

CHAPTER XIV.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

First Scenes—Parentage—Early History—Visits Rome—Parental Ambition—Disappointment—Fired with Patriotism—Sentenced to Death—"Joseph Paul"—Married—A Merchant—In War—Wounded and a Prisoner—Released—"Selling Coffee"—Fighting against Rosas—Offers his Services to Pio Nino—Evasive Reply—Sailing for Italy—"Our Flag"—Surprise upon reaching Rome—Founding a Roman Republic—Rome besieged—Garibaldi seeking Refuge in the United States—Return to Italy—Personal Appearance—At Naples—"Break your Chains upon the Necks of your Oppressors"—Life in a Cottage—Visited by the Papal Embassy—In Parliament—Last Deeds.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI was born in Nice, July 4, 1807. His father and grandfather were both fishermen, illiterate as men of that class in the South of Europe are wont to be. Garibaldi himself was often known to say that he owed to his mother any good trait which he might possess. His memory often reverted to the days of his childhood, when he had seen that faithful mother, when the household were sleeping, on her knees praying that her sons might be useful and God-fearing men. We know little of his boyhood days except that he was not fond of study, but rather enjoyed roaming about among the wharves and shipping of his native city, thus at an early age making himself master of the rigging of a vessel, and familiar with the navigation of

the harbor. The only thing which he learned in early life that became of real advantage to him was swimming, so that he was equally at home in the water as on the land, and it is said that at the age of eight years he rescued a poor washwoman from death who had fallen into the water.

In boyhood it was evident that he was born to be a leader and organizer, for before he reached his teens he led an expedition among his fellows, ran away from school, stole a boat—which among them they had managed to store with provisions and fishing-tackle—and sailed for the Levant. They had not proceeded far when they were captured and returned to the school they had so recklessly left. If not fond of study Garibaldi liked to read, and early made himself master of several languages. In the German he was especially proficient, and with maturing years he developed a taste for mathematics and geometry, acquisitions which were of great advantage to him during the course of his varied and romantic life.

When quite a lad he went to Rome with his father, and became greatly impressed with the monuments of the past glory of his country in comparison with its present abasement.

The contrast left an indelible impression on his mind, and this, united with his subsequent intercourse with Greece, then in all the glory of new and blood-bought liberty, decided the bent of Garibaldi's future life.

So early as the age of thirteen, with remarkable intrepidity he swam to the assistance of some young companions who had been upset in a squall, their boat overturned, and, but for the timely assistance of this lad, eight young men would have been drowned.

ing, are acceptable to your holiness, we need not say how willingly we offer them in the service of one who has done so much for our country and our church. We will count ourselves happy if we may aid Pio Nino in his work of redemption by offering our blood.

(Signed) "G. GARIBALDI.
"T. ANIZANI."

The pope's nuncio, jealous of the popularity and genius of Garibaldi, gave to the anxiously waiting patriots an evasive reply, and the judgment of charity was compelled to the decision that this hearty proffer of service never reached him to whom it was addressed; it was lost among the waste, or its perusal may some day reward the searcher in the archives of the Vatican.

When Garibaldi found he was to receive no reply from the pope, he prepared, with his friend, Anizani, to organize an expedition to Italy. He opened a subscription among his compatriots, issuing a proclamation urging all Italians to join him. Only eighty-five professed readiness, fearing to suffer the death-penalty, to which, as outlaws, many of them were liable should they return home; and on the day of embarkation twenty-nine failed to appear.

They sailed in the ship "Esperanza," in the spring of 1848. The ladies of Montevideo, as a mark of their gratitude, presented him with a most striking flag. It was of black silk, with a picture of Vesuvius in irruption flaming from its sombre ground. The family of Garibaldi were on board, as well as his friend Anizani, who had become an almost hopeless consumptive, but whose dauntless enthusiasm was an inspiration

to the little band. Touching at Alicanti, for fruit for the invalid, they were almost wild with joy on learning that Charles Albert of Sardinia had, on February 7th, publicly espoused the Italian cause. Anita's ever-ready fingers improvised from half a sheet, an old red shirt and a bit of green uniform, which happened to be on board, a Sardinian flag, which was hoisted to the peak, and, with new courage, the patriots sailed toward their beloved Italy.

But what was the surprise of Garibaldi, on reaching Rome, to find that the pope, ever vacillating and uncertain, had become alarmed at the rising among the people, and, having issued the following proclamation, had retired to Gaeta: "I have for some time observed that my name is used as a pretext for an enterprise which I have never contemplated," abandoned the enterprise, flatly refusing to take up arms against the Austrians.

