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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Translated by A. Werner

With an Introduction
by
A. WILLIAM SALOMONE

Supplement by
Jessie White Mario

Volume I
1807-1849

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PREFACE.

WHILE Italy awaits the philosophical historian of her political evolutions and revolutions—annals, chronicles, memoirs, biographies and autobiographies, series of letters, diplomatic papers and correspondence, revolutionary documents have been, during the last twenty-five years, published in rapid succession, and thus a vast material is being stored for future “architects of history.” Nor is the stock by any means exhausted; the key to many unravelled mysteries being more or less jealously guarded in the record offices of the state, while the “key of keys” reposes in the sanctum sanctorum of royal archives. Contemporary writers of events in which they have been actors or interested spectators, with the strictest intention to be veracious, rarely succeed in telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, seeing that each narrator surveys facts from his own point of view; nor does an honest desire to be impartial ensure impartiality, since the writer’s individual beliefs and opinions must necessarily influence his deductions and bias his judgments. But, all such weaknesses and defects taken

into account, the value of these contributions remains intact. Carlo Cattaneo, to one who sought to dissuade him in 1860 from certain publications relating to 1848, made answer, "The generations pass ; men's minds take new directions, and the facts of experience become as lanterns hung out in abandoned streets."

Many readers, we think, will concur in this sentence, and to these the "Autobiography of Garibaldi" will be interesting and acceptable. Strictly speaking, what Garibaldi calls "My Memoirs" are recollections of such portions of his eventful life as he chose to give to the public. They were chiefly written at two distinct periods, the first portion in 1850, after the fall of Rome and the death of his beloved Anita. In 1872, he corrected and modified this first portion, and wrote the remainder at Caprera (merely adding at Civita Vecchia in 1876 the Appendix, *Custoza*), without books or documents or any assistance save from his own memory. Naturally, he has fallen into sundry errors of dates and facts. He has also deliberately passed over entire periods of his life, thus omitting some particulars very interesting to the English reader as well as to his own countrymen. He, moreover, withdrew certain manuscripts which he at first destined for publication, containing some graphic accounts of events and some severe strictures on prominent men which he wrote from time to time, because, from his later point of view, "the least said, soonest mended." We possess an autograph letter of his, enjoining on one who possessed his full confidence to recover and restore to himself a manuscript written entirely in his

own hand and destined in 1869 for the press, but which in 1871 he resolved should not be published. Again, in one of his letters to Alberto Mario, who had requested to be allowed, in his life of Garibaldi, to publish some facts which the General himself had related concerning the king, he answers, "I wish that nothing confidential between the king and myself should be published;" and in his *Memoirs* he publishes nothing.

But he does not use the same reticence in speaking of Mazzini, whom from time to time he still recognized as "master;" while at others (purposely misled by men whose sole aim and mission was to keep these great and good patriots divided), he misjudged and censured him with an asperity foreign to his own nature. Had he, when he wrote, possessed the sixteen volumes of Mazzini's writings, with the historical documents inserted by Aurelio Saffi in his clear, able, impartial preface to each,—he would, we think, have cancelled numerous assertions of whose truth he had been assured, but which subsequent evidence and concomitant witnesses disprove. Again, had he possessed—as, thanks to Luigi Chiala, we now do—the six volumes containing over eighteen hundred letters of the great Piedmontese statesman, with numerous documents and invaluable historical prefaces, the criticisms, censures, and reproaches which he addresses chiefly to Cavour would probably have been distributed in juster proportions among many who come off scot free.

The *Memoirs* end with the episode of the Franco-Prussian war. Of his work for the "redemption" of the

Roman Campagna, for the Tiber, his polemics concerning communism, socialism, internationalism, etc., his second marriage and life at Caprera, Garibaldi says nothing, whereas his biographers and the newspapers have treated of all these matters with more or less accuracy.

Hence, requested by the proprietors and publishers of the English edition to write a preface to their translation, I have with their permission substituted a Supplement. The reader thus will have put before him all that the General left for publication. This Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi constitutes this *all*; and as in Italy the question has been raised whether such really is the case, it may be well to set all doubts at rest. The question may be put in good faith, as many of the questioners have seen and read—some even possess—other manuscript writings of Garibaldi which are from time to time given to the public, fairly and often wisely—none, however, venturing to add “with the author’s permission,” as the proprietor of this Autobiography legitimately can and does. The original manuscript of these Memoirs is written by Garibaldi himself on ordinary-sized letter-paper, each page numbered, entirely in his own hand; the first part clear and bold, the last shaky and irregular as the fatal arthritis crippled his fingers. As he gave the manuscript to his “best-beloved” Menotti, so Menotti placed it for safe keeping in the hands of Adrian Lemmi, whose name in Italy is a synonym for patriotism and integrity. Menotti and Adrian would rather “have cut off their right hand” than have offended the dead father

and friend by adding, suppressing, or altering a syllable, or even consenting to a literary supervision of the text. Why Garibaldi enjoined that simply this and nothing more should be given to the world was best known 'to himself. Enough that he did so, and that his injunctions, in this instance at least, have been obeyed.

The Supplement will appear in the third volume, containing such additional matter as may complete the personal narration of the "hero of both worlds," of the patriot "without fear and without reproach."

Introduction to the 1971 Edition:
GARIBALDI AND THE
RISORGIMENTO

by A. William Salomone

IN OUR TIME, when much that may seem relevant to the contemporary mind in search of new values often proves to be superficially prefabricated, the account of his own life by one of the most extraordinary personalities of Italian and world history may perhaps serve as a touchstone in the re-discovery of the mysterious fusion between uniqueness and relatedness and the "truth and poetry" in creative historic action. That the autobiography of Garibaldi should be flawless, that the recollections of an old freedom warrior should be a perfect mirror of past reality about himself and the history he helped to make, seems an expectation which no one at all aware of the ceaseless tension between time and vicissitude and the tricks of memory it plays in all men, big and small, can safely entertain. In his remembrances of things past Garibaldi was not immune to that tension.

Certainly in humility but also in justice to the sources of his real greatness, a very important point should be made at the very start: Garibaldi's autobiography is a precious document. But it contains also so many strange, sometimes

unaccountable, defects, apparent lapses of memory, surprising fixities on certain biases and ideas, silence on crucial events and persons, and, occasionally, unjustified judgments on blameless friends and old comrades, particularly Giuseppe Mazzini, that not even the whole of Jessie White Mario's large third volume of Supplement fully succeeds in clarifying or justifying them. Perhaps only an impossibly extensive or absurdly overdocumented critical edition of the *Autobiography* might redress part of the unbalance between its truth and its poetry. But then also the genuine "pearl" of Garibaldi's direct testimony would surely become either "cultured" or buried within an artificial "oyster" of scholarly apparatus. And the domination of "fact" would inevitably lead to the destruction or enslavement of historical value.

The almost endless streams, parallel or converging, of Garibaldi biographies and Risorgimento histories during the past two generations attest to the fact that nothing absolutely "definitive" has yet been said about them. Beyond transbiographical and metahistorical spheres and clashing mystiques, Garibaldi, above all, continues to keep his "secret." Despite its recollective form and confessional tone, his *Autobiography* constitutes merely another dimension of the structure of his persisting "mystery." This, it seems to me, should be clearly kept in mind if one wants to avoid disillusionment over its "use" and value. But if the *Autobiography* does not belong to the category of Rousseau's *Confessions*, neither is it merely a new model or version of Caesar's *Commentaries*. The freedom warrior is there, but in subdued tones, the general of the Expedition of the Thousand is there, but almost humbly presented as a *primus inter pares* among "those noble young fellows who had crossed the

Mediterranean, trusting in me, and who, heedless of every difficulty, hardship, and danger, had faced death in ten hard-fought battles.”¹ But the man Garibaldi is not fully there. Perhaps such a man could not be constricted, even by his own self-portraying efforts, within a “finished” life resemblance. Thus the reverence in which he held the privacy and the conscience of the human person, beginning with himself, could not be violated even for transcending “historical purposes.” And this, too, was his “secret.”²

Now what makes much of this truly intriguing is another extraordinary fact. It has almost inescapably impressed most of Garibaldi’s biographers that, amid the intricate streams of Risorgimento history, the figure of Garibaldi looms in majestic but puzzling “simplicity.” Again and again, from beginning to end of his exceptional career, such expressions as “a simple soldier,” “a simple sailor,” “a simple man” recur with incredible frequency and variations.³ One need not engage in semantic lucubrations to extract the conceptual common denominator of so consistent and frequent a use of that simple word. But what, in Garibaldi, was the vital substance to which it meant to apply? Certainly not, despite tendentious suggestions by certain “sophisticated” schools of biographers and historians, to his activity and intelligence. The high points of his career during the Risorgimento—the defense of the Roman Republic in 1849 and the liberation of the South in 1860—clearly show that he possessed not only technical talents but expert knowledge of the art of war that could and did put to shame many of the most learned graduates of Europe’s celebrated military academies.⁴ His professional capacities revealed him as possessing the resources of a special kind of military genius. Neither was

there "simplicity" in Garibaldi's grasp of reality behind the recurring urgencies for action in the midsts of very complicated events nor in his judgment of possibilities and impracticabilities within situations that made over-deliberate decisions dangerous.⁵ Above all, there was no "simplicity" in his character, whether as a leader of men or as an arbiter of human values. For there lay behind his most important decisions, in war or in peace, not only a rare, almost unique, intuitive sense of *la verità effettuale della cosa* (the "real truth of the matter," as Machiavelli had referred to such a "sense"), and therefore almost uncanny powers for assessing chances of victory or defeat, but also a consistent and systematic commitment to disentangle, for the sake of others more than for himself, the value of life from the lurking temptations of heroic self-sacrifice and often unnecessary death.

For Garibaldi the defense and survival of the Roman Republic of 1849 meant a commitment to a cause that inspired all his life, and to it he gave of himself as few others. But, exactly like Mazzini, whom he so unjustly and at a point of his *Autobiography* mercilessly castigates,⁶ he refused to use men as means. Throughout his whole life he took great heroic risks, but, contrary to superficial historians and disingenuous phrase-mongering sophists, Garibaldi was not an irresponsible *soldato di ventura* ("soldier of fortune"), a mercenary *condottiere*, an adventurer in search of self-aggrandizement, riches, or honors. True, he often made demands that outraged petty men who suspected or chose to misunderstand his purposes. But in 1860 he gave up a kingdom he and his "young comrades" alone had conquered, just as before and after he turned down more homages and

honors from two "worlds," Europe and the Americas, than any other man of the nineteenth century. Thus—in circumstances that will be described more fully in the course of this essay—in November 1860 Garibaldi preferred, instead, to return to his second home in Caprera, just as in July 1849, after the fall of the Roman Republic, he refused easily accessible ways to safety and, with his beloved Anita almost literally on his shoulders and a dwindling band of his faithful companions, took the difficult and dangerous road to a self-directed escape across the mountains of central Italy.⁷ On that occasion many of his companions did not resist to the bitter end of the desperate, almost Homeric, retreat from fallen Rome through the Apennines to hospitable San Marino and the pine forest of Ravenna. His pain was great, but he understood. But the death of his Anita left a profound wound upon his soul, and infinite sadness—the sorrow of a hero cruelly deprived of a companion of love and tutelary spirit. And yet, still pursued and hounded by Austrian soldiers and papal police, he continued his arduous journey and succeeded in recrossing the mountains to Tuscany and thence, after tortuous detours by land and sea, was home again, all too briefly, in his native Nice.⁸ He had redeemed by suffering and self-struggle a long bitter day of defeat and misery and death. Almost incredibly, at the end of his remembrance of that day, Garibaldi can only exclaim: "How proud I felt then of my Italian birth, of my connection with this land of the dead, and with the people who, according to our neighbours, do not fight!"⁹ Whence did that "simple" strength for self-sacrifice and transmutation of values derive? And yet that journey through war and revolution, defeat and escape, was only the beginning of a ten-year

exile again (1849–59), broken in half by the passage from a life of wandering through three continents and the seven seas until he was back in his island-farm of Caprera and the obscurity of soil-tilling and quiet days of peace.

In his remembrance of the Roman tragedy of 1849 Garibaldi seems as if driven by some unknown, irrational urge to do violence to the judgment, almost to the integrity, of his ancient master and faithful friend Giuseppe Mazzini. Was this perhaps less a hurt he was unconsciously doing to the man he had loved above all others than his way of re-asserting the coherence of his own actions, the consistency of his own personality? For as late as April 1864, and therefore fifteen years after the terrible final days of the Roman Republic and at least six years before the accusatory pages in his *Autobiography*,¹⁰ Garibaldi had paid one of the most extraordinary public tributes any man can pay to another:

I want to perform a duty which I should have done long ago. There is a man here among us who has rendered to my country and to the cause of freedom the greatest service anyone can render. When I was young and full of vague impulses I sought for one able to act as my guide and counsellor. I sought for such a guide as the thirsty seeks the water-spring. . . . I found him. He alone watched while all around him slept. He became my friend and will forever be my friend. He alone kept and tended the sacred flame of love of country and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Giuseppe Mazzini—my friend and teacher.¹¹

This had been indeed an intimate confession of persisting faith in a man whose ideas he appeared to have forsaken in his strenuous attempt to balance the master's apparently not contradictory passion for liberty and his desire for the

unity of Italy. As he dictated his *Autobiography* after so many years of struggle to reconcile them, Garibaldi felt that he had been true to his own special kind of consistency by having helped toward the unity of Italy without himself renouncing his devotion to liberty.¹²

On the other extreme, *vis-à-vis* the memory of another man whom Garibaldi had never loved—Cavour—a different but similarly illuminating testimony appears in his *Autobiography* of his pursuit of his human consistency. Cavour had been Garibaldi's unmatched Italian "enemy" since he had not only not fought him *a viso aperto*, in open political field, but had "appropriated" his liberation movement of the South in 1860 and perverted it toward centralizing state-making purposes and therefore an anti-libertarian end.¹³ In the first parliamentary sessions of the new Italian unitary State held in Turin in April 1861, which he attended, Garibaldi broke into an explosive moral indictment of Cavour, "the man who made me a foreigner in Italy."¹⁴ His wrath and resentment stemmed not only from Cavour's "barter" of Garibaldi's native Nice to the hated "man of December," Louis Napoleon, but also from the treatment accorded to his victorious volunteers, the *garibaldini*, of the liberation of the South when the Piedmontese army of professional generals and bureaucrats had belatedly but overwhelmingly descended upon Naples in the fall of 1860 and taken over without gratitude or grace. Garibaldi's "young comrades" of many victorious battles from Calatafimi to the Volturno had been offered the humiliating either-or of joining the new forces of Piedmontese law and order or disbanding.

In 1861, in the face of the world and a shocked parliamentary assembly, Garibaldi had spoken his righteous anger and

sought to reassert the rights of a higher moral reason against the corrupting subtleties of reasons of state, the "simple" categorical imperative of ethical values and elementary justice against the relativizing "necessities" of statecraft and the Machiavellian imperative of the politics of power. And yet, that fearful confrontation of April 1861 between the wrathful old warrior and the weary younger statesman upon whom death had already cast her shadow¹⁵ is mysteriously absent from Garibaldi's autobiography.¹⁶ Why the silence on this more recent and truly memorable encounter with a celebrated antagonist—an encounter which neither contemporaries nor historians have ever forgotten—when there are in the *Autobiography* details of many distant and remote, even insignificant, episodes of his days in the pampas?

Again I believe an answer may lie in an understanding of the spiritual tensions, but also of his capacity to resolve them, that stirred at the bedrock of Garibaldi's moral personality. The events of the fall of 1860 and the explosive wrath of the spring of 1861 belonged equally to a past beyond recall of memory (even of conscious memory) because they were utterly beyond "recall" in the irreversible flow of a history truly finished with—dead. That history was "untouchable" by thought because it was inaccessible to action as his master Mazzini's had never been for Garibaldi. Thus the persistence of his old love for Mazzini and devotion to his ideals was here matched, almost with perfect psychological and spiritual symmetry, by willful forgetfulness of an old hatred and resentment. For Garibaldi, Cavour was dead, almost "doubly" dead—in history and in memory. The rest could be only reeriminations and controversy—and historians would take care of them! Where only bitterness and aliena-

tion have held sway, let the dead bury the dead! Life and hope, for the old warrior Garibaldi, were always superior ends—in them alone lay the springs of consistency with self and the future of human freedom. And for the sake of these, too, Garibaldi held his “secret.”

Are there perhaps also other ways of confronting Garibaldi’s “secret,” wrapped as it may be in the mesh of his fabled but unquestionably complex “simplicity”? Are there other means by which to seek to pierce into his inner self as a function of his historical personality? I believe there are, though many biographers have tended to pursue it only half-way—whether through untested conviction of the impenetrability of the “mystery” of Garibaldi or through a kind of sacred awe before the image of ineffable mythology that has been often artfully created about the figure of an incomparable artificer of the Italian Risorgimento.¹⁷ Hagiography and metahistory have for too long reduced to shreds the humanity and historicity of an extraordinary personality. One can surely, validly, take the occasion of the “return” of Garibaldi through a new edition of his *Autobiography* to attempt a tentative restoration, however briefly and inadequately, of the man to his history. Important, indeed indispensable as it is, the *Autobiography* nonetheless is not a completely self-sufficient document of a “whole” life fully remembered either in its vicissitudes or in its historical meaning. Only a larger, deeper inquiry, in which that life re-assumes its real dimensions, may ultimately suggest a new road to understanding. Some such total inquiry cannot, evidently, be undertaken here. But it is hoped that by exploring some of the major threads, both historical and theoret-

ical, upon which it might be developed, our approach may help toward a full-fledged restoration of Garibaldi's figure to its humanity and its history.¹⁸

The larger historical context of the Garibaldian epos was a special order of European politics, society, and civilization, at the same time in stability and in motion, within which during the nineteenth century a profound crisis of Italian civil life and culture stirred. The historic character of that crisis and of the political movement with which it came to be associated has been given substance and an identity under the name of the *Risorgimento*.¹⁹ Though for three generations historians have debated upon both the conceptual nature and the substantive significance of the Italian movement of national liberation of the nineteenth century, there is now hardly any question that the *Risorgimento* constituted a distinct Italian historical era within the last phase of an autonomous European epoch. It is within this wider framework that both the reality and the myth of the *Risorgimento* must be encompassed and interpreted. The possibility of the active fusion of the impersonal and the individual, the social and the spiritual, the political and the cultural, the national and the universal, and of the "hero" and history, was a datum of the era of the *Risorgimento*. The burden of human history did not then fully appear (with understandable exceptions in the natural and social order) as absolute and overwhelming as that of twentieth-century man has tended to become.

Now, although the interpretation of the equating term has been one of the most disputed problems of modern Italian historiography, *the Risorgimento was a revolution*.²⁰ This

insofar as, within an identifiable period of time, rather indefinite in its beginnings (mid-eighteenth century? French Revolutionary and Napoleonic era? the Restoration in 1815?) but fairly distinct in its conclusion (be it seen as the proclamation of the Italian unitary State in March 1861 or the occupation of Rome in September 1870), the Risorgimento brought about a great change in the traditional or post-Renaissance Italian political organization of civil life and the juridical bonds which were created under and about it. At the same time, the Risorgimento attacked and affected old structures of Italian society, though it did not and never intended to upturn it completely, and thus it tended to increase the momentum of mobility and the velocity of change from within, as well as among formerly passive sectors of at least the upper social strata. Above all, the Risorgimento made possible the emergence and assertion of potentially new ruling political classes, promiscuous as they may have been in their aristocratic and bourgeois origins and contrasting as they appeared to be in their ideological makeup.²¹ Likewise, though it retained an undifferentiated mixture of traditional and modern elements and indigenous and foreign features, the institutions of the Italian unitary State that ensued from the Risorgimento were all "modern" insofar as they were national and centralizing, intricately bureaucratic and, on the whole, brutally impersonal, though not always unamenable to special manipulations.²² Unlike the French Revolution, the Risorgimento did not attempt to transform the economic foundations of the old society in a Jacobin sense and, unlike the Russian Revolution, it did not seek to subvert in an organic sense the entire social order in an attempt to redirect it toward a "communist commonwealth."

Strong as they sometimes were, currents of Italian Jacobinism and socialism did not succeed in changing the liberal-bourgeois course of the national revolution.²³

The Italian liberal State born of the national revolution undertook and won a large-scale political war against the temporal power of the most tenacious and ubiquitous conservative force in nineteenth-century Italy—the Roman Catholic Church. With less success, it attempted to appropriate or destroy both a source of the Church's economic power (through seizure and confiscation, then inefficiently managed disposal to neofeudalistic social classes—not to the masses of peasants—of sizable parts of its landed property in Italy) and, with almost total failure, the religious-social bases of its “ideological hegemony” over a very large number of “traditional” Italians.²⁴ On the other hand, through its massive mobilization of the relatively limited economic resources of post-Risorgimento Italy and, above all, through the almost forcible channeling of the productive energies, the indefatigable capacity for collective self-sacrifice, and the immense talents for physical suffering and moral endurance of an entire generation of masses of Italians, after 1861 the unitary State tended, in its fashion, to fulfill the liberal-bourgeois aim of the national revolution. Thus was brought about the strenuous marriage Italian-style between liberalism and capitalism.²⁵ For the masses of Italians from this marriage issued bitter early fruit, for there was not in the economic realm as there was not yet in the political sphere any integral, inspiring or redeeming ethos of social justice. And yet it was undoubtedly true that that massive mobilization of Italian economic forces and resources, albeit in so drastic and merciless a manner, helped to bring Italy back

into the material and cultural mainstream of European life and civilization. Ironically and tragically, this potentially fertile historic rapprochement between Italy and Europe was hardly consummated when the catastrophe of the Great War of 1914 overtook and overwhelmed them both.

Thus in itself and through its fruition the Risorgimento had truly been a revolution in action and *in potentia*. Its original character and its historic possibilities in a sense formed a whole much as, in a different way, the era of the classic Italian Renaissance had constituted through a larger span of time. For, with whatever limitations in the realm of culture, the Risorgimento and its aftermath to the eve of the Great War reopened magnificent potentialities for the development of the "genius of Italy."²⁶ Together, Risorgimento and post-Risorgimento can justly be characterized in the words of a perceptive non-Italian historian of our time as "the last successful spiritual and political trend in Western Europe to have a continuous and positive link with the great emancipatory movement" of the modern era.²⁷ This is unquestionably true, and only superficial students and practitioners of crude ideological history seem still inclined to deny it. Nevertheless, one fundamental question does legitimately arise. Why was it that at a particular point, at a particular moment of the twentieth century, that "continuous and positive link with the great emancipatory movement" snapped, and tended to reverse the unfolding of the Risorgimento legacy? For Italian fascism was not only a "revelation" of the flaws in the liberal unfolding of that legacy, as has been too often repeated.²⁸ Fascism was also a scission, a reversion, a counterrevolution—the anti-Risorgimento. Once this is understood, clearly and unequivocally, the ques-

tion can be asked again in a different way: Why did it happen at all? Why could there be even the shadow of a doubt that the grandeur of the promise of the Risorgimento was *not* in historical-causal relationship with the misery and folly of triumphant fascism in Italy?²⁹ An attempt at an answer will be implicitly made throughout the remaining part of this essay, and a way to a direct response will be explicitly suggested in its concluding section.

Apparently simple in essence, the more immediate historical problem under attention here is fearfully complicated in both factual and speculative details. That problem can perhaps be best reduced and necessarily simplified under the following formulation: From May to October 1860, when the Garibaldian expedition of the Thousand toward the liberation of the Italian South gained momentum and success beyond the wildest expectations of sympathizers (and they were throughout the entire world) and against the fervent hopes for its failure on the part of opponents (and they were both in "moderate" Italy and in conservative and reactionary Europe), was there a real chance, a genuine historical opportunity, for the radical-democratic leadership of the "Party of Action" (of which Mazzini was the major ideologue and Garibaldi himself the activist chief) to steal the initiative enjoyed by the Cavourian liberal-moderate party, and gain control of the direction and goals of the Italian national revolution? Since the catastrophe of the Italian Revolutions of 1848-49, the democratic "Party of Action," which had been under the theoretical and practical, but not uncontested, leadership of Mazzini, had suffered a series of frightening reversals, while a liberal Piedmontese hegemony,

after 1852 under the guidance of Cavour, had subtly exploited Italian and international politics toward its relatively "conservative" monarchical ends.³⁰ At the end of the War of 1859 Cavour had secured, for all practical purposes, most of North Italy (except Venice) for the Savoy Monarchy. Personally shattered by the armistice of Villafranca in July of that year, Cavour had abandoned the reins of power in Piedmont—ultimately to enjoy a six-month-long vacation from active politics in circumstances which, as he came to realize later, had in fact foreclosed any new or immediate action in Italy. In the winter and early spring of 1860 the liberal Cavourian leadership of the national revolution seemed to be at a stand-still, or only with the prospect of conducting important "mopping-up" political operations toward the annexations of Lombardy, the Romagna, and Tuscany. Beyond these, the Savoyard Monarch appeared to have no place to go with Venice still under Austria, the Papal States in the center and particularly Rome absolutely beyond its grasp, and the States of the Bourbon in the South completely beyond its reach.³¹

Suddenly, almost unexpectedly, early in May 1860 the launching of the expedition of the Thousand under Garibaldi revived all hopes on the Italian (and European) democratic side and reopened a vision of possible reactivation of the radical initiative both for the direction and "destination" of the Italian revolution. While through the spring and summer of that decisive year of the Risorgimento the band of a thousand red-shirted volunteers under the command of Garibaldi almost miraculously succeeded in beating and putting to flight a huge Bourbon professional army, which was forced to abandon Sicily to the "invaders," these

crossed the Straits of Messina and began an unopposed, almost triumphant, march on Naples.³² The expectations of Italian democrats shot high.

Upon his entry into Naples (September 7, 1860) the victorious general was almost immediately surrounded, practically assailed, by an incredible variety of pressures from all sides, each pulling him in contradictory directions, toward irreconcilable political objectives. Among those who came down to Naples from the democratic side were the two major Italian representatives of the anti-Cavourian groups: the great federalist thinker and organizer of the heroic Milanese revolt against the Austrians in March 1848, Carlo Cattaneo, and the leader par excellence of the "Party of Action," Giuseppe Mazzini, who, for the first time since the dark days of the agony of the Roman Republic in July 1849, reappeared openly in the Italian sun as the friend of his old comrade-in-arms, now general of a victorious liberating army—Giuseppe Garibaldi. Both before and after the entry into Naples, what did these and other Italian democrats want of the new active chief of the revolution? Could their contrasting expectations concerning the attitude and action of Garibaldi *vis-à-vis* the already mobilized diplomatic-political and military forces of the Savoyard Monarchy and Cavourian unitary policy be reconciled—and, moreover, could they be reconciled with both the desires or commitments of the general and the voiceless hopes of the poorer masses of peasants and artisans of the liberated Southern Kingdom? Would or could these masses be asked to participate in deciding their own political and social fate? Could their energies be mobilized toward a safe restructuring of the South against Bourbon *révanchiste* attempts, clerical sub-

version, and, withal, the "annexionist" aims and conservative objectives of the Monarchy from the North?³³ These were some of the more tormenting questions that Garibaldi faced during that momentous season of 1860, first for Sicily, at Palermo, and then for the whole Southern "Kingdom," in Naples.³⁴ On his answers and action depended the fate of the South, of the Italian revolution, and of the future of Italy.

The crucial answer was given by Garibaldi after the last "fratricidal conflict," as he calls the Battle of the Volturno of October 1-2, 1860. The war against the Bourbon was over and won, but another "fratricidal" war against the Savoyard loomed but never began. Following the well-directed and easily obtained plebiscitary consensus for annexation to Piedmont, on the twenty-sixth of October the die was irreversibly cast. The meeting at Teano between the King of the Northern State and the libertarian conqueror of a Southern kingdom of ten million people officialized and sealed the last defeat and surrender of the Italian democratic forces of the Risorgimento.³⁵

Was there a real alternative? The question returns with tormenting insistence, and it enters into but does not break the mysterious heart of the matter. Garibaldi himself is content to say that, despite his consciousness that the late-comers and real "invaders" from the North had "resolved to enjoy the fruits of conquest while banishing the conquerors [himself and his *garibaldini*]," "I handed over to Victor Emmanuel the dictatorship conferred on me by the people, proclaiming him King of Italy."³⁶ Three days later he had his lieutenant, Francesco Crispi, write the King in his name to tell him that he had fulfilled "a vow of my heart" and

kept "a promise I have repeatedly proclaimed."³⁷ A vow of his heart and a promise!³⁸ A mere footnote in the *Autobiography* explains that "at another time a Constituent Assembly might have been convened; at that epoch such a step was impossible, and would have resulted in nothing but loss of time and an absurd complication of the question."³⁹ Nothing more.

Surprisingly, as an apparently casual afterthought when he has left describing the events of 1860 and has leaped across two years to his account of the disastrous Aspromonte attempt in August 1862, Garibaldi gazes back to the time of decision and, almost gratuitously, hurls a rather cruel sentence against Mazzini and his disciples: "'You ought to have proclaimed the republic!' was and is still the cry of the Mazzinians—as if those learned academics accustomed to legislate for the world from their studies could be better acquainted with the moral and material condition of the people than ourselves, who have had the happy lot of leading them in battle and guiding them to victory."⁴⁰ This sardonic blow against his former master and friend (whom, on September 20, 1860, in Naples he had protected and defended against an incited paid mob sent to shout "Death to Mazzini!" under his window)⁴¹ is the more puzzling exactly because it is injected as an unnecessary *obiter dictum* in the midst of a tirade against "monarchies and priesthoods," and there is no reason, except perhaps one that Garibaldi's heart knew not of, to hurl it at that point, if at all. And then, almost immediately after, he reiterates: ". . . that we ought to have proclaimed the republic at Palermo and Naples in 1860 is *false*."⁴² What really still bothered the old general of the revolution of 1860 as he remembered that time of no

return when he might have changed the course of Italian and European history, and why does Mazzini haunt his memory in so disturbing a manner? The question, again, bears some deeper consideration.

Whether through a Constituent Assembly or some other means—and *these* were, at least theoretically, manifold, ranging perhaps from a delayed decision concerning the political problem of Sicily and Naples to a reasonable demand for guarantees, beyond the plebiscite, or for a clarification of political or juridical preconditions for the annexation of the South by the Savoy Monarchy; a large-scale appeal to Italian, European, and world democratic opinion, however ineffectual its concrete aid might prove to be; or, as an *ultima ratio*, a call for a “people’s war”—the historian wonders if Garibaldi could have changed the direction, as he had influenced the course, of the Italian national revolution in 1860—and why he did not attempt it.⁴³ Had he done so, he might at least have succeeded in gaining the time he later implied he did not have toward securing for the South a measure of flexibility before irreversible decisions were made. As a minimum, that flexibility might have left the hope of local or regional administrative autonomy, if not of economic self-rule and active participation in social reconstruction, *vis-à-vis* the patently centralizing momentum of the Northern liberal Monarchy.⁴⁴

Undoubtedly any such “demands” would have depended also (and time was needed for this, too) on a realistic appraisal of the new condition of the South in order to implement the general’s explicitly asserted claim that he and his closest followers and advisers were “better acquainted with the moral and material condition of the people” of the

South than either the Mazzinians or the "Cavourists."⁴⁵ Then, perhaps, on the basis of such deepened acquaintance with the situation, Garibaldi could have tested his capacity to arouse a sustained and hopefully enduring collaboration of the masses of peasants and urban artisan classes in a truly democratic labor of renovation and innovation at least in the South. And yet, even assuming that he was not essentially wrong in his harsh judgment on "the learned academics" of Mazzinian persuasion in 1860—and, of course, he was partly wrong historically insofar as that judgment all too easily forgot his own experience with the realistic economic and social policy pursued by Mazzini as a triumvir of the Roman Republic of 1849—there remains the reasonable doubt (harsh as it may be in its own turn) as to whether Garibaldi possessed the inclinations and the patience, if not the talents, for a systematic grappling with the differently hard, tedious and unadventurous tasks of state-making. That he was a military genius was almost universally acknowledged. But the art of war and the art of statecraft, related as they almost necessarily were and as, long ago, Machiavelli had discovered and now Cavour was exemplifying, were also antithetical categories of human activity. One wonders whether the free warrior who had fought in the open spaces of the Argentine pampas, roamed over the seven seas, explored in hardship the wilderness paths of the Alps and Apennines, and who, moreover, always felt constricted in the close stuffy cabinets of statesmen and kings and was ill at ease among black-coated members of parliamentary assemblies, could have safely undertaken the difficult passage from the one art to the other. Politics, even the revolutionary politics of 1860 Italy (as, in a larger

sense, those of 1793 France, 1917 Russia, and 1949 China), soon must settle down to a special petty pace of their own and operate with a tight, strict and unrelenting discipline of their own. Would the general of the Italian revolution be willing to turn statesman on so short a notice as the condition of Italy and Europe imposed in 1860? But there was worse, too.

In May 1860 vast masses of peasants in the South had been aroused as seldom before in their long history—indeed, not since the myth-enveloped Sicilian Vespers of 1282—from a state of brutalizing resignation to their social “fate.” But it had not been the initial act, let alone the mere rumor or news, of Garibaldi’s liberating expedition and mission that had brought them to his side almost collectively in moral adhesion and in part in active military collaboration. Not when he had landed at Marsala with his Thousand but after they had won their first “decisive battle” at Calatafimi in mid-May 1860, against great odds and an unexpectedly frightened Bourbon professional army, had the peasants throughout the Sicilian countryside and towns rallied to Garibaldi’s cause and found means to give aid and comfort to him and his band of “citizen filibusters.”⁴⁶ These red-shirted young *garibaldini*—students, intellectuals, doctors, lawyers, artisans, veterans of guerrilla wars in South America and Italy, survivors of lost revolutionary battles fought at the barricades of a dozen European cities in 1848–49, Italians and foreigners who spoke an equally incomprehensible language but who, on the whole, conducted themselves with equal dignity toward women, children, and the helpless, and fought with valor—convinced the Sicilian masses that under the “magic” leadership of Garibaldi, they alone were destined

for victory.⁴⁷ A kind of collective "will to believe" had gripped and stirred those masses of poor peasants to give Garibaldi their almost unquestioning moral solidarity. As the victor in an unequal encounter with the forces of the truly "foreign" Neapolitan Bourbon King, Garibaldi suddenly became in their eyes the invincible providential liberator.⁴⁸

And yet, as perhaps was unfortunately bound to happen, before long the poetry of passionate expectations of deliverance slipped into the prose of slow labor of resettlement to daily existence, and the total loyalty of the masses began to show cracks and to wither. When, toward the end of August, Garibaldi crossed over the Straits of Messina to "continental" Italy to begin his march on Naples, at first new expectations and then fears began to tear at the heart of their enthusiasm for the revolution. They now saw the harsh lieutenants of the distant liberator who sought to hold in leash their hunger for land and bread, and the hardly disguised agents of the alien Piedmontese power from the North busying themselves with affairs of state—but no one truly preoccupied with their more urgent affairs of daily existence.⁴⁹ Slowly but inexorably, disenchantment emerged, and estrangement replaced commitment. Soon doubt and suspicion eroded the newly cemented foundations of faith in the "revolution" among the masses of Sicily.

An almost similar phenomenon was repeated within a briefer cycle of time (September–November 1860) for the lower classes of peasants and artisans in Southern "continental" Italy—Calabria, Basilicata, Apulia, the Neapolitan Campania, and the Abruzzi and Molise. Exultation over the Garibaldian victory at the Volturno (October 1–2) was more

than matched by exasperation over the ominously triumphant advance of the Piedmontese army under General Fanti through the States of the Pope toward Naples. Through October, dread rumors of intervention into the "affairs of Italy" by a new Holy Alliance of reactionary powers (Russia, Austria, and Prussia) reputedly planning to concert their political and possible military action in Warsaw, the quickly arranged plebiscites for annexation of the South by the Northern Monarchy (duly and predictably "favorable" to the will of Cavour), and, above all, the officially "glorious," but, for the *garibaldini*, sordid and heart-rending meeting between their general and the King of Piedmont-Sardinia at Teano (October 26) did the rest. The doom of populist democracy in the South of Italy had unmistakably been sealed.

Now it must be asked whether, even without these momentous "external" developments in the fall of 1860, there was any "internal" possibility for a moderate success at an experiment with a democratic populist "provisional government" under the auspices or the shield of prestige and the unassailable claims to victory of Garibaldi. To me it seems that, despite the most sympathetic bias, one must conclude that *historically* there was not. Garibaldi's rather enigmatic expressions concerning the desirability or opportuneness of calling for a Constituent Assembly before the plebiscitary annexations had been decided upon or consummated—"at another time," he wrote in his *Autobiography*, such an assembly might have been convened, but "at that epoch" such a step was impossible—are more plausible when they are applied to the larger question *not of means* (and Con-

stituent Assembly, plebiscite, annexation were after all mere means) *but of ends*. That is: Was an attempt to create and consolidate some sort of radical democratic regime, even provisional, feasible or at least proximate to *la verità effettuale della cosa* in the Italian South of 1860? At the heart of this query lies not only the philosophical problem of the freedom of history itself in particular circumstances but also the more concrete historical question concerning conceptions of freedom among the great variety of social classes and the masses in nineteenth-century Europe in general and Risorgimento Italy in particular.⁵⁰

There can hardly be any historical doubt that, whatever the contradictions in ideological views and partisan attitudes, whatever the contrasts of ideals and the conflicts of ideas that might have arisen among the Italian democratic currents either within or outside the "Party of Action" over political and institutional questions, perhaps even the most extreme democrat of 1860 would have found himself closer to a radical liberal, where the social question was concerned, than to the most moderate "agrarian communist."⁵¹ Even after the Marxian Communist Manifesto of 1848, and, therefore, before the organization of the "First" International in 1864 and the publication of the first volume of Marx's *Das Kapital* in 1867 (and the dates tell a story all their own here), it was not the tradition of Saint-Simonian socialism and its varieties but that of Filippo Michele Buonarroti, the Babouvist historian and theoretician of "agrarian communism," that frightened the soul of Europe's bourgeois and landed classes—liberals, democrats, radicals, and "socialists" almost equally together in their fear of it.⁵² In 1860 Italy Buonarroti was, of course, long since dead (1837) but not

altogether forgotten.⁵³ This, in a strange, paradoxical way.

Anyone actively interested in the politics and progress of the Garibaldian expedition knew that the vast masses of the South, even more than those of the North, rural and urban, were illiterate and that they could not have been directly exposed to the ideas of Buonarroti and his disciples. But any movement toward the seizure of land by the peasantry (and this had already occurred in sections of Southern Italy in the wake of the Revolutions of 1848)⁵⁴ could not but arouse, in the educated and sensitive historical consciousness of the élites of the bourgeois and neofeudal classes—social, political, and intellectual—a “great fear” that, in the wake of the Garibaldian adventure, a “communistic” or “anarchist” revolt of the peasant masses might break loose.⁵⁵ In this sense, the specter of Buonarroti hounded the march of the *garibaldini* through Sicily and the “continental” South and at the same time haunted the historical and social consciousness of both wings, the liberal and the democratic, of the leadership of the national revolution.

There is not too vast a literature but sufficiently illuminating a documentation on the subtle and obscure interplay of the concord in conflict among the political classes of the Risorgimento and, understandably since peasants write no books, the apparent unity of revolutionary social purpose among the agrarian masses of the South. Only two examples will have to suffice here. They are both drawn from the personal diary of the expedition of the Thousand kept by G. C. Abba, a young and intelligent volunteer from the North.

Under the date of August 16, 1860, Abba makes reference to and briefly describes the *tumulti scellerati*, the frighten-

ingly desperate "riots," that had broken out throughout the villages on the slopes of Mount Etna and, in particular, in the town of Bronte.⁵⁶ Here, says Abba, an "orgy" of seizures of land, "division" of goods, and social vendettas had occurred, and it was fearful enough "to blacken the sun." Landowners lay killed in their houses, gentry butchered in the streets, and the local seminary attacked and sacked. With great dispatch, Nino Bixio, Garibaldi's second-in-command, arrived on the scene in Bronte with two battalions and restored order by fire and sword. Bixio captured one hundred of the "worst" participants in the riots, ordered a state of siege in the zone, and instituted a war tribunal on the spot to try and to condemn to death six leaders of the tumult, among them a sixty-year-old lawyer named Lombardi who had been the chieftain of "the Walpurgis night" of Bronte. Thereafter, in that region of Sicily, Bixio was called *belva*, "beast," but everyone knew that he had successfully adopted "terror" as an instrument of the social war which the liberation movement had implied for the peasants.

The other episode recounted by Abba had occurred earlier, on May 22, 1860, and it was not only unbloody but, in its way, as illuminating of a state of mind among the poorer people of Sicily. It was the strange encounter Abba had with a friar, Father Carmelo. During a soft hour of rest, soldier and friar conversed on the revolution. The major portion of the conversation is worth reporting verbatim from Abba's diary:

"I would join you [says Father Carmelo] if I knew that you would really do great things. But I have already

spoken with a number of your comrades, and all they could tell me was that you want to unite Italy."

"Certainly [Abba responds], in order to make it a single great people."

"A single territory! . . . As far as the people is concerned, whether it is one or divided, it suffers, it always suffers. And I am not sure that you would make it happy."

"Happy! The people will have freedom and schools."

"And nothing else?", the friar interrupted: "for freedom is not bread, and neither is a school. These things may be enough for you Piedmontese, but for us here, no."

"What, then, would do for you?"

"A war not against the Bourbons alone but of the oppressed against the oppressors big and small, and these are not only at Court but in every city, in every village."

"But then even against you friars who possess convents and land wherever there are houses and fields!"

"Even against us, in fact, against us before anyone else. But with the Gospel and the Cross in your hands. Then I would join you. This way it is too little. If I were Garibaldi I would not be found at this moment still almost only with you."⁵⁷

The quasi-sibylline closing sentence of the Sicilian friar's riposte to the young *garibaldino* obscurely but unmistakably suggests that an essentially millenarian expectation of an all-encompassing social revolutionary movement to be led by Garibaldi through a "war of the oppressed against the oppressors big and small" was abroad in the South in 1860. A subtle and perhaps widespread wave of peasant messianism had been given impetus by the undifferentiated libertarian

aims of the expedition of the Thousand.⁵⁸ Messianic and often apocalyptic undercurrents stirred below the surface of the emerging, not yet hegemonic, bourgeois-liberal ethos, and they occasionally broke the social dikes that insulated the peasant world from that of the "progressive" political classes of nineteenth-century Italy. It is important to emphasize, however, that, in general, religious and spiritual formulations of visions of "renovation" represented merely the mythic language, the vehicles of expression, of elementary ideological conceptions behind which stood concrete motivating forces stemming from profound social discontent and therefore immediately aiming toward a fundamental change in the material conditions of life among the masses. The fact was that the freedom sought or expected by the larger masses of peasants in the South was less organic or total than that yearned for and expressed by Father Carmelo. For the masses of the South, land was freedom, bread was liberty. For the various classes of the urban (and, in the South, even rural) bourgeoisie as well as for the old and new landed aristocracy, reactionary or conservative, liberal or democratic as they may have been in political outlook, freedom meant much else but above all it was "property."

In a sense that need not in the least detract from their extraordinary achievement in the political realm of nineteenth-century Italian history, practically all of the "victors," big and small, of the revolutionary crisis of 1860 were *galantuomini*—"men of property." This expression is used here to conjure not an economic state or social status alone but a state of mind, a condition of consciousness, whose inner springs were more complex than simply the possession of material goods or property. For, with whatever justification,

the *galantuomini* tended to identify as "property," and, of course, *their* property, "freedom and schools," as young Abba had told the friar, *their* efforts to unite Italy through wars of liberation against Austrian, Bourbon, and Pope, *their* guardianship of the social order, and *their* contribution to the "progress" of civilization. The poor and the peasants were regarded as being "propertyless" by the *galantuomini* in a much deeper cultural sense than seemed superficially evident to most contemporary political economists.⁵⁹

For most of the leaders of the Italian liberal-national revolution, ideology was an empirical instrument of the politics of "property" understood as an almost organic possession, and politics a function of a vital, almost visceral, "realism." Through this alone, they seemed to feel, they could shield and protect the truly "responsible" individual worthy of a place in civil society against the upsurge of instinctual desires and irrational forces, of the "barbarian" lurking in the shadows of culture, of the "primitive" stirring on the margins of the social order, in the depths of every civilization.⁶⁰

In 1860 some such "great fear" was aroused by the apparently "simple" liberating action of Giuseppe Garibaldi. To many it appeared that it was in his power alone to preserve and enlarge or to undo at a single stroke the labors and hopes of the new generation of Italian "realists." On what he did during that stupendously crucial season of the fall of 1860 seemed to hang the fate of liberal Italy in the making. The alternative, as the liberal classes saw it, was more than the triumph of a populist democratic republic in the South over the Northern Monarchy, of Mazzinian radicalism over moderate Cavourian liberalism, or even of political-territorial dualism over the unity of Italy.⁶¹ It was rather the sus-

picion, the fear, that, perhaps despite his practically sloganized loyalty to "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," despite his "soldier's honor" and demonstrated fidelity to the cause of unity, and despite his efforts to keep his "vow" and his "promise," as he later put it, the old general of the revolution, Garibaldi, might be tempted to "revert" to a defiantly organic libertarian role. For, under the unexpectedly immense pressure of events and circumstance, Garibaldi's legendary "simplicity" could become disingenuous, and the "providential," and therefore irrational and dangerous, faith he had in his own liberating mission might (perhaps even at the last moment) lead him to a different *gran rifiuto*—to a "great refusal" completely antithetical to that which was implicit in his reported "*obbedisco*" ("I obey") generously spoken to the King of Italy on October 26, 1860.⁶²

For the liberal "realists" knew quite well that no one else in Italy equaled *their* Garibaldi for the unique charismatic fascination he could exert upon practically all classes of people. No one possessed those mysterious qualities of person and character that could not only rout armies by the magic of his name but also arouse to almost impossible deeds and to messianic frenzy vast masses of the poor, the disinherited, and the desperate. Thus it was that while for the politics of Italian "realists" Garibaldi was a mere instrument, exceptionally effective but potentially dangerous and fragile, for the culture of discontent and social hope nurtured by masses of poor Italians he was an end unto himself—the metarational myth of redemption incarnate, the quintessential liberator and *duce* of the "oppressed against all oppressors big and small." Had Garibaldi therefore chosen to make such a "great refusal," the "realists" could not but

foresee a time of the social apocalypse breaking over Italy. From its flaming vortex they could easily envision issuing a daemonic revolution and a total civil war, a large-scale *tumulto scellerato* led by armies of agrarian "communists" and "anarchists," bands of social outlaws and brigands, multitudes of the dispossessed and the "mindless," and masses of land-hungry peasants on a rampage throughout the land.⁶³

As we know, the Italian "apocalypse" did not come in 1860. It did not come because it could not come, and it could not come because it was only a nightmarish phantasm of the "realists'" imagination, born of the dark embrace between their social fears and their political yearnings during a strange time of hopes and troubles. And it did not come, above all, because Garibaldi, perhaps true less to the "promise" made to the *Re Galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel, than to the "vow made in his heart," chose peace and order over war and possible anarchy.⁶⁴ The general of the Italian revolution was weary and disenchanted, during that dreary autumn of 1860, with all "realist" politics and the "tricks" of Cavourian diplomacy, with Machiavellian intrigues by those who proclaimed themselves his friends and ideological dissension by those whom he came to believe his enemies. He was sick at heart with those partisans of Monarchy who "had not the courage for a revolution on their own account," but found it "very easy . . . to build on the foundations laid by others, skilled as they are in this kind of appropriation."⁶⁵ All he now wanted was "to return to my solitude."⁶⁶ Thus, with his bag of seed on his shoulders, on that melancholy November 9, 1860, Garibaldi took ship from Naples toward his peaceful island-refuge of Caprera.⁶⁷

At the end of 1860 the Italian national revolution was essentially over. Again, as in Milan and Florence in 1848, in Rome and Venice in 1849, it seemed that Italian democracy had lost a decisive battle, perhaps at best by default, at worst by defection. The social revolution had not occurred in Italy because it appeared, and possibly really was, premature, in a sense, still-born, because it was less a genuine possibility than a phantasm of hopes, a specter of fears. The liberal revolution had thus returned safely to its "proper" centralizing, unitary tracks. Had Garibaldi lost for Italians, Cavour won for Italy? 1860 was their last, common but different, finest hour. The rest thereafter appears merely as a function of "historic logic," *dénouement* and fulfillment, for both of them—in triumph and defeat.

Two major considerations remain for a concluding appraisal. They relate to the counterpoint between Garibaldi and the Risorgimento that has been the central theme pursued through many variations throughout this essay. First, therefore, a comment on the Risorgimento as legacy and "nemesis," and then an envoi on the Garibaldian epos.

As has been already suggested, the question as to whether a democratic solution, a "Jacobin alternative," to the Cavourian liberal victory of 1860 was feasible or desirable has been much debated, particularly in contemporary Italian Marxist and radical democratic quarters, under the historiographical hypothesis that the "Jacobin solution" of the peasant problem in Risorgimento Italy might have helped prevent the coming of fascism. Brief and overschematic as such a statement of the problem must be here, it may perhaps suffice to bring it into focus in the light of our discussion of the Risorgi-

mento in general and of the stupendous affairs of the year 1860 in particular. In that light, it appears difficult, indeed impossible, to admit to agreement with the cruder briefs commonly advanced concerning the connection between the Risorgimento and fascism. Such a connection, it seems to me, simply cannot be asserted or accepted on purely historical ground. There are, however, certain complexities that may be validly explored in reference to the problem itself.

Without doubt, it can be affirmed that those who wish to pursue aspects of comparative history can find intriguing materials for attempts to contrast the "great fear" of the Cavourian liberals of 1860 with the "great fear" that gripped the Italian middle classes on the eve of the fascist assumption of power in 1922. In both cases, though for different reasons, the fears were "real" not because there were unequivocal objective dangers to justify them but because men *willed to believe* in them. In October 1860 agrarian "communism" was an historically conditioned, deep-rooted state of collective mind among the peasants of the South. But, despite scattered episodes, such had occurred at Bronte and neighboring villages in the summer, and however extraordinary their violence, that peasant "state of mind"—perhaps, if one prefers, their consciousness of suffering and tendency to rebellion—was far from being an organized movement of either inter-provincial or inter-regional (to say nothing of "national") proportions. Once Garibaldi himself appeared to be absolutely unavailable and, for his own reasons, strongly antagonistic to any such movement, even a tentative or potential organization of it was utterly inconceivable. Neither was there a direction or well-focused revolutionary objective

visible beyond the satisfaction of the most elementary needs of oppressed, land-hungry, and passion-driven victims of a Bourbon *ancien régime* that, unprotected as it was from outside through some kind of international power or concert of powers (after the Warsaw Congress of the new "Holy Alliance" proved still-born in October 1860), was soon hopelessly caught in the strategic vise of Garibaldi's volunteers coming up from the South and Cavour's professionals ominously descending from the North. The Battle of the Volturno proved to be the day of wrath for the Bourbon who lost it but also the beginning of the end for the Thousand who won it. Victorious war had foreclosed the chances of tentative revolution. Above all, one need hardly mention that by no stretch of the imagination can one see Garibaldi as a prototype of Lenin or Mussolini. The popular "dictatorship" he relinquished into the hands of the Savoyard King at Teano strengthened the Monarchy almost beyond anything (including the War of 1859) it had done for itself up to that moment. Needless to say, neither was Cavour in 1860—for all that his successors' policy of blood and iron meant to the South after his death in June 1861—a Bismarck or a Napoleon ready or willing to impose a Caesarean despotism of his own either in Southern or Northern Italy.⁶⁸

If one keeps all this in mind, it is difficult to see where plausible analogies with Italy in 1922 can be constructively pursued. On the eve of the "March on Rome," too, a "great fear" of communism was widespread among social and political classes in Italy. But then, too, that "fear" was real as a function of a power struggle, not of a "clear and present danger."⁶⁹ How different from that of 1860 the Monarchy's part was can be seen in the fact that in 1922 it relinquished,

not gained, power (even if it was "saved" in its fashion), for it mortgaged an immense portion of its effective constitutional initiative to the fascist dictator. This was to become unequivocally evident through the long years of the totalitarian tyranny and then, after the fall of Mussolini, to the dismal end of the Savoyard dynasty and the proclamation of the Italian Republic in 1948.

