on its territory for attacking the provinces under Pontifical sovereignty—it has given its policy towards the Holy See a tendency more in harmony with its international duties. It has ceased to put before the Chambers the absolute programme which proclaimed Rome as the capital of Italy, and to address to us peremptory declarations on the subject, formerly so frequent. Other ideas have made their way in the best minds, and tend to prevail more and more. Renouncing the pursuit by force of a project which we were determined to oppose, and being unable on the other hand to maintain at Turin the seat of an authority whose presence is necessary at a more central point of the new state, the Turin cabinet itself intended to transfer its capital to another city.



“To us, M. le Comte, this eventuality is of the highest importance, for the Holy See as for the Emperor's Government, for, when realised, it would constitute a new state of things no longer offering the same dangers. After having obtained from Italy the guarantees we should feel bound to stipulate in favour of the Holy See against foreign attacks, it would only remain for us to aid the Pontifical government in forming an army sufficiently well organised and numerous enough to make its authority respected at home. It would find us disposed to second the recruiting of this army by every means in our power. Its present resources, we are aware, would not enable it to support the maintenance of a considerable effective force, but certain arrangements in view would acquit the Holy See of a portion of the debt, the interest of which it considered its dignity required it to meet. Being thus placed in possession of important sums, defended at home by a devoted army, protected without its territory by the engagements we should have demanded from Italy, the Pontifical government would be placed in a situation which, in ensuring its independence and security, would enable us to assign a term to the presence of our troops in the Roman States. Thus would be verified the words addressed by the Emperor to the King of Italy, in a letter dated 12th July, 1861 :—‘I shall leave my troops at Rome so long as your Majesty shall not be reconciled with the Pope, or that the Holy Father shall be menaced with seeing the States remaining to him invaded by a regular or irregular force.’

“Such, M. le Comte, are the observations suggested by an attentive and conscientious study of present circumstances, and which the Emperor's government deems expedient to communicate to the Court of Rome. The Holy See, as we ourselves, certainly most sincerely

desires that moment when the protection of our arms will be no longer necessary for its security, and when it will be able, without peril to the great interest which it represents, to return to the normal situation of an independent government. We are confident, therefore, that it will render full justice to the sentiments which guide us, and it is with this persuasion that I authorise you to draw the attention of Cardinal Antonelli to the considerations I have just laid before you.

“You will read this despatch to his Eminence.—Receive, &c.,

“DROUYN DE L'HUYS.”

The *Neue Freie Presse*, of October 2, publishes the following details of the interview of the Duke de Grammont, the French ambassador, with Count Rechberg, at Vienna, on the 29th September :—

“The Duke de Grammont first read to Count Rechberg the text of a despatch from M. Drouyn de l'Huys. This note informed the Austrian Cabinet of the conclusion of the Franco-Italian Convention. The text of the Convention was not contained in the note, and its tenour was only indicated by a few general phrases. The French ambassador accompanied the note with a few explanatory remarks of an extremely friendly character. But the Duke de Grammont, with that finesse of sarcasm by which he is distinguished, having probably remarked a certain expression of surprise upon the usually undecipherable features of our Minister for Foreign Affairs, added, in reply thereto, that Count Rechberg would assuredly not consider it astonishing that France had laboured at her project in perfect silence, and now caused a little surprise to the world. Austria herself, to judge from her behaviour in the Dano-German question, had exercised jealous care that no person should

interfere in that matter, as even at present the Vienna Peace Conference excluded the participation of all great Powers except those of Germany. In speaking of Germany, the French ambassador allowed the displeasure of the cabinet of the Tuileries at the treatment of the Danish question very plainly to appear, and ignored the Austro-Prussian alliance with unmistakable intention.

"Count Rechberg now apparently expected the delivery of the text of the Convention, but the Duke de Grammont stated that he was not yet in a position to make more detailed communications, by reason of the Convention of the 15th September not being actually completed, as, to become valid, it required the assent of the Pope and the Italian Parliament. Rapidly availing himself of the opening given by the French diplomatist, Count Rechberg replied that as that was the case, as the Convention could not yet be communicated, and as it was only considered by the French cabinet itself as in a preliminary step, he was relieved of the necessity of giving an immediate reply. Count Rechberg added, that in a matter of such great range, the Duke de Grammont could not expect from him on this occasion any expression of opinion. He recalled to the French ambassador the sentiments of the Sovereign and the representatives of Austria upon the Italian question, and appealed in that respect to the thorough knowledge the ambassador possessed of the situation of affairs at Vienna."

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* gave the following particulars respecting the manner in which the Pope received the notification of the Franco-Italian Treaty:—

"We learn that the ambassador of France has had an audience of Pius IX., of which he gives an account in a despatch dated 24th September, and received in Paris on Wednesday last. That report confirms the conciliatory

dispositions of the Sovereign Pontiff, who especially charged Count de Sartiges to express to the Emperor of the French his sentiments of gratitude for the protection which his Majesty has never ceased to afford to the Church. It is true that, on the present occasion, the Holy Father thought proper to allude to the spoliation of which he had been the victim, as well as to the sacred obligation to safeguard the spiritual and temporal interests of the Holy See. He nevertheless retained unlimited confidence in the assurances and protestations of France, and in the engagements which she appeared disposed to take towards the Roman Court for the faithful accomplishment of the promises made by Piedmont. The Pope especially testifies his satisfaction that a term of two years had been stipulated to facilitate the realisation of the Convention of the 15th September. With the help of the Almighty, who never abandons the Church, the Sovereign Pontiff hoped to be able, within the interval, to conciliate the high interests entrusted to him with the respect due to France."

A communication from Rome, in the *Patrie*, says:—

"The evening before last Pius IX. invited the members of the Sacred College to assemble at the Vatican, to deliberate on the conduct which the Roman Government should have to follow under existing circumstances. That meeting was caused by the official communication which Count de Sartiges had made to the Cardinal Secretary of State of the Franco-Italian Convention. All opinions were examined and discussed at length. A great number of cardinals formally declared against the Convention; they expressed their opinion that the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome must be considered as a benefit to the Holy See, and that the answer to be given to

the French diplomatist ought to be that his Holiness placed all his confidence in the other Catholic Powers, and still more in the assistance of the Almighty. The discussion then became more animated, and the latter proposition was about to triumph, when Cardinals Antonelli and Sacconi spoke against it. Those two members exercised a very decisive influence on the meeting, and their good-sense views prevailed over all other counsels. According to their advice a decision was come to that it was proper and useful that the proposed reply should be postponed, and that it was better to wait for events before coming to any final resolution. That opinion prevailed, the more readily that temporisation is the old system of the Roman Court, for which it has frequently had reason to congratulate itself. The news of the departure of the French army from Rome at a more or less distant time has caused great delight among the cosmopolitan officers of the Papal army. As that force is about to be increased, every one hopes for promotion."

However the citizens of Turin, no longer to be the metropolis, or of Florence, to be in future, or for a time, the metropolitan city, might regard the change,—or whatever the inhabitants of Milan or of Naples, of cities north or south might think, or the Pope himself might determine, the opinion of the citizens of Rome and the people of the Papal territory is most to be considered by Great Britain in forming a judgment of the case.

The National Committee of Rome issued the following proclamation to the denizens of Rome on the subject, which was heartily responded to:—

#### "ROMANS!

"France has at length decided on withdrawing her troops from Rome within two

years' time. The principle of non-intervention has won the day in our case also. The enormities of the Court of Rome and the legitimate aspirations of a people have put an end to that immobility which left the Roman question without solution. The king's government has not fettered itself by any condition which would deprive us Romans of the right to annex ourselves to the kingdom of Italy and the king from accepting that annexation. In stipulating for respect of the frontiers on the part of the Italian troops, it was desired to leave Rome to the Romans, who, far from being a *mortmain* of catholicity, are the absolute arbiters of their own destiny.

"Romans, you have then your fate in your own hands. You will be able to exercise that right which is no longer refused to any people—universal suffrage. However, remember that you have still to struggle against clerical tyranny which cannot be destroyed like any other tyranny. For a long time we persuaded ourselves that in order to maintain the temporal, the Court of Rome had made inroads on the spiritual power. We ought to get rid of this abuse of conflicting powers which exclude one another, and which threaten to involve the Papacy in their ruin. We have the twofold duty of restoring Rome to the Romans, and of giving the Church that liberty which she now wants. But to succeed we must be strong, moderate, united, and we will be. Romans, Europe has her eyes fixed upon us, and all the reactionary party which has established its head-quarters in the Rome of the Popes will press upon us with its entire force. Let us solemnly prepare ourselves, and give occasion for no interference. We shall respect the Bishop of Rome whilst we get rid of the most ferocious of governments, whose actions may be summed up in the massacre of the people, the taking away of children, hospitality

afforded to assassins, prisons, and exile. Romans, let us be strong, and the future will belong to us. Let us be strong, because the *sbirri* of all countries will shortly swarm around the Pontifical flag. We ought to have but one will and one arm to destroy this last refuge of the reaction—that constant menace to Italy and civilised Europe. Romans, let us prove ourselves to be on a level with our destiny. We have a great mission—that of preserving the Church to the Papacy, of restoring Rome to the Romans, and accomplishing the great regeneration of Italy. We will not fail in our duty.

“Rome, Sept 21, 1861.”

The important subject of the Convention would be imperfectly treated if the opinions of Garibaldi and Mazzini, expressed when that agreement was maturely considered by them, were omitted. Garibaldi was urged to go to Turin; but he remained at Caprera, “monarch of all he surveyed,” in the society of his sons, daughter, daughter’s husband, and a little grandson, son of his daughter Teresita. His island estate had increased in productiveness, and it was believed that the king regarded him as not only his greatest, but his best beloved subject.

The “Lord of the Isle” in the Sardinian Archipelago was not in favour of the Convention, but he was inclined to give it a trial. “Whatever that man (Napoleon III) says or does (said the General) is in the Sybilline style, and produces impressions the most antagonistic. Some will exult in joy, while others will be downcast with sorrow. Credulous admirers feel a thrill of unreasonable confidence pervade their whole beings, while sceptical opponents shudder with the wonted terror of a systematic pessimism: here it will be all smiles, trust, and brightness; there all scowl, suspicion, and night.”

“They have done enough for Pope, kaiser, and the devil—it was fully time to get rid of them. People will wonder by-and-by how Italy could tolerate to be misgoverned so long by such a lot of vulgar schemers.”

In this Garibaldi’s views were a faithful reflection of what the country felt at large. For Turin he expressed much sympathy:—

“They are not less selfish, probably, in the question than any other cities similarly situated would have proved themselves to be; but the people of Turin have rendered important services to our cause, and have not deserved the revolting treatment to which they have been subjected by the late ministry.”

At a later period Garibaldi, in a private letter, remarked, “Two years! we ought to turn Bonaparte out of Italy in two days.”

Mazzini published his views in the *Duritti*. After an eloquent and cordial testimony to the merits of Turin the Italian exile continues thus:—

“The Convention gives up Rome; the translocation of the capital is the seal put to the Convention. The Italians may deceive themselves as they please; but they cannot deny a fact, and the fact is this—that they obey a foreign master, who, almost with a sneer, says to us, ‘I entered Rome, against the will of the people, across the corpses of those who defended her. I remained there by the mere right of the sword, and for no other purpose than the one of making it impossible for you to become a united nation. Do you wish me to go away? Well, promise me to assume my part, and I will depart on the condition that you shall not enter.’ The fact is a solemn promise from the Italian Government to keep out of Rome, and to prevent, by the force of Italian arms, that anybody should enter there in the name of Italy. The fact is a promise to wound Garibaldi, and to perpetrate five or ten

more Aspromontes, if needs be. The fact is a financial help to the Pope for an easier organisation of an army of mercenaries, who will have to stay the Romans when they, in the name of Italy, shall rise against him. This fact is the negation of the nation which it dishonours. And you, Italians, applaud such a fact, and blame those who protest against it! I know, alas! but too well what is answered by many among you, in an undertone, the voice of slaves:—‘Let it pass; it is after all a change, and fact generates fact, and if the soldiers of the empire leave Rome there will arise opportunities for us to violate our promises.’ What an answer to make the ashes of your martyrs, if they hear it, shudder, and to fill with a supreme bitterness the heart of an exile who worshipped for thirty-five years an image of Italy, grand, moral, virtuous, a pattern for nations! What! are you then so spoilt by long servitude and recent materialism as not to start back from the cross-way where you have to decree an Italy acephalous and federalist, or an Italy dishonest on purpose? Fools and cowards! . . . This policy of windings, tortuous ways, traps, will be, as it has been, the ruin of Italy. It dishonours, corrupts, and kills. The great nations are founded on principles openly proclaimed.”

Whatever influence the opinions of Garibaldi and Mazzini may have had, no document, no matter from what source proceeding, excited so much doubt, apprehension, and pain in the Italian mind, as a sarcastic letter to the editor of a public journal from an old ex-minister and able naval administrator:—

“The capital question sixteen years hence will be more fatal still. The very moment the papers first spoke of the Convention of September 15th, I openly said that it reveals the rest of what *manet altâ mente repositum* on the

part of the Gallican Jupiter—nay, that the decree is already virtually signed by him to create the 28th and 29th Military Division ‘du Grande Empire.’ Nor must there be any secret clauses in the treaty or verbal accommodations either to that effect; the thing will be accomplished by the mere force of time and the human passions. Let us fancy a gentle and peaceable government established in Florence. From Sparta we are gone to Athens. But Piedmont suffers in honour, interests, and secular traditions. The present generation cannot forget all that they have lost. This province will continue morally unquiet, with deputies and senators discontent, oppositional, raising difficulties to the government. Piedmont will become Poland, Hungary, Ireland. After a time, more or less long, it will be evident to the men of tranquil politics that, since it is impossible to pacify Piedmont for the damage sustained, the best thing is to rid oneself of such turbulent people by handing them over to France. In short, the Savoy business and its ‘mutual repulsion’ will be repeated, with the difference which obtains between old reminiscences of supremacy and the passions that are fresh, vigorous, and exasperated by hatreds truly Italian. For me this is of a certainty, and I almost fancy I hear the Perruzzi of that year demonstrate from his seat in parliament how by cutting off this restless limb the rest of Italy is sure to obtain peace and homogeneity. And the prostituted sciences will rise in his support. Ethnography will show that, whether you take them by their race, which is quite Celtic, or by the prevalence of *ol* as their linguistical basis, the Subalpine Ligurians are not an Etruscan or Italic family, but a true barbarian brood. Moreover, was not Rome powerful without possessing the Cisalpine Gallia? I see in Florence for a seat (abstractedly even

from the Roman question) the partition of Italy prepared in a manner irreparable. Add to this that men are subject to modify their customs and ideas, and to assume new ones, in all sincerity, according to the temperature and situation in which they move. I won't insist on this point, you need it not, but it would be easy to prove it from history. Save in the old provinces, there is in all families a sincere wish for quietude, peace, and mild taxes. The conscription is truly the torment of all mothers. A ministry of Etruscan residence could never be a heartless cabinet like, for instance, the one which plunged into the abyss of the Crimean war for a mere hope, distant and dubious. The first benefit to Italy from Florence will be the abolition of the army, and hence the conscription. Italy will proclaim her neutrality for ever, like Switzerland. The 300,000 consumers now torn away from their families are turned into excellent producers, and lo! the finances are restored. All the conservative cabinets applaud at seeing the state of impotence to which this den of agitators who menaced the quietude of Europe has been reduced. Nay, more than this, Austria, seeing our army systematically abolished, will dismantle the Quadrilateral, and will be ready to cede Venetia and the rest of the Lombard plains, retaining for herself not only the mountain summits, but also the mouths of all the valleys. Not for nothing, of course, but for a small quota from the Austrian debt, say a million, ceded to Italy. To conclude, Italy being seen to have abdicated any meddling whatever in Europe, it will be very rational to imagine our being in a veritable Eldorado, about which the gentle Tuscans and all the *molles Campani* will go into hysterics for ecstasy. It will be the delights of Sybaris and Capua over again. But is there any chance for the consummation of such a dream?

Decidedly not, since the party of action is not dead, and will acquire in Florence the possibility, nay, the facility, for carrying out that which it well knows by experience to be impossible in Turin. Hence, it now argues calmly, but smiles at the going to Florence, and there it awaits you and will show you its might. A friend of mine said to me the other day, 'The House of Savoy is an old oak, still robust, but it has only one vital root left in the Piedmontese soil. Let that be injected with a solution of mercury, and you shall see how soon it will die. Out of the old provinces, indeed, all conservatives have more or less sympathy for their old dynasties and governments, and many of them hold Victor Emmanuel in hatred personal as a usurper. The youthful generation, the liberal associations, and their secret affiliations look upon him as a momentary necessity, but they are far from believing that monarchy is the best of governments. Let a difficulty arise, a desire go unsatisfied, and you shall see how efficient a single voice will prove to popularise the idea that the office of the king is an office too costly, and might be suppressed for the sake of economy.' A thousand other considerations of every kind rise before me. For Florence herself, since she is not to remain the capital for ever, but merely for a time—let it be ten, fifteen years—the gain will result in certain rum. Now, the value of house property is being tripled, the building trade thriving immensely, for a repetition of the identical catastrophe that now befalls Turin. Unless guaranteed for a perpetuity, the Florentines ought, in their own well-weighed interest, to oppose the temporary transfer.

"VINCENZO RICCI.

"Genoa, Sept. 30, 1864."

In view of all these difficulties a decree was issued convoking the Italian parliament.

This decree was accompanied by a report, dated 19th September, addressed to the king by the former Italian ministry, which says :—

“At the moment we assumed the reins of government the Roman question was in such a condition that it would have been unworthy and useless to immediately commence fresh negotiations. The government waited an opportunity, and hastened to take advantage of it when it considered the general state of affairs in Europe to be favourable. After the deliberations of parliament which were to guide the government, the Roman question could only be solved by moral means. To obtain the application of the principle of non-intervention it was necessary to proceed in accord with France.

“The Emperor of the French has always desired to be able to withdraw his troops from Rome, not only from this act being in conformity with the principles and public rights whereon the Empire and its policy are based, but also because the resurrection of Italy will be one of the principal glories of his reign. But the Emperor considered that he could not, by suddenly withdrawing his troops in a body, abandon the power that he had protected during fifteen years with his arms.

“In order to reassure the Catholic sentiment, the Italian government could not but promise not to attack the Pontifical territory, and to prevent any attack being made by irregular bands from the frontiers of the Italian kingdom. This promise, loyally given and firmly kept, neither destroys nor diminishes the rights or the aspirations of the nation, but rather confirms the necessity of operating solely by moral force to obtain the triumph of the national ideas. Nevertheless, whilst the government was engaged with the Roman question it did not forget the Venetian question. Austria encamped in Venetia might

become a menace under circumstances to be foreseen. The principal idea of the king was always the organisation of a system of defence necessitating the transfer of the seat of government to a locality more favourably situated than the present capital. Military considerations caused Florence to be selected. This transfer, although essentially a home question, is connected with the Franco-Italian treaty, the conclusion of which it has facilitated, from having been regarded by France as a guarantee that Italy had renounced the use of violent measures towards the Papacy.”

The report then proceeds to speak of the sacrifices made by Turin, and acknowledges its merits. In conclusion, it expresses confidence that Turin will follow the example of its king, who has devoted himself entirely to Italy.

The *Salut Public* of Lyons published an article on the Roman debt. The Pontifical debt amounts in round numbers to 407,134,144*f.*; of which 230,067,061*f.* form what is called the redeemable debt, and include the foreign loans, and 176,167,083*f.* the perpetual debt, including the consolidated stock. According to the calculation of the *Salut Public*, which is based on the population of the annexed provinces, the share of this debt which, under the Convention, Italy would take charge of, amounts to—capital, 315,925,044*f.*; interest, 24,030,523*f.*; thus leaving to charge of the Pontifical treasury—capital, 91,209,100*f.*; interest, 6,952,020*f.* In other words the Italian government would undertake the burthen of seven-ninths of the Papal debt. The Lyons journal warns Roman stockholders that the conversion is decided on, and that if they refuse to agree to the terms they will only have themselves to blame. The exchange will be made scrip against scrip, and no allowance will be made for the difference in the market value of the Pontifical and

Italian securities—a difference which is considerable, the Papal stock being much higher.

On the 6th of October the La Marmora ministry was on the point of expiring in the financial vacuum which Minghetti left for them. Signor Sella declared to his colleagues in council assembled, and to their chairman, the king, that he could not endure the troubles and confusion that closed in upon him from all quarters, unless he effect a saving by disarmament. There was great consternation at this information. La Marmora, Petitti, and Lanza rose against the motion at once, his Majesty supporting them most energetically. Sella did not deny the force of the arguments urged against his proposal; he admitted all that was said about the disastrous effect it might produce; he acknowledged that the Convention would appear by it more vulnerable, and that a reduction of the army was altogether a measure the most unpopular of all in Italy; yet, having endorsed the correctness of all the arguments in opposition to his motion, he concluded by renewing it as the only means for the government to get on at all, and, at the same time, as the *sine qua non* of his continuing in office. After a lengthy discussion, Signor Sella assented to the following compromise—a provisional reduction in the army, by sending home 50,000 men till the end of February or March, 1865. All public works on either land or sea of a military character to be discontinued unless they be near completion. The state railways and crown lands to be sold at once, and a loan of 500,000,000*fr.* to be made. Such was the compromise by which Sella was induced to remain in office, and to bind himself to the presentation of a well-balanced budget. In the same council all ministers promised to observe the greatest possible economy in their several departments.

Having given to the reader the nature of the Convention, and the way in which it was regarded by all parties, it will complete the account of that remarkable episode in the reconstruction of Italy to present the secret history of the transaction, as far as that was made public by the chief actors. When the despatches came to light, which revealed the negotiations of the Imperial and Royal governments, it was made plain that the Convention did not originate with the French Emperor, as had been generally supposed throughout Europe, but with the government of Victor Emmanuel.

The following is a translation of the principal despatches respecting the Franco-Italian Convention, which were presented to the Italian parliament by General La Marmora, the head of the new Cabinet :—

“SIGNOR VISCONTI VENOSTA TO CAVALIERE  
NIGRA, IN PARIS.

“Turin, June 17, 1864.

“Signore Ministro,

“Baron Malaret has called on me, and read a despatch, in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys replies to the different communications which you, on my part, have made to him on the Roman question. In this paper the Imperial minister allows that the king's government has done all in its power to pacify men's minds, and smooth down existing difficulties. In thus rendering justice to our intentions, the Imperial minister declares that the French government, on its side, also desires ardently a reconciliation between the king's government and the Court of Rome; and that its best wish is to arrive at the time when France shall be able to withdraw her troops from Rome without injury to those interests which she is there to protect. Further, he asserts that the honour of France is pledged to main-



tain that occupation as long as the safety of the Pontiff is without sufficient guarantees. In the meantime M. Drouyn de Lhuys points out that hitherto my despatches have contained no formal proposition, and he concludes by stating once again that the French government will ever be disposed to receive proposals which it can consider of such a nature as to solve the great problem of the relations of the Holy See with Italy. I hastened to thank M. de Malaret for these communications, and I profit by the presence in Paris of the Marchese Pepoli to beg him to join his efforts to yours and to complete verbally the propositions which the king's government desires to bring before the Imperial cabinet. In my despatch of July 9, 1863, I indicated, as a basis of agreement, the stipulation of the 'application to Rome as well as to the rest of Italy of the principle of non-intervention.' The maintenance of non-intervention is, indeed, one of the political principles common to Italy and to France. This principle can the better be taken as a starting-point for these delicate negotiations, inasmuch as the Emperor, first in his letter to M. Thouvenel, and then in his letter to Count Cavour, has recognised its applicability to the Roman territory. In making the recall of the French troops the main object of the transaction, we are guided by no ambitious or interested pre-occupations. As I have often had the honour to declare, Italy sees in an agreement with the Holy See the best means of satisfying the aspirations of the nation. This agreement, which has been the lofty aim of the Emperor's policy, and for which France has spared no cost, we are determined to pursue, and we do not yet despair of obtaining it. Therefore, we are prepared to give to the Holy See the guarantees necessary to replace it in those conditions of peace and tranquillity which are indispensable

to the dignity and independence of its deliberations, so that, with the aid of time and circumstances, it may become more accessible to those ideas of reconciliation to which we have never ceased to appeal. These guarantees should, in my opinion, consist in an engagement—which the king's government is inclined to undertake—that the Roman territory shall be attacked neither by a regular nor irregular force; and, further, in a promise to raise no objection to the formation of a regular army, provided it is recruited by the papal government purely as a means of defence. Further, in order to demonstrate that, in our opinion, a direct agreement with the Holy See is the surest way of solving existing difficulties, the Italian government will undertake to assume the liability of a part of the Roman debt proportioned to the provinces annexed to Italy. In laying before you these final considerations, I repeat almost verbally the tenor of articles of which you will find a copy annexed, and to which you will direct the attention of M. Drouyn de Lhuys. These propositions are, moreover, perfectly familiar to the Emperor and to his ministers. As you are aware, they formed the basis of the confidential negotiations commenced by Count Cavour a short time previous to his death. The events of late years have only, in our opinion, rendered more manifest the necessity and opportunity of this basis of a compromise.

"According to the solemn declaration of the Emperor and his ministers, the object of the occupation of Rome by French troops was to bring about a reconciliation between Italy and Rome. This object not having up to this time been obtained, it becomes necessary to replace the guarantees with which France has till now surrounded the Holy See by other material and moral securities which will not irritate Italian susceptibilities, and which at the same time will not be a flagrant violation of the principles

of the basis of public right of Italy and France. We should be pleased to learn that the Emperor had accepted the proposal, which we submit to his serious consideration. If this proposal does not attain to the immediate solution of the problem of the relations of the Holy See with Italy, it reaches, in our opinion, a more practical end. In a word, it offers the only means of arriving gradually at a solution of the Roman question by the slow and infallible triumph of that moral force to which the Italian parliament has appealed by its votes—that is to say, the progressive application of the principles of right and religious liberty.

“VISCONTI VENOSTA.”

“SIGNOR VISCONTI VENOSTA TO CAVALIERE  
NIGRA, IN PARIS.

“Turin, July 9, 1864.

“Monsignore,

“The last discussions in the Chamber of Deputies have enabled you to explain the views of the government on the Roman question. The most distinguished speakers of all parties have taken part in these debates, and expressions have emanated alike from ministers and representatives, which it is not idle to point out to the Imperial government. The Roman question—a question essentially moral—can only advance to its solution in proportion as public opinion is enlightened on the real basis of the problem. The President of the Council and myself have therefore made great efforts to place the question in its true light, and we own to great satisfaction at seeing the Chamber accept our ideas with moderation and common sense. First, we had to defend ourselves against an accusation of which you, sir, better than any other, know the import. We were accused of deliberate silence on the Roman question. The ministers, entering on office after one of the most painful episodes of Italian

history, preferred risking their popularity to giving hopes the realisation of which seemed to them far distant. It preferred turning all the attention of the country towards questions of internal organisation, and let the difficult problems, which the position of Rome towards Italy advances, become matured in the calm which suits such important topics. In Paris they might say that at Turin they did not talk of Rome; but certainly they could not with truth say that the Roman question was no longer the first pre-occupation of her ministers. Then we were blamed for not at once opening negotiations with France. ‘However little the chance of success,’ they said, ‘you should have tried it, so as not to compromise by your reserve the right of nations.’ But on this point, also, the Chamber showed itself of our opinion. After the affairs of Ficuzza and Aspromonte, Europe might believe that the tranquillity which Italy enjoyed was the effect of the reaction consequent on a great crisis, rather than of the admirable instinct of the peoples who were the true creators of Italian unity, and who, seeing their end, also perceive the means of gaining it. We considered that a few months were not too long to prove the contrary. Strong in the proof of the truth of our convictions, we could at the proper time convince Europe that there is no difficulty which cannot be surmounted—no, problem, however abstruse, which cannot be solved when the good sense of the country can be so relied upon. After the introductory discussion the debates entered on fundamental questions. Signor Buoncompagni—one of the most accredited organs of the majority—recalled the vote of the Chamber, 27th April, 1861, and explained its true meaning. He called attention to the fact that the Chamber, in declaring Rome capital of Italy, had only proclaimed the state of opinion on that subject, and given a

legal sanction to the verdict of the people. But from the very formula which Count Cavour had adopted, that vote excluded all pretensions of solving by force the difficulties of the question.

"The Chamber of Deputies, far from neglecting the international and religious elements, had expressly imposed on the king's government the propriety of paying the greatest respect to them, by declaring that they ought to go to Rome, in accordance with France, and after having given to the Holy See the most complete and formal guarantees for the Spiritual Power. Signori Allieri and La Farina, two other deputies of the majority, confirmed the declarations of Signor Buoncompagni. The President of the Council then recalled the principle of non-intervention in the Roman territory, recognised by Count Cavour just before his death. Her great minister, struck down in his grand career at the moment when he perceived the most favourable chances of a solution, Italy has never ceased to regard the Roman question from the same *point de vue*. Unluckily our enemies seized on the loss of this great individual to assert that, deprived of him, Italian unity must fall to pieces. These predictions have been entirely controverted!

"In spite of events regrettable, but after all only fugitive episodes in the life of a great nation, Italy has never ceased to march in the path traced out by Count Cavour. Now as then she proclaims the formula, 'a Free Church in a Free State,' and while ever retaining her fundamental declaration respecting Rome, she limits herself to requiring that the principle of non-intervention be applied to the Roman territory. Thus, far from the question being retarded, we may assert that the trials to which Italy has been subjected have not been without their use. In spite of the hostility

shown her by the Holy See and a part of the clergy, she has never been drawn into an act of religious persecution. Italy has now liberty in all and for all. Lately, too, she rejected the proposition of a deputy, eminent in the Church, tending to force the priests to take an oath of obedience to the civil authorities. The fête of Italian unity was celebrated everywhere without the clergy being invited to attend; in more than a thousand communes they spontaneously associated themselves with the public joy, which was not less sincere where they were than where there was no religious ceremony. On the other hand—in spite of the innumerable embarrassments which the attitude of the Roman government causes to that of Italy, in spite of the Bourbon committees, which foster brigandage and retard the pacific development of the resources of the South—the unity of Italy has been effected more quickly and with less obstacles than ever happened in any other country.

"Finally, in spite of the abnormal character of the French occupation of Rome—a character often admitted by the Emperor himself—Italy has maintained with France ties both of gratitude and friendship. No attempt of the extreme parties could prevail against our feelings of gratitude. Italy, then, has given such great proofs of wisdom and moderation that she may well be allowed for herself that confidence with which Count Cavour was able to inspire all Europe. The Italians have kept the promises which he made in their name; they accept the engagements which he was about to contract for them. In asking the Emperor to reopen the negotiations at the point which they had reached in 1861, his Majesty's ministers do not only offer the guarantee of their responsibility; it is after assuring themselves that Italy will accept a practical solution that they declare their readi-

ness to negotiate. The vote of the Chamber (on 20th June), after the formal declaration of the President of the Council, is an incontestable proof of this. A year ago, in his famous letter to M. Thouvenel, the Emperor said, 'It is urgent that the Roman question be definitively settled, for it is not only Italy that is troubled by it; everywhere it creates the same moral disorder, because it touches everything religious and political which man holds most dear.' At the same time he made proposals to Rome, to which Cardinal Antonelli returned a categorical refusal. With unbounded generosity, however, the Emperor still continued his protection to the Roman Court, and he limited his requests to some reforms which should render less intolerable the condition of the subjects of the Holy Father.

"Solemnly pronounced and paraded by all the reactionary papers, these reforms are, nevertheless, far from being realised. Yesterday, as on the morrow of the return from Gacta, the court of Rome pretends that, in sending her troops to Rome, France had for exclusive end and aim the re-establishment, in the most absolute conditions, of the temporal power. It rejects altogether the great mission of conciliation between Catholicism and the principles of 1789, which the Emperor so patiently pursues. While the temporal power proves, by its inaptitude for reform, that the vital principle is extinct in it, and that it exists by the support given to it, Italy marches in an exactly opposite direction. Without renouncing one of her great political principles, she proclaims, by the voice of her ministers, and by the legal representatives of the country, that she esteems the high considerations of the Emperor. It is to this contrast that I wish to call attention. In another document, dated July 12, 1861, and quoted by M. Drouyn de Lhuys in his despatch of October 28, 1862,

the Emperor addressed these memorable words to our august master: 'I must frankly declare to your Majesty that, while recognising Italy, I shall leave my troops in Rome till your Majesty is reconciled with the Pope, or so long as his Holiness is threatened with the prospect of seeing his possessions assailed either by a regular or irregular force.'

"The Court of Rome repels all ideas of reconciliation. Italy, on the other hand, is prepared to fulfil the conditions for the recall of the French troops imposed by the Emperor himself. After the vote of 29th June no doubt of the feeling of the Chamber, as regards the engagement undertaken by the king that no regular nor irregular force should attack Rome, can exist. Nothing then, on our part, remains to prevent the Roman question being solved by the application of non-intervention. This principle, the necessity of which France has admitted in Italy, and which is stated in the two letters of the Emperor, forms the ground of a definite agreement between France and Italy.

"VISCONTI VENOSTA."

"CAVALIERE NIGRA, AMBASSADOR IN FRANCE,  
TO CAVALIERE VISCONTI VENOSTA.

"Paris, September 15, 1864.

"Signor Ministro,

"Annexed I have the honour to send you the original of the Convention relative to the cessation of the occupation by the French troops of the Pontifical territories, signed to-day at 3 p.m., at the Imperial Ministry of Foreign Affairs, by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the Marchese Pepoli, and myself. I will briefly recapitulate the negotiations which preceded this act. A few days before the death of Count Cavour, there was some discussion on the project of a treaty between Italy and France, the substance of which was:—

“That France should recall her troops from Rome.

“That Italy should undertake not to attack the existing Pontifical territory, and to prevent, even by force, every attack from without on that territory.

“That the Italian government should forbid all protest against the organisation of a Pontifical army of a fixed strength—that army even being composed of foreign Catholic volunteers.

“That Italy should declare herself prepared to enter into an engagement to take on herself a proportion of the debts of the old States of the Church ’

“The death of Count Cavour put an end to these negotiations. The cabinets which succeeded that illustrious statesman did all in their power to resume these transactions, but the imperial government did not consider that the proper time had come. It is not necessary for me here to retrace this phase of the negotiations, which is well known from the publication of the official documents thereto relating, and from the debates to which they gave rise in the parliaments of Italy and France.

“On July 9, 1863, your Excellency, apropos of recent parliamentary discussions, addressed to me a note, in which you requested that the negotiations might be resumed at the point at which Count Cavour had left them, and that they might be based on the principles of non-intervention: further asserting that the king’s government was prepared to undertake that no force, regular or irregular, should invade the Pontifical territory.

“This despatch is the starting-point of the last phase of the negotiations which are now terminated. I communicated it to M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the 16th of the same month. The political situation was improved, but, in the

opinion of the French government, not sufficiently to render possible the reopening of this question. It was thus necessary to wait and prepare gradually the way to a happier issue. It was only in June last that M. Drouyn de Lhuys replied officially to the repeated applications which I had been instructed to make to him. He addressed a letter to the Baron Malaret, which was read to your Excellency.

“By a despatch dated the 17th of that month, your Excellency, while informing me of the communication made to you by Baron Malaret, called my attention to the more favourable disposition of the imperial government, and sent me the outlines of a project conforming in substance to that of Count Cavour. Your Excellency added that you took advantage of the presence in Paris of the Marchese Pepoli, to beg him to join his efforts to mine, and to fully explain, verbally, the propositions which the king’s government desired to lay before the imperial government. The Marchese Pepoli and myself then presented to the French government the plan of the Convention. We explained, repeatedly, the arguments by which your Excellency supported the proposition. The imperial foreign minister replied by assuring us that the French government had always desired to withdraw its troops from Rome, but that it was impossible to do so until the king’s government had offered guarantees of a nature to fully reassure the Holy See from all fear of attempted invasion. According to the French government, it was necessary that the promise made by the Italian government not to attack or permit to be attacked the Papal territory, should have in addition some material guarantee of a nature to assure Catholic opinion that the projected Convention would be respected. In examining guarantees of that order, the Italian negotiators had been formally instructed to reject

every proposition which might be contrary to the law of nations. Therefore, there could be no question either of an abandonment of the national aspirations, or of a collective guarantee of the Catholic Powers, or of the occupation of a yard of Roman territory by the French troops as a gage of the fulfilment of our undertakings. For us the Roman question was a moral question, which we were resolved to settle by moral force. We accept, then, seriously and loyally, the engagement not to apply those violent means which cannot solve questions of that class. But we cannot give up our reliance on the force of civilisation and progress to assist us to arrive at the union of Italy and the Papacy—a union which the intervention of France only makes more difficult and more distant. The French government, while admitting the weight of these considerations, insisted that it was impossible to accept the proposal unaccompanied by the material guarantee. It was then that the Marchese Pepoli, looking at the home situation of Italy, with reference to Rome, said to the Emperor that he knew that, independently of the question actually under discussion, and for political, strategical, and administrative reasons, the government was occupied with the question of the propriety of removing the seat of government from Turin to some other city.

“So long as the question of Rome remained in a phase of doubt, without advancing towards a settlement, that phase of doubt prevented a proper study of this question. But if the Convention was signed, he knew that the ministry, in consideration of the internal political condition created by such a treaty, intended to propose this measure to the king, the want of more efficacious action in all parts of the kingdom, and even our position with regard to Rome, joining with strategic reasons to strengthen the proposal. It struck the Em-

peror that this decision, once taken, might fulfil the required conditions. His Majesty, speaking of the change of capital, said that if such were the idea of the king's government—if such were the desire of Italy—many of the serious difficulties which separated our views on the grave question of Rome were smoothed down. I observed that the change of a seat of government presented the greatest difficulties; that the centre of gravity of a government could not be displaced and removed from the middle of an element essentially monarchical, solid, and sure, without danger; that the mere material difficulties would be serious and numerous; that, at all events, such a measure required a considerable period of time in order to diminish and render less evident the injury to local interests. I added that we could only accept *ad referendum* the progress of arrangements if the change of capital were one of its conditions. Further, we insisted that beyond this point, which might be more specially argued as being a home question, the French government should accept the project as it stood. But the imperial government repeated the answer given to the Marchese Pepoli, and declared that in the case of the king's government determining to remove the capital, there would no longer exist any obstacle to the signing of the treaty.

“The Marchese Pepoli returned to Turin, and submitted the affair to the king. In order that the king's government could come to a decision, it was necessary to name a term in which the French occupation should cease. The Imperial government declared that such a term could not be fixed at less than two years. The endeavours of the Italian negotiators to reduce this period were fruitless. After deliberate reflection, the king's government, having decided to accept the Convention with the clause of the transfer of the capital, charged

us, the Marchese Pepoli and myself, to conclude the engagement, and we were furnished with full powers to that effect.

"The Marchese Pepoli arrived in Paris on the 13th of the current month; on the 14th the articles were concluded; to-day, 15th, the Convention is signed. The first clause remains as in the original project of Count Cavour. The second contains the engagement of France to withdraw her troops from the Papal States gradually and in proportion as the Pontifical army shall be organised, but the extreme term of the occupation is fixed at two years. The third clause is such as it would have been in the project of Count Cavour, excepting that instead of fixing the numerical strength of the Papal army, it is established that such force must not become a means of attacking the king's government. These words are added, 'the tranquillity of the frontier,' to indicate the obligation of the Pontifical government to hinder its frontier from becoming a shelter for brigandage. Clause No. 4 is also similar to that of Count Cavour.

"As to the clause changing the capital, as in the opinion of the king's government it could not form an integral part of the Convention, it was arranged to insert it in a separate protocol, the original of which is annexed. In adopting this form, it was desired to show that in our opinion such an act was a measure purely national, which could have no connection with the Convention, excepting in so far as it created a new situation, in which France perceived a guarantee which would permit the withdrawal of her troops, and a gage that Italy renounced the idea of employing force to occupy Rome.

"It was fully understood in our conferences with the French plenipotentiaries that the Convention neither ought nor could signify more nor less than therein appears—that is to

say, that by the Convention Italy binds herself to renounce all violent measures. We have also equally insisted that this Convention is the consequence of non-intervention; so that the future policy of Italy as regards Rome will for the future consist in observing and causing to be observed the principle of non-intervention, and in employing all the influences of moral force to arrive at a reconciliation between Italy and the Papacy on the basis proclaimed by Count Cavour, 'a Free Church in a Free State.' Thus have been concluded those long and difficult negotiations which have never, from the constitution of the kingdom till to-day, ceased to occupy the successive governments of his Majesty. If we consider the actual condition of politics, the state of public opinion in France and Catholic Europe—if we recall the excitement which the Roman question has raised in the world, and the difficulties which it has created in Italy, both in home politics and in her foreign relations, especially with France—it will be evident that the king's government would have incurred the gravest responsibility in the face of the nation and of history if it had refused an arrangement which has for its aim the cessation of foreign occupation, and which only requires from us the renunciation of those violent measures already rejected by parliament. "NIGRA."

Thus another episode is completed, not only in the life of Victor Emmanuel, but in the history of his kingdom and the construction of a united Italy.

Before concluding this memoir, a sketch of the personal and political character of the king, from the testimony of two acute witnesses, will give completeness to the whole.

The habits and character of Victor Emmanuel have been thus described by one who had opportunity of personally observing them.

After explaining why Turin is a dull city, without brilliant scenes of public amusement, the writer observes :—

“The want of court patronage is another cause of this decline in the theatres of Turin from the position they occupied a few years ago. The Duchess of Genoa lives a retired life, and the king is fonder of military occupations and of country life than of operas and comedies. It can hardly be said that Victor Emmanuel lives at Turin at all. As soon as he can get rid of the cares of state, his Majesty goes to the Veneria, or to some other royal villa, for the purpose of hunting or shooting with a few intimate friends. The habits of the king are in truth rather those of a country squire than of a sovereign. If any stranger were to meet him at the Veneria, he would scarcely believe that the man dressed in a velvet suit with a ‘wide-awake’ on his head is the chief of the state. When in the country, Victor Emmanuel rises at four o’clock in the morning, and goes to the mountains with the few friends who always accompany him.

“His three sons, Princes Umberto, Amadeo, and Otone, have been brought up in the same simple habits. The first is fond of military life, and has shown so much skill as a marksman as to have been appointed President of the National Rifle Association; but he is said to have made great progress in his more scholastic studies, which begin at six in the morning, and last eight hours. The second son, although only sixteen,\* has devoted himself to scientific inquiries, with an earnestness rarely seen in youths belonging to princely houses. The youngest son was born a cripple; but he was so well nurtured in childhood that he is now quite straight, and is being educated for the navy, where his pleasant manners are

already making him very popular. Victor Emmanuel takes great care of the education of his sons, whom he loves tenderly. Even when he is obliged to leave Piedmont, he receives almost daily the reports of their tutors.

“‘Mind,’ he said to Commendatore Buoncompagni, who had been appointed teacher of constitutional laws, ‘what I want from you above all else is, that you should make good citizens of my children.’

“The Sardinian court, in matters of etiquette, has always been considered one of the strictest in Europe; but it has been greatly modified by recent events. There was a time—and by no means long ago—in which no one would have been admitted to the balls of the court had he not been able to show at least two centuries of nobility. Even foreign ladies were obliged to submit in the minutest particulars to the strict rules of the court.

“The king, however, is not endowed by nature with those qualities which are almost necessary to a sovereign. Court etiquette and incessant official receptions do not agree with his rough and vigorous tastes. He is a sort of Nimrod, to whom the free air of the country, the hard chase across mountains and marshes, are indispensable. To the great popularity which surrounds him personally, and to his duty as chief of the state, he may sacrifice his quiet, unobtrusive life for a week; but when the week is over, he must return to more congenial ways. This love of simple habits would increase the popularity of a northern prince, but cannot fail to have a contrary effect in a southern land.”

The following, from the pen of one who, although not familiar with his person, studied his character and history, is strikingly correct :—

“He makes no pretence to be a statesman, or a reformer of the Church, as the religious world supposed when he visited England.

---

\* Written in 1862.



He is a plain, blunt, rather coarse soldier, generous and brave, but decidedly of the Esau type. We do not believe that even now he has any partiality for constitutional government in the abstract; he likes it because it gives him less trouble, and more time for his hunting and his pleasures; but the cause of Italian independence is with him a passion, and all the more because it gives him opportunity for hard fighting. Not very high qualities, some will say; but they are qualities which have been scarce in Italy, and worth all the world to a constitutional monarch at the present crisis; for these, after all, are the qualities which gather round a monarch manly hearts like his own. There is not a soldier in his army whose heart is not stirred as by the sound of a trumpet when he hears of his deeds at Palestro; there are none who know not his courage and his truth; and these soldiers have borne his fame to their humble homes; they may not understand the value of the constitution which he has observed so faithfully, but they understand his worth; and hence it is that his name is a symbol of union throughout North Italy and Tuscany. And if danger to his throne did not at first turn him from his faithfulness, so neither since have the arguments or the threats of the priests. They have dwelt upon the peace of mind which good princes enjoy when they are at amity with the Holy Father, in spite of their pleasant sins. They have more than hinted that family bereavements following in rapid succession are evidence of Divine displeasure against one who allows sacrilegious hands to be laid upon the property of the Church. They have told him of the sweets of the despotic power that others hold and he has sacrificed, and tried to make him feel that all this may yet be his, as it was his ancestors'. They have warned him of the dangers of constitutional monarchies not more

free from revolutionary attack than those of Naples or Vienna, and exposed besides to the insidious attempts of pretended friends. Once only did he waver, perplexed, but not convinced; nearly yielding to a plausible proposal, of which he saw neither the motive nor the consequences; but a few simple, manly words from Azeglio, his fellow-soldier and his friend, convinced him that he was being misled, that a blow was aimed at the constitution to which he had sworn; and he stood firm, being above all things an observer of the religion of an oath."

During the autumn of 1864 the eldest son of the King of Italy visited Paris and London. He was the object of much curiosity, as all political persons were desirous to see what was the promise for Italy afforded by the prospect of his attaining the Italian throne. Many pen-and-ink sketches of the appearance, manners, and attainments of the prince were circulated in the periodicals of the time. The following is at once graphic and faithful, written by a gentleman who, upon the prince's departure, passed with him in the vessel from Folkestone to Bologne.

"Victor Emmanuel's heir-apparent was attended by five Italian gentlemen. The half of the raised deck amidships was assigned to him, and a slovenly sailor, with an Esau-like chest, disclosed by an unbuttoned shirt, acted as guard of honour, keeping off the other passengers from the division allotted by the captain to the royal traveller. While Prince Humbert sat on one gunnel of the longboat running along the middle deck, I sat on the other, and had an opportunity of closely observing him. He is below the middle height, but remarkably well built, and, I should say, conceals a good deal of strength in limbs that do not make an ostentatious display of muscle. I do not believe that any princess aspiring to the throne of Italy could be blind to the fact that he has

as little pretension to personal beauty as any prince who ever lived. Prince Humbert is, in many respects, a miniature of his father. But he lacks the bluff, open manners of the King of Italy. He is also of a darker complexion. Had he been born in the Southern States of America, he must have incurred the chance of being excluded from society as a young gentleman over whom 'the tar-brush had been passed,' for his eyes roll like Othello's in a fourth-rate theatre. His nose is not quite a snub nose, but has a narrow escape of being one. The cheeks are heavy, and grow heavier towards the jawbone, and the lips are thick and prominent, more especially the nether one, which shows the Austrian blood inherited from the prince's mother and grandmother. I was greatly struck with the air of good-fellowship which existed between Prince Humbert and the gentlemen in attendance on him. They did not in any single respect act as courtiers, did not uncover themselves in his presence, wait to be addressed by him, or step back when he wanted to go forward. They laughed, chatted, and smoked away in such a manner as no attendant of the little Prince Imperial could have done without losing his place. I did not either once, in the course of a long conversation carried on both in French and Italian, hear him addressed as 'Altesse.' I should say that Prince Humbert is full of fun, and can enjoy a practical joke as well as any other gentleman of his age.

"On his arrival at Boulogne, the prince received a telegram from Paris, which he read before setting out for that city. Mr. Bernard, the packet agent of the South-Eastern line, on being presented by the captain, handed it to him, and had a cordial shake of the hand on leaving. The prince and his suite walked through the town on their way to the Boulogne and Paris Railway Company. Fortunately for

themselves they were not recognised in the streets, and when on board very few of the passengers had any idea that they were travelling with one probably destined before many years elapse to reign in the Quirinal, and be received in the Vatican as King of Italy."

The power and importance of the kingdom over which Victor Emmanuel rules may be judged by the most recent statistics, military, commercial, and popular, issued since the introductory pages of this work passed through the press.

The Italian Government has just published the result of a census taken since the annexations which constituted it as it is at present. It contains some curious facts of which the accuracy cannot be doubted. The kingdom of Italy contains a population of 21,777,334 souls. It is, consequently, the fifth Power in Europe as regards its inhabitants; superior to Spain, of which the territory is twice as extensive, and to Prussia, of which the area is likewise greater. Were the unity of Italy accomplished its population would amount to 27,000,000. The average population of a commune in Italy is 2,821 inhabitants, while this average in France is only 978 inhabitants. There are nine communes in 300 square kilometres. In France, on the contrary, there are eighteen in a similar space. The population is most crowded in the south of the island of Sardinia; it is least numerous in the Marches and in the Emilia. Italy contains on an average 84 inhabitants to the square kilometre—a figure higher than that of France or Prussia, but lower than that of England, Holland, or Belgium. Lombardy and Sicily are the provinces in which the population has increased most rapidly of late years. Sardinia and the Neapolitan provinces come next. The increase of population has been much slower in Piedmont. The wars of 1849 and 1859 have tended to that consequence.

The condition of the Piedmontese army, when Victor Emmanuel became the ally of Victoria of England against Russia, was stated on the pages which referred to that alliance. The following is the present constitution and numerical force of "the army of Italy"—

The land forces, including veterans, invalids, &c., on the peace footing, number 240,000 men, and in time of war the strength of the Italian army is fixed at 400,000 men, without including the mobilised national guard.

|                                        |        |              |
|----------------------------------------|--------|--------------|
| The infantry is at present composed of |        | 144,113 men. |
| Riflemen (bersaglieri) . . . .         | 10,131 | "            |
| Cavalry . . . . .                      | 19,140 |              |
| Artillery . . . . .                    | 19,689 |              |
| Carabineers (gendarmarie) . . . .      | 18,516 |              |
| Engineers . . . . .                    | 4,930  |              |
| Military Train . . . . .               | 2,666  |              |
| Administrative Department . . . .      | 2,755  |              |
| Free corps . . . . .                   | 1,028  |              |
| Different other forces . . . . .       | 9,816  |              |

Together . . . . . 242,784 men.

The infantry consists of 84 regiments, each of which has 16 active and one *dépôt* company; each company numbers 90 men, and the *dépôt* company 84; so that each regiment has 1,596 soldiers, and staff officers included, 1,691. To these 84 regiments must be added two *dépôt* battalions in the island of Sardinia, forming together a force of 2,000 men.

The rifles (bersaglieri) have 910 officers and 18,221 non-commissioned officers and privates. They are divided into seven regiments, each having six battalions. Each battalion has four active companies and one *dépôt* company; each company has 102 men; so that each regiment, officers included, numbers 2,733 men, and without them 2,603.

The cavalry is divided into 26 regiments, namely, four of the line (heavy), 20 regiments of light cavalry, and two regiments of guides. The four cavalry regiments of the line are each composed of six active and one *dépôt* squadron; the other regiments have four active squadrons

and one *dépôt* squadron; each squadron consists of 141 soldiers and 112 horses. Altogether the cavalry numbers 1,210 officers of different ranks with 2,623 horses, and 17,930 soldiers with 13,316 horses.

The artillery is composed of 11 regiments, including a regiment of workmen, and one for the service of the pontoon train. Of the six regiments of field artillery one has three mounted batteries, and 12 of foot artillery, besides a *dépôt* battery with 81 officers and 1,697 men. The other five regiments have, however, 15 batteries and one *dépôt* battery, and 405 officers with 8,155 artillerymen; each battery has six guns. Thus the 90 active batteries have together 540 field-pieces. Altogether the artillery is composed of 1,647 officers with 1,430 horses, and 18,042 artillerymen with 4,984 horses.

In conformity with the royal decree of June 18, 1862, the corps of carabineers (gendarmarie) was to be reduced to 533 officers and 19,363 non-commissioned officers and privates; it, however, still continues at a strength of 512 officers with 1,226 horses, and 18,004 non-commissioned officers and privates with 4,297 horses. In time of peace the army has 157 generals; field, staff, and other officers, 15,377; non-commissioned officers and privates, 227,250—together, 242,784 men; and if accountants and other non-combatant officers and men are added, whose number is 2,742, the whole army on the peace footing numbers 245,526 men with 33,728 horses, of which 7838 are for the service of officers, and 25,890 for the men. According to the projected budget of 1863, the army is to be raised to 54,694 men above the peace footing, and will therefore be brought to 297,478 men. The total expenditure for the army on the peace footing amounts to the annual sum of 197,000,000 lire [the same as francs—25 to the pound sterling],

71,000,000 of this sum for the infantry, 9,500,000 for the rifles, upwards of 20,000,000 for the cavalry, 16,000,000 for the artillery, and 18,000,000 for the carabinieri. The pay of a general is 15,000 lire per annum, lieutenant-general 12,000, major-general 9,000, with forage, and an indemnity for table-money, according to circumstances. A colonel of the infantry or rifles draws 6,000 lire a year, a lieutenant-colonel 5,000, a major 4,000, a captain on an average 2,850, a lieutenant 1,800, and an ensign 1,600 lire.

In the cavalry and artillery the pay is somewhat better, and the carabinieri are the best paid of all. The infantry soldier of the first class receives daily 45 centimes, the second class soldier 40 centimes, besides bread and wood. The cavalry soldier and artilleryman receives 45 centimes as his daily pay. A mounted carabineer is paid 2 lire 45 centimes, and a foot carabineer 1 lira 55 centimes per diem.

The annual contingent for recruits in the Kingdom of Italy is fixed at 45,000.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### LIFE OF THE SIEUR CAMILLE BENSO, COUNT OF CAVOUR.

FAMILY OF COUNT CAVOUR.—BIRTH: EARLY YOUTH.—ENTERS THE MILITARY ACADEMY.—IS A PAGE AT COURT.—ABANDONS THE MILITARY PROFESSION.—AN AGRICULTURIST.—A POLITICAL STUDENT.—VISITS ENGLAND.—LONG RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.—RETURNS TO TURIN.—A JOURNALIST.—MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.—MINISTER.

"With large thoughts humane  
To help a people's need."—MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

THIS memoir of Count Cavour must, as a matter of course, be brief in proportion to the memoirs given in the pages of this work of the other Liberators of Italy, because his public administrative career was of short duration, and his acts do not admit of the detail, nor involve the startling and exciting incidents which fill up the life of the sovereign and the soldier; besides, in writing the life of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, the most remarkable of Cavour's services to Italy were necessarily noticed.

Count Cavour inherited his name and title from one of the proudest and most illiberal families of the Sardinian aristocracy. The family was held in profound dislike by the mass

of the people. The Cavours were Piedmontese of considerable antiquity, but were probably of Savoyard descent. With a high and proud pedigree, the father of the great Cavour inherited much wealth, and set his son an example of haughtiness, reserve, and aristocratic contempt for all who were not of noble lineage; and to the end of his days the great statesman retained these qualities, in a sufficient degree at all events to appear through the learning, experience, and knowledge of mankind, and the large and liberal views which he had acquired.

The subject of our memoir was born in 1810, on the 10th of August. The Princess Maria Paolo Borghese, sister to the Emperor











Napoleon, was his godmother. He was a second son.

The education of his childhood was committed to the Abbé Frézet, known to literature in France and Italy, and was intended for the profession of arms. His aristocratic tendencies, and his devotion to the house of Savoy, were fostered by his tutor.

At fourteen years of age he was placed in the Royal Military Academy at Turin, which he reluctantly entered, having no disposition for military studies. Nevertheless, he attracted the notice of professors and pupils by his diligence and ability. It does not appear, however, that they formed any high estimate of his qualifications for military life, for the superiors of the academy recommended him to the court as a page. At court he was deemed unsuitable for the office, and ultimately dismissed, a striking illustration of how little the future great man may be valued in his youth. Who would have thought that the little page, too proudly erect in thought and manner for the post, would become the wily diplomatist, moving great alliances and revolutions, and the able minister directing the destinies of the very court from which he was dismissed? Probably at few periods of his after life did Cavour feel so happy as when dismissed from attendance upon the court. He loved it not; he regarded it as an idleness and a sort of ignominy. He lost the countenance of the king, the respect of the high aristocracy, and the confidence and approval of his family. Young as he was he proved that he had a mind of his own, for his exclamation upon leaving the court was, "I deem myself a lucky fellow in having shaken off my mule's burden." He became an earnest and active student, especially selecting for pursuit, history, ethnography, etymology, mathematics, and general literature. The astronomer Plana took much pains in direct-

ing his mathematical studies, and gave him credit for having a better talent for mathematics than any other of his pupils.

His attainments, and the proofs of genius afforded by him, did not conciliate his family and connections; they believed that he would never shine as a courtier or dazzle as a cavalier; they despised his inferior tastes, as they regarded them, and lamented the gloom which had fallen upon his prospects.

Before he attained the age of twenty he left the military academy where his studies had been conducted, obtaining rank as a lieutenant of engineers. In his new position his reading was kept up with zest and industry. The more extended were his attainments the less he liked the military profession. He regarded it as narrow, tending to limit his scope of action and contract his mind. The authority of his father was sternly wielded, and the young engineer was obliged to wear the gay trappings which he loathed. As, however, it became noised abroad that young Cavour was a liberal, his father became convinced that there was no hope for him in the army, and allowed him to give up a calling to which his distaste was so strong.

He now added agriculture to the number of his studies, and another to the previously existing grounds of contempt entertained for him. The farmers, labourers, and gentry all laughed at his agricultural experiments, which they considered to be the whims of an odd and eccentric young man.

Experiencing obstructions in his agricultural reforms, he directed his study to political economy, eagerly reading the treatises and speeches of the leading members of the English school. Politics, and especially the politics of Italy, and the political relations of Italy to Europe, next engrossed his mind.

It was for a third time his painful fate to

thwart his father, who had an insurmountable objection to his son's going abroad. Young Cavour determined upon seeing England, and studying her literature, science, history, and institutions. He succeeded in thoroughly understanding a country which so few gifted foreigners comprehend. Probably no man in England in his day was more conversant with English history, the history of English politics, the genius of English poetry, and the habits and individual characteristics of English public men, than young Cavour became while living in London. His life in the British capital was marked by his old studious ways; he resisted temptations to pleasure, valued time as the greatest treasure, and set himself with prompt and eager industry to complete his purpose of knowing England and the English. He remained nearly ten years in this country, returning to Turin in 1842. He had witnessed great changes, material and legislative, during his residence in the British metropolis. Various great reforms had been effected under his eyes without bloodshed, and were matured by the moral resolution and persistence of the people. He learned lessons from these facts which he never forgot, and which Italy will have good cause for ever to remember.

On his return to Piedmont, the future premier found that the great events which had transpired out of Italy had acted upon the heart and mind of the Italian people. The upper classes had become more concerned for the lower, and all classes were more national, and had acquired a more independent spirit. The government and the Jesuits made war against all freedom of thought and progress; but nevertheless, the mind of Italy was moving onward. One of his first objects was to found a great agricultural society, and the king was so influenced by the intelligence shown by the young reformer, that he facilitated his under-

taking. The count's pen was also brought into requisition for the national advancement of his country. His contributions to the press on agricultural and economical subjects were very valuable. He found something better to do than court attendance or military display. He had the happy faculty of knowing what he could do, and the courage and energy to do it.

The *Società Agraria*, of which Cavour was the mainspring, soon became a centre of useful action for all the enlightened and liberal men of eminence in Piedmont; its influence extended to all social questions, and eventually to those which were political. Hence the feudalists and the clericals thwarted the society, and assailed with vituperation its leading members. Cavour wrote powerful articles in the public journals, influencing public opinion.

Charles Albert was now king; and as events in Italy ripened for revolution, he thought it expedient to make concessions, or was persuaded to do so; his previous conduct and temper were not such as to inspire the hope that he had either enlarged his views or acquired a love of freedom. As a policy by which Sardinia might acquire territory in Italy, Charles Albert favoured constitutionalism. Cavour always kept in view his English studies and experiences. He might at that time be called a moderate Tory, or perhaps a high Whig; but for absolute government on the one hand, or democracy on the other, he had no favour. He identified himself in journalistic labours, especially in the columns of *Il Risorgimento*, with several men who afterwards became his colleagues and instruments in official life, such as the Chevalier Buoncompagni, Count Santa Rosa, &c., &c. In *Il Risorgimento*, the English constitution was constantly held up to the Italians as a model, and the healthy

spirit, as it was represented, of English political parties was commended.

When the events of 1848 burst upon Europe and Italy, King Charles Albert was in doubt what course to adopt. Cavour was the first man of note in Turin who boldly took up the word Constitution, then supposed to be only a cry of the democrats of Genoa and other provincial cities of radical character. Count Santa Rosa, it is alleged at Cavour's instance, urged upon the civic body of Turin to petition for a constitution. Men of high rank were members of that body, and it was thus regarded as very conservative in its spirit; nevertheless, by a large majority, its members resolved on the petition. This resolution of the municipality took place February 5; in two days afterwards Charles Albert proclaimed the constitution. The course taken by Cavour greatly extended his influence among the people, and made his power felt in the highest places in the land.

The "war of Independence" followed, fatal to Charles Albert, and, for a time, fatal to Piedmont and to Italy. At this juncture, the first electoral college of Turin chose Cavour to represent it in the Chamber of Deputies, an honour due to his exertions to obtain the constitution. This enabled him to offer, in his place as a legislator, his opinions on the grave events of the day. His speeches were remarkable for wisdom, energy of thought, and precision of expression. He was, however, regarded by the people as less liberal in the Chamber of Deputies than he had been in the columns of *Il Risorgimento*.

It is remarkable that Cavour then recommended the very policy by which, ten years later, he took so important a part in Italian liberation. He declared that Charles Albert, by placing himself at the head of the Italian movement, endangered the safety of Piedmont

and Italy, and he foretold probable ruin as the result. He urged that no movement should be made until an alliance with one of the great Powers was formed, and that all sacrifices should be made to secure that alliance. England was the nation to which he pointed. He exclaimed on one occasion, "My confidence in England rests on the honourable character of the statesmen to whose hands the helm of government is entrusted—on Lord John Russell, the Premier—on Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Minister. Lord John Russell, I say it without reserve, at the risk of being charged with Anglomania, is the most liberal minister in Europe."

In proportion as the Chamber and the nation became vehemently democratic and bent on war, Cavour took a conservative position; the former ringleader of the liberals was now the constant and determined resister of the policy of the "Left." Accordingly, in 1849, the electoral college which he had represented rejected him, and in his stead a professor of the university, a member of the party of action, returned in his place.

Gioberti, a popular leader, was borne into the chief position in the ministry. Cavour wrote against him and his administration continually, denouncing democracy with a violence which it might have been supposed would have endangered his life.

Novara came, and with it the ruin of Charles Albert. Victor Emmanuel reigned in his stead.

As shown on former pages the Marquis d'Azeglio became the minister, eventually to be joined and supplanted by Cavour. At the close of 1849 he was, on the dissolution of the Chamber, re-elected by his former constituency as a ministerial candidate.

.In March, his speech upon the Licardi Bill (referred to in the Life of Victor Emmanuel) restored the count, in some measure, to his

former popularity. Released from his previous apprehensions of the democratic tendencies of the Chamber, his conservatism again abated, and he became a sort of Russell Whig. He was accused by every party except the extreme democratic as a tergiversator and apostate, as having sided with each party only to abandon it in the crisis of his fortunes. In his defences he constantly had the examples of English party leaders before his mind, and urged them upon the assembly, which was only indifferently acquainted with what he so well knew. On one occasion he thus repelled such an accusation:—

“The Duke of Wellington,” said he, in an improvised speech, “whose energy and decision of character nobody will deny, parted company with his political friends in 1829, that he might carry the emancipation of the Catholics, which was resisted by the whole Anglican Church as inopportune, and by means of this reform, he avoided, in 1830, a religious war in Ireland. Lord Grey, in 1832, broke with a great number of his adherents, and had sufficient address to persuade both the Crown and the aristocracy to concede parliamentary reform, which was deemed by many not only inopportune, but even revolutionary. But by means of this reform Lord Grey saved England from all sorts of political agitation in subsequent years. A still more modern and more splendid example, lastly, is that furnished us by Sir Robert Peel in 1846. He succeeded in bringing about a great economical reform, in spite of the resistance of the entire landed aristocracy. That he might complete this reform, Sir Robert Peel had the courage to estrange himself from his former political friends, and to lay himself open to an accusation which may well wound to the quick a high-minded statesman—viz., the charge of apostacy and betrayal of his party. Yet Sir Robert Peel was richly compensated by the

consciousness that the repeal of the Corn Laws had saved England from the socialist movement which was then beginning to spread all over Europe, and which was hoping to find the most inflammable materials for its purpose upon English soil.”

The death of Santa Rosa brought Cavour into D’Azeglio’s ministry, as was necessarily recorded in the foregoing pages on the life of Victor Emmanuel, where the progress of Cavour as a minister has of course, to some extent, been before the reader.

As an administrator he was more noticeable than as a debater, although in some of his speeches he showed marvellous judgment of character, and especially of the character of English politicians. The following sketch by him of the political and intellectual character of Sir Robert Peel is a masterpiece. It was uttered in a speech during a sitting of the Sardinian senate, in the year 1857, when sufficient time had elapsed for foreign statesmen, at all events, to form a fair judgment of the man, unbiassed by the interests of their respective states. Count Cavour had been taunted with having expressed himself in very high terms of Sir Robert’s commercial and financial policy, while he at the same time refused, in many respects, to accept him as an exemplar. He, consequently addressed to the senate the following remarkable speech:—

“I entertain the highest admiration for that statesman; I believe that few men have rendered greater services to mankind than he has. Yet I do not believe that Sir Robert Peel was always infallible in his political career. It is my opinion that Sir Robert Peel would have left a much more illustrious name behind him, if, instead of having been compelled by circumstances to introduce reforms, he himself had originated them. I think that Sir Robert Peel would have left behind him a fame

unequalled in history, if, instead of proposing the emancipation of the Catholics in 1829, he had proposed it in 1825. I think that his name would have eclipsed all those of ancient and modern statesmen if the reform of the corn laws had been initiated in 1840—a good harvest year—instead of being passed in consequence of the famine which desolated Ireland, and instead of being in some measure a consequence of the potato disease. In fact, if Sir Robert Peel had been the originator of reforms, he would at his death have left to his friends a political inheritance far different from that which he bequeathed to them. If Sir Robert Peel had associated his name and his whole career with successive reforms, there would be no need of recording at the present time a strange fact which has taken place in England—namely, that a party, consisting of eminent men, including the most eloquent speaker in parliament, and the most able legislators, has been completely routed at the late elections. And this, gentlemen, is the fate of parties who allow themselves to be led by public opinion, and who wait to the last moment to carry out reforms which they have not the courage to introduce. I trust that the senate, convinced of this truth, will give its support to the present government, which, while following the example of Sir Robert Peel, nevertheless deviates from the course he adopted by making itself the originator of reforms, not waiting to grant them to any popular pressure, nor to the pressure of unforeseen circumstances.”

As an administrative reformer he was prominent, and he invigorated the timid although enlightened government of D'Azeglio in every department.

His next course of usefulness was in favour of free trade. He determined to adopt the policy of Sir Robert Peel, avoiding those errors already referred to in the speech by which

Cavour has left on record his analysis of Peel's character and policy.