Garibaldi at once threw himself into the work of founding the Roman republic, and in its defence against the French allies. He wished to leave the pope free as the head of the church, while a republic should be established which should extend throughout Italy.

In July, 1849, occurred the desperate struggle of the Italians with Austrians and French allies. The siege of Rome lasted for an entire month, and of it Garibaldi said: "Though I have witnessed many horrible butcheries, yet never have I seen what can compare, in atrocity, with what took place under the walls of Rome, especially at Villa Corsini." The French were 40,000 strong and carried heavy siege-guns.

After many desperate adventures, Garibaldi was

driven again to exile, and reached the United States in 1850. Here he supported himself for four years by making candles in a back street of New York city. Afterwards he returned to South America, and was for a time engaged in the merchant service between Hong Kong and Peru. But he was never so happy as when engaged in warfare, and in 1859 he offered service to the King of Sardinia, which was gladly accepted. A picture of the patriot's personal appearance at this time may not come amiss.

He was of middle stature; deep-chested, with broad shoulders; his frame, vigorous and athletic, combined agility with strength. His statuesque head, broad brow, straight features, long, flowing hair, blending with beard of the same golden hue, caused him to present a very striking picture, without the aid of any remarkable dress. He wore a scarlet cap, trimmed with gold lace; a tunic or blouse of rich red cloth, and, besides his sword, he wore in his scarlet sash a dagger.

His staff dressed in most respects like their chieftain, and his followers in the field all wore red shirts, thus enhancing the peculiarity of aspect.

On the evening of May 9, 1859, Garibaldi reached Veruna, taking every precaution against surprise. He retired at his ease, leaving his men chattering around camp-fires. Night and day for two weeks he kept up a series of guerilla exploits, in which he was uniformly successful. On the evening of the 21st he ordered a new stock of provisions, and, to all appearance, was settled for some days at Arona. But in the dead of night he left this town with all his force for the Ticino, called the Rubicon of Italian freedom; a sufficient

force of boats had been gathered there by his direction to transport his army to the Lombardy bank. Disembarking from his boats he entered Lombardy, issuing this proclamation: "To arms! To arms! He who can seize a rifle and does not is a traitor to his country!! Italy, with her children united, will know how to recover the rank which Providence has assigned to her among nations."

In fulfilment of his promise to the government of Sardinia, he assembled 1,070 warriors at Genoa, and landed at Sicily almost under Neapolitan fire. On May 15th the celebrated battle of Calatafimi was fought, when 3,600 Neapolitans were routed by the small force of Italians. (Their enemies called them "the red-shirted devils.") About this time Anita died, leaving four children, whose home was at Caprera, under the guardianship of some cousins of their father, who were vitually the heads of the household, as Garibaldi's home was the battle-ground—striving for Italy's freedom. The success which had crowned his arms at Calatafimi gave new courage to the troops and new faith in their leader. This defeat, and the timely aid to the Italians given by a British fleet, decided the Neapolitans to capitulate, and in June Garibaldi had undisputed possession of Palermo.

On July 25th he was attacked by a force of 7,000 Neapolitans; he could oppose only 2,500 men, but the day closed with complete triumph to Garibaldi. This is called the battle of Melazzo.

On the 4th of the ensuing September Francis II. of Naples sullenly withdrew to Gaeta, and, in the absence of troops, Garibaldi quietly entered Naples with only two or three friends—wishing that the people

should look upon him as a welcome liberator, not a triumphant conqueror.

On October 1st of the same year, 15,000 royalist troops issued from Capua, making a fierce onslaught upon the army of Garibaldi. For a time the issue was doubtful; the day was one of dreadful carnage, but victory perched on the Italian standard. At this time Garibaldi sent to Rome the celebrated despatch, "Victory along the entire line!"

In 1864 he was invited to London to receive a banquet at the hands of the lord mayor, and was the recipient of many courtesies and ovations from the nobility, as well as commoners.

In 1867 he openly organized an invasion of the states of the church, to complete the unification of Italy. His address to the people of Rome was stirring: "Break the rings of your chains on the necks of your oppressors, and henceforth you will share your glory with the Italians."

Before his plans were completed, he was arrested by order of King Victor Emanuel; but soon escaping, this never-to-be-repressed patriot invaded the papal states with a body of troops, who were defeated at Mentana by papal forces, aided by French allies, and their leader was sent to the island of Caprera, November, 1867, where a ship of war was on guard to prevent his escape.

