

ITALY

UNDER

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

VOL. I.

ITALY

UNDER

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY

COUNT CHARLES ARRIVABENE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

TOM TAYLOR, ESQ., M.A.,

This Work is Dedicated.

P R E F A C E.

Few events in our century have excited a deeper and more lasting interest than the Italian movement of 1859-60-61. Within the last few years, the map of Europe has been changed; a new nation has arisen where there was recently nothing but a collection of petty States; the power of one of the chief military monarchies has been abridged, and the treaties of 1815 violently rent by the action of regular armies, no less than by popular uprisings.

The following pages are in the main a record of my own personal experience of those memorable evolutions. Having, during the period alluded to, visited the several parts of the Peninsula where warlike operations were successively carried on, and having been present at the most important of the engagements and subsequent political proceedings which contributed to the freedom of my country, I write from individual knowledge, and not at second hand.

I have, nevertheless, in treating of the war of 1859, verified and supplemented my own recollections by consulting the best narratives I could find, such as

the official accounts of Solferino and San Martino, recorded by the French, Piedmontese, and Austrian Governments; the *Campagne d'Italie* of Baron de Bazancourt; the admirable *Study of the Italian Campaign in 1859*, by Major Miller, R.A.; and the letters from the different seats of war of the *Times* correspondents. When tracing the general progress of events, political as well as military, I have also carefully referred to authentic records, and to the oral testimony of reliable acquaintances, in order that I might present as complete a picture as possible of the history of our own times in Italy.

The accounts I have given of the campaigns in Northern Italy and in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies have been carefully written with a view to their being understood by the general reader. They are consequently popular rather than technical, and though on that account less interesting to professional soldiers, will, I hope, be more acceptable to the outside world. I have endeavoured to avoid expressing either too severe or too eulogistic an opinion of the men who took part in the events here recorded, allowing them the benefit of the reader's judgment, and merely suggesting those views which a long and patient study of the politics of my native country has induced me to form. I trust I have honestly related the truth, without regard to the effect it may produce among special parties or circles.

Three great individualities dominate this work—Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour: the three public men who had the greatest share in the success of the Italian cause.

I should have imperfectly executed my task had I not given a sketch of the state of society in Italy, and of the habits, prejudices, and faith of its inhabitants. This I have endeavoured to do with strict impartiality, relating facts as I found them, and giving them equal prominence, whether adverse or favourable to my country's cause. Aware how apt a writer's statements are to take an unintended colour from his wishes and feelings, I have been constantly on my guard against this source of fallacy; and although a man can scarcely write about his native land without sometimes feeling the throbs of his own heart, I hope I have not allowed myself to be led far astray by natural patriotism. Hope for my country I have indeed expressed, but not, I trust, in the language of inconsiderate enthusiasm. For, notwithstanding that Italy has only just begun to breathe freely, there is much even in her present condition, imperfectly organized as it may be, to justify her sons in feeling proud of her position among the nations, and confident in her future progress.

Some objection may be made to the title of my book—*Italy under Victor Emmanuel*—on the ground that, when the war broke out in 1859, only a small part of the Peninsula acknowledged the sway of that monarch. It should be remembered, however, that from the moment the Sardinian Sovereign placed himself at the head of the National movement, he became virtually King of the entire land. Subsequent elections merely gave the sanction of law to that which already existed as a supreme fact in the hearts of the vast majority.

Should these volumes be favourably received by the public, I shall indeed be rejoiced ; not for myself, but for the sake of the aid (however small) which they may bring to the cause of my country—a cause reckoning many friends in England, yet not without some honest adversaries, who may be convinced by facts.

B 6, ALBANY, PICCADILLY,
June, 1862.

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ERRATA.

Page 19, line 15,	<i>for</i> Toreca	<i>read</i> Ivrea.
" 19, "	27,	<i>for</i> at Lomellina <i>read</i> in Lomellina.
" 59, "	19,	<i>for</i> Giugano <i>read</i> Guggiono.
" 74, "	24,	<i>for</i> Settino <i>read</i> Settimo.
" 79, "	27,	<i>for</i> Greffi <i>read</i> Greppi.
" 79, "	28,	<i>for</i> Taverno <i>read</i> Taverna.
" 86, "	29,	<i>for</i> Benza <i>read</i> read Renza.
" 89, "	10,	<i>for</i> Greffi <i>read</i> Greppi.
" 101, "	7,	<i>for</i> Malesine <i>read</i> Malcesinc.
" 113, "	13,	<i>for</i> Sambrey <i>read</i> Sambuy.
" 138, "	18,	<i>for</i> Torricella <i>read</i> Tonicella.
" 152, "	30,	<i>for</i> Marchesc <i>read</i> Marchesa.
" 154, "	27,	<i>for</i> Adelaïda <i>read</i> Adclaïde.
" 178, "	13	of Chapter-head, <i>for</i> San Cavriana <i>read</i> San Cassiano.
" 181, "	10,	<i>for</i> Sana <i>read</i> Sacca.
" 235, "	26,	<i>for</i> Santa Luisa <i>read</i> Santa Lucia.
" 241, "	14, 18, 30,	<i>for</i> Crispi <i>read</i> Crespi.
" 244, "	6,	<i>for</i> Crispi <i>read</i> Crespi.
" 254, "	6,	<i>for</i> Bariolaïse <i>read</i> Bariola.
" 258, "	22,	<i>for</i> Porta <i>read</i> Posta.
" 273, "	11,	<i>for</i> General <i>read</i> Generals.
" 295, "	4,	<i>for</i> ravines <i>read</i> defiles.
" 311, "	30,	<i>for</i> Saint-Frona <i>read</i> St. Front.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE WAR.

Introductory Remarks—Does a Nation fight only for an Idea?—Garibaldi and Count Cavour on the French Alliance—Italian Volunteers—The Austrian Ultimatum—War begins—Paris on the 3rd of May, 1859—Letter of Count Cavour—My Journey from Paris to Culoz—Turin—A Company of Volunteers coming from Church—The Sardinian Army—Austrian Indecision—Genoa the Superb—Gyulai moves at last, but to retreat speedily—Napoleon III. at Alessandria—Map belonging to Napoleon I.—Cialdini and Garibaldi at Casale—A good Capture—Military Hospitals at Alessandria—A Nobleman turned into a Hospital Attendant—Battle of Montebello—Splendid strategic Movement—The whole of the Allied Army changes its Line of Battle—Importance of Railways in Military Operations—The Sardinian Army crosses the Sesia—Two glorious Encounters at Palestro—Victor Emmanuel Corporal of the 3rd Regiment of Zouaves—Colonel Chabron and an exiled Prince.

At the beginning of the year 1859, the misfortunes of Italy—if we except Piedmont—had so greatly increased, that less favoured nations wondered how humanity could endure such accumulated trials. The Peninsula had long been a victim to Teutonic de-

spotism, and was lacerated by petty tyrants, both native and alien, whose Governments, shielded under the wings of the two-headed eagle, appeared to be "a practical denial of God's justice upon earth." If the repeated attempts of the Italian patriots proved, on the one hand, that the determination to conquer the political unity of their country had not been abandoned, the results of those efforts showed, on the other, the strength of the opposing forces, and only succeeded in adding new names, although illustrious ones, to the list of its martyrs. It was therefore obvious that, without the powerful aid of a friendly nation, neither the example of Piedmont nor the exertions of the party of action could have insured the realization of Italian hopes.

Let theoretical politicians say what they will, the much-talked-of principle that a nation must conquer its independence without seeking foreign help has no warrant in the political history of modern Europe. Without the legions which accompanied William of Orange, England would perhaps never have attained her long-disputed liberty; nor would America, Greece, or Belgium have secured their independence without the co-operation of alien armies. This is an historical fact, which refutes with the most striking eloquence all the theories of those modern and ancient politicians who have chosen to assert, and thought to prove, the contrary.

Piedmontese diplomacy, therefore, was necessarily turned towards the realization of such an end, even at the cost of a national sacrifice. This is what was done by one of the greatest statesmen of modern

times—Count Cavour. His lofty mind had been long struck with the impossibility of his countrymen effecting by their unaided powers the triumph of their independence, without which no political unity is possible. Austria, although already hard tried by the dissolving elements of her incongruous empire—elements so jarring and self-repellent, that we may truly describe her as being, not a nationality, but an army—Austria, I say, was still powerful in the valley of the Po, of the Piave, and of the Adige. This power was not simply the result of her material strength: it sprang principally from the undue influence which, since the peace of 1815, she had been allowed to exercise, both morally and materially, upon the minor States of the Italian Peninsula. Catholic Rome having deserted the cause of the country since the 29th of April, 1848, on the plea that the sacredness of the ministry of a God of Peace did not allow the Pope to wage war against any member of the Christian family, the greatest enemy of Italy had thus in the chief of the Catholic Church a moral ally of the most formidable character.

To shake off the unbearable yoke of Austria was therefore for unaided Italy an enterprise of total impossibility: the useless attempts of 1821, 1831, and 1848, had taught all practical Italians enough to preclude any hope on the subject. Foreign and native politicians, no matter to what school they belonged, were impressed with this truth; and so, above all, was Count Cavour. He knew that the sympathy of the Liberal European Powers was on our side; he knew the generous wishes which England

had always expressed for the welfare of his country. But these sympathies would never have persuaded Austria—even the so-called “ Liberal ” Austria of to-day—to give up an inch of Italian ground.

The Italian statesman was therefore under the necessity of seeking for more practical help than sympathy. To prepare the way for so grand an enterprise, he joined the allied armies in the Crimea, in order that Sardinia might take her place as the representative of Italy at the Congress which followed the war. This result once secured, Count Cavour was certain of the effect his voice would produce throughout the Liberal nations of Europe, and especially in France. He was convinced that the man whom a strange destiny had raised from obscurity and exile to sovereign power was to be regarded as an instrument in the hands of Providence for helping to bring about a solution of that question of the nationalities upon which he had long thought the ultimate peace of Europe depended. He knew that Napoleon III. had not forgotten the impression of his early youth, when, as one of the leaders of the Central Italian movement of 1831, he shared the hard fate which Austria imposed upon his vanquished Italian friends. Relying upon the principle that a man is generally desirous to avenge the wrongs he sustained when he was siding with the feeble, Count Cavour boldly discussed the matter with the French Emperor, and a convention was agreed upon and signed at the famous meeting of Plombières. The interest which Louis Napoleon felt for Italy was of course made to accord with the interests of France; for sentimentalism and

self-sacrifice have never been the only inspirers of policy. It is easy to say that "a nation fights for an idea;" but, unhappily, this is never really the case.

In the question then discussed between the Emperor and the Sardinian Premier, the interest of France was manifest. To humiliate Austria on the one side, and, on the other, to enlarge the territory of France, and secure a powerful ally for the Emperor, in the event of a second Holy Alliance being formed at some future day, were in themselves sufficient inducements to the French monarch to lend his arms to the enfranchisement of Italy.

The help of France once secured, the activity of Count Cavour was turned towards summoning all the elements of Italian strength, organizing them, and making them ready for the day of action. The calling out of the vital forces of the nation would induce Austria to abandon her apparent apathy, tire out her patience, and oblige her to assume a threatening attitude towards Piedmont; in one word, would compel her to take the initiative. Were I to dwell at length upon all the details of this skilful plan—a task which the limited sphere of this work will not permit me to accomplish—it would be easy to prove that the scheme elaborated by Count Cavour was one of great boldness and grandeur. The justice of this eulogy, however, will hardly be disputed.

Although the war against Austria had been decided upon by the Emperor, intelligence reached Cavour about the end of March, 1859, that a change had occurred in the Imperial mind. On the 25th of that month, therefore, the Count went in all haste to

Paris to judge for himself how matters stood. He found the Emperor wavering, as if he were almost afraid of engaging in the war he had promised to undertake for the independence of Italy. Indeed, after his first interview, Cavour thought that Napoleon was desirous of withdrawing from his solemn engagement; and he made up his mind to carry out the plan of his country's redemption by rousing all the revolutionary elements of Italy, and trusting to the strength of his cause and the valour of his countrymen.

Baron Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, had got scent of the change in Louis Napoleon's mind, and he therefore desired Count Buol to adopt a tone of greater hostility, as he assured him that both the ruler of France and his Ministers had decided on abandoning Sardinia to her fate. The advice of Baron Hubner was so far accepted at Vienna that Austrian indolence soon gave place to decision. However, though the Austrian representative was well-informed at the beginning of this transaction, he was not so at its end. Italy had two powerful friends in Prince Napoleon and Count Persigny; and Cavour, having had a second conversation with the Emperor, succeeded in making him change his mind. It was then decided that the first pretext should be seized upon to declare war against Austria. Count Cavour returned to Turin completely victorious, while Baron Hubner still thought that his adversary had failed in his negotiations.

Towards the middle of April 1859, Garibaldi was suddenly summoned to Turin by Count Cavour. The

famous Italian leader was, as usual, in bad humour with the Prime Minister of the King. Distinguished by courage, disinterestedness, and public spirit,—bred to simple and daring occupations,—endowed with an unbounded frankness,—Garibaldi had no great liking for Cavour. He thought him too proud of his descent, and of his intellectual superiority. In the opinion of this honest and fearless republican, Count Cavour bore a lively resemblance to those noblemen of the *ancien régime* who looked down with disdain on the common people, and governed them accordingly. But the little sympathy he felt with Cavour did not prevent him from hastening to his summons. Garibaldi arrived at the palace of Piazza Castello at five o'clock in the morning. He was shown into the well-known red room, where he found himself in the presence of Victor Emmanuel, of his Prime Minister, and of Farini.

“Well, General,” said Cavour, “the long-expected day is near at hand: we want you. The patience of Count Buol is nearly exhausted, and we are only awaiting the moment when he will have lost it altogether.”

“I am always ready to serve my country,” replied Garibaldi, “and you know that I shall put all my heart into the work. Here, in the presence of our *Regalantuomo*, I must, however, be permitted to speak my mind openly. Am I to understand that you are going to summon all the forces of the country, and, declaring war against Austria, to attack her with the irresistible power of a national insurrection?”

“That is not precisely our plan,” answered Count

Cavour. "I have not an illimitable faith in the power of the insurrectionary element against the well-drilled legions of Austria. I think, moreover, our regular army too small to match the 200,000 men our enemy has massed on the frontier. We must therefore have the assistance of a powerful ally; and this is already secured. You will now," added the Count, "fully understand the meaning of the words addressed by the French Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador on the 1st of January."

"Although my principles are known both to you and to the King," Garibaldi is reported to have answered, "I feel that my first duty is that of offering my sword to my country. My war cry shall therefore be, 'Italian Unity, under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel!' Mind, however, what you are about, and do not forget that the aid of foreign armies must always be paid for dearly. As for the man who has promised to help us, I ardently wish he may redeem himself in the eyes of posterity by achieving the noble task of Italian liberation."

At this moment, the King, who always feels an unbounded regard for Garibaldi, took him by the hand, assured him that Louis Napoleon had always desired to see Italy free and happy, and added that he (the King) had consented to the marriage of his daughter to Prince Napoleon because he was certain of the Emperor's good intentions towards Italy.

I should here state that I do not pretend to give the very words which passed in this important conversation. I only relate what was afterwards reported to me by a gentleman on whom, both on account of

his position and his veracity, I can fully rely. But whatever might have been the words which were uttered by those three illustrious personages on the occasion referred to, the fact is, that Garibaldi, on leaving the Downing Street of Turin, had consented to accept the command of the Cacciatori delle Alpi—a corps of volunteers which had been organized by General Cialdini.

At the first rumour of war, Italian youths began to emigrate from the different States of the Peninsula by hundreds, and went to Piedmont. Committees were established in almost every town of Italy, with the exception, I am sorry to say, of the Southern Provinces. These committees were admirably organized by the National Society of Turin, through the untiring activity of the Marquis Giorgio Pallavicini, and of his clever but perhaps too ambitious secretary, La Farina. Agents were appointed in the towns subject to Austria and to her petty Dukes, Duchesses, and Legates, whose duty was that of furnishing the Italian volunteers with a scrap of paper. This was a sort of pass, on the delivery of which the young men were directed to meet at a certain place on a certain day, and at an appointed hour. By these secret means, bands of twenty or thirty youths were collected near the frontier. They were then placed under the charge of able guides, and by the snowy paths of the Modenese Apennines they reached Genoa and Turin, where they were draughted either into the regular army or into the volunteer battalions.

As the emigration increased every day, Garibaldi, at the end of April, when he assumed the command

of the Cacciatori delle Alpi, was at the head of three fine regiments of infantry, officered by Cosenz, Medici, and Arduino, of a company of Genoese sharpshooters, and of a small squadron of Guides, led by a wealthy gentleman of Milan, Signor Simonetta. Though slight in numerical strength, Garibaldi's division was in itself a valuable army. It was formed from the best elements of Lombardy, of Romagna, and of the minor Duchies. The Guides and the Genoese sharpshooters had to provide their equipments and their horses; and in their ranks were therefore to be found the youths of the most wealthy families of Genoa, Milan, and Bologna. When once in Lombardy, such a body of men, commanded by so illustrious and popular a General, would not fail to recruit its ranks, and become the nucleus of national insurrection.

Whilst these warlike preparations were going on in Piedmont, Austrian diplomacy imperiously summoned the Government of Sardinia to disband the free corps within the short period of three days. The summons was equivalent to a declaration of war: Austria had lost her temper, and was at last caught in the trap which Count Cavour had so ably prepared for her. Baron Kellersberg, the bearer of the Imperial despatch, was sent back to Milan at the expiration of the third day, and the Austrian General Gyulai was then ordered at once to put into execution the threatened invasion of Sardinia.

Austria having since the beginning of 1859 prepared herself for war, it was to be expected that her army would cross the frontier as soon as Baron Kel-

lersberg reached the head-quarters of General Gyulai at Milan. Austrian Generals, however, do not seem to be fully aware of the importance of time in warlike operations; and General Gyulai, although a Hungarian by birth, is none the less an Austrian in this respect. He lost two precious days in making his personal arrangements, and it was only on the 29th of May that two columns of the Austrian army crossed the Ticino at Gravellone. The first of these columns marched on Garlasco and Tramello; the second on Zinasco and San Nazaro. The die was cast: war had begun.

I arrived at Paris from London on the 3rd of May, on my way to Italy. It was one of those delicious spring mornings which are the joy of the Parisians. The *beau monde* was displaying itself in silks and satins of a vernal hue, and in equipages rivalling those which throng the splendid parks of London during the fashionable season. The Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, and the Rue de Rivoli were swarming with the usual out-door assemblages of the fashionable and the pleasure-seeking; and towards the barriers, and along the distant faubourgs, the poorer classes were enjoying the public promenades with that cheerful and merry countenance which exclusively belongs to the hard-trying, but always gay, *enfants de Paris*.

It was a memorable day, full of hopes which I shall never forget. Of course, everybody at Paris was expecting great events; for Gyulai's invasion of Piedmont was already known. Yet the great Sphinx of our times had not fully spoken his mind; and, knowing that the Austrian Minister was still in Paris, the

Parisians were rather puzzled whilst waiting the response of the Imperial oracle. For myself, I had received the following letter from Count Cavour, and I had also been told by a Sardinian diplomatist that Sardinia could rely upon the assistance of the French army:—

“DEAR COUNT ARRIVABENE,

“I have received the two articles of the *Daily News* you have kindly sent me, and I have no doubt they have produced a good effect, and that they must have convinced even our adversaries of the patience shown by Piedmont.

“Now that, in spite of everything, this war is approaching, I must beg you to do all that is in your power to persuade our friends in England of the necessity of hostilities; so that, if we cannot secure the material support of the great English nation, we should *at any price avoid its enmity.*

“I remain, &c.,

“C. CAVOUR.

“Turin, April 24th, 1859.”

I have quoted the letter which the great statesman did me the honour to address to me, in order to show the estimation in which he held the people of England. Count Cavour had always been among the greatest admirers of England and of her liberal institutions. So much did he value the sympathy of *this country that, knowing Lord Derby's Government to be far from friendly to Sardinia, he sent to London Massimo D'Azeglio and Commendatore Nigra, towards*

the end of April, in the hope of convincing the magnates of Downing Street that the threatening attitude of Austria had rendered peace impossible. How the envoy of Victor Emmanuel was received by the then Premier of England I will not say. The reader, however, will have nothing to wonder at when I remind him that, a fortnight after D'Azeglio's mission, a Minister of the British Government attempted to mystify his country by speaking of the struggle then proceeding in the plains of Northern Italy as "the war now raging in Italy, *for some purpose which no one can understand.*" Happily for my country, the division of the 10th of June showed that England was not satisfied with the Derby policy.

At two o'clock on the famous 3rd of May, I was strolling about the Rue de Rivoli, when the crowd in the street suddenly broke out into a cry of "Vive l'Empereur! War is declared!" I hastened to the corner of the Rue Castiglione, when I saw the memorable proclamation in which Napoleon III. told his people that "Austria, in causing her army to enter the territory of the King of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers."

Stock Exchange jobbers, comfortable merchants, well-to-do men of the world, and others who think more of their individual interests than of the claims of humanity, may argue till they are tired; but they will never succeed in persuading intelligent persons that the Italian war was not so popular in France as the Crimean war had been. For myself, I was fully con-

vinced that the French nation was heart and soul with us; for France had not forgotten that, in making our quarrel her own, she had a good chance of forcing Austria to pay dearly for her insolence in 1814 and 1815.

When I left Paris, the regular trains had been stopped, and there was only one train a day which could take travellers direct to Turin. Even this might be stopped by the military authorities, as happened to the one by which I travelled. My companions and I were obliged to wait a long and anxious day at Culoz. It is impossible to form a correct idea of the activity which prevailed at that time on the road from Paris to Lyons, and on that which I was anxious to take on leaving Culoz. Soldiers of all arms, officers of every rank, were there pell-mell, in the road-side inns, or in the fields, which were then covered with spring flowers; talking loudly, drinking freely, full of martial spirit, and as anxious to encounter the Austrians as a young girl of seventeen to meet her beloved. I knew too well the weakness of our allies for *la gloire*, to be surprised at the enthusiasm of the French troops. Here, a *bataillon de chasseurs* was crossing the tiny lanes of the mountain village in which I was obliged to stop, roaring "*Vive l'Italie! Mort aux Autrichiens!*" There, a regiment of the Line echoed the shouts with all the power of the human lungs.

I was beginning to fear that I should be obliged to spend many days in the dirty town of Culoz, when, happily enough, a Sardinian messenger whom I knew picked me up, and took me safely to Susa. From Saint

Jean de Maurienne to old Susa, the scenery is very fine all along the mountain defiles ; and on the present occasion it was made still more grand and varied by the busy passage of the French army. At last I arrived at Turin ; at tidy and clean Turin, walled about by the Alps. The situation of the Sardinian capital is very striking. On the south, the west, and the north, as far as the eye can reach, snowy peaks pierce the sky, with bold Monte Rosa looking down upon them. Then, on the east, the sight ranges over the nearer line of picturesque hills, sparkling with elegant villas, and dotted here and there with pretty hamlets ; and above all rises the splendid Superga, the resting-place of the worn-out exile who died at Oporto, the unfortunate Charles Albert.

The capital of the future kingdom of Italy resounded in all parts with the clanging of arms. The arsenal rang all day with the din of hammers ; and crowds gathered to see the war-trains, drawn by three or four locomotives, sweeping on to the east, or the commissariat carriages assembled under the windows of the barracks. I shall never forget a scene which touched me exceedingly as I was crossing the Piazza San Carlo. It was Sunday. A company of Lombard volunteers was coming from church—a company of boys and grey-headed men, banded together for the defence of their country. As the patriotic troop was passing, the crowd dashed along through the piazza, shouting with joy ; the ladies at the windows threw sweet bunches of May flowers upon them ; and the air was filled with a glad, yet solemn tumult. Above those sounds of rejoicing, one name seemed to be borne

aloft in a manner which showed that the happy people of Turin knew well to whom they were indebted for their rising fortunes. Above the sublime monotone of the popular acclamations, I could distinctly hear the words—"Long live Cavour! long live Cavour!"

On the 2nd of May, Victor Emmanuel addressed a proclamation to the Italians, in which he called the nation to arms. The Sardinian regular army contained five excellent infantry divisions, of about 13,000 men. Each division had two battalions of Bersaglieri, a regiment of cavalry, three batteries of artillery of six guns, and a company of sappers. There was a division of cavalry under General Saribuy, numbering sixteen squadrons, to which two batteries of horse artillery were attached. The numerical strength of this division was 2200 horse, and twelve pieces of artillery.

The five infantry divisions were under the orders of Generals Durando, Fanti, Mollard, Cialdini, and Cucchiari. The King was Commander-in-Chief, with General Morozzo della Rocca as Chief of the Staff, and General La Marmora Commander *ad latus*.

At the opening of the campaign, the Sardinian army had been echeloned on the line which runs from Casale to Alessandria, and from that fortress to Tortona and Novi. The division of cavalry on the left bank of the Po slowly retired from the Ticino towards the Sesia; while that commanded by Cialdini occupied the line of the Dora-Baltea, which had been fortified by the Commander of the Royal Engineers, General Menabrea. As I have said before, General

Gyulai's first step was to invade Piedmont, both on the right and the left bank of the Po. He had caused two of his *corps d'armée* to cross the Ticino, and occupy the Novarese and Lomellina provinces, pushing at the same time across the Sesia, and occupying the town of Vercelli. Another Austrian *corps d'armée* had simultaneously crossed the Po, and invaded the greater part of the province of Voghera. The third and fourth corps of the French army had in the meanwhile hastened to the field of battle from the slopes of Mont Cenis and Mont Genèvre, marching thus on Turin through the valley of the Dora-Riparia. The first and second French corps, together with the Imperial Guard and the *materiel* of the army, which had sailed from Toulon to Genoa, had crossed the Apennines (either at the pass of Bochetta, or through the tunnel of the Ligurian railway), and had occupied the valley of the Scrivia. This army, which was destined to cross the Lombard plains, together with its brave Italian companions in arms, and to realise the Roman phrase of old—*Veni, vidi, vici*—was formed of the Imperial Guard, commanded by General Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, and of five *corps d'armée*, under the orders of M'Mahon, Canrobert, Niel, and Prince Napoleon.

On the 12th of May, the French Emperor made his entry into Genoa, the superb Queen of the Ligurian sea. At dawn of that day, the Genoese people were busily engaged in erecting triumphal arches, and in adorning the balconies of their white marble palaces with velvet draperies and fresh flowers. The women were in a delirium of joyful expectation, and one

might have said that their only occupation consisted in interweaving the laurel leaf with the spotless camellia of their gardens. When I go back in thought to the evening of that day, and think of the magnificent city of Genoa—unquestionably one of the most beautiful towns of the South, and perhaps superior to all others, excepting Naples and Constantinople—I experience once more the ideal luxury I then enjoyed in the ancient seat of stately Doges and triumphant warriors. The weather, too, was in harmony with the occasion. Shakspeare might have derived the inspiration of that famous line—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

from the lustre of the white Italian orb which shone that night upon the gardens of the Doria Palace, and the numberless arched *loggie* of the marble buildings of the Contrada Balbi. The picturesque hills which skirt both sides of the valley of Bisagno, with their elegant villas, were in a blaze of light, from the point of Rebizzo's Casino—the most hospitable of all—to the far-famed Villetta di Negro; and nothing was wanted to complete the beauty of the scene.

But let us leave Genoa and her handsome women; let us forget the classical and poetical *pezzotto* which adorns the ebon hair of those daughters of Liguria; and, following in thought the track of the Imperial Guard, let us stay at Arquata, where Marshal Baraguay d' Hilliers had taken up his head-quarters. A fine ruined castle surmounts the hill—a mediæval edifice, whose decayed hall still bears the marks of Durazzo's

terrible revenge. The road continues increasing in beauty; the groves of pale-green olive trees are spotted with the darker hue of the solitary cypress, and interwoven by the undulating festoons of the vines. Let the reader fill the whole of that splendid scenery with tents and flags, with Zouaves and Chasseurs—let him animate it with the busy camp life of a French army—and he will still have but a faint idea of the beauty of the far-famed spot which lies in the valley of the Scrivia, and a still fainter of the grandeur of its aspect on that day.

As early as the 5th of March, General Gyulai concentrated numerous troops at Vercelli, on the right bank of the Sesia, thus threatening the line of the Dora-Baltea and the town of Torca. On their extreme right, the Austrians had also occupied Trino and Gattinara; and these movements seemed to indicate that they intended to get possession of Turin by a *coup de main*. If this movement had been persisted in, General Niel would have occupied San Salvatore and Valenza, whilst General de Sonnaz, one of the oldest and ablest officers of the Sardinian army, would have bravely disputed the ground, covering the capital with the small force he had at his disposal. Soon afterwards, however, the Austrians began to retreat towards their position at Lomellina. This hasty retrogression had become a necessity for Gyulai. The allied armies were rapidly concentrating themselves on those points where it was to be presumed the Austrians, marching in the direction of Voghera, would make their most strenuous exertions. If the Austrian General-in-Chief had turned his main force on that

tract of country which lies between Casale and Alessandria, he would have knocked his head against several fortresses, to say nothing of Marshal Canrobert's corps, and part of Niel's, which he would have met in his way. To persist in his threatening movement against Turin would have been also a great strategic blunder, because he would, in all probability, have been outflanked on his left wing, and his communication with the main body of the invading army would have been at once intercepted. The chief blunder of the Austrian General had already been committed. Had he boldly marched, at the beginning, either on Turin or on Alessandria, and taken possession of the railway to Genoa, he could have beaten both the French, coming from the defiles of Novi, and the Sardinians, severed as the latter were from the main body of the allied forces. His waste of time in useless and feeble demonstrations towards Valenza, Frassinetto, and Cambio, made the allies aware of his indecision, and from that moment the campaign was lost.

The Imperial head-quarters were at that time established at Alessandria, the most remarkable monument of the great Lombard League. On the confines of the Marquisate of Monferrat and the Pavezano, between the Tanaro and the Bormida, and near their junction, stands this famous place. It was within its walls that, in the year 1174, the citizens of the Lombard towns, together with the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, stood their ground against the army of the German Emperor, who was compelled to make a disgraceful retreat from before the newly-erected walls. I chanced to pass through Alessandria,

so full of glorious reflections for a Buonaparte, on the day on which Louis Napoleon made his entry. Triumphant arches had been thrown across the streets. At the gate of Porta Marengo, which leads to the famous field of battle made illustrious by the First Consul, an arch of elegant construction had been erected, adorned with flowers and flags, while on the frieze was conspicuously emblazoned in tri-coloured letters the motto—"To the descendant of the conqueror of Marengo!" Victor Emmanuel, riding on a fine bay charger, had gone to meet the Emperor, and had taken him to the Royal Palace, splendidly decorated for the occasion. The martial bearing of the King—his bold and firm aspect—gave evidence of the noble race of warriors from which he springs. The gay and busy appearance of Alessandria at that time contrasted singularly with the stern severity of its old palaces and half-decayed mediæval churches. Groups of Zouaves, and bands of Hussars and Lancers, mingled with the lovely women and girls of the city, singing and embracing each other with that effusion of joy which was one of the prominent features of those days. Ladies of rank walked arm-in-arm with the young officers of the Imperial Guard; and priests and soldiers talked together, ate together, drank together, and sang together, under the glowing impulse of the nation's re-awakened life.

On arriving at the Royal Palace, the Emperor was greatly moved at finding on his table the very map on which the First Napoleon had traced the movements of his army before the battle of Marengo. On that memorable day, the head-quarters of the Consul were

established at Torre del Garofalo, a sort of country-house which belonged then, and belongs still, to the Marquis del Garofalo. In the joy of victory, the map was forgotten, and it became a treasure of the family. Now, however, that gratitude to the Napoleonic family was in every Italian heart, the treasure was naturally offered to the descendant of the great captain.

When, on that May night, the public rejoicings were over — when the torches and the numberless coloured lights of the illuminations were nearly extinguished — my thoughts turned towards those unfortunate ones who were already lying on beds of suffering for the sake of their country.

Some days before the excursion which I made to Alessandria, I went to pay a visit to a Sardinian friend who belonged to Cialdini's division, and who had been wounded in a skirmish on the 8th of May, near Casale. At that time, the division of Cialdini, and the Cacciatori delle Alpi, under the command of Garibaldi, were operating together on the left bank of the Po, beating now and then the Austrians when they dared to attack the Piedmontese lines. On the 7th of May, I arrived in time to follow Cialdini, *en amateur*, on a rather dangerous errand. The General had been instructed to make a sortie from Casale, and bring back some news from the Austrian lines. At dawn we started, but for three miles the enemy was nowhere to be seen. As we moved slowly on, a number of horsemen rose suddenly above some elevated ground on the left, which ran towards the river we had crossed. One of these men appeared to

be an officer of the Austrian Staff. The others were Kaiser Hulans. After a while, two of them retired, flourishing their lances, and pointing out with them some of Garibaldi's men, who, under the command of Captain Decristoforis, were advancing on their left. The officer maintained his position, and was soon the cynosure of all eyes. He was about half a mile from us, and through a good telescope we could watch every one of his movements. He rode slowly along the bank of a narrow stream, looking with great calmness at the movements of the Cacciatori delle Alpi. The Austrian officer wore a dark green tunic, with golden stars on its collar, a cocked hat, surmounted with feathers of the same colour, and a pair of grey trousers. As Cialdini and Garibaldi were advancing with the main body of their men, the two Hulans came back with some others, and spoke to the officer, who speedily left the spot. At the same time, we could see on our right a dense cloud of dust, and hear distinctly the report of rifles continued without interruption. We hastened our march, and in half an hour the Piedmontese column met an Austrian convoy of sixty-four oxen and two hundred cows, all of which had been taken by the Austrians from various farms of the Lomellina. The booty was carried triumphantly into Casale, amidst the acclamations of the people.

On the following day, Cialdini was informed by his spies that at daybreak General Gyulai intended to make a reconnoissance in person on Casale. Cialdini sent word to Garibaldi to be on his guard; and the fact proved that the report was fully correct. At three

o'clock in the morning, the Cacciatori delle Alpi met the Austrian advanced guard, 1000 strong. The courageous volunteers, led by Captain Decristoforis, fired their rifles, and boldly rushed on the Austrians with the bayonet. The Croats could not resist, nor, indeed, did they attempt to do so. They turned at once, followed by Captain Decristoforis (who much distinguished himself), and speedily took to their heels.

My friend was badly wounded in the fray, and was taken to the hospital of Alessandria. On entering the ward which he occupied, I found him assisted by two men, one of whom seemed to belong to the highest class of society.

"How are you, my Giovanni?" I asked, whilst he was offering me his pale, thin hand.

"Not very well, as you see," he answered; "but I hope I shall soon recover, and be able to join my Cacciatori and my excellent Garibaldi. Through the charitable exertions of that generous man," added Giovanni, in a faint voice, pointing out the shortest of the two attendants, "I am well cared for, and only need patience."

He then introduced me to Count Casati, a Senator of the kingdom, who had been the President of the Provisional Government of Lombardy in 1848. At the beginning of the war, the Count, who had already lost two sons in the service of his country, volunteered to organize a society of gentlemen who were to fulfil the duties of assistants in the military hospitals. The offer being accepted by the Sardinian Government, the Senator and wealthy nobleman, and many

of his friends, became humble attendants on the wounded.

I was so moved by this simple and eloquent scene that on leaving the hospital tears came into my eyes. The reader will, I hope, agree with me, that a country which can boast such men—and there are many in Italy like Count Casati—may confidently hope for a great, happy, and glorious future.

The Sardinian army, whose head-quarters were still at Occimiano, was covering the passage of the Po at Casale, and that of the Sesia at Vercelli, the latter town having by that time been evacuated by the Austrians, after many depredations. The French were also allowed by the enemy to occupy unmolested the long line of the Po parallel to that on which the Austrians had concentrated their forces after their retreat. Where the French intended to cross the river, General Gyulai was of course unable to guess.

By referring to the map, it will be seen that the Franco-Sardinian army was thus drawn up in a large crescent, which extended itself from Vercelli to Voghera, without interruption. The first and second French *corps d'armée* occupied the extreme point of this crescent, having before them the Austrian fifth corps, advancing from Casteggio, on the high road which leads to Voghera. It was therefore evident that a serious engagement between the two armies could not be long delayed.