The free trade proposals of Cavour were opposed as bitterly as the like measures were in England, and the count had to maintain an arduous struggle, at which he gained at intervals a series of parliamentary victories. He proposed treaties of commerce with England, France, the Zollverein, and Belgium. The dominions of Victor Emmanuel were nearly convulsed by the agitation which the feudal party, the priests, and portions of the trades raised on these commercial treaties.

At the close of the session of 1851, Sardinia's credit was greatly improved through the reforms which were mainly carried by the tact and statesmanship of Cavour, so that a loan of three millions sterling was obtained.

In 1852 a treaty of commerce was established with Austria, in pursuance of the stipulations of Novara, which had not been carried out. The protectionists offered violent resistance, which found support in the hatred to Austria which pervaded the Piedmontese nation.

The *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in France excited great indignation in Piedmont, and the press abused Louis Napoleon in a manner which it was unlikely so powerful a person would overlook. Cavour introduced laws of repression which were so unpopular as nearly to drive him from power. His object simply was to ward off from Sardinia the responsibility and danger which a free press might bring upon it by daily and bitter abuse of neighbouring and powerful rulers and nations.

Cavour now seemed to seek the popular element, and to oppose and confront the “Right,” or reactionists, who, encouraged by events in Paris, boldly denounced the constitution, and demanded its overthrow. These demands were supported with marvellous unanimity by the clergy.

During the session of 1852 it became obvious that Cavour and D'Azeglio could not agree; the cabinet was broken up, and for five months the count was out of office.

During the period of his official retirement he visited Paris, and long conferences took place between him and Napoleon, in which it is believed the latter received impressions favourable to Cavour and to his country, which proved of lasting advantage.

On the 4th of November, a new ministry was formed under the leadership of Cavour. From the time Cavour became the head of the government until he resigned office, in 1859, he was compelled to sustain continued party conflicts in the assembly. On the one hand the reactionists attacked him, and on the other the ultra liberals. After the French *coup d'état* he was far more liberal in political creed, and far more concessive to the extreme "Left" than he had ever before been in or out of office. This caused great offence, and bitter reclamations on the part of the reactionists; his former speeches were quoted as inconsistent with those which he then uttered, and he was denounced in the Chamber by the leaders of the opposition as a man without political principle. The way in which he answered these attacks, and defended his own consistency, discloses the peculiar character of his mind, and offers an explanation of his conduct not otherwise conjecturable. The junction between the Right centre of the chamber, to which Cavour belonged, and the Left centre, which was led by Ratazzi, was the subject of animadversion on the part of Count Revel, leader of the Right (or, as in England it would be described, Tory party):—

"I declare emphatically, before the whole country, that there is no act of my political life, which has now lasted many years, which I recall with greater satisfaction than that so

severely censured by Signor Revel. I may be deceiving myself; but I cherish the settled conviction that this act has had for its result the safe and sure progress of our government in that path of well-ordered freedom on which we entered when our brave king, Victor Emmanuel, ascended the throne. Without entering into the details of that transaction, I will make the chevalier acquainted with the real motives which impelled me at that period to bring about a change in the position of parties. As long as the republican government in France remained standing, as long as the fate of that nation seemed dubious, and the spectre of the revolution had to be encountered, I could safely take for granted that the reaction at home would not attempt to disturb our constitutional liberty. But when, after the 2nd of December, the cause of order seemed no longer in danger in France, when the red ghost had vanished, I then thought it my duty to open my eyes to the fact, that from that day the life of our constitution was in worse peril from the reactionary party, than it had previously been in from the revolutionary faction. For this reason I deemed the erection of a great liberal party not only quite proper, but even necessary, indispensable; and for this purpose I appealed to the patriotic feelings of all those who are agreed as to the great principles of liberty and progress, and only differ from one another in regard to subordinate questions. And I think that by so acting—my opponents compel me to speak out—I deserved well of my country; for I succeeded in planting our constitutional standard too high for the reaction ever to hope to be able to surmount it."

It is not necessary to enter minutely into the political proceedings of Cavour during the period which intervened to the proclamation of war against Russia. The policy the noble

premier intended to pursue on any given question, domestic or foreign, financial, educational, commercial, or ecclesiastical, could be foreseen by the changes he made in his cabinet, and the arrangements in the exterior ministry, which introduced men whose political faith and practice were well known to the country, or at all events to the Chamber. Many of these men were destined to render great services to Italy, and many of them proved to be little better than mere instruments, which even the count did not find it always possible to use efficiently.

The ministry of the 4th of November, 1852, was thus constituted:—Count Cavour took, together with the premiership, finance, commerce, and agriculture; La Marmora, war; Paleocapa, public works; Count San Martino, the interior; Buoncompagni, justice; Cibrario, education; and General Dabormida, foreign affairs. All of them enjoyed the confidence of the moderate liberals. Their names were in themselves a ministerial programme. Modifications of various kinds were afterwards made in this cabinet. They were, for the most part, caused by personal reasons only. On the 27th of October, 1853, Count Cavour, in order to consolidate the fusion of the Right and Left centres, entrusted the President of the Chamber, Urbano Ratazzi, with the department of justice, in Buoncompagni's place. On the 10th of January, 1855, Count Cavour himself took the foreign department, instead of Dabormida, and at the same time retained for awhile the portfolio of finance. By this act he wished to make known that he took upon himself the entire responsibility of Sardinia's joining the Anglo-French alliance. In April, 1855, in consequence of the opposition offered by the bishops to the law for the dissolution of convents, the ministry resigned. The Sardinian Expedition Corps was then preparing to set sail

for the Crimea. The king charged General Durando with the formation of a new cabinet, but he failed; and on the 31st of May, 1855, Count Cavour was again premier. The Count took, together with the premiership, the finances; Cibrario, foreign affairs; Ratazzi, the interior; Durando, war and the navy; Deforesta, justice; Lanza, education; the engineer Paleocapa, public works. Cibrario, unequal to his post, retired, and the premier took, in addition to the portfolio of finance, that of foreign affairs as well. In June, 1856, General Durando was replaced by General La Marmora in the administration of the war department, and at the end of 1857 Bartolomeo Bona received the portfolio of public works in place of Paleocapa, who resigned on account of disease of the eyes. On the 16th of January, 1858, Ratazzi relinquished the ministry of the interior, having by his imprudence repeatedly put the existence of the cabinet in peril. He still retained the confidence of his former colleagues. Count Cavour, who had held the portfolios of finance and foreign affairs, now took the interior in Ratazzi's place, and gave finance to Lanza, the minister of education, who held it until October, 1858, when it was assumed by Cadorna. The premier now held the two great branches of administration, home and foreign affairs.

The great difficulty of the government was the regulation of the finance. So many disturbing causes affected the income and expenditure, that it may be truly said Cavour was often at his wits' end. Loans would only increase the national burden without any relief to its difficulties. Taxation alone afforded hope of relief, and that the people could ill bear. The resource, however, was new and increased taxes, to which the people submitted with patriotism and cheerfulness. The Sardinians are the most tax-paying people in all Italy,

and if patriotism is to be judged by the willingness with which heavy exactions for the good of the state are borne, Piedmont must stand high up on the roll amongst the various provincial sections of Italy. It required all Cavour's genius to surmount the financial obstructions to his sovereign's glory and the people's good. His genius equalled the occasion; but, after all, the weak point of Victor

Emmanuel's government, not only during Cavour's lifetime, but ever since, has been the disproportion between the resources of his dominions, upon whatever system made available, and the public expenditure. Whatever may have been the moral effect of the alliance with France and England against Russia, that, with every other change, brought new responsibilities and burdens upon the nation.

## CHAPTER I.

EARNESTNESS OF THE CAVOUR ADMINISTRATION.—NATIONAL DEBTS AND DIFFICULTIES.—DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR IN ITALY.—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF CAVOUR.—HIS PERSONAL AND INTELLECTUAL PECULIARITIES.

"Colui che la (l'Italia) difese con viso aperto" \*—*Inscription on a Medallion presented to Count Cavour*

THE vast public works and improvements, the cholera, the vine disease, and other calamities, caused Piedmont to be burdened heavily, nor could the fiscal talents of Cavour prevent such a result. When the war with Russia began, a system of borrowing was initiated, which has obstructed the progress of Victor Emmanuel's people. Cavour commenced this system in order to promote the ambitious projects which he cherished for his sovereign and his native country. The revenue of Piedmont, however, considerably increased, apart from any augmentations of taxes, arising from the development of the resources of the country, brought about by Cavour's free trade policy.

One measure was a pet project with the Count, which he found of difficult execution—that of making Spezzio the naval depôt of the kingdom instead of Genoa. This offended the

Genoesé and excited some foreign jealousy. Spezzio was regarded as likely to become the Sebastopol of the Mediterranean. Napoleon I. regarded it as a place of the greatest importance, and at one time purposed to make it one of the strongest naval places in the world. It was not until May, 1857, that he succeeded in bringing his bill through the Legislative Assembly, and soon after the works were begun.

The alliance with England and France against Russia was successively noticed in its details and results in the Life of Victor Emmanuel. It is, therefore, here only requisite to remark, that Count Cavour was the soul of that alliance, although the idea arose with the British government.

After the peace with Russia, the breach between Sardinia and Austria continued to widen (as has been shown on former pages), until at last it became evident that there must be war. Count Cavour conducted, as Foreign

---

\* To him who defends the cause of Italy with open face.



Minister, all the diplomatic correspondence, and directed, as premier and chief adviser of the crown, the royal decisions. Meanwhile, the count lost no chance of courting the favour of Napoleon III.

During the various complications which arose out of the terms of peace with Russia, such as the "navigation of the Danube," the "rectification of the Russian frontier," the "Principalities," &c., &c., Austria was almost always opposed to the policy of France, whereas Cavour backed the French Emperor against the Kaiser invariably, and with address.

In the summer of 1858, Napoleon and Cavour met at the baths of Plombières, and there established a compact to adopt a common policy towards Austria. Russia certainly afforded a moral support.

The year 1859 opened upon the hostile purposes and words of the Emperor Napoleon towards Austria. Hostilities soon began; and Sardinia was ready, through the sagacious policy, pertinacious resolution, and indefatigable industry of Cavour, to take her part in the struggle.

The world was startled by another development of Count Cavour's policy—the marriage of the king's youthful daughter, Clotilda, to Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor. On the 23rd of January General Niel went through the formality of betrothal as the prince's representative, and on the 30th the marriage was solemnised at Turin amidst great splendour. On the 24th the *Moniteur* contained the statement that the engagement had lasted a year, but it is certain that the matter was first broached at Plombières.

On the 4th of February Cavour directed a despatch to the Sardinian representatives in foreign states, declaring the necessity of Piedmont arming in self-defence, and appealing to the justice of Europe for a favourable judg-

ment upon the course his Sardinian Majesty was about to take.

As war was resolved upon, various measures had to be submitted by Count Cavour to the Sardinian Chambers. The reactionists there favoured Austria and opposed the policy of their own government. The English cabinet of the day was favourable to Austria, and jealous of the close alliance of France and Sardinia. This circumstance was used with much effect by the opponents of Cavour. His power in debate was exemplified on the occasion. The following translation of his reply will enable the readers to form their own opinions of the parliamentary abilities of Cavour:—

"Our policy, gentlemen," said Count de Cavour, "has never been provocative, but it has always been national and Italian. We have never arrogated to ourselves the right of inciting to war, but we have always thought we have a right, not only to develop in the country the principles of liberty and nationality on which the institutions given by Charles Albert repose, but also to make ourselves in the face of the whole of Europe the interpreters of the wants, the sufferings, and the hopes of Italy. Our policy has not changed since the congress of Paris; it has not become more aggressive, and I may dare my honourable opponents to bring forward any instance to the contrary. We certainly, on our return from Paris, thought it necessary to provide in a more effectual manner for the defence of the state, and we called for the erection of the fortifications of Alessandria. This was done because everything that had taken place in Paris convinced us of the impossibility of obtaining, by pacific and diplomatic means, the complete solution of the difficulties of the Italian question. In doing that, gentlemen, we did not depart from the path of legality,

nor were we guilty of a really provocative act. Diplomatic relations with Austria were afterwards broken off. I shall not remind you of the motives which led to that act; it will be sufficient to say that the initiative did not proceed from us. We cannot, I repeat, therefore be accused of being either inconsiderate or provocative. I must also be allowed to say that our conduct has never been regarded in that light by the other Powers of Europe. As my colleague, the Minister of Finance, pointed out in his report, without any fact having taken place, either with us or in any other part of Europe, the Austrian government announced that it should send a fresh *corps d'armée* into Italy, and that announcement was followed by the execution of it with a rapidity and determination which seemed to remind us of the warlike movements of the first Empire. For several days all the ordinary transports of the railway were monopolised by the government; the regular traffic was suspended on the lines from Vienna to Trieste, and from Venice to Milan, and nothing was seen on them but soldiers, horses, and military stores of all kinds. Those troops were not stationed in the large cities, where the possibility of popular movements might have been anticipated; but, on the contrary, along our frontier, and in towns where no popular tumult was to be dreaded. In a word, Austria assumed, with regard to us, an attitude not defensive, but truly offensive, whilst, I repeat, nothing had taken place with us; whilst we had made no movement of troops, and whilst there was a complete truce in diplomacy, as some time had elapsed since Piedmont had occasion to call the attention of Europe to the affairs of Italy. It appears to me, therefore, that we are authorised in loudly proclaiming before parliament, in the face of the country and of Europe, that if there has been any provoca-

tion, it is not on the part of Piedmont, but on that of Austria. I certainly am not ignorant that Austria, in her secret communications to the various cabinets, and in her diplomatic statements, protested her love for peace, and her respect for the institutions of Piedmont. But, gentlemen, would it be the first time that warlike intentions have been concealed under pacific professions? Every one who hears me is too well versed in history to entertain such an opinion. Prudence, therefore, requires that we should provide energetically for every eventuality. The ministry did all that was within the limits of the executive power, and concentrated on the frontiers of the state all the forces that were disposable, and it now comes to request from you the means of preparing effectually for the defence of the country, according to the exigencies of its honour and of its most sacred interests. Against these arguments may be objected the opinion manifested by the English government, and the fact that the English ministers, and the principal speakers who took part in the discussion on the address, expressed opinions favourable to peace, and contrary to the pretended projects of Piedmont to enter on an aggressive war. I do not conceal from myself the bearing of this argument. No one attaches greater weight than I to the opinions of the statesmen of England. From my infancy I have respected that country, and it is, perhaps, from it that I have drawn the greater part of the political ideas which have guided me in my career. I esteem and respect England, which I consider as one of the first Powers in the world, and I love her because I think her to be the fortress where liberty has found and may still find an impregnable asylum. I have always entertained every possible predilection for the alliance with that country, and I have been even reproached with Anglomania.

Let the acts of our policy be examined, and you will see how dear the alliance with England has been to us; and if you look at our commercial policy, you will see that it is to our interest to cultivate the friendship of that great and noble nation. At the Congress of Paris, England gave us her powerful support, and manifested the same views as ourselves with regard to several points of the Italian question; and even now, if she does not quite share our opinions, she expresses herself in a manner which shows her friendship for us. Unfortunately, since 1856, England has considered it for the interest of her policy to draw towards Austria. This fact will, perhaps, modify her tendencies on the Italian question, at least as regards Northern Italy. The cries of suffering which are raised at Naples, at Rome, and at Bologna will, however, still be heard with equal sympathy on the Thames; unfortunately, the cries and groans which come from Milan and Venice are intercepted by the Austrian Alps. This is, I do not deny, very serious, but I am not discouraged by it. I have confidence in the good sense and in the generous sentiments of the English nation. I know by experience, that with the English public the cause of justice and of truth always triumphs. I know that principles of liberty always find in that great country ardent and eloquent defenders, and that when a cause is clearly and candidly laid before that great nation, the probability of a good result is on the side of reason, progress, and civilisation. The struggle may at times be long, but success is certain in the end. I cannot believe that the illustrious statesman who is now at the head of the councils of the crown in England, he who had the good fortune of associating his illustrious name in the cause of the emancipation of the negroes, would close his brilliant career by rendering

himself the accomplice of those who would condemn Italy to eternal slavery. I think, gentlemen, I have now clearly shown you that our policy has not been inconsiderate, nor our acts provocative. In asking you for the means of resistance, we have no intention of changing that policy, nor do we wish to proceed to any acts of provocation; but neither will we be silent when Austria threatens, and when she assembles armies on our frontiers. That policy, I trust, when proclaimed in a frank and candid manner, will receive not only your approbation, but that of every man of proper feeling in Europe. I therefore hope, gentlemen, that, satisfied with these explanations, you will not hesitate to give a favourable reply to our application, and that the urn now placed on the table of the President will prove to Europe that, in spite of any internal dissensions, we are unanimous when the question is to defend not only the safety and the independence, but also the honour of the nation."

These bold avowals of policy were received with unbounded applause, and every friendly allusion to England was answered by the House in cheers, after the English fashion.

The interference of the British government to prevent a war in Italy was persistent; and the Italians generally supposed that the policy of England, jealous of French arms, was to serve Austria, and to restrain the demands of Italy for redress of grievances and for unity. The tone and temper of the British and Sardinian governments may be learned from a single despatch of Count Cavour's, one of the ablest which he wrote. Lord Malmesbury, the English minister for foreign affairs, undoubtedly sympathised with Austria, and Earl Derby, his chief in the English cabinet, said that no one could tell on what account the war was waged. In this spirit Lord Malmesbury requested the count to give the Sardinian case

at length in a despatch. This Cavour did, dated the 1st of March, and addressed to the Marquis d'Azeglio, the Sardinian representative in London. On the 14th of March Lord Malmesbury made certain demands. The following despatch, dated the 17th of the same month, was the Count's reply. The chief purpose of Lord Malmesbury was, that Piedmont, after the example of Austria, should give an engagement not to be the aggressive party:—

\*Turin, March 17, 1859.

“ M. le Marquis,

“ Sir James Hudson, in a note dated the 14th of this month, a copy of which you will find enclosed, has asked me, in the name of his government, if Sardinia would be disposed to follow the example of Austria, and to declare in a formal manner (as Count Buol, on his part, declared Austria's intention not to attack Piedmont, in his despatch to Count Apponyi of the 25th January) that Sardinia has no intention of attacking her powerful neighbour.

“ Appreciating the motives which have inspired such a course on the part of the cabinet of St. James's, we do not hesitate to answer him with the most perfect frankness, as we have done a few days since when he asked us to draw up a memorandum, clear and precise, of the complaints of Italy against Austria, and to indicate the means of applying a remedy.

“ In pursuance of aggressive acts (what other name can we give them?) committed by Austria by the concentration of imposing forces on the Sardinian frontier; by placing on a war footing the army of Italy; by the construction and occupation of new fortifications on territory which does not belong to her; by the occupation of the Legations; and by the violation of treaties, the government of the

king, according to the law of nations, has a right to prepare to defend herself against Austria even by means of arms. England implicitly acknowledged such a right when, a short time since, through the medium of her Minister of Foreign Affairs—by the weight of her great authority, by the solemn means of diplomatic action—she condemned the unjust measures employed by Austria in sequestering the estates of Sardinian subjects; and agreed that, if under such circumstances the dangers of war were prevented, it resulted from the great moderation of the Sardinian government.\*

“ Accordingly, as her Britannic Majesty's government has acknowledged the abnormal state of Italy, and promised to Sardinia that England would endeavour to find a remedy for the evils complained of, the Sardinian government, availing itself of such promises, and reserving its liberty of action in case Austria should abstain for the future from committing aggressive acts, Sardinia is ready to give her assurance that it is not her intention to attack Austria. And she agrees on this subject to make a declaration the same as that contained in the despatch of Count Buol, which, in reality, is nothing but a long and bitter accusation against Sardinia and the politics of the cabinet over which I have the honour to preside.

“ The speeches delivered in Parliament explaining our policy, the despatches and circulars which have been communicated to the cabinet of St. James's, and particularly the memorandum addressed to England and Prussia, in the justice of which Lord Malmesbury entirely agrees, explain and justify our conduct most completely. I think, therefore, I need not on the present occasion refute one by one the arguments which Count Buol

---

\* In a despatch of Lord Clarendon to the Marquis d'Azeglio.

employs in his despatch, wherein he represents Sardinia as the real cause of the abnormal condition of Italy.

"Such arguments cannot have any value with any impartial person who remembers the events which have succeeded each other from the commencement of the present year.

"The military preparations continually taken by Austria, and pointed out in my despatch of the 1st instant, have all preceded the justifiable action of the Sardinian government. The speech from the throne at the opening of the Sardinian parliament was only pronounced on the 10th of January, and yet on the 3rd of the same month a new *corps d'armée* was suddenly sent to Austrian Italy.

"Our loan did not take place until after Austria had endeavoured to negotiate a much larger loan in London.

"Finally, if we have called out our contingent, leaving our reserves at their homes, it was not until Austria had ordered her Italian army to be placed on a complete war footing that we were convinced that we should find ourselves ere long in the face of one of the largest armies that ever crowded the soil of Italy.

"These facts form a strange commentary on the pacific protestations which close the Austrian despatch, and it would be difficult to reconcile them if, in the diplomatic note in question, we did not find the intimate ideas of Austria on the Italian question.

"Count Buol, after having rapidly examined, from his point of view, the events which have succeeded each other since 1848, finishes by declaring that if Italy is profoundly agitated, if the people are discontented, if the governments have done nothing to satisfy the legitimate desires of their subjects, this all originates in the views and spirit of turbulence which liberty has developed in Piedmont; in

fact, availing myself of Count Buol's words, 'Through the introduction into that country (Piedmont) of institutions which work well when they have been developed and matured by ages, but which do not seem to be in accordance with the genius, traditions, and social condition of Italy.'

"Count Buol also points out, as a principal remedy to such a state of things (the gravity of which he does not attempt to hide), the united action of the great Powers, to be exercised with the object of modifying the institutions of Piedmont; in fact, by stifling the liberty of Piedmont—Lombardy, Venice, and the other States of the Peninsula would become again tranquil.

"Without admitting such a conclusion, and being convinced that the destruction of the liberal institutions of Piedmont, instead of assuring peace, would—the Italians being reduced to despair—result in revolution, still we do not hesitate to acknowledge there is much truth in the thought which inspired this part of the despatch of the Austrian minister.

"The contrast presented by Piedmont with the provinces under the dominion of Austria is too striking not to produce a profound irritation in Austria. The example of Piedmont proving, contrary to the assertion of Count Buol, that the Italians are susceptible of a liberal and progressive *régime*, makes the military system of Austria more hateful to the people of the Italian peninsula. The corporal punishments, the ever augmenting taxation, the fatal financial measures, and the abandonment to the clergy of the rights of the state, make the contrast more obvious.

"We acknowledge, therefore, that the liberty of Piedmont is a danger and menace for Austria. According to Austria, there are only two things to do—to destroy the liberal institutions of Italy, or to keep up her domi-

nion over all Italy to prevent contagion from spreading over the other states of the peninsula which have not enough strength at their disposal for suppressing the voice of the people. It is the second alternative which Austria has embraced, waiting the later arrival, and by indirect action, the realisation of the first indicated means.

"Austria, up to the present moment, has succeeded, by secret treaties with Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, and by the indefinite occupation of the Romagna (which is not now about to cease, according to the declarations of Vienna and Rome), and by the considerable fortifications she has so constructed, in making herself mistress of Central Italy, and thus binding Piedmont with a circle of iron.

"It is against such a state of things, which is not justified by the treaties of Vienna, that Sardinia has not ceased to protest for many years, calling for the intervention and support of the great Powers who signed the treaties of 1815.

"Such a state of things has for a long time constituted a threatening danger to Piedmont, aggravated of late by extraordinary armaments and other aggressive acts on the part of Austria, which have forced the government of the king to adopt defensive measures, and call the contingents under arms.

"It is proposed that this state of things should cease, that Austrian dominion in Italy should enter within the limits formally stipulated by treaties; that Austria should disarm, and that Sardinia, whilst deploring the unhappy fate of the population on the other side of the Ticino, should confine her efforts, as England has often recommended her to do, towards a pacific propaganda calculated more and more to enlighten public opinion in Europe on the Italian question and to prepare the elements for a future solution.

"But so long as our neighbours group round them and against us all the States of Italy which border on us, and whilst they can freely march their troops on the banks of the Po and up to the Apennines; so long as they can hold Piacenza (transformed into a fortress of the first order), continually threatening our frontier, it will be impossible for us to remain defenceless in the face of the provoking and armed attitude of Austria.

"The government of her Britannic Majesty is too enlightened and too loyal not to admit that we cannot pursue any other line of conduct without betraying our rights, without offending our honour, whatever may be our desires to dissipate the clouds which threaten the peace of the world.

"I request you, M. le Marquis, to read and give a copy of this despatch to Lord Malmesbury, and I avail myself, &c. &c.

(Signed) "CAVOUR."

On the day upon which this despatch was written, Count Balabine, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, made a proposal for a European congress, to which a preliminary assent was given by the Powers. Count Cavour claimed for Sardinia a seat in this assembly as the representative of Italy.

Austria was not sincere, and indeed France and Italy preferred the appeal to arms.

Before the month of March expired Cavour had a personal interview with the Emperor at Paris, and returned to Turin the most popular man in Italy, excepting Garibaldi and also the king. That Cavour had resolved on war before his interview with the Emperor is proved by the executive orders he gave before setting out upon his journey, and the fact that he signed the commissions of various agents and generals. Conspicuous among the latter were Garibaldi, Medici, and Cosenz.

England proposed (at Austrian suggestion) that Piedmont should disarm, France and England guaranteeing her against invasion, while the congress was sitting. This France, however, did not think just, and Piedmont spurned the idea of lying disarmed at the feet of armed Austria, owing independence and liberty to the protection of foreign states, which might adopt a policy eventually hostile to Sardinian freedom. It is wonderful that Lord Malmesbury could ever give his sanction to such a proposal, or that any statesmen with English manliness could expect a brave and noble race to submit to the like.

Cavour assembled the Chambers, and demanded that, during the war, the king should have extraordinary powers. The Count provided by bill—

“Art. 1. In case of war with the Austrian empire, the king shall be invested with all legislative and executive powers, and shall be able, under the ministerial responsibility, to perform by simple royal decrees all the acts necessary to the defence of the country and of our institutions.

“Art. 2. The constitutional institutions remaining intangible, the king's government, during the war, shall have the faculty to make dispositions for the temporary limitation of the liberty of the press and of individual liberty.”

When the war was over, the successor of Cavour was in no hurry to return to the constitutional *status quo*, and in consequence of Cavour's consistent demand that it should be restored, that ministry was broken up. The king himself did not appear to care how the matter went, but left his statesmen to battle it out among themselves.

After the presentation by Austria of an

ultimatum, and its rejection by Sardinia, war began. How it was conducted, and with what result, have been related in the history of Victor Emmanuel on preceding pages. The course of Cavour himself in those transactions was necessarily only incidentally introduced.

The purpose of Cavour, who was really the author of that great war, was never publicly avowed until after the battle of Magenta. Then he put forth a diplomatic circular, boldly claiming the deliverance of all Italy from foreign or native tyranny. The English government, through Lord Malmesbury, used all its influence to prevent the union of the duchies with the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. Cavour maintained a controversy with the English minister full of ready resource. So energetic was Lord Malmesbury's sympathy in favour of the petty despots of the duchies, that it became the universal opinion in Italy, that but for English public opinion the Derby government would have used heavier mettle than arguments against Victor Emmanuel.

The political circumstances after the peace of Villafranca were related with much fulness in our Life of Victor Emmanuel. There was little in the personal career of Cavour during the events which were rolled on with such astonishing rapidity by the hand of Garibaldi, that was not related either in the Life of Victor Emmanuel or of the General. The least successful portion of all Cavour's public life was his management of the affairs of Southern Italy after the conquest. Naples killed him. Had he dealt fairly with Garibaldi, trusted the honour of the hero, entered into close counsel establishing co-operation and concord with him, Naples would have risen from her chaos, as the sun when it ascends above a troubled horizon. Cavour (humanly speaking) would have lived to serve Italy, and secure for her a

confidence in Europe, which his successors have so nearly destroyed.

At the period of his death the state of Naples, and the antagonism of its deputies with Cavour and his ministry, puzzled and intensely mortified him. He meant well to Naples, but not so well as to Sardinia.

On the 30th May, 1861, he was seized with a fit of shivering while dressing. He apprehended apoplexy, and sending for his physician, insisted on being bled. Next day he again insisted upon blood-letting. The following night the bandages loosened, and he lost much blood. Yet in the morning he transacted business. Nigra had returned from Naples, and he had little to communicate that tended to soothe the mortified feelings of the great statesman, foiled only there. His excitement brought on a relapse. The fever did its deadly work. He was conscious of his coming end, and bore himself to the king, who visited him, and to his relations and friends, with extraordinary composure. Having been an excommunicated Roman Catholic, there was some apprehension that "the rites of the Church" would be refused; but a friendly priest administered those consolations so prized by members of the Church of Rome.

"The crucifix was placed between the lighted tapers, and the other mournful preparations were made in the sick chamber for the last religious rites. It was soon known abroad that the solemn ceremony was about to be performed. When the tinkling bell which announces the approach of the Host was heard, a murmur of uncontrolled grief rose from the throng in the streets. The friar ascended the broad stairs amid the chants of the attendants. The room in which the Count lay was open, as is the custom in Italy, to those who followed the priest. A few of the relatives and friends

of the dying man entered. As they stood around his bed a feeling of unutterable sorrow came over them at the calamity about to fall upon them and upon their country. Cavour himself was calm and collected. Addressing Fra Giacomo, he said in a strong voice, 'The time for departure is come;' using the words of one going on a journey."

His thoughts continually wandered to Naples. "As for the Neapolitans, purify them, purify them!" he exclaimed. "No state of siege; anyone could govern by a state of siege." "Italy," "Rome," "Venice," "Napoleon," were his last articulate words, before he sunk into the lethargy which preceded the deeper lethargy of death. On the 6th of June, supported in the arms of his niece, the Countess Alfieri, his decease took place. A great man had fallen in Italy, and the people mourned.

Cavour possessed great physical strength and endurance; and he was of middle stature, and corpulent. His gait and mien were cultivated and graceful, notwithstanding his heavy frame and full appearance. His temper was naturally irritable and violent, obstinate and overbearing. His intellect, keen, penetrating, restless, far-reaching, and politic. His information was extensive on subjects not political. He was not properly an orator. He did not possess the glowing eloquence of a Curran, Sheridan, or Canning, or the rhetorical artifice and easy flowing speech of Sir Robert Peel. It was his purpose, policy, and well-known persistence which secured the profound attention of all whom he addressed.

His talent for business was extraordinary; he looked after all the affairs of the state, and the smallest details of the management of his own vast private fortune.

He never married; a nephew inherits his estates.







## CHAPTER II.

## LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

## RISE OF THE BONAPARTE DYNASTY: ITS FOUNDER, AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

"He that did make the earth to tremble—that did shake kingdoms."—ISAIAH.

WHATEVER may be the difficulties in doing justice to current history, they are much facilitated when the event treated is obviously a consequence of anterior times and deeds. This is the case in writing of the policy of Louis Napoleon. His previous history might have enabled the politician to predict it. The history of the Bonaparte dynasty furnished still more ample materials for predicting aggrandisement and war as a consequence of a new French empire under the sceptre of a Bonaparte. Napoleon III. is the rebound of Napoleon I. The policy of the First Napoleon must necessarily be that of the Second, or, as he calls himself, the Third. There can be no empire of a Bonaparte in France, unless by the recognition on the part of him who holds the sceptre, of the origin and aims of the founder of the dynasty. That origin was popular suffrage and military force blended in a manner before unknown. Those aims were the aggrandisement of French glory, and the revival of the Roman empire with Paris as its capital. Not merely the empire of the west—Europe did not bound the ambition of the First Napoleon; he believed that the glory of a conqueror could not be satiated by victories in the western world; Asia was in his esteem the grand theatre for exploit, and the gorgeous realm of empire. He would have been willing to divide the world for a time with Alexander of Russia, but only for a time. He would give up the sovereignty of the East to another, until able to take it. Byzantium as well as

Rome was necessary to grace the roll of conquest and give scope to the system of Napoleon. It is true the great Emperor declared that Europe never would submit to see Russia or any other chief European power hold Constantinople, the key of both continents, the focus where eastern and western influence should find their common centre; but it was also his belief that he could effect what to others was impossible, and that such an achievement was a part of his destiny, or, as a still more favourite phrase of his expressed it, his glory.

With the origin and principles of the dynasty before us, there can be no rashness in speculating upon the prospective policy of Napoleon III. The designation which he thought proper to assume, "The Napoleon of Peace," was simply a *ruse de guerre*. Peace was at first necessary to the consolidation of his throne, but is not his policy. He has originated two of the most terrible conflicts that have cursed Christendom. "The empire is peace," was an expression well adapted to lull Europe while the Emperor prepared for war.

In the principles and policy of the first Napoleon we must look for the solution of whatever appears an enigma in the conduct of the present holder of the Imperial dignity. A sketch of his career will, therefore, aid our readers in studying the character and proceedings of the present ruler of France, and the wars he has waged, or may hereafter make.

The history of the great Napoleon is familiar to our readers in its leading features. A glance at his career is all that is here necessary in order to trace the main principles of his political life, to ascertain how far France has adopted them, and to what extent the present Emperor represents France, or the founder of the dynasty. It was written by one who knew the first Emperor better than, probably, any one else knew him, not even excepting Josephine :—

“Posterity will not be divided in their judgment of Napoleon, as his contemporaries have been. In a future age the recollection of his triumph will have been very much weakened, but at the same time the evils which his sixty victories have brought upon the great European family will have been forgotten. His wars and his conquests will be estimated solely by their results; his policy, by the utility and permanency of the institutions which he created, and their harmony with the age in which he lived.”

Thus wrote Bourrienne, private secretary to Napoleon, and a man thoroughly cognizant of French politics and the character of the French people. He had been Minister of State under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restorations. We can now judge of the First Napoleon by the way in which the principles he propounded are applied to the European system by his successor. We can judge of the present Napoleon by the principles of him whose throne he inherits, whose “star” he affects to worship, and whose policy he believes it is his destiny to work out.

All the world knows that the First Emperor was a Corsican. Attempts have been made to fix the date of his birth earlier for various reasons, religious and political. It is scarcely possible to obtain any authority on this point superior to that of Bourrienne, who says :—

“Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. The name was originally written Buonaparte; but during the first campaign in Italy he dropped the “u,” merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. It has been stated that he suppressed a year in his age, and that he was born in 1768; but this is untrue. He always told me that the 15th of August, 1769, was his birthday; and as I was born on the 9th of July in that year, our proximity of age seemed to strengthen our union and friendships when at the military school of Brienne.”\*

The father of Napoleon I. was Charles Marie de Buonaparte, a noble, deputy of the noblesse of Corsica. His mother's name was Lætitia Ramolina. The family consisted of eight children; five of these were sons, and named (in order of birth) Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome. Three of the children were daughters—Eliza, Caroline, and Pauline. Madame Buonaparte had thirteen children, but these eight alone arrived at the age of maturity.

Napoleon I. always attributed his greatness to the tone of mind inspired by his mother; and he laid it down as a maxim, that the “good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother.” Bonaparte was undoubtedly wrong in both these opinions. If his greatness were the work of his mother, it is surprising that none of his brothers or sisters became great. The maternal example and character has a powerful influence, moral and intellectual, in forming the mind of the child; but so has the father who is much with his children; and so has every one, down to the pedagogue and menial, with whose mind that

\* “*Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*,” from the French of M. de Bourrienne

of the child is, in early life, placed *en rapport*. The great Napoleon had too many maxims which he accepted as axioms, drawn either from a bad school of ethics, or formed without any ethical system at all. The great fault of this great man's intellectual character and habit was, that his inductions were imperfect. In political economy, politics, morals, religion, and even in war—his own profession, and where his genius shone with a lustre almost unrivalled—this tendency to deduce a conclusion from facts not sufficiently numerous to sustain it, is apparent to the close observer.

The family of the Bonapartes were originally Tuscans, and were noble; their genealogy is a long and lustrous one. The civil dissensions of Italy drove the family to Corsica. Napoleon's father was a gentleman by education and habit, as well as by birth; but he was poor. This circumstance rendered it important to obtain the patronage of the French Government for the education of some of his children; succeeding in this, Napoleon was sent to be educated at the public school of Brienne, a place which, as Emperor, he afterwards in vain, but with wondrous skill and heroism, defended against the advance of the triumphant allies.

The poverty of the Bonaparte family Charles Bonaparte himself attributed to two causes—an attempt to drain the salt-marshes, and the injustice of the Jesuits. So he stated in his memorial on behalf of his second son Napoleon, and his third, Lucien, to M. de Segur, Minister of War.

The boyhood of Napoleon was singular and striking; to some extent verifying the trite saying, "The boy is father to the man."

He was stern, severe, reserved, retired, meditative, original, daring, haughty. His general demeanour at school and college were not agreeable to his companions; such attributes neither make boy nor man popular.

He did not shine in general literature; yet he loved poetry, and all his life was fond of Ossian. He literally hated the study of languages, failed in acquiring Latin, but, from some cause, probably the necessity of the case, he acquired French with rapidity and accuracy. As a mathematician, he was first where many were good. His genius in this department of study, astonished the whole college of Brienne and the professors, none of whom, except the Professor of Mathematics, gave him credit for talent. The grand passion of the boy Napoleon was patriotism, a feeling which he so little encouraged or honoured in others in after life. He did not love France; he loved Italy, and especially Corsica, and used to express the purpose of doing France all the mischief he could for subjugating his country. He, on one occasion, in the presence of all the professors of the college, said of Paoli, the Corsican leader:—"Paoli was a great man; he loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes, and to have fallen with him." If the boy was the father of the man in disposition and mental habits, it was otherwise where opinions were concerned. This love for Corsica, this reverence for nationalities, this ardent patriotism, and homage to it in others as a virtue, were all lost with him in the vortex of ambition which in after years swallowed up his soul. The early life of the great Napoleon throws some light upon the epoch of history which he created, as it enables one to judge how far the events which he made and the opinions he propounded resulted from his peculiar temperament, or from principles deliberately formed. At the age of fifteen years and two months, he was sent from Brienne to the Military College at Paris; thence he went into the artillery as a sub-lieutenant.

It is not here necessary or appropriate to dwell upon the first stages of his military career. During the early period of the French Revolution, Bonaparte had no sympathy with it, nor did he pretend to have any until it became his interest to do so. His leanings were despotic, and his haughty spirit contemned the democracy. Immediately after the French Revolution, he repaired to his native island, of which, when he left it as a boy, he was so immoderately fond; Paoli was soon after at the head of a party formed to effect Corsican independence. Napoleon, who had visited his own father's memory with such indignant censure for not persisting to the last in the former revolt, received the overtures of his patriotic countrymen with the greatest coldness; his patriotism had evaporated. He considered Corsica too small a country to preserve, even if it gained independence; and, at all events, it did not furnish him with scope for his personal advantage and glory. The animation of patriotism and freedom was feeble in his mind, even then, compared with interest and ambition. This was in 1793. He not only refused to join his countrymen, but offered his sword to their oppressors, and assisted in the reduction of Torre di Capitello, near Ajaccio. His family were ultimately banished from Corsica, and took up their residence in Italy, at Nice; subsequently they went to Marseilles. Thus the earliest associations of the great Napoleon were with Italy, yet he had so little of the permanent feeling of nationality, that he made France the country of his adoption, and cared little or nothing for the land of his fathers. His studies at Brienne and Paris seem effectually to have extinguished all love of freedom and of native land. This could hardly have been the case with so young a man if his character had not been essentially selfish. The feeling of his family was more

generous; the aspirations of his father were for liberty; he imbibed those sentiments, and brought them with him to Brienne; but as views of his own prospects opened, and he formed clearer convictions of the direction in which his own interests lay, his natural selfishness conquered emotions which were imparted to him by the force of example and association, and were not germane to his own nature. He returned to France, and found an opportunity for a career of arms as immortal as the muse of history.

He was, however, destined to visit Italy, as much in a civil as a military character. He was sent on a special mission to Genoa, to confer, in conjunction with the *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Genoese Government, in the matters comprised in his instructions; he was also to inform himself of the conduct of Tilly, the French ambassador, and ascertain the military defences of Genoa and the neighbouring country. Thus early in life he was employed in a diplomatic mission of an important nature in connection with Italy. This circumstance in the life of the First Napoleon has been very generally overlooked by writers of his history. His mission did not prosper. He became an object of suspicion to the French Government, and his name was struck from the list of general officers. It was at that time he first indicated the longing for military employment in the East, which never left him. He conceived the notion of offering his sword in the service of the Sultan. The Bonapartes have ever since made a policy of interfering in the affairs of Turkey, and preaching that the East was a fitting theatre for the display of "French glory."

Napoleon married Josephine, Viscountess Beauharnais, on the 9th of March, 1796. She was the widow of the count whose name she bore, but whose title it was not safe in those

days to take. She was attractive in every way; graceful exceedingly; accustomed to move in the highest circles of Paris, and gifted with an engaging, winning manner in social intercourse, which fascinated the young general. It is, however, unquestionable that he did not overlook in his marriage with Josephine those considerations which were less to his honour than the surrender of his heart to her beauty and elegant vivacity. Her connections were high and influential, and he did not conceal from his private friends how much he was influenced by the probable effect of this circumstance upon his fortunes. The marriage answered the ends he proposed to himself. When years had rolled by and he wore the imperial purple, and she could no longer serve the ends of his ambition, she was thrust aside to make room for one who could; and the Church sanctioned the foul crime to secure the aid of the mighty transgressor. Josephine had two children by her first husband—Eugene, so well known to history for his bravery and fidelity to his father-in-law; and Hortense, afterwards Queen of Holland, and mother of Napoleon III.

On the 17th of March, 1796, General Bonaparte left Paris to take the command of the army of Italy; after visiting his mother *en route*, at Marseilles, he proceeded rapidly to Nice, the head-quarters of the army.

The military exploits of that army, and its young chief, are subjects foreign to these pages. The political objects of the army were, to compel the King of Sardinia to abandon the alliance of Austria; to constrain the Emperor to draw away his forces from the Rhine, for the purpose of defending Lombardy; and to awe the Pope, so as to deter him from using the influence of the clergy to stir up intrigues in France against the Revolution. Now, Sardinia is the ally of imperial France, French

troops occupy Rome for the protection of the Pontiff, and Austria is ostensibly friendly. The task of Bonaparte was far more formidable than that of the Emperor Louis Napoleon in Italy; his enemies were more numerous, relatively more powerful, and his success superior proportion to his enterprise.

The world knows the wonderful story of victory which followed, until the treaty of Tallentino crowned Napoleon with laurels, and filled Europe with astonishment. Naples sued for peace, and forsook Austria. Rome bought an inglorious immunity, and surrendered Ancona, Ferrara, and Bologna. Tuscany was paralysed, and Leghorn, its emporium, became the prey of the conqueror, who seized vast stores of English merchandise. Possibly the Franco-Italian campaign, ending in the treaty of Tallentino, was the most splendid ever conducted by a general. Bonaparte displayed more genius when he had worse fortune, towards the close of his career; but never was the campaign of a general or of an army more brilliant.

Still victory after victory crowned the conqueror with great glory, and treaties favourable to France ensued. The policy of the young general was, however, temporising and untrue. He intrigued against the potentates with whom he treated—cajoled and deceived the people whom he professed to liberate. He was desirous of humbling Austria, but not of serving Italy. The government at Paris urged that Northern Italy should be made free and republican. Napoleon sneered at their incompetency, called them incapables *ad hoc*, and relying on his fame, the necessity of his genius to the French government, and the devotion of his soldiers, he rendered a very imperfect obedience to his employers. His policy was not sound. That of the Parisian government was best for the permanent interests of France.

Bonaparte, while professing to be a republican, cared nothing for the principle so designated, nor for any theory of government. His grand instrument of legislation was expediency. He would have governments rule for the advantage of those in power, not for the welfare of the governed, except so far as neglect of the popular interests might be itself injurious to authority. These views tinctured all his actions and all his reasonings when the fruits of his victories brought him into correspondence with the administration, and into contact with the institutions civil and ecclesiastical of the peoples over whose realms he swept as the lightning along the conducting rod. Already Bonaparte conceived the idea of using the French government, whatever form it took, for his own purposes. His treaty of Campo Formio was more in his own interest than in that of the country whose army he commanded. As to Italy, his concern for it was no more than for the French Directory, as his own words sufficiently disclosed, when he came to the resolution of treating. "It is settled—I will make peace. *Venice shall pay for the expense of the war, and our boundary shall be the Rhine.* The Directory and the lawyers may say what they please."

France and Austria made peace; the Republic of Venice was plundered under the forms of a treaty.

The Rhine became the limit of France, in its direction. It has been the aim of France and of the Bonapartes ever since, to have the Rhine a French boundary, as well as France a Bonapartist empire.

On the return of the conqueror from Italy, domestic incidents occurred, in which Napoleon III. must always have an interest.

Bonaparte was much attached to Josephine, who was ardently devoted to him. His brothers were anxious to weaken her influence over

him, that they might possess the entire control of his mind. They conspired to ruin Josephine. They suggested to him the infidelity of his wife. It was false, and he had the sagacity to perceive it; his confidence in Josephine remained unabated. His affection for his own family was, however, so great, that he did not rebuke this cruel persecution of his wife as he ought to have done. Josephine formed the notion of having her daughter Hortense married to her brother-in-law, Louis Bonaparte, in order to strengthen her position in the family. This she ultimately accomplished, but not for the happiness of her daughter. Napoleon III. was the fruit of this marriage.

In pursuance of his favourite idea, one cherished with romantic feeling, Napoleon attempted to wound England where he conceived she was most vulnerable—in her Oriental possessions. He had previously made a show of invading England from the coasts of Normandy, but Bourrienne avers that he never intended to execute so hazardous an undertaking. This the celebrated secretary alleges on the authority of the great captain himself. While England was fixing her attention on the Norman coast, and upon the encampment on the heights of Boulogne, Bonaparte sailed for Egypt. The French Directory, through him, and by other media, opened a correspondence with the Sultan of Mysore, through whose instrumentality it was hoped by the Directory that a French force might be made effective in India. Bonaparte believed that, upon the conquest of Egypt, a way by Suez would be opened for French troops to pass the Indian ocean, and co-operating with the Sultan and Mysorean troops, operate on the coasts of the Bombay and Madras presidencies. It was not to injure England as the enemy of France that their enterprising general led his troops to Egypt, but in his ever-



thirsting ambition he believed that he would carve out for himself a name of glory on the pyramids, and passing over India, as well as Egypt in victory, make himself an Oriental renown equal to that which the long-cherished dream of his ambition had presented to his ever-active imagination. On the 12th of April, 1798, he was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of "the East." Probably the title of First Consul, or even of Emperor, did not give greater satisfaction to Napoleon. It is a circumstance made curious and suggestive by the events of the present time, that the British fleet under Nelson, which was in observation off Toulon, and was driven from its place by a storm, found shelter in the ports of Sardinia.

Bonaparte's career in Egypt was not a success; at all events, the army, after his departure, was unable to cope with its difficulties. Nelson conquered the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir. Sydney Smith defeated Napoleon at Acre. Bourrienne attributes the failure of the French expedition mainly to Sydney Smith. His words are, "Ten days before the departure of General Bonaparte for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, a prisoner, Sir Sydney Smith, escaped from the Temple, who was destined to contribute most materially to the failure of an expedition, which had been conceived with the greatest boldness. This escape was pregnant with future events; a forged order of the minister of police prevented the revolution of the East." What Bourrienne calls "the revolution of the East," never had a chance, at all events, so far as the British dominions were concerned. Independent of the enterprise of the British under the gallant and skilful Abercrombie, India contributed a powerful force for the liberation of Egypt, under General Baird; the Mysoreans were vanquished by British arms, under the leadership of Harris; and the Marquis Wellesley,

then governor of British India, had; with comprehensive capacity, provided against every contingency.\* Had the French landed on the shores of India, a new revolution in France would more probably be produced than revolutions of any kind there. Such an army as Napoleon could have launched against the Eastern possessions of England would have been of necessity defeated and destroyed by the over-matching force which Lord Wellesley could have brought against it. The "Napoleonic idea," however, of humbling England, by depriving her of her Eastern conquests, was never abandoned. He subsequently drew up a plan for Alexander of Russia, as a scheme practicable for that object by Russian arms, operating from a basis on the confines of Asiatic Russia. There are already indications that Napoleon III. has taken up this, with all the other political conceptions of his great predecessor. Time alone can unravel his intent.

The infamous proclamation of Napoleon to the people of Egypt is well known to readers of all classes; the most significant portion of it was that in which he announced, "I respect more than the Mamelukes, God, his *prophet*, and the *Alcoran*." It was part of Napoleon's policy to make use of religion as an instrument of statecraft, and to adopt any religion, or throw it off, as such a purpose was served! Bonaparte had previously indicated this characteristic of his opinions and policy, when, after his return from Radstadt, he appeared at the Luxembourg, and was presented by Talleyrand to the Directory as the conqueror of Italy. On that occasion he represented a new era as having dawned upon Europe, in which representative government superseded that which

\* See the "History of the British Empire in India and the East," by the author of this Work. London. Virtue and Co.

*the prejudices of eighteen centuries* had maintained—government based on “religion, feudalism, and royalty.” There was the same insincerity in the mind of the orator at the Luxembourg, and the invader of Egypt; the speech and the proclamation were alike designed to appeal to existing prejudices, by one whose prejudices were simply personal, and who was unfettered by any principle. In 1859 a proclamation of Napoleon III., professing zeal for the integrity of the “Holy Father’s” dominions, might be compared with some of his speeches to the like effect before the assembly of the French Republic of 1848, and with the same insincerity apparent in each case as to any zeal for the “Church.” It is the old Napoleonic policy of making religion an instrument of government, without any concern for the instrument itself.

On the return of Napoleon from Egypt, events, made available by his own genius, created a fresh revolution, and in his favour. The constitution of the year III. perished through the folly and corruption of the Directory and the Councils; and by the intrigues of the Bonaparte family and their friends and abettors, Napoleon became First Consul. Few then foresaw the imperial sceptre in his hand, not a few perceived that the exigencies of France and the genius of the man would conspire to preserve in that hand the supreme power. Many believed that his mission was to consolidate liberty as well as to maintain law and order. M. Thiers has written in his “History of the French Revolution”—“He did not come to continue liberty, for it could not yet exist: he came to continue under monarchic forms the revolution in the world; he came to continue it by setting himself, a plebeian, on the throne; by bringing the Pontiff to Paris to pour the anointing oil upon a plebeian brow; by creating an aristo-

cracy with plebeians; by obliging the ancient aristocracy to associate with his plebeian aristocracy; by making kings with plebeians; by receiving into his bed a daughter of all the Cæsars, and by mingling a plebeian blood with the blood of one of the oldest races of Europe; by mingling, finally, all people; by spreading the French laws into Germany, into Italy, into Spain; by giving the lie to so many prestiges; by shaking and confounding so many things. Such was the task he had to perform, and in the meantime, new society would be condensing itself under the shadow of his sword, and liberty would one day come. It is not come, it will come.” There is some eloquence, and not a little rhapsody in this description, but it aptly expresses the generally received views of Bonaparte and his mission. He was not a plebeian, nor did he place only plebeians upon thrones. The blood of the Bonapartes was noble, and a long line of ancestry consecrated their claim to distinction of birth. M. Thiers overrates the influence of the personal achievements of Napoleon; he could hardly overrate the effect of his policy and prestige upon France, and through France upon the destinies of nations, even now. Bourrienne estimated the man and his deeds more accurately than M. Thiers did when writing of the same period.—“Who could have supposed that, having obtained the supreme power, he would have availed himself of it to trample under foot all the principles he had so long professed, and to which he owed his elevation? Who could have believed that he would have superseded, by the most absolute despotism, those forms of constitutional liberty for which France had so long sighed, and for the peaceable enjoyment of which she had made so many sacrifices? But so it is! When his ambition had been granted—when he had sacrificed everything to gain

his point, we see him re-establishing the principles which he had combated, and defending them with equal energy. . . . Did he consider that when a man is in himself *all*, *all* must fall with him; and that the destiny of a nation which depends upon the gain or loss of a battle, is based upon nothing?"

The remarks of both the eminent persons just quoted were appropriately made in reference to a period of Napoleon's fortunes, when at one grasp he obtained supreme political power, which he never let go until armed Europe went up against him into the field of war; for when he became First Consul, he virtually assumed the sovereignty of France. Whatever he became to Europe beyond France, the great despotisms themselves made him, and whatever they suffered was from a reaction (directed by the hand of Providence) of their own designs against the liberties of France. The Republic would have preferred peace and liberty, the only propagandism it desired was that of moral suasion. The despotic thrones hated and feared the new-born liberty, and sought to quench it in blood. It became necessary, therefore, for the Republic to revolutionise other countries, if possible, to gain support, and draw a cordon of free states around itself. The war thus necessitated gave scope to whatever military genius France possessed, and thus formed the elements of a danger to European independence, which still exists. A new, a military dynasty was created, indirectly, but certainly and efficiently, by the wars waged against liberty in France: Napo-

leon arose from the surging sea of blood and flame—the giant genius of the storm. He still lives in his dynasty, and wars for the aggrandisement of his name and the glory of France, as surely as the French Republic crossed the Alps and the Rhine to fight for its own existence within these boundaries.

From the Consulate to the Empire there were but a few stages—they were taken circumspectly and boldly. Napoleon approached the throne with a steady pace, and occupied it with resolution: he clutched the sceptre as he wielded the sword, with decision and genius. He loved France simply as ministering to his own glory. He felt no patriotism, for he was not born a Frenchman. Recent discoveries have, it is alleged, demonstrated that he post-dated his birth two years, in order to make it appear that he had been born not an Italian but a Frenchman. He would have been as ready to ante-date his birth, or assert its correct date to prove himself an Italian, and not a Frenchman, if Italy, rather than France, could have subverted his personal ambition. His own words are sufficient confirmation of this feature of his character, and of his real designs on ascending the steps of the Consulate—"All that I wish, all that I desire, the object of all my labours is, that my name shall be for ever connected with the name of France."\*

\* "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," from the French of M. de Bourrienne, private Secretary to Napoleon, and Minister of State under the Directory, the Empire, and the Restoration.

## CHAPTER LII.

THE FOUNDER OF THE BONAPARTE DYNASTY AND HIS PRINCIPLES (*continued*).

"And his is henceforth an established sway—  
 Consul for life."—WORDSWORTH.

THE Consulate of Napoleon was glorious, both in a civil and military point of view, but he and his friends were always tormented with apprehensions as to the fate of France, when he should be removed by death. The conviction that anarchy would ensue, led even Josephine to wish for the return of the Bourbons. He on one occasion, at an early period of his fame as Consul, said, "If I do not live for thirty years, to finish my works, you will, when I am dead, have long civil wars: my brothers do not suit France." This was a remarkable saying; he could not have then foreseen that a son of that one of his brothers with whom he agreed least should ascend the imperial throne, to which he was himself already aspiring. It remains to be seen whether his brother's son will suit France. So far he appears to have managed the French people as well as his uncle, whatever the disparity of the prowess or genius of the two rulers.

Early in his Consulate a friendship sprang up between Napoleon and the Russian Emperor, Paul I. Both men and both nations earnestly desired the humiliation of England. Paul initiated a correspondence with Napoleon in this spirit. He hated England on the alleged ground of her egotism, selfishness, and violation of treaties; but in reality, he, in common with the more influential party of the government which served him, hated her for her constitutionalism. Paul felt what was afterwards expressed by the Emperor Nicholas, "I can understand royal or imperial govern-

ment, such as my own, or democratic government, such as that of the United States, but I cannot comprehend a theory of government which professes to unite different and conflicting elements, royal, aristocratic, and popular." Peter the Great did comprehend it, and while his ambition for Russia contemplated the means of successive aggression upon all continental states, his policy made alliance with England essential to the welfare of Russia. Napoleon could as little comprehend the mixed government of England as could Paul, and regarded it as a theoretic monster among governments, which could not propagate itself, however tenacious its own existence. As the rival of France—as the champion of a form of liberty opposed to the democratic, and a form of royalty opposed to the absolute—Napoleon could not sympathise with it either as a student of politics, a General of the Directory, First Consul, Emperor, or exile. The aggressive interests of both France and Russia required an alliance: for no other objects could any special alliance between these nations be of any use. For the purpose of dominating eastern and western Europe they coalesced as far as other circumstances and rapidly succeeding events, which neither Power could control, permitted.

This is very instructive to the student of European affairs. The French and Russian Emperors of the present time are brought together by dominant sympathies and objects, as the Consul Napoleon and Paul I., as the Emperor Napoleon and Alexander I.

The glory of the Consul was to find sources of military glory in Italy, such as the General (Bonaparte) had found before.

The various negotiations for peace proved abortive; war again ravaged the plains and cities of Italy, and, at Marengo, Bonaparte decided once more the political rivalry of France and Austria in that fair land.

The Consul's aim in his new Italian campaign was not so much the honour and security of France as his own position and power. His victories in a distant field he knew would dazzle French vanity and ambition, and bring all the honour which the people could confer, upon a general who asserted the supremacy of *La belle France*. He never doubted that he should achieve success; he trusted to his genius, but yet more to his "star." His plans for the conduct of the campaign, in pursuance of which he passed the Great St. Bernard, fell upon the army of Melas, cut off the communication of that general with Austria, and by his marches, as much as by his battles, ruined the cause of Austria, were more like those of a prophet than an uninspired man. Who can doubt that the aims and plans of Napoleon III. are the inheritance of Napoleon I., as much as the throne of France? Napoleon I. was baffled in his object to obtain all that his arms entitled him to demand from Austria, by the interposition of England. To secure Genoa, lest English troops should take possession, while the French prosecuted the war with Austria to extremes, compelled the conqueror to moderate his terms. England is not likely a second time to save Austria from humiliation, and check the tide of French glory while overflowing Italy? These passages in the life and deeds of the elder Napoleon run so strikingly parallel with the events of our own day, that there is, in speculating upon the future, an irresistible desire to continue

the parallel beyond the limit to which it has extended.

The First Consul returned from Italy to Paris to be received by the mass of the people with joy. His whole route was one of enthusiastic gratulation; an *Io trionfhe* followed his onward progress from the cities and fields of Italy and France to Paris. Yet the friends of liberty were alarmed; and extreme and desperate men sought his life, as the only obstacle to that license and anarchy which they called liberty. These plots did not terminate with the Consulate; the Emperor as well as the Consul Napoleon was endangered by them. History runs here another parallel between the two Napoleons, in whose hands the sceptre of imperial France has been placed. It would be well for France, for Europe, and mankind, if another parallel, partly arising out of such criminal attempts did not also present itself: the words of Bourrienne, no very steady friend of liberty, suggest it: "The First Consul manifested the most violent hatred of the Jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed, if under the title of Jacobins he had not comprised every friend of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him, and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly endeavouring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason he was more afraid of those he called Jacobins than of the Royalists." The proscription without trial, of men of courage and virtue who had committed no crime, but were true to their oath and to liberty, was one of the means most relied on by the First Consul for pro-

moting his own ambition, and giving France happiness, the pretext generally employed for acts of an illegal and tyrannical nature. Perjury and illegal prosecutions are heir-looms of the dynasty. The decree of the First Consul, January 6th, 1801, confirmed by a *senatus consultum*, inflicting banishment upon persons supposed to be true to the constitution to which the First Consul had sworn, and arbitrarily selected as the objects of personal vengeance, was not the last deed of the same nature perpetrated to uphold the power of the Bonapartes over France.

Among the acts of the First Consul which exercised a powerful influence over his own times and over those in which we live, was the Concordat with Rome. Napoleon's reasonings on this subject of religion, so much admired by M. Thiers, were neither logical nor scriptural. They prove that whatever his power of quick penetration, and his habit of mature reflection, he had not studied the Bible, nor accustomed himself to reason clearly where moral evidence was concerned. Familiar with mathematical science, he looked too much for demonstrations in all inquiries after truth. He neglected the study of both branches of metaphysics, the ethical and the intellectual. Matter, and man as an instrument and object of government, were the subjects that occupied his thoughts. Hence we find such strange reasoning as he adopted to justify himself in bringing about the Concordat. He expressed his belief that all religions must be true, because they differed from one another mainly in proscribing one another,\* an assertion which proved how little he knew about the leading beliefs of mankind. He deemed it proper to tolerate all religions, but to promote the ascendancy of the religion of Rome, for the

odd reason that Frenchmen were born in that religion, and it was besides that of the country.\* To these absurd notions, pompously delivered, and repeated by Thiers, Bourrienne, Rapp, Bertrand, &c., as if the words of an oracle, he added as a ground of promoting the ascendancy of the Church of Rome, that it had a government wisely conceived, which hinders disputes as much as it is possible to do so under the disputing temper of man.† To stop discussion, written or *vivâ voce*, he knew was necessary to despotism. The Church of Rome he considered a good instrument for effecting that object; and he supposed it possible to use it for the desired end in such way that the supreme ruler of France should not have to divide political power with the priesthood. His view of it in that light filled him with admiration of the Papacy. In one of his conversations with Monge, he said, "If, since the institution of the Papacy *there be anything equally perfect*, it is the relation of the Gallican Church with the Holy See, submissive and independent at the same time; *submissive in matters of faith, independent in the policy of worship*. The Catholic Unity and the articles of Bossuet show the true form of religious government. It is that we must re-establish." By the "true form of religious government," Napoleon evidently did not mean that which was true in itself, true according to Divine standard, but the thing that truly answered his policy and objects; that which exactly met his programme for France, and his own relations to France. The context determines in the plainest manner that this is the correct interpretation of his words. The policy of the French ruler of 1804 is in this matter identical with that of him who as First Consul

\* "The History of the Consulate and the Empire of Napoleon," by M. A. Thiers, formerly Chief Minister of France.

\* "The Consulate and the Empire," vol. i. c. xii. p. 289. Bohn's Edition.

† Ibid.

† Ibid.

ruled France in 1801. The advent of Napoleon III. to power was the second advent of the principles of government which guided Napoleon I. on the subject of religion, and of religion in connection with national policy and social order. The First Consul went so far as to believe, that if by the re-establishment of the Roman Church, schism could be checked, and uniformity of religious opinions, or at all events, religious profession and communion could be obtained, France had nothing to fear from the hostility of all Europe. The priests and Napoleon in alliance, France could be kept quiet, and the action of the government in foreign affairs would not be impeded by religious feuds, and by those political discords at the root of which religious opinion so frequently lay. "Peace with Europe," said the First Consul to Monge, "is concluded, let us maintain it as long as we can, but *religious peace is the most pressing of all.*"

In harmony with the expediency irrespective of truth and principle which ruled all the Emperor's policy, he would secure general religious peace by a sectarian religious ascendancy. By this he hoped that the Vendéans and the Bretons, so zealously attached to Rome, would march in his armies with the Burgundians, Lorrainese, and the Franche-Comptois, whose loyalty to the Pontiff had not given them celebrity.

The First Consul's plan of reconciliation with the Pope was to endow the clergy, directly from the treasury, but not with lands as in the feudal times of France; and in return for this the clergy should be nominated by the Government, the Pope confirming such nominations. Few things gave Bonaparte so much trouble as the Concordat, and in few things did he display so much patience and perseverance. The negotiations with Rome were unparalleled in the length of time they

occupied and the intensity of the pendant discussions. The First Consul never obtained from the Church, even when Emperor, all the concessions he desired, and he conceded more to it than he had contemplated, or had accorded with his theory; he however effected a concordat in the spirit of his plans, and re-established the Roman Catholic religion in France, the ascendancy of which had been abolished by the revolution.

The career of Napoleon up to the period of the peace of Amiens was one of splendour at home and abroad. That treaty was a hollow truce; no one was deceived by it at the time; its first consequences were easily foreseen, but the torrent of mighty events which rolled forth over Europe could have been conceived by none.

During the interval before the treaty of Amiens, the First Consul's mind underwent various changes of opinion as to the best policy to be pursued towards Russia. The Emperor Paul died, and Alexander I. assumed the Imperial sceptre. Bonaparte's good feeling towards the Government of St. Petersburg was less friendly after the decease of his friend Paul. At that time there was no likelihood that he and Alexander should agree, even temporarily, on any scheme of European policy: the rapid passage of events brought them together at length, as allies and even friends; when both, surrounded by imperial glory, and wielding despotic power, balanced the world in their hands.

While Bonaparte was negotiating the terms of the peace which was signed at Amiens, he had other negotiations of a domestic kind still more delicate, and in some respects more difficult to conduct, or at all events to decide, in the circle of his own family; and one of these more especially affects our present history—the marriage of his daughter-in-law,

Hortense, with his brother Louis; which took place on the 7th\* of January, 1802. As these distinguished personages were the parents of the present Emperor of France, an account of their marriage will be more appropriate to another chapter.

From the period of the peace of Amiens, the design of Napoleon to assume the purple became amusingly evident. All the forms of monarchy were renewed in what might be called the court of the First Consul. During 1802, Napoleon developed many plans which were beneficial to France, and displayed the capacity of their originator for civil government. The Code Napoleon was one of these; it required a long time for manipulation under the hands of the jurists, but at that date the task began, which the genius and will of Napoleon also caused to be completed. A system of education for France, adapted to the ideas and habits of the people, was one of the great tasks which the First Consul accomplished. Public works of almost every conceivable kind were projected, and many accomplished with almost incredible rapidity.

The mingled contempt and hatred which the First Consul held for democracy, and for all liberty, civil and religious, became more obvious, and appeared to grow in intensity; scarcely any of the men who have recorded their conversations with Napoleon at that period but have noticed this scorn and hostility to popular freedom. His contempt of the French people, whom he professed to honour and magnify in a manner so ostentatious and extravagant, was also indicated. The institution of the Legion of Honour, of which Frenchmen are so proud, brought out some display of the real feelings and opinions of the Consul, and the occasion is remarkable as forming an

epoch from which the genuine republicans became confirmed in their dislike and opposition to the Bonaparte family. Up to that period he had the support of the republicans, more or less qualified. The tone of mind betrayed, and the general character of the circumstances attending the institution of this order, proved to the genuine republicans that the Bonapartes, especially their chief, ~~was~~ the implacable foe, not only of republicanism, but of all constitutional government. Sir Walter Scott has proved from these sources the utter repugnance of Napoleon then to all popular forms of government.

"Berthier had called ribbons and crosses 'the playthings of monarchy,' and cited the Romans of old as 'having no system of honorary rewards.' 'They are always talking to us of the Romans,' said Bonaparte. 'The Romans had patricians, knights, citizens, and slaves—for each class different dresses and different manners—honorary recompenses for every species of merit—mural crowns—civic crowns—ovations—triumphs—titles. When the noble band of patricians lost its influence, Rome fell to pieces—the people were vile rabble. It was then that you saw the fury of Marius, the proscriptions of Sylla, and afterwards of the emperors. In like manner Brutus is talked of as the enemy of tyrants: he was an aristocrat, who stabbed Cæsar, because Cæsar wished to lower the authority of the noble senate. You talk of *child's rattles*—be it so: it is with such rattles that men are led. I would not say that to the multitude; but in a council of statesmen one may speak the truth. I do not believe that the French people love *liberty and equality*. Their character has not been changed in ten years: they are still what their ancestors, the Gauls, were—vain and light. They are susceptible but of one sentiment—*honour*. It is right to afford nourishment to

\* Bourrienne.



this sentiment: and to allow of distinctions. Observe how the people bow before the decorations of foreigners. Voltaire calls the common soldiers *Alexanders at five sous a day*. He was right: it is just so. Do you imagine that you can make men fight by reasoning? Never. You must bribe them with glory, distinctions, rewards. To come to the point; during ten years there has been a talk of institutions. Where are they? All has been overturned: our business is to build up. There is a government with certain powers: as to the rest of the nation, what is it but grains of sand? Before the Republic can be definitely established, we must, as a foundation, cast some blocks of granite on the soil of France. In fine, it is agreed that we have need of some kind of institutions."