As to the *duce* of fascism, contrary to those who prefer to see him as the last link in a chain of supposed "parliamentary dictatorships" (from Cavour to Depretis, from Crispi to Giolitti!), it seems patent that there was in him no resemblance whatever to the artificers of the Risorgimento and not even to the epigoni of the post-Risorgimento. For all their faults, for all their historical "sins," those men breathed and operated in a different kind of moral atmosphere from that which the *duce* of fascism helped to create and enjoyed. Lastly, it may be asked: Had Garibaldi (or Cavour) in 1860 "acted" in a different way *vis-à-vis* the yearning for a measure of social justice among the peasants of the South and attempted to lay stronger foundations for Italian liberalism itself through the gaining of a larger, stronger consensus, would Mussolini and fascism have been precluded? Again, it is difficult to answer affirmatively or to assert even this—not, at least, without assuming that, after the Risorgimento, Italy should have become a land without history.

History is not a progressive continuum of vicissitudes evolving within a merely mechanical flow of time; neither is it a succession of completely disjointed and discrete events, each ever new and self-contained, beyond temporal context and the confluence and conflict of past action and present

decision. For every historical epoch ultimately acts and decides its own "fate" on the moral responsibility of its own consciousness and conscience. And yet, no matter what the legitimate urgencies of a new contemporary time and world, presentist necessity and ideological dogmatism cannot and should not be allowed to colonize and seek to annex and dominate a whole province of the past. Despite its flaws and unfulfilled ideals, the Risorgimento as history cannot be subsumed under the negative concept of a *rivoluzione mancata*—a revolution that failed.⁷⁰ For in that way the whole vision of the Risorgimento in terms of the historical "fate" with which it grappled, through its successes and defeats, would become blurred and perhaps ultimately "liquidated" for the sake of a time and vicissitude that lay in the mysterious realm of the future, in the unknown but largely self-determining sphere of a history still to be made.

No one has perhaps more succinctly and fairly stated the core of the problem of the relation between Risorgimento and fascism, and therefore helped to clear a way toward a resolution, than Italy's greatest historian in our time, Federico Chabod: "There was nothing in the history of Italy after 1859 that *fatally* led to that outcome [fascism], and . . . to study the history of Italy between 1860 and 1915 by projecting upon it by hindsight, when things were over and done with, the shadow of 1922 and 1925 and appraising it only as a function of that shadow, means to be out of the proper tracks, and to write everything but history."⁷¹

At a crucial point of his *History of the Russian Revolution* Trotsky pauses to reflect on one of the knottiest problems

not only of his but, by implication, of the history of all revolutions:

It remains to ask—and this is no unimportant question, although easier to ask than answer: How would the revolution have developed if Lenin had not reached Russia in April 1917? If our exposition demonstrates and proves anything at all, we hope it proves that Lenin was not a demiurge of the revolutionary process, that he merely entered into a chain of objective historic forces. But he was a great link in that chain. . . . The role of personality arises before us here on a truly gigantic scale. It is necessary only to understand that role correctly, taking personality as a link in the historic chain.⁷²

A similar question, regardless of the answer, can and should be posed concerning the role of Garibaldi in the Italian Risorgimento: How would the Italian national revolution have developed if Garibaldi had not reached Sicily in May 1860?

Leaving aside, though not completely ignoring the importance of, the prehistory (that is, the Roman Republic of 1849; the participation in the War of 1859) and the post-history (Aspromonte, 1862; Mentana, 1867) of his full-fledged entrance into the course of the Risorgimento in 1860, it should be evident even from our relatively concise analysis of Garibaldi's action during that year that (contrary to the historical function Trotsky ascribes to Lenin through his return to Russia in 1917) the liberator of the South *was* a demiurge of the Italian national revolution. Upon landing at Marsala, Garibaldi indeed entered directly, as a leader, into the revolutionary process of the Risorgimento. But he was not a "link" in a "chain of objective historic forces." The Risorgi-

mento was not a "chain" but rather a unique historic continuum paradoxically kept in motion less by objective forces than by its inner discontinuities and contradictions. Whatever their more dramatic and concrete expressions at various moments (the Revolutions of 1820-21; the movements of 1830-34; the Revolutions of 1848-49; the War of 1859; the expedition of the Thousand in 1860; and, finally, the occupation of Rome in 1870), those "real" discontinuities proved as important as the ideal-historic continuum under which, for different reasons, nineteenth-century liberals (and their sympathetic historians in the twentieth century) and contemporary Marxist historiography tend to subsume the history of the Risorgimento.

To a group of friends who had gathered in his house in Milan one dark night of 1860, when a mood of despair over the possible outcome of Italian political vicissitudes pervaded them, Alessandro Manzoni, the supreme literary figure of the Risorgimento era, is reported to have remarked:

Within a few years, and perhaps within a few months, who will remember these little woes which now occupy us so much? Only one thing will always be remembered; it will always be remembered that within these two years [1859-60] Italy was made!⁷³

Now, despite the authoritative testimonial represented by the almost Socratic judgment of so illustrious a contemporary witness as Manzoni, one cannot help but wonder whether all the ideal roads of the Risorgimento had necessarily led directly to those two years, to the liberal unitary "destination" to which Cavour had ultimately bent its course. Were there not really, practically until the very end, other alternatives, other realistic means, other desirable ends, offered

within the freedom of the history of the Italian Risorgimento? In the Hegelian philosophy of history the "world-spirit" can, without fear of contradiction, according to the "laws" of its unfolding, again and again mercilessly claim that Antigone was "justly" condemned to die. In the Marxist iron dialectic of historic social forces the victims are "justly" condemned by the pitiless victors to "the rubbish heap of history." Can liberal historiography claim with equal certainty and theoretical "justification" that the defeated of the Risorgimento—a Mazzini, a Cattaneo, a Pisacane, a Garibaldi, and, with them, vast masses of Italians who had been aroused, at one moment or another, to give it and them their hopes, their safety, their lives—were "justly" condemned to fail?⁷⁴

Garibaldi, above all, represented a force all its own injected into the mainstream of the Risorgimento. He was the true protagonist in an intricate drama whose action, in 1860, he alone had propelled and he alone could dominate. For he was indeed the Promethean "hero" who had hurled the torch of revolutionary fire into the darkened and divided house of Italian liberal politics. Thus, for a few fleeting months (May–October 1860) in his hands were gathered almost all the threads of modern Italian history. Whether, in his "simplicity," he was fully conscious of this extraordinary role upon which depended the course of the Italian revolution as a process of nation-making and the fate of the Risorgimento as a function of ideal-organic liberation, may perhaps be still debated. That he willed *not* to bear the burden of a Luther-like decision to stand upon a defiance of Italy's historic "destiny" (as liberal-national "realists" understood the term) has become a function of the mystery of his personality. And one can only wonder as to the play of

hidden inner forces within him, the secret motivations, that led him to his "great refusal." His love for Italy and his fidelity to his people's deepest aspirations for freedom and justice are beyond all doubt. And yet, even within the logic of that love and that fidelity, his final decision of 1860 does arouse puzzlement concerning the ultimate motives stirring in the depths of his immanent consistency.

Did Garibaldi finally lose patience with the contrasting images and contradictory expectations that had almost inevitably ensued from his presence in the South and the knot of conflicting interpretations the nature of his "mission" had aroused? Could he, the great freedom warrior of two worlds, have broken through the imprisoning bonds of love and the constricting fetters of fear he had unwittingly permitted to be tied about the freedom of his own historic action? What was the real solemn "promise" he had repeatedly made, and what the secret "vow" he had sworn in his heart, of which he wrote to the King on October 29, 1860? Official historiography "knows" the obvious answers, for, it is claimed, they were overspread in the battle order of "For Italy and Victor Emmanuel!" But is this the complete answer? For, again, why should he, who hated "monarchies and priest-hoods," as he ceaselessly, almost automatically, keeps repeating in his *Autobiography*, have kept those "pledges" when so many had been broken even in the highest quarters? Nor had the stream of "vetoes" against his liberating expedition ever ceased: ". . . The Savoyard Monarchy three times levelled its veto against the expedition of the Thousand—the first time, we were not to start for Sicily; the second, we were not to cross the Faro; the third, we were to

draw the line at the Volturno.”⁷⁵ Why, then, work for the King of Piedmont? Or had he, after all, really?

In Garibaldi's *Autobiography* the answers remain in suspense, but in history perhaps not completely. He had indeed loved peace, in his fashion, more than he had mistrusted politicians and diplomats or hated any monarch. The cabals, intrigues, betrayals in Palermo first and then in Naples 1860 exposed him directly to some of the most refined instruments of liberal Cavourian politics, to complex operations of Machiavellian statecraft, and to the requirements of *raison d'état*—these rare products of European “civilization.” At a moment in the fall of 1860 the churning vortex of elemental social forces and fierce political passions he had helped to stir by his liberation movement seemed to impel him to inquire into the meaning of his “mission,” the purpose of his cause. And he was forced to gaze into the “mirrors” of reality that his liberal Italian friends held up to him. As in a nightmarish vision, in those “mirrors” he must have seen reflected darkly images of himself that only the daemonic spirits of a politics he had not made, of a history he had sought to defy, of an Italian “fate” he had sought to change, could have conjured.

Now Garibaldi at long last seemed to understand what they had all meant when *they* had called him a “simple soldier”—he had no business with their complicated politics. Perhaps they were more right than they thought. In his heart, the general of the Italian revolution never ceased feeling the restless youthful captain of a band of bold companions who had fought a hundred battles in the boundless spaces of the Argentine pampas; the poor sailor and free

wanderer of the seven seas; the hounded fugitive of the Apennines; the elusive hunter of the Alps—a novel prototype of the “primordial primitive,” untamed, untainted, and undaunted. Again and again he had left behind all the paraphernalia of *their* culture and “civilization”—what had *these* to do with him who had never accepted *their* comforts and luxuries, their hypocrisies and ambitions, their politics and wars, their corrupting worship of power, and their oppressions? Therefore, again he would rebel, alone, and seek his freedom in the solitude of his island wilderness—Caprera, refuge of the hero unbound.

Caprera. Here he would dream of Rome and new liberating expeditions, while the wound of Aspromonte was still unopened and the tragedy of Mentana as yet distant and not unfolded. For, as his defeated but ever incorruptible master and poor visionary friend Giuseppe Mazzini had taught him long ago, Rome alone could consecrate the fulfillment of the Risorgimento and, with it, the universalistic mythos of the liberty of Italy and the ideal matrix of the unity of European peoples. Thus, on his peaceful Caprera, Garibaldi planned his last battles, now no longer merely against Bourbon, Austrian, and Prussian, Savoyard Monarch and Roman Pope, but against the very tyranny of history over Italy and Europe—and himself. Here, too, the old warrior kept his secret and held his freedom in lonely splendor between the sea and the sky.

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NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

In keeping with the original purpose of this essay, which is to serve as an introduction to the reprint of the English edition of the *Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi* (authorized translation by A. Werner, with a Supplement by Jessie White Mario [3 vols. London: Walter Smith and Innes, 1889]), I have designedly given it a reinterpreted character. Its aim is to suggest in both text and notes not only my own views of an extraordinary man and his times but also the complicated developments that have occurred in both Garibaldi biography and Risorgimento historiography since the *Autobiography* first appeared three generations ago. As can be seen, the essay attempts to present the results of an experiment at crossing relatively large substantive generalization and essentially monographic approach and treatment (how successfully it is not for me to say). Consistent with these aims, I have not wanted to overburden my essay with excessive documentation, which would not have been difficult much beyond its present state—but then I would have done exactly what I have in mind in the text when I use the metaphor of the pearl and the oyster. As they are, citations and references have been made, obviously, with a view to fulfilling at least a minimum of the indispensable requirements for scholarly presentation but, in a sense, even more to suggest orientations for further study of a knotty historical problem. References will, therefore, be made, first of all, to

the *Autobiography* itself, then to other sources I have found useful in preparing the essay. Among these is the voluminous and very important, if perhaps not quite exhaustive, "official" collection of materials consisting chiefly of correspondence between Cavour and his political collaborators and diplomatic agents during the period from January 1860 to January 1861, with particular reference to the liberation of the Italian South by Garibaldi; this has been utilized more as implicit than explicit documentary source. The major volumes of that collection are: *Carteggi di Camillo Cavour: La Liberazione del Mezzogiorno e la formazione del Regno d'Italia* (5 vols. Bologna, 1949-54) and *Il Carteggio Cavour-Nigra dal 1858 al 1861* (Bologna, 1929). To have included systematic specific references to this type of sources, I discovered, would have necessitated a different kind of approach and led to a different reconstruction than I had in mind here. At any rate, in his excellent, if not completely uncontroversial, sustained monograph, Denis Mack Smith, *Cavour and Garibaldi 1860. A Study in Political Conflict* (Cambridge, 1954), has used the *Carteggi* of Cavour quite extensively, as have many other scholars whose works I cite, though not always necessarily for the kind of fundamentally social and cultural history that interests me in this essay. Even for political history, I have always found enlightening and counterbalancing to the Mack Smith thesis on 1860 the fine and very serious essays by Ettore Passerin d'Entrèves, *L'ultima battaglia politica di Cavour. Problemi dell'unificazione italiana* (Turin, 1956). Both substantively and bibliographically Mack Smith's anthology *Garibaldi. Great Lives Observed* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1969) now offers a good summation on Garibaldian interpretations and materials.

Finally, for critical orientations on the bio-historiographical status of the two great Risorgimento figures most directly connected with, for and against, Garibaldi, see Emilia Morelli, "Giuseppe Mazzini," and Rosario Romeo, "Cavour," in *Nuove Questioni di Storia del Risorgimento e dell'Unità d'Italia* (2 vols. Milan, 1961), II, 113-31; I, 802-35.

1. *Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi*, II, 241-2.
2. The classic studies on Garibaldi by George Macaulay Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic, 1848-49* [1907] (London, 1928), *Garibaldi and the Thousand* (London, 1909), and *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* (London, 1911); by Gustavo Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi* [1933] (Milan, 1957); and by Denis Mack Smith, *Garibaldi. A Great Life in Brief* (New York, 1956), all tend more or less to respect the "privacy" of Garibaldi's person. This is not always true in a number of the older and newer works: Paul Frischauer, *Garibaldi. The Man and the Nation* (New York, 1935); John Parris, *The Lion of Caprera. A Biography of Giuseppe Garibaldi* (New York, 1962); Christopher Hibbert, *Garibaldi and His Enemies* (Boston and Toronto, 1965); Arturo Lancellotti, *Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1882)* (Rome, 1960); and Indro Montanelli and Marco Nozza, *Garibaldi* (Milan, 1962).
3. A classic example of opinion on Garibaldi's "simplicity," taken from Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*, p. 290, will suffice here: "'What a noble human being!' wrote Tennyson when he had parted from his guest [Garibaldi]. 'I expected to see a hero and I was not disappointed. One cannot exactly say of him what Chaucer says of the ideal Knight, 'As meke he was of port as is a maid.'" He is more majestic than meek, and *his manners have a certain divine simplicity* in them, such as I have never witnessed in a native of these islands

[Isle of Wight], among men at least, and they are gentler than those of most young maidens whom I know.' In worldly matters, *Tennyson noted that he had 'the divine stupidity of a hero.'*" (Italics added.) See Mack Smith, ed., *Garibaldi*, pp. 87-173, for views of Garibaldi by his contemporaries and by historians.

4. Cesare Spellanzon, *Garibaldi* (Florence, 1958), pp. 15-16, quotes an Austrian marshal as having said during the War of 1859 that in Garibaldi "the Piedmontese had found a great general and did not know it."
5. Cf. Piero Pieri, *Storia militare del Risorgimento* (Turin, 1962), pp. 327-43, 418-47, 643-712, *passim*.
6. *Autobiography*, II, 19; see also Jessie White Mario's Supplement, III, 101-11.
7. *Ibid.*, II, 20, for the offer made by the American *chargé d'affaires* in Rome (1848-58), Lewis Cass, Jr., to supply a corvette for Garibaldi's escape from Civita Vecchia. Cf. Leo Stock, ed., *United States Ministers to the Papal States, Instructions and Despatches, 1848-1868* (2 vols. Washington, D.C., 1932), I, 17-53, for the correspondence between the American legation in Rome and the Department of State during the period of the Roman Republic of 1849.
8. *Autobiography*, II, 22-50, for a description of the retreat.
9. *Ibid.*, II, 47-8.
10. On the Garibaldi-Mazzini relation from the *Giovane Italia* days of the early 1830's to Naples 1860, see Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi*, I, 61-98, 341-79; II, 647-9. The context of that relation for the crucial period of the Roman Republic of 1849 can only be fully appreciated by exposure to and study of the huge collection of discussions and debates in the Assembly contained in *Le Assemblée del Risorgimento. Roma* (4 vols. Rome, 1911). For excellent reconstructions of the political and social situation in Rome 1849, see Ivanoe Bonomi, *Maz-*

zini Triunviro della Repubblica Romana (Milan, 1946), and Domenico Demarco, *Una rivoluzione sociale. La Repubblica Romana del 1849* (Naples, 1944).

11. Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi*, II, 702. Hibbert, *Garibaldi and His Enemies*, p. 346, reports the central part of Garibaldi's speech at the London banquet of 1864, but, rather strangely, leaves out and changes the emphasis of a very significant point Garibaldi made when he said that Mazzini "*diventò mio amico e lo rimarrà per sempre*" ("He became my friend and will always be my friend"); Hibbert makes Garibaldi say simply, "He has ever since remained my friend."
12. Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi*, II, 756-7.
13. See the characterization of the Cavour-Garibaldi contrast made by Mazzini in 1860 in Giuseppe Mazzini, *Opere*, edited by Luigi Salvatorelli (2 vols. Milan-Rome, 1939), II, 557-60. For an assessment of what Garibaldi may have meant by "appropriation," see Mack Smith, *Cavour and Garibaldi*, pp. 334-44.
14. Paolo Alatri, ed., *L'Unità d'Italia, 1859-1861* (2 vols. Rome, 1959), II, 387-92, for a transcript of the parliamentary clash between Garibaldi and Cavour on April 18, 1861. For reconstructions of the context of that clash, see Giorgio Candeloro, *Storia dell'Italia moderna* (6 vols. Milan, 1956-70), V, 137-48; Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi*, II, 659-61; Italo De Feo, *Cavour l'uomo e l'opera* (Milan, 1969), pp. 622-25.
15. On the last days of Cavour and his death on June 6, 1861, see the account by his cousin, William de La Rive, *Il Conte di Cavour* (Novara, 1964), pp. 317-30.
16. *Autobiography*, II, 242-4, represent a gaping hiatus in Garibaldi's memory as his description leaps from his departure from Naples in November 1860 to the Aspromonte attempted invasion of August 1862! On his "silence" concerning the events of 1861, see also Jessie White Mario, Supplement, III, 348-53.

17. The Italian expression "*Ha detto male di Garibaldi!*" ("He has spoken badly [has dared criticize] of Garibaldi!") was once regarded as a kind of secular sacrilegious act of *lèse-majesté*. For an interesting and, in part, quite amusing discussion of the variations of that "dread" expression, see Dino Provenzal, *Curiosità e capricci della lingua italiana* (Turin, 1961), pp. 85–92. Even historians, let alone disingenuous Italian politicians, who frequently do not dare "*dire male di Garibaldi*" directly, occasionally proceed to enjoy special varieties of personality denigration or ideological instrumentation of hero worship.
18. During the nineteenth century few other figures surpassed Garibaldi in being victimized by the cult of personality; on aspects of this and for good comments, see Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi*, II, 750–7; Montanelli and Nozza, *Garibaldi*, pp. 609–11. The high point of the poetic-mythic transfiguration of Garibaldi into an eponymous hero almost beyond human dimensions was reached in 1904 through the "epic" reconstruction by D'Annunzio of the expedition of the Thousand in "*La Notte di Caprera*"; see Gabriele D'Annunzio, *Laudi del cielo, del mare, della terra e degli eroi* (Milan, 1956), pp. 390–429.
19. The most complete historiographical analysis of the "meanings" of the Risorgimento was made by Walter Maturi, *Interpretazioni del Risorgimento* (Turin, 1962). See also Rosario Romeo, *Il giudizio storico sul Risorgimento* (Catania, 1966), pp. 103–39, and *Dal Piemonte sabaudo all'Italia liberale* (Turin, 1964), pp. 251–86, on "the Risorgimento as political reality and moral tradition"; Umberto Marcelli, *Interpretazioni del Risorgimento* (Bologna, 1962), pp. 68–99.
20. Leone Ginzburg, *Scritti* (Turin, 1964), pp. 114–15.
21. Alberto Caracciolo, *Stato e società civile. Problemi della unificazione italiana* (Turin, 1960), pp. 13–19.
22. For two authoritative, though quite different, approaches

to post-Risorgimento State organization, see Federico Chabod, *Storia della politica estera italiana dal 1870 al 1896*. Vol. 1. *Le premesse* (Bari, 1951), 325–482; Candeloro, *Storia dell'Italia moderna*, V, 9–88. Alberto Aquarone, *L'unificazione legislativa e i codici del 1865* (Milan, 1960), contains documents and interpretation on the codification of laws undertaken by the new Italian State in 1865.

23. See Antonio Gramsci, *Il Risorgimento* (Turin, 1949), pp. 69–95, for his prison meditations on the failure of the Jacobin “solution” of the Italian national revolution. On the pre-1848 socialist currents in Europe and Italy, see George Lichtheim, *The Origins of Socialism* (New York, 1969), pp. 207–14; Luigi Bulferetti, *Socialismo risorgimentale* (Turin, 1949); Gaetano Salvemini, *Mazzini* (4th ed. Florence, 1925), Appendix A, pp. 191–8, on socialist ideas in Italy from 1815 to 1860.
24. Candeloro, *Storia*, V, 314–23; Chabod, *Storia*, pp. 215–26.
25. Rosario Romeo, *Risorgimento e capitalismo* (Bari, 1959), pp. 111–203, for an important and partly polemical contribution to the historical question of the development of capitalism in post-Risorgimento Italy. On the problem of industrialization, see the discussions in Alberto Caracciolo, ed., *La formazione dell'Italia industriale* (Bari, 1963).
26. The phrase is used in the sense brilliantly elaborated by Leonardo Olschki, *The Genius of Italy* (New York, 1949), pp. 3–16.
27. Ernst Nolte, *Three Faces of Fascism. Action Française, Italian Fascism, National Socialism*, translated by Vera Vennewitz (London, 1965), p. 146.
28. The idea that fascism was a *rivelazione* more than a *rivoluzione* was first advanced by Giustino Fortunato, the great Southern economist and social theorist and reformer, and it has tended to be repeated, among other

- things, as an appealing play on words; see Nino Valeri, "Premessa per una storia dell'Italia nel post-Risorgimento," in Gabriele Pepe *et al.*, *Orientamenti per la storia d'Italia nel Risorgimento* (Bari, 1952), p. 63.
29. The problem concerning this relationship is analyzed and documented in my *Italy from the Risorgimento to Fascism. An Inquiry into the Origins of the Totalitarian State* (Garden City, N.Y., 1970).
 30. Gramsci, *Il Risorgimento*, pp. 83-9.
 31. A. William Salomone, "Statecraft and Ideology in the Risorgimento," *Italica*, XXXVIII, No. 3 (September 1961), 184-6.
 32. *Autobiography*, II, 176-221, for Garibaldi's own account of the march on Naples. See also Pieri, *Storia militare del Risorgimento*, pp. 687-95.
 33. Mack Smith, *Cavour and Garibaldi*, pp. 222-39; Passerini d'Entrèves, *L'ultima battaglia politica di Cavour*, pp. 72-83.
 34. Gaetano Salvemini, ed., *Le più belle pagine di Carlo Cattaneo* (Milan, 1922), Introduction "Carlo Cattaneo," p. xxv.
 35. For the reactions of three *garibaldini* who witnessed or were close by the fateful meeting between Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel at Teano, see Giuseppe Cesare Abba, *Da Quarto al Volturno. Noterelle d'uno dei Mille*, edited by L. Bianchi (Bologna, 1965), pp. 256-8; Alberto Mario, *La camicia rossa*, edited by Cesare Spellanzon (Milan, 1954), pp. 155-8; and Giuseppe Bandi, *I Mille. Da Genova a Capua* (Milan, 1960), pp. 365-71, on the King and Garibaldi in Naples.
 36. *Autobiography*, II, 241.
 37. Garibaldi's famous letter of October 29, 1860, to the King is reproduced in a number of sources; see Bandi, *I Mille*, pp. 445-6; Cesare Giardini, ed., *Il Risorgimento italiano (1796-1861)* (Milan, 1958), pp. 619-20.
 38. In a dispatch to Cavour from Teano, October 27, 1860,

Luigi Carlo Farini, in *Carteggi di Camillo Cavour. La Liberazione del Mezzogiorno*, III, 209–10, used condescending and arrogant language in reporting, among other things, that the King had told him that Garibaldi, “always the dreamer, showed himself *ready to obey* in everything and for everything.” (Italics added.) “Obey” a “promise”? It is not difficult to wonder.

39. *Autobiography*, II, 241, note; see also Jessie White Mario, Supplement, III, 294–6. See the 1860 piece by Mazzini on “Assemblea o Plebiscito,” in *Opere*, II, 269–72.
40. *Autobiography*, II, 244.
41. *Ibid.*, Jessie White Mario, Supplement, III, 294. On Mazzini in Naples, see Bandi, *I Mille*, pp. 343–8; G. O. Griffith, *Mazzini, Prophet of Modern Europe* (London, 1932), pp. 313–14; Michele Saponaro, *Mazzini* (Milan, 1954), 452–8.
42. *Autobiography*, II, 244.
43. See the contrasting treatment of this question by Mack Smith, *Cavour and Garibaldi*, pp. 277–92, and Passerin d'Entrèves, *L'ultima battaglia politica*, pp. 38–48.
44. Francesco De Stefano and Francesco Luigi Oddo, *Storia della Sicilia dal 1860 al 1910* (Bari, 1963), pp. 19–44; Rosario Romeo, *Dal Piemonte sabaudo all'Italia liberale*, pp. 225–46. See also A. William Salomone, “Problems of Freedom in post-Risorgimento Italy,” *Cesare Barbieri Courier* [Trinity College, Connecticut], IV, No. 2 (Spring 1962), 3–11.
45. *Autobiography*, II, 219–21, 244.
46. *Ibid.*, II, 169–70.
47. On the Sicilian masses' reception of Garibaldi, see Denis Mack Smith, *A History of Sicily, Modern Sicily after 1713* (New York, 1968), pp. 435–41. On reactions of the Neapolitans, see the contemporary impression of Marc Monnier, *Notizie storiche documentate sul brigantaggio nelle provincie napoletane dai tempi di Fra Diavolo ai giorni nostri*, preface by Max Vajiro (Naples, 1965),

- pp. 41-57. In Bandi, *I Mille*, pp. 409-38, there is a list of the Thousand (in fact, 1,087) *garibaldini* with their places of origin. For a kind of "statistical analysis" of the Thousand, see C. Agrati, *I Mille nella storia e nella leggenda* (Milan, 1933).
48. Popular songs and poetry in Sicilian dialect offer illuminating, and often touching, evidence of images of the "liberator" in the eyes of the masses; see Antonino Uccello, *Risorgimento e società nei canti popolari siciliani* (Florence, 1961), pp. 211-41.
 49. Paolo Alatri, "Garibaldi e la spedizione dei Mille," in S. M. Gangi and Rosa Guccione Scaglione, eds., *La Sicilia e l'Unità d'Italia*. Congresso Internazionale di Studi Storici sul Risorgimento italiano, Palermo, April 15-20, 1961. (2 vols. Milan, 1962), I, 35-6.
 50. On Italian ideas of freedom during the Risorgimento, see Guido De Ruggiero, *The History of European Liberalism*, translated by R. G. Collingwood (London, 1927), pp. 298-324; Luigi Salvatorelli, *Il pensiero politico italiano dal 1700 al 1870* (Turin, 1943), pp. 223-365.
 51. For a "non-scientific" impression of what "agrarian communism" might mean to a Sicilian peasant woman during the *Fasci Siciliani* of 1893, see E. J. Hobsbawm, *Primitive Rebels* (New York, 1959), p. 183. For a brilliant characterization by a political and social scientist, see Barrington Moore, Jr., *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy. Lord and Peasant in the Making of the Modern World* (Boston, 1966), pp. 498-9.
 52. See Monnier, *Notizie storiche documentate sul brigantaggio . . .*, pp. 42-3, on the "great fear" aroused in the Neapolitan provinces among the "possessing classes" by the arrival of Garibaldi. On Buonarroti, the literature is quite vast and impossible to exhaust here; see now Arthur Lehning, *From Buonarroti to Bakunin. Studies in International Socialism* (Leiden, 1970), pp. 30-121, and Elizabeth L. Eisenstein, *The First Professional Rev-*

- olutionist: Filippo Michele Buonarroti (1761–1837). *A Biographical Essay* (Cambridge, Mass., 1959), pp. 86–92.
53. In Carlo Pisacane, *Saggio su la Rivoluzione*, edited by Giaime Pintor (2nd ed. Turin, 1944), pp. 113–36, there seem to be echoes of Buonarrotian thought, though quite probably the Italian revolutionist and activist—who, in June 1857, was killed in the unsuccessful attempt to liberate the South—was not directly acquainted with Buonarroti's ideas on "agrarian communism." On Pisacane, see the old work by Nello Rosselli, *Carlo Pisacane nel Risorgimento italiano* (Turin, 1932), and the recent history of the tragic expedition of "The Three Hundred" of 1857 by Leopoldo Cassese, *La spedizione di Sapri* (Bari, 1969).
 54. A. William Salomone, "The Liberal Experiment and the Italian Revolution of 1848: A Revaluation," *Journal of Central European Affairs*, IX, No. 3 (October 1949), 285–6.
 55. Michele Viterbo, *Il Sud e l'Unità* (Bari, 1966), pp. 376–82, writes on the reality and myth of "the red cloth of revolution" after Garibaldi's arrival in Naples; Francesco Brancato, "La partecipazione popolare nel Risorgimento," in *Il Risorgimento in Sicilia. Trimestrale di Studi Storici*, IV (new series), No. 4 (October–December 1968), 485–514.
 56. G. C. Abba, *Da Quarto al Volturno*, pp. 205–7. On the Bronte "riots," see also Mack Smith, *History of Sicily*, 440; Benedetto Radice, *Nino Bixio a Bronte* (Caltanissetta-Roma, 1963).
 57. Abba, *Da Quarto al Volturno*, p. 99.
 58. Hobsbawm, *Primitive Rebels*, pp. 42–4, 67, 96–9; Monnier, *Notizie storiche documentate sul brigantaggio . . .*, pp. 27, 41; Antonio Lucarelli, *Il brigantaggio politico delle Puglie dopo il 1860* (Bari, 1946), pp. 3–16; Salvatore Francesco Romano, *Breve storia della Sicilia* (Turin, 1964), pp. 289–92; Denis Mack Smith, "The Peasant

Revolt of Sicily in 1860," in *Studi in onore di Gino Luzzatto* (4 vols. Milan, 1950), III, 201-45, a brilliant monograph.

59. Guido De Ruggiero, *Il pensiero politico meridionale nei secoli XVIII e XIX* (Bari, 1946), pp. 258-60, quotes Petrucelli à propos of the Neapolitan bourgeoisie, urban and rural, as "embracing all those who possess [property]. . . . Social power is bound to the possession of land." Farini's dispatch to Cavour of October 27, 1860 (*La Liberazione del Mezzogiorno*, III, 208), contains the following tirade against the *cafoni* (peasants) as opposed to the *galantuomini*: "But, my friend, what kind of countries are these, the Molise and the Terra di Lavoro! What barbarities! This isn't Italy! This is Africa: the Bedouins, in comparison with these peasants [*caffoni*], are the flower of civil virtue. And you should see how many and what kinds of misdeeds they commit! The King gives carte blanche, and the scum loot the houses of gentlemen. The men of property [*galantuomini*] who have been killed are ever so many, and you can take my word for it. Even peasant women [*donne caffone*] kill, and worse: they tie the *galantuomini* (this is the name they give to the liberals) by their testicles and thus drag them through the streets, and then they have a ball. Incredible horrors if they had not occurred in these very parts and in our midst. However, during the last few days nothing further has happened. I have had many people arrested, and I have had some of them shot in the back (for this business I make my excuses to Cassinis). . . ."
60. Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents* (Garden City, N.Y., n.d. [original edition 1930]), p. 77.
61. Cavour's belated "conversion" to the Italian unitary idea is notorious; see Giuseppe Massari, *Diario dalle cento voci, 1858-1860*, edited by Emilia Morelli (Bologna, 1959), p. 451, where under the date of December 29,

- 1859, he reports Cavour as having told him: ". . . But we must leave Naples aside; [united] Italy will be the work of our children; I am content with what we have, or, at best, I hope we can get as far down as Ancona."
62. Sacerdote, *Vita di Garibaldi*, II, 648-52; Mack Smith, *Cavour and Garibaldi*, pp. 389-97, on the "requests" made by Garibaldi of the King, and his being denied them.
 63. De Stefano and Oddo, *Storia della Sicilia*, pp. 13-19.
 64. *Autobiography*, II, 250: "It is true that in 1860 we had already been threatened with an attack from the Sardinian army, and had required a great deal of patriotism to keep us from entering on a fratricidal war. . . ."
 65. *Ibid.*, II, 219.
 66. *Ibid.*, II, 241.
 67. On Garibaldi's departure, see Abba, *Da Quarto al Volturno*, pp. 262-5; Alberto Mario, *La camicia rossa*, pp. 159-60; Bandi, *I Mille*, pp. 369-71.
 68. During late October and November 1860, in the dispatches from his political lieutenants in Naples, particularly Farini, Cavour appears to resist with extraordinary *sang-froid* strong suggestions, even "requests," that strong dictatorial regimes be established in the provinces of the now "conquered" South; cf. *La Liberazione del Mezzogiorno*, III, 157-328, *passim*.
 69. From a vast literature, see Antonino Répaci, *La Marcia su Roma* (2 vols. Rome, 1963), I, 605-13.
 70. A. William Salomone, "The Risorgimento Between Ideology and History: The Political Myth of *rivoluzione mancata*," *American Historical Review*, LXVIII, No. 1 (October 1962), 38-56.
 71. Federico Chabod, "Croce storico," *Rivista Storica Italiana*, LXIV, fasc. iv (1952), 520.
 72. Leon Trotsky, *The History of the Russian Revolution*, translated by Max Eastman (3 vols. New York, 1932), I, 329-30.

73. Quoted by George Martin, *The Red Shirt and the Cross of Savoy* (New York, 1969), p. 626.
74. With slight variations I have borrowed this paragraph from my article "The Risorgimento: A new Appraisal," *The Yale Review*, (Winter 1970), 275.
75. *Autobiography*, II, 243.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

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PRELIMINARY.

July 3, 1872.

MINE has been a stormy life, wherein good and evil have been mixed, as, I suppose, they have been in the lives of most men. I can conscientiously say that I have always sought to act rightly, both in fulfilling my own personal duty and in seeking the good of others. Any wrong I may have done has most certainly been unintentional. I have ever been the sworn foe of tyranny and falsehood, being firmly persuaded that these are the source of all human misery and corruption. For myself, I am a republican, such being the political system that most recommends itself to honest men—a natural system, desired by the majority, and, consequently, not forced on the people by violence and corruption. Still, I am neither exclusive nor intolerant, and feel no desire to impose my republicanism on others—on the English, for example, if they are content with the government of

Queen Victoria. The fact that they are content with it goes to prove that, by whatever name it may be called, it is in reality a republic. I am a republican, but am every day more and more convinced of the necessity for an honest dictatorship, created for a limited term, to rule those nations which, like France, Spain, and Italy, are victims to the most pernicious Byzanticism.

All I have related in my memoirs may serve as material for history. Of most of the facts recorded I was myself an eye-witness. To the dead, who fell on the battle-fields of freedom, I have been liberal of praise—less so to the living, especially my own relations. When moved to righteous anger by wrong done to me, I have endeavoured to control my feelings before speaking of the offence and the offender.

In all my writings I have waged open war against priestly influence, which I have always believed to be the prop of every vice, despotism, and corruption to be found on this earth.

The priest is possessed by a lying spirit—the liar is a thief, the thief a murderer, and an endless series of infamous corollaries might be deduced from the same starting-point.

Many people, I myself among the number, believe education to be the cure for the priestly leprosy that afflicts the world. But is it not the educated, privileged class by which the world is governed, that keeps it what it is?

“Liberty for all!” is the universal cry; and the

principle is recognized even among the best-governed nations. But does this imply liberty for thieves, murderers, mosquitoes, vipers, and priests? As for this last-named black brood, this pestilent scum of humanity, this caryatid of thrones, still reeking with the stench of human burnt-offerings, where tyranny still reigns; it takes its place among the slaves, and is reckoned among their famished herd. But in free countries it pretends to freedom—will accept nothing else—no protection, no subsidy outside the law. The reptile, forsooth, is satisfied to be free! There is no lack of fools and bigots in the world; and of scoundrels whose interest it is to maintain the imbecility and superstition of the masses, there is always abundance.

I shall be accused of pessimism, but let those who have the patience to read, forgive me. To-day I complete my sixty-fifth year; and, though for the greater part of my life a believer in the improvement of the race, I have been embittered by the sight of so much evil and corruption in this self-styled age of civilization.

As I cannot boast of a good memory, I may perhaps have forgotten to record some dear and meritorious names.

Of the surgeons who shared the hardships of my various campaigns, from Montevideo to Dijon, I will name the following.

Odicini, surgeon to the Montevideo Legion, rendered great help to our fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers, through his uncommon professional skill.

Ripari, my very dear friend, was with me—and cured me of a wound—at Rome in 1849. As surgeon-in-chief to the expedition of the Thousand, he performed his difficult and noble task with characteristic ability and patriotism.

At Aspromonte I owed the preservation of my right foot—perhaps of my life—to the care and kindness of Drs. Ripari, Basile, and Albanese.

Bertani was surgeon-in-chief to the forces commanded by me in 1859 and 1866. His singular merits, whether as an officer or a surgeon, no one will, I think, dispute. In 1867 also he distinguished himself in the ill-fated battle of Mentana.

The very eminent professors Partridge, Nélaton, and Pigoroff showed, by the generous interest they took in my dangerous situation, that true merit and true science are of no nationality. To my dear friends Drs. Prandina, Cipriani, Riboli, as well as to Dr. Pastore, I likewise owe a debt of gratitude. In France, Dr. Riboli, surgeon-in-chief to the army of the Vosges, though suffering from a serious and obstinate illness, did not fail to render most valuable services.

In estimating the individual merit of each of my companions, I make no pretensions to infallibility; if I have been guilty of any error, I repeat, it was unintentional.

Whether the society of to-day is in a healthy state, I leave to the judgment of men of sense (July 4, 1872). Hardly yet has the poisoned air of the battle-field been cleared by the hurricane, and already plans of

vengeance are being discussed. The nations are visited with calamities of every kind—famine, flood, cholera—what matter? all are arming to the teeth; all are soldiers.

The priest!—Ah! he is indeed the veritable scourge of God. In Italy he holds a cowardly government in the most degrading humiliation, and renews his strength in the corruption and misery of the people. In France he urges that unhappy nation to war. In Spain, worse still, he stirs up the people to civil strife, and, placing himself at the head of bands of fanatics, sows destruction on every side.

Lovers of peace, right, and justice, we are yet forced to agree with the saying of an American general: *La guerra es la verdadera vida del hombre*—"War is the true life of man."

FIRST PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

MY PARENTS.

I MUST not begin the story of my life without some reference to the worthy parents whose character and affection so greatly influenced, not only my mental growth, but also my physical development.

My father, a sailor's son, and himself a sailor from his earliest years, was certainly not furnished with the stores of information common in our day to men of his class. In his youth he had served on board my grandfather's ships, and, later on, had commanded ships of his own. He had experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, and I have often heard him say that he might have left us better provided for. Be that as it may, I am most grateful for the inheritance he bequeathed me, for I know that he spared no pains or expense to give me an education, even when, owing to business reverses, the upbringing of his sons became a heavy tax on his honest earnings. That the education thus provided for me was not more complete—gymnastics, fencing, and other bodily exercises, in particular, being omitted—

was not so much my father's fault as that of the times in which he lived,—times when, thanks to our tonsured pedagogues, the endeavour was to make young men priests and lawyers, rather than good citizens fitted for serving their unhappy country in any useful employment.

Moreover, so strong was his paternal affection that he could not bear the idea of his sons betaking themselves to warlike pursuits. This timidity on the part of my dear father is perhaps the only thing with which I have to reproach him ; but the result was that, fearful of exposing me too young to the risks and hardships of the sea, he kept me at home, contrary to my own inclination, till I was about fifteen.

This, I think, was unwise ; for to this day I am convinced that a sailor should begin his career as early as he can—if possible, before the age of eight. The Genoese and the English, who are the greatest masters of this craft, bear me out in this opinion. To compel lads intended for a seafaring life to study at Turin or Paris, and only to send them on board ship when they are over twenty, is, to my mind, the worst system that can be conceived. It would surely be better for them to carry on their studies on board, learning, at the same time, the practical part of navigation.

Of my mother, I say with pride that she might have been a model to all mothers, and I can say no more. I shall always regret that it was not in my power to cheer the last days of that good mother, whose life had so often been disquieted by my adventurous career.

Her tenderness for me was perhaps excessive, but to her love, to her angelic sweetness of character, do I not owe the little good to be found in me? to her pity for others, to her kind and loving spirit, to her gentle compassion for the wretched and the sorrowful, may I not trace the origin of that love of my country, which, inadequate though it be, has gained me the sympathy and affection of my worthy but unfortunate fellow-citizens?

Though far from being superstitious, yet repeatedly at the most critical moments of my stormy life—as when I escaped unscathed from the wild Atlantic breakers, or from the leaden hail of the battle-field—it has seemed to me that I beheld my loving mother, on bended knees before the Infinite, a suppliant for the life of her son. And, though I had no great belief in the efficacy of her prayers, I was touched by them, and felt myself, if not happier, at least less miserable than before.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

I WAS born at Nice, on July 4, 1807, in a house on the sea-shore, near the head of Porto Olimpio. Like most other children, I spent the period of infancy in frivolous pursuits—sometimes gay, sometimes in tears. I was fonder of play than of study; nor did I profit so much as I ought by the care and expense incurred by my dear parents in my behalf. My childhood offers nothing remarkable; but the following incidents, in themselves of little consequence, at least show that I was tender-hearted.

One day I picked up a grasshopper, and brought it into the house. The leg of the poor insect got broken in my hands, whereat I was so much distressed that I shut myself into my room and wept for hours.

Another time, when I accompanied a cousin on a shooting-expedition into the district of the Var, we halted on the edge of a deep ditch used for steeping hemp, where a poor woman was washing clothes. How it happened I do not know, but she fell head-foremost into the water, and was in danger of drowning. Though small for my age, and encumbered with my game-bag,

I jumped in after her, and succeeded in pulling her out. In after-years I have never shrunk from helping any fellow-creature in danger, even at the risk of my own life.

In accordance with a pernicious custom, which I believe to be the chief cause of the moral and physical inferiority of the Italian race, my earliest instructors were two priests. Of the third, Signor Arena, from whom I learnt Italian, writing, and mathematics, I still preserve an affectionate remembrance.

Had I had more sense, or could I have foreseen my future relations with the English, I should have endeavoured to gain a more accurate acquaintance with their language, which I could have obtained from my second master, Father Giaume, a priest singularly free from prejudice, and at home in Byron's glorious tongue.

I have always regretted my carelessness in this respect—a regret renewed by every circumstance of my life which has brought me into contact with English people.

To my third instructor, Signor Arena, a layman, I owe whatever knowledge I possess. I shall always remember him with gratitude—above all, for having taught me to understand and appreciate my own tongue, and initiated me into the history of Rome.

The absence of serious instruction in the affairs and history of our own country is a very common defect in Italy; but particularly so at Nice, a border city, and often, unhappily, under French rule. In this my native city, up to the present date (1849) but few

have even known themselves to be Italians. The large influx of French inhabitants; the local dialect, which strongly resembles the Provençal; and the neglect of the people by our rulers, whose sole object seems to have been to plunder them, and lead away their sons as soldiers;—all conspired to engender in the Nizzards a feeling of absolute indifference towards their country, and, in the end, to facilitate the severance, by the priests and Bonaparte in 1860, of that beautiful branch from the parent tree.

It is partly, then, to those early readings in history and partly to the exhortations of my elder brother Angelo—who, writing from America, used to urge on me the study of our own most beautiful of languages—that I am indebted for what little I know on these subjects.

I will close this first period of my life with the recital of an event which was, so to speak, a foreshadowing of future adventures.

Tired of school, and impatient of being always fixed to one place, I one day proposed to some companions of my own age to run away to Genoa. We had no definite plan, but started with a vague idea of seeking our fortunes. We seized a boat, put on board some provisions and fishing-tackle, and started eastward. We had already arrived off Monaco, when a coastguard vessel, sent after us by my dear father, overtook and brought us back in deep mortification. An abbé had betrayed our flight. Strange coincidence! an abbé, an embryo priest, was perhaps the means of saving me

from ruin, and I am ungrateful enough to persecute those poor priests! All the same, a priest is an impostor, and I am devoted to the sacred worship of truth.

Cesare Parodi and Raffaele Deandreis were two of my companions in this escapade; the names of the others I have forgotten.

Here I am glad to recall to memory the youth of Nice, active, strong, and courageous—magnificent material for all social and military purposes, but, unhappily, led into wrong courses, first by the priest, and then by the depravity imported from abroad, which has made the beautiful Cyme of the Romans the cosmopolitan seat of every kind of corruption.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST VOYAGES.

To youth, eager to launch forth in the unknown future, how beautiful do all things appear! How lovely wert thou, O bark, whereon for the first time I was to plough the Mediterranean waters, bound for the Black Sea! Thy ample sides, thy tapering masts, thy spacious deck—nay, thy very figure-head, with its curved outline, will remain for ever engraved on my memory. With what a graceful roll her San Remo crew, true types of our hardy Ligurians, moved about! With what delight I sought the forecastle, to listen to their ballads and their harmonious choruses! Their songs, all of love, soothed or excited me with emotions which for me had as yet no meaning. Oh, that they had sung to me of my country—of Italy, of oppression, of slavery! But who was there to teach them to be Italian patriots, champions of the dignity of manhood? Who was there to tell us young fellows that in Italy we had a country to avenge and to redeem? Who indeed? The priests, our sole instructors? Like the Jews, we had grown up without a country—money was the only end or aim pointed out for our pursuit.

Meanwhile my mother, overwhelmed with grief, was preparing my outfit for my first voyage to Odessa with the brigantine *Costanza*, Captain Angelo Pesante,* of San Remo—the best skipper I ever knew.

If our navy ever becomes what it ought to be Captain Pesante should certainly command one of our first men-of-war; no ship could be in better hands. There is nothing needed for any class of vessel, from a cock-boat to a ninety-one-gun frigate, that he would not contrive and construct, if it would enable her to do honour to Italy.

And here I must remark that, in case of a naval war, our country ought to make great use of her excellent mercantile marine, which is a nursery, not only of brave sailors, but also of gallant officers, capable of doing their duty, whether in war or peace.

My first trip was to Odessa, but as such voyages have since become very common, I shall not waste time in describing it. My second trip was to Rome, in company with my father, on board his own felucca, the *Santa Reparata*.

Rome, that should have revealed herself to me as the capital of the world, is to-day only the capital of the most odious of sects;—the world's capital, by virtue of the endless and sublime ruins wherewith are linked the memories of all that is greatest in the past, become the capital of a sect who once indeed were followers of the Just One, the Deliverer of slaves and Founder of

* Dead several years ago, but alive when I began to write these memoirs.

the equality which He ennobled; blessed during countless generations by priests who were the apostles of popular rights, but who now have sunk to be the very scourge of that Italy which, seven and seventy times, they have sold to the stranger.

No! the Rome I beheld with the eyes of my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future*—the Rome that, shipwrecked, dying, banished to the furthest depths of the American forests, I have never despaired of: the regenerating idea of a great nation, the dominant thought and inspiration of my whole life.

It was then that she grew to be dearer to me than anything else on earth. I worshipped, with all the fervour of a lover, not only the haughty bulwarks of her secular greatness, but the merest fragment of her ruins. This love I hid away as a sacred treasure in the depth of my heart, only revealing it when I could boldly raise aloft the object of my worship. It was a passion which, so far from diminishing, strengthened with distance and exile. Many and many a time I consoled myself with the thought of beholding her once more. For me, in a word, Rome is Italy, and I see no Italy possible save in the compact or federative union of her scattered members. For me Rome is the symbol of our United Italy, whatever form you may please to give it. And the most accursed work of the Papacy has been the keeping it in a state of moral and material disunion.†

* Written in 1849.

† Such have always been my ideas, as recorded in 1849, and copied to-day, in 1871.

CHAPTER IV.

OTHER VOYAGES.

AFTER making several other trips with my father, I sailed for Cagliari, with Giuseppe Gervino, captain of the brigantine *Enea*.

During the voyage I witnessed a terrible shipwreck, the recollection of which will never be effaced from my memory. On our return from Cagliari, we had reached the headland of Noli, accompanied by several vessels, among which was a Catalan felucca. For some days a gale had been threatening from the southwest, and the sea was very high. At last the wind burst upon us with such fury as to oblige us to heave-to off Vado, it being dangerous to enter the Gulf of Genoa in so violent a storm.

The felucca at first behaved admirably, and stood the sea so well that our most experienced sailors declared they would rather be aboard her than our own ship. But a pitiful sight was soon to be presented to us by her luckless crew. A fearful wave broke over our ship and threw her on her beam-ends. For a moment we could distinguish some of her sailors standing upon the side that still floated, stretching

out their hands to us as though for help. Suddenly they vanished, swept away in the breaking of a second and still more terrible wave. The catastrophe took place to windward of us, and it was impossible to succour the shipwrecked men. The vessels which followed us were likewise unable to render any assistance, the storm being too violent, and the sea too high. We heard afterwards that nine members of one family had perished. The tears which this spectacle brought to the eyes of the more sensitive among us were soon dried by the thought of our own danger.

From Vado we proceeded to Genoa, and thence home to Nice. I now engaged in a series of voyages to the Levant and elsewhere, in vessels belonging to the firm of Gioan. I also sailed to Gibraltar and the Canaries in the *Coromandel*, owned by Signor Giacomo Galleano, and commanded by his nephew, Captain Giuseppe, of the same surname, of whom I shall always retain a pleasant recollection.

After this trip I returned to the Levantine voyages, in one of which, having sailed in the brigantine *Cortese*, Captain Carlo Semeria, to Constantinople, I was detained in that city by illness. The vessel sailed, and, my malady being unexpectedly prolonged, I found myself in great straits. I have never allowed myself to be dismayed by any circumstances of distress or danger, and have always had the good fortune to meet with people kind-hearted enough to interest themselves in my fate. Among these I shall never forget Signora Luigia Sauvaigo, one of those women who have so often

forced me to confess that, whatever men may think of themselves, woman is the most perfect of God's creatures. A mother, and a model for mothers, her first thought and care was for the happiness of her excellent husband and her charming family, to whom she devoted herself with incomparable tenderness.

The war which had broken out between Russia and the Porte led to my stay at Constantinople being still further prolonged. It was on this occasion that I made my first essay in teaching, having been recommended by Signor Diego, Doctor of Medicine, to the Signora Timoni, a widow lady in want of a tutor for her boys. I took advantage of the interval of quiet I enjoyed in her house to study a little Greek, which, as well as the Latin acquired in my schooldays, I afterwards forgot.