The battle began at half-past one o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th of May, at Genestrello. On the part of the Austrians, Braum's brigade occupied the railway, and two battalions of Schaafgottsche held the

post road, with the sharpshooters on the hills beside it. Gall was at Robecco, Bils at Casatisma, Prince von Hess at Branduzzo, and Boer at Barbaniello. The first position attacked by the Austrians was that of Cascina Nuova, which the French Colonel Cambriels gallantly defended for two hours with his single battalion of the 74th. In the meanwhile, General Forey, having come into action, drove the enemy out of Genestrello, at the same time compelling the Austrians, who had attacked Cascina Nuova, to retire. Beaten out of these positions, the Austrians took up a fresh one at Montebello, on the same ground as that on which Lannes had routed them in 1800. General Forey, commander of the first division of Baraguay d'Hillier's *corps d'armée*, and the Sardinian Colonel Maurice de Sonnaz, were the heroes of the day. In a few hours, the allied armies, with a force of 5,905 infantry, and six squadrons of Sardinian cavalry, routed the 20,000 Austrians who, under the command of Field-Marshal Stadion, had been directed from Casatisma, Robecco, Barbaniello, and Branduzzo, on Genestrello, Montebello, and Oriolo.

The action of Montebello still further convinced Gyulai (as is proved by his report to the Austrian Emperor) that the Franco-Sardinian army had been massed between Alessandria and Voghera with the view of forcing its way towards Pavia, and menacing Piacenza. The Austrian General was completely outmanœuvred. In order to make him persist in his error, General M'Mahon, whose head-quarters were at Voghera, was directed to make it appear that he intended to throw a bridge across the Po near the village of

Cervesina. At the same time, the whole of the French army received an order to prepare to change its front. This strategic movement—one of the most skilful recorded by military historians—was commenced on the morning of the 28th of May. The strictest secrecy was preserved, and there were but few of the French Staff officers who knew the real intentions of the Emperor. The last and most important orders, however, were only despatched during the night of the 29th, and the greatest care was taken at the Imperial headquarters that no suspicion of the contemplated design should reach the Austrian General-in-Chief. In less than three days, this remarkable movement was made, with astounding order and precision, almost under the very eyes of the enemy.

The Sardinians had also received orders to follow the movement of the principal army, and to mask it by occupying a prominent position opposite the village of Palestro. The whole of the allied army's line of battle was thus changed, turning on its left wing from the right bank of the Po to the left, and on a line parallel to the Sesia. This powerful army of about 200,000 men extended its undulating lines like an immense serpent, which had its head at Cameriano, its tail at Casale, and its centre at Palestro, on the other side of the Sesia. Such a movement could not have been so secretly and speedily carried into execution without the aid of those railways which Count Cavour had caused to be constructed, in the hope that they would one day greatly facilitate the independence of his country. The change of front of the allied armies proved once more the great utility of

railways which run parallel to a base of military operations. In three days, the whole of the French army, and a great part of the Sardinian, were by these means enabled to leave their former positions of Alessandria, Voghera, Tortona, Novi, Occimiano, and Vercelli, to cross the Po at Casale and the Sesia, at Borgovercelli and other places, and to extend themselves in a line parallel with the Sesia, forcing the enemy to retreat on the left bank of that river.

The Sesia, however, is not a river which can cover an army. Scarcely had the Sardinians taken possession of its banks, when it was crossed by them, and the Austrians were defeated once more at Palestro on the 30th and 31st of May. I have already stated that Victor Emmanuel had been directed by the French Emperor, Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies, to force the pass of the Sesia, and dislodge, if possible, the Austrians from their position at Palestro. On the evening of the 29th, the head-quarters of the King were consequently removed from Occimiano to Vercelli. Orders were despatched during the night; and early on the morning of the 30th the Sesia was crossed by General Cialdini. The advanced Sardinian Guard was composed of the 10th regiment of the Line, commanded by Colonel Brignone, one battalion of Bersaglieri and Piemonte Reale Lancers, and two field batteries. The King, followed by the whole of his army, crossed the same river on a bridge of boats erected at a place near Pozzana, almost opposite to Castelnovello. One column marched boldly on the position of Vinzaglio, which, besides being on elevated ground, was strongly fortified by the enemy. The

shock was terrible. A whole Austrian brigade was posted there, with ten field guns and two howitzers, to wait the assailants. General Cialdini's column was the first to reach the scene of action. It was received with a shower of bullets, which carried death through its lines. The Italian General, however, did not hesitate an instant; and, as soon as his men got within twenty paces of the entrenched camp of the enemy, they rushed boldly towards it, and carried the position at the point of the bayonet. The Austrians stood their ground well, as they were supported by reserves which were pouring from the road leading to Vinzaglio and Casalino. The fight assumed the most deadly character, and Cialdini would perhaps have been obliged to retreat, had not a second brigade been despatched to support him. Two battalions of the new-comers were ordered to follow Cialdini's men; and in less than an hour the enemy were completely routed, and obliged to retreat towards Novara. The rush of the Piedmontese soldiers was so sudden, that the Austrians were obliged to leave in their possession three hundred muskets, besides a considerable number of prisoners and wounded.

Whilst the victory was thus secured on the Sardinian extreme left, the enemy, posted at Casalino, was attacked by a third brigade, and, after an hour's hard fighting, was also obliged to retire in disorder. By this time, the main body of the Piedmontese army, which had crossed the Sesia on three bridges of boats, at Prarolo, Candia, and Lanzasco, had divided into two columns, and begun the attack at Palestro.

This small village, which slopes down towards the river, had been strongly fortified by the Austrian General Zobel. It was held by a Bohemian division, and two battalions of Tyrolese sharpshooters, with twenty field guns and four howitzers. As the ground was still muddy from the heavy rains of the previous night, it was a matter of extreme difficulty to take the position by assault. Nevertheless, after two hours and a half of deadly fighting, the village was carried at the point of the bayonet, and the enemy was completely routed. Two guns, two hundred muskets, and a great many prisoners and wounded, were taken by the Sardinians during this brilliant action, in which Major Chiabrera, whose battalion bore the brunt of the onset, behaved admirably. As soon as the victory was won, and the Austrians were in full retreat on Robbio and Mortara, Victor Emmanuel addressed the following proclamation to his gallant army :—

“ Chief Head-quarters at Torrione, May 30, 1859.

“ Soldiers!—Our first battle has been our first victory. Your heroic courage, the admirable order of your ranks, and the valour and sagacity of your chiefs, have this day triumphed at Palestro, Vinzaglio, and Casalino. The enemy, repeatedly attacked, has, after an obstinate defence, left his strong positions in your hands. This campaign could not commence under more favourable auspices. The triumph of this day is a sure pledge that you have other victories in reserve for the glory of your King and the fame of the brave Piedmontese army. Soldiers! The coun-

try exultingly expresses its gratitude to you through me, and already points out to history the names of its heroic sons, who for the second time have bravely fought for it on the memorable 30th of May.

“VICTOR EMMANUEL.”

Next day, General Zobel came to the rescue, with the brigades of Weigl, Dondorf, and Szabo (having left that of Kudelka in reserve), and did his best to retake Palestro; but he was again thoroughly beaten. It was in this second action that Cialdini's division, led by Victor Emmanuel himself, performed prodigies of valour. The 3rd regiment of Zouaves, under the command of Colonel Chabron, was attached to this Sardinian division, and had a great share in the victory of the 31st of May; for the Zouaves captured part of the enemy's artillery, jumping over the muzzles of the guns. At one time, the King of Sardinia himself took the lead of the attacking columns, and threw himself into the very thick of the action. Several of the officers of his Staff were wounded, and General La Marmora, who was galloping at his Majesty's side, had his horse shot under him. The heroism of Victor Emmanuel on that day was so great that the 3rd regiment of Zouaves came to the unanimous determination to elect him their corporal—an honour similar to that which, after the battle of Montenotte, had been bestowed upon General Buonaparte by the 73rd demi-brigade of the Republican army.

I hope I have now succeeded in giving a clear account of the first operations of the allied forces in

the provinces of Voghera and Lomellina, of which the action of Montebello was the first important episode, and that of Palestro the last, preparatory to the great battle which was fought on the 4th of June at Magenta, upon Lombard ground.

The day after the action of Palestro—in which more than 500 Austrians were killed or drowned in the Brida, and about 1000 taken prisoners—a sub-lieutenant of the Nizza cavalry regiment presented himself to the French Colonel Chabron, having been directed to escort the Austrian prisoners to Vercelli. The young officer was tall and slight, of fair complexion, and of elegant bearing. He addressed the Colonel with so pure a French accent, that the superior officer could not help saying, “Surely your pronunciation is too good for you to be a Savoyard. To what country do you belong?” “I am a Frenchman,” answered the cavalry officer; “I am de Chartres.” “You come from Chartres? How does it happen, then, that you are in the Sardinian service?” asked the Colonel. The young man rejoined, “I do not *come* from Chartres, but my *name* is de Chartres. I am the second son of the Duke of Orleans.”

Before Colonel Chabron could say anything in reply, the young Prince, whose father he had loved and admired in Africa, had galloped away to join his men.

CHAPTER II.

GARIBALDI'S FIRST VICTORIES IN LOMBARDY.

Biella—Pietro Micca—A Visit of a Hero to another Hero's Birthplace—A Sindaco in great Confusion—Garibaldi's Staff—Carrano and Ulloa—Garibaldi at the King's Head-quarters—Garibaldi advances—Bivouac at Verrua—An Austrian Spy—His tragic End—A backward Movement—Arona—An intelligent Officer—Garibaldi at last on Lombard Soil—A Digression on Volunteer Corps—Storm in the Mountains—Reception at Varese—The Austrians are beaten—A modern Gracchi Family—General Urban—Striking Difference between two Military Leaders—Garibaldi's March on Como—A Lombard Amazon—Urban's second Defeat—An interesting Telegram—Rejoicings of the Comaschi—The Fort of Laveno—General Urban marches again on Varese—Garibaldi seems to have no Escape—Villa Medici—Melegnano—Wonderful March through the Mountains—The Cacciatori delle Alpi are saved—Garibaldi's Strategy—Secret of Garibaldi's Victories.

THE day after the interview between Cavour and Garibaldi which I have described in the first chapter, the latter left Turin for Biella, to assume the command of the Cacciatori delle Alpi. This mountain town, which lies on the river Cerva, an affluent of the Sesia, has always been proud of being the birthplace of Pietro Micca, though the gallant Piedmontese corporal was really born at Andorno Cacciorna, a hamlet a few miles from the town itself. In the year 1706, a

powerful French army was besieging Turin. A breach had been opened in the western bastion of the town; and the assault was imminent. The engineer officers of the good Duke Amadeo had decided upon laying a mine under the opened wall of the bastion, and firing it when the columns of the enemy should come up to storm the place. The mine was laid, and was already filled up with thousands of pounds of gunpowder; nothing was wanting but the application of the match. This operation, however, requires time, and an officer of the Staff had just brought news that the French columns were marching fast to the assault. In a few minutes they would surely enter the breach. Great was the confusion amongst the working parties, and nobody knew what to do. Suddenly, a young corporal of the pioneers stepped forward, and addressing his officer, said, "Retire quickly with my comrades; recommend my family to the Duke, and pray to God for me." The officer had scarcely left with his men when Micca heard the sound of the advancing enemy over his head; then an enormous shout which rent the air. It was the column of French Grenadiers, who, having removed all obstacles in their way, were ascending the breach. Micca seized his lantern, pulled out the candle, and with it set fire to the powder. A terrible explosion was heard, a dense column of smoke ascended to the sky, and 1200 French soldiers were either blown up or buried under the heap of stones from the demolished wall.

Garibaldi being at Biella, could not resist paying a visit to the house of the Piedmontese hero, which is naturally preserved with all the devotion due to a

national shrine. Followed by a brilliant Staff, he took the road to Andorno, where he arrived unexpectedly. The Sindaco of the village—a hatter by trade—put on his best coat as fast as he could, and hurried to meet the General.

The cottage where Pietro Micca was born is still in the possession of his descendants—humble people, who have scarcely a notion of the heroic deed performed by their ancestor. The Pietro Micca of our days—for the Christian name is regularly borne by the males of the family—is a poor, innocent fellow, who is bewildered whenever he sees any large number of visitors enter his house. However, he bows, and repeats, in his almost unintelligible dialect, “Thanks, thanks!” A sweet little girl, fresh and quick as the women of those mountain districts generally are—a child not distinguished for positive beauty, but certainly pretty—is the one intelligent being of the family. She understood in a moment who were the visitors, and why they had come. With a swift step she ran up to the well-known room, adorned its windows with flowers from the garden, and, when all was tidy and gay, came down, and asked the visitors to go up.

The Sindaco, having got over the confusion into which Garibaldi's sudden appearance in the village had plunged him, tried to show that he felt the gravity of his office to the full. This was chiefly done by polishing his hat with the palm of his hand—a habit derived from his trade—and by stammering out over and over again the words, “Here is one hero visiting another:” a phrase rather to be objected to

for its want of strict logic, considering that it was fully one hundred and fifty-three years since Pietro Micca so gloriously ended his days.

Garibaldi's first occupation on arriving at Biella was the organization of his Staff. It was chiefly composed of men who had shared his daring exploits in South America—his faithful and gallant friends of San José of the North, and of the Salto Saint Antonio. There was rough, but good-hearted Baggi; and there were Sacchi and Marochelli, never behind when there is a danger to meet: all men of undoubted courage, and of an unbounded devotion to their illustrious leader. Mantovani, Merryweather, Bovi, and Cenni were also there: these were officers who, like Guastalla, Chiassi, Bronzetti, and Boldrini, had fought under the orders of Garibaldi at Rome in 1849—the noble remnant of Manara's and Medici's legions; and with them were the Marquis Trecchi and others, who had seen service in the Piedmontese army before and during the campaign of 1848. The most distinguished of these last was Clemente Corte, a man of high attainments, and a first-rate artillery officer.

General Corte is a native of Piedmont. He received his education at the Military Academy of Turin, and subsequently distinguished himself as a captain of the Sardinian Artillery in the campaigns of 1848-9. Medici, Cosenz, and Arduino, as I have said before, were appointed to command the three regiments of Cacciatori delle Alpi. The first had seen service in Spain with Cialdini, and had afterwards joined Garibaldi at Montevideo, where he gained the reputation of an excellent officer—a reputation which

he still further increased at Rome in 1849. Cosenz was foremost in the defence of Venice in 1848-9, and proved himself to be a first-rate Staff officer. In 1848, Arduino was in command of one of the Lombard regiments, but, at a later period, left the service, and retired to Genoa, his native city.

Garibaldi's Staff having been formed, Colonel Carrano was chosen as its chief. Carrano is a Neapolitan, who, together with Ulloa, did not hesitate, though in the service of Ferdinand II., to sacrifice personal interest to love of country when the King, in 1848, recalled the *corps d'armée* which was to have joined a part of the Sardinian forces in Venetia. Both he and Ulloa followed old General Pepe—the veteran of the Italian exiles—and gained great military reputation during the memorable defence of Venice.

How different is the fate of different men in political convulsions! Carrano is honoured and loved by his countrymen; while his former comrade, Ulloa, is condemned and shunned by all Liberals. The first, however, is faithful to his principles and his country; the second, if he has not altogether betrayed them, sympathizes with the Neapolitan Bourbons, whom he is now willing to serve. The judgment of a nation is generally just: hence the honours bestowed upon the first, and the scorn which rests upon the second.

On the 6th of May, Garibaldi left Biella with his small army to join Cialdini at Casale, where he took a prominent part in the action of the 8th, which I mentioned in the first chapter. It was on the evening of the 6th that the Cacciatori delle Alpi received orders to leave Casale, and, following the road to

Pontestura, Bruschi, and Chivasso, to take up a position on the left bank of the Po. If I mistake not, it was on the morning of the next day that Garibaldi, having been summoned to the head-quarters of the King at San Salvatore, received an autograph rescript, by which he was authorized to enlist volunteers and to impose contributions of war. The right to do this, Victor Emmanuel derived from a decree of the Chambers, which, on the declaration of war, had proclaimed him Dictator. Having handed over the rescript to Garibaldi, the King began to explain to him the plan of operations which he conceived the famous leader should carry out in Lombardy. After a great deal of talking over maps, and much discussion of strategical combinations, Garibaldi begged to be allowed to observe that he would not undertake to carry out any preconcerted plans, and that he wished to be left to his own daring inspirations. Freedom to deal with circumstances as they arise, to turn to account all the shifting incidents of a campaign, is the very atmosphere of military genius—and especially of such genius as Garibaldi's. Victor Emmanuel saw at once that it was hopeless to keep such a bird in the cage of settled rules; and, at once abandoning the attempt, said, "Go where you like, do what you like! I feel only one regret—that I am not able to follow you."

The reader will perhaps ask himself why Victor Emmanuel should have desired to follow Garibaldi. I beg him to remember the Crimean war, and to bear in mind the *penchant* which the *Grande Nation* has for exclusively monopolizing military victories;

and he will then find the proper answer to the question.

In five hours, Garibaldi was at the head of his daring volunteers. It is not my intention to give a diffuse description of this famous leader's wonderful campaign in Upper Lombardy; for the plan of my work is too limited to do so. I shall try, however, so far to follow him in his glorious exploits as to place the reader in possession of a short but clear sketch of his military operations in 1859.

On the evening of May 9th, the Cacciatori delle Alpi arrived at Verrua. The Austrians were not more than three miles off; but the night was dark. Garibaldi made his preparations for the next day; took his precautions to avoid surprise; inspected his outposts; gave the pass-word to his Guides; and then retired to rest. Carissimi, an excellent soldier, though full of fun, was in command of a party of the Guides on patrol; and Missori—kind, sympathetic, heroic Missori—was entrusted with the guard of the camp. All, therefore, was as safe as it could be; so the bivouac fires are lighted with a feeling of confidence, and pipes are smoked by their side, the glare of the flame shining upon the soldiers' faces, red and glowing, as they cower over it for warmth. The probable movements of the next day are discussed with all the warmth of Italian conversation; and lively gesticulations are not wanting. At length, the fatigue of the long and tiresome day's march gets the better of officers and men; loud talking gradually falls into broken whispers, and then even these die away altogether. Heads drop upon leathern knapsacks. The camp, alert,

busy, and noisy half an hour ago, is buried in silence and repose. The solemn stillness of the night is only now and then broken by the monotonous voice of the sentries, by turn calling out to each other to be on the watch; or by some dog in the distant farm, howling at the approach of the patrols.

But there are some others who do not sleep. That villa, the windows of which shine with flashes of light, is the house where Garibaldi has established his headquarters. Two superior officers are seated round a table, examining with great attention some papers, whilst a tall young man, of fair complexion, dressed in plain clothes, is holding in his hand a worn-out "wide-awake." The face of this man, standing between four Guides, betrays no emotion. It is a northern face. The fair whiskers, the light blue eyes, the pale cheeks, show the race to which he belongs. A Garibaldian sergeant had caught the prisoner in a by-road. He had stopped him, and at the first few words had made out that he could be no other than an Austrian soldier in disguise. Lombards are sharp enough for such work; and, besides, the sergeant had, in his early years, been brought up at Vienna, and knew how to recognise a German, even if he were in the valley of Jehoshaphat. The reading of the papers found in the prisoner's pockets, moreover, left no doubt on the subject. The poor fellow was a Hanoverian, and belonged to the Staff of the Austrian military engineers. He had undertaken the dangerous errand of surveying the Piedmontese lines towards Verrua, and watching the movements of

Garibaldi. Nevertheless, the sad duty of condemning him to death was spared to the Italian General. He was shut up in the prison of Verrua during the night, and when the corporal of the guard went into the cell to take him before his judges on the following morning, he found that he had bidden a last farewell to his native land, to his family, and to the world, having hanged himself to the iron bars of his prison window with his cravat.

On the 12th of May, the Cacciatori delle Alpi joined old General de Sonnaz at San Germano, and were in front of the Austrians, who were anxious to cross the Sesia, and march on Vercelli. From San Germano, Garibaldi marched again on Biella. He passed through Massarano, and hastened to ford the same river between Gattinara and Romagnano. Night and day, he continually kept skirmishing with the Croats—now up in the mountains, now down in the plains—till, on the evening of the 21st May, he marched boldly with his Cacciatori from Borgomanero to Arona, where he ordered provisions, as he intended to stop there. The Secretary of the National Association, Signor La Farina, had been sent there by Count Cavour to act as Extraordinary Commissioner, not only for Arona, but for the whole of the important province in which that town is situated. This gentleman, who in former times had been one of the most sanguine adherents of Mazzini, is a man of great energy; and he set to work with the determination to carry on the insurrection in the whole of the neighbouring Lombard provinces. When Garibaldi arrived at Arona, he was informed that the

alarm-bells had rung in all the communes of the districts of Varesotto, Tramezzo, Como, and Leno, in spite of the Austrian flying columns, which now and then occupied them. The General did not say what his intentions were; but allowing the people to believe that he was going to remain at Arona a few days, he secretly, during the night, turned with his troops by the left of the town, and marched on Castelletto Ticino.

Simonetta, the brave and intelligent commander of Garibaldi's Guides, had already started with a few of his men for Castelletto, where he had a great many friends, and possessed a good deal of landed property. Endowed with an energy seldom met with in southern natures, Simonetta looked out at once for a boat, found one, and in a few minutes was on the other side of the river Ticino. This operation was rather a dangerous one, for the Austrian steamers were cruising up and down the lake. Danger, however, is a trifle to any man whose heart is devoted to the cause of his country. A sufficient number of boats were provided on the Austrian side of the river; every oar was plied with vigour, for every one of those rowers was a patriot; the boats were taken over to the Sardinian bank, and when Garibaldi arrived at Castelletto, he was at once able to cross the Ticino with the whole of his small army.

The Cacciatori delle Alpi were at last on Lombard soil, having been safely landed not far from Sesto Calende. After a lapse of eleven years of misery and anxious expectation, the Italian volunteers had again passed the Rubicon of Italian freedom and regenera-

tion. But this time they were not to cope alone with the forces of Austria; they were but the advanced guard of a great and powerful army.

Here the reader must allow me a short digression. What Major Simonetta did at Castelletto and Sesto proves how useful may be the employment of volunteers in national wars. The knowledge they possess of the topography of the country, the numerous acquaintances they have among its population, the influence they exercise—all this may be turned to the greatest advantage by the regular army. Were I in need of arguments to prove the truth of this, I need only quote the report of General Urban to Count Gyulai after the defeat he had sustained at Camerlata. In that report, the Austrian Lieutenant-Marshal especially dwelt on the fact that Garibaldi was at the head of troops who, having numerous connections in the country, were able to learn every strategic operation of their adversary, whilst he was generally ignorant of their movements, and not unfrequently deceived by the false reports wilfully concocted by the inhabitants of the province. I hope that God will always preserve England from any foreign invasion; but should an enemy be daring enough to land on these shores, the English people will then doubly bless the day on which the noble youth of this country set to work, heart and soul, to become thoroughly acquainted with the use of the rifle.

The Cacciatori delle Alpi halted the whole of the 22nd of May at Sesto Calende, and on the evening of the next day made their entry into Varese. A violent storm—one of those tempests frequent in Northern

Italy during the spring season—had accompanied the Garibaldians during that fatiguing march. The air was heavy, the sky covered with thick clouds, which, becoming darker and darker, poured an almost incessant torrent of rain on the ranks of the patriots; but neither this, nor the fear of an attack by General Urban, which was constantly imminent, prevented the population of Varese from hastening to meet their liberators. The silence of the night was broken by the noise of merry peals of bells (rung both from the town churches and from the towers of neighbouring villages), and by the shouts of an enthusiastic crowd of people. Every house was opened, from the mansion of the rich to the cottage of the poor; every table was laid to treat the newly-arrived friends. The phrase "*restate sciviti*"—a traditional compliment that, as Manzoni says, the peasants of Lombardy, however poor, never fail to pay to those who from any cause come to their homes—was everywhere to be heard that night. But the patriots had only a little time to think of supper and refreshment, for the Austrians were perhaps marching on Varese, and were at any rate known to be within a few miles. On the next day, a Bohemian battalion and a squadron of Hulans attacked the company which had been left at Sesto Calende, under the command of Captain Decristoforis, who slowly fell back on Varese. One of his wounded soldiers was unfortunately left behind in a road-side farm, and was put to death by the Austrians who found him there.

In the meanwhile, Garibaldi had fortified Varese as well as he could. Barricades were erected at Porta

Como and Porta Sesto; Medici was to defend the former with his regiment, Cosenz the latter. At dawn of the 25th, General Urban, with five battalions, two squadrons of hussars, four field-pieces, and two howitzers, arrived at Castel Belforte. The body he led against Garibaldi was not less than 5000 strong; and he took up a strong position on an eminence, whence he was able to send shells and round-shot over the ill-fated town of Varese. His troops were then divided into two columns: the first, under the protecting fire of the artillery, was sent to storm Medici's position at Porta Como; the second was to bend towards the right, and to attack Garibaldi, who by that time had already occupied the mamelon called the Esplanade of Ponti and the Villa Biumi. Medici repulsed the repeated assaults of the first column, whilst Garibaldi, seeing the weak attack of the second, descended from the hill, and hastened to join him. Their junction was effected; and on they went in pursuit of the retiring enemy. General Urban, harassed by the Garibaldians, tried to make a stand at Malnate; but his resistance was of no avail, and after a hard fight of an hour's duration, his 5000 men were compelled to retire in the greatest disorder.

In the action I have thus briefly sketched, the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* had about one hundred men *hors de combat*, and a few were taken prisoners. Amongst the dead was a youth of great merit—Emilio Cairoli, from Pavia. The Cairoli family had spent a great part of its property for the national cause, and at that moment its head—a high-minded widow—might have been fairly compared to the mother of the

Roman Gracchi, for she gave to Garibaldi her four sons. One of these was Emilio; a second died during the southern campaign; the two others are still alive, but both are mutilated by the wounds they received at Palermo.

In the retreat from Malnate, General Urban had permitted his troops to perpetrate all kinds of barbarities. To give an idea of this General, who seems to have been anxious to rival the reputation for cruelty obtained by his friend Haynau, it is enough to record the murder he caused to be committed in the vicinity of Montebello on the 20th of May. Four miles from the last-named village there is a hamlet called Torricella. On the morning of that day, two Austrian soldiers, whilst passing through a vineyard, found a rusty gun concealed under a mulberry tree. They picked it up, and asked a passer-by who was the proprietor of the vineyard. On being answered that it belonged to Cignoli's family, of Torricella, they went to Santa Giulietta, and ordered the usher of the town-hall to follow them. They took the road which leads to Torricella, and having arrived at the village, saw some persons seated at the threshold of a cottage. They were told by the usher that those were the Cignoli, and the whole family was at once arrested. The household consisted of Pietro, a peasant sixty years old; his brother Antonio, fifty years old; and his sons: Girolamo, thirty-five; Carlo, nineteen; and Bartolomeo, seventeen. There were also standing before Cignoli's cottage Antonio Setti, Riccardi Gaspare, Ermenegildo Sanpellegrine (a boy fourteen years old), and Achille de' Luigi, a youth

of eighteen. One of the Austrian soldiers having gone into the cottage, came out after a few minutes with a small empty powder-flask in his hands. He then gave orders to the nine persons to follow him and his companion, utterly disregarding the heart-rending appeals of their wives and sisters for mercy. They were brought before Field-Marshal Urban, who, after having heard the report of the soldiers, ordered the unhappy prisoners to retire into a field. As the poor fellows were obeying this command, about twenty Croats were told to fire on them, which they did. The victims fell to the ground dead, with the exception of Pietro Cignoli, who did not expire on the spot, having only been wounded in the right arm and leg. Six days afterwards, however, he breathed his last in the hospital of Voghera. Whilst being examined on his dying bed by Judge Nicelli, the poor man said: "The gun found in the field did not belong to me. The arms in our possession were buried five or six days before our arrest, and the Austrian soldier did not find them when he searched my house." Such was Field-Marshal Lieutenant Urban!

In strong contrast with the cruelty of the Austrian General was the humane and charitable feeling of Garibaldi. After the defeat which Urban sustained at Malnate, the Italian leader was riding through the field of battle, when his attention was attracted by the dead body of a poor Styrian private, who was lying on the ground, still holding his musket. On seeing this, Garibaldi reined in his horse, and turning to Major Corte, said:—"What a sad thing war is!

That unhappy youth was perhaps snatched from the arms of his mother to come and die in this country. And why? Because an Austrian prince takes it into his head to oppress the Italians, and afterwards turns Italian arms against the countrymen of the dead."

Subsequent to the victory of Malnate, the Garibaldians marched from Varese to Cavallesea, a mountain village about four Italian miles from Como. The road (one of the most picturesque in Lombardy) winds up innumerable valleys, dotted with the white houses of the villages, or with solitary farms. From village to village, from the heights down to the plains, there are many roads and paths, sometimes smooth and of easy ascent, sometimes steep and crossed by large streams, which descend from the snowy bosom of the far-off mountain-tops. In the distance, as in the magic scenery of some fantastic tale, the mountains of Resegone and San Martino peep over the lower ridge of that unbroken and marvellous chain. Now and then in the distance a streak of the blue lake appears to the eye of the traveller like a shining riband, or a piece of waving silver drapery. In the valleys, the richly-cultivated fields (intersected by low white walls, which divide one property from another), the vineyards, and the ascending groves of mulberry or tall chestnut trees, show the amazing richness of the country; and at turnings of the road, or at the meeting of narrow lanes, you are pretty sure to find a little chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Corona, or to some other patron of the neighbouring hamlet. It is a scene which no pen can describe, no

painter delineate ; one which can only be understood by those who have beheld it.

Garibaldi arrived at Cavallesea, and encamped there, that he might hold the ground, should the Austrians attack him with superior force. The country is not difficult to defend. The line which extends itself through the mountains from Cavallesea to Como, is protected on the left by the lake, behind by the Swiss territory, and in front by several hills and streams. But Urban was not in the humour to attack our volunteers. He had taken up a strong position at San Fermo, a small hamlet in the direction of Como, where he awaited his adversary. Garibaldi was at that time in great perplexity, for he did not know what the enemy's intentions were. Suddenly, a handsome Amazon appeared in the distance. Despising all danger, she had boldly ridden across to Urban's lines. She was a young Lombard lady, and she brought precious news, for she was enabled to point out to Garibaldi the positions of the Austrians. From the description she gave, map in hand, it was quite clear that the enemy intended to bar the march of Garibaldi on Como. The Italian chief, therefore, at once sent the 2nd regiment of his Cacciatori to attack San Fermo in front, whilst another column was sent to turn the mountain, and descend on to the road which leads from San Fermo to Como, and so cut off the only retreat which remained to Urban. But the Austrian General had concentrated all his forces on that point: no fewer than 10,000 troops guarded the line running from San Fermo to Camerlata, whilst Garibaldi's corps scarcely numbered 3000 men. Nevertheless, the Cacciatori delle Alpi, trusting

in their bayonets, ascended the hill, and fell upon the Austrians like an avalanche. A hand-to-hand fight followed; the Styrian battalions hesitated, swerved, were driven back, and the position was carried. A little to the left, a gallant Cacciatore delle Alpi, Antonio Viganò, was fighting with an Austrian soldier. Garibaldi's volunteer had already overpowered his adversary, when suddenly he heard the man exclaim, "Antonio, do not kill me; I am your brother!" The poor fellow had been forced into the Austrian service in 1855, and had not seen his family since that period.

Garibaldi allowed the enemy no rest. He followed the retreating Austrians on the road to Como, compelled them to run through the streets of the town, and forced them to retire in complete disorder towards Camerlata, and from thence to Monza. This was a second victory, and one far superior to that of Varese; for Urban, in his hasty retreat, was obliged to leave behind him ammunition, commissariat carriages, and a great portion of his *materiel*. But their success was bought dearly by the Italian volunteers, who lost many of their officers; amongst them, Captain Decristoforis, of Milan, the best of all.

Since his departure from Verrua, Garibaldi had scarcely received any news from the head-quarters of the allied armies. He was naturally anxious to know something of their whereabouts, when an officer of his Staff informed him that the Austrians had forgotten to break the telegraphic wires running to Milan. "Well then," said Garibaldi, "let us send a message to the Austrian commander of the Lombard capital;

he will perhaps be kind enough to give us some news." Major Corte hastened to the telegraph office, and told the officer on duty to telegraph—"Have the allied armies made any offensive movement?" Message from Milan: "Who asks the question?" Major Corte: "Lieutenant-Marshal Urban." Answer of the Austrian commander of Milan: "No."

The reception which the Garibaldians met with at Como was one of those ovations which are more easily imagined than described. The bloody executions ordered by the Austrian military authorities in 1853,—the persecutions of the police,—the total disregard of private property,—the rapes and devastation perpetrated by the Croats during the campaign which had just begun,—had been enough to drive the population to despair. Now that Garibaldi had arrived, all those sufferings at once ceased, and Italy was on the eve of being freed from her oppressor.

After having organized a Provisional Government under the presidency of Emilio Visconti Venosta, one of the most distinguished and learned young men of Milan, who had been appointed by Count Cavour Extraordinary Commissioner in Upper Lombardy, Garibaldi marched back on Varese to protect, if need were, the arrival of a field battery which had at last been sent to him from Turin. His backward movement had besides another object. At Laveno, on the northern bank of the Lago Maggiore, was a fort which he intended to storm. Before, however, carrying out his plan, he shipped the company of Captain Ferrari on one of the Austrian steamers which ran on the Lake

of Como, and sent it to Lecco, the largest of the adjacent villages, and the one which gives its name to the district. At the same time, he fortified Como as far as possible, and left in it a small garrison to prevent any *coup de main* which Urban might attempt. Repeated assaults against the fort of Laveno were made during the nights of the 2nd and 3rd of June: but the place was too strong; no artillery was to be had; and the attempts ended in failure.

In the meanwhile, General Urban had been made aware of Garibaldi's movement on Laveno. He therefore stopped his retreat, and suddenly moved again on Varese, which had been left totally defenceless. To avenge himself for the defeat he had sustained a few days before, he imposed upon the population a war contribution of two millions of francs, on pain of the town being sacked by the Croats should the money be refused. But Garibaldi had heard of the Austrian occupation, and at once hastened back from Laveno, by one of those marches which seem impossible until accomplished. At dawn next day, he suddenly appeared on the hills of Sant' Ambrogio and of the famous sanctuary of Madonna del Monte — two eminences which hang over the Austrian positions. On the left of his line, the 2nd regiment, under the command of Medici, was placed in advance, and occupied the Villa Medici-Melegnano. The Austrians were not less than 10,000 strong.

This time they felt certain of victory, and that Garibaldi had been caught in a trap. And, indeed, the position of the Cacciatori delle Alpi was most dangerous. The only four guns they possessed had

been left behind; while the enemy was strong both in artillery and cavalry. So certain were the Austrians of capturing the whole of the Italian volunteers, that, on the morning of the 4th of June, Urban telegraphed to Milan that he had at last surrounded Garibaldi, and that he hoped to have him, dead or alive, before the day closed. In fact, the Austrians had nearly turned the left wing of Garibaldi's troops; so that he was compelled to fall back on Colonel Medici, and concentrate the whole of his forces on the narrow height crowned by Villa Medici-Melegnano. The villa of this Milanese family affords great facilities for holding it for a considerable length of time. The palace is in itself a massive structure of the seventeenth century; the main road winds up by a steep gradient, and barricades can be easily erected. On the memorable day in question, palisades and *chevaux-de-frise* were put up by the Cacciatori; and all the while this was going on, the Austrians were watching from the plain, and not even trying to check the proceedings, for they showed an intention on the part of the Garibaldians to attempt to hold the ground, which was what Urban desired. It soon became evident that Urban's intention was to surround Villa Medici on the next day, and cut off all hope of retreat for the conqueror of Varese and Como. To induce Urban to believe that he really intended to accept the fight, Garibaldi, as night came on, made a great display of blazing bivouac fires, and ordered his men to march up and down behind them. The sky, which had been pure and blue during the day, was suddenly covered by dense rolling clouds, which spread from the east to the west, carried by the

wind, whistling and sweeping wildly round the valleys. Lightning flashed and thunder echoed through the cavities of the mountains, and large drops of water began to lay the dust of the dry fields; but these were but the forerunners of a great descent of rain. Taking advantage of the darkness, which was rendered still greater by the increasing violence of the storm, Garibaldi gave orders for a retreat. Silent, with their bivouac fires still blazing, the Cacciatori delle Alpi passed unnoticed close to the Austrian outposts, struck along the arduous mountain paths into the deepest gorges, and, after a long, difficult, and fatiguing march of many hours, through rivers and ravines, arrived at Como, whilst Urban was anxiously awaiting the moment of attack.