It is impossible for any partisan of the Bonapartes not to see the hypocrisy of the declaration, "Before the Republic can be established we must," &c. The object of the speaker was to overturn the Republic already established, Bourbons and Bonapartists being alike its enemies.

The statements were in some instance as untrue in fact, as they were in others hypocritical in profession. Men did often fight by reasoning, in spite of the dictum of Napoleon to the contrary. The soldiers of Oliver Cromwell and of Wellington were not animated by vain glory, their heroic achievements were the result of a high moral standard produced by reasoning. The poor British soldier who, in the words of Sir Robert Peel, "rolled back the tide of French glory from the heights of Busaco to the gates of Toulouse," was valiant in a sense of duty, and with patriotism; his heroism was unpurchased by pomp and trinkets. The sagacity of Napoleon was often blinded by his ambition. Dicta of his that have passed among many for the enunciations of wisdom,

have often proved, as in the above instance, only expert and plausible pretences for wrong deeds or wrong purposes. Where his own motives or objects were concerned, the mind of the First Consul was influenced by no constraining principle, no philanthropic emotion, no sacred reverence, no inspiration of patriotism, no religious faith; a cold calculating ambition, to promote which he could dissemble, betray, cut off human life, and blaspheme God whose being and moral government he acknowledged, was the grand characteristic of the foundation of the Bonaparte dynasty.

It is impossible for the reader to judge accurately of the causes and motives of the recent struggle in Italy, and of the character, and probable influence upon France and Italy of him who waged this war, without studying the founder of the dynasty in the light which his own professed expediences throws around him. Napoleon III. is an imperial photograph of the first man of the dynasty.

On the 2nd of January, 1802, the First Consul of France became president of the Cis-Alpine republic, not in virtue of his French office, but on account of his individual fitness and sympathy. It is needless to say, that intrigue and the power which he already wielded from the Tuileries accomplished his election to that high honour. It must be admitted, however, that his Corsican birth, his command of the Italian language, and his professed desire for Italian liberty, led many patriotic Italians to favour the new constitution for their country. He, the professed Italian patriot, was willing to chain his country at the footstool of France, provided only he was seated upon the throne. History does not present many parallels of an ambition so selfish and egotistical, with one possessing similar intellectual greatness. Napoleon III. has hitherto treated France as his great pre-

decessor treated it—played with it, baffled its liberties, and clutched in his own hands its power; why should men expect that he could be more zealous for the liberties of Italians, than of Frenchmen? His uncle proclaimed their freedom, and then made himself their master; he did so by modes of procedure so similar to those which the present Emperor adopts, that it would be credulity, not faith, which expected the parallel to fall short. Why should not the iron crown rest on the brow of the Third Napoleon? and why should not the Fourth Napoleon bear upon his escutcheon in infancy the arms of the King of Rome? The reply is in the unconquerable purpose of the Italian people.

In 1802 the Senate proposed to confer upon Napoleon the First Consulate for a renewed period of ten years. He declined the favour unless conferred by the suffrages of the people. Preparations were made for the purpose of a popular ballot. The Second and Third Consuls altered the terms of the ballot paper, and placed the question before the people whether the Consulate should be conferred for life. The reply of the constituencies was in the affirmative. The popular mind of France was in favour of the man who brought so much glory to French arms. The Concordat smoothed the way for this election, the priests were all with the First Consul. Bonaparte was known by them to be in favour of priestcraft, unless directed against himself, and in favour also of the Popedom, although determined that he who wore the tiara should not impede his schemes of ambition; otherwise he regarded the office of the Pontiff as that which, more than any other instrumentality, assisted in keeping down democracy, and therefore to be upheld at all risks. So strongly was he in favour of preserving this institution, that he afterwards said at St. Helena, *had there been no Pope*, one

should have been made, so necessary was the Popedom to European order, and to his designs for France and Europe. The next step of the Consul in his strides towards empire was the assumption of the right to appoint his successor in the Consulate. His creatures in the Senate decreed that the First Consul by testament might nominate his successor. No books were opened in the departments to collect the suffrages of the people. He accepted the decree of the Senate, and immediately ordered that the words *Liberty, Equality, and Sovereignty of the people* should be omitted from all public documents.

The Church favoured this change. The doctrines expressed by these three words, which had so powerful effect upon the French mind, were hateful to a clergy who ruled in ecclesiastical matters by absolute authority, the very constitution of whose hierarchy was opposed to all ideas of equality. The plan the clergy adopted, in this new advance to royalty, in the principle of governing France, was to avoid all reference to the change, and to treat it as a matter of course, and of little importance when obliged to refer to it.

The deed of the Senate conferring this new and extraordinary power upon Napoleon was dated August 2, 1802, only eleven weeks and two days after the election of a First Consul for life.

The people showed no joy, no satisfaction in these changes. They appeared to have made up their mind to them as to a great necessity; they saw that the clergy now, in greater numbers than a few years formerly, favoured these mutations. Bonaparte was accepted as indispensable, but he was not the object of enthusiasm which he had been when fresh from the victories of Italy, nor such as he became when the pomp and glory of the Empire, and of the imperial victories dazzled France.

The poet Wordsworth was in Calais, when, in 1802, the birthday of the First Consul was celebrated, and he has left on record his impressions of the temper of the people then, as compared with that which they displayed when the revolution intoxicated them with freedom. The lines of the poet were written on the 15th of August, 1802.

"Festivals have I seen that were not names :—  
This is young Bonaparte's natal day ;  
And his is henceforth an established way,  
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims  
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.  
Heaven grant that other cities may be gay !  
Calais is not : and I have bent my way  
To the sea coast, noting that each man frames  
His business as he likes. Another time  
That was, when I was here long years ago :  
The senselessness of joy was then sublime."

After the peace of Amiens, Bonaparte found means to encroach upon the liberty of nearly every state contiguous to France. England resented these encroachments, and through the medium of her public press inveighed against the ambitious projects of the Usurper, as the English invariably called him. He was exceedingly vain of his title of Consul, and resented more the application of such terms as Monsieur and General, than a positive injury to France. While at peace with England, he sent over Engineer officers to examine and sketch the ports and arsenals of England. This was detected by the English government, and the agents sent back to France. To all the remonstrances of the English Court and Cabinet, he replied in recriminatory language. The government press of France abused, and even public documents abused the English people and government violently and incessantly. When the English ministers demanded explanations, he justified himself by the license of the English press. The British government retorted, that the press in England was free, and that the law was open to him as

it was to the English crown, or Court, or Cabinet. He prosecuted the editor of a French paper, published by an exiled French royalist : Mr. Mackintosh, afterwards Sir James, being counsel for the defence, delivered a philippic the most terrible against the First Consul. The defendant lost the suit, and redress was thus afforded to Napoleon ; but the *Moniteur* still continued its attacks upon the British name and government, and for these no redress was possible. Thus a state of popular hostility sprung up between the two countries in a time of peace, more acrimonious than had existed during the war. The reader of this history cannot fail to trace a curious parallel between those events and some that have happened in our own times. A newspaper war between two countries in a time of peace ; French officials and official organs abusing England day by day, while the head of the French government pursued vindictively those who used the press against himself in a country where that press was free.

Probably Bonaparte was exasperated more by one of the eloquent orations of Sheridan, than by all the attacks, newspaper and parliamentary, directed against him. In that oration it was said, "The destruction of this country is the first vision that breaks on the French Consul through the gleam of the morning, this is his last prayer at night, to whatever Deity he may address it ; whether to Jupiter or Mahomet, to the Goddess of Battles, or the Goddess of Reason. Look at the map of Europe from which France was said to be expunged, and now see nothing but France. If the ambition of Bonaparte be immeasurable, there are abundant reasons why it should be progressive."

Such was the position of the founder of the French empire, at the period when the peace of Amiens gave the world a short reprieve from the ravages of war.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## THE FOUNDER OF THE BONAPARTE DYNASTY AND HIS PRINCIPLES—(continued).

"With worship France proclaims  
Her approbation."—WORDSWORTH.

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud must be."—POPE.

Soon after the peace of Amiens was ratified various treaties into which the First Consul had entered with Spain, Portugal, Turkey, &c., which in their spirit were considered hostile to Europe, were made public. These had been carefully concealed until the ratification of the treaty made it certain that they could not interrupt the negotiations which led to it. When the secrets of these different treaties came out, the effect upon the mind of England and Germany was instantaneous, and the trick and cunning amounting to treachery displayed in such transactions, armed England and the great Powers of the Continent with strong resentment.

War between England and France was soon resumed. The conduct of the First Consul was utterly at variance with the law of nations and those rights of men, about which he had been so bombastic a declaimer when it suited his purpose to be so. He invaded Holland; seized Hanover because it was connected with England by the crown, although a part of the Germanic confederation, with which he was at peace. French troops were marched into the south of Italy, and Naples was overrun. The seizure of Hanover was followed by exactions the most heavy, and these were extended to Bremen, Hamburg, and the Hanse towns generally. All the free cities contiguous to Hanover were literally plundered to supply the French exchequer. He who boasted himself as the champion of European liberty, became a sort of political burglar, robbing free

cities and independent states as suited the need or greed of his government. The soldiers of the Consul had free quarters upon countries which had offered no provocations to the great political highwayman by whom they were plundered.

Flushed with the success of such inglorious warfare, he again meditated the invasion of England, and crowded the coasts of France and Holland with his armies to menace the shores of Great Britain. England gave a characteristic response, her people flew to arms, her fleets scoured the seas, blockading the harbours which Bonaparte had seized, and cutting out ships from the ports of France; 550,000 soldiers and volunteers in Great Britain defied France. Pitt, who had retired from the councils of the king, was again restored to power. He was nominated to the head of the government, March, 1804. The advent of Pitt to the chief authority in the ministry, inspired the whole country with enthusiasm, and England resembled one vast camp. It was universally believed that Pitt was the man for the emergency; that he was superior to Napoleon as a politician and statesman, and equalled him in vigour of administration. His patriotism was believed to be disinterested and pure. Probably, the effect produced upon the enthusiasm of the people of England by the restoration of Pitt to the British Cabinet, was one of the most potential influences in undermining the power of Napoleon, ere yet that power had attained its

supreme elevation. *Aspice finem* is a good guide in politics, and those who lived at the time when the First Consul roused the full might of England might have foreseen the issue. Those who live in the present day can entertain no surprise at the potential influence of Pitt upon the patriotism of the English, and upon the destinies of Bonaparte, who have read Lord Macaulay's character of the great minister. The Titian of English prose, as Bulwer styles his lordship, thus characterises Pitt, and the delineation, which is faithful, accounts for his power :—

"Pitt was proud, but his pride, though it made him bitterly disliked by individuals, inspired the great body of his followers in parliament and throughout the country with respect and confidence. They took him at his own valuation. They saw that his self-esteem was not that of an upstart who was drunk with good luck and with applause, and who, if fortune turned, would sink from arrogance into abject humility. It was that of the magnanimous man, so finely described by Aristotle in his *Ethics*, of the man who thinks himself worthy of great things, being in truth worthy. It sprang from a consciousness of great powers and great virtues, and was never so conspicuously displayed as in the midst of difficulties and dangers, which would have unnerved and bowed down any ordinary mind. It was closely connected, too, with an ambition which had no mixture of low cupidity. There was something noble in the cynical disdain with which the mighty minister scattered riches and titles to right and left amongst those who valued them, while he spurned them out of his own way. Poor himself, he was surrounded by friends on whom he had bestowed three thousand, six thousand, ten thousand a year. Plain Mister himself, he had made more lords than any three ministers who had preceded

him. The Garter, for which the first dukes in the kingdom were contending, was repeatedly offered to him, and offered in vain."

The invasion of England occupied the mind of France, and indeed of all Europe up to the period when Bonaparte became Emperor. In his conversations with Barry O'Meara, the captive of St. Helena always affirmed that he was only prevented from invading England by unforeseen accidents. God had, however, raised up Nelson as an instrument to thwart the efforts of the Consul. The skill of the great English sailor prevented the would-be invader from obtaining the forty-eight hours' command of the channel, which O'Meara says was all Bonaparte required to conduct his flotilla in safety to our shores. According to the same authority, one victory, which the Consul considered himself sure of, would have enabled him to march from the coast of Kent to London, where he would have proclaimed a Convention, set the poor against the rich, and yet by promising security to the property of the latter, have obtained the submission of such of them as had not by timely flight made it otherwise safe. That contempt for principle which animated himself led him to disbelieve the existence of faith, honour, and patriotism in the minds of others. He treated all men on the supposition that "every man had his price." Napoleon I. probably did not assure himself that a landing on the Kent coast would lead so certainly and speedily to victory. In case of an invasion by this daring adventurer he would have met with a resistance, in the first instance, skilful and intrepid. The language of Wordsworth was justified by the spirit of the people :—

"Vanguard of liberty! ye men of Kent,  
Ye children of a soil that doth advance  
Its haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment."

Nor could the enemy of national liberty have landed on any other part of the shores of Great Britain with any hope that a less determined resistance would be offered to him. Sir Walter Scott's song to the volunteers of Edinburgh, uttered the feelings which prevailed everywhere in North Britain. Probably there was not a man in Scotland whose heart did not respond to the sentiment of Sir Walter, as he sang :—

"If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tricolor,  
Or footsteps of invader rude,  
With rapine foul and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore—  
Then farewell home! and farewell friends!  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide  
Where charging squadrons furious ride,  
To conquer or to die."

Breath of British gale did fan the tricolor in our day, as the symbol of a great people in alliance with us, but no Frenchman has planted it in hostility upon our shores.

Even in Ireland, where the French effected repeated partial landings without success, they would have been encountered with an ardent loyalty by a large section of the community; and among those in that country who sympathised in French principles, the reception of the invader would have been cool, if not hostile.

Robert Emmett, the celebrated Irish patriot, who sealed with his life the sincerity of his opinions, in the year 1803, when all Europe rang with the boasts of Bonaparte and the tidings of the projected invasion, spoke from the footsteps of the tribunal which pronounced his death sentence, the following burning words to his country :—

"Oh my countrymen! if the French land upon your shores, meet them with the sword in one hand and the torch in the other. Imolate them in their boats before they land, and your country be polluted by the footsteps

of a foreign foe. But if you must retire before superior numbers, dispute every inch of ground; burn every blade of grass as you recede; place your wives and children upon the funeral pile of your country; fight until the last man falls, having first set fire to that pile upon which your dearest and your last hopes shall perish with you."

With such a spirit animating the three kingdoms, Napoleon would have invaded any of them only to be ruined in the undertaking. This subject has obtained a new importance in our own times. Previous to the breaking out of the war in Italy, rumours of French preparations for an English invasion were almost as rife upon the Continent and in England, as they had been in the last years of the Consulate and the first of the Empire. Genoa, where French fleets and armies formed a place of support for operations in Italy, was one of the alleged points of debarkation for the invaders. Nelson watched Genoa when Napoleon I. threatened England: who can yet tell whether British admirals may not have a similar duty when Napoleon III. is the conqueror of Italy? This also can only be answered by Italian freedom and valour.

In tracing the rise of the Bonaparte dynasty a period is now reached to which all before pointed, and to which all subsequent history in France points back.

On the 30th of April, 1804, Curée moved in the tribunate, "That it was time to bid adieu to political illusions—that victory had brought back tranquillity—the finances of the country had been restored, and the laws renovated—and that it was a matter of duty to secure those blessings to the nation in future, by rendering the supreme power hereditary in the person and family of Napoleon." The resolution was carried in the tribunate, only one voice, that of Carnot, being against it. He,

in a speech of singular wisdom, eloquence, truth, patriotism, and courage, denounced the proceeding.

The legislative body adopted the resolution of the tribunate. A *senatus consultum* declared the First Consul Emperor of the French, the Empire to descend in the male line of his descendants: in case of having no son, Napoleon might adopt any son or grandson of his brothers as his heir: in default of such adoption, Joseph and Louis Bonaparte were named as the next heirs of the crown (Lucien and Jerome being passed over, as they had both given offence to Napoleon by their marriages). The members of Napoleon's family were declared princes of the blood of France.

Curée had, in a phrase, described the whole conduct of Napoleon during his previous public life, when he said, "It is time to bid adieu to *political illusions*." Such were the professions of principle, the promises, and the public oaths of Napoleon—"Political illusions!" He never intended a policy based upon the liberties of France when he swore to maintain them; he never contemplated the freedom of nations when he went forth as their armed liberator. What did Napoleon III. purpose when he swore to be true to the Republic of 1848? What did he intend in 1859, when he flaunted the tricolour over the plains of Italy as their liberator? The history of the dynasty must be studied to guide the opinions of the reader, and the policy of England in the present and the future.

The decree of the Senate in favour of Napoleon I. was sent for confirmation to the departments, to be confirmed by universal suffrage. France was nearly as populous then as now; half a century has only added a few millions to the numbers of her people, although that of England has advanced in an extraordinary manner. Of the thirty millions of

French, more than three millions voted for the Empire, more than three thousand voted against it. The report of the prefects was made on the 1st of December. Napoleon, however, treated universal suffrage as he did all other forms of liberty—as a "political illusion." He did not wait for so slow a decision. He foresaw that the great mass of the people would not vote at all, that they were indifferent by what title the dictator, as Carnot termed him, should be called. The First Consul, therefore, put off his consular robes on the 18th of May, and assumed the purple.

The grand ceremony was received by the people with a coldness which must have chilled the Bonapartes and their adherents. His brothers and partisans received eagerly from the autocrat the glittering baubles by which their servitude and their official stations near the throne were to be distinguished. There were men of talent among the new functionaries; but, as among those of the second empire, political morality was scarce. The court was made up of adventurers, who sought their own selfish and vainglorious ends; not freedom or good government for France, not peace on earth, nor good will to men.

The assumption of the title of Emperor rather than King disclosed fully the aims of the Usurper. His wish was to put out of sight the royalty of the Bourbons, and to revive the reign and glory of Charlemagne. Bonaparte, like his great exemplar, aspired to the empire of the West. He determined to complete the parallel, and as Charlemagne was crowned by Pope Leo, so he resolved to be crowned by Pope Pius. The Pontiff had a great aversion to inaugurate Napoleon. M. Thiers, in his work on the Consulate and the Empire, represents this high-priest as so amiable that it was not difficult to persuade him, especially when such powers of per-

suasion as those possessed by Napoleon were employed in the task. It does not appear that the Emperor was especially gifted in that way, or that he ever himself relied upon the exercise of such qualities as the partiality of M. Thiers attributes to him. In his court he was not courtly, and depended upon the suasive and elegant Josephine to regulate matters in a manner suitable to the dignity and demeanour of elevated life. M. Thiers also describes the Pope as very much influenced by the views and policy of Napoleon, which, when as General Bonaparte his sword opened for him a way of audience, he had opportunity of revealing to the College of Cardinals. The discussions connected with the Concordat led the chief priest to believe that the young General and Consul was not an enemy to the Church, and might eventually be brought to do more for it than the inane kings who bowed submissively to him whom they considered to be God's vicegerent. M. Thiers has given in this latter view the true interpretation of the policy of the Vatican. Pius was anxious to put an end to the revolutions in France, and to conciliate the great victor who ruled its destinies and those of Italy, and who also seemed likely to give laws to the world. It was not honest policy; it was doing what Pius himself considered evil, that good might come. The Emperor was as dishonest as the Pope; he cared nothing for his benediction, but desired to conciliate the priests and the Powers of Christendom, and to appear with all the acknowledged sanctions of Empire, as did Charlemagne. The Pope saw an opening for making use of the usurper, the Emperor made occasion for turning to his own account the official influence of the chief priest of the Roman Catholic world. Both used corrupt means to accomplish an illicit end, neither gained by it in the long run; on the whole,

the advantage lay rather with the Pope than the Emperor, except for the occasion itself and the short time its influence lasted.

On the 2nd of December, Napoleon and Josephine were crowned at Notre Dame. The Pope consecrated the imperial diadems, and blessed the imperial pair. Napoleon did not concede to him the privilege of placing these emblems of power on the heads upon which the papal benediction was pronounced. The great king-maker raised with his own hands the diadem and placed it on his own brow, and then placed upon the brow of Josephine that intended for her. There appeared no exultation in the manner of the new Emperor. While the Pontiff's manner was timid and hesitating, Napoleon's bearing was resolute and haughty, but also thoughtful, and even gloomy, as if the boom of the cannon of Waterloo was heard by him afar off, and St. Helena threw forward its shadow upon all that imperial pomp.

If, after the 2nd of December, 1804, there were any politicians in Europe who doubted that the aspirations of Napoleon were to the empire of the West, he soon changed their doubts into belief. Bonaparte was President of the Italian Republic while he had been First Consul of France. His agents were set to work immediately upon the proclamation of the Empire to induce the Italian senators to invite him to accept the sovereignty of Italy. Their intrigues were successful, backed as they were by the fear which the name and power of Bonaparte inspired: the hour approached for the dissolution of that freedom which had already been infringed. At the mock request of the Italian deputies, Bonaparte proceeded to Milan, and on the 26th of May, 1805, placed on his head with his own hands the iron crown said to be worn by the Lombard kings. As he did so he uttered the



words of the ceremony adopted by the old kings of Lombardy, "God hath given it to me; beware who touches it." He could not have believed that God had given it to him, except by inferring the Divine will from a permissive Providence. The blasphemy of the form in his lips did not perturb a conscience which could sustain him in gaining power in France by professing infidelity, assuming empire with the sanction of the Pope, and invading Egypt in the name of Mahomet. His titles after May, 1805, were, Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

The Ligurian Republic, then an Italian State, separate from Venetian Lombardy, immediately offered their country as "a department of the French Empire." Bonaparte was not reluctant to accept an offer, brought about by the promises and threats of his own creatures, and by the fears of a people struck with awe by such rapid accession of authority and power.

Having shown how the founder of the Bonaparte dynasty rose to empire, it is not necessary for the purpose of this history to relate the progress of the Emperor in glory and majesty. His name had already filled the world. He "made the earth to tremble, and did shake kingdoms." It is necessary, however, to notice a few points in his remaining career, politic and domestic, because they are connected with the history of Napoleon III., and throw light upon the policy which, in 1859, stained Italy with gore, and opened up so many questions concerning the future of Europe.

The ambition of Napoleon in seizing empire in Italy alarmed all Germany, just as in 1859 we saw the whole German population excited by the Italian progress of Napoleon III. England, Russia, Sweden, and Austria prepared for renewed hostile exertions. Prussia

could not be induced to join the alliance; that power temporised; and ever eager, like all the German governments, to grasp territory, she eventually allowed Napoleon to place in her possession, as the reward of neutrality, the Hanoverian territory of the King of England. Admitted to a participation of the plunder, Prussia was willing, and even eager, to sanction the raids of Napoleon upon the lands of his neighbours. England and Prussia had been old allies, the two courts were friendly; but nevertheless Prussia accepted Hanover, and held the plunder with a grasp, the tenacity of which became at last as absurd and contemptible as it was obstinate. The Prussian aristocracy were greedy, corrupt, and arrogant in the extreme, having no other policy than the oppression of the Prussian people, and the aggrandisement of Prussia, which was in effect that of their own order.

The courts of London, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and eventually that of Vienna, joined in the alliance for the purpose of compelling French troops to retire from Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy; of, in fact, restoring the independence of Europe, without interfering with the government of France. This object was just; it was also necessary to the balance of European power. In the war which immediately ensued Bonaparte was triumphant. His career of victory brought him to the palace of the Kaisers, and Russia was obliged to sue for permission for her beaten troops to retire unmolested from Germany to her own confines.

During this war Austria acted with a pride, arrogance, insolence, and injustice which Napoleon in his worst moments of impolicy never attained. The military incapacity of Austria was as signal as her political pride and folly. Prussia, finding that Napoleon was willing to give back Hanover to the King of

England, or at least connive at his taking it, as a condition to negotiations for peace, became enraged, and precipitated herself into a war in which her honour and independence were lost. The political folly and military incapacity of Prussia were as signal as those of Austria had been just before. Napoleon prosecuted the war against Prussia into the territory of her ally Russia. Poland was speedily conquered, and the Poles were taught to regard the Emperor as a liberator, precisely as the Italians were, and as the Italians are now, by Napoleon III. The Emperor avoided committing himself to the independence of Poland by any state document, but his agents were permitted to use every means, even forgery of letters from eminent Poles in Paris, to make the people of Poland sure of the intervention of the Emperor. The result was, that multitudes of Poles enrolled themselves in his army, and fought with an efficiency against the Russians much superior to that of the French. He betrayed Poland cruelly and basely—not more so than his previous policy of selfishness might have led that gallant people to expect; but his own interests and theirs seemed to be so identical, that few among them suspected treachery. His objects were to hold the prospect of a reversal of the partition of Poland *in terrorem* over those who had accomplished that scandalous project; to compel the Emperor of Russia, in order to save his Polish dominions, to become the ally of France; to form a Franco-Russian league subversive of the Anglo-Russian league then existing; and, by a division of empire, for both Emperors to control Europe, until Napoleon himself was in a condition to wave his sword and sceptre over West and East. By uniting Prussia to himself he would compel the Baltic nations to join the league, and the only conceivable means would then be open to

him for disputing the naval supremacy of England. Until that were accomplished, the empire of West and East was impossible to either Emperor or Czar, and by the coalition he believed it was possible. The Czar, beaten by the military skill of Napoleon aided by the enthusiasm of the Poles, felt compelled to negotiate. He was willing to prolong the war at the expense of England, but England considered that the independence and influence of Russia ought to be sufficiently important to that power for her to maintain it at her own pecuniary cost, while England at her own charge was waging war against Napoleon in various other directions. The two Emperors met at Tilsit. A peace followed. The two autocrats became as brothers. Napoleon cheated Alexander. He led the vain, ambitious, and weak although crafty young Czar to believe that the empire of the East was properly his, that of the West, Napoleon's. There was a show of sincerity in giving back Poland to her bondage and reinvesting the King of Prussia with his royal authority, or a quasi-royal authority. The "Continental system" was, as Napoleon thought, firmly established. All nations were forbidden to trade with England. Napoleon I. was not so good a political economist as Napoleon III., although neither has proved himself a master in that science. The first Napoleon in vain essayed to overturn laws which, like the laws of every other science, are founded in the nature of things. His "Continental system" was one of the elements of his ruin. It created a terrible reaction against him, and it needed but that, in addition to his insolent, haughty, morose, and absolute dictation in Germany, to convince Europe that his reign, at all events out of France, was an intolerable tyranny. The brave Poles found in the horrors of their despair his real character. They fought

and bled for him freely, nobly; he ignobly and faithlessly consigned them to the vengeance of the Czar, who never forgot or forgave their heroic effort to shake off the yoke. There is now an alliance between a French and a Russian autocrat. This alliance, like that concluded at the peace of Tilsit, sprung up out of a war waged by France against the influence of the Czar. Europe is now filled with rumours and discussions as to the great naval preparations of the same powers, under another Napoleon and another Alexander.

While Napoleon I. warred with such triumph against the independence of nations, he made as successful assaults upon the democratic liberties of France. His assumption of empire was ostensibly based on universal suffrage. There was a *quasi* recognition still of the French democracy. He, however, soon swept away every vestige of popular power. He established a new aristocracy; princes, dukes, and counts of the empire were created, and with every title a new hostage, as it were, was taken among the gifted men of France, for the maintenance of his dynasty. His brothers and sisters he made kings and queens, no matter where for our present purpose; royal, arch-ducal, and ducal thrones were filled by Bonapartes in every direction. No royal house in Europe, not even the Bourbons, had so many royalties as the house of Bonaparte. Corsica had become a nursery for kings and queens, such as even Saxe Coburg and Gotha has not rivalled. Napoleon was supreme on continental Europe. The Britons from their island homes defied his power, captured his ships, invaded his territories or those of his satellites, blockaded his ports, ridiculed his pretensions, and kept alive the spark of national liberty in Europe; while they gained far wider conquests in that gorgeous East, to which Napoleon's ambition was ever turned, than Napoleon could

obtain had all Europe acknowledged a sovereign only in him. From Calcutta to the Sutlej, from Bombay to the Indus, from Cape Comorin to Delhi, the antique and picturesque capital of the Moguls, England reigned. Moreover, she acquired colonies and strong military stations in every sea: France and England ran a race of glory and conquest: England won. England nearly always retained what she conquered. Her conquests were forced upon her by the necessity of protecting territory previously acquired. France rolled forth her prowess and her power like the mighty, but not always resistless sea, and, like it as it recedes, fell back, from the operation of a necessity of its own nature. The power of England was stable, and the glory of England was not tarnished by the infringement of European national independence, or the violation of the European compact.

The ambition of Napoleon led him to the conquest of the Iberian peninsula. Chiefly through the genius of the Duke of Wellington and by British blood and British treasure, the ungrateful nations of that peninsula were restored to independence. The exhaustion of the French Empire in every way by that contest precipitated its downfall. The two empires, that of Britain and France, were matched in arms in the struggle which raged from Gibraltar and Oporto to Toulouse, and Britain triumphed.

While this great conflict proceeded, fresh wars raged elsewhere. Russia seized Finland from her ally Sweden—as nefarious a plunder as any projected by Napoleon. Austria went to war once more, and once more the French Emperor sat as victor in the palaces on the Danube. Russia and Prussia again allied themselves against France.

The victories of Wellington in Spain encouraged every nation which had any strength

left to put forth another effort against the usurper. The allies were successful, chiefly because the veteran soldiers of France were called away from Germany to serve in Spain. Before the allies were able to accomplish the liberation of Germany they had to encounter great perils. New French armies swept over the whole of Germany and invaded Russia; their proud chief gave orders of the day from the Kremlin at Moscow, while Wellington, like a whirlwind, swept away his hosts from the heights of Salamanca and the fastnesses of northern Spain. Few historical facts are better known than the history of the Russian expedition of Napoleon. The disaster and sufferings of the vast and heterogeneous army with which he retreated from the old capital of the Muscovites, will be held up as warnings against ambition and the vanity of military glory until nations cease to learn the art of war any more. The frosts and snows of Russia conquered the grand army of European conscripts. Wellington and British valour conquered the old legions of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, in the Spanish peninsula. France was invaded from both sides, and Wellington was fighting the battle of Toulouse, when the allies had already conquered eastern France, and compelled the abdication of Napoleon. The autocrat of France became the exile of Elba, and Europe had for a time repose.

Napoleon in capitulating was far more anxious for the continuance of his dynasty than the prosperity of France, or of her glory, about which he perpetually made such magniloquent orations and despatches.

Leaving the founder of the Bonaparte dynasty at Elba, it is requisite, in order to understand his dynastic ambition as cherished by himself and transmitted to his successor, to return to the scenes of his imperial greatness, and examine some passages in his life which

were partly of domestic and partly of political interest, but which show the policy and aims of the dynasty as fully as do other political and personal episodes of his career already related. Scarcely had Napoleon placed the crown of empire upon his head, than his heart seemed to harden down into a selfishness more obdurate than ever. For riches he never cared; for power, authority, glory, he was insatiably greedy. For these he could sacrifice honour, affection—everything. A sense of duty—that sterling and prevailing characteristic of both Nelson and Wellington—seems to have been altogether a stranger to his breast. The more his mind became dazzled and intoxicated with victory and conquest, the more indurated his heart became, until at last he sacrificed the beautiful, gentle, loving, generous, faithful Josephine upon the altar of ambition. He resolved to divorce her. After various false-hearted manoeuvres to induce her to accede to this wish, he pronounced with his own lips the decree of separation. It is not the province of this history to record the particulars of scenes in which Josephine appears to so much advantage, and Bonaparte with so much infamy. His ambition was proved once more to be mean in its nature. The glory of victorious battle, the renown of genius, the everlasting reputation of able and beneficent legislation, the possession of arbitrary power and wide-spread empire, were with him nothing compared to *being a king, recognised as such by the old royal houses of Europe*. The happiest moments of his life, at all events after the first flush of his military successes, were probably at Tilsit, when recognised by the Emperor of Russia as a friend and a brother potentate, and when by an adulterous marriage with an arch-duchess of Austria, he was recognised by that imperial house. The man who preferred being acknowledged as a king by kings whom

he personally despised, to have virtue, genius, power, glory, and the welfare of mankind, had a soul essentially mean, whatever the greatness of its powers. Such was Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the 5th of December, 1809, five years after she became Empress, he announced to Josephine that the separation was determined. Ten days afterwards he called together his council, and in terms of specious hypocrisy declared that he was about to make this great *sacrifice for the welfare of the State*. Poor Josephine was compelled to appear before the council, and with loud sobs—her heart breaking with grief—to signify verbally her acquiescence.

Handsome provision was made for her, and the Emperor treated her personally with respect. Although beloved by all, yet Savary, Bourienne, and others inform us, that as soon as her fallen estate became known, the minions of the court treated her with coldness; French courtiers did not worship the setting sun.

She survived some years to witness the fallen fortunes of him whom she loved, and who so cruelly wronged her. Shortly after Napoleon's first abdication she died. As the grandmother of the present Emperor of the French, her name rises again to the page of history with renewed interest. On the 28th of May, 1814, she died, and was buried with some pomp and many tokens of respect on the 2nd of June. Her *two grandsons* attended the funeral as chief mourners. Her place of sepulture was the parish church of Ruel. Her children, Eugene and Hortense (mother of the present Emperor), erected over her remains a magnificent tomb of white marble, bearing the simple, but appropriate and tasteful inscription, *Eugène et Hortense à Josephine*.

When Napoleon cast off his wife he found no difficulty in obtaining the approval of his

brothers, his courtiers, and the Imperial Council. When he took another wife, they were equally ready to do homage to his will. The Church made no remonstrances against the crime of repudiating Josephine, and too readily consented to recognise the espousal of her successor. All alike studied their personal and party concerns, in spite of the claims of justice, humanity, and religion.

Napoleon waited little more than a month after the dishonour done to Josephine before he summoned his ready tools together, which he called "a grand council," to assist him in selecting a new wife. It was resolved that the Emperor should seek an alliance with the House of Austria. The Kaiser had been already prepared for such a proposal. The formal negotiations lasted twenty-four hours! Maria Louisa, Arch-duchess of Austria, was plighted to the French Emperor, as a pledge of the eternal alliance between the two states. Napoleon was sincere in wishing by this alliance to ensure peace with the Austrian empire, so long as it would not impede his designs elsewhere, and he had not leisure to dictate more thoroughly its affairs. It was not, however, policy merely, nor chiefly, which animated the Emperor, it was the desire to be married into a kingly family, and be recognised as one of the *legitimate* royalties of Europe. The vanity of kingship was apparent. For this mean passion he would forego all other things. On the 27th of February, the French Senate was informed of the will of its master.

On the 11th of March the espousals of Napoleon and Maria Louisa were celebrated in Vienna. Napoleon proceeded to meet her Imperial Majesty, and spent the first night of their union at Compiegne; Napoleon desiring in doing so to gratify his morbid vanity for following royal precedent, in imitation of Henry IV. and Mary de Medicis.

On the 1st of April, 1810, the imperial pair made their public entry into Paris. The evening of that day gave the Emperor an opportunity for studying royal precedents, not at all to his taste, nor even contributing to his vanity. The civil ceremony of the marriage took place at St. Cloud. He had gone through the same ceremony with his wife Josephine; she was still living. Balls, fêtes, illuminations, followed; Paris did not go into mourning for the degradation thus brought upon the nation in the crime and dishonour of its chief. At the fête given by the Austrian ambassador, the ball-room took fire and several persons perished. Here a royal precedent, instead of gratifying, awed him, and filled him with gloomy and superstitious prognostications, for he was reminded of the catastrophe which marked the celebrated fête given on occasion of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette.

On the 20th of March an imperial heir was born, and was hailed as *King of Rome*. The dream of Napoleon's ambition, to restore in his dynasty the empire of the West, seemed at last realised.

Napoleon fell, as a former page reminded the reader, and in the manner so well known to the world. Maria Louisa, escorted by Austrian guards, was taken back to her father's palace. Josephine, who sought no vengeance, who wept in secret the ruin of him she loved, was avenged. The queenly woman, for whom the husband of Josephine had repudiated her, was now borne away from him a captive, and he was exiled from empire by the kings, to be one among whom he bartered honour, trampled upon principle, and severed the dearest ties. He had banished Josephine from his court; her successor was compelled to swear (according to the statement of Fleury de Chaboulon) that she would maintain

no correspondence with her husband. Seldom does history disclose a providential retribution so signal. Yet, it did not end there—the King of Rome, the son of Maria Louisa, was not destined to reign in Rome or Paris, or even in Parma, the archduchy assigned to Maria Louisa;—he died young. The son of Hortense, the grandson of Josephine, is Emperor of the French in 1864. The language of the pious poet is exemplified in these strikingly judicial and retributive providences :—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm."

With the fortunes of the first Napoleon our history does not require us to conduct the reader further. No portion of the events of the present century is better known than that the exile from Elba burst from his solitude; alighted with the swiftness of an eagle upon France; found Frenchmen as eager for military glory as when "the sun of Austerlitz" rose and set upon their armies; once more occupied the palaces of the Bourbons, who fled before his terrible name; organised a new army; waged war for a hundred days; encountered the power and chivalry of England on the plains of Waterloo; was hurled back in disordered flight by the genius of Wellington and the valour of the British soldiery; became a captive on the wildest rock of the ocean; and, vanquished, helpless, hopeless, miserably perished. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

To all human cognition the Bonaparte dynasty was extinguished at St. Helena; but as the fabled phoenix arising with renewed plumage and vigour from the consuming flames, so the Bonaparte dynasty has been restored in the extraordinary fortunes of Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I.

## CHAPTER LV.

## PARENTS OF NAPOLEON III.

"Marriages are oftener unhappy amongst princes than amongst their humblest subjects."—*ESSAYS*.

In previous chapters, a history, brief but comprehensive, was given of the rise, and the founder, of the Bonaparte dynasty, and incidentally the principles of his policy were developed. Such an account enables the writer to give at once a more complete and succinct history of Napoleon III. He professes to rule in the light of his uncle's legislation. His domestic and foreign policy alike rest upon that of the founder of the dynasty. The objects of Napoleon I. are obviously taken up and prosecuted by his successor. The fuller the sketch given of the one, the more facile it is to make complete that of the other.

The maternal parent of the present French Emperor, the reader has learned from the foregoing chapters, was Hortense, daughter of Josephine by the Count de Beauharnais. The father of Napoleon III. was Louis, third brother of Napoleon I. Louis was born at Ajaccio, the 2nd of September, 1778. When fourteen years of age, he was sent to the school of Chalons, to undergo the examinations necessary as preliminary to his becoming an officer of artillery. At that time Napoleon was engaged in the siege of Toulon, and visiting his parents, who then resided at Marseilles, he induced them to allow Louis to enter the military profession.

After the re-conquest of Toulon by the French, Napoleon attached Louis to his person as aide-de-camp, and as a sub-lieutenant.

Louis was very brave, and devotedly fond of his brother Napoleon. The first time they

met together in battle, the heroic boy placed himself between his brother and the enemy's fire. He on several occasions emulated the courage of Napoleon, even when the latter showed the most cool and impassive bravery.

In the army of Italy commanded by Napoleon, young Louis acted as his aide-de-camp. He showed courage whenever it appeared to him necessary; but it might be said of him, as Sir Walter Scott said of Louis XI., "he neither sought nor shunned danger." He took a dislike to the military profession, and if he did not despise military glory, he was indifferent to it for himself. He preferred retirement and study. According to his own account, the victories of the armies of Italy afforded him no personal exultation, but he "felt a vacuity of heart, and a sentiment of deep regret, at seeing himself impelled into a career of troublesome ambition." The courage of Louis has been underrated by historians, as well as the services he rendered to Napoleon, and the risks he encountered in his brother's defence.

Probably in no author has a better summary appeared of the earlier military dangers and enterprises of Louis than the following:—

"He and the brave Lannes, afterwards Duke of Montebello, were the first who, in May, 1796, passed the Po. At the taking of Pizzighitone, Louis entered the breach, with Dommartin, the general of artillery. He was present at the driving in of the gates of Pavia, and the reduction and partial pillage of that city. At this horrible spectacle, he says he was greatly shocked, and became

thenceforward still more cold and taciturn. He was present at the battle of Valeggio, after which the Mincio was forcibly passed, with the Austrian army in front. He presented to the Directory the colours taken at the battle of Castiglione, and had the rank of captain conferred on him as a mark of their satisfaction. He was also at the battles of Brenta, Coldiero, and Rivoli; and at the memorable one of Arcola, which lasted three days, he was exposed, during the hottest period of the attack, to imminent peril. The brave Lannes fell wounded by his side; and Napoleon's horse having sunk with him in a morass, Louis succeeded in getting hold of one of his brother's hands; but, not being sufficiently strong, he was drawn along with him, and both must have perished, had not Marmont, with two subalterns, extricated them from their perilous situation. This took place on the first day. On the second, Louis was charged with important orders from the General-in-chief to General Robert, and, being the only person on horseback, he was marked out by the tirailleurs of the enemy, and exposed for a long time to their fire. On regaining his brother, Napoleon expressed a feeling of surprise and joy at seeing him: 'I believed you dead,' said he; and his death had been actually announced to him by some of the grenadiers." \*

In 1797, previous to the treaty of Campo Formio, he showed military virtues of a high order while reconnoitring the enemy's outposts during eight days of incessant active duty. He was also one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp in the expedition to Egypt.

Few enterprises were more full of peril in connection with that expedition than the return of Louis in a gun-boat to France. English,

Portuguese, and even Russian cruisers, were on the watch; but after evading them for two months, often upon the point of being captured, he reached France in safety.

On the elevation of Napoleon to the consulship, Louis was made a colonel of dragoons, and sent to Normandy to suppress the symptoms of royalist disaffection to the Republic. Four Chouan leaders were tried by court-martial. Louis was ordered to preside at the court-martial, but refused. The Chouans were shot; but Louis shut himself up, and spent the day as one of mourning. He afterwards protested against the sentence of death. He used all his influence to make his officers join in these demonstrations of dissatisfaction. The fact was, Louis was a royalist in his heart; he sympathised with the Bourbons. Napoleon seems to have thought so, for he never after placed full confidence in Louis.

It has been already shown in this history that Josephine was bent upon having Louis for a son-in-law, and her motives have been pointed out. Three times he refused the hand of Hortense. He describes his own feelings, in this refusal, as being very favourable to the young lady; but he had a conviction that their characters were unsuitable. The fact was, that Louis' heart was elsewhere. He had met, whilst visiting his sister at school, a young royalist lady, who won his affections, and nearly turned his head. This was before the expedition to Egypt, and was one of the causes of his brother hurrying him away thither. Louis never seems to have lost his first love; he had not a heart to give to Hortense. Nevertheless they were married. Josephine and Napoleon, on the occasion of a ball at Malmaison, drew him aside, and made him give his consent; such was his own account of the interview and its result. "*On lui fit donner son consentement,*" says a French writer who knew the

---

\* "The Court and Camp of Bonaparte."



mind of Louis and the incident itself. On the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place at the First Consul's private residence in the Rue de la Victoire.

The agony of Louis on this occasion seems to have been intense. He afterwards described the occasion in language full of poignant grief: "Never was there a more gloomy ceremony! never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the horrors of a reluctant and ill-assorted union." He became dejected and melancholy; nor did these evidences of his unhappiness ever disappear.

Hortense was equally unhappy; at least she, according to Bourrienne, loved Duroc, the favourite of Napoleon, but her love was not requited. She could not endure the idea of marriage with Louis, for the same reason that he also was repugnant to the union—discrepancy of character. Some persons represent her as the more reluctant victim in the mutual sacrifice; Bourrienne, however, places the darker wreath on the brow of Louis. Madame de Montesson gave a ball in honour of the occasion, where it was represented "every countenance beamed with satisfaction, save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness which she might have been expected to evince; she seemed to shun her husband's very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt towards him."

From his marriage until the Empire, he served with his regiment, a part of the time only as General of Brigade, for Napoleon promoted him slowly, even when the public voice was in favour of the gallant Louis obtaining higher rank in the army. Upon the coronation he was made a General of Division. During Napoleon's absence in Germany, Louis commanded the garrison of Paris; his reputa-

tion for love of retirement and indifference to glory caused surprise in the army and among the Parisians, when he displayed, in his new capacity, the very qualities requisite for it. He partook of that peculiarity of his son Louis which is so well known; he surprised men by his fitness for undertakings for which no one expected the development of any particular capacity.

During the campaign of Austerlitz, Napoleon conceived the intention to make Louis King of Holland, where Louis commanded a corps of the French army of occupation. The Emperor was delighted with the military skill shown by his brother in protecting the frontier. Louis treated this great prize as he had that of military glory and the hand of Hortense—shunned it as much as possible.

In 1806 Holland ceased to be a republic, at the will of the Emperor, and by the same fiat Louis became its sovereign. His efforts had been unremitting to escape the honour, and he finally declared that the climate of Holland would kill him. Bonaparte showed his usual passion for kingship by his reply, "Better to die a king than live only a prince." Finally, Louis was informed that, as an imperial subject, he must obey.

On the 5th of June, 1806, Louis Bonaparte and Hortense were proclaimed King and Queen of Holland.

The new king at once determined to set himself to the conscientious and capable discharge of his regal duties, as he would have done if appointed to command an army, or do anything else for which he had no taste. He found that the French government owed the Dutch treasury three millions of florins (a quarter of a million sterling). He demanded the money and offended France and the Emperor, as both threw upon the plunder of Europe. Louis considered it an infraction of

his personal dignity not to assert the rights of the country over which he ruled. He reigned righteously, administering justice with a steady hand, promoting merit, and protecting religious liberty. He came to the conclusion that the bane of Holland was the domination of France. He found a French army subsisting upon the revenue of Holland, which did not require their protection. He found commerce restricted by the continental system, and Holland could not exist without commerce. He reduced all sinecures, and all French or sectional interests, and demanded, again and again, the repayment by France of money removed from the Dutch treasury. None of these things suited the imperial tyrant, and Louis fell under his severe displeasure.

There was no branch of the State into which he did not introduce reforms. Nothing escaped him—legal, educational, social, sanitary, commercial, scientific, literary. He displayed great powers of administration, and very comprehensive abilities. If Louis Napoleon, in France, follows the example of his father in Holland, his empire will be a blessing. The policy of his sire, rather than of his predecessor, would give peace to France and Europe, and prosperity to the French people.

Finding that Holland increased in wealth and happiness under Louis, his imperial brother thought him and his rising kingdom fit objects for plunder. Several provinces were wrested from Holland and added to the French empire.

When Napoleon desired, in the case of Spain, to go through the usual preliminaries, in making independent countries provinces of his empire, he proposed to Louis to make him King of Spain. He was happy in Holland, and refused. The magnificent honour was conferred on Joseph.

The policy of Louis towards his brother was unwise. His sympathies were not loyal to France. There was more truth in the sneer of Napoleon than the great man intended or supposed, when he called his brother "the ally of King George." Louis detested thoroughly the opinions of his brother on government, and on expediency in general. Napoleon, wearied out with fraternal endeavours to obtain the co-operation of Louis, treated him coarsely and sternly, and at length coerced him. In 1810 the quarrel between the two brothers became open and violent. Napoleon had invited Louis to reign over Holland for him. Louis seemed to forget how he came by his throne, paid no reasonable deference to his brother's vast power and capacity, and treated his advice even as an interference with his prerogative. Had Louis ascended the throne of Holland by legitimate succession he could not have resented more warmly, he would not have dared to resent so warmly, the dictation of the conqueror. It was evident in the beginning of 1810 that a breach between the Emperor and Louis must take place. The latter believed that Napoleon sought an occasion to deprive him of his kingdom, in order to annex the Netherlands to France; he therefore determined to abdicate in favour of his son—not the present Emperor of the French, who, the youngest of three brothers, was then but two years old. The language used by Louis when he came to this determination was petulant and suspicious; he placed the conduct and motives of his imperial brother before his eyes in a worse light than they deserved. Napoleon was fond of Louis, and desired to promote his renown, so far as it did not interfere with his own glory, and especially with his pride of kingship.

On the 1st of July, 1810, Louis abdicated in favour of his son. Napoleon published a

decree declaring the act a nullity, although it was precisely what he afterwards did himself in favour of the King of Rome, and bitterly complained that "the powers" did not recognise it. Napoleon sent an aide-de-camp for the heir of the King of Holland, ordered him to remain at a residence set apart for him in the palace of St. Cloud, and in a fortnight after proclaimed that Holland was annexed to the French empire.

The Duc de Rovigo represents Napoleon as more astonished and grieved at this act of Louis than by any other distressing incident which had befallen him. After a temporary stupor, he uttered, with much emotion, "Was it possible to suspect conduct so mischievous from the brother most indebted to me! When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery I brought him up with my scanty means; I divided my bread with him, and this is the return he makes me!"

The ex-king of Holland took the title of Count de St. Leu, from an estate which he possessed near Paris. The French senate decreed him an appanage of £80,000, but he refused it, on the ground that he might appear to have had it in view in his abdication. He acted with great disinterestedness; but his pride was stronger than his ambition, his wisdom larger than his prudence, his sense of obligation to an assumed duty stronger than his view of its nature and origin was either comprehensive or sagacious. He was wilful and capricious, like all the family; but he was just and conscientious. He had no sympathy at all with the aims of Napoleon, military, political, or regal; and he took no part in them, except as compelled by his brother's superior authority. He retired to Gratz, and afterwards was received by Napoleon at Paris, through the intercession of Maria Louisa. When he

heard of Napoleon's first reverse, he endeavoured to regain possession of the throne of Holland, but the Dutch knew well that to receive him would embroil them with the allies. After all his reluctance to be a king by the will of his brother, he sought, with pertinacity, to regain his throne when his brother was humiliated. One can hardly avoid thinking that he was not quite so devoid of ambition, after he had tasted the sweets of royalty, as in his earlier years. An utter dislike of his brother's policy, perhaps dashed with some envy of his success—a sort of success which he nevertheless desired not for himself—appears to have influenced his reserve. He never had the same intimacy with Napoleon, nor appeared to have the same love for him, after the marriage of Hortense had been forced upon him.

When the allies entered Paris and Napoleon abdicated, Louis received the permission of the Pope to reside in Rome, where he spent his leisure in the cultivation of literature. He at all times wrote well when describing scenery and the transactions of men. His description of the battle of the Nile, which he witnessed, was very good. His descriptions of the Mamelukes and Bedouins, while in the expedition to Egypt, were graphic, and his reflections showed ethnological reading and observation, and considerable philosophical discrimination. He wrote a bad novel, and a good politico-historical disquisition, entitled, "*Documens Historiques et Reflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande.*" This latter work has been translated into most of the languages spoken by large communities in Europe. Napoleon had some taste for writing, but no leisure, being altogether a man of action. Napoleon III. is also an author. Authorship is one of the talents of the family.

The marriage with Hortense exercised an unhappy influence, morally and politically,

over Louis, although they lived but little together. In September, 1807, they finally separated, and that circumstance had an unfavourable effect upon the mind of Napoleon towards his brother. Scarcely four months of the five years and eight months that intervened between the marriage and the separation were they resident together. They spent these few months with one another at intervals of long periods. There were three sons born to them: Napoleon Charles, who died in Holland in 1807; Napoleon Louis, made Grand Duke of

Berg in 1809; and Charles Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of the French.

The memory of Hortense has been blackened by the infamous Fouché, at the expense also of Napoleon's character. For this aspersion there is not a tittle of proof, and there is every conceivable presumption that the allegation is as great a lie as the whole life of Fouché himself. Victor Hugo has of late years indecently, intemperately, and vindictively tried to revive this calumny and some others. Louis Bonaparte always recognised and loved his children.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### BIRTH OF CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON.—EDUCATION, EARLY VICISSITUDES, AND PERILS.

"A man who loves his mother can never be wholly a bad man, and most men who have become great have traced the first springs of their greatness to the thoughts and precepts of a mother."—JOHN BAILEY, M.P.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON was born 20th April, 1808. His birth was announced with military and imperial honours; Church and State announced his nativity with rejoicing. He was—as he himself is represented as fond of repeating—"born upon the steps of a throne." He was not baptised until 1810. The ceremony took place at Fontainebleau; the Emperor and his new Empress (Josephine having then been repudiated) stood sponsors for him. There was something peculiarly heartless in this public sponsorship of Maria Louisa for the son of Hortense, the grandson of Josephine—Josephine yet living.

In the year 1816, Hortense (Duchess of St. Leu, under which title she had resided in great splendour in Paris) retired with her sons to Bavaria. The jealousy of the allies, in which Bavaria bitterly partook, compelled her to seek

refuge in Switzerland, the land of the free; but preferring Rome, and wishing to avoid too close a propinquity to French territory, such as might give umbrage to the Bourbons, she took up her residence in that city. M. Lebas, son of a companion of Robespierre, received the charge of educating the children.

Hortense and her children remained Roman citizens until 1830, when the revolution broke out in Paris which placed the crafty and treacherous Louis Philippe upon the throne. In the December of that year the Bonapartes assembled at Rome to confer concerning the family prospects. Those who were thus brought together were Madame Mère, Jerome, Hortense and her sons, and Cardinal Fesch. The Pope hearing of this meeting, intimated his desire that Hortense and her family should leave Rome. The family not accepting the

hint, Louis Bonaparte was conducted to the frontier by a troop of horse, and ordered not to re-pass it. The general agitation of Europe resulting from the successful revolution of Paris affected the Roman States, which burst into partial insurrection. The two sons of Hortense, Louis and his elder brother, joined the patriots both at the council board and in the field. This may now seem incredible, considering that by the intervention of Louis Napoleon the Pope has been kept upon his throne for years. No one believes that his views are changed; but whether the part played in 1830-1, or that since he became President of the French Republic, be the false one, who can tell? It served the Bonaparte interest to make war against the Pope in 1830. It serves the same interest to make war for the Pope after 1848. This is the probable way to reconcile the opposite lines of conduct pursued. Acting with General Ser-cognani, the insurgents repulsed the Pope's troops repeatedly, the young Bonapartes behaving with a courage worthy of their name. Louis Philippe by a fleet, the Austrian emperor by an army, interfered to protect the Pope against the Bonapartes. An edict of banishment from the Roman States was issued against both the sons of Hortense. The elder was seized with illness at Faenza, and died March 27, 1831. Charles Louis Napoleon, an exile from France and Rome, a wanderer on the earth, was the head of the house of Bonaparte, and the only hope of a dynasty for which none but he had any hope.

The Duchess de St. Len, aware that her sons were engaged in a dangerous enterprise, from which it appears she did not expect success, had made preparations for flight. She was therefore ready to depart on the defeat of her sons. Louis, the survivor, disguised as her servant, fled with her to Cannes, where Napo-

leon, sixteen years before, had landed from Elba with more auspicious fortunes.

Louis Philippe, who had aided the Pope and the Austrians in suppressing liberty in Italy, then reigned in France. He had been much indebted to Hortense for offices of generosity in the days of her power and his depression; the time had arrived to test his gratitude. Hortense and her son, all that now remained to her of the powerful connections she once had, hurried to Paris to throw themselves upon the generosity of the king. Hortense had induced the Emperor to allow the mother and aunt of Louis Philippe to remain in France during the exile of the Bourbons: he had now an opportunity to return the favour bestowed upon him. Louis Philippe could not forget that to the influence of Hortense it was also chiefly due that 600,000 francs per annum (nearly £30,000 sterling) had been allowed them to maintain their dignity.

The citizen king could do nothing in a direct manner. He endeavoured to induce them to leave France. Finding that he could not prevail in this way, he peremptorily ordered them to leave the kingdom, having first refused Louis Napoleon permission to enter the French army as a private soldier. Louis Philippe drove them out of his dominions without rendering a single act of courtesy or kindness in return for the lavish favours heaped upon his nearest and dearest relatives by Hortense, Josephine, and Napoleon. The miserly king could not part with money for any object but that of corrupting those who, by corruption, he intended to minister to his greater wealth and power. Such was his timidity while Hortense and her son remained, that, in spite of his constitutional reserve, he made himself openly ridiculous. Of course, England, the asylum of the unfortunate, first afforded them a refuge. The climate did not suit Hortense,

and they were not welcomed with that consideration and distinction which they felt they had a right to receive; moreover, they preferred living nearer to France, and where the manners of the people were more French. On the 31st of August they returned to Switzerland, and took up their abode at Arenenberg. In April of the following year Louis Napoleon was elected by the canton of Thurgovia to the rights of citizenship. This boon the canton conferred "in gratitude for the many favours bestowed upon the canton by the Duchess de St. Leu's family since her residence at Arenenberg." In another clause of the letter, written by the authorities, they declare themselves actuated by a desire to prove their "esteem for the generous character of the family, and the preference they have given to the canton."

What a contrast this conduct to that of Louis Philippe! Switzerland, except for a few courtesies shown by an exiled lady in a particular canton, had received no favours, but many injuries from the Bonapartes. The Emperor Napoleon had trampled down the liberties of the federation, yet they hospitably and generously welcomed the heir of Napoleon's house in the hour of affliction. Louis Philippe, for the most noble forbearance, and most liberal provision for his family, rendered an inhospitable, mean, and cruel return.

Louis Napoleon's reply to the canton of Thurgovia was wise and appropriate:—"In all the changes of my future career as a Frenchman and a Bonaparte, I shall be proud of being the citizen of a free nation." However becoming such a response, events have given it an air of bombast and hypocrisy. Was Louis Napoleon sincere? Did his young heart yearn for freedom when he joined the ranks of the Roman patriots, or boasted of his enrolment as a free citizen among a free people?

Or was he already so well versed in arts of personal and political hypocrisy, that in these demonstrations, whether life was perilled, or satisfaction in the possession of the enfranchisement of a free country expressed, he was only "taking up men and laying them down at his pleasure?"

At Arenenberg he pursued a course of historical study, and turned his attention more to the political principles of his uncle. As he showed less a love of national independence and more personal ambition from that time, it is but charitable to hope that it was the study of the views and objects of the Empire that corrupted the sincere aspirations of his own young heart. He also directed his studies to military affairs. He became a student of the military school of Thun, and so prosecuted the study of artillery, that he published a work on the history and application of that arm of war. The publication of the book made such an impression in his favour, that the canton of Berne nominated him captain of artillery.

Upon receipt of his commission he addressed a letter to M. Favel, vice-president of the government, asserting the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people:—

"Monsieur le President,

"I have this moment received the warrant informing me that the executive council of the city of Berne, has appointed me to the office of captain of artillery. I hasten to return my acknowledgments, for you have realised my utmost wishes. My own country, or rather the government of France, repulses me because I am the nephew of a great man. You are more just.

"I am proud of being ranked among the defenders of a state where the sovereignty of the people is recognised as the basis of the constitution, and whose every citizen is ready

to sacrifice his life for the liberty and independence of his country.

"Receive the assurance, &c.,

"NAPOLEON-LOUIS BONAPARTE."

It will be observed that, in attaching his name, the usual style of his signature was changed. He did not sign the letter "Charles Louis Napoleon," his real name. The reason of the alteration was, that his uncle had expressed a desire that the representative of the family should always prefix Napoleon to the other terms of his name. On the death of his elder brother, Charles Louis Napoleon adopted the style employed in his letter to M. Favel.

At the elections in France, consequent upon the revolution of 1848, confusion arose from this double mode of signing his name, upon which he returned to its own proper form; but on ascending the throne of the empire, he adopted the manner of the first Emperor, signing all decrees "Napoleon."

The letter to the Bernese vice-president was, with all its brevity, full of significancy. Its terms were conceived, not certainly from love of liberty, not merely in compliment to the institutions of Switzerland, but to impress France with the idea that he would be the advocate of a measure of liberty which was not secured to her by the revolution of 1830. When the letter was written, Louis Philippe was pursuing a career of corruption and treachery which ultimately undermined his power.

Louis Napoleon continued to pursue his military studies without any notable event occurring until the year 1835, when it became rumoured all over Europe, that he was about to marry his cousin, the Duke of Leuchtenberg's widow, the Queen of Portugal. He artfully took occasion of this wide-spread report to indicate his claims upon France, and

his belief that France would one day recognise them. This he did in a letter published in the journals of the day, which carefully avoided expressing too much, yet conveyed his ambition, and intimated what he held to be the duty of France. The letter is too remarkable not to give it in full to our readers. It oracularly foreshadowed the future.

"Arenenberg, Dec. 14, 1835.

"Several journals have announced my departure for Portugal, as though I pretended to the hand of Queen Donna Maria. However pleasing might be the idea of a union with a youthful, beautiful, and virtuous queen, the widow of a cousin who was dear to me, it is nevertheless incumbent upon me to contradict such rumour, being unaware of anything that should have occasioned it.

"To myself it is due to add that, notwithstanding the lively interest which must attach to the destinies of a people who have so recently acquired their liberties, I should decline the honour of sharing the throne of Portugal, were attention directed to me with such a view.

"The noble conduct of my father, who, in 1810, abdicated because he could not reconcile the interests of France with those of Holland, I have not forgotten. By his great example, my father proved to me how the claims of one's native land should be preferred to a foreign throne. Indeed, habituated from infancy to cherish the thought of my native country beyond all other considerations, I should be unable to regard anything as more important than the interests of France.

"Assured that my countrymen will not always regard the great name I bear as a ground of exclusion, since that name recalls fifteen years of glory, I calmly await, in a hospitable and free country, the arrival of the

time when France shall restore to her bosom those who, in 1815, were exiled by two hundred thousand strangers.

"This hope of one day serving France, both as citizen and soldier, animates my mind, and in my eyes, is worth all the thrones in the world."

In six months after writing that letter he was engaged in an attempt to subvert the French monarchy, and ascend the throne.

A gentleman known to the author of this history, who served on the staff of the federal army, in the war of the Sonderbund, knew Louis Napoleon well during his residence in Switzerland, up to the period of the enterprise of Strasburg (to be related in another page). That gentleman often met Louis Napoleon, and was always favourably impressed with his courtesy and personal generosity. He was then very notorious for his gallantry, his taciturnity on politics, his love of pleasure, his pursuit of objects of study and inquiry, and his complete identification of himself with the Swiss people. The gentleman, whose opportunities of observing Louis Napoleon were thus competent, has given to the author of this history the following account of the refugee's Swiss residence and adventures:—

"It was in January, 1835, when I saw Prince Louis Napoleon for the first time; he then resided at Geneva, in Switzerland, with his mother Hortense, ex-queen of Holland, who accompanied him daily, at eleven o'clock in the morning, to his tutor, now General Dufour, a native of that place. There never was a better tutor; never a man more universally esteemed. His personal appearance is very much like that of Frederick the Great of Prussia. His character is extremely mild and amiable, but firm and energetic, and as he was undoubtedly the best tutor Louis Napoleon

ever had, I may say here something more about him. At the time Geneva belonged to the French Empire, William Henry Dufour served in the great army in the engineers, distinguishing himself on several occasions; and when Geneva was annexed to Switzerland he offered his services to his own country as commanding instructor of the engineers at the central military school at Thun. In 1847, when the so-called Sonderbund war broke out, he was elected commander-in-chief of the federal army, and Switzerland is highly indebted to him for the way in which he soon brought that serious religious struggle to an end, with comparatively very little loss on either side. The old gentleman has now once more the satisfaction of serving his country, he having been appointed commander of the *corps d'armée* which Switzerland has despatched to the Italian frontier to maintain her neutrality. Dufour has also made himself a name as an author of some very valuable military works.

"This is the man under whose care the young prince was placed, and he could not have been in better hands. Louis Napoleon entered the Swiss army, and soon gained the friendship and respect of his brother officers by his gentlemanly, amiable, and straightforward conduct. He was for some considerable time at the School of Instruction at Thun, which was governed by his old friend Dufour; and at that time he published a work on military science, which surprised everybody by its depth and correctness; but although Lieutenant Louis was considered to be very clever, his old master's pen had undoubtedly much, or perhaps all, the merit of the production which brought so much credit to the Prince. Still in company with his mother, Louis Napoleon then took up his abode at the castle of Arenenberg, on the border of the lake of Constance, in the canton of Thurgovia,



where he soon became the lion of the day.

"After several years' hard work and deep studies, he chose to amuse himself for some time. He visited all the neighbouring places, made himself quite familiar with the natives, and to his credit it must be said that he never boasted of his imperial descent. However, on one occasion he could not help showing his aristocratic and princely feelings. A certain parish in the neighbourhood of Zurich having resolved to present him with the rights of their citizenship, which they considered the highest honour they could bestow even on a French prince, sent a deputation in grand gala to Arenenberg, in order to deliver to him the charter of his enfranchisement. At their arrival they were informed that the Prince was at dinner, and could not receive them; but they might go down into the kitchen if they wanted some refreshments. Indignant at the insult, the deputation at once withdrew; but Louis called them back, and graciously condescended to accept the proffered gift. He lived but for a short time in any one place, but Arenenberg was his chief residence. He tried to make himself very popular, attended political meetings, joined many jovial associations, and marched at the head of a Thurgovian rifle club, himself carrying their banner, to the great federal rifle-match at St. Gall, where he distinguished himself, not as a sharpshooter, but by some very democratic speeches. The general opinion of the Swiss people during that time was, that he was a rich and fast young man, up to every requirement of such a character, but that his intellectual faculties were not such as to enable him to work his way to the French throne. During all this time he prepared, in greatest silence, his attempt to enter France for the purpose of proclaiming himself Emperor. With a handful of men he

attacked the town and formidable fortress of Strasburg, with the firm conviction that the mere name, Napoleon, would induce the garrison to stand at his side. But he was mistaken, and taken prisoner. He was tried for high treason, and found 'not guilty;' but he had to leave France, and was sent to the United States. After some time, Napoleon, against his promise, returned to Switzerland, whereupon the King of the French, Louis Philippe, insisted upon his being delivered to France as an usurper. Switzerland refused, pleading that he was only a political refugee. France despatched an army, under the command of General Aymar, to the Swiss frontier, and Switzerland likewise took to arms, when Louis Napoleon had the good sense to save his Swiss friends from all further trouble by leaving at once for England. Since that period he never visited Arenenberg again, which is still his private property."

The above account of Louis Napoleon's connection with Switzerland, by a Swiss gentleman, is as correct and graphic as it is brief. The Strasburg adventure, however, requires a more detailed account; the materials for supplying it are ample—the public trials and Louis Napoleon's own letters.

In July, 1836, Louis Napoleon set out for Baden, to prepare for an invasion of France. At that place he made an acquaintance, who was destined to play an important part in the transaction—Colonel Vaudrey, who commanded the 4th Regiment of Artillery, then at Strasburg, the regiment which Napoleon the First had entered as a lieutenant, and in which he gained his first renown; Colonel Vaudrey was a veteran officer. He had fought at Waterloo, and was, like every Frenchman who had fought there, anxious to avenge it. M. de Persigny, afterwards an imperial minister and an ambassador to the English court, joined his counsels

to those of Colonel Vaudrey, Lieutenant Laity, the Count de Gricour, M. de Quérèlles, M. de Briec, and other French and some German gentlemen who were privy to the plot and had their part in it. A Mrs. Gordon, a lady much given to political intrigue, took a great interest in the scheme, and assisted its maturity.

Poor Hortense was all this time ignorant of the danger which her darling was incurring, and only learned the hopes and expectations in which he had dared the event, by a letter written by himself when the enterprise was frustrated. He wrote to her on the passage to New York, when deported thither, and

expounded his motives and his expectations. The letter obtained publicity, and displays a tone of candour and ingenuousness which he appears always to have adopted to his mother. He was a good son, alike in boyhood and manhood, and, during the life of Hortense, his chief concern in the perilous enterprises in which he engaged arose from the uneasiness they might occasion her. As we have now arrived at a period in the life of Louis Napoleon when his direct efforts, by policy and force, to obtain the throne of France commenced, a new chapter is demanded for their development.