I recommenced my sea-life by embarking under captain Antonio Casabona, on the brigantine *Nostra Signora delle Grazie*, in which vessel, after my return from Constantinople, I obtained my first command as Captain on a voyage to Port Mahon and Gibraltar.

I need not dwell on my remaining voyages to the Levant, as nothing worth noting took place in them.

A passionate lover of my country from childhood up, and burning with indignation against her oppressors, I was earnestly desirous of being initiated into the secret plots for her redemption. With this object in view, I sought everywhere for books and other writings relating to Italian liberty, and to the men whose lives were consecrated thereto. On a voyage to Taganrog I fell in with a young Genoese, who was the first to inform

me of the progress of our cause. Columbus can hardly have experienced so much satisfaction at the discovery of a new world, as did I on finding a man who was actually concerned in the redemption of our country.

I threw myself body and soul into what I had so long felt to be my true element; and on the 5th of January, 1834, I left the Porta della Lanterna at Genoa, disguised as a peasant, an outcast from my country. This was the beginning of my public career. A few days later, I had the pleasure of seeing my name for the first time in a newspaper. It appeared in a decree condemning me to death, reported in the *Marseilles Peuple Souverain*. After remaining idle at Marseilles for some weeks, I shipped as mate on board the French merchant brigantine *L'Union*, Captain François Gazan. One evening, when I happened to be in the cabin, dressed in my best for going ashore,* the captain and I heard a splash in the water, and, rushing on deck, found that a man was drowning under the vessel's stern, between the ship and the breakwater. I sprang overboard, and by great good luck succeeded in saving the Frenchman, in full view of a large and enthusiastic crowd. He proved to be a lad of fourteen, named Joseph Rambaud, and I was rewarded by the grateful tears of his mother and the blessings of his whole family. Some years before, in the roadstead of Smyrna, I had been similarly fortunate in rescuing my early friend and companion, Claudio Terese.

* At that time no lights were allowed on board ship at night in Marseilles harbour.

I made one more voyage in the *Union* to the Black Sea, and one to Tunis, with a frigate built at Marseilles for the Bey. I then sailed from Marseilles to Rio Janeiro in the Nantes brigantine *Nautonier*, Captain Beauregard.

During my last stay at Marseilles—whither I had returned from Tunis on board a Tunisian sloop of war—the cholera was raging in the town, and causing fearful havoc. I gave in my name as a member of one of the volunteer ambulance corps, and during the short time I remained, spent part of every night in watching cholera patients.

CHAPTER V.

ROSSETTI.

ARRIVED at Rio de Janeiro, I was no long time in finding friends. Rossetti, whom I had never seen, though I should have recognized him easily in any crowd, through the mutual attraction of good-will and sympathy, met me at Largo do Passo. Though it was our first meeting, we felt like old acquaintances, we looked into each other's eyes, smiled, and were brothers for life—not to be parted save by death.

May not this subtle sympathy be one of the many emanations of that infinite Intelligence which, we may believe, pervades space and animates the worlds, and the insects, like ourselves, which swarm on their surface? Why deprive myself of the delightful thought that I may yet hold communion with a mother's love, restored to the infinite source whence it sprang, or with the affection of my dearest Rossetti? I have elsewhere described the charm of that most beautiful and lovable soul. Perhaps I shall die without the satisfaction of raising, on the soil of South America, a stone to mark the spot where rest the bones of the noblest among the lovers of our unhappy country. The burial-ground of

Viamão* is, I suppose, the last resting-place of the gallant Ligurian, who fell in a night attack by the imperial troops on the village, at which, by mere accident, he happened to be present.

After four months passed in inactivity, Rossetti and I engaged in commercial speculation—a career for which neither of us was in any way qualified.

During the war at this time waged against the Brazilian empire by the Republic of Rio Grande, President Bento Gonçalves and his staff were taken prisoners ; and among the rest Zambeccari, son of the famous aeronaut of Bologna, who was acting as secretary to the President, and also as commander-in-chief of the republican army. Through him Rossetti obtained letters of marque from the Republic, and we fitted out a diminutive vessel, the *Mazzini*, under the very eyes of the authorities, in the harbour of Rio Janeiro.

* A village a few miles outside Porto Alegre, in the province of Rio Grande do Sul—called Settembrina by the republicans, in honour of a victory gained in September.

CHAPTER VI.

BUCCANEERING.

HERE, then, was I launched on the ocean, in this tiny bark, a buccaneer with twelve companions. Defying an empire, we were the first to unfurl, on those southern shores, the republican flag of Rio Grande. Falling in with a coasting-schooner, laden with coffee, off the Ilha Grande, we boarded her, and as, for want of a pilot, we could not navigate both ships, we scuttled the *Mazzini*.

Rossetti was with me, but all my companions were not like him, either in looks or manners. Some of them, indeed, not satisfied with the effect of their naturally forbidding countenances, put on an appearance of ferocity, in order to terrify our harmless enemies. I, of course, used all my efforts to restrain them, and, as far as possible, to tranquillize the fears of our prisoners. When I boarded the schooner, a Brazilian passenger came to me, beseeching me to spare his life, and offered me a casket containing three valuable diamonds. These I refused, and at the same time gave orders that the private property of passengers and crew should be left untouched. This was my invariable practice in similar

circumstances, and my orders were never disobeyed, my subordinates being, no doubt, well aware that in such matters I was not to be trifled with.

We got rid of the crew and passengers north of Itapekoroia Point, giving them the launch of their vessel, the *Luisa*, and allowing them to take away with them, in addition to their own personal luggage, whatever provisions they wanted.

We now sailed southward, and a few days later reached the port of Maldonado, where we were much encouraged by the friendly reception given us by the authorities and the populace. Maldonado, standing on the north shore of the La Plata estuary, is important from its situation, and has a fairly good harbour. We found there a French whaler, outward bound, and passed a few festive days ashore, after the manner of buccaneers.

Rossetti leaving us for Montevideo, to settle our affairs there, I remained behind with the schooner for about a week, after which our horizon began to darken. Things might, indeed, have ended tragically for us, had the *Jefe politico* of Maldonado been less friendly, or I less fortunate. I was warned by this official not only that (contrary to what I had been told) the Rio Grande flag was not recognized, but that strict orders had been issued for the arrest of myself and the vessel. This obliged me to put to sea in a north-easterly gale, and steer my course up the La Plata River, hardly knowing whither I was going, and with barely time to send word to an acquaintance that I meant to make for the point of Jesus Maria, in the *barrancas* (cliffs) of San Gregorio,

north of Montevideo, where I would await the result of Rossetti's conference with our friends in the capital.

We arrived at Jesus Maria, after a difficult run, narrowly escaping shipwreck off the point of Piedras Negras, through one of those unforeseen circumstances on which many lives often depend. At Maldonado, threatened with arrest, and mistrusting the good-will even of the *Jefe*, I had remained on shore to make certain final arrangements, but had sent orders on board to have the arms got ready, which was immediately done. It so happened, however, that on being brought from the hold, where they had been stowed, the arms were placed, so as to be handy, in a cabin close to the binnacle. In the hurry of our departure, it never occurred to any one that the proximity of the arms might affect the compass.

Luckily, I had that night little inclination for sleep, and, the wind having freshened to a gale, I kept to leeward of the helmsman—that is, on the right side of the ship—observing, with a practised eye, the line of coast between Maldonado and Montevideo,—an exceedingly dangerous one, by reason of the reefs that ran out from each of its headlands. It was the first watch, and a dark and stormy night. Still, to an eye accustomed to look for land through the darkness, there was no difficulty in perceiving the coast—all the less that it seemed to come constantly nearer, notwithstanding my orders to the helmsman to steer a course which should carry us clear of it.

“Luff two points—two points more !” and already I

think I had luffed over eight points, yet, in spite of all I could do, we drew nearer and nearer to the coast. About midnight the look-out forward sang out, "Land!" It was not land, but something else. In a few minutes we found ourselves in the midst of the breakers, the jagged rocks showing their black heads above the water, and no possibility of escaping them. The danger was extreme and inevitable. There was nothing for it but to go boldly on into the midst of the reefs, and try to find a passage through. Happily, I did not lose my presence of mind, but sprang into the fore-rigging, and bawled out my orders with a voice like a trumpet, directing the vessel's course towards the points which seemed to me least dangerous.

The sea washed completely over our poor vessel, and broke on her deck with as much fury as on the rocks. A new sight to me was a great shoal of sharks, which, regardless of the tempest, surrounded the ship on all sides, and played about like so many children in a meadow, though their black snouts, of the same colour as the surrounding rocks, and a certain threatening aspect even in their sport, were little calculated to reassure us. Who knows whether the idea of a succulent meal at our expense was present in those ugly black heads? Be that as it may, the thought of our danger overpowered every other consideration; and it was truly by an extraordinary chance that we got out of that rocky labyrinth, without once touching. The slightest contact with any one of the reefs would have sent our storm-driven vessel to shivers.

We reached, as I have said, the point of Jesus Maria, about forty miles from Montevideo, up the La Plata River. It was only on the day of our arrival that I discovered the fact of the arms having been removed from the hold, and placed in such dangerous proximity to the compass.

Here, as might have been expected, no new tidings awaited us. Rossetti, threatened by the Governor of Montevideo, in order to escape arrest, was obliged to go into hiding, and consequently could do nothing in our behalf. We were short of provisions, we had no boat to land in, and yet twelve hungry men must be fed. Descrying a house about four miles inland, I resolved to land on a table, and run all risks to bring supplies on board. The *pampero*, the prevailing wind of the coast, was blowing at the time right on the shore, so as to make landing very difficult, even for the smallest boats. We moored with two anchors as near shore as we could—in fact, at a distance which at any other time would have been imprudent, but which was absolutely necessary to enable me to gain the beach on a small table, buoyed up with a cask at either end.

Here, then, was I, with one sailor, Maurizio Garibaldi, launched on a cabin-table and a couple of casks, with our clothes tied like a trophy to a spar set upright on this new-fangled ship, which revolved rather than sailed among the breakers of that inhospitable coast.

The La Plata River skirts, on its left bank, the state of Montevideo, called also Banda Oriental (or Uruguay), which beautiful district being composed of hills more

or less high, the current has eaten away the sides, forming a long stretch of cliffs of a nearly uniform and sometimes considerable elevation ; this same important river washes, on its right bank, the state of Buenos Ayres, where it continues to accumulate the alluvial deposit which, in the course of centuries, has formed the vast plain of the Pampas.

We landed safely, and drew up our shattered bark on the beach ; and then, leaving Maurizio to repair it, I took my way alone towards the house I had discovered.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PLAINS OF URUGUAY.

THE sight which met my eyes for the first time, when I reached the top of the barrancas, is really worth recording. The vast undulating plains of Uruguay present a landscape entirely new to a European, and more particularly to an Italian, accustomed from childhood to a country where every inch of ground is covered with houses, hedges, or other labour of man's hands. Here there is nothing of the kind; the Creoles keep the surface of the country exactly as it was left by the natives whom the Spaniards exterminated.*

The plains are covered with short grass, except along the course of the *arroyos* (streamlets) or in the *cañadas*,† overgrown with *maciega* (a tall, reed-like grass). The banks of the river and the sides of the *arroyos* are covered with fine woods, often containing timber of a tolerable size. These lands, so favoured by nature, are inhabited chiefly by horses and cattle, antelopes

* I have seen the last surviving family of the *Charruas*, the aboriginal inhabitants, begging for scraps of meat in our encampments.

† *Cañada*, a depression between two hillocks.

and ostriches.* Man, here a veritable centaur, rarely visits them, and only to announce the presence of a master to his numerous savage subjects. Not seldom the warlike stallion, followed by his drove of mares, or the bull, accompanied by his court, rushes up as he passes by, and, by vigorous and unequivocal signs, shows his contempt for man's pretensions.

So have I seen, in my unhappy country, an Austrian riding roughshod over the multitude. But how different the attitude of the downtrodden slaves, who, fearful to offend, scarcely dare to lift their eyes from the ground! God grant that the descendants of Calvi and Manara may never come to such degradation as this.

What a handsome fellow is the stallion of the Pampas! His lips have never winced at the iron bit, and his glossy back, never crossed by a rider, shines like a diamond in the sun. His flowing, uncombed mane floats over his flanks when, assembling in his pride the scattered mares, or flying from human pursuit, he outruns the wind. His unshod hoofs, unpolluted by the stable, are white and polished as ivory; and his silky tail, an ample defence against insect attacks, streams behind him in the wind of the Pampas. He is a true sultan of the desert.

Who can conceive the feelings awakened in the heart of a buccaneer of twenty-five by his first sight of that untamed nature? To-day—December 20, 1871—bending with stiffened limbs over the fire, I recall with

* The American ostrich, rhea, or nandu (*Rhea Americana*).

emotion those scenes of the past, when life seemed to smile on me, in the presence of the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld. I for my part am old and worn. Where are those splendid horses? Where are the bulls, the antelopes, the ostriches, which beautified and enlivened those pleasant hills? Their descendants, no doubt, still roam over those fertile pastures, and will do so, till steam and iron come to increase the riches of the soil, but destroy those marvellous scenes of nature.

The horse and bull, unaccustomed to the sight of men on foot, are lost in astonishment on seeing them for the first time, stare at them in dumb amazement, and then, as though despising the wretched bipeds, who would pass themselves off as lords of the world, attack them in sport; though, were they to take things seriously, and measure out strict justice, they would make short work with their oppressor, goring or trampling him to death. The horse gambols, threatens, but never attacks; the bull is less to be trusted; the antelope and ostrich fly at sight of man with the swiftness of the racer, stopping short on the nearest height, and looking round to see whether they are pursued.

At that time, the district I speak of had remained outside the area of the war, and therefore abounded in animals of every kind.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

AFTER a four miles' walk through the scenes just described, I reached the house descried from the ship. Here I was to meet with a delightful surprise. I was welcomed in the most hospitable manner by a young and graceful woman—not, perhaps, a Raphaelesque beauty, but good-looking and well-educated, and, moreover, a poetess. So remarkable a combination of attractions in this wilderness, so far from the civilization of cities, made me think that I was dreaming.

She told me that she was the wife of the *capataz* (overseer) of the *estancia*, which lay at a distance of several miles, the house she inhabited being only an outpost. She did the honours with a graceful courtesy which I shall remember all my life, offering me the national *maté*, and such a roast as is found nowhere but in those countries where flesh is the sole food. When I was rested and refreshed, she talked to me of Dante, Petrarch, and the rest of our great poets, insisted on my accepting as a souvenir the poems of Quintana, and, finally, told me her history. She belonged to a wealthy Montevidean family, who had been forced by business

reverses to retire into the country. Here she had met her husband, with whom she lived in such content and happiness that, with her romantic turn, nothing could have induced her to exchange her position for the brilliant life of the capital. On my asking for a bullock to provision our vessel, she assured me that her husband would be glad to oblige me, but that I must await his return.

It was now too late to have the beast brought to the shore that evening. Some time passed before the husband arrived. My knowledge of Spanish being at that time limited, I spoke little, and had leisure to meditate on the vicissitudes of existence. There are events in our lives which one never forgets. To meet in that desert—married to a man who was, perhaps, half a savage—a pretty, well-bred young woman, highly cultivated, and a poetess to boot! In early manhood, one gladly finds poetry everywhere, and some of my readers may suspect this chapter of my narrative to be rather a creation of fancy than a true tale.

After presenting me with Quintana's poems, which served us for some time as a subject of conversation, my charming hostess offered to recite me some of her own compositions, and I confess I admired them immensely. It may be asked, "How could you admire them when you knew nothing of poetry and next to nothing of Spanish?" I admit that I am no judge of poetry, yet it seems to me that even a deaf man may be touched by its beauties. Again, the Spanish tongue is so nearly akin to our own, that I had no great difficulty in under-

standing it, even on my first arrival in a country where it was spoken.

Thus the time passed agreeably enough in the society of the amiable lady of the house, till the arrival of her husband—a person of a rugged but not unpleasing countenance, who promptly agreed to slaughter a bullock for me next morning on the shore. At dawn I bade adieu to the muse of the Pampas, and returned to the coast, where Maurizio was awaiting me in some anxiety, since, knowing that part of the country better than I did, he was aware that jaguars—animals certainly less easy to deal with than either wild horses or wild cattle—abounded in the neighbourhood. It was not long before the *capataz* appeared with a lassoed bullock, which he killed, skinned, and quartered in an incredibly short space of time—so great is the dexterity of his countrymen in these sanguinary exercises. Now, however, came the question as to how the meat was to be conveyed from the shore to the ship—a distance of at least a mile through the heavy surf which broke on the coast, and afforded anything but a reassuring spectacle to those by whom the attempt had to be made. Maurizio and I set to work to lash the two empty barrels to the ends of our cargo-boat, and fasten the quarters of beef to the improvised mast, so as to be clear of the waves, while each of us was supplied with a pole for rowing and punting. The crew, stripped almost to the skin, had hardly pushed off when they found themselves up to the waist in water. Nevertheless we put to sea, highly delighted with our new

method of navigation, and proud of the danger incurred in sight of the American, who cheered us from the shore, and of our shipmates, whose prayers perhaps were more directed to the safety of the beef than of the boatmen. For a time all went fairly well; but on reaching the outermost and heaviest breakers we were repeatedly submerged, and, what was worse, driven back towards the shore. When, by great efforts, we had succeeded in getting through the surf, we met outside a new and for us insuperable difficulty, in the strong current of the river, which, flowing in a channel of about four fathoms deep, carried us far to the south-east of the *Luisa*. The only remedy was for the schooner to set sail and follow in our track, till near enough to throw us a rope. At last we were safe, together with all the beef, which our famished companions at once fell upon with hearty good-will. Next day, as we were passing a *palandra* (a small river vessel), it occurred to me that, if we could buy the launch we saw on her deck, we might find it useful. Accordingly we set all sail, and, overhauling the *palandra*, found her crew very willing to part with the coveted launch for a sum of thirty *escudos*. We remained all day in sight of the point of Jesus Maria, waiting in vain for news from Montevideo.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIGHT WITH THE GUNBOATS.

NEXT day, while anchored a little to the south of the point above named, we sighted two gunboats coming from Montevideo. We took them for friendly vessels; but, as they did not show a red flag—the signal we had agreed upon—I thought it advisable to get under way. Our vessel was then hove-to, with all sail set, so that we were ready for any emergency.

These precautions were not needless, as the larger of the two gunboats, on board of which only two persons were visible, after approaching to within a stone's throw, summoned us, in the name of the Government of Uruguay, to surrender; while at the same moment about thirty well-armed men showed themselves on her deck. I had scarcely time to order our yards to be trimmed, when we were raked by a volley of musketry. We too now had recourse to our weapons, which I had previously caused to be brought out of the magazine, and placed, ready loaded, on the top of the fore-hatch. The order was given to fire, and an obstinate engagement ensued.

The gunboat had attacked us on our starboard

quarter, and some of the enemy were preparing to board. But a few shots and a few strokes of our cutlasses sent them back into their own ship or into the sea.

All this passed in a few minutes, and, as our men were little skilled in warfare, there was necessarily much confusion. Consequently, my orders to trim the yards were not carried out, for, while many of the crew had hastened, at the word of command, to haul on the port braces, none had remembered to ease away those to starboard, so that all this hauling was in vain. Fiorentino, a seaman from the island of Maddalena, and one of the best of our Italian hands, sprang forward from the helm, where he was stationed, to repair this mistake, but immediately fell dead, with a bullet through his head. I had been standing near him, firing at the enemy, and instantly seized the helm. As I did so, I was struck in the neck by a bullet, and dropped senseless on the deck. After this the fight, which lasted about an hour, was mainly carried on by the boatswain, Luigi Carniglia, the pilot, Pasquale Lodola, and the ordinary seamen, Giovanni Lamberti and Maurizio Garibaldi. The Italians—all but one—fought stoutly; the foreigners and freed blacks—of whom there were five—hid themselves in the hold.

For half an hour I lay like a corpse on the deck, and even after I had recovered consciousness I remained incapable of speech or motion, so that I was thought to be dead.

The enemy, finding our fire too hot for him, presently

retired, and, not being disposed for further fighting on that part of the coast, sailed away up the Plata to refit and obtain supplies.

Our position was now very critical. I was the only man on board who knew anything of geography, and, badly wounded as I was, and without power of motion, I was carried to the chart, that I might cast my dying eyes over it and indicate some port to which the men could direct their course. Observing the town of Santa Fe, on the river Parana, printed on the chart in capital letters, I pointed to it.

None of us, except Maurizio, had ever been up the Parana, and he only once. To confess the truth, our crew, with the exception of the Italians, were in a state of great alarm. For as the Government of Montevideo, which alone was believed to be friendly to the Rio Grande Republic, had refused to recognize us, we might at any moment be dealt with as pirates. My own wretched plight, and the sight of Fiorentino's corpse, together with the fear just now referred to, of being everywhere taken for pirates, produced a terror which showed itself in the looks of the crew, who, in fact, deserted on the first opportunity that offered. No boat or bird appeared on the horizon but was believed by these cowards to be an enemy sent to pursue them.

Fiorentino's body was committed to the deep—the seaman's ordinary place of burial—with the ceremonies usual on such occasion, that is to say, with a farewell salute fired by his shipmates. For my own part, I must confess that this kind of burial was little to my

liking; but as I could not interfere with the rites paid to my comrade, and as in all probability I was soon to meet with a similar fate, I contented myself with calling my attached friend Luigi to me, that I might secure his help in case of need. In making my short but solemn appeal, I recited to my friend those beautiful lines of Ugo Foscolo—

“ Un sasso
Che distingue le mie dall’ infinite ossa,
Che in terra e in mar semina morte ! ”

Luigi promised, with tears in his eyes, not to bury me at sea. Who knows whether, had the occasion arisen, he would have been able to keep his promise; or whether my corpse would have filled the hungry maw of some shark or alligator of the great La Plata River? Then indeed I should never again have beheld Italy, the idol of my whole existence, nor ever have fought for her. On the other hand, I should never have seen her relapse into shame and slavery.

Who could have foretold that, before the year was ended, I should have seen my good, gallant, warm-hearted Luigi washed away by the surf, and should seek in vain for his body, that I might bury it in a foreign land, and with a stone mark the spot to the passer-by? Poor Luigi! During the whole voyage to Gualaguay he nursed me like a mother, and in my misery his friendly face and kindly care were my only comfort.

CHAPTER X.

LUIGI CARNIGLIA.

I WISH to speak of Luigi. And why not? Because he was a plebeian, born one of the multitude who work for all? Because he was not one of the upper class, who, as a rule, work for none and devour for many—of whom alone History cares to speak, not troubling herself about the common herd, whence, after all, sprang Columbus, Volta, Linnæus, and Franklin? Had not Luigi Carniglia a lofty soul—lofty enough to maintain everywhere the honour of the Italian name, to defy every danger for the sake of doing right, to watch over and care for me in misfortune, as if I had been his own child? When, helpless and weak with illness, on the point of being deserted by all, I lay raving in mortal delirium, Luigi sat beside me with untiring, gentlest patience. O Luigi, thy bones, scattered through the abysses of ocean, deserved a monument where the grateful outlaw might one day have repaid thee with a tear—on the sacred soil of Italy!

Luigi Carniglia was from Deiva, a little village on the Riviera, east of Genoa. He had received no literary instruction, in a country where the government and the

priests keep seventeen millions in ignorance of their letters ; but he made up for the want of learning by superior intelligence. Though devoid of the nautical knowledge necessary for a pilot, he steered the *Luisa* to Guaileguay, where he had never been, with the skill and success of a veteran. In the fight with the gunboats, it was chiefly owing to him that we escaped. Armed with a blunderbuss, and standing in the post of greatest danger, he struck terror into our assailants. Robust and tall of stature, he combined great activity with extraordinary bodily strength, so that one might, without fear of exaggeration, have exclaimed, on seeing him, "That man is a match for ten !" Most agreeable in the ordinary intercourse of life, he had the gift of making himself beloved by every one with whom he came in contact. One more martyr to Freedom—one of the many Italians destined to serve her everywhere save in their own unhappy land !

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTIVITY.

IT is strange that, in all my long military career, I should never have been taken prisoner, although so often in positions of extreme danger. In our present circumstances, since our insurgent flag of the Rio Grande do Sul had not been recognized, we were sure to be made prisoners, in whatever place we landed. On arriving at Gualeguay, in the province of Entre Rios, we received much help from Captain Luca Tartabull, of the schooner *Pintoresca*, of Buenos Ayres, and his passengers, all natives or inhabitants of the same place. Falling in with this vessel off the mouth of the Ibicuy, a small tributary of the river Gualeguay, Luigi was sent on board to ask for some provisions. The captain, who was also bound for Gualeguay, generously offered to accompany us thither, and, moreover, recommended me to the governor of the province, Don Pascarel Echague; who, though himself obliged to leave the town, was kind enough to send me his own surgeon, Don Ramon del Area, a young Argentine, who at once extracted the ball remaining in my neck, and effected a complete cure.

I spent the six months of my stay in Gualaguay at the house of Don Jacinto Andreus, and met with the greatest kindness and courtesy from that excellent man and his family. But I was not free! In spite of the good-will of Echague, and all the friendly interest shown by the people, I was not allowed to take my departure until the point had been submitted to the decision of the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, on whom the Governor of Entre-Rios was dependent. But it was not the habit of the dictator to decide anything.

When my wound healed, I began to take exercise, and was permitted to make excursions on horseback to a distance of ten or twelve miles. Besides my board, which I owed to the generosity of Don Jacinto, I was allowed a *peso* per day—a great sum for those countries, where slender incomes are the rule. But all this did not compensate for the liberty I had been deprived of. I had been given to understand by certain persons—whether insidiously or in good faith—that my disappearance would not be altogether displeasing to the government; and I incautiously resolved to escape, thinking the execution of this plan less difficult, and the consequences less momentous, than afterwards proved to be the case, and believing, as I have said, that I should not be considered guilty of a very great crime. The commandant of Gualaguay was a certain Millan. He had treated me rather well than otherwise—this line of behaviour having been imposed on him by the provincial government—and had hitherto really given me no cause of complaint, though he did not show much interest

in me. Being resolved, therefore, to depart, I made my preparations accordingly. One stormy evening, I set out for the house of a good old man, whom I was in the habit of visiting at his residence, about three miles out of town. I explained my plan to him, and commissioned him to find me a guide who would supply horses and go with me as far as the Ibicuy, where I hoped, without being recognized, to find a vessel to take me across to Buenos Ayres or Montevideo.

Having found a guide and horses, I set off across country, so as to escape notice. We had fifty-four miles to ride, which we did by night, and nearly all of it at a gallop. At daybreak we were in sight of the Ibicuy—that is, of the *estancia* of the same name, lying about half a mile off. My guide then told me to wait for him in the wood where we were, while he went to make inquiries at the house. Accordingly, he started alone, and I remained behind, well content to give my limbs, which had suffered considerably from all this galloping, a little rest; for, being a sailor, I was no great horseman. I dismounted, and tied my horse's bridle to one of the acacia trees, of which these woods are entirely composed, though they are so open that horsemen can freely pass under and through them. I waited a long time, stretched on the ground, till at last, seeing that my guide did not appear, I walked to the edge of the wood and endeavoured to catch sight of him, when I heard behind me the trampling of hoofs, and looking round, perceived a troop of horsemen charging me with drawn sabres. They were already between my horse and me,

so that any attempt at flight, and still more at resistance, was out of the question. They bound my hands behind me, and, having placed me on a wretched horse, tied my feet together under it; and in this manner I was brought back to Gualeguay, where far worse treatment awaited me. I shudder whenever I recall this, the worst experience of my life.

Being brought before Millan, who awaited us at the door of the prison, he asked me who had furnished me with the means of escape. Finding that I would tell him nothing, he fell to beating me most cruelly with a whip which he held in his hand; and when I persisted in my refusals, he had me hung up by my hands to a rope, passed over one of the beams of the prison. Two hours of this torture did that scoundrel make me suffer—me who had devoted my whole life to the relief of sufferers, to war against despots and priests, the patrons and administrators of torture!

My body burned like a furnace, and the stomach dried up the water which a soldier was constantly pouring down my throat, as though it had been a red-hot iron. It was agony that cannot be described. When they loosed me, I had ceased to complain—I had fallen into a dead swoon. In this state they put me in irons. I had ridden over fifty-four miles of swamp, where the mosquitoes, at that time of year, are intolerable. With bound hands and feet, I had been compelled to endure helplessly, first, their attacks, and afterwards the tortures inflicted by Millan. I had indeed suffered sorely, and now I was in irons, by the side of a murderer.

Andreas, my benefactor, was in prison; all the inhabitants of the village were panic-struck; and had it not been for the generous devotion of a woman, I must have died. The Señora Aleman, an angel of virtue and goodness, undaunted by the prevailing fear, came to the succour of the tortured captive. Thanks to this generous benefactress, I wanted for nothing during my imprisonment. A few days later I was taken to Bajada, the capital of the province, where I remained two months in prison. After this, the governor told me that I might go where I pleased.

Although my principles differ from those of Echagüe, and I was fighting for another cause—that of freedom, and the Republic of Montevideo; whereas he was a lieutenant of the despot of Buenos Ayres, who was doing his best to destroy them—in spite of all this, I say, I must acknowledge the many obligations I owe him, and wish I could this day prove to him my gratitude for all, but more especially for my liberty, which, but for him, I might not have recovered for an indefinite period.

CHAPTER XII.

FREEDOM.

FROM Bajada I took passage in a Genoese brigantine, commanded by Captain Ventura—a man far superior to the common run of our seafaring countrymen, in most of whom, thanks to their Israelitish education, a mean self-interest is the mainspring of character. The self-interest I speak of is altogether different from that indispensable economy, the basis of honest living in every station, which makes the citizen, adapting himself to his circumstances, balance his expenditure with his income, and being able to spend, say ten, spend only eight; thus keeping a reserve fund, which not only makes him independent of others, but procures him the one incomparable pleasure of doing good. Luxury, depraved appetites, and an inability to adapt one's self to his position and to a sober and laborious life, are the undoubted origin of that host of worthless sluggards who congregate at the feet of power and convert it into a nursery of rascality, a hotbed of spies and ill-doers of every kind.

Captain Ventura, who treated me with a chivalrous

generosity, took me as far as Guassù, at the junction of the Parana and La Plata, where I embarked for Montevideo on a *palandra*, also commanded by a Genoese, Pasquale Carbone, who likewise treated me with the greatest kindness. Neither good nor bad fortune ever comes singly, and as things were just then, it seemed as though the former were to be my uninterrupted lot.

At Montevideo I found many friends, among them Rossetti, Cuneo, and Castellini, the first-named just returned from a voyage to Rio Grande, where he had been favourably received by all the citizens of that ardent republic. At Montevideo, however, I was still proscribed, on account of the affair with the gunboats, and forced to remain in hiding at the house of my friend Pesente, where I stayed a month.

My state of seclusion was cheered by the visits of many Italian acquaintances, who in those times of prosperity for Montevideo—as always in time of peace—showed a courtesy and hospitality worthy of all praise. The war, especially the final siege, embittered the lives of these kind people, and greatly straitened their means.

Accompanied by Rossetti, I left for the Rio Grande after a month at Montevideo, and greatly enjoyed this my first long journey on horseback. We reached Piratinim, where I was well received by the provisional Government of Rio Grande, established in this village as being a central point, and out of reach of imperialist raids. Nevertheless, the Government had already been obliged to pack the archives in waggons and follow the republican army to the field, sharing with the soldiers

the hardships and dangers of battle. This was the course followed by the Republican Government of the United States, when their capital, Philadelphia, was threatened by the English army ; and similar sacrifices must always be made by a nation that prefers hardship, privation, and peril to the degradation of becoming subject to a foreign power.

Almeida, the minister of finance, simply but very gracefully offered me his hospitality. Bento Gonçalves, President of the Republic, and commander-in-chief of the army, had marched at the head of a cavalry brigade to oppose the Brazilian general, Silva Tavares, who had passed the canal of San Gonçalves, and was occupying the eastern part of the province.

Piratinim, the seat at that time of the Republican Government, is only a small village, but pleasing from its Alpine situation. It is the capital of the department of the same name, and surrounded by a warlike population devotedly attached to the Republic. Finding nothing to do at Piratinim, I asked to be attached to the column of operation on the San Gonçalves, and my request was granted.

Having been presented to Bento Gonçalves and very well received, I passed some time in the company of that extraordinary man, who, though nature had certainly endowed him with her choicest gifts, was almost constantly thwarted by fortune—greatly to the advantage of the Brazilian empire.

Bento Gonçalves had been the true ideal of a brilliant and generous warrior, and was so still, though nearly

sixty years old, when I made his acquaintance. Tall and slightly made, he rode a spirited horse with the grace and dexterity of the youngest of his compatriots, who, as is well known, are reckoned among the best horsemen in the world. Of great personal bravery, he had repeatedly been victorious in single combat. His disposition was equally generous and modest, and I do not believe it was with any idea of personal aggrandizement that he incited Rio Grande to shake off the yoke of the empire. He was as temperate as any son of that valiant nation, subsisting, when on active service, on the same rations as the common soldier. Though this was the first time we had met, he shared with me his frugal repast, with as much good-fellowship as if I had been his equal, and lifelong friend.

Thus gifted by nature, Bento was the idol of his fellow-citizens; and yet he was almost invariably unsuccessful in battle—a circumstance which has always inclined me to think that chance counts for a great deal in the issues of war. One quality, indeed, was wanting in the gallant republican—that stubborn endurance in action, the lack of which I consider a very grave defect. Before giving battle, a general ought to think matters well over; but, once engaged, he should never despair of victory till he has tried his utmost efforts and brought his very last reserves into action.

I followed Bento as far as the Canudos (the crossing of the San Gonçalves Canal, which unites the lagoons of Patos and Merim), which had been passed by Silva Tavares, in escaping from the first brigade of the re-

publican army, who were in close pursuit. Being unable to reach the enemy, the brigade retreated, and I returned to Piratinim in the President's suite. About the same time we received the news of the great republican victory at Rio Pardo.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE BUCCANEERING.

I HAD orders to see to the arming of two gunboats, then in the Camacuan—a stream flowing into the Laguna dos Patos—and prepared to start from that place with some comrades who had accompanied me from Montevideo. Rossetti remained at Montevideo, busy editing the journal *O Povo* (*The People*)—and certainly no man could be better qualified for managing a republican paper.

Arriving at Bento Gonçalves' *estancia* on the Camacuan River, I found the gunboats, and armed them. One of them, the *Republicano*, was to be commanded by the American, John Grigg, whom I found on the spot, he having assisted in the construction of the vessels. I myself took command of the larger vessel, the *Rio Pardo*.

We began by cruising about the lagoon and seizing a good-sized bark with a rich cargo, which we unloaded on the western shore, near Camacuan, setting fire to her, after removing everything capable of being turned to account in our slender arsenal. This first capture was a considerable acquisition to our small navy. The crews

who till then had been very badly off, now received a liberal share of the spoil, while some attention was likewise given to their clothing.

The imperialists, who had hitherto despised us, now began to feel that we had a certain importance on the lagoon, and employed their numerous men-of-war in pursuing us. The life we were compelled to lead while fighting in this fashion was full of activity as well as of danger, from the greater number of the enemy, and their superiority in all warlike appliances. For all that, it was a glorious life, and exactly suited to my natural inclination for adventure. We were not confined to the sea, as, having seven horses on board, and being able to get as many more as we wanted, in a country where they are always extremely abundant, we were, when occasion required, transformed, not perhaps into a brilliant cavalry force, but still into one by no means to be despised.

On the shores of the lagoon were certain estancias which had, in the vicissitudes of war, been abandoned by their proprietors, where we found cattle of every description, both for slaughter and for riding. Besides this, nearly all these establishments had *rossas* (cultivated lands), with abundance of vegetables—maize, beans, and sweet potatoes; and frequently oranges, which in that region are excellent.

My followers were a truly cosmopolitan crew, made up of all colours and nations. Those of them who were natives of America were mostly freed negroes or mulattoes; and these, on the whole, were the best and most trusty. Among the Europeans, I had seven Italians, all

of them men to be reckoned on in an emergency, including Luigi and Edoardo Matru, my friend from boyhood. The rest of the crew belonged to that class of seafaring adventurers known on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America as *frères de la côte*—a class which, in former times supplied the pirates and buccaneers with crews, and has, even in our own day, furnished its contingent to the slave trade. In my inexperience of human nature—with its innate perversity, even in educated men, and still more in the ignorant—I treated my crew with perhaps excessive kindness. Undisciplined as they were, however, they certainly did not lack courage; moreover, they obeyed me implicitly, and gave me little cause to be harsh with them. This satisfied me; and I must confess that I have always had the same experience when in command of men of that stamp. Camacuan, where we had our little arsenal, was the base of operations of the republican fleet. The estates extending along the greater part of the river, and covering an immense acreage, were the residences of several influential families, among them those of Bento Gonçalves and his brothers.

This vast stretch of fine pasture-land was grazed over by immense herds of cattle, untouched by the war, being out of reach of the contending armies. The arable land, also, produced crops of every kind in abundance. Be it observed that in no part of the world can you find more frank and cordial hospitality than in the province of Rio Grande. But more especially in those houses, where, to a naturally benevolent character, the head of

the family added sympathy with our opinions, we received a truly affectionate welcome.

The estancias where we stopped most frequently, on account of their proximity to the lagoon, their convenience in other respects, and the reception that always awaited us, were those of Donna Antonia and Donna Anna, both sisters of Bento Gonçalves. Donna Antonia's house stood at the mouth of the Camacuan; her sister's at that of the Arroyo Grande. I do not know whether my age influenced my imagination and predisposed me, being young and inexperienced, to embellish everything; I can, at any rate, assure the reader that no period of my life recurs more pleasantly to my recollection than that passed in the delightful society of these ladies and their families. Donna Anna's house, in particular, was a perfect paradise to us. This lady, though advanced in years, retained singularly fascinating manners. She had staying with her the family of Don Paulo Ferreira, who had been forced by the war to remove from Pilotas, on the banks of the San Gonçalves. Three young ladies, each more charming than the other, adorned that happy spot, and one of them, Manuela, reigned lady paramount of my heart. I never ceased to love her, though hopelessly, for she was betrothed to the President's son. It was an ideal beauty I adored in that angelic form; there was nothing profane in my love. On the occasion of a skirmish, when it was reported that I had been killed, I discovered that I was not altogether indifferent to her, which was enough to console me for the impossibility of her ever being mine. For the rest, the

people of Rio Grande, and especially the ladies, are endowed with a high type of personal beauty. Even the coloured slaves we saw in those numerous establishments were not bad-looking. As may easily be imagined, we held high festival every time a contrary wind, a squall, or an expedition of any kind carried us in the direction of the Arroyo Grande. It was with heartfelt pleasure that we descried the group of tall *tirivà* palms which marked the entrance to the stream, and saluted them with noisy cheers. And when it fell to our lot to transport our hostesses to Camacuan, to visit Donna Antonia, and her charming company, then there was a hurrying to and fro, a busying one's self in attentions to the fair travellers, an eager rivalry in the display of devotion, respect, and veneration.

Between the Arroyo Grande and Camacuan lay several sand-banks called *puntal*, which, starting from the western shore, extended at right angles to the same across the lagoon, reaching with their eastern extremity nearly to the opposite bank, from which they were separated by the channel called *Dos Barcos*. If we had been obliged to round these points in the transit from the Arroyo Grande to Camacuan, the journey would have been a rather long one; but as, with a little trouble, it was possible to cross the banks—that is to say, by the crew jumping overboard and pushing the vessel with the whole force of their shoulders—this expedient was almost always adopted, especially when we were honoured by the presence of the ladies. Whatever the direction of the wind, our launches were run boldly on the bank,

and the order "*Al agua, patos!*" ("Ducks to the water!") was scarcely given, when my shipmates were at their posts in the water, and I with them.

Under such circumstances the order was always jubilantly obeyed; and cheerfully enough even on other occasions. Sometimes the same manœuvre became necessary when we were pursued by the enemy—whose force was always superior to our own—or overtaken by a tempest. Nay, sometimes we were forced to pass a whole night in the water, at a distance from the shore, with no protection against the waves dashing in from the sea; or, in the rainy season, against the colder waters of the sky. At such times there was real suffering to face. We required all the ardent courage of youth to carry us through without giving in.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOURTEEN AGAINST A HUNDRED AND FIFTY.

AFTER our seizure of the schooner, no imperial merchant vessels set sail except under convoy, so that it was now a difficult matter to plunder them. The operations of our gunboats were therefore limited to cruising on the lake, without much success, pursued by the imperialists both afloat and ashore.

A sudden attack made on us by Colonel Francisco de Abreus nearly put an end to our vessels and their voyages together. We were at the mouth of the Camacuan, with our gunboats beached in front of the *galpon de charquenda* (storehouse of a meat-curing establishment), which was at that time used for the stowage of *yerba maté*, the tea of South America. This building belonged to Donna Antonia, the president's sister. No meat was being cured at present, on account of the war, and the building was half filled with tea; and, as it was very spacious, we used it as our arsenal, and beached the gunboats for repairs between it and the river.

The establishment, though business was suspended, preserved all the appearance of its former importance.

Its smiths and carpenters were still on the premises. The country, covered with underwood and forest, afforded charcoal in abundance; nor was there any want of steel or iron, suitable to meet the requirements of our diminutive ships. If anything further was needed for our arsenal, one of us set off at a gallop, to call at the friendly estancias, more or less remote, some of which were well provided with all kinds of stores, to which we were made welcome.

With courage, good-will, and perseverance, no enterprise is impossible; and here I must do justice to my comrade, John Grigg, who before my arrival had faced so many obstacles and overcome so many difficulties, in superintending the construction of the two gunboats. He was young, of unblemished character, tried courage, and infinite patience and perseverance. Belonging to a family in easy circumstances, he had generously devoted his life to the cause of the Republic. When a letter came from his relatives in the United States, asking him to return home, and announcing that he had succeeded to an enormous fortune, he had already met with a glorious death in the service of an unfortunate but gallant and generous nation.

We had, as I said, beached the gunboats, and were working industriously at repairs. Part of the crew were busy with the sails and rigging; others had gone to gather wood to make charcoal. All were occupied, those not actually at work being on guard or out exploring. Francisco de Abreus, commonly called Moringue, had on various occasions shown a desire to surprise us, and,

indeed, had attempted to do so,—unsuccessfully, it is true, but not without causing us some alarm, for he was a bold and adventurous man, well acquainted with the Camacuan, which was his native district. This time he did surprise us in a way that was really masterly.

All night we had been patrolling the country both on horse and foot, the rest of the men being assembled in the *galpon*, with arms loaded and ready. As the morning was foggy, no one moved till it had completely cleared, when careful reconnaissances were made in all directions outside the camp. About 9 a.m., as nothing had been discovered, the scouts returned, and the men were sent to their respective posts, the greater number of them to cut wood, for which purpose they were obliged to go some distance into the forest. At that time I had about fifty men for the two gunboats; but on this particular day, from one cause or another, only a very small number had remained near the vessels.

I was seated near the fire, at which the breakfast was being got ready, drinking some *maté* handed me by the cook, who was the only man left near me. Our kitchen was in the open air, about forty yards from the galpon door. All of a sudden, and, as it seemed, at my very ear, I heard the drums beat the charge, and saw a crowd of imperialist horsemen ride up and close round me from behind. I started up and rushed at full speed to the entrance of the galpon, which I reached barely in time, for already my poncho was pierced by an enemy's lance.

It was fortunate that, having been on the alert all

night, we had our rifles loaded and leaning against the wall inside the building, where I had no sooner got than I opened fire and brought down several of the enemy. At first I was alone; but Ignazio Bilbao, a Biscayan, and Lorenzo N——, a Genoese, both brave officers, were at my side in a moment; then Edoardo Matru, Natale, Raffaele and Procopio—both freed slaves, one a mulatto, the other a negro—and a mulatto boatswain called Francisco. I wish I could recall the names of all the gallant fellows, fourteen in number, who fought for several hours against 150 enemies, killing and wounding so many that at last we got rid of them altogether. Among our assailants were eighty Austrian infantry, who usually accompanied Moringue on similar expeditions, and were excellent soldiers, both on foot and on horseback. On their arrival, they had dismounted and surrounded the house, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the inequalities of the ground, and a few shrubs and small huts which stood near the principal building. This manœuvre of theirs was our salvation; for, although they kept up a terrible fire against us—that is, against the main door—it is invariably the case in surprises that the least hesitation entails almost certain failure. If the enemy, instead of taking position, had advanced at once and resolutely attacked the galpon, all would have been over with us, our small number being quite incapable of resisting so many, and the side doors of the galpon (which we had always left open for fear the enemy should imagine we were afraid) wide enough for a loaded waggon to pass through.

In vain they advanced in crowds against the entire circuit of the walls, and even clambered on the roof, throwing down blazing faggots and pieces of the rafters on our heads. Thence they were dislodged by musket-shots and lance-thrusts through the loopholes we had made in the walls, many being killed and wounded. To make our numbers seem larger, we shouted aloud the republican hymn of Rio Grande ("War, war! fire, fire! against the barbarous tyrants, and also against the patricians who are not republicans!"), while two of our strongest men stood, lance in hand, at each doorway, the steel projecting outside, which damped the enemy's eagerness for the charge. About 3 p.m. they retreated, with many wounded, among them the general with a broken arm; and leaving six corpses close to the galpon, and others at various distances. Meanwhile, eight of our fourteen were wounded, and Rossetti, Luigi, and the rest of our band, being either absent or destitute of arms, could lend us no assistance. Indeed, some, to their bitter mortification, were forced to swim the river, closely pursued by the enemy, while others took to the woods. One, caught alone and unarmed, was killed on the spot.

The brilliant result of this fight against overwhelming odds gave increased confidence both to our men and to the inhabitants of the coast, who had long been exposed to the raids of that bold and crafty leader. Moringue was unquestionably the best of the imperialist generals, excelling especially in night attacks, wherein he showed both a perfect knowledge of the country and people,

and an unfailing shrewdness and intrepidity. Himself a Rio Grande man, he did great injury to the cause of the Republic, and it was in a great measure to him that the empire owed the submission of that province.

Meanwhile, we were celebrating our victory, well pleased at our escape from so violent a storm. Twelve miles away, at Donna Antonia's estancia, a young girl asked eagerly for news of me—a circumstance it made me very happy to hear of. Yes! loveliest daughter of Rio Grande, I was happy to have been, even so far, an object of thy solicitude. Thou wast destined to become the wife of another man. For me Fate was reserving another Brazilian maiden, who was all the world to me—whom I mourn to-day, and shall mourn all my life. She too knew me in misfortune, and loved me, perhaps, rather for my misfortunes than for my deserts. It was adversity that consecrated her mine for ever.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SANTA CATERINA EXPEDITION.

AFTER the incident above recorded, little or nothing of importance happened in the Laguna dos Patos. We began to build two new gunboats, getting the necessary materials from the remains of our prizes, and receiving help from the neighbouring inhabitants, who were always friendly and well-disposed. When our new vessels were completed and armed, we were summoned to Itapua, to co-operate with the army then besieging Porto Alegre, the capital of the province. But for want of artillery the army could do nothing, and we likewise were compelled to remain inactive all the time we were in that neighbourhood. An expedition being proposed into the province of Santa Caterina, I was called upon to take part, accompanying General Canabarro, who was to take command. The two smaller gunboats remained in the lagoon under the orders of Zeffirino d'Utra; and I, with the other two, accompanied Canabarro's division—he to operate by land, and I by sea. I had Grigg with me, as well as a chosen band of our comrades.

The Laguna dos Patos is 135 miles long, and, on an

average, between fifteen and twenty broad. On the right bank of the channel which leads from the eastern end of the lagoon to the sea stands Rio Grande do Sul, a fortress quite as important as the capital. On the other side is Rio Grande do Norte, also a fortified town. Both of them, as well as Porte Alegre, were at the time in the hands of the imperialists, who thus commanded the only outlet of the lagoon. It was consequently impossible for us to pass out to sea, and we were, therefore, obliged to transport our vessels on wheeled carts, constructed for the purpose. It may be seen from this that the largest were of very trifling size.

On the north-eastern side of the lagoon there is a deep bay called Capibari, so called from a small stream flowing into it, which in its turn takes its name from the *capybara*, a kind of amphibious wild hog very common in these regions. This spot was chosen for beaching the gunboats and hoisting them on wheels, which operation was, in fact, carried out on the right bank of the stream.

A resident in that part of the province, named De Abreu, had prepared eight wheels of great solidity, each pair being connected by an axle of a strength proportioned to the weight of the boats. Having got together about two hundred draught-oxen, we brought the gunboats close to the shore, and put the wheels under them in the water, at a due distance from one another with regard to the weight they had to carry. The axles were then slipped under the vessels in such a manner as not to interfere with the free action of the

wheels, and, the oxen being attached with strong traces, the republican ships gradually emerged from the water and were seen sailing over the plain. Having then been adjusted with more ease and exactness than had before been possible, they travelled in this fashion, without obstruction, for fifty-four miles—presenting a curious spectacle to the few inhabitants of the country—to the shores of Lake Taramanday, where they were hauled down, equipped, and got ready for sailing.

Lake Taramanday, formed by the streams draining the eastern slope of the wooded Serra do Espinasso,* discharges its waters into the Atlantic by an opening so shallow as to have, even at high tide, no more than four feet of water. Add to this that, off that alluvial coast, inhospitable as the Sahara itself, the sea is continually agitated by the perpetual breezes of the torrid zone, and the roar of the tremendous surf is heard by the inhabitants many miles inland, sounding like distant thunder, while the sight is dazzled by clouds of wind-blown spray and sand.

* The “backbone” of Brazil—running parallel to the east coast, and covered with one of the finest and most extensive forests in the world.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHIPWRECK.

WE were now ready to start, and only waited for the flood-tide. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before we got under way. Had it not been for our previous practice in launching through breakers, I do not know how we could have got our barks afloat; for, though we had chosen the exact time of high tide, the depth of water was barely sufficient. Before nightfall, however, our efforts were crowned with complete success, and we cast anchor in the Atlantic, outside the heavy surf, at a distance of about six hundred yards from land. It should be borne in mind that no vessel of any kind had ever got out of Taramanday before.

About 8 p.m. we set sail, with a light breeze from the south, which gradually increased to a gale; and by 3 p.m. on the following day we had been wrecked near the mouth of the River Areringua, sixteen of our crew drowned, and the *Rio Pardo*, which I commanded, shattered to pieces in the raging Atlantic surf.

On leaving Taramanday, the wind, continuing to blow from the south, gradually strengthened, and menaced danger. Besides her crew of thirty hands, the *Rio Pardo* had on board a 12-pounder swivel, and

a large quantity of provisions and other stores. These I had shipped, not knowing what straits we might be put to in the hostile country where we were about to land. The vessel was consequently out of trim, and was sometimes so overmastered by the sea that for a while we were submerged, and it was several minutes before we could get clear of the waves. The perilous situation of the little craft, which threatened at any moment to capsize and go down, made us determine to approach the coast at all hazards, and run her ashore. But the wind and sea, continually increasing in fury, gave us no time to choose our ground. A terrible wave broke over us. I happened, at the moment, to be at the fore-masthead, looking out for a place where we might take the ground with less danger. The ship heeled over to starboard, and I was thus flung off to some distance in that direction. I remember well that, though in a position of great danger, I had no apprehension of death. I knew that many of my companions, unaccustomed to the sea, were below, prostrated with sea-sickness. The thought was agony. I got together as many oars and other floating objects as I could, brought them close to the ship, and recommended each man to take one to keep him afloat and assist him in gaining the shore. The first man I fell in with was Edoardo Matru, my companion from boyhood, to whom I pushed a hatch, telling him not to let it go on any account. He had been clinging to a stay on the submerged side of the ship, by seizing which I was able to climb once more on board.