There is something apparently supernatural in the life of the daring Italian leader. Few Generals could have so wonderfully escaped from the grasp of an overpowering enemy, who felt certain of surrounding him, and indeed had taken all the necessary measures to that end. The ability shown by Garibaldi during the short campaign I have just sketched, and in subsequent operations, was no doubt the result of his experience, and the successes he obtained are mainly to be ascribed to that power of comprehensiveness which he possesses in so high a degree. Being an excellent mathematician, he at once studies the ground on which he is going to operate, calculates all possible combinations of strategy and tactics, and acts accordingly. Endowed with the greatest determination, he never hesitates. His plans being once settled in his mind, he strikes instantly, dares all issues, and suc-

ceeds. There is, besides, another consideration, which may perhaps appear strange at first sight, but which nevertheless is confirmed by experience. The secret of Garibaldi's victories is to be found principally in the system he has adopted of doing almost always the contrary of that which is suggested by the strict rules of war; in a word, of acting quite in opposition to what the enemy would expect him to do. In the campaign of Upper Lombardy, Urban had always thought (and he was right according to the principles of war) that Garibaldi had a base of operations—a line from which, in case of reverse, he could fall back on the main body of the allied armies. Hence the indecision of the Austrian General; hence Garibaldi's marvellous escape from Villa Medici. It is true that the Italian leader did everything to confirm the Austrian commander in his opinion; but the fact is, that his communications with the Sardinians were almost always cut off without the Austrians being aware of it. He always acted alone. His principal aim was to spread the insurrection amongst the Lombard population; and he pretended to fall back upon the advancing Franco-Sardinian army in order to advance more rapidly. With the intuition of military genius, he perceived that by gaining the Lake of Garda, and occupying the mountain districts of Salò and Gardone, the Austrians would be obliged to send a considerable force in pursuit of him, and that this would help the allied forces in case a reverse should retard their progress towards the Mincio.

The means resorted to by Garibaldi in order to lead his adversary astray were no less ingenious, and always

succeeded. His plan is to deploy as many forces as he can spare in opposite directions. When he first arrived at Como, he sent Captain Ferrari with one hundred and fifty men to Leno; then he ordered Sub-Lieutenants Cavana, Pisano, and Zeffirina, to lead each of them twenty or thirty men on three different roads to attack the Austrians wherever they would meet them, without, however, engaging themselves too much. He thus made the enemy believe that he was at the head of numerous troops; and the Austrians were easily kept in error. This system had also the advantage of impressing the people of the country with his superiority in numerical strength, and of inducing them to take up arms against the oppressors of their country. The effect of this skillful plan was, that when Urban retired on Monza, he was quite convinced that General Cialdini's division was operating with Garibaldi, whilst, in fact, the first-named General was then engaged at Palestro with Baron Zobel. To act upon Urban's mind, Garibaldi now and then sent telegraphic messages to Cialdini from different places, knowing that they would be intercepted by the Austrians. In one, sent from Como, he said, "Help me. Urban will attack me again to-morrow; I cannot resist." From Varese he had telegraphed, "I am obliged to fall back on you. Send the cavalry to support my backward movement." Neither Cialdini nor any other General of the allied armies was within the reach of such telegrams. There was, however, a General who read them, and who never thought they were concocted with a view to his own deception.

The reader, I hope, will by this time be able to explain how the Austrian General Urban, at the head of 10,000 excellent troops, never succeeded in isolating and surrounding the 3000 Cacciatori delle Alpi, though the opportunity of doing so presented itself at Varese and Como, and afterwards at Treponti.

CHAPTER III.

MAGENTA.

Backward Movement of the Austrians—Austrian Position on the 4th of June—March of the French on Buffalora and Magenta—The Emperor at the Bridge of Buffalora—Heroic Resistance of the Imperial Guard—M'Mahon comes to the Rescue—Magenta is carried—Last Effort of Gyulái—The Austrians are routed—The Dead and Dying—A French Aumonier—Courage of a Zouave—The burnt Cottage—A sad Story—Results of the Victory of Magenta—The Austrians leave Milan—Victor Emmanuel is proclaimed King of Lombardy—Milanese Deputation to the Allied Sovereigns' Head-quarters—M'Mahon's Entry into Milan—Rejoicings at Milan—The wounded at *Magenta*—*Milanese Gratitude*.

I HAVE briefly related the first operations of Garibaldi in Upper Lombardy. Let us now follow the exploits of the Franco-Sardinian armies.

Dislodged from the important position which covered the course of the Sesia, twice defeated at Palestro, beaten at Vinzaglio, Confienza, Casalino, and Robechetto, and with Novara in the hands of their antagonist, the Austrians understood at last the important strategic movement which had been effected by the allied armies. It was too late, however. Gyulai had no other chance of getting out of his increasing difficulties than by attempting a last effort. He therefore caused the three *corps d'armée* he had on

the Piedmontese territory to recross the Ticino in haste, burning the bridges behind them. This backward movement of the Austrians was accomplished on the 2nd and 3rd of June, and on the morning of the 4th they were able to muster 89,000 men within the same distance as the 133,000 of the Allies; but, as Major Miller observes, in his remarkable study of the Italian Campaign, the French were under a great disadvantage, having to cross a river to bring their forces into action. Gyulai had established his headquarters at Abbiate-Grasso, thus watching his right wing, which he had thrown on Magenta, while his left was massed at Abbiate-Grasso, keeping the main body between this village and Robecco, under his immediate command. The Austrian General-in-Chief was thus at the same time covering his line of operation, which ran from Mortara to Vigevano, and the two roads which led from the Ticino to Milan, one by Magenta, the other by Abbiate-Grasso and Giugano. The Austrian army, formed by Clam-Gallas, Zobel, Schwartzberg, and Liechtenstein's corps, mustering a force of about 60,000 men, therefore occupied a large circumference, leaning on one side towards the road of Milan by Magenta, on the other towards the Ticino, and cutting the Naviglio at Robecco. The strategic idea of Gyulai was, to sever the French army from the bridges of San Martino and Buffalora, and, by isolating the troops which had already crossed the river, to compel the second French *corps d'armée* and Victor Emmanuel to fall back on Turbigo, lest they should see their communications with the main body of their army completely cut off.

But the chiefs of the allied army were by no means the men to let General Gyulai carry out his plan. On the 3rd of June, the Austrians were beaten at Robechetto and at Ponte Patriana by General Lefèvre in a brilliant action, of which the famous Turcos were the heroes.

If, on crossing the Ticino, we place ourselves at the extremity of the bridge of Buffalora, the heights on which the hamlet of Buffalora stands are on our left, the Ponte Nuovo of Magenta in the centre, and the old bridge to our right. We shall see that the ridge forms a sort of bow, whose arrow would be the road. On each side of this road the ground is covered with corn-fields, vineyards, and groves of trees, and intersected by several streams which pour their waters into the meadows, where rice is cultivated. On the right and left, amidst the green foliage of the trees, the spires of the village churches peep out, blending with scattered farms and white villas, and offering a picturesque prospect to the passer-by. There, the pointed tower of the early Lombardo-Gothic church of Turbigo pierces the heavens; here, that of Cuggiono rises into the air. Robechetto, Castelletto, Induno, Santo Stefano, Buffalora, Magenta, Robecco—all villages or small boroughs, of greater or less importance—are seen amidst that splendid scenery; some relieved against the background of the Alps, which lift their majestic heads on the far horizon, others amidst the woody fields on which they stand. In the valley, the road is elevated twenty or thirty feet above the fields, and rises still higher on its approach to the eastern slopes. Finally, it reaches

the table land of the Lombard side, on the border of which is carried the Naviglio Grande, whose waters run almost parallel with the Ticino. On approaching this plateau, the railroad is seen emerging from the bank, about half a mile to the right.

This ridge formed the position of the Austrians on the 4th of June. It could not be approached except by the central road, by the railway on the right, or at some distance to the left in the direction of Buffalora; and from no point could the place be commanded. The strategy of the French in getting possession of this field was of the highest order.

No definite knowledge of the position or movements of the Austrian army could be obtained. The forward movement of the allied armies began nevertheless. M'Mahon, at the head of his *corps d'armée*, followed by the division of the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard and the whole of the Sardinian army, marched from Turbigo on Buffalora and Magenta. The Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, under the immediate command of Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, were to carry the *tête de pont* of Buffalora, whilst Marshal Canrobert was to advance by the right bank, and cross the Ticino by the same bridge. Niel, with his fourth corps, was to bivouac at Trecate, and be ready to join the rest of the army. Such were the orders of the Emperor Napoleon on the morning of the 4th of June. These corps were all marching within cannon sound of each other. M'Mahon had begun his forward movement in two columns, totally ignorant of the position of the Austrian army. The first of these columns, which was marching by the

right on Buffalora, was formed by the division of La Motterouge and Camou, led by M'Mahon himself. The second, under the command of General Espinasse, was cautiously proceeding by the left on Magenta. The Sardinians, whose head-quarters were at Galiate, were only able to follow M'Mahon's movement with the second and third divisions of their army. This was not the fault of Victor Emmanuel, but rather that of General Fanti, whose dilatoriness and lamentable indecision were the principal causes why the Piedmontese army could not share the glory of that day. Canrobert was advancing by the right bank of the Ticino; Niel was waiting the orders of the Emperor at Trecate. Whilst the whole of the Imperial army and part of the Sardinian were thus marching to meet an enemy whose position was as yet unknown, the French engineers were laying down a pontoon bridge alongside that of Buffalora, which had been partially destroyed by the Austrians in their retreat. General Wimpffen, at the head of the 2nd and 3rd regiments of the Grenadier Guards, with two guns carried on his men's shoulders, stealthily advanced towards the heights, to reconnoitre the ground. Louis Napoleon, followed by his Staff, had by this time arrived at the bridge of Buffalora. This was the central position of the forthcoming operations; and the Emperor chose it because he instinctively saw that it was the most important one. On arriving at Buffalora, he heard that General Wimpffen was on the other side, and that he had already been engaged by the enemy, who appeared to be in great force, both on the road and in the surrounding country; and, fearing that

Wimpffen's brigade would be surrounded, he sent orders that it should fall back on the bridge of Buffalora.

The orders of the Emperor had been scarcely executed when the roar of guns was heard in the direction of Magenta. I was M'Mahon, who, having at last discovered where the enemy was, had ordered Espinasse to carry the village of Marcallo, and to march on Magenta, while he himself hastened to Buffalora with his two divisions, to bend afterwards on Magenta, the spot which his judgment told him would be the key of the approaching battle. At the head of the right wing of his *corps d'armée*, M'Mahon pushed forward in the direction of Buffalora, with the determination to carry it, if need were, and then, bending, as I said, towards Magenta, to effect a junction with Espinasse, and fall at once upon the main body of the Austrians massed around the strong positions of the bridge and village of Magenta. The Emperor, though not acquainted with all the details of this bold conception, was so well acquainted with M'Mahon's great ability that he felt entire confidence in his plan. He understood at once, however, that the attack of the General must be supported at any cost. He had only 5000 men of the Imperial Guard near at hand; for the corps of Canrobert and Niel were not yet in sight. Nevertheless, he was determined to hold his ground, as to yield an inch would perhaps be the loss of the battle.

The position occupied by the Austrians at noon on the 4th extended itself along a semicircular chain of heights, with its right bending on Buffalora, its

main body at Magenta, and its left at Abbiate-Grasso. The Naviglio Grande, running between two steep banks, covered the whole of that formidable line. Before and behind the bridge of Magenta, there are two strong and lofty buildings—the railroad station and the custom-house; and the greater part of the *corps d'armée* of Clam, Zobel, Schwartzenberg, and Liechtenstein, had been brought up during the day to defend these positions.

At two o'clock, the Austrians, massed within the relatively narrow compass of the field of Magenta, numbered no less than sixteen brigades, about 60,000 strong. The station and the custom-house had been turned into regular fortresses, filled up with Tyrolese sharpshooters, whose rifles never miss their aim.

M'Mahon's guns were still heard on the right, and General Wimpffen, at the head of the 3rd Grenadiers, was to start at once to meet the Austrians. The small band pushed forward, and was presently surrounded by an overpowering enemy. For a time it was compelled to fall back; but again and again the assault was renewed. Five thousand of the Guards kept a vast number of the enemy at bay for hours. When they got too far forward, the concentrated fire from the buildings checked them for awhile; and when the hard-fighting Germans gained the positions in their turn, they were killed outright or put *hors de combat* by the bayonet charges of the French.

I will not attempt to go into all the details of that glorious battle, in which the Imperial Guard was engaged for so many hours at the bridge of Buffalora, at

the Ponte Vecchio of Magenta, and in various other spots. The right, the left, and the centre of that important position were equally engaged in a bloody hand-to-hand struggle with the rifle and bayonet. Many times, the aides-de-camp of General Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely brought to the Emperor news that the commander of the Imperial Guard could no longer hold the ground. "He *must* hold it," was the answer of Louis Napoleon; and the Guard, with a heroism never surpassed, continued to resist.

But at last the artillery, which had been silenced for more than two hours, was again heard on the enemy's right. M'Mahon, having effected his junction with Espinasse, was marching boldly on Magenta, and attacking the front of the Austrian positions between that village and Ponte Nuovo. Sweeping all before him with his accustomed energy, he advanced to the accomplishment of his principal object, which was to pass through the long line dividing Magenta from Buffalora, to spread terror and confusion among the masses of Austrians, and thus to rescue the centre of the French line of battle, which had been gloriously, but desperately, holding its ground since the middle of the day. The movement was carried out with all that skill and determination which make General M'Mahon one of the first commanders of our times. The village of Magenta was stormed; was defended inch by inch by the Austrians; was enclosed in a circle of fire from street to street, and from house to house. All around was a frightful scene of carnage. The village, the neighbouring country, the road to

Marcallo, the tract of land which separates Magenta from Buffalora,—all were covered with dead or dying soldiers. Burnt farms and devastated villas added their melancholy contribution to this spectacle of horror; while the railroad station and the village close by, which had been the scene of the fiercest struggle, were almost a heap of ruins.

But the hour of reward had at last struck for the Imperial Guard. M'Mahon's successful attack, and the arrival of Canrobert and Niel with their *corps d'armée*, enabled Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely to reassume the offensive on the Naviglio; and General Sévelinges had by this time brought the artillery of the Guard to bear upon the Austrian columns flying from Magenta. The day, however, was not yet won. Gyulai, who had already telegraphed to Vienna the progress of the battle, under the impression that he was gaining it, might still attempt a last effort against Ponte Vecchio; might retake the bridge of Buffalora, hold it, and thus sever the French troops which had crossed the river from the rest of the army. All the efforts of Gyulai were therefore turned towards Ponte Vecchio. He massed fresh battalions to carry out his new plan. Hartung's brigade, supported by Major General Durfeld, beat the charge, and advanced once more with the apparent intention of storming the old bridge. But at that critical moment General Trochu's division arrived on the field. Marshal Canrobert sent his aid-de-camp to hasten its march, and on its arrival gave directions for it to meet the advancing columns of the enemy. Trochu started at once with the utmost vehemence

and impetuosity, and pushed forward about a thousand yards beyond Magenta; but the enemy did not dare to advance. Gyulai, being aware that powerful French reserves had by that time arrived on the field, sent the regiment of the Grand Duke of Hesse to arrest the onslaught of the Allies, and thus to cover the retrograde movement of his army, already decided on. As General Prince Schwarzenberg said in his report, "It was the last effort of a brave regiment." The French had won the day, and the Austrians were fairly beaten.

Count Gyulai had brought into action about 60,000 men. The eighth *corps d'armée* was at Binasco; the fifth was at Fallavecchio, and could have been brought up that day, had victory been undecided. The Austrians left 6000 dead and wounded on the battle-field; 4000 were taken prisoners; and two flags, 4000 knapsacks, 12,000 muskets, and four guns, fell into the hands of the French. The victors had fifty-two officers killed (amongst whom were Generals Cler and Espinasse), 194 wounded; and 4198 soldiers either dead, wounded, or missing: about one-fourteenth of the number engaged. Since the allied armies had begun their military operations, they had been victorious in three important actions, had gained a great battle, and had cleared Piedmont of the enemy.

Whilst the battle of Magenta was being fought I left Novara, galloping here and there towards the bridge of Buffalora, and following with intense anxiety the chances of the day. Late in the evening, having joined the Imperial head-quarters at San Martino, I took a survey of the ground on which the great con-

test of the day had been decided. My pen is not adequate to describe the heartrending scene. Trees thrown down by the dreadful effect of artillery; heaps of dead bodies in all directions; human limbs scattered about, together with carcasses of animals and military accoutrements; artillery and commissariat carriages, painted with the Austrian yellow and black stripes, broken and lying by the road-side, or amidst the fields of corn and maize; farm-houses burnt, crops trampled down, vineyards devastated, houses plundered; the railroad station and custom-house here and there pierced by the round-shot of the contending armies, their walls riddled by the black marks of the musketry; ambulances everywhere established in the open fields or the half-destroyed cottages; the churches, the houses, even the porticoes, filled with the wounded, the dead and the dying;—such were the harrowing sights which met me at every turn. In one building, a Zouave of the Guard was lying motionless on a bed of straw, his eyes wide open, but with the stamp of death on his face, and the livid hands convulsively grasping the embroidered jacket he was so proud of only a few hours before. A French aumônier was sitting by his side, reciting the last prayer, and trying to rouse him from his agonized slumber; but that slumber was the forerunner of death: his mind was already beyond all human consolation. Close to him was a Chasseur—a youth with an angelic face, who had just undergone a dangerous operation. His right arm had been amputated; he was fainting away, and in a low voice—the voice of the dying—he said to the surgeon, “Oh, make me die

more quickly! I suffer too much." In the northern corner of the same building, another wounded soldier begged the aumônier to hear his confession; the aumônier approached the straw on which the wounded man lay, and after awhile gave him absolution, and promised to write for him to his old mother, and to recommend his children to the Mayor of his village.

But from time to time the ghastly scene which surrounded me was in some degree relieved by incidents that had almost a touch of humour in them. A grenadier of gigantic frame walked coolly into the ambulance with his pipe in his mouth. His face was blackened with powder, but the indomitable courage of his heart was still visibly written there. He held his left arm in a cravat, as in a sling, and cried out, "Room, comrades! I must beg the surgeon to rid me of this annoyance." Thus saying, he put forward his lacerated limb, and the surgeon performed the operation. Not a cry was heard; not a movement crossed the face, except a contraction of the lips, momentarily interrupting the puffing out of the smoke.

Let the reader colour the scene I have endeavoured to describe with the flames of bivouac fires, and with a multitude of shadows trembling under the soft Italian night, studded with numberless stars, and he will then feel at the same time its horror and its sublimity. But to form even a faint idea of its grandeur, he must imagine the activity which prevailed in the camp,—the shouts of the crowd, and the music of the military bands playing their martial

tunes before the tents of the officers, or at the doors of the palace where the head-quarters were fixed. He must imagine that busy hum of evening which precedes the stillness of night—the rolling of carriages, the galloping of horses, the loud calling of soldiers' names, and, over all this great movement of men and things, the screams of the wounded, and the faint, but distinct lamentations of the dying. Such was the deplorable sight, such were the heartrending sounds, which met me on that evening—an evening of painful experiences, yet full of hopes which I shall never forget.

It was nearly nine o'clock when I left that vast field of death, and by a narrow causeway rode towards the country-house of a friend not far from San Martino. The bell of a near village was tolling out the "*Ora di notte.*" In Catholic countries, the melancholy tolling of that bell invites the listener to pray for the dead. Who has not some dear one on the other side of the grave to pray for? I let the reins fall loosely on the neck of my horse, and with all the power of my soul prayed for the loved ones gone before me, and for the numberless departed souls whose mangled bodies I had seen scattered about on the battle-ground of Magenta. But the miseries of war have no end. Scarcely had I proceeded ere I was stopped by new difficulties; for the Destroying Angel had also passed through the fields I was crossing, and I was suddenly roused by screams coming from what I at first thought was a large bivouac fire. I rode to the spot, and a new scene of misery presented itself. The distant light was not a bivouac fire; it

came from a humble cottage which had been burning since the morning. The wooden framework of the roof was nearly reduced to ashes, but the embers were not yet entirely extinguished. Two countrywomen were sitting on the *ara* opposite the once dear and animated home, whilst an old man, wandering about like the fantastic ghost of some German tale, was now and then asking the weeping women, "Has not Luigi come back?" I dismounted from my horse, and inquired of the old man the cause of his and of his companions' grief. He shook his head sadly, and, as if he had been roused from a dream full of anguish, said, in a faltering voice:—

"My story is a sorrowful one, indeed. This morning, a party of Austrian horsemen came to our house, and forced my only son to follow them with a small cart we possessed. The entreaties of my old wife and of my daughter—whom you see there—were of no avail; my poor son was obliged to go. He had scarcely left our cottage an hour, when the French came and occupied the barn, which is now destroyed. Presently, the Austrian artillery took up their position about four hundred yards off, and began to shell their enemies. Shells and rockets fell upon our home for full an hour. The burning ashes you see will tell the rest. But we should not mind the cottage, if our poor Luigi could only be restored to his parents."

The simple eloquence of that great grief gave the last shock to my heart, and I departed from the spot cursing the enemies of my country, who were the cause of so many misfortunes. May God forgive them! and may that part of my native land which is

still under their power be freed at the cost of less extreme sacrifices!

The result of the victory of Magenta was, that the capital of Lombardy was opened to the allied monarchs. On the morning of the 6th of June, Louis Napoleon established his head-quarters at Magenta. It was in that village, still stained with blood, that the Emperor met M'Mahon for the first time after the victory. "Marshal," said Louis Napoleon, on shaking hands with him, "you did wonders yesterday, and it is my intention that you shall henceforth bear the title of Duke of Magenta." Both the rank of Marshal and the title of Duke had been nobly earned by the hero of the previous day.

After this meeting, it was decided that the two allied sovereigns, at the head of the second *corps d'armée*, the new Marshal commanding, should make their solemn entry into Milan—an order, however, which was afterwards revoked. At the same time, Canrobert received directions to march on Abbiate-Grasso, and carry it, if occupied by the enemy. Niel, in case of an attack, was to support Canrobert's movement. But Abbiate-Grasso had already been evacuated by the Austrians, who since the morning had been in full retreat towards Pavia and the Adda.

On the first tidings of the defeat at Magenta, the Austrian General Kellemer, commander of Milan, seeing the great demoralization which prevailed amongst the regiments that had entered Milan by Porta Vercellina during the night of the 5th and early on the morning of the 6th, thought proper to evacuate the city. He therefore followed Gyulai's retreat with

all possible speed, directing one portion of the demoralized masses of the Austrian army to take the railroad of the Naviglio, and the other the high road of Melegnano. The Milanese, who had heard the artillery during the whole of the previous day, were of course in expectation of great events. Seeing the Austrian legions enter Milan in such a deplorable condition—for nothing can give an idea of the state to which those who fled from the battle-field of Magenta were reduced—and, moreover, having received positive news of the great victory gained by the Allies, the people barricaded the streets leading to the Piazza Castello, where the Austrians, all in confusion, had encamped. The threatening attitude of the Milanese populace of course hastened the retreat of General Kellemer, and Milan was completely evacuated during the 6th.

In the meanwhile, the Milanese had met on the Piazza Broletto, demanding that the Act of 1848 be proclaimed. In virtue of that Act, called *Fusione*, Lombardy had been united to Piedmont. It was a *pronunciamento*, made, in spite of adverse parties, by the great majority of the Lombard people, who were then free. With a view to restoring the state of things established in that memorable year, a deputation was sent to the town counsellors; but, when introduced into the great hall of the Broletto, these gentlemen were told that the Mayor of Milan, Count Sebregondi, had run away. The counsellors (or, as they are called in Italy, the *Assessori Municipali*) went to the balcony of the palace, and at once satisfied the wishes of the Milanese by proclaiming Victor Em-

manuel their King. An address was then drawn up, and, together with the Marquis' Guerrieri Gonzaga, Count Giulini and Cavaliere Correnti started for the allied head-quarters.

When the deputation arrived at Magenta, it was introduced to the Imperial dwelling, where the Milanese gentlemen found Victor Emmanuel standing with Napoleon III. on his right. The presence of the Emperor on so solemn an occasion ought to have proved that for the time he really meant what he had said in his Paris proclamation:—"France desires nothing but that Italy shall be free from the Alps to the Adriatic"—a declaration which subsequent facts seemed to prove was written somewhat hastily. But it is one of the characteristic traits of the Emperor to change his mind with astounding rapidity. Instead, therefore, of entering Milan at the head of M'Mahon's *corps d'armée*, as he had decided to do, he removed his head-quarters on the 7th of June from Magenta to Quarto Cagnino, a small hamlet about a mile from the Lombard capital. It was from this place that the Emperor sent orders to Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers (who by this time had reached Buffalora) to march on Melegnano—partly by Settino and Baggio, partly by the high road of Milan—that he might assist M'Mahon's *corps d'armée*, which was to pass through Milan on its way to Melegnano. The object of this movement was to attack the Austrian army, which was then retiring from Binasco and Landriano towards the Adda.

At ten o'clock of the same day, Marshal M'Mahon at the head of the second corps made his entry into

Milan by Porta Vercellina. These were the first French troops, since the disasters of Napoleon I. in 1814, that had entered the Lombard capital. The arrival of the hero of Magenta had been announced to the Milanese on the previous evening, and they had therefore had time enough to give him a hearty reception. The streets and piazzas were adorned with the richest draperies of silk, a manufacture for which Milan has been renowned since the middle ages. Here rose a marble palace, from the balcony and windows of which hung folds of heavy damask of enormous size, embroidered with gold and silver, the property, perhaps, of some descendant of Sforza or Visconti. There towered a church of the early Longobardic times, around the twisted columns of which were wreathed fresh camellias and lilacs. Farther on, at the corner of the Strada del Durino, the newly-built palace of Picinini presented the aspect of a garden, owing to the balconies, the *mezzanini*, and the atrium having been literally covered with narcissus buds and the tender roses of May—the rose “Bella-Traversi,” as the Milanese call it. From the villas of Como, from the hothouses of Tramezzo, from the gardens of the Corpi Santi, garlands of flowers had been brought to the town for the occasion. The elegant mediæval arches of the Piazza Mercanti, and the houses of the Cordusio, had festoons of white camellias, red tulips, and green laurel leaves, purposely brought together to indicate the national colours; and a countless number of French and Sardinian flags surmounted the roofs, and hung from the arches and the massive pillars of the porticoes.

The magnificent cathedral, which nobody can pass without stopping to gaze with admiring eyes at its unequalled beauty, had no flowers, for nothing is needed to adorn the Duomo. An enormous tri-coloured flag, however, had been hoisted on the top of the central spire over the famous gilt Madonna, seen for twenty miles round. The streets below, from Porta Renza down to the Corsia dei Servi, and up to the Monte Napoleone, were swarming with a population almost frantic with joy. The nobility of both sexes—workmen in their best suits—countrywomen with the aureole of silver spade-like pins around their heads—boys running, shouting, dancing—girls in white muslin dresses, with red or black aprons beneath their belts, throwing flowers on the pavement as the soldiers were passing—all these filled the public ways with a shifting and splendid pageantry. Through the corsi and down the lanes of the populous city, the half-confused eye caught the blending of draperies and banners, the jostling of priests' gowns and soldiers' tunics, and the undulations backward and forward of the crowd. Now and then, a man armed to the teeth, carrying a double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, would come past, followed by a grey-haired gentleman, trailing a long mediæval sword, manufactured, perhaps, three hundred years before, in the famous Spadari Street, then celebrated for its well-tempered blades. Others, more or less fantastically dressed, passed along the crowded ways, carrying all sorts of weapons of old or modern make. These were men who would have defended the barricades and resisted the Austrians, as they had done in

1848, had General Kellemer not thought it wiser to retreat.

All these pressing crowds were anxious to behold the legions of the Liberator, then marching towards Porta Ticinese, where they were ordered to encamp. Marshal M'Mahon, with his serious yet amiable countenance, rode in front of his Chasseurs, followed by a magnificent Staff. By the time he reached Santa Margherita, his horse could scarcely break through the wall of human beings thronging the streets. The march of the columns was stopped for awhile, it being impossible to proceed. A shower of wreaths and bouquets of flowers falls on the brave fellows who have humiliated the pride of Austria, and chastised the spiteful insolence of General Gyulai, who for years had been the tormentor of the Milanese. Suddenly, a piercing cry is heard amidst the crowd, almost under the breast of M'Mahon's horse. It is the cry of a poor mother who is clasping her child in her arms. She has got entangled in the train of her gown, and is nearly falling. The crowd and the horses will certainly trample her under their feet. The Duke of Magenta sees the danger of the poor woman, and in an instant seizes the child, and seats him upon his saddle. The Austrian Generals had not accustomed the Milanese to such a display of human feeling: enthusiastic shouts, therefore, burst forth from the groups which witness the touching scene. The English poetess, Mrs. Browning—whose devotion to Italy through the whole of her life was signalized in many ways—thus refers, in her "Poems before Congress," to the episode I have related:—

Take up the child, M'Mahon, though
 Thy hand be red
 From Magenta's dead ;
 And riding on, in front of the troop,
 In the dust of the whirlwind of war,
 Through the gate of the city of Milan, stoop,
 And take up the child to thy saddle-bow,
 Nor fear the touch, as soft as a flower,
 Of his smile, as clear as a star !
 Thou hast a right to the child, we say,
 Since the women are weeping for joy, as those
 Who, by thy help, and from this day,
 Shall be happy mothers indeed.
 They are raining flowers from terrace and roof :
 Take up the flower in the child,
 While the shout goes up of a nation freed
 And heroically self-reconciled.

But, whilst the French second *corps d'armée* was following its triumphal march through the crowded streets, the first carts loaded with wounded made their appearance at the farther end of the town, in the borough of Porta Vercellina. It was, indeed, a sad sight, such as will not be forgotten for many years to come. The mournful train was long ; the wailings which came from it were terrible to be heard. French and Austrians of all arms were heaped together, without distinction of rank, on litters of blood-stained straw, scarcely sheltered from the rays of a scorching sun by the flapping canvas which covered the carts. Misfortune had united those brave soldiers on the same bed of sorrow. The crowd which thronged that quarter of the city was anxious to gaze on those mangled remnants of humanity, more especially on the men who had been wounded in the glorious task of Italian liberation. Every one had a word of consolation, and a present of

fruits or flowers—ay, even to those who had fought in the ranks of the enemy. A prominent characteristic of the Italian nature is the readiness to quench all feeling of revenge when once calamity has fallen on an opponent. How many of those Austrian soldiers who were there lying wounded had been insolent, perhaps cruel, to the sons and brothers of those who were assisting and soothing them!

The carts were at last obliged to stop, for the unhappy occupants could no longer be carried on those springless conveyances. Messengers were instantly running in all directions, crying out “Carriages, carriages for the wounded, at Porta Vercellina!” The grooms, ostlers, and coachmen of rich families were sent to the stables of their palaces to get ready all sorts of conveyances, from the splendid gala coach to the elegant phaeton, while the poorest drove to the spot in their humble timonella. Look at that elegant vehicle from the manufactory of Laurie and Marner; it is the “four-in-hand” of Duke Litta. The young gentleman who is driving the splendid landau, built by Peters of Bryanston Square, is Count Stampa Soncino, one of the most wealthy and generous members of the Milanese nobility. Here is Marquis Brivio, hastening to the scene of sorrow, followed by all his carriages; there, the elegant equipages of Visconti, of Poldi, of Greffi, of Picinini, of Hulrik, of Castelbareo, and of Taverno, drive in the same direction. In less than an hour, more than three hundred vehicles were drawn in two long lines towards the Vercellina Gate, waiting their turn.

The wounded were not all taken to the far-famed

Maggiore Hospital, or to the others with which Milan is furnished. No; the gentlemen who undertook to carry the unhappy sufferers, and the ladies who sat by their side, were too proud of their charge. The rich drove straight to their palaces; the poor to their modest dwellings. There were families who took home three or four wounded, and saved them from the fate which would perhaps have overtaken them had they been entrusted to less tender care. The generosity shown by the Milanese on that occasion was never surpassed; but it was imitated by the Brescians after the battle of Solferino.

In the long and hard struggles of Italian independence, the population of Milan had, since 1848, taken the most prominent part. The city had given its contingent to the scaffold erected by the Austrians at Mantua in 1853; and it had furnished a still more numerous one to the dungeons of Teresian-Stad, of Joseph-Stad, of Leibach, and of Gradisca. Now that it had got rid of its oppressor, Milan showed how deeply it felt the duty of gratitude towards the heroes of Magenta.

CHAPTER IV.

MELEGNANO.

Entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Milan—Villa Buonaparte—Palazzo Busca—A Semi-Austrian Milanese Marquis turned into a Liberal—Louis Napoleon recognised—Enthusiastic Demonstrations—A Veteran of Napoleon I.'s army—Cavour—His narrow Escape—Milanese Aristocracy—Milanese Clergy—Shrine of San Carlo—Melegnano—French Movements—The Barricades are stormed—A Fight in the Streets—The Austrians retreat—Melegnano after the Battle—I am roughly spoken to by a French Officer—Satisfactory Explanations—French Losses at Melegnano.

So snug did the Milanese find their beds and so sound was their sleep after the rejoicings of the previous day, that when the allied sovereigns arrived at Porta Vercellina, at about nine o'clock on the next Wednesday morning, only the municipal counsellors and a few townspeople were ready to meet them. Louis Napoleon, with Victor Emmanuel on his left, entered the half-deserted city, preceded by an escort of the Cent-Gardes, and followed by a brilliant Staff, whose embroidered dolmans, sabretasches, and feathers blended with the ranks of the splendid cavalcade. The polished steel helmet of the Sardinian officers, surmounted by its gilded Roman crest, and the shining cuirasses of the

Gardes, reflected the rays of the sun, which had already risen some way towards the zenith ; and the Imperial Guard (at the head of whose columns rode General Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely) followed the dazzling *cortége* of the two monarchs. The splendid spectacle strikingly contrasted with the quiet of the almost empty streets. Milan, however, was still clad in its festive attire. Flags were waving from every window, festoons of flowers were suspended from every arch of the porticoes. But the noisy shouts of the previous day were wanting. Only now and then, some passer-by or some shop-keeper, who had risen earlier than his fellows, showed the excellence of Lombard lungs by shouting out, "*Vivano i nostri Liberatori!*" pronounced, of course, with all the breadth of accent peculiar to the Milanese dialect. Having arrived at Villa Buonaparte, the two sovereigns separated, the villa (whose walls rise amidst the groves of the public gardens) having been chosen for the exclusive dwelling of the Emperor.

How many recollections must have rushed to the mind of Louis Napoleon whilst the occupant of that palace ! The villa had been restored by the illustrious chief of his dynasty. His uncle, Eugène Beauharnais, and Napoleon I. himself, had inhabited it when at Milan. His mother, when Queen of Holland, had passed within those very walls many happy days, when the present ruler of France was a child. It is reported that, on entering the Villa Buonaparte, Louis Napoleon pointed out to his aid-de-camp the very room in which he slept in 1813, and that he asked if the fine tall porter of those days was still alive.