## CHAPTER LVII.

INVADES FRANCE BY STRASBURG.—DEFEATED AND CAPTURED.—SPARED BY LOUIS PHILIPPE ON PETITION OF HORTENSE.—SENT TO AMERICA IN A FRENCH SHIP OF WAR.—HIS LIFE THERE.—RETURNS TO SWITZERLAND.—DEATH OF HORTENSE.

"Scarcely dared  
On expectation's strongest wing to soar  
High as the consulate, that empty shade  
Of long-forgotten liberty: when I  
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;  
Showed him where empire towered, and bade him strike  
The noble quarry."—GRAY.

THE opinion has been hazarded on a former page, that the early aspirations of Charles Louis Napoleon may have been for liberty—that his conduct at Rome, and, during his early life, in Switzerland, favours that idea. His dream then appears, from some indications, to have been to promote democratic liberty in France, and through France in Europe at large. To be a French citizen or soldier, or member of a representative assembly based upon universal suffrage, was his professed desire, and, as the words of

Gray, quoted in the motto for this chapter, express—

"Scarcely dared  
On expectation's strongest wing to soar  
High as the consulate."

The opinion has also been ventured, that the study of his uncle's policy and opinions changed the spirit of his dream. The tuition of such a teacher, as he perused his letters, manuscripts, and family records,

"Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;  
Showed him where empire towered, and bade him strike  
The noble quarry."

So sudden and complete was the change in his expectations and hopes, from the period when it is said he really studied and comprehended the opinions, aims, and policy of his uncle, that this theory of the progress of his thoughts, and his political education, is too specious to be readily rejected. The attempt at Strasburg was, at all events, the first practical issue of the study of his uncle's theories, and of his own attempts to gain the mastery of France. It also impressed his faults and follies more strongly upon the minds of both the friends and enemies of the Bonapartes. It was after the failure of Strasburg, not when Victor Hugo penned his virulent denunciation, that he was first termed "Napoleon le Petit."

When all his arrangements with his accomplices were prepared, he started from Arenenberg on the 26th of October, 1836. The next day he arrived at Lahr, a little town in the grand duchy of Baden. The axle of his carriage having broken down, he remained there all night, and next morning proceeded to Strasburg by a route which would prevent any notice being taken of his journey, or any suspicion of his intention to enter France being suspected. He arrived at Strasburg at eleven o'clock the same night, in a disguise which was effectual. He was at once conveyed by one of the confederates in waiting to the Rue de la Fontaine, where an obscure but decent apartment had been prepared for him.

On the 29th he called upon Colonel Vaudrey. The Prince did not wait to hear what plan the colonel had for their attempt to take Strasburg and revolutionise France. His Highness did not even give the colonel opportunity for any opinion, political or military, in connection with the situation, but at once propounded his own views. They were in some respects neither clear nor clever, and in other respects both. The plan itself was, in the main, that which he

attempted to carry out. Louis Napoleon himself has narrated the reception it met with from the brave and stupid old veteran of Waterloo, and the effect of this reception on his own mind. Colonel Vaudrey is described by Louis Napoleon as saying—"It is not a question of strife; your cause is too French, it is too pure to be sullied by the blood of Frenchmen. One course alone is worthy of you, because by it conflicts will be avoided. When you are placed at the head of my regiment, we will march together to the residence of General Voiron; an old soldier, he will not be able to resist the sight of you and the imperial eagle, especially when he knows that the garrison supports you." "I approved his arguments, and everything was arranged for the following morning."

It was deemed important to secure a safe rendezvous for the chief movers in the enterprise; this was selected in the Rue des Orphelins, near the Quartier d'Austerlitz. The last man of the conspirators who arrived at this rendezvous was Louis Napoleon, at eleven o'clock, the 29th. Upon his entrance a scene was made, peculiarly French. One of the conspirators had procured an old eagle from one of the standards of the 7th regiment of the line. This was clasped to the breasts of the adventurous band with every demonstration of enthusiasm. The officers of the party wore their uniforms; Prince Louis selected an artillery uniform for himself, and placed upon his head the hat of a general officer.

The whole party remained at the rendezvous until six o'clock in the morning of the 30th, Colonel Vaudrey, whose summons to action they were to await, not being of the party. The prince spent the whole night writing proclamations. A few minutes after six Colonel Vaudrey sent his demand for the party to begin the active operations of their scheme.

As the adventurer hastened to join Colonel Vaudrey, his mind was worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm; his own account of his feelings and of the scene in which he took the chief part, was given afterwards in the following terms:—"Full of hope, I rushed into the street. On each side of me were M. Pasquin, wearing the uniform of a general of brigade, and M. de Quérelles, a chief of battalion, carrying the eagle in his hand; about a dozen officers followed." In this order the party reached the barracks, and entering the courtyard, they found Colonel Vaudrey standing alone in its centre; the regiment he commanded was drawn up at a little distance, and a troop of horse artillery.

Colonel Vaudrey drew his sword, and pointing to Louis Napoleon, exclaimed to the soldiers, "Behold, the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon!" After a moment's pause, during which the troops remained in silent astonishment, the colonel harangued them on the glory of Napoleon, and the grandeur of the empire. At last, raising his voice, the colonel demanded if the Emperor's nephew could rely upon them to gain the throne from which foreigners had thrust, in an hour of disaster, the monarch of the soldiers' choice. The demand was responded to with loud cries of "Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!"

Louis himself then addressed the troops. He reminded the regiment that in it his uncle had first been captain, that by its aid he had recaptured Toulon, and that it opened to him the gates of Grenoble on his return from Elba. The prince wound up his harangue by saying, "Soldiers, new destinies are reserved for you. To you is accorded the glory of commencing a great enterprise—to you is it given first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram!" He then took the eagle from the hands of M. de Quérelles, and presented it to the regi-

ment, as the emblem of past and future glory, and then exclaimed in a manner intensely excited, "Soldiers! will you not rally round this noble standard, which I confide to your honour and your courage? Will you refuse to march with me against the betrayers and oppressors of our country, to the cry of 'Vive la France. Vive la liberté!'"

The regiment was traditionally devoted to the Bonapartes, and they gave vent to their loyalty to that dynasty by shouts, brandishing of swords, and renewed cries of "Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!"

The leaders marched, followed by the troops, the band playing, to the quarters of General Voirol, the commander of the garrison. Before taking this step two precautionary measures were adopted, files of men were sent to arrest the prefect, and to compel the government printer to issue proclamations in the name of Napoleon. As the troops marched along, the whole population was aroused, and made every demonstration of sympathy with his cause. Louis Napoleon himself described his reception as one of unbounded enthusiasm. The terms he employed, and the representations he made must have been exaggerated, for in the hour of trial the populace failed him.

When the party arrived at the hotel of the general, Louis Napoleon, accompanied by Colonel Vaudrey, M. Pasquin, and two officers, ascended to his room; the eagle was borne into his presence. He pleaded his oath to Louis Philippe as obligatory upon him. Colonel Vaudrey appealed to Napoleon's star, in terms of fanatical excitement; but the general thought that "the star" could not absolve him from his oath. The Prince talked of the eagle and the tricolour, and was astonished how the oath of General Voirol could be allowed by that veteran to interpose when the call of a Bonaparte and "his destiny" required

the violation. The old general warned the Prince that his enterprise would fail, that the officers of the army would hold by their oath, and that the privates had no longer such an enthusiasm for the name of Napoleon as the particular regiment then in revolt displayed. The decided opposition of the general, and his threat that he would call out the garrison, astonished and discouraged the whole party. It was a moment of irresolution and suspense on the part of the Prince, of the most painful and perilous nature. If he took any severe measure against the general, the infantry in garrison might resent it; if he allowed the general to call out the garrison, they might yield to the voice of discipline, and obey the command of their superior officer. What was to be done in a moment of so much danger? He had bravely and resolutely met all the difficulties of the enterprise, when its preliminary perils were before him, now the decisive moment had arrived when all must be won or lost; yet fortune raised a barrier—

“How, then, when all

Lay in the far off distance—when the road  
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,  
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now—  
Now that the dream is being realised,  
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,  
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?  
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony—  
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking;  
And with success comes pardon hand in hand,  
For all 'twent is God's arbitrament.”

Louis Napoleon, with unflinching courage but abated hope, pursued his ambitious scheme. He placed a guard over the general, and proceeded to the barrack. While on his march thither events occurred of an adverse character. The captive general appealed to the soldiers in whose custody he had been placed to remember their oath; they answered him with vociferations of attachment to the name of Napoleon. The old veteran

succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and escaped from his durance. This was a turning-point in the transactions of the day. Louis Napoleon advanced to the barrack, which lay at the end of a narrow alley, from which there was no egress but by the way he entered. The space before the barrack was very limited, and, consequently, Louis Napoleon and his band were hemmed in, as he himself expressed it, “between the rampart and the soldiers' quarters.” The soldiers came out in crowds to see what was the matter, the Prince addressed them, and the majority replied by shouts of “Vive l'Empereur.” He requested them to return for their arms, but, as they did so, the officers insinuated that it was not Napoleon, but some adventurer who assumed his name; the men consequently hesitated, and the hesitation was fatal to the adventurer. He was the first of his party to perceive the true state of the case, and he counselled retreat while there was yet time, as there were other regiments awaiting the opportunity of joining his standard. That opportunity never came. Colonel Vaudrey insisted upon remaining in the barrack until the soldiers decided what course to take, which the brave and obstinate fanatic believed would be on his master's side. Some officers arrived, and ordered the gates to be closed. The Prince ordered these officers to be arrested. This bold but foolish step decided the issue of the enterprise. The soldiers were still in doubt of Louis Napoleon's identity, and were therefore not prepared to see their officers made prisoners; they rescued them. Some conflict and much confusion immediately ensued. There was no room for any operations of a military nature; there occurred a squabble, stones were thrown, bayonets were pointed, and, finally, the infantry effected the arrest of the chief actors in the attempt.

When General Voirol escaped from his

guard, he took measures with the officers, and thus frustrated the attempt to seduce the infantry. The conduct of Louis Napoleon was courageous in the extreme, and full of dignity in his misfortune. He and his colleagues were sent as prisoners to the new prison of Strasburg. At that place the prisoners were subjected to the interrogatories usual in French criminal procedure. Louis Napoleon's own account of the questions directed to himself, and the answers he returned, is as follows:—

"What induced you to this step?"

"My political opinions, and my desire to see my country again free, which foreign invaders have prevented. In 1830 I asked to be treated as a citizen, but was rejected as a pretender. Well, I have behaved as a pretender!"

"You aimed to establish a military government?"

"I wished to establish a government founded upon the suffrages of the people."

"What would have been your course had you succeeded?"

"To convoke a congress of the nation."

At the same time the Prince declared that he alone had organised the attempt, and claimed the whole responsibility.

After the usual preliminary questions, Louis Napoleon was remanded to prison. Immediately after, he and Colonel Vaudrey were taken out of the hands of the civil power, and confined in the citadel. The magistrates, eager to show their zeal for the throne of Louis Philippe, demanded and obtained the custody of the illustrious prisoner. These magistrates behaved barbarously. One, Lebel, superintended the custody of the captives, offering them unmanly insults, and precluding the admission of either light or air to their cell. This barbarity was put an end to by

the interposition of General Voirol. On the 9th of November that officer took the Prince to the prefecture, where carriages were in waiting, and he was hurried away he knew not whither. He was given in charge of two officers who were friendly to his person (and even to his cause), and were personally intimate with M. Pasquin.

On the 11th the *cortège* reached Paris, where M. Delesart, a personal friend of Louis Napoleon, informed him that the king had extended his clemency; that in a few hours he would be sent to l'Orient, whence a French frigate would bear him to the United States of America. While in Paris, he addressed a letter to the celebrated advocate, M. O'Dillon Barrot, soliciting him to defend all the prisoners, but more especially Colonel Vaudrey. This letter does credit to the head and heart of Louis Napoleon. He in every way extenuated the complicity of his fellow-prisoners, declaring that they were induced by him to enter into the conspiracy, and that they were carried away by the grandeur of this undertaking and the excitement of the occasion. It is difficult to reconcile with truth many of the statements of the document, but the intense anxiety to save his partisans at his own peril is obvious throughout. He politely acknowledged the king's clemency, but protested against being debarred from appearing with his fellow-prisoners to answer for himself.

There was a great deal in this extraordinary letter which was evidently intended as popular clap-trap. He well knew that no arguments or statements of his would save his companions, and that any mis-statements to screen them would be soon found out. His defence of himself was intended to commend his cause to France. The letter was generous in tone and statement, but so cunning, and withal so obviously a trick to catch popularity, that

it failed to gain for the author all the credit which its ability and high tone of generosity would have otherwise acquired for it.

The Prince was hurried away to l'Orient, and borne thence in a frigate to the United States. This sentence, it is alleged, was the suggestion of his mother, as the only method of saving him from the guillotine or perpetual imprisonment. At all events she accepted it as a boon, and pledged herself in his name that he should not return to Europe. This pledge satisfied the fears of Louis Philippe, and hence the clemency of that monarch to his rival and foe. It is universally credited that the fate of Louis Napoleon would have been a hard one, had not his mother hurried to Paris and besought the king to spare her only surviving child. Louis Philippe believed that the affair of Strasburg would deprive Louis Napoleon of all *prestige* derived from his name, and that he might safely let him go. The king was, in this instance, as on so many occasions when he was regarded as acting cunningly and cleverly, at fault. The judgment of very cunning persons is seldom clear, and Louis Philippe was a remarkable exemplification of the fact.

On his way to the United States, the unfortunate Prince wrote to his mother a long account of his aims, hopes, and means of carrying out the attempt at Strasburg. He also gives in that letter a narrative which is truthful in its air, and tolerably consistent in its statements of the events of his failure to revolutionise France from a remote provincial barrack.

In his letter to Hortense there are several touches of sentiment and feeling, which relieve the harder features of the Prince's character; from among them may be selected the following:—

"This is New Year's Day . . . . . I am

1,500 leagues from you, in another hemisphere; but, happily, thought travels over all this space in less than a moment. At half-past four we dined. As we were at that time in 17° longitude west of Constance, it was seven o'clock at Arenenberg. You were then at dinner also, probably; and I drank to your health, pleasing myself with the thought that you were at the same time, perhaps, drinking to me."

It would appear that love, in its purer flame, warmed the breast of the calculating and plotting conspirator, which Louis Napoleon then was; for in the letter from which the above extract is taken, he refers to his betrothed cousin, Matilda, and details to his mother an incident which occurred when he went to bring home Matilda, which made a superstitious impression upon his mind:—

"When, on re-entering the park, I found a tree which had been levelled by a storm; and I said to myself, 'Our marriage is fated to be broken off.' What I vaguely guessed at is now realised; and now, in 1836, is all the happiness which was destined for me exhausted?"

On his arrival in the United States, he engaged himself in study. His inquiries at that time referred to political and social questions, such as were suggested by the condition, government, laws, and policy of the American people of the federation. He also found leisure for the study of natural philosophy. He had only been three months in the States when he made ready for a journey of science and inquiry in Central America. It is possible that he also intended his visit to that part of the American continent for political study, as already the Central American question was agitated, and he could not but have foreseen that such a subject of debate between nations might some day create

complications in Western Europe, and between Western Europe and the United States, of a nature which, if his "star" ruled well, it might happen for him to solve. His exploits in America, whatever they were, or were likely to become, were suddenly terminated by a letter from his loved mother, informing him that she was about to undergo a surgical operation which might possibly prove fatal, and requiring him to hasten to her side. This letter was dated the 3rd of April, and on receipt of it he embarked for Europe, and once more returned to Switzerland, and took up his abode at Arenenberg.

During his residence in the United States he was an object of much curiosity to the American citizens, but refused, with uniform good taste and much resolution, to be "made a lion of." During his residence of a few months' duration in the cities of the American Union, he was much calumniated in Europe by the emissaries of Louis Philippe, who, —resorting to his favourite methods of warfare, corruption and detraction—sent his hired minions about, representing Louis Napoleon as living a life so immoral and degrading as to preclude him from ever obtaining the confidence of Frenchmen. The object of Louis Philippe, his ministers, and partisans, was to disgust the respectable classes in France with Louis Napoleon's character, and in this way lessen the hopes of his abettors, and at the same time prove to the country that the only hope of good government and a moral court lay in the rule of the Orleans dynasty. That Louis Napoleon's character suffered severely from the efforts of his political opponents to defame him, is beyond question, and that such efforts were attended by sufficient success to influence the French people against his pretensions, no one can doubt who remembers the tone of French society twenty years ago.

A confutation of the allegations of low and disreputable living on the part of Louis Napoleon has been given by one of the most eminent officers of the American navy—a gentleman in whose word the citizens of the United States place entire confidence. The following extracts from a letter written by that officer will satisfy the readers of this history as to the portions of Louis Napoleon's life to which they refer. The letter was written by Captain Stewart during the Crimean war, and appeared for the first time in any book, in a work written by the author of this work, entitled "A History of the War against Russia."

"His favourite topics, when we were alone, were his uncle the Emperor, his mother, and others of his immediate family in whom he had been deeply interested; his own relations to France by birth and imperial registry; the inducements which led to the attempted revolution at Strasburg; the causes of its failure; and his chief support under the mortification of the result: 'The will of God,' to use his own words, 'through a direct interposition of his Providence; the time had not yet come.'

"He seemed ever to feel that his personal destiny was indissolubly linked with France; or, as his mother, Hortense, expressed it in her will, 'to know his position;' and the enthusiasm with which at times he gave utterance to his aspirations for the prosperity, the happiness, and the honour of his country, and to the high purposes which he designed to accomplish for her as a ruler, amounted, in words, voice, and manner, to positive eloquence. Had I taken notes of some of these conversations, they would be considered now, when his visions of power and earthly glory are realised, scarcely less epigrammatic and elevated in thought, or, as related to himself, less prophetic, than many which have



been recorded from the lips of the exile of St. Helena.

"He was winning in the invariableness of his amiability, often playful in spirits and manner, and warm in his affections. He was a most fondly attached son, and seemed to idolise his mother. When speaking of her, the intonation of his voice and his whole manner were often as gentle and feminine as those of a woman. It had been his purpose to spend a year in making a tour of the United States, that he might have a better knowledge of our institutions, and observe for himself the practical workings of our political system. With this expectation, he consulted me and others as to the arrangement of the route of travel, so as to visit the different sections of the Union at the most desirable seasons. But his plans were suddenly changed by intelligence of the serious illness of Queen Hortense, or, as then styled, the Duchess of St. Leu, at her castle in Switzerland. I was dining with him the day the letter conveying this information was received. Recognising the writing on the envelope as it was handed to him at table, he hastily broke the seal, and scarce glanced over half a page before he exclaimed, 'My mother is ill! I must see her. Instead of a tour of the States, I shall take the next packet for England. I will apply for passports to the Continent at every embassy in London, and, if unsuccessful, will make my way to her without them.' This he did, and reached Arenenberg in time to console by his presence the dying hours of the ex-queen, and to receive in his bosom her last sigh.

"After such opportunities of knowing much of the mind, and heart, and general character of Louis Napoleon, it was with great surprise that I for the first time read, in a distant part of the world, when he had become an

emperor, representations in the public journals of his life in New York (and New Orleans too, though he was never there) which would induce a belief that he had been, when here, little better than a vagabond—low in his associations, intemperate in his indulgences, and dissipated in his habits. In both eating and drinking he was, so far as I observed, abstemious rather than self-indulgent. I repeatedly breakfasted, dined, and supped in his company, and never knew him to partake of anything stronger in drink than the light wines of France and Germany, and of these in great moderation. I have been with him early and late, unexpectedly as well as by appointment, and never saw reason for the slightest suspicion of any irregularity in his habits.

"Louis Napoleon may have had some associations in New York of which I was ignorant; and he, like Dickens, and other distinguished foreigners, may have carried his observations, under the protection of the police, to scenes in which I would not have accompanied him. If he did, I never heard of it, and have now no reason to suppose that such was the fact. But that he was an *habitué*, as has been publicly reported, of drinking saloons and oyster cellars, gambling houses, and places of worse repute, I do not believe. I can recall to my recollection no young man of the world whom I have ever met, who, in what seemed an habitual elevation of mind, and an invariable dignity of bearing, would have been less at home than he was in such associations.

"There was, however, in New York, at the same time, and for the same period, a Prince Bonaparte, who was, I have reason to think, of a very different character. His antecedents in Europe had not been favourable, and his reputation here was not good. He, too, was in exile, but not for a political offence. He may not have been received in society, and

may have had low associations. I met him, but from this impression, formed no acquaintance with him. For the same reason the intercourse between him and his cousin was infrequent and formal. All that has been said and published of the one may be true of the other; and in search for the reminiscences of the sojourn in New York of Louis Napoleon, on his elevation to a throne fifteen years afterwards, it is not difficult to believe that those ignorant of the presence here, at the same time, of two persons of the same name and the same title, may have confounded the acts and character of the one with the other. This, I doubt not, is the fact; and that however general and firmly established the impression to the contrary may be, the reproach of a disreputable life here does not justly attach itself to him who is now confessedly the most able, the most fortunate, and the most remarkable sovereign in Europe.

“C. S. STEWART, U.S. Navy.”

Louis Napoleon remained in Arenenberg until his mother's death, which took place on the 5th of October. He was much affected by her death, manifesting most bitter grief on occasion of her obsequies. The French government supposed that he would return to the United States, according to the pledge made to Louis Philippe by Hortense. It is possible that so long as she lived he would have felt himself bound by her word, but he averred, that having been no party to the promise she made, he was not bound in honour to abide by it at all, nor by filial duty after her decease, if at any time. He accordingly remained in Switzerland, publishing manifestoes, and acting generally in a way which irritated the French government, but which well enough answered his policy of keeping up his name before the public of Europe, more especially France.

In 1838 Lieutenant Laity, one of the adventurers at Strasburg, published a pamphlet justifying that enterprise. The French government prosecuted the lieutenant. While under prosecution, Louis Napoleon directed a letter to him, ostensibly one of sympathy, but, as it was addressed to the sufferer through the public prints, it of course still further exasperated the French government, and ensured the conviction and heavier punishment of Laity. That it would have such an effect was obvious to every one who perused it. Louis Napoleon, however, found it an excellent occasion for a political manifesto, that was sure to be read because of the interest attached to the trial, and he did not scruple to sacrifice the brave and faithful follower to expediency. The letter itself is ably written for its real purpose, and has become an historical document of great importance from the prophetic language employed in it. It is impossible to read the assertions made as to the extensive ramifications of the Napoleon party, without perceiving that Louis Napoleon thoroughly understood France, its conditions, principles, parties, modes of political thought, and prospects. Louis Philippe was then in the height of his power. He believed, and the great mass of men all over Europe believed, that “the Citizen King” had founded a dynasty, and that his power and authority were lasting as the resources and energies of France. Louis Napoleon knew better; he saw what other men, politicians and statesmen, failed to see—that “the cause” of Napoleon was deeply rooted in the minds of Frenchmen, and that, even the men who waited in the chambers of the king, numbered among them adherents to the ideas of government and foreign policy propagated by Napoleon I. The following is a correct translation of the letter which produced such sensation at the time, and which seems like the writing of

seer, when read in the light of the events which have since occurred:—

“Arenenberg, July 2, 1838.

“My Dear Laity,

“You are going, then, to appear before the Court of Peers, because you had the generous devotion to reproduce the details of my enterprise, to justify my intentions, and to repel the accusations to which I have been subjected. I do not understand what importance the government can attach to the publication of this *brochure*. You know that, in authorising you to publish it, my only object was to rebut the base calumnies with which the organs of the ministry have covered me during the five months I was in prison or at sea. It concerned my honour, and that of my friends, to prove that it was not a foolish ambition that led me to Strasburg in 1836. They say that your book is evidence of a new conspiracy, while, on the contrary, it defends me from the charge of having ever conspired; and it is stated in its earlier pages that we waited nearly two years before we published the details which related to me, when men’s minds might be calmed, and capable of judging the matter without animosity or prejudice.

“If, as I would fain believe, a spirit of justice animates the Court of Peers—if it is as independent of the executive power as by the constitution it should be—there is no possibility that it will condemn you; for, as I cannot too often repeat, your pamphlet is not a new call to revolt, but a true and simple explanation of a matter which has been misrepresented. I have no dependence in the world but public opinion—nothing to sustain me but the esteem of my fellow-countrymen. If I am not allowed to defend myself, nor my friends allowed to defend me against unjust calumnies, my fate must be most cruel. You

know my friendship for you well enough to feel how much I am pained at the idea that you should become the victim of your devotion; but I also know that, with your noble character, you suffer in a popular cause with resignation. You will be asked, as certain journals have already asked, Where is the Napoleonic party? The party is nowhere, but the cause everywhere. The party is nowhere, because my friends are nowhere organised; but the cause everywhere has partisans, from the workshop of the artisan to the council-chamber of the king—from the barrack of the soldier to the palace of the marshal of France. Republicans, *juste milieu*, Legitimists—all who wish for a strong government, real liberty, and dignity in the executive power—all these, I say, are Napoleonists, whether they avow it or not; for the imperial system is not a bastard imitation of the English or the American constitutions, but a formula of government founded on the principles of the Revolution; it is a hierarchy in democracy, it is equality in law, the recompense of merit; it is, in fine, a colossal pyramid, with broad base and lofty head.

“Say, then, that in authorising you to issue this publication, my object was not now to disturb the tranquillity of France, nor to revive ill-suppressed passions, but to show myself to my countrymen such as I am, and not as interested enmity has pictured me. But if, one day, the conflicts of parties should overturn the powers that be (the experience of fifty years past allows of such a supposition), and if, accustomed as for the last three-and-twenty years they have been to set all authority at naught, they sap the foundations of the social edifice—then, perhaps, the name of Napoleon may prove an anchor of safety for all that is generous and truly patriotic in France.

"For this reason I hold, as you are aware, that the honour of the eagle of the 30th of October should remain intact; notwithstanding its defeat, and that people should not take the nephew of the Emperor for an ordinary adventurer. You will be asked, no doubt, what authority you have for the assertions you will advance; you may reply, that you derive them from me, and that I declare, upon

my honour, that they were guaranteed to me by credible men.

"Adieu, my dear Laity. I would still hope in justice, if present interest were not the exclusive *morale* of parties.

"Receive, &c.,

"NAPOLEON-LOUIS."

Laity was condemned; the letter was his ruin.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

VIRTUAL EXPULSION FROM SWITZERLAND.—FINDS REFUGE IN ENGLAND.—HIS LIFE THERE.—EXPEDITION TO BOULOGNE.—DEFEAT AND CAPTURE.—TRIAL AND CONVICTION BY THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

"The prize is worth the hazard of the undertaking."—NAPOLEON I., *on the policy of invading England.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE became alarmed, or pretended to be so, in order to find a pretext for insulting Swiss liberty, for never could tyrant endure freedom less than "the Citizen King." His Majesty demanded the expulsion of Louis Napoleon from the cantons. The Swiss asserted the right of asylum, and with the heroism so characteristic of that gallant little nation, prepared for war. Louis Napoleon was unwilling to allow matters to pass to such an extremity, and addressed a public letter to M. Landaman, the President of the Diet, expressing his intention immediately to leave Switzerland. This letter gave him a new opportunity for a Napoleonist manifesto, and he made it available cleverly. He and his friends took great credit for the generosity and disinterestedness displayed in foregoing the rights of Swiss citizenship rather than involve in war the country to whose hospitality he was so much indebted. It would, however, have been more generous and just if he had withdrawn from Switzerland before

he had put the country to so much cost in preparing for an unequal contest. It was improper in every way to have caused a whole nation anxiety and danger on his account; but the greater the hubbub, the more it suited his policy of keeping himself notorious, and so engaging the attention of France.

In September, 1838, "the Pretender," as the Orleanists called him, sought and found a refuge in England. This was the second time he had found safety there when persecuted by his enemies. It suited his turn to be very complimentary to the nation which afforded him the last hope of refuge in Europe from the arms of his powerful antagonist. He called England "the grand asylum of Europe." He was not well received but by a few persons, some of whom were persons of note. The court affected to know nothing of him—he was treated by the higher classes as a "scape-grace," who deserved any trouble that befell him, rather than as an unfortunate prince, or an unfortunate man. The influence of Louis

Philippe pursued him, although his arms could not. The Citizen King was the idol of the court, and, in the esteem of the English people, was the *beau ideal* of a sagacious and sensible monarch. The good citizens of London, especially, regarded him as a marvellously proper king. He was, all the while, full of envy and enmity towards England—hated her foreign policy and domestic institutions, and sought, in every underhand and disreputable way, to thwart her influence all over the world. Not that his policy was essentially French; he had little nationality; his policy was more selfish and personal than that of Napoleon I. in the worst days of his pride, ambition, and aggrandisement. Louis Philippe sought no glory for France or for himself, although vain of the reputation of a diplomatist, and of being able to outwit friends, enemies, and competitors. Louis Napoleon was, through the intrigues of this monarch, and in consequence of the unpopularity of the name of Bonaparte in England, shunned by the fashionable world; his position became obscure, and his circumstances straitened. His advent to England, however, created some stir. He courted publicity, and affected the greatest admiration of English institutions and the English people. He had not long taken up his abode in London, when disturbance broke out in Barbes, which was exceedingly sanguinary in its consequences. Louis Philippe suppressed it cruelly and relentlessly. The revolt was attributed to Louis Napoleon, who wrote several letters to the *Times* newspaper, full of noble sentiments, denying all complicity in the affair. He protested that if men took up arms in his cause, at his instigation, he would be at their head. He denounced with scorn men who incite others to take up arms and risk all, while the promoters of the struggle shrink from its dangers and its consequences. The whole life of Louis

Napoleon confirms this declaration. Of his personal valour none who know his character or history have any doubt. In this respect he was a striking contrast to his then successful competitor for the French throne.

For two years he continued to live in London, and it was undoubtedly the worst-spent portion of his life, unless, indeed, when on the throne of empire since, his intrigues and dynastic selfishness have created so much carnage. There were no dens in London too infamous for him to make places of resort, and very low and debauched characters were his companions. The gaming-table and the turf afforded him his chief amusements, and he was very well known in houses of infamous note as a man of desperate debauch. All that was calumniously said of his conduct at New York was unhappily too true as to his habits in London. This has been denied by some of his partisans, and admitted by many of his political friends. No person possessing the opportunities of information, to which gentlemen connected with the public press and general literature in London have access, entertain any doubts that the life of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in London was very scandalous, although many anecdotes are related of him too shockingly bad to be simply true.

In 1840 he engaged in a new invasion of France, more perilous and more unfortunate than even that of Strasburg. With a few friends of his dynasty and Bonapartist officers, he resolved upon effecting a landing at Boulogne, which, until he became President of the republic, brought down more ridicule than has probably ever been heaped upon a man capable of such great successes, and destined to wield effectually so powerful a sceptre. He and his friends hired a steam-boat in London called the *City of Edinburgh*, for the ostensible purpose of a pleasure trip to

Hamburg. He and his fellow-adventurers embarked at Ramsgate. Generals Montholon and Voison, M. de Conneau, Mesonau, Baccocchi, and about sixty others, mostly cooks and valets, formed his army of invasion. This band, with the exception of the five gentlemen, his dynastic friends, were ignorant of the destination he intended for them, believing that they were hired to promote the comfort, as servitors, of a number of very rich gentlemen on a pleasure tour. Captain James Crow and his crew were equally in ignorance. When the *City of Edinburgh* was fairly out to sea, Louis Napoleon mounted a carriage and addressed the party, announcing the glory designed for them in restoring the Bonaparte dynasty. One hundred francs was distributed to each. The Prince possessed on board a treasury of half a million of francs. The next step was to feast the recipients of the coins, and to make them drunk. For this purpose ample provision had been made. When, after the failure of the enterprise, Captain Crow, who commanded the steamer, was examined, he bore a very strong testimony as to the means employed for securing the military co-operation of the cooks and valets. "They drank enormously—I never saw such a thing." The steward of the steamer, one Hobbs, bore similar testimony on the same occasion:—"They passed the night in eating and drinking. I did nothing else but uncork bottles and replenish the table." Evidence was also given as to the venal character of the harangues delivered to the men, and the actual reliance placed upon the distribution of money.

On the 6th of August the party landed in France. The Prince bore a flag with a gilt eagle on the top, and a living eagle was carried in a cage, to be let loose as the party landed, in the hope that it would fly to the Colonne de Napoleon, and "be hailed by the people as an

omen of the success of the revolution." But his feathered majesty was too tame an eagle for the occasion, and would not soar. It is a curious illustration of the inconsistency of the opinions, principles, or policy of Napoleon III. (whichever be the appropriate term), that while so anxious to begin a revolution at Boulogne, "under a favourable omen," he accounted, in 1859, for his sudden and tame-spirited peace in Italy, by the allegation that, had he prosecuted the war, France would have been obliged to "ally herself with revolutions!" Is revolution to be encouraged or discouraged, just as it may serve the turn of the Bonaparte dynasty? Napoleon III. not only appears to "take up *men* and lay them down at his pleasure," but to take up and lay down opinions and principles with the same facility.

From Venereaux, the spot where the party disembarked, proclamations were distributed, declaring that the Bourbons had ceased to reign, and that Napoleon had named M. Thiers President of the Council, and Marshal Clausel Minister of War. With the proclamations franc pieces were scattered among the fishermen and peasants, showing that the faith of Louis Napoleon and Louis Philippe were much the same in the power of corruption with all classes of the French people. In harmony with such a belief the invader offered a large sum (an annuity of 1,200 francs) to the lieutenant of the guard. He was in hopes, not only of corrupting the commandant, but also the general. That general was Magnan, a name which Louis Napoleon has since made better known. The commandant received a letter from the Prince, endeavouring to make him the medium of corrupting the superior officer. General Magnan appeared at the Court of Peers, and produced the letter, the perusal of which excited great indignation. It is a

brief, business-like piece of corruption, such as no one out of France would suppose a French prince could ever mean for the eye of a French general :—

“My dear Commandant,

“It is most essential that you should immediately see the general in question ; you know he is a man of resolution, and on whom one may rely. You know also that he is a man whom I have put down to be one day a marshal of France. You will offer him, from me, 100,000 francs ; and you will ask him into what banker's or notary's hands I shall pay 300,000 francs for him, in the event of his losing his command.”

“I stopped here,” said the commandant, “overcome with indignation : I turned over the leaf, and I saw that the letter was signed ‘Louis Napoleon.’”

Truly Napoleon le Petit adopted the opinion of his uncle, that “every man has his price,” as servilely as the other Napoleonic ideas.

In the streets of Boulogne money was the chief reliance of this revolutionist. The 42nd Regiment was quartered at Boulogne, as it had been at Strasburg when his dynastic revolution was attempted there. The soldiers, however, were not invoked at Boulogne so much in the name of Napoleon as by the power of five-franc pieces. “You shall be well paid” occurs so frequently in the addresses of Napoleon and his escort, to individual soldiers, in the evidence given by these warriors themselves on the trial at Paris, as to strike the reader as at once ludicrous and disgusting. One cannot fail to perceive, when the affairs at Strasburg and Boulogne are compared, how each expedition was in keeping, as to its character, with the mode of life just previously followed by its hero. At Strasburg there was dignity, and a reliance upon the

enthusiasm which Frenchmen feel for a cause : at Boulogne, bribery and stage-trick were the resources. At Strasburg there was concert, a consecutive plan, and a reasonable hope of success ; at Boulogne it was the cast of a die by the hand of a reckless gamester.

It is unnecessary to detail the events of the unsuccessful enterprise at Boulogne. It was similar to that of Strasburg. The soldiers in the barrack were disposed to join the invader, and some of the officers ; but the majority of the officers at first hesitated, and doubted, and finally gained sufficient influence over their men to repel the adventurer's advances. It was the same regiment in which he found willing followers at Strasburg. The troops and National Guard increased in number, and the Prince and his party were not only driven back but pursued. In the moment of hesitation at the barrack a pistol in the Prince's hand accidentally went off, wounding a grenadier. This was the only shot fired by his party, not so on the part of the Orleanists, who killed and wounded by their fire many of the adventurers. The Prince was compelled by his party to retire to the shore in order to regain the ship. He refused to leave France, resolving to die, but force constrained him along the route of the fugitives. They reached the shore, seized a boat, and put to sea. Scarcely had they left the strand, when a body of 2,000 men arriving fired upon them. Count Dunin and M. Faure, two faithful adherents, were killed by the Prince's side, he received three balls through his clothing, one of which grazed his arm. The capsizing of the boat left no hope for the remainder, some were drowned, the rest were saved by the crews of boats sent in pursuit. The Prince, General Voisin, Colonel Bouffé-Montaubon, M. de Persigny, and all or nearly all of those of inferior note attached to the enterprise, were taken to the castle

and incarcerated. The *City of Edinburgh* steamer was seized, and its stores and armament.

At Paris great excitement was produced, and the government showed the most undignified agitation. Orders were given to arrest all who had been in any way connected with the affair of Strasburg.

The Prince was ordered from Boulogne to Ham; thence, after a short confinement, he was borne to Paris. In the interval he was shut up in a cell which had been occupied by the notorious assassin, Fieschi. This circumstance created sympathy in his favour, and was most impolitic on the part of the government.

The Court of Peers was convoked, and the Prince was arraigned before it, September the 28th.

The defence was eloquent. The speech of the Prince was a masterpiece of oratory and policy—not of mere rhetorical artifice, framed for the purpose of inflaming discontent in France. After an exordium, which was firm but courteous, somewhat haughty yet modest in form, he proceeded thus:—

“Since when, fifty years ago, the principle of the sovereignty of the people was consecrated in France by the mightiest revolution which ever occurred in the history of the world, never was the national will so solemnly proclaimed, never was it asserted by suffrages so numerous and so free, as on the adoption of the constitutions of the Empire.

“The nation has never revoked that grand act of its sovereignty; and the Emperor declared, ‘Whatever has been done without that authority is illegal.’ At the same time, do not allow yourselves to believe that, led away by the impulses of personal ambition, I may have wished to attempt a restoration of the Empire. Too lofty were the lessons by which I have been trained—too noble the examples I have had before me.

“I am the son of one who descended without regret from a throne when he believed that it was no longer possible to reconcile the interests of France with those of the people whom he had been called to govern. The Emperor, my uncle, preferred to abdicate the Empire rather than accept by treaty the restricted frontiers which would expose France to the insults and menaces in which foreign nations to this day indulge. I have not lived a single day forgetful of such lessons. The unmerited and cruel act of proscription which for twenty years has dragged upon my existence, from the steps of the throne, where I was born, to the dungeon whence I have just emerged, has been powerless alike to irritate or to fatigue my heart; it has not been able for a single day to estrange me from the glory, the rights, and the interests of France. My conduct and my convictions explain the fact.

“When, in 1830, the people re-conquered their sovereignty, I believed that that conquest would prove as loyal in its sequences as in itself, and that the destinies of France were established for ever. Instead of this, the country has undergone the melancholy experiences of the last ten years.

“I considered, then, that the vote of 4,000,000 citizens, which exalted my family, imposed upon us at least the duty of making an appeal to the nation and to seek its will. I thought also that if, in the midst of that national congress which I intended to convene, certain pretensions should have made themselves heard, I should have had the right to re-awaken the glorious *souvenirs* of the Empire, to speak of the elder brother of the Emperor—of that virtuous man who, before me, is deservedly his heir; and to contrast, face to face, France as she now is, enfeebled and passed over in silence in the congress



of kings, and that France of a past time, so strong at home, so powerful and respected abroad. The nation would then have replied to the question—Republic or Monarchy, Empire or Kingdom? And upon its uncoerced decision depends the termination of our sorrows and dissensions.

“As to my enterprise, I repeat it, I had no accomplices. I alone determined everything; nobody knew beforehand my plans, nor my resources, nor my hopes. If I am guilty towards any, it is toward my friends alone. They alone, however, do not accuse me of having wantonly trifled with courage and devotion such as theirs; and they will understand those motives of honour and prudence which prevent me from revealing, even to them, how broad and how powerful were my reasons for hoping for success.

“One word in conclusion, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle—it is the sovereignty of the people; the cause—it is that of the Empire; the defeat—Waterloo! You have recognised the principle—you have served the cause—you would avenge the defeat! No, there is no disaccord between you and me, and I will not believe that I can be destined to be grieved by the defection of others.

“Representing a political cause, I cannot accept as the judge of my intentions and of my acts a political tribunal. Your formalities deceive no one. In the struggle which now commences there is only one conqueror and one conquered. If you are in the ranks of the victor I cannot expect justice at your hands, and I will not accept of your generosity.”

It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of that speech, seen from an English point of view, if it may be believed that the opinions of the unsuccessful adven-

turer of Boulogne were those which are now entertained by Napoleon III. The Prince declared that he represented a principle—the sovereignty of the people; a cause—the Empire; but that cause involves the reversal of the treaty of Vienna, and the use of armed force to accomplish that reversal. For that treaty England can never sacrifice anything; but to reverse it, the Empire must risk everything, and despotic Europe will maintain it, unless overpowered. It is, however, the last item in the Bonapartist programme which menaces England. The Prince, in declaring that the defeat was Waterloo, and proclaiming that it remained to be avenged, issued a manifesto which he can never erase. How is Waterloo to be avenged? Will the recognition of the Emperor suffice? If so, England has done her part to satisfy the wounded honour of the French Imperialists; she has even added amity and alliance to that recognition. Is the humiliation of England, effected by force of arms, the meaning of the expression? If so, then one can understand why the power of Napoleon III.'s reign should be devoted to the increase of the French navy, the preparation of transports for expeditions by sea, and the organisation of so numerous an army. If the tone of public opinion in France be taken as an exponent, to avenge Waterloo means to invade England. What else could it mean in the mind of the Prince in 1840? The consent of the people made Louis Philippe king; his throne rested at the time upon the popular suffrage; the elder branch of the Bourbons, which Waterloo had placed there, had been swept away by a popular revolution, and those who effected the change hailed the chief of the house of Orleans as Sovereign of France. How, then, did Waterloo remain to be avenged? The royalty imposed by that

event had been removed by the people with arms in their hands, and the conquerors proclaimed another king, and might, had they chosen, have proclaimed Louis Napoleon himself. In what way did it remain possible to avenge Waterloo except by repaying invasion with invasion, and by a French army, with a Bonaparte at its head, conquering England? Louis Napoleon uttered these memorable words after a residence in England, when fully conversant with her spirit and her institutions: it must therefore be taken as a deliberate idea Napoleonic, and be set down as a part of the policy of the Bonaparte family. If France maintain armaments, especially of a naval character and for the purposes of transport, under a Bonaparte, it is time for England to beware. The words so boldly uttered before the peers of France may be uttered before the despotic sovereigns of Europe allied in an anti-English policy, "You would avenge Waterloo."

It is curious that in the speech upon which these comments are made the Prince asserted that the brother of the Emperor had claims prior to the nephew; yet when opportunity arrived of putting to the test such an opinion, "the brother of the Emperor" was not anointed to empire. It was pretended that the expedition to Boulogne was undertaken for the Imperial brother; it is clear that the *coup d'état*, a lustrum later, was made for the Imperial nephew.

It was on the 6th of October the court pronounced sentence. The heaviest punishment inflicted upon any of the party was that of Lieutenant Aladenise, who deserted to Napoleon; it was transportation for life. Louis

Napoleon himself received the sentence next in severity—imprisonment for life. The other prisoners were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying according to their participation in the expedition.

When the Prince heard his sentence he exclaimed, "At any rate I shall have the happiness of dying in France." It was certainly the wish of the Government that he should die in France, and very soon. The effect of the Boulogne expedition was not confined to those personally concerned in it, or to France; it became a subject of discussion all over continental and even insular Europe, and men everywhere thought of the possibility of France again deciding in favour of a Bonaparte, notwithstanding Louis Napoleon's defeat. In England the high conservative press mocked the failure; the leaders of the party privately lamented the attempt as indicative of the existence still of elements of danger in France. In the Duke of Wellington's correspondence there are sentences which confirm this:—"Since I wrote to you last a *terrible* event has taken place; I mean the expedition of Louis Napoleon to Boulogne. Those desirous of fomenting the existing differences and jealousies between the two countries will avail themselves of this event to promote their objects." In another letter he laid down an opinion which events have belied in the person of Louis Napoleon. "A failure in France," he wrote, "is much more fatal than such a misfortune ever is here. In France ridicule always attaches to failure; and that, no affair in France ever recovers from." The Duke lived to see the hero of this "terrible event" recover from its failure.

## CHAPTER LIX.

## INCARCERATION IN HAM.—CONDUCT AND OPINIONS WHEN THERE.—ESCAPE.

"The caged bird may fly away."—*Old Proverb.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON was consigned to the fortress of Ham, the most gloomy and dismal prison of France, and there tormented nearly a year in every way calculated to prey upon his spirit and wear him down from hope and life. The conduct of Louis Philippe to his captive was that of one who wished to murder an enemy by a miserable incarceration. For nine months Louis Napoleon bore all this without repining, but at last, in language of indignant complaint he addressed the government, demanding that whatever might be the chances of policy, the rights of humanity and of honour forbid that he, the son of a king, the nephew of an emperor, allied by relationship with all the courts in Europe, and "born on the steps of a throne," should be treated as a common malefactor. This letter obtained publicity, and the Government alarmed by its effect upon public opinion softened the rigour of the sufferer's lot.

It displays the true character of Louis Philippe to make known that Prince Louis Napoleon was confined in the apartments assigned to Prince Polignac and the other abettors of the unconstitutional measures which drove Charles X. from his throne in 1830; but Polignac and his fellows, who committed a cruel, sanguinary, and despotic crime against the nation, were, during their brief period of punishment, treated with every indulgence, and led a sumptuous and honoured captivity. The men who offended against France, who sought to crush all liberty, were imprisoned by the law, and patronised by the king; the man who offended against Louis Philippe himself was surrounded by such circumstances of constraint as turned his prison into a dungeon.

Montholon and Conneau shared the Prince's incarceration; their companionship was to him a consolation, and as they were sincere to his cause, they were in their own minds compensated for their exclusion from the world by partaking of that exclusion with their chief.

The influence of public opinion caused a relaxation in the treatment of the illustrious captive; his physician was allowed more constant intercourse with him, his servant was allowed more freely to pass into the neighbouring tavern, and purchase necessities or luxuries; the prisoner's correspondence was not placed under such rigid inspection. It suited the Prince after these mitigations of his lot to affect contentment, or perhaps he really felt it. His imprisonment in France directed the minds of all Frenchmen to him. It was their feeling that but for his energy and courage he would not have risked such hardships. The Bonapartists made the imprisonment of the Emperor's nephew a ground of constant agitation, which aided other causes in making the Government of Louis Philippe unpopular. The people at large wondered how it could ever come to pass that the heir of that great Emperor who had made France so mighty and glorious, in their esteem, should suffer as a malefactor for no other reason than loving France too well, and risking life to carry out the principles of the deceased Emperor. Gloomy rumours were circulated in all the remoter departments of the treatment the prisoner received. The audacity of the attempts at Strasburg and Boulogne was the theme of admiration even in Paris. Stories of impossible feats of courage, never attempted and for which no occasion offered, were repeated

among the workmen in the great towns, and a feeling sprung up that this heroic adventurer was the man for France; that Napoleon the Great had a successor ardent for the glory of France, and willing to dare all things on its behalf. Thus the imprisonment of the Prince at Ham was causing quietly but surely throughout France a strong feeling in behalf both of himself and the Empire. France longed for glory, and had already arrived at the conviction that it was not to be obtained through the House of Orleans. That family kept alive some interest on its behalf by affecting to work out a counter-policy to that of England; perhaps a real desire to do so was ungratefully and unjustly felt.

The royal princes were constantly parading their anti-English feeling, and in this way became centres of applause. The people, however, gradually saw that in counteracting the influence of England, Louis Philippe was merely consulting personal, family, and dynastic interests; that his aims and ends were simply venal, and his ways and means, treachery, intrigue, corruption, and delusion. The public mind step by step settled down into the conviction that there was nothing for France but a republic or the empire, and if the empire, it must be the empire of a Bonaparte. From the time when Louis Napoleon was cast into the prison of Ham, this feeling grew rapidly; he knew that, and found his imprisonment the very thing that suited his policy, and best promoted his hopes. He however adopted a course calculated to hide from the Orleanists his real feelings and expectations. He pretended to be quite happy, in simply living in France, even within the gloomy and guarded walls of a fortress. This pleased the French people, and the court felt that as the prisoner was contented, and found means of so giving utterance to his contentment as that the public were apprised of it, Louis Philippe had cleverly

solved the enigma of how best to dispose of his rival. The king had craft without wisdom, and cunning without foresight. So advantageous did the Prince find his position as a state prisoner that he did not hesitate even, before there was much mitigation of the rigour of his incarceration, to declare that a dungeon in France was in his opinion at that time the only alternative to a throne.

When the Prince lived in London he formed friendships with a few eminent persons; among these was the Countess of Blessington. To her he addressed the following letter:—

"Ham, January 13, 1841.

"MY LADY,

"I have only this day received your letter dated 1st of January, because being written in English, it was sent to the Ministry at Paris, that it might be read there. I am very sensible of your kind remembrance of me, and it grieves me to think that no letters from you previously have ever reached me. I received from Gore House but one letter from Count D'Orsay, which I hastened to reply to when in the Conciergerie. I regret deeply that it was intercepted, for I therein expressed all the gratitude I felt for the interest he took in my misfortunes. I will not repeat to you all I have suffered. Your poetic and noble heart will have anticipated all the cruelty of a position where my defence is bounded by insurmountable barriers, and my justification restrained by necessary reserve. In this case, the only consolation for every calumny, and for the hardships of my fate, is to feel at the bottom of my heart a voice which absolves me; to receive marks of sympathy from superior minds, which, like yours, madam, are separated from the common herd by the elevation of their sentiments, by the independence of their character, and whose affections and

opinions are not made subservient to the caprices of fortune or the fatality of destiny.

"I have been some three months in the castle of Ham, with General Montholon and Dr. Conneau, but all external communication is forbidden. No one, as yet, has been able to obtain permission to see me. One of these days I will send you a sketch of the citadel which I copied from a little print: for you may imagine that I knew nothing of the fortress from the outside. I often think of the spot you inhabit, and I recall with pleasure the moments passed in your amiable society, which the Count D'Orsay rendered still more delightful by his wit and natural gaiety.

"However, I have no wish to leave my present abode, for here I am in my place. *With the name I bear, I must have either the obscurity of a dungeon, or the light of power.*

"If you condescend, madam, to write to me sometimes, and to give me some details of London life, and of a country where I have been too happy not to love it, you will confer on me a great pleasure, &c., &c.

"NAPOLEON-LOUIS."

Louis Napoleon was a remarkable letter-writer. His letters are singularly characteristic of the man; and no one has more reason to be afraid of the meaning implied in the words, *littera scripta manet*. Who would have supposed, after these affectionate expressions concerning Count D'Orsay, that he would be left to penury and neglect when his admiring friend scattered millions from a throne upon subjects unworthy of royal or public favour! Yet such, to the lasting discredit of Louis Napoleon, was the fact. It is likely that the admiration and gratitude expressed in that letter concerning England may be placed in the category of politic sentences, in which that panegyricising Count D'Orsay may be placed.

At all events, it is very difficult to reconcile the passage in the speech before the Court of Peers, whose judgment consigned him to Ham, that he represented a defeat to be avenged—that defeat, Waterloo—with the profession of love to England addressed to Lady Blessington. That the desire to avenge Waterloo, rather than love of England, was the real feeling of Napoleon-Louis, is made plain by a subsequent letter, written also from Ham, in which no purpose could be served by good words about England. When, in 1843, an amnesty was talked of for all political prisoners, he indicated some alarm. There was a journal entitled the *Progrès du Pas de Calais*. Its editor, M. Frederic De George, was a personal friend of Louis Napoleon, and a Bonapartist, although ostensibly professing to be a Republican. The *Progrès du Pas de Calais* might be considered the organ of the prisoner of Ham; all his lucubrations on politics and social theories found a place in the columns of that very peculiar journal. Apropos of the rumours of an amnesty, Louis Napoleon wrote to M. De George, and the letter was forthwith committed to the journal, and was read by the public with intense eagerness. The following extract from it will account for its popularity and throw light now upon the view which Louis Napoleon took of his residence within the battlements of a French fortress:—

"You tell me that they talk a good deal in Paris about an amnesty, and you inquire what are the impressions produced upon me by the news. I reply frankly to your question.

"If to-morrow the doors of my prison were to be opened to me, and I were told, 'You are free! come and seat yourself as a citizen at the hearth of the nation—France no longer repudiates any of her children!' then, indeed, a lively feeling of joy would seize my

soul. But if, on the contrary, they were to come and offer the alternative of exile or my present position, I should reject such a proposition; for in my eyes it would be an aggravation of punishment. I prefer captivity upon the soil of France to freedom in a foreign land. Moreover, I know the value of an amnesty granted by the existing authorities. . . .

"In banishment for twenty-five years, twice betrayed by Fate, I have experienced all the vicissitudes and sorrows of this life; and having got the better of the illusions of youth, I find in the native air I breathe, in study, in the quietude of my prison, a charm which I never experienced when I participated in the pleasures of a strange people, when, the conqueror, I had to drink out of the same cup with the conqueror of Waterloo.

"In a word, I should repeat, if the necessity presented itself, that which I declared before the Court of Peers: 'I will not accept your generosity, because I know what it costs.'"

How this epistle to the Bonapartist editor contrasts with the letter to the British countess! To the lady he avowed that he had been too happy in England not to love the country. To the revolutionary editor he described his abode in England as inflicting that pain which he, the vanquished, felt when drinking from the same cup with the conqueror of Waterloo. Had any doubt existed before of the reference of the expression that he represented a defeat to be avenged—the defeat of Waterloo—the letter of the prisoner of Ham left hesitation no longer possible. His real feelings as expounded to France were that the asylum he met in England increased his resentment, for by her hospitalities he, the vanquished, drank from the same cup with the conqueror of Waterloo.

It must be admitted that when a prisoner he often expressed admiration of English liberty. Taking one specimen from many instances, he thus wrote:—"It is not only his laws which protect the (English) citizen; it is also the manner in which they are executed; it is the manner in which the Government exercises its power. In England authority is never impassioned; it is moderate, and always in conformity with the law. For this reason you never know in England the violation of the citizen's home which is so common in France, under the name of domiciliary visits. The secrets of families are respected, by leaving correspondence untampered with. The first of all liberties, that of going where you please, is never interfered with, for from no one are passports required—passports, that oppressive invention of the Committee of Public Safety, which are an embarrassment and an obstacle to the peaceful citizen only, but which in no way impede those who wish to baffle the vigilance of authority."

While the amnesty was talked of, the Conseil-Général of Corsica unanimously invoked the king to recall from exile the family of the Bonapartes, and especially desired that the grandson of Josephine should be restored to the citizenship of France. The press took up the subject, and Louis Napoleon used his own organ, as it might be called, for declaring his assent to the political doctrine of universal suffrage. An article was published in the paper referred to, headed *Profession de foi Démocratique de Prince Napoleon-Louis Bonaparte*. This article was attributed to the Prince himself, and was transferred to the columns of most of the journals. One of these publications, the *Journal du Loiret*, addressed the Prince, demanding of him with what views he would become a citizen—whether to grasp empire if he could, or to act loyally as a citizen

of France. Louis Napoleon, always glad of an occasion for publicity, and always prompt to use it adroitly, addressed a letter to the editor, repeating that universal suffrage was the fundamental article of his political faith. The letter is among the most remarkable which have come from the same hand:—

“Fortress of Ham, October 21st, 1843.

“SIR,

“I reply without hesitation to the friendly question which you address to me in your number of the 18th instant.

“I have never believed, and I never can believe, that France is the appanage of any man or of any family. I have never pretended to any rights but those of a French citizen, and never shall have any other desire than to see the whole people, legally convened, choosing freely that government which they deem best.

“A member of a family which owes its elevation to the suffrages of the nation, I should belie my origin, my nature, and what is more, should violate common-sense, if I did not admit the sovereignty of the people as the foundation of all political organisation. My past actions and declarations accord with this opinion. If I have been misunderstood, it is because the world does not explain defeats—it only condemns them.

“I claimed, it is true, a foremost place—that is, to stand in the breach. I had a high ambition, but one which might boldly be avowed; an ambition to gather round my plebeian name all the friends of national sovereignty, all those who longed for glory and liberty. If I have been mistaken, is it for those of democratic opinions to blame me—is it for France to punish me?

“Believe, sir, that whatever the fate which the future may have in store for me, it shall never be said that, in exile or in captivity, I

have ‘learned nothing and forgotten nothing.’ Receive the assurance, &c.

“NAPOLEON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.”

The publication of this and similar letters fastened the idea in the public mind of France that Louis Napoleon was the friend of democratic liberty.

From that time Louis Philippe’s throne began to totter. The king was the advocate of a form of constitutional government which should rest on a very narrow suffrage. His constitutional edifice was made to fall—the apex was broader than the base. The French people demanded a broad foundation for the political fabric; reform began to be agitated, and Louis Philippe resisted it to the uttermost. He had long before thrown off the disguise of such phrases as the Citizen King. Instead of cringing and crawling to the end as he had done at the beginning of his reign, and as no French monarch had ever done before, he was reserved, haughty, and despotic; using his cabinet merely as a formality, and vesting all power in his own hands. The agitation for universal suffrage thus set on foot by Louis Napoleon dethroned the Citizen, or rather the anti-Citizen King. He ultimately fell before an agitation for a reform in the representation. It must be said for Louis Napoleon that he has remained true to his doctrine of universal suffrage whatever other doctrines or practices he may entertain inconsistent with it. After the revolution of 1848, the Assembly abrogated universal suffrage, by which they had been elected, and which they had been returned to the legislature to maintain. One of the first acts of Louis Napoleon’s power was to restore it. This doctrine proved the lever to raise him to empire; it is the prop of his imperial throne. Whether France or the Emperor be consistent in their relations to these

facts, they are facts, and among the political phenomena of an age demanding the study of the historian and statesman. Had Louis Philippe used universal suffrage as a doctrine and a practical instrument, he would have found himself better acquainted with France, and very probably have saved his throne.

Up to the close of 1845, the imprisoned Prince found no new events of importance to diversify the monotony of his prison. He engaged himself as an author, and wrote several works which display moderate ability. One of these was on the sugar question, a subject at that time of some importance, as questions arose between the growers of beet-root in France, and the producers of the cane in the French colonies. Louis Napoleon took the popular side, and wrote not to settle the sugar question, but to help that of a Bonaparte dynasty. An essay on "The Extinction of Pauperism" came from his pen, and a work entitled "Historical Fragments." He was also a contributor of leading articles and political letters for the newspapers. In his private correspondence he betrays the motives of his authorship, by inquiries as to how far his political publications served his political objects.

In the winter of 1845 the Comte de St. Leu entertained fears that his end was approaching, and became desirous to see his only surviving son. Louis Napoleon addressed the king, asking permission to visit his father, and promising on his honour to return to his prison when his filial duties were performed. The French king affected to be friendly to the subject, and with his usual craft and dissimulation made a condition for the Prince's departure a renunciation of all pretensions to the throne of France. This was done in a way utterly disingenuous, and without a touch of generosity. All the *juste milieu* party, and such

Napoleonists as sympathised with that school, urged the Prince to accept the terms. His own advocates besought him to take that course. To his lasting honour be it said, he refused to accept liberty by recanting his political principles, and he made the refusal in terms as much to his credit as the refusal itself. Whatever be the fate or fortunes of Louis Napoleon, whatever his sins, his errors, or his virtues, his manly letter to M. Odillon Barrot will ever constitute a prominent incident in the events of his life favourable to his character. Odillon Barrot, the celebrated deputy, who oscillated between the Orleanists and Bonapartists, was made the medium by the cunning king of tempting Louis Napoleon to sign the letter of submission; to him, therefore, the Prince thus replied:—

"I will now tell you why I do not consider it my duty to sign the letter of which you have sent me a draft. The brave man who finds himself face to face with adversity, alone in the presence of enemies interested in disgracing him, ought to avoid all subterfuge, all equivocation, and to proceed with the greatest clearness and precision. Like Cæsar's wife, he ought not to be suspected. If I signed the letter, as you and many other deputies would induce me to do, I should, in fact, ask for pardon without daring openly to avow the petition. I should take shelter behind the request of my father, like the coward who covers himself with a tree to escape the enemy's shot. I consider such a course unworthy of me. If I thought it honourable and becoming simply to invoke the royal clemency, I should write thus to the king: 'Sire, I ask pardon.' Such, however, is not my intention. . . . I should not have sought to disturb the calm of my conscience or the repose of my life, had not my father signified an earnest desire to have me near him again in his declining days. My filial



duty roused me from resignation. . . . I wrote to the head of the State—to him who alone had the legal right to alter my position. I asked to be allowed to visit my father, and spoke to the king of *favours, humanity, gratitude*, because I am not afraid of calling things by their right names. The king appeared to be satisfied with my letter, and said to the worthy son of Marshal Ney, who was good enough to charge himself with its delivery, that the guarantee I offered was sufficient; but he has not yet made known his decision. His Ministers, on the contrary, have transmitted to me an answer, which is merely an insult to misfortune.

“Under the blow of such a refusal, and still unacquainted with the decision of the king, my duty is to abstain from all proceedings, and above all not to subscribe a request for pardon under the disguise of filial piety. I still maintain all that I said in my letter to the king, because the sentiments I then expressed were deeply felt, and were such as appeared to me becoming, but I will not advance a line further. The path of honour is narrow and slippery, and there is but a hair's breadth between the firm ground and the abyss.”

When Louis Philippe saw that he could not dishonour his prisoner, he refused the indulgence sought, and the year 1845 closed over the Prince within the sullen bastions of Ham.

Early in 1846 he determined on attempting an escape, which he effected on the 25th of May. An account of this transaction, written by himself, is extant; it is addressed to his friend, M. De George, who had ceased to conduct the paper in which the lucubrations of the Prince had generally appeared, and was then editor of the *Journal de la Somme*. In that periodical the letter appeared.

“My desire to see my father once more in

this world made me attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasburg and Boulogne, for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule that attaches to those who are arrested escaping in disguise, and a failure I could not have endured. The following are the particulars of my escape.

“You know that the fort was garrisoned by four hundred men, who furnished daily sixty soldiers, placed as sentries outside the walls. Moreover, the principal gate of the prison was guarded by three jailers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that I should first elude their vigilance, afterwards traverse the inner court before the windows of the commandant's residence; and, arriving there, I should be obliged to pass through a gate guarded by soldiers.

“Not wishing to make known my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in the part of the building I occupied were undergoing repairs, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thélin, procured a blouse and a pair of sabots; and, after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank upon my shoulders.

“On Monday morning [25th May, 1846], at half-past eight o'clock, I saw the workmen enter. Charles took them some drink, in order that I might not meet any of them on my passage. He was also to call one of the jailers, while Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely left my room before I was accosted by a workman who took me for one of his fellows, and at the bottom of the stairs I found myself face to face with the keeper. Fortunately, I placed the plank I was carrying before my face, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sen-

tinel or any other person I always kept the plank before my face.

"Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the pieces. Here I met the officer on duty; but as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a drummer turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious that I thought I should never escape them, until I heard them cry, 'Oh, it is Bernard!'

"Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road of St. Quentin. Charles, who the day before had engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, having thrown off my blouse. Charles procured a post-chaise under pretence of going to Cambrai. We arrived without detention of any kind at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but it was nowhere demanded.

"During my escape, Dr. Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe that I was ill, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. It was necessary to be convinced that the government would never set me at liberty before I could be persuaded to quit France, and I would not consent to dishonour myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my powers to be able to console my father in his old age.

"Adieu, my dear M. De George. Although free, I feel myself to be most unhappy. Receive the assurance of my sincere friendship, and endeavour to be useful to my kind Conneau if you can."

When the Prince escaped, Dr. Conneau was

of course called to account for the part he took, and he frankly admitted his acts and motives before the correctional tribune of Peronne. The Doctor had been condemned for his part in the affair of Boulogne, for a term of five years. That period was about to expire, but the brave and generous man risked a fresh term of incarceration, or heavier punishment, to serve his friend, his cause, and the representative of that cause.

When he found that the Prince had got clear of the prison, Dr. Conneau set himself to conceal the departure as long as possible. He shut the door of the Prince's chamber which opened into a saloon, and although the weather was warm he lit a fire, so as to confirm the statement he was prepared to make to the jailer, that the prisoner was ill. He placed a coffee-pot on the fire, and observed to one of the jail attendants that the Prince was very unwell. At eight o'clock some violet plants arrived for the Prince by the diligence. The Doctor, as though by the Prince's orders, requested the keeper to fill some flower-pots with earth so as to receive the new plants. Various little incidents tested the Doctor's ingenuity, but he succeeded in preventing the least suspicion, acting in all respects in a way natural to a physician whose patient required repose.

As messengers or officers arrived the Doctor feigned to talk with the Prince, and to order repose; medicine was ordered, and the Doctor by ingenious chemical contrivances succeeded in creating such odours as are attendant upon a sick chamber.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, the commandant of the fortress paid a visit to the Prince. Dr. Conneau apologised for his patient's inability to see any one, but declared that he was much better. The commandant said that his duty compelled him to see the

Prince before he retired. Conneau had a stuffed figure laid upon the bed, and softly pushing the door open so as that the commandant could see it, he addressed it in a gentle voice. No reply being given, the Doctor remonstrated against awakening him. The commandant had some suspicion, which had been created in his mind by the non-arrival of the Prince's valet by the diligence. He expressed his surprise at that circumstance, for which the Doctor had a plausible reason. The commandant refused to retire, he would await the time when the Prince would awake. At last the drums of the fortress beat at the customary hour. The commandant rose, believing that he had heard the prince move. On approaching the room all was still, and

the Doctor again remonstrated on the unreasonableness of disturbing his patient. The commandant approached the bed, and detected the imposition practised upon him. The Doctor was sentenced to three months imprisonment, Thélin, the valet, to six months. The time gained before the discovery of the escape enabled the Prince to pass beyond the power of pursuit.

He once more reached London, to "drink out of the same cup with the conqueror of Waterloo," and study how he might best avenge the injury inflicted upon him, the vanquished, by such hospitalities. It was well for him that the conquerors of Waterloo were more generous to him than the rulers of France.

## CHAPTER LX.

A REFUGEE IN ENGLAND.—USES THE PRESS TO CREATE A BONAPARTIST FEELING IN FRANCE.—CONFIDENCE IN HIS DESTINY.—SINGULAR ANECDOTE CONNECTED WITH HIS LONDON LIFE.

"England is the asylum of the unhappy and oppressed."—GARIBOLDI.

IN London the Prince wrote to the French ambassador, assuring him that he had not effected his escape for the purpose of renewing his attacks on the French government, but to attend his dying father. He also addressed the English Home and Foreign Ministers. He was assured that he was at liberty to reside in England as long as he pleased. The Austrian ambassador at the Court of St. James's exerted himself to prevent the Prince from receiving a passport, and of course he was able effectually to hinder the fugitive from entering Italy. The Comte de St. Leu died in July, before his son could devise any means of reaching his bedside.

In 1859 he entered Italy without leave of

the Austrians, and avenged the impediment thrown in the way of soothing his father's last illness in a manner which Austria will remember for ever; for however policy and ambition may have had their parts in the Italian war, it is well known that to the House of Austria the French Emperor has borne a personal hostility throughout his career.