Luigi Carniglia, the brave boatswain, who was at the helm when the disaster took place, had remained holding on to the deck about the port quarter—that is, the side which was uppermost. Unfortunately, the thick jacket of heavy woollen stuff which he had on, so clung to him, being soaked with water, that it was impossible for him to take it off, all his efforts being needed to save himself from being washed away. He signalled to me, and I hastened at once to my friend's assistance. With a little white-handled clasp-knife, which I got out of my trousers-pocket, I began with all my strength to cut the velvet collar. I had accomplished this, and was making another effort to undo the stitches or tear the garment down the back, when a crested wave broke over us with a tremendous crash, shattering the vessel to pieces, and sweeping away all who still clung to her. I was shot to the bottom of the sea like a projectile, and when I came up again, stunned by the blow and choked by the waves, my unfortunate friend had disappeared for ever.

My activity during this catastrophe may seem strange to landsmen; a sailor, however, will see nothing extraordinary in it, bearing in mind that, in a storm, three heavy waves are generally followed by a moment of calm; and it was during this interval that I was able to help my companions.

When I rose to the surface, I saw some of my scattered companions doing their best to gain the shore, and to save myself I had to follow their example. A swimmer from my earliest childhood, I

was the first to reach land. As soon as my feet touched ground, I turned back to learn the fate of the others, and saw Edoardo not far off. He had relinquished his hold of the hatch, or rather it had been torn from his grasp by the violence of the sea. He was swimming, indeed, but the efforts he made showed the extreme exhaustion to which he was reduced. I loved Edoardo like a brother, and his desperate condition distressed me beyond measure. It seems to me that in those days, I was more sensitive and generous than I am now. Hearts grow cold and callous with years and troubles. I sprang towards my friend to push him a spar, which had helped to save me. Already I had almost reached him, and, urged on by the greatness of the stake, I should have saved him—what a joy it would have been! *too* great!—if it had not been for a wave that covered us both. A moment later I floated to the surface, and, not seeing him, called him—called again desperately, but in vain. My early friend was swallowed up in the abysses of that ocean which he had not shrunk from crossing in order to be with me, and to serve the cause of a nation. One more martyr to Italian liberty, without a stone to mark his resting-place beneath the sands of the New World.

The bodies of sixteen of my shipmates shared the same fate. Engulfed by the sea, they were swept by the currents to a distance of thirty miles northward, and there buried in the sands of the coast. I was the only Italian surviving; the other six had all perished—Luigi Carniglia, Edoardo Matru, Luigi Staderini,

Giovanni D——, and two others whose names I do not remember, all strong and brave young fellows. The survivors, fourteen in number, had all landed, one by one. In vain I looked among them for an Italian face; all were gone. I felt absolutely alone in the world, and was quite beside myself; the life I had made such efforts to save seemed a worthless thing after all. Many mere landsmen, quite unable to swim, had escaped. Explain it who can! Besides my Italian comrades, I had lost others who were very dear: two freed slaves, a mulatto and a negro, Raffaele and Procopio, brave and faithful hearts both of them.

A cask of brandy being washed ashore at the same time with us, I thought this a piece of great good fortune, and said to Manuel Rodriguez, a Catalan officer, "Let us contrive to open it, and keep up our strength and that of our friends who are just landing." We set to work to force out the bung, but while trying to do this we grew so benumbed with cold that, had we not luckily taken to running, we should certainly have dropped where we stood, overpowered with fatigue and cold.

As our clothes were wet through, and the wind was biting, this was natural enough. We ran and ran mechanically, southward along the coast, encouraging each other to keep on. A ridge of sandhills that skirted the beach protected us a little from the violence of the wind. On the inner side of this ridge was the Areríngua, an unimportant stream with a northerly course, parallel to the shore for a short distance, till it

turned and flowed into the sea. We followed the right bank of this stream for about four miles, till we came to an inhabited house, where we met with a most hospitable reception. This house stood just within that immense and majestic forest which covers the mountains of Southern Brazil, and is certainly one of the largest in the world. It was a cabin erected within a small clearing, and inhabited by father, mother, and child. All around rose magnificent trees, the growth of centuries, and in one corner of the clearing was an orchard of oranges and lemons, the finest I ever saw, the fruit being perfectly marvellous. A pleasing surprise for shipwrecked mariners !

CHAPTER XVII.

ASSAULT ON THE LAGUNA SANTA CATERINA.

THE second of our cruisers, the *Seival* (commanded by Grigg), was more fortunate. Though not much larger, she was better built than the *Rio Grande*, and thus able to weather the violence of the storm, and reach her destination in safety. Fortunately for us, that part of the province of Santa Caterina where we had been wrecked had risen against the empire on receiving tidings of the approach of the republican forces, so that we not only found friends, but were regularly *fêted*, and supplied if not with all we needed, yet at least with all that the generous inhabitants could offer. We at once procured the means of transport to join General Canabarro's vanguard, which, under the command of Colonel Teixeira, was advancing by forced marches on the town of Laguna (situated on the shore of the Laguna Santa Caterina), in hopes of surprising it.

In fact, the little town did not stand a long siege; the garrison of about four hundred men retreated northward, and three small men-of-war were surrendered after a slight resistance. I took up my post, with my shipwrecked comrades, on board the topsail schooner *Itaparica*, of seven guns.

During the first few days of our occupation, fortune so smiled upon the republicans that it seemed as though she designed to overwhelm us with kindness. The imperialists, neither aware of nor believing in so sudden an invasion, but informed that such an expedition was intended, showed great energy in sending arms, ammunition, and men to Laguna, all of which, arriving after us, consequently fell into our hands.

The townsmen of Caterina welcomed us as brothers and deliverers—a character which, unfortunately, it was not in our power to keep up during the whole of our stay among them.

General Canabarro established his head-quarters in the town of Laguna, to which the republicans had given the name of Villa Juliana, having conquered it in the month of July. I say advisedly conquered, since our behaviour in those regions, where we ought to have acted as brothers, was indeed that of conquerors. Immediately after our entry, a provincial republican government was set up, a priest of much influence among the people being the first president. Rossetti, with the title of Secretary of State, was really the mainspring of the government; and for such a position Rossetti was just the man.

Everything was going on admirably. Colonel Teixeira—a brave officer—having, with his gallant advance column, pursued the flying enemy till he had shut them up in the provincial capital, had proceeded to make himself master of the greater part of its outlying villages and territory. In every place our men were

received with open arms, and we enrolled numbers of imperialist deserters, who passed at once into the service of the Republic. No end of fine projects were devised by General Canabarro, a brave and honest republican soldier, a little rough, but kind-hearted—noticeably so in those troublous times. It was a favourite saying of his that a hydra should rise from the lagoon to devour the empire ; and perhaps it would have proved true, had our fortunate expedition been set about with more judgment and better arrangements. But our haughty bearing towards the good people of Caterina—our friends at first, and afterwards our bitter enemies—the insufficiency of the means employed in so important an expedition, and perhaps some jealousy and ill-will towards our general on the part of those who should have done their best to co-operate with and support him, led to our losing the fruits of a most brilliant campaign, which might have brought about the fall of an empire and the triumph of the republican principle over the whole American continent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN LOVE.

GENERAL CANABARRO having decided that I was to leave the lagoon with three armed cruisers, and attack the imperial forces on the coast of Brazil, I prepared for the work by collecting all materials necessary for the equipment of my vessels.

At this time took place one of the supreme events of my life.

I had never thought of marriage, believing myself entirely unsuited to such a life on account of my independent spirit and love of adventure. To have a wife and children seemed to me entirely forbidden to a man absolutely devoted to a principle—a principle which, however excellent, would not allow me, while fighting for it with all the ardour of which I felt myself capable, to enjoy the quiet and stability necessary for the father of a family. Destiny decided otherwise. The loss of Luigi, Edoardo, and others of my countrymen, had left me utterly isolated; I felt quite alone in the world. Of all the friends who had made those desolate regions like home to me, not one was left. I was not intimate with any of my new companions;

indeed, I scarcely knew them. I have always felt the need of a friend in my life; but among these I could find none. Moreover, the change in my position had come about in a manner so unexpected and so horrible, that it was long before I could recover from the blow. Rossetti, the only man who could have filled the void in my heart, was far away, busied in getting the machinery of the new state into working order; I could not, therefore, have the enjoyment of his society. In short, I needed a human heart to love me, one that I could keep always near me. I felt that unless I found one immediately, life would become intolerable. Young as I was, I had enough knowledge of human nature to be well aware how difficult it is to find a real friend. . . . A woman! Yes, I have always believed women to be the most perfect of God's creatures; and, whatever men may say, I think it is infinitely easier to find a loving heart among them than among us.

Walking up and down the quarter-deck of the *Itaparrica*, wrapped in my own gloomy thoughts, I came, after trying every species of argument, to the conclusion that I would look out for a woman, so as to escape from a position of intolerable weariness and discomfort.

By chance I cast my eyes towards the houses on the Barra—a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance to the lagoon, where a few simple and picturesque dwellings were visible. Outside one of these, by means of the telescope I usually carried with me when on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out, as I wished to go ashore. I

landed, and, making for the houses where I expected to find the object of my excursion, I had just given up all hope of seeing her again, when I met an inhabitant of the place, whose acquaintance I had made soon after our arrival.

He invited me to take coffee in his house; we entered, and the first person who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my children, who shared my life for better, for worse—the wife whose courage I have so often felt the loss of. We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet not for the first time, and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying, "Thou oughtest to be mine!" I could speak but little Portuguese, and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul. I had come upon a forbidden treasure, but yet a treasure of great price.

If guilt there was, it was mine alone. And there was guilt. Two hearts were joined in an infinite love; but an innocent existence was shattered. She is dead; I am wretched; and he is avenged—yes, avenged! On the day when, vainly hoping to bring her back to life, I clasped the hand of a corpse, with bitter tears of despair, then I knew the evil I had wrought. I sinned greatly, but I sinned alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUCCANEERING.

THE three gunboats destined to cruise on the Atlantic were the *Rio Pardo* (a new vessel which had received the name of the wrecked one), commanded by me, the *Cassapara*, under Grigg—both topsail schooners—and the *Seival*,* a gunboat brought over on wheels from the Laguna dos Patos, and commanded by the Italian, Lorenzo. The entrance to the lagoon of Santa Caterina was blockaded by imperial men-of-war. We got out by night, unperceived, and steered northward. Off Santos we met with an imperial corvette, which pursued us in vain for two days. The Brazilian vessels were certainly not so well officered as in the Paraguay campaign. Indeed, if they had had a capable commander, the poor little republican boats would have been knocked to pieces in a few hours; for we had in all only three small guns, one to each boat, two nine-pounders, and one twelve-pounder; while the corvette had twenty large guns in a covered battery, and was a regular man-of-war. On the first day, we threatened to board her; and, after a great deal of cannonading, she stood away leaving us in

* These three vessels were named after republican victories.

possession of the sea. Next day, when we kept closer to shore, a heavy squall from the south put an end to the semblance of a combat, which, being carried on at no great distance, in a heavy sea, ended with no result either way.

After this we touched at the Ilha do Abrigo, where we took two brigantines laden with rice. Pursuing our course, we made other prizes, among them a brigantine already plundered by Grigg, who had put a few of his men on board as a prize crew. These had been attacked by the Brazilian crew, and put in irons, to be carried prisoners to the enemy's head-quarters. It was a stroke of good luck for our friends thus to fall in our way.

We returned to the lagoon after a week's absence. I had a presentiment that we should fare badly in those parts, as, even before our departure, the people of Caterina had shown us no good-will, and it was known that a strong body of imperial troops was advancing from the north, under the command of General Andrea, famous for the pacification of the Parà, and the atrocious system of repression practised by him in that province. On our return to the lagoon, we met with an armed Brazilian *patacho* off Santa Caterina. We had only the *Rio Pardo* and the *Seival*, the *Cassapara* having separated from us on a dark night several days before. We were sailing towards the Laguna di Santa Caterina, with a strong breeze astern, when the *patacho* was sighted ahead of us, apparently cruising eastward from the island of the same name. We made out that she was sailing as close as she could to the wind, which was off her port

quarter. She carried seven guns, and was built for a man-of-war. The *Rio Pardo*, with only one nine-pounder amidships, was a small merchant schooner, without any of the necessary warlike equipments. However, we had to put a good face on the matter, and, having signalled to the prizes, three in number, to make for Imbituba, the *Rio Pardo* got within musket-shot of the *patacho*, luffed to port, and opened fire on the enemy. The *patacho* replied gallantly, though the fight could have little or no result, as the sea was running very high—so much so that we mostly had our star-board gunwale under water, and the utmost damage they could do was to make a few holes in our sails. The result of the fight was our loss of two prizes, one of which ran ashore, and the other—her commander having lost his presence of mind—struck her colours. One prize only was saved—that commanded by a gallant Biscayan officer, Ignazio Bilbao; she anchored in the port of Imbituba, occupied by our forces. The little *Seival*, whose one gun had got dismantled during the action, took the same course, so that I also was forced to make for Imbituba, with a north-easterly wind, which during the night veered round to south. With such a wind, it was impossible to enter the lagoon, and in any case the imperial men-of-war stationed off the island of Santa Caterina, warned by the *Andurinha* (the vessel with which we had been engaged), would have attacked us. We had, therefore, to prepare for combat. The dismantled gun of the *Seival* was placed on a promontory forming the eastern side of the bay of

Imbituba, where we threw up an earthwork. This work was completed during the night, and at daybreak three imperial vessels were discovered bearing down on us. The *Rio Pardo* was run close in shore at the head of the bay, and a very unequal combat began, the imperial forces being beyond comparison the stronger. The enemy, favoured by the slight wind blowing out of the bay, kept all sail set, with short braces, and cannonaded us furiously, being able to direct their fire—which was all concentrated on my poor solitary vessel, the *Rio Pardo*—at any angle they pleased. The fight was carried on, nevertheless, with the greatest resolution on our part, and at close quarters, a musketry fire soon being opened on both sides. Our losses certainly were in inverse ratio to our strength. Our deck was already covered with dead and wounded; the *Rio Pardo's* sides riddled with shot, and her rigging quite destroyed. We had resolved to fight to the last—a resolve which was strengthened by the sight of the Brazilian Amazon, Anita, who not only refused to leave the vessel, but bore a glorious part in the conflict. While we fought thus resolutely, we received no slight assistance from the skilful and effective fire which the gallant Manuel Rodriguez kept up from our gun on the shore.

The enemy were most persistent in attacking the *Rio Pardo*, and several times approached so near that I quite expected them to board us. We were prepared for anything but surrender. At last, after several hours' obstinate fighting, to our great surprise the enemy retired. We afterwards heard that the reason of this

retreat was the loss of the commander of the *Belle Américaine*, one of their largest vessels. We spent the rest of the day in burying our dead, and repairing the worst of the injuries sustained by the *Rio Pardo*. Next day the enemy kept at a distance from us, preparing for a new fight. We waited till night, and then, protected by the darkness, weighed anchor for Laguna, the south wind having fallen to a calm.

With nightfall we had silently shipped the cannon which had been on shore, and by the time the enemy perceived our departure, were already some distance off. It was only on the morning of the following day that they overtook and fired some shots at us, which all missed.

We entered the lagoon of Santa Caterina, to be received with the greatest joy by our friends, who were at a loss to understand how we had been able to escape from a force so superior to our own.

CHAPTER XX.

RETREAT.

BUSINESS of a different and very serious kind was awaiting us at Laguna. The enemy's advance with a strong land force, and the overbearing manner in which we had treated the people of Santa Caterina, incited certain of the inhabitants of the adjacent country to rise against the Republic, and among others those of the village of Imiriù at the south-western corner of the lake. General Canabarro entrusted me with the odious task of reducing this district, and ravaging it as a punishment. I was obliged to obey orders, but, even under a republican government, passive obedience goes very much against the grain. The garrison and inhabitants having made preparations for defending the lake-shore, I landed three miles to the east of the town, and attacked it suddenly from the mountains—that is, in the rear. Having defeated and put to flight the garrison, the place remained in our hands. I hope—as assuredly every man would who had not forgotten his manhood—that I may never have to sack another town. The fullest narrative of such misdeeds can give but a very imperfect notion of their hideous foulness and wickedness. I never, before or after, passed a day of such remorse,

and such disgust with my species. The loathing and fatigue experienced on that miserable day in attempting to restrain, at least, violence to the persons of the citizens, were unspeakable. It was only by free use of the sabre, and at the risk of my own life, that I succeeded at all. As to property of every description, it was impossible to avoid the most frightful disorders. Neither my authority as commander, nor the exertions of myself and the few officers not carried away by the mad lust of plunder, were of any avail. We caused a rumour to be spread that the enemy was returning to the attack in greater numbers than before, but to no purpose; though if he really had appeared, he must have effected a terrible slaughter of our men, coming upon them by surprise while they were disbanded and drunken. Nor was the rumour without foundation, since the enemy's forces were visible on the heights, though they did not venture to attack us. Nothing availed to stop the plundering; and, most unhappily, the town, though small, was the magazine whence most of the inhabitants of the neighbouring hills drew their supplies, and consequently well provided with stores of every kind, especially spirituous liquors, so that the intoxication was general. Be it noted that I did not know the men who had landed with me; for the most part they were a raw levy, utterly undisciplined. If fifty imperialists had attacked us under the circumstances, it would most assuredly have been all up with us.

At last, by dint of threats and blows, and even cutting

down a few of the most insubordinate, I succeeded in getting those unchained wild beasts on board again. We also shipped some provisions, and a few casks of brandy for the division, and returned to Laguna.

The following incident may serve to show the class of men I had to deal with on this expedition. A German sergeant, much looked up to by the soldiers, had been killed at Imiriù. I gave orders for his burial; but, as the soldiers had other matters to attend to, they insisted on bringing the corpse on board, alleging that the gallant fellow deserved an honourable funeral at Laguna. After we started, I was walking up and down the deck, when I noticed a light in the hold, where the greater part of our men were lodged during the voyage. Looking down the hatchway, I saw the corpse of the sergeant, a tall, stout man, stretched out in the midst of a crowd, whose countenances, flushed with wine, were anything but pleasant to contemplate. The brutal faces, seen by the light of tallow candles stuck in bottles placed on the breast of the corpse, seemed those of demons playing at dice for souls. As such I remember them, the plunderers of Imiriù, gambling away their booty across their comrade's dead body.

Meanwhile our van, under Colonel Teixeira was retreating before a strong force of the enemy, which advanced rapidly from the north. We began to transport the baggage of the division to the right bank of the Barra, and had soon to turn our thoughts to the transport of the troops themselves.

CHAPTER XXI.

FIRE AND SWORD.

ON the day of our retreat, when our whole division, with a large quantity of stores, was being conveyed to the right bank, I had my full share of work; for, though our men were not very numerous, the greater part of them were cavalry, and the stretch of water to be crossed was very wide and full of currents. I worked from early morning till about noon, using as many boats as I could get to ferry them all across. I then ascended a height near the entrance of the lagoon, to watch the enemy's ships, which, crowded with troops, were advancing in conjunction with the land force.

Before ascending the hill, I sent word to the general that the enemy was preparing to force the entrance of the Barra—being certain that such was his intention, from what I had observed of the movements of his fleet while I was conducting the passage of our troops. From the top of the hill I was able to assure myself that this was indeed the case. The enemy's ships were twenty-two in number—vessels of no great draught, but suited to the depth of water in the entrance of the

lagoon. I therefore immediately repeated my warning to Canabarro, there being, in fact, no time to lose. But—whether it was due to indecision on the part of the General, or whether the men really stood in absolute need of food and rest—no one arrived to take part in the defence of the Barra; though, if our infantry had been properly posted, they must have made havoc among the enemy. So far from this being done, the only resistance offered came from the battery on the eastern point, commanded by the brave Captain Esposto, which, however, through the bad state of the guns, and want of practice on the part of the gunners, did very little damage. Similar difficulties were experienced on board the three small republican vessels commanded by myself. These had been short-handed from the first, and on that day many—and those the picked men of the crew—were engaged in transporting the remnant of the division. Others remained mutinously on shore, not choosing to expose themselves to the risk of hard fighting at heavy odds. I descended the hill, and was soon at my post on board the *Rio Pardo*. When I arrived, my Anita had already, with her wonted fearlessness, levelled and fired the first cannon, while her words reanimated the flagging spirits of the crew.

The fight was short, but decisive. We did not lose a large number of men, having so few on board; but of the officers on the three vessels, I was the only one left alive. The enemy's whole squadron entered the lagoon, keeping up an incessant and vigorous fire with artillery and small arms. The wind and tide being

in their favour redoubled their speed; and they sustained very little injury, and cast anchor within gunshot, continuing to bombard us with pieces of heavier calibre than our own.

I asked General Canabarro for men to continue the combat; but the only answer I got was an order to set fire to the vessels, and retire on shore with the crews. I had sent Anita with this message, charging her not to return to the ship; but she would not send the answer—she came back with it herself. Indeed, it was entirely owing to her admirable coolness that I was able to save any of the ammunition.

The order to set fire to our little fleet, as it had to be carried out without assistance, and as the enemy continued to rake us with their guns, was not of easy execution. A painful sight it was to watch the fire devouring the bodies of my comrades. It was impossible to give them any funeral honours, or, indeed, any other kind of burial than this. Passing from one of our ships to another, in order to fire them, I found the decks turned into a shambles. The commander of the *Itaparica*, Juan Enrique, a native of the Laguna district, lay among other corpses, pierced through the chest by a grapeshot. Captain John Grigg, of the *Cassapara*, had been struck by a grapeshot in such a manner, and at such short range, as to carry away the whole lower part of his body, leaving only the upper. His fair complexion had not changed, and, as he was left leaning against the bulwarks on the opposite side of the ship to where he had been standing when struck, I saw,

looking from below, only the uninjured head and shoulders, and at first sight took him to be still alive.

In a few minutes the ashes of our brave comrade were beneath the waves, and the vessels which had filled the empire with alarm, and which, according to General Canabarro's prophecy, were one day to have destroyed it, no longer existed. Night was already falling when I assembled the remnant of my band, and marched in the rear of the division, retreating on Rio Grande by the same road which, a few months before, we had trodden, heralded by victory, and our hearts beating high with hope.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAMPAIGNING ASHORE—VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

AMONG the many vicissitudes of my stormy life, I have not wanted happy moments ; and such, paradoxical though it appears, was the one when, at the head of a few men, the survivors of many battles, who had honestly earned the name of heroes, I rode along with the woman of my heart beside me, throwing myself into a career which, even more than the sea, had an immense attraction for me. What mattered it to me that I had no clothes except those I stood up in ? or that I served a poor Republic which could pay not one penny ? I had a sword and carbine, which I carried before me across the saddle. Anita was my treasure, and no less zealous than myself for the sacred cause of nations, and for a life of adventure. She looked upon battles as a pleasure, and the hardships of camp-life as a pastime ; so that, however things might turn out, the future smiled on us, and the vast American deserts which unrolled themselves before our gaze seemed all the more delightful and beautiful for their wildness. Besides all this, I could feel that I had honestly done

my duty in the various perils which I had been called to share, and had earned the respect of the warlike sons of Rio Grande.

We retreated, then, as far as Las Torres, on the boundary of the two provinces, where we pitched our camp. The enemy, content with occupying the lagoon, did not attempt to follow us. Acunha's division, however, which had come from the province of São Paulo, to cut off our retreat, was advancing over the forest-covered mountains, by way of Cima da Serra, a department in the mountains belonging to the province of Rio Grande. The inhabitants of the Serra, overpowered by a superior force, asked for help from General Canabarro, who arranged to send to their aid an expedition under Colonel Teixeira, of which we formed part. Having effected a junction with the Serrãos, under Colonel Aranha, we completely defeated Acunha's division at Santa Vittoria. The imperial general was killed while crossing the river Pelotas, and the greater part of his troops taken prisoners. This victory re-established the authority of the Republic in the three departments of Lages, Vaccaria, and Cima da Serra. A few days after we entered Lages in triumph (January, 1840).

Meanwhile, the invasion had revived the hopes of the imperial party in the province of Missiones; and the imperial colonel Mello had increased his cavalry corps there to about five hundred. General Bento Manuel, who had been intended to oppose him, had contented himself with sending Lieut.-Colonel Portinhos, who, not having sufficient forces, did nothing but watch

Mello's movements. The latter turned towards São Paulo, where, in our position and with our forces, we could not only have opposed his passage, but have utterly routed him. But fate would not have it so. Colonel Teixeira, uncertain whether the enemy would come by way of Vaccaria, or by another road, that of Coritibanos, divided his force into two portions, sending Colonel Aranha with the greater part of the Serra cavalry into Vaccaria, and himself marching towards Coritibanos with the infantry and part of the cavalry, the latter corps being chiefly made up of the prisoners taken at Santa Vittoria. This last happened to be just the point for which the enemy was making.

The division of our forces was a fatal mistake; our recent victory, the daring spirit of our leader, and the republicans in general, and the information we had received about the enemy (depreciating both their numbers and their *morale*), made us unduly confident in our own strength. A three days' march brought us to Coritibanos, where we encamped at a certain distance from the pass of Maromba, whence we expected the enemy to arrive. Sentinels were posted at the pass, and at other parts which it was necessary to guard. Towards midnight the outposts at the pass were attacked by the enemy with so much fury that they scarcely had time to fall back, exchanging a few shots. From that moment till daybreak, we remained with all forces ready for action. We had not long to wait for the appearance of the enemy, who, having passed the river with all

his men, had drawn them up in fighting order, not far from us. Any man but Teixeira, seeing the odds against us, would have immediately sent word to Aranha to hasten back to us, and have contrived in the mean time to delay the enemy till we had effected a junction. But the gallant republican was afraid that our foes would escape us, and that we should lose the chance of a battle. We attacked them, regardless of their superior position. Mello, taking advantage of the uneven nature of the ground, had formed his line of battle on a high hill, having in front a deep valley overgrown with thick bushes. He had also hidden on his flanks some detachments of cavalry, which we could not see. Teixeira ordered us to attack with a detachment of infantry in skirmishing order, taking advantage of the obstacles in the valley. We attacked, and the enemy made a feint of retreating; but our column, while pursuing them, after crossing the valley, was charged in flank by a troop protected by the enemy's right, and driven back in disorder upon the main body. In this encounter we lost Manuel N——, one of our bravest officers, and very highly esteemed by our chief.

Our column, having been reinforced, marched forward again with more resolution; and this time the enemy fell back and began to retreat, leaving one man dead on the field. The wounded on either side were few, not many men of either force having taken part in the fight. Meanwhile, the enemy was retreating hastily, and we pursued without stopping.

Both cavalry columns—our vanguard and the enemy's rear-guard—kept up an incessant skirmishing, over a space of about nine miles. We were obliged to leave our infantry far behind, as, in spite of every effort, they could not keep up with the horses. Of this circumstance the enemy took full advantage—if, indeed, they had not purposely contrived it.

When our van had reached the highest point of the pass of Maromba, its commander, Major Jacinto, sent word to the colonel that the imperialists were passing the ford, and that their *ganado** and *caballadas*† were already on the other side, an indication that they were still in retreat. The brave Teixeira did not hesitate a moment, but ordered the cavalry detachments to set off at a trot, so as to charge the enemy from the height of the pass, and disperse them; at the same time he directed me to make every effort to follow with the infantry. The astute Mello had been manœuvring to deceive us. Having marched his detachments hastily forward, in order to get them out of our sight, and reached the neighbourhood of the river Coritibano, he did, it is true, send his horses and cattle over to the other side; but, at the same time, he drew up his troops on our left, behind some hills which entirely hid them from view. Having taken these measures, and left a detach-

* A herd of cattle driven along for the supply of the army, who carry no baggage-train.

† The drove of spare horses, indispensable in those countries where the greater part of the force consists of cavalry;—every soldier being obliged to have two spare horses, besides the one he is riding.

ment to protect his column of sharpshooters, as soon as he perceived our infantry in the distance, he retreated to the cover of the high hills on our left; and, dashing out suddenly with a diversion to the left, attacked our cavalry in flank, and completely scattered each detachment in succession. The detachment acting as a support to our column, whose horsemen were driving the retreating imperialists before them at the lance's point, was the first to perceive the error, but, not having even time to turn aside, met with the same fate as all the rest. The same thing happened to all, in spite of the courage and determination of Teixeira and other brave Rio Grande officers; and in a short time our cavalry presented the disgraceful spectacle of a panic-stricken flock of sheep.

I had not liked our leaving the infantry so far behind, knowing our cavalry to be composed of such very untrustworthy elements, many of them prisoners taken at Santa Vittoria. For this reason I hurried on my men as fast as I could, so as to get them up in time for the battle, but in vain. From a height which I reached, I saw the slaughter of our troops, and knew that it was too late to decide the victory, though not to prevent the total destruction of our forces.

I called a dozen of the most active and intrepid of my sailors, who broke into a run at the sound of my voice, as though they were not already tired out with a long forced march. I posted them on a spot which not only commanded a good view, but was difficult of access on account of rocks and bushes, and therefore

a strong position for infantry. From this position we began to make head against the enemy, and show them that their victory was not complete, after all.

At this juncture the colonel fell back with some of his staff, after having with indomitable courage made every effort to arrest the course of the fugitives. The infantry, under Major Peixotto, who commanded under my orders, came up with us in the same position; and the defence became obstinate and exceedingly destructive to the enemy. We lost many foot-soldiers, who, remaining behind, were involved in the flying cavalry, and nearly all killed. Meanwhile, as seventy-three of us were now assembled in a strong position, we fought at a certain advantage, the enemy having no infantry, and being unaccustomed to oppose that force. Notwithstanding this advantage, our position was isolated, and we found it necessary to seek a safer one, whence we could secure an unmolested retreat, without giving the enemy time to collect their forces, or our own men to lose heart.

A *capon* (an isolated clump of trees and underwood) was in sight about a mile distant, and towards this we directed our retreat. The enemy endeavoured to throw us into confusion on the march, and kept charging us *en échelon* whenever the ground allowed it. Under these circumstances, it was greatly in our favour that our officers were armed with carbines; and our men, all being veterans, were able to stand against the shock of the enemy's charges, and repulse them with cool daring. In this manner we succeeded in gaining the

shelter of the *capon*, where the enemy no longer molested us. Having penetrated some distance into the wood, we selected a clear space of ground, and all together, with our arms ready to hand, sat down to rest, and await the night. The enemy, from without, challenged us several times to surrender; but we made no reply to these demonstrations.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RETURN TO LAGES.

AT nightfall we made some preparations for leaving. The greatest difficulty was the transport of the wounded, one of whom was Major Peixotto, who had received a ball in the foot. About 10 p.m., having accommodated them as well as we could, we began the march, skirting the *capon*, which we left on our right, and endeavouring to reach the edge of the forest. This forest, perhaps the largest in the world, extends through thirty-four degrees of latitude, from the alluvial flats of the La Plata to those of the Amazon, covering the crests of the Serra do Espinasso (the backbone of Brazil). I do not know its longitudinal extent, which is probably enormous. The three departments of Cima da Serra, Vaccaria, and Lages, are, so to speak, clearings in the midst of this forest.

Coritibanos, in the department of Lages and the province of Santa Caterina—so called from the inhabitants, who migrated from Coritiba, in the province of São Paulo—is the scene of my narrative. As I said, we skirted the *capon* in order to approach the above-described forest, and made for Lages, so as to rejoin

Aranha's corps, unhappily separated from us. Our issuing from the *capon* was the signal for one of those incidents which seem to show that man is the sport of circumstance, and shows the power of panic even over the bravest of men. We were marching in silence, and, as was natural, quite ready to fight should the enemy appear. A horse, which had probably lost its rider during the day, and was seen with saddle, bridle, and bit still on, trying with difficulty to graze, was startled by some slight noise we made, and took to flight. A voice was heard, saying, "The enemy!" and all at once those very seventy-three who for several hours had been resisting a force of five hundred, were seen to rush into the thickest of the underwood, and in such a manner that, though we wasted many hours in trying to collect them, it was impossible to get them all together again, and several were lost. Nevertheless, having assembled as best we could, we resumed our march, and at break of day had reached the longed-for forest, and were skirting it in the direction of Lages. When the enemy sought us on the following day, we were already out of their reach.

The day of the battle had been one of terrible fatigue, privations, and hardships; but the excitement of fighting overpowered every other idea. But in the forest, where meat, our usual food, was not to be had, and where we could get no other, matters became serious. We remained four days without anything to eat save the roots of plants. Nor can one describe the fatigue undergone in making our way where no track existed,

and where nature, rank and productive beyond all conception, rears under the colossal pines of the immense forest the gigantic *taquara* (bamboo). The decayed stalks and leaves of this plant, piled up among the trees, form an impassable soft mass, capable of swallowing up and burying any one who should incautiously set foot on it.

Many of our men lost heart, and some deserted. At last it became necessary to call them together, and seriously impress upon them that it was better they should frankly state their wishes, and that every man who did not care to follow us was perfectly free to leave. This measure had the desired effect; from that time forward there were no more desertions, and the men became more hopeful of our ultimate escape. On the fifth day from that of the combat we reached the entrance to the *piccada*, or path cut through the forest and leading to Lages, where we came across a house, and satisfied our hunger by killing two bullocks. In this house we made two prisoners belonging to the force which had defeated us, and then set out for Lages, where we arrived on a rainy day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAGES—THE BATTLE AT THE FOOT OF THE SERRA.

THE town of Lages, which had *fêted* us on our victorious arrival, had, at the news of our Coritibanos disaster, changed its colours, and some of the most resolute citizens had already established the imperial form of government. These last fled at our approach, and as the greater number were tradesmen, and the richest in the town, they left us their warehouses well stocked with all the comforts of life. This enabled us to improve our condition by supplying ourselves abundantly with all necessaries. Meanwhile, Teixeira sent orders to Aranha to rejoin the main body; and at the same time, we received notice of the coming of Lieut.-Colonel Portinho, who with his column had been sent by General Bento Manuel* to pursue that very force of Mello's which we had unfortunately met in Coritibanos.

I have served the cause of nations in America, and proved my sincerity in so doing by the consistent way in which I have everywhere fought against despotism.

* This general afterwards betrayed the Republic, and went over to the imperialists.

An admirer of the republican form of government, which suits my idiosyncrasy, I have ever, for the same reason, been the opponent of the contrary system. Tracing all human ills back to their source, the selfishness of our unhappy nature, I have always been inclined rather to pity than to hate my fellow-men. This day (1850), at a distance from the stage where the scenes I am describing were enacted, I can relate them calmly, and have a right to be considered impartial. I wish, therefore, to assert that these gallant sons of the Continent* were fearlessness itself, and that our occupation of Lages—an occupation which we kept up for several days, ready to hold the place against a victorious enemy of ten times our numbers, and divided from us only by the river Canoas (which we could not defend, our auxiliary troops being at a distance)—was a stroke of supreme audacity.

Many days passed before the arrival of Aranha and Portinho, during all which time the imperialists were kept at bay by a mere handful of men. Scarcely had our reinforcements arrived, when we marched resolutely on the enemy, who would not accept battle, but retreated when we came close to them, falling back on the province of São Paulo, whence they expected considerable reinforcements, both infantry and cavalry.

Here we became aware of the usual weak point of republican armies, namely, the unwillingness of the

* A name given, probably by the discoverers, to the large and fine province of Rio Grande do Sul, there being another province of the same name in the north of Brazil.

soldiers to remain in the field when no immediate fight was in question—a defect which made itself felt in Washington's army, as it always must where men do not see the value of the true discipline of soldiers of freedom ;—a discipline which must arise from individual conviction of duty, and is very different from the compulsory discipline of the soldier of despotism. In this last case, the soldier is either forcibly taken from his home and obliged to perform, at the caprice of a tyrant, any atrocious deed that may be required of him ; or he is a hireling, sold, body and soul, to any one who pays him, and disposed by natural inclination to commit actions a wolf would be ashamed of. The citizen soldier of a free nation joins the colours whenever he is summoned to them, because his country is threatened by powerful enemies. He willingly gives his life in defence of that country and his dear ones, and never leaves the national army till the danger is past, and he is dismissed by his leaders. The republican army of Rio Grande was composed, for the most part, of brave citizen soldiers, who, however, did not intend to remain under arms. When, in their judgment, the danger to their country was over, and the season no longer suitable for fighting, they left the ranks without waiting for orders from the authorities. This failing of theirs almost proved our ruin on one occasion, when a more enterprising enemy could have profited by this insubordination and our weakness to crush us altogether.

The Serrãos, people of the surrounding mountains, were the first to leave the ranks, taking with them not

only their own horses, but also those belonging to the division. Portinho's men, from the province of Missiones, followed their example; and before long our force was in this way so far diminished that we were obliged to evacuate Lages, and fall back on the province of Rio Grande, fearing the approach of the enemy, whom we should have been too weak to resist. The small remnant of our force, in want of necessaries, and particularly of clothing—for, in the mountainous country where we were, the cold was beginning to get intolerable—became more and more demoralized; and the men loudly demanded the right of returning to their homes, in the level and sunny part of the province.

The province of Rio Grande is divided into two parts—the lower, bounded on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west and north-west by the Serra do Espinasso, is an almost tropical region, of mild temperature; coffee, sugar, and oranges flourish on its fertile soil, and it has, moreover, the advantages of an unlimited supply of cattle, and a fine population, as well skilled in horsemanship as the inhabitants of the La Plata provinces. The high region of the Serra, with a much lower temperature, possesses all the fruits belonging to colder climates—apples, pears, peaches, and others—and is crowned by the southern extremity of the vast forest already mentioned, whose gigantic pines strike the eye like rows of temple-columns.

Colonel Teixeira, obliged to yield to the importunities of his men, ordered me to descend the Serra with what was left of the infantry and marines, and rejoin the

army, while he prepared to follow with the cavalry. This descent was a difficult one, owing to the roughness of the road, and the obstinate hostility of the inhabitants, who were bitter enemies to the republicans. It is a strange but true fact, that peasants as a class, who should be more than any other in favour of a free government, always detest and oppose it.

We descended by the *piccada* (forest track) of Peluffo, being about sixty in number. We had to face some terrible ambuscades, but got past by incredible good fortune ; thanks to the determination of the men under my command, and the fact that our enemies were but little skilled in warfare.

As the path we were passing over was very narrow, and cut through the thickest of the jungle, the imperial troops, natives to the country, and therefore well acquainted with the ground, chose the roughest places for ambuscades, and rushed out furiously upon us with tremendous yells, while a dropping fire of musketry was kept up at us from the most tangled thickets. Yet the coolness of our bearing struck such terror into these mountaineers, that we lost only one horse, and a few of our men were very slightly wounded. We reached head-quarters at Malacara, twelve miles from Porto Alegre, where President Bento Gonçalves, at that time commander-in-chief, was stationed.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INFANTRY ACTION.

THE republican army was preparing to march when we came up with it. The imperialists, after losing the battle of Rio Pardo, had revictualled at Porto Alegre, and, leaving that place by order of old General Giorgio, had taken up their position on the banks of the river Cahò, protected by their ships of war, with a large number of cannon; and, reinforced by a strong body of infantry, only waited to be joined by General Calderon, who, coming from Rio Grande, had got together some tolerable cavalry in the country.

The empire, with all the means of corruption at its disposal, did not want for adherents in the province of Rio Grande—a district where, as in La Plata, one may say that the men are born on horseback, and where the very spirit of the cavalier makes them warlike. But not all cavaliers are capable of resisting decorations, gewgaws, and, above all, the omnipotent metal.

The same failing noticed above—the disinclination of the republicans to act in concert except in the actual presence of the enemy—facilitated such measures on the part of the latter; and by the time General Netto, who commanded the republican forces in the

plains, had got together sufficient men to beat Calderon, the latter had already joined the main army on the Cahò, with a large number of horses, of which the imperialists stood in great need. General Giorgio, therefore, threatened the besiegers of the capital with a vastly superior force, and obliged them to raise the siege.

To enable us to offer battle to the imperial army, it was indispensable that the President should join Netto's division, and this junction, successfully carried out, reflects great honour on the military capacity of Bento Gonçalves. To a European army hampered with baggage, this manœuvre would have been simply impossible.

We marched with the army from Malacara—taking the direction of the German colony of St. Leopold—passed by night within two miles of the enemy, and after two days' and two nights' continual marching, almost without eating, reached the neighbourhood of Taquary, where we fell in with Netto, who was coming to meet us. I said—almost without eating; and the fact is, that as soon as the imperialists heard of our being in motion, they made forced marches to give us battle, and, in spite of being far more heavily weighted than we were (having both artillery and baggage), came up with us several times while we were resting from our long marches, and occupied in roasting the beef, which was our only food. More than once they obliged us to take our roasts * on our

* The roast beef (*açado*) which is the principal food of South American soldiers, is spitted on a green branch, so as to be more easily picked up and carried on one's back.

backs and make a hasty start, in order to reach our destination in safety.

At Pinheirinho, six miles from Taquary, we halted, and prepared for battle. The republican army, consisting of 5000 cavalry and 1000 infantry, occupied the heights of Pinheirinho, a moderately high hill half covered with pines—the infantry in the centre, commanded by old General Crescenzo, the right wing under Netto, and the left under Canabarro. Both wings were composed of cavalry alone, and that, without exaggeration, the best in the world, although the men were *farrapos*.* Our infantry, consisting entirely, with the exception of the officers, of men of colour, was also excellent; and all were eager to fight. Colonel Joan Antonio, with a cavalry corps, formed the reserve.

The enemy had 4000 infantry, 8000 cavalry, and several pieces of artillery, and had taken position on the further side of a small torrent-bed which divided the two armies. Their aspect was by no means contemptible. The best troops of the empire were there, and under old General Giorgio, who was considered its most capable officer.

The imperial general had up to that point marched on boldly, and had already made all arrangements for an attack according to rule. He had sent across the dry bed of the torrent two battalions of infantry, who thereupon immediately formed in square. Two

* The name of *farrapos* ("ragamuffins") was given by the imperialists to the republicans, who returned the compliment by the epithet of *caramurù* ("men of fire," in the native dialect).

guns, advantageously placed on the other side, were thundering at our cavalry columns and their supports. Already the brave men of the first cavalry brigade, under the orders of Colonel Netto, had unsheathed their sabres, and were only waiting for the charge to be sounded, to fling themselves on the two battalions that had crossed. These warlike sons of the Continent, who with Netto had never been defeated, had all the confidence given by a succession of previous victories.

Our infantry, with colours unfurled, écheloned in divisions on the highest part of the hill, and covered by its ridge, was raging with impatience for the fight. Already Canabarro's terrible lancers, all freed slaves, and all horse-breakers by profession, had made a forward movement, and thrown into confusion the right flank of the enemy, who was thus obliged to form front on the right, in great disorder. The courageous freedmen, proud of their task, drew up in more solid order, and seemed a perfect forest of lances. This incomparable corps was composed of negro slaves liberated by the Republic, chosen from among the best horse-breakers of the province, and officered by white men. These true champions of freedom, if any men ever deserved that name, had never been known to turn their backs on the enemy. Their lances, beyond the ordinary length, their coal-black faces, their sturdy limbs, hardened by constant and vigorous exercise, and their perfect discipline, struck terror into the foe.

Already the encouraging voice of the commander-

in-chief had passed along the ranks. "To-day each one of us will have to fight for four," had been the laconic words of that hero, endowed with all the qualifications of a great general, except luck. Our hearts felt the throb of battle, and the confidence of victory. Never did I see a fairer day, or a more magnificent sight.* Posted in the centre of our infantry, on the highest point, I had a good view of both armies.

The fields below us, covered with a short and scattered growth of herbage, opposed no obstacle to the eye, and we could perceive even the slightest movement on the part of the enemy. There, beneath my feet, in a few minutes, would be decided the fate of Brazil, the larger portion of the American Continent! the destiny of a nation decided! These bodies of men, so compact, so flourishing, so brilliant, will in a few moments be broken up, scattered, thrown into horrible confusion, and breathing the lust of destruction. In a short time, blood, broken limbs, the corpses of so many splendid young fellows—will disfigure the beautiful and virgin plains. And yet we were panting with eagerness for the signal of battle. But in vain; the field of slaughter was not there.

The imperial general, intimidated by the behaviour of the republicans, and the strong position we occupied, hesitated in the attack at first planned, withdrew his two battalions; and from the offensive, which he had hitherto assumed, passed to the defensive.

* What a confession for a disciple of the peace-loving Beccaria! But what can one say? I have met, in the course of my career, with Austrians, priests, and despots!

General Calderon had been killed in a reconnaissance, which, perhaps, partly accounted for Giorgio's irresolution. It was the opinion of many that, as he did not attack us, we ought to have attacked him. But I doubt whether this would have been well. Attacked in our superior position on Pinheirinho, we had a fair chance of victory; but had we quitted our ground in order to harass the enemy, we should have had to cross the bed of the torrent, which, though dry, was very rough walking; besides which, the enemy considerably outnumbered us, and had artillery, while we were without a single piece. In short, we did not fight, and the armies remained all day in sight of each other, with some slight skirmishing.

One of the disadvantages of excessively strong positions attaches also to fortified towns, which create a tendency to repose and inaction; when much advantage might be derived from a resolution to fight. One might adduce an infinite number of examples in support of this assertion, and the opinion of our Italian masters in the art of war (1872) is greatly to be deplored. It is the wish of these gentlemen to sow the peninsula with fortresses, because they are afraid to arm two millions of citizens and send the priests to reclaim the Pontine Marshes.

Food was growing scarce in our camp, and the infantry especially were famishing. Still more unendurable were the sufferings occasioned by thirst, as there was no water in the position we occupied. But these people were born to a life of privation, and not a

complaint was heard, except of our not fighting. My fellow-citizens! on the day—distant, alas! as yet—when you shall all be united, and as temperate as the men of Uruguay, the stranger will no longer tread your soil or desecrate your homes. Italy will again have taken her place among the first nations of the world.

In the night old General Giorgio disappeared, and the next morning we could nowhere perceive the enemy, and remained ignorant of their new position till 10 a.m., on account of the fog. About that hour, at last, we discovered them strongly posted at Taquary.

I am certain that the enemy's cunning stratagem caused profound mortification to the noble-hearted republican general. But there was no help for it; he had lost a splendid opportunity of ruining the empire, and probably assuring the triumph of his country.

A short time after, we received information that the enemy's cavalry was passing the river Taquary, under cover of the imperial vessels. The enemy were therefore retreating, and it was necessary for us to attack them in the rear while crossing. In this our general did not hesitate, and we marched resolutely to battle. The enemy's cavalry had indeed crossed the river, assisted in the passage by several imperial ships; but the infantry had remained on the left bank in a strong position, protected by the men-of-war, and by an exceedingly thick wood of tall trees. Our second infantry brigade, composed of the second and third battalions, was destined to begin the attack. They charged with all

possible courage; but the enemy far outnumbered them; and our brave soldiers, after performing prodigies of valour, were obliged to retreat, supported by the first brigade, composed of the first brigade of marines and the artillery without their cannon. The infantry engagement in the wood, where the rattle of small-arms and the crash of broken boughs, amid clouds of smoke, seemed like an infernal tempest, was indeed a tremendous one. The loss in killed and wounded was not less than 500 on both sides. The corpses of the gallant republicans were found even on the river-bank, whither they had rushed on to bayonet the enemy; but, unfortunately, all this valour was without result and valueless, since—the second brigade being overpowered by heavy odds and forced to retreat—the fight had to be suspended. When night came on, the enemy was able to effect his passage to the right bank of the Taquary without let or hindrance.

With all Bento Gonçalves' brilliant qualities, many noted a want of resolution—the origin of the disastrous ill-success of his operations—and would have judged it better if, a disproportionately weak infantry brigade being once engaged in face of so numerous an enemy (at least six to one), he had completed the attack by sending up the first brigade, and all the cavalry we had, armed with carbines. My judgment is the same. When an attack is preparing, it should be thoroughly well considered; but once it is decided on, every disposable force should be employed, even to the

last reserves. Of course, this does not apply to a reconnaissance—that is, an attack on the enemy for the purpose of forcing him to betray his numbers and the strength of his position;—when one feigns to employ one's whole force, but, after accomplishing the object, returns to one's own lines. This is all that is needed in a simple reconnaissance; but one ought always to be ready to repulse a real attack on the part of the enemy. A general attack in the case under consideration might, in truth, have gained us a brilliant victory, if we had forced the enemy from his ground and driven him into the river. The fact of our pursuing him into his retreat certainly threw his troops into a panic, and had we attacked with our whole force, there would have been some probability of success. Our commander did not think it well to stake the entire infantry of the republic on the issue of a general combat. No doubt he repented not having given battle the day before, when his soldiers, out in the open plain, would have performed miracles. The fact is that this fight was a real disaster to us, losing as we did about half our gallant infantry, whom it was impossible to replace. The loss of five hundred cavalry was of no consequence to the enemy.

The enemy remained on the right bank of the Taquary, and therefore in possession of almost the whole country. We proceeded on our march to Porto Alegre, in order to resume the siege.

The condition of the Republic was now somewhat less hopeful than before. We returned to St. Leopold, whence

we proceeded to Settembrina,* and thence to our old camp at Malacara. Thence, in a few days, the encampment was transferred to Bellavista, a position nearer the Laguna dos Patos, and north-east of Malacara. At the same time General Bento Gonçalves conceived the plan of another operation, which, if successful, might result in a considerable improvement in the state of our affairs.

* A village near Porto Alegre, so named by the republicans in honour of the month in which the Republic was proclaimed. It had formerly been called Viamão (= See the hand), because it commands a view of the five rivers which form the Rio Grande.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

THE imperialists, to get men for their expeditions into the open country, had somewhat weakened the garrisons of their fortified places, and among them that of San José do Norte. This place, on the northern bank of the channel leading from the Laguna dos Patos into the sea, was one of the keys to the lagoon; and its possession determined the whole aspect of affairs. The principal advantage to be derived therefrom was an abundance of victuals of all kinds, arms, and ammunition. Our men, at present in a wretched condition, could then be clothed and supplied with all necessaries. Besides, not only was the town of importance as commanding the entrance to the lagoon—the only harbour in the province—but the *atalaya*, the signal-mast which indicated to ships the depth of water in the Barra, was also in its neighbourhood.

Unfortunately, this expedition had the same fate as the one to the Taquary. The enterprise was carried out almost to the very end, with the greatest prudence and discretion, and then the fruit of it entirely lost by a little hesitation. An uninterrupted march of eight days,

at not less than twenty-five miles a day, brought us unexpectedly to the trenches of the town. It was one of those winter nights when a shelter and a little fire are the greatest imaginable boon; and the poor soldiers of freedom, ragged and hungry, with their limbs stiff with cold, exposed to the tempestuous downpour of a heavy rain which had accompanied our whole march, were advancing, silent and fearless, against the sentinel-guarded ramparts. The horses had been left a little way off, guarded by a squad of cavalry; and each man, wrapping his miserable rags round him, prepared for the attack, which was to take place at the first challenge of the sentinels. The warriors of the Republic carried those walls as well as the first soldiers in the world could have done. A few shots from the besieged, a little resistance on the walls—and our men, climbing on each other's shoulders, were inside the town, though a little further resistance was made by the four forts commanding the trench. At 1 a.m. the attack began, and at 2 we were masters of the trench and of three forts, with comparatively slight losses, and without having fired a shot. As we held three forts out of four, and the whole interior of the town, it seemed impossible that we could be dislodged. And yet even this time we were to get the worst of it. The star of the Republic was setting, and fortune had turned against our leader. Finding themselves inside the town, our soldiers, hungry and in rags, thought they had nothing further to do but eat well, drink better, clothe themselves, and plunder. The greater part therefore dispersed, with the intention

of sacking the place. Meanwhile the imperialists, recovering from their surprise, massed themselves in a strong quarter, and stood on the defensive to the number of several thousand. We attacked them, and they repulsed us. Our men, when wanted to renew the attack, could not be found, or else, drunk and loaded with booty, refused to risk their lives again, now that they had become rich. Some of them had damaged their muskets by using them to batter in the doors of the houses and shops they wished to plunder; others had lost their flints. The enemy, for their part, lost no time; and several men-of-war in the harbour took up a position which enabled their guns to rake the streets we occupied, the place being built on the very edge of the lake.