The court apartments had been thrown open to receive the King; but he declined the offer. The palace was still encumbered with many things belonging to Archduke Maximilian, the brother of the Austrian Emperor, who but a few weeks before had been Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. Victor Emmanuel felt that it would be more becoming not to awaken the echoes of those silent halls, since misfortune had visited their former inmates. He rode, therefore, to the palace of Marquis Busca, one of the wealthiest members of the Milanese aristocracy. Old Marquis Busca is the very type of those proud, yet courteous noblemen, whose race has almost completely died away in Italy. A great admirer of the artistic genius of his countrymen, his large income is freely lavished in patronizing painters and sculptors, in collecting the finest specimens of ancient and modern art, in building villas, and in turning his famous palace into a magnificent museum, which might be envied by many royal families of Europe. As far as politics are concerned, the old Marquis belongs essentially to the school of those who leave things to go as they like, without much caring who takes the lead, or in what direction the current may set. Keeping constantly aloof from political affairs, and bowing with the most profound respect to all who were in power, he had always been courted by the Austrian Government, to whose chief he was warmly attached, for the simple reason that since his boyhood he had been brought up amongst the faithful adherents of the Hapsburg family. Enjoying a certain authority in high places, which he did not fail to make known on

all occasions, Marquis Busca, though respected for his personal qualities, had always been thought, and really was, a supporter of the Austrian Government, if not altogether an enemy of the Liberal cause. But although in great favour with the former masters of his country, his vanity had never been satisfied to any greater degree than in being selected to receive Prince Metternich or some Austrian Field Marshal in his palace. To be the host of a King was therefore an honour so far beyond his expectation, that he rallied at once to the Italian cause.

It is a characteristic of Louis Napoleon to be as simple in his habits as circumstances will allow; and during the Italian campaign he had got rid of all those tiresome rules of *etiquette* which surround the demi-gods of this world. A few hours after his entry into Milan, he rode to Porta Romana, accompanied only by an aid-de-camp, passing unnoticed through the streets and piazzas, then thronged by an excited crowd. On his return to Villa Buonaparte, however, he was recognised. Those who have not lived in Italy, and are unacquainted with the ardent, excitable, and almost feverish nature of the people, cannot form a just idea of the height of enthusiasm to which my countrymen can rise when any powerful emotion has roused their imaginations. Gratitude or hatred will turn them into angels or demons; for with them the feeling of the moment recognises no bounds. The Emperor had crossed the Alps with a powerful and valorous army; he had helped the King of their predilection; he had freed them from the tyrannical yoke of Austria, from the *cieffo* of Gyulai. What could a mortal do more to

rouse the utmost passion of their souls? The transition had been so sudden so like a beautiful but evanescent dream, that the people well-nigh lost their reason. All the demonstrations of affection and reverence which could spring from the excited minds of men were poured forth upon Louis Napoleon on that great occasion. The Milanese had never before seen a liberator within the walls of their city. Charles Albert had only passed through the capital of Lombardy after the rising hopes of Italy had been crushed on the field of Custoza. But now they beheld before them the chief of the generous French army; they could shake hands with him, bless him, stop his horse, throw flowers under its feet, and cast themselves in all the ecstasy of thanksgiving before the hero who had come from far away to save them. They did not anticipate—how could they in all that tumult of success and national resurrection?—that within the short period of thirty-four days, Villafranca would follow on Magenta.

It is very certain that Louis Napoleon was deeply affected by the tribute of gratitude thus paid to him; for he was heard to say to Count Roguet, the aid-de-camp who accompanied him, "How this people must have suffered!" But the enthusiasm of the Milanese was beyond all expression when they read the famous proclamation in which Louis Napoleon wound up with the words—"Remember, that without discipline there is no army. Animated by the sacred fire of patriotism, be soldiers to-day, that to-morrow you may become the free citizens of a great country." The rough draught of this memo-

rable document—which was totally forgotten at Villafranca—is still in the possession of the curate of San Martino, where, the reader will recollect, Louis Napoleon passed the night after the battle of Magenta. It is in the handwriting of the Emperor, and many corrections are to be traced.

It was after the publication of this proclamation that the Emperor and Victor Emmanuel appeared together in the streets of Milan. Their progress was in truth a triumphal march. Victor Emmanuel did not try to conceal the deep emotion which his face betrayed; and the Emperor himself, notwithstanding his phlegmatic temperament, could not control the joy he felt. And, indeed, how could it have been otherwise? Both monarchs must have felt at that time the immense power they possessed, and the good they had effected.

During the stay of the two sovereigns at Milan, there was a continuous succession of feasts and illuminations. Bright days and glorious moon-lit nights added to the effect of those heartfelt rejoicings. After dark, the palaces, the *corsi*, the piazzas, and the churches were ablaze with thousands of coloured lamps. The *Corsia dei Servi* was shining with myriads of tri-coloured flames, and many thousand people passed in procession, bearing torches. They assembled at the Palazzo Busca, and after awhile streamed slowly, like a river of fire, towards Porta Benza, on their way to Villa Buonaparte. The moving track of light reminded one of those torrents of burning lava which pour forth from the bosom of Vesuvius in the nights of its wrath. It proceeded

slowly towards the Giardini Publici, with a perpetual surge and the ceaseless sound of voices. The glorious names of Montebello, of Frassinetto, of Palestro, and of Magenta were everywhere woven in the festoons of flowers with those of Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon, Italy, and France.

Such was the public excitement in those days, that many persons actually went mad. One of these was an old man who had gone through the greater part of the Napoleonic wars as an officer of the Italian Veliti. One day, as the Emperor was galloping towards Porta Renza, this man forced his way through the crowd, holding in his hand a tattered flag, formed by a piece of tri-coloured silk, with the Imperial arms on a golden ground embroidered in its centre. It was a relic of the Napoleonic army, which had been religiously treasured by the old soldier, who intended to present it to the liberator of his country. The veteran had scarcely uttered some unintelligible words when he broke into a raving laugh, and dropped on his knees. The poor man was mad, and died a few days after at the Senavra, the lunatic asylum of Milan.

But the enthusiasm of the Milanese was bestowed not merely on the two monarchs, but on one who, though less illustrious in station, had almost equal claims on the national gratitude. At the first tidings of the victory of Magenta, Count Cavour hastened to the head-quarters of Quarto Cagnino, and subsequently followed the allied sovereigns to Milan. Cavour, of course, became one of the lions of the city; and his portrait (which, only a few days before, it

would have been treason to expose in the public ways) was paraded in every shop and at every window, surrounded by a large laurel crown. The Count could scarcely drive through the streets or show himself at the theatre, without rousing the enthusiasm of the crowd. To escape from such continued ovations, he tried to pass unnoticed as a humble pedestrian; but the plan seldom succeeded. One day, as he was coming from the Villa Buonaparte, he was recognised by two young ladies, who, without any ceremony, ran up and embraced him. Cavour would on this occasion have been crushed by the crowd had it not been for his secretary, who, seeing the unpleasant situation of the Premier, shouted out, "Let Count Cavour pass! He is the bearer of news which must reach the King within a quarter of an hour. Delay would be pernicious to the cause of the country." The embracings and pressure of the crowd were directly discontinued; a path was opened before the minister, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was entering the door of Busca's palace. The two ladies who began the demonstration had, however, taken from his coat the ribands of his order, as a souvenir of their great countryman. Such an act will appear very reprehensible to the more calm and better-trained women of the north; but Italian women are of an impulsive nature, and read little else (as the Cavaliere Gallenga remarks in one of his admirable books) than the most trifling poems and romances. They are therefore prone to follow, without reflection, the bent of their emotions, and often do things which are not strictly capable of defence. Considerable allowance, too, must be made

for the state of excitement into which the whole city was plunged.

This feeling was not confined to the lower classes of the Milanese community. If we except a few families, the Lombard nobility have at all times been the most patriotic of Italy. In 1820 and 1831, they furnished a large contingent to the Austrian state prison, and they took the lead of the national movement in 1848. The Visconti, the Arese, the Arconati, the Confalonieri, the Casati, the Greffi, the chief branch of the Belgioioso, &c., were all families that had been foremost in the first and second periods of Lombard history since the Austrian domination. The Borromeos, the Littas, the Daddas, the Annoni, although not altogether against Austria at the beginning, had joined the number of her enemies in 1848. There is perhaps no aristocracy in Europe which has been more tried than this noble and self-denying one. The fortunes of the chief families squandered by Austrian proconsuls under the pretext of confiscation—their children obliged to seek safety in exile—their palaces plundered, their friends imprisoned;—such were the injuries sustained by the Milanese nobles since the hopes of Italy had been once more extinguished on the terrible field of Novara. The clergy had no individual wrongs to avenge; but the love of their country, and the recollections of its ancient glory, were never quenched amongst them. The iron rule of Austrian archbishops, and the no less hard coercion of Italian bishops sold over to the interest of their Teutonic masters, could not persuade the Lombard clergy that servitude is a

religious doctrine, or that a foreign potentate derives the right of maintaining a nation in a life-long agony from the God of mercy and justice. Amongst the clergy of Lombardy there was always an Arnaldo da Breseia or a Savonarola, who kept up the true evangelical feeling amidst his brethren, and cautiously, but unceasingly, taught the world that Italians had to perform the sacred duty of ridding the land of its oppressors. In spite of the desertion of Pius IX., and of the threats of the Vatican, they followed the noble lead attributed to Julius II., and sought to drive the "barbarians" out of their country. Thus patriotically trained, and being doubly exasperated since the Austrian Marshal Radetsky had laid his hand upon the consecrated heads of three virtuous priests, Grioli, Tazzoli, and Benedini (who had been hanged at Mantua in 1853, because they loved Italy), the Lombard clergy saluted with the utmost enthusiasm the rising sun of independence.

Notwithstanding the opposition of Monsignor Caccia, the chief of the archiepiscopal see of Milan, a *Te Deum* was sung in the magnificent cathedral; the shrine of San Carlo was opened, and the blessing of God invoked upon the heads of the two monarchs. The chapel of this celebrated bishop of the seventeenth century, who added to his armorial bearings the word "Humilitas," is a sort of subterranean building, the walls of which are covered with magnificent gold and silver ornaments, engraved by the most distinguished artists of Italy. The saint lies there upon a bed of embroidered scarlet velvet,

covered with large pieces of rock-crystal, and clad in the rich costume of a Roman Catholic prelate. The shrine is usually opened only once a year; but on this solemn occasion an exception was made. The mummy-like face of the pious archbishop is in great favour amongst the lower classes of the Milanese citizens; for the works of charity he performed during the famous plague, so admirably described by Manzoni, have been religiously remembered from generation to generation. The Milanese women of the humbler class consider it a good omen when the shrine is opened on exceptional occasions; and they now believed that God would continue to protect the valiant French and Italian armies as He had done in the victory of Magenta.

Whilst the Lombard capital was still in a frenzy of joy—whilst the infantry of the Guard, in its encampment at Piazza d'Armi, was still exulting, and *Zouaves*, *fantassins*, and Guides were made much of, and taken into the cafés and restaurants free of all expense—the sound of artillery came on the wings of the evening breeze towards Milan from the direction of Melegnano. At the beginning of this chapter, I have stated that Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers had been ordered by the Emperor to encamp his *corps d'armée* on the road of Melegnano, either at San Donato or San Giuliano, and, according to the news he received of the movements of the enemy, to attack and carry Melegnano, and cut off, if possible, his retreat towards the Adda, or to remain quiescent. M'Mahon, at the head of the second corps, had already advanced in the direction of San Martino. It was at this last-named

village that the two Marshals met, and determined upon the plan of attack. The Duke of Magenta was to move with his *corps d'armée* on San Giuliano, whence he was to bend to the left, in order to turn the right of Melegnano, and to occupy the road which leads from Cassano to Lodi, thus cutting off the retreat of the Austrians. Forey's division was to march on the right, taking the road from Nosedo to Pedriano, and turning Melegnano by that side. This was the main attack, and was to be upheld by powerful artillery. Ladmirault's division, marching on the farm of San Bresa, was to effect a similar movement towards the left; whilst three battalions of Zouaves, belonging to General Bazain's division, were directed to attack Melegnano in front.

This small town stands on a plain; but its strongly-built houses, its narrow streets, and, above all, its cemetery, afford excellent cover to any troops defending it. Melegnano was often the field of bloody contests in the Middle Ages. When the League of Cambray was dissolved, Julius II. called upon the Italian States to join him in his generous but illusory scheme of driving the barbarians out of Italy. The Generals of Louis XII., attacked by the Swiss, Spanish, and Italian confederates, were at last compelled, notwithstanding their dearly-bought victory of Ravenna, to evacuate the country. The struggle, however, was renewed on the accession of the two formidable rivals, Francis I. and Charles V. On the 1st of September, 1515, the French won the battle of Melegnano, and the mercenary legions were completely routed. The French had therefore a noble example

to follow, and on the 8th of June, 1859, they nobly followed it.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the troops which were to operate on Melegnano were united at San Donato. M'Mahon, with part of the second corps, marched on San Giuliano, occupied it without resistance, and proceeded towards Caspianello and the farm Barona, to accomplish his junction with the second division at Medaglia. But the waters of the Lambro were so difficult to ford, that he could not arrive at Medaglia before six o'clock in the evening. Having passed through that village, which was deserted by all its inhabitants, he pushed forward in two lines on the road to Lodi, bending his right wing in the direction of Rumolo, his left on Melegnano. But the village of Medaglia was scarcely passed before the guns were distinctly heard in the direction of the last-named town.

In the meanwhile, General Bazaine's division of Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps had already advanced from San Giuliano towards the front of Melegnano, which it reached at half-past five, when it was found to be occupied by Roden's brigade of the eighth Austrian corps. To the right and left of the high road were houses and farms, which the Austrians had turned into so many strongholds. The entrance of the village was also barricaded, and protected by four guns.

The division which was charged with turning the flank of the Austrian position had not as yet entered into action. The moment was grave. Bazaine's troops were exposed to the cross-fire of the enemy (which was briskly kept up from the houses at the sides of the road), and to the volleys of the Austrian

artillery. The General, nevertheless, ordered his gunners to place a battery on the road and return the fire. Shells, round-shot, and grape poured in showers upon the road; at close-quarters, the butt-ends of the muskets were freely used; the storming parties were repulsed, and there were no means of advancing. Suddenly, however, artillery was heard opening towards the further end of Melegnano, indicating the presence at that spot of General Forey's division. By a rapid movement, this admirable officer had passed through the villages of Civesio, Viboldone, Mezzano, and Padriano, at the last of which places he assumed a position that enabled him to bombard Melegnano with his twelve guns. At the same time, he had taken all necessary measures to fall on the rear of the enemy in the direction of Cerro and Riozzo.

General Bazaine, now feeling assured that Forey's division had come into action, ordered his Zouaves to storm the barricade at the commencement of the main street, and directed the 33rd regiment of the Line to support the movement. The Austrians received the shock with great courage. The first line of the troops defending the entrance of Melegnano was formed of officers; but all their devotion could not save the position. Vain efforts, useless sacrifice! The barricade was carried, and the French sappers cleared the way for the advancing artillery. Towards the left, equally heroic deeds were performed, both by the assailants and their antagonists. The cemetery, defended by the Austrians with an obstinacy which recalls to mind the death-wrestle of Inkermann and the Malakoff, was carried by the columns of General Goz, united with Colonel Paulze d'Ivoy's regiment,

and the day began manifestly to turn against the enemy.

General Ladmirault, in the meantime, having heard the roar of guns in the front of Melegnano, at once concluded that General Bazaine was seriously engaged on that side. He had no artillery near at hand; but he did not suffer that to disconcert him. He ordered Commandant Courrech to hasten with his battalion in the direction of the fire, whilst he himself and General Niol, at the head of the 15th regiment of the Line, marched *au pas de course* on Melegnano, which lies scarcely sixty yards off. The Austrians, dislodged from the positions which skirt the town, were compelled to mass their troops within the streets and the piazza. The fight then became a hand-to-hand struggle, for it was necessary to storm every house, every church, every portico, and to carry every barricade by assault. The Zouaves at last attained the principal square; but they were still met by an incessant cross-fire. Hundreds of dead were scattered about. Colonel Paulze d'Ivoy fell mortally wounded, at the head of his heroes, in front of the old castle where the enemy was entrenched. The resistance of the Austrians became more and more obstinate; for another brigade of the eighth corps, which was on the left bank of the Lambro, had been sent to assist Roden. A party of Zouaves and the 33rd regiment of the Line, however, surmounted all difficulties, and the Austrians were hunted from every position. The post-office, their last stronghold, was stormed by the 33rd regiment; but at the corner of this building the flying columns of the enemy suddenly turned, and the 33rd was decimated. General Ladmirault came to its assistance with the 15th regi-

ment of the Line, and another effort was made. The elements themselves, as if envious of the wrath of the contending armies, covered the bloody ground with torrents of rain; the noise of battle was answered by peals of thunder; and lightning now and then flashed out, giving rapid and momentary glimpses of the terrible scene.

The Austrians, whose sudden offensive movement had no other object than to protect the retreat of the corps which had tried to defend Melegnano, were routed at last. At nine o'clock at night, all the positions held by the enemy during the day were occupied by the French. Forey's column, being obliged to make its way through a country intersected by large ditches, was not able to reach the road leading from Melegnano to Landriano till half-an-hour after the Austrians were routed. M'Mahon, on the other hand, seeing that all chance of cutting off the retreat of the enemy had been lost, halted his corps at Balbiano and Dresano, thus facing the town of Lodi, so anxiously regarded by the enemy as the point on which the Adda could be crossed.

During the night, and the greater part of the next day, the Austrian army succeeded in effecting the passage of that river, and, after having destroyed the bridges of Lodi, Paullo, and Pizzighettone, was rapidly performing its backward movement towards the Chiese, the Oglio, and the Mincio. General Urban's division, harassed by fatigue, and closely pursued by the Piedmontese, was not able, however, to follow the retiring army: it was obliged to stop not far from Cassano, in order to get a little rest.

Suddenly, one of the Piedmontese divisions came in sight, and the order to attack Urban was given. The Bersaglieri were already advancing in small groups, when a captain of the French Staff, galloping to their front, bade them stop. He was charged with the mission of calling upon Urban to surrender. The Austrian General received him courteously, begged him to share his breakfast, and talked over the great events which had passed. In the meanwhile, however, the Chief of Urban's Staff, taking advantage of the nature of the ground, made his troops resume their backward march. When breakfast was over, the French officer told Urban that an immediate surrender was demanded. The Austrian General answered that he was ready to submit to the chances of war, but asked the officer to produce some document by which he could be satisfied that he had power to settle the conditions of the capitulation. The French captain had no such document, and it was agreed that he should go back and procure one, at the same time informing the Piedmontese of the transaction. More than two hours had elapsed when he returned to Urban's head-quarters, on reaching which, he found that the Austrians had disappeared, had placed the river between themselves and the Piedmontese, and had destroyed the bridge. The negotiator had then an opportunity of experiencing the truth of what Folard has said in his commentaries upon Polybius, "that an officer who goes to sleep upon the faith of a verbal convention often awakes a dupe."

On the afternoon of the 9th, I went with some

friends to Melegnano, to test the truth of the hundred reports which had been spread at Milan about the action of the previous day. By the time I arrived at Melegnano, the streets had been cleared of the dead ; but numerous and large pools of blood were still to be seen at the entrance of the town, opposite the post-office, and at the northern corner of the piazza. The buildings were almost as much damaged as those of Magenta, and the country around had been so much trampled about by men and horses, that it was more like a wild heath than a highly-cultivated district.

Accompanied by my friends, I entered the café of the piazza, where some Zouaves were playing at cards. A few French officers were smoking their not very choice cigars, and looking down upon us, as we stood there in our plain civilian suits, which showed that we belonged to that order of mankind commonly alluded to by Gallic warriors under the scornful name of *pekins*. To say the truth, the aspect of these gentlemen was anything but encouraging. I ventured, however, to ask them in the most polite manner if, in the action of the previous day, they had sustained any great loss. One of them immediately exclaimed—

“ Who are you, monsieur ? and what interest have you in making such an inquiry ? ”

“ Oh, do not be alarmed,” I replied. “ I am only a newspaper correspondent, and my business is to collect materials to write home.”

Directly I had made this short answer, one of the officers of the Imperial gendarmerie—who perhaps had been brought up by General Espinasse or M. Maupas, and who therefore did not like publicity—stepped

forward, and in a coarse voice asked for the necessary *permis*. This was at once produced; the names of my Milanese friends were given, and, happily enough, one of the officers had been in the palace of one of those gentlemen at Milan, and had seen a comrade of his kindly nursed when suffering from a wound he had received at Magenta. This incident smoothed matters directly, and the officers became our friends.

Having then repeated my question, an officer answered—

“ Well, we have paid rather dearly for our victory of yesterday. Sixty-eight of our companions were put *hors de combat*, and 500 men were either killed or wounded. I can assure you, however, that the enemy lost at least 1000 men, and a General, who was mortally wounded—not to speak of many who were taken prisoners; for they fought even better in defending this place than they did at Montebello.”

After partaking of the refreshments which were kindly offered to us, we went to pay a short visit to the ambulances (which were crowded both with French and Austrians), and then returned to Milan with a sad recollection of our excursion.

In those days of anxiety, the clanging of arms, the crash of artillery, and the rattling of musketry did not allow the mind to dwell upon the many miseries inseparable from a state of war. But now, when the tranquillity of my own room surrounds me, and I reawaken the memory of those scenes of destruction, I feel more and more their horror.

CHAPTER V.

TRE PONTI.

Beautiful Scenery—Two Garibaldian Officers—Cavour and the Emperor not popular with the Garibaldians—Mysterious Imperial Messenger to Garibaldi's Head-quarters—The Lion not to be tamed—A Garibaldian Colonel—An Austrian Steamer blown up—A Village Inn—Garibaldi's March on Bergamo—Narrow Escape of an Austrian Battalion—Dangerous Flank March—Garibaldi at Brescia—An Alarm—Courage displayed by the Brescians—Garibaldi's March on the Oglio—Action of Tre Ponti—First Symptoms of a forthcoming Peace—How to get rid of Garibaldi and the Garibaldians—The Scheme of Napoleon III.—Providence helps the Italians.

EARLY in the morning of the 19th of June, I was riding with two Garibaldian officers, whom I had met by chance, along that beautiful road which runs from Lonato towards the Lake of Garda. We had already reached the top of the hill from which the lovely lake, with some of the most enchanting scenery of Italy, spreads itself before the eye of the traveller. At the southern extremity, amidst the blue waters, rises the island of Sirmione. Its extensive olive gardens, its Roman ruins (said to be the remains of the villa of Catullus), and its high, square tower, bearing the arms of the Scaligeri, are seen on the distant horizon. The town of Desenzano is distinctly beheld

from the top of the promontory of Lonato, together with the whole of the picturesque borders of the lake, commonly called the Riviera di Garda. The eye also takes in Gardone, Toscolano, Salò, and the villa Lecchi, on the left bank, with their white walls and elegant arched lobbies, amongst groves of orange, olive, and lemon trees. Bardolino, Malesine, Tremesine, Torre, and the other picturesque villages, with their red-tiled roofs, scattered about the foot of the Veronese mountains, stand on the opposite side, with the once strong, square castle of Riva at the extreme end of the lake. The scene is beautiful, and on the present occasion the rising sun shone on the snowy summits of old Monte Baldo, and on the spire of the sanctuary of Madonna della Corona, and here and there threw its vivid light over the declivities of the valleys. The vineyards, the fields of corn, and the murmuring pines, entwined by the leaves of ivy, were reflecting numberless hues, which changed in infinite gradations as the night dew dropped on the ground, or evaporated into the air.

We were riding in silence, absorbed by the beauty of the scenery. One of my companions was dressed in a tight grey jacket, trimmed with black silk braid, and wore a cap and trowsers of the same colour. It was the uniform of Garibaldi's Guides. The dress of the other cavalier was concealed under the large folds of a cloak of the same colour, which scarcely allowed the narrow green riband of the sleeves to be seen. Both the officers were of handsome and prepossessing appearance; and their sun-burnt faces, partially covered with well-shaped beards, would have attracted

attention under any circumstances. At a sudden turn of the road, the youngest of the two officers, addressing his friend, said :—

“ Have you heard anything about the interview the General had with Victor Emmanuel on the 9th, at Milan ?”

“ No,” answered the other ; “ I have tried, but have not succeeded. I asked Missori, Besana, and many other of our friends ; but either nobody knows, or the strictest secrecy is kept.”

“ For myself,” resumed the first officer, “ I am certain that Garibaldi must have spoken his mind to the King. The General has a sort of intuition, which never betrays him ; and the great dislike he has for Napoleon III. must be based on some ground. Is not that your opinion, Major ?”

“ To say the truth,” replied the other, “ I fully share the General’s dislike. I have known Garibaldi at Rome, and have always found him right, both in his likings and his dislikings. He fears that the aid of Louis Napoleon will be paid for too dearly. At any rate, if the Emperor should carry out his proclamation, Italy will only be freed from the Austrians, to be chained to the French Imperial car.”

“ You may depend upon it,” said the first, “ that Italy, once organized, will never bear the insolence of a foreign potentate. The people will know their force, and, *per Dio*, with Garibaldi at their head, there is nothing to fear, either from alien Emperors or domestic Princes.”

“ True, my friend ; but, though I am a republican, I have no great faith in the popular element as our

country now stands. It will take years to work up the masses, and to regenerate them through the blessing of popular instruction; for tyranny and the priests have kept them long in the most revolting ignorance.

“I agree with you, Major; but our people are naturally quick, and you will find that they will not take long to see their way through the darkness.”

“God grant that it may be so!” exclaimed the Major; “but, for myself, I cannot believe in the great Italian idol of our days. See how Cavour has acted with the General! Had the Count kept the promise he made to Major Corte on the 9th of May, our small army would have been swelled by the four battalions of the Cacciatori degli Apennini, which the lukewarm Colonel Boldoni (to give him the mildest epithet) has organized, or disorganized, at Acqui. Instead of joining us, our friends are somewhere about Alessandria, or on their way to Parma. If Garibaldi had had them when we entered Como a fortnight ago, he would have been able to carry out his plan, march on Milan, and fall on the rear of the Austrian army routed at Magenta, thus preventing their slow and difficult retreat towards the Mincio. I fear there is no avoiding the inference that Cavour and the great officials of Turin, together with the Lombard aristocracy, hate the volunteers.”

“Yes, because they fear them,” hastily rejoined the other; “because they are fully aware that, though we have loyally accepted the programme, ‘Unity with Victor Emmanuel,’ we are not the men to become slaves to the ruler of Imperial France. They caress

us, they pay their court to our General; but I tell you it is time lost, and that we must be on the watch."

"There," said the Major, "you have hit the right nail on the head. Only two days ago, Louis Napoleon tried to tame the lion. Do you remember seeing a mysterious personage at our head-quarters last Friday?"

"Yes, I do. Are you not speaking of that Corsican fellow, who knew the General in South America?"

"That is the man."

"But where did he come from? and why did he present himself at our head-quarters?"

"Oh, that is an amusing story. The Corsican fellow, as you call him, had known Garibaldi at Montevideo. On Friday he introduced himself to Colonel Carrano, and told him he had an important mission to fulfil, and that he wanted to speak to the General. Garibaldi was then gone to inspect the outposts, but on his return kindly received the secret messenger and had a long chat with him. Well, would you believe it, that the man was sent by the Emperor himself to make advances to Garibaldi? I have been assured he told him that Louis Napoleon was fully aware that the volunteers had been badly treated by the Government of the King, and that both the Emperor and his Generals felt a great admiration for their valiant leader. The Corsican then added, that Louis Napoleon would be most happy if he could send them clothes, arms, or anything else. It is also said that a hint was even given about the

riband of the Legion of Honour. Fancy Garibaldi with a Buonaparte star on his breast!"

"And what was the answer of the General?"

"Well, you may easily guess it. He only said that he wanted nothing, and so coldly did he dismiss the messenger, that I very much doubt if we shall see him again at our head-quarters."

Here ended the conversation, which I have repeated to the best of my recollection; and by this time we had reached a road-side inn, which was crowded by a party of *Cacciatori delle Alpi* on their way to Salò. A thin, short, elderly man, with a long grey beard, was standing at the door. He was clad in a half-worn-out green tunic, and was petting one of those little, rough, dirty dogs which in Italy generally answer to the name of "*Mascherino*." Although the new personage did not wear any distinction on his tunic, the silver riband which surrounded his cap, and the sword hanging from his left side, were enough to indicate that he held the position of Colonel in the Garibaldian army. And such was the case. The Colonel—an old friend of Garibaldi—had joined the volunteers at the first rumour of war. He was one of those men who are in themselves the most exact personification of Italian patriots. Ardent and self-denying, his life had been one continuous sacrifice; his stern republican principles having never been found in fault. He was foremost amongst the defenders of Rome in 1849, and was subsequently arrested by order of Cardinal Antonelli, and thrown into a Papal dungeon, where he remained five years without being told of what crime he was accused. Being released at last through

powerful influence, the Colonel went to Belgium, where he lived upon a crust until the hour of action struck; and now here he was among the ranks of the Garibaldians.

“What news, Colonel?” asked the officers, descending from their horses.

“All right at the camp; and yesterday we had a little excitement. One of the Austrian steamboats which ran on the Lake of Garda—or, as the Roman said, ‘pulcherrimus Benacus’—had started from the opposite bank with a view to reconnoitring our forces at Salò. A Piedmontese battery had just arrived, when the *Francis Joseph* steamboat was ordered to steer to this side of the lake. She therefore proceeded in the direction of our camp; but the moment she was approaching the harbour of Salò, Garibaldi ordered the Piedmontese officer to send her a warm salute. This was quickly done, and very well done too. Our guns were directed with such precision, that two of their round-shot soon smashed her elegant stern. Of course this was to her the signal for a hasty retreat; but as she was about to turn her helm, a well-directed grenade fell on the middle of her deck. Two minutes afterwards, a tremendous explosion was heard; the grenade had made its way into the powder magazine, and in less than five minutes the *Francis Joseph* was in flames. A distress-signal was hoisted; but before the *Benedek* could be sent from Peschiera to help her crew, she was swallowed by the waters of the lake. Only a few of the Croats she had on board could be saved; the others were either burnt to death by the flames or drowned. One of the Austrian army contractors—an Italian from Riva—was

on board, and shared the fate of the less fortunate passengers.”

“ Well done ! One can have no pity for traitors to their country,” loudly exclaimed the two officers.

“ Amen, my friends !” rejoined the Colonel. “ But would it not be as well for you to come in, and try the taste of a splendid *polenta* which is now being made by the innkeeper—a capital cook, by the bye, whose ability can match that of Massimo d’Azeglio’s famous Veleno ? Nothing is wanted to renew the party so well described in the *Ettore Fieramosca*. You, Major, will play the part of Ettore ; our young friend that of Inigo ; and this gentleman,” added the Colonel, addressing me, “ will be our guest.”

“ And how about you, old fellow ?” asked the younger officer.

“ Oh, can you not guess ? I shall rehearse—at table, at least—the part of Fanfulla.”

“ Well,” answered the Major, laughing, “ let us go in, and judge the skill of our new Veleno.”

For my part, being anxious to join a friend at Salò, I was obliged to decline this kind invitation. The three Garibaldians went in, where I shall leave them seated at a table under the fresh shade of one of those delicious *loggie*, whose roofs are covered with the interwoven leaves of the vine, varied by numerous and tender hues. While they are attacking the pie of Indian corn of which the Italians are so fond, I will relate the achievements of Garibaldi’s volunteers since we left them at Como on the day of the battle of Magenta.

Neither the repeated entreaties of an English family

which was then passing the leisure of life at Villa Brivio on the Lake of Como, nor those of a Russian Prince also living in that neighbourhood, could induce General Urban to march again on Como, now for the second time occupied by Garibaldi. The Italian General had in the meanwhile heard of the great victory of the allied armies. Leaving some officers at Como, with directions to organize the volunteers who were passing through the town from all the districts of Upper Lombardy, Garibaldi embarked on one of the steamers of the lake, and took his Cacciatori to Lecco. From this town he boldly marched on Bergamo, passing through Pontida—a village in which are still existing the ruins of that convent where the League of the Lombard Cities against the house of Swabia was agreed upon. So rapid was the march of Garibaldi, that a captain of his Guides, who had been sent to reconnoitre with ten of his men, having suddenly arrived at the village of Almenno San Salvatore, fell upon a Hungarian officer who was collecting the war contribution ordered by Gyulai. Four days after the battle of Magenta, the Cacciatori delle Alpi entered Bergamo, the castle of which had been hastily evacuated by its Austrian commander during the previous night, in spite of the contrary orders sent to him from the headquarters of Gyulai.

Whilst Garibaldi was entering Bergamo, Major Corte had galloped to the railway station. One of the officials handed him a telegraphic message, which had just been sent by the Austrian commander of Brescia. This contained an announcement that 1500 Croats would shortly arrive at Bergamo. Major Corte

hastened to inform Garibaldi of the occurrence; and the Genoese Carabinieri and a battalion of the 3rd regiment were sent to the station to receive the new comers. It certainly promised to be one of the most amusing surprises recorded in the annals of war. Presently the sharp whistle of the coming engine was heard; the curling column of its smoke was seen. The trick, however, was not to succeed. A straggler from the Austrian garrison which had left Bergamo during the night met the train about a mile from the town, and with all the power of his lungs, accompanied by frantic gesticulations, shouted out to his passing comrades the magic name of "Garibaldi, Garibaldi!" The engine-driver, frightened by the threats of the Croats, stopped the train; the officers rushed out, and heard from the straggler that Bergamo was occupied by the Italian *Teufel*. So great was their amazement, that, instead of going back by the train to Brescia, the cars were abandoned, and the 1500 Croats, taking to the open fields, trusted to the speed of their legs.

The anxiously expected train arrived at last at the station; but it was empty. The engine-driver told the Garibaldians what had occurred, and a company of Cacciatori, under the command of Captain Narciso Bronzetti, was sent in pursuit of the Austrian column, whose retreat soon became an absolute flight.

After his visit to the head-quarters of Victor Emmanuel at Milan, Garibaldi started on the 11th of June from Bergamo with his troops, and following the road to Martinengo and Pontiglio, proceeded towards Brescia. During this march, Garibaldi had

the Austrians at the distance of two miles; his Cacciatori were distinctly seen by them, without, however, their daring to arrest the forward movement of the patriots. It was on the following Sunday—a splendid day—that Garibaldi made his entry into Brescia, a city which has always been the most patriotic of Italy, while its bold, generous, lively population is, undoubtedly, the most courageous and self-sacrificing. The Brescian hatred of the Austrians had still further increased since 1849, when, in spite of the rout sustained by the national army at Novara, they bravely resisted for a week the overwhelming legions of Haynau. The revenge of that ferocious officer was terrible—so terrible, that even the Austrian General, Prince Thurn und Taxis, who had been mortally wounded whilst storming the barricade of Porta Torre Longa, bequeathed the whole of his property to the families of those who had heroically defended the town on that occasion. With such precedents, the reception of the Italian volunteers at Brescia may be easily imagined. I shall not attempt to describe it; words would be wanting to do justice to the task. To illustrate the courage of the Brescians, let me follow the course of my narrative.

Garibaldi, on entering the city, heard voices exclaiming, “The Austrians are coming! Here are the Hussars!” And, in fact, about twenty of those famous Hungarian horsemen had entered the town, not knowing that the brigade to which they belonged had already left it. On seeing the green tunics of the Italian volunteers, they turned their horses, and galloped towards Montechiaro. Garibaldi, having heard the

alarm, jumped into the carriage of Count Fenaroli, whose guest he was, and, driving through the piazzas and streets, followed the Hussars along the road they had taken. The Brescians, seeing the famous leader and his Staff pass out of the city, believed that the Austrians were really in the act of coming back. In a moment, the whole of the population—men, women, and children—armed themselves with any weapons they could lay hold of, and ran to the bastion like tigers. Those who could not procure a musket took up a knife, a spade, or an axe. Romoaldo Cattelli, a commissary of the Custom House Guards, led his men on the road to Montechiaro; Count Berardo Maggi armed the inhabitants of his parish; Avvocato Fiorentini organized a company of *barabas*; ladies of the highest rank employed themselves in constructing barricades. Every one, from the poorest to the wealthiest, prepared to defend the city. But the Austrians had work to do in other quarters: they were retiring fast towards the Mincio.