After the death of his father he continued to watch the state of affairs in France, to plot, and correspond, and to disseminate throughout the press of Europe opinions hostile to the House of Orleans, and favourable to that of Bonaparte. Much as the Bonapartists have hated and dreaded the press, they have never disdained to use it for their purposes. Napo-

leon I., when he reviewed the fine army by which he intended to invade Russia, is represented to have exclaimed, "The French are a fine people; they deserve freedom, and they shall have it; but no liberty of the press." On another occasion he is represented as having said, "Freedom of the press and the Empire cannot co-exist." Still he employed eagerly opportunities of appealing to the public opinion of Europe through the agency of a free press wherever it existed. Louis Napoleon followed his uncle in this as in all other things; he would make use of a free press as he would of universal suffrage, to lift himself to power, and then destroy the instruments of his aggrandisement. The opinions of the Prince concerning the Bonaparte cause were so absurd that it is astonishing men could be found anywhere to promote his views. Thus, for instance, he affirmed that "the cause of Napoleonism was the only national one in France—the only civilising agency in Europe." A man who could adopt such an opinion could not rule France on peaceful principles. He must consider himself as having a mission to make France the seat of an empire of civilisation, which by France had been imposed upon uncivilised Europe. According to the Napoleonic idea, Europe is a region subject to despotisms, constitutional monarchies, and free republics, all uncivilised. It was the work of France to become national by adopting a new Imperial regime, and by it to put forth the hand of a new civilisation over barbarous Europe. This work was not to be performed by free schools, free churches, or a free press, but by the sword of France, the authority of the Pope, and the edicts of the Tuilleries. The insolence that France alone is civilised is, however, not an idea communicated to France by the Bonapartes; it is French, and was imbibed by the Bonapartes

in the land of their adoption. Much of the aggressive temper of the French people has its source in this notion, that there is no real civilisation out of France. It is the kernel thought of the French mind when comparing the social state of their country with that of others. The Prince believed himself to be the chosen child of destiny, ordained by God or fate (it is not clear to which he attributed the power) to accomplish the Empire in France, and then to extend, *à la Napoleon*, French civilisation to the rest of Europe. That this was his idea of himself and his mission his own language places beyond doubt. "I may be asked what induced me to abandon a happy existence, to run all the risks of an enterprise so hazardous. I reply, a *secret voice* led me on." Thus the opinions or principles of the man are not simply to be considered by those who have political relations with him; he believes that a *secret voice leads him on*. Whether "a spirit of health or goblin damned," can only be judged by results, for spirits, like men, can only be known by their fruits. \*

The Prince led a strange life in London. Sometimes he appeared as a man of fashion and of means, but for a portion at least of the time of his residence there he seemed to be in poverty. A curious notice is taken of him in a work where a reader would scarcely expect to find any notice of him at all, "Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera:"—

"With the future Emperor of France, when an exile in England, I had been well acquainted. He had been a constant subscriber to Her Majesty's Theatre, was a frequent guest at my house, and had 'assisted' at the afternoon fêtes given by me at my residence, 'The Chancellor's,' at Fulham, where he had entered heart and soul into the amusements of the hour. Frequenters of these *champêtres*

entertainments may remember one occasion when Prince Louis Napoleon figured in the same quadrille with Taglioni, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi, having the director of Her Majesty's Theatre as his *vis-à-vis*. The Prince and I frequently dined in company at Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, where all that was distinguished in literature and art was constantly assembled; and it may be worth recording, in connection with the Prince's known firm reliance on his destiny, that at one of these dinners, when Count D'Orsay was expatiating on the evidences that had come before him of the popularity of the Prince in France (although at that time the law forbidding any member of the Bonaparte family to enter the country was still in force), the future Emperor sat silent, with a significant smile upon his face, the meaning of which none could fail to interpret. On another occasion, when I was alluding to the part played by General Cavaignac, in June, 1848, in firing upon the people after the *émeute* had been quelled, the Prince drily, but in an earnest manner, remarked, 'That man is clearing the way for me.'"

The policy of the Strasburg and Boulogne expeditions have been much discussed, many covering the subject with ridicule, and most men regarding the attempts as such affronts to fortune that their hero did not deserve to win. Some men, however, who know French character, will affirm that these abortive efforts laid the foundation of future empire.

La Guéronnière, excusing himself from denying the absurdity of the Strasburg and Boulogne adventures, by casting them on Providence, asserts that they were the direct means of the Prince's after-fortune. "Strasburg and Boulogne! Two names which make the hand tremble and the conscience shudder! . . . True, 'tis strange—strange, 'tis true.

Strasburg and Boulogne were the causes of the election of the 10th December.

"Had not Louis Napoleon Bonaparte put himself forward as Pretender for the Empire, he would probably never have become President of the French Republic. Is it a matter of doubt? Here is a fact which will dissipate all uncertainty on that head. The Bonaparte family did not await a signal from the prisoner of Ham to appear in France upon the stage of the new Republic. The very day after the revolution two young men of the family hastened to take their part in the victory. One, the son of Lucien, a republican like his father, uniting the Corsican intrepidity to a patriotism almost Roman; the other, the son of Jerome—active, young, intelligent, clever, reminding one of his uncle in his features—the living image of that historical countenance which is engraven on more hearts than medals. Who, then, cared to recognise these representatives—these heirs of an heroic epoch? What recollection went back to them? What hopes were founded on their names? What promise was imprinted on their brows? They passed by, unknown and unnoticed by the people, from whom nothing escapes, and who sees everything. . . . They had not appeared either at Boulogne or Strasburg! Let Reason humiliate herself before such a result!"

During his captivity the Prince not only occupied himself with writing letters and articles on various political and social subjects for some of the provincial periodicals of France; he wrote several works, "Extinction of Pauperism," "The Analogies of the Sugar Question," and appeared very creditably as an author. Previous to his confinement in Ham he wrote several other books and papers, such as "Political Reviews," issued in 1832. The *Idées Napoléon* was a paper, the first of an intended series, but no other number ever

appeared. It was issued shortly before the expedition to Boulogne. In his "Fragments Historiques,"\* written at Ham in 1841, he enunciated an opinion which has been quoted more than any other which as Prince or Emperor he ever used, unless possibly some passages in his celebrated imperial speech at Bordeaux be excepted. Limiting his remarks to France, he thus expressed himself in the "Fragments":—"There never has been a Government strong enough to keep down liberty at home without giving it glory abroad."

During the Prince's captivity and second residence in England, after his escape, these words were often quoted, as indicating the course he was likely to pursue if ever elevated to the throne of France.

It was undoubtedly the sentence of public opinion in Europe, and more especially in England, that the aim of Louis Napoleon was not the liberty of France, but the gratification of his own ambition; that for this he had dared all the perils of Strasburg and Boulogne, and not for France or liberty. The judgment expressed in an eminent London periodical was that of nearly the whole British public:—"He was the youngest of three brothers; and he had many cousins—five in one family—who stood nearer to their uncle's throne than himself. The eldest of his brothers died in infancy; but till he was twenty-three he had an elder brother; and his early-planted ambition was altogether of a personal character. He was not in the first rank of the Bonapartes by birth; he is unlike them in the whole cast of his character and quality of his genius, and he evidently used his ostensible relationship to the first Emperor as a mere charm over the imagination of his more noisy and excitable subjects. It is for himself and by himself that he has been the Monarch-Adventurer; and he

has used the Bonapartes generally, and the Emperor in particular, as helps to his purpose."

In his work, "Political Reviews," he proclaimed himself a Republican. This has often been brought against him as inconsistent with his attempts to revive the Empire. It is but just to him, however, to recall his own declaration, that in theory he preferred the Republican form of government, but France was not prepared for it, and that the Empire with the Napoleon *regime* alone suited France.

In the "Historical Fragments" there occurs another sentence often brought up in the imperial and constitutional controversies: "I am a citizen before being a Bonaparte." This sentiment does not accord with an exhortation said to have been given to him when a child by his great uncle. According to Alison, "When, or sometime after, the Emperor quarrelled with his brother, and virtually compelled him to abandon the throne of Holland, which he had never desired, he still affected to caress his nephew (now the Emperor). For on his visit to Paris, immediately after this event, the conqueror of Marengo, never very eclectic in his morals, told the youth, 'Come, my son, I will be your father; you will lose nothing by the exchange. The conduct of your father has wounded my heart. When you are grown up you will discharge his debt and your own. Never forget, in whatever position you may be placed by my policy and the interest of my empire, *that your first duties are towards me; your second towards France.* All your other duties, even to the people whom I confide to your care, must be postponed to these.'"

It is difficult also to reconcile the professed republicanism of the Prince with his opinions of his uncle's political achievements, whom he described as having "purified the revolution, established kings, and ennobled nations."

\* Vol. i. p. 334.

The recorded opinions of Louis Napoleon, the exiled or incarcerated Prince, are the best guides to a correct judgment upon the probable policy, and the best interpretation of the acts, of Louis Napoleon the Emperor.

To the English nation, but more especially to its aristocracy, Louis Napoleon was very complimentary, although he justified France in the wars in which she was engaged against England, from the great Revolution to the catastrophe of Waterloo. The following passage is remarkable :—

“It would be too painful to think that the war was prolonged only because of the hateful passions or interest of parties. If a struggle so desperate had such a lengthy duration, it is doubtless because the two peoples had too little knowledge of each other, and that each government was in error with respect to the condition of its neighbour. England, perhaps, saw in Napoleon only a despot oppressing his country, exhausting its resources to satisfy his ambition as a warrior; she knew not how to believe that the Emperor was the elect of the people, and that he represented all the material and moral interests for which France had fought ever since 1789. In the same way it might be advanced that the French government, confounding the enlightened aristocracy of England with the feudal aristocracy which lay so heavily on France before the Revolution, believed that it had to deal with an oppressive government. But the aristocracy of England is like the Briareus of fable: it holds to the people by a hundred thousand roots; from the people it has obtained as many sacrifices as Napoleon obtained efforts from the French nation. And, what is worth remarking in the strife between these two countries, the rivalry of England put Napoleon in a position to realise against that power a European project similar to that which Henri IV. would have carried out against

Spain, in concert with Elizabeth, if the dagger of an assassin had not torn away that great monarch from France and from Europe.”

In the following singular terms he invokes the causes of order and liberty on behalf of his uncle's policy, and denounces the policy which prevailed at the Treaty of Vienna :—

“It is with a feeling like that left by an enchanting dream that one dwells upon the picture of happiness and stability which Europe would have presented had the vast projects of the Emperor been accomplished. Each country, confined within its natural bounds, united to its neighbour by the ties of interest and of friendship, would have enjoyed in its interior the benefits of independence, of peace, and liberty. The sovereigns, exempt from fear and suspicion, would have applied themselves seriously to making better the condition of their peoples, and would have striven to bring home all the advantages of civilisation.

“Instead of that, what have we now in Europe? Every one as he falls asleep at night dreads the awakening of the morrow; for the germ of evil is everywhere, and every honest soul almost doubts as to what is good, because of the sacrifices which its attainment would demand.

“Men of liberty, who rejoiced over the fall of Napoleon, your error has been fatal! How many years must yet elapse, what combats and sacrifices must there be before you reach the point to which Napoleon had conducted you!

“And you, statesmen of the Congress of Vienna, who were masters of the world, standing over the ruins of the Empire, how grand a rôle you might have played, but you comprehended it not! In the name of liberty, carried even to excess, you raised the peoples against Napoleon; you placed him under the ban of Europe as a despot and a tyrant; you declared

that you had delivered the nations and secured their repose! They believed you at the moment; but nothing solid can be built upon a lie and on a mistaken principle! Napoleon had closed the gulf of revolutions: you reopened it by overthrowing him. Take care that the gulf does not close upon yourselves!"

The following opinion of the English Conservative party is at once interesting and amusing:—

"There is in France a political fraction which gives itself the pompous title of Conservative! Is it not ridiculous to call themselves thus in a country where nothing is where it should be, and where everything ought to be changed? In England, on the contrary, one can easily understand this party denomination, because society reposes upon bases which have endured through ages.

"We do not agree with the opinions of the Tory party, but we admit that it might say to the English people—'We call ourselves Conservatives because we wish to preserve a political system which has made England to be one of the first powers of the world; because with this system, perseveringly following during more than a century, we have covered the land with works of every description, raised our industry and our commerce to the highest degree, and carried the glory of our arms from one end of the world to the other. We are proud of our ancient system, because we have governed all the time maintaining individual liberty and freedom of the press; because we have served but one dynasty, taken but one oath, and never made common cause with the enemy of our country. We are proud of our past history, we have doubts as to the future; that is the reason why we are Conservatives.'"

The following brief statement of his views of English liberty are amongst the most

remarkable put forth by Louis Napoleon. The comparison with France, or rather contrast to that country, in which he presents England, must strike even the most unreflecting reader. When Emperor of the French he carried out his views as to passports, but up to the year 1865 he did nothing for that personal liberty of French citizens for which in the following paragraph he exhibits so much ardour:—

"In general, it is correct to say that there is more freedom in England and greater equality in France. This results from the different organisations of the two societies. In those countries where there exists a powerful aristocracy, the great families were always zealous defenders of freedom, because they stood in need of it for themselves, as a guarantee against the power of the monarch, whilst they always arrayed themselves against any approach to equality, because it attacks their own privileges."

The writer then proceeds to the Magna Charta wrested from King John in 1215; to the Petition of Right in the third year of the reign of Charles I.; to the definitive vote of the Habeas Corpus, in the thirty-first year of the reign of Charles II. (Charles II. reckoned the years of exile as years of his reign.) The statute of Habeas Corpus principally applied to those who were accused of criminal misdoings; but, by another statute, in 1816, it was extended to all cases of illegal detention.

"There is no public accuser in England; for the attorney-general interferes only in extraordinary cases. There is no doubt but that many guilty persons escape justice through the want of a public functionary; but, again, personal liberty runs less chance of being violated.

"But it is not the laws only which protect the citizens; it is also the manner in which they are executed; it is the way in which the



government exercises its power. In England, authority never is exerted in a passionate spirit: its proceedings are moderate, and always in accordance with law; therefore, such a thing is never heard of as violation of a citizen's house—a proceeding rather common in France, under the name of domiciliary visits; family secrets are respected, because correspondence is never subjected to inspection; no restraint is laid upon that first of all liberties, the right to go wherever you like, for no one is required to have a passport—an invention injurious to the well-being of the public, for it is an encumbrance and an obstacle to a peaceful citizen, without checking, in any way whatever, those who wish to avoid the vigilance of the authorities.

"Another guarantee of liberty is the organisation of the police; for, instead of provoking, in order to punish, this body prevents the commission of crime, and thus diminishes the number of punishments.

\* \* \* \*

"The accused can appeal to a power which has never failed in England when it has been invoked for the protection of liberty: that power is public opinion.

\* \* \* \*

"In France, where people are so jealous of anything which concerns equality and the national honour, there is no strong conscientious regard for the liberty of the individual. You may trouble the tranquillity of her citizens; you may violate their homes; you may make them undergo, during entire months, a precautionary imprisonment; you may despise personal securities; a few generous men will raise their voices, but public opinion will remain calm and unmoved, so long as you do not rouse any political passion.

"Therein lies the great cause of the violence of power: it can be arbitrary, because it finds

no restraint. In England, on the contrary, political passions subside when there is a violation of a common right."

In a French paper, entitled *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, issued February 4th, 1843, the prisoner of Ham gave his idea of American slavery and British philanthropists who had taken up the anti-slavery question. The philanthropists he represented as amiable, erring, weak men, who did much more harm than good. Slavery, or something very like it, he deemed necessary to the cultivation and prosperity of America; but in deference to the amiable, although erring, enemies of that system, he would gradually, very gradually indeed, abolish it. Attempts to suppress the slave-trade, he condemned as useless and cruel; he would regulate the trade so as to tolerate it and make it milder in character. On the whole, the Prince shows more sympathy for the slave-owner and slave-dealer than the slave or the philanthropist.

The foreign powers of France and England were thus compared by the Prince in the same newspaper, in March of the same year:—

"France is, by her geographical situation, the richness of her soil, and the intelligent energy of her inhabitants, the arbiter of European society; she steps out of the rôle which nature assigns her when she becomes a conqueror; she fails in it when she obeys the obligations of any alliance whatsoever. She is to the nations of Europe what the lion is to the animals which surround him. She cannot move without being either a protector or a destroyer; she lends the aid of her power, but she never exchanges it, in her own interest, for any help that can be necessary for her own defence. Her own power is always sufficient for her, even when she finds herself for the time being weakened by that sickness of nations—internal divisions.

For she requires but one convulsive effort to punish her enemies for having dared to challenge her to fight.

"England, all-powerful as she is, cannot by herself interfere in the affairs of the Continent, and play the first *role*; she must, from sheer necessity, lean upon Vienna, Paris, or St. Petersburg, and, aware of this, Lord Castlereagh decorated with the pompous title of kingdom the territories of Hanover, in order to secure a royal entry into the Germanic diet."

Louis Napoleon seemed forced in this less

fortunate part of his career, to philosophise on English history, but he did not prove himself profound as a historian or philosopher. He obviously was unwilling to write in a vein which would offend the English people, and was desirous to leave the impression upon Frenchmen that he was master of the foreign as well as domestic policy of France.

The extracts given from Louis Napoleon's writings will suffice to show his general opinions and sympathies, to which passing reference may be made in other chapters of this narrative.

## CHAPTER LXI.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN LONDON AGAIN.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—DISCUSSIONS IN FRANCE AS TO THE PROPRIETY OR SAFETY OF ALLOWING HIS RETURN.—HE IS ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY CHAMBERS.—ASSUMES HIS PLACE.—IS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

"These are the records, half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced  
On history's page;  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew,  
In his ripe age."—LONGFELLOW.

BETWEEN the escape of the prisoner of Ham and the return of the fugitive with all the rights of citizenship and high honour to France, was but a short time. During that period he lived in London a very gay life, but there were few events in connection with him to throw around it any especial interest.

The year 1848 brought a revolution in France, followed by many other revolutions in Europe, and the minds of men everywhere were unsettled. Louis Philippe was the first European sovereign whose throne was shaken down by the great earthquake. It is unnecessary to enter into the causes of his destruction; suffice it to observe that in February of

that year he fled from France, and the French people proclaimed the Republic. Louis Napoleon sought, at first in vain, for the privilege of residing in France; ultimately, he obtained not only the rights of a French citizen, but the power of a French Emperor. Before relating the steps which led to such a finale, it is in our power to throw some light upon the last months of the Prince's residence in London. A literary gentleman, in Manchester,\* investigated a story current in that place, and pledges himself for its authority.

In January, 1848, Louis Napoleon took

\* Mr. Smith, sub-editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, and editor of a weekly journal there.

lodgings in a small eating-house, in an obscure street. He was residing there when, on the 10th of April, all London was in alarm from an expected invasion of the Chartists, who, under the leadership of Fergus O'Connor, assembled at Kennington Common, and threatened to burn down London. The moral and physical resources of the inhabitants were called into requisition by government, and among those who volunteered to preserve the peace was Louis Napoleon. He acted on the eventful day as a "special constable." It appears that his landlady was a native of Manchester; Louis Napoleon passed with her, while under her roof, by the name of Rouher.

A few mornings before the 10th of April, a postman threw a letter on the counter in the shop, bearing the official head-line, "On her Majesty's Service," and addressed to "Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." The old lady looked at the letter, and called to the departing postman to stop, adding, "There is no such person staying here as this. I have a foreign gentleman lodging with me, but this is not his name; his name is M. Rouher."

"But," replied the postman, "you see this is the right street and the right number. Besides the letter is 'On Her Majesty's Service,' it seems, and is not, one would think, a misdirection. To be sure, I wish you would just ask the gentleman if it is for him or not."

The old landlady took it into the room where Napoleon was seated eating his breakfast, and asked if he knew him to whom it was addressed. He replied that it was for himself. Returning again into the parlour soon after, she found Napoleon perusing the letter, which simply requested him to attend at Scotland Yard to receive his staff and instructions. When this grand discovery of who and what he was was thus made, although he was considerably her debtor, having been for several

weeks unable to pay for his board and lodgings, and having, in addition, borrowed money of her, she was anxious to apologise for some hard words that she had, in his presence, made use of with regard to the rumoured pretensions of "that rascal, Napoleon, and them as was with him, for causing such ill-feeling to arise in other countries, and for getting up that Chartist meeting on Kennington Common." Before this she had frequently asked him for money, but the only response she could extort was, that he was expecting remittances, and the moment they arrived all would be paid. But now she had learnt his real name what could she do? She could have no doubt he spoke the truth.

A conversation then ensued touching the future prospect of the then poverty-stricken, almost penniless, exile, in which he briefly narrated the eventful history of his life, winning, as he went along, more and more of the old lady's sympathy and kindly feeling. He wound up by saying that, at a day not far distant, he expected to return to France, and there to rise to eminence and power, when he would pay her all he owed, with more than double interest. He did not expect to remain long in England; and if she would allow him to stay with her until he departed, he would not forget her kindness in the hour of his prosperity. It was true, he said, that he was expecting a remittance, and then he could pay her, but he could employ the money he owed her vastly to his advantage, if she would lend it him.

The old lady told him he was welcome to it, if it would at all aid him, although she herself was much in need of it. He thanked her, and requested that, now she knew who he was, she would keep her knowledge a secret. She promised to do so. He drew from his pocket a piece of fifty cents, and presented it to her,

as a pledge from him; that, whenever and under whatever circumstances it was produced, the person producing it should have admission to him. It was a coin found by the Great Napoleon, his uncle, in 1815, and given to the Prince as a *souvenir*.

Not long after this—only a few days—Napoleon became quite a different man. He dressed better, and his half anxious, half despairing look gave place to one of life and vigour; and one day he startled the old lady not a little, by telling her he had taken Lord C——'s house, near St. James's Street, and that he wanted her to give up shop and to be his housekeeper. The same day she was duly installed in her new and aristocratic domicile—she, Louis Napoleon, and a boy being the only inmates: the only visitors of importance were foreigners. One morning he left the house as usual; but he had scarcely been absent half an hour, when he returned, almost breathless, and told his old housekeeper that she would have to leave that day, as he was off to France, whither his destiny called him, in three hours from that moment. Both packed up their few clothes—Napoleon's, without difficulty, being crammed into a trunk or two. While the packing operation was going on, Napoleon asked the old woman where she proposed to go, and what she proposed to do. She replied she should go to Manchester, where she had some friends.

On leaving London, she proceeded direct to Manchester, and there, in half sadness, sorrow, and entire silence, she lived upon her small means until she found that the end must soon come. Therefore, some three months after the *coup d'état*, she wrote to Napoleon asking him to pay her the money he owed her, reminding him that she had refrained from asking him to do her the favour until such time as he was wealthy, and adding that she was on the verge

of pauperism. To that letter she received no reply. She again wrote, and the result was the same—no answer, no acknowledgment. Angry beyond measure; and remembering the tears that he shed and the protestations he made when they separated, she vowed there was no truth extant, and that all men were liars and deceivers. Nay, further, she vowed that she would "put him into the court—a scoundrel." The coin he gave her she dare not part with; and yet, if she sent it in a registered letter, it might reach him. She asked advice on the question, and was encouraged to send the coin; and accordingly the letter was duly written and duly registered at one of the branch receiving-houses in Manchester; and, which is more, it duly and safely reached—if not Napoleon himself—some one who had the courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of both letter and coin. The following is a translation of the acknowledgment:—

"MADAM,

"The Prince President has received the letter by which you offer to give him the piece of fifty centimes, that the Emperor found in the year 1815.

"S. A. S. has been much affected by the sentiments which have inspired you to do him the honour of such a gift, and has charged me to express to you his gratitude; but the Prince would not deprive you of the token of his remembrance, and I am charged to return it to you.

"Accept, madam, the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

The old woman on receiving this letter was highly incensed, but she felt sure there must be some mistake, or that the Emperor was alike ignorant of her letter and the reply.

Some months after this she bordered on star-

vation, and in her despair told her romantic story to a gentleman, who, after satisfying himself as to its truth, and hearing the sanguine old woman express herself in terms of the strongest faith and confidence in Napoleon's honour and word, asked her if she would go to Paris to see him if she had the means. Her answer was "certainly," notwithstanding that she was bowed down by age, infirmities, and scanty food. Through that gentleman a sufficient sum to take her to Paris and back was given to her, on the understanding that it was to be repaid if she succeeded in seeing Napoleon and receiving from him that for which she held him indebted; if not, she would not be expected to repay the loan. Immediately everything could be prepared, the old woman started for Paris, and in a few days arrived at her destination, a stranger in a strange city, whose people spoke to her an unknown tongue. She proceeded to the house to which she had been told to go, and where the inmates spoke her native tongue. After she had recovered from the fatigue occasioned by travelling, she started for the palace, at which Napoleon was then residing. On attempting to pass through the gateway the sentry on duty challenged her, but of course she understood him not; she ventured a vacant stare at him, and would have continued her course had he not stopped and turned her back. By the gates (as near as she was allowed to approach) she remained some time, and was regarded by the sentry with more curiosity than suspicion. Finding that all renewed attempts to get through the gateway would, for that day at least, prove as futile as her first, she returned to her lodgings disconsolate enough, for the sentry was a difficulty of which she had never thought; however, she determined to try again the following day. Accordingly, next morning she set out for the palace, and at the gateway she found

not the sentry of the previous day, but one who turned her back quite as unceremoniously as he did, and in vain she appealed to him in English. He understood her not, and in polite French told her so.

Thus several days passed over, each succeeding attempt to obtain an interview with the Emperor (for such Napoleon then was), being attended with precisely the same result as the preceding days, and time went fast, but her money went faster. Whatever she now did must be done quickly. Goaded on by almost maddening desperation, which settled down into a stern resolve to present in person the coin which was to be her "open sesame" to Napoleon's residence, if not his pocket, she again left her lodgings and proceeded direct to the palace gates. But alas! the sentry turned her back, and it seemed clear that she must give up all thoughts of ever seeing her debtor. Some distance from the gates she sat down in silent sorrow and sadness, as she had done many a morning before, in the hope (always a forlorn one) that she might perchance see the Emperor pass either to or from the palace; but in that too she was doomed to disappointment. Thus sitting abstracted in mind, and the day rapidly fleeting away, she was at length aroused to a state of consciousness and her forlorn situation by the approaching rattle of carriage wheels, and the sound of horses' hoofs. It was a close carriage, and was rapidly approaching the palace gates. A moment's thought, a moment's hesitation, and as quick as possible she stood right in the midst of the carriage-way, spreading her arms wide, and signalling the driver to stop. Not understanding a word of English, that functionary (in French) requested her to get out of the way; but the old woman neither understood nor heeded him, and whenever he attempted to pass her she always placed herself so that

he could only proceed by running over her. Anxious to know the cause of the unseemly delay, the occupant of the carriage—a French gentleman, and no doubt a state functionary—put his head out of the window and inquired why the driver did not proceed, and was pointed to the old woman. The gentleman spoke to her in French (a language, as we have said, of which she did not understand a word), and she in her turn spoke to him in English, whereupon he asked her in that tongue what she meant by stopping the carriage, and what it was she wanted. The old woman replied that she was wishful to see the Emperor on a matter of business which alone related to themselves; that she had for several days endeavoured to pass the sentry on duty, but had as frequently been turned back; that the cause on which she wanted to see the Emperor arose in London in 1848; that at that time he promised her admission to his presence whenever she might desire it; and that, finally, he gave her a coin, not only as a token of gratitude for what she had done for him, but which was on production to gain her admission to him at any time and place. Struck by the strangeness of this story, as well as by its simplicity, the gentleman asked her if she had got the coin she spoke of then in her possession. The reply being in the affirmative, he said he was then going to the palace, and should see the Emperor; if she would entrust the coin to his keeping, he would show it to the Emperor, and mention to him her name. To this proposal the old woman agreed, and in a short time afterwards the carriage of the gentleman returned to fetch her to the palace. On her arrival there, no sooner was she admitted to the presence of Napoleon than he most tenderly and affectionately embraced her, calling her his guardian, friend, and preserver in a country where he was an exile and without a

home. The sentiments and wishes he expressed for her welfare and happiness were as abundant as they were devoted and ardent, and tears of joy started from his eyes more than once on beholding her again, mingled, perhaps, with tears of sorrow that time—a short period of four years—should have worked such a change in her appearance as to render her half unrecognisable. He inquired how she had lived, and where, since they parted in London streets, and she told him all. On hearing from her that she had written to him for pecuniary aid the moment her money began to fail her, and on hearing that her letter was not in the first instance answered at all; that in the second it was not; and that in the third the answer was that of which we have given the translation, he declared that he had not only not seen any of the letters, but had never even heard of them. He had often thought of her, but knew not where to find her; and as he never heard from her, he had given up all hope of ever being able to tell her and show her how deeply and sincerely the remembrance of her kindnesses and friendship and love was engraven on his heart.

The rest of the story is soon told. At the request of Napoleon the old woman, who had already been in Paris a week, consented to remain another fortnight, in order that she might witness his marriage ceremony with the Countess de Theba. But, previous to the celebration of the rites, his Imperial Majesty took the opportunity of presenting to Eugénie, at St. Cloud, her whom he called his English foster-mother, guardian, friend, and preserver during the last days of his exile from his hopes, his home, and his country. It were unnecessary to speak of the wonder with which the old lady gazed upon all the grandeur and magnificence which every-

where surrounded her, as also to relate how anxious she was to return to England. In vain did Napoleon solicit her to stay in France. Living in a land where she saw nobody but strangers and heard nothing but a tongue which she could not understand, was as much beyond her conception and ideas, as it was opposed to her feelings and wishes. And ultimately, as she desired, she took an affectionate and final leave of Napoleon and Eugénie, giving and receiving blessings; and in safety, and well contented, she returned to Manchester, joyous and happy, for she was not now a pauper, but a woman of means amply sufficient to entitle her to the courteous appellation of an "independent old lady."

The relation of the foregoing incidents necessarily compelled an anticipation of the narrative introducing Napoleon as exile and Emperor in the story. The steps by which he arrived at the power and grandeur of that dignity shall now be detailed.

The government of Louis Philippe fell in February, 1848. The 22nd of that month had been appointed by those who sought a more liberal elective franchise, and the removal of electoral corruption, for a grand reform banquet. On the evening of the 21st a proclamation by the prefect of police forbade the meditated assemblage. The result was a revolution on the 22nd, the formation of a provisional government on the 23rd, and a new order of government on the 27th: France declared herself a Democratic Republic.

The establishment of the Republic resulted to Louis Napoleon in restoring him to France. He was elected for five different places, but chose Paris, as the place of his birth, but as much, probably, from the conviction that it aided his views to sit as a representative of the capital. This was on 8th of October.

On the 11th, the Assembly passed the following resolution:—"The sixth clause of the law of the 10th of April, 1832, relative to the banishment of the Bonaparte family, is abrogated." Probably this was the result of proceedings in the Chamber on the 9th. On that day discussions took place in reference to the election of a President of the Republic, and questions arose as to who was eligible. It was proposed that members of all families who had reigned in France should be excluded. This resolution was directly pointed at Louis Napoleon. He made a brief but remarkable address, in which he disclaimed being a pretender to the throne of France, in terms of well-assumed indignant innocence and patriotism, declaring himself satisfied with the recompense for all his suffering afforded by his being permitted to return to France as a citizen, and declaring, with a tone and manner that impressed the Assembly with convictions of his sincerity, that he "cherished no other ambition." The effect of his speech was to disarm his opponents and awaken for him a great sympathy out of doors. The proposed exclusion was not carried, the originator of the motion withdrawing it.

On the 25th October, a colleague of Bonaparte's in the representation of Paris attacked him in his absence of designing to become President of the Republic. The absent representative was defended ably by Jerome Bonaparte; but the next day Louis Napoleon made a reply which excited the attention of the Assembly and of all France. In that reply the Prince especially noticed certain accusations made against him in the Assembly in relation to his abstaining from voting, and from giving an opinion upon the subjects which came under discussion. When the citizen Louis Napoleon rose to address the

house, he was received with profound and silent attention, and thus addressed the Chamber :—

“Citizen Representatives,—The much-to-be-regretted incident relating to me, which took place yesterday, will not allow me to remain silent. I deeply deplore being again obliged to speak of myself, for it annoys me to see personal questions continually brought before the Assembly, when there is not a moment to be lost in occupying ourselves with the grave interests of the country. I shall not speak of either my sentiments or my opinions. These I have already shown you, and no one has hitherto been able to doubt my word. As to my parliamentary conduct, since I never permit myself to demand from any of my colleagues an account of the opinions they think fit to hold, I in like manner refuse to recognise the right of any among them to question me upon my own, or the motives of my actions. It is sufficient to render an account of these to my constituents, to whom alone it is due.

“Of what am I accused? Of accepting from popular feeling a post which I did not solicit? Yes, I have accepted a post which confers honour on me. I have accepted it, I say, because three successive elections, and the unanimous decree of the Assembly against the proscription of my family, authorises me in believing that France regards the name I bear as being able to assist in the consolidation of society, which is now shaken to its very basis, to the strengthening and prosperity of the Republic. How little those who accuse me of ambition really know of my heart! If an imperious duty did not detain me here—if the sympathy of my fellow-citizens did not console me for the animosity of the attacks of some, and even the impetuosity of others in

my defence—I should long ago have regretted exile. I am reproached for my silence.

“Few persons here are gifted with the power of clothing just and moderate ideas in eloquent language; but is there, then, but one method of serving one’s country? What is required is a wise, firm, and intelligent government, who think more of remedying the ills of society than avenging them; a government who would frankly place themselves at the head of a train of true and rational ideas, and thus repulse, far better than at the point of the bayonet, those theories which are founded upon neither experience nor reason. I know the endeavours that are made to strew my path with rocks and pitfalls, *but I shall not fall into them.* I shall continue to follow, according to my own conviction, without pause or disquietude, the path I have traced out. Nothing shall disturb my serenity; nothing make me oblivious of my duty. I have but one end in view, that of meriting the esteem of the Assembly; and with this esteem, that of all right-thinking men, and the confidence of the magnanimous people, which was yesterday so lightly treated. I therefore declare to those who wish to organise a system of provocation against me, that henceforth I will not reply to any summons, any irritating speech tending to induce me to speak when I would fain be silent; and that, firm in my own conscious rectitude, I will remain unmoved by all attacks, impassable under all calumnies.”

On the 4th of November the constitution was agreed upon, and on the 12th, a day of ominously severe weather, it was proclaimed upon the Place de Concorde, and read in all the communes of France.

The grand event of the election of President of the Republic was soon to be decided.



Ledru Rollin was one of the candidates—a leader of the Democratic party, which favoured Socialism. The leaders of this segment of the Republic, sitting on the highest benches on the left of the Chamber, were from that circumstance called Montagnards. The extreme Socialists chose Raspail for their candidate; the working classes of Paris and of the larger provincial cities preferred Louis Blanc. The true Republican party was very powerful, but was not united, one section being for Lamartine, and another for General Cavaignac. These divisions favoured Louis Napoleon, and encouraged his friends to make every exertion in his behalf. Many who were in any way connected with the army were enthusiastic on his behalf. The clergy, and the vast numbers of the peasantry under their control, were likewise on his side. The respectability of France was for Lamartine and Cavaignac; Louis Napoleon relied upon the army, the priests, and the peasantry.

Before the period arrived in which this great question was to be decided, Louis Napoleon put forth what might be called a manifesto. As this document is more frequently referred to than any other in connection with the subject of our memoir, it is presented *in extenso*.

“Fellow-Citizens,

“In order to recall me from exile, you have named me a representative of the people. On the eve of electing the first magistrate of the Republic, my name recurred to you as the symbol of order and security. These tokens of so honourable a confidence are, I am aware, addressed far more to my name than myself, who, as yet, have done nothing for my country; but the more the memory of the Emperor protects me, and inspires you to grant me your suffrages, the more I

feel myself under the obligation of making you acquainted with my sentiments and principles. No disguise must exist between you and myself. I am not an ambitious man—now dreaming of war and empire, now of the application of subversive theories. Brought up in a land of freedom, and in the school of misfortune, I shall ever remain faithful to the duties imposed on me by your suffrages and the will of the Assembly. If I am named President, I will shrink from no danger, no sacrifice, needed in defence of the society; I will devote myself, without reservation, to the consolidation of a Republic wise in its laws, honest in its intentions, great and strong by its deeds.

“I pledge my honour to leave, at the end of four years, established power, intact liberty, and real progress accomplished, to my successor. Whatever may be the result of the election, I bow before the will of the people, and express my concurrence beforehand with any just and firm government which will restore order to minds as well as things; which will effectually protect religion, property, and the domestic hearth—the eternal basis of all social weal; which will encourage all needful reform, soothe all feelings of hatred, reconcile contending parties, and thus permit the agitated country to look forward to a brighter morrow. To re-establish order is to restore confidence; to provide, through credit, against the temporary insufficiency of resources, is to restore finance; to protect religion and the domestic hearth, is to assure liberty of conscience and liberty of worship; to protect property is to maintain the inviolability of the produce of all kinds of labour, to guarantee the independence and security of possession—a basis indispensable to civil liberty.

“As to possible reforms, these are those which appear to me to be the most urgent.

To make use of all the economies which, without disorganising the public services, will permit the diminution of the taxes weighing most heavily upon the people; to encourage all enterprises which, by developing the riches of agriculture, might, in either France or Algeria, give occupation to unoccupied hands; to provide by provident institutions for the old age of our working-classes; to introduce into our industrial laws those ameliorations which tend not to ruin the rich for the profit of the poor, but to found the welfare of each on the prosperity of all; to restrain within just limits those employments depending on power, and which too often make a free people a nation of solicitors; to avoid the disastrous tendency of the state to perform herself what others could do as well, or even better. The centralisation of interests and enterprises partakes of the nature of despotism; the nature of the Republic rejects all monopoly. Lastly, to preserve the liberty of the press from the two evils by which it is always compromised, viz., excess of licence or excessive restriction. War would bring with it no remedy for the ills that oppress us; therefore peace will be my dearest desire. France, at the time of the first Revolution, drew her sword because obliged to do so. To invasion, she replied by conquest. Now that she is unprovoked, she can consecrate her resources to pacific amelioration, without renouncing her loyal and resolute policy. A great nation should either keep silence or never let her voice be vainly heard. To think of the national dignity is to consider the army, whose noble and disinterested patriotism has often been misunderstood. It is necessary, whilst maintaining the fundamental laws which form the strength of our military organisation, to lighten, and not aggravate, the burden of conscription.

"It is necessary to watch over the present

and future, of not only the officers, but also their subordinates and men, and provide for those who have long fought beneath our flag an assured subsistence.

"The Republic ought to be generous, and have faith in its future. For myself, who have known exile and captivity, I ardently long for the day to arrive when the country can, without danger to herself, cause all proscriptions to cease, and efface the last traces of our civil discord. Such, my dear fellow-citizens, are the ideas by which I should be guided in the exercise of power, were I appointed by you to the Presidency of the Republic. I know that the task is difficult; the mission immense! but I do not despair of being able to accomplish it by associating in the work, without distinction of party, those men recommended to public opinion by their high intelligence and probity. Besides, when one has the honour of being at the head of the French people, there is an infallible means of doing good—that of resolving to do so.

"27th November, 1848."

This address the writer submitted to M. Thiers and M. Girardin. The former strongly disapproved of it, especially of the sentence, "I pledge my honour to leave at the end of four years, established power, intact liberty, and real progress accomplished, to my successor," and advised Louis Napoleon not to enter into engagements of any kind. The latter, on the contrary, remarked, "Prince, this is serious. Do you really intend to fulfil this pledge? If so, let the sentence remain as it is; if not, erase it." He let it remain.

It is sufficiently well known these pledges were never redeemed, and few believe that Louis Napoleon intended to observe them.

The preparation for the election, its progress, and the result, were successively causes of great excitement, not only throughout

France, but throughout also a great part of Europe.

General Cavaignac had suffered from attacks which had been recently made upon him, as chief of the executive power, even in the National Assembly, where he, however, had the majority of numbers in his favour. On December 10th the election took place.

A committee of thirty representatives of the people received the votes—7,327,245 votes were given; 5,434,226 were in favour of Louis Napoleon; 1,444,107 for General Cavaignac; 370,119 for Ledru Rollin; 36,920 for Raspail; 17,219 for De Lamartine; 4,690 for General Changarnier.

The President of the Assembly, Armand Marrast, then rose and proclaimed Louis Napoleon, by virtue of the majority in his favour, President of the Republic, until the second Sunday in the month of May, 1852. He then administered the following oath to the President elect:—"In the presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, and to defend the Constitution." He had scarcely taken it, when the President said, "I call God, and all men present, to witness the oath which has just been taken. It shall be inserted in the *Procès-verbal*, the *Moniteur*, and published in the prescribed form for public acts." The speech of the President of the Assembly caused great sensation, but the Prince President feigned not to hear it, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, read as follows:—

"Citizen Representatives,

"The suffrages of the nation and the oath I have just taken will order my future conduct. My duty is traced out, and I will fulfil it like an honourable man. I shall look upon as

enemies to the country all those who attempt to change by illegal means what entire France has established. Between you and myself, citizen representatives, no real difference can exist. Our wishes, our desires, are the same. I wish, like you, to settle society firmly on its basis, to strengthen all democratic institutions, and to search out all suitable means of solacing the wants of this generous and intelligent people, who have just given me so startling a proof of their confidence. The majority I have obtained, not only fills me with gratitude, but gives to the new government that moral force without which there is no real authority. With peace and concord our country will be able to recover herself, cure her wounds, call back her scattered children, and calm down all passions. Animated by this spirit of conciliation, I have summoned around me honest men, capable, and devoted to the country, assured that, in spite of the diversity of their original politics, they will, with one accord, unite with you in the application of the constitution, the perfecting of the laws, and the glory of the Republic.

"The new administration, on taking office, ought to thank the one preceding it for the efforts it has made to transmit the power intact, and to maintain public tranquillity. The conduct of the honourable General Cavaignac has been worthy of the loyalty of his character and that feeling of duty which is the first quality of a statesman.

"We have, citizen representatives, a great mission to fulfil, that of founding a Republic to the interest of all, and a just and firm Government, animated with a sincere love of progress, without being Utopian. Let us be the members of a country, not of a party, and, God aiding, we shall at least achieve good, if we cannot succeed in accomplishing great works."

The Prince then returned to his seat. The President of the Assembly invited the Bureau to reconduct the President of the Republic to the threshold of the palace, and to give orders that the honours due to his rank should be paid him. Before quitting the *salle*, the

Prince President went up to General Cavaignac, and shook him by the hand. Having entered his carriage, he was escorted by General Changarnier and General Lamoricière to L'Elysée National, which had been assigned him as a residence.

## CHAPTER LXII.

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.—FORMS A MINISTRY.—ELECTION OF VICE-PRESIDENT.—FOREIGN POLICY.—PIEDMONT AND ROME.

"He takes up and lets down men at his pleasure"—GUERRONIERE.

THE National Assembly had but little confidence in Bonaparte, and against any abuse of power on his part they adopted in the constitution many precautions. It is not suitable to place that constitution before our readers, as this is not a history of France at that time, or of the Republic, but of Louis Napoleon. The Assembly hedged up the power of the President of the Republic by such clauses as 45th, which forbade the re-election of President before an interval of four years had elapsed; 48th, which obliged him alone to take the oath, whilst all the other functionaries were exempt from it; 50th, which forbade his commanding the army in person; 55th, which limited his right of pardon.

The Prince President chose his ministers from all ranks of the majority. His first cabinet was thus composed:—M. Odillon Barrot, Minister of Justice, and charged with presiding over the Council in the absence of the Prince President; M. Drouin de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Léon de Malleville, those of the Interior; M. Ruquères,

Minister of War; M. de Tracy, of Maritime Affairs and the Colonies; M. de Falloux, of Public Instruction; M. Léon Faucher, of the Public Works; M. Bixio, of Agriculture and Commerce; and M. Passy, of Finance. Besides this, the command of the army of Paris was confided to General Changarnier, already Commandant-in-Chief of the National Guards of the Seine. On the 24th of December the President reviewed the National Guard and a part of the troops forming the army of Paris, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

On the 26th, the ministry, by the mouth of M. Odillon Barrot, presented to the Assembly the programme they proposed to follow. To support and strengthen authority, to re-establish and maintain order, to restore to the country that security which can alone enable the Republic to devote itself to the development of the general weal, morally and politically—such was the task undertaken by the cabinet. "The election of the 10th of December," said the minister, "has placed immense power in the hands of the Government; it is our duty

to prevent this power from being wasted or wrongly applied." The cabinet, however, soon afterwards underwent some modifications, owing to some dissatisfaction being given to the President by the Minister of the Interior, who was replaced by M. Léon Faucher, M. Lacrosse taking his former office. M. Bixio also profited by the occasion to resign, and was succeeded by M. Buffet.

January, 1849, opened favourably in many respects for the new order of things. It was, however, signalised by an event of importance to the Republic, and to the views and prospects of its President. It was necessary for the Assembly to elect a Vice-President, and according to the constitution the President of the Republic was to present to the President of the Assembly three names, one of which it was the duty of the members to elect. The first name was that of a personal friend of the Prince, and a partisan of the Bonaparte dynasty, M. Boulay (de la Meurthe). In a work published in 1860, called "The Early Life of Louis Napoleon," M. Boulay is represented as having his name placed by the Prince before the Assembly, because he was known to be a sincere but moderate Republican. Louis Napoleon knew well that Boulay cared nothing for the Republic as a form of government, was a firm Imperialist, and less likely to obstruct the Prince President's designs than any one else whom there was the slightest chance of the Assembly receiving. The second name was that of Baragnay d'Hilliers, who was regarded as a Legitimist, but who was in fact quite willing to serve either in a military or political capacity under any government, Orleanist or Napoleonic, so as it was not democratic. The third name was that of M. Vivier, a former member of the Cavaignac ministry. It was not likely that any of these men would prove acceptable to the

Assembly. Vivier was too feeble and unimportant a person, d'Hilliers was not sufficiently liberal for the Assembly, while M. Boulay was less likely to be objectionable than any man else selected from the Bonapartist party.

The war of Charles Albert against the Austrians in Italy attracted the attention of France in 1849, and the President was willing to co-operate with that monarch for the deliverance of Italy; but Charles Albert, over confident in the patriotism of the Italians, did not adopt the necessary means to secure the aid of the French Republic; he was moreover afraid that French intervention might prove as dangerous as Austrian invasion. The fate of the unfortunate king has been referred to in the Life of Victor Emmanuel in other pages of this work, and requires no further reference here than to express the probability that had Charles Albert pursued a different policy towards the French Republic, the troops of that Power would never have occupied Rome.

The history of the siege of Rome, and its occupation by the army of the French Republic, has been traced out in the Life of Garibaldi given in this work. A brief notice here is alone required.

The Republic reigned at Rome, the Pope's temporal power was abolished; but he, from Gaeta, fulminated his excommunications against the revolutionists, while the armies of Naples and Austria prepared to assist his temporal sovereignty, and by force to restore him to his dominions. The President of the French Republic was not wholly moved by improper or impolitic motives in resolving upon interference. There can be no doubt that his chief motives were to gain for himself the confidence and esteem of the Roman Catholic Church, to secure the favour of the

great high priest of that Church for future emergencies in the Napoleon career, and to prevent Austria from gaining too great an ascendancy in Europe and in Italy, especially by entering Rome bearing the Pontiff to power. It is probable also that Louis Napoleon regarded with jealousy and alarm the founding of republics in Italy, as he designed the overthrow of that of which he had been elected the chief. The constitution of France, to which he had sworn, declared, that "The Republic respected all foreign nationalities in the same manner in which she expected her own nationality to be respected; that she undertook no wars with the idea of aggrandisement, and would never employ her strength against the liberties of any nation." The liberties of the Roman people were undoubtedly assailed and conquered by the strength of France, the republican constitution of France was thereby violated, through the instrumentality of the executive, at the head of which was Louis Napoleon. In spite of their oaths, of the rights of the Roman people, and of the noble earnestness shown by the Romans in defence of their liberties, war was made upon them relentless and faithless. Louis Napoleon was the chief cause of this perfidy on the part of France to her own principles. His constitutional power in the state enabled him to keep his own oath and prevent the war, while the sacredness of his obligation ought to have deterred him from adopting a policy which, however it may have answered his personal ambition, was never of use, and was much to the dishonour, of his country. To use the Pope, the priests, the Legitimists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, for his own aggrandisement was his aim—"to take up men and lay them down at his pleasure." French authors and English translators have alleged that the people of the Roman States,

in a majority, was in favour of French interference; for such assertions there was no foundation, and the pages of this work dedicated to the defence of Rome, and the military operations of Garibaldi in the provinces, abundantly disprove such allegations.

The British section of politicians led by Lord Palmerston were, on the whole, in favour of French intervention. They believed that the presence of a liberal power would prevent Austrian despotism overshadowing Southern Italy, and check any attempt of the kaiser to follow up for ambitious or vindictive purposes his victories over Northern Italy. Thus England would see her own liberal desires for Italy carried out, without any intervention on her part.

The school of British statesmen referred to had no wish to see Italy, or any province of it, republican; no wish to see the Pope again absolute; and had strong objections to see Italy subverted to the kaiser, Piedmont conquered or dismembered, or Naples extending her influence or her territory beyond her own boundaries.

There is thus every excuse for the Palmerston policy in looking with some approbation upon the *professed* policy of Bonaparte, namely, to restore the Pope, with constitutional guarantees for the Roman people, to prevent Neapolitan or Austrian interference, and to save the dominions of Charles Albert (Victor Emmanuel) from Austrian occupation.

When the arms of France were ascendant in Rome, it appeared as if the English policy dictated by Lord Palmerston had obtained a triumph, and would answer its expectation in all completeness, for when the Roman government pursued a despotic course, and one unfaithful to France, the President of the French Republic thus addressed it:—

"The French Republic has not sent an army

to Rome for the purpose of stifling Italian liberty, but, on the contrary, to regulate, by preserving it against its own excesses, and to give it a solid basis, by replacing on the pontifical throne the prince, who was the first to place himself at the head of all useful reforms. I learn with regret that the benevolent intentions of the Holy Father, as well as our own actions, remain fruitless through the effect of hostile passions and influences, which would base the Pope's return on proscription and tyranny. Tell General Rostolan from me that he ought not to allow any action, calculated to cause the character of our intervention to be misrepresented, to be committed beneath the shadow of the tricoloured flag. I thus sum up in a few words the effects of the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope. General amnesty, secularisation of the admini-

nistration, code Napoleon, and liberal government."

Judging from the subsequent proceedings of Louis Napoleon, and long-continued occupation of Rome, his only object in this despatch was to conciliate England, and to disarm the hostility of the French Assembly, the closing act of which soon after was, to protest against "the direction given to the Roman expedition." The whole Italian people regarded the policy of Louis Napoleon as the tyrannical interference of a stranger with their national rights; they in effect said, and will continue to say, while a French soldier is in garrison at Rome:—

"This man is not of us; his ways are strange,  
And his looks stranger Wherefore does he come—  
What are his labours here, his name, his purpose,  
And who are they that know and speak for him?"

## CHAPTER LXIII.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—POLICY OF PARTIES.—THE ROMAN INVASION APPROVED BY THE REPRESENTATIVES.—INSURRECTION OF RED REPUBLICANS.—FLIGHT OF LEDRU ROLLIN AND OTHERS TO ENGLAND.—DISPUTES BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—THE ASSEMBLY AND THE PRESIDENT INVADE THE CONSTITUTION.—PREPARATIONS FOR A COUP D'ETAT.

— "To be, or not to be—that's the question"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE *Constitutional* Assembly of France had fulfilled its term at the close of 1848.

On Monday, May 28th, 1849, the *Legislative* Assembly was inaugurated. It numbered 750 members. There were amongst them Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Red Republicans, Republicans "pure and simple," and a large number whose politics were undefined. Some were eloquent and experienced

in administration, or parliamentary tactics, but an overwhelming majority were new men, sent in from the departments mainly through the influence of the priests, or the officials nominated by the Napoleon administration. The army had much aided the vote for the Napoleonic members. This sketch of the moral and intellectual composition of the Assembly is necessary to understand the

tactics it pursued, and how the policy of Louis Napoleon was influenced by its spirit and acts. The Assembly was, on the whole, in favour of the ancient monarchies, men who professed to their constituents thorough democratic opinions, but called themselves the party of order in contradistinction to the Bonapartists and Republicans. The policy of these representatives was a restoration of either the elder Bourbons or the Orleanists; the policy of Bonaparte was the Empire in his own person; the Church party preferred the elder Bourbons, although the Cis-Montane party of the Church was generally for the house of Orleans. All these factions dissimulated and violated the obligations they had taken except the pure Republicans, who had no ambition but the Republic, and the Red Republicans, who openly avowed communism in its worst forms.

At the second sitting of the Assembly, the hypocrisy that pervaded it was shameless; they shouted "Vive la Republique" with simulated fervour.

At the third sitting the mask was almost removed, and the Monarchists assailed the Republicans as "the enemies of order," of good government, and of peace.

Louis Napoleon saw that to meet such an assembly, so as to conduct the government, he must modify his ministry. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, a Protestant conservative, M. de Tocqueville, an able and moderate man, with others of less note, were introduced to the ministry, to conciliate the monarchical majority.

M. Dupin, sen., who had been President of the Chamber of Deputies under the monarchy, was elected President of the Assembly, a bold declaration against the Republic.

The President of the Republic directed an address to the Assembly, expounding his past policy, and that by which he proposed to guide his future; it was artfully concocted to con-

ciliate the monarchical party, and it succeeded for the time.

A resolution was passed approving of the course adopted in the invasion and occupation of Rome. France, by her representatives, endorsed that scheme; it could not any longer be described as the mere act of the Prince President. The Left of the house, led by the "Montagnards," assailed the whole course of the President's conduct towards Rome with fierce invective; the vote of the monarchical and imperialist parties united, answered these invectives. The Red Republicans in Paris were furious, and many of them flew to arms, and erected barricades; the troops, true to the President of the Republic, soon suppressed an insurrection which was only the partial revolt of a single faction. It was generally believed that the Bourbon party sent agents among the people, inciting to an *émeute*, in the hope of evoking from the Chambers some acts of a stringently anti-popular nature. The national guard were *en masse* against this disturbance. Ledru Rollin, Consederant, and others of the extreme democratic sections, held a meeting at the Conservatoire of Arts and Trades, for the purpose of organising an opposition to the policy of the President of the Republic and the Chamber; it was alleged that they were placing themselves at the head of an insurrection, the place was approached by an armed force, and the leaders were obliged to make their escape, and ultimately became refugees in England, the one powerful country in Europe where the political fugitive, of whatever creed, might find a shelter.

During the summer and autumn the Prince President visited the provinces and delivered addresses, all of which had for their aim to conciliate popular favour to Bonapartism, which, it was indirectly insinuated, was the "Republic without anarchy."



The cholera raged in Paris, and so many members of the Assembly fell victims to it, that the sittings were prorogued from the 11th of August to the 1st of October: this enabled the President of the Republic to mature his plans and serve the interests of his power. Accordingly, on the re-opening of the Assembly it was announced by the Prince that discussions had arisen in his ministry. Such was the case, but it arose mainly from the heterogeneous elements of which, for a time, he deemed it necessary a cabinet should be composed, and for the gradual assumption on his part of monarchical, and more than monarchical, authority over the councils. He thus addressed the Assembly:—

“In order to strengthen the Republic, menaced as it is on all sides by anarchy, to restore order more thoroughly than has yet been done, to maintain the name of France at the height of its renown, it is necessary to have men animated by feelings of patriotism, understanding the necessity of one firm director, and one prescribed form of politics, who, without compromising power by irresolution, will feel my responsibility as much as their own, as well in words as in actions.”

It was too true that the Republic was menaced on all sides by anarchy. Monarchists, Imperialists, and Socialists were alike struggling to produce confusion, in the hope that ascendancy would be their respective reward. To preserve order without violating the constitution, or exceeding in the popular esteem his administrative authority, and yet gradually under constitutional force to secure all authority in his own hands, was really the new policy. The Assembly saw this, and received the message coldly. The factions out of doors saw it, but each was so anxious to see all the rest thwarted, or put down anyhow, that satisfaction, rather than discontent was manifested

towards the bold tone assumed by the President. Each party thought that something would turn up in its own favour, from the new spirit evinced by the President.

A new ministry was appointed, more effectually to carry out the President's avowed policy. The Assembly received its members with distrust.

In November, 1849, the leaders of the late conspiracy were arraigned before the High Court of Justice, they were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment or exile. About thirty members of the Assembly were convicted and sentenced, chiefly Red Republicans. The spirit of “the party of order” was vindictive; the President saw that, and placed himself in popular contrast to them, by liberating 1,341, merely of the lower class of insurgents, chiefly those who had participated in an *émeute* in June, 1848.

The elections to replace the condemned representatives led to vast excitement; many were replaced by men of extreme opinions, as ardent as their predecessors; on this account, the Right of the Assembly, the monarchical party, attacked the principle of universal suffrage, by which they were themselves elected, and it became evident that the majority, for the Right of the Chamber had the majority, intended a legislative revolution against universal suffrage, without appealing to their constituencies. Napoleon rejoiced at this circumstance, for he knew that it delivered the Assembly into his hands. He, however, deemed it politic to appear to conciliate them, and his ministry proposed what was called “The Law of the 31st of May,” exacting from electors a residence of three years. This, however, acted against large classes who are not bound to the land, or to large towns, as shopkeepers and traders. It affected what is called in Great Britain and Ireland the villa population, com-

posed of professional men, artists, and persons of moderately independent means, constituting a very intelligent section of the community, and generally liberal.

The opinions of the more enlightened and liberal sections of the Assembly of this law was very unfavourable. M. de Lamartine said, "This law may be interpreted as a *coup d'état*." General Cavaignac called it "a ruthlessly devised violation of the constitution." "It is a mutilation of universal suffrage." "No one," replied M. Thiers, "thinks of attacking universal suffrage, or keeping the people from the electoral urn; it is only the vile multitude the law wishes to scatter—the mass of nondescript workmen, ever ready to be led away."

It is suspicious that after this concession to the majority of the Assembly, the President demanded, or rather his ministry for him, a credit of 2,400,000 francs, to meet the expenses of his office. The Left, or republican party, were rather favourable, because of the personal benevolence, and generosity to the poor and unhappy, by which the President was undoubtedly distinguished. Whether a poor exile in London, or a President, or an Emperor, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has ever been ready to succour the unfortunate, and show himself sensible of even the smallest acts of kindness.

The Right of the Assembly assailed the extravagance of the President; and although they were monarchists to a man, affected such zeal for the Republic that they were indignant at this demand for a civil list. As each of them received twenty-five francs a day, the mob discussed in the streets whether any of them were worth it.

The Assembly prorogued its sittings from August the 11th to November the 11th. They appointed a Committee of Surveillance, the

real object of which was to watch Louis Napoleon; the number was twenty-five, of whom twenty-two were old Bourbons or abettors of the house of Orleans. The reserve, circumspection, silence, or studied speech of the President baffled the Assembly's spies.

The year 1850 was one of importance for France. The President of the Republic spent the early part of it in reviewing the different divisions of the army, and delivering addresses to them full of Bonapartist excitement. The army became intensely devoted to "the Prince," as he was always called by the military. This devotion was not only the result of the glory which the first Napoleon shed upon the soldiers of France, but was created by the suspicions and conduct of the majority of the Assembly. The members were continually discussing in and out of the Chamber questions concerning the loyalty and the rights of the soldiers. A few insisted that the first duty of the French military man was passive obedience to the Assembly; others arraigned the propriety of a soldier voting; and such doubts were expressed of the loyalty of the soldiers to the Republic, or any form of government but the imperial, that the feeling infected the army and ended in producing the condition of mind of which it was so suspicious. At a review held by the President at Sartory, cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" were raised by the troops. The incident was followed by similar occurrences at other reviews; the Assembly was alarmed, but the more it raged, the more the feeling spread, that the impositions practised at the elections by the members of the Right, and the alteration of the electoral law, absolved the people from allegiance to the Assembly, and that the Empire could alone save the country from a Bourbon *coup d'état* by the majority of the Chamber.

Meanwhile the Assembly appointed General

Changarnier to the command of the army in Paris, who as a Legitimist concerted with the Bourbonists in the Assembly how best to thwart the President. He became as it were under military surveillance by the orders of the Bourbon members of the Chamber. Louis Napoleon now determined to accept the gauge of battle; he issued a decree depriving Changarnier of his authority, and he demanded of the Assembly the revision of the electoral law restricting universal suffrage. He also required a revision of that clause in the constitution which prevented the re-election of the President after his term of office expired. When the Chamber met after the prorogation on the 11th of November, the President's message was read, in which the following passages occurred:—"The General Councils have, for the most part, given their votes for a revision of the constitution. This wish, however, only regards the legislative power. For myself, elected by the people, and raised by them alone to my present position, I shall always conform to the legal expression of the nation's wishes. . . . If, during this session, you vote for revision, a constitution will be formed, re-organising our fundamental laws, and regulating executive power. If you do not vote, the people in 1852 will openly manifest their expressed desires. But, whatever may be the course of future events, let us so act, that the fate of a great nation shall never be decided by passion, surprise, and violence." A demand for 4,800,000 francs for the President made by the ministry, excited much exasperation, being double the amount of the previous year—it was refused.

Petitions flowed in upon the Assembly to propose a modification of the constitution as to the President's re-election. This they had really no right to do without an appeal to the people by whom they were elected, and

that was impossible, as universal suffrage had been curtailed.

The President, in fact, openly accused the Assembly of opposing all constitutional and useful administrative measures. Thus at Dijon, June 1, 1851, when inaugurating the opening of a railway, he said, "If my government have been unable to carry out all the ameliorations they had in view, it is owing to the National Assembly, whom I have always found ready to aid me in framing laws of restriction, but whose concurrence has always been found wanting in those of amelioration and progress."

At Beauvais, at the inauguration of the statue of Jeanne Hachette, he said, "It is encouraging to think that often, in moments of extreme danger, Providence allows *one person* to be the instrument of safety for all the rest."

The majority of the Assembly hoped by the assistance of the clergy, and renewed professions of liberalism, to procure the election of General Changarnier to the presidency of the Republic in 1852, and through his instrumentality to effect a restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in either the older or younger branch.

It was also rumoured that a further restriction of the suffrage was meditated. It was also alleged that a *coup d'état* against the President was in progress, which was deterred by fear that the army would revolt in his favour. To seize and try him for treason against the Republic, would infallibly lead to a military revolt.

Thus civil war might be said virtually if not actually to exist already.

On the 4th of November the Assembly proposed to appoint its President commander-in-chief of the army in Paris, and thus deprive the President of the Republic of all military authority there. This was the concluding

blow; it now only remained for Louis Napoleon to allow the Assembly to take its course, or to strike in return. He summoned more troops to Paris and harangued them, declaring that he relied upon them in the crisis which appeared to be approaching. The army showed increased enthusiasm for him. A man was placed at the head of the police of great energy and decision, and in the interest of the President. He collected his most intimate and trustworthy friends around him, and everything seemed to portend civil war between the President of the Republic and the Assembly.

The Assembly proceeded to amend the constitution, increasing the responsibility of the President by new and stringent clauses, and

issued certain papers to instruct the army in their duties. This spread the spirit of military hostility to the Assembly itself; the Minister of War, St. Arnaud, tore down the papers from the barrack-room, which were posted there for the constitutional enlightenment of the troops. The Assembly ordered his arrest, but did not dare to have their order enforced.

The President placed General Magnan, he who defeated the expedition at Boulogne, in command of the army of Paris, that general having, since the revolution of February, 1848, shewn Bonapartist predilections. Everything was now ripe for a *coup d'état*, at one side or the other; how it happened another chapter shall relate.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

'In great undertakings he dares too little that does not dare all.'

ON the evening of the 1st of December, 1851, the President of the Republic had a grand reception at the Elysée, at which the members of the Assembly presented themselves in considerable numbers. The President was affable to all, and especially to his opponents. He had already resolved that in the course of a few hours he would destroy their power or lose his own. Nothing in his manner betrayed the great purpose upon which he was bent; cool, collected, and even buoyant in manner, he disarmed suspicion. Many who were in expectation of some attempt on his part to wrest power from his opponents, were relieved from their apprehensions by the ease and cordiality of manner shown by their host. No man, it was believed, could have any imme-

diate intentions of risking a revolution, or perilling his own life before the law, and maintain so well the appearance of a conscience at ease. The representatives retired from the Elysée to their hotels; the company of all orders passed to their pleasant Parisian homes, without the slightest fear of arbitrary power or popular revolt.

Some four or five hours after the dispersion of that brilliant assemblage, Paris was at the feet of a military revolution. Yet it is remarkable that many men of sagacity in the French metropolis, citizens and foreigners, foresaw that such an event was immediately probable. It was a remarkable circumstance, that on the morning of the 2nd of December, the *Morning Advertiser* newspaper, of London,

published a letter from its Paris correspondent, predicting the event. This letter contained the following startling passages :—

“I have reason to believe, and I speak advisedly, that the President will not allow many days, *perhaps hours*, to elapse, before he carries out his long meditated project of a *coup de main*; from the information which I have received from the highest possible authority, I believe that he will, without further delay, carry his well-matured and well-digested plans into operation, and attempt a *dix-huit* Brumaire, after the old Napoleon and Cromwell fashion, send his parliament to the right-about, and appeal to the people. That he will make this attempt, and speedily, you may rely upon, as I have it from sources which have never failed me, even in the stormiest phases of revolution. His appeal to the country will probably be favourably responded to, and I much question whether the parliament will not display its usual pusillanimity, and eat the leek which the Pistol President will so unceremoniously present to it. The Assembly will not, however, probably lay down its arms without a struggle; but I believe, and with good reason, that Louis Napoleon meditates the proclamation of martial law, and the still more audacious project of depriving Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, and some other of his military opponents, of their commissions. I believe also that he has it in contemplation to consign these officers to the dungeons of Vincennes.”

All the prognostications of this letter were being fulfilled while the printers were transferring it to the columns of the journal.

The night of the 1st, or rather the dark hours of the morning of the 2nd, were spent by Louis Napoleon in such manner as he supposed would best bring his plot to maturity. His coadjutors were few; M. Maupas and

M. de Morny were the most intelligent and efficient of the conspirators; it is generally credited that these eminent men are the natural brothers of Louis Napoleon. Devotion might be expected from them, and it was freely given. De Morny acted as the President's minister; Maupas, in the responsible office of chief of the police. The President's faithful friend, M. Persigny, who risked his life in the expeditions of Strasburg and Boulogne, was constantly by the side of his chief, as fervent as ever in his zeal as a partisan of the Bonapartes. The army had been secured, and two of its most distinguished chiefs were placed in positions affording them complete power to secure the success of the meditated exploit. St. Arnaud was Minister of War and Commander-in-chief, and military adviser; Magnan commanded the troops in Paris. Bonaparte had gradually brought troops into Paris and near it, so that a strong military force was at the beck of the great revolutionist.

The following were the forces at his disposal, and the names of the generals who commanded them, many of whom have since distinguished themselves in the Crimea, Italy, Mexico, or China, and have attained to the highest honours France could bestow. Forey and Canrobert, then only generals of brigade, were destined to command armies when a few more years should roll over their heads.

This army comprised eleven brigades, viz. :—

Cotte's Brigade.  
Bourgon's brigade.  
Dulac's brigade.  
Reyball's cavalry brigade.  
Canrobert's brigade

These five brigades constituted Carrelet's division.

Sauboul's brigade.  
Ribert's brigade  
Forey's brigade.

These three brigades constituted Renauld's division.

Herbillion's brigade.  
Marulaz' brigade.  
Courtigis' brigade.

These three brigades constituted Levasseur's division.

The component parts of these brigades included :—

- 18 Regiments of infantry of the line.
- 3 Regiments of light infantry.
- 4 Battalions of *chasseurs à pied*.
- 2 Battalions of the Republican Guard.
- 2 Battalions of *gendarmerie mobile*.
- 4 Companies of engineers.
- 1 Company of miners.
- 2 Regiments of lancers.
- 2 Squadrons of guides.
- 2 Squadrons of the Republican Guard.
- 2 Squadrons of *gendarmerie mobile*.
- 9 Batteries of brigaded artillery.
- 10 Batteries of artillery not brigaded.