From Rio Grande do Sul, a few miles off on the other shore, they sent reinforcements of troops; and the only fort we had neglected to seize was occupied by the enemy. The fort called the Imperial, the largest of the four, which had been attacked and taken by us in the night, and which occupied a commanding position in the centre of the line of trenches, so that its possession was a point of the highest importance—was rendered useless by a terrible gunpowder explosion, which killed and wounded many of our men. It was not yet light when the catastrophe took place, and I shall never forget having seen those who occupied the fort flung into the air like glow-worms, their clothes having caught fire, and dashed to the ground horribly mutilated.

In short, the most glorious of triumphs was changed

towards noon into a shameful retreat, almost a flight. The few gallant fellows who had kept up the fight to the last were weeping with rage and vexation. Our loss was, in comparison, enormous; from that day our superb corps of black infantry became a skeleton regiment.

The small number of cavalry accompanying the expedition served to cover our retreat. The division marched to its quarters at Bellavista, and I remained with what was left of the marines, at San Simon, an estate on the shore of the lagoon. The naval force was reduced by this time to about forty, officers and men

CHAPTER XXVII.

WINTER, AND PREPARATION OF CANOES.

IN the southern hemisphere, as is well known, winter falls in the months when we in the northern have summer. This was said by the inhabitants to be a severe winter, and seemed all the more so to us, who were unprovided with warmer clothing—a want it was quite impossible to supply. The object of our remaining at San Simon was to engage some canoes, and open communications with the other side of the lake. But during several months which we passed there, no canoes appeared, so that this intention was not carried out. In place of boats, therefore, we turned our attention to horses, finding in that place large numbers of colts, abandoned for months past by their owners, who belonged to the imperial party. These colts served to turn my sailors into horsemen; and some of the latter even became horse-breakers, of a sort.

San Simon is a fine and extensive estate, though at that time destroyed and deserted. It was formerly, I believe, the property of a count of the same name; but either he or his heirs had been banished, on account of opinions opposed to the republican way of thinking then

dominant. The proprietors being absent, and indeed, in any case, our enemies—we signified our temporary ownership by making use of the cattle for our food—for we had no other—and breaking colts for our amusement.

At that time (September 16, 1840), my Anita had her first child, Menotti, whose existence might truly be said to be a miracle, considering the privations and hardships undergone by his mother for some months past; not to mention her having been present at several battles, and sustained a serious fall from her horse, which inflicted a bruise on the infant's head. Anita's confinement took place in the house of an inhabitant of the district named Costa, near the small village of Mustarda, and she received all imaginable care from this kind and noble-hearted family. I shall be grateful to these good people as long as I live. It was well for my poor wife that she was able to find shelter in this house, for the distress suffered by our army had then reached its height; and I had not the means to get so much as a single handkerchief for her or the infant.

I resolved, in order to get a few clothes for my dear ones, to make a journey to Settembrina, where I had some friends, especially the excellent Blingini, who I knew would help us.*

Accordingly I set out across the flooded plains of that part of the province (which is altogether alluvial), where I had to ride for days together with the water up to my saddle-girths. In the *Rossa Velha* (old cultivated

* The Republic was not in the habit of paying its soldiers, though, indeed, it was served none the worse for that.

ground) I met Captain Massimo of the negro lancers, who welcomed me like a true and generous comrade. He had been sent, with a detachment of his men, to guard the reserve horses on those excellent pasture-grounds. I reached Rossa Velha in the evening, with a heavy rain, passed the night there, and set off again at daybreak the next morning, though the storm had increased—contrary to the advice of the good captain, who wished me to stop and wait for better weather. My errand was too pressing to be deferred, so I ventured anew into the inundated plains. When I had ridden some miles, I heard shots in the direction of the place I had quitted. I had my suspicions; but as it was, I could do nothing but ride on. I arrived at Settembrina, bought a few little things in the way of clothes, and set out again for San Simon. On reaching Rossa Velha, I heard the cause of the shots, and the sad fate which had overtaken Captain Massimo and his brave freed-men immediately after my departure from the house. Moringue, the same who surprised me at Camacuan, had surprised Massimo, and, after a desperate defence on the part of that gallant officer and his lancers, had succeeded in killing nearly all of them.

The best horses had been put on board ship, and sent to Porto Alegre, and the inferior ones all killed. The enemy had executed this enterprise with ships of war and infantry, then, after re-embarking and landing a second time, the infantry had, along with the cavalry, marched by land towards Rio Grande del Norte, dispersing all the small republican forces scattered over

that territory, or throwing them into a state of panic. Among these were my poor sailors, who had to abandon their position and seek refuge in the forest, the enemy being too many for them. My poor Anita, too, was obliged to fly and face the inclemency of the weather, with her twelve-days' old infant in front of her saddle.

Being unable to find my family or followers on my return to San Simon, I was obliged to track them to the edge of the forest, where they were still encamped when I found them, having no accurate information of the enemy's movements. We returned to San Simon, remained there for some time, and afterwards shifted our quarters to the left bank of the river Capivari, formed by the outflow of the various lakes scattered over the northern part of the province of Rio Grande, between the Atlantic coast and the eastern slope of the Serra do Espinasso. It takes its name from the Capybara, a kind of wild hog very common in the rivers of South America.

From the Capivari and the Sangrador* do Abreu, where we had obtained and fitted out two canoes, we made several voyages to the western side of the Laguna dos Patos, taking passengers and letters.

* Sangrador, a canal draining a marsh.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DISASTROUS RETREAT ACROSS THE SERRA.

MEANWHILE the position of the republican army was growing worse and worse, our wants increasing every day with the difficulty of supplying them. The two actions at Taquary and Norte had so thinned the ranks of our infantry, that the battalions had become mere skeletons. Excessive distress had generated discontent, which caused many desertions. The people, as is always the case in long wars, grew wearied and indifferent, with the alternate passing and repassing of troops, and the exactions of both friends and foes.

In this state of things, the imperialists made proposals for peace, which, although advantageous, considering the present circumstances of the republicans, were scornfully rejected by the nobler part of the army. This refusal, however, increased the discontent of those who, being thoroughly tired of the war, were more inclined to compromise. At last it was decided to raise the siege of the capital, and retreat.

Canabarro's division, of which the naval force formed part, was to begin the movement, and clear the passes of the Serra occupied by General Labattue, a Frenchman

in the service of the empire. Bento Gonçalves and the rest of the army were to follow, forming the rear-guard.

At this time our Rossetti died—an irreparable loss! He had remained behind with the republican garrison of Settembrina, who were to be the last to march; they were surprised by the famous Moringue, now the incubus of the republicans, and the gallant Italian fell, fighting bravely, in the struggle. When called upon to surrender, as he lay on the ground—having fallen wounded from his horse—he replied by sword-strokes, selling dearly a life that Italy could ill spare.

There is not a corner of the earth but the bones of some noble Italian are whitening there. And Italy forgets them! She is busy buying islands to form convict settlements; * she is fawning on foreign powers, in order to recover her lost territories by their help, and, “girt with a sword not her own,” applauding the rulers who sell her; she is coquetting with the sacerdotal idea—supplicating it on her knees to keep her sons in ignorance and brutality, and calls the infamous act “guarantees;” and she forgets those who made her name glorious in the New World! And in every country of the world she will feel the want of them, on the day when she desires to rise and use as a stepping-stone the corpses of the birds of prey who devour her.

The retreat, undertaken in the winter, over the precipitous mountain-paths, amid almost unceasing rain, was the hardest and most terrible that I ever saw. We drove along with us, for all provision, a few haltered

* From England, for instance.

cows, as there were no animals on the steep tracks we had to pass—rendered still more difficult by the rains. The numerous rivers of the Serra, running high in flood, rolled over men, arms, and baggage. We marched in the rain without food; in the rain we encamped. In the interval between one torrent and the next, those whose turn it was to remain in the neighbourhood of those unlucky cows had meat; the rest went without. The poor infantry* especially suffered terribly, being in want even of horseflesh, which the cavalry were in the habit of using when they had no other.

There were scenes to make one shudder. Many women, as is the custom in that country, accompanied the army, and, indeed made themselves extremely useful, being employed to look after the spare mounts, which they did on horseback, being thoroughly accustomed to this exercise. With the women there were, naturally, children of all ages. Of the younger ones, not many got out of the forest alive. Some few were picked up and carried by the riders of the horses we contrived to save; but many mothers, as well as children, remained behind, dead or dying with hunger, hardship, and cold.

There are forests in the lower part of the province where the climate is almost tropical; and here we could find wild fruits in abundance which are edible

* In these countries where flesh is the sole food, and is procured on horseback by means of the lasso, it can be understood that in times of scarcity the cavalry often have abundance, while the infantry suffer from hunger.

and nourishing, such as the guava, the *arassà*, and others; but in the forests of the high Serra, into which we had penetrated, there were no such fruits to be found, and scarcely could we get *taquara* leaves—a poor kind of fodder for animals and insufficient to save the lives of the two mules carrying my poor baggage; for now that I had a wife and child, I had been obliged to provide myself with a tent and some other articles.

Anita was in constant terror at the thought of losing our Menotti—and indeed it was a miracle that we saved him. In the steepest parts of the track, and when crossing the torrents, I carried him—then three months old—slung from my neck by a handkerchief, trying to keep him warm against my breast and with my breath. Of a dozen beasts, my own property, which I had brought with me into the forest, some for riding, and others to carry baggage, I had only two horses and two mules left; the rest had foundered, and been left behind.

The guides, to complete our misfortunes, had mistaken the track, and this was one of the causes which made it a matter of difficulty for us to cross that terrible forest *de las Antas*. (Anta is a wild animal which, I was told, resembles an ass. It is quite harmless; its flesh is exquisite, and its hide serves for many purposes. I have seen the hide, never the animal itself.)

As we went on and on, never finding the end of the path, I remained in the forest with the two mules, which were now quite worn out, and sent Anita on

with my assistant and the child; so that, riding our two remaining horses in turn, she might make an attempt to get out into the open country, and there find some food for herself and the infant. These two horses, and her own high-hearted courage, were the means of saving what was dearest to me on earth. She got to the end of the *piccada*, and found some of my soldiers round a fire—a thing we had not been able to obtain, on account of the rain which had continued to fall in torrents, and the poor condition to which we were reduced.

My comrades, who had succeeded in drying some rags, took the child—a favourite with them all—wrapped him up, warmed and revived him, when the poor mother almost despaired of the tender little life. With the kindest care, the good fellows then tried to find some food to restore the strength of my dear wife and her first-born.

I laboured in vain to save the mules. Remaining with the poor exhausted beasts, I cut as much sedge and young bamboo as I could to feed them, but it was no use; I was obliged to leave them, and try to get out of the forest myself, on foot, and nearly famished as I was.

Nine days after we had entered it, the rear of the division was only just outside the *piccada*, and very few of the officers' horses had been saved. General Labatue, who had preceded us in his flight, had left some guns in the same forest *de las Antas*, which we could not bring on for lack of means of transport; and they have remained buried in that howling wilderness ever since.

The storms seemed to have their home in this forest, for as soon as we had emerged from it on the plains of the table-land, in the department of Cima da Serra, we had beautiful weather, and found cattle in abundance; so as to forget, in some measure, our past hardships.

We then entered the department of Vaccaria, where we remained some days, to wait for Bento Goncales' division, which arrived, scattered and in great disorder. The indefatigable Moringue, hearing that this corps was retreating, had followed in its rear, harassing its march in every way, with the assistance of the mountaineers, always obstinately hostile to the republican cause. All this gave Labattue time to effect his retreat and his junction with the main body of the imperial army. He arrived, however, almost alone, on account of the desertions caused by forced marches and the same privations and hardships as we had suffered. Besides this, a strange accident happened to the French general, which I will relate, on account of its extraordinary character. Having, on his march, to cross the two forests known under the names of Matto Portuguez and Matto Castellano, he found in that neighbourhood several tribes of savage Indians called *Bugres*, the most ferocious natives known in Brazil. These, hearing of the passage of the imperial troops, attacked them from various ambuscades in the bush, with great slaughter; at the same time giving Canabarro to understand that they were friendly to the republicans. Indeed, they occasioned us no trouble during our march through their forests. We saw, however, their *fogas*—deep pits care-

fully covered over with earth, into which the incautious traveller falls, and is then, in this helpless condition, attacked by the savages. For us none of these holes were covered, and the formidable stockades of logs raised alongside the path, whence they usually aim darts and arrows at the passers-by, were deserted.

About this time a woman, who in her youth had been carried off by the Indians from a house in Vaccaria, took advantage of our being in the neighbourhood to escape. She was, poor thing, in a truly deplorable condition when we met with her outside the forest.

As we had no enemies either to fly from or pursue in those mountain regions, we took our marches slowly ; being almost totally destitute of horses, and obliged, as we went along, to break some of the stray colts we found about the country. Almost the entire corps of negro lancers, now marching on foot, had to be remounted on these colts. It used to be a fine sight to see, as we did almost every day, a number of those young and stalwart blacks (all of whom were professional horse-breakers) spring on the back of their wild steeds and scour over the upland, the brute at first making every effort to get rid of his burden, and fling it away into the air ; the man, admirable in his dexterity, strength, and courage, holding on with the grip of a vice, striking, spurring, and at last overpowering the proud son of the desert, who at length, conscious of the superiority of his rider, flies off like an arrow, and covers in a few moments an immense extent of ground, to return with the same swiftness, breathless and reeking.

In that part of America, the colt is brought in from the field, lassoed, saddled, bridled, and, without other preparation, mounted by the breaker in the open plain. The exercise usually takes place several times a week, and in a few days the horse can be bitted. Even the most restive, in this way, turn out capital horses in the course of a few months; but it is difficult to have them well broken in by soldiers on the march, when they cannot have the conveniences, the care, and, above all, the rest necessary for proper training.

After passing Matto Portuguese and Matto Castellano, we descended into the province of Misiones, shaping our course for Cruz Alta, the chief town of that province, a well-built little city, beautifully situated on a table-land. The whole of this part of Rio Grande, indeed, has very fine scenery. From Cruz Alta we marched to San Gabriel, where we established our head-quarters, and constructed temporary barracks for the accommodation of the army. I too erected myself a hut, in which I lived for some time with my family.

I had now passed six years of my life in hardship and privation, severed from all the associations of my youth, and from my parents, of whose fate—owing to the isolation in which I had been living, and the impossibility of getting news, at a distance from any seaport—I was absolutely ignorant. This naturally made me desirous of getting back to some place where I might be able to hear from home. My affection for my parents, though perhaps overpowered for a time by the excitement of my life of adventure, was still alive

and strong in my heart. Besides, I was obliged to provide myself with many things which I had not hitherto felt to be necessary, but which, now that I had a wife and child, had become indispensable. I therefore decided on asking permission from the President to remove for a time to Montevideo. He not only granted my request, but authorized me to collect a small herd of cattle in order to pay my expenses.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MONTEVIDEO.

BEHOLD me, then, a *truppiere*, that is, a cattle-drover. In an *estancia* called Corral de Pedras, with the authorization of the minister of finance, I succeeded in getting together with incredible exertions, in the space of twenty days, about nine hundred beasts, which, with still greater labour, I was to drive to Montevideo. Here, however, I arrived, not with the bullocks themselves, but with about three hundred hides. I had met with insuperable obstacles on the road, especially the Rio Negro in flood, where I nearly lost my entire capital. The river, my inexperience in the business, and the rascality of some men I had hired to help me, conspired to prevent my getting more than five hundred head across the Rio Negro; and these were afterwards so exhausted by the long march, the scarcity of fodder, and the difficulty of passing the rivers, that they were pronounced incapable of reaching Montevideo. We therefore made up our minds to slaughter them, take away the hides, and leave the flesh to the carrion crows, which seemed the only means of saving any part of them. It may be remarked that whenever one of these

poor beasts was worn out, I was obliged to sell it, receiving, as a great favour, the sum of half a dollar. At last, after some fifty days of indescribable discomfort, cold, and vexation, I reached Montevideo, with the few hides which were all that remained of my nine hundred bullocks, and which brought me in a few hundred dollars, scarcely enough to furnish scanty clothing for myself and two comrades.

I put up at Montevideo, in the house of my friend Napoleone Castellini—to whose kindness, and that of his wife, I am much indebted—where I passed some time. My means were exhausted, and I had a family to keep; it was therefore necessary to secure the independent maintenance of three persons. The bread of charity has always seemed bitter to me; and yet, how often in my life of vicissitudes have I needed a friend! And I have always been fortunate enough to find one.

In the mean time, I entered upon two occupations, not very lucrative, indeed, but enough to supply us with bread—those of shipbroker and teacher of mathematics in the excellent school of Signor Paolo Semidei.* This kind of life lasted till I began to serve in the oriental or Montevideo squadron.

The Rio Grande question was proceeding towards settlement, and Anzani, whom I had left in charge of the small force I had commanded for that Republic, on

* I recall with affection and gratitude the generous kindness of Giovanni Battista Cuneo, my unalterable and lifelong friend, and of the brothers Antonino and Giovanni Risso.

retiring from active service, wrote me that there was nothing further to be done in that part of the country. The Republic of Montevideo soon offered me the command of the corvette *Constitucion*, of eighteen guns, which I promptly accepted. The oriental squadron was commanded by Colonel Cohe, an American, and that of Buenos Ayres by an Englishman, General Brown.

Some naval actions had taken place, with results of no great moment. About the same time, the ministry of war had been entrusted by the Republic to a certain Vidal, a man of baleful and despicable memory. One of his first ill-advised ideas was to get rid of the trouble of the naval force, which, he said, was both useless and burdensome to the state. This force had cost the Republic enormous sums; without it, Montevideo could never have freed itself from the sway of Buenos Ayres—and, worse still, of Rosas, the tyrant of that republic; and properly developed, as at that time it might very well have been, and efficiently directed, it might have established a marked pre-eminence in the La Plata. Instead of this, the navy of Montevideo was entirely annihilated, through the perverse imbecility of this minister, the ships being sold at shameful prices, and their timbers broken up. To complete the work of destruction, I was sent on an expedition the result of which could only be the loss of the vessels under my command.

CHAPTER XXX.

I COMMAND THE MONTEVIDEO SQUADRON—FIGHTING IN
THE RIVERS.

WITH the corvette *Constitucion* of eighteen guns, the brigantine *Percira* with two eighteen-pounder swivels, and the transport-schooner *Procida*, I was bound for the allied province of Corrientes, to help in its warlike operations against the forces of Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres. We had also the object—or the pretext—of taking supplies to that province. I will give a short explanation of the new war in which I was preparing to take part.

The Republic of Uruguay was, like the greater number of the South American republics, in that state of civil war which, long-continued and almost chronic as it is, forms the greatest hindrance to the progress of which that splendid country—certainly second to no part of the world in natural resources—is susceptible. These internal discords were at this time caused by the rival claims to the office of president of the two generals, Fruttuoso Ribera and Manuel Ourives.

Ribera, at first more fortunate than his rival, succeeded, after several victories, in banishing Ourives, and seizing upon the power wielded by him. The defeated candidate

took refuge in Buenos Ayres, where Rosas welcomed him and other emigrants from Uruguay, and employed them against his own enemies, then under the command of General Lavalle. These enemies were called Unionists, while Rosas' party took the name of Federals. Lavalle having been defeated, the ferocious ex-president of Montevideo set about recovering his lost power; and this entirely met the views of Rosas, who aimed at the final destruction of his mortal enemies, the Unionists—their last retreat being Montevideo—and also at humbling the power of a neighbouring and rival republic which disputed with Buenos Ayres the supremacy of the vast river, launching into her midst the most obstinate and formidable elements of a tremendous civil war.

When I left Montevideo, and entered the river, the Uruguayan army was at San José, and that of Ourives at Bajada, the capital of the province of Entre-Rios. Both were preparing for a decisive battle.

The army of Corrientes was making arrangements to unite with that of Uruguay, and I had to ascend the Parana to reach the former province, passing over a space of more than 600 miles, between two hostile shores, where I could not land except on islands and uninhabited spots. Leaving Montevideo with the three vessels above mentioned, I sustained a first engagement with the batteries on the island of Martin-Garcia, which commands the river towards the confluence of the Uruguay with the Parana. This island is of a considerable height, and we were forced to pass close to it, as the

more distant channels would not admit large vessels. We got past, with some loss in killed and wounded.*

Three miles above Martin-Garcia, the *Constitucion* ran on a sand-bank, and, unluckily, with the tide falling; so that it cost us immense exertions to set her afloat again. Thanks, however, to the great determination and energy shown by officers and men alike, our flotilla was not lost this time.

While we were occupied in shifting all heavy articles into the *Procida*, the enemy's squadron of seven ships appeared on the other side of the island, bearing down on us at full sail, and with a favourable wind. The *Constitucion* was three feet deep in the sand, and the largest of her guns were piled up on board the little *Procida*. It was really a terrible situation for me. The *Procida* completely useless, the *Constitucion* worse than useless, I had nothing left but the brigantine *Percira*, whose brave commander was beside me, with the greater part of his crew, helping us in our task. Meanwhile, amid the cheers of the troops on the island, the enemy came on, presenting a splendid sight, and confident of victory, with some heavily armed vessels; while we had but one fit for action, and that a small one. I did not give myself up to despair—I have never done so in my life—but I leave it to the discernment of others to form an idea of my state of mind. It was not a question of life only—that just then mattered little to me—but it was scarcely possible

* In this action I lost an Italian officer of great bravery—Pocaroba of Genoa, who had his head carried off by a cannon-ball.

for us to die honourably, even with the excuse of unforeseen and fatal circumstances, since in our position it was impossible to fight. But fortune once more laid her powerful and protecting hand on my destiny; nothing was required but a turn of her wheel. The enemy's flagship, the *Belgrano*, ran aground close to the island, about two cannon-shots off, and we were saved. This disaster to the enemy increased our alacrity; in a few hours the *Constitucion* was afloat, and her guns and ammunition replaced on board her.

It is a popular saying that good as well as bad fortune never comes singly, and this was once more proved true in our case. A thick fog, which came on as if by enchantment, covered everything, and favoured us greatly by hiding our course from the enemy. This was of the greatest advantage to us, as, when the enemy had succeeded in floating the *Belgrano*, they began, not knowing the direction we had taken, to pursue us up the Uruguay, which we had not entered; and so lost many days before finding out our real destination. In the mean time, concealed by the fog and favoured by the wind, we had turned up the Parana. I was conscious of the importance of the enterprise, certainly one of the most arduous of my life. The joy of escaping from an imminent danger, and the pleasure which I felt in realizing the greatness of the undertaking, were embittered for me that day by the panic terror and obstinacy of the guides, who up to that moment had thought they were going up the Uruguay, of which the left bank at least was held by our party, while both

banks of the Parana were absolutely in the power of formidable enemies—Ourives on the left bank, and Rosas on the right. All the guides declared that they did not know the Parana; and indeed, to deceive the enemy I had sought for and procured men from Uruguay. From that instant forward, they declined all responsibility whatever.

I cared little about the responsibility; I wanted a guide, and at last, by means of many careful inquiries, I found out that one of them had some knowledge of the river, but was keeping it back through fear. My sabre soon removed all obstacles, and we had a guide.

The favourable wind brought us in the night to the neighbourhood of San Nicolas, the first Argentine settlement on the right bank of the river. There were some merchant vessels there; we needed transports and pilots—a night excursion with our ship's boats soon procured us both. We were obliged, by our critical position, to use a certain amount of force. One Antonio, an Austrian, who had for some time navigated the Parana, fell into our hands with the rest of the prisoners, and rendered us some important services on the voyage.

Proceeding towards the upper river, we met with no obstacles as far as Bajada, the capital of the province of Entre Rios, where Ourives was stationed with his army. Landing, as we did on various occasions during this journey, to procure fresh beef, we were opposed by the inhabitants and the cavalry guarding the shore, and some slight skirmishing took place, with alternate advantage and loss. In one of these fights I lost an

Italian officer, Vallergera, of Loano, a splendidly brave young fellow of great intellectual promise, among other things a profound mathematician. I missed him terribly. One more cross erected over the bones of a son of our most unhappy land! He died in a just cause, it is true, but, like so many others, he had hoped one day to give his life for his own country.

At Bajada, where Ourives had his head-quarters, we found formidable preparations for receiving us. Here we risked a battle, which at first promised more important results; but the favourable wind, and the distance we were able to leave between ourselves and the enemy's batteries, in passing, allowed us to escape once more from dangers which might have been serious. There was a brisk fire kept up on both sides, but the losses were insignificant.

At Las Conchas, a few miles above Bajada, we landed by night, and, in the teeth of a fierce resistance on the enemy's part, carried off fourteen bullocks. Our men fought on this occasion with distinguished valour, Vallergera, whom I have already mentioned, and a horse-breaker named Battaglia signalizing themselves beyond all the others.

The enemy's artillery followed the river-bank, and, profiting by the contrary wind and the narrowness of the stream, cannonaded us whenever they could do so with advantage; and also, when possible, galled us with musketry-fire. At Cerrito, a strong position on the left bank of the Parana, the enemy established a battery of six cannon. The wind was favourable, but slight,

and just at that point, on account of the windings of the river, it blew right in our faces, so that we were obliged to resort to kedging for the space of about two miles, taking forward small anchors, with long hawsers attached to them, and hauling at the latter, while the drums sounded the charge. Thus we proceeded at slow speed, as the opposing current was strong in narrow places. Fortunately, the enemy's battery was too high and too near, so that their fire passed over our heads.

This fight was a brilliant one. The greater number of our men were stationed at the hawsers and in the boats, the rest at the guns and muskets. We fought and worked away with the greatest cheerfulness—battles had become a game for my gallant comrades.

It should be remembered that our adversaries belonged to an army elated with recent victory, and therefore full of proud confidence—the same army which shortly afterwards completely defeated ours—together with that of Corrientes, which had joined us—at Arroyo Grande.

Every obstacle was overcome, with slight loss, and that only from the enemy's muskets, as the heavy guns fired over our heads, scarcely damaging the rigging. After having silenced the enemy's fire and dismounted some of his guns, we passed on; and soon found ourselves, with all our vessels, out of danger, and with plenty of sailing-room. Several Corrientes and Paraguayan merchant vessels, which had placed themselves under the protection of the battery, fell into our hands with little trouble on our part. These acquisitions furnished us with victuals and stores of all kinds.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TWO DAYS' FIGHT WITH BROWN.

WE proceeded thence on our arduous voyage up the river. The enemy grew tired of obstructing our passage, and, after grounding several times with one or other of our vessels—generally the *Constitucion*—we reached Cavallo-Guatià, where we joined the Corrientes flotilla, consisting of two gunboats and an armed *palandra*. These vessels supplied us with fresh provisions, so that our condition in this respect was somewhat improved. We had skilled and trustworthy pilots, and a reinforcement which, though small, was very useful, especially as regards the *morale* of the men.

Having in this way reached the Costa Brava, we were obliged to stop there, on account of the shallowness of the river, there being only about three feet more water than the draught of the *Constitucion*. This drawback began to cause me grave misgivings as to the issue of the expedition.

I knew well enough that the enemy would use his utmost endeavours to frustrate our bold, not to say rash, attempt; for had we reached Corrientes, we could have done him immense injury by acquiring a hold on a river like the Upper Parana, in an intermediate position

between Paraguay and the internal provinces of the Argentine Republic. The river might also have become the head-quarters of bands of pirates, who would harass and virtually destroy his commerce.

In this extremity no efforts were neglected for our destruction—rendered an easy matter by the lowness of the river, which, according to the assertion of the guides, was such as had not been seen for fifty years, a statement confirmed by Perrè, governor of Corrientes, himself. As it was impossible to go on, I decided on putting the flotilla in the best state of defence, day by day expecting the appearance of Admiral Brown, whose mistake could not last very long.

From the left bank of the Parana, below the sand-bank which impeded our further progress, and in a bend of the stream where there was a sufficient depth of water close to the bank, I drew out a line of ships beginning with a merchant yacht, on which I had four cannon placed. The *Percira* was in the middle, and the *Constitution* on the right, the line being thus at right angles to the direction of the river, and raking it with the port battery of the corvette, which mounted more and heavier guns than the others. We thus opposed as large a force as possible to the enemy, who was expected to come up the river.

This arrangement cost us much labour on account of the current, which, although slight at the point we had chosen, did not fail to call into requisition our chains, anchors, and cables for mooring the vessels, especially the *Constitution*, which had eighteen feet draught. We had not yet finished our work, when the enemy hove in sight, with seven vessels. Their force was far superior

to ours, and moreover, from its position, able to receive reinforcements and supplies at pleasure. We were not only at a distance from Corrientes, the only country that could help us, but almost certain of receiving no assistance, as the facts will show. Yet we had, even with the certainty of defeat, to fight at least for the honour of our arms. And fight we did.

The enemy, under the command of General Brown (reputed the first naval officer in South America, and justly so, having commanded the Buenos Ayres squadron ever since the revolt against the Spanish dominion), proceeded against us, full of confidence in their own powers—I think it was June 15, 1842. The wind, though on that day favourable to the enemy, was slight; and they were obliged to resort to kedging, in order to get the vessel along, following the left bank of the river, as the right was too shallow to be practicable for large vessels. As we commanded the left bank, on which our left flank rested, part of the crews and of the marines not needed on board were disembarked, in order to dispute the enemy's path inch by inch. Our land forces fought gallantly, and greatly retarded the enemy's progress; but the latter having landed 500 infantry on the same bank, our men were forced by superior numbers to fall back under the protection of the flotilla. Major Pedro Rodriguez, who commanded our landing-party, fought that day with all imaginable skill and bravery. He posted the pickets towards evening on the shore, and thus we remained all night, both sides preparing for the fight on the following day.

Before sunrise on the 16th, the enemy opened fire on us with all the forces they had been able to bring up to the front during the night. I could have wished them to come nearer, since only our centre guns were of long range, and capable of damaging them; the rest—the greater number, indeed—were small pieces, which could do them no harm at the distance they maintained, and therefore remained inactive. The old English admiral was well aware of the range of our artillery, and its marked inferiority compared with his own; and therefore, sacrificing the brilliant spectacle of a storm of grapeshot and a hand-to-hand encounter, he consulted the safety of his men by taking advantage of the longer range of his guns, and remained at a distance, which did not suit us at all.

We fought without interruption till after nightfall, and with the greatest obstinacy on both sides. The first victim on board the *Constitucion* was again an Italian officer of great bravery—Giuseppe Borzone, a most promising young man; and as the battle that instant grew fiercer, I could not attend to his burial.

The losses on both sides were great—so much so that our ships had become mere hulks. The corvette, though we never ceased caulking the shot-holes, was leaking to such an extent that the water could with difficulty be kept under by incessant pumping, at which the whole crew took turns. The commander of the *Pereira* had been killed in a daring attack by land on the enemy's vessels. I lost in him the best and bravest of comrades.

The dead were many, the wounded still more; and

the rest of the crew, though worn out, could not get any rest, on account of the water rising in the hold. Yet we still had powder and shot on board, and were bound to fight on—not for victory, not for safety, but for honour.

Honour! I feel inclined to laugh, a bitter laugh of scorn, when I think of a soldier's honour! The honour of Bourbons, Spaniards, Austrians, French! the honour of the murderer, who assaults the defenceless traveller on the high-road! the honour which makes us slaughter our fellow-countrymen, our political co-religionists;—while a monster on the throne, a sceptred scoundrel, enjoys the sight, laughing in his sleeve, amid the lurid revelry of Naples, Vienna, Madrid, or Paris.

We at least might truly be said to fight for honour, and for an honour which did not clash with the dictates of conscience; since we fought to defend a nation against two tyrants—for honour's sake, six hundred miles from Montevideo, with enemies on all sides, after weeks of hunger, weariness, and hardship, and with all but certain destruction before us!

And all this time Vidal, Prime Minister of the Republic, was heaping up doubloons—to spend in driving about in a carriage, and otherwise making a figure in the first capitals of Europe. And the people? Created, seemingly, to be food for such as these: Malatesti, Baglioni, emperors, kings, to rule over them; priests and doctrinaires to deceive them! Honour, liberty, justice, laws! Here they are! This is the world! What is the advantage to the people, to those who toil, and die

of hunger? What is the advantage to those who throw away their lives—to the countless noble Italians driven into strange lands by the misfortunes of their country? Columbus in chains; Castelli beheaded in the Plaza at Buenos Ayres; Borso di Carminati shot in Spain! What men! what services rendered! And how repaid? By the foreign *sympathies* just now manifested in Rome, when nations, who owe to her their escape from barbarism, joined together to thrust her back into the degradation from which she was struggling to raise herself. O Rome! O mother! great teacher and lady of nations! Yet they trembled at the shaking of thy locks, and had to resort to fraud, to division sown in thy ranks, to shameless espionage, before they could debase thee! And therefore Italy is still great, and on the day when a fearless word of redemption reaches the ear of her sons, the vultures tearing at her heart will vanish away.

During the night of the 16th all the men were busy making cartridges, as we had consumed our whole stock; in cutting up chains to supply the missing bullets; and in pumping out the water, which still continued to rise. Manuel Rodriguez, the same Catalan officer who had escaped with me from the wreck of the *Rio Pardo* on the coast of Santa Caterina, with a handful of the best men, equipped a few merchant vessels as fire-ships with all the combustibles procurable. When these were ready, about midnight, they were towed in the direction of the enemy. This expedient could not fail to harass them all night long, but did not have the result I expected:

the principal cause of our want of success being the extreme fatigue of our men.

Among the *contretemps* of that disastrous night, the one that affected me most was the desertion of the Corrientes squadron. Villegas, its commander, like so many other braggarts, recognized by me as such in times of peace and revelry, was so unnerved at the approach of danger as to resolve on the most degrading and ignominious of crimes—that of deserting in presence of the enemy. He could be of little use to me in a fight at long range, as his guns were too small; but he might have given great assistance in fighting at close quarters, had we boarded any of the enemy's vessels, or had they boarded us, his crew being composed of young and spirited men. Besides, as he himself knew the river well, and had good pilots on board, he was very serviceable to me; and, lastly, would have been invaluable after the catastrophe, to save the wounded, and make the retreat less disastrous.

From the beginning of the fight I had seen that Villegas was alarmed, and had for this reason ordered him to take up his position behind our line, so as to be sheltered from the enemy's projectiles, and given into his charge the merchant vessel which was to serve as hospital. Towards evening he sent me word that he was changing his position, giving some reason which I forget. As I required his co-operation during the night in the launching of the fireships, I sent for him, and was thunderstruck on hearing that he was nowhere to be found. I would not believe him capable of such

treachery, and went myself in a small boat to ascertain the fact. Not finding him, I advanced some miles towards Corrientes, but in vain; the coward had escaped and betrayed us. I returned, overwhelmed with grief and anxiety.

My anxiety was fully justified, as the majority of our light vessels had perished during the fight, and I was reckoning on the Corrientes ships for the inevitable retreat, to save our many wounded and transport the provisions necessary for all of us; as we were still at a great distance from the inhabited frontier of Corrientes. My last hopes vanished in this wretched failure of our allies. Desertion in the hour of danger is the most heinous of all crimes.

Daybreak was not far off when I returned on board. We had to fight; and all the men I saw around me were utterly worn out with fatigue. I heard no sound but the heart-rending moans of our unhappy wounded, not yet removed to the hospital, which was already full. I sounded the *réveille*, called the men together, and, standing on a pump, addressed to them a few words of comfort and encouragement. My words were not in vain; I found in the hearts of my wearied companions enough resolution to raise my own spirits, and convince me that at least they were willing to save our honour. With one voice those gallant fellows shouted our battle-cry, and every one was at his post.

It was not yet quite light when the battle began again; but though on the preceding day the advantage had seemed to be on our side, on the second it was

evident beyond possibility of mistake that we were getting the worst of it. Our new cartridges were of inferior powder; the balls of the right calibre had come to an end, and their places were supplied with smaller ones, whose size prevented accuracy of aim, especially in our long-range eighteen-pounders, placed in the centre of the *Constitucion's* battery, and in the two swivels on board the *Pereira*, which had done so much execution the day before. We had, indeed, cut up some chain-cables during the night, to serve as projectiles; but even these, which might have been of service at close quarters, were useless at long range. The enemy perceived that our shots were growing less frequent, and being, moreover, informed of our situation by numerous deserters, who took advantage of our contact with the shore, grew bolder and bolder; and, influenced by the same considerations, brought all their ships into line, which they had been hindered by our fire from doing on the previous day. Their condition was improving, moment by moment, as ours grew worse. At last we were obliged to think of retreat—but not for the ships, which could not be moved from the spot, as there was scarcely a whole timber about them, and the rigging was nearly all in pieces, not to mention the want of water in the river. The *Pereira* was subjected to a momentary investigation, in order to learn whether she could be put under sail, but we found her totally unfit. Only the *Procida* could be saved, with part of the wounded, and some ammunition. We therefore had to confine ourselves to saving the remnant of the crew, and firing the flotilla.

To this end, I ordered the rest of the wounded to be removed into the boats that were left, along with all the small arms, ammunition, and provisions that could be got on board. Meanwhile, the fight went on more feebly than before on one side, and with much more spirit on the other; while at the same time we prepared to burn the ships.

Here I must relate a distressing episode, caused by excess in spirituous liquors. The crews commanded by me included men of all nationalities. The foreigners were for the most part sailors, and nearly all deserters from men-of-war—who, I must confess, were the least rascally. As to the Americans, nearly every man of them had been turned out of the land army for some crime—usually for murder; so that they were as easy to rule as wild horses, and required all the rigorous discipline of a man-of-war to keep them in order. Only on the day of battle were this motley crew at all subject to discipline; and then indeed they fought like lions. Now, in order to set fire the more effectually to the vessels, we had collected piles of combustibles in the hold of each, and emptied over them the brandy-casks which had formed part of our stores. Unfortunately, these men, accustomed to scanty rations of spirits, finding themselves in presence of such unheard-of abundance, got so drunk as to be quite incapable of moving.

It was a most painful position to be placed in—to find one's self confronted by the urgent necessity of leaving brave and unfortunate men a prey to the flames. I did my utmost, entreating those of their

comrades who were a little more sober not to desert them; and myself, up to the last moment, seizing as many as I could, and carrying them on my back into safety. Unhappily, however, several were blown up with the fragments of the ship.

In certain battles, I have been disgusted by seeing even officers in a state of intoxication. Probably they wished to give themselves courage. If such degradation is sickening in any man, however low his rank, in an officer it is truly disgraceful.

All being ready, we set fire to the vessels, and I left them, in company with the few men who had remained with me to the last. The enemy, of course, perceived that we had disembarked, and were retreating; and all their infantry, to the number of about 500, at once marched in pursuit of us. We were quite willing to fight, but a battle just now would have been on most unequal terms, what with our numerical inferiority, the better training of the enemy's infantry, and, lastly, the state of our weapons and men. Another great disadvantage was the fact that our line of retreat was crossed at a short distance by an important tributary of the Parana. We were only saved by the explosion of the powder-magazines of the flotilla, which took place in an imposing and terrible manner; so that the enemy, struck with consternation, desisted from pursuit.

The explosion of the ships was a surprising spectacle. On the spot where they had been, the surface of the river remained, smooth as a mirror; while on both banks of the wide stream the fragments fell with an awful crash.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RETREAT ON CORRIENTES, AND BATTLE OF THE
ARROYO GRANDE.

WE passed the river Espinilla in the night, and encamped on its right bank. We took three days getting to Esquina, the first village of Corrientes, marching with difficulty among islands and swamps, and reduced to a scanty daily ration of one small biscuit. On reaching Esquina, our condition was somewhat improved; we were able to place our wounded under cover, had meat in abundance; and found unlimited hospitality among the kindly people of the country.

During several months, which we passed in the province of Corrientes, nothing of interest happened. The provincial government projected the arming of a small flotilla, but nothing came of it, except that I was forced to waste a great deal of time. I then received orders from the Montevideo government to march towards San Francisco, in Uruguay, and place myself and my forces under the orders of General Ribera, stationed with his army in that neighbourhood. We therefore crossed the Corrientes territory from Santa Lucia to the pass of Higos above the Uruguay, and, traversing

the pass, descended to San Francisco partly by river and partly by land. At Salto I had the pleasure of meeting Anzani, who had at that time turned trader,—or rather clerk to Bini of Brescia, established for some time in that country. On arriving at San Francisco, I found some of our men-of-war there, and took command of them.

General Ribera, President of the Republic of Montevideo, had passed with our whole army into Entre-Rios, where he was to unite with the Corrientes army, and then attack that of Ourives. On December 6, 1842, took place the famous battle of Arroyo Grande, in which our side succumbed:—three nations fighting for their sacred rights against a tyrant. I shall not comment on the causes of this disaster; they were too many and would take too long to enumerate in detail. It is certain, however, that the discords fomented by the ambition and selfishness of a few aspirants to power caused immense misfortunes to whole nations, exposing them defenceless to the exterminating force of a pitiless conqueror. Later on, the same thing as was then happening in the La Plata provinces took place in Italy, through the operation of the same forces broken loose from hell. I made but a short stay at San Francisco, where I found General Aguiar, who had remained there on account of his health. I soon received orders from him to repair with all my disposable forces to the pass of Vissillac. I was to be joined by a few hundred soldiers called *aguerridos*, under the command of Colonel Guerra, who were to co-operate with us.

Arrived at Vissillac with the ships, I found there a few remnants of the army—that is to say, of the *matériel*, but not a single man. I sent scouts to search the country; nothing! It was the fatal 6th of December—all, to a man, had been summoned to the battle which was being decided eighteen miles away on the banks of the Arroyo Grande.

There is something in our natures above and beyond the region of intellect, which cannot be defined or explained, but certainly exists; and its effects, however confused, are a presentiment—whatever sense may be attached to the term—which brings either satisfaction or bitterness to the heart. Perhaps that infinitesimal spark, emanating from the Infinite, which has its abode in this wretched outward husk, but is immortal as the Infinite itself, is capable of a consciousness beyond the reach of sight or sense. We could perceive nothing whatever on those arid plains, yet that day there was a look of grim, desolate solemnity about them—desolate as the hearts of those who lay wounded and dying on the battle-field, trodden underfoot by the insolent soldier, or the hoofs of the conqueror's charger,—his rider rejoicing the while in the sufferings, torture, and death of the vanquished. And we call these scenes of slaughter—glory, heroism, victory; and for such are *Te Deums* chanted in our cathedrals by tonsured hirelings!

Very few indeed escaped with their lives from that terrible fight, and the presentiment of disaster felt by us was in nowise exaggerated.

Finding no one to give us news of the army, and no orders from the commander-in-chief (which General Aguiar had given me to understand I should receive), we resolved to land the whole force, with the exception of a small reserve to be left in the ships, and march in search of the enemy. A small corps, coming entire into the neighbourhood of a routed army, may—as I have more than once experienced—be of the greatest service.

It may not be possible to change the defeat into a victory, but one can always save part of the *matériel*, and some of the men, wounded or not, who without help would certainly fall into the hands of the enemy. Often, too, it is very probable that the enemy's troops—themselves, though victorious, necessarily somewhat disordered after a battle—will halt on seeing a small corps advancing firmly and in good order, and leave the conquered an easier and less fatiguing retreat.

Such certainly was the result which followed the conduct of the volunteers in the campaign of 1866, at the battle of Custoza. Forming, as they did, the extreme left of the Italian army, and being entrusted with the defence of Lake Garda, the volunteers, who, in small bodies, occupied the western shore of the lake, pushed forward on the retreat of the army after the battle, towards Lonato and Rivertella; and by this movement facilitated the saving of the ammunition-waggons, and also of some of the wounded and stragglers.

I remark, in passing, that, following my favourite Rio Grande system, I never made a land-march without a cavalry contingent, chosen from among my amphibious

soldiers of fortune. Some of them were capital horsemen, expelled from the army for irregular conduct, perhaps for crimes; but however that may be, they usually fought splendidly; and, of course, were punished when they deserved it.

Although we found no men at that place, we met with some horses which had been left behind, and with these my free-lances soon succeeded in making up a sufficient mount for the intelligence department—an operation rendered very easy by the abundance of horses in those regions.

We were ready for the march, and indeed in motion, when we were recalled to San Francisco by an order from General Aguiar. We should certainly have fallen victims had the enemy found us on the open plains of Entre Rios; for, since our army had that day been completely dispersed, we should, instead of meeting with it, have encountered all but inevitable destruction. We therefore re-embarked without knowing why, or obtaining any news of what had happened.

Having reached San Francisco, I received a note from Colonel Esteves, beginning with the ominous words, "Our army has suffered a reverse." General Aguiar had marched along the left bank of the Uruguay to pick up stragglers. I was requested to remain at San Francisco, to protect the supplies left there.

In the period which elapsed between the battle of the Arroyo Grande and the beginning of the siege of Montevideo took place that confusion, that taking up, rejection, and resuming of plans, which is usual in a similar

conjuncture—that is, after a great defeat. The catastrophe to our army was a real one—almost amounting to utter annihilation, since, for a long time, nothing like a corps could be collected out of its remnants.

When it is remembered that the Montevideo army was going to attack the strongest body of troops ever seen in South America, elated by many recent victories, and to attack it in so disadvantageous a position as to have the great river Uruguay in their own rear, one can understand how the remnants of our army were dispersed or made prisoners.

There was also much panic on our side, much irresolution, and many individual desertions,—as must of necessity be the case in a war where both parties speak the same language, and the head-quarters on both sides are in the same country. The nation, however, responded with firmness and heroism to the brave men whose energetic voices called it to the rescue, proclaiming the country in danger, and summoning every one to arms.

In a short time we had a new army, neither so strong nor so well-disciplined as the first; but at least far fuller of dash and enthusiasm, more penetrated by the feeling of the sacred cause of duty which demanded their service. It was no longer the fortunes of one man which stimulated these multitudes to face the chances of battle—that man's star had set in the last conflict, and no subsequent efforts could make it rise again—but the cause of the nation, before which all hatred, all personal feelings, all petty dissensions, were silent.

The Republic was threatened with foreign invasion. Every citizen hastened to range himself, with horse and weapons, under the banner of defence. The danger increased with the approach of Rosas' formidable army, commanded by his terrible lieutenant Ourives ; and as it rose, the zeal and patriotic devotion of that noble nation rose likewise. No one said a word about compromise, or negotiation with the invader ; and from this fact may be inferred the unshaken firmness and heroic sacrifice, of which the nation was capable, which sustained a nine years' siege in its own capital, and conquered in the end.

I blush to think of what we have done in Italy since the battle of Novara. And yet all Italy was united in the desire to shake off the stranger's yoke—she was panting to fight, and I know our people to be fully capable of stubborn endurance and enthusiastic energy. But the cause ? Oh, the causes of our misfortunes are so many ! And how many, too, are the traitors of deepest dye, but masked in countless disguises, nourished by our own beautiful and most unhappy land !

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR RESISTANCE.

IN the mean time, I received orders to sink the largest ships of our flotilla in the deepest part of the river, in the track of the enemy's fleet, should it ascend the Uruguay. Before I had done this, however, the order was countermanded, and I was directed to burn them instead. Here I was, then, obliged to destroy a third fleet. At least, in the first two cases we had been able to fight as our duty demanded! Again becoming a land-force, we remained a few days longer at San Francisco, so as to allow of the remaining supplies of the army being withdrawn to Montevideo; after which, we too marched on the capital, in the neighbourhood of which were to be assembled all the republican forces gradually being organized.

Little or nothing of importance occurred on our march, except the sagacity exhibited by General Pacheco, then a colonel at Mercedes. This illustrious Uruguayan began in those perilous circumstances to give proof of a distinct superiority in courage, energy, and capacity. He was, beyond doubt, the principal champion of his country in the gigantic struggle sustained by

Montevideo against foreign invasion—a struggle which will serve to future generations as a specimen of the spirit of nations who will not submit to an aggressor, however strong.

I am proud of having shared with that gallant people several years of their immortal defence. Montevideo in those days presented a surprising spectacle. Ourives was victorious, and ruthlessly advancing at the head of an army which had passed like a tempest, like a thunderbolt, over the Argentine provinces disaffected towards Rosas' government. The supplications of priests, wives, and mothers would have been of no avail to soften the Montevidean Coriolanus. The idea of chastising the insolent city which had driven him away to proclaim a hated rival in his place, and had watched his flight with derision, was to the fierce conqueror of Lavalle * the most delightful that could be imagined. Such utter destruction had fallen on the Montevidean army as has, perhaps, seldom been the lot of any, and only small and widely scattered bodies of troops were now to be found in the territory of the Republic. The flotilla was annihilated, arms and provisions exceedingly scarce, the treasury empty—as may well be imagined, with men like Vidal intent on nothing but amassing gold pieces, the most portable form of wealth, in case of meditated flight. And that thief was prime minister!

Yet we must defend ourselves—such was the unanimous wish of that glorious nation. There were many

* One of the bravest of the Argentine generals, and the bitter enemy of Rosas.

devoted adherents of Ribera, who could not possibly escape with their lives, if Ourives, Ribera's antagonist, effected his entrance—who, therefore, found defence absolutely necessary for their own safety; yet these, fettered, for the most part, to the official manger, were helpless and irresolute. But to the nation, the real people, Ourives was not the opponent of Ribera, but the paid leader of a foreign army, the instrument of a tyrant whose weapons were invasion, slavery, and death. And the people rushed to the defence, fully conscious of their sacred rights. In a short time several cavalry corps were formed in the country; and an army almost wholly composed of infantry was being organized at Montevideo, that Palladium of Uruguayan liberty, under the auspices of the often-victorious General Paz certainly one of the best and most honest chiefs of South America.

General Paz, removed from the command by official envy and imbecility, responded to the call of his country's danger, appeared at the head of the forces in the capital, and organized, with fresh recruits, and the slaves just emancipated by the Republic, that army which for seven years has been the bulwark of his country's liberties, and which still (1849) fearlessly holds its ground against the most formidable host those regions have ever seen.

Many illustrious chiefs, hitherto forgotten, or indifferent to wars where individual interests predominated, appeared in the ranks of the defenders, and increased their enthusiasm and trustworthiness. A

line of fortifications was traced round the city, on the land side of the isthmus, at which the whole population worked with so much zeal as to complete it before the enemy's arrival.

Manufactories of arms and ammunition, cannon-foundries, workshops for the making of clothes and all necessities for the soldiers—all these were improvised as if by miracle. The cannon which, since the time of the Spaniards, had been considered useless, and placed in the streets to form a kind of balustrade along the edges of the pavements, were taken up and mounted for the defence. The arrival of General Pacheco from Mercedes, and his appointment as minister of war, gave the finishing touch to the preparations.

I was appointed to organize a new fleet, as not even the slightest traces of the former one remained—thanks to the traitorous minister alluded to above. A few small merchant vessels were hired, which we armed as well as we could, being enabled by a fortunate incident to pursue this undertaking with some success. The *Oscar*, a Buenos Ayres brigantine, cruising about the coast by night, ran aground off the point of the Cerro (a mountain about six miles west of Montevideo, jutting out into the river, and so forming the western sides of the harbour); and, in spite of many efforts to get her afloat, the enemy were obliged to abandon her—a circumstance of which we did not fail to take advantage. At first they attempted to prevent our approaching the wreck, and sent the topsail-schooner

Palmar to bombard us ; but, seeing the slight result of their shots, and our obstinacy in recovering the spoil from the rocks, they left us free to finish our work.

Among the many articles saved from the *Oscar* were five cannon—exceedingly valuable to us, as they served to arm three small vessels, the first of the new flotilla, which were immediately used to cover the left extremity of the line of forts. The wreck of the *Oscar* seemed to me a good omen for the arduous defence now preparing, and was a new stimulus to the general confidence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEGINNING OF THE SIEGE OF MONTEVIDEO.

ON February 16, 1843, when we had only just completed the fortifications of the city, and mounted a few guns thereon, the vanguard of the Buenos Ayres army appeared on the adjoining heights. General Ribera, at the head of the cavalry force, which was too weak to oppose the enemy, had found his way past the latter, and, taking to the open country, turned their left flank, and harassed their rear. Such a manœuvre easily succeeds in a country where every man is an accomplished horseman, and where, meat being the only food on campaign, the cumbersome baggage-trains indispensable in European wars are needless. Ribera, moreover, though not a great general in regular battle, was a master of the stratagems peculiar to guerilla warfare; and this step, dexterously carried out, enabled him to give great annoyance to the enemy.