On the 14th of June, the head-quarters of Victor Emmanuel were removed from Palazzuolo, on the Oglio, and established on the line of the Mela, near Brescia. The French Emperor, who had left Milan on the 12th, fixed his head-quarters at Gorgonzola, taking with him the Imperial Guards, who had then become the reserve for the allied armies. On the evening of the day last mentioned, whilst the whole of the Franco-Sardinian army was moving towards the rivers Oglio and Chiese in pursuit of the enemy, an order was sent to Garibaldi to march immediately towards the latter river, cross it (after

having repaired the bridge of Bettoletto), and occupy Lonato. To support Garibaldi's hazardous movement, four regiments of Sardinian Lancers and two horse batteries, under the command of General Sambuy, were to join him during the night. Although it was late in the evening, the march was at once ordered, and at twelve o'clock that night Garibaldi encamped with his men at Sant' Eufemia, four Italian miles from Brescia.

Justly to estimate the difficulties which Garibaldi had to encounter, we should consider that he was obliged to march twelve miles on a line parallel with that which the main body of the Austrian army was then following. Artillery and cavalry were of little use; for the ground over which the General had to make his way was continually intersected by ditches and canals, and by the low walls which divide the fields of different owners. The chief object of Garibaldi's movement was to screen and protect the march of Sambuy's division on the Chiese, and to remove all difficulties which could prevent its crossing that stream. But on the next morning, whilst Garibaldi's columns were already marching towards Bettoletto, a Sardinian officer brought news that General Sambuy was still far behind, and that he could not join the Italian leader under three hours.

Although the disappointment of Garibaldi was very great, he nevertheless commenced carrying out at least a portion of the orders he had received. He therefore directed Cosenz to echelon his regiment in the vicinity of Tre Ponti (which is on the road

from Sant' Eufemia to Bettoletto), whilst he himself, at the head of the 2nd regiment, marched on Bettoletto. The 3rd regiment, less two companies, was cautiously to march on Tre Ponti, under the command of Colonel Türr, and the Genoese Carabiniers were to maintain the communication between Cosenz and Garibaldi. Six battalions would thus occupy a line whose length was from five to six Italian miles. Though troublesome, this was a necessity; indeed, it was the only plan which could have been adopted by a General who had received orders to protect the march of a cavalry division. Without the arrangements made by Garibaldi, Sambrey's cavalry might have been easily attacked by the enemy's sharpshooters; for it was compelled to march along a road which runs between a deep canal on one side, and thick hedges on the other.

Garibaldi acted on the supposition that the enemy was not far off; and he was right. The Cacciatori delle Alpi were beginning to restore the bridge of Bettoletto, when Garibaldi was informed that during the night two Austrian divisions had occupied Castanedolo, and that as soon as they got scent of his move they had left it, with the intention of attacking him on the road leading from the last-named place to Caliverghe and Tre Ponti.

These reports, brought by a Brescian gentleman, were found to be entirely correct. In about an hour's time, Colonel Cosenz sent word that the enemy had already attacked the battalion of his regiment which formed the rear of his column at Tre Ponti. The ground on which the Austrians were operating is

covered with shrubs and ditches, such as easily screen the movements of an assaulting army. Thus protected, they were enabled to open fire at a distance of thirty paces. Their attack on Tre Ponti was so sudden that Colonel Cosenz had hardly time to go in aid of his companions with the rest of his regiment, while they waited for the further help that had been sent for. The enemy's battalions were in the meanwhile hastening to the scene of action from every direction. The patriotic band would certainly have been lost had not Garibaldi arrived in time. Haranguing his men, he told them that only by their bayonets could they clear the way. The volunteers at once set to work with vigour. Assault followed assault; and, after repulsing the enemy six times, the Cacciatori delle Alpi at last succeeded in making the Austrians abandon the positions of Ca di Monte, Rezzato, and Macina.

The action of Tre Ponti was rather a successful retreat than a victory. But, when we recollect that Garibaldi was obliged to scatter his three regiments along a very extended line, and that he could only meet the overwhelming forces of the enemy with eleven companies, the result shows the military capacity of the man, and the excellence of the soldiers he commanded. The principal error of the day was committed by Colonel Türr, of the Staff of Garibaldi. Following too much the ardent dictates of his nature, this Hungarian officer marched too far in advance on Tre Ponti, thus compromising the safety, not only of the few companies he commanded, but of the whole volunteer corps. This error Türr, however, nobly ex-

piated: he was shot through the right arm whilst charging, at the head of his troops, a Bohemian battalion.

The losses sustained by the Cacciatori delle Alpi on this occasion were rather heavy. They had two hundred men put *hors de combat*, amongst whom were seven officers. Major Bronzetti, of Mantua, and Count Gradenigo, the representative of the illustrious Venetian family of that name, were killed whilst leading their battalions to the assault. The name of Bronzetti is one of the dearest to Italy, for it recalls to mind a family of heroes. Both the Major and his brother lost their lives for the cause of their country, in a manner which shows that Italy still possesses men of the ancient Roman stamp.

The day after the action of Tre Ponti, Garibaldi was ordered to march by Vobarno towards the Lake of Garda, where he arrived the day before that on which occurred the conversation I have related at the commencement of the present chapter.

That conversation must have shown the reader that Louis Napoleon was by no means popular amongst our brave volunteers. They could not, of course, have anticipated at that time that the Emperor wanted to propose the Peace of Villafranca; but there existed in their minds a sort of presentiment, which was fully shared by Garibaldi, that no real good could be expected from a man who, in their estimation, had destroyed the liberties of his own country. In this opinion Garibaldi was still more strengthened when, two days after his arrival at Salò, he received an order to join a part of Cialdini's division in the Valtellina,

where, it was suggested, the passes of Stelvio and Tonale might be menaced by the armies of the German Confederation. Whether this danger was real or only imaginary, rests with a few diplomatists, who were in the secrets of the German Courts, to decide. At Garibaldi's head-quarters it was believed that the supposed German invasion was but an ingenious pretext to dissuade the leader of the Italian volunteers from carrying out the plan towards which he was already working. That plan was to cross the Lake of Garda, to take to the Veronese mountains, and to carry war and insurrection into the valley of the Adige. The thought of halting on the Mincio was, perhaps, already brooding in Louis Napoleon's mind, and the plan of Garibaldi did not meet his views.

On the other hand, the revolution was already spreading itself in the minor States of Italy. The Duchess of Parma had thought it prudent to leave her territories on the 9th of June. Two days afterwards, Francis V., following the retreating movement of the Austrians from Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara, towards the Po, abandoned his Lilliputian dukedom of Modena. The populations of those States, freed from their former masters, followed the example of the Tuscans and the Lombards, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel their King. In less than seven days, the Pope lost the Legations, and the petty sovereigns their dominions. "Unity" was the war-cry of the Italians, both in the centre of the Peninsula and in the north. But unity did not find favour in Louis Napoleon's mind, and had, perhaps, not been contemplated in his Convention of Plombières. It is true

that the last sentence of the Imperial proclamation at Milan seemed to imply as much ; but the expression may have been the result of haste, excitement, and enthusiasm, rather than the matured disclosure of a preconcerted political plan. To stop the revolutionary movement which pervaded the Peninsula, and to prepare the Italia s for the idea of a Confederation, were therefore thoughts which might have been traced by a keen observer in the conduct of the Emperor, even before the battle of Solferino. Judging from the existing state of Italy, he at once perceived that the people he had come to help could not for some years bear alone the brunt of the military force which Austria could at any time bring against them. The Italians, he probably conceived, would be obliged to bend themselves to any arrangements he might propose ; for neither the regular army of Sardinia nor the revolutionary element would be strong enough to oppose his views or to match Austria, when left to themselves.

Providence, however, had decided otherwise : Italy had not only determined to attain her unity, but the means of doing so were placed within her grasp.

CHAPTER VI.

VILLAGE LIFE IN LOMBARDY.

The Life of a Newspaper Correspondent—My Condition in those Days—Napoleon III. at Brescia—The Emperor fond of the Souvenirs of his Uncle—A Field of Battle of the First Napoleon—A Drive at Night—Calcinato—Garibaldi's Englishman—My Servant—I am in need of a Friend—The Spezieria of Calcinato—Its Society—Help comes in time—Lord Palmerston's "Son"—The Friend is found—A rough Bed to sleep on—Objectionable Company—Antonio half eaten up—Lonato—Desenzano and its Inns—Italian Waiters—A great Idea—My supposed Cousin—An excellent Breakfast—Bersaglieri and Cavaleggieri—The Result of a gallant Reconnoissance—The Major of Hussars—I hasten back to Brescia—Hospitals of Brescia—Devotion of Brescian Ladies.

THE life of a man who, either from duty or curiosity, undertakes to follow the operations of an army, without, however, belonging to it, is full of charm and endless adventure. Free as the bird of the wood, he can ride right and left, stop when he likes, follow the dangerous errand of some reconnoitring party, and partake of the varied excitement of war without the restraint of military discipline. If now and then he allows himself to get into a scrape by joining a charge or advancing too far in front, he is at any rate enabled to reflect—should he be fortunate enough to come back unhurt—that he has enjoyed the thrilling

sensations of the soldier, and has got some new adventure to tell or to write about.

Such was my condition at the time of which I am writing. In possession of the magic *permis* which Count Cavour had kindly obtained for me, and which, if the reader recollects, had been so roughly asked for by the French officer at Melegnano, I had authority to follow either of the two allied armies, and to go to and from the head-quarters of the one to those of the other, to pick up news for the benefit of English readers. My position was, besides, highly favourable; for, being born at Mantua, and having passed a great part of my boyhood at Castiglione delle Stiviere, there was scarcely a village in that neighbourhood in which I could not find a bed to lie upon, and a thatch-roofed hut for my horses during the night. Besides, *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, says the French proverb; and a fagot of hay or a morsel of bread is always to be had from the kind-hearted peasants of Lombardy.

In high spirits, and full of hope (for I was approaching Mantua), I left Brescia for Calcinato the very evening on which the allied sovereigns removed their head-quarters from that city—the Emperor to Castenedolo, Victor Emmanuel to the place whereto I was bound. The two days which the monarchs had passed in the native town of Abelard's celebrated disciple—Arnold of Brescia, the victim of papal intolerance—were days of joyful frenzy, feasts, and acclamations. Louis Napoleon accepted the hospitality of Count Fenaroli, although his noble entertainer was by no means popular at Brescia; for, as my host of the

Gambaro assured me, the Count had always accepted the honours and dignities offered him by the Austrian Government. The severe judgment passed by my host upon the Brescian Count may have been right; but at any rate the fault was nobly atoned for, as Fenaroli and his family spared no fatigue or money to soothe the miseries of the wounded during the campaign. Having, on the first day of my arrival at Brescia, visited Colonel Türr, I could see how kindly he was nursed by the ladies of Fenaroli's family.

In spite of the petty gossips of the town, the French Emperor, as had been the case at Milan, could not resist the temptation of sleeping in the very room where the first Napoleon had slept—of writing upon the very table where the First Consul had written his famous dispatches. Louis Napoleon was therefore the guest of Count Fenaroli till he removed the Imperial head-quarters to Castenedolo. To follow the movements of the Sardinian army, I had taken on that evening the high road to Lonato, a little way from which rises Calcinato, on the western declivity of the range of hills bordering the Lake of Garda, and extending to Castiglione delle Stiviere, Solferino, Cavriana, and Volta, on the Mincio. At the village of Castenedolo, the left wing of the First Consul's army was established on the 3rd of August, 1796; and not half a mile from that locality began the brilliant *fait d'armes* which history has recorded as the battle of Lonato. It was at Lonato itself, however, that the greatest captain of our century defeated the right wing of the Austrian army under Wurmser; a defeat which was followed two days afterwards by

the still more decisive battle of Castiglione delle Stiviere, which sealed the fate of Austria in Italy at that time. The reader may easily imagine how full of glorious recollections is that road, and how their interest was then increased by the presence of a French army treading the same ground which the glory of their fathers had illustrated sixty-three years before.

Although night had surprised me on the road, it was one of those Italian nights which allow the eye of the traveller to perceive distinctly the outline of every object through the dim light of the starry heavens. The slopes of hard and stony ground, which agricultural improvement, jealous of every inch of soil, has changed into beautiful fields and gardens, were to be seen both to the right and left of the road. Here and there, the gentle rising of the hills was covered with brushwood and a good deal of rough heath; and at other places the luxuriant vegetation on the hills showed the passer-by that human industry had reclaimed them. In the far distance, the view is closed by the range of uplands on which the picturesque town of Lonato stands, the whole of the surrounding country "setting" like a scene on the stage. A little on the left of Calcinato, there is a by-road, whence an open space spreads itself before the eye: it is the famous plain of Montechiaro, to which the mist of night gives the appearance of an immense lake. It was on that plain that, three days before, the greater part of the Austrian army was concentrating itself.

Those who have never travelled in Italy cannot have an idea of the beauty of the nights. In northern

countries the moon may shine, the stars may glitter, and Orion may show his flaming belt; but a profound stillness—the stillness of death—prevails over all. It is not so in Italy. Thousands of undefinable sounds fill the ear, and excite the imagination; for Italian nature is so rich, even in its smallest manifestations, that ears and eyes and mind equally feel its sublime poetry. The green frog prattles in the low pond; the nightingale utters its melodious note from the pomegranate trees; the dog barks in the sheltered farm; the young peasant, coming home from the rendezvous with his beloved, sings the simple airs of his country. A myriad of fire-flies circle the road-side hedges with a whirl of glowing light; and the falling stars trace their vivid curves through the vault of heaven.

The features of an Italian night in the country are described with equal beauty and truth by the English poet Shelley:—

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit,
Built round dark caverns, even to the root
Of the living stems who feed them; in whose bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers.
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air; and, borne
In circles quaint and ever changing dance,
Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance,
Pale in the open moonshine; but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,—
A meteor tamed,—a fix'd star gone astray
From the silver regions of the Milky Way.
Afar, the contadino's song is heard,
Rude, but made sweet by distance; and a bird,
Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour;—and then all is still.

Those mysterious sounds, those multiform beauties, were still further increased in the summer days of 1859 by the warlike fervour and national activity that everywhere prevailed. As I drew near to Calcinato, I caught sight of the tents under which were stationed the Sardinian posts, with the Bersaglieri seated before the huge log fires, asking or giving the pass-word of the camp. In the villages and hamlets, I could behold, through the open cottage doors, parties of soldiers preparing their frugal supper round the bright light of the fires, or some officer already seated before the rough wooden table, partaking of the meal prepared by the hospitable family whose guest he was for that night.

I doubt not the reader will forgive me if I indulge too often in descriptions of the scenery of my fatherland, when I tell him that for more than nine years I had been obliged to abandon Lombardy. He may easily imagine how sweet were the emotions I felt—emotions which the pen, obedient to the thought, cannot help retracing, though nearly three years have now elapsed.

If I mistake not, it was on the Piazza of Calcinato that one of the Sardinian officers introduced to me an English gentleman who was on his way to Brescia. At first I thought he was one of those who had been attracted to the scene of war by mere curiosity; but, as his dress had something military in it, I was rather puzzled as to who he was. I was soon informed, however, that he was Captain (now Colonel) Peard—a name which has since become celebrated. My friend then told me that the captain was one of the most

gallant followers of Garibaldi, and had distinguished himself in the different actions of Varese, San Fermo, Laveno, and Tre Ponti. So much has been said and written about Captain Peard, that I may be allowed a short digression about him. He is a simple, unpretending man, who, like all true Englishmen, hates despotism and servitude. Brave as a lion, yet kind and warm-hearted, he feels an unbounded devotion to Garibaldi, and a disinterested affection for my country. He saw a noble cause to serve, and he left his native land to go to Italy and fight for her. So chivalrous a man, suddenly throwing himself amidst the excited legions of Italian volunteers, soon became the subject of all kinds of more or less incredible stories. But, when facts are known, imagination gives place to truth, and truth will always tell how great were the services rendered by Mr. Peard to the Italian cause. Such is the opinion of Garibaldi—an opinion which is fully shared by all those Italians who come in contact with this brave and noble son of England.

Although the movements of the Austrians were very uncertain since they evacuated the plain of Montechiaro, I heard on my arrival at Castenedolo that Victor Emmanuel intended on the following day to remove his head-quarters to Lonato, a few miles in advance.

I and my servant were rather tired, and the poor horses could scarcely stand on their legs, for I had ridden them about Brescia during the whole of the two previous days. It became, therefore, a matter of the utmost importance that I and my servant Antonio should find out a *gîte* for the night.

Antonio was a sharp young fellow, whom I had picked up at the stables of a horse-dealer at Milan, where I had bought my horses. According to his former employer, he was a shrewd, determined youth—just the man wanted for the occasion. But shrewdness and determination proved to be of no avail at Castenedolo; for, after a long hour, Antonio came back to the piazza with a long and dismal countenance, saying, that to find either a bed or a stable was a matter of total impossibility. We had already made up our minds to proceed to Lonato, when a thought came across my mind that at the university of Pavia I had, among other old schoolfellows, a certain Filippini, if I now remember the name rightly, whose family lived in that ill-omened village of Calcinato. Two shops were still open in the Piazza—the café, crowded with soldiers and officers, and the spezieria, or apothecary's shop, whose scanty illumination made it scarcely noticed in a corner of the Piazza. To this last named place I therefore directed my steps. In Italian villages, the spezieria is the habitual place of resort of the local "high society," from the town-hall clerk to the curate. The chemist himself is a man of great influence; an adviser, a counsellor, an umpire, to whom all disputes and squabbles of the peasantry are referred before they are brought before the higher tribunal of the curate or of the Sindaco. Before service begins on Sundays and other feast-days, the apothecary's shop is generally crowded, not only with customers who are in want of medicine, but also with men and women who have some quarrel to patch up. During the six other days of the week,

and especially in the evenings—Sundays included—the spezeria becomes the club of the village. It is there that politics are discussed, that the failure or the abundance of the approaching harvest is talked over, and that severe censures are passed upon various persons—of course, when it can be done without danger. The meagre *Gazzetta Provinciale* or county paper, is there criticised, with such freedom as the government of the time permits; and the magnificence of the capital is related by the doctor or the landowner just come back from Milan, Florence, or Turin. The party is generally composed of the curate, the doctor, the Sindaco, the schoolmaster, and the few rich proprietors of the place. Occasionally, other country folks drop in, to join in a game of “tresette” (the whist of the Italians), which is regularly played in the latter part of the evening.

After this short, but faithful sketch of Italian village life, it may easily be imagined that the apothecary's shop of Castenedolo was more than usually crowded when I made my appearance. Victor Emmanuel was honouring the village with his presence, and great events were in store for the forthcoming days. The Austrian Government, moreover, had been cleared from the greater part of Lombardy—a circumstance which conspired with others to make the tongues, even of the most prudent, more free and talkative. Although my costume was strictly civilian, yet the helmet-like cap I wore, and my long hunting boots, gave me a rather strange appearance, which did not, of course, pass unnoticed by the curious and inquisitive assembly in the apothecary's shop. I

had therefore hardly time to ask about Filippini when a shower of questions fell upon me, everybody speaking at the same time, and all at the top of their voices.

“Who are you?” “Do you belong to the Italian army?” “What is the news?” “Is it true that Prince Napoleon is on the point of crossing the lesser Po at Portiolo, in order to support the right wing of the French army?” “Come here, come here! Look at the map, and explain the movements of the French army.” These and other questions and commands were poured forth at the same time with an amazing rapidity. Heaven knows how long the ordeal would have lasted had not a young priest come to the rescue.

“How can the Signore answer if you speak all at the same time?” asked he, stepping forward from the crowd.

Silence was at last obtained, and I was able to repeat my inquiries about my friend of the University of Pavia.

“Signor Angelo Filippini?” said the young clergyman. “Of course he lives here; but you will find him very busy, for our *Re galantuomo* has taken up his head-quarters in his house. May I ask who you are?”

I mentioned my name and the object of my errand, when a second uproar echoed through the small shop. One wanted to know if the sympathies of the English people were for us; another shouted, “Is Lord Palmerston going to support us, now that he is in power? Is he very old? Is it true that he rides about London like other men? We heard that his son is following Victor Emmanuel’s Staff.”

To understand the special interest the company evinced for the noble Lord, I must tell the reader that there is not throughout Italy a foreign statesman who enjoys more popularity than the English Premier. This popularity is chiefly founded on the belief that the noble Viscount is always happy when an occasion for bullying Austria presents itself. As for his Lordship's alleged paternity, it rested upon the curious assumption that Colonel Cadogan, the English commissioner at the Sardinian camp, was Lord Palmerston's son.

At last, when all the questions had been satisfactorily answered, the schoolmaster volunteered to show me the way to Casa Filippini. The King and his Staff officers had all retired to rest, and not a bed or sofa was to be had. "You see, my dear Arrivabene," said my old schoolfellow, after giving vent to the joy he felt in seeing me, "you see that even my mother is obliged to pass the night in that arm-chair. But do not be anxious; we will find a bed for you at a friend's house close by."

My servant was then sent for; a good supper was offered and accepted, and when it was consumed we directed our steps towards the house which had been mentioned by Filippini.

"God bless you!" said a stout fellow, with red, plump cheeks, when we had entered the house, and asked whether he could give me a bed. "God bless you, Signor Angelo! I have not a bed to spare, and, as you see, I must pass the night seated at that table. However, I have got a good flask of Valpuli-cella to keep me company," added he, pointing with a

roaring laugh, to a large wine-bottle covered with straw. "But if the gentleman is not very particular, I can accommodate him in the hay-loft, where he will find plenty of company."

The offer was by no means satisfactory ; but it was the only one that could be made on the occasion, and of course I accepted it. The horses were taken into the barn where Antonio was to sleep, and I ascended the long ladder which led to the heap of hay closely stored in the upper part of the barn. The friend of Filippini had mentioned that I should find plenty of society, but had not said who were to be my companions for that night. As I picked my way through the numerous legs which were lying in every direction, a dreadful oath, from some one whose sleep I had interrupted, made me aware that my new companions did not, at any rate, belong to the most cultivated class of society ; an opinion which I had no reason to change whilst I was counting with impatience the long hours of that sleepless night.

At last, the calm and brilliant sky of Lombardy announced the presence of day, and of a beautiful day too. Stretching my half-stiffened limbs, I was endeavouring to make my way to the ladder, when, through the dim light of morning, I perceived the individuals with whom I had passed four hours of nominal, though far from real, repose. My companions were cart-drivers who were following the Sardinian army with provisions. Antonio, however, had been more unfortunate than his master. Mice had eaten a part of his jacket-sleeve ; gnats, and other less bearable insects, had punished his arms and face in a

painful manner. But, after all, this was not a great misfortune. I had to pay for the jacket, and, as for the skin of Antonio, it was too hard and rough not to bear gallantly the bites of gnats and fleas. In a few hours, therefore, we were able to bid a cordial farewell to the village of Calcinato, as well as to our stout and jolly entertainer and my school friend.

A division of the Sardinian army was already marching in advance, raising dense clouds of dust before us. The ride was hardly pleasant, and there was little time to store up notes of the scenery. Riding slowly through the marching columns of Durando's division, I arrived at Lonato as the clock tower struck nine. The streets of the small town presented such a rush of troops, such an encumbrance of carriages and artillery, such a hurry and commotion among the populace, that, after having held a consultation with my servant, we decided on pushing forward to Desenzano. On arriving there, we found that the difficulties with which we had been obliged to contend on the previous evening were reproduced with tenfold aggravation in the dirty town of the Garda. Not a room was to be had; not a place for the horses. The Albergo Imperiale,—which, by-the-bye, had changed its Austrian appellation into "Reale,"—the Vittoria, the Posta, were all crammed with soldiers and officers from bottom to top. To have anything like a breakfast was totally out of the question. The waiter, it is true, did not exactly refuse it when asked; on the contrary, he gave the usual answer—"Subito, pronto." But these two words, although put down in the dictionary as mean-

ing "directly," "ready," really mean, when uttered by an Italian waiter, "Do not be in a hurry; I will look after you in an hour or so." This being their ordinary sense, I leave the reader to guess what was likely to be their signification at the inns of Desenzano on that day of general confusion. Had I abided the result of the waiter's "subito," I should probably have secured my breakfast somewhere about the time of the Villafranca meeting.

Fortunately, great occasions are full of great thoughts; and a great thought crossed my mind. I suddenly remembered that in the town of Desenzano there was a chemist who, if not a relation of mine, possessed the advantage of bearing my family name. I darted towards the porticoes of the busy harbour, and in a few minutes the anxiously looked-for board, announcing that Signor Giovan Battista Arrivabene was there exercising the honourable profession of an apothecary, came in sight. Where is the churl who is not disposed to welcome a man bearing his own name, more especially when the name itself means "welcome," as Arrivabene does? Signor Giovan Battista, therefore, received me with open arms, introducing me to his wife and children as a relation of his who had for years lived in England; a circumstance which he seemed to be very proud of. Although I was certain I was not a relation of his, I took the greatest care not to contradict him. I would even have accepted him for my brother, I was so hungry and tired. The supposed relationship existing between me and my kind entertainer soon had the most agreeable results. An excellent breakfast was laid before

me, with plenty of delicious Santo and Braganza wine. Antonio had his share of the banquet, and the horses were made as comfortable as they could be. The *habitués* of Signor Giovan Battista's shop, it is true, did not spare the usual train of questions, and admired now and then my ventilating Indian cap; but this harmless inquisitiveness I bore with the most exemplary patience, on account of the good meal I was enjoying.

I had scarcely satisfied my appetite and the numerous questions of the bystanders, when a loud sound of "vivas" made us all hasten to the shop-door. It was a crowd of boatmen greeting some Sardinian Lancers and Bersaglieri, who were then entering Desenzano from the gate of Peschiera. This procession was streaming through the principal street of the town with so great a noise that it was impossible to make out the cause of its enthusiastic uproar. Soon afterwards, however, a gentleman entered the shop, and told us what the "evvivas" meant.

On the morning of that day, General La Marmora had ordered a company of Bersaglieri and about twenty Cavaleggieri Monferrato to make a reconnoissance on the Peschiera road. The party had left the Sardinian camp near Castel Venzago as merrily as if they were going to a fair. Having marched about two miles, dense clouds of dust made them aware that the enemy was advancing in superior force. The gallant fellows halted; the Bersaglieri concealing themselves in the corn-fields near the road, and there awaiting the advancing column, whilst the Cavaleggieri fell back about a quarter of a mile towards the starting-point. The Austrians, who mistook the movement for a

hasty retreat, set spurs to their horses, and galloped forward with all possible speed. Their force consisted of about fifty Hussars, two pieces of artillery, and a battalion of Bohemian infantry. As soon as the Bersaglieri saw that the Austrian vanguard had passed, they rushed out from the corn-fields, and firing their rifled muskets into the rear of the column, suddenly changed their front. They then charged the main body of the battalion with their bayonets—a movement which was the signal for the Cavaleggieri to charge likewise. Although the enemy's Hussars greatly outnumbered the Italians, the shock of the assault was so tremendous, that in less than a quarter of an hour the Germans scampered off towards Peschiera. Strange to say, only one of the Sardinian Cavaleggieri was wounded in the fray, though their gallant commander, Lieutenant Sprangau, escaped by a hair's-breadth, his coat being ripped open by a dozen bullets. The Austrian official account ascribed this ignominious rout to the commanding officer's pusillanimity. Yet the fact that he was killed in the action seems to contradict the accusation. The captain of the Hussars was also killed. He was a Frenchman by birth, and belonged to a Legitimist family who in 1830 had settled in Austria. The Major had in his pocket-book a woman's portrait, a lock of hair, and a few exquisitely perfumed letters, showing that some Viennese beauty hoped for a happier fate for the brave officer—hopes which (alas for her!) were doomed to a painful extinction.

Many prisoners were taken on this occasion, and the gallant party came to Desenzano with a large col-

lection of arms, and the two horses belonging to the dead officers. Although such incidents occurred almost every day, the Lombards were always ready to greet them with enthusiasm, often to the great annoyance of their quieter fellow-citizens. For myself, I was glad to join these demonstrations, for I felt that our brave army fully deserved them.

The day I spent at Desenzano was far advanced when one of the Sardinian officers, who had been my companion during the campaign of 1848, told me that a general move was anticipated for the next morning towards the right wing of the allied army at Castiglione. This news was enough to make me hasten back in that direction. I had besides another motive for desiring to reach Castiglione as soon as possible—a motive which the reader will find described in the following chapter. I therefore bade a hearty farewell to Signor Giovan Battista and his family, and ordered Antonio to be at the Albergo of the Gambaro at Castiglione during the course of the following day.

Having passed through Lonato, where the headquarters of Victor Emmanuel had by that time been established, I arrived at Brescia the same evening. How different was the city from its state only two days before! There was still great activity in its clean and tidy streets; but the marching battalions and the crowds of excited citizens were no more to be seen in the spacious piazzas. The first had marched to the front; the others had reassumed their usual occupations. The café of the Bottegone, and the less fashionable houses of the same kind, were, however, still filled with officers of all arms and with

the National Guard. In the evening, the ladies would walk up and down the porticoes, to breathe the fresh air of night, of which they stood in great need, as the long summer day had been passed by them in the military hospitals, where they helped to nurse the wounded. Two thousand soldiers were already collected there, waiting for other brave companions, who would not be long ere they arrived to crowd the wards. The action of Tre Ponti, and the reconnoissances daily made by the allied vanguard, had brought in French, Piedmontese, Garibaldians, and Austrians. They were lying there pell-mell, without distinction of rank or nationality. All were nursed by as many Miss Nightingales as Brescia could furnish; and they were not a few.

The admirable devotion shown by Italian, and especially by Brescian, ladies in this particular exceeds imagination. In every town, Countesses and Marchionesses, wives of merchants, women of the lower classes, old and young, undertook the hard duty of "gardes-malades," surpassing in gentle offices, if that be possible, even the far-famed Sisters of Charity. Thus did the love of country turn the angelic devotion of Italian women to the relief of those who had fought on the field of honour. It was not the hope of human reward that actuated them; for their names were scarcely recorded, or were lost amidst the turmoil of those eventful days. They worked for a higher purpose: that of soothing the agony of men who had shed their blood to secure an independent country—a country which should no longer break its heart and waste its noble strength under the heel of its oppressor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVE OF SOLFERINO.

Corpus Domini Day in Italy—The Procession—My driver, Tobia—Italians of the North and of the South—A Zouave met at a fortunate Moment—Tobia in a great Fright—Villa Bonoris at Montechiaro—A beautiful Drive—Castiglione delle Stiviere—Monte della Chiesa—The Convent, its History—The Nobili Vergini di Gesù—The Oblate: their Dress—Oblata Teresa—Recollections of early Youth—I am recognised—My Aunt and her Peculiarities—Her Notions of England—General Benedek and the Nuns—The Convent Garden—The Madre Lettrice—A Miracle—How to get rid of Headaches—The Chimes of the Convent Bells—The parting Wishes of my Aunt not realized.

IN Catholic countries, and more especially in Italy, the "Corpus Domini" day is grand indeed. The curious mixture of profane and sacred traditional customs gives to the far-famed processions of that religious feast a fantastic splendour, such as all purely popular festivals fall short of attaining. To say nothing of the rich draperies which hang from the balconies of the houses, of the streets turned into galleries of paintings and statues, of the roads covered with a soft carpet of fresh flowers, of the churches ornamented with their most luxuriant brocades—not to speak of all this, the procession of the Corpus Domini is in itself the most picturesque of all the ceremonies of

the Roman Catholic religion. The believer follows it with a bright glow of faith lighting up his countenance; the indifferent joins it for pleasure's sake, the ignorant for superstition. But there is scarcely a person, from the population of the large towns to the community of the small villages, who would not leave his house to see or to take part in it. The girl keeps her newest gown for that day; the children are dressed in their finest suits; and even the old man puts on his best coat, to look the smarter.

All Catholic processions are very much alike. The bearer of the large white or red silk banner, with the Madonna, or some saint, either embroidered or painted in its centre, precedes it. Then follow the religious corporations, called "Confraternite," clad in their large white gowns, which hang loose to the feet, and are surmounted by a coloured silk cape upon the shoulders. A double row of priests, with the short, white, crisped muslin surplice over the long black or violet gown, comes next. In those towns which are the seat of a bishop, or of some other high dignitary of the Church, these priests precede the chapter. The costume of the canons, who are advisers of the bishop, is magnificent. The long alb of fine lace is half-concealed under the large folds of the spotless purple mantle, lined throughout with soft ermine. Their shoulders are covered with a large cape of the same fur, whose white mass is sharply cut by a red, gold-trimmed riband, hanging from the neck, and sustaining the richly-engraved golden cross. Two or four young "chierici," swinging right and left the richly-ornamented silver censers, come next, enveloping the

splendid red or blue velvet canopy with perfumed clouds of oriental incense. Under this canopy walks the officiating priest, holding in his hands the golden monstrance, in the centre of which the consecrated Host is placed, surrounded by glittering, sun-like rays, fashioned out of rich metal. The dress of this priest—generally the rector of the parish or the bishop of the town—is still more gorgeous than those of his companions. His alb is covered with a mantle, or “pluviale,” of gold or silver woven brocade, embroidered with intertwining flowers, and trimmed all round with gold lace. The upper part of the pluviale is covered with the humeral veil, a large, long scarf of white satin with an embroidered sun-like disc in its centre. With this scarf, which hangs from the shoulders, the priest holds the monstrance. At each side of him walk two deacons, clad in a silk tunic or “torricella,” whose shape exactly imitates the vest of the early Christian priests. Behind the canopy, a long train of men and women, bearing the white wax torches, closes the procession, now and then repeating the hymn of the priests in the monotonous yet harmonious tones of the Catholic Liturgy.

Such are the details of the religious show which is often paraded through the streets in Catholic countries. But on Corpus Domini day the ceremony assumes a more curious appearance, owing to the introduction of boys and girls, who represent some holy personage connected with the life of our Lord. Boys, five or six years old, are chosen for angels; others for St. John the Baptist; others for St. Michael.

The dress of the angels is copied from the costumes attributed by the imagination of Beato Angelico and Perugino to those inhabitants of heaven. Fantastic wings of changing hues are applied to the earthly angels' shoulders, whilst their tender limbs are enveloped in light draperies of waving veils. They proceed two and two, either in the front or in the middle of the procession, holding light baskets, interwoven with thousands of ribands, and containing multitudes of bright and delicate-shaped flowers, which the child-angels strew continually upon the road. The tiny St. John, only covered with his traditional lamb-skin, walks slowly in the middle, holding in his right hand a slender staff, twisted all round with silk, whilst with the other he pulls the string to which the frightened lamb has been secured. Other boys are proud to wear the shining cuirass and helmet of St. Michael, whose introduction into the procession, though not strictly correct, is seldom dispensed with. Girls in blue dresses, with long hair let loose upon their shoulders, personify the Magdalen—of course in the second period of life. Then comes the Virgin Mary, represented by the purest and most innocent-looking girl of the community. She is generally accompanied by a dozen saints, more or less known, amongst whom St. Anne is always prominent. Where there are monks, friars, and nuns, not of the strictest rule—and there are still plenty in Italy, in spite of its new liberal institutions—they join the procession, adding to it the various shapes and colours of their picturesque dresses. But I must not wind up this description without mentioning the confused sounds

of the musical bands, the rattling of the muskets, fired every now and then in honour of our Lord, and the vague, all-pervading noise and movement which characterize popular festivals in southern lands.

In Protestant communities, the principle is held that the more sacred a religious holyday may be, the more strictly and quietly should it be kept. But in Catholic countries it is quite the reverse; so that Corpus Domini day is perhaps the most joyous and the most noisy of the year.

It was early on that day, which in the year 1859 chanced to be the fourth Thursday of June, that I left Brescia for Castiglione in the timonella I had hired at Desenzano. As the reader will remember, my servant Antonio had been left behind, and the driver of the humble conveyance took his place—at least, for that day; a change which was not at all satisfactory. The man was a simpleton, being always frightened at something, especially at the Croats, whom he fancied he saw almost at every turning of the road; often swearing that a distant cluster of trees was in fact a battalion of those dreadful “fire-eaters,” as he called them. It was useless for me to tell Tobia—such was the Scriptural name to which he answered—that the French troops had already occupied Castiglione and all the villages we were to pass through. “Ah, Sior!” he invariably answered, shaking his huge, half-crushed head, “the blue tight-legs are numberless. They swarmed about the country only four days ago, and it is impossible that they should all have disappeared in so short a space of time.” Although my driver was anything

but a good specimen of the Lombard peasantry, yet the obstinacy I traced in him is certainly one of the characteristics of his fellow provincials. The Lombard peasant, in spite of all the foreign inroads on his country, almost always evinces that doggedness of disposition which betrays his northern origin. In other parts of Italy, the common people are more likely to accept the arguments put forth by a man better educated than themselves. The softness of their character and their somewhat effeminate frames, render them generally manageable in matters where the Lombard will hold to his point with bull-dog tenacity.