Such was the effective strength of the actual army of Paris, exclusive of regiments quartered in the garrisons surrounding the town, which, within a few hours, could double its numbers.

The only outlying corps called in during the days of December was the division of the heavy cavalry from Versailles, under the command of General Korte, comprising the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Carbineers, the 6th and 7th Regiments of Cuirassiers, and the 12th Regiment of Dragoons.

To secure the support of the army the President spared no pains. On the Sunday before his grand venture was made, he called together the officers of the Army of Paris at the Elysée, and delivered to them the following address :—

“Gentlemen,

“Receiving the officers of the various regiments of the army which succeed each other in the garrison of Paris, I congratulate myself on seeing them animated by that military spirit which constituted our glory, and which renders us now secure. I shall not, therefore, speak to you either of duties or of discipline.

As for your duties, you have always fulfilled them with honour, whether on the soil of France or in Africa, and your discipline has been perfectly maintained through the most arduous trials. I trust that these trials will not return; but should grave events bring them back, and oblige me to appeal to your fidelity, I am sure it will not desert me; because you know I would ask nothing but what consists with right as acknowledged by the constitution, with military honour, and with the interests of our country; because I placed at your head men who enjoyed my confidence, and deserved yours; and because if ever the day of peril should come, I will not act like the governments which have preceded me: I will not say, ‘March, and I will follow you!’ but, ‘I will march, follow me!’”

This address was ingeniously adapted to his audience, and produced a powerful effect. It alarmed the Assembly, increasing their fury, which seemed to deprive them of all the prudence requisite at such a crisis.

It is probable that the President had taken his resolves and matured his plans for a fortnight before they were executed. During that time he was constantly in consultation with De Morny, Maupas, Persigny, St. Arnaud, and Magnan.

The great necessity was to make the measures relied upon, sudden, swift, and simultaneous, so as to leave no room to think before the blow was struck. The next thing of importance was to carry out every measure effectually at whatever cost, so as to leave no hope of reversal. It was therefore arranged that the members of the National Assembly should be arrested, and all other persons likely to exercise any influence over the public in opposition to the President; that the National Assembly should be occupied so as to prevent

any convocation or sitting; the proclamation of the President's purposes; and the distribution of troops with such strategy as would completely dominate Paris.

The first of these measures which had to be provided for was the means of immediate publication. This was accomplished by the troops surrounding a printing office, and compelling the printing at once of the official documents to be placed on the walls of Paris. The second measure was the distribution of the troops, which under the able generals in command was accomplished with celerity. The fear of the plot being discovered by the execution of any one of its four parts prematurely, caused the conspirators to take care that the public should be struck at once by the *ensemble*.

Soon after six o'clock in the morning the troops were at their posts, the arrests were made. M. de Morny took possession of the Hotel of the Minister of the Interior, politely dismissing its occupant, and the Palace of the Assembly was garrisoned with troops.

It was designed to make arrests of the leading captains of barricades, and of the chiefs of secret clubs, as well as the more formidable of the members of the Assembly, and this was accomplished with swiftness and simultaneousness.

Before examining any of the details of these events, it is necessary to bring before the reader the last of the four points of the plan, in the order of execution, the proclamations, and official papers, because these expounded the professed motives of the *coup d'état* itself, appealed to the French people to support the President, and revealed his policy; they will also account for the measure and kind of resistance offered, and the sources and amount of the support which the President received.

At dawn on the morning of the 2nd, the walls and convenient public places were every-

where covered with the following proclamations and addresses:—

"IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE,

"The President of the Republic decrees:

"Art. 1. The National Assembly is dissolved.

"Art. 2. Universal Suffrage is restored. The law of the 31st May is annulled.

"Art. 3. The French people are to assemble in their *comitia* from the 14th December to the 21st of the same month.

"Art. 4. Martial law is proclaimed within the limits of the first military division.

"Art. 5. The Council of State is dissolved.

"Art. 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

"M. DE MORNÏ,

"Minister of the Interior.

"Palace of the Elysée, Dec 2."

"Frenchmen,

"The present state of things can no longer continue. Every succeeding day aggravates the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the most strenuous support of order, is become a focus of conspiracies. Three hundred patriotic members have not been able to stop its destructive career. Instead of making laws for the common good, it forges arms for civil war; it molests the power which I hold directly of the people; it encourages every bad passion; it endangers the peace of France. I have dissolved it; and I make the whole people a judge between it and myself.

"The constitution, you are aware, had been framed with the design of weakening beforehand the power you have entrusted to me. Six millions of votes were a splendid protest against it, and yet I conformed to it faithfully.

I was provoked, I was calumniated, I was insulted, without complaining. But now that the fundamental compact is no longer respected, even by those who continually appeal to it; and that the men who have already ruined two monarchies would bind my hands in order to destroy the Republic, it becomes my duty to baffle their perfidious projects, to support the Republic, and to rescue the country, by invoking the solemn judgment of the only sovereign which I acknowledge in France—the People.

“I therefore appeal frankly to the whole nation, and I say to you, if you wish to continue in the unsettled state which now degrades us and is prejudicial to the future, elect another in my room, for I scorn to hold a power which is impotent to do good, which renders me responsible for acts which I cannot prevent, and chains me to the helm whilst I see the ship drifting towards the rocks. If, on the contrary, you still feel confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission with which you have entrusted me. The object of this mission is to close the era of revolutions, by satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and by protecting them from corrupt and subversive passions. Its principal duty is to create institutions that will outlive us, and which at last will become the foundations whereon something enduring may be erected.

“Convinced that an unstable Government, and the preponderance of a single Assembly, are permanent causes of discord and confusion, I submit to your votes the following fundamental principles of a constitution, which the Assemblies may hereafter develop:—

“1st. A responsible Chief, appointed for ten years.

“2nd. Ministers solely dependent on the Executive Power.

“3rd. A Council of State, composed of the ablest men, to devise laws and discuss them before the Legislative Body.

“4th. A Legislative Body to discuss the laws and vote upon them, to be elected by Universal Suffrage, without the list of votes being examined to annul the election.

“5th. A second Assembly, composed from the most eminent men in the country: an equiponderant power to guard the fundamental compact, and the liberties of the people.

“This system, conceived by the First Consul, at the opening of the century, has already given peace and prosperity to France; it would secure them once more.

“Such is my deep conviction. If you think as I do, let it appear in your votes. If, on the other hand, you prefer a Government without strength, monarchical or republican, borrowed from some visionary past, or some chimerical future, answer by a negative vote.

“Thus, then, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with full intelligence of the matter, well knowing for whom and for what.

“If I do not obtain a majority of your votes, I shall summon a new Assembly to meet, and deliver to that body the mandate I have received from you.

“But if you think that the cause which my name represents—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organised by the Emperor—is still yours, you will declare it by confirming the powers I ask of you.

“Then will France and Europe be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, party contests will disappear, for all men will respect the verdict of the people as the decree of Providence.

“LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.”



**"THE PREFECT OF POLICE TO THE INHABITANTS  
OF PARIS.**

"Parisians,

"The President of the Republic, by a courageous initiative, has baffled the machinations of parties, and put an end to the anguish of the country. It is in the name of the people, in its interest, and for the maintenance of the press, that the event is accomplished.

"It is to the judgment of the people that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte submits his conduct.

"The greatness of the act makes you understand with what imposing and solemn silence the free exercise of the popular sovereignty ought to be manifested. To-day, as yesterday, let order be our watch-word; let all good citizens, animated as I am by the love of the country, aid me in my unalterable resolution.

"Have confidence in him whom 6,000,000 of votes have raised to the first dignity of the country. When he summons the entire people to express their will, the factions alone would place obstacles in the way. Any attempt at disorder shall be promptly and inflexibly repressed!

"DE MAUPAS, Prefect of Police.

"December 2, 1851."

---

**"PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE  
REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY.**

"Soldiers! Be proud of your mission; you will save the country. I rely upon you not to violate the laws, but to command respect for the first law of the country—national sovereignty—of which I am the legitimate representative.

"You long suffered, like me, from the obstacles that prevented me doing you all the good I intended, and opposed the demonstrations of your sympathy in my favour. Those obstacles are removed. The Assembly sought

to impair the authority which I derive from the entire nation: it has ceased to exist!

"I make a loyal appeal to the people and the army, and I tell them—Either give me the means of ensuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.

"In 1830, as well as in 1848, you were treated as a vanquished army. After having branded your heroical disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and wishes, and, nevertheless, you are the *élite* of the nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I wish the voice of the army to be heard.

"Vote, then, freely as citizens; but, as soldiers, do not forget that passive obedience to the orders of the chief of the government is the rigorous duty of the army, from the general down to the soldier. It is for me, who am responsible for my actions before the people and posterity, to adopt the measures most conducive to the public welfare.

"As for you, maintain entire the rules of discipline and honour. By your imposing attitude assist the country in manifesting its will with calmness and reflection. Be ready to repress all attempt against the free exercise of the sovereignty of the people.

"Soldiers! I do not speak to you of the recollections attached to my name. They are engraved on your hearts. We are united by indissoluble ties. Your history is mine. There is between us in the past a community of glory and misfortunes. There shall be in the future a community of sentiments and resolutions for the repose and grandeur of France!

(Signed) "LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Palace of the Elysée, December 2."

---

**LIST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.**

"Paris, December 3, 9 A.M.

"The new Ministry is composed of M. de Morny, Interior; Fould, Finance; Rouher, Justice; Magne, Public Works; Le Rouche,

Marine; Casabianca, Commerce; St. Arnaud, War; Fortoul, Public Instruction; Turgot, Foreign Affairs."

On the same morning M. de Morny sent a circular to the *juges de paix* and to the *procureurs* of the Republic, directing them to provide means for taking the suffrages of the people, between Sunday the 7th, and Sunday the 14th, on the points put before them by the President.

General St. Arnaud sent circulars, as Minister of War, to the generals in the provinces, commanding them to give protection and support to the authorities.

It is now proper to turn to another part of the general scheme of action—the occupation of the House of Representatives.

At six o'clock Ripert's brigade occupied the National Assembly and its approaches.

When the news of the *coup d'état* spread, the members hastened to the Assembly, but were refused admission. Some of them endeavoured to force their way in by a small door opening upon the Rue de Lille, but were arrested or driven back at the point of the bayonet.

The members, finding that they could not obtain admission to their proper place of assemblage, retired to the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement, where they held a sitting. They had collected to the number of three hundred, when troops arrived, and allowed no more to enter; for some time, however, they did not permit exit. The Assembly took very decided steps, decreeing as follows:—

"In pursuance of Article 68 of the constitution—viz., the President of the Republic, the ministers, the agents, and depositaries of public authority are responsible, each in what concerns themselves respectively, for all the acts of the Government and the Administra-

tion—any measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or places obstacles in the exercise of its powers, is a crime of high treason. -

"By this act merely the President is deprived of all authority, the citizens are bound to withhold their obedience, the executive power passes in full to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court of Justice will meet immediately under pain of forfeiture; they will convoke the juries in the place which they will select to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; they will nominate the magistrates charged to fulfil the duties of public ministers.

"And seeing that the National Assembly is prevented by violence from exercising its powers, it decrees as follows, viz. :—

"*Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as President of the Republic.* The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. The executive power has passed in full right to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court of Justice are enjoined to meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture, to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; consequently, all the officers and functionaries of power and of public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and of high treason.

"Done and decreed *unanimously* in public sitting, this 2nd of December, 1851.

(Signed) "BENOIST D'AZY, President,  
VITET, Vice-President.  
MOULIN, } Secretaries."  
CHAPOT, }

Then follow the names of all the members present.

When this decree was voted, another was

unanimously passed, appointing General Oudinot commander of the army.

The High Court of Justice obeyed the decree of the representatives. The five judges were assembled at the Palace of Justice, and at once proceeded against the President.

#### "DECREE OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

"Considering the 68th article of the constitution, considering that printed placards, commencing with the words 'the President of the Republic,' and bearing at the end the signature of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and De Morny, Minister of the Interior, which placards announce, among other things, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have this day been affixed to the walls of Paris; that this fact of the dissolution of the Assembly by the President of the Republic would fall under the case provided for by the 68th article of the constitution, and render the convocation of the High Court of Justice imperative, by the terms of that article declares, that the High Court is constituted, and names M. Renouard, counsellor of the Court of Cassation, to fill the duties of public accuser, and to fill those of Greffier, M. Bernard, Greffier in Chief to the Court of Cassation; and to proceed further in pursuance of the terms of the said 68th article of the constitution, adjourns until to-morrow, the 3rd of December, at the hour of noon.

"Done and deliberated in the Council Chamber. Present M. Hardouin, president; M. Pataille, M. Moreau, M. de la Palme, and M. Cauchy, judges, this 2nd day of December, 1851."

After this textual extract from the Minutes of the High Court of Justice, there is the following entry:—

"1. A *procès-verbal* stating the arrival of

a Commissaire de Police, who called upon the High Court to separate.

"2. A *procès-verbal* of a second sitting, held on the morrow, the 3rd day of December (when the Assembly was in prison), at which M. Renouard accepts the functions of public prosecutor, charged to proceed against Louis Napoleon, after which the High Court, being no longer able to sit, adjourned to a day to be fixed hereafter."

Meanwhile, the members of the Assembly were soon disturbed in their manufacture of decrees, arrested, and sent to prison. M. de Cavaignac declares that they were conducted there, and were consigned to the places finally arranged for their incarceration under very slender escorts, and without any sympathy having been shown by the people or the troops. Other writers describe them as the objects of much commiseration, and the spectacle as exciting the indignation of the people. Two hundred and eighteen deputies were conveyed on foot to a barrack where no provision had been made for their suitable reception, and many therefore suffered much, especially the aged and invalid. They were next day sent to different prisons. At first their confinement was solitary, but after a short time they were allowed to associate; and when the new *régime* of the President was established, they were set at liberty, and some of them became active servants of the Empire.

The arrests made in private were numerous, and under distressing circumstances; the case of the good and great General Cavaignac exemplified this. Some of the captives behaved with great dignity, and others in such a manner that their situation, while exciting sympathy, provoked laughter. The redoubtable M. Thiers, who is such a thunderer in the press, behaved with as little

dignity as any of them. M. Casaignac thus describes his capture :—

“When the commissary of police, M. Hubertson, entered the bedroom of M. Thiers, in the Place St. George, that gentleman was sound asleep. The commissary drew aside the curtains, which were of scarlet damask lined with white muslin, awoke M. Thiers, and informed him of his business. M. Thiers rose up hastily, rubbed his eyes, over which his white cotton nightcap was drawn down, and said, ‘What is all this about?’ ‘I have come down to search your house,’ replied the commissary; ‘but do not be alarmed, no harm will be done you, your life is in no danger.’ This last assurance appeared necessary, as M. Thiers was thunderstruck. ‘But what are you going to do? Do you know that I am a representative?’ ‘Yes, but I cannot discuss that point with you; I must execute the orders I have received.’ ‘But what you are doing may bring your head to the scaffold!’ ‘Nothing will deter me from the execution of my duties.’ ‘But it is a *coup d’état* that you are making.’ ‘I cannot reply to your questions; I beg you will get up.’ ‘Do you know whether I am alone in this matter, or have some of my colleagues been served the same?’ ‘I cannot tell you, sir.’ M. Thiers then rose, and dressed himself very leisurely, refusing the assistance of the agents. Suddenly he said to the commissary, ‘But, sir, suppose I should blow your brains out?’ ‘I do not think you would be guilty of such an act, M. Thiers; but I have taken all my measures, and should know how to prevent your doing so.’ ‘But do you understand the law? Are you aware that you are violating the constitution?’ ‘It is not my business to discuss with you, and, besides, your knowledge is far superior to mine. I have only to execute the orders which are

given to me, as I should execute yours if you were Minister of the Interior.’ The search made in the cabinet of M. Thiers did not lead to the discovery of any political correspondence. On the commissary expressing his astonishment at that fact, M. Thiers replied that he had long since sent all his political correspondence to England, and that nothing would be found at his house. On being requested to go, M. Thiers appeared timid and full of hesitation. He was allowed to fancy that he was to be taken before the Prefect of Police. The direction which the carriage took increased his apprehensions, and he endeavoured by every argument to turn the agent from the accomplishment of his duties. On reaching the prison Mazas, he asked whether he could have his *café au lait* as usual, and every attention was shown him. His courage completely abandoned him while in prison, and he showed no more firmness than M. Greppo, who *fut saisi d’un dérangement auquel il dut satisfaire*. M. Thiers was afterwards taken provisionally back to his own house by a fresh decision, after which he was taken to the bridge of Kehl, on the right bank of the Rhine. At the moment of leaving his home, M. Thiers wept abundantly, and appeared dreadfully cast down.

“General Leflo was in bed in his apartment at the Legislative Palace. The commissary, Bertoglio, woke him and showed him his warrant. He dressed himself, uttering threats against the commissary and the President. ‘Napoleon,’ said he, ‘wants to have a *coup d’état*; we will shoot him at Vincennes. As to you, we will not send you to Nouka-Hiva, but shoot you with him.’ When getting into the carriage, he wanted to harangue the soldiers, but Colonel Espinasse ordered him to be silent, and the soldiers at once levelled their bayonets against him.

From that moment, to the prison Mazas, he never uttered a word.

"General Bedeau inhabited part of a large hotel in the Rue de l'Université, No. 50. The porter at first refused to indicate the part of the house in which he lived, but afterwards complied. When the bell was rung, the General's servant half opened the door, and was about to close it abruptly, when he was pushed back by the commissary of police, who, the moment after, entered the General's bedroom, and informed him of the warrant against him. The General appeared thunderstruck. 'Arrest me!' he cried, 'why such an act is a violation of the constitution. I am Vice-president of the Assembly.' He then resisted violently, shouting treason; and had to be carried out, and placed in a carriage, and held there."

No movement of moment was made by any portion of the populace in resistance to the measures taken by the President.

The regiments from the three divisions of Paris were drawn up in brigades, and occupied the Quai d'Orsay, the Carrousal, the garden of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées. All the barracks were garrisoned by reserves.

At half-past eight in the morning the Minister of War rode in front of the different detachments, receiving the plaudits of the troops.

Victor Hugo describes the President as hiding himself in the recesses of the Elysée awaiting the success or failure of his agents; this, however, is not true. At twelve o'clock he mounted his horse, accompanied by Jerome Bonaparte, Marshal Excelsmans, the Minister of War, the General-in-Chief, the General Commanding the National Guards, General Count de Flahault, General Lehramm, and a number of other general officers, deputies, and partisans, and was received with enthusiasm by the troops and by the crowds in the streets. At four o'clock he reviewed the heavy cavalry on the Champs Elysées, and was received by them with cries of adherence, and shouts of "Long live the President of the Republic!"

Night closed over astonished and jaded Paris. Tranquillity was maintained; the troops retired to their quarters, leaving connected chains of small patrols as a measure of vigilance. It seemed then as if this great revolution was to be effected without bloodshed; but the morrow showed a different result.

## CHAPTER LXV.

### THE COUP D'ÉTAT—(continued).

"The prize is worth the hazard of the undertaking."—NAPOLEON I.

GREAT was the anxiety of the people of Paris on the morning of the 3rd of December. Men knew not what might have occurred during the night, so great had been the events of the night which introduced the morning of the 2nd. It soon became evident that the "Reds," incited by such of the Montagnards as were at

liberty, would resist the *coup d'état*. Barricades were erected, and combats ensued; many perished under the stroke of bullet and sabre, and the army also had its casualties.

The best way to obtain a connected account of these sad events is to peruse the report of the general commanding the army of Paris,

and then to examine his alleged facts in the light of such evidence as has been furnished by independent sources.

#### GENERAL MAGNAN'S OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE EVENTS IN PARIS.

“ Monsieur le Ministre,

“ I have already had the honour to address to you a summary report on the events of the 3rd and 4th instant, and to render you an account of the results obtained from the arrangements made in anticipation of those events. Now that the partial reports of the generals commanding divisions under my orders have reached me, I hasten to send you the details which complete my former reports. On the morning of the 3rd numerous and threatening assemblages took place on different points, and the various corps of the army of Paris marched to take up their position for combat. General Marulaz, who, with his brigade, occupied the Place de la Bastille, on being informed that a barricade had been raised at the corners of the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, and the Rues de Cotte and Ste. Marguerite, sent to that spot three companies of the 19th light infantry, under the orders of Commandant Pujol, and supported the movement by advancing himself at double quick time at the head of a battalion of the 44th into the Rue de Charonne, so as to advance to the barricade by the Rue de Cotte. The assemblage, at the head of which were three Montagnard representatives, seeing the troops advancing, fired, and mortally wounded a soldier of the 44th, named Sirlan. The first platoon returned the fire, and the representative Baudin was killed on the barricade. In the afternoon General Herbillon, who had taken up a position on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, being informed that barricades were being raised in the Rues du Temple, Rambu-

teau, Beaubourg, &c., marched immediately to the spot, at the head of a column formed of the 9th battalion of foot chasseurs and a piece of artillery, and overthrew all the obstacles which he met with in his passage, whilst a battalion of the 6th light infantry destroyed, in the Rue du Temple, the barricades which had been commenced. In the evening fresh barricades having been raised in the Rue Beaubourg, Colonel Chapuis, of the 3rd regiment of the line, taking with him a battalion of his regiment and a company of engineers, again went through that quarter, where he was received with a very warm fire, which did not, however, stop the advance of his column. All the obstacles were carried, and those who defended them were shot. Assemblages which were formed in other quarters were dispersed by the energy and the attitude of the troops. Seeing that the day was passing in insignificant skirmishes, and without any decisive result, and suspecting that the intention of the chiefs of the rioters was to fatigue the troops by carrying the agitation in succession into different quarters, I resolved to leave the insurrection for some time to itself, in order to give it the facility of choosing its ground, of establishing itself, and, in short, of forming a compact mass against which I could act. For this purpose, I withdrew all the small posts, ordered the troops back to their barracks, and waited. In the morning of the 4th, the report of the Prefect of Police, and my own reconnaissances, made me aware that several assemblages were formed in the Quartiers St. Antoine, St. Denis, and St. Martin, and they were beginning to raise barricades there. The insurrection appeared to have its focus in the space comprised between the Boulevards and the Rues du Temple, Rambuteau, and Montmartre. At noon I learned that the barricades were becom-

ing formidable, and that the insurgents were entrenching themselves; but, I had decided on not attacking before two o'clock, and, firm in my resolution, I did not hasten the movement, notwithstanding all the entreaties that were made to me to the contrary. I knew the ardour of my troops, and their impatience for the combat, and I was sure of overpowering the insurrection in two hours, if it would accept the conflict. Success justified my belief. The attack, ordered for two o'clock, was to commence with a convergent movement of the divisions of Generals Carrelet and Levasseur. In consequence, the brigade Bourdon took up a position between the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin. The brigades of Cotte and Canrobert occupied Boulevard des Italiens, whilst General Dulac occupied the Pointe St. Eustache, and the brigade of General Reibell took up its position in the Rue de la Paix. General Levasseur formed his column to support the movement of the division of General Carrelet. At two o'clock in the afternoon all the troops moved forward. The Bourgon brigade cleared the Boulevards to the Rue du Temple, and went down that street as far as the Rue Rambuteau, carrying all the barricades on its passage. The brigade of General Cotte was engaged in the Rue St. Denis, whilst a battalion of the 15th light infantry proceeded to the Rue du Petit Carreau, which was already barricaded. General Canrobert, taking a position at the Porte St. Martin, went through the Rue du Faubourg of that name and the adjacent streets, obstructed by strong barricades, which the 5th battalion of foot chasseurs, under the orders of Commandant Levasson Sorval, carried with rare intrepidity. General Dulac sent to attack the barricade of the Rue Rambuteau, and the adjacent streets, columns formed of three battalions of the 51st of the line, commanded

by Colonel de Lourmel, and two other battalions, one of the 19th of the line, the other of the 43rd, supported by a battery of artillery. At the same time, the brigade of General Herbillon, formed of two columns, one of which was directed by General Levasseur in person, penetrated into the focus of the insurrection by the Rues du Temple, Rambuteau, and St. Martin. General Marulaz operated in the same sense by the Rue St. Denis, and threw into the transversal streets a light column, under the orders of Colonel de la Motterouge, of the 10th light infantry. General Courtigis, on his side, arriving from Vincennes, at the head of his brigade, swept the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which several barricades had been constructed. These different operations were performed, under the fire of the insurgents, with a skill and zeal which could not for one instant leave a doubt of success. The barricades, attacked in the first instance by artillery, were carried at the point of the bayonet. All that part of the town between the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Martin, the Pointe St. Eustache and the Hotel de Ville, was covered in every sense by our infantry columns; the barricades were carried and destroyed, and the insurgents dispersed or killed. The crowds who endeavoured to form themselves again on the Boulevards, were charged by the cavalry of General Reibell, who sustained a sharp fire at the top of the Rue Montmartre. Attacked on all sides at the same time, disconcerted by the irresistible ardour of our troops, and by that *ensemble* of arrangements, enveloping, as in a network of iron, the whole quarter where they had waited for us, the insurgents no longer dared to undertake anything serious. At five o'clock in the evening, the troops of the division of General Carrelet came, and again took up a position on the Boulevards. Thus the attack, which had commenced at two o'clock in the

afternoon, was terminated at five. The insurrection was vanquished on the ground that it had chosen. Some partial combats, however, took place in other parts, which I think it my duty to point out to you. On the 4th, about seven o'clock in the evening, some bands of the insurgents, who had been dispersed by the different columns, united at the upper end of the Rues St. Honore, des Poulies, and other small streets adjacent, and commenced to raise barricades. Other assemblages took place at the same time in the Rues Montmartre and Montorgueil, the lamps in which had been extinguished, and where the insurgents, under favour of the darkness, had been able to erect fresh barricades. About eight o'clock, Colonel de Lourmel, of the 51st of the line, who had remained in position near the Pointe St. Eustache, although well understanding all the difficulties of a night attack, decided on making one immediately with the 2nd battalion of his regiment. The first four barricades were immediately carried at the point of the bayonet, with the greatest ardour, by the grenadiers and the voltigeurs of that battalion. A fifth barricade still remained, higher and better defended than the others. In spite of the darkness, Colonel de Lourmel hesitated not to make arrangements for its attack. Fifteen grenadiers, under the orders of Sergeant Pitrois, first advanced, closely followed by the other grenadiers and voltigeurs of the battalion, led on by Commandant Jeannin. Nothing could resist the ardour of those brave soldiers. The barricade was carried in spite of a desperate resistance. It was defended by about one hundred insurgents. Forty of them were killed on the spot, and the others were made prisoners. About a hundred muskets and other weapons, and abundant ammunition, fell into the hands of our soldiers. Colonel Courant, of the 19th of the line, who, with his

regiment, occupied the Palais National, learning that a considerable number of insurgents, who had been driven from the Carre St. Martin, had rallied on the Place des Victoires, and threatened the Bank of France and the neighbouring quarters, proceeded thither at double-quick time with his regiment, carried the barricades in the Rues Pagevin and des Fosses Montmartre, and then returned and established himself at the Bank, whence he could maintain the tranquillity of the quarters of the Bank and the Bourse. I should never finish were I to begin to mention particular names, but I cannot however, refrain from doing justice to the energetic skill with which Captain de la Roche d'Oisy, commandant of the 4th company of the 1st battalion of the Gendarmerie Mobile, protected through the whole period of the insurrection the National Printing Office, which was constantly surrounded by threatening groups. Several barricades were constructed in the neighbouring streets, for the purpose of cutting off communication with that establishment. Lieut. Fabre, of that company, at the head of twenty-five men, carried the stronger of these barricades, formed with over-turned *diligences*, barrels, and pieces of wood, and the others being successively destroyed, the circulation was kept open by the means of frequent patrols. At La Chapelle St. Denis, some companies of the 28th regiment of the line carried a number of barricades, and maintained tranquillity in those populous quarters, which the secret societies had deeply agitated.

"Whilst these events were taking place on the right bank of the Seine, General Renault, commanding the 2nd division, occupied the left bank, and by the able arrangements which he made, and the firm demeanour of his troops, was able to guarantee from all agitation the working population of the 11th and



12th arrondissements, in which, at other periods, insurrection could boast of such numerous proselytes. The reserve division of cavalry, under the orders of General Korte, summoned in from Versailles, took up position, at first in the Champs Elysées, and afterwards in the Boulevards, and contributed powerfully, by numerous patrols, to the arrest of a great number of insurgents, and to the complete re-establishment of tranquillity. As the reports sent in to me the night of the 4th, on the state of Paris, gave me almost a certitude that the insurrection would not venture to again raise its head, I withdrew at midnight a part of the troops from their positions, to give them that repose they so well merited. The next day, December 5th, *I determined to make a display of all the army of Paris to the population, intending by that demonstration to reassure the good and intimidate the evil disposed.* I gave orders that the brigades of infantry, with their artillery, and their companies of engineers, should proceed through the city in movable columns, to march on the insurgents wherever they should show themselves, and to destroy all the obstacles which might impede the circulation. To that effect, General Carrelet, at the head of a column of his division, proceeded about nine in the morning to the Barrière Rochechouart, where a formidable barricade existed. But the insurgents, terrified by the results of the preceding day, did not venture to defend their entrenchments, and abandoned them at the approach of the troops. Another barricade, raised in the Faubourg Poissonnière, was likewise deserted by its defenders before the arrival of the column under the orders of General Canrobert, charged to carry it. From that moment tranquillity was no more troubled in Paris, and the circulation was fully re-established on every point. The army returned to its quarters, and

the next day, the 6th, Paris, no longer beholding in the streets that unusual display of troops, was restored to its activity, movement, and life of every day. I know not how, Monsieur le Ministre, to render to the troops who fought on those two days all the justice which is due to them for the firmness, spirit, and discipline which they constantly displayed. Officers and soldiers, they all comprehended what the country and society expected from them at that solemn moment, and all nobly did their duty. I have, in particular, to praise the energetic co-operation of the general officers under my orders. All followed my instructions with an intelligence and devotedness which penetrate me with the liveliest gratitude; everywhere they showed to the troops the way which they so nobly followed. Unfortunately, operations so complicated could not be executed without sensible loss. We had, in these two days, 25 men killed, of whom one was an officer; and 184 wounded, of whom 17 were officers; of this number, was Colonel Quilico, of the 72nd regiment of the line, who had his arm transpierced by a ball, at the same time as his Lieut.-Colonel, M. Loubeau, fell at his side mortally wounded. The whole army joined in the regret which the loss of this superior officer, of the greatest distinction, caused in the 72nd. The numerical smallness of our loss, compared to that of the insurgents, is owing to the energy with which all the obstacles were attacked by our men, and the determination with which the insurrection was put down. In two hours of combat the army obtained the result which it desired; it worthily justified the confidence of the President of the Republic, and it must feel satisfied that it has nobly aided in saving society in France, and perhaps in Europe. I shall, before long, have the honour of sending in to you a statement respecting the men of

all grades, who appear to me to have the greatest claim to recompense, and to whom I shall pray you to direct the kind interest of the President of the Republic. Receive, Monsieur le Ministre, the assurance of my respect and devotedness.

“MAGNAN, Commander-in-Chief.”

Early on the morning of the 3rd the insurrection was organised, and led by several of the representatives of the party of the Mountain.

Barricades were first erected at the Faubourg St. Antoine; these and a number in neighbouring streets were carried by the infantry, but not without loss. From St. Antoine, the revolt extended to the quarter St. Martin. The bulk of the insurgents moved along the left of the Seine to the Faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Marceau. Several of the Republican representatives were killed and wounded in these operations, and a number of names, eminent in politics and literature, were compromised as leaders or instigators of the revolt. At last the conflict extended along the entire course of the Boulevards; very many of the police and the people fell, and several soldiers were killed and wounded, wherever a barricade was defended against them. The centre of Paris was a network of barricades, the success of the Republicans was increasing hour by hour, and alarm took possession of many; even Malpas, the director of police, quailed before the increasing storm. The chief personages in the plot of the President showed indomitable courage. The President himself was inflexible and calm. De Morny was also resolute; the Minister of War and General Magnan felt confident, but there was danger of failure. To all the tidings of evil brought to Louis Napoleon, he replied, “Let St. Arnaud execute my orders.” What these orders were it is impos-

sible to conjecture; Victor Hugo suggests, or rather affirms, that the massacre of the 4th explains the mystery. There is no doubt the insurrection was, on the 3rd, directed by some of the most able and notable citizens.

The second day closed in gloom and doubt, such as could not be conceived from the dry military report of General Magnan; and the morning of the 3rd dawned upon renewed conflict.

The 4th of December was a terrible day for Paris and for the reputation of the President. The resistance to the *coup d'état* of the previous day had not been suppressed. The account given by General Magnan was partial and incomplete; he did not report anything that was unfavourable to the soldiery or the President, their chosen chief. Early on the 4th, notices were seen on the walls of Paris that all assemblages of the people, no matter of what character or for what purpose brought together, would be dispersed by armed force without warning. These placards were regarded by the citizens as merely *in terrorem* for the men of the barricades, and therefore little regard was paid to them.

The barricades were manned by men wretchedly armed, nor were their numbers great, nor even in good proportion to the vast body of troops employed against them.

It was observable on this day that the soldiers did not press against the barricades with as much energy as might be supposed; they were mainly massed and arrayed on the Boulevards and as if with some purpose different from that of storming the citizens' defences. In fact, a sanguinary massacre was effected upon unoffending persons. The soldiery were made drunk, money was freely given them, and, either at a preconcerted signal or by a simultaneous impulse, they fell upon the people in the streets, without regard

to age, sex, or class of life; they fired into the houses, and stormed many of them, bayoneting or shooting the inmates. Even cannon were turned upon the people, sweeping with case shot the streets, and battering with balls the doors and walls of houses. One of the bloodiest tragedies ever perpetrated in the world's history, stained with gore and strewn with dead an elegant and peaceable portion of Paris, and covered the *coup d'état* with an infamy which cannot die. Whether this was done with the consent, or actually by the orders, as Victor Hugo affirms, of the President, or whether St. Arnaud, or Magnan, or De Morny be responsible, singly or together, a crime was committed which will stain the official robes of Napoleon for ever.

Victor Hugo has given the most detailed account of the proceedings of this day. He

participated in the armed resistance to the blow which Napoleon struck; he was a member of the committee by which the resistance was organised; in fact, a leader of the armed people. His eloquent pen has given a description which is written as in lines of fire. The position he occupied, his subsequent proscription, his exile when he wrote, must all have tended to impede impartiality in the account which he gives; it is therefore judicious to give also the relation of English eye-witnesses, who regarded the facts as they fell under their observation, and were viewed with no party preference or prejudice. The impartiality of this work, and the justice due to one who is now a great sovereign, and the ally of our Queen, demands from the author this delicacy and care. These accounts will occupy a separate chapter.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

### TESTIMONIES OF EYE-WITNESSES TO THE ATROCITIES OF THE FOURTH OF DECEMBER.

"No state of siege! Any one could govern by a state of siege."—*Dying words of* COUNT CAVOUR.

THE narratives of eye-witnesses to this dreadful tragedy cannot fail to afford one of the most powerfully interesting chapters in this work.

The following is the narrative of Victor Hugo:—

"One word on what is about to be the stage for the unheard-of drama, prepared and perpetrated by the man of December.

"From the Madeleine to the Faubourg Poissonnière the Boulevard was unobstructed; from the theatre of the Gymnase to the theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin it was barricaded. This was the case with the Rue de la Lune and all the streets which bound, or

debouch upon, the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin. Beyond the Porte Saint-Martin the Boulevard was again free as far as the Bastille, with the exception of a single barricade, which had been begun opposite the Château d'Eau. Between the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin seven or eight redoubts crossed the road at a certain distance from each other. A square of four barricades shut in the Porte Saint-Denis. Of these four barricades, that one which looked towards the Madeleine, and which was destined to receive the first shock of the troops, had been constructed at the

culminating point of the Boulevard, with its left extremity resting on the angle of the Rue de la Lune, and its right upon the Rue Mazagran. Four omnibuses, five waggons for removing furniture, the little house of the inspector of hackney coaches, which had been thrown down, the Vespasian columns, which had been broken up, the public seats of the Boulevards, the flag-stones of the steps of the Rue de la Lune, the entire iron balustrade of the pavements, which had been wrenched from its place at a single effort by the formidable hand of the crowd—such were the objects heaped together, but which were hardly sufficient to block up the Boulevard, which at this point is very broad. There were no paving-stones, as the road is macadamised. The barricade did not even extend from one side of the Boulevard to the other, but left a large open space near the Rue de Mazagran, where there was a house in course of erection. Observing this gap, a well-dressed young man got upon the scaffolding, and, quite unaided, without the least hurry, or even taking the cigar from his mouth, cut the cords of the scaffolding. The people at the surrounding windows laughed and applauded him. An instant afterwards the scaffolding gave way in a single mass, and with a loud noise. This completed the barricade.

“While this redoubt was being completed, some twenty persons entered the theatre of the Gymnase by the stage-door. A few moments afterwards they came out again with some muskets and a drum, which they had found in the wardrobe, and which were a part of what, in the theatrical language, is termed ‘the properties.’ One of the men took the drum, and commenced beating to arms. The others, throwing down the Vespasian columns, tilting up carriages on one side, tearing blinds and shutters off their hinges, and heaping a

number of old scenes upon each other, constructed, opposite the guard-house of the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, a little barricade, as a sort of advanced post, or rather a lunet, which commanded the Boulevards Poissonnière and Montmartre, as well as the Rue Hauteville. The military had already evacuated the guard-house in the morning; the flag was taken from it and planted upon the barricade. It is this same flag which was afterwards declared by the newspapers of the *coup d’état* to have been a ‘red flag.’

“Some fifteen men took up their position at this advanced post. They had muskets, but no cartridges, or at most, very few. Behind them, the large barricade, which covered the Porte Saint-Martin, was held by about a hundred combatants, in the midst of whom were observed two women and an old man with white hair. In his left hand he held a stick, on which he supported himself, and in his right he grasped a musket. One of the two women wore a sabre suspended to a cross-belt. While helping to tear up the railing that ran along the side of the pavement, she severed three fingers of her right hand with the sharp edge of an iron bar. She showed the wound to the crowd, and as she did so, cried ‘*Vive la République!*’ The other woman had ascended to the top of the barricade, whence, leaning on the flagstaff, and escorted by two men in blouses, who were armed with muskets and presented arms, she read aloud the call to arms issued by the representatives of the Left. The crowd clapped their hands.

“All this occurred between twelve and one o’clock in the day. An immense number of people on this side the barricades covered the pavement on both sides the Boulevards; in some places they were silent, in others they cried ‘Down with Soulouque! Down with the traitor!’

"From time to time, some mournful processions traversed the multitude; they consisted of files of closed litters carried along by hospital men and soldiers. At their head marched men, holding in their hands long poles, at the end of which hung blue placards, on which was inscribed in large letters, *Service of the Military Hospitals*. On the curtains of the litters, *Wounded. Ambulance*. The weather was gloomy and wet.

"At this time there was a great number of persons at the Bourse. On all the walls bill-stickers were posting up bills, announcing the adhesion of the departments to the *coup d'état*. Even the stockbrokers, while trying to bull the market, laughed and shrugged up their shoulders at these bills. Suddenly, a well-known speculator, who had for two days been a great admirer of the *coup d'état*, made his appearance, pale and breathless, like a fugitive, and exclaimed, 'They are firing grape on the Boulevards.'

"We will now describe what was going on there.

"A little after one o'clock, a quarter of an hour after the last order given by Louis Bonaparte to General Roguet, the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Madeleine, was suddenly covered with cavalry and infantry. Almost the whole of Carrelet's division, composed of the five brigades of Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Reibell, and presenting a total of 16,410 men, had taken up their position, and extended themselves in *echelons* from the Rue de la Paix to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade had its artillery with it. Eleven pieces of cannon were counted on the Boulevard Poissonnière alone. Two of the cannons, with their muzzles turned different ways, had been pointed at the ends of the Rue Montmartre and Faubourg Montmartre respectively; no one knew why, as neither the

street nor the faubourg presented even the appearance of a barricade. The spectators, who crowded the pavement and the windows, looked with affright at all these cannons, sabres, and bayonets, which thus blocked up the street.

"The troops were laughing and chatting,' says one witness. Another witness says, 'The soldiers had a strange look about them.' Most of them were leaning upon their muskets, with the butt-end upon the ground, and seemed nearly falling from fatigue, or something else. One of those old officers who are accustomed to read a soldier's thoughts in his eyes, General —, said, as he passed the Café Frascati, 'They are drunk.'

"There were now some indications of what was about to happen.

"At one moment, when the crowd was crying to the troops—'*Vive la République!*' 'Down with Louis Bonaparte!' one of the officers was heard to say, in a low voice—'*Ceci va tourner à la charcuterie!*' (we shall soon have a little to do in the pork-butcher line).

"A battalion of infantry debouches from the Rue Richelieu. Before the Café Cardinal it is greeted by a unanimous cry of '*Vive la République!*' A literary man, the editor of a Conservative paper, who happened to be on the spot, adds the words '*Down with Soultouque!*' The officer of the staff, who commanded the detachment, makes a blow at him with his sabre. The journalist avoided the blow, and the sabre cuts in two one of the small trees on the Boulevards.

"As the 1st regiment of Lancers, commanded by Colonel Rochefort, came up opposite the Rue Taitbout, a numerous crowd covered the pavement of the Boulevards. This crowd was composed of some of the inhabitants of that quarter of the town, of merchants, artists, journalists, and even several

young mothers leading their children by the hand. As the regiment was passing by, men and women—every one, in fact—cried, '*Vive la Constitution!*' '*Vive la Loi!*' '*Vive la République!*' Colonel Rochefort, the same person who had presided at the banquet given on the 31st October, 1851, at the Ecole Militaire, by the 1st regiment of Lancers to the 7th regiment of Lancers, and who, at this banquet, had proposed as a toast, 'Prince Louis Napoleon, the chief of the state, the personification of that order of which we are the defenders!'—this colonel, on hearing the crowd utter the above cry, which was perfectly legal, spurred his horse into the midst of the crowd, through all the chairs on the pavement, while the lancers precipitated themselves after him, and men, women, and children were indiscriminately cut down. 'A great number remained dead on the spot,' says a defender of the *coup d'état*; and then adds, 'It was done in a moment.'\*

'About two o'clock, two howitzers were pointed at the extremity of the Boulevard Poissonnière, at a hundred and fifty paces from the little advanced barricade of the guard-house on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. While placing the guns in their proper position, two of the artillerymen, who are not often guilty of a false manoeuvre, broke the pole of a caisson. '*Don't you see they are drunk?*' exclaimed a man of the lower classes.

'At half-past two, for it is necessary to follow the progress of this hideous drama minute by minute, and step by step, the firing commenced before the barricade, but it was languid and almost seemed as if done for amusement only. The chief officers appeared to be thinking of anything but a combat. We shall soon see, however, of what they were thinking.

"The first cannon ball, badly aimed, passed above the barricades, and killed a little boy at the Château d'Eau, as he was procuring water from the basin.

"The shops were shut, as were also almost all the windows. There was, however, one window left open on an upper story in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. The principal mass of mere spectators were still on the southern side of the street. It was an ordinary crowd and nothing more—men, women, children, and old people who looked upon the languid attack and defence of the barricade as a sort of sham fight.

"This barricade served as a spectacle until the moment arrived for making it a pretext.

"The soldiers had been skirmishing in this manner, and the defenders of the barricade returning their fire, for about a quarter of an hour, without any one being wounded on either side, when suddenly, as if by the agency of electricity, an extraordinary and terrible movement was observed in the infantry first, and then in the cavalry. The troops suddenly faced about.

"The historiographers of the *coup d'état* have asserted that a shot, directed against the soldiers, was fired from the window which had remained open at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. Others say that it was fired from the top of the house at the corner of the Rue Notre-Dame de Recouvrance and the Boulevard Poissonnière. According to others, it was merely a pistol shot fired from the roof of the lofty house at the corner of the Rue de Mazagran. The shot is contested; but what cannot be contested is, that—for having fired this problematical shot which, after all, was perhaps nothing more than the noise occasioned by some door slammed to violently—a dentist, who inhabited the next house, was killed by a musket ball. The question resolves itself into

\* Captain Manduit, "Révolution Militaire du Décembre," p. 217.

this: Did any one hear a pistol or musket shot fired from one of the houses on the Boulevard? Is this the fact, or is it not? a host of witnesses deny it.

"If the shot was really fired there still remains one point that requires to be cleared up. Was it a cause, or was it a signal?

"However this may be, all of a sudden, as we have said before, the cavalry, infantry, and artillery faced towards the dense crowd upon the pavement, and then, without any one being able to assign a reason for it, unexpectedly, without any motive, without any previous warning, as the infamous proclamations of the morning had announced, the butchery commenced from the Theatre of the Gymnase to the Bains Chinois, that is to say, the whole length of the richest, the most frequented, and the most joyous Boulevard of Paris.

"The army commenced shooting down the people, with the muzzles of their muskets actually touching them.

"It was a horrible moment; it would be impossible to describe the cries, the arms of the people raised towards heaven, their surprise, their horror; the crowd flying in all directions, the shower of balls falling on the pavement and bounding to the roofs of the houses, corpses covering the road in a single moment, young men falling with their cigars still in their mouths, women in velvet gowns shot down dead by the long rifles, two booksellers killed on their own thresholds without their having known what offence they had committed, shots fired down the cellar-holes and killing any one, no matter who happened to be below, the bazaar riddled with shells and balls, the Hotel Sallandrouze bombarded, Tortoni's carried by assault, hundreds of corpses stretched upon the Boulevard, and a torrent of blood in the gutters of the Rue de Richelieu.

"A witness says: . . . 'The first cannon-

shots fired against the barricade Bonne-Nouvelle, served as a signal to the rest of the troops, who fired almost simultaneously at every one within the range of their muskets.'

"Another witness says: 'No words are powerful enough to describe such an act of barbarity. A person must himself have seen in order to be bold enough to speak of it, and attest the truth of a fact which nothing can palliate. The soldiers fired volleys of thousands and thousands of shots—the number is inappreciable\*—on the unoffending crowd, and without having the slightest reason for doing so. There was a desire to produce a deep impression. That was the whole secret of the matter.'

"Another witness says: 'The troops of the line, followed by the cavalry and the artillery, arrived on the Boulevard at a time that the general agitation was very great. A musket shot was fired from the midst of the troops, and it was easy to perceive that it had been fired in the air, from the smoke which rose perpendicularly. This was the signal for firing on and bayoneting the people without any previous warning. This is a significant fact, and proves that the military wanted the appearance of a motive for beginning the massacre which followed.'

"Another witness tells the following tale: . . . 'The cannon, loaded with grape-shot, cut up all the shop-fronts from the establishment known as the *Prophète* to the Rue Montmartre.'

"On Thursday, the 4th December, 1851, the unoffending inhabitants of Paris, the inhabitants who were not in any way mixed up with the fighting, were mown down without warning, and massacred merely for the sake of intimidation, and that it is not possible to attach any other intention to Monsieur Bona-

\* "The witness means *incalculable*, but we would change nothing in the original depositions "

parte's mysterious command:—'Let them execute my orders.'

'This execution lasted until night set in. For more than an hour, there was, as it were, an orgy of musketry and artillery. The cannonade and the platoon firing crossed each other indiscriminately; at one particular period the soldiers were killing each other. The battery of the 6th regiment of Artillery, which composed part of Canrobert's brigade was dismounted; the horses, rearing up in the midst of the balls, broke the fore-carriages, the wheels, and the poles; of all the battery, in less than a minute, there only remained one gun fit for service. A whole squadron of the 1st Lancers was obliged to seek refuge in a shed in the Rue Saint-Fiacre. Seventy bullet-holes were counted the next day in the pennons of the lances. The soldiers had become wild with excitement. At the corner of the Rue Rougement, in the midst of the smoke, one general was waving his arms as if to restrain them; a medical officer of the 27th was nearly killed by the soldiers whom he was endeavouring to check. A sergeant said to an officer who stopped his arm: 'Lieutenant, you are betraying us.' The soldiers did not know any longer what they were about; they had, as it were, gone mad with the crime they were ordered to commit. There is a certain moment when the disgust a man feels for what he is doing, makes him redouble his blows. Blood is a kind of horrible wine; men get drunk with carnage.

'It seemed as if some invisible hand were launching death from the midst of a cloud. The soldiers were no longer aught but mere projectiles.

'Two guns in the road of the Boulevard were pointed at the front of a single house, that of M. Sallandrouze, and with their muzzles almost touching it, or only a few

paces removed, kept firing volley after volley as fast as it was possible to fire. This house, which is an old stone mansion, remarkable for the almost monumental flight of steps leading up to it, was split by the balls as if by so many iron wedges. It opened, gaped, and separated from top to bottom, while the soldiers redoubled their efforts. At every discharge the walls cracked again. All of a sudden, an officer of artillery galloped up, and exclaimed, 'Stop, stop!' The house was bending forwards; another ball, and it would have fallen on the guns and the gunners.

'The artillerymen were so drunk, that many of them, not knowing what they were doing, allowed themselves to be killed by the rebound of their guns. The balls came simultaneously from the Porte Saint-Martin, the Boulevard Poissonnière, and the Boulevard Montmartre. The drivers hearing them whizzing past their ears in every direction, lay down upon their horses, while the gunners hid underneath the caissons and behind the waggons; soldiers were seen, with their caps falling off their heads, to fly in dismay to the Rue Notre Dame Recouvrance; troopers, in a state of unconsciousness, fired their carbines in the air, while others dismounted and sought shelter behind their horses. Two or three of the latter, without riders, ran about here and there in the greatest state of terror.

'The most horrible amusements were mixed up with the massacre. The Tirailleurs de Vincennes had established themselves at one of the barricades on the Boulevard that they had carried by assault, and from thence they exercised themselves in shooting at persons who were passing at a distance. From the neighbouring houses such hideous dialogues as the following were heard: 'I bet I will bring that fellow down.' 'I bet you won't.' 'I bet you will.' And then the shot followed. It was



easy to know if the person fell, by the roar of laughter which accompanied his fall. Whenever a woman passed, the officers cried out: 'Fire at that woman; give her a touch!'

"This was one of the orders. On the Boulevard Montmartre, where the bayonet was greatly in requisition, a young captain of the staff cried out: 'Prick up the women!'

"One woman, with a loaf under her arm, thought she might cross the Rue Saint-Fiacre. A tirailleur shot her down.

"Matters were not so bad as this in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau. A woman cried, 'Vive la République!' she was merely whipped by the soldiers. But let us return to the Boulevards.

"One of the passers-by, a huissier, was struck by a ball aimed at his forehead; he fell upon his hands and knees, imploring mercy! He received thirteen more balls in his body. He survived: by a miraculous chance, not one of his wounds was mortal. The ball which struck his forehead tore the skin, and then passed round his skull without fracturing it.

"An old man of eighty-four years of age was found concealed somewhere or other, brought before the steps of the *Prophète*, and shot: he fell. 'He will have no bump on his head,' said a soldier; the old man had fallen upon a heap of dead bodies. Two young men from Issy, who had been married only a month to two sisters, were crossing the Boulevard on their way from their business. They saw the muskets levelled at them, and threw themselves on their knees, exclaiming, 'We have married two sisters!' They were killed. A dealer in cocoa, named Robert, residing in the Faubourg Poissonnière, was flying, with his cocoa-machine on his back, down the Rue Montmartre; he was killed.\* A boy of thir-

teen, a saddler's apprentice, was passing on the Boulevard opposite the Café Vachette. The soldiers pointed their muskets at him. He uttered the most heartrending cries, and, holding up a bridle which he had in his hand, waved it in the air, exclaiming, 'I am sent on an errand!' He was killed. Three balls perforated his breast. All along the Boulevards were heard the shrieks of the wounded, as they fell heavily upon the pavement, while the soldiers pierced them with their bayonets, and then left, without taking the trouble to despatch them.

"Some villains seized the opportunity for stealing. The treasurer of a company, whose offices are in the Rue de la Banque, left at two o'clock to receive a bill of exchange in the Rue Bergère. As he was returning with the money he was killed on the Boulevard. When his body was removed, he had neither ring, watch, nor the money he was taking to his office.

"On the pretence that shots had been fired at the troops, the latter entered ten or twelve houses, at hazard, and despatched with their bayonets every one they found. In all the houses on the Boulevard, there are metal pipes by which the dirty water runs out into the gutter. The soldiers, without knowing wherefore, took a feeling of mistrust and dislike to such and such a house, closed from top to bottom, silent and sad, and which, like all the houses on the Boulevard, seemed uninhabited, so silent was it. They knocked at the door; the door was opened, and they entered. An

He says:—'I can still see, opposite the Rue du Croissant, an unfortunate itinerant vendor of cocoa, with his tin can on his back, stagger, and gradually sinking down, fall dead before a shop. He alone, armed only with his bell, had received the honour of being fired at by a whole platoon.'

"The same witness adds:—'The soldiers swept the streets with their guns, even where there was not a paving stone moved from its place, nor a single combatant.'

\* "We may name the witness who saw this, as he is prescribed; it is M. Versigny, a representative of the people.

instant afterwards there was seen to flow from the mouth of the metal pipes a red, smoking stream. It was blood.

“A captain, with his eyes starting from their sockets, cried out to the soldiers, ‘No quarter!’ A chief of battalion vociferated: ‘Enter the houses and kill every one!’

“Some sergeants were heard to say: ‘*Pitch into the Bedouins; hit them hard!*’ ‘In the writer’s time,’ says a witness, ‘the soldiers used to call the civilians *pekens*. At present we are Bedouins. The soldiers massacred the people to the cry of “*Give it the Bedouins!*”’

“At the Circle Frascati, where many of the regular frequenters of the place were assembled, and among them an old general, they heard the thunder of musketry and artillery, and could not believe that the troops were firing ball. They laughed, and said to one another: ‘It is blank cartridge. What a *mise en scene!* What an actor is this Bonaparte!’ They thought they were at the Circus. Suddenly the soldiers entered, mad with rage, and were about to shoot every one. The persons present had no idea of the danger they were running. They still continued to laugh. One of the eye-witnesses said to us: ‘*We thought that this was part of the buffoonery.*’ However, seeing the soldiers continue to threaten them they at last understood the true state of matters. ‘*Kill them all!*’ cried the soldiers. A lieutenant, who recognised the old general, prevented them from carrying out their threats. In spite of this a sergeant said, ‘*D—n you, lieutenant, hold your tongue, can’t you; it is not your business, but ours.*’

“The troops killed for the mere sake of killing. In the courtyards of certain houses, even the horses and dogs were shot.

“In the house next to Frascati’s, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, the soldiers were very quietly going to shoot even the women

and children, who were already drawn up in a heap before a platoon, when the colonel arrived. He stopped the massacre, and pent up these poor trembling creatures in the Passage des Panoramas. A celebrated writer, Monsieur Lireux, after having escaped the first balls, was led about, during an hour, from one guard-house to the other, in order to be shot. The most miraculous efforts had to be made to save him. The celebrated artist, Sax, who happened to be in the musical establishment of M. Brandus, was about to be shot, when a general recognised him. Everywhere else the people were killed indiscriminately.

“The first person killed in this butchery—history has also preserved the name of the first person killed at the massacre of Saint Bartholomew—was named Theodore Debaecque, and lived in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier, where the carnage began.

“When the butchery was ended—that is to say, when night had completely set in, and it had begun in the middle of the day—the dead bodies were not removed; they were so numerous that thirty-three of them were counted before a single shop, that of M. Barbedienne. Every space of ground left open in the asphalt at the foot of the trees on the Boulevards was a reservoir of blood. ‘The dead bodies,’ says a witness, ‘were piled up in heaps, one upon the other—old men, children, persons in blouses and paletots, all collected pell-mell in one indescribable mass of heads, arms, and legs.’

“Another witness describes a group of three individuals in the following terms: ‘Two had fallen upon their backs; and the third, having become entangled under their feet, had fallen upon them.’ The isolated corpses were rare and were more remarkable than the others. One young man, well dressed, was seated

against a wall, with his legs separated, and his arms half folded on his breast. He held in his hand one of Verdier's canes, and seemed to be looking at what was going on around him. He was dead. A little farther on, a poor old man, with white hair, was stretched with his umbrella in his hand.

"About eleven o'clock at night, when the fires of the bivouacs were everywhere lighted up, M. Bonaparte allowed the troops to amuse themselves. It seemed as if some *Fête-de-Nuit* were being given on the Boulevards. The soldiers were laughing and singing, as they threw into the fire the fragments of the barricades. After this, as was the case at Strasbourg and Boulogne, money was distributed among them. Let us hear what a witness says: 'I saw, at the Porte Saint-Denis, an officer of the staff give two hundred francs to the chief of a detachment of twenty men, with these words, "The Prince ordered me to give you this money to be distributed among your brave soldiers! The marks of his satisfaction will not be confined to this." Each soldier received ten francs.'

"Another person adds: 'The soldiers, with cigars in their mouths, twitted the passers-by and sounded the money in their pockets.' Another witness says: 'The officers broke the rolls of louis d'or as if they had been so many sticks of chocolate.'

"The sentinels only allowed women to pass; whenever a man made his appearance, they cried out, '*Au large!*' Tables were laid out in the bivouacs, and officers and soldiers were drinking round them. The flames from the braziers were reflected upon all these joyous countenances. The corks and the tin-foil off the champagne bottles floated on the top of torrents of blood. From one bivouac to the other the soldiers exchanged loud cries and obscene jokes. They saluted each other with

exclamations of, 'Long live the grenadiers!' 'Long live the lancers!' and then added, 'Long live Louis Napoleon!' During all this time the ear was struck with the clinking of glasses and the crash of broken bottles. Here and there in the shade might be seen women, with a taper of yellow wax or a lantern in their hands, wandering among the dead bodies, contemplating one after the other their pale faces, and seeking a son, a father, or a husband.

"Let us hasten to get clear of these horrible details.

"The next day, the fifth, something terrible was seen in the cemetery of Montmartre.

"An immense space that, up to that time, had remained unoccupied, was 'turned to account,' for the temporary interment of some of those who had been massacred. They were buried with their heads above ground, in order that their relations might recognise them. Most of them had also their feet above ground, with only a little earth upon their breasts. The crowd flocked to the spot, the sightseers pushed you about as you walked in the midst of the graves, and, at times, you felt the earth giving way beneath your feet: you were walking on the stomach of some corpse. You turned round and beheld a pair of boots, of sabots, or of women's shoes; while, on the other side of you was the head, which the pressure of your weight on the body caused to move.

"An illustrious witness, the great sculptor David, who is now proscribed and wandering far from France, says: 'In the cemetery of Montmartre I saw about forty bodies with their clothes still on them; they had been placed side by side and a few shovelfull of earth hid all except their heads, which had been left uncovered in order that they might be recognised by their relations. There was

so little earth that their feet were still visible; the crowd, horrible to say, was walking on their bodies. Among others, there were some young men with noble features, bearing the stamp of courage; in the middle was a poor woman, a baker's servant, who had been killed while she was carrying round the bread to her master's customers, and, near her, a young girl who sold flowers on the Boulevards. Those persons who were looking for the corpses that had disappeared, were obliged to trample their bodies under foot in order to gain a near view of their faces. I heard a man of the lower classes say, with an expression of horror, "It is like walking on a spring-board."

"The crowd continued to flock to the various spots where the victims had been placed, especially to the Cité Bergère, so that, on this day, the fifth, the numbers increased to such an extent as to become troublesome. It was necessary, therefore, to get rid of them, and in consequence, the following words written in capital letters, on a large placard, were to be seen at the entrance of the Cité Bergère: 'There are no more dead bodies here.'

"The three naked corpses in the Rue Grange-Batelière were not removed until the evening of the fifth.

"It is evident, and we particularly direct the reader's attention to this point, that at first, and for the advantage which it wished to derive from its crime, the *coup d'état* did not make the least endeavour to conceal it; the first day, on the contrary, it exposed it to all eyes. It was not contented with atrocity—it must needs add shameless impudence. The massacre was but a means; the end was intimidation.

"Was this end attained?

"Yes.

"Immediately afterwards, as early as the

6th December, the public excitement was calmed. Paris was stupefied. The voice of indignation which had been raised at the *coup d'état* was suddenly hushed at the carnage. Matters had assumed an appearance completely unknown in history. People felt that they had to deal with one whose nature was unknown.

"This massacre ended the struggle. There are times when what should exasperate a people, strikes them with terror. The population of Paris felt that a ruffian had his foot upon its throat. The people no longer offered any resistance. That same evening Mathieu (de la Drôme) entered the place where the Committee of Resistance was sitting, and said to us, 'We are no longer at Paris, we are no longer under the Republic; we are at Naples under the sway of King Bomba.'

"From this moment, in spite of all the efforts of the committees, of the Republican representatives, and of their courageous allies, there was, save at certain points only, such as the barricade of the Petit Carreau, for instance, where Denis Dussoubs, the brother of the representative, fell so heroically, nought but a slight effort of resistance, which more resembled the convulsions of despair than a combat. All was finished.

"It was by this wolf-like proceeding that the *coup d'état* conquered France and overcame Paris."

An examination having taken place by authority, various testimony was given, from which Victor Hugo selects the following:—The question having been raised as to whether the troops were fired upon, some asserted and others denied it.

"A witness, one of those who deny the shot alleged to have been fired at the troops, says: 'People have endeavoured to excuse this discharge of musketry and these murders, by pre-

tending that the troops had been fired on from the windows of some of the houses. Not only does General Magnan's official report seem to deny the truth of this rumour, but I here assert that the discharge was instantaneous from the Porte Saint-Denis to the Porte Montmartre, and that there was not, previously to the general discharge, a single shot fired separately, either by persons at the windows or by the soldiers, from the Faubourg Saint-Denis to the Boulevard des Italiens.'

"Another witness, who is also one of those who did not hear the shot, says: 'The troops had been defiling for about twenty minutes before the steps of the Café Tortoni, where I myself was, when, before any report of fire-arms had reached us, an extraordinary commotion manifests itself among them; the cavalry go off at a gallop and the infantry at double-quick. All of a sudden we see, coming down from the direction of the Boulevard Poissonnière, a sheet of fire, which gains ground and extends rapidly. I can vouch for the fact that, before this discharge commenced, it had not been preceded by any report of fire-arms, and that not a single shot had been fired from any of the houses between the Café Frascati and the spot where I stood. At last we saw the soldiers before us level their muskets in a menacing manner. We take refuge in the Rue Taitbout, under a large gateway. At the same moment the balls fly over our heads, and all around us. A woman is killed ten paces from me at the very instant I was hiding myself under the gateway. I can swear that, up to that time, there was neither a barricade nor an insurgent; there were *sportsmen*, and *there was game* flying from them; that is all.'

"This image, 'sportsmen and game,' is the one which immediately suggests itself to the mind of all those who beheld this horrible pro-

ceeding. We meet with the same simile in the testimony of another witness: . . . . . 'At the end of my street, and I know that the same thing was observed in the neighbouring ones as well, we saw the Gendarmes Mobiles with their muskets, and themselves in the position of *sportsmen waiting for the game to rise*, that is to say, with their muskets at their shoulders, in order that they might take aim and fire more quickly.

"'In order that those persons who had fallen wounded near the doors in the Rue Montmartre might receive the first necessary attentions, we could see the doors opened from time to time down the street, while an arm would be stretched out, and then hastily draw in the corpse, or the dying man, whom the balls were striving to claim as their own.'

"Another witness hits upon the same image: 'The soldiers stationed at the corners of the streets awaited the inhabitants as they passed along, *like sportsmen lying in wait for their game*, and directly they saw them in the street they fired at them *as they would do at a target*. A great many persons were killed in this manner in the Rue du Sentier, Rue Rougemont, and the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière.

"'Go on,' said the officers to the unoffending citizen who demanded their protection. At these words people went their way quietly and with confidence; but it was merely a form of expression already agreed on, and which meant *death*; for hardly had they gone a few steps before they fell.

"'At the moment the firing began on the Boulevard,' says another witness, 'a bookseller, who lived near the carpet warehouse, was hastily shutting up his shop, when a number of fugitives, who were striving to obtain admittance, were suspected by the

troops of the line, or the Gendarmerie Mobile, I do not know which, of having fired upon them. The soldiers enter the bookseller's house. The bookseller endeavours to explain matters; he alone is led out before his own door, and his wife and daughters have only time to throw themselves between him and the soldiers as he falls dead. His wife had her thigh traversed by a ball, while his daughter was saved by the steel busk of her stays. I have been informed that his wife has since gone mad.'

"Another witness says: . . . 'The soldiers entered the two booksellers' shops, which are situated between the establishment of the *Prophète* and that belonging to M. Sallandrouze. The murders committed there have been proved. The two booksellers were massacred on the pavement. The other prisoners were put to death in the shops.'

"Let us terminate this list by three extracts, which it is impossible to transcribe without a shudder: 'For the first quarter of an hour of this deed of horror,' says a witness, 'the firing, which for a moment became less sharp, caused some persons who were merely wounded, to suppose that they might get up again. Of those who were lying stretched on the ground before the *Prophète*, two rose. One of them fled in the direction of the Rue du Sentier, from which he was only the distance of a few yards off. He reached it in the midst of a shower of balls which carried away his cap. The other could only succeed in raising himself on his knees, in which position, with his hands clasped together, he besought the soldiers to spare his life, but he immediately fell down shot dead. The day afterwards there was one spot to be seen near the steps leading into the show-rooms of the *Prophète*, scarcely a few feet in extent, into which more than a hundred balls had been fired.'

"Another witness says: 'At the end of the Rue Montmartre, as far as the fountain, a space of about sixty paces, there were sixty bodies of men and women, both of the upper and lower classes, children and young girls. All these unfortunate creatures had fallen victims to the first volley fired by the troops and the gendarmerie, who were stationed on the opposite side of the Boulevard. They all fled at the first discharge, and proceeding a few paces, sank down to rise no more. One young man had taken refuge in a gateway, and tried to shelter himself behind the projection of the wall on the side of the Boulevards. After ten minutes of badly aimed shots he was hit, in spite of all his efforts to render himself as small as possible by drawing himself up to his full height; he was then seen to sink down and rise no more.'

"Another witness says: 'The plate-glass and the windows in the house of the Pont de Fer were all shattered. One man, who was in the court-yard, went mad with fright. The cellars were filled with women who had sought refuge there, but in vain. The soldiers fired through the shops and the cellar holes. From Tortoni's to the theatre of the Gymnase similar things took place. This lasted more than an hour.'"

A few more of these extracts will terminate this mournful inquest.

A single scene taken at any one spot was a spectacle of horrors. In one place, within a few yards, "transfixed against a shop, was a youth in velveteen trousers, who had got some proof-sheets in his hand. The wind agitated these proofs covered with blood, on which the fingers of the corpse were still closed. A poor old man, with white hair, was lying stretched in the middle of the road with his umbrella at his side. His elbow almost touched a young man in patent leather boots and yellow gloves,

who lay extended with his eye-glass still in his eye. At a few paces' distance, with her head upon the pavement and her feet in the road, lay a woman of the lower classes, who had attempted to escape, with her child in her arms. Both were dead; but the mother still tightly grasped her child. . . .

"When all was finished, Paris came to see the sight. The people flocked in crowds to the scenes of these terrible occurrences; no one offered them the least obstruction. This was what the butcher wanted. Louis Napoleon had not done all this to hide it afterwards.