General Paz remained in command of the forces in the capital. These were numerous in comparison with the extent of walls to be defended; but considering that they were all raw recruits, and by no means all model warriors—that is, penetrated with true patriotism

—no one can do otherwise than admire the sagacity, courage, and determination of the illustrious commander, who, having organized and disciplined this force, sustained with it the first and most dangerous conflicts of the siege. In spite of the generous enthusiasm of the people, there were plenty of malcontents, cowards, and traitors. Vidal, the prime minister, had robbed the treasury and absconded. One Antuna, colonel of a corps and chief of the police, had gone over to the enemy, with many other officials and employés. One of those corps called “*Los Aguerridos*,” which were composed of foreigners in the pay of the Republic, had not only deserted, almost wholesale, in several instalments, but, one night when occupying the outposts, seriously endangered the city’s safety by its treason.

Such actions were the natural consequences of the conduct of certain individuals, who, believing everything to be lost, quitted the ranks of the defenders under one pretext or another, and went over to the enemy. Our affairs were in a desperate state from the first; and I could never understand why Ourives, who was kept minutely informed of all by his adherents within the city, did not take advantage of this disorder, and the insufficiency of our fortifications, to make a vigorous attack on the place. He confined himself to reconnaissances and sham attacks by night, which served only to exercise the inexperienced Montevidean soldiers.

Meanwhile, the foreign legions were being armed and organized; and, whatever view may be taken of the motives which dictated the arming of the French and

Italian legions, it cannot be denied that the first call to arms was the effect of a generous impulse to defend against invasion the hospitable land which had offered them an asylum. It is indeed true that, later on, certain individuals introduced themselves into these troops from motives of self-interest; but, be that as it may, the arming and organization of these corps, if not decisive of victory, served at least to guarantee the safety of the city.

The French, more numerous than ourselves, and with a better military reputation, had in a short time about 2600 men under arms. The Italians assembled to the number of about five hundred, few enough compared with the total of our compatriots settled in the country, yet more than I had ever hoped for, considering our daily habits and the nature of our education. Their numbers afterwards increased, but never exceeded seven hundred.

General Paz, taking advantage of this increase in his force, established an exterior line, at the distance of a cannon-shot from the walls. From that time forward there was a regularly organized system of defence, and the enemy was no longer able to approach the city. Being in charge of the fleet—the work of organizing which was still going on—I proposed as commander of the legion a certain Angelo Mancini, of infamous memory, who was accepted by the Government.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FIRST ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ITALIAN LEGION.

THE legion performed its first service in a sortie, and, as indeed one could not expect much from men quite unused to fighting, made no great figure; and the Montevideans derisively expressed their doubts of Italian valour. I was consumed with shame, and felt the necessity for silencing the laughers.

On another occasion, it fell to the lot of the legion to take part in an expedition to the Cerro, in which I was to accompany them. This expedition was under the command of General Bauzà, a good soldier, though very old. We remained in sight of the enemy, marching and countermarching without any result. It was, perhaps, prudent not to attack an enemy who, if not more numerous than ourselves, were certainly better skilled in warfare; but I was impatient to try my countrymen, and was urging on the old general, though in vain, when fortune sent us General Pacheco (then minister of war) from Montevideo. I was encouraged by the arrival of a man whom I knew to be both brave and enterprising, and, approaching him with the confidence and familiarity he always permitted me, I asked his leave to dislodge the

enemy from behind a parapet commanding a ditch on the side nearest us, which afforded them a strong and secure position. The minister not only acceded to my request, but ordered General Bauzà to support the movement of the Italian legion. I had the legion drawn up in column, by sections, under cover of a group of half-ruined houses. Two companies deployed in column to the front, and, after having recalled to their memories the glorious past of our country, I gave orders to attack the enemy's left wing. Accustomed to treat us with contempt, they awaited us without moving from their position, and received us with a terrible fusillade.

But the Italian legion had sworn to conquer that day, and kept their oath. In vain did many of our men fall wounded; we went on unflinchingly, till, when we came within bayonet-thrust of the enemy, the latter took to flight, and were pursued by us for some distance. Our centre and left wing were also victorious, so that forty-two prisoners remained in our hands. This achievement, though slight in itself, was of the greatest value in raising our army's *morale*, and lowering that of the enemy; and from that day forward, the Italian legion followed its glorious career, to the general admiration.

That day was the precursor of a thousand gallant deeds performed by our countrymen, never again defeated! On the same spot, near the Cerro, the Italian legion, with a detachment of cavalry and a small number of native infantry, gained a few months later, on March 28—I do not remember the year—a splendid victory, in which a notorious general, Nuñez, lost his

life. On the day following our first small advantage, the legion was drawn up on the Plaza della Matriz, the principal square of Montevideo, in sight of a whole nation, hailed by universal acclamation, and receiving the praise and congratulations of the minister of war, whose eloquent words had found an echo among the multitudes. I have never heard words more touching, or better calculated to awaken a nation's best enthusiasm.

With the Italian legion had fought on that day, for the first time in his life, and with great distinction, that same Giacomo Minuto—commonly called Brusco—who, as cavalry captain at Rome in '49, was wounded by a bullet in the chest, and died through tearing off his bandages when he heard that Bonaparte's troops had entered the city.

Major Pedro Rodriguez, an officer in the marine infantry, also fought gallantly.

From that day until Anzani joined the legion, I was seldom at a distance from the corps, though nearly always occupied on board ship. Anzani happened to be about that time at Buenos Ayres, whence, on receiving my invitation, he repaired to Montevideo. He was an immense acquisition to the Italian legion, especially as regards instruction and discipline. He was a veteran warrior, having been through the Greek and Spanish wars; and I never knew a braver, cooler, or better-informed officer. He was, I repeat, a treasure; and I, not being a good organizer, was very fortunate in having such a friend and comrade at my side. Anzani was, moreover, free from selfish ambition and incorruptibly

honest ; and I felt certain that, with him at the head of the legion, all would go well, and I should be free to devote myself to the fleet.

Anzani was much thwarted by Mancini and Danus—the one titular colonel, the other major, and both of them worthless scoundrels, as was subsequently proved. These two could not brook the superior merit of Anzani, who, in spite of numberless petty annoyances from his two subordinates, soon, with his abundant military and administrative experience, placed the corps on as regular and systematic a footing as circumstances permitted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FLEET, AND ITS ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE fleet under my orders, though in itself of slight importance, was of some use in the defence of the town. It was posted at the left extremity of a line drawn across the isthmus which connects the peninsula on which Montevideo is situated with the mainland. The ships, drawn up at right angles to this line, not only completely protected it, but also menaced the enemy's right flank, in case of attack on the part of the latter. They also formed a link between the important position of the Cerro and "Liberty Island," called also the Island of the Rapids, and, above all, facilitated and actually took part in the attacks continually being made on the enemy's extreme right, which was blockading the Cerro. The enemy had already cast his eye on Liberty Island with a view to seizing it. As the Buenos Ayres squadron, under General Brown, was preparing to do this, it was resolved by our Government to anticipate their occupation, and I was entrusted with the duty of transporting thither two eighteen-pounders and a company of national guards. This operation took place by night. By about 10 p.m.

all were landed in the island, and I was returning, with the launch, which had served to transport the guns, in tow.

One of those events then took place which, when conceived by the imagination of romancers, must be a real satisfaction to their authors. Liberty Island, only a short cannon-shot from the shore of the Cerro, is distant about three miles from Montevideo. The wind was blowing from the south, which in that part causes an agitation of the water proportioned to the force of the wind, especially in crossing from the island to the breakwater of the city. I was on board a boat lately bought by Government—one of those launches belonging to merchant vessels, which, with their great breadth of beam, are principally used in weighing anchor,—accompanied by the sailors necessary for the operation just effected, and having in tow the same long-boat on which we had brought the guns to the island. Between the heavy sea from the south and the almost cubical shape of the long-boat, which, having nothing heavy on board, rode very high on the water, we progressed slowly, and with much leeway towards the interior of the bay, on the north. All at once we perceived some men-of-war on our lee, to the north-west, so near that the sentinel called out to us from the bows of one of them, “Who goes there?” “Silence!” I said to the men; it was beyond all doubt the enemy’s squadron. Speaking in a low voice, I urged them to redouble their speed, and make as little noise as possible with the oars; but, after the warning

given by the sentinel, I fully expected a hail of bullets. Instead of which, we escaped as if by miracle, passing almost under the bowsprit of a vessel which I recognized as the *Belgrano*, and were able, without further molestation, to continue our voyage to Montevideo.

The cause of our safety was, that at that very time the enemy's boats, laden with troops, had been sent to attack Liberty Island. The enemy's silence, then, was explained. The order had been issued because they wished to surprise the island; while, for the same reason, they did not send their boats to seize us, as they might easily have done.

But what a stroke of luck for us! We landed in safety at the breakwater, where we heard the beginning of a tremendous fusillade from the island, at that moment being attacked. I immediately informed the Government of what had occurred, and went on board, to prepare our little vessels for departure to relieve the island, should there be still time to do so.

Our men in the island numbered about sixty, ill-armed and ill-provided with ammunition. At dawn I set sail from Montevideo, with only two out of the three ships we had; the third was not yet fitted with her guns. With two small vessels, each armed with a twelve-pounder carronade, taken from the wreck of the *Oscar*, we took up our position between the *Cerro* and the island, sailing with the wind; and, in order to put an end to the uncertainty whether the island was in our hands or the enemy's, I was obliged to send the officer Clavelli in a yawl to reconnoitre. He returned

with the joyful news that the island was ours, and that the enemy's night-attack had been repulsed. Our brave nationals, though novices in arms, had fought like heroes, and not only driven back the enemy, but inflicted serious injury on them; and the corpses of Rosas' soldiers were seen for several days after, floating on the waters of the harbour.

I immediately landed the ammunition for the two eighteen-pounders, and an officer with several gunners to handle them. It was meanwhile growing lighter, and scarcely had we finished the above operation, when the enemy opened fire, and the island gave a quick response. We got the weather-gage of the enemy's squadron, and poured in a broadside with our two small guns. The combat, however, was extremely unequal, our opponents having two schooners and two brigantines, among which was one armed with sixteen heavy guns. The guns of the island, capable of doing more damage than ours, had no platform—only, by good fortune, an old half-ruined parapet. They were very poorly provided with accessories, having been mounted in haste, and, worse than all, had very little ammunition.

Although the sea was not very heavy, our shots from on board were rendered uncertain by the rolling of our small craft. At last, the officer Raffaele, an Italian, whom I had sent to direct the fire of the two guns on the island, having exhausted his ammunition, lay down with his gunners and the nationals behind the little ruined parapet, on which the enemy were concentrating all their fire.

The firing from the island having ceased, and that which we kept up from the vessels being of little consequence, the enemy began to put their ships about, running inshore ; and the *Palmar* sent a grapeshot from a long-range gun, which wounded several men on my deck, among others my mate Francisco, a brave mulatto, who was mortally injured.

Once more does fortune come to our aid ! Commodore Purvis, then commanding the British station at Montevideo, sent, or came himself, in a yawl, with one of those flags which quell the tempest—the flag of England. He interposed, putting an end to the conflict as though he had touched the combatants with a magic wand. It was the height of good fortune for me and for the Republic.

From that moment negotiations began ; the enemy's squadron left the port, and the island never again fell into the hands of a foreign power.

What a splendid way of employing force ! What conduct compared with that of certain miserable Powers, who by a mere sign might have stopped, and might still stop, the shedding of rivers of blood ! With the lifting of a finger they might restore fallen nations, and restrain the madness of oppression in the powerful. Whatever Commodore Purvis's other reasons may have been, it is undeniable that this honest and generous Englishman was actuated by a chivalrous sympathy with a brave but unfortunate people.

From that moment the Montevideans knew that they had in the English commodore not only a friend, but a protector.

The affair of Liberty Island, the fortunate issue of which, although no efforts had been spared in its defence, was due rather to luck than to our own merit, added fame and importance to the arms of the Republic, in spite of the insignificance of the action. In this way—that is, by means of small but successful undertakings—a cause, by many believed to be already lost, was gradually retrieved ; which clearly proves that despair is never allowable, either in war or in politics, especially where the cause of justice is the one at stake. The patriotic and excellent administration of the Government, with Pacheco at the head of it ; the conduct of the war, in the hands of the upright and high-minded General Paz ; the fearless and resolute bearing of the people, now freed from the presence of the few cowards and traitors who had disgraced them, the arming of the foreign legions ;—everything, in short, take it for all in all, presaged a fortunate issue.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BRILLIANT FIGHTING OF THE ITALIAN LEGION.

THE Italian legion, whose first beginning had excited the ridicule of some, particularly of the French (long accustomed, through our own discords, to despise us), attained to such fame as awakened the envy of the best troops. Never yet defeated, it had shared the most difficult enterprises and the most arduous combats.

At Tres Cruces, when the intrepid Colonel Neira, through his excessive gallantry, had fallen within the enemy's lines, the legion—that day under his orders in the van—sustained a truly Homeric hand-to-hand struggle, driving the Ourivistas from their strongest positions, till the body of their leader was recovered.

The losses of the legion on that day were considerable, in proportion to the smallness of its numbers,—but also proportionately glorious. That success, which was so fearful a drain on its ranks, effected a still greater increase ; for it attracted large numbers of new recruits, soldiers of a day, who fought like veterans. Such is the Italian soldier—such are the sons of the despised nation, when, once removed from the corrupting influence of

priests and cowardly rulers, they are stimulated by the love of what is beautiful and noble.

The passage of the Bajada (April 25) was also a skirmish of some importance. An army corps, under the orders of the same General Paz, had left Montevideo, and, passing the enemy's right wing, skirted the shore to the north of the bay, as far as the Pantanoso, a small muddy stream about two cannon-shots from the Cerro. They were to join our forces stationed in that fortress, and strike a blow—if possible, a decisive one—at the enemy's forces thus enticed from their strong position at Cerrito, Ourives' head-quarters—or at least to surprise two battalions, posted on the banks of the marshy stream already mentioned.

This enterprise, which was to accomplish so much, had little or no result, because, as often happens in complicated operations, the different divisions employed failed to act in concert. We were engaged, during the passage of the Pantanoso, in an obstinate combat. Of the three divisions which comprised our corps of 7000 men, the rearguard was so beset by the enemy, who grew more confident as they recovered from their first surprise—in addition to the difficulty of crossing the river—as only to escape by great efforts and with the loss of many lives. I commanded the central division, which was already on the right bank of the Pantanoso, the name of which was no exaggeration, as there was in the bed of the stream a quagmire (*pantano*) which swallowed up men and horses, and had to be passed on scattered and uneven stepping-stones. The general

ordered me to recross the stream to help those in danger, and of course I had to obey, though much against my judgment, as I was certain to lose many men, and it was scarcely possible to accomplish the business satisfactorily. Our rearguard fought gallantly, but the enemy had surrounded them in ever-increasing numbers, and were already occupying a strong position in their rear—that is, on their line of retreat—within a salting-house (*saladero*). Besides which, our men found that their ammunition was exhausted. The van of the Italian legion was about to enter the *saladero*, when the head of a Buenos Ayres column had already entered it from the opposite direction, and appeared on the side nearest us. Here began a desperate hand-to-hand fight with the bayonet, in which at last Italian valour triumphed. By this time the ground was covered with corpses, and among the losses on our side we had to mourn the death of a gallant Ligurian, Captain Molinari. But our comrades of the rearguard were safe, and the balance of the fight re-established in our favour. Other corps came to our support, and the retreat was carried out with admirable success. After the battle, General Paz grasped my hand and said, “To-day I have seen that the Italians are really brave!”

The French legion, which ought to have carried out a simultaneous operation on the lines of the city, met with a reverse on the same day; and thus we were enabled worthily to reply to the derisive speeches of these neighbours of ours.

The 28th of March also was a day of great glory for

the republican arms and the Italian legion. On that day the enterprise was directed by General Pacheco. The enemy was besieging the Cerro under General Nuñez, one of the most famous leaders of the country, but a man who had at the beginning of the siege disgracefully deserted our ranks for those of Buenos Ayres. They were very active in that direction, and had several times even reached the ramparts of the fortress, threatening to cut off communication between it and the city, and destroying, by means of musket-shots, the light-house erected on the upper part of the buildings.

General Pacheco ordered several corps to be transferred to the Cerro, our legion being one of them. The movement took place at night, and with the dawn we of the legion were concealed in an old powder-magazine, surrounded by ruined buildings, about a mile to the north of the fortress. These buildings, though in ruins, still had some walls standing, and were large enough to contain, at a pinch, the whole of our force. The skirmishing began from the Cerro, after which the battle gradually grew fiercer. General Nuñez, by nature impetuous, pushed boldly forward, till he gained possession of a strong post called Quadrado, a short cannon-shot from the old powder-magazine. Already we counted among our wounded two of the best of our leaders, Colonels Tajés and Estivão, when, as the signal for leaving our position did not appear from the top of the Cerro,* and

* The fortress stands at a great height, on the top of that sugar-

the affair was growing serious, we were summoned to rescue Colonel Caceres, in charge of the fighting force. I shall always be proud of having belonged to that handful of brave men called the Italian legion of Montevideo, who, whenever I saw them, were on the road to victory. But indeed on that day our Italians made a fine display of coolness and valour. They excited the admiration of the haughty Americans, who justly claim a reputation for exceptional bravery.

The problem was to attack the enemy when posted on a height, and doubly sheltered by a ditch and a parapet. The ground we had to traverse in marching to the attack afforded no cover of any kind, so that the enterprise was a hazardous one. But the legion would that day have faced the devil himself. The men remembered that on the very ground they had won their diploma of valour. The blessings of a grateful people, the applause of Montevidean beauties, were still ringing in their ears. They marched on the enemy without firing a single shot, and without halting, till they had driven him into the Pantanoso, three miles from the battle-field. Nuñez was killed, and many prisoners taken. Our comrades of the Uruguayan corps also fought with great bravery, and if the above-mentioned movement could have been retarded a little, so as to allow our right wing, under the brave Colonel Diaz, to advance and occupy the

loaf seen by the Portuguese cabin-boy from the mast-head of the vessel which discovered the country. Through his exclamation, "Monte vide eu!" ("I have seen a mountain!") it gave its name to the future city.

ground between the stream and the enemy, not one of the latter's infantry could have escaped.

This feat of arms does great honour to the military genius of General Pacheco, forcing, as he did, the enemy's extreme right to remain on the defensive, at a distance from the Cerro, and on the further side of the Pantanoso.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE SALTO.

INNUMERABLE were the actions performed by the Italian legion during the first years of the siege, heavy were their losses in dead and wounded, but not a single encounter resulted in dishonour to those brave fellows—a band Italy may well be proud of.

We too, in the first disastrous period, had our traitors—that Mancini of whom I have already made mention, one Danus, one Giovanni N——, and a few poor wretches led away by them, deserted to the enemy. It was an untoward incident, but one soon forgotten in the glory won shortly after by the gallant legion.

General Ribera was defeated at India Muerta, but this event caused no change in the zeal with which the defence of the capital was carried on. The leaders of the army, kept in practice by continual fighting with the besiegers, had acquired a moral superiority which increased every day. Then came the Anglo-French intervention, and now everything betokened a favourable ending to the war.

Every country in the world will always be better off without foreign intervention. May this be, in the

future, the lot of our poor Italy, so often a victim to this misfortune. In Montevideo, the conditions were somewhat different, this capital being a true cosmopolitan emporium, where foreigners of every nation are at least equal in number to the natives, while foreign interests are nearly always stronger than native ones. If Italy, diplomatically speaking, had been of any account in the Rio de la Plata, she ought to have taken part in the Anglo-French intervention, the resident Italians being quite equal in number to the subjects of those governments which took part in the treaty. But in 1842, when the siege began, the representative of the Italian Government at Montevideo was very little thought of, and only one small man-of-war showed the Italian flag on that roadstead.

An expedition into Uruguay was one of the projects arranged between the Government of the Republic and the admirals of the two allied nations, and with the conduct of this expedition I was entrusted. Various additions had for some time past been made to our fleet—some were hired vessels, like the first; others were the confiscated property of enemies of the Republic; and others seized from the Buenos Ayreans, who used to send their merchant vessels into the Buceo—a harbour close to Ourives' head-quarters—and to other ports occupied by their army.

Through the acquisition of these ships, and two others confiscated by the English and French, and placed at the disposal of the Montevidean Government, the expedition into Uruguay consisted of some fifteen vessels,

the largest of which was the *Cagancha*, a brigantine of sixteen guns, while some of the smaller ones were only whale-boats.

The troops to be landed were the Italian legion, about two hundred national guards under Colonel Battlle, now (1872) general, and President of the Republic, with a cavalry force of about a hundred men, and artillery, consisting in all of two four-pounders and six horses.

Towards the end of 1845, this expedition left Montevideo for Uruguay, to begin a glorious campaign, full of brilliant deeds, though unproductive as regards the ultimate welfare of the unfortunate and generous Oriental * nation.

We reached Colonia, a town situated on a lofty promontory on the left bank of the Plata, where the Anglo-French squadrons were waiting for our arrival to storm the position. The undertaking was not difficult, under cover of overwhelming fires from the ships of three squadrons. I landed with my legionaries, followed by the nationals. The enemy offered no resistance within the walls, but when we had left them, we found him disposed to fight us. The allies having landed after us, I asked the admirals to support us while I was attempting to drive the enemy from the ground; and accordingly, a force of both nations landed for the purpose. But when we were engaged in the open

* It should be remembered that the Republic of Montevideo is called in full "Republica Oriental del Uruguay," being on the eastern bank of that river, whence the title "Oriental" often applied to the people.

plain, and had obtained some advantage, in spite of the superior strength of the enemy, the allies—for what reason I know not—retired within the walls, and obliged us to do the same, being unable to continue the fight unsupported. Before our landing, when the Buenos Ayreans, overawed by the naval force, determined on abandoning the town, they obliged the inhabitants to evacuate it, and then attempted to set it on fire; so that many houses presented the dreary spectacle of a conflagration; while, in order to make the fire take effect more quickly, they had broken up the furniture, and dashed to pieces everything they could lay hands on.

When we landed—that is, the legion and Battlle's nationals—we had immediately followed the retreating enemy, and the allies, landing afterwards, occupied the empty town, sending, as we have seen, part of their troops to support us.

Now, between the confusion of the fire and that of the ruins, it was difficult to keep up such discipline as to prevent all plundering; and the French and English soldiers, in spite of strict orders from the admirals, did not fail to make use at their pleasure of the things left in the houses and about the streets. Our men, on their return, partly followed their example, in spite of all that the officers could do to restrain them. The repression of disorder was not easy, seeing that Colonia was a place well supplied with every kind of provisions, more especially with spirituous liquors, which inflamed the unlawful inclinations of the plunderers.

For the matter of that, however, our men took

nothing worth mentioning, but provisions and some mattresses, which they carried into the church they were quartered in, to sleep on ; and these were, of course, left behind when we started, a few days later. However, if the allies had not set the example, such excesses on the part of our men would have been avoided.

I have been somewhat prolix as to the details of this event, describing it with scrupulous truthfulness, in order to refute certain descriptions written by a *chauvin*, M. Page, at that time commander of the French brigantine *Ducouadic*, a man called by his countrymen a creature of Guizot, and sent out by that minister of Louis Philippe in the capacity of a secret agent.

In describing the occurrences which took place at Colonia, this diplomatic spy has no words bad enough for the *brigands Italiens* ; and the result of his Gallic sympathies was seen when we landed to take the initiative in the operations. I had to place my own men under cover, not from the enemy's fire—for the enemy fled at our approach without pulling trigger—but from that of the *Ducouadic*, which, as her battery was broadside on to us, shelled us in a way which was perfectly scandalous. Some of the men received severe contusions from splinters and fragments of masonry sent us by the shots of this friendly power.

I recollect that, among other titles, he has honoured us in his extravagant narrative with that of *Condottieri*—a word used by that gentleman to depreciate better men than himself.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MATRERO.

WE had been obliged to take part in the capture of Colonia, but our real commission was to pass on and re-establish the authority of the Republic on the left bank of the Uruguay. The island of Martin-Garcia, where, with a small expedition, I anticipated Anzani, surrendered without resistance. In this island we procured some cattle and a few horses.

Here we met with a certain Vivorigna, one of the party in our favour, and the first matrero who joined us.

A word about this class of adventurers, whose gallant services were of such assistance to us on this difficult and glorious expedition. The matrero is the true type of the independent man. Why should he remain in the midst of a corrupt society, dependent on a priest who deceives him, and a tyrant who revels in luxury on the fruit of his toil, when he might live on the boundless virgin plains of a new world, free as the eagle and the lion, resting his head when he is weary in the lap of the wife of his heart, or flying on his wild

courser over the vast Pampas, in search of daily food for himself and his dear one? *

The matrero recognizes no government; but what does the happiness of the much-governed Europeans amount to? Enough ill-fated experiments have been and are being made in this matter to render the question a very difficult one. The matrero is independent, and rules over that immense expanse of country with the same authority as a government. He levies neither tax nor tribute, and does not take from the poor man his only hope, his son, in order to turn him into a paid cut-throat. He asks from the inhabitants, as a free gift, what is necessary to support his wandering existence—the matrero's necessities are limited indeed—and repays the giver by his work on horseback, most valuable in those countries. A good horse is the matrero's first requirement; his arms are usually carbine, pistol, sabre, and the inseparable knife, with which he kills and eats his dinner.

It must be remembered that the bullock provides him with all the furnishing of his saddle—the *mancador*, to tether his horse when grazing; the *mancas*, to accustom it to remain in one place without straying; the bolas, to catch the *caguar* (wild horse) at his greatest speed, and overthrow him by entangling his legs. If not the most useful, the bolas are the most terrible

* To one of these men of the plains, in South America, the piece of roast beef chosen and cooked by himself is the most natural and savoury of foods. I have seen them smile compassionately on seeing me eat partridges.

weapon of the gaucho. With the bolas he strikes the caguar, as just mentioned; the ostrich, the bird which does not fly, but in running rivals the horse in swiftness; and man, when, after the battle, he flies before the enemy who has vanquished him. Woe to the fugitive mounted on a poor or a tired horse; if pursued by the *boleador*, he will, while unable to free himself, feel his faithful companion give way under him and fall—unless, indeed, by letting his *poncho* trail behind him, he can dexterously catch the bolas, and thus keep his horse's hind-legs free.

It is a surprising spectacle for us Europeans to see a cavalry force flying before the victorious enemy. The bolas of the pursuing troop, being all thrown at once, rise into the air like a cloud, and the fugitives are entangled, ridden down, and slaughtered by the foremost horsemen, who, while doing so, do not even check their headlong course after the rest.

The lasso—not the least useful auxiliary of the gaucho or the matrero (the two words are almost synonymous, though the former is not like the latter, invariably independent of what is called a government; often, after all, nothing but the amalgamation of a few of the most powerful)—the lasso, which always hangs at the horse's right shoulder in a way which seems careless, but is the result of perfect calculation, serves the South American as an instrument for procuring his food, and gaining his livelihood in the rare cases when he finds himself forced to work for his living. Flesh, generally beef, is the matrero's only food.

Considering all those articles for the construction and continued use of which the knife is indispensable, we can form an idea of the importance assumed, in the eyes of the *matrero*, by this weapon, with which he shows wonderful dexterity, in slashing the face or cutting the throat of an enemy. He will never refuse to share his *açado* with you ; but you ought to have a knife of your own, so as not to run the risk of being refused the loan of his, which he values beyond everything else, and would, if lost, have great difficulty in replacing, being, as he is, at a distance from any town. The *matrero*, we have said, is the same as the “*gaucho de las Pampas*,” the monarch of the *cuchilla* (hills) of the Rio Grande, only more lawless and independent. He will obey when the government falls in with his own notions and sympathies ; if not, the plains and the forest are his abode, and the sky his roof at most times. He sometimes, indeed, constructs huts in the forest, but it is seldom that he appears in inhabited places, and never without a sufficient reason—usually furnished by his mistress. The *matrero* has a mistress, and is generally adored by her ; she shares his hardships and dangers with a courage equal to his own. What a wonderful being is woman ! A creature of higher perfection than man, she is also more daring and chivalrous of temper than he ; but the servile education to which she is condemned prevents this from being observed as frequently as would otherwise be the case.

Vivorigna, then, who was found in Martin-Garcia by Colonel Anzani, was the first *matrero* who joined us

though certainly not the best. On the banks of the Canal del Inferno, between Martin-Garcia and the mainland, he had lain in wait for a boat, and forced the boatman, by holding a pistol to his head, to ferry him over to the island, where he came to present himself to me.

Many other matreros subsequently made their appearance, and, as I have already said, were of immense service to us. But the man whom I should like to adorn with a more creditable title, and who united to the daring courage of the matrero the chivalry and coolness of the stainless gentleman, was Captain Juan de la Cruz Ledesma, whom I shall often have to mention in the course of my account of the Salto expedition. Juan de la Cruz, with his black hair, his eagle eyes and noble bearing, had also the bravest and tenderest of hearts.

He was a fearless and true-hearted comrade to me through all the Uruguay campaign, which I consider the most brilliant one of my life. I shall never forget either him or Jose Mundell, the son of a Scotchman, who had passed his life from infancy among those daring and independent sons of untamed nature. Mundell had not so much of the outward appearance of a matrero as Juan de la Cruz; but, though of a different type—that of the countrymen of Wallace—he was as brave and better educated.

Colonel Battlle (now President of the Republic) had remained with his nationals to garrison Colonia. He was a man equal to any undertaking, however arduous,

and had been my comrade since the beginning of the siege. And I parted from this brave and kind-hearted officer with real regret.

Having planted the Uruguayan standard at Martin-Garcia, and left some men there, the expedition continued its voyage up to the river. Anzani led the van with some of our smaller ships, and seized several merchant vessels under the enemy's flag. In this manner, we reached Jaguary, where the Rio Negro joins the Uruguay.

CHAPTER XL.

JAGUARY.

THE Rio Negro, at the point where it flows into the Uruguay, forms several islands of considerable extent, usually consisting of wood and pasture-land. In the winter, when the rivers rise after the rains, these islands are almost entirely flooded, so that very few animals can remain there, and the greater part even of these swim over to the mainland, where they find the richest of pasture. Nevertheless, we found in the islands enough cattle to keep us supplied with meat, and also some wild mares and foals. The greatest advantage to us, however, was the fact that we could land the horses we had with us, and let them recover from the discomforts of shipboard.

Besides these islands to the eastward, washed on the south by the Rio Negro, and on the north by the Uruguay, there is the Rincon de las Gallinas (Hens' Corner), a splendid and fertile piece of ground, united to the mainland by an isthmus. This peninsula abounded in animals of every kind, not excepting horses; and was, therefore, a favourite station of the *matreros*.

One of my first cares was to land some of the troops and establish myself on the shore of the Rincon, whence I sent out Vivorigna and his comrade Miranda as mounted scouts. They were not long in returning, bringing with them several *matreros* of the neighbourhood. These new acquisitions were followed by others, and from that time forward we were able to begin organizing a cavalry force, which progressed visibly.

The cavalry secured us abundance of meat, and the same night we undertook an operation against a party of the enemy, which turned out perfectly successful.

The enterprise was entrusted to a Lieutenant Gallegos, who had left Montevideo with us—an officer whose brilliant valour was marred, unfortunately, by a blood-thirsty disposition. He surprised a detachment of the enemy, numbering about twenty, and brought back six prisoners (of whom some were wounded), killing nearly all the rest. The affair gained us some excellent horses, a most important item in our situation.

The enemy's system of imprisoning the inhabitants of the coast in their houses, in order to cut off communication with us, caused a large number of those unfortunate people to join us. We offered them the largest island as a home, sending over a good number of cattle and several flocks of sheep as provision for them.

The increase of the expedition in numbers and importance was greatly due to the fact that Juan de la Cruz had joined us. He and Mundell deserved the title of Prince of the *Matreros*; and the way in which we discovered him is quite worthy of record.

The matreros of the Rincon informed me that Juan de la Cruz, at the head of several parties of his men, had some days before defeated other parties of the enemy, but, overpowered by numbers, had been obliged to disband his followers and take to the woods alone. After this, he left his horse, and wandered in a light canoe among the least-known islands of the Uruguay, the object of the greatest vigilance on the part of the enemy, who—especially after the battle of India Muerta, when we no longer had any cavalry on the plains—used every effort to persecute the matreros, who would have none of their government. In such straits was our friend when it was suggested to me to send in search of him. I therefore sent Commandant Soldaña, an old friend of Juan de la Cruz, with some matreros in a small boat we had, with orders to find his hiding-place and bring him to us. They were successful. After a few days' delay, they came upon Juan de la Cruz in an island, up a tree, at the foot of which his canoe was hidden in the bushes, the islet being just then in a flooded state. He was quite ready to take to the bush again, had the searchers been enemies; for from his post he could discover them at a sufficient distance to allow him to get away in safety. Our young Italians should take to heart this lesson as to the life they may be called upon to lead, if they really want to save our country. The fact, though disagreeable, is incontestable, that national independence and liberty must be won by dint of hardships, sacrifices, and courage.

Juan de la Cruz was a valuable addition to our force.

When once he had joined, we had with us all the matreros of the district, forming an excellent cavalry force—an indispensable condition of success in those countries which, by their very nature, are so well suited to horsemen.

CHAPTER XLI.

EXPEDITION TO GUALEGUAYCHU—HERVIDERO—ANZANI.

THE island of Biscaino, the principal one of the Jaguary group, soon became a colony peopled by families flying from Buenos Ayrean barbarity, and by some of the poorer inhabitants of the capital, driven by want to follow in our tracks, where they were certain of finding meat, if nothing more. To this island we sent over large supplies of cattle, besides leaving some horses, with an officer in charge.

Proceeding up the river, the expedition anchored at a point in front of Fray Bentos, but on the opposite side, in the province of Entre-Rios. Below, about eight miles from Fray Bentos, but still in the same part of Entre-Rios, is the mouth of the river Gualeguaychu, a tributary of the Uruguay. The town of the same name is about six miles up the stream.

The province of Entre-Rios was hostile, and contained excellent horses, of which we stood greatly in need. Besides, the town of Gualeguaychu had the additional attraction of being a rich emporium, capable of clothing our whole ragged regiment, and providing us with

saddlery and all other necessaries. We therefore resolved to touch there.

We had expressly gone about six miles higher up the river, to avoid arousing suspicion. During the night our brave legionaries, with the cavalry and a few horses, embarked on board our small ships and boats, and we made our way down with all speed to our destination.

There was a family settled at the mouth of the river, where it was known that there were also several merchant vessels and an armed whaleboat. It was needful to take all these by surprise—which we did.

We were so fortunate in this enterprise that, by one surprise after another, we reached the house of the commandant of Gualeguaychu, Colonel Villagra, who was found asleep in bed. All the authorities and the national guards fell into our hands as prisoners. We garrisoned the strongest points, established advanced outposts at a certain distance along every road by which the enemy might make his appearance, and then proceeded to collect horses, and to requisition from the place all articles of pressing necessity. We procured at Gualeguaychu a large number of good horses, the material necessary for clothing all the men, saddlery for the cavalry, and some money, which was distributed among our poor soldiers and sailors, so long exposed to want and privation. The prisoners were all released at our departure—a piece of generosity which the fierce followers of Rosas, had they been the conquerors, would not have imitated. One cavalry detachment forming

part of the garrison, which had been absent from the town at the time of our entrance, returned during our occupation. They were seen by our sentinels; and a few of our horsemen—already better mounted and equipped—being sent to meet them, an encounter took place in which the enemy were put to flight. This first small engagement—a brilliant bit of fighting—greatly cheered the hearts of our men, and excited their passion for adventure, the more so as it took place in the presence of all. Only one of our men was wounded, but very severely.

In the peninsula at the mouth of the Guauguaychu, between that river and the Uruguay, was the residence of the family mentioned above. This peninsula suited us admirably for completing operations undisturbed; as among these warlike people a cavalry force of surprising courage and activity can be raised in a very short time, among the inhabitants themselves. Our infantry embarked in the small vessels we had brought with us; the cavalry, riding on the good horses we had seized, led the rest; and we met again in the peninsula.

The work of shipping and disembarking horses was not new to us, and in a few days all were landed—some on the island of Biscaino, the rest on other islands in the upper part of the river, to serve for future operations.

We went on into the interior, and as far as Paysandu little or nothing took place worth mentioning. At that town, where there was a considerable garrison, the enemy had constructed several batteries, and sunk a large number of boats at various points of the channel to

obstruct our passage. All these obstacles were overcome, a few balls, which struck our vessels, and some wounds received on board, being the sole effect of a heavy cannonading which we kept up against these batteries.

I ought to mention two officers, one English, the other French, who, commanding two small ships of war of their respective nations, accompanied us, greatly to our advantage, through almost the whole of that expedition. Dench was the name of the English officer, who remained with us but a short time. The Frenchman was Hippolyte Morier, in command of the goélette *L'Eclair*. This latter remained with us all the time that our enterprise lasted. He was an officer of great merit, and we became much attached to him.

We reached El Hervidero, formerly a fine estate, but then deserted, though still abounding in cattle, and therefore able to supply us during the whole time of our stay. This point on the left bank of the Uruguay is called *El Hervidero*, from the Spanish *hervir*, "to boil." In fact, when the river is low, it seems like a boiling caldron on account of the whirlpools caused by a number of rocks under water, which, always lashed by an exceedingly swift current, make the passage of that spot very dangerous.

A spacious house, with an *azotea*, or terraced roof, rises on the eminence commanding the left bank of the river. Round it a number of *ranchos* (huts roofed with straw) attest the multitude of servants kept by the owner of the famous estancia in quieter times.

The *ganado manso*, or herd of tame cattle, were still

wandering round the houses, in search of the exiled inhabitants, and with them a *majada*, or flock of sheep, amounting to nearly forty thousand. These sheep, not having been shorn, trailed their fleeces along the ground and, when they moved over the hills, looked like waves of the sea. The number of cattle, including the wild ones (the *ganado chucro*, or *alzado*), cannot have been much less. Add to these, innumerable mares and foals, mostly wild, and other kinds of quadrupeds—hogs, asses, deer, etc.—and you will have an idea of those vast estates called *estancias*, where many families might live at ease—without a soul to inhabit them. All this is the result of the intestine wars from which this beautiful and unfortunate country is condemned to suffer.

El Hervidero was also, in flourishing times, a *saladero*—that is, an establishment for salting down meat, hundreds of animals being slaughtered every day. Can it be that the misfortunes undergone by these nations are a retribution for the sufferings inflicted by them on the lower animals? I believe that death is simply a transmutation of matter, to which one must submit peaceably—or rather, with which one should try to grow familiar. But sufferings inflicted by one creature on another! I truly believe that, if retribution exists in nature, it should fall upon the ministers of torture—of every suffering inflicted on dumb brutes.

The buildings intended for all the different operations carried on in this vast establishment were still standing, so that it resembled a village with its feudal castle

rather than a private country house. The expedition halted at El Hervidero, took possession of the houses, and threw up some temporary fortifications. The depth of the river was not sufficient to allow of our proceeding with the larger vessels.

Anzani, with the Italian legion—about two hundred infantry—took up his quarters on the estate, in military occupation, as I have already said. These measures of precaution were well timed, and enabled us to repulse an unexpected attack, arranged between the hostile forces of Entre-Rios under General Garzon, and those of Uruguay under Colonel Lavalleja. This action took place during my absence from the Hervidero, an absence which I will proceed to explain.

Among other things, Juan de le Cruz had undertaken to send word, through some of his men, to all matreros to be found in the vast plain on the left bank of the Uruguay, and especially those of the Queguay, who were very numerous. A certain Magallanes, and one José Dominguez, both subordinate chiefs, were among the most celebrated; but all willingly obeyed their principal leader, José Mundell, who has already been mentioned. Mundell was a Briton by birth, but, having come to the country as a child, he had quite identified himself with the people and their habits of life. He had managed one of the best estancias in the neighbourhood, and was one of those few privileged men who seem born to rule without violence over every one who comes near them. Without any particularly striking physical characteristics, he was supple and

strong, and, as a frank and generous horseman, had gained the hearts of all—especially of the matreros, to whom he showed kindness in all their difficulties, while moderating their excessively adventurous and sometimes even sanguinary spirit. Mundell, though he had passed the greater part of his life in the desert, had, without other object in view than the gratification of his inclinations, cultivated his mind, and acquired by study no contemptible amount of knowledge. He had never mixed himself up with politics, so long as these centred merely in individual rivalries, impatience of authority, or personal ambition; but when, led by Ourives, foreigners invaded Uruguayan territory, Mundell considered indifference criminal, and immediately joined the ranks of the defenders of that country whose hospitality he had enjoyed from his childhood.

With the reputation he had acquired among his gallant neighbours, he soon mustered several hundred men; and, at the time I am speaking of, he caused information to be conveyed to me that he would follow me with these. The brave lads sent by Juan de la Cruz to Mundell had reached Hervidero with this message, and I immediately, in accordance with Mundell's wish, resolved on a personal interview with him in the Arroyo Malo, about thirty miles below the Salto. The Hervidero was attacked during the first night of my absence. As the firing could be heard from Arroyo Malo, I was naturally very anxious, though full of confidence in the courage and capacity of Anzani, whom I had left in sole charge.

The attack on the Hervidero had been planned and arranged in such a manner that, had the execution corresponded to the conception, it might have been fatal to us. Garzon, whose forces amounted to at least 2000 men, the greater number infantry, was to approach on the right bank of the Uruguay, while Lavalleja was to attack the Hervidero on the left bank with 500 men. Two fireships constructed in the Iuy, a small stream above our position, had at the same time been impelled towards the squadron to prevent it from giving any assistance to the land force. Anzani's courage and coolness, and the fiery valour of my two hundred, rendered all the enemy's efforts and stratagems useless. Garzon obtained no result from the file-firing of his infantry, as he was too far off, and his side of the river was exposed to the guns of our ships, which kept up a heavy fire. The fireships, left to the current, passed at a distance from our vessels, or were destroyed by the cannon. Lavalleja vainly urged on his men against our legionaries, who, entrenched within the buildings, terrified the enemy by their proud and silent bearing. Anzani had ordered them not to fire a single shot till the enemy should be quite near, and this measure had the desired result; for, thinking that our men had evacuated the houses, they came close up, when, a general discharge saluting them on all sides, they immediately took to flight, and showed no inclination to return to the attack.

Having made arrangements with Mundell regarding his entry into Salto, when occupied by us, I returned

to El Hervidero. At this time I received news from Uruguay that Colonel Baez was preparing to join me with a number of men, while the enemy's only man-of-war, stationed in the Iuy, deserted to us, with part of her crew. Everything, therefore, seemed to smile on our enterprise.

CHAPTER XLII.

ARRIVAL AT SALTO—VICTORY OF THE TAPEBY.

AFTER the battle of Arroyo Grande, the province of Corrientes had again fallen under the sway of Rosas ; but the admirable resistance offered by Montevideo, and some other favourable circumstances, roused it to claim its independence once more.

The brothers Madariaga, the principal originators of that glorious revolution, had summoned General Paz from Montevideo, and placed him in command of the army. The good old general had, through his own reputation and capacity, brought about an offensive and defensive alliance with Paraguay, which had furnished a respectable contingent to the Corrientes army. Matters, therefore, promised well in this direction, and not the least among the objects which the expedition had in view was that of opening communication with these interior provinces, and collecting together in the department of Salto the Uruguayan emigrants scattered through Corrientes and Brazil.

I therefore sent a whale-boat from El Hervidero, with a message to General Paz. But her crew being discovered and pursued by the enemy, were forced to

abandon her and take refuge in the woods. Three times the attempt had to be repeated, till a brave Italian officer, Giacomo Casella, taking advantage of a strong rise in the river, succeeded in overcoming all obstacles and reaching the province of Corrientes. The same rise brought me with the flotilla to Salto, which town was garrisoned by the same Lavalleja who had attacked El Hervidero, and a force of about three hundred men, horse and foot. For some days he had been busy getting the city evacuated by the inhabitants, whom he placed with his own force in a fortified camp on the left bank of the Tapeby, at a distance of about twenty-one miles from the Salto.* We therefore occupied the city without resistance, and contrived to throw up some works there, which, as we shall see, were of great use to us.

Having occupied this point, we were in consequence besieged on the land side; all the plain of Uruguay being in the power of the enemy. One of our principal disadvantages was, of course, the want of provisions, as all the cattle had been withdrawn into the interior. We did not, however, long remain in this situation. Mundell, having raised about 150 men, attacked one of the enemy's generals who was annoying him, and then joined us at Salto. After this we began to make sorties and drive off the cattle we needed. With the cavalry of Mundell and Juan de la Cruz, we were quite

* The Spaniards call a cataract *salto*. There are several in the neighbourhood of this town, from El Hervidero to the Salto Grande on the upper river.

able to hold the country, and at last to seek Lavalleja in his own camp. Some deserters having given me exact particulars of his position and forces, I determined upon attacking him. One evening, having got together two hundred cavalry and a hundred of our legionaries, we started from Salto at nightfall, intending to surprise the enemy before morning. Our guides, the deserters already mentioned, though they knew the country well, led us astray, as there was no beaten track in the direction we had taken; and day overtook us at a distance of three miles from the camp we were in search of. It was, perhaps, imprudent to attack an enemy at least as strong as ourselves, who was, moreover, entrenched in his camp, and might at any moment receive some reinforcements he had sent for. A retreat, however, would not only have been disgraceful, but would have discredited Italian valour in the eyes of the new troops I was leading, who had formed a high idea of it. In truth, I was little troubled by any thoughts of retreat, and resolved to attack, without checking our onward movement, so as to get all the advantage we could from a surprise.

Having reached the top of an eminence, an outpost of the enemy's retiring at our approach, I discovered the camp, and acquainted myself fully with its position. I saw several knots of cavalry concentrating themselves from various directions upon it. They had been sent separately, during the night, to different points, to reconnoitre us—the general having heard rumours of our approach, in spite of all our precautions. Several

herds of horses and bullocks—the first highly important as remounts for the cavalry, the second as the only food-supply to be had on the plains—were also being driven towards the camp.

I immediately ordered Mundell, who led the van, to detach half of his cavalry to prevent, or at least delay, this concentration. The enemy, perceiving this movement on our part, imitated it, so as to protect the rest of their force.

Mundell had executed his manœuvre with great bravery, himself supporting, with the rest of his force, those sent to the front, and had charged and dispersed several detachments of the enemy; but, in the heat of battle, not remembering the great distance which separated him from our infantry, he advanced too far, and found himself and his force surrounded by the whole of the enemy's cavalry, who, recovered from the first shock of surprise, were now almost within lance-thrust of them, and threatened to cut them off from our main body. The distance was great, but our infantry, young men luckily, were advancing at the double.

I had a full view of the whole, as the plain was quite open, and we were coming downhill. At first, wishing to mass our small force, so as to execute a decisive *coup de main*, I hastened the march of the infantry, yet kept the entire force of Juan de la Cruz, who was marching in the rear, as a reserve. However, seeing that Mundell's situation would not admit of delay, I left the infantry behind, in charge of the gallant

Marrocchetti, and hurried on the cavalry reserves *en échelon*. The first *échelon*, commanded by Lieutenant Gallegos, dashed bravely in and somewhat re-established the balance of the cavalry conflict. When Juan de la Cruz charged, the enemy retired, falling back on their camp, and drawing up their forces behind the line of infantry, under cover of a barricade of waggons.

I had ordered the last *échelons* of our cavalry to charge in a body, without breaking their order, so that, covered by them, Mundell's *matreros* who, had fought gallantly, were able to form again in a moment. We then marched for the enemy's camp in regular battle-array—infantry in the centre, massed in sections, and under orders not to fire a shot; Mundell on the right, and Juan de la Cruz on the left, with some reserve detachments of cavalry following in the rear.

The enemy's cavalry, as I said, had, after the first encounter, re-formed behind the infantry, the latter being in its turn covered by a line of waggons; but the fearless aspect of our men, their compact and silent advance, so intimidated Lavallega's troops that they offered but slight resistance. In another moment it was no longer a battle, but a rout, and the enemy were flying in disorder towards the crossing of the river Tapeby.

At that crossing, some of the bravest, after having passed, wished to turn and make head against us. They might have done this, as the ford was a difficult one—and, indeed, they stopped our cavalry—but at the word of command, "Cartridge-pouches to your necks,

and forward!" the legionaries rushed into the water like so many demons, and there was no further resistance.

I have never been able to explain to myself why Colonel Lavallega had established his camp on the left bank of the Tapeby, instead of the right, where he could certainly have offered a far more effectual resistance, especially if he had constructed some flying works at the ford itself.

The left bank was nearest to Salto, and probably it did not enter into the calculations of the brave old colonel that a few sailors and raw soldiers could march twenty miles in a night, and come up in time to fight him. Or else, aware of the approach of Urquiza's victorious army, he did not suppose we could think of leaving Salto. The fact remains, that, in time of war, precautions are usually more or less neglected.

The triumph was complete, the whole of the infantry, some two hundred in number, and a few of the cavalry, remaining in our hands, as well as all the families of Salto, dragged from their hearths by Lavallega; thirty-four carts filled with all kinds of provisions, also brought from the town; and, lastly, a large number of horses—a most welcome acquisition to us.

The rarest and most important article among the spoils was a bronze six-pounder cannon, cast at Florence during the Middle Ages by a certain Cenni. It had probably come into the country with the first Spaniards, at the time of the discovery of the La Plata, or with the Portuguese, and was the same gun which had fired on us at El Hervidero, and, having been

dismounted during the fighting of that night, was under repair at the camp.

Our return to Salto was a triumphal march. We received the blessings of the people restored to their own homes, and this victory acquired our small corps a well-deserved reputation as a complete army capable of holding the country.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ARRIVAL OF URQUIZA.

THE operation on the Tapeby had been executed with the greatest promptitude. After the fight, having collected together, as far as possible, all horses, arms, and other necessities, we were once more ready for the march to Salto—in which our activity stood us in good stead.

As I have already mentioned, Lavalleja was awaiting reinforcements; and these were no other than the victorious army of General Urquiza, who was returning from the rout of Ribera's forces at India Muerta, and marching towards Corrientes, to fight the army of that state. Vergara, who commanded his vanguard, appeared in sight of Salto the day after our return thither, and drove off some of our stray horses from the pastures of the neighbourhood.

Foreseeing the tempest which awaited us, we made every effort to resist it. A battery, the plan of which was traced by Anzani, rose as if by magic in the centre of the city; soldiers and citizens working at it with a will. The houses adapted for defence were fortified, and all the men, soldiers, sailors, and horsemen,

stationed along the line, ready for battle. We landed some ship-cannon, which were got into position on carriages in the battery. At the same time, moreover, Colonel Baez arrived at Salto with about sixty horses.

Urquiza was not long in appearing with his army, horse, foot, and artillery, and very confident of victory. He had assured his friends that he would cross the Uruguay at Salto with the help of our captured fleet, but his prophetic powers were this time at fault. The enemy's attack was simultaneous with the appearance of his main body. There is on the eastern side of Salto, about a musket-shot from the first houses, a hill overlooking the whole town which we had not fortified on account of the small force at our disposal, and because it would have extended our line of defence too far; so that, rather than guard it weakly, we preferred to abandon it altogether, and concentrate all our forces in the battery, and the nearest houses to right and left of it. As might have been expected, Urquiza took up his position on this hill, where he placed six pieces of ordnance; and while urging his infantry at the charging pace against our right, poured a heavy fire into us from these guns. About the same time we had succeeded in fixing two pieces on our battery, but had neither platform nor parapet, and the guns, in firing, buried themselves in the not yet consolidated ground.

Our right was really our most vulnerable point, the enemy's approach to it being protected by a depression in the ground; and, in fact, the impetuous and sudden appearance of his forces in considerable numbers so

startled our right wing, that, quitting the *azoteas*, they fled towards the river, of course with the intention of taking refuge on board the ships. They did not, however, succeed, all our small vessels being moored at a distance—a preventive measure which proved quite successful.