I saw at once that the driver wanted to have his own way ; a thing which I should not have objected to had it not been that the continued fright which overpowered him had the result of checking the good intentions of the poor beast whose mouth was now and then tormented by the hard and restless pull of the reins. Help, however, is often nearer at hand than men believe. We had not passed Brescia above two miles when we overtook a jolly Zouave, who, having been left behind for some reason or other, was on his way to join his regiment, then at Castiglione with M'Mahon's *corps d'armée*. He at once asked whether I would give him a lift, jumping at the same time, *sans façon*, into the carriage, to the great astonishment of Tobia. That my driver had not a particular liking for soldiers, I was not long in perceiving. Of course he did not object to the new-comer who had so suddenly darted into the carriage ; he would not have dared to do so ; nevertheless, I could see from the expression of his face that he would have much pre-

ferred to find the Zouave pursuing his way on his own legs. There was nothing for it, however, but to bow to fate; and Tobia was not the man to act otherwise.

Amongst his numerous advantages, our Zouave possessed that of having been a hackney-coachman in Paris; and the knowledge he had thus acquired he was not slow in turning to account.

“What are you doing with your confounded beast? Give me your whip!” he exclaimed, snatching the reins from the hands of Tobia, with a “*sacré!*” which was enough to make him shudder from head to foot. “Horses are not made to trot at such a snail’s pace; we must go *au pas de charge*, as Zouaves always do. Is it not true, Monsieur?”

Although poor Tobia did not understand one word of our new companion’s oration, he was soon made aware of his meaning both by the crack of the whip and the full speed of the horse.

“*Sacré —!*” pursued the hero of Palestro; “I’ll teach you the rules of driving when you are fortunate enough to enjoy the company of a Zouave of the 3rd regiment. What would my comrades say were they to see that *le vieux* Bernard allows a *pekin* like you to drive at the rate of three miles an hour? I must tell you that I have practised the trade both in Paris and in Algeria, and that I have learned better than that.” This second oration was uttered in such a strain of soldierly eloquence that the poor simpleton could not misunderstand the speaker any longer. Tears of alarm came to his eyes, and the first subdued shower soon passed into the stage of downright sobbing.

“Ah, *marmotte!*” exclaimed the Frenchman, “you cry like a baby, and yet pretend to be a driver!”

Heaven knows how long the Zouave would have abused Tobia had we not arrived at Montechiaro. French soldiers were bivouacking in the piazza, and the cafés were swarming with officers. The Emperor himself was in the village, where he had established his head-quarters at the Villa Bonoris. We halted, therefore, to take our breakfast; the Zouave gave Tobia a glass of *rosoglio*, and peace was made between the two. As we trotted along the streets of Montechiaro, the procession of the Corpus Domini was parading before us, in spite of the clang of arms which was to be heard in every direction. We soon left Montechiaro behind, and when we had arrived again in the open country, the distant chiming of bells broke pleasantly upon the ear. The echo of the nearest hills repeated the sacred harmony, and the air was filled with sweet reduplications. Men, women, and children, in their picturesque attire, were passing in crowds along the pathway, with countenances as gay as the brightest colours of their dress. Nobody would have thought that war was ravaging that beautiful country. All was peace and merriment around; for, although every moving object reminded us that we were perhaps on the very eve of a deadly battle (as in fact we were), the remembrance that that was a day consecrated to God was enough to efface all worldly preoccupations.

The scenery and the weather seemed both to participate in the sanctity of the day. The sun shone in its full summer glory, brightening the tops of the

green ridge of hills which flanked the road on our left. The vineyards, though already showing the first marks of the "tritogoma" disease, twined their thin tendrils amidst the dusty leaves of the elms. The mulberry-trees had shot forth new leaves in place of those which had been stripped from their branches in the preceding month, to feed the silk-worms. In the gardens of the road-side villas, pranked with sweet flower-beds, the dahlias were in their fullest bloom, and the roses breathing their last fragrance. Down in the fields, the shining stalks of Indian corn made a beautiful contrast with the barren squares of stubble remaining from the already gathered wheat; and at a sudden turn of the road, a procession was seen coming out of the old church, now and then disappearing behind the hedges of box-trees. The scenery was so beautiful and tranquil, that even my Zouave could not help exclaiming from time to time, "Que c'est beau! que c'est beau!" an exclamation which will say more than my pen is able to do, when the reader is reminded that it was uttered by a man who, according to the habit of his countrymen, had always the eternal "chez nous" on his tongue. As for Tobia, he was too stupid, and too much absorbed in the speed his poor nag was compelled to maintain, to think of the beauties of nature, or of the sacredness of the day.

For myself, feeling all the sweet influences of that splendid morning, the remembrance of my early youth awoke more and more as we drew near to the enchanting town of my predilection. Castiglione came in sight at last. It may be that the spot in which we have passed the happy years of our boyhood appears

more beautiful on that account than any other place; but I do not believe that there is a more charming town (at least in Lombardy) than Castiglione. When I think of it, I am almost led to invert the sentence of an Italian writer, who says, "Sweet is the breeze which blows from the paternal hills; but a thousand times sweeter is the breath of the beloved one."

Castiglione delle Stiviere stands, for the greater part, on the declivity of a beautiful hill. Monte Belvedere erects its barren top over it on the left. In the centre, the old Gonzaga Castle, once stained with the blood of the Marquis Rodolph, frowns above the houses with its strongly-built round towers. A steep ascent, which the people of the town, in their sharp and lively dialect, call La Rata, leads to the elegant Piazza Fontana, adorned with lofty porticoes—the winter promenade of the *beau monde* of the city. Farther on, a large, clean street, flanked by elegant palaces, conducts you to the cathedral—a classic structure erected upon the square top of a small hill, which, from the building, is denominated Monte della Chiesa. The view which opens out when you have arrived in the large square facing the church is one of the most lovely in Italy. Below, the eye takes in the immense plain of Montechiaro, sprinkled with villages and hamlets; while comparatively near at hand is the cluster of houses called I Marti, running down to the bottom of a wild and picturesque ravine. To the right, on the far horizon, runs the smiling ridge of hills where Calcinato and other villages lie whitening like flocks of feeding lambs. Lonato is there, lifting up its thin spire amidst groves of cypresses. Esenta shows its

old-fashioned church on the slope of a green promontory; and a little to the left you trace the last declivities of Montechiaro, over which appears the scarcely discernible outline of the castle of Brescia, amidst the rosy mist of distance. In the background, Monte Baldo shuts in the whole, like the wall of Paradise.

Although there was plenty of warlike movement in the Piazza and throughout the streets—for M'Mahon had encamped there with his *corps d'armée*, and the celebrated M. Godard was going to make a reconnoissance in his balloon—I did not even dream of directing my steps towards the house of my friend Pastore, where the Duke of Magenta had established his head-quarters. More sweet and peaceful thoughts were then crossing my mind. After having shaken hands with my travelling companion, and discharged Tobia, I hastened to the well-known street which leads from Monte della Chiesa to the convent of the Noble Virgins of Jesus, as the worthy ladies who inhabit that peaceful dwelling have been called ever since the foundation of the order. To this community belongs the sister of my mother, who had partly taken care of me during the first years of my life. The order is one of those few institutions of the middle ages which have not been swept away by the revolutions of the last century. It is not a monastic order, in the strict sense of the word, for the nuns are not cloistered. They can go out, two by two, with the permission of the abbess, and can receive visits, even of gentlemen, and entertain their friends. The community is rich, for it possesses a good deal of land. In former times, no lady could be accepted if she was not of noble birth; and indeed the

rule was so strictly enforced that the novices were called upon to prove the quarters of nobility, as the Knights of Malta were obliged to do. This condition, which is explicitly recorded in the charter granted by Rodolfo Gonzaga—Saint Louis's father—to his sisters Donna Cinzia, Gridonia, and Olimpia, who were the foundresses of the order, was afterwards partially abrogated by the high council of the monastery. To comply with the exigencies of a less aristocratic time, it was decided that ladies of the well-to-do classes could be received into the community, after being proposed by the Madre Prelata, and accepted by the council. In spite of this, however, the majority of the nuns is still composed of ladies bearing the most illustrious names of Lombardy, of Venice, and even of France and Spain.

The convent contains two distinct classes of nuns—the “Signore” and the “Oblate.” To the first belong the ladies exclusively; to the second, women of the commoner classes. Upon the latter the daily duties of the household are devolved. The former are to pray to God, perhaps to quarrel among themselves; to treat their friends and relations in a princely manner, and to send out the delicious cakes, which, under the denomination of “biscottini,” enjoy a far-spread reputation throughout Italy. The distinction of class is not merely conventional, but is marked by a difference in the monastic costume. The Signore wear a long gown of fine black woollen cloth, and a long mantle of the same stuff, which they throw over their heads when they go out, and which, when they are at home, is caught up at their side by means of a silver belt.

The body of the gown fits close to the bust, and is surmounted by a starched and crisped white lace band, running round the head. A large black veil is thrown over the hair, which is tightly fastened behind. When the nuns are pretty—and this is not rare—no costume can be more becoming to a woman.

The Oblate are dressed in a coarse black cloth; but the gown is shorter, the veil is white, and there is a long white apron hanging from the vest. This costume—I may venture to observe, as the nuns of Castiglione seldom read even Italian books, never English—is perhaps more elegant than that of the aristocratical ladies themselves. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of a French Hussar officer, who might have made a serious impression on the heart of a beautiful Oblata had not the guns of Solferino called his regiment to the front.

To complete this historical notice, I must mention that the Noble Virgins of Castiglione are intended to devote part of their time to the education of young ladies. But of the method of tuition they have adopted, and of the progress of their pupils, I will say nothing, lest I might injure the reputation of so famous an institution.

I am not ashamed to admit that, when I pulled the long, heavy chain of the convent bell, my heart beat as it had not beaten for many years past. The narrow loophole of the grated window in the large oak gate, opened at length, and the well-known voice of Oblata Teresa presently said—"God be with you! What do you want?"

"Will you be kind enough, Sister Teresa, to call

Madre Valenti Gonzaga, and tell her that there is a gentleman who wishes to see her?" said I, with a voice somewhat faltering with emotion. The large, heavy gate thrilled on its hinges; the gentle "Resti servito," so sweet upon Italian lips, was uttered; and I entered the well-known tidy parlour. Nothing was changed. The same pictures, the same rich, old-fashioned clock, the same damask yellow curtains, the same furniture—all were there. How many great events had passed since I had last visited the convent in 1848! and yet nothing had altered in the room where I had so often played when a child. I could have laid my hand on the very arm-chair upon which I used to take my chocolate when I was too little to reach the Florentine inlaid table in the centre of the room. Upon that Utrecht velvet sofa I had sat many, many times by the side of one of my sisters who had been brought up within those very walls,—but who, alas! is no more. My emotion, which I could not conceal, was soon noticed by old Teresa, who, looking at me, at last broke the silence, saying:

"Pardon me, sir: I think you are not a stranger to me."

"No, Teresa. Do you not remember the Sior Carli who was used to drive you to despair when a boy?"

The old Oblata could scarcely believe her own eyes. "Good God!" she exclaimed, "you here? They said you were so far beyond seas and mountains, that I could never have dreamed of seeing our Sior Carli again."

"Well, good Teresa, go and tell my aunt that I am here."

I need not describe to the reader the sad, yet refreshing emotions I felt when I was left alone in the old parlour, whose stillness was only broken by the measured strokes of the clock. To understand them to the full, one must have known the misery of a long exile, its humiliations, its bitterness, its solitariness amidst strange faces, whose language was for a time an unknown tongue.

The folding curtain of the door was drawn at last, and old aunt Francesca appeared in the parlour. Alas! she had changed sadly, poor, good woman! She came forward with tottering steps (she was seventy), the tears falling from her eyes, and her voice trembling with agitation as she devoutly exclaimed, "I thank God that He has permitted me to see my Carlo again." My aunt, although never decidedly handsome, has always had a dignified countenance, to which age and the monastic rule have given an imposing character. Her expressive eyes and small white hands betray the aristocratic race from which she is descended. Although German blood flows in her veins (for she is the eldest daughter of a Princess Thurn und Taxis), the bright ray of the south lights up and warms her noble face. The sorrow of my sister's death, the political misfortunes that befell her own brother (who for many years was an inmate of the Austrian dungeon of Spielberg), and the exile of many of her relatives, have graven deep lines of sorrow on her forehead. But all her griefs were forgotten on that day; for her long-expected nephew had arrived.

Madre Valenti Gonzaga, or the Marchesa, as she is called in the community, has always been what the

French designate by the appellation of a *tête forte*. Though she has never been raised to the high rank of Madre Prelata, she holds a position equally honourable. Whenever an occasion arises on which it is peculiarly necessary to sustain the honour of the monastery, "la Marchesa" is called, and is the spokeswoman of the community. Kings and Princes, Generals and Cardinals, have thus been received by her with a dignity, grace, and ease, highly spoken of by the nuns, and even by the people of the town. She has a minute knowledge of the ceremonials required to support the dignity of the convent; but her general knowledge does not go much farther than the usual boundary of monastic education.

Madre Valenti Gonzaga is not an aristocrat *quand même*; but on all questions touching religion I am bound to say that she is intolerant. For instance, she would have written to me whilst in England:—"I hope you do not accept any invitations to dinner from Protestant families. It is a mortal sin." Her notions of England and of English habits generally are very strange. On one occasion she asked me whether it was true that Queen Victoria had abjured the Protestant creed to enter into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Fond of excitement, she welcomes as a feast, and as a delightful variety in her monotonous life, any news of extraordinary events. She therefore took an interest in the national war, to which, in common with the other reverend nuns (who were greatly under her influence), she gave a certain countenance. Contrary to all my expectations, she told me that there had been public

prayers at the convent chapel for Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel, and that the "educande" had been permitted to wear the national cockade.

"We are not afraid of war," said she, when the first outburst of our mutual affection had subsided. "I still remember the war of the first Napoleon's time, not to speak of the battles of Charles Albert in later days. The roar of the guns does not startle me."

"But I was told by Sindaco Poli at Brescia, a few hours ago," said I, "that this convent has had a rather unpleasant visit from the Austrians."

"Yes, my Carlo; that is the fact. General Benedek sent here one of his aides-de-camp to ask leave to place four guns in our garden, which, as you know, commands the road to Brescia. Great was the fear of our Madre Prelata and of my sisters, for we have thirty young girls in the convent; but all went on rightly. I wrote a letter to the Austrian General, which was signed by the Prelata; and the order was withdrawn. The Austrians have always been very polite to us," added she. The fact was, however, as I made out afterwards, that it was not the letter of my aunt, but the forward march of M'Mahon, which saved the convent garden from being turned into an armed bastion.

The chocolate which the Oblata had brought for me was already sipped, the news of my parents had been asked and satisfactorily answered, when a message was sent to the Madre Prelata, saying that the nephew of the Marchese wished to kiss her hand. The Madre appeared, the hand was kissed, and, when the ceremonial was over, leave was granted me to see

my aunt's chapel, which, in virtue of a special privilege accorded to her, she had caused to be built in the garden. Having arrived there, I found assembled the whole community of young and old nuns, together with the "educande," who appeared to me to be more interested in the French soldiers bivouacking in the neighbouring fields than in the chapter from some holy book which was then being read aloud by the handsome "madre lettrice." When the reading was over, silence was dispensed with; that is to say, the nuns and "educande" were permitted to speak, and to walk through the wide alleys of the garden.

They soon swarmed around me; each of them had a question to ask or a story to tell, and sometimes the most absurd ones. An old madre informed me in the most candid manner that Saint Louis was by no means against the national cause. This fact, she said, had been stated by the rector of the church, which is called after the saint's name. According to what was alleged by my informant, a French soldier who had received a sun-stroke was lying senseless on the pavement of the Piazza San Luigi, when the worthy clergyman ran to the shrine, took a "misura," and, tying it round the temples of the sufferer, at once effected a cure.

To understand and appreciate the startling story of Madre Rosalia, the reader must know that the church in question—one of the finest temples of Lombardy—enjoys the advantage of possessing the skull of the Prince Saint. How it was severed from the body, which is at Rome, I am not able to state; and, indeed, the tradition of this *post-mortem* execution can scarcely

be seriously accepted. Be it as it may, however, the fact is that the people of Castiglione honestly believe that the skull exposed in the shrine of the church is the genuine head of Saint Louis. Nor does their religious faith stop here. To this head is attributed a peculiar power, by which all headaches are suddenly cured. The method resorted to in such cases is of the most simple nature. A silk riband, on which the words "Measure of Saint Louis's head" are richly embroidered, is applied to the brow of the sufferer after it has been rubbed against the skull of the saint. As soon as the silk bandage has been thus tied on, the pain is said to cease, no matter whether it has been caused by a blow or anything else. For my part, I remember to have once tried this holy specific when a boy, and I can assure Madre Rosalia that I got rid of my headache—but not until after a night of good sound sleep.

The story of Saint Louis's miracle had not long been told when the chimes of the convent bells came through the air. It was the call for divine service. "We must go to church," said my aunt, "for, as you know, it is Corpus Domini day, and I must attend the procession in the garden. When shall we see each other again, Carlo? I am old, my dear," she continued, leading me towards the convent gate. "Do not be long, lest you should find I have gone to join our Adelaida. When you arrive at Mantua, speak of me to my sister and to your father, and may God grant that you may have no occasion to abandon our country again!"

I promised to see her again, and to bring her news

of my family ; and I departed from that beloved dwelling with a deep and tender agitation in my heart. But, alas ! who could then have told me that I should not see my native Mantua free, nor be allowed to enjoy life in the society of my old parents ?

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR SOLFERINO.

Objectionable Habit of the Italians—Café Barzise—Old Friends—An Aerial Reconnoissance—Captain Contenson's Expedition—M'Mahon's Head-quarters—Signor Pastore's Peasant—My Friend's Plan—My Servant taken for an Austrian Spy—Fortunate Accident—A Village Schoolmaster—The Farm of Signor Lorenzo—The Austrians everywhere—The French sceptical as to the Advance of the Enemy—Onward Movement of the Austrians—General Schliek ignorant of the Position of the Allies—Plan of the Austrian General Hess—Movements of the Austrians on the 23rd of June—Their Position on the 24th—Their Line of Battle—Nature of the Ground—Position of the Allies on the 23rd of June—Order of their March on the following Morning—Advance of the Allied Armies—Baraguay d'Hilliers first engaged—M'Mahon meets the Enemy—Monte Madolano—Niel at Medole—Canrobert at Castel Goffredo—First Engagement of the Sardinians at San Martino—General Mollard—Gallant Charge—Two pressing Messengers—The French Emperor starts for Castiglione.

WHEN I left the convent, I was so overcome by emotion that on passing through the Piazza Fontana I could scarcely pay attention to the French officers and soldiers who were crowding its porticoes and thronging its cafés. I was soon aroused, however, by the voice of Signor Poli, who, knowing that I was coming to Castiglione, was on the look-out.

“So, here you are, Arrivabene,” he suddenly exclaimed, warmly embracing and kissing me over and over again, according to the Italian fashion. In spite of European civilization, which has almost universally agreed that kisses are to be kept for sweet feminine faces, my countrymen have not as yet given up this very objectionable manner of showing their affection. Whenever they meet their friends, or are parting from them for a long period, they think it their duty to resort to a copious administration of kisses, which they apply and receive full in the face. A long stay in England had so impressed my mind with a dislike to the custom, that I leave the reader to imagine what amount of resignation I was obliged to summon up in order to bear with composure the ordeal to which I was subjected by my friend. But I must say, to my credit, that I submitted with such apparent satisfaction that an observer would have been at a loss to trace even a shadow of the annoyance I could not help feeling at the moment.

The operation having come to an end, Signor Poli told me that many of our mutual friends were waiting for me at the *café*, or “*bottega*,” of Barzise. At this *café*—the most fashionable of the town—the great folks of Castiglione regularly meet at certain periods. The *bottega* is a place where you can secure an excellent cup of coffee, a refreshing “*marenata*,” and plenty of “*biscottini*,” which, if not so delicious as those manufactured by the Oblate of the Nobili Vergini, are at least good enough to stimulate the appetite of any Dr. Veron of the place. So much for the material comforts of the customers. As for the mental trea-

tures to be found at Barzise's establishment, there are the *Gazzetta di Milano*, and two or three other Italian newspapers, the articles in which are fully discussed, especially during the long winter evenings.

On the day to which I am now alluding—both on account of its being a religious feast, and by reason of the warlike animation which had surprised the generally tranquil town—the meeting at the bottega was, of course, complete. The companions of my youth were there assembled, talking with French officers, discussing the probabilities of the battle then imminent, or speculating on the movements of the Austrians. My sudden appearance in the café naturally excited the attention of my friends. I was at once recognised, and greeted with all that kindness which is one of the prominent qualities of my countrymen.

“What news do you bring from Montechiaro, old friend?” asked Avvocato Sigurtà, after the first embracings were over. “Is the Emperor still there? Have you any news of the Austrians? Do you think we shall have a second battle very soon?”

These and other questions were put to me with such rapidity that to answer them was quite out of the question.

“It is rather *I*,” I rejoined, addressing a group of my friends, “who should expect to hear news from *you*. I have, it is true, come from Brescia, and have passed through Montechiaro, where the Imperial headquarters still are; but I did not hear anything particularly important in either place.”

“Well,” said Signor Beschi, “the only news we have for the moment is, that M. Godard, the well-

known French aeronaut, will make an ascent this very morning in order to discover where the Austrians are."

This was indeed the fact. The Emperor had sent M. Godard to Marshal M'Mahon, who had arrived at Castiglione on the previous day with the second *corps d'armée*. As the same thing had been done by the French Generals of the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, and especially at the battle of Fleurus, Louis Napoleon thought that an ascent in the direction of Pozzolengo and Peschiera would enable the Marshal to obtain more exact information of the whereabouts of the enemy than he would otherwise be likely to possess. It was then about half-past eight in the morning, and the ascent was to take place at nine. We therefore went to a large field near Porta Brescia, and there saw M. Godard start on his singular journey. The aeronaut, however, descended some time afterwards without bringing any important news. He had only been able to perceive three Austrian horsemen near the village of Pozzolengo; the whole of the hilly country around seemed deserted. The report of M. Godard strengthened M'Mahon's opinion that the enemy had retired across the Mincio, and that it was not his intention to offer or accept battle, either in the plain of Medole or in the hilly country which extends from the Lake of Garda to Monzambano, Valeggio, Volta, and Goito. This opinion was also justified by the result of the reconnoissance which General Niel had ordered Captain Contenson to make on the previous day.

On the 21st of June, the fourth corps, under the

command of Niel had crossed the Chiese, together with the cavalry divisions of General Desvaux and Partouneaux, and had occupied Carpenedolo. From this village, Niel had sent Captain Contenson with forty Chasseurs d'Afrique towards Ceresara—a ride of about fifteen French leagues. The Captain passed through the villages of Castel Goffredo and Ceresara, and captured an Austrian detachment at Piubega; but, on reaching Cerlongo, he met the Austrian advanced posts, and returned with news that the enemy had apparently not stirred from the Mincio.

After learning the result of M. Godard's ascent, I hastened with my friends to Casa Pastore, where Marshal M'Mahon's head-quarters had been established. One of Signor Pastore's peasants had just arrived from Cereta, and was then telling his master that on the previous evening the Austrians crossed the Mincio over several bridges, with a powerful army. The peasant gave such a detailed account of the fact that, on hearing it, my friends and myself could not help believing in its truthfulness. Marshal M'Mahon, however, did not share our opinion. He dismissed Signore Pastore and his peasant, with the dry observation that the Italians were so afraid of the Austrians that they believed they saw them everywhere. Nevertheless, early next morning the Austrian guns undertook to prove that the poor peasant was right, and the French Marshal wrong.

“What do you intend to do, Arrivabene?” asked one of my friends as we were leaving Casa Pastore.

“ Well,” answered I, “ I am waiting for my horses, which I fear will not arrive before noon. My servant must have met the French column on the road to Brescia, and it may be that he will find it difficult to reach Castiglione before one o'clock.”

“ Very well ; let us go home, and get a little rest, and, if you have no objection to joining me as soon as your horses have arrived, we will ride towards Medole, to see what is going on at the front. I am fully acquainted with every by-way of the country, and we can safely reach our destination without touching the main road.”

I at once accepted the offer, and we left word at the Osteria del Gambaro that as soon as Antonio made his appearance he should go to the house of my friend, where he would find me. At about two o'clock my servant arrived, with a rather confused countenance, which made me suspect that something unpleasant had happened to him.

“ What is the matter with you, Antonio ?” I asked, when he had entered the parlour of the house.

“ Why, sir,” he replied, “ I am still upset by the narrow escape I had at Esenta. According to your direction, I ought to have taken the Brescian road ; but, on arriving at Lonato, a Sardinian officer whom I know told me that it was quite safe to pass through Esenta, which is the shortest way to this town. I therefore took that road ; but, on reaching the last-named village, a French officer stopped me, asking (as well as I could make out) where I was going to, and to whom the horses belonged. I am sure that

neither the French officer nor his companions were able to understand our language, for I was ordered to the Sindaco's house, where a General was quartered. I was taken into his presence, and many questions were put to me by another French officer who spoke Italian, being, from what I heard, a Corsican. Although the answers I gave were quite clear, it seems that the General suspected me of being a spy. I was therefore sent to prison without any other explanation. Fortunately, whilst I was crossing the piazza under the charge of four French soldiers, I saw a Sardinian Staff officer talking with an old French General, who I was told was Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. The Sardinian officer was the one to whom you spoke at Calcinato the day before yesterday. I called to him, stating my sad case. He explained to the old General who I was, and the order for my delivery was given. They then gave me a pass; but I could not learn what had become of the horses. However, they were at last found at some stables near at hand, and I started at once, so anxious was I to join you."

After this explanation, it was arranged that the horses should have an hour's rest, and that we would then try to make our way towards Medole. But "Man proposes and God disposes," says an Italian proverb. Our party started at four o'clock in the direction of the village just indicated; but, on arriving at a farm about five miles from our starting-point, it was thought advisable to stop and pass the night there. This sudden change in our former plans was caused by the confused statement made by a runaway

schoolmaster of a neighbouring village, whom we met in a by-road. He told us that some Austrian patrols had been seen that afternoon at Medole, and even more in advance. To proceed farther would have been foolhardy; so it was decided that we should wait at the farm until the "red trousers," as the *maestro* called the French, should make their appearance. Before leaving Castiglione, we had been informed that the *corps d'armée* of Niel and Canrobert were likely to march during the following night, the first on Guidizzuolo, the second on Medole. We could therefore have followed the movements of the corps nearest to our road; or at least I and Antonio would have been allowed to do so, being the bearers of a regular *permis*.

My friend had said no more than the truth when he told me that he was fully acquainted with the country. We reached the farm where we halted through narrow field-paths, in order that we might avoid the high road. But the farm itself was so near to the country-house of an acquaintance of my friend, that he proposed we should go back about half a mile, and stop there. This new proposition was of course accepted, and we reached the house of a Signor Lorenzo, whom we found on the *ara* surrounded by his family, and busily engaged in packing up his valuables, which were afterwards placed in a cart standing ready in the yard.

"Hollo!" said my friend; "what are you doing, Lorenzo?"

"My dear fellow," replied Signor Lorenzo, "do you think that I am fool enough to wait here for either one

or the other of the contending armies, with so many children and women to look after? I am, as you see, packing up all that can be removed, with the intention of going to Castiglione."

"But do you really believe that there is imminent danger of a battle?"

"Yes, I certainly think that such is the case."

"At M'Mahon's head-quarters," resumed my friend, "an opinion prevails that the enemy has retired to his dens of Mantua and Verona."

"It may be so," rejoined Lorenzo; "but the curate of Castel Grimaldo told me this morning that a peasant of Barco had told one of the women of Boselli's spinning manufactory that he had met a large body of Austrians between Sacca and Cerlongo. If this statement be true, you see that there are Austrians on this side of the Mincio as well as on the other. Besides, the French at any rate are coming, and, although they are our friends, I know from experience what soldiers, whether friends or enemies, are. I shall therefore not wait their arrival."

After some further conversation, in the course of which Signor Lorenzo hospitably offered us a "shake-down" in his dwelling, as far as its denuded condition would accommodate visitors, my friend suggested to me that we had better return to Castiglione. He naturally did not relish the idea of running such risks as were imminent at the house of the good-natured Lorenzo. Besides, both Antonio and I were quite strangers to the country, and might easily have fallen into the hands of the Austrians—a contingency which we did not anticipate with pleasure. The wiser plan

of my friend was consequently followed. We escorted the cart and *timonella* of Signor Lorenzo, much to his satisfaction, and re-entered Castiglione as the sun was setting.

But personal adventures must here give room to more interesting facts. We are drawing near to one of the greatest military actions of our times. A few hours more, and the humble village of Solferino, unknown to all but to those acquainted with the Lombard chronicles of the middle ages, will have an important signification in the military and political annals of France, Austria, and Italy.

During my short absence from Castiglione, intelligence had reached the Imperial head-quarters at Montechiaro that the enemy had shown himself at different points. These movements, however, did not much attract the attention either of Louis Napoleon or of his Generals, who were persuaded that they were but reconnoissances, made with the object of obtaining information about the position of the allied armies. Yet it afterwards proved that such was not the case. Since the morning of the 23rd, General Hess had caused the Austrian army to sally out from Verona and Mantua, recross the Mincio at Salionze, Valeggio, Ferri, and Goito, and occupy Pozzolengo, Solferino, Cavriana, Volta, and Guidizzuolo — positions which the Austrians had partly abandoned only three days before.

Although the Emperor Francis Joseph had hastened to join the army of Italy since the disasters of Magenta and Melegnano, and had nominally taken the command since the resignation of General Gyulai, the

direction of the military operations devolved, in fact, on General Hess.

If the allied monarchs were in almost complete ignorance during the whole of the 23rd of June as to the movements of the enemy, the Austrian Generals were not better informed of the intentions of the Franco-Sardinian army. General Hess supposed his adversary to be on the line of the Chiese, though he seemed to be under the impression that that river had not been crossed by the whole of the allied armies ; but as to where he should meet the enemy on the next day, he was entirely uninformed. Having, as I have said, recrossed the Mincio during the 23rd, the Austrians, whose army was augmented by the garrisons of Piacenza, Pizzighettone, Cremona, Ancona, Bologna, Ferrara, Mantua, Verona, and Peschiera, besides a part of the troops which garrisoned the lesser cities of the Venetian provinces, were able to bring into action 156 battalions and 88 squadrons, which, artillery included, numbered 140,000 men. Inasmuch, however, as these were all fresh troops, while the French had already suffered from long marches and from actual engagements, there was probably no great disparity between the two armies. The plan of attack which Baron Hess had formed after the blunders of Gyulai, was therefore to be carried into execution under the direction of the young Kaiser, assisted by a distinguished Staff of Austrian Archdukes and Princes, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 24th. General Hess had divided the imposing force under his orders into two armies. The second, under the immediate command of Count Schlick, formed the right wing,

and was to take possession of Castiglione and Lonato, marching through the hilly country which extends from Volta to the Lake of Garda; while the first army (which, under Count Wimpffen, formed the left wing) was to march through the plain on Montechiaro.

The plan of General Hess was undoubtedly skilful, and its success was perhaps regarded by him as certain, for it was to be executed on ground familiar to his army, the Austrians having exercised there since 1815. It failed, however, owing to the inability of the General to change his design in accordance with the altered circumstances.

The orders issued from the Austrian Imperial headquarters of Valeggio on the 23rd of June directed the third and ninth corps of the first army, commanded severally by Prince Edmund Schwarzenberg and General Schaafgottsche, to march from Pozzuolo to Guidizzuolo by Ferri. The 11th, under General Veighl, was to march from Roverbella to Castel Grimaldo. Liechtenstein, with the second corps, was directed to move from Mantua towards Marcaria, that he might watch the movements of Prince Napoleon on the Oglio. The cavalry reserve of this army, under the command of Zedwitz, was to march from Mozzecane, partly on Gazzoldo (with a view to effecting a junction with the second corps on the following day), partly on Medole by Goito. Of the second army, the eighth corps, commanded by Benedek, was to cross the Mincio at Salionze, and from that place march on Pozzolengo. The fifth corps, under Stadion, was to pass from Salionze by Valeggio, and occupy Solferino, pushing its outposts as far as Le Fontane. The first corps was

to march, also by Valeggio, from Quaderni to Cavriana; and Baron Zobel, at the head of the seventh corps, was to move from San Zenone to Foresta, crossing the Mincio at Ferri. Count Mensdorff, with twenty-six squadrons, was to march from Rosegaferro to Tezze.

These orders having been carried out, the positions occupied by the Austrian corps on the morning of the 24th of June covered a part of that hilly ground, about twelve miles in length and nine in width, which almost presents the form of a parallelogram, the four angles of which are Lonato, Peschiera, Volta, and Castiglione delle Stiviere. The left side or bank of the parallelogram slopes down from Volta to Castiglione in a south-westerly direction, and faces the flat country which is cut by the main road from Castiglione to Mantua. The ground thus comprehended is almost severed in the middle by a little stream, tributary to the Mincio. At the source of this stream the hills attain their highest elevation, and begin to slope down towards the Mincio. This point may be considered almost as the centre of the parallelogram; Solferino and Cavriana being on the right bank of the stream; Rondotto, Monte San Giovanni, and Pozzolengo, on its left. The extreme right of the Austrian line ran down from Peschiera into the plain of the Mincio, passing through the open country which formed its pivot.

The length of the line, which is intersected by the main road of Goito, was not less than twelve Italian miles. The key of the whole Austrian position was the village of Solferino; and Cavriana, where, at the

commencement of the battle, Francis Joseph established his headquarters, may be considered its centre. The Mincio, proceeding from the Lake of Garda at Peschiera, runs due south, with numerous curves, as far as Rivalta, where it widens, and assumes the character of a lake. The hills which form the parallelogram before alluded to run on both banks at almost right angles towards the river.

The line of battle of the two armies, marching unconsciously one against the other, was drawn on the right bank of the hills which, sloping down from the north-west in a southerly direction towards Castiglione, here make a bend, and strike the Mincio in a south-easterly line. The ground of the parallelogram is intersected by small valleys, approached by gentle or steep slopes, and occasionally cultivated, according to the more or less fertile nature of the soil, which is perhaps the most stony in Lombardy. The declivities of the hills, and the fields into which the valleys are divided—fields abounding in corn, vineyards, and mulberry trees—are marked by low walls of large stones, separating the *luoghi*, or small holdings of the numerous landowners. The tableland of the higher ridges is sometimes covered with reddish heath, sometimes with oak woods. Farms, hamlets, villages, and country seats add to the beauty of that picturesque country, the interest of which is still further increased by the numerous solitary churches and chapels erected by the devotion of some rich nobleman of old, or some monastic community, amidst evergreen groves of cypress.

As the reader will have gathered from the military

details I have given a few pages back, the positions occupied by the allied armies the day previous to the battle of Solferino “extended”—to quote from a contemporary account—“from the shores of the Lake of Garda, at Desenzano, all along the western edge of the hilly country, from Lonato down to Castiglione, and, bending back towards Carpenedolo, touched there the Chiese.” From the Imperial head-quarters of Montechiaro, a general order had been issued on the evening of the 23rd, to regulate the forward movement of the allied armies, which it had been decided was to commence at two o’clock on the following morning. This order determined the action of Victor Emmanuel’s army, of which the first and second divisions at that time occupied the hills surrounding Lonato; the third, Desenzano and Rivoltella; the fourth, a position in advance of Lonato towards Peschiera; and the cavalry, Biddizole. According to the arrangements of the French Emperor, his Sardinian Majesty was to advance on Pozzolengo. Marshal Baraguay d’Hilliers, whose left wing was in communication with the Piedmontese army, was to march from Esenta on Solferino, and Marshal M’Mahon from Castiglione on Cavriana. Niel and Canrobert’s corps were to proceed through the plain: the first from Carpenedolo on Guidizzuolo, the second from Mezzano on Medole. The march of these two last-mentioned corps was to be performed at a certain distance one from the other; and the two leaders were especially directed to agree upon the hours of departure, and the road they were to take, in order to avoid confusion and delay. The Imperial Guard was

to move forward from Montechiaro on Castiglione; and two divisions of cavalry of the Line were to take a position in the plain between Solferino and Medole.