"The southern side of the Boulevard was covered with fragments of cartridge paper; the northern side of the pavement disappeared under the mass of masonry and mortar, which had been torn from the fronts of the houses by the balls, and was as white as if a snow-storm had fallen on it; while pools of blood left large dark patches on the snow-like ruins. The foot of the passer-by only avoided a corpse to tread upon fragments of broken glass, plaster, or stone. There were some houses so cut to pieces by the grape shot and the cannon balls, that they seemed on the point of tumbling down; this was the case with M. Sallandrouze's, which we have already mentioned, and the mourning warehouse at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre. The house of Billecoq and Co., says a witness, 'is at the present moment still propped up by beams of wood, and the front will have to be partly rebuilt. The balls have traversed the carpet warehouse, through and through, in several places.' Another witness says: 'All the houses, from the Cercle des Etrangers to the Rue Poissonnière, were literally riddled with balls, especially on the right-hand side of the Boulevard. One of the large sheets of plate glass in the warehouses of the *Petite Jeannette*, received most certainly more than two hundred

bullets for its own share. There was not a window that had not a ball. People breathed an atmosphere of saltpetre.' Thirty-seven corpses were heaped up in the Cité Bergère; the passers-by could count them through the iron railings. A woman was standing at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. She was looking on. All of a sudden she felt that her feet were wet. 'Why it must have been raining here,' she said, 'my shoes are full of water.' 'No, madam,' replied a person who was passing, 'it is not water.' Her feet were in a pool of blood.

"In the Rue Grange Batelière three corpses were seen quite naked.

"During the butchery, the barricades on the Boulevards had been carried by Bourgon's brigade. The corpses of those who had defended the barricade of the Porte Saint-Denis, of which we have already spoken at the beginning of our narration, were piled up before the door of the Maison Jouvin. 'But,' says a witness, 'they were nothing compared to the heaps which covered the Boulevards.'

"At two paces distance from the Théâtre des Variétés, the crowd stopped to look at a cap full of brains and blood hung upon a tree.

"A witness says: 'A little beyond the Variétés, I came to a corpse lying on the ground with its face downwards. I tried to raise it, aided by others, but we were repelled by the soldiers. A little farther on, there were two bodies—those of a man and a woman. Near them, that of a workman (we abridge the account). From the Rue Montmartre to the Rue du Sentier, *people literally walked in blood*; at certain spots it covered the pavement some inches deep, and, without any exaggeration whatever, you were obliged to use the greatest caution not to step into it. I here counted thirty-three corpses. The sight was too much for me, and I felt large tears rolling down my

checks. I asked leave to cross the road, in order to enter my own house, and my request was *granted as a favour!*

"Another witness says: 'The Boulevards presented a horrible sight. *We were literally walking in blood.* We counted eighteen corpses in about five-and-twenty paces.'

"Another witness, the keeper of a wine-shop in the Rue du Sentier, says: 'I came along the Boulevard du Temple to my house. When I got home, I had an inch of blood around the bottom of my trousers.'

"The representative, Versigny, speaks as follows:—'We could see, in the distance, almost as far as the Porte Saint-Denis, the immense bivouac fires of the infantry. The light from them, with the exception of that from a few rare lamps, was all we had to guide us in this horrible carnage. The combat in the daytime was nothing compared to these corpses and this silence. R. and I were half dead with horror. A man was passing us; hearing one of my expressions, he came up to me, and, taking my hand, said—"You are a Republican: and I was what is called a friend of order, a reactionary, but I must have lost all sense of respect for the Almighty if I did not curse this horrible orgy. France is dishonoured," When he had said this, he went on, sobbing violently.'

"Another witness, who has allowed us to name him, a Legitimist, the Honourable Monsieur de Cherville, deposes as follows:—'. . . 'In the evening, I determined on continuing my sad inspection. In the Rue Lepelletier I met Messieurs Bouillon and Gervais (of Caen). We walked a few steps together, when my foot slipped. I supported myself by catching hold of M. Bouillon's arm. I looked down, and found that I had walked into a large pool of blood. M. Bouillon then informed me, that, being at his window, in the

morning, he saw a druggist, whose shop he pointed out to me, shutting his door. A woman fell; the druggist rushed forward to raise her; when, at the same moment, a soldier, ten paces off, aimed at him, and lodged a bullet in his head.' . . .

"What was the number of the dead? Louis Bonaparte, conscious of the advent of history, and imagining that a Charles IX. can extenuate a Saint Bartholomew, has published as a document of vindication, a statement which is called 'official' of the deceased persons. The functionary who drew up this list, is, we know, a learned and accurate statistician; he prepared this statement honestly, we have no doubt of it. He has publicly stated what was shown to him, and what he was permitted to see, but what was concealed from him was beyond his reach. The field for conjecture was left open.

"Louis Bonaparte confesses, in this state paper, *one hundred and ninety-one* murders.

"Now after enrolling this document for what it is worth, the question is, what is the number? What is the exact amount of his victims? How many corpses bestrew the deed of December? Who can tell? Who knows? Who will ever know it? As we have already seen, one witness deposed, 'I counted in that place thirty-three bodies;' another, at a different part of the Boulevard, said, 'we counted eighteen bodies within a space of between twenty and twenty-five yards;' a third person, speaking of another spot, said, 'there were upwards of sixty bodies within a distance of sixty yards.' The author, so long threatened with death, told us ourselves, 'I saw myself, upwards of eight hundred dead bodies lying along the Boulevards.'

"Now think, compute how many you require of battered brains, of breasts shattered by case-shot, literally to cover with blood half a mile of Boulevards. Go you, as went the



wives, the sisters, the daughters, the wailing mothers, take a torch with you, plunge into that dark night, feel on that ground, feel along those walls, pick up the corpses, interrogate the phantoms, and then reckon if you can.

"The number of his victims! We are left to our conjectures. This question must be solved by history. As for us, it is a question which we pledge ourselves to examine and explore hereafter.

"On the first day, Louis Bonaparte made a display of his slaughter. We have told the reason why. It suited his purpose. After that, having derived from the deed all the required advantage, he concealed it. Orders were communicated to the Elysée journals to be silent; Magnan was to suppress; the historiographers were to ignore. They buried the slain after midnight, without lights, without funerals, without prayers, without priests, by stealth. Families were enjoined not to weep aloud.

"The massacre along the Boulevards was only a part, it was followed by the summary fusillades, and secret executions.

"One of the witnesses, whom we have questioned, said to a major in the Gendarmerie Mobile, who had distinguished himself in these butcheries, 'Come, tell us the figure? Was it four hundred?' The man shook his head. 'Was it eight hundred?' 'Say twelve hundred,' said the officer, 'and you will still fall short.'

"At this present hour, nobody knows exactly what the 2nd December was, what it did, what it dared, whom it killed, whom it buried. The very morning of the crime, the newspaper offices were sealed up, and their liberty suppressed by Louis Napoleon, that man of silence and darkness. On the 2nd, the 3rd, the 4th, the 5th, and ever since, Truth was taken by the throat and strangled just as she was about

to speak. Not even a cry could escape her. He has deepened the gloom above his snare, and in part he has succeeded. Let history strive as she may, the 2nd December will, perhaps, continue involved, for a long time to come, in dismal obscurity."

Having placed before the readers the description of the *coup d'état* from a French Republican point of view, the following is from the pen of an impartial Englishman and officer, Captain Jesse, in a letter addressed to a literary publication. As this was the most important episode in the life of Louis Napoleon, a considerable amount of space is necessarily and appropriately given to it:—

"Thursday.—Before proceeding to relate the details of the events of this day, I will endeavour to explain the exact position of the apartments I occupied, and the extent of ground comprised within my view, and state the distances between the extreme points. From the northern extremity of the Rue de Richelieu to the Boulevard du Temple, the several Boulevards Montmartre, Poissonnière, Bonne Nouvelle, St. Denis, and St. Martin, form one unbroken line of about 2,000 yards running nearly east and west. The Boulevards westward of the Rue de Richelieu turn from that point to the south-west, and the Boulevard Italien with that of Montmartre, form at that point an obtuse angle, so that a person in the Café Cardinal, at the west corner of the Rue Richelieu, could only see a very few houses, and those on the north side, on the last-mentioned Boulevard. From this *café* to my apartments on the south side of the Boulevard, three doors from the Rue Montmartre, the distance is rather more than 200 yards, and from this spot I had an uninterrupted view eastward, for almost 800 yards—in short, nearly as far as the Porte St. Denis, where the more distant Boulevards

retire a little from the direct line. It is therefore with these 1,000 yards—that is to say, from the Rue Richelieu to the eastern extremity of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle—that my remarks apply.

“Opposite my apartment is the Restaurant Bonnefoy, and leaving this about half-past ten, a countryman on a cart-horse was pointed out to me as having just had his waggon taken from him to help to form a barricade near Porte St. Denis. The circulation of carriages in that direction very soon ceased, and at eleven the shopkeepers commenced putting up their shutters. Between this hour and one o’clock I was at the Minister of the Interior’s, Rue de Grenelle, and both going there and returning, everything seemed quiet; there was no apparent movement amongst the troops within the iron railings of the Tuileries, or on the Carrousel; the shops, however, were closed in the Rue Richelieu. At two o’clock, when approaching the extremity of the Rue Vivienne, I observed the troops passing along the Boulevard, which they cleared, driving the people into the side streets, who ran down it crying, ‘*Savez-vous!*’ I sought refuge with my wife in a shop, and subsequently reached my own house. At three o’clock, returning from the Place de la Bourse, it was with the greatest difficulty I got back again. The guns had been distinctly heard for some time in the direction of the Faubourg St. Denis, and the passage of troops that way continued for a quarter of an hour after I came back. Having written a note, I went to the balcony at which my wife was standing, and remained there watching the troops. The whole Boulevard, as far as the eye could reach, was crowded with them, principally infantry, in sub-divisions at quarter distance, with here and there a batch of 12-pounders and howitzers, some of which occupied the rising ground on the Boulevard

Poissonnière. The windows were crowded with people, principally women, tradesmen, servants, and children, or, like ourselves, the occupants of apartments. The mounted officers were smoking their cigars—a custom introduced into the army, as I have understood, by the princes of the Orleans family—not a very soldierlike one, but at such a moment, particularly reassuring, as it forbade the idea that their services were likely to be called into immediate requisition. Of the Boulevard des Italiens, I could see but little, on account of the angle I have mentioned, but in the direction of the Porte St. Denis, I could see distinctly as far as the end of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Suddenly, and while I was intently looking with my glass at the troops in the distance eastward, a few musket shots were fired at the head of the column, which consisted of about 3,000 men. In a few moments it spread, and after hanging a little came down the Boulevard in a waving sheet of flame. So regular, however, was the fire, that at first I thought it was a *feu-de-jour* for some barricade taken in advance, or to signal their position to some other division, and it was not till it came within fifty yards of me that I recognised the sharp ringing report of ball-cartridge; but even then I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears, for as to my eyes, I could not discover any enemy to fire at, and I continued looking at the men until the company below me were actually raising their firelocks, and one vagabond, sharper than the rest—a mere lad, without either whisker or moustache—had covered me. In an instant I dashed my wife, who had just stepped back, against the pier between the windows, when a shot struck the ceiling immediately over our heads, and covered us with dust and broken plaster. In a second after I placed her upon the floor, and in another a volley came against

the whole front of the house, the balcony, and windows; one shot broke the mirror over the chimney-piece, another the shade of the clock; every pane of glass but one was smashed, the curtains and window frames cut; the room, in short, was riddled. The iron balcony, though rather low, was a great protection, still five balls entered the room, and in the pause for re-loading I drew my wife to the door, and took refuge in the back rooms of the house. The rattle of musketry was incessant for more than a quarter of an hour after this, and in a very few minutes the guns were unlimbered and pointed at the *magasin* of M. Salandrouze, five houses on our right. What the object or meaning of all this might be, was a perfect enigma to every individual in the house—French or foreigner; some thought the troops had turned round and joined the Reds, others suggested that they must have been fired upon somewhere, though they certainly had not from our house, or any other on the Boulevard Montmartre, or we must have seen it from the balcony. Besides which, in the temper in which the soldiers proved themselves to be, had that been the case, they would never have waited for any signal from the head of the column eight hundred yards off. This wanton fusillade must have been the result of a panic, lest the windows should have been lined with concealed enemies, and they wanted to secure their skins by the first fire, or it was a sanguinary impulse—either motive being equally discreditable to them as soldiers, in the one case, or citizens in the other. As a military man, it is with the deepest regret that I feel compelled to entertain the latter opinion. The men, as I have already stated, fired volley upon volley for more than a quarter of an hour without any return; they shot down many of the unhappy individuals who remained on the Boulevard and could not obtain an entrance

into any house. Some persons were killed close to our door, and their blood lay in the hollows round the trees the next morning when we passed at twelve o'clock. The soldiers entered houses whence no shots ever came, and though *La Patrie*, the newspaper of the *Elysée*, pretended to specify them by name, it was, in a subsequent number, obliged to deny its own scandalous imputations.

“But let us admit that a few shots were fired from two or three houses on the other Boulevards—that a few French soldiers were killed—was that a reason for this murderous onslaught on the houses and persons of their fellow-citizens, to the extent of nearly a mile of one of their most populous thoroughfares? The loss of innocent life must have been great, very great, more than ever will be known, for the press is more free now in Russia than in France. The Boulevards and the adjacent streets were at some points a perfect shamble, but I do not mean to state what I have heard and ascertained of that loss, for I do not wish to make the picture darker than it need be; it has been engraved by the bayonet in the minds of the people inhabiting this quarter of Paris, who cannot but dread for the future, the protection of their own soldiers. I say for the future; but the very Frenchmen in the house we were in, had then so little opinion of their humanity, that when I proposed to call one of the officers to search the hotel, and thereby remove the suspicion that any of us had fired, they resisted and prevented me, saying that I did not know French soldiers, and that if any of them ever got in they would put every soul to death, as they had done in the Rue Transnonain in June, 1848, and as they did in several houses on the present occasion, from which shots were fired, or said to have been so. The anxieties of the night that followed the afternoon and evening of Thursday, destitute of any assurance

from without or protection, may be more readily imagined than described. Your correspondent appears to have a favourable impression of the conduct of the troops; they deserved it, no doubt, in carrying the barricades, but on the Boulevards it was a disgrace to the French army. Their discipline, however, was unquestionably bad, for I never heard any order given to fire, though standing where I could not have failed to hear it had it been so; and if the fire was impromptu, had the officers no power to check it after the first volley? If they had, and did not use it, what was the reason of this strange indifference to the wholesale shedding of innocent blood? and if they could not restrain their men, what is their discipline worth? Certainly, within the range of my vision, no officer's hand or voice was raised to check them, or warn the confiding lookers-on from the windows, as described in the columns of your paper. Whether the foregoing opinions are just or not, the appalling facts cannot be denied, and the President's most partial admirers must, perforce, admit that his military supporters will not be restrained by any sense of mercy or discretion from carrying his wishes into effect. I left Paris yesterday, when all was for the present quiet. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM JESSÉ,  
"Late Captain Unattached."

So important is the *coup d'état* in the life of Louis Napoleon and the history of France, that the experience of one observer more is added, and that a man remarkable in literature—Mr. Gooderich, so well known under his *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley."

"It was the 2nd of December, of the year 1851, I had arisen at my usual hour, breakfasted, read *Galignani* and the *Constitutionnel*, my morning papers, without finding an item

of interest; and, as the morning was sombre, had prepared myself for a day of more than ordinary quiet. Towards one o'clock a French lady dropped in. She was somewhat excited, and I inquired the reason. 'What!' said she, 'have you not heard the news? There is a revolution. Paris is in a state of siege. The troops are all in the streets; the National Assembly is dissolved; most of the members are imprisoned; the railroad tracks are torn up, to prevent the provinces from marching upon the city; Louis Napoleon is Emperor.' And thus she rattled off a volley of news, that was genuine news indeed. I immediately went out. The good citizens of Paris, who had gone to bed under a Republic, were just leaving their breakfast-tables to read the proclamations which announced to them it had suddenly departed this life, forgetting to add, however, leaving a numerous and afflicted family. Those who had most at stake in this violent change knew nothing about it, until it had been old news by some hours in London. I passed along the Boulevards and the usual resorts of business. All the shops were closed. Groups read in silence the notices, and quietly dispersed. This part of the city, usually so rife with life, appeared as if stunned by a violent blow; men held their breath. It was not the settled composure with which the seaman looks upon the coming storm, but the anxiety and terror with which it awaited an expected earthquake. The public gardens and the Palais Royal were closed. There was no thought of amusement. The Champs Elysées, Place Madeleine, and every avenue leading to the Palais Bourbon, and residence of Louis Napoleon, were filled with dense masses of troops in fighting order. More than 50,000 were under arms. They, too, were awaiting, they knew not what; but ready, at the order of their chiefs, to rise and slay. Certain streets

were closed; those who had homes therein found no little difficulty in reaching them. That evening, the celebrated Jesuit, Le Vénérable, was to preach at Notre Dame. I started early to obtain admission, as he always draws a multitude. By this time, six o'clock, the troops had returned to their barracks, and Paris looked as gay and busy as on the preceding evening. The church was closed; nothing was permitted at this juncture that would attract the people to one spot. Newsboys were crying at every corner the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the other stringent measures of the President. The people had begun to discuss them. The first sentiments were admiration at the cleverness with which it had been done. The President had conversed, even till midnight, in the most friendly manner, at the Elysée, with his opponents. No agitation announced the desperate throw he had then resolved to make of his political dice. Yet his head was upon the cast, and if successful, he foresaw that blood was to be shed. In four hours the deed was done. Every printing press, not his own, seized. The Assembly dissolved. The Legislative halls closed. Those in whose hands the grasp of his own was scarcely cold, arrested and in prison. Thiers wept, and was alternately fool and coward. Cavaignac dignified. Changarnier haughty, and Lamoricière pugnacious. The selection was admirable. In twelve hours the *bourgeoisie* exclaimed, 'C'est bien fait!' and were ready to go on with their amusements.

"On the 3rd there was more excitement. The secret societies were at work. The Reds were recovering from their astonishment; ex-members of the National Assembly harangued the multitude, and circulated addresses to arouse the people to resistance. The result was several barricades, which were speedily

carried by the troops, with some loss on both sides. On the part of the government, the proclamations became more stringent. Carriages were forbidden to circulate, or the inhabitants to appear in the streets. Those taken near any barricade with arms about them were to be put to death. In the evening there was shouting, inflammatory speeches, the rallying cries of parties. Immense human masses on the boulevards and the quays heaved to and fro in silent anger. Some said that the excitement would spend itself in words; others, that Louis Napoleon would be killed within forty-eight hours.

"The next morning was the 4th. There was not much stirring; the shops were generally closed. I went to the Rue de Jeneurs, where I had business. This was before mid-day. As I approached this street, I saw crowds running through it, panic struck, whilst the residents were barring their windows and closing their doors. I asked the reason, but all were too much frightened to speak intelligently. Some thought the faubourgs were rising, and others, that the troops were approaching; each added to the alarm of his neighbour. At last I heard that barricades were being erected at the Port St. Denis, on the boulevard of that name. Being curious to see a barricade, I pushed directly for the spot. On arrival, I found the work going bravely on. Four were already commenced, at different intervals in the boulevard. Stagings had been torn from unfinished houses; iron railings from the magnificent gateway; trees cut down; carts, carriages, and omnibuses triumphantly dragged from hiding places amid shouts of exultation, and added to the monster piles. The stout iron railing and massive stone wall which protects the side walk from the street, long resisted the efforts of destruction. Crowbars, and the united strength of

several hundred men, at last brought it down. Pavements were torn up and shaped into breastworks.

"The barricades soon began to assume a formidable appearance, and to any force but artillery were well-nigh impregnable. They were further strengthened by ropes, which bound firmly together the disjointed parts. There were not very many at work, but those who were laboured like beavers, and evidently knew their trade. Blouses and broadcloth were about equally mixed. Neither were there many spectators. All sorts of rumours were in circulation. The army, it was said, had left Paris, to defend the city against the troops coming in from the neighbouring cities; such a regiment had revolted; the National Guards were arming; in short, every species of tale to encourage and exasperate the enemies of the President was circulated by agents of the political parties of the late Assembly. Having completed the barricades, the mob burst into the nearest guardhouse with wild shouts, sacked it, placed its flag on their most formidable fortification, and used the materials to further strengthen their quarters. The small force usually there had been withdrawn, or it would have been massacred. Sinister individuals in blouses, armed with cutlasses, muskets and pistols, began to appear; these acted as leaders. They broke into all the neighbouring shops, and searched the houses for arms. When any were found, they marked in chalk on the building, 'Arms given; death to robbers.' From one of the theatres they procured a few muskets and a drum. These were hailed with shouts of joy, and a party began beating the *rappel* through the adjacent streets. . . . The comments of the spectators varied, some said, 'Let the rascals go a-head, they wish to plunder and kill; they will soon be taught a good lesson;' others encouraged. A

rough-looking fellow, armed with a musket, who seemed to have authority, came up to me and said, 'If you are one of the curious you had better be off.' I thought so too, as appearances began to wear a serious aspect. The houses overlooking the barricades were taken possession of and garrisoned; sentinels were placed at the principal points; the non-combatants were mostly gone, and few but fighters left.

"I had been there less than two hours, yet so rapidly had the mob worked, that all the streets opening on this vicinity were already fortified. I was forced to climb three barricades, politely assisted over one by an armed lad in a blouse, before getting clear of their line of operations. I found the boulevards below almost deserted. A brigade of infantry and artillery were just turning the corner of the street, marching without music, slowly, towards the first barricade. Before reaching it they halted. One half of the artillery passed in front, and was pointed towards the breastworks; the other was loaded with grape, and pointed in the other direction. The few persons about saluted the troops with 'Vive la Republique.' The commanding officer ordered the boulevard to be cleared. The troops charged upon us, and we slipped out of the way by the side streets. I then walked down the Rue Montmartre, where I saw similar scenes. Coming out again upon the Boulevard des Italiens, I found the entire length of the boulevard, from the spot I first left, filled with troops, in order of battle. The line extended into the Rue de la Paix. It was a stirring spectacle to witness regiment after regiment of artillery, cavalry, and infantry pass up this noble avenue to take their stations. In the novelty and beauty of their array, I quite lost sight of the fact that they were ordered out to slaughter those misguided people I had

so recently left. At one time they cleared the side walks, and allowed no one to approach their lines. The sentinels, however, from some inexplicable cause, were shortly removed, and those of the populace who had more curiosity than fear, allowed to pass along as far as the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. This led to the melancholy slaughter of thirty-five individuals and the wounding of a large number, soon after, on the Boulevard Montmartre, just above where I was. Opposite me was the 7th Lancers, a fine corps, recently arrived in Paris.

"I stood talking with a friend, when from the upper end of the line the discharge of cannon was heard, followed by a blaze of musketry, and a general charge. . . . Suddenly, there was a louder and nearer crash, the cavalry in front of me wavered, and then, as if struck with panic, turned, and rushed in disorder down the street, making the ground tremble under their tread. What could have occurred? The first supposition was, that the different regiments had turned their arms upon each other; another, that the 'Reds' had proved too strong for the troops. In a few minutes the horsemen came charging back, firing their pistols on all sides. Then came in quick succession the order, 'To shut all windows; to keep out of sight; to open the blinds,' &c. It seemed, an unexpected fire had been opened upon the soldiers from some of the houses above, by which they at first suffered so severely as to cause a recoil. The roar of firearms was now tremendous. Mortars and cannon were directed point blank against the suspicious houses, within a few roods' distance, and fired. They were then carried by assault. Of the hair-breadth escapes of the inhabitants, and the general destruction of property, I need not speak. The Government afterwards footed all the bills for the last. The firing continued for nearly an

hour, and then receded to more distant parts of the city.

"The soldiers have been justly blamed for firing on the unarmed. Those who fought at the barricades knew the penalty of defeat. The inhabitants had been ordered not to appear in the streets. Those who suffered, forgot the danger in their curiosity. One gentleman met his death by standing at a distant corner, and looking at the troops with a spyglass. It was mistaken for a musket, and he fell, pierced with several balls. Those who were killed on the Boulevard Montmartre were non-combatants, but suffered from their rashness. The public feeling in such cases is ever severe on the soldier. But in extenuation it should be remembered that his exposed position in a street, fired upon from houses on both sides, is by no means calculated to insure coolness and judgment. His enemies are unseen, and he knows, from fatal experience, that a Socialist gives no quarter. Several of his comrades had been basely assassinated in the public ways. Numbers had already fallen from the fire of his ambushed foes. In the heat of revenge, he believes every citizen's coat to cover an assassin, and kills without pity.

"In the evening I again attempted to go up the boulevards. Squadrons of lancers were on guard, and brigades of infantry bivouacked on the side walks. The public were permitted to go as far as the Rue Lafitte, but obliged to walk quickly, and not allowed to stop for an instant. Horsemen, with loaded pistols, stood at each corner, and if there was the slightest hesitation, or if two individuals spoke to each other, they pointed them directly upon the delinquents, and ordered them to pass on. The cavalry, with their lances in rest, charged repeatedly upon groups accidentally formed. These charges were simply intended to intimidate and prevent collections of people. The

French rule is, to run at the sight of a soldier. There is more danger from the panic of the crowd than from the military. I concluded an accident was as likely to happen to me as any one else, and returned home, fully satisfied by what I had seen during the day, that street

fighting in Paris is a serious matter. . . . Louis Napoleon proclaimed himself master of France on the 2nd of December. The 4th of December made him master. It was a terrible lesson, deliberately planned, and intended as such by him."

## CHAPTER LXVII

STATE OF THE DEPARTMENTS AFTER THE SECOND OF DECEMBER.—THE MEASURES OF REPRESSION.—DISARMING OF NATIONAL GUARDS AT PARIS.—DECREE AGAINST THE PRESS.—PROTEST OF REFUGEES.—REGULATIONS FOR THE ELECTION.—INTERFERENCE OF THE CHURCH.

"Homines

Torqueve leges ut torquant."—BACON.

The first great anxiety of the French public, after order was restored in the capital, was the probable conduct of the Departments. On the 4th of December the chiefs of the secret societies in Paris sent missives to their brethren throughout the provinces, directing them to rise and arm in the name of the Republic against the attempt of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to obtain absolute power. The greater number of the Departments were either favourable to an Empire, or opposed to the anti-popular theories of the dissolved Assembly, or, stunned by the suddenness of the *coup d'état*, were unable to make any armed movement.

The author of "Napoleon the Little" thus describes the way in which in the provinces the armed resistance was overcome, and unfortunately not only conquered, but vindictively and cruelly punished. The author of the work quoted is a bitter anti-Napoleonist, therefore may have exaggerated, and was likely to do so; but separating the facts from the invective, the reader has still a painful picture. "Add," says this author, "to the

other crimes of the *coup d'état*, the numberless incarcerations, the overgorged prisons, the sequestration of property \* belonging to the exiles in ten departments, particularly in the Nièvre, the Allier, and the Lower Alps; add thereto the confiscation of the Orleans property, with the slice allotted to the clergy—Schinderhannes never forgot to share with the Church; add the united commissions, and the commission, so called, of clemency;† the

\* Digne, the 5th January, 1852

"The Colonel commanding the state of siege in the department of the Lower Alps,

"Decrees —

"Within the course of ten days the property of the fugitives from the law will be sequestered, and appropriated by the land director in the Lower Alps, according to civil and military laws, &c. "PRIORON."

(Ten similar decrees, emanating from the commanders of states of siege, might be quoted)

† The number of convictions collectively considered (the greater part of them consists of transportations), at the date of the reports, was thus declared —

|                           |       |
|---------------------------|-------|
| By M. Canrobert . . . . . | 3,876 |
| Espinasse . . . . .       | 3,025 |
| Quentin, Bauchart . . . . | 1,634 |

|       |       |
|-------|-------|
| Total | 9,135 |
|-------|-------|



councils of war blended with the judges of the bench; and, multiplying the instances of abomination, the batches of exiles, the expulsion of a part of France out of France (the department of the Herault alone furnishing 3,200 persons, either banished or transported); add this dismal proscription—worthy of being compared to the most cruel desolations in history—which for a tendency, an opinion, an honest dissent from that government, for the mere word of a free-man, uttered too before the 2nd December, takes, seizes, apprehends, tears away the labourer from the field, the working man from his tools, the landlord from his house, the physician from his patients, the notary from his office, the councillor-general from his clients, the judge from his court, the husband from his wife, the brother from his brother, the father from his children, the child from his parents, and marks its ominous cross on every head, from the highest to the lowest. Nobody escapes. A man in tatters, wearing a long beard, came into my room one morning at Brussels:—‘I have just arrived,’ said he; ‘I have travelled on foot, and have had nothing to eat for two days.’ Some bread was brought in, which he partook of. ‘Where do you come from?’ said I to him. ‘From Limoges.’ ‘Why are you here?’ ‘I don’t know; they drove me away from my home.’ ‘What are, you?’ ‘A maker of wooden shoes.’

“Add to this, Africa; add Guyane; add the atrocities of Bertrand, of Canrobert, of Espinasse, of Martinprey; the shiploads of women sent off by General Guyon; the representative Miot dragged from casemate to casemate; huts choked with a hundred and fifty captives, beneath a tropical sun, with confusion of ranks, with filth, vermin, and where all these innocent patriots, these honest people perish, far from their homes, in fever, in misery, in

horror, in despair, and wringing their hands. Behold all these unhappy men handed over to gendarmes, bound two by two, piled up together in the lower decks of the *Magellan*, the *Canada*, the *Duquesclin*, cast among the convicts of Lambessa and Cayenne, not knowing what is intended them, and ignorant of what they have done. One of them, Alphonse Lambert, from Indre, snatched from his bed when dying; another, Patureau Francœur, a vintner, transported, because at his village they wanted to make him a President of the Republic; a third, Valette, a carpenter at Châteauroux, transported for having, six months previously to the 2nd December, on the day of an execution, refused to erect the guillotine.

“Add to these the hunting after men among the villages, the *battue* of Viroy, in the mountains of Lure; Pelhon’s *battue* in the woods of Clamecy, with his 1,500 men; order restored at Crest—out of 2,000 insurgents, 300 slain; columns moving in all directions. Whoever stands up for the law, sabred and shot. At Marseilles, Charles Sauvan exclaims, ‘Long live the Republic!’ a grenadier of the 54th fires at him; the ball enters his side and comes out of his belly. Vincent, of Bourges, is assistant to the mayor: as a magistrate he protests against the *coup d’état*; they track him through the village—he escapes—he is pursued—a horse soldier cuts off two of his fingers with his sword—another cleaves his head—he falls—they remove him to Fort Ivry before dressing his wounds. He is an old man of seventy-six.

“Add to these the summary fusillades in twenty departments: ‘All who resist,’ writes Saint-Arnaud, minister of war, ‘are to be shot, in the name of society defending itself.’ ‘Six days have sufficed to crush the insurrection,’ states General Levaillant, who com-

manded the state of siege in the Var. 'I made some good captures,' writes Commandant Viroy from Saint-Etienne; 'I have shot, without stirring, eight persons, and am now in pursuit of the leaders in the woods.\*' At Bordeaux, General Bourjoly enjoins the chiefs of the mobile columns to 'have immediately shot every person caught with arms in his hands.' At Forcalquier, the case was still more flagrant; the proclamation declaring the state of siege publishes:—'The town of Forcalquier is in a state of siege. Those citizens who took no part in the day's events, and who have arms in their possession, are summoned to give them up on pain of being shot.' The mobile column of Pézénas arrives at Servian; a man tries to escape from a house surrounded by soldiers; he is shot at and killed. At Entrains, eighty prisoners are taken; one of them escapes by the river; he is fired at, struck by a ball, and sinks under the water; the rest are shot. To these execrable deeds add the following, which are infamous:—At Brioud, in Upper Loire, a man and woman are thrown into prison for having ploughed the field of one of the exiles; at Loriol, in the Drôme, Astier, a forest-keeper, is condemned to twenty years' hard labour for having sheltered some fugitives. Add too, and my pen shakes as I write it, the punishment of death revived, the political guillotine re-erected, and sentences which horrify; citizens condemned to

death on the scaffold by the judicial janissaries of the courts martial:—at Clamecy, it was Millelot, Jouanin, Guillemot, Sabatier, and Four; at Lyons, it was Courty, Romegal, Bressieux, Fauritz, Julien, Roustain, and Garan, assistant to the Mayor of Clionscat; at Montpellier, seventeen were left to suffer for the affair of Bédarrieux—these were Mercadier, Delpech, Denis, André, Barthez, Triadou, Pierre Carrière, Galzy, Calas (called the cowkeeper), Gardy, Jacques Pagès, Michel Hercule, Mar, Vène, Frié, Malaterre, Beaumont, Pradal, the six last being luckily contumacious; and at Montpellier four more, Choumac, Vidal, Cadelard, and Pagès. What was the crime of these men? Their crime? Why, it is yours, if you are a good subject; it is mine, I, who write these lines; it is that of obedience to the 110th article in the Constitution; it is an armed resistance to Louis Bonaparte's outrage; and the court orders that the execution shall take place in the usual way on one of the public squares of Béziers, with respect to the four last, and, in the case of the other seventeen, in one of the squares of Bédarrieux. The *Moniteur* announces it; but the *Moniteur*, it is true, announces, at the same time, that the service of the last ball at the Tuileries was performed by three hundred stewards, habited in the liveries prescribed by the ceremonial of the old imperial house.

"Unless a universal cry of horror should stop this man in time, all these heads will fall.

"Whilst we are writing, this is what has just occurred at Belley.

"A native of Bugez, near Belley, a working man, named Charlet, had warmly advocated, on the 10th December, 1848, the election of Louis Bonaparte. He had circulated bulletins, supported, propagated, and

\* Read the despatch, copied verbatim from the *Moniteur*.—

"The armed insurrection has been totally suppressed in Paris by vigorous measures. The same energy will produce the same effect everywhere else.

"Bands of people, carrying pillage, rape, and fire along with them, are outlaws. With them you must not argue, you must attack and scatter them.

"All who resist must be shot, in the name of society defending itself."

The men who offered armed resistance in the provinces did not merit this brand of criminality.

'hawked them; he exulted in the election when over; his hopes were based on Louis Napoleon; he believed in the Socialist writings of the prisoner of Ham, and his philanthropical and republican programmes. On the 10th December there were many such honest dupes; these are now the most indignant. When Louis Bonaparte was in power, when they saw the man at work, these illusions vanished. Charlet, a man of intelligent mind, was one of those whose republican probity was outraged, and gradually, as Louis Bonaparte continued to sink deeper and deeper into reactive measures, Charlet shook himself free; thus did he pass from the most confiding partisanship to the most open and zealous opposition. The same story would apply to many other right noble hearts.

"On the 2nd December Charlet did not hesitate. When he witnessed the many crimes included in the infamous deed of Louis Bonaparte, Charlet felt the law stirring within him; he reflected that he ought to be the more severe, because he was one of those whose trust had been most misplaced. He clearly understood that there no longer remained but one duty to the citizen—a strict duty, inseparable from law, to defend the Republic and the Constitution, and to resist by every means the man whom the Left, but still more his own crime, had justly outlawed. The refugees from Switzerland crossed the frontier in arms, passed over the Rhône, near Angletort, and entered the department of Ain. Charlet joined their ranks.

"At Seyssel, the little troop fell in with some custom-house officers. The latter, voluntary or misled accomplices of the *coup d'état*, offered to resist their passage. A conflict ensued, one of the officers was killed, and Charlet was made prisoner.

"The *coup d'état* brought Charlet to a court-martial. He was charged with the death of the custom-house officer, which, after all, was but an incident of war. At all events Charlet was innocent of that death, since the officer had fallen by a shot, and Charlet had no weapon but a sharpened file.

"Charlet would not recognise as a lawful bench the body of men who pretended to sit in judgment on him. He said to them, 'You are no judges; where is the law? The law is on my side.' He refused to answer them.

"Questioned as to the fact of the officer killed, he could have cleared up the whole matter by a single word; but to descend to an explanation would, to a certain extent, have been a recognition of that bench. He would not do this, so he was silent.

"These men condemned him to die, 'according to the usual mode of criminal executions.'

"The conviction over, he seemed to have been forgotten; days, weeks, months elapsed. Everybody about the prison said to Charlet, 'You are saved.'

"On the 29th June last, at break of day, the town of Belley saw a dismal sight. The scaffold had started up out of the earth at night, and stood in the middle of the public square.

"The inhabitants when they met looked pale, and asked each other—'Have you seen what there is in the square?' 'Yes.' 'Who is it for?'

"It was for Charlet.

"The sentence of death had been deferred to M. Bonaparte; it had slumbered a long time at the Elysée; there was other business to attend to; but one fine morning, after a lapse of seven months, all the world having forgotten the conflict at Seyssel, the custom-house officer who had been killed, and Charlet himself, M. Bonaparte, wanting most likely

to put some event between the festival of the 10th May and the festival of the 15th August, had signed the warrant of execution.

"On the 29th June, therefore, Charlet was removed from his prison. They told him he was about to die. He continued calm. A man who has justice on his side does not fear death, for he feels that he possesses two things: one of which, his body—may be killed; the other, justice—which can have neither its arms punioned, nor its head cut off.

"They wanted to make Charlet seat himself in a cart. 'No,' said he to the gendarmes, 'I will go on foot, I can walk, I am not afraid.'

"There was a great crowd lining his passage. Every eye in the town knew him and loved him; his friends sought his eyes. Charlet, his arms fastened behind his back, bowed his head right and left. 'Farewell, James! farewell, Peter!' said he smiling. 'Farewell, Charlet!' answered they, and all of them wept. The gendarmerie and the troops of the line surrounded the scaffold. He ascended it with slow and steady steps. When they saw him standing on the scaffold, a shudder ran through the crowd; the women uttered cries, the men clenched their hands.

"Whilst they were strapping him to the plank, he looked up at the knife, saying:—'When I reflect that I was once a Bonapartist!' Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Long live the Republic!'

"The next moment his head fell.

"It was a day of mourning at Belley and through all the villages of Ain. 'How did he die?' they inquired. 'Bravely, God be praised!'

"In this manner, then, a man has been killed.

"The mind sinks and is swallowed up in horror at the contemplation of a deed so damnable.

"This crime being added to the rest completes

and sets the seal to them—a sad and gloomy seal.

"This is more than the complement; it is the crowning act.

"One feels that M. Bonaparte must be satisfied! To have shot down the people by night, in the dark, in solitude, at the Champ-de-Mars, under the arches of the bridges, behind a lonely wall; no matter who, at random, hap-hazard, unknown persons, shadows, the very number of whom none can tell, to have the anonymous shot by the anonymous, and all these tossed into obscurity, into blank forgetfulness. In the aggregate there is little to satisfy self-love; it looks like hiding one's self, and truly the hiding is effective; it is vulgar. Scrupulous men have a right to say to you:—'You know you are afraid; you would not dare to do these things publicly; you shrink from your own acts.' And, to a certain extent, they seem to be right. To shoot down people by night is a violation of every law, both human and divine, but it still lacks insolence. There is nothing in it to exult in. Something better yet remains to be done.

"The open day, the public place, the judicial scaffold, the regular apparatus of social vengeance—to hand the innocent over to these, to put them to death in this manner! Ah! what a difference is here! this will suit me! To commit a murder in the noontide day, in the heart of the town, by means of one machine called a court-martial, and another machine slowly erected by a carpenter, adjusted, fixed together, screwed on and greased at leisure; to say it shall be at such an hour; then to display two baskets, and say this one is for the body, that other for the head; at the appointed time to bring up your victim bound with ropes, attended by a priest, to progress calmly with your murder, to charge a registrar to report upon it, to surround the murdered

victim with gendarmes and naked swords, so that the people there may shudder, and not know what it is they behold, and wonder whether these men in uniform are a brigade of gendarmerie or a band of robbers, asking each other as the knife falls down, whether it is an executioner or an assassin they see before them. This is bold and resolute, this is a parody of the law, most shameless and alluring, and one full worthy of accomplishment; this is a great and magnificent blow dealt on the cheek of justice. Commend us to this!

"To do this, seven months after the strife, coolly, without necessity, as an omission you atone for, as a duty you fulfil, this is terrible, this is the perfect thing; it carries along with it a look of equity which perplexes the conscience and makes honesty shudder.

"Look at this terrible picture, which comprehends the whole case: here are two men—a working man and a prince. The prince commits a crime and is borne into the Tuileries; the working man does his duty, and he ascends the scaffold. Who set up the working man's scaffold? It was the prince!

"Yes, this man who, had he been conquered in December, could only have escaped the punishment of death by the omnipotence of progress, and by an enlargement, too liberal certainly, of the principle that human life is sacred; this man, this Louis Bonaparte, this prince who transfers the manners of Poulmann and Soufflard to politics, he it is who rebuilds the scaffold! Nor does he tremble! Nor does he look pale! Nor does he feel that it is an ominous step, that it depends on ourselves not to raise up the scaffold; but when once it is up we cannot throw it down, and that he who sets it up for another afterwards finds it for himself. It knows him again, and says to him, 'Thou didst place me here, and I waited for thee.'"

The President and his party entertained doubts of the National Guards of Paris, and he was desirous to find some good reason or decent pretext to dissolve them by degrees, so as not to outrage public opinion or provoke armed opposition; accordingly, M. de Morny issued the following:—

"Paris, December 7, 1851.

"General,

"In several quarters of Paris some persons belonging to the better classes have been barefaced enough to put upon their door, 'Arms given away.' One might easily understand a National Guardsman to write, 'Arms seized by force,' in order to shield his responsibility towards the State and vindicate his honour before his fellow-citizens; but to inscribe his own shame on the door of his own house is an insult to the French character.

"I have ordered the Prefect of Police to see that these inscriptions are erased, and I request you to forward the names of those legions by whom such acts were perpetrated, in order that I may submit a proposition to the President of the Republic, having in view a decree for their dissolution.

"To General Lavrestine, Commander-in-chief of the National Guards of Paris."

The general replied thus:—

"Paris, December 7, 1851.

"Monsieur le Ministre,

"The entire National Guard will applaud the sentiments expressed in the letter you have done me the honour to write to me.

"One of the legions of Paris has undergone the twofold affront of being disarmed whilst in their own abode, and of the shameful inscriptions to which you allude. The mayoralty, spite of the presence of upwards of sixty men, was taken by the insurgents. The 5th is the legion in question.

"I haste to report its behaviour to you, and request it may be disbanded. I am, however, on the other side, happy to be in the possession of several circumstances which attest the spirit of order and obedience that never ceased to prevail among the other legions."

The 5th legion was immediately dissolved. M. de Morny issued a circular addressed to the prefects, couched in these terms :—

"Paris, the 7th December, 1851.

"Monsieur le Prefet,

"You were empowered by my circular bearing date the 3rd December to suspend and even to replace forthwith any functionary on whose co-operation you could not calculate with certainty.

"It was expedient to confer these powers on you so long as there existed any necessity for at once crushing any resistance of a nature likely to compromise the success of the great measures for public safety decreed by Prince Louis Napoleon.

"These powers authorised you to exercise control over the *juges de paix*; now that government has mastered the situation, they must cease. The interval that will precede the opening of the *scrutin* leaves you, moreover, at liberty to follow the ordinary course of nomination.

"You will, therefore, Monsieur le Prefet, henceforth leave to the heads of the Court of Appeal the free, full, and uncontrolled exercise of their judicial rights, and to the Minister of Justice the exercise of the right which is equally his of seeing that all the functions of the magistrature are well provided for. In conclusion, I have to inform you that the Minister of Justice requests the *procureurs généraux* to consult you as to the dismissals and replacings which it is requisite to effect."

Next day, on the 8th of December, such confidence ~~was~~ excited by this proclamation that the funds rose, and the masses believed that the President was about to inaugurate a *régime* of freedom and order.

Various decrees were issued which left the liberties of the people at the will of the President; yet they were agreeable to the trading and speculative portions of the community, for the funds rapidly rose. The 5 per Cents., which on the 1st of December were 91 fr. 60, were on the 16th 100 fr. 90.

Probably not less than 4,000 men were penally expatriated by these decrees, sanctioned by no law, but made in virtue of the authority acquired by force.

It is remarkable that the Prince President could, with such a bold defiance of all law, overthrow the Constitution, and extinguish it in the blood of the citizens, when so recently as 1849 he had himself solemnly condemned his own previous attempts upon the monarchy and the constitution under Louis Philippe. When in the autumn of that year he visited Ham, where for so many years he had been a prisoner for his escapade at Boulogne, he received an address from the mayor and citizens, and in his reply assured them that he had no satisfaction in recalling to memory the conduct which led to his imprisonment in the neighbouring fortress, because his effort at Boulogne was to overthrow a legally constituted government, and expressed astonishment at the criminal audacity which then influenced him. As there can now be no doubt that at the very time he thus spoke he contemplated the overthrow of the Constitution under which he was President, and the accomplishment of the *coup d'état* and the Empire, the speech throws a flood of light upon the character of him by whom it was spoken. Yet after such a speech he seems to

have felt no shame or compunction in shooting down his fellow-citizens and trampling out their liberties.

Enemy of Louis Napoleon as Victor Hugo was when he wrote the following words, it is impossible, with any desire to be impartial, and also just to the French Emperor, not to feel their force:—

“The boulevards of Paris, the streets of Paris, the towns and the country of the twenty departments of France, were strewed, on the 2nd December, with the dead and dying bodies of citizens. There were seen, before the thresholds, fathers and mothers slaughtered, children sabred, women dishevelled and ensanguined, eviscerated by grape-shot; there were seen, in the houses, suppliants massacred—some shot in heaps in the cellars, others despatched by the bayonet under their beds, others prostrated by a bullet on their own hearths. The impress of blood-stained hands is still visible on many a wall, many a door, many a recess; for three days after the victory of Louis Bonaparte, Paris walked in mud red with gore; a cap full of human brains was hanging on a tree in the Boulevard des Italiens. I, who write this, saw, among other victims, near the barricade Mauconseil, an old, white-haired man, stretched on the pavement, his bosom pierced with a bayonet, his collar-bone broken; the gutter that ran beneath him bore away his blood. I saw, I touched with my hands, I helped to undress a child of seven years of age, killed, they told me, in the Rue Tiquetonne; he was pale, his head fell from one shoulder to the other whilst they were taking off his clothes; his half-closed eyes were fixed, and as I leant over his open mouth, he seemed to make a feeble effort to murmur ‘My mother!’

“Well, there is something more heart-

rending than that murdered child; more lamentable than that old man, shot dead; more horrible than that cap full of human brains; more frightful than those pavements, red with carnage; more irreparable than those men and those women, than those fathers and those brothers, slaughtered and assassinated—’tis the departing honour of a great people!

“Assuredly, those pyramids of dead bodies which one saw in the cemeteries, after the waggons from the Champ-de-Mars had emptied their contents; those immense open trenches, which they filled in the night with human bodies, making speed to have done before the light of dawn; all this was frightful: but that which is still more frightful is to think that, at this hour, the people doubt; and that, for them, France, that great moral splendour, has disappeared!

“That which is more heart-rending than skulls cleft by the sabre, than breasts laid open by bullets, more disastrous than houses profaned, than murder filling the streets, than blood flowing down the gutters, is to think that now, among the people of the earth, you see this nation of nations, this people of the 14th July, this people of the 10th August, this people of 1830, this people of 1848, this race of giants, which broke down the Bastille, this race of men, whose faces shone full of fire—this country of the human race, which produced heroes and thinkers—those heroes who created all revolutions, and gave birth to all great thoughts—that France, whose name meant liberty, that soul of the world, which shone over Europe, that light... Well! some one has walked upon it, and put it out. There is no longer France. It is at an end. Look! Everywhere ’tis darkness—the world is groping about.

“Ah! it was so grand! Where are those times, those fine times, interspersed with;

storms, but splendid; when all was life, when all was liberty, when all was glory?—those times when the French people, awake before any others, up before the light, its brows blanched by the dawn of the future—already risen for them—said to the other nations, still sleeping, still weighed down, and scarcely able to shake their chains in their sleep, ‘Be at ease. I work for all! I dig the earth for all! I am the workman of the Almighty!’

“What profound grief! Regard that torpor where formerly there was power—that shame, where formerly existed pride—that noble people, that once raised its head erect, and now bows it down! Alas! Louis Bonaparte has done more than kill persons, he has harrowed souls, he has shrunk the heart of the citizen. One must belong to the race of the invincible and the indomitable, to persevere now in the rugged path of renunciation and duty.

“A gangrene of material prosperity threatens to wear away public honesty into corruption. Oh, what happiness to be banished, to be fallen, to be ruined! Is it not, brave workmen, fellow-labourers? Is it not, worthy peasants, driven from France, who have no home and no shoes to your feet? What happiness to eat black bread, to lie down on a mattress thrown on the ground, to be out at elbows, to be indifferent to all that, and to answer to those who say to you ‘You are French,’ ‘I am proscribed!’”

The following article was published on the 25th September, 1849, in the *Bulletin de Paris*, by M. de Latour-Dumoulin, under the inspiration of the President. Fifteen months before the event, it correctly expressed the views and purposes of Louis Napoleon as far as he then wished them known:—

#### “WHAT THE PRESIDENT INTENDS.

“Public opinion has been excited in Paris, and in the Departments, by the threatening attitude which the monarchical parties have assumed for two months.

“The country alarmed has a right to know what would be the intentions of Louis Napoleon in case the royalists, of the two branches, whether separate or united, attempted to prevent the necessary prolongation of the President’s authority.

“These projects, which we think we divine, we will expose in a few words.

“Louis Napoleon loudly disclaims any dynastic after-thought; he does not covet any other prerogatives than those he now enjoys. His exclusive aim is the re-establishment of order, security, and credit; it is, in a word, to close the era of revolutions.

“But, to discharge the pacific commission reserved to him by Providence, the power of the President must needs be firm and lasting.

“Louis Napoleon would not be responding to the wishes of six millions of citizens, who have elected him as the representative of the principles of order and sound progress, inaugurated in ’89, were he to bow with humility before the royalist coalition which recklessly disturbs the country.

“Louis Napoleon hopes, therefore, that as soon as the time comes to discuss once more the future fate of France—that is to say, either to place the power of the state on a solid basis, or to decree anarchy—the National Assembly will understand the duties which circumstances impose upon it, and the great responsibility it would assume before posterity, were it to hesitate to vote for the immediate revisal of the Constitution.

“So that if the National Assembly, forgetting that France wishes above all to be



saved, shall refuse to adopt a measure imperatively required for the public security, Louis Napoleon would not hesitate to make an appeal to that entire people whose mandate he has received.

"And the people would determine whether the President of the Republic must take for his device—ABDICATION OR PERSEVERANCE!"

It is astonishing that, from the position and character of Dumoulin, the public did not infer the real object for which this article was published, namely, to prepare the public mind for a *coup d'état* ostensibly to save the Republic, really to destroy it.

Amidst all these conflicts and high-handed proceedings, the Prince President was anxious to conciliate certain portions of the public whose moral influence he feared. One of his devices was to form a consultative council,\* and to place on the list certain men of eminence as a decoy, while those whom he knew were his own followers constituted the working force.

A decree to this effect was posted on the walls of Paris as early as the 4th of December.

The names were given, because many of them held a place in European reputation.

#### "IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

"The President of the Republic being desirous, even in the re-organisation of the legislative body and of the Council of State, to surround himself with men deservedly enjoying the esteem and confidence of the country, has formed a consultative commission, composed of the following persons."

(Then follow the list of names.) Léon Foucher was one of the persons named to the consultative commission, and he replied to the announcement of his appointment as follows:—

\* Alluded to on a previous page.

"M. le President,

"It is with astonishment, mingled with pain, that I see my name inserted amongst those of the members of an administrative commission which you have just constituted. I did not think I had given you the right to do me such an injury. The services which I have rendered to you, believing I rendered them to the country, authorise me, perhaps, to expect from you a different return. My character, in every instance, merited more respect. You know that in my career, already long, I have neither belied the principles of liberty nor my devotedness to order. I have never participated, either directly or indirectly, in the violation of the laws; and in refusing the mission you confer on me, I have only to remember that which I hold from the people, and which I still hold.

"Please to accept, M. le President, the expression of my respect.

(Signed) "LEON FAUCHER."

M. Truman Staler remarks upon this letter:—

"Other protests equally indignant would doubtless have exposed the mendacious audacity of the concoctor of this consultative commission; but the press was forthwith gagged, and he who reported even a mere rumour, directly or indirectly adverse to the dictator, rendered himself liable to the bullet or transportation.

"On the following day, finding that, out of the eighty members of the consultative committee he had appointed, forty-one had indignantly rejected his overtures, the President privately sent to some of the representatives whom he had imprisoned, and asked their co-operation and assistance, as members of the consultative committee. For the honour of human nature, we are happy to say that those proposals were rejected with disdain.

We may rely on the authenticity of this information, as we received it from one of the liberated representatives."

The great danger to the new order of things, was the hostility of the press, which represented every section of the community influentially. The Ultramontanists had their organs, and if they were not very able, they were certainly very bold. Closely allied with that party was one which, while blending with it, was distinct—the old Bourbon. The press, like the party, was haughty and sneering, assuming an indifference to the younger branch of the Bourbons, hostility to the Bonapartes, contempt for the Republicans, "pure and simple," and horror of the "Reds."

The Orleanists were well represented by the press, both in Paris and the provinces, and its hope was chiefly directed to the interference of the European Powers, whom it was supposed, for sake of peace, would be glad to see the heir of the Duke of Orleans on the throne of France. But no ruler of the French caused more trouble and alarm to Europe than Louis Philippe. His conduct in Algiers showed him to be as eager to conciliate French vanity by conquest as any of his predecessors, had his genius been able to grasp the situation and shape it to his ends. His conquest of Tahiti was of such a character in its relation to England, that a body of English clergymen and gentlemen characterised it, in a memorial to the Earl of Aberdeen, as "the grossest outrage ever offered by one nation to another in a time of peace;" while his treachery in the case of the Spanish marriage was a breach of international honour, which the house of Bonaparte had scarcely equalled in its worst times.

The Republican press represented two hostile sections of the party, that of Cavaignac and Ledru Rollin; the former being constitutional and advocating civil and religious liberty,

the latter socialist and anarchical. The Bonapartists had their own representation in Paris and the Departments.

It was the policy of the *coup d'état* to give all possible scope to the last named, and to silence all the rest. He suppressed seventy-three newspapers in and near Paris by decree. An eye-witness thus relates the mode:—

"I may tell you what I saw on the morning of the 2nd of December, before the fatal ordinances had more than been read by a few of the early risers in Paris. A detachment of the Civic Guard, on foot, with some agents of the police in plain clothes, and others in uniform, went from one newspaper office to another, leaving at each a military and police guard. From the editor of one of these papers, whose name, for obvious reasons, I must not mention, I heard that the orders were, that no article should be published but such as emanated from official quarters, or were approved of by the Government. At a later period of the day an agent came to the office of my informant, who luckily was absent, but two of his co-editors being present, were asked why they had not begun to publish their paper. On answering that they declined doing so under existing circumstances, they were taken off to prison.

"On purchasing a newspaper of an agent on the Boulevards, on the morning of the 4th instant, I was making my selection, but the dealer's observation was, 'They are all written with one pen, and the pen is of steel!'"

Scarcely had the news of the *coup d'état* and of these decrees reached the different cities of Europe, where Frenchmen resided, and whither those fled most obnoxious to the vengeance of the Bonapartists, when protests were published in the face of Europe against this revolution. The most remarkable document of this nature was issued in London; in

In short compass it presents the views entertained by a large and respectable body of Frenchmen, chiefly Republicans, but many of them not of that political school, of the *coup d'état* and its attendant deeds.

*"Manifesto of French Refugees."*

"TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE, THE REFUGEES IN LONDON, WHOSE NAMES ARE SUBSCRIBED.

"Will you be debased? Will you be enslaved? Will you become henceforth an object of eternal contempt and ridicule to the oppressed peoples who awaited their deliverance at your hands?

"Louis Bonaparte has just crowded into a few hours more crimes than it would have been thought possible to include in the life of man.

"Like a thief, he has seized upon the liberties of his country by a nocturnal surprise—a vulgar artifice, which certain people have been rash enough to call courage.

"He has audaciously trifled with the sanctity of the domestic hearth.

"By the help of his swaggering soldiery and police he has silenced every voice in Paris except his own.

"At one blow he has suppressed all the journals, and has cast forth into the streets of Paris, without bread, those of your brethren whom the press supported.

"He has, outraged, stricken down, and trampled under foot the national representation, not only in the persons of your enemies, but also in that of Greppo, the energetic and loyal representative of the workmen of Lyons, and in that of Nadaud, the mason, who has so often and so nobly defended your interests in the tribune.

"Do you want to have a master? And do you wish that that master should be Louis Bonaparte? You have seen the air with which he traversed the streets of Paris, hedged in by

soldiers, covered by cannon, and causing himself to be borne in triumph by his staff, adding to the crime of high treason the insolence of a conqueror, and treating France as a conquered country—he whose military annals can boast of nothing except the opprobrium of the Roman exhibition!

"That the members of the majority are expiating the ill which they have done—that the Constitution which they have violated in you is violated in them—that they are undergoing the chastisement through that universal suffrage which they have destroyed—that they who have made a portion of France pass under the yoke in the state of siege—that they who have sanctioned the transportation of our brethren *en masse* without judgment, now find force where they sought justice, is a lesson not more hard than merited. It is the penalty of retribution which is inflicted on them, and it is not for us to complain.

"But what it concerns us to understand now is, whether you are in the mood for a change of tyrants?

"For does this crime belong to that Assembly of which he was the inspirer and accomplice?

"Was it not he who, by his ministers, proposed and passed that odious law of May, against which he now rises up, because the candidature of Joinville has made him afraid?

"Is not he, still more than the Assembly, charged with the responsibility of having drowned the Italian Republic in the blood of the Romans, mingled with that of the French soldiers?

"Among so many shameful and liberticide measures, let one be mentioned, a single one, which did not exhibit Louis Bonaparte acting in concert with the Assembly.

"As soon as his ambition was threatened by the Assembly, he became the enemy of that

body. But forget not that he has been its accomplice, so long as it acted to oppress you.

"He now comes forward to tell you that the people is sovereign, and at the same time he dares to demand ten years of power—that is, the abdication of that sovereignty for ten years.

"He sets himself up as the man of the Republic,—of that Republic which is the government of equality; and at the same time he proposes the establishment of a senate—that is, an assembly of dukes, counts, barons, and marquises. Come, let us hasten, debased and clownish as we are—let us hasten, in virtue of our sovereignty, once more to install an aristocracy, after so many battles fought and so much blood shed to put down the aristocracy for ever! It is the man of the Republic that invites us!

"He boasts of restoring to you universal suffrage, but on condition that it be worked for his private advantage, and not for yours, since he is going for ten years to be your master. 'No scrutiny of the list,' he says. Do you quite understand what that means? It means that the elections are to be made by registers lodged in the offices of the mayor. The great swindling manoeuvre which has been practised upon France once in her history is to be renewed. Will you permit, precisely when it is pretended to restore your right, that it shall be filched from you?

"Moreover, to exercise the right of the suffrage you must be free. Let him begin, then, by restoring free speech to the journals; let the doors be flung wide open to popular meetings; let every man speak his mind and learn that of others. Why those bayonets? Why those cannon? To restore universal suffrage with the state of siege is to add mockery to falsehood. A people proclaimed sovereign—it is the mantle of slavery thrown

over your shoulders, even as the barbarian chief, in the time of the Lower Empire, threw the purple over the Roman emperors in placing them among his camp followers. Do you wish to be enslaved? Do you wish to be debased? Such is the cry wrung from us by an indignation impossible to be restrained. We who, in our exile, can at least speak, do speak. But we owe more than speech to the Republic—our blood belongs to it. We know it, and shall not forget it.

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Berdard le Clubiste | Cachet              |
| Louis Blanc         | Philippe Pathey     |
| Landolphe Lyonne    | Boura               |
| Robillart Suireau   | Subit               |
| Lemard              | Rotillon Mangenet   |
| Percy               | Languedoc           |
| Lyaz Boncoeur       | Florentin           |
| Le Capitaine Nemont | Rousseau            |
| Cadet               | Frossard            |
| Meteyer Colin       | Baner               |
| Shaney              | Auroy               |
| Paget Lupian        | Daranchi            |
| Baron Mercier       | Michon              |
| Nerzey              | Bartholome Charles. |

"Dec. 3, 1851."

Several of these signatures are of men who, by their Socialist and Red Republican opinions and acts, produced confusion in France, and prepared the way for the despotism against which they protested by a policy and conduct as despotic. Others are of men who deserved better of their country.

M. de Morny was prompt in the use of his power, for as the Minister of the Interior, he issued a circular to the prefects of Departments, containing instructions relative to the taking of votes in the appeal to the people. The following are the principal points:—

"The votes are to be taken on the 20th and 21st instant. The electors are to be the

persons who would be entitled to vote in virtue of the electoral law of the 15th March, 1849—that is to say, all those not labouring under certain specified disqualifications, who are twenty-one years of age, and have resided six months, at least, in a commune. The lists are to be published, at the latest, on the 16th, and are to be definitively closed on the 19th. Citizens whose names are omitted may call on the mayors or *juges de paix* to insert them. The voting is to be continued each day from eight o'clock to four. Where the population is too large to vote entirely in one place, sections may be established. The presidency of the bureau of the voting places is to be occupied by mayors, deputy-mayors, and municipal councillors, or, in their absence, by persons delegated by *juges de paix*. Each bureau is to consist of a president, four assessors, and a secretary, chosen by them from amongst the electors. The assessors are to be taken from amongst the municipal councillors, in the order of inscription, unless the *juges de paix* shall have directly proceeded to designate them. Electors are to bring their voting papers ready prepared. They are to contain the word *yes* or *no*, as an answer to the proposition submitted to the people by the President of the Republic. They may be printed or written, and are to be on white paper, without exterior marks. When his name is called, the elector is to present his voting-paper closed; and the president is to deposit it in the ballot-box. This box is to have two locks, the key of one of which is to be kept by the president, the other by the senior assessor. The vote of each elector is to be recorded by the signature or mark of one of the members of the bureau in the margin of the list. The names of the electors who may not have voted are to be called over. The ballot-boxes are to be sealed up, and deposited

during the night at the Mairie, and be protected by a post of the National Guard or the army. The room containing these boxes is to be sealed up. The counting of the votes is thus to be proceeded to:—The boxes are to be opened, and the number of votes to be verified. If this number be greater or less than that of the voters, the fact is to be mentioned in the minutes. The counting of the votes is to be made by the members of the bureau. The tables on which this is to be done are to be ranged in such a way that electors may walk round them. Blank voting papers, together with those in which it may be impossible to recognise either adhesion or refusal, are not to be counted, but are to be annexed to the minutes. Immediately after the counting of the votes, the result of the ballot to be published, and the voting papers, with the exception of those annexed to the minutes, are to be burned in presence of the electors. In the communes divided into sections, the result of the votes expressed in each section is to be settled and signed by the bureau, and afterwards be conveyed by the president to the bureau of the first section, who is to make the addition. The examination of votes for all the Departments is to be made by a commission of three councillors-general to be named by the Prefect."

As the President had appointed his own friends to the office of assessors, he was able to assure himself of his election.

In order to appease some portions of the public, and conciliate others, the President issued a decree in the name of religion.

"In the name of the French people,—the President of the Republic, on the report of the Minister of Public Instruction,

"Having considered the law of the 4—10 April, 1791,

"Having considered the decree of the 20th February, 1806,

"Having considered the *ordonnance* of the 26th August, 1830,

"Decrees:—

"Art. 1. The ancient church of St. Geneviève is restored to public worship conformably to the intention of its founder, under the invocation of St. Geneviève, the patron of Paris.

"Measures shall be taken at a later period to regulate the permanent exercise of the Catholic worship in that church.

"Art. 2. The *ordonnance* of the 26th August, 1830, is revoked.

"Art. 3. The Minister of Public Instruction and of Religious Worship, and the Minister of Public Works are charged, each as far as concerns him, with the execution of the present decree, which shall be inserted in the *Bulletin des lois*.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Paris, Dec 6th.

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Worship,

"H. FORTOUL"

This had the desired effect, for it was soon followed by an episcopal injunction to elect the President for ten years. The Bishop of Chartres addressed the following circular to the clergy of his diocese:—

"Chartres, Dec. 12th, 1851.

"M. le Curé,

"Understand fully the counsel communicated in this letter. I beg you earnestly to conform to it. The 20th or 21st of the present month the French people are to decide whether Louis Bonaparte shall be elected for ten years President of our country. 'Yes' or 'No,' inscribed on tickets by all the citizens,

decides the question whose consequences are infinite. Influenced by your own views, and still more by the love of country, of which Jesus Christ has given you the example, you will, I doubt not, sign 'Yes.' Providence gives us at this moment only this means of safety. It is evident that if Bonaparte be rejected, France has no one to put in his place. The people, deceived by intrigues and false suggestions, might make a detestable choice, which would plunge our country into new and unparalleled calamities. We have escaped the 2nd of May, 1852, which was opening for France a frightful abyss. It would be madness to bring back this chance of ruin and of death. All that we have learned for days past of the abominations, the horrors, and the most savage excesses that have just taken place, are but the specimen, or the anticipated sketch, of the monstrous crimes that would be perpetrated on a larger scale, and throughout all France, if God had permitted the triumph of Socialism. You will feel, M. le Curé, the irresistible force of those reflections, which must strike every thinking man, and in which, I believe, they will hasten to agree.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"+ CL. HIP., Bishop of Chartres."

The conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy proved to be very versatile in the recent revolutions in France. They upheld Charles X. in the measures which cost him his crown. Louis Philippe received their support when his power became established. In March, 1848, they made haste to patronise the Republic. They were the instruments of the majority of the Assembly in their intrigues to bring back the Bourbons. As soon as the President overthrew the Assembly, the clergy abandoned their cause, and aided his election.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## FROM THE COMPLETION OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT TO THE EMPIRE.

"The man of honour who finds himself in the presence of foes interested in reviling him, ought to avoid every subterfuge, all equivocation, and put the greatest simplicity in his proceedings, and, as the wife of Cæsar, ought not even to be suspected."—*Extract from a letter of Louis Napoleon, when a prisoner at Ham, in 1846.*

THE *plébiscite* was given, and stood thus:—affirmative, 7,439,219; negative, 640,737. The army contributed largely in proportion to this result, but the troops stationed in Algiers recorded a majority for the negative.

On the 1st of January the event of the President's election was celebrated by a religious *fête* at Notre Dame. No labour or expense was spared to make it a grand manifestation. Napoleon was henceforward to use pomp, parade, and religious display as his instruments. The pageant was thus described by an eye-witness:—

"The *coup d'œil* presented on entering the Cathedral of Notre Dame was somewhat deteriorated by the effect of a dense fog, which, throwing a veil of mist over all that passed outside, penetrated to the innermost recesses of the building, and mocked the dazzling brilliancy of nearly a thousand wax lights, suspended in clusters from the roof. In the course of a short time, however, when the *chant d'appel* of the *tambours*, accompanied by the cries of '*Vive Napoléon!*' which reverberated from without, and were re-echoed through the lofty nave and aisles, announced the arrival of the President, this had partially died away, and a better opportunity was afforded of appreciating the splendour of the scene which stretched in gorgeous hues and glittering disarray before the astonished sight. The pillars of the great nave, adorned with purple-coloured banners, sprinkled with stars of gold; the velvet draperies and enormous garlands of foliage and flowers, which

covered and fell from the galleries; the richly-decorated flags, carrying the arms and names of the chief cities of the Empire; the columns of the sanctuary, covered from base to capital with silk brocade of crimson and gold; the altar in the choir, with its rich and gaudy ornaments; the benches for the authorities and the constituted bodies; and the galleries on either side, crowded with persons *en grande tenue*; the orchestra of five hundred executants, vocal and instrumental, disposed in the galleries at the extremity of the choir; and, the principal feature of all, the lofty dais, with hangings of crimson and gold, doubled with white, surmounting the *estrade*, which faced the altar and supported the *siège d'honneur*, whereon sat Louis Napoleon with his '*prie Dieu*,' the Archbishop of Paris (who officiated in the service) to his right, and the attendant bishops to his left; these, and other objects too numerous to specify, all glittering in the light of the countless wax candles, which pained the eye to look upon, gave to the ancient cathedral, one of the architectural glories of Paris and the world, a strange and fantastic aspect, which made it difficult to believe oneself in a place of worship. The general effect, indeed, was quite as theatrical as it was brilliant. It was, nevertheless, a surprising and intoxicating spectacle.