I remained on the battery, within which, when I arranged the men, I had kept one company of the legion in reserve. I immediately ordered half of this company, under the brave Lieutenant Zaccarello, to charge the intrushing enemy. The second half charged after the first, and so well was this carried out, that the enemy in their turn precipitately fled.

The company I speak of was commanded by Captain Carone, and numbered scarcely fifty men, the two detachments being under the orders of Ramorino and Zaccarello, both brave officers and excellent soldiers. Our success on the right wing deterred the enemy from trying to attack us, and the fight was confined to artillery practice. In this last kind of fighting—though, for want of time, we had been obliged to let the enemy catch us unprepared—we did not fail to make a pretty good figure.

I had caused the ship-cannon to be landed, under the supervision of those gallant naval officers, Antonio Suzini and Cogliolo Leggiero, both from the island of Maddalena, and a third, José Maria; so that the enemy's artillery, though superior in numbers and position, was much damaged, and forced to retire every now and then behind the hill.

The losses on both sides were not very serious, as there was no general assault all along the line. We lost, however, the greater part of our cattle, which were in a *corral* (enclosure), and, being wild, rushed out like a tempest and scattered over the plain, as soon as the enemy opened the gate.

For three days Urquiza continued his efforts, and found us each day better prepared, as, even at night, we lost not a moment in completing the works at the battery, raising barricades, and repairing the damage done during the day.

We placed five guns in the battery, and completed the platform, the parapet, and the powder-magazine. At last, seeing that he made no progress by attacking and bombarding us, Urquiza adopted the blockade system, and enclosed us hermetically on the land side. But even then he was still disappointed, for we remained masters of the river, and could in this way receive the necessary supplies.

During the siege we did not remain idle, but, being obliged to provide ourselves with hay for the animals, had some skirmishing with the enemy every day. Afterwards, as they had been obliged, in order to restrain our excursions, to form a circle of outposts round us, we took advantage of the negligence with which these were guarded, to attack them unawares, and all but successfully. At last, after eighteen days' siege, tired out, or perhaps called by urgent affairs to another part of Uruguay, Urquiza left us, and crossed the river above Salto—but not in our vessels, as he had promised.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BESIEGED IN SALTO BY LAMOS AND VERGARA.

THE two cavalry divisions of Lamos and Vergara remained, with about 700 men, to invest us. From that time forward the enemy could only keep us besieged from a great distance, so that we were able to make some sorties, sometimes bringing in cattle, and sometimes colts, which enabled us to restore our cavalry to their normal standard—a large number of our horses having perished through the scarcity suffered in the siege. It must be remembered that the horses of this country are generally grass-fed only, very few being kept on corn.

In these days took place a brilliant operation of a kind quite new to us Europeans. Garzon's army corps, stationed at Concordia, opposite Salto, had marched to join Urquiza, in order to throw itself, under the command of the latter, on Corrientes. A cavalry corps of observation remained at Corrientes, whose sentinels could be seen from Salto, as well as their troop of spare horses, which were driven down every day to the river-bank, where the pasture was better—not to mention the greater ease in watering them—and withdrawn inland at night.

Colonel Baez proposed to me to seize on this *caballada*. One day, a score of picked horsemen were chosen, armed with sabres only, and a company of the legion distributed among the vessels, with orders to be ready at any moment to take to the boats. It was about noon, when the sun is hottest, and the enemy's sentinels, with their lances stuck upright in the ground, and their ponchos arranged as a kind of tent, were dozing or playing at cards in the shade. The river, at the point where we proposed crossing, is about five hundred yards wide, and very deep, with a strong current. The signal agreed upon was given, the horsemen left their shelter under the bushes on the bank, and plunged into the water with their horses, not saddled, but only bridled. The men of the legion, who had dropped into the boats one by one (on the side nearest to us, so as not to be perceived by the enemy), set off rowing at full speed. By the time the enemy's sentinels were aware of the movement, the shots of our active swimmers were already whistling about their ears, and the amphibious centaurs, reaching the bank, were pursuing them uphill. The gallant American cavalry is the only one in the world capable of such operations. Both men and horses being excellent swimmers, and accustomed to the passage of large rivers, they can traverse the greatest distances with ease, generally holding the horse's mane with one hand and swimming with the other, while towing arms and baggage behind them in the *carona*, or square of raw hide laid under the saddle, which, with the four corners tied together, forms a small

vessel quite capable of holding a man's weapons and clothing. This is called a *pelota*, and is fastened to the horse's tail when swimming.

Part of the horsemen remained on the look-out on the hill, while the others were collecting the scattered horses and leading or driving them to the bank. On being pushed into the stream, at the place called the *porto*, where they were usually watered, the greater number swam across, while a few, the most reluctant or those considered most valuable, were tied to the boats and so dragged over. Meanwhile the legion exchanged a few shots with the enemy, who, though assembled in increasing numbers, were not numerous enough to venture upon a charge, and kept at a respectful distance, in consideration of a few broadsides from the flotilla. To be brief, in a few hours we had a hundred and odd good horses, without the loss or even the wounding of a single man.

This occurrence was remarkable on account of its novel character, and because it took place in full view of the town of Salto. Moreover, the horses of Entre Rios are universally esteemed, and with good reason. Our success in acquiring these naturally made us desirous of trying the strength of our besiegers a little. Vergara's division was pressing us closely, so we sent some men who knew the country to make observations, and were by them informed of the position he occupied.

By day it would have been impossible to surprise him, so that we had to attack him by night. I had given the command of our cavalry to Colonel Baez.

Anzani commanded the infantry ; and thus we marched out of Salto at nightfall, and made for the enemy's camp, about eight miles off. In spite of the care and silence with which our march was conducted, we were heard by the enemy's outposts, so that Vergara had time to mount and commence a retreat. We, however, attacked without delay, though with our cavalry alone, the infantry being unable, in spite of all their efforts, to come up with us in time to join in the engagement.

The enemy fought obstinately, but at the opportunely given command, "Advance, infantry!" they yielded their ground, and at last broke and fled ; such was the prestige acquired by this small but gallant infantry corps. We pursued for some miles, but, owing to the darkness, our triumph was of little advantage to us. We made a few prisoners, and captured some horses ; there were very few killed or wounded on either side.

By daylight the ground would scarcely have been known for a battle-field ; we had been fighting on the march, and only a few detachments could be perceived in the distance. Colonel Baez remained with the cavalry to continue the pursuit and collect a herd of cattle, while we returned to Salto.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAN ANTONIO.

ABOUT the beginning of the year 1846, we received news that General Medina—appointed by Government, in the absence of Ribera, to the chief command of all the troops on the plains—was to join us at Salto, with some Uruguayan emigrants, who had been staying in Brazil and Corrientes after the disaster of India Muerta. Vergara's defeat had, it is true, given us a certain advantage, but not the results we might have hoped for, had we been able to surprise him. Lamos, who was busy breaking colts at no great distance, hastened up at the news of his colleague's misfortune, and helped him to collect his scattered troops. Both generals then formed a camp a few miles from Salto, and recommenced a siege, the operations whereof chiefly consisted in driving off our cattle—which, with their numerous cavalry force, they found an easy task.

When General Medina had been appointed commander-in-chief, it became necessary to protect his entry into Salto. Colonel Baez, as I have already said, had assumed the command of our cavalry, and, with his skill and experience in that branch of the service,

thoroughly reorganized it. Through his energy, the number of horses was greatly increased, and the city and garrison supplied with cattle. Mundell and Juan de la Cruz were under his orders, and had, at the time I refer to, both been detailed to break and bring in fresh horses. Colonel Baez, being better known to the general than the rest of us, was in direct communication with him; from Baez, therefore, I learnt that Medina, with his little troop, was to appear in sight of Salto on February 8; and it was arranged that I should escort him with the infantry.

At dawn, on February 8, 1846, we left Salto for the small stream of San Antonio, on the left bank of which we were to await General Medina and his suite. Anzani—fortunately, as it turned out—was somewhat indisposed, and had to remain in the town. The enemy, following their usual custom when we marched out in this direction, sent a few groups of cavalry to show themselves on the hills to the right. These approached one after another, as if to see whether we were driving in cattle, and disturb us if such proved to be the case. Against these scouts Colonel Baez sent off a detachment of mounted sharpshooters, and for some hours we kept up a skirmishing fire against the enemy's column.

The infantry had halted and massed themselves near a stream, on an eminence called the "Tapera de Don Venancio," where were the ruined buildings of an estancia, or a saladero. I had left the infantry, and was looking on at the skirmishers. Accustomed to this

kind of warfare, in which the skill, courage, and activity of the American soldier are most brilliantly displayed, we found this quite an agreeable diversion. But so artful was the enemy's strategy, that, wishing to hide the approach of their main swarm behind this play of skirmishers, they advanced in a feeble and careless fashion, the better to deceive us, and give time for the formidable forces marching up from the rear to approach.

The ground in the whole department of Salto is more or less undulating, which is also the character of the plains of San Antonio, so that the imposing force which was marching against us was able to approach within a short distance, behind the curtain formed by the cavalry of Lamos and Vergara. While, having reached the position above described, I was casting my eye on the other bank of the San Antonio, I perceived, to my consternation, on the top of the first hill facing us—where up to that moment we had seen but a few horsemen—a forest of lances, serried squadrons of cavalry with colours flying, and a division of mounted infantry double the number of ours, who, having ridden up to within two rifle-shots of us, alighted, drew up in battle-array, and, sounding the charge on the drums, marched forward to attack us with the bayonet. Baez was confounded, and said to me, “We must retreat.” Seeing the impossibility of such a measure, I replied, “There is no time for that; we must fight.” Then to the legion, in order to destroy or mitigate the impression which would be made on their minds by the appearance of so formidable an enemy, I added, “We

will fight"—a welcome word to those gallant Italians. "We are accustomed to defeating cavalry; to-day we shall have a little infantry as well."

We might fly, get ourselves killed to the last man, but not retreat. A six miles' retreat with the bayonets of 300 of the enemy's infantry at their backs is impossible for 180 foot-soldiers, especially when surrounded, besides, by between 900 and 1200 of the best horsemen in the world. The word retreat, in such a dilemma, is reprehensible and cowardly. We had to fight, and we fought like men who preferred an honourable death to disgrace.

On the *tapera* where we stood, some upright posts, once part of the walls of an old wooden building, still remained. A man was stationed at every post; and the rest of the legion, in three small divisions, drawn up in column behind the building, and covered by the brick walls of its northern side, which formed a space capable of containing about thirty men, and entirely protected the front of our small column.

On the right of the infantry, Baez was stationed with the cavalry—those armed with carbines dismounting, and the lancers remaining on horseback. We had about 100 cavalry, and 186 of the legion. The enemy had 900 horse—some said 1200—and 300 foot. There was only one way of escape for us—to rout the enemy's infantry. Of this I was persuaded, and to this we bent all our efforts. If that infantry, instead of charging in line, with an extended front, had charged in column, with a line of sharpshooters in front, but without firing a

shot themselves, I think their attack would have been irresistible. We should have fought hand to hand; no quarter was to be hoped for from such an enemy, but, once mixed up together, the enormous mass of cavalry coming up from their rear would have trampled us under the horses' hoofs. The plains of San Antonio would to-day have been white with Italian bones, and our country would have mourned the loss of a handful of her bravest sons, not one escaping to tell the tale. Instead of this, the enemy's infantry advanced briskly, beating the charge, in a single line; and never fired till they were within a few yards of us, when they halted and gave us a volley. This proved our safety. The legion had orders to wait till the enemy were quite close, and they did so. Our volley was decisive. Many of our men, it is true, fell before the enemy's fire; but few of our shots were lost. And when the gallant Marrocchetti, who commanded the three reserve divisions, came out from under shelter, his men charged Vergara's already decimated infantry in mass. They turned and took to their heels, bayoneted by our men.

Among us, too, there was a moment of hesitation and disorder, at the sight of so numerous an enemy. We had with us some negroes, prisoners from the Tapeby, and perhaps a few others who, believing defence to be impossible, looked round in vain for a way of escape. But those gallant fellows who flung themselves like lions on the enemy—never shall I forget that glorious sight!

From the moment when I fixed my whole attention

on the enemy's infantry, I had no longer seen or noticed Colonel Baez and our cavalry. They had fled! This circumstance, too, had discomposed the weaker ones not a little. Five or six horsemen had remained with us, whom I placed under the charge of the brave José Maria.

The enemy's infantry being defeated, I encouraged myself with hopes of safety. We took advantage of the moment of quiet left us by the consternation of the enemy, to draw up our ranks again in some order. They had just reckoned on annihilating us to a man, and found themselves greatly disappointed.

On the bodies of those who had fallen, especially at the time when they had halted to fire, we found an abundant supply of cartridges. Many guns better than our own, left by the dead or dying, served to arm those officers and men who were without such weapons. Unsuccessful in the first attempt, the enemy several times repeated his charges—dismounted many of his dragoons, and assailed us again and again with these, with the scanty remnants of his infantry, and with cavalry evolutions which made the earth shake, and used every effort to throw us into disorder. But this was not possible; our men were filled with the sacred duty of fighting for the honour of their name, and had convinced themselves that with courage and coolness one can fight without reckoning the enemy's numbers. Each time I saw the enemy about to charge us, I kept some chosen men of the legion ready, with the few horsemen who remained to us, and ordered them to charge. The enemy several times tried to

send a white flag, and open a parley—of course, to try whether we were disposed to surrender. I then chose our best marksmen, and ordered them to fire till they had put the messenger to flight.

We went on in this manner till about 9 p.m., the battle having begun at noon. We stood in the midst of a barricade of corpses. About nine o'clock we prepared for retreat. Our wounded were more than those who had remained uninjured, and included nearly all the officers—Marrocchetti, Casana, Sacchi, Ramorino, Rodi, Beruti, Zaccarello, Amero, and others. Carone and Traverso alone escaped.

It was a difficult and painful task to remove the wounded. We placed some of them on the riderless horses, while those who could drag themselves along on foot were supported by their comrades. These having been provided for, the remainder were arranged in four divisions; and as they took their places in rank, they were ordered to charge, so as to be less exposed to the continuous fire of the enemy. A few hints as to their mode of action, and we began the retreat.

It was a fine piece of work, too, the retreat of that handful of men, in serried ranks, through a swarming crowd of the best horsemen in the world. Their orders were, not to fire a single shot, except at close quarters, till they had reached the edge of the thickets which cover the bank of the Uruguay. I had also ordered the wounded to be conveyed in the van, certain that the enemy would charge our rearguard and flanks. But how to keep the poor sufferers in rank? They fell

into disorder, and some of the stragglers—one or two, I think—perished. The remainder, a considerable number, were saved.

The little column—as I remember with pride—behaved admirably. They fixed bayonets at starting, and in closed ranks, as they had set out, they arrived at their destination. In vain the enemy made every possible effort to throw us into confusion, charging at all points with their whole force; in vain did the lancers ride up to assail our men in the ranks—we only replied with bayonet-thrusts, and marched on, still more compactly than before.

We sometimes halted and faced about when too closely pressed by the enemy, who were easily repulsed by a few shots. When we had reached the edge of the wood, we could at our leisure pour volleys into them, and drive them to a distance.

Thirst had been one of our greatest sufferings through the day, especially for the wounded. When we reached the river-bank, it may be imagined with what eagerness we rushed to the water. Some of us drank, while the rest kept the enemy at bay. The brilliant success of our first retrograde movement resulted in our being less molested afterwards. We formed a chain of riflemen to cover our left flank, which was constantly threatened by the enemy till we reached the town of Salto, and thus skirted the river-bank. When the enemy charged—which they did incessantly, disappointed as they were at seeing their prey escaping them—we halted, and our men, now quite recovered, and elated with their recent

success, cried out to them in Spanish, "Why don't you come on?" and jeered at them while putting them to flight with musket-shots.

Anzani was awaiting us at the entrance of the city, and, moved almost to tears, was ready to embrace us all. This brave and modest warrior had never despaired—as he himself assured me—though the fight had been so furious, and the number of the enemy so out of proportion to our own. He had assembled within the citadel the brave men remaining, mostly convalescents, and had replied to all intimations of surrender as Pietro Micca did at the siege of Turin; and, like Pietro Micca, he would have blown up the whole world first.

During the conflict, the enemy, confident in the strength of their forces, had summoned both us and Anzani in Salto to surrender. I have already mentioned the reply they received from us on the field. But still more significant was Anzani's reply, match in hand.

Any man weaker than he was, hearing not only the summons of the enemy, but the assurances of Baez himself and his men that all was lost outside the town, and that they had seen me fall (which was true, though it was only my horse that was killed),—any other man, I say, would certainly have surrendered.

But Anzani did not despair. And I point out this fact—I would fain cry it aloud—to those of my fellow-citizens who have sometimes despaired of the redemption of Italy.

It is true, there are few Anzanis in the world; but

the man who despairs is a coward. And we have given full proof that we refuse to despair of the complete redemption of our country, in spite of the traitors always ready to sell it, and the boastful neighbours so well accustomed to buy it.

Anzani, by his heroic act, had saved everything, and, thanks to him, we were able to re-enter Salto in triumph. About midnight we entered the city. Not one, either of the garrison or the people, was asleep at that hour; and the generous inhabitants crowded to claim the wounded, succour them, and take them into their houses, where they received every care and kindness.

Poor people! who have suffered so much in the various vicissitudes of war; I shall always remember them with a deep sense of gratitude.

We had some serious losses in this affair, and the enemy suffered still more severely. General Servando Gomez, supreme commander of the Buenos Ayres forces, who had in so masterly a manner surprised and almost annihilated us, disappeared on the 9th, drawing off his shattered division towards Paysandu, whence he had started. He carried off a great number of wounded, and left the plain of San Antonio covered with corpses.

The whole of the 9th was spent in finding accommodation for and attending to the wounded, both our own and the enemy's who had been left behind. Two French surgeons were of the greatest assistance to us in this humane work—the medical officer of the *Éclair*, a young man as skilful as he was energetic, whose name I do not remember; and Deroceaux, another capable young

fellow of the same nationality, who had been for some time attached to the legion, and had fought at San Antonio like a true soldier. Both of these lent their aid most effectually; but more welcome than anything else to our poor sufferers was the tender nursing of the gentle *Salteynas*. The following days were employed in collecting and burying the dead.

As the fight had been of an extraordinary character, it seemed to me that the burial of the dead ought to be peculiarly solemn. I remembered the tumuli I had seen long ago on Eastern battle-fields; and on the hill which overlooks Salto—which had more than once been the scene of glorious fights—we dug a trench for all the corpses indiscriminately. Then a basketful of earth apiece covered the remains alike of friend and foe; and we raised the tumulus, which may be seen to this day, topped by a cross, on which can be read the following words:—“Italian Legion — Uruguay Marines and Cavalry.” And on the other side, “February 8, 1846.”

The names of the brave men who fell or were wounded in the glorious struggle, are recorded in the journal of the legion kept by Anzani.

General Medina was able to enter Salto unhindered, with his suite, and maintained himself in command there till the date of the revolution brought about by the *Riberistas* at Montevideo. During the whole of this interval nothing of importance happened.

CHAPTER XLVI.

REVOLUTIONS IN MONTEVIDEO AND CORRIENTES—FIGHT
AT THE DAYMAN.

THE revolution at Montevideo in favour of Ribera gave a tremendous shock to the affairs of the Republic. The war ceased to be a national one, and turned into a petty contest of factions presided over by one man or other—generally quite destitute of merit, for no man of real worth would, for the sake of his personal interest, drag his country into a long and murderous civil war. About the same time took place in Corrientes the revolution instigated by the brothers Madariaga against the aged and upright General Paz.

These young chiefs, who had rendered themselves illustrious by surprising acts of heroism, delivering their country more than once from the hateful dominion of Rosas, now, out of jealousy and ambition, lowered themselves to take part in the basest of conspiracies, and ruined the cause of their country.

General Paz was obliged to abandon the Corrientes army, and retire into Brazil. The Paraguayans recalled their forces after the departure of the general, whom they trusted ; the Madariagas, left to their own resources,

were completely defeated by Urquiza, when Corrientes again fell under the power of the ferocious Dictator of Buenos Ayres.

The affairs of Montevideo were progressing no better. Ribera, restored to power by his partisans, got rid of all who did not belong to his faction. The greater part of those who had entered upon the noble conflict with so much valour and disinterested patriotism, went into banishment; others, driven from the posts they had honourably filled, had their places supplied by incapable bigots. After losing two armies, he found in Montevideo, the city of miracles, the materials for a third, which he transferred to Las Vacas, on the left bank of the Uruguay. The Montevidean soldiers were accustomed to victory, as they proved in their first encounters with the enemy on the plains. At Mercedes, in particular, they performed prodigies of valour. But the evil genius which had already enticed Ribera to the Arroyo Grande, and to India Muerta, led him to Paysandu, where, after gaining a victory, he had his army entirely dispersed. At Maldonado he embarked again, to go into exile on Brazilian territory. I know not whether to call him more unfortunate or guilty.

When the government of Montevideo fell into the hands of Ribera, I regretted the fact, foreseeing trouble. Old General Medina, appointed commander-in-chief during Ribera's absence by the Government, not only bowed to events, but, the better to get into favour with the new master, plotted against my unfortunate person—perhaps because of the achievements, such as they were,

accomplished by us, the favourites of fortune—and arranged, in our own camp, a revolution against *los gringos* (the Italians), with the intention of destroying us to a man. But in this he was disappointed.

Italians and Uruguayans—I say it, and am proud to say it—both loved me, and I might, without fearing any man, have set myself up as dictator, in opposition to the new and illegal power; but I held the cause of that noble and generous, though unfortunate, nation too sacred to distress it with further internal discords. At Montevideo, after Ribera's ascendancy, the squares had been stained with blood. At Salto, they had some idea of playing the same farce; but it did not succeed. I contented myself, by way of reprisals, with assuming the command of the forces as before.

At this time took place the splendid fight against the divisions* of Lamos and Vergara, who continually harassed us at a distance. On May 20, 1846, we surprised them, as usual by a night-march, on the banks of the Dayman, a tributary of the Uruguay. They had recovered after the affair at San Antonio—when they had fought under the orders of Servando Gomez—had received reinforcements of horses and men, and re-occupied their former position in the neighbourhood of Salto, changing their encampments, but always keeping about a day's march distant from us, on account of the infantry, which alone inspired them with fear, our cavalry being few and badly mounted.

* These divisions are far inferior to European ones in number, and generally composed of cavalry alone.

The enemy did not fail to molest us as often as they could, especially, when we rode out to collect cattle, by driving the latter as far away as possible. A certain Major Dominguez, sent by General Medina to get together a herd of cattle, had been completely beaten, losing all his horses and some of his men, and being forced to save the rest by taking to the woods which lined the left bank of the river. I had the position of the enemy's camp observed, and on the night of the 19th, we marched out to fight them, with about 300 horse, and about 100 of the legion, the sacred battalion—poor fellows! they had been sadly decimated! My object was to surprise the enemy's camp at dawn, in which, this time, we succeeded perfectly. My *bagu-cano* (guide) was one Captain Paulo, a native Indian, one of that unhappy race which was the dominant one in the New World before the invasion of European freebooters. These people still possess a peculiar and special knowledge of their native plains. Having placed our infantry on horseback, we marched all night, and by dawn, having done over twenty miles, arrived in sight of the enemy's camp-fires on the right bank of the Dayman. The infantry dismounted, and resolutely attacked in column, without firing a shot.

The victory was easy, and Vergara's men, whose camp we had attacked, were driven into the river, leaving behind arms, horses, and a few prisoners. The triumph, however, was far from being complete—as I perceived when the day broke.

Lamos' camp was separated from that of Vergara by

a small stream running into the Dayman; and the general, hearing the attack on Vergara's camp, had formed his men, and posted himself on a hill which overlooked the position. Vergara, with the greater part of his men, had been able to cross the stream and join Lamos. They were brave veteran soldiers, well accustomed to the ever-varying fortunes of war.

After having collected all the serviceable horses from the abandoned camps, we pursued the enemy, but in vain. The greater part of our cavalry were riding *rodomons*, or freshly tamed horses; the enemy, besides being more numerous, were better mounted. I was therefore unwilling to risk my raw cavalry without the support of the superb soldiers of the legion.

We had, then, to desist from uselessly running after the enemy, and to confine ourselves to the advantages already gained, retracing our steps to Salto. Fortune, however, had not ceased to favour us that day. We were marching towards Salto in the following order:—one squadron of cavalry in detachments in the van; the infantry, in four divisions, in column in the centre; the rest of the cavalry in the same order in the rear. The vanguard was commanded by Colonel Centurion, the centre by Major Carone, and the rearguard by Colonel Garcia.

Two strong cavalry columns, commanded by Major Carvalho and N. Fausto, covered our right flank, which was the one exposed to the enemy. The *caballada* and the horses belonging to the infantry were marching on the left. The enemy, having re-formed as I have

already mentioned, and reconcentrated all their detachments (numerous enough to surround us at a great distance), amounted to about 500 horse. Having reconnoitred our force, they marched along on our right flank at a short distance, keeping a direction parallel to our own. Judging by their action, they seemed to have the intention of avenging the insult received in the night.

I had entrusted the command of the cavalry to Colonel Callisto Centurion, whose courage was beyond reproach. The infantry was commanded by our Carone, whom I had recommended to keep them together at any cost. I told him always to maintain unbroken ranks while fighting, and never to wheel about, but only execute flank-movements, with a "right—left" or "front—rear;" while the infantry was to serve not only as a *point d'appui* to Centurion, but as a shelter behind which to form again in any emergency. The enemy grew bolder as their forces increased with the arrival of the different detachments.

We were marching over pleasant hills, about two miles from the banks of the Dayman. The grass, of a most vivid green, was only just appearing above the surface of the ground, which undulated like the ocean in all its peaceful majesty when undisturbed by storms. Not a single shrub or tree offered an obstacle over all that splendid plain. It would have been a pleasant scene for a picnic, which would have suited better with the spot than the slaughter that took place on it that day.

We had reached the edge of a stream, where the

maciega (dry grass) was of the height of a man; but I did not wish to cross, as we should have had to throw our small column into disorder by passing in single file; besides which, the hill on the right covered the enemy's main body, so that we could see nothing on the summit but their line of voltigeurs. Justly apprehending an attack on this point, I ordered a halt, and instructed Majors Carvallo and Fausto, both brave officers, to charge the enemy's line, drive it back over the hill, and inform me of the arrangement of their army. In fact, having reached the crest of the hill, they stopped, and I was informed, by a staff-officer at full gallop, that the enemy were wheeling to the left, and advancing on us at a trot, and in order of battle. There was no time to lose. Our cavalry detachments on the wings wheeled to the right, and were immediately reinforced by our reconcentrated line. The infantry did the same on the left flank, and we marched on the enemy in good order. When our line of battle presented itself on the top of the eminence, the enemy's line appeared marching towards us, about a pistol-shot off.

Here I must acknowledge that I saw the enemy execute a movement from the centre to the wings, of which I believe American cavalry alone to be capable, and which shows with what proved warriors we had to deal. In order to avoid the shock of contact with our dreaded infantry, they opened in the centre, and, wheeling their detachments to right and left—thus describing a semicircle—fell upon our two wings at full gallop, and would have entirely destroyed them

had not our own detachments wheeled and charged simultaneously.

As soon as I had discovered the enemy, I ordered a front charge, so as not to lose the impetus gained by our downward movement; but the result of the tactics above described was that the first shock was of cavalry alone, and, as might have been expected, sustained by the worst of our force, inferior both in numbers and the quality of their horses.

Our infantry was for a time isolated and inactive, but remaining in the centre of the conflict, now firm and compact as a field fort, now rushing into the thickest of the fray, it was often of service in allowing our dispersed horsemen—who, though their order was broken by the enemy, fought like lions, and then formed again behind us—to regain their order under its protection.

A small cavalry reserve, which we had left to guard the *caballada*, was also, by concentrating itself on the infantry, of great use for the reorganizing of our broken detachments. Several cavalry charges took place with varying success on both sides. It was a continual oscillation of ranks, now compact and now broken. I do not know which side showed most valour. The enemy's cavalry, superior both in number and in the quality of their horses to our own, drove back the latter on the infantry, and often measured their lances with our bayonets; and ours, thereupon, reorganized by the support of the foot, repulsed them to a distance, after a hand-to-hand fight.

Our young Italians—how glorious they were that day!—compact as a rampart, yet most active, hastened up wherever their help was needed—of course, always in the thickest of the fight, always putting to flight the pursuers of their mounted comrades. Their shots, few, but measured and certain, diminished the enemy's numbers and threw them into confusion.

At last, from the continual succession of charges, the enemy's army lost all order, and was only a shapeless mass. Our men, on the other hand, supported by the infantry, could always regain their ranks. The conflict had in this way lasted about half an hour, when our men, no longer charged by an ordered force, re-formed in several compact bodies and hurled themselves in a decisive charge. The enemy wavered, broke, and began to fly. A cloud of bolas then soared through the air, and formed a curious spectacle—if slaughter under any form can be the object of curiosity.

I count the American cavalry-soldier second to none in any kind of fighting. After a victory, I do not think there is his equal for pursuing and capturing a flying enemy. A true centaur, no obstacle on the plain can arrest his course. A tree will not allow him to pass upright—he bends down along the horse's back and disappears from view, the two outlines being confounded together. If the obstacle is a river, the South American dashes in, holding his weapon between his teeth, and strikes the enemy even in the midst of the waters. Besides the bolas, they have the terrible knife—their lifelong companion, never parted from—

which they handle with unique and perhaps excessive dexterity. Woe to the enemy whose horse is wearied out or entangled in the bolas; he cannot escape the knife of his pursuer. To spring from his horse, cut the throat of a fallen man, and mount again to join his comrades—all this is the work of a few minutes. Their habit of living on flesh only, and slaughtering cattle every day, is probably the reason why they find homicide so easy.

Such customs among a courageous people sometimes give rise, even after a victory, to conflicts which make one positively shudder. I do not exaggerate. One of these fights was engaged in not far from where I stood, between an enemy whose horse had been killed, and our men. The former, when he was unhorsed, continued to fight the man who had done it, on foot, and was handling him very severely, when another of the victors came up, then another; at last the gallant fellow was fighting six men at once, and on one knee, being wounded in the thigh. I arrived late, but in time to save the brave fellow's life.

The triumph was complete, and, the enemy's troops being entirely routed, we pursued them for several miles. The immediate result of this victory was not what it ought to have been, on account of the inferiority of our horses, which allowed many of the enemy to escape. Nevertheless, during the whole time we remained at Salto, we had the satisfaction of seeing this fine department clear of the enemy.

I have been somewhat diffuse in narrating the affair

of May 20, because this was really a fine and honourable action, fought on a splendid field clear of every obstacle, in a climate and under a sky which recalled our own beautiful country, so that every evolution, every movement, could be plainly seen; and against an enemy of tried strength, and superior in numbers and in the quality of his horses—the principal item in that kind of warfare which consists of a series of duels on horseback, fought with equal valour on both sides.

Our cavalry, considering the inferiority above mentioned, performed miracles that day. As for the infantry, I will repeat the verdict of Major Carvallo, who fought beside us at San Antonio and at the Dayman, like the hero he was, and in each battle received a bullet in the face, two finger's-breadths under the eye, in the prominent part of the cheek, one on the right, the other on the left side of the face, in a perfectly symmetrical position. Though wounded at the beginning of the fight, he would not quit the field. When it was over, he asked me for permission to ride to Salto, to get his wound attended to. Passing under the battery of the town, he was asked how the day had ended, and replied—he could scarcely speak—"The Italian infantry is steadier than your battery!" I should wish this to remain impressed on the minds of our young Italians, who may yet unhappily find themselves called upon to measure their strength against our boastful neighbours, since—whatever may be the reason, and I think, whatever other conjectures may be formed, that it is the

fault of our rulers and priests—we are very far from possessing the moral and material requisites necessary for due resistance to a powerful invader. I have heard our lads cry, “Cavalry! cavalry!” and—it is a shameful thing to say—throw down their arms and fly, often before an imaginary danger. Cavalry! but the Italians at San Antonio and the Dayman laughed at the first cavalry in the world, at a time when they were armed only with wretched flint-lock guns. What might they not do to-day, with improved weapons?

We are, as regards cavalry, inferior to all the neighbouring nations who are accustomed to trample our rights underfoot, and who might again gratify their overbearing instincts at our expense. Without depreciating cavalry, which is most useful in certain contingencies of war, we ought to accustom our young men to it, and familiarize them with the idea that infantry ought never to fear cavalry.

Let us suppose a company of a hundred men—such as we had at the Dayman—ranged in a compact mass, and occupying a square of ten mètres. However numerous the enemy’s cavalry may be, this square cannot be charged on any one side by more than five horsemen in line, while it can open fire with two ranks, that is, twenty soldiers, at once. It follows that, unless the infantry lose their heads, the five or ten charging cavalry will never get near enough—considering the recent improvements in the weapons of the infantry—for swords and bayonets to be brought in contact.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SOME OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED OF THE LEGION.

I HAVE already remarked that in the Journal of the Montevideo Italian Legion, kept by Anzani, are recorded the names of the dead and wounded, and those who distinguished themselves in any of the engagements in which the legion took part. Nevertheless, I do not think it superfluous to name a few of those gallant companions-in-arms whom I can remember.

Dead in various battles of the Italian legion on the plains of Uruguay:

Badano, a Genoese sergeant, the handsomest and bravest soldier of the legion. No one gained greater distinction in the various engagements, especially that at San Antonio. On our return to Montevideo, he asked leave to go back for a time to Salto, and found himself present at an attack on that city made by Ourives' general, Servando Gomez. Badano was not the man to remain idle when there was fighting going on. Having fought like the man he was, he fell, selling his life dearly. Santo N——, a Piedmontese corporal, as brave as Badano. In the beginning of the fight at San Antonio, he was hit by three balls, and had both

legs broken, besides a disfiguring wound in the face. I helped him to a horse, in the retreat, and left him with a soldier; but he never reached Salto. His corpse was found next day in the Uruguay. Alessandro, a Venetian, a good soldier and sailor, killed at San Antonio. Rebella, a Genoese, a brave soldier, killed at San Antonio. Azzalino, a Genoese, a brave sergeant, died at Salto, in consequence of wounds received at San Antonio. Beruti, a Genoese sergeant, died at Salto from wounds received at San Antonio. Luigi Vicenti, a Genoese (all were brave), died at Salto of wounds received at San Antonio. Antonio, called *Trentuno*, a Genoese who, having fought at San Antonio, and received some wounds from which he recovered, was killed by a bullet outside the walls of Montevideo. Tortarello, a Genoese trumpeter, was by my side at San Antonio, and on May 20, at the Dayman. Battles were a joy to him. Having received a wound in his right arm (which afterwards necessitated amputation), he passed the trumpet to his left hand, and continued to sound the charge. He also died at Montevideo.

Severely wounded :

Vittorio Richieri, of Nice, sergeant—a tremendous bullet-wound in the knee, which obliged him to have his leg amputated, and one less severe in the hand. His cure was promoted by his imperturbable courage. Collegari, sergeant, of Bergamo—the most extraordinary wound I ever saw. His wonderful stoicism, no doubt, had a great influence on his almost miraculous recovery. Giuseppe Marrocchetti, captain, wounded by a bullet in

the thigh, at the beginning of the battle of San Antonio. Casana, a Genoese captain, same as the preceding. Sacchi, of Pavia, first lieutenant, wounded by a bullet at the beginning of the fight at San Antonio. Ramorino, a Piedmontese, second lieutenant, wounded by a bullet at San Antonio. Rodi, a Piedmontese, second lieutenant, wounded by a bullet in the head at San Antonio. Amero, called *Graffigno*, of Castiglione d'Asti, second lieutenant, wounded by a bullet at San Antonio. Zaccarello, the younger brother, a Genoese, wounded by a bullet at San Antonio. Giovanni Battista Beruti, a Genoese captain, same as the preceding. Natale Paggi, a Genoese officer, wounded by a bullet in a fight on the river Uruguay. Pateta, a Genoese, bullet and sword wound at San Antonio. Gismondi, Genoese, sword and lance wounds at San Antonio. Ferrandiù, Genoese, a lad of fourteen, shot through the chest under the walls of Montevideo. Juancito Otero Gallega, served as staff-officer at San Antonio; died a hero's death in a naval action in the Rio de La Plata.

José Maria Villega commanded the small number of cavalry remaining to us, after Baez's flight from San Antonio, and fought most gallantly.

I should have held it a sacred duty to remember the names of all the valiant Italians who made our country so illustrious in those far-off regions, and by whose means the Italian who lands to-day in this, one of the most important parts of the New World, finds himself considered almost a fellow-citizen by honest men, and respected by those accustomed to see an enemy in every

foreigner. In the Journal of the Italian Legion, kept by Anzani, which, unfortunately, I cannot now find, the names and deeds of those gallant fellows are certainly recorded. I have forced my poor memory to recall some; but the greater number are irrecoverably gone from me.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RETURN TO MONTEVIDEO.

AFTER the fight of May 20, 1846, at the Dayman, nothing further of importance occurred in our Uruguay campaign.

I had orders from the Government to return to Montevideo, with the flotilla and the detachment of the Italian legion. Some of our smaller craft were left behind at Salto, which remained under the orders of Commandant Artigas, a brave officer who had distinguished himself in the affair of the 20th of May. A few days after my departure, Colonel Blanco arrived at Salto, and took command there by order of General Ribera.

Owing to the mistakes made in Corrientes and at Montevideo, the affairs of Rosas were flourishing, while those of the nations of La Plata had fallen back into the most wretched condition. Corrientes saw her army annihilated by Urquiza in a single battle; and that unfortunate people, after having been plunged into a sea of blood, now languished under the most execrable despotism,

Ribera, not profiting by the lessons of misfortune,

was ending as he had begun—removing from office the men who had honourably performed the duties of the same, and substituting for them his own creatures; destroying the materials for an army of operation, which the courage and firm purpose of the citizens had created and maintained with incomparable heroism. He ended by sacrificing the relics of this army, and at last went into banishment, followed by universal execration.

May such an end come—as come it will without fail—to every man who thinks nations only created to satisfy the passion for luxury, riches, and power, which sway that lowest class of men called monarchs, and certain presidents of republics still worse than they. The French and English, wearied out by our misfortunes, and rendered distrustful by so deplorable a course of conduct, were inclined to give us up entirely—especially the latter, the French being withheld by a sense of responsibility for the safety of their numerous compatriots, rather than by interest in a failing cause. Our posts in the interior were one by one falling into the power of the enemy. Salto, so gloriously won and held by us, succumbed to the attacks of Servando Gomez; the brave veteran, Colonel Blanco, perishing in its defence, along with many others—among them that Lieutenant Gallegos already mentioned by me as brave, but cruel and bloodthirsty, who was, therefore, massacred as soon as he fell into the enemy's hands. The defence was confined to Montevideo itself, the last remaining bulwark of the liberties of Uruguay. At Montevideo, all those men, drawn to each other by six years of hardships,

dangers, glory, and adventures, gathered themselves together once more, and set to work undauntedly to rebuild an edifice which the wickedness of man had razed almost to the ground. Colonel Villagram, the gallant veteran of forty years' wars, renewing his youth in battle; Diaz and Tajés, gallant chiefs basely banished by Ribera, because they served not him, but their country; and many other young leading men, deprived of their posts by the same tyrant, resumed them in the full consciousness of a just cause, bringing back with them resolution and mutual faith into the ranks of the defenders.

Uruguayans, French, and Italians now began, under the strong stimulus of public need, to march with the same alacrity as formerly, to the defence of their common country—the hospitable city which had so generously given us an asylum being considered as such by us. In short, no one uttered another despondent word. The siege of Montevideo, when its details are better known, will not be counted the least noteworthy among the noble defences sustained by nations fighting for their independence, with courage, constancy, and sacrifices of every kind. It will prove the power of a nation which refuses to bow the knee before the arrogance of a tyrant; whatever may be its fate, that nation deserves the applause and admiration of the world.

The period between our return from Uruguay and our departure for Central Italy is one of slight distinction. The Italian legion, justly esteemed for its glorious achievements, had resumed its accustomed outpost

duty, alternately with the other corps in the capital. Anzani marched with it, and, although no important action took place, the legion never failed in any encounter to be worthy of its fame.

I turned my attention rather to the navy, putting some of the vessels which needed it most, under repairs, and cruising with the schooner *Maipù* in the La Plata River. During this time I was called to the honour of commanding the army of the Republic. Nothing of importance occurred during my command, which I afterwards handed over to the brave old veteran Villagram.

Meanwhile, the influence of the French was declining day by day. They were no longer willing to use warlike methods for obtaining the solution of the problem, but confined themselves to diplomacy, which excited the derision of Rosas. Various negotiators had succeeded in obtaining from the dictator nothing but insignificant armistices, the only effect of which was to consume the scanty supplies collected with such difficulty in the besieged city. With this change of policy, France had also changed her agents. For the ambassadors Deffaudis and Ouseley, for Admirals Lainé and Inglefield—well worthy of sustaining a generous and popular policy—had been substituted men given to compromise, and to a policy whose only aim was to be rid of the business at any cost.

The Uruguayan Government, helpless for want of resources, was obliged to submit to the dictates of the mediating Powers.

A deplorable situation ! Unhappy are the people who look to foreigners for their well-being. And every time we meet with a fresh exemplification of this distressing truth, our thoughts turn back sadly to our poor Italy.

At that time—the beginning of 1848, I think—we heard the news of the recent pontifical reforms, while it had already for some time been evident, from all the correspondence which reached La Plata, that Italian intolerance of foreign dominion had reached its height.

The idea of returning to our own country and giving our strength for her redemption had long made our hearts beat high. It was indeed painful to leave the land of our asylum, our adopted country, our brothers-in-arms ; but the Montevidean question had become a purely diplomatic one, and nothing was left to us save weariness and annoyance, if not worse—as might well be imagined, since we had to deal with that French Government which was always hostile to our nationality.

Such being the state of affairs, we decided to gather together a handful of our bravest, find the means of transport, and set sail for Italy.

SECOND PERIOD.



CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO ITALY.

THERE were sixty-three of us left the banks of the La Plata to fight out the war of redemption on Italian soil. We had heard many reports of revolutionary movements in the Peninsula, but had decided—even should these prove to be untrue—to try our fortune, and attempt to promote such movements by landing on the wooded coast of Tuscany, or elsewhere where our presence might be most acceptable and opportune. We embarked on board the brigantine *Speranza*, which we had chartered with our own savings, aided by the generous patriotism of some of our countrymen, among whom were distinguished G. Battista Capurro, Gianello Dellazoppa, Massera, G. Avegno, and, above all, our excellent Stefano Antonini, who was responsible for the greater part of the hire and the provisions necessary for the voyage.

We were marching towards the fulfilment of the longing, the passion, of our whole life; we were hastening to dedicate the weapons gloriously wielded in the ser-

vice of the oppressed of other countries to our own beloved land. That thought more than compensated for the dangers, hardships, sufferings of a whole life of tribulation. Our hearts throbbed high with lofty hopes and enthusiasm. If the right hand, hardened in the battles of far-off lands, has been strong in defence of others, what will it not be for Italy?

Before us opened the Eden of our imagination. Had it not been marred by the remembrance of all we left behind us, our happiness would have been quite complete. Behind us remained the people of our affection—for indeed the Uruguayans are a very lovable nation. We had so long shared their few joys and their many griefs, and now were leaving them, not conquered, not cast down from their sublime courage, but a prey to the worst evil ever conceived by the human mind—to French diplomacy.

We left our comrades in arms before the last battle was fought. It was hard, even considering the reasons that made it necessary. The people who had welcomed us with such enthusiasm, who had such quiet confidence in the courage of our soldiers, took every opportunity of showing their affection and gratitude. The land, too, which we loved as if it had been our own, contained the bones of so many of our Italian comrades who had given their lives for it.

Our departure took place April 15, 1848. Leaving the port of Montevideo with a favouring breeze, although the weather was threatening, we were towards evening about half-way between the Maldonado coast and the

Isla de Lobos. On the morning of the following day we could only just distinguish the peaks of the Sierra de las Animas; and after a time these disappeared from view, leaving to our sight only the vast level of the Atlantic, and to our hearts the fairest and sublimest of hopes—the deliverance of our country.

Sixty-three of us, all young, all used to the battle-field. Anzani, whose health had been terribly weakened in the sacred contest for the cause of nations, was wasting away in the agonies of consumption. Sacchi had been severely wounded in the knee, and his leg was in a frightful state; but faith and the brotherly care of his comrades brought him safe, though not cured, to the Italian shore. Anzani landed in Italy only to find a grave beside his parents.

Our voyage was short and prosperous. The hours not employed in navigating the vessel were spent for the most part in profitable occupations. The unlettered were taught by those better instructed; nor did we neglect gymnastic exercises. A patriotic hymn, composed and set to music by our friend Coccelli, was our evening prayer. We sang it every night, standing in a group on the deck of the *Speranza*. Led by Coccelli, the sixty voices joined in and repeated the chorus with the greatest enthusiasm.

Thus we crossed the ocean, in uncertainty as to the fortunes of Italy, knowing only of the reforms promised by Pius IX. We had agreed to land in Tuscany, where we were to disembark quite irrespective of the political situation, prepared alike to meet friends or foes.

However, circumstances modified our plan and shaped our course for Nice. Anzani was growing worse day by day; the few provisions we had suitable to his state were exhausted, and we were obliged to approach the coast in order to procure fresh supplies, which we did at Santa Pola, on the coast of Spain. Captain Gazzolo, commanding the *Speranza*, went ashore, and quickly returned on board with news to turn the heads of men far less enthusiastic than ourselves. Palermo, Milan, Venice, and a hundred sister cities had brought about the momentous revolution. The Piedmontese army was pursuing the scattered remnants of the Austrian; and all Italy, replying as one man to the call to arms, was sending her contingents of brave men to the holy war.

The effect produced on all of us by this news may be better imagined than described. There was a rushing on deck, embracing one another, raving, weeping for very joy. Anzani sprang to his feet, excitement overpowering his terrible state of weakness. Sacchi absolutely insisted on being taken from his berth and carried on deck.

“Make all sail!” was the general cry; and indeed, if this order had not been executed at once, confusion would have been the result. In a flash the anchor was weighed and the brigantine under sail. The wind seemed to second our desires, our impatience. In a few days we had passed the coasts of Spain and France, and arrived in sight of Italy, our promised land! no longer exiles, no longer forced to fight for the privilege

of landing on our native shores. For this purpose, having abandoned our first design of landing in Tuscany, we chose Nice,* the first Italian port we came to, where we landed about June 23, 1848.

Through all the troubles of my past life, I had constantly hoped for better days. Here at Nice I found a combination of happiness, as great as is ever accorded to mortal man. Too much happiness, indeed. I had almost a foreboding of misfortunes not very far distant.

My Anita and my children, who had left America some months earlier, were there with my aged mother, whom I loved almost to idolatry, and had not seen for fourteen years. Dear relatives and valued friends of my youth greeted me, rejoicing to see me again, and at so auspicious a time.

My good fellow-citizens, excited by the noble hopes which shone brightly on the horizon of Italy's future, were proud of the little I had done in the New World. Certainly my position was an enviable one. I am deeply touched, remembering those sweet emotions which were to end so quickly and so painfully. We had not yet reached the entrance of the harbour, when I saw my dear wife in a boat, unable to contain herself for joy. Crowds of people were seen on all sides, hastening to welcome back the little band, who, scorning distance and danger, had crossed the ocean to offer their lives to their country.

My good and gallant comrades! How many of you

* Nice, which the great men of to-day have sold like a rag to the foreigner—a rag which did not even belong to their miserable outfit!

were to die in your native land, in bitter despair of her redemption! How grand they were in their loyal goodness, their young valour, their great deeds achieved, those comrades of mine! They proved themselves worthy of their mission on their country's battle-fields, where their bones are whitening to-day—perhaps unburied, and without a stone to remind this new generation, whom they have delivered from a foreign yoke, of such valour and such sacrifices!

On the spot where Montaldi, Ramorino, Peralta, Minuto, Carbone fell with their brothers in glory, the priest has raised a monument to the hirelings of Bonaparte who fled before them, and afterwards, overpowering them by mere numbers, butchered them amid the blessings of those who had betrayed Italy.

At Nice we were to have awaited some quarantine formalities, etc., but all delay was obviated by the voice of the people, then fully conscious of their own power. To give an idea of the state of our finances, it is enough to say that we had not enough to pay the pilot, one Cerasco, who took us into the harbour.

Once our brigantine was anchored, and the landing of Anzani and Sacchi provided for, our men all rushed ashore, panting to set foot on Italian ground. I hastened to embrace my children, and her whom I had so grieved by my adventurous life. Poor mother! My dearest wish was certainly that of cheering and comforting her last days; her most ardent desire was naturally that of seeing me at peace beside her. But how could one hope for a time of quiet, or enjoy

the blessing of consoling her failing and painful old age, in this country of priests and robbers ?

The few days passed at Nice were an unbroken holiday ; but they were fighting on the Mincio, and idleness was a crime while our brothers were engaged in conflict with the foreigner.

We started for Genoa, where the good people were no less desirous of giving us a friendly welcome. A steamer was sent from this city to hasten our arrival ; but, not finding us at Nice, sought us in vain along the Ligurian coast. We had been driven towards Corsica by the current and a slight contrary wind. We arrived at last, and with us some young Nizzards, who, with the enthusiasm belonging to their age, and at that time pervading, like a vital flame, the whole population of the Peninsula, had insisted on accompanying us.

The people of Genoa welcomed us in a tumult of joy and affection ; the authorities, with the coldness of a conscience ill at ease. It was the prelude to that series of insincere temporizings which accompanied us in our country, wherever we met with those devotees of compromise and moderate ideas, who were drawn into liberal measures rather from fear of the people than from faith in them and zeal for human improvement.

Anzani, whom I had left with my mother, had preceded us to Genoa—urged on by the impatience of his own fiery spirit—embarking on board the steamer, in spite of the weakness and exhaustion to which his mortal illness had reduced him.

Here begins the ostracism to which the friends of Mazzini subjected me in 1848, and which lasts to this day (1872) more obstinately than ever. Their motive or pretext was, no doubt, my wishing to march with my comrades to the battle-field—at that time on the Mincio and in Tyrol—and this because it was a royal army that was fighting the Austrians. Be it noted that the chiefs of that same party who in 1848 tormented poor dying Anzani to use his influence with me, are at this day the most faithful adherents of the monarchy.

When I heard my dearly loved comrade in many a glorious fight entreat me “not to desert the people’s cause,” I confess that I felt it bitterly—no less than when asked in recent days to “declare myself openly a republican.” In a few days, that truly great Italian—for whom all Italy should by rights have mourned—died in the house of our friend Gaetano Gallino. Had we been fortunate enough to have him at the head of our army, the Peninsula would certainly have been cleared of all foreign rulers long ago. I never knew a more capable and honourable man, or a soldier of loftier character, than Anzani. His body was quietly carried through Liguria and Lombardy, to be buried in the grave of his fathers, at Alzate, his native place.

CHAPTER II.

AT MILAN.

OUR purpose on leaving America had been to save Italy and fight against her enemies, whatever might be the political leanings of our leaders in the war of emancipation. The majority of our fellow-citizens manifested the same wish, and I was to lead our small contingent to join the rest of those already fighting in the sacred war. These were at that time under the leadership of Carlo Alberto; and I repaired to his head-quarters at Roverbella, to offer, with no feelings of bitterness, myself and comrades to the service of the man who in 1834 had condemned me to death.

In the interviews I had with him, I perceived a certain diffidence in welcoming me, and deplored the destiny of our poor country, committed to the hesitations and uncertainties of such a man. I would have served Italy under that king's orders with the same fervour as if the country had been a republic, and would have persuaded the young men who trusted me to follow on the same path of self-denial. To unite Italy, and save her from the pestilence of foreign dominion, was my aim—as I believe it to have been most men's

at that period. Italy would not have repaid her deliverers with ingratitude. I will not open the grave of that dead man, to pronounce on his conduct. I leave it to history to judge him, and will only say that, called by his position, by circumstances, and by the voice of the majority of Italians, to the leadership in the war of redemption, he did not respond to the trust reposed in him, and not only showed himself incapable of making use of the enormous resources at his disposal, but proved the principal cause of our ruin.