Here the valiant and successful warrior became at once the quiet agriculturist and student. A glimpse at his life in the cottage by the sea may be instructive. There was no second story to the house. The general's own room had a cord stretched across, on which were hung the various articles of his wardrobe—red

shirts, drawers, blouse and trowsers. Over the little camp-bed hung an ebony frame which enclosed a lock of Anita's raven hair. Here, too, was the famous sword given by citizens of Melbourne, with the illuminated book containing the names of the donors. On the golden hilt is the figure of Italy arisen, her chains dropping off, while she is brandishing the sword of Spartacus, ready to cleave asunder the coils of a serpent. On the guard which protects the hand is a diamond star of Italy. The scabbard is of green velvet.

The flag-room, containing war trophies, adjoins the library, which holds many valuable treatises on war and navigation, with a well-assorted and carefully selected collection of English authors—Shakespeare, Byron and others; besides German works on natural philosophy and theology; the ethics of Plutarch; treatises of Bossuet; fables of La Fontaine, etc., etc. As companions to his solitude he had invited his cousins, Monsieur and Madame Drideris, who, with his children, and a few chosen friends, constituted his household. The first beams of the sun shining on the eastern waves beheld the family astir, each arranging for his share in the daily labor, while Madame Drideris was preparing the simple coffee, bread and butter, which constituted their morning meal, and which, like all others, was served in the kitchen. More substantial fare was allowed at dinner, well earned by labors in the field, garden, or fishing on the sea. After supper it was usual to find the family assembled on the broad verandah, for at this hour the loved head of the house was wont to be more loquacious than at any other time, often relating tales of his own

experience in South America or elsewhere—enough to make the hair of his audience stand on end!

Many in Italy liked to spread reports of Garibaldi's illiteracy, and on one occasion an embassy from the papal states arrived at Caprera, while Garibaldi was cultivating the potatoes on which he prided himself. His secretary, with a view of entertaining the guests, showed them some letters or papers of state that he was preparing.

"But surely," said one, "Garibaldi cannot read these."

The secretary perceiving at once the drift of the remark, replied: "Oh, we read them to him, and get his signature."

Meeting the learned statesman approaching his dwelling in answer to the summons, he told him the opinion which his guests entertained of his acquisitions. At once comprehending the situation, he entered the room in a somewhat noisy manner, speaking in an uncouth Italian patois. The visitors treated him in the most supercilious manner, making great boasts of their learning and acquirements. Garibaldi, with a strategy as profound as if he were leading a campaign, led the way adroitly, causing the ignorant fellows to make the most egregious statements on topics in regard to which he inquired; when suddenly he dropped his patois, and in the most elegant German explained the mistakes which his rude guests had made, covering them with confusion, as they realized his superiority to themselves.

This story was related by an eye-witness, whose veracity is unquestioned.

But this quiet life at his island home was not of

long duration. Again stimulated by Mazzini he undertook a fresh expedition to Rome. In his first engagement he was wounded at Aspromonte, which laid him aside for some months, and caused him trouble for years. But in 1869 he organized the campaign of Les Vosges, but it resulted disastrously. He was again arrested and sent to Caprera. It began to be evident that his power as an organizer was on the wane. The condition of Italy did not call for as much reform as in past years.

In 1875 he was elected a member of the Italian parliament. On arriving at Civita Vecchia, though it was at 2 A. M., the people turned out en masse to greet him, and when at Rome he entered the senate chamber the cheers were deafening, and the chieftain took his seat feeling that Italy was with him. He was offered £40,000 by the government, but declined it, accepting a pension of \$2,000.

Retiring to Caprera after his term of service expired, he devoted himself to literary labor, writing two or three novels of little value.

But he established schools for girls in various parts of Italy, and, writing to a woman's association in Genoa, he said: "To liberate women from superstition—to release her from the clutches of the priest, is now the question of life or death for Italy."

Thus, in the bosom of his family, in efforts to elevate his countrywomen, he passed the last years of his varied and romantic life, dying of bronchitis, June 2, 1882.

This is only one of numerous occasions when he was able to save life by throwing himself into the water, taking risks which older and wiser people dared not venture.

His parents had destined him for the church, but he never evinced the slightest fitness for the holy office. In 1833, while on a voyage to Rome, he first learned of the plans of the Italian patriots. Columbus never enjoyed more in discovering America than did Garibaldi when he discovered that an organized movement for the redemption and liberation of his country was contemplated. Mazzini, a young lawyer of Genoa, was the leader and organizer of the plans, into which the enthusiastic young patriot threw every energy of his resolute nature. He took passage as a common sailor, together with several companions who were in sympathy with him, in the ship *Eurydice*, hoping to be able to obtain possession of the ship for the Republican cause. But the plot failed, and the speedy consequence of his devotion to Italy was that on February 5, 1834, he passed through the gate of a Genoese city in the disguise of a peasant, a proscrip. A few days later he saw his name in a newspaper under sentence of death. On learning this he changed his name to Joseph Paul, and after a most perilous journey of several months, during which he met many adventures and suffered untold privations, he reached his native city.