"The President arrived exactly at noon, and the orchestra performed, while he entered the cathedral and took his place, the march and *Vivat in æternum*, by Lesueur, a quaint and pompous strain. The orchestra, directed by M. Girard,

of the Grand Opera, selected from the vocal and instrumental *corps* of that establishment, the Conservatoire (*Société des Concerts*), the Opera Comique, the Opera Italien, and the Opera National, was magnificent. The band was like one instrument, so perfect was its precision, and so marked and decided in its accent. The *Te Deum*, which Lesueur (who was the Emperor Napoleon's *Maitre de Chapelle*) composed for the Battle of Austerlitz, and which was afterwards performed in celebration of the taking of Algiers, was the capital *morceau*, and displayed the strength and number of the executants to the highest advantage. Some of the phrases of unison, alternately for male and female voices, in this fine, solemn, but somewhat formal composition—which French critics regard as the master-piece of Lesueur, and of their school of sacred music, of which he was decidedly the greatest ornament—came out with a combined force and simplicity in thorough consonance with the text and the occasion. It was superbly executed. The voices and instruments were equally well in tune, and the measure was so intelligibly indicated by the conductor and his assistants (stationed at each alternate column), that not a flaw could be detected in the performance by the nicest ear. The *Sanctus*, by M. Adolphe Adam, modern in form and trivial in style, was heard to great disadvantage in such fellowship, and was felt to be altogether out of place. The hymn to St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and the Offertory, which followed the *Sanctus* of M. Adam, are both favourable specimens of Lesueur's manner, and exhibit all his peculiarities. These and the *Domine Salveam*, which terminated the ceremony in a highly effective manner, were executed to perfection. Among the chorus were observed the most noted singers of the lyrical establishments of Paris,

whose assistance was of infinite value both in strengthening the various choral parts, and in giving due efficiency to the solos. In short, nothing could be more admirable than the musical arrangements, which were carried out in a manner that was to be expected from so eminent a musician as M. Auber, who had the responsibility of their superintendence. The whole was over a little before one o'clock, and the President immediately retired, with the same manifestations that attended his arrival.

"A solemn *Te Deum d'actions de grace* was performed at the same hour at every cathedral church of France; the blessing of Heaven was invoked upon the country, and upon that great mission which the people have conferred upon the man who has been appointed to sway its destinies for the term of ten years. The service concluded with the *Domine Salveam*, thus worded:—'*Domine salveam fac Rempublicam—salveam fac Napoleonem, et exaudi nos in die quâ invocaverimus.*'"

On the 14th of January, 1852, the new Constitution was promulgated, the President prefixing an address to the French people. In this Constitution the reader can study the theory, and in his address the spirit, of the government of France under Napoleon.

#### "THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

"Frenchmen,

"In my Proclamation of the 2nd of December, when I loyally explained to you what, according to my ideas, were the vital conditions of government in France, I had not the pretension, so common in these days, of substituting a personal theory for the experience of centuries. On the contrary, I sought in the past the examples that might best be followed, what men had given them, and what benefits had resulted.

"I have thought it reasonable to prefer the





precepts of genius to the specious doctrines of men of abstract ideas. I have taken as models the political institutions which already, at the commencement of this century, under analogous circumstances, have strengthened tottering society and raised France to a lofty degree of prosperity and grandeur.

"I have taken as models those institutions, which, instead of vanishing at the first breath of popular agitation, were only overturned by the might of all Europe coalesced against us.

"In one word, I said to myself, since France makes progress during the last fifty years, in virtue alone of the administrative, military, judicial, religious, and financial organisation of the Consulate and the Empire, why should we not also adopt the political institutions of that epoch? Created by the same thought, they must bear the same character of nationality and practical utility.

"In effect, as I recalled to mind in my proclamation, it is essential to aver that our present state of society is nought else than France regenerate by the Revolution of '89, and organised by the Emperor. Nothing remains of the old *régime* but great *souvenirs* and benefits; all that was organised under it was destroyed by the Revolution, and all that since the Revolution has been organised, and that still exists, has been the work of Napoleon.

"We no longer possess provinces, or states, or parliaments, or intendants, or farmers-general, or various customs, or feudal rights, or privileged classes holding exclusive possession of civil and military employments, or different religious jurisdictions.

"To all these things, so incompatible with its spirit, the Revolution applied a thorough reform; but it founded nothing definitive. The First Consul, alone, re-established unity, hierarchy, and the true principles of government. They are still in vigour.

"Thus the *administration* of France, intrusted to prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors, who substitute unity in the place of directing commissions (the *decision* of affairs, on the contrary, being confided to councils—from that of the commune to that of the department): thus the magistracy, rendered firm by the immovability of the judges, and by the hierarchy of the tribunals—justice rendered more easy by the clear definition of attributions, from those of the justice of the peace up to those of the Court of Cassation—all this is still standing.

"In the same manner our admirable financial system, the Bank of France, the establishment of the Budget, the Court of Accounts, the organisation of the police and our military statutes, date from the above-mentioned epoch.

"For the last fifty years it is the Code Napoleon that has adjusted the reciprocal interests of citizens; it is still the concordat that regulates the relations of the State with the Church.

"Lastly, the greater portion of the measures which concern the progress of industry, of commerce, of literature, of science, and of the arts, from the statutes of the Théâtre Français to those of the Institute of France, from the institution of *prud'hommes* to the creation of the Legion of Honour, have been fixed by the decrees of that time.

"It may then be affirmed that the frame of our social edifice is the work of the Emperor—which has stood firm, resisting his fall and the shocks of three revolutions.

"Wherefore, since they have the same origin, should not his political institutions have the same chance of duration?

"My own conviction has been formed for a long time; and, therefore, it was that I submitted to your judgment the principal basis of a Constitution borrowed from that of the

year VIII. Approved of by you, they are to become the foundation of our political constitution.

"Let us now examine its spirit.

"In our country—for the last 800 years monarchical—the central power has existed by increasing—royalty destroyed the great vassals—the revolutions themselves caused the obstacles to disappear which opposed the rapid and uniform exercise of authority. In this country of centralisation public opinion has invariably referred everything, good and evil, to the chief of the government; so that to write at the head of a charter, that the chief is irresponsible, is to lie (*mentir*) to public feeling. It is to endeavour to establish a fiction which has three times disappeared at the sound of revolution.

"The present Constitution, on the contrary, proclaims that the chief whom you have elected is responsible to you. That he has the right of appeal to your sovereign judgment, in order that in grave (*solemnelles*) circumstances you may always be able to continue your confidence in him, or to withdraw it.

"Being responsible, his actions must be free and without hinderance. Hence arises the obligation of his having ministers who may be honoured and powerful auxiliaries of his thought, but who no longer form a responsible council composed of jointly responsible members (*membres solidaires*), a daily obstacle to the special influence of the chief of the state—a council, the expression of a policy emanating from the chambers, and, for that very reason, exposed to frequent changes, which render impossible a continuous policy (*esprit de suite*) or the application of a regular system.

"Nevertheless, in proportion to the loftiness of the position in which a man is placed, and in proportion to his independence and to the confidence that the people place in him, is

his need of enlightened and conscientious counsel. Hence the creation of a council of state, for the future, the real (*véritable*) council of the government, the first wheelwork of our new organisation—a *réunion* of practical men elaborating projects of law in special committees, then discussing them with closed doors, and without oratorical ostentations in general assembly, next presenting them to the acceptance of the legislative body.

"Thus the government (*pouvoir*) is free in its movements and enlightened in its progress.

"Now, what will be the control exercised over the assemblies?

"A chamber which bears the title of 'the Legislative body' votes the laws and the taxes. It is elected by universal suffrage (*sans scrutin de liste*). The people choosing each candidate singly can the more easily appreciate his merit.

"The chamber is composed of about 260 members—a first guarantee of the calmness of its deliberations; for too often it has been seen that in assemblies the mobility and ardour of passions increase in proportion to the number of members.

"The account of the deliberations which is to inform the nation of its affairs is no longer, as formerly, abandoned to the party spirit of each journal. An official journal, drawn up under the *surveillance* of the President of the Chamber, will alone be authorised,

"The Legislative body freely discusses the laws, adopts or rejects them, but does not introduce those unforeseen amendments which often derange the whole economy of a system and the *ensemble* of the primitive project; and, for still stronger reasons, it does not possess that parliamentary initiative which was the source of such grave abuse, and which permitted every deputy to substitute himself at every turn in place of the government, and to present projects, however unstudied or shallow.

"The Chamber being no longer in presence of the Ministers, and projects of laws being advocated by the orators of the Council of State, time will not be lost in vain interpellations, in frivolous accusations, and in passionate struggles, whose sole object was to upset ministries in order to replace them.

"Thus, then, the deliberations of the Legislative body will be independent, but the causes of sterile agitations will have been suppressed, and salutary delays introduced into any modification of the law. The deputies (*mandataires*) of the nation will maturely accomplish things of importance.

"Another assembly bears the name of Senate. It will be composed of those elements which in every country create a legitimate influence; such as an illustrious name, wealth, talent, and services rendered to the country.

"The Senate is not—what the Chamber of Peers was—a pale reflection of the Chamber of Deputies, repeating, at a few days' interval, the same discussions in another tone. It is the depository of the fundamental compact, and the public liberties, compatible with the Constitution, and it is solely with regard to the great principles on which our society is based that it examines all laws, and that it proposes new ones to the executive power. It intervenes either, to resolve any grave difficulty which might arise during the absence of the Legislative body, or to explain the text of the Constitution, and to secure whatever may be necessary to its progress. It has the right to annul any illegal or arbitrary act. And thus, enjoying the consideration which attaches to a body exclusively occupied with the examination of great interests or the application of great principles, it fills in the state the independent, salutary, and conservative office of the ancient parliaments.

"The Senate will not be, like the Chamber of Peers, transformed into a court of justice. It will preserve its character of supreme moderator; for disrepute always falls on political bodies when the sanctuary of legislation becomes a criminal tribunal. The impartiality of the judge is too often questioned, and it loses all *prestige* with public opinion, which sometimes goes so far as to accuse it of being the instrument of passion or of hatred.

"A High Court of Justice, chosen from among the high magistracy, and having, as a jury, members of the Councils-General of all France, will alone repress all attempts against the chief of state and the public safety.

"The Emperor said to the Council of State, —'A Constitution is the work of time. It is impossible to leave it in too large a margin for ameliorations.' Accordingly, the present Constitution has only settled that which it was impossible to leave uncertain. It has not shut up, within insurmountable barriers, the destinies of a great people. It has left for change a margin sufficiently large to allow, in great crises, of other means of safety than the disastrous expedient of revolution.

"The Senate can, in concert with the government, modify all that is not fundamental in the Constitution; but as to any modifications of the fundamental bases sanctioned by your suffrages, they can only become definitive after having received your ratification.

"Thus, the people remains master of its destiny. Nothing fundamental is effected without its will.

"Such are the ideas, such the principles that you have authorised me to apply. May this Constitution give to our country calm and prosperous days; may it prevent the return of those intestine struggles in which victory, however legitimate, is always dearly bought. May the sanction which you have given to my

efforts be blessed by Heaven. Then peace will be assured at home and abroad—my ardent hopes will be fulfilled—my mission will be accomplished.

“LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

“Palace of the Tuileries, Jan. 14, 1852.”

#### “THE CONSTITUTION.

“The President of the Republic, considering that the French people has been called to pronounce on the following resolution, viz.—‘The people wishes the maintenance of the authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and gives him the necessary powers to make a constitution on the bases established in his proclamation of the 2nd of December;’—considering that the bases proposed for the acceptance of the people were—(1) A responsible chief named for ten years; (2) Ministers dependent on the executive power alone; (3) A council of state formed of the most distinguished men, preparing the laws and maintaining the discussion on them in the legislative corps; (4) A legislative corps, discussing and voting the laws named by universal suffrage without the *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies the election; (5) A second assembly, formed of all the distinguished men of the country, a balancing power, guardian of the fundamental pact and of the public interests;—and considering that the people have answered affirmatively by 7,500,000 suffrages, he promulgates the Constitution, the tenor of which is as follows:—

#### “SECTION I.

“Art. 1. The Constitution recognises, confirms, and guarantees the great principles proclaimed in 1789, and which form the basis of the public rights of the French people.

#### “SECTION II.—FORMS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

“Art. 2. The government of the French Republic is entrusted to Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, actual President of the Republic for ten years.

“Art. 3. The President of the Republic governs by means of the Ministers, the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative body.

“Art. 4. The legislative power is exercised, collectively, by the President of the Republic, the Senate, and the Legislative body.

#### “SECTION III.—OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

“Art. 5. The President of the Republic is responsible to the French people, to whom he has always a right to appeal.

“Art. 6. The President of the Republic is chief of the state. He commands the land and sea forces, declares war, concludes treaties of peace, political and commercial alliance, and makes the rules and decrees for the execution of the laws.

“Art. 7. Justice is rendered in his name.

“Art. 8. He alone has the initiative of the laws.

“Art. 9. He has the right to pardon.

“Art. 10. He sanctions and promulgates the laws and the *Sénatus-Consultes*.

“Art. 11. He presents the state of affairs of the Republic every year to the Senate and Legislative body by a message.

“Art. 12. He has a right to declare the state of siege in one or several departments, on the condition of referring to the Senate with the shortest delay. The consequences of the state of siege are regulated by the law.

“Art. 13. The ministers depend solely on the chief of the state. Each is responsible only as far as the acts of the government regard him. There is no solidarity between

them. They can only be impeached (*mis en accusation*) by the Senate.

"Art. 14. The Ministers, members of the Senate, the Legislative body, and the Council of State, the officers of the land and sea forces, the magistrates, and the public functionaries, take the following oath:—

"I swear obedience to the Constitution and fidelity to the President."

"Art. 15. A *Sénatus-Consulte* fixes the sum allowed annually to the President of the Republic for the entire duration of his functions.

"Art. 16. Should the President of the Republic die before the expiration of his office (*mandat*) the Senate convokes the nation to proceed to a new election.

"Art. 17. The chief of the state has a right by a secret act, deposited in the archives of the state, to point out to the people the name of the citizen he recommends in the interest of France to the confidence of the people and to its suffrages.

"Art. 18. Until the election of the new President of the Republic, the President of the Senate governs with the concurrence of the Ministers in office, who form themselves into a Government council, and deliberate by a majority of votes.

#### "SECTION IV.—OF THE SENATE.

"Art. 19. The number of the Senators cannot exceed 150. It is fixed at 80 for the first year.

"Art. 20. The Senate is composed, 1st, of the Cardinals, Marshals, Admirals; 2nd, of the citizens whom the President of the Republic deems fit to elevate to the dignity of Senator.

"Art. 21. The Senators are not removable, and are for life.

"Art. 22. The functions of Senator are gra-

tuitous; nevertheless, the President of the Republic may accord the Senators, by reason of the services rendered and of their position as respects fortune, a personal dotation, which shall not exceed 30,000*f.* yearly.

"Art. 23. The President and Vice-Presidents of the Senate are named by the President of the Republic, and chosen amongst the Senators. They are named for one year. The salary of the President of the Senate is fixed by a decree.

"Art. 24. The President of the Republic convokes and prorogues the Senate. He fixes the duration of its session by a decree. The sittings of the Senate are not public.

"Art. 25. The Senate is the guardian of the fundamental pact and of the public liberties. No law can be published before being submitted to it.

"Art. 26. The Senate opposes the publication—1st, of laws which may be contrary to or affect the Constitution, religion, morals, the liberty of worship, the liberty of persons, equality of citizens before the laws, inviolability of property, and the principle of the *immovibilité* of the magistracy; 2nd, of those who may endanger the safety of the territory.

"Art. 27. The Senate regulates by a *Sénatus-Consulte*:—1st, the constitution of the colonies and of Algeria; 2nd, all that has not been provided for the Constitution, and which is necessary to its maintenance; 3rd, the signification of articles of the Constitution which may give rise to various interpretations.

"Art. 28. Those *Sénatus-Consultes* shall be submitted to the sanction of the President of the Republic, and promulgated by him.

"Art. 29. The Senate maintains or annuls all the acts which may be submitted to it as unconstitutional by the government, or denounced from the same cause in petitions from the citizens.

"Art. 30. The Senate can, in a report addressed to the President of the Republic, fix the bases of projects of law of great national interest.

"Art. 31. It can also propose modifications to the Constitution. If the proposition is adopted by the executive power, it is stated so by a *Sénatus-Consulte*.

"Art. 32. Nevertheless, all modifications of the fundamental bases of the Constitution shall be submitted to universal suffrage, such as they have been enunciated in the proclamation of the 2nd of December, and adopted by the French people.

"Art. 33. In case of the dissolution of the Legislative Corps, and till another convocation, the Senate, on the proposition of the President of the Republic, provides by measures of urgency for all that is necessary for carrying on the government.

#### "SECTION V.—OF THE LEGISLATIVE CORPS.

"Art. 34. The election has the population for basis.

"Art. 35. There will be one deputy to the Legislative Corps for every 35,000 electors.

"Art. 36. The deputies are elected by universal suffrage, without the *scrutin de liste*.

"Art. 37. They do not receive any salary.

"Art. 38. They are named for six years.

"Art. 39. The Legislative Corps discusses and votes the projects of law and the imposts.

"Art. 40. Every amendment adopted by the commission charged with the examination of a project of law, shall be sent, without discussion, to the Council of State by the President of the Legislative Corps. If the amendment be not adopted by the Council of State it cannot be submitted to the deliberation of the Legislative Corps.

"Art. 41. The ordinary sitting of the Legislative Corps lasts three months; its sittings are

public, but the demand of five members is sufficient for its resolving itself into a secret committee.

"Art. 42. The account of the proceedings of the sitting of the Legislative Corps given by the journals, or any other channel of publication, shall consist only of the reproduction of the minutes (*procès verbal*) drawn out at the close of each sitting by the care of the President of the Legislative Corps.

"Art. 43. The President and Vice-Presidents of the Legislative Corps are named by the President of the Republic for one year; they are chosen from amongst the deputies. The salary of the President of the Legislative Corps is fixed by a decree.

"Art. 44. The Ministers cannot be members of the Legislative Corps.

"Art. 45. The right of petition is exercised as regards the Senate. No petition can be addressed to the Legislative Corps.

"Art. 46. The President of the Republic convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the Legislative Corps. In case of dissolution, the President of the Republic is bound to convoke a new one within the terms of six months.

#### "SECTION VI.—OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

"Art. 47. The number of the Councillors of State in ordinary service is from forty to fifty.

"Art. 48. The Councillors of State are named by the President of the Republic, and are liable to removal by him.

"Art. 49. The Council of State is presided over by the President of the Republic, and in his absence, by the person whom he indicates as Vice-President of the Council of State.

"Art. 50. The Council of State is charged, under the direction of the President of the Republic, to draw up projects of law and regulations of public administration, and to obviate

the difficulties that may arise in matters of administration.

"Art. 51. It maintains, in the name of the government, the discussion of the projects of law before the Senate and Legislative Corps. The Councillors of State, charged to speak in the name of the government, are appointed by the President of the Republic.

"Art. 52. The salary of each Councillor of State is 25,000 francs.

"Art. 53. The Ministers have rank, right of sitting, and a deliberative voice in the Council of State.

#### "SECTION VII.—OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

"Art. 54. A High Court of Justice judges without appeal, or recourse to cassation, all persons who shall be sent before it as accused of crimes, attempts or plots against the President of the Republic, and against the internal and external safety of the state. It cannot be convened but in virtue of a decree of the President of the Republic.

"Art. 55. A *Senatus-Consulte* shall determine the organisation of that High Court.

#### "SECTION VIII.—GENERAL AND TRANSITORY PROVISIONS.

"Art. 56. The provisions of the codes, rules, and regulations now existing which are not opposed to the present Constitution, remain in vigour until they be legally abrogated.

"Art. 57. A law shall determine the municipal organisation. The mayor shall be named by the executive power, and need not be a member of the municipal council.

"Art. 58. The present Constitution shall be in vigour to date from the day when the great powers of the state organised by it shall be constituted. The decrees issued by the President of the Republic, to commence with the

2nd of December to the present period, shall have all the force of law.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 14th of January, 1852.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Seen and signed with the Great Seal,

"The Keeper of the Seals,

"E. ROUHER."

Thus Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had overthrown the Constitution, violated the law, made himself the source of law, that he might slay, incarcerate, deport, or make fugitives of all whom he knew or believed would resist his design to assume the Imperial purple.

He had now fulfilled his remarkable prediction of himself, that destiny had marked him out for "the light of power or the obscurity of a dungeon."

But the great and good Lamartine, reviewing all that happened, in his paper, the *Pays*, thus expressed himself:—

"The civil war has been put down. After so many emotions and surprises, the country returns to calm, to reflection, to the habits and wants of social life, to the attentive observation of the events which have just been accomplished, and to the impartial examination of the causes which led to these events, and of the results which are to follow them. It is the hour to resume our pen. When a great country like France has the liberty to think, a journal like ours, independent, honest, and moderate, is bound to speak. We were bound at first to be silent, as every person has comprehended. Our silence was neither an abdication nor a desertion. It was imposed on us at that solemn hour, not only by the state of siege which did not allow us to speak, but also by the trouble of our mind, which did not permit us to regard with coolness a situation which we had neither foreseen nor called for. At

present we raise our voice neither to approve nor protest. We feel that all discussion is impossible, not only because the government would not permit it, but because our own conscience would prevent us. Why, in fact, should we discuss? To raise the cry of vengeance of the vanquished? No: all vengeance would be odious and impious, for it could only lead to the shedding of blood. To raise the cry of triumph of the conquerors? No: for we are not conquerors. What we every day asked for was, that France should be saved from the crisis which awaited her in 1852. What prayers did we not address to the various parties? But all was in vain, for passions stifled reason. The Assembly clung with obstinacy to the fatal law of May 31st, and that body has ceased to exist. God forbid that we should insult it; if we are not amongst the courtiers of the victors, we are still less amongst the insulters of the vanquished. But we must be permitted to say, that the Assembly perished precisely from two causes, the disastrous effects of which we had in vain attempted to paralyse; the law of May 31st destroyed the majority, and Socialism destroyed the minority. Between the law of May 31st and Socialism, there were the Republic and Universal Suffrage, and it is precisely these two words which were invoked by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to dissolve the Assembly, and thus to destroy the Constitution. We were marching forward to catastrophes amidst those two currents of passions, ambitions, rancours, and hatreds, the bellowing of which scarcely permitted some independent voices to make the cry of alarm heard which France was raising. If these voices had been heard, if the law of May 31st had been repealed, if the revision of the Constitution had been accepted by the minority, if all the parties had consented to do what

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has just done himself, that is, to allow the people to decide, we are convinced that what has happened would never have occurred. But this is not the hour to complain, and still less to accuse. We accuse no one, for, were we to commence, we should be obliged, perhaps, to accuse every one. The present situation is not our work. We have not desired it, but we take it as it is, and with the desire, as political men, to fulfil all the duties which it imposes. It would, no doubt, suit better our interests and our sentiments to persevere in our resolution, to fold our arms, to weep over many things which we loved, and which now do not exist. But it better suits our patriotism to resume our task, to aid good intentions, to encourage toleration, and to speak as often as we can without betraying our convictions and aggravating the perils of the situation. The Assembly is dissolved, and the Constitution has disappeared. But there remain two great things, the Republic and Universal Suffrage. There remains also what we desire to preserve and defend above all things—namely, France. As long as she remains, we shall not consider ourselves at liberty to wrap ourselves up in sorrow for our disappointed hopes, and regret them eternally. No; there can be no eternal ruins for us but those of our country—when we shall behold it fall to pieces at our feet, let us fall also, and then believe in God alone. Until then, we will believe that God is just, and France great.”

It soon became obvious to all thinking persons in and out of France, that the object of Louis Napoleon was the restoration of the Empire. The accomplishment of this object was surrounded by difficulties. An attempt to assume the imperial title might alarm foreign Powers, lest the aggressive policy of the old Empire should be resumed. There were



internal obstructions to such an assumption ; but so acute was the policy preserved, so prudently was that policy wrought out, that in the course of twelve months, this, the one great object of Louis Napoleon's ambition, was obtained. The question of the restoration of the empire was submitted to a *plébiscite*, decided in the affirmative, and Louis Napoleon mounted the throne of France.

Dazzled by the glories of the first Empire, vast numbers desired its revival, especially in the person of a Bonaparte, the heir, and bearing the name, of the great conqueror. The Ultramontane party was favourable on the whole to this movement, their object being to overturn the Republic under whatever phase it existed. Indeed, Count Montalembert, the great organ of the party, recommended the people to vote for the President, alleging that there was no other alternative to a Socialist or Red Republican *régime*, by which all religious observances, and all rights of property, would be annihilated. The reasonable alarm felt by all lovers of order and all who respected the rights of property, from the possible ascendancy of the Socialists, caused the very general adhesion of these classes to the proposal for a strong government under another Emperor Napoleon.

Great pains had been taken by the press in the President's pay, and by his legislative abettors, to show that he was the legitimate heir of the Emperor Napoleon I. They and he were anxious to make legitimacy and universal suffrage join hands. The sovereignty of the people and Divine right were to converge in the person and sceptre of the new

Napoleon. It was not simply that the *vox populi* was the *vox Dei*, he rested not only upon that, he professed to inherit the throne in virtue of the decrees of the Senate, which vested it in the heirs of Napoleon I.

The votes were 7,824,189 for, and 253,143 against, the proposition.

As on the occasion of the previous *plébiscite*, the Government resorted to every means which corruption and tyranny could supply to have the Prince's object accomplished.

Had these means not been employed, he would probably have been elected ; their unsparing use was a great political scandal, and a personal reflection upon the Prince himself, pointing him out as ready to oppress all who refused him the Imperial sceptre.

On the 1st of December, 1852, the Senate and Legislative corps met and proceeded to St. Cloud, to announce to the President of the Republic that he had been elected sovereign of the French nation. He accepted the title of "Emperor of the French," and assumed the style of Napoleon III. The son of his uncle was computed II., although he did not live to the age of manhood, and was not likely, if he had, to mount a throne, fettered as he was in the court of the kaiser.

The British government promptly recognised the title. Lord Palmerston's influence was exercised to this end, the astute minister believing that it would strengthen the alliance between the United Kingdom and France, and thereby tend to secure the peace of Europe, or, at all events, strengthen Western Europe against the growing power and pretensions of Russia.

## CHAPTER LXX.

## THE EMPIRE—IS IT PEACE?

"The History of England speaks loudly to kings:—Walk at the head of the ideas of your age, those ideas will follow and will sustain you. Walk behind them, they will drag you along. Walk in opposition to them, they will overthrow you"—*Historical Sketches by CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, Prisoner at Ham.*

It appears that in his early studies and writings the future Emperor pondered great revolutions and historical events, rather with a view to study what was good for kings than for peoples. The matter selected for this chapter is his own programme of royal conduct; how far the events in which we now record him as participating, illustrate his opinions by his conduct the world must judge. While only on the steps of the Imperial throne, prudence was necessary, for by ascending too rapidly, his foot might slip, and the seat of power remain unoccupied.

The issue of the election day would raise the veil which still covered his future prospects. Once elected Emperor everything he desired would be easily attained. He would be free to walk in the light of his own philosophy, and read lectures to kings from an Imperial chair, instead of from his prison chamber at Ham. It would soon be seen how he would interpret "the ideas of the age," and what sort of pace he would keep with them—to lead or to follow, or whether he would not after all his philosophising stand athwart their path.

The Emperor at once set about conforming the institutions of France to an Imperial régime. He seemed especially anxious to found an aristocracy resembling that of the first Empire, and to dazzle France by the splendour of his court. The extravagance of the President was deplorable: that of the Emperor became alarming.

Thus after all his solemn disclaimers of ambition, and especially of this form of ambition, he proved that he made protestations with the greater solemnity in order to find the better facility to deceive. Assurances so often given, with an affectation of so much simplicity and frankness, with the warmth at the same time of injured and indignant innocence, and with appeals to God and his country, were likely to set aside suspicion, and were by him intended to do so while he advanced upon his object with more stealthy pace. When on the 28th of September, 1840, he delivered his speech in the Court of Peers, while under arraignment for his conduct at Boulogne, he made the following appeal, and not without leaving some impression in his favour:—

"Devoid of pride as well as weakness, if I remind you of the rights deposited in the hands of my family by the French people, I do so to declare the duties which these rights impose upon all.

"For fifty years that the principle of the people's sovereignty has been formally established in France, by the most powerful revolution the world has ever seen, the will of the nation has never been so solemnly proclaimed, nor ratified by so large a number of independent votes, as for the adoption of the constitutions of the Empire.

"The nation has never abolished this great act of its supremacy, and, as the Emperor said:—'Whatever is done without her concurrence is unlawful.'

“However, beware how you believe that, yielding to the impulse of personal ambition, I wished to attempt the restoration of the Empire in France. The lessons I have been taught were too exalted; the examples amongst which I have lived have been too noble for this.

“I am the son of a father who came down from the throne, without regret, the day he considered it hopeless to reconcile the interests of France with those of the people he had been called upon to govern.

“The Emperor, my uncle, abdicated the Empire rather than acknowledge by treaty the restricted frontiers, which have exposed France to those contemptuous threats which the foreigner now indulges in. Not a day have I lived without remembering the lessons thus taught. The unreserved and cruel proscription which, for twenty-five years, has banded me about from the steps of the throne on which I was born to the prison I have this moment quitted, has failed either to provoke or to weary me; it could not make me a stranger a single day to the glory, the rights, the interests of France. My conduct as well as my principles testify to this.”

Soon after his assumption of the Imperial title he made a speech at Bourdeaux in which occurred the remarkable expression,—“The Empire is peace.” Within ten years after, five costly wars were waged, some of them of vast magnitude, and at enormous cost. A war with Russia, another with Austria, a third in China, a fourth in Cochin China, and a fifth in Mexico; and while these pages pass through the press, the French navy is engaged in hostile operations at Japan. But for the British Government the Emperor would have recently interfered in the North American civil strife; so far the Empire is war.

At this period of time, after the embroil-

ment of England in a war about “the Holy Places” at Jerusalem, after the encroachments upon Swiss territory, since the seizure of Savoy and Nice from Italy, taking into account the attempts upon Egypt, under the pretence of the Suez Canal scheme, and, above all, the unprincipled aggression upon Mexico, every reader must be prepared to regard the advocacy of La Guéronnière and others, who proclaimed that the Empire is peace, to be mere clap-trap and deceit. All these professions about “the Napoleon of Peace,” and the impossibility of that olive-crowned Emperor, or the France he represented, going to war, were intended to blind Europe to his real objects, and thereby gain time. He deceived few governments by these specious pretences, and few persons in Europe of average intelligence.

In 1851, an Industrial Exhibition of all Nations was inaugurated in London, the great centre of the world’s mercantile operations. To this illustration of the progress of art, manufacture, and commerce France contributed largely and creditably, and the ruler of that great country espoused the object cordially and patiently. No ruler of France has ever been so much alive to the progress of its industry. The second Napoleon, *in this respect*, deserves the appellation which La Guéronnière applied to him, “the Napoleon of Peace.” The first Emperor did nothing for the productive interests of France; the second has already done much, in a spirit at once just and enlightened, and there is every reason to believe it is his purpose and in his power to do more. Victor Hugo, notwithstanding his personal animosity to the hero of the *coup d’état*, admits this, but unfairly turns it into an accusation against people and ruler, by alleging that France is bribed by the improvements in her material prosperity

to forego her moral *status*. Much of what the new Emperor has done for France in the advancement of her commercial and manufacturing prosperity has been coldly supported, and sometimes very much opposed, by the French people. To his own enlightened views, desire for the weal of the country he rules, the experience gathered by him during his residence in England, the influence of English example, and the persuasions of English political economists, such as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Gladstone, the important results achieved in this direction are to be attributed.

Still, with all the good intentions of the Emperor in this respect, it is open to question whether benefits secured already, or which he may desire to see attained, would not be hazarded in his attempts to carry out some dynastic interest, and make practical some Napoleonic idea. Animating, as it were, his dead uncle, condensing the theories of that great man, applying them to this age as far as he can see it possible to apply them, may he not involve France in conflicts by which the tide of affluence flowing in upon her by his commercial legislation shall be rolled back? The following address, delivered by him to those who took part in the London Exhibition, is some guide in the decision of the question. He had not then assumed the Imperial purple, but he delivered the address on the eve of that great revolution, and it foreshadowed his policy, while it assisted his dissimulation.

**SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO  
THE REPRESENTATIVES OF FRENCH INDUSTRY.**

"Gentlemen,

"There are formalities which, owing to the feelings they elicit, and the reflections they produce, are something better than empty

show. I cannot but feel a certain pleasure, and a certain pride as a Frenchman, when I see before me the honourable men who, at the cost of so many pains and so much expense, have creditably maintained abroad the reputation of our arts, our manufactures, and our science.

"I have already paid a just tribute to the great idea which presided over the Great Exhibition in London; yet when about to crown your success with a national reward, how can I forget that all these many marvels of industry were begun amidst a continual social agitation, caused by fear for the present, and by sinister signs of the future? And, whilst I reflected on the obstacles you had to surmount, I said to myself, 'How great this nation would be, if they would but let her live in quiet!'

"And, truly, it was when our credit had scarcely begun to revive; it was when, deluded by a hell-born error, our working-men were continually goaded to dry up the very springs of labour; it was when a sort of insanity, under the cloak of philanthropy, actually diverted men's minds from their regular employments, to plunge them into speculative theories; then it was you showed the world those productions which, one would have thought, could have been created only amidst a calm and durable state of things.

"In presence, therefore, of these unhopèd for results, I cannot help repeating: How great the French Republic would be if she were allowed to mind her own affairs, and to reform her institutions, instead of being continually agitated, on one side by the false notions of demagogues, on the other by monarchical illusions!

"Do the notions of demagogues promulgate a truth? No; they diffuse nothing throughout the land but error and falsehood. Alarm

■ precedes, deception follows them; and what it costs to suppress them has to be withdrawn from the most urgent improvements for the relief of poverty.

"As for monarchical illusions, if they do not expose us to the same perils, they equally impede our progress and all serious occupation. Instead of advancing, we contend. We meet with men, once the sanguine supporters of the royal prerogative, who turn conventionists in order to thwart the power proceeding from popular election. We meet with those who have most suffered by, and most deplored, revolutions, urging on another, merely to escape from obeying the national will, and prevent that movement, which is a social transformation, from taking its peaceful course.

"These efforts will be fruitless. Whatever is blended with the necessity of the time must be accomplished. The useless, alone, cannot survive. This ceremony is another proof that, although certain institutions perish for ever, those, on the other hand, which agree with the manners, the opinions, and the requirements of the age, defy alike the assaults of the envious and the obloquy of the morose.

"Sons of that regenerated society which destroyed old privileges, and declared civil and political equality as their fundamental principle, you all of you feel nevertheless, proper pride in being appointed Knights of the Legion of Honour. The reason is, that, like all created at that period, this was an institution adapted to the opinions of the country, and in harmony with the spirit of the age. Far from serving, like others, to deepen the lines of demarcation, it obliterates them, by placing all men who distinguish themselves on the same line, whatever their rank or profession may be.

"Receive, therefore, these crosses of the

Legion of Honour, which by the great idea of its founder, are designed to honour industry as much as valour, and valour as much as science.

"Before we separate, gentlemen, let me stimulate you to new endeavours. Be fearless in your enterprises; they will prevent a want of employment during winter. Fear not for the future. Happen what may, peace shall be maintained. A government resting for support on the whole mass of the nation, having no other purpose than the public welfare, and animated by that fervent faith which assuredly must be your own guide, even where no road has yet been opened to your skill,—this government, I say, will know how to fulfil its duty, for it comprehends both the right which comes from the people, and the power which emanates from God."

Some passages in this remarkable address are ominous, but the prevailing form and spirit of the speech is a tribute to the blessings of peace. Who could then have supposed, whatever he might think of the proximity of the Empire, that a policy of interference with other nations, and of advancing French glory by remote foreign enterprises, could possibly exist in the views and projects of this peace-speaking ruler? "Fear not for the future; happen what may, peace shall be maintained," were words likely to inspire towards him who had uttered them, the confidence of the industrious and enterprising men to whom they were addressed. No wonder that they should pave the way by which he should approach to empire. Who then would have listened to the reproach often cast upon Louis Napoleon, "When he proclaims peace most loudly, it is a cover to some purpose of aggression?" Empire secured, the sceptre was sharpened into a sword.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

## MARRIAGE.—WAR WITH RUSSIA.

"All went merry as a marriage bell."—BYRON.

"I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
I cut some off, and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land;  
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore,  
Be it my course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days."—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

THE Emperor had scarcely placed himself on the throne, or been placed there by the suffrages of France, than he sought a matrimonial alliance. He was solicitous to find one in some royal or imperial house, and especially in that of Austria. All his overtures were repulsed. He was regarded by crowned heads as a *parvenu*, and hated as the representative of universal suffrage in opposition to legitimacy. Baffled in his efforts to form a diplomatic marriage, he resolved upon one according to his own tastes, and selected a Spanish lady, Mdle. Eugénie Montijo, Countess Teba, a person of surpassing beauty and grace of manners. She is reputed to be extremely benevolent, amiable, and gentle, and is said to be a very resolute Roman Catholic of the Ultramontane type. It is alleged that she exercises much influence over the Emperor, his ministry, and his court on political questions, and always with a view to check liberal and popular measures, and to promote the ascendancy of the Church, both in France and abroad, but most especially at Rome, in the person of the Pope and the office of the Papacy.

On the 29th of January, 1853, the Emperor sent a message to the Senate announcing his intention to marry. It is a document very

remarkable for its tone and expression, especially after the fact of his rejected overtures by various European courts:—

"The alliance which I contract," said he, "is not in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy, and therein is its advantage. . . . The example of the past has left in the mind of the people superstitious feelings. It has not forgotten that for seventy years foreign princesses have mounted the throne only to behold their race dispossessed and proscribed by war or by revolution. One woman alone seemed to bring happiness and to live more than the others in the memory of the people—and that woman, the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte, was not the issue of royal blood. It must, however, be admitted that, in 1810, the marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise was a great event. It was a pledge for the future, a real satisfaction to the national pride; as the ancient and illustrious branch of the house of Austria, who had been so long at war with us, was seen to intrigue for the alliance of the elected chief of a new empire. . . .

"When in presence of old Europe, one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon

(*envieillissant son blason*), and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a family, that one is accepted. It is rather by ever remembering one's origin, by preserving one's character, and by adopting frankly, in presence of Europe, the position of *parvenu*: a glorious title when one obtains it by the free suffrages of a great people. Thus obliged to depart from precedents followed to the present day, my marriage became a private affair, and there remained only the choice of the person.

"She who has been the object of my preference is of distinguished birth. French in heart, by education, by the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne; in the day of danger she will be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I have the firm hope, endeavour to receive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine."

The civil service was enacted on the 29th at the Tuileries, and was next day ratified by the Church with great ecclesiastical and courtly splendour.

The marriage was popular amongst the French people, although some have taken offence at the extreme gaiety of her Imperial Majesty's court. Sometimes the Emperor's enemies have contrasted him with his Empress, much to his disparagement.

During his first year of empire he was engaged in an alliance with England and Turkey, at war with Russia. This was a war which he had himself provoked. It originated

in the jealousies of the Greek and Latin Churches, and their contentions for the holy places in Jerusalem.\* The Emperor put himself forth as the defender and protector of the Latin Church. The origin of the Russian war, however, requires some particular notice.

The Emperor had scarcely ascended the throne than he displayed a disposition to imitate his uncle in two departments of his foreign policy—first, hostility to Russia for the purpose of compelling her to an alliance, or a friendship, or at least neutrality where the foreign policy of France was concerned; the second, at all costs to obtain influence in the East. The first Emperor, in the earlier stages of his progress and power, would gladly have allied himself to England, doubtless in order to use her as an instrument of his own ambition until he could conveniently cast her away. Whether Napoleon III. contemplated the latter, his conduct at the close of the Russian war led to the suspicion; but at all events, he courted the alliance of England in order to humble Russia. That once effected, the Emperor seemed to sympathise with Russia rather than England on all Oriental, and nearly all European, questions.

After England had caused the French Emperor to moderate his demands, she united with him in vain efforts to moderate those of the Emperor with whom he had ostentatiously and unnecessarily picked the quarrel. The Russian Emperor, moved by mingled hatred and contempt for Napoleon, and intensely jealous of the influence of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, resolved to stake his empire upon one desperate effort to humble Europe, and grasp from Turkey some of her richest provinces, or compel the formal admission of her vassallage.

---

\* "War against Russia," by E. H. Nolan, Ph.D., LL.D.

The Turkish Government aroused itself from its normal lethargy, and appealed to its troops and people.

A large portion of the first year of the war was wasted by the feeble efforts and hesitating policy of the Western Powers. Turkey was left to fight alone, or nearly so. The troops of the allies occupied successively Roumalia and Bulgaria, great numbers of them perishing from cholera and dysentery before a blow was struck. Nevertheless, the presence of these troops prevented Turkey from being invaded by Russia.

The Turks had to contest the possession of the Danubian frontiers, which they did with great gallantry. Many British officers were enrolled in the Turkish service, and showed skill and valour of a high order. Among these, none were so much distinguished as General Cannon, afterwards Behram Pasha. He, at the head of the Turkish light division, relieved Silistria, and thereby mainly contributed to the results which compelled the Russians to raise the siege. The defence of Silistria by the Turks was one of the most gallant exploits of modern times. The battles fought at and near Oltenatz were won by the superior courage and persistence of the Turks.

Finally, the troops of the Sultan, under the command of Omar Pasha, entered Moldavia and Wallachia, driving the Russians before them.

The Austrians here interfered, and occupied the Principalities, preventing the march of the allied armies upon Russian territory in that direction.

The policy of Austria was not faithful to the Western Powers, nor sincere towards Russia, nor expert nor potent as an umpire. To the Turks she was insolent, and to the people of the Principalities oppressive; yet the protests of British ministers and consuls

were generally resisted by the French envoys and agents, who co-operated with the Austrians, nearly always countenancing their misdeeds. Then, for the first time after the war broke out, the sincerity of the French Emperor as an ally was suspected.

The Western Powers resolved to transfer the war from the Danubian provinces to the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff. The main bodies of their armies were at Varna where they embarked, and ultimately landed at Old Fort in the Crimea. The Russians took post on the heights of the Alma, whence they were driven by a grand battle. In that engagement the officers and men of the allied armies showed distinguished bravery, and several of the general officers showed skill and heroism. The Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor, was especially forward in combat on the side of the French imperial army, and on the British side, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Cohn Campbell, Sir De Lacy Evans, and Sir Richard England rendered good service, and displayed their heroic qualities. Wherever De Lacy Evans is on the field, there is sure to be hard fighting, and this was seen at Alma, as often before.

From the Alma the allies proceeded slowly to Sebastopol, and by a flank march placed themselves on the southern side, with Bala-klava for their base.

Then commenced one of the most remarkable sieges recorded. The besiegers suffered from cold in winter and mud in summer; both seasons, by their peculiar phenonema in that climate, so interfering with facilities of transport, that the armies had to endure hunger and nakedness, as well as battle.

There did not exist much cordiality between the British and French troops, and very little of a spirit of co-operation between the generals, especially the generals commanding



• in chief. There was interchange of courtesy, ostensible and insincere laudations of one another in despatches, mutual admiration of the bravery by which both armies were characterised; but, after all, dislike.

While these proceedings were occurring, the war between the Sultan and the Czar raged along the conterminal portion of their empires. In Asia the Turks were only successful when led by British or Hungarian officers. The corruption, cowardice, inactivity, cruelty, and treachery of the pashas would have placed Asia Minor at the feet of the Czar but for the help of England. France did nothing in support of the war in Asia, and the French press decried the efforts of the English in a tone of jealousy and envy.

During August, 1854, the Russians advanced with the design of attacking Erzerum. The Turkish pashas were too much intent upon plundering every one within the range of their power to offer any effectual resistance. Hungarian, German, and Polish officers, especially the two latter, were equally zealous in quarrelling with one another. Guyon alone, among the officers of superior rank in the Turkish service, displayed activity, intelligence, foresight, and spirit; but he was thwarted by the other Europeans, and insulted and defied by the Turkish Muchir, Feriks, and Beys. Again and again he pointed out the sure road to victory, and the fact that the Turks were superior in numbers and resources to their foes; his counsel was despised, delays were interposed, when no alternative but the ostensible adoption of his plans remained, and the result was the almost total dispersion of the Turkish armies, and the imminent danger of Erzerum, and even Kars, falling into the hands of the enemy without a struggle. This state of things continued until Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir Fenwick

Williams, Bart.) Williams appeared upon the scene as the commissioner of her Britannic Majesty. In that character he was invested with an authority poor Guyon could not claim, and without which the latter officer struggled in vain. Colonel Williams, like Guyon, was an object of the insatiable jealousy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who gave him no support, and in spite of the entreaties—and, at last, of the commands—of the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, thwarted Colonel Williams in every conceivable way. Supported, however, by the decision, perseverance, and intelligence of Lord Clarendon, the English commissioner held his ground in spite of the coldness, and even opposition, of the Ambassador, and was enabled to reorganise the dispersed armies of the Porte, to place Kars and Erzerum in conditions of defence, and to throw such obstructions in the way of the Russians, then flushed with success, as retarded their advance, until the fall of Sebastopol decided virtually the fortunes of the war.

Leaving the struggle in Asia in the position above noticed, it is necessary to turn once more to Europe.

While the allies were before Sebastopol the Russians made various efforts to dislodge them, or to hinder them proceeding with the siege works; some of these were met and repulsed by the troops of the Emperor, and some by those of her Britannic Majesty. The most remarkable engagements were such as the French had little part in, except the battle of the Tchernaya and the final assault on Sebastopol.

The battle of the Tchernaya was described at length in the Life of Victor Emmanuel, the troops of that monarch having taken a distinguished part in that contest.

The battles of Balaklava and the two Inkermans were the most remarkable as detached

conflicts, and they were mainly fought by the Emperor's British allies.

The battle of Balaklava was one of the most singular ever fought, all the folly and nearly all the glory of which belonged to the British.

The Russians desired to conquer some redoubts garrisoned by Turks, and succeeded. The British then marched some infantry into the plain, with a brigade of heavy cavalry, and a light cavalry brigade.

The latter was commanded by Major-General the Earl of Cardigan, who was ordered to charge, and recapture some guns which the Russians had borne away. The gallant general led on his men, and immediately a shell struck Captain Nolan, by whom the order was brought. This misfortune deprived the army of one of its ablest and bravest cavalry officers. In this terrible onset, the charge of six hundred men against an army in position, with its flanks defended by strong batteries on elevated posts, there was no flinching. The gallant leader has told the author of this work that various officers shouted, brandished their swords, and were excited; that if any effort were required on the part of the commander, it was to keep the men cool and the lines regular as they galloped forward to the terrific encounter. The charge was made, how gallantly the whole world admits. The wonder is that any escaped. Probably, hardly any would, had not Colonel Sewell, at the head of the Royal Irish Hussars, thought of the peril of the Russian cavalry wheeling from the flanks and blocking up the way of return. He immediately turned his rear, and found this danger in actual existence. He charged the Russian cavalry, and, with the aid of a handful of French horsemen, kept open the way for those who had dashed,

"With fetlock deep in blood"

their fiery steeds through the lines of the enemy.

The leader and a portion of this gallant band, escaped. It has been said of the Earl of Cardigan that "he was the first in and the first out." This, is simply not true. He entered the Russian lines at the head of his men, and when his brigade was broken in pieces upon the guns and lines of the enemy, he, as a fragment of the shattered mass, like other fragments, turned to re-form and act as duty then might dictate. He rode slowly from the Russian lines under the fire of the enemy, and joined the rest of the survivors, who received him with cheers. The Earl of Lucan, with the heavy brigade, rendered the retreat of the light brigade possible.

That brigade, led by General Scarlett, made a splendid and successful charge upon the Russian cavalry.

The only part taken by the troops of his Imperial Majesty was the assistance already named, rendered by a few horsemen to Colonel Sewell in covering the retreat.

The Russians retired to their positions and kept there, but the redoubts were held by them. Had Lord Raglan advanced his infantry, an action of a more general and scientific character would have ensued, and an opportunity might have been made available for inflicting a defeat upon the enemy which would have relieved Balaklava of his vicinity. Such was the opinion of various officers of authority, and Sir De Lacy Evans, who had as good opportunities as any general to form a judgment upon the occasion, and was as competent as any officer in Europe to do so, expressed, in conversation with the author of this history, the same opinion.

The men and horses of the British army were now suffering severely from the climate, and from various privations, which the bad commissariat arrangements, and the want of energy and capacity on the part of the commander-in-chief entailed upon them. November

opened gloomily in every way upon the besiegers. Its first event of importance was the battle of the Little Inkerman, as it was called among the soldiers. The Russians attempted a surprise upon the dangerous and exposed post of the second division, which was fortunately commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans. The result was the most scientifically-fought battle of the war. General Evans, not hampered by the interference of a commander-in-chief, whose only title to command him was that conferred by his social rank and favour with the ministry, had full scope for his own superior powers. The Russians were repulsed with great slaughter and with little loss to their victors. The French offered assistance tardily, but their aid was declined—good generalship won the battle. The men of the second division knew how to obey the commands of a general whom they trusted, and to follow a leader himself the bravest of the brave.

The battle of the Little Inkerman was soon followed by that called, *par excellence*, the battle of Inkerman. The morning of the 5th of November dawned mistily and dimly over the plateau before Sebastopol, and along the dark course of the Tchernaya. The Russians ascended stealthily against the flank of the British. A terrible battle ensued. The English surprised, fought in their great coats; although otherwise imperfectly dressed, and some without shoes or shakos. Evans, who would have been at the head of his second division, was ill on board ship at Balaklava, and his place was nobly filled by General Pennefather. At the sound of the cannon booming heavily over the plateau of Balaklava, Evans rose from his sick bed and hurried to the front of battle, where he remained during the terrible morning of conflict which opened that eventful day. The English were all but overpowered, although

they fought as Englishmen—as probably no men ever before fought—with a tenacious obstinacy that yielded to no force, with a chivalrous dash and daring which contemned all odds. The Duke of Cambridge, probably, escaped greater danger than any British officer on the field. For a time he rode along the line encouraging his men, the fire of the advancing columns of the Russians directed upon him; nearly all around him were killed or wounded. It was a critical and awful moment: the Russians were gaining the summit of the ascent; they would there have had room to deploy, and the British would have been in danger of being driven from their intrenchments, and the allied armies of being forced back upon the sea. Fortunately the French, who were engaged in watching the manœuvres of Liprandi in the valley beneath, at last came to the assistance of their allies, and fell upon the Russian flank. The British at the same moment received supplies of ammunition, of which they had been in need through the wretched management of everything that depended upon head-quarters; their ranks rallied and poured deadly volleys of Minié bullets upon the masses of the enemy struggling with the French. The slopes of the plateau were strewn with dead, and slippery with gore; the Russians, foiled everywhere, retreated. The French, fresh for pursuit, would not pursue unless the weary guardsmen led the van. Canrobert, the successor of Arnaud in command of the French army, complimented the British, but did not act heartily with them. The services of Sir Richard England at Inkerman have been generally overlooked by British writers. England was not favourable to the agents of the press, and he showed this feeling in a manner which offended that class. This was unwise, both for himself, his division, and the service.

Were it not for that circumstance, the valuable services of that general would have become better known to the public. When the battle of Inkerman began, England occupied a position to the left of the English lines, near to a ravine which separated them from those occupied by the French. Leaving a portion of his troops under the command of one of his brigadiers, he despatched the rest under Brigadier Campbell to the right, and himself followed. His opportune arrival supported the divisions exposed to attack; and as their several detachments moved to the more immediate theatre of conflict, England's troops occupied the ground from which they had been removed, and which would have been exposed to the enemy. It is remarkable that the plan of the Russian generals was to make the principal attack upon the extreme left of the British, so as to separate the English left from the French right. The officer in charge of the attacking column missed his way, delay was thus caused, as well as the plan of assault totally deranged; possibly, to these circumstances may be attributed the failure of the Russian attack on the 5th of November.

After this battle, Sir De Lacy Evans strongly recommended Lord Raglan to change his position. He was influenced in offering this advice by the total inadequacy of the English army, numerically, to occupy such extended lines, and by the suffering of the army from ill-health, climate, and deficient supplies, personal and military. This letter of the general has been much misrepresented in the London clubs, and among coteries unfriendly to the general's liberal parliamentary policy. It was, however, the opinion of Sir De Lacy that, unless reinforcements arrived in numbers far superior to what was then probable, the British would be unable to hold their ground; and, notwithstanding the actual issue, such advice

was sound, and based upon facts and probabilities.

After the battle of Inkerman, the condition of the British army became truly horrible, so that the closing winter months of 1854 were such as tried the fortitude of the British troops and their hardihood of endurance to the uttermost.

The first bombardment of Sebastopol took place on the 17th of October, in which the fleet took an active part; but the combined efforts of the artillery, afloat and ashore, failed to subdue the gigantic works which had arisen for the defence.

Various bombardments and incessant watching occupied the fleets until, in the following year, the grand catastrophe occurred, and southern Sebastopol fell under what the Russian commander called "the fire infernal" of the allies.

The operations in the Baltic were not so important as those in the Black Sea. The fine British fleet, commanded by Sir Charles Napier, was aided by a powerful French fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Parseval-Deschênes. The achievements of those fleets did not answer the expectations formed. The French arrived late in the season, and acted so dependently upon the British, that they did not attempt anything. The English admiral showed neither spirit nor activity. Partly through his want of enterprise, and still more from the neglect of the Admiralty at home to provide vessels of draught suitable to the shallow waters of the Baltic, no attempt was made to conquer any of the Russian strongholds. The island and forts of Bomarsund were captured and destroyed, the British and French engineers and artillery having the chief glory of the conquest. The British engineer officer, General Jones, greatly distinguished himself.











Operations were also conducted on the White Sea by the allied squadrons.

In the Pacific Ocean the blunders and tardiness which characterised the allies were

extraordinary: incompetency was impressed on all their undertakings.

Such were the fortunes of the great war with Russia during 1854.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

WAR WITH RUSSIA, CONTINUED.—PEACE.—DIPLOMATIC DISCUSSIONS.—EVASION OF THE TREATY.—FRANCE COURTS ALLIANCE WITH RUSSIA.

*"The nations meet in league—a solemn league;  
This is their vow, thus their united pledge,  
For all adventure."*—SHAKESPEARE

THE battle of Eupatoria had great influence upon the war, but France had little share in its danger or its glory, in which Turks and British maintained their soldierly honour. The Turks were, however, the troops by which victory was achieved. The Russians were much hurt in their honour by the seizure of that port by the Turks; and the skill and obstinacy with which they maintained their position, menacing the Russian communications with the army in Sebastopol. An attack was made on the 17th of February, 1855, and the repulse was bloody and decisive. The Czar took this to heart; he never regained his hope, or spirits, but pined and died. Napoleon III. was avenged. The troops of the 'parvenu,' as Nicholas had called him, appeared on his territory, and brought down to death the mighty Cæsar of the North.

Events occurred in England which greatly influenced the progress of the war, and the councils of the French Empire.

The British people had become discontented with the conduct of the war. The sufferings of the allied armies from cold, hunger, and disease were, as the author of this work heard Lord John Russell designate them in the

House of Commons, "horrible and heart-rending." A motion of censure was submitted to Parliament, and carried by an overwhelming majority. The Aberdeen ministry resigned. A new ministry was formed, from which was omitted those who had the chief conduct of affairs connected with the war—the Earl of Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle—Lord Palmerston became Premier.

The confidence felt in the United Kingdom and the French Empire in the noble Viscount inspired the people and the troops with new energy. It was universally acknowledged that the British government was placed under the guidance of the ablest and most experienced statesman in the world. Moreover, it was believed that no other statesman in England had so much influence over the mind and policy of the subject of this memoir as Lord Palmerston. Hence the vast importance at that crisis that the helm of British statesmanship was entrusted to his courageous, energetic, and skilful hand.

This change of government in England was attended by some events of immediate influence. A conference of representatives of the great Powers had been appointed to take

place in Vienna, and Lord John Russell was appointed to attend it as the representative of England.

The sittings of this conference were held in March and April. Both Lord John Russell and the French plenipotentiary agreed to terms which, as they were ultimately rejected by the allied governments, need not be detailed here.

Both France and England, however, became disgusted with professional and ministerial diplomatists, and denounced all negotiations with Russia until, by sword and lance, rifle and cannon, the foe was humiliated.

According to the imperial commissioner with the French army, the month of January, 1855, was fertile in partial combats, and sudden but sanguinary and obstinate struggles. Mr. Woods, the correspondent of the London *Morning Herald*, affirmed that the combats were useless skirmishes.

The accession of Alexander II. to the throne of the Russian empire, while it encouraged diplomatic efforts for peace, led to renewed efforts for war, the young Emperor being anxious to show his people zeal for "the orthodox Church," and reverence for the policy of his predecessor, whom Russia regarded as a saint and a martyr. The Emperor Alexander resolved upon a desperate effort to bring the war to an issue favourable to his Empire by force of arms, unless, through the instrumentality of Austria at the Vienna conference, he could more cheaply conquer peace.

Through the month of March, the allies became more active in the siege of Sebastopol.

During April, they made powerful efforts again to bombard the place.

At this period, the Black Sea fleet operated in watching the enemy's coasts in that sea, and in harassing him in his harbours in the Sea of Azoff.

On the 8th of April Sebastopol was once more bombarded. The bombardment eventually failed.

May opened brightly and beautifully, as it generally does in the Crimea.

The King of Sardinia having joined the alliance against Russia, several thousand fine troops from that nation landed at Balaklava. They were eventually quartered upon the Tchernaya, and, with some Turkish detachments, and French divisions, held at bay the Russian army in the field, and rendered all further operations of the enemy against Balaklava impossible.

An expedition was sent against Kertch.

When May closed, the allies and the Russians confronted one another, in formidable force, upon the opposite heights of the Tchernaya.

June was an eventful month before Sebastopol. It began with a third bombardment of the gallant city, which, like previous ones, was a failure.

The third bombardment having failed, the allies lost no time in bringing fresh resources of attack and storm against the defences. A fourth bombardment produced signal havoc and extensive dilapidation. On the 18th of the month, the allies attempted to take the place. A combined assault of a most sanguinary nature was made and defeated.

General Simpson, on his assumption of command, ordered the siege to be prosecuted without intermission, in the hope of giving a fresh and successful assault. The month of July and part of August witnessed the progress of events for the grand and final struggle.

After the failure of the assault on the 18th of June, the opposing hosts on the Tchernaya assumed gradually a more menacing attitude, so that from the middle of July a battle was daily and even hourly expected. It was the interest of the Russians to strike the first blow, and the

thither; little was accomplished—incapacity and tardiness marred all enterprise.

In the early winter months of 1856 negotiations for peace were opened.

The result of the negotiations, brought about

by the chief German Powers, and ardently desired by France, was a treaty of peace on the 30th of March, 1856.

Peace was proclaimed on the 20th of April following.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

VISIT OF THE EMPEROR TO HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY—VISIT OF HER MAJESTY TO THE EMPEROR.—ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR.—THE CONGRESS OF PARIS.—JEALOUSIES BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—THE WAR IN CHINA.—EVENTS OF RECENT YEARS.—CHARACTER OF THE EMPEROR'S DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICY.

"Patience is genius."—BUFFON.

IF the language of this motto were ever true, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is its exemplification. As year after year rolled by, he watched his opportunities with untiring patience, and made them available with daring promptitude.

Two incidents occurred extremely interesting in the Emperor's life, and arising out of this war; one of these was the visit of the Emperor and his beautiful Empress to the Queen of the United Kingdom; the other the visit of her Britannic Majesty to the Court of the Tuileries. The first of these took place in the middle of April, 1855. The Emperor and Empress left Paris on the 15th, and on the 16th sailed for England. In the author's History of the War against Russia a long and particular account is given of this incident in the Emperor's life.

During the week Napoleon and his Empress received many demonstrations of popular respect and even enthusiasm, but their reception in the City by the Corporation was especially splendid. Men of reflection can hardly fail to wonder that two such men so opposite in principles and character as Gari-

baldi and Napoleon III. should be received by the same people with similar popularity and even exultation.

On Saturday their Imperial Majesties returned to France.

Soon afterwards the Emperor narrowly escaped death by the hand of an Italian assassin.

On the 18th of August her Britannic Majesty accompanied by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, visited the French Emperor at Paris. His Imperial Majesty and the people of France displayed a cordiality of welcome, and a tasteful hospitality, which rivalled those qualities put forth in England on occasion of the Emperor's visit.

Soon after these events the Emperor united with the Queen of the United Kingdom in remonstrance with the King of Naples for the cruelties perpetrated upon his subjects. Both her Majesty and the Emperor failed to produce any impression upon the obstinate sovereign by whom that part of Italy was misgoverned, and they withdrew their ambassadors.

On previous pages of this history the pro-

ceedings in a congress held at Paris were described. At that congress the rights of Italy became a subject of discussion, and the Emperor's government showed favour to the injured land. All that concerned Italy in connection with that congress is related in the life of Victor Emmanuel. But a common European agreement was arrived at which affects France and other Powers. It related to maritime international law, and may be expressed in a single sentence, "A neutral flag covers an enemy's goods." This was generally regarded in Europe as a blow struck by France at the maritime power of England. The government of the United States of America refused assent to the principle.

The year 1857 opened with jealousies between France and England. All classes in the latter country acknowledged the benefits of a French alliance, but felt that the maintenance of it was extremely difficult. The policy of the French Emperor was considered selfish and dynastic, and not regulated by good faith. His eagerness to create an alliance with Russia, at the expense of England, became even more obvious than before in every circumstance which brought the three Powers into diplomatic connection. On June the 19th a treaty was signed at Paris, but not ratified until the last day of the year, between Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia, relating to the rectification of the Russian and Turkish frontiers, the Isle of Serpents, and the Delta of the Danube, in which the whole English policy prevailed. The shameful and unjust delay in the execution of this treaty may be fairly attributed to the French Emperor. Had he frankly supported her Majesty in insisting upon Russia fulfilling the terms of the peace, there would have been neither apprehension nor delay.

The causes of contest with Russia were now

removed, and the policy of the French Emperor became obviously one of conciliation, and even friendship, with that power.

One purpose he kept steadily in view as soon as he was able to direct the policy of France—not to allow England to interfere anywhere without also interfering; not to allow her to reap any glory of whatsoever kind without either participating in it, or by appearing to participate, and help actually to frustrate. If England sent out even a religious or benevolent expedition, which might be expected from the nature of her relations, French agents were sure to follow; England was literally dogged through the world by the French Emperor.

In 1856 operations in China were necessitated by the views which English statesmen took of English commercial interests and rights there. At the close of 1856 the British admiral in those waters was obliged to wait for reinforcements. In 1857 they arrived, and also a French squadron "to co-operate." It was October before the Emperor's forces joined the British. The French co-operation was mischievous, as an alliance of Western Europe in those seas provoked the rivalry of the United States of America and Russia. It soon became obvious also that the French Emperor had objects of his own to answer, and he desired the aid of British arms and British moral influence under cover of which to accomplish purposes not held in common by the allied Powers. He was desirous of obtaining exclusive favours for the Roman Catholic religion. This the English seemed to regard with too little concern; but the Americans and Russians were at once offended by the religious zealotry of France, and indifference of England. The English were, however, exceedingly annoyed by the avarice of glory shown by the French, their self-assertion, vanity, ambition, and

ostentatious depreciation of everything not performed by themselves.

This war continued through 1857, but was terminated in 1858, by a favourable treaty in which all Europeans were to possess equal advantages. The Chinese never intended to fulfil the treaty, war again broke out, the English and French were again allies, and once more the co-operation was not hearty. Peking itself was conquered, and the French renewed their efforts, and with some success, for peculiar religious advantages.

In 1857, a mutiny broke out in the British native army in India. The French Emperor offered a passage through France of the troops sent out to quell the insurrection, and also offered the Queen of England the assistance of his army, which was declined.

These foreign wars told severely on French finance, and the Emperor made great and somewhat successful efforts to restore it. He probably already contemplated new enterprises "for the glory of France."

A variety of irritating topics sprung up for discussion between the French and English people in 1858. The French Emperor appeared to countenance the alarms in France of everything English.

After allowing much abuse and violence, the Emperor suddenly silenced the aspersers of his ally, or directed the same journals to uphold the alliance they had just before so bitterly decried.

In 1859 occurred the Italian war, already sufficiently noticed on other pages of this book.

The years 1860—61 were, as already recorded in this work, eventful to Italy. The policy of the French Emperor to the Italian people was fitful, wavering, inconsistent, and unintelligible.

The events of recent years which are most likely to make history busy with the Emperor's

character, are his designs to extend his empire or his influence to remote parts of the world. From Abyssinia and Egypt, to China and Japan, he has been, in the persons of his agents and officers, roaming about as it were for any opening by which territory and "glory" might be gained, and the honour of Napoleon III. made to penetrate the eastern world.

Perhaps no act of his reign, not even the *coup d'état*, was so scandalous an outrage upon the rights of others as his invasion of Mexico.

The year 1864 will be ever memorable to France and Italy for the conclusion of the convention already related in the history of Victor Emmanuel.

Among the incidents of the Emperor's life most precious to himself has been the birth of an heir to his throne. The Prince Imperial gives promise of health and intellect, both of which are cultivated by all that care and skill can accomplish. The education of his childhood was liberally entrusted to an Englishwoman and a Protestant.

There are other acts of the Emperor worthy of discussion, but they are recent and their results uncertain.

The general spirit of his government has been despotic. Freedom of political or theological discussion by the press, or  *viva voce*, is put down at the point of the bayonet, and even personal liberty is insecure for him who is suspected of being unfavourable to the dynasty of the Emperor.

The military and naval direction given to the country by the Emperor has been triumphant. Never before in French history were the army and navy, relatively or really, so efficient. England, the mistress of the seas, fell behind France in naval architecture, and followed timidly her example.

No previous ruler of France gave so much attention and study to questions of political

economy as the Emperor has done. He has removed from France restrictions upon her commerce which impeded her progress, and he has already enriched her by this sound political philosophy.

Confidence is reposed in him by the majority of his subjects. There may be some undercurrent flowing in darkness and sapping the foundations of his power, but to all appearance, the edifice of government he has raised is strong and magnificent.

Many believe that France will revolt against the despotism with which he governs, but as many think he will make concessions at the opportune moment, and cover his name with fresh popularity.

Some of the clearest thinkers in Europe are of opinion that he will fall, and that his ruin will come from without. That some new aggression upon the independence of some

other nation or nations, will arouse Europe, perhaps the world, to hurl him from his throne, as in the case of his imperial predecessor. Whatever be his future, his past has been eventful, wonderful, romantic, mysterious; and as the hearts and destinies of men and nations are in the hands of Him who is infinitely just, and wise, and pitiful, He will direct all things for good. This is the consolation of all who love freedom and justice, that as concussing states crumble, and ambition draws its flaming track athwart the world, destroying the proudest monuments, and most ingeniously adopted combinations of the past, the Great Architect and Governor of the universe will put forth His providence and bring light and order from the chaos and ruin which man creates. Above the thrones of empires and worlds He reigns supreme, omnipotent, just, and eternal.



THE END.