My comrades had to march from Genoa to Milan, owing to an unfortunate impression generally prevalent, and no doubt due to those who maintained the uselessness and pernicious influence of volunteer corps; while I was hastening from the former city to Roverbella, from Roverbella to Turin, and thence to Milan, without obtaining permission to serve my country in any capacity.

Casati, a member of the Provisional Government of Lombardy, was the only one who thought he could make use of our help, which he did by attaching us to the Lombard army. My vagabond journeyings, therefore, ended with my establishment at Milan, where the Provisional Government entrusted me with the organization of various fragmentary bodies, to include my few comrades from America. Things would have gone pretty well had it not been for the sinister influence of a member of the cabinet, one Sobrero, whose crooked ways and unaccountable methods of proceeding disgust me even now.

The members of the Provisional Government, placed by circumstances in that position, were, I think, honest men, though their avowed political opinions were contrary to my own ; but certainly they lacked experience, and were not fitted to cope with those times of urgent need and imminent political convulsions. Sobrero took advantage of their weakness, and managed them at his will—so that, completely under his domination, these good, inexperienced men were unconsciously marching on their ruin. A fever which I had caught on my journey to Roverbella, and the conferences with Sobrero (among whose aversions was the red shirt, which, he said, offered too conspicuous a mark to the bullets of the enemy), made my stay in the beautiful and patriotic city of the Five Days well-nigh intolerable ; and I breathed freely once more, on the joyful day when I left the Lombard capital for Bergamo, followed by a handful of badly clothed and half-armed men. This time, too, I was sent to organize—a task in nowise fitted to my natural capacity and scanty knowledge of military theory.

It should be remarked that the men entrusted to me had nearly all been rejected by or discharged from the volunteer corps carrying on the war in the Tyrol, and were demoralized by a long stay in the capital.

Our sojourn at Bergamo was short. While we were preparing for a defence, and using all possible means of calling the brave population to arms—agents being sent to mountains and valleys, to assemble the stalwart inhabitants, principally through our indefatigable

friends Davide and Camozzi, whose influence in the district was paramount, and whose unwearied efforts were entirely nullified by our hasty departure—a peremptory order recalled us to Milan, to rejoin our army—then in retreat before the Austrians—and to take part in the great battle which was imminent in the neighbourhood of that city.

Whether under good or evil auspices, they were at last thinking of fighting, and no time was lost about it. Several remnants of Piedmontese battalions, and some others then being formed under the direction of the gallant Gabriele Camozzi (with two small and well-handled guns acquired with his private means), together with the small column raised under the name of the Italian legion, and led by the Montevideo veterans—3000 men in all, were marching eagerly forward to help in deciding their country's fate. At Merate, we left all baggage and knapsacks behind, in order to get on faster. Near Monza, we received orders to manœuvre on the enemy's right flank, and were already preparing to do so, by sending scouts on horse-back to ascertain their movements and position. But when we reached Monza, we found that the news of the capitulation and armistice had arrived at the same time, and the streets were soon blocked by streams of fugitives.

Only a short time before, I had seen the Piedmontese army on the Mincio, and my heart had throbbed with a proud confidence at the sight of those fine young fellows, all impatient to meet the enemy. I had passed some days among officers of this army already accustomed to

the fatigues of campaigning, who showed the joyousness of the warrior sighing for battle. Truly, I would joyfully have yielded up my life, fighting beside these brave men, if a conflict had taken place with the enemies of Italy! To-day this army was said to be routed without a defeat—dying with hunger in fertile Lombardy; Piedmont and Liguria in their rear, and no ammunition! Turin, Milan, Alessandria, Genoa, still intact, and a whole nation ready and willing to make any sacrifice that might be asked of it; Italy, torn to pieces by contending powers, was falling back into slavery; and no man appeared able to unite her scattered fragments, and lead a strong nation against the enemy and the traitor. That army, undivided and properly commanded, would have been enough to face any number of enemies and traitors. Armistice, capitulation, flight—these were tidings which fell upon us, one after the other, like thunderbolts, and with them panic and demoralization among the citizens, in the ranks, and everywhere. Certain cowards, who were, unhappily, to be found among my men, left their guns on the square at Monza, and began to fly in all directions. Those who remained true, furious and scandalized at so great a disgrace, pointed their muskets at them; but, fortunately, the officers and I were able to prevent the massacre, and keep our force in some degree together. Some of the fugitives were punished, others degraded and expelled. Such a state of things decided me to take my departure from this scene of disaster, and make my way to Como, with the intention of holding out in that mountainous

country, and, awaiting the issue of events, determined to carry on a guerilla warfare, if nothing else could be done.

Between Monza and Como I met Mazzini * with his banner, "*Dio e Popolo*." He joined us on the march, and accompanied us as far as Como, whence he proceeded into Switzerland, while I was making my arrangements for holding the mountain fastnesses of that district. Many of his actual or supposed adherents, who were with him, followed him across the frontier. This naturally served as an inducement to others to leave us, so that our ranks were somewhat thinned.

At Milan, I had been guilty of the mistake—which Mazzini never forgave me—of suggesting to him that it was not well to keep back a number of young men from joining us by the promise of proclaiming the Republic if they would wait, while army and volunteers were fighting the Austrians.

Arrived in Como, we found less disorder, though not less consternation, at the fatal events which had taken place at Milan, and the disaster which had befallen the army.

* To-day he is dead (March 28, 1872). I am not accustomed to bear malice against individuals, especially after their deaths. Writing, however, of what is matter of history, I find it my duty to describe impartially the various circumstances in which he acted wrongly towards me.

CHAPTER III.

COMO—SESTO CALENDE—CASTELLETO.

At Como we were well received by the kindly inhabitants, who had already shown us much sympathy; having, from the time of our first arrival at Milan, expressed the wish that we had been destined for Como rather than any other place, to organize our army.

The municipal authorities also received us well, and supplied us with all they could provide, especially clothes, of which my men stood in great need.

As for putting the town into a state of defence, and holding it against the Austrians, this did not meet their views; and, in fact, Como would require strong outside works and a numerous garrison to defend it against a powerful enemy. It is low, being built on the lake-shore, and overlooked by many heights. On the second day after we reached Como, General Zucchi arrived in a carriage, on his way to Switzerland. When the inhabitants heard of his arrival, and his intention of leaving Italy, they were inflamed with indignation, rushed in a body to the inn where he had put up, and announced their intention of dragging him out and ill-using him. Warned in time, I hastened to the spot,

and succeeded in pacifying the people, by reminding them of the general's advanced age and former distinctions.

On the evening of the same day we evacuated Como, and, after a short march, encamped west of the town, on the road to San Fermo. At Como, many of our men deserted, crossing the frontier into Switzerland; many others, I think, only refrained out of shame, in the presence of the brave and enthusiastically patriotic people, and waited till they were outside the walls of the town before leaving the ranks of those who were preparing to defend the last strip of Italian territory with their lives.

During the first night's bivouac the desertions were numerous, piles of abandoned muskets being seen at daybreak in the camp. With pain, but from a sense of duty, so that my fellow-citizens may learn from the example of the past not lightly to give up their beautiful country again to the insatiable foreigner, I relate our disgraces as they happened. For truth's sake, however, I must say that my soldiers, especially one battalion from Vicenza, were for the most part clothed only in linen, and had no cloaks—in spite of the generosity of the Comaschi, who did what they could for us. The royal commissariat officers at Milan, who had found the red shirt too conspicuous a mark for the enemy, had, nevertheless, not troubled themselves to furnish us with cloaks—a neglect from which my volunteers suffered over and over again. The nearness of the Swiss frontier, moreover, increased the men's inclination to desert; perhaps it was no wonder if the majority

found it pleasanter to relate their glorious deeds in the inns and cafés of Lugano, than to stay and endure the hardships and dangers of the camp.

For a few days we wandered through those mountains, picking up the arms of our deserters, and piling them on "requisitioned" carts, which accompanied our march. But this excessive encumbrance increased every day, and we were more like a caravan of Bedouins than a body of men ready to fight for their country. I therefore determined to leave Lombardy for the present, and pass into Piedmont. We marched to Varese, and thence to Sesto Calende, where we passed the Ticino, having already a corps of Austrians on our track.

At Castelletto, on the right bank of the Ticino, I planned a halt, and consulted the authorities of that small but friendly town as to whether they would assist in the defence, in case we were attacked there by the enemy.

All the municipal authorities and the people willingly assented, and we set to work upon some temporary fortifications, on a site which, being easily defensible, would have enabled us to offer an effectual resistance. The *morale* of the men was also improved. Captain Ramorino, sent to the opposite bank of the river, where the enemy had appeared, put one of their advanced outposts to flight, wounded some men, and brought back as a trophy to the camp a few lances and cavalry trappings.

We spent some days at Castelletto. The enemy gave me notice of the suspension of arms, which I caused

my men to observe, though I refused to agree to a proposed exchange of visits between the camps.

The Salasco armistice was concluded, and filled us all with indignation at its degrading conditions. The slavery of poor Lombardy was sealed; and we, who had come to defend her, who had been hailed as the champions of that unhappy people, had not even unsheathed our sabres for her. It was enough to make a man die of shame

CHAPTER IV.

RETURN TO LOMBARDY.

A PROCLAMATION repudiating the infamous treaty was immediately issued, and our one thought was that of returning to Lombard soil, to fight against its oppressors in any way we could. At the news of the armistice, Daverio came to us from Lugano, sent by Mazzini, with promises of assistance in men and money, to make the attempt over again—which was like butter to our bread.

There were two steamers on Lago Maggiore, running with cargo and passengers between Italy and Switzerland. Our first idea was naturally to get possession of these, for transport across the lake. They put in periodically at Arona, the nearest point to us. We reached it in one night's march, and seized one of the steamers; the other, arriving during the following day, met with a like fate. A proportionate number of boats were loaded with horses, stores, and part of the infantry; the two small cannon were placed on board the steamers. The municipality of Arona supplied us on demand with funds and provisions, and we steered for Luino, towing all the loaded boats behind the steamers.

Our progress along the western shore of this mag-

nificent lake was a touching sight. A large number of Lombard families, emigrants from their own homes, had fixed their abode on this picturesque shore, one of the loveliest in the world. Knowing our intentions, they saluted us everywhere with waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and joyful "Evvivas." Everywhere we could see our beautiful countrywomen leaning from the balconies of the houses, with their charming faces so animated by enthusiasm, that it seemed as though they would fly to welcome the brave men who did not despair of snatching their homes from the foreigner. We responded to the cheers of our loved compatriots, with a proud consciousness of their applause and our own determination.

Crossing the lake, we reached Luino, where we landed, about 800 in number, taking with us a few horses, and leaving the two guns on board the steamers, which were commanded by Tommaso Riso. Next day, while we were getting ready to start from the Beccaccia inn at Luino, to dash into the district of Varese, I heard that an Austrian column was advancing on us by the high-road from the south. Our column having already started along a path which forms a short cut to Varese, I made those in the rear turn back at once, and ordered one company of the rearguard to take up their position once more at the inn and in its surrounding buildings, so as to prevent the enemy from occupying them. But it was already too late; the Austrians, having reached that point in force, seized it, repulsing our small body with ease. Our column, divided into

three corps, and shut in by the narrow path, which had high rocks on either side, was unable to deploy or assume any other than a flank formation; but, returning to the inn, we found more space, and could draw up the second and third corps in column by sections. I looked upon the inn as the key to the position, and therefore the objective point of the battle-field—which we had to gain, or abandon the ground with the appearance of a defeat.

The Beccaccia was a strong building, with several enclosures, and surrounded by a number of hedges and wood-piles, all of which were in the hands of the enemy, and had to be retaken. It was therefore necessary resolutely to charge the position; and the third corps attacked *en échelon*, but was repulsed, in spite of the efforts of Major Marrocchetti, its commander.

The second corps, consisting of the Pavia Bersaglieri, commanded by Major Angelo Pegurini, had orders to charge; while Captain Coccelli, climbing with his company over a wall on our left, appeared on the enemy's right flank.

The Pavese charged with the coolness of old soldiers; it was their first fight, and, though several of them fell, they got far enough to bayonet the Austrians, who, struck with consternation by such valour, and by the appearance of Coccelli on their left, turned and fled outright.

With fifty cavalry to pursue them, few or none of those enemies of Italy would have escaped. The few horsemen I had—among them the officers Bueno and

Giacomo Minuto, both of conspicuous bravery—were employed as scouts and vedettes.

Some Austrians were killed, and thirty-seven remained prisoners, among them a surgeon.*

The result of this victory was to leave us masters of the Varese district, which we traversed in every direction without opposition. The inhabitants roused themselves somewhat from their dejection, and we entered Varese amid the enthusiastic acclamations of those good people. On this occasion I was conscious of the revival of a hope I had cherished for many years—that of inducing our countrymen to enter upon a kind of unsystematic guerilla warfare, which, in the absence of a regular army, might be the prelude of our country's emancipation, by promoting the general arming of the nation, in case the latter was firmly and honestly resolved to free itself. I therefore detached Captain Medici's company (composed of picked young men), and several others, with directions to act independently of each other.

But the success of the campaign was to terminate at Luino. The capitulation of Milan, the retreat of the Piedmontese army, and the abandonment of the Lombard territory by the numerous volunteer corps of Durando, Griffini, and others, had discouraged the populace. There was, indeed, a gleam of enthusiasm on our re-

* Here I owe a word of praise to that excellent lady, Signora Laura Mantegazza. The firing was not yet over, when this noble woman crossed the lake in a boat, and, taking away all the wounded, without distinction of friend or foe, received and cared for them in her house. She has earned the blessings of every one.

appearance, and again after our success at Luino. But despondency once more gained ground when they saw our small numbers, and heard of the frequent desertions from our force—desertions encouraged by those very men who had promised us reinforcements and subsidies from Lugano.

Medici, after having done his best, and fought bravely against heavy odds, had been obliged to pass into Switzerland; the rest of the detachments are not worth mentioning. Meanwhile the Austrians increased their numbers in every direction, and were not ashamed to send imposing forces against a mere handful of Italian volunteers.

We remained a short time in the town of Varese, and several days in the neighbourhood, making all haste, so as to avoid encountering the enemy, whose numbers, superior to begin with, were increased from day to day. Near Sesto Calende, we were joined by a Neapolitan captain, of the Durando column, with some men, and two heavy guns, which, under other circumstances, would have been invaluable to us, but at present were only an encumbrance, as we could not attempt to measure our strength with so numerous an enemy in the open field.

I sent the captain back towards the Ticino with the guns, while the soldiers—few, but brave men—remained with us. We had to move and change our position almost every night, in order to deceive the enemy, who—through a misfortune incident to Italy, especially in those times—always found plenty of traitors ready to act as spies for them, while we, even

by spending handfuls of gold, could with difficulty get accurate information about the enemy. Here I had my first experience of the indifference of the peasants to the national cause, whether because they are the creatures and the prey of the priest, or because they are generally hostile to their own landlords. Most of these had been forced to emigrate by the foreign invasion, thus leaving their tenants to grow rich at their expense.

No more halts were made after this, except to let the men rest, and collect sufficient provisions. In this way we passed some time, awaiting the enemy by day in a strong position, where they did not venture to attack us; and, when they tried to surround us with increasing numbers, marching by night to other similar positions, where, as a rule, the same process was repeated.

In these movements, which certainly required no slight knowledge of the country, our Daverio, like another Anzani, was of immense service to me. A native of the district, enthusiastically beloved by all classes, of indomitable courage and resolution, he found matters easy, and did his best to make them so for others. Even in outward appearance Daverio bore a strong resemblance to my matchless comrade of Montevideo, though differing from him in the possession of an iron constitution.

The people were terrified by the imposing appearance of the numerous Austrian corps, and not a single inhabitant of any class joined us. It was only with the greatest difficulty we could get guides. I had hoped that young refugees would hasten from Switzer-

land to join us, and that we should be furnished with supplies by those who had the means; not only did no one move to swell our ranks, but from the very same place rumours reached us of high enterprises preparing at Mazzini's head-quarters, which caused desertions among our soldiers, and consequent despondency among the few who remained.

Near Ternate, we were so hemmed in between hostile columns that it became very difficult to escape—indeed, it would have been impossible on level ground; but the mountainous nature of the country favoured us again, or we should certainly have been lost.

Here again Daverio, with some guides he had found, was of the greatest service to us.

We marched resolutely on that column of the enemy which seemed to us the nearest. It was separated from us by a deep valley. The head of our column, having reached the bottom, wheeled to the left, while the enemy thought they were being attacked in the other direction; and—rather hastily, it must be confessed—we made for Morazzone, leaving the Austrians several miles behind us. On the way we collected all the bread that could be found in the neighbouring villages, and had it carried after the column in baskets on the backs of porters.

Reaching Morazzone about 5 p.m., we drew up our men in the main street—which was so narrow that they had to stand sideways—and distributed sufficient rations and pay, with orders not to leave the ranks or lay down their muskets.

The distribution being over, we had already made arrangements for marching, and I was taking a piece of bread and a glass of wine on the same bench whence the rations had been served out, when some of my officers, who had had some soup made, came to invite me to join their mess.

We were close to Porta Varese, on the ground-floor of a house, when suddenly cries were heard without, in the direction of that gate. The Austrians had entered, mixing with our guards, who, through hunger or weariness, had allowed themselves to be surprised. I do not know, to this hour, to whose treachery or carelessness it was due; but there was most certainly, if not treachery, culpable negligence on the part of those who should have been on the look-out. In any case, the enemy were within the town, and not fifty paces from the place where I was, with the handful of officers who had invited me.

Night was falling, and I leave it to be imagined what confusion arose among our men, who were raw recruits, inferior both in courage and discipline. To seize my sabre and rush out to the rescue, accompanied by the few gallant officers who were with me at the time, was the work of an instant. Among these were Daverio, Fabrizi, Bueno, Cogliolo, and one Giusti, a young Milanese staff-officer, who received his death-wound in the skirmish—a young fellow of matchless valour, whose memory I commend to my countrymen.

The fugitives stopped on hearing our voices, and turned on their pursuers, rushing together in a hand-

to-hand struggle. There were some moments of confusion, during which the tide of battle turned more than once; but at last Italian valour carried the day, and the enemy were driven out of Morazzone. We took measures of defence by barricading the approaches to the village, and occupying a few houses on its outskirts, which seemed well adapted for offensive action.

I must not forget to mention a Polish captain, who, with a few of his countrymen, had joined us, and performed prodigies of valour. I regret that I cannot remember the names of these brave comrades, who so brilliantly sustained their country's reputation for courage.

The Austrians, driven out of Morazzone, were meanwhile carrying on the atrocious practices usual with them—particularly in Italy, the land of expiation and martyrdom; that is, they set fire mercilessly to all the houses round the village, at the same time pouring a heavy cannonade into it. The fire communicated itself from one house to another with frightful noise and swiftness, while the musketry-fire on both sides added to the confusion.

The Austrians, once repulsed, did not try to attack us again. It was impossible for us to attack them in their position; on the contrary, everything considered, nothing else remained for us but to risk attempting a retreat. We were certain of being surrounded by an overpowering force in the morning, as the enemy, already numerous, kept receiving reinforcements. We were few in numbers,

and the *morale* of our men not high;* and, overpowered by the conflagration gradually gaining the upper hand in the village, we were driven to extremities, like the salamander, and had nothing left us but a retreat, which we effected about 11 p.m.

Having ranged the men in order, attended as best we could to the wounded, and placed some of them on horseback, we began to defile out of one of the lanes which was not watched by the enemy, and had already been barricaded by us. No guides were to be found, and we had to take with us a priest, who naturally accompanied us with the greatest reluctance. That race of vampires only remains in Italy to act as go-betweens to the foreigner. This priest, consigned to two of our men, who made him walk between them, was of little use to us, and contrived to make his escape, in spite of all possible vigilance, a short distance from the village.

The night was dark, and the only light we had was from the burning houses. The march began in good order, and continued thus for a time. We kept asking, and had the word passed along, "whether the rear of the column was coming up." Sometimes we heard the reply, "It is coming all right." Once, however, the answer came, "It has not come up;" and in spite of a long halt, and of my sending all the staff still near

* One of the great inconveniences of such a war, in a country little used to it, as Lombardy was in those days, was the great number of enemies seen by the inhabitants in every direction, which terrified our young soldiers.

me—among them Aroldi and Cogliolo—and returning myself almost to Morazzone, it was impossible for me to get the men together again. We who remained were about seventy.

This occurrence caused me much regret—more especially as our poor wounded were among those separated from us—Coccelli; a brave Polish soldier; Demaestri, who afterwards had his right arm amputated; and others, whose names I do not remember.

Demaestri's loss of his arm did not prevent him from fighting, like the brave man he had always been, in the defence of Rome, at Palestrina and at Velletri, and being one of the last to lay down his arms in the noble strife for Italy, at San Marino, whence having been dismissed, he was arrested by the Austrians and flogged in the most atrocious way. It may well be asked whether such treatment was ever meted out by us to our Austrian prisoners, and Italians may well remember the shame and wrong inflicted on us by the pestilence from which our beautiful peninsula has so long suffered, and which still defiles its frontier.

After some delay, it became necessary for us to proceed, and get away during the night from the enemy's main body. In that wearisome night-march, over almost impassable paths, more than half the remaining men were separated from us, and we gained the Swiss frontier on the following evening, with only about thirty. Broken up into small groups, all the rest had got over into Switzerland.

CHAPTER V.

THE TEDIUM OF INACTION.

I CONTINUED to suffer from attacks of the fever caught at Roverbella; and, having been thus tormented during the whole campaign, I was quite exhausted when I reached Switzerland.

However, I did not despair of being able to make some fresh attempt on Lombardy. There were many young Italians in Switzerland, who, after a taste of exile, were desirous of resuming the campaign at any cost. The Swiss Government was certainly not disposed to endanger its relations with Austria by favouring the Italian insurrection. The Italian population of the Canton of Ticino, however, naturally sympathized with us, and we were able to hope for subsidies from private individuals in this part of Switzerland, where the majority of the refugees had collected. I had been forced to take to my bed at Lugano, where a federal colonel told me that, if we were disposed to try our luck again, he—not as belonging to the Swiss Government, but as Luini (his own name)—would, along with his friends, favour and help us in every possible way.

I communicated this proposal to Medici, then the

most influential man on Mazzini's staff; and Medici answered me, "*We shall do better.*"

Medici's reply, which I understood to be inspired from above, convinced me that my presence at Lugano was quite useless; and from Switzerland I went with three companions to France, in order to reach Nice, where I hoped to recover, in my own home, from my continued attacks of fever.

I reached Nice, and spent some days there with my family, trying to get cured. Being, however, ill in mind rather than in body, the quiet of my own house did not suit me, and I went on to Genoa, where the general impatience of our country's humiliation found a louder voice; and thus I completed my cure.

The march of events in Italy, though not yet threatening ruin to our cause, still inspired well-founded misgivings. Lombardy had again fallen under the power of the tyrant. The Piedmontese army, which had undertaken her defence, had vanished. It was not destroyed, but its own leaders were convinced of its powerlessness. That army, with its glorious traditions, and composed, as it was, of first-rate material, was under the influence of an incubus—an inexplicable but distressing and terrible fatality. Whoever was accountable, the genius of fraud, of unjust gain, of malice, of our misfortunes, presided over its destiny and hampered its action. The Piemontese army had lost no battles, but—who knows why?—had retired before a defeated enemy, under the pretext of guarding itself against the plots of the zealots multiplying in Italy. Naturally,

the coldness and duplicity of princes chilled the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and paralyzed their arms in fight.

Supported, as it was, by the whole nation, this army would have performed miracles in the hands of a man strong enough to tread fear and hesitation underfoot and march straight to the goal; instead of which it was reduced to a nonentity. The army, then, retired from Lombardy, disbanded, not defeated; and the naval squadron, still less defeated, from the Adriatic. The people who, without help from any one, had so heroically shaken off the infamous yoke, were now lying at the mercy of their barbarous ruler! the same people who, when alone, had in five memorable days driven the veteran mercenaries of Austria before them like sheep!

In the duchies, which were still held by our army, reaction was fermenting; as also in Tuscany, ruled over by a dictator whom history will judge. In both countries the peasants were arming—as they always will against free governments, encouraged as they are by priests, spies, and partisans of the foreigner. In the Roman states, Rossi and Zucchi were called to the direction of politics and of the army, with the idea of masking behind those old-established reputations the retrograde projects which already prevailed.

The people, after having looked upon the dawn of their deliverance, were infuriated on discovering how they had been cheated. At Bologna, on the immortal 8th of August, the first body of Austrian troops—called

in by the priests—was received with volleys of musketry, and driven in confusion to the other side of the Po. The people of Naples, also, were making noble efforts to get rid of their executioner, but were less fortunate. Sicily, who had showed herself, as it were, the rampart and bulwark of Italian liberty, was now, after heroic efforts, wavering in her choice of political institutions, for want of a man able to direct her destiny. Italy, in short, full as she was of enthusiasm and all the elements of action, capable not merely of resisting the enemy, but of actually attacking him on his own ground, was rendered prostrate and inert through the imbecility and perfidy of her rulers, kings, doctors, and priests.

While I was at Genoa, Paolo Fabrizi arrived, and invited me, in behalf of the Sicilian Government, to pass over to that island. I willingly consented, and with seventy-two of my old and new comrades—the majority experienced officers—embarked on board a French steamer bound on that voyage. We touched at Livorno. I had not intended to land; but, our arrival coming to the knowledge of the generous and enthusiastic inhabitants, I was forced to change my plans.

We landed. I yielded—perhaps I ought not to have done so—to the solicitations of these people, who, in their frantic excitement, thought that we were, perhaps, departing too far from the principal scene of action. They promised me that a strong column should be formed in Tuscany, with which, increased on the way

by volunteers, we might march by land on the kingdom of Naples, and thus co-operate more effectually with Sicily in the cause of Italian freedom. I agreed to these proposals, but soon perceived my mistake. Telegrams despatched to Florence, concerning the movements specified, received only evasive answers. The wish expressed by the Livornese was not openly opposed, because the Government was afraid of them; but one who understood anything of the matter could easily gather that their intentions were not looked on with favour at head-quarters. But whether this was so or not, we determined to stay; and the steamer left.

Our stay at Livorno was brief. We received a few guns, obtained rather through the good-will of the popular leader, Petracchi, and our other friends, than through that of the Government. The increase in our numbers was slight. We were told to march to Florence, where more would be done.

Arrived at Florence, we found matters, if anything, worse than before; a splendid welcome from the people, indifference on the part of the Government, who left us hungry, so that I was obliged to put some friends under contribution to feed the men. The duke was in the Tuscan capital, but the chief management of affairs was said to be in Guerrazzi's hands. I am writing history, and hope that I do not offend that great Italian by speaking the truth.

Montanelli (deservedly hailed by public opinion) I found just what I had imagined—upright, frank, and modest, with a heart set on the good of Italy, and the

fervid spirit of a martyr; but the antagonism of others neutralized every good determination on his part, and for this reason the good and brave hero of Curtatone could be of little use to us during the short time he remained in power.

From Florence, where I thought our stay both useless and wearisome, I proposed to pass on into Romagna, where it was hoped we should do better, and whence, in the last resort, it would be easier to reach Venice by way of Ravenna. However, new and harder troubles awaited us in the Apennines.

On the road, where the Tuscan Government was to have given us the necessary assistance, we had nothing but what we obtained by the benevolence of the inhabitants, who were willing indeed, but not able to supply all our wants. A letter from the Government above mentioned to a syndic on the frontier, limited the supplies, and ordered the importunate adventurers to vacate the country.

In this condition we reached Filigari, where we found that the Pontifical Government prohibited our crossing the frontier. At least, the priests were consistent—they did not keep up a pretence of friendship.

Zucchi—the same man we had saved at Como, now minister of war—hastened from Rome to get these orders executed; while from Bologna marched a corps of papal Swiss with two guns, to oppose our entrance into the state.

Meanwhile the weather was growing worse among the mountains, and the snow was knee-deep on the

roads. It was November. Truly, it was worth while to come from South America in order to fight the snows of the Apennines! The Italian Governments I had had the honour of serving, and whose territories I had passed through, were not even able to afford a cloak apiece to my poor brave comrades. It was cruel to see those gallant young fellows, in that bitter weather, among the mountains, clad for the most part in linen, some in rags, and without needful food, in their own native country, where all the thieves and scoundrels of the world have enough and to spare.

We collected all the money possessed by the greater number of the officers, to form a common purse; and, with the help of the worthy landlord of the inn at Filigari, we got through some days wretchedly enough.

Meanwhile the papal Swiss were taking up a military position on the other side of the frontier, and preparing to resist any attempt at crossing on our part, but evidently ashamed of the disgraceful action of their imbecile Government.

Our position at Filigari was not tenable many days; and there was no way of changing it except by turning back into Tuscany. I had read the communication of the Tuscan Government, in which the syndic was recommended to get rid of us as quickly as possible; and I saw that it was necessary either to submit to the humiliation or to commence hostilities. If we wished to pass into Roman territory, we had to fight those who were ready to oppose our progress. In such disgraceful perplexity were we kept by the Governments from

which the Italians were hoping for their liberation. Yet we had crossed the Atlantic, poor indeed—for had we not refused riches? *—but with the sole object of devoting our lives to Italy; free from every consideration of self-interest, ready to sacrifice to our country even our personal politics, and to serve, in order to serve her, even those whose infamous antecedents did not deserve our confidence.

The names of Guerrazzi and of Pius were then held in reverence in our hearts; yet there in the snow, deprived of necessary food, in cruel suffering, they kept that band of young veterans, who were soon to leave their bones scattered over the unhappy land, dying in defence of Rome against the foreigner, and in death despairing of her redemption.

The people of Bologna, hearing of us, were filled with indignation at these disgraceful proceedings. Bologna is a city whose indignation is no empty boast, as the Austrians have ere now discovered to their cost. The Papal Government was struck with consternation; and I obtained permission to proceed thither, in order to confer with General Latour, who commanded the Swiss forces in the papal service. And to General Latour, while he stood on the balcony of his palace, the Bolognese cried out, "Either our brothers come here, or you come down from that balcony!"

I arrived at Bologna amid the acclamations of those noble citizens, whose ardour I was compelled

* We had not accepted the lands offered us by the President of the Montevidean Republic.

to restrain, because, forsooth, they were determined to get rid of foreigners and reactionaries. While arranging with Latour for our passage through Romagna to Ravenna, where we were to embark for Venice, I recommended him to make haste and lend his aid to a Mantuan company which had left Genoa with the intention of joining us.

In an interview with Zucchi, I had also obtained leave to recruit Romagnole volunteers, in order to increase our force. In fact, some of them started, under the command of a Captain Bazzani, of Modena, to join us at Ravenna.

Under these circumstances, I met for the first time at Bologna the gallant Angelo Masina, a man to win one's love and admiration at first sight. Masina, after the retreat of the Roman division from Lombardy, where he had fought bravely, had remained in the neighbourhood of Bologna; and was now at the head of those Bolognese citizens who had so heroically freed their city from the Austrians on the past 8th of August, restraining their wrath excited by the vile treachery of priests and renegades.

At the same time, finding another outlet for his impetuous activity, he was collecting horses and men—partly at his own expense—and organizing a company of lancers, which might have excited the envy of any force in the world, as well for the bravery of the men as for their handsome appearance and becoming uniform. His personal prestige was immense, and he could excite or restrain the people at his will. Certainly he and

Padre Gavazzi had, by their great influence over the Bolognese, contributed to our liberation from Filigari. Masina, at this time, also intended to start for Venice, partly because he was weary of inactivity, partly at the instigation of the Austrian and priestly party. At Comacchio he was preparing for his voyage.

Meanwhile, with about 150 men, I reached Ravenna, where I was joined by Bazzani with fifty recruits. At Ravenna, fresh altercations with a priestly government awaited us. The agreement with Zucchi at Bologna had been to wait at Ravenna for the arrival of the Mantuans, and then embark together for Venice; but the hesitation and fear excited by my little band, ill-armed and worse clad as they were, was such as to inspire the priests with an ardent desire to get rid of us as quickly as possible.

Latour, after some evasions, signified to me that I was to embark immediately. I replied that I would not do so till all the men I was waiting for had arrived. Threats were uttered on the part of the Papal Government, and, as the Ravennati, like the Bolognese, are people who care little indeed for threats, they courageously prepared arms and ammunition, in order to take our side in case of violence.

"Mutual fear governs the world," a friend of mine used very sensibly to say. However that may be, the people who show least fear usually get the best treatment. This was the case at Ravenna, and the overbearing swaggerers, with their sabres and cannon and thousands of veteran soldiers, never ventured to measure

their strength against that of a few poor and almost unarmed patriots. Masina was similarly situated at Comacchio. The papal party wished to force him to embark at once; and he, in order to do so at his leisure, and arrange his march to agree with ours, resisted all intimations of violence, supported by the populace and their leader, the gallant Nino Bonnet; and put himself in a respectable state of defence. Thus, at Comacchio too, "just justice" * triumphed.

"Help yourself, and God will help you." To-day I am quite lavish of proverbs; I hope my future readers will pardon me. Here, in the course of my duty as a historian, I must call attention to one of those men to whom monuments are raised by monarchical and sacerdotal Italy. Things were in this train, when a Roman dagger changed the aspect of our destiny. From being proscribed wanderers, we acquired the rights of citizenship, and found an asylum open to us on the continent.

As a follower of Beccaria, I am opposed to capital punishment, and therefore I blame the dagger of Brutus; the gallows, which, instead of showing us the figure of the dwarf minister of Louis Philippe, who so well deserves it, presents the corpse of a humble son of Paris, who only strove to gain his rights; and, lastly, the terrible stake, which by itself alone proves the priesthood to be an emanation from hell. Be that as it

* An expression which we shall have to add to the vocabulary required in this age of rascality, along with the "Republican Republic" of France.

may, Harmodios, Pelopidas, and Brutus, the men who freed their country from tyrants, have not been painted by ancient history in colours so dark as those in which our modern devourers of nations would like to exhibit any man who has touched the ribs of a Duke of Parma or a Neapolitan Bourbon.

Our affairs, then, were, as already described, in a deplorable condition; and a Roman dagger made us worthy no longer of proscription, but of belonging to the Roman army.

The ancient metropolis of the world, worthy once more of her former glory, freed herself on that day from the most formidable satellite of tyranny, and bathed the marble steps of the Capitol with his blood. A young Roman had recovered the steel of Marcus Brutus.

The consternation occasioned by Rossi's * death annihilated our persecutors for the time being, and not a word more was heard on the subject of our departure. Rome and Italy did not obtain the desired political condition on the death of the pope's minister; but the state of Rome was, at any rate, somewhat ameliorated, from the point of view of Italian liberty, whereof the papacy, stripped of its mask of reform, was and always will be the mortal enemy. As for us—objects of mortal hatred to the Roman court, whether through the fears of Rossi's survivors, or not, I do not know—

* A son of Rossi's, who has served under me in Lombardy, is a brave and distinguished officer. His father may have been a genius, as some say, but, genius or no genius, an honest man's duty is to serve the cause of his own country, which the papacy at that time betrayed.

we began to find life tolerable within the bounds of the Peninsula.

That dagger-stroke announced to all advocates of compromise with foreign powers that the people knew them, and would not return to the slavery to which they sought, by falsehood and treachery, to entice them back.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE PAPAL STATE—ARRIVAL IN ROME.

Rossi's death gave the rulers of Rome to understand that the rights and wishes of the nation were no longer to be disregarded with impunity. Less unpopular men were called to the ministry, and our continued presence in Roman territory was not objected to. The dread, however, in which we were held, did not pass away, and, though we were annexed to the Roman army, great tardiness was shown in fixing our destination and providing our pay, and especially our supplies—beginning with the coats, which would be indispensable in the depth of the now approaching winter.

The long-expected Mantuans had arrived at Ravenna; Masina had joined us with his fine though scanty cavalry; and together we formed a force of about four hundred men, not completely armed, and the greater part of them not dressed in uniform, and, in fact, scarcely clothed at all.

The municipality of Ravenna, which had been maintaining us, gave me to understand that it would be better for them to share this burden with other towns. To this end, they suggested that we should shift our

quarters to several places in turn. This was done, and after a stay of about twenty days we parted from that generous and sympathetic population.

During my short stay in Ravenna, I witnessed a singular and very consolatory circumstance, which I had not met with in any one of our cities which I had previously passed through. I saw in the ancient capital of the Exarchate, a cordial understanding between the different classes of citizens, which truly delighted me.

Perfect concord between the various classes in a city—unhappily so rare in Italy—is, when extended to the whole nation, the pivot on which her independence turns, the phoenix of her liberty, the want of which, I doubt not, is the origin of our misfortunes and degradation. This phoenix seems to me, happily for these citizens, to have built her nest beside the mausoleum of Dante, under the ægis of the greatest of our great ones. Here I did not find a “popular,” an “Italian,” a “national,” party; one association here, and another there, each having its own particular niche, its own staff of officials—each striving to get the first place, and avoid an understanding with the rest. No; here was only one party, composed of all the citizens—only one way of thinking, common to noble and plebeian, rich and poor. All were intent upon the deliverance of their country from the stranger, without for the present troubling themselves with the question of the form their government was to take—a question which might at that time have complicated the situation, and distracted the general attention from the main point.

I have, by experience, found the Ravennati to be people of few words, but prompt action; and the following incident, which was related to me in their city, seems quite credible. A spy appeared at Ravenna in open daylight; he was shot down in the midst of the crowd, and the slayer retired quietly, and made no haste to escape, knowing well that no second spy was likely to be found. The execrated corpse remained as a warning to the multitude.

We left Ravenna, and passed some time in various towns of Romagna, welcomed by the people, and provided for by the municipalities. At Cesena, leaving my men, I went to Rome to obtain an interview with the minister of war, so as, if possible, to systematize our vagabond and troublesome mode of existence.

I then heard of the Pope's flight; and arranged with the minister Campello that the Italian legion (the name given to the corps commanded by me both in America and in Italy) should form a part of the Roman army, and to this end be provided with the necessary supplies, and marched towards Rome, to complete its numbers and perfect its organization. I therefore wrote to Major Marrocchetti, whom I had left in command of the corps, to proceed to Rome, while I marched to meet him.

A painful incident had taken place in the ranks during my absence—the death of Tommaso Risso, a loss which we felt terribly, all the more so that it was caused by discord between two brave Italians, and brought about by a comrade's hand. In a dispute, Risso had struck

Ramorino with a whip, an act which rendered a duel inevitable. I should certainly have expelled from the legion the officer who would take a blow from any one; and Ramorino was not the man to put up with an insult like the one he had received. Knowing what had passed, I treated them both with coldness, but had a presentiment of misfortune. I would have given my life-blood to wash out the disgrace incurred by my brave comrade, but it could not be done. When I left Cesena for Rome, Risso—towards whom I had, contrary to my custom, been very distant—came up to the carriage, and pressed my hand; his was cold to the touch as the hand of a corpse. The presentiment of my friend's death did not leave me during the whole journey, and the news, when it reached me, pained but did not surprise me. They had fought outside the walls of Cesena, and Ramorino had killed Risso.

Tommaso Risso had a peculiarly winning character—“*una fiera natura*,” an Italian woman who loved him once said of him. In his youth, he had followed the sea; but, on arriving in the Rio de La Plata, he landed at Montevideo, went up country, and found occupation on one of the large estates called *estancias*, which are entirely given up to grazing, and where all the work is done on horseback. He had completely fallen in with the usages of the country, and, being of a strong and active physique, could break in a colt as well as any gaucho, and fight any of the natives, knife in hand, like the best of them; and his name was always uttered with respect among the stalwart sons of the pampas. In the wars

continually going on between the nations of La Plata, Risso had fought in the ranks of the Montevideans ; and, promoted for his bravery, served gallantly in the Italian legion. In one of the many battles in which he was present, he received a wound in the neck which would have killed a rhinoceros, but from which he recovered as if by miracle. In consequence of other wounds, however, his arms were almost paralyzed.

Tommaso had little or no book-learning, but he supplied its place by a natural intelligence which made him capable of executing any task. He had commanded the steamers on Lago Maggiore, and had acquitted himself surprisingly well of this difficult duty. Jealously careful of Italian honour, he would have fought the devil, had the latter sought to fasten a stain on it. He possessed all the qualities which make the popular leader—strong, good-natured, generous, he found his element in the multitudes, and was capable of calming them when excited, or stirring them up on occasion, and rousing them into heroism with his gestures and the manly sound of his voice.

Risso's death was a source of great grief to his comrades. He bitterly regretted being unable to shed his blood on the battle-field for the Italy he idolized. Let Cesena keep the remains of the gallant champion of our country's liberty, and let his fellow-citizens sometimes remember him with the esteem and affection he deserves.

Reaching Foligno, I found the legion there, but at the same time received orders from Government to

march with it to the port of Fermo, in order to guard a point menaced by no one. This proved to me that the distrust of the new Government, and their wish to keep us at a distance from Rome, had not passed away.

My representations that the men were destitute of the warm cloaks absolutely necessary for recrossing the snow-covered Apennines were entirely disregarded, and we had to turn back, pass the Colfiorito a second time, and repair to Fermo. Of course, I understood the intention of the Government; they had no motive for sending us thither other than a wish to remove us from the capital, where they dreaded the contact of men supposed to be essentially revolutionary, with the Roman people, just then in the mood to exercise their rights. I was confirmed in this opinion by the minister of war's injunction not to let the legion exceed the number of five hundred.

In Rome, the same spirit which had ruled Milan and was yet ruling Florence was still prevalent. Italy was supposed to be in need, not of fighters, but of orators and composition-mongers, to whom might be applied Alfieri's words concerning the aristocracy, "*Or superbi, or umili, infami sempre.*" Despotism had for a time yielded up the reins of public affairs to the talkers, whose business it was to fool the people and put them off their guard—all but certain that these popinjays would facilitate the tremendous reaction preparing through the whole of the Peninsula. We crossed the Apennines, then, for the third time; my

poor comrades still unprotected from the weather, though it was the depth of winter—the month of December, 1848. Among the troubles which bowed us down in our own country, the calumnies of the clerical party, whose poisonous influence, secret and deadly in its workings as that of the rattlesnake, had been propagated among the ignorant populace, depicting us in the most horrible colours, were not the least trying. According to these dealers in the black art, we were capable of every species of violence—scoundrels without the shadow of discipline, and respecting neither the property nor the families of the inhabitants, who dreaded our approach as if we had been wolves or murderers.

This impression, however, was always changed at the sight of the manly, well-conducted young fellows who accompanied me—nearly all belonging to the cultivated classes of the towns; for it was a notorious fact, that, in all the volunteer corps I had the honour of commanding in Italy, the peasant element was, thanks to the machinations of the reverend ministers of falsehood, conspicuous by its absence. My soldiers nearly all belonged to distinguished families in the different Italian provinces. It is true that at all times there were some few worthless ones to be found among my volunteers, who had either fraudulently intruded themselves on us, or been sent among us by the police and the priests, in order to instigate disorder and crime, and thus discredit the corps. But these scarcely ever stayed long, soon escaping from the punishment which

did not fail to overtake them, and exposed by the real volunteers, ever jealous for the honour of the legion.

During our transit from Romagna into Umbria, we had heard that the people of Macerata, fearing our passage through their town, had signified that they would shut their gates on us; but on our return—that is, on our march to Porto di Fermo—being better informed, and repenting of their unjust resolution, they sent me word that they wished for a visit from us, in order to prove that their conduct on the first occasion had originated in a mistake.

The weather was most inclement during our passage over the Apennines, and my men suffered greatly; but the welcome we received at Macerata compensated for all. The Maceratesi not only welcomed us like brothers, but entreated us to remain in their city till new arrangements were made by the Government; and, as the latter had no object in sending us to Porto di Fermo except that of removing us from the capital, there seemed no reason, now that we had the Apennines between us and Rome, why we should make any difficulty about remaining at Macerata.

Here we were forced to think of clothing the men; and, thanks to the good-will of the inhabitants and the assistance of the ministry, succeeded in accomplishing the greater part of this task. About the same time, the election of deputies to the Constituent Assembly took place, and our soldiers were called upon to vote.

Deputies to the Constituent Assembly! It was a striking sight, that of the sons of Rome again called to

the Comitia, after so many centuries of slavery and prostration under the shameful yoke of the empire, or the still worse one of the papal theocracy. Without tumult, without passions—unless patriotism and zeal for freedom are to be called by that name—without bribery, without prefects or police-agents to intimidate the voters, the sacred function of the plébiscite was performed; and in the whole state there was not a single instance of a mercenary vote, or a citizen selling himself to the patronage of the powerful.

The descendants of the great people showed the discernment of their forefathers in the choice of their representatives, and elected men who would have been an honour to their kind in any part of the world—men of courage not inferior to that of the ancient Senate, or the modern assemblies of Helvetia and the country of Washington. But the hatred, the jealousy, the fears of the modern rabble of potentates and priests were not asleep; terrified at the reappearance of the Republic, they at once banded themselves together to extirpate its germs, while yet tender and incapable of serious resistance.

Hope on, Italy! and in the time of distress into which tyrants from without and robbers from within have plunged thee, do not lose confidence! They are not all dead, the young heroes who fought for thee on the barricades of Brescia, Milan, Casale; at the bridge over the Mincio; on the ramparts of Venice, Bologna, Ancona, Palermo; in the streets of Naples, Messina, Livorno; there, on the Janiculum; and in the Forum of

the ancient capital of the world. They are scattered over the surface of the globe in both hemispheres, their hearts athirst with a matchless love for thee and desire for thy redemption, a love which the cold speculators and traffickers in thy limbs and thy blood cannot understand, nor will, till the day when the stains with which they have defiled thee are all washed away! Never lose heart. That generation, grown grey under the burning sun of battles, will appear in the van of thy new generation now growing up in hatred of the priest and under the guns of the foreigner, strengthened by the recollection of such outrages, and stimulated by the desire of avenging their sufferings in exile and in prison.

The Italian is not attracted by the fair climate of a foreign land, or the charms of the daughters of strangers; nor can he permanently transplant himself into another country, like the sons of the north. He vegetates on strange soil, he paces it, gloomy and thoughtful, ever tortured by the longing to see once more his own fair land and fight for her deliverance.

None knows, O Italy! how long may last the degradation in which thou art plunged; but all know full well that the solemn hour of resurrection cannot be far off.

CHAPTER VII.

PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC, AND MARCH ON ROME.

WE remained at Macerata throughout the month of January, and then left for Rieti, with orders to garrison that town. The legion marched thither by way of the pass of Colfiorito, and I, with three companions, by way of Ascoli and the valley of the Tronto, in order to pass the Neapolitan frontier and make some observations beyond it. We crossed the Apennines by the rugged heights of Monte Sibilla, meeting with severe snow-storms, in consequence of which I suffered from rheumatic pains, which detracted greatly from the picturesqueness of the journey. We were well received by the stalwart mountaineers, fêted everywhere, and enthusiastically escorted on our way. The precipices resounded with their cheers for Italian liberty ; and yet a few days later that brave and energetic people, corrupted and instigated by the priests, rose against the Roman Republic, wielding arms furnished for the purpose by those black traitors.

I reached Rieti, and completed the supply of clothes for the legion, but it was impossible to obtain a sufficient number of muskets ; and, as I saw that all further

requests would be useless, I resolved to have lances made, so as to furnish the unarmed with weapons.

At Rieti, we were joined by Daverio, Ugo Bassi, and several good soldiers—among them the two brothers Molina and Ruggiero, who afterwards so distinguished themselves as officers in the various fights in which the legion took part.

The corps continued to increase, while it was being organized as well as circumstances permitted; but the Roman ministry did not want soldiers, and, as they had formerly limited the number of the legion to 500, so they now intimated to me that I was not to let it exceed 1000; so that, having already a few more than the prescribed number, I was obliged to cut down the wretched pay supplied—including that of the officers—to maintain them all. Yet not one complaint was heard in the ranks of my brave comrades.

We made use of the time afforded by our stay at Rieti to drill the legion; and also took measures for defending the frontier against the attacks of the Bourbon, who was already unmasked, and in open reaction against Italian liberty.

Being elected a deputy by the people of Macerata, I was summoned to Rome to form part of the Constituent Assembly; and on February 8, 1849, I had the good fortune to be one of the first to proclaim, almost unanimously at 11 p.m., that Republic of glorious memory, so soon to be crushed by Jesuitry allied—as always—with the autocracy of Europe.

It was the 8th of February, 1849, and as I was so

prostrated with rheumatism as to be unable to walk, I had to be carried on the shoulders of my staff-officer Bueno into the halls of the Roman Assembly. On February 8, 1846, almost at the same hour, on the battle-field of San Antonio, not a few of the wounded of our gallant legion had been carried on my shoulders, and placed on horseback, to accomplish the difficult but glorious retreat to Salto.

Now I was present at the new birth of the giant of republics—the Roman; on the stage of the greatest events the world has ever seen—in the city of cities. What hopes! what a future! Then they were no dreams, those fancies, those presages which, a tumultuous crowd, had occupied my mind from my childhood up, exciting my eighteen-years imagination, when for the first time I roamed among the splendid ruins of the Eternal City. They were no dreams, those hopes of my country's resurrection, which made my heart throb in the thick of the American forests, and amid the ocean-storms—which guided me to the fulfilment of my duty towards suffering and oppressed nations.

Here, in the same hall which used to witness the assemblies of the ancient tribunes of Rome's greatness, were we assembled—perhaps not unworthy of our forefathers, if only we had been presided over by the same genius that they were fortunate enough to recognize and to acclaim as greatest. And the prophetic voice of the Republic rang out in the august precincts as it

did on the day when kings were driven thence for ever. To-morrow the Republic, proclaimed from the Capitol, will be hailed in the Forum by a people who have suffered for centuries, but have never forgotten that they are descended from the greatest of Peoples.

Meanwhile, the boastful *chauvins* beyond the Alps had been assuring the world that Italians do not fight, that they are not worthy of freedom ; and were marching, under the guidance of the priest, to the destruction of the Roman Republic. The thought of a united Italy terrified Autocratic and Jesuitical Europe, especially our western neighbours, whose doctrinaires proclaimed the French supremacy on the Mediterranean incontestable and perfectly legitimate, not considering how many important nations there are who have more right to it than they.

Through our own unhappy divisions, they have power to take us from our families, and ruin our property, with the hypocrisy of the Jesuit to whom they have allied themselves ; but they cannot take from us the right of flinging their sophisms in their face, and making them at least confess that they are afraid of seeing us take up again the *fascies*, the ancient insignia of power. To-day, like ourselves, they are the vassals of that parody on an emperor who governs them, who has imposed himself on all our tyrants, and whose shameful dominion will be finally overthrown in the dust by the sword of eternal justice.

From Rome, I returned to Rieti, after the proclama-

tion of the Republic, and about the end of March I had orders to proceed with the legion to Anagni. In April, we heard that the French were at Civita Vecchia, and, after their occupation of that seaport town—which might have been successfully defended but for treachery on their side and imbecility on ours—it became known that they intended to march on Rome.

About the same time General Avezzana had arrived in the capital, and entered on the office of minister of war. I did not know him personally, but from information received as to his character and military career in Spain and America, I had conceived a high degree of esteem for him; so that his accession to the head of that department filled me with hopes, destined not to be disappointed. The first proof I had of this was the sending of fifty new muskets; for up to that moment we had not been able, in spite of repeated requests, to obtain a single one.

It was not long before we received orders to march on Rome, then threatened by the soldiers of Bonaparte. Needless to say that we marched willingly to defend that city of great memories. The legion consisted of about 1200 men; when we left Genoa we had been sixty.

It is true that we had marched over a large extent of country, but, considering that we had been rejected by every government, calumniated as only priests can calumniate, deprived of the commonest necessities of life, and nearly all the time without arms, all cir-

cumstances tending to disgust volunteers and hinder their enrolment, we might well be satisfied with the number we had attained. We reached Rome, and took up our quarters in the deserted convent of San Silvestro.

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