A glance at the condition of Italy at this time will convince any sceptic that those who attempted rebellion against ruling powers had every excuse.

In Naples Ferdinand II. ruled with a rod of iron. Many citizens for small offences actually died under

the lash in public squares. Even the rule of Charles Albert, of Sardinia, the most liberal sovereign in Italy, was arbitrary and tyrannical. The different states were constantly bordering on revolution, and the Austrians stood ready to help and uphold each petty prince in his tyranny. For fourteen years after the failure of his effort to assist Mazzini, Garibaldi lived in exile, lost to sight among the incipient republics of South America.

At first he supported himself by teaching, but subsequently he identified himself with the political struggles of those among whom he lived, and thus acquired skill in those arts of guerilla warfare, with the praises of which Europe still rings.

In 1836 he married Anita, who most heartily threw herself into her husband's interests, never in the way, with a woman's helplessness, but eager to encourage his most hazardous exploits. Garibaldi was never successful as a trader. More than once the purses of his friends were opened to set him up in business, but his heart was not in it. He would say, "I am weary, weary of doing nothing."

In the same year of his marriage he took up arms for Uruguay against Brazil, entering the service of Don Gonzales, President of the Republic of the Rio Grande. In this warfare he received his first wound, in a naval engagement, being shot through the neck, and lying unconscious for several hours. At this time he was captured, consigned to a Brazilian prison, and but for the assiduous attention of the prison surgeon must have perished. As he slowly recovered he was released on parole, which promise he faithfully honored until, becoming convinced by the laxity with which he was guarded that his captors desired his

escape; he easily eluded his guard and became free. But in a few days he was retaken, and forced to submit to inhuman tortures, to induce him to disclose the plans of his leader and the names of his followers. This he steadfastly refused, although he was suspended by small cords tied about the wrists for several days, and only kept alive by the tender mercies of some women connected with the prison where he had been confined, who came to him secretly by night with wine and food, giving him also temporary support for his feet. He was released only when his tormentors became convinced that the brave soul would sooner part from the body than betray the trust of those who had confided in him; and to the day of his death he bore upon his wrists the scars of this worse than brutal punishment.

In 1836 we find him again in the field, defending Montevideo against Rosas, and when an interval of peace left him none of that fighting—the exercise of which seemed his normal living—he kept the wolf from his door by teaching the higher mathematics, or by selling for the merchants of Montevideo, by samples; and, still later, he was captain of a trading vessel sailing from the same port. As an instance of his intrepidity, we are told that having sold a few bags of coffee and other merchandise to a dealer in a seaport town, before payment had been made, though the goods were delivered, the commandant of the town ordered his arrest as a suspicious person. Garibaldi heard of it, and was quite sure that his debtor was also aware of it, and intended to shirk payment. Nothing daunted, in the gloaming Garibaldi went to the merchant's dwelling, finding him on an open verandah, with his

family, enjoying the cool sea breezes. With no preliminary explanations, Garibaldi presented a pistol to his debtor's head, and ordered the immediate payment of his dues. In a half hour's time he was sailing out of the port with 2,000 piastres in his pocket.

Ever ready to identify himself with the interests of those with whom he, for the time, dwelt, in 1842 we find him in command of three vessels forcing the entrance of the river Parana against Rosas. This, though a very bold, was a most disastrous undertaking; he was unacquainted with the navigation of the stream, and had not a trusty pilot. Just as his vessels became obstructed by sand-banks he was confronted by ten ships of the enemy. After a heroic defence of three days, he ordered all his men to the boats, under cover of night, himself remaining to the last, to light the trains which led to the powder magazines. He had determined to blow up his vessels, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of Rosas. He succeeded in destroying the ships, reaching the land in safety, and, by circuitous routes, again appeared in Montevideo.

In private life every one had a good word for this hero. All placed in him the most implicit confidence; for all his efforts to aid the cause of his friends he never would accept even the pay of a common soldier; all that he ever asked would be some help to the needy or the pardon of some prisoner.

In 1847, fired by news from Italy, he, joined by an Italian friend, wrote a letter to the pope, which concluded in these words:

“If, then, our arms, which are not strangers to fight-