The sun of the 24th of June had not yet risen above the horizon when the allies began to advance. During the night, the Austrians had pushed their outposts as far as Le Fontane and Grole, in the vicinity of Castiglione. The corps under the command of Baraguay d'Hilliers and M'Mahon were the first to find themselves in presence of considerable forces. Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps was coming from Esenta in two columns. The first of these, formed by the second division, under the command of General Ladmirault, marched on Solferino through Santa Maria, Barche di Castiglione, and Barche di Solferino. The second, led by General Forey of the first division, was directed to leave Esenta an hour later, and to march on Grole and Le Fontane, passing through Castiglione; and the third division of the same corps was ordered to follow the movement of the second column at five o'clock.

The second column found the Austrians strongly entrenched in the positions which dominated the hamlet of Grole. This hamlet, as well as those of Fontane and Fenili, was soon carried by Forey's troops. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers was therefore enabled to despatch a message to the Emperor Napoleon at Montechiaro, informing him that he was pursuing the masses of the enemy, already forced to fall back towards Solferino. Whilst the first French *corps d'armée* had thus engaged the enemy on that

difficult and undulating ground across which it had to make its way towards the last-mentioned village, Marshal M'Mahon had also encountered the Austrians. He had left Castiglione a little before three o'clock that morning, and had been ordered to proceed by the main road, or *stradone*, leading to Guidizzuolo. Having advanced five miles, he was to bend to the left, and march on Cavriana by San Cassiano.

General Gaudin de Villaine, with four squadrons of Chasseurs, formed the advanced guard of M'Mahon's corps. Having pushed forward about three miles in the direction of Guidizzuolo, he saw the masses of the Austrians coming from the opposite direction along the same road, enveloped in large clouds of dust. It was then five o'clock. General Gaudin hastened to inform the Marshal of the presence of the enemy; the divisions were deployed right and left, and, screened by a thick line of sharpshooters, they were enabled to pursue their march. When this intelligence was brought to the Duke of Magenta, he was near a hill called Monte Medolano, after the village of that name. From the same eminence, the First Consul had watched the movements of his Republican legions on the memorable 5th of August, 1796, the day of the battle of Castiglione. M'Mahon, accompanied by the officers of his Staff, rode up to the plateau, and observed through a telescope the advancing movements of the Austrian masses. Beneath him lay the flat expanse of the Medole Campagna—a sort of wide heath, now and then diversified by cultivated tracts of land, covered with Indian corn and mulberry trees. It was there that

the Duke of Magenta heard on his left the first rattling of musketry and roar of guns. The corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers had already engaged the enemy. M'Mahon at once perceived the gravity of the situation. If he had hastened to support the movement of Baraguay d'Hilliers, or pushed forward, as he had been ordered, on Cavriana, he would have left the plain on his right open to the Austrians coming from Guidizzuolo, increasing the distance which already existed between him and the corps of Niel and Canrobert. Through this gap the enemy could have advanced, and severed one part of the army from the other. M'Mahon therefore at once despatched Captain Bouillè (of the Staff) to Montechiaro, to inform the Emperor of the situation; and at the same time he sent the chief of his Staff (Lebrun) in the direction of Guidizzuolo, to know what had become of Niel.

It will be remembered that this General had been ordered to march by Medole on Guidizzuolo with the 4th corps, which he commanded; but the progress of his columns was greatly hampered by various difficulties. Every inch of the ground over which his troops had to move has been reclaimed by the industry of its inhabitants, and the fields are continually intersected by vineyards, ditches, and rows of trees. Niel, therefore, could not reach the village of Medole until six o'clock—that is to say, not until three hours after he had left his encampments at Carpenedolo. But his advanced guard, on arriving there, found the farms and houses of the neighbourhood, and the village itself, strongly occupied by ten companies of infantry and six squadrons of cavalry under Zed-

witz: hence Niel's necessity for storming every street, nay, every house, of Medole. This he accordingly did. The fight was sharp and brilliant, and the Austrians lost two guns and a good many prisoners.

Marshal Canrobert, who was to march on Medole, and form with his corps the extreme right of the allied armies, was obliged, in order to avoid the danger of hampering the movements of Niel's corps, to take the longest road—that of Acqua Fredda and Castel Goffredo—thus marching through a broken line of about twenty miles. He was also obliged to cross the river Chiese at Visano. This difficulty once surmounted, Canrobert hastened his march on Castel Goffredo; but when his columns, coming from Acqua Fredda, arrived in sight of Castel Goffredo, they were told that the Austrian cavalry was in possession of it, and that, taking advantage of the mediæval walls which surround the place, the enemy intended to dispute the ground. Castel Goffredo, however, was carried, in spite of its walls and barricaded gates; so that Canrobert was able to follow his march on Medole, which he was anxious to reach, for it was more than an hour since he had heard in advance the guns of Baraguay d'Hilliers. The whole of the French army had therefore by that time been more or less engaged: the battle had begun.

But, on the extreme left of the allied line, the brave legions of Sardinia—the hope of future Italy—had, since the beginning of the day, rivalled in courage the far-famed battalions of France. We have seen that the army of Victor Emmanuel had been directed to

march on Pozzolengo, and support the movement of Baraguay d'Hilliers on Solferino. Whilst the Marshal was leaving Esenta for his destination, the third and fifth divisions of the Sardinian army moved from their encampments of Lonato—the first to reconnoitre the ground running between the shore of the Lake of Garda and the Lombardo-Venetian railway; the second bending more to the right. Both had been ordered to follow the road of Rivoltella, which leads to Peschiera, and the Strada Lugana, which skirts on the right the declivities of San Martino. At the same time, the 1st division was marching by Castel Venzago on Madonna Scoperta, in order to reach the village of Pozzolengo, which was the main object of the Piedmontese army. Its columns were thus marching in a line almost parallel to the shore of classical Benacus, their extreme right protected by a reconnoitering column under the leadership of the Savoyard General Mollard, one of the bravest of Victor Emmanuel's officers.

Colonel Cadorna, who was in charge of the advanced guard of the fifth division, fell in with the Austrian outposts as soon as he had passed the hill of San Martino, which lifts its large table-land near the point where the Lombardo-Venetian railroad cuts the Strada Lugana. The order of attack was soon given, and Cadorna drove back the enemy as far as the farm of Ponticello. Here, however, the colonel found himself before the imposing masses of the eighth Austrian *corps d'armée*, about 20,000 strong. The Sardinians were therefore compelled to fall back on San Martino movement which they slowly executed, keeping

up a brisk fire, and preserving the utmost order in their ranks.

General Mollard, on hearing the report of guns, hastened to support Cadorna's column, ordering Captain Devecchi to turn the flank of the enemy with two companies of the Line, in order to retard their advancing march. At the same time, the brave Savoyard sent four field-pieces to the table-land of San Martino, to shell the advancing masses of the enemy. But the forces which Cadorna and Mollard had with them were too small. The Austrians had already passed the farm Contracania, and were ascending with their thick columns the acclivity of the hill; and San Martino, though valiantly defended, was carried, and remained in their power.

The defence of Mollard, however, had given time to the seventh and eighth regiments of the third Piedmontese division to reach the field of battle. Mollard at once placed himself at the head of the fresh troops, arranged them, and with indomitable ardour charged the Austrians, and succeeded in checking their progress.

Such were the different incidents of the action in which the Allies were already engaged when the messengers sent by M'Mahon and Baraguay d'Hilliers to the Emperor reached the head-quarters at Montechiaro. It was then five o'clock, and the guns could be distinctly heard from the church of Montechiaro, where the ruler of France was then paying the last honours to General Cotte, one of his aides-de-camp, who had died of apoplexy. On receiving the message of the two Marshals, Louis Napoleon at once ordered

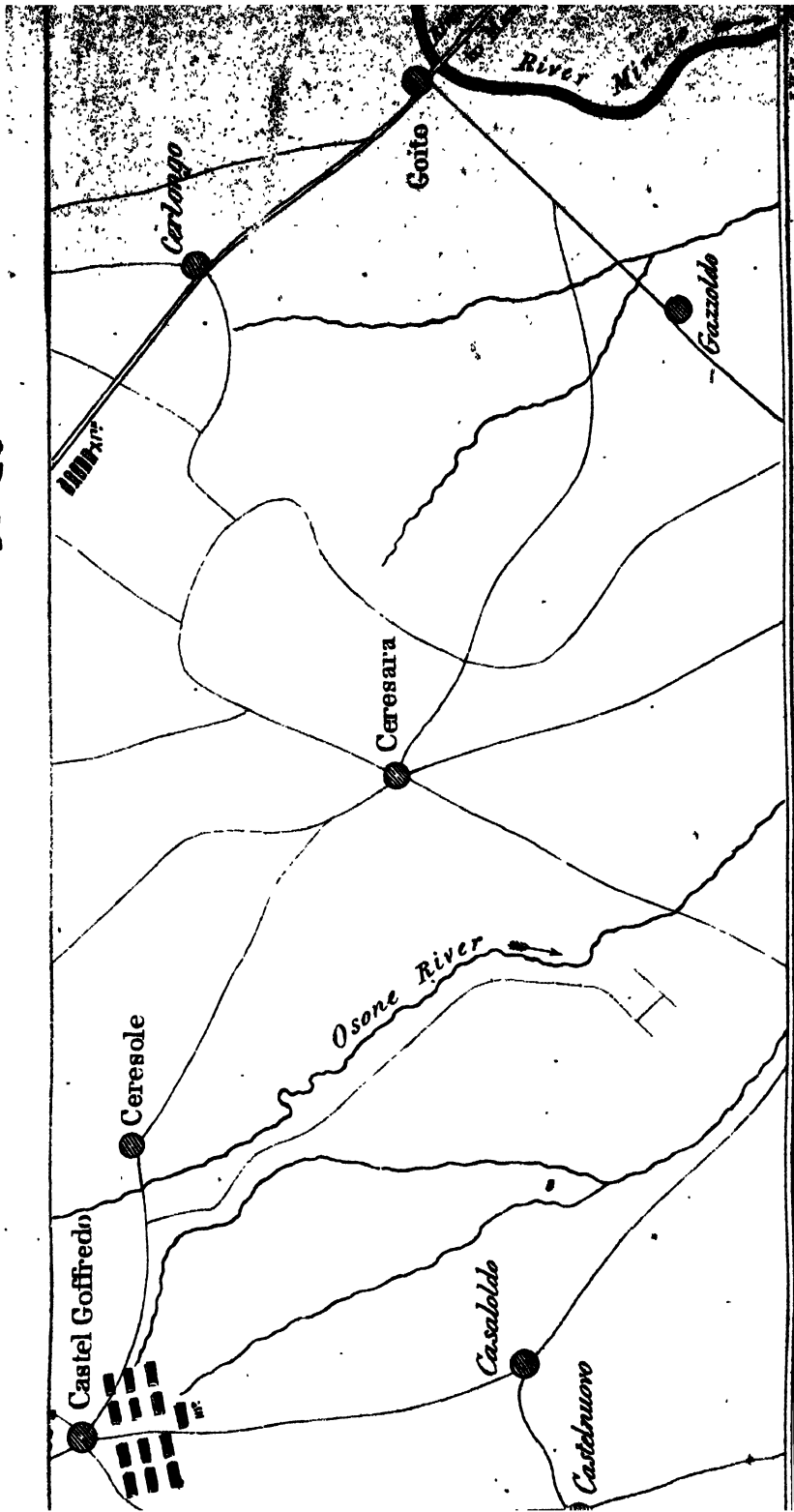
his Staff to precede him to Castiglione, whilst he himself, escorted by the Cent-Gardes, drove with all speed in the same direction. The Emperor was then fully aware that a great battle had begun; for, turning to one of his aides-de-camp, he said, "The fate of Italy is perhaps to be decided to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

SOLFERINO.

“The Spy of Italy”—Recollections of 1796—Positions of the French Republican Army at the Battle of Castiglione—Louis Napoleon surveys the Field of Battle—Advance of the Allies—Positions taken by the Emperor—The Emperor joins M’Mahon—His Plan—Monte Fenile—Deadly Engagements—“A Moi la Garde!”*—General Ladmiraunt—Useless Efforts of the Zouaves—Forey fails in carrying the Position of the Cemetery—Louis Napoleon in Danger—The Austrians’ give way—An Austrian Battery captured—The Rocca of Solferino stormed and taken—The Cemetery at last carried—The Village of Solferino—Austrian Guns captured—The French advance towards Cavriana—M’Mahon assumes the offensive—The Village of San Cavriana carried—Advancing Movement of Niel’s Corps—Canrobert’s Movements—Niel assumes the offensive—The Centre of the Austrian Line carried—The Order for a general Retreat given by the Austrian Emperor—Fearful Storm—The Last Blow—The Austrians cover their Retreat.

ON the hilly side of the country which I have tried to describe in the preceding chapter, an eminence rises distinctly above that ridge of hills forming the parallelogram already indicated: it is Solferino. The highest of the hills surrounding the village of that name is so placed that from its top the eye can see a large part of the Italian Peninsula. For this reason, “La Rocca di Solferino”—in other words, the



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tower of the village—is also called “La Spia d’Italia,” the look-out or watch-tower of Italy. From the top of the tower (which in the middle ages was part of a castle belonging to the Scaligers) an extensive view is commanded, which extends from the Alps to the Apennines. Mantua, Verona, Ceresara, Bozzolo, Cremona, and the broad Cremonese plain, are distinctly visible as far as the eye can reach. The Lake of Garda—the bluest and most transparent sheet of water in the Italian Peninsula—appears, as it were, edging the gentle slope of the distant hills, and is seen nearly to its termination in the heart of the Tyrolese Alps.

For its configuration and geographical position, the ground of Solferino and Medole has always been famous in the military annals of Italy. Eugène of Savoy displayed there his military skill when leading the Austrians against the French and Spanish armies. In 1796 and 1859, however, fortune turned her face against the conquerors of old, and two Buonapartes routed, at Medole and Solferino, the descendants of those very Austrians who had been victorious so many years before on the same ground. The reader will not have forgotten how the Austrian Emperor, defeated by the First Consul, caused General Wurmser to descend from the defiles of the Tyrol, with a well-organized army, at the end of July, 1796. The great captain, hearing of this, suddenly raised the siege of Mantua, and, with the inspiration of genius, hastened to rout Quisdonowich at Lonato, and Wurmser at Castiglione delle Stiviere. It was at Medole and Solferino that the fate of that wonderful cam-

paign was thus quickly decided. The Austrians held then almost the same positions which they held during the battle of the 24th of June, 1859; their right wing bent beyond Solferino in the direction of Pozzolengo, their left along the plain of Medole. The French had twelve field guns posted on that very Monte Medolano up which M'Mahon rode on the latter occasion; and those guns decided the fortune of the day, supported as they were by the cavalry of General Beaumont. The Austrian battalions, routed by the horse of Beaumont and by Serrurier's infantry, took to their heels with all possible speed, recrossed the Mincio, lost twenty guns and a large number of prisoners, and had two thousand men *hors de combat* out of the twenty-five thousand who composed their army. The Austrians were then very strong on their right wing towards Pozzolengo, whence they attacked Massena, almost on the same ground where Benedek engaged the Piedmontese in 1859. With the object of embarrassing the enemy on that side, Massena retired slowly as far as Castel Venzago, giving thus to Serrurier the opportunity of completely annihilating the Austrian left. The results of that memorable campaign are well known. The possession of Italy was assured to the French Republic, and Wurmser was shortly compelled to capitulate at Mantua.

During the action which I am about to describe, the Austrians, instead of twenty-five thousand men, brought into action at least one hundred and forty thousand, thus being able strongly to hold the entire line of battle. When Louis Napoleon arrived at Castiglione, the fight, which had simultaneously begun

on the right and in the centre, had also become more serious on the left. Alighting from his carriage, the Emperor ascended the steeple of Saint Peter's Church, from whence the great panorama spreads around. On the left hand, the crescent-like chain of hills is seen extending from Lonato to Volta, and passing through Castiglione, Solferino, and Cavriana; on the right, the vast plain, beginning a few miles from Medole, reaches to the distant horizon, on the line of which Guidizzuolo, Robecco, Cereta, Cerlongo, Goito, Sana, Rivalta, and even the large dome of Saint Andrew's Church of Mantua, can be plainly traced. As the French Emperor was surveying the ground, the smoke of the guns enabled him to form an exact idea of the different combinations of the battle which was then being fought. Looking towards the left, he saw Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had already placed four guns on the top of Monterosso to protect the advancing march of Ladmirault's and Forey's divisions, and was standing his ground in spite of the tremendous fire of the enemy's artillery. Indeed, the troops of Ladmirault, protected by the fire which Forey was directing against the Austrians from Monte Fenile, were able to maintain themselves on the hills facing the Solferino cemetery. On that side, the efforts of the enemy had therefore been circumscribed by Baraguay d'Hilliers within the elevated positions which overhang the village of Solferino. In the plain to the right, M'Mahon was still advancing through the fields which border the Stradone of Mantua; the left wing of his corps bending towards the position of Baraguay, his right facing the plain from which Niel's corps was expected to appear. In

fact, General Niel, after having repulsed the Austrians at Medole, was advancing from Robecco and Ceresara, in order to frustrate the attempts of the enemy, who desired to separate his columns from the corps of M'Mahon. From the elevated position on which he stood, the Duke of Magenta could see, as well as the Emperor, the masses of the enemy swarming along the heights which unite Cavriana to Solferino. Farther on the plain, the sound of the guns, coming faintly though distinctly through the air, indicated that Canrobert had already passed Castel Goffredo, and was hastening towards Medole. Nearer to Castiglione, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely could be seen at the head of the Imperial Guard, marching forward by the main road in the direction of Guidizzuolo. The Piedmontese artillery, on the extreme left, was loud enough to tell the Emperor that the brave legions of Victor Emmanuel were also engaged in a hard and bloody struggle; but the distance, and the undulating surface of the ground, prevented the eye from following the details of the fight.

High military capacity has been generally denied to Louis Napoleon, and it is not my intention to pass any inconsiderate eulogium on his qualifications as a commander. The man who has shown himself a great politician may not be a General of the first order. Yet the directions he sent to his Marshals as soon as he descended from the steeple of the church of Castiglione certainly evinced the penetration of an experienced commander. He at once perceived that the object of the Austrians was to divert the attack on Solferino—the key of their position—by outflank-

ing the right of the French army, filling up the space between the second and fourth corps, and thus cutting the enemy's forces in two. The Emperor therefore commanded the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, under General Morris, to join M'Mahon, to whom he sent orders to dislodge the enemy from Morino's farm; he also directed General Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély to march with the Imperial Guard behind the heights on which the first corps was fighting.

These orders were soon executed. The farm was invested by Decaen's division; Auger shelled it with his ried guns; a sharp fight took place, and the enemy was compelled to fall back on his reserve, advancing from Guidizzuolo. Auger's shells and shrapnell burst by hundreds amidst the Austrian columns massed in the plain, while their round-shot scarcely reached the front of the opposing forces.

It was soon after the taking of Morino's farm that Louis Napoleon joined M'Mahon to communicate his plan to him. In a few words he told the Duke to watch the movements of the enemy on his right wing, and to maintain himself on the plain which separated him from the fourth corps. He was also to prevent the Austrians dividing his forces from the first corps, and was not to miss any opportunity of bending towards Cavriana as soon as the attack of Baraguay d'Hilliers on Solferino succeeded, and Niel's corps had made its appearance. To keep open the communication of his corps with that which Niel commanded, the cavalry of the Imperial Guard was to take up a position on his right.

Judging from these instructions, the plan of the

Emperor appears to have been clear and precise. His design was to carry Solferino at any cost, and then, by a flank movement, to beat the enemy out of his positions at Cavriana.

But Niel's march on Guidizzuolo was opposed by the strong masses of the Austrians. He proceeded slowly, fearing at every moment to be outflanked on his right; and indeed so great was his apprehension on this point, that he sent word to M'Mahon that he should not be able to support him until Canrobert had effected his junction with his (Niel's) corps.

In the meanwhile, death was ravaging the gallant divisions of Baraguay d'Hilliers, fighting on the heights which face Solferino. From the plain, the Emperor saw the clouds of smoke which enveloped the masses of his army, and he felt that his place was there. He set spurs to his horse, and in a few moments reached the top of Monte Fenile, whence the artillery of Forey was shelling the ranks of the enemy, which were concentrated in a narrow valley below the heights on the right of Solferino. General Dieu's brigade had already reached the foot of the Cypress Mamelon; that of d'Alton was massed on the road from Castiglione to Solferino, edging the foot of the hill from which the Emperor was witnessing the tremendous drama then being acted out. Suddenly, a thick phalanx of bayonets was seen glittering through the trees of the valley. It was a large body of Austrians which had been sent by Stadion to cut the line of the French.

General d'Alton at once started with his brigade to stop its march; but his men were outnumbered in the

proportion of five to one, and the Austrian artillery spread death among them. Nevertheless, the brigade stood its ground like a wall of granite, and the Austrians could not proceed further. But the position of d'Alton soon became most perilous: he could not hold the ground he had gained any longer. The artillery of the Austrians was brought to bear on his flank; and a shower of shot, grape, and shells poured over it. Forey, perceiving the danger of his first brigade, sent orders to Colonel Abattucci, of the 91st regiment, to carry the Austrian battery at any cost. The gallant Colonel, at the head of his first battalion, started towards the guns, while the rest of his regiment occupied the flank of the eminence which overhangs the right of the hill of Solferino, distinguished by the name of the Tower Hill. Abattucci's and Maire's regiments performed prodigies of valour; but their heroic efforts were unavailing against the overwhelming forces of the enemy. With the heights crowned by thousands of Austrians—with the steep ascent of Solferino garrisoned by the whole of Stadion's *corps d'armée*, supported by powerful reserves brought up from Quaderni and other nearer positions—it would have been madness to attempt to carry the stronghold of the enemy. Eleven officers of Abattucci's and Maire's regiments were already dead, while thirty-five were wounded; and the rank-and-file had suffered in proportion. Forey's division, and more especially d'Alton's brigade, would undoubtedly have been crushed by a fresh column just then debouching from the road of Casal del Monte, had not succour been at hand. The moment was critical; there was not a minute to be

lost. From the heights of Monte Fenile, Louis Napoleon had perceived the danger, and saw that the moment had come to engage his reserve. He perhaps remembered at that juncture the magic words so often repeated by his great kinsman—" *A moi la Garde!*" and he sent orders to General Manèque, of Camon's division, to advance at once against the Austrian columns, and support d'Alton's troops, seriously menaced in their rear. This movement was executed with that rapidity which is one of the finest qualities of the French army: the Austrians were beaten back beyond Casal del Monte till they reached Monte Sacro, which was strongly held by two brigades of Croats.

Whilst General Forey, thus supported, was resuming the offensive on his side, Ladmirault's division was also maintaining the honour of the French army on the surrounding heights, under the eye of Baraguay d'Hilliers. Since the commencement of the action, it had been the constant endeavour of the Marshal to prevent the enemy occupying the space which separated the extreme left of his corps from the right wing of the Sardinian army. This space was not less than six Italian miles; but he nevertheless succeeded in his design—partly by the valour of his troops, partly owing to the bravery of the Italian army, which was then sustaining the onslaught of 20,000 men under Field-Marshal Benedek. General Ladmirault had also skilfully aided Baraguay d'Hilliers in securing such a result. He had ordered Major Colonjon to proceed through the valley which bends on the right towards Colombare, and leads to the hill of San Martino. The Major, by manœuvring his

squadron behind the hillocks of that undulating ground, made the enemy believe that the space before referred to was occupied by a large body of French cavalry. Douay and Négrier's brigades—the former on the right, the latter on the left—had already carried the first positions; but, as General Ladmirault stated in his report, “they were attacking a position which had been carefully studied by the Austrians, and which, being the centre of an immense line of defence, gave to the enemy the opportunity of moving his right and left wings according to the necessity of the moment.” The General himself led the column of the centre; but his troops had scarcely reached the first entrenchments of the enemy ere a bullet lodged in his shoulder. Being unable to follow his march on horseback, he proceeded leaning on the horse of Commandant Leroy, of his Staff. His men, however, could no longer stand their ground: the columns gave way, decimated by the powerful Austrian artillery, and by the cross-fire of several battalions. At this critical moment, Ladmirault sent orders to the four battalions of his reserve to come up *au pas de course*. The rush of these troops was so impetuous, their courage so indomitable, that the enemy was compelled to fall back. Ladmirault, wounded a second time, was obliged to hand over the command of his division to General Négrier, and at that moment the struggle attained its highest pitch. The Austrian batteries placed on the Mount of Cypresses, and on that occupied by the cemetery of Solferino, were keeping up a tremendous cross-fire against their assailants. In vain did Baraguay d'Hilliers bring Bazaine's brigade into

action; in vain did the 1st regiment of Zouaves try to rush up the hill of Solferino, in order to support Ladmirault's division, or, as we must now call it, Négrier's. All the heroic efforts of the Zouaves were of no avail: as they reached the steep slope of Solferino, they were hurled back by the enemy.

A horrible confusion was the consequence of this failure. The Zouaves were thrown upon the extreme right of Négrier's division, and were fighting pell-mell with them. The 34th regiment of the Line had, however, by that time reached the field of battle. The Zouaves, seeing themselves supported, dashed a second time towards the steep gradient which they had been previously obliged to abandon; and in this new charge, Brincourt, their brave Colonel, was wounded. On the left, General Négrier had in the meanwhile succeeded in rallying his troops, widely scattered, both by the undulations of the ground, and by the varying chances of the battle. He had started with the 61st regiment of the Line, and a battalion of the 100th regiment, in the direction of the cemetery of Solferino. His march was at once difficult and deadly; for the enemy obstinately disputed every turn of the ground, every defile of the narrow valley. Twice did Négrier's troops rush up towards the last resting-place of the villagers of Solferino. But to do this they were obliged to follow an almost impracticable, ridge-like path, only thirty yards in width. Their efforts proved useless against the strong masses defending the circuitous wall of the cemetery, bored with thousands of loopholes, from which the deadly rifle-bullets thronged forth every instant. Négrier's troops, to whom a part

of Bazaine's division had by that time been added, though not losing the ground they had occupied at so great a cost, were, however, compelled to halt twice. They had to deal with a building which had been turned into a regular fortress. Négrier was obliged therefore to give up storming the cemetery, the last stronghold of the heights of Solferino, until he saw that its defenders were turned in their rear by the occupation of the Tower Hill and the Cypress Hill. As soon as those positions could be carried, he would resume the attack on the front of the cemetery.

In the meanwhile, Forcy had pushed his columns forward; but they were being terribly cut up. The Austrians were defending every inch of ground with amazing stubbornness; and their artillery was so powerful and numerous that shell, round-shot, and canister poured forth incessantly, causing fearful havoc.

The enemy's projectiles fell in showers on Monte Fenile, whence the Emperor Napoleon and his Staff were anxiously following the different incidents of the battle. Many of the Cent-Gardes who formed the Imperial escort were either killed or wounded; Baron Larrey, his Majesty's surgeon, had his horse killed not far from the Emperor. To drive out the enemy from his stronghold of Solferino was of the utmost importance; but the Austrian brigades of Bils and Puchner had been strengthened by those of Gaal and Koller. The defence of Field-Marshal Stadion had therefore become more and more obstinate. Nevertheless, the French were gaining ground. The left flank of the Austrian army was at last broken by the artillery of the

French reserve, and by the charges of the Chasseurs de la Garde. Numerous French battalions were already massed about the spur of the Tower Hill of Solferino; but Cambriels' brigade had not as yet begun the attack which it had been directed to make towards the rear of the Tower. Forey could not inaugurate his last effort without the help of this brigade, then holding a position facing the Cypress Mount, which had been wrested from the enemy since the morning. It was necessary to attack the Austrian position on the Mount itself and to carry it, to enable Cambriels to turn the spur of the Tower Hill. Forey therefore directed Colonel d'Auvergne, the chief of his Staff, to gather as many troops as he could, and effect this important and arduous operation. D'Auvergne, at the head of the Tirailleurs of the 84th and 74th, started towards one of the slopes of the mount; Cambriels with his brigade ascended the other. The fight was tremendous; but at last the mount was occupied, and the Austrian artillery captured.

The long-expected moment had now come. Forey gave orders to storm the Tower Hill of Solferino. The drums beat, the trumpets sounded; shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rent the air; Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard, Chasseurs, and battalions of the Line rushed to the assault with an impetuosity that the Austrians could not withstand. The heights of Solferino were covered in a moment by thousands of French troops. Here, a battalion made its way through the heaps of dead already strewing the ground; there, a regiment of the Imperial Guard fell upon the Austrians like a thunderbolt. The Tower Hill was carried; and

General Forey then halted his victorious columns for a few moments, subsequently leading them in the direction of the convent which fronts the cemetery. At the same time, General Lebœuf brought up his powerful artillery to bear upon the defeated masses of the Austrians, now retiring through the narrow streets of the village of Solferino towards Cavriana.

The convent and the adjoining church were strongly barricaded, and an obstinate defence was made by the enemy. Nothing, however, could resist the ardour of Forey's troops: they rushed forward, and carried everything before them. The time, too, had arrived for Baraguay d'Hilliers and Négrier to make a last effort against the cemetery. Captain Canecaude was ordered to bring up his artillery, and direct its fire against the gate and walls of that sad enclosure, whilst the columns of attack of the third division were being formed. The signal for the assault was given. Colonel Laffaile took the lead of the 78th regiment, and first entered the cemetery. The 37th, after having carried the barricaded building which the Austrians defended at the foot of the hill, ran up, and effected a junction with the rest of the division. Meanwhile, the second division of Baraguay's corps hastened towards the village of Solferino from the opposite slope of the hill; and Douay's brigade on the right, and Négrier's, with the other brigade, on the left, started to assault the village.

About two hundred yards from the famous Tower facing the Costa Mezzana, where the cemetery is situated, a labyrinth of narrow paths winds between the steep gradients of the hills. This labyrinth,

which runs from the centre of the village east and north, in the direction of Monte San Pietro and Mont' Alto, leads to the many hamlets and country seats which dot the country. Small farms and fields of four or five acres, with tiny cottages scattered here and there, form, generally speaking, the territorial divisions of those provinces of Upper Lombardy. All these farms and fields are separated by stone walls of very little height, bound together by a network of deep green ivy; while here and there the walls end in a picturesque chapel, where some saint or Madonna has been placed as protector or protectress of the neighbouring fields. These are a species of shrine, sometimes elegant and cleanly kept, sometimes half-demolished, according to the degree of devotion among the people. On the present occasion, farms, walls, and chapels had all been turned by the Austrians into as many strongholds; their gates barricaded, and their walls pierced by thousands of loopholes. The troops of Douay's and Négrier's brigades were therefore obliged to storm all that they met in their way to the village; and the streets and piazza of the village itself became the theatre of a deadly struggle.

Following a narrow path, which from the foot of the Tower Hill winds up towards the village, and leads into it, a company of the Imperial Guard, commanded by Lieutenant Moneglia, rushed upon a battery of the enemy, captured it, and then followed the road in the direction of the tower; when suddenly the rattling of heavy wheels was heard descending the slope of the hill. It was the train of artillery which had so long held the French in check from the platform of the

famous tower. Moneglia at once massed his troops and those of the Voltigeurs, which in the meanwhile had been brought up by Lieutenant Puech, and with a sudden rush brought his men into the middle of the road. A terrible fire was opened upon the Austrian artillery; the horses and horseman of the first cart were killed and the rest were made prisoners.

Solferino having fallen into the power of the French, the Austrian corps of Stadion could do nothing but fall back on Cavriana. But the ground afforded great opportunity for defence. It was well known to the enemy, and all their movements had been carefully studied as the details of a well-conceived plan. When, therefore, General Manèque, who had advanced at the head of his brigade, appeared on the brow of the hills which extend in the direction of Cavriana, he found the Austrians massed on Monte Sacro, while other Austrian battalions were occupying the heights of Casal del Monte, keeping up on both positions the most murderous fire. To check the efforts which the enemy were making to oppose the victorious march of the French, General Lebœuf placed two guns on the road which leads from Solferino to San Cassiano, and two others on the right of Monte Sacro. After an hour's hard fighting, both Manèque and Lebœuf, enveloped by the superior forces of the Austrians, were on the point of retiring; but they held out until two regiments of Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, led by General Mellinet, were sent by the Emperor to their support.

In the meanwhile, Louis Napoleon had ridden from Monte Fenile towards Monte Fontana. On arriving

there, he received a message from M'Mahon, who asked him to send some troops to support the attack of his left wing, already engaged against superior forces. The plan of General Hess, if not perfect along the whole of the Austrian line, was not open to criticism at that particular point, for he had there completely outnumbered his adversary. But the Austrians had to deal with two armies whose impetuosity made up for the inferiority of numbers; and so the troops of the Kaiser were beaten.

About two o'clock, the Duke of Magenta (who, two hours before, had received a message from General Niel, which informed him that, after many hard struggles, he was ready to move in the direction of Cavriana) assumed the offensive in his turn. The cavalry division of the Imperial Guard, under General Morris, had been sent to fill up the void which the movement that M'Mahon was going to make towards the left would have created on his right. Morris, having thus secured intercommunication between the two cavalry divisions of Desvaux and Partouneaux, which were echeloned in the plain, and the main body of M'Mahon's troops, the advance began. Moving forward on the right, and turning its front towards the left, the Duke of Magenta swept the plain and the hill-side as far as San Cassiano, in spite of the gallant charges of Count Mensdorf's cavalry divisions. Still advancing, M'Mahon ordered General La Motterouge to hasten his march towards his left, on the side of Solferino, already occupied by the French, in order to carry San Cassiano and the other positions strongly held by the enemy. The village was turned on both

sides, and carried with irresistible vigour by Laure's Algerian sharpshooters and the 45th regiment of the Line. Colonel Laure then continued his march towards the left, moving with his troops in a direction almost parallel to the road which debouches from Solferino. But the Austrians still held the hilly ground which slopes down between San Cassiano and Cavriana. The Algerian sharpshooters followed their daring march, surmounting all obstacles, until, having arrived at the top of the counterfort called Monte Fontana, which unites Cavriana to San Cassiano, they were repulsed.

At the same time, the Austrians were making the most strenuous efforts to throw a part of their forces between the right wing of M'Mahon and the corps of General Niel, who had pursued his march from Medole, and was then constantly threatening their extreme left by maintaining his original direction to the left of Guidizzuolo. These efforts of the enemy, however, failed one after the other, having been repulsed in a succession of glorious actions fought on the plains of Medole, whilst the first corps was ascending the heights of Solferino and the Cypress Mount.

General Niel, after having got possession of Medole, as I have stated at the end of the preceding chapter, ordered Vinoy's and Luzy's divisions to march in the direction of Casanova—an isolated house, which stands in the plain on the road to Mantua, about two miles from Guidizzuolo. The enemy was in considerable force on that side, the third corps having been drawn in line along the road of Guidizzuolo, with some battalions at Casanova, while half of the ninth, reinvigorated

by rest, was occupying the village of Robecco. A desperate conflict took place while Luzy's division was marching towards Cavriana on the one hand, and Robecco on the other. It was at that time that the enemy attempted to turn the left of Vinoy's division in the interval left between the second and fourth corps. They had come up to within two hundred metres of the French troops, but were there stopped by the fire of forty-two pieces of artillery directed by General Soleille. The Austrian guns replied with great determination, but only to show the inferiority of the old system of artillery to the modern rifled guns of the French. Faily's division subsequently came up; and General Niel, reserving the second brigade of that division, directed the first to make its way between Casanova and Robecco towards the hamlet of Baita, to connect General de Luzy with General Vinoy. General Niel's intention was to march towards Guidizzuolo as soon as M'Mahon should have taken Cavriana, hoping by those means to cut off the Austrians from the road of Volta and Goito; but to carry out this plan, he was obliged to wait until Canrobert's brigades had replaced at Robecco those of General de Luzy. Canrobert, having driven the enemy out of Castel Goffredo, ordered General Regnault to put the left of his division in communication with General de Luzy on the side of Ceresara, whilst with his right he faced Castel Goffredo, to watch the road which leads from Acqua Negra and Marcaria to Mantua. Marshal Canrobert was induced to be cautious, and to order these movements, owing to a report that an Austrian corps had left Mantua, and

was marching in the direction of Castel Goffredo. A Signor Andrea Fergi, of Asola, had been told by a vetturino of Mantua, that a corps of thirty thousand Austrians had left that town in the morning, and that its outposts had already arrived at Acqua Negra. This rumour was inexact; for, though the corps of Prince Edward Liechtenstein had in fact left Mantua, it had halted in the neighbourhood of Gabbiana, Ospedaletto, and Casatico, to watch the movements of General d'Autemarre's division of Prince Napoleon's corps, which, coming from Piacenza, was thought to be the whole fifth corps, and to contemplate marching by Casal Maggiore and Marcaria in the direction of Mantua. Nevertheless, exaggerated as this intelligence afterwards proved to be, it paralysed throughout the greater part of the day the movement of Marshal Canrobert's *corps d'armée*. It was only at half-past two o'clock that the Marshal thought proper to send Regnault's division towards Robecco, and to order General Trochu to place the first brigade between Casanova and Baita, at the point on which the most formidable attacks of the enemy were being directed.

This reinforcement of fresh troops permitted General Niel to assume a more decisive attitude. It was about the time when Solferino was being carried that Niel's corps began to debouch from the woods of Castiglione, on the side of the Campo di Medole, and from the cross-road which leads from Piure to Guidizzuolo. Engaged in continual encounters with the Austrians, it bent its course towards the hills, in order to throw itself between the enemy's centre and his left.

But let us return to the Algerian sharpshooters whom I have left engaged in a deadly struggle on the counterfort of Monte Fontana. Supported by a battalion of the 45th and a portion of the 72nd regiments, the Mamelon was retaken; but the Prince of Hesse, commanding a division of Zobel's corps, who defended it, again brought up his reserve, and Monte Fontana was lost a second time. To support the attack, General de la Motterouge was in his turn obliged to bring up his brigade of reserve, and M'Mahon to push forward his whole corps. It was then that, finding he had to deal with overwhelming forces, the Duke of Magenta (as I have already related) sent a message to the Emperor, asking for new troops to strengthen his left wing. Manèque's brigade and Mellinet's Grenadiers, who had by that time succeeded in routing the Austrian columns (which, it will be recollected, occupied Monte Sacro), were ordered to advance from Monte Sacro against Cavriana. The enemy was unable any longer to resist this double attack. Supported by the fire of the artillery of the Guard, which Lebœuf had ordered General Sévelinges to place at the opening of the valley faced by the village of Cavriana, the Algerian sharpshooters and the Voltigeurs of the Guard, having been for some time engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the Prince of Hesse's division, carried Cavriana at four o'clock. The centre of the Austrian line being thus lost, and Niel having succeeded in throwing his corps between Cavriana and the left of the opposing army, the enemy was compelled to begin a general retreat. Baron Benedek, who since the morning had been

engaged with Victor Emmanuel's army on the right, was directed to hold his ground, in order to protect this retreating movement until it should be effected, and then slowly to follow it, placing his corps under the protection of the guns of Peschiera. He obeyed, but reluctantly, for he had hoped to strike a decisive blow at the Sardinian army, which, as he said afterwards, he would have driven into the Lake of Garda. The retreat, however, though orderly, was so rapid, that the Austrian Emperor (who is reported to have wept at the ruin of his fortunes) had hardly time to gain the cross-road leading from Cavriana to Valeggio, and to seek safety in company with the Archduke of Tuscany, his other kinsmen, and his Staff. Two hours afterwards, Cavriana was filled by his victorious adversaries; and Casa Pastore, which had been the temporary dwelling of Francis Joseph, opened its doors to receive the rival Emperor.

When the retreat began, the scene of battle was visited by a fearful tempest—one of those summer storms which envelope in a whirlwind of rain and fire the whole of the country they fall upon. Dark clouds hung over that immense field of death; and lightning and thunder rivalled with their elemental horror the glare and clamour of the contending artillery below.

To protect the backward movement of their first army towards Mantua, and that of the second towards the Upper Mincio, the Austrians reinforced their positions at the extreme edge of Guidizzuolo, where the Campo di Medole ends. The storm had by that time begun to abate, and the French were able to resume

the offensive once more. Canrobert was at last free to bring up a division of his corps, which, crossing the road in the rear of the fourth corps, threw itself between the slopes of Cavriana and the village of Guidizzuolo. The Austrians were thus driven from all the heights, and the artillery of the Guard soon changed their retreat into a precipitate flight, in which the Croats led the way with much energy. Such was the fear which had seized on those battalions, that it is said that old General Nugent, who was following the Kaiser's Staff, struck the men right and left with his whip, calling them cowards. The battle was by this time circumscribed to that part of the plain comprehended within the slopes of Cavriana, and the line of Casanova, Baita, Robecco, and Guidizzuolo. I will not dwell on the details of that final struggle, during which the artillery, the infantry, and the cavalry of the French fought with the most desperate valour. The Austrian cavalry, although only a few regiments had been brought into action, sustained with honour its ancient renown. The Austrian officers also fought magnificently. It was at the assault of Casanova, not far from Guidizzuolo, that young Prince Windischgrätz died at the head of his regiment, engaged in heroic combat. But were I to relate all the touching episodes of that memorable day—were I to mention the names of all the officers and the numbers of all the regiments which distinguished themselves on both sides—I should go beyond the prescribed limits of this work.

Night came on, and the struggle had ceased even in the plain. An Austrian corps, however, still held the

village of Guidizzuolo and the roads leading to it, as a shield to the army, which was retiring in good order on the left bank of the Mincio. Canrobert had by that time come up, and was ready to attack the remaining Austrians by dawn next morning; but their mission having been accomplished, they also retired during the night on Gazzoldo and Rodigo, and in the direction of the right bank of the Mincio towards Goito.

The reader will perhaps be surprised that, in the foregoing account of the battle of Solferino, I have scarcely made any allusion to the action which since the morning had been going on between the Austrian corps of Benedek and the army of Victor Emmanuel on the extreme left of the Allies. The reason is, that the struggle which the Piedmontese had to sustain at San Martino may be considered as being in itself a second battle, worthy of a separate chapter. How great was the share of the Italian army in the glory of that day, the reader will be enabled to judge when he has read the ensuing pages.

CHAPTER X.

S A N M A R T I N O .

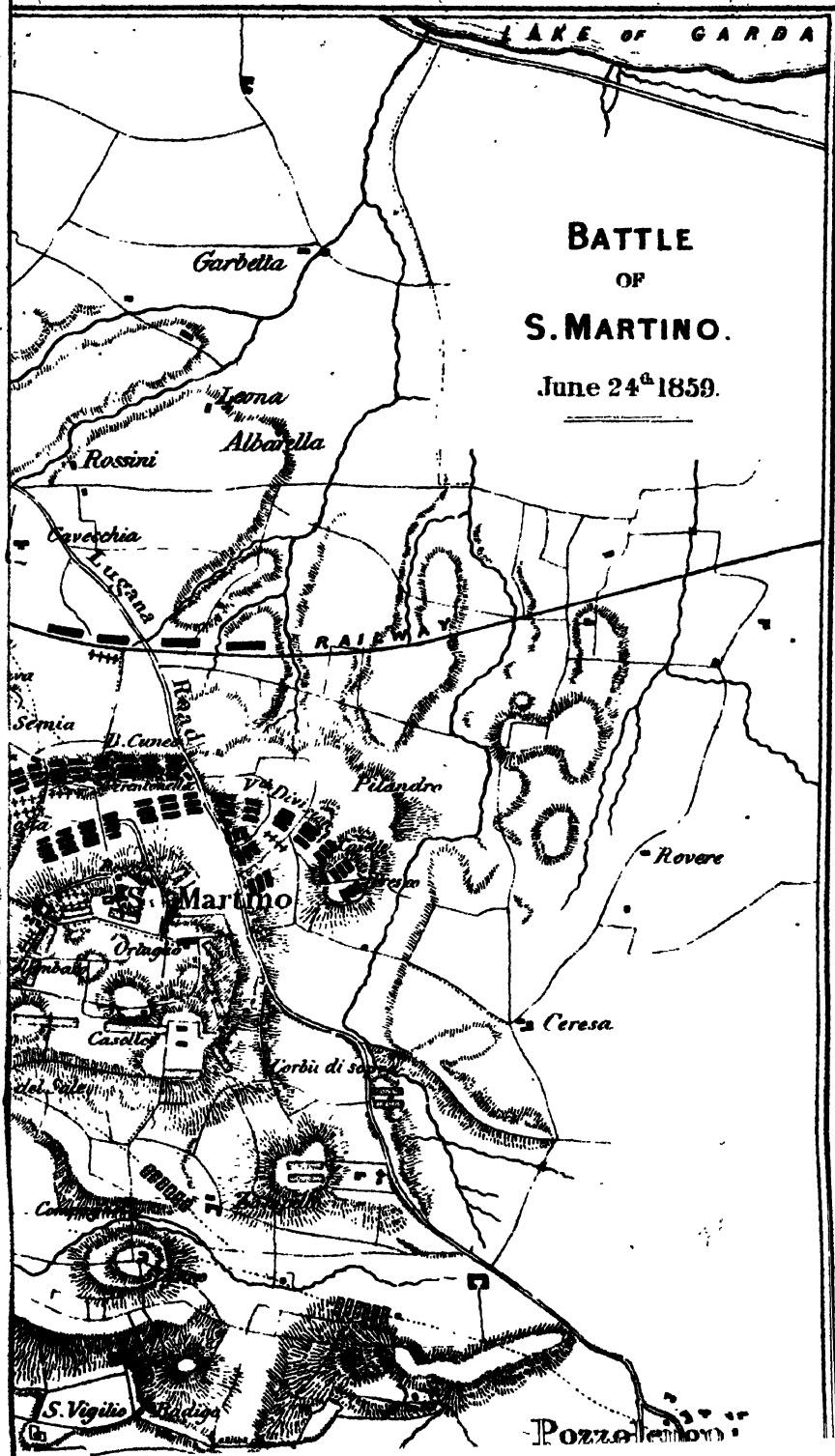
The Princes of the House of Savoy—Victor Emmanuel—General Mollard—First Exploits of the Sardinian Army at San Martino—Brilliant Charges—Positions carried—Victor Emmanuel's famous Harangue—San Martino stormed the fifth Time—Touching Episode—Successful Assaults of the Austrians—A Brave Savoyard—Advance of General Fanti—Preparations for new Attacks—"Avanti! alla Carica!"—The Piedmontese re-assume the Offensive—A last Effort—Durando's Division—Madonna della Scoperta retaken—General La Marmora—Plan of General Benedek frustrated—The Austrians begin to retire—The Field of Battle remains in the Possession of the Italian Army—Losses sustained by the contending Armies—Blunders of the Austrian Generals—Errors of the French.

THE military annals of the House of Savoy are full of achievements in which the valour and genius of its illustrious chiefs add fresh brilliancy to the pages of Italian history. But neither the great Savoyard warriors of old, nor the regenerator of Italy of our times, could have achieved their glorious tasks had they not been the rulers of that subalpine race whose military and civic virtues have become the standard which the Italians of the other provinces are proud to imitate. Victory has almost always crowned the exploits of the Princes of Savoy on the field of battle, whether they have been at the head of foreign

LAKE OF GARDA

BATTLE OF S. MARTINO.

June 24th 1859.



legions or of national armies. It was Emmanuel Philipert who won the battle of Saint Quintin on the memorable 10th of August, 1577; it was Charles Emmanuel I. who, sixty-eight years later, routed the Spaniards at Crescentino. The walls of Guastalla still tell of the deeds of heroism performed by Charles Emmanuel II. when he defeated the Austrians, and humbled their proud leader, Marshal Honingsegg, who in 1734 permitted on the banks of the Po the same devastations that General Gyulai afterwards encouraged on the banks of the Sesia.

The descendant of the illustrious Savoyard chiefs has proved in our times that he knows how to imitate his glorious ancestors. Victor Emmanuel showed himself an excellent military leader at Palestro; but it was at San Martino, on the 24th of June, that he was called upon to exhibit the full energy of his mind, and the indomitable audacity of his nature.

The reader will remember that early on that morning the combat commenced between the reconnoitering party of Colonel Cadorna and the Austrian advanced posts on the road from San Martino to Pozzolengo. General Hess's masses were hurried up, and drove Cadorna's columns further back than San Martino, even threatening to cut off their line of retreat. A brigade of General Mollard's division, whose mission was to protect the extreme right of the Sardinian army, arrived in all haste at the scene of combat, and assaulted the heights on which the enemy had established himself. This brigade, led by General Mollard himself, twice attained the summit, and even captured several pieces of cannon; but twice also had to

yield to numbers, and to abandon the ground. Mollard was opposed by a whole Austrian division, which General Benedek had brought up to the large tableland where the hamlet of San Martino stands. In this first engagement, Colonel Beretta and Major Lolaro were killed; General Arnaldi, and Majors Longoni and Borda, wounded. The enemy was therefore gaining ground, in spite of some brilliant charges of the Monferrato and Saluzzo Lancers. Nevertheless, all efforts to crush Mollard's troops were broken against the undaunted courage of the far-famed Bersaglieri and of Cuneo's brigade. General Benedek, however, sent an officer to Cavriana, to inform the Kaiser that before ten o'clock he would have cut off the communication of the French with the Sardinians, and have crushed the latter.

To secure his momentary success, the enemy followed Mollard's troops up to the Salvetta farm, and occupied it, in order to gain possession of the railroad. His forward march, however, was stopped by the bravery of Captain Spinola, who at the head of his squadron charged the front of the enemy's infantry, and compelled it to fall back in disorder upon its advancing masses. This splendid soldier is the descendant of an illustrious Genoese family, and is now a Colonel of Cavalry, and one of the most valuable officers of the Italian army. The Piedmontese infantry in the meanwhile resisted the overpowering forces of Benedek until Cucchiari's division was able to come to their help, by debouching from the Rivoltella road on to the field of battle. As the advanced guard of this division came in sight, the 11th regiment was hurried up to

the left of the Pozzolengo road, supported on its own left by Colonel Avenati at the head of a battalion of the 12th. In the hope of securing the success of this new attack, General Mollard covered the extreme right of that band of heroes with three battalions of Bersaglieri. The General saw that it was of the utmost importance to retake the farms of Selvetta, Canova, Arnia, and Moneta, and the other positions, as the only means of securing the line of the railway, which was so important to the Sardinians that it may be regarded as their main position. Orders were therefore given by General Mollard to carry these places at the point of the bayonet. The Italian troops rushed on to the charge, and in spite of a most obstinate defence, some of the positions were carried, together with the Contracania farm.

In this terrible assault, Casale's brigade covered itself with glory. Major Poma was killed at the head of his battalion, and Colonel Avenati and Majors Manca and Zina were dangerously wounded. The heroic efforts made on either side by the contending armies seemed for a moment to exhaust their strength. Each halted before its heap of dead and wounded, and gathered breath for fresh exertions. But the halt did not last long. The Austrians were reinforced; the farm of Contracania was taken a fourth time by the enemy, and the positions of the Roccolo and of the church of San Martino shared the same fate.

At that moment, Victor Emmanuel, followed by his Staff, under the direction of its distinguished chief, General Morozzo della Rocca, galloped through the lines of his noble army, crying out to his troops,

“ My children, we must retake San Martino, and hold it, or the enemy will compel us to make San Martino.” To understand these words, it is necessary for the reader to know that in Italy it is customary to remove from one dwelling to another on the day on which the feast of San Martino occurs, and that to convey the furniture of the house to another place is called by the Italians “to make San Martino.” The covert meaning of the monarch was therefore fully understood by the entire army. A shout of “ Long live our King! Long live Italy !” broke forth, and was repeated by the echoes of the hills.

The charge was beaten ; and the church, the village, and the other positions of the Roccolo were carried for the fifth time, but only to be lost again. It is impossible to form an idea of the scene presented by the table-land of San Martino after the hand-to-hand struggle which there took place. It was almost covered with dead and wounded, lying in large pools of blood. At the turning of a path which leads to Count Tracani’s country-seat, a party of Bersaglieri met a company of Austrian sharpshooters. The first-named rushed at their adversaries with the bayonet ; and their wrath redoubled on hearing that the enemy’s riflemen spoke the same language as themselves. They were Italians ! The two companies fell one upon the other with even greater animosity than if they had been the children of different lands, and the blood of brothers flowed in that frightful encounter ; for the stranger—the oppressor of Italy—had inhumanly ordered it so. Suddenly, however, a corporal stepped forward from the Austrian company, and,

throwing away his musket, with tears of anguish in his eyes, presented his breast to the Piedmontese bayonets, shouting out, whilst falling, "For the love of God, listen, listen!" The Bersagliere who had wounded him knelt down to hear what the man had to say; when the dying soldier, seizing hold of his hand, exclaimed, "I have been forced into the Austrian army; but since my battalion has been brought on to the field, I have never aimed a rifle at my Italian brethren. In the hand-to-hand struggle which has just ended, I could have used it, and killed some of your comrades; but I preferred to die rather than to shed a drop of Italian blood." The poor man sank as he uttered the last words.*

* In a poem in the *Cornhill Magazine* (Vol. II.), under the title of "A Forced Recruit at Solferino," Mrs. Browning relates an incident which is evidently the same as the foregoing. A young Venetian is found in the Austrian ranks, dead, "with a smile on his lips." Though thus mingled with the enemies of his country, he is no traitor; for—

By your enemy tortured and goaded
 To march with them, stand in their file,
 His musket (see!) never was loaded,—
 • He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
 He yearn'd to your patriot bands:
 "Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
 If not in your ranks, by your hands!"

* * * *

But he,—without witness or honour,
 Mix'd, shamed in his country's regard,
 With the tyrants who march in upon her,—
 Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction,
 Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
 With most filial obedience, conviction,
 His soul kiss'd the lips of her guns.

Whilst this heartrending scene was occurring at San Martino, Pinarolo's brigade of the third division, which had arrived from Desenzano and Rivoltella, had reached the farm of Selvetta. General Mollard directed it in two lines towards the hill whereon is situated the farm of Contracania, protecting its march by a battery which was placed in the centre. A tremendous fire was then opened against the hamlets and villas lying on the side of the hill. But all the efforts of this brave brigade did not succeed in dislodging the enemy; and the Austrian artillery spread death among its ranks. On the left of the fifth division, towards Corbù di Sotto and Vestone, the 15th and part of the 12th regiments of the Sardinian army were also decimated, and compelled to bend from the left to the right, in the direction of the railway from which they had started. This backward movement left unprotected the battalions of the 11th, 12th, and 17th regiments, which, with the 5th battalion of Bersaglieri, having carried the position of the Roccolo, were marching on Contracania. Fearing to be outflanked by the enemy, they were obliged to follow the fifth division in its retreat. It then became evident that, although Mollard's and Cucchiari's divisions had done wonders, it was impossible to resume the offensive without reinforcements. The first-mentioned of those divisions had already lost one-third of its number; the second had had nineteen officers and 279 privates killed, sixty-two officers and 1264 men wounded, and 430 missing. The Piedmontese were accordingly compelled to act on the defensive until reinforcements arrived.

These, however, were not long in coming. Victor Emmanuel sent Count Montiglio, one of his orderly officers, to inform General Mollard that Fanti's division, which since the morning had been directed on Solferino, had been recalled, and was on its way to help him and Cucchiari. Count Montiglio informed General Mollard at the same time that the French were gaining a great battle, the heights of Solferino having been already carried. "Tell the King," answered the brave Savoyard, "that we will gain another here at San Martino."

After having taken the heights of Solferino, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, perceiving an Austrian column marching not far from his right wing, with the intention of turning the right of the Piedmontese line, despatched the artillery of General Forgeot to shell them back. The guns of this General cut short the progress of the enemy, and Fanti was able to march in support of Mollard and Cucchiari. Fanti's first brigade was hurried up towards Pozzolengo, to bring necessary help to the first division; and the second brigade (Aosta's) was ordered to move in the direction of San Martino. As soon as Aosta's brigade reached Mollard's line, it was placed on the left of the farm of Contracania, together with the first battalion of Bersaglieri. Pinerolo's brigade took up a position on its right; so that the four regiments of the division were drawn up in a double line, the extreme wings of which were formed by the artillery: Cavaelli's battery on the right, that of Botiglia on the left. Orders were given to the artillery to march in advance, and not to open fire until they came within a short

range of the enemy's position. At the same time, the infantry got rid of their knapsacks, and waited till the drums should beat the charge. All this while, Victor Emmanuel galloped right and left before the front of the two lines, and cheered the men by his presence and his gallant bearing. The eyes of all were turned towards him, for it was he who was to give the order. For a time, however, the final advance was delayed by the tremendous storm to which I have alluded in the previous chapter. At last, the King uttered the words, "Avanti! alla carica!"—and that long line of men dashed up towards the Austrian positions, as if it had been impelled by some unseen magic power.

On those positions General Benedek had concentrated about 20,000 men, in order to protect the retreat of the Austrian centre, which had now been forced at Cavriana. All the difficulties of the situation were conquered by the valour and devotion of the Piedmontese. General Morozzo led Pinerolo's brigade in the direction of the Contracania farm, and wrested one position after another from the enemy. Colonels Balegno and Caminati fell mortally wounded, and Major Morando had his left arm pierced by a bullet. On the left, Aosta's brigade, after having carried the farms of Canova, Arnia, and Moneta, hurried up in the direction of San Martino. The cross-fire of the enemy, however, was so tremendous that the brigade lost terribly, and was compelled to seek shelter behind such buildings as presented themselves, though not before it had left a third of its men on the ground.

Major Bosio had by that time been killed; while General Cerale, Colonels Vialardi and Piocchiù, and Majors Polastri and Butteri, were more or less severely wounded. General Cerale, however, had caused eighteen guns to advance in front of the Moneta farm, whence a tremendous fire was soon directed against the position of Contracania. It was then seven o'clock; and fourteen hours had elapsed since the Piedmontese were first engaged in that glorious struggle.

A last effort was still necessary; for Benedek not only stood his ground bravely, but seemed to be on the point of resuming the offensive. To make this effort, the 11th, 15th, 17th, and 18th regiments were brought up. They were almost exhausted; but amongst their ranks were a great many Lombard and Venetian volunteers, and the love of country infused new strength into their hearts. The charge sounded for the last time; and not in vain did those heroic men cast themselves against the solid wall of their adversaries. The artillery was placed so close to the enemy's positions that shells burst upon them, and round-shot swept away row after row of their long and serried ranks. Mollard's, Cerale's and Morozzo's columns rivalled each other in valour. The Monferrato Lancers charged right and left. The shouts of "Long live Italy! Long live the King!" surged up and down from battalion to battalion; and Benedek, having received an order to retreat, was compelled to leave the field in the hands of that valiant army which was thenceforth to form the nucleus of the regular forces of the nation.

The loss sustained by the third division, and by Aosta's brigade of the second, was considerable. Twenty-three of their officers were killed, together with 250 men; added to which, 75 officers and 850 men were wounded. But there were other divisions which had shared the glory of the day with those whose deeds I have just sketched. The first division, under the lead of General Giovanni Durando—an experienced officer, who, like Cialdini and Fanti, had seen service in the Spanish army—met the enemy at five o'clock in the morning at Madonna della Scoperta. The struggle there sustained for six hours was one of the most brilliant of the day. Though left to itself, Durando's division disputed the ground inch by inch against overpowering masses. Almost crushed at last, it was obliged to fall back on the road leading to the farm of Rondato, where, protected by the nature of the ground, it was able to defend the position until reinforcements arrived. These reinforcements had been sent by the King, and consisted of three battalions of the 2nd regiment of Savoy, and one of the 1st, supported by the Lancers of Alessandria, by two battalions of Grenadiers, and by the 11th battery. The position of Madonna della Scoperta was retaken after two brilliant assaults. It was on that occasion that the Italian Grenadiers, in whose ranks were to be found the greater number of Lombard and Venetian volunteers, belonging to the most illustrious patrician families and to the well-to-do classes, found themselves engaged at close quarters, and after a while discovered that even their bayonets were disabled.

They consequently reversed their muskets, and made their way through the Austrian columns by a vigorous use of the butt-ends.

The position of Madonna della Scoperta having been retaken, the King sent General La Marmora to assume the command of the first and second divisions. Alfonso La Marmora is undoubtedly the most accomplished superior officer of the Italian army. If his daring impetuosity makes Cialdini as brilliant a General, the coolness and the great military knowledge of La Marmora render him one of the ablest commanders of our times. He was ordered to lead the two divisions I have mentioned, which formed the right of the Sardinian line, towards San Martino. That of Durando, at the very commencement of its movement in that direction, perceived a strong column of the enemy posted on Monte Manca. This column had been sent by General Benedek to outflank General Mollard. Durando saw at once the danger that threatened his Savoyard comrades, and, without losing time, passed through the Austrian column, at a cost of six officers and ninety-five privates killed, together with twenty-five officers (amongst whom were Colonels Massa and Isaca, and Major Bianchetti Lagnosco), and 690 soldiers wounded. Happily, Durando arrived in time to frustrate Benedek's plan. Had not the Austrian column of Monte Manca been arrested in its progress, it would undoubtedly have increased the difficulties (already but too great) which Mollard's troops had to encounter.

When General La Marmora was sent to take the lead of the first and second divisions, Pinerolo's bri-

gade, which was under the command of General Camerana, replaced Durando's division at Madonna Scoperta. Camerana had been directed to march towards the village of Pozzolengo, in order to occupy it. But, having arrived at the top of a little eminence, he found the Austrians entrenched within the scattered farms and hamlets of Torricelli, San Giovanni, and Predra, holding at the same time the position of Monte Scrino. General Camerana attacked them at once; the eighth battalion of Bersaglieri, and the regiment of Colonel Morand, were ordered to storm the position, and the fourth battery of artillery was directed to protect their onward march. Every obstacle was borne down by the impetuosity of the advance; and the enemy was soon forced back pell-mell within the village of Pozzolengo. The Austrians being dislodged from their positions, General Fanti ordered a battery of four howitzers to be placed on Monte San Giovanni, an eminence which dominated the Austrian line at San Martino; and these guns were so well directed, that a storm of shells soon descended in the rear of the Austrians, thus facilitating the last attack of Mollard's valiant legions.

By these valorous deeds on the extreme left of the allied armies, the Italian troops, after having beaten back the enemy from Monte Manca, and forced him to retreat in disorder to the village of Pozzolengo, were able to expel the Austrian masses from the strong positions of San Martino and Contracania. These achievements, whilst they greatly retrieved the disaster of Novara, proved that the Piedmontese were by no means inferior to their gallant allies, for they had

to deal with Benedek, who undoubtedly understood the science of war better than any of his colleagues. San Martino was the earnest of those battles which the Italian army will shortly be called on to fight, in order that their country may be freed from the last remains of foreign domination.

The victory which crowned the allied armies on that day was one of the most splendid of our times ; but it was dearly paid for. The French had 12,000 men *hors de combat* ; 150 officers killed (amongst whom were eight colonels and nine lieutenant-colonels), and 570 wounded, including Generals Ladmirault, Forey, Auger, Dieu, and Douay. The four Italian divisions had 5521 men killed, wounded, and missing. Of that number, 49 officers were killed, including Colonels Beretta, Solari, Caminati, and Balegno ; and 167 were wounded. The loss of the Austrians was also immense ; for they had from 20,000 to 25,000 men *hors de combat*. The first, fifth, and seventh corps had 210 officers killed and wounded. Of privates and non-commissioned officers, 8000 were killed and wounded ; and 4000 more came under the head of " separated from their corps, or missing." They lost besides thirty of their guns and some regimental banners.

If I have succeeded in giving a fair account of the battles of Solferino and San Martino, the reader will perhaps be at a loss to understand how the Austrians, whose superiority, as regards their positions, was so manifest, could have been the losers. But, although the plan of General Hess was the conception of a high military mind, the line which the Austrians occupied

was undoubtedly too long. As General Eber rightly observes, it was difficult for them to give to their movements the necessary *ensemble* on a line of from twelve to fifteen miles in length. They had besides four or five passages on the Mincio, of which they desired to avail themselves, and consequently were obliged to stretch out their wings too much, in order to embrace them all. But their main error was in being over-confident of success. I remember that, two days after the battle of Solferino, Signor Moratti—a brother of Madame Pastore, the lady in whose house the young Kaiser established his head-quarters—told me that one of the Austrian Generals had boasted that they were certain to be in Milan before five days. General Hess thought that he would be allowed to surprise the allied armies, and to attack them at nine o'clock. He supposed that the more his troops advanced, the shorter their line would become. "This was true," writes General Eber; "for Lonato and Castiglione, the two places where all the passages of the Mincio lead to, are not more than four or five miles distant from each other, and, on pushing back the enemy, they might hope to envelope the right wing. This was evidently their calculation; only it was wrong, and therefore failed."

Another error of the Austrians was in their failing to perceive the want of *ensemble* which characterized the French attack at the beginning of the action. Had they taken advantage of this, they might have prevented the Emperor Napoleon giving a more compact form to the operations of his army when he arrived on the field of battle. The Austrians thought

Solferino impregnable, forgetting with what sort of adversary they had to deal. In attempting too much, they weakened their forces at the decisive point; and, when they began to assume the offensive on their left, they lost the village of Solferino, the key of their positions. From that moment the battle went hopelessly against them.

Blunders of no common magnitude were also committed by the Austrian Generals in the course of the day. Clam-Gallas was not an officer equal to the command of a body of thirty or thirty-five thousand men. He stayed at Quaderni until near noon, although that village is but two and a half English miles from Solferino. Prince Liechtenstein took it for granted that the whole of Prince Napoleon's corps was marching on Mantua, whereas only D'Autemarre's division had reached Sabionetta. Liechtenstein therefore remained inactive, in order to check a danger which was but imaginary; and the army accordingly lost his powerful co-operation. Baron Zobel did nothing with his united corps, for want of orders, as Major Miller justly observes. General Laningen's brigade made off towards Goito as soon as M'Mahon's advanced guard appeared in sight; and Zedwitz, failing to find Laningen at his post, followed in the direction he supposed he had taken, but saw nothing of him. The result of these discreditable movements was, that the left wing of the Austrians had neither cavalry nor horse artillery to support it.

“In spite of the energetic attack made by the third corps on Medole,” says the Austrian official account of the battle, “no attempt to relieve the left wing was

made by Baron Zedwitz, as he had fallen back on Ceresara and Goito, in consequence of the affair which occurred at Medole early in the morning." All these blunders, coupled with the superiority of the French and Italian artillery, and the fact that the Austrians were unable to find any time for food or rest, rendered the defence unavailing, though it was conducted, if we except the battalion of Croats, with great vigour and courage, especially by the corps of Benedek and Stadion.

The French also made some mistakes. Their attack, as I have noticed before, was not sufficiently solid at the beginning of the action. They ought not to have passed over the presence of the enemy at Solferino, Cavriana, Guidizzuolo, and Medole, when they left their positions on the morning of the 24th. Marshal Canrobert should have marched on Robecco before three o'clock, and should have taken the greatest care to ascertain whether there was any foundation for the intelligence that Liechtenstein's corps was threatening the right wing of his own corps. Had he done so, he would have been able to reach Medole at an earlier hour, would have supported Niel at the commencement of the action, and would perhaps have succeeded, later in the day, in cutting off the retreat of the Austrian left wing. Canrobert's indecision was a serious blow to the Italian cause. Without it, perhaps, the compromise of Villafranca would never have taken place; for the retreat of the Austrians would have been cut off, and their situation would thus have been rendered so different that Napoleon would probably not have thought of making proposals of any kind to

his adversary, but would have followed up his victory to the most extreme issues. Canrobert's refusal, in the first instance, to help Niel was disapproved at the time by almost all the French Generals, and gave rise to a quarrel which, without the interference of the Emperor, would undoubtedly have ended in a duel. Not that Canrobert is an officer of the second order, nor that his courage could fairly be called in question. On the contrary, he is one of those Generals whom the French army designate by the appellation of *un brave de nuit*; that is to say, he is not an officer whose valour is only roused when his deeds are performed in broad daylight and in the presence of numerous witnesses, but one who would sacrifice himself to his country in utter obscurity. Yet the indecision he evinced on the 24th of June went far to show that he is a leader with little initiative. This rare quality, so prominent in Marshal M'Mahon, is certainly not conspicuous in Canrobert. But Generals like the Duke of Magenta were scarce even in the time of Napoleon the Great, who was often heard to say—"Le bois dont on fait les grands généraux est rare: il n'y avait qu'un Desaix."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

Battle Field of Solferino—Ambulances for Dogs and Monkeys—Road to Cavriana—Pastore's House—Ride to San Martino—A comic Episode—Tracani's and Ceresa's Villas—The Graves of the Fallen—An old Friend—Italian Volunteers—Kindness of Italian Officers—Road to Castiglione—I am not a Quaker—A vast Hospital—Affecting Incidents—Prince Napoleon's *corps d'armée* crosses the Po—Forward Movement of the Allied Armies—Their Positions on the 3rd of July—From Monzambano to Goito—A French Reconnoissance—An Austrian Hero.

HAVING surmounted many difficulties, I hastened to the sad field of battle early on the following morning. The smoke of the artillery no longer blackened the air; the sky was calm and pure; the clash of arms, the beating of drums, the explosions of musketry and cannon, had ceased; but, alas! the traces of war were not as yet effaced from the blood-stained ground. There is no doubt that the scene presented by a field of battle after the contest is over is still more horrible than the contest itself. To the excitement which then prevails has succeeded a sad tranquillity, the awfulness of which no pen can describe.

My steps were first directed towards the cemetery of Solferino, which, as the reader will recollect,

was the scene of one of the bloodiest struggles. Parties of French soldiers were still occupied in burying their dead. A broad, deep ditch had been excavated at the entrance of the convent, on the left of which the cemetery stands; and into this ditch were thrown, without distinction, friends and foes. The silence was now and then broken by the piercing cries of the wounded who were calling for help. In the distant fields, the peasantry were taking advantage of the confusion which never fails to characterize the day after a great battle, and were busy rifling the dead. The ambulances were full, and train after train was passing along the by-roads, carrying wounded soldiers to Castiglione and Brescia. This heart-rending scene was at intervals diversified—I cannot say relieved—by the jest of some French soldier, or the song of a *vivandière*, who, seated under the shade of her cart, was cleaning her faithful dog, the pet of the regiment. Now and then, a discussion would break out among the soldiers concerning the identification of a dead body just picked up in a corner of the cemetery, or amidst the trampled vineyards of the slopes. “Was he Jacques of the 78th, or Paul of the 39th?” would be demanded by one man of another; and then a chorus of voices would burst forth.

Farther back through the lanes and streets of Solferino, up to the narrow platform where the square tower crests its massive walls, the same sad scenes were to be witnessed, mingled with the same wild contrasts of gaiety and merriment. In the piazza, which lies in a hollow, a singular ambulance

had been established at the corner of the shattered café, whose furniture was almost reduced to atoms; but, before more exactly describing this ambulatory hospital, I must make a short digression. The fondness of French troops for animals is well-known to their countrymen. There is scarcely a Zouave or a Turco who does not bring with him an Angora cat, a monkey, a dog, or a magpie. During the march, these faithful animals stand quietly on the knapsack, and, unless the knapsack is left behind, the live burden is absolutely taken into action; and indeed the dogs almost always follow their masters. Thus thrown into the thick of battle, some of them are of course wounded. Hence the necessity of nursing them. Nothing can exceed the kindness shown by the French soldiers to their pet companions when overtaken by such a misfortune. Fedor or Fido is cared for as the dearest comrades would be. Feminine devotion is then displayed with all its gentle power; the *vivandière* takes under her especial direction this curious ambulance, and is at one and the same time the surgeon and the *garde-malade*. If, however, the wound is severe—if the state of the patient is considered dangerous—the medical science of the sapper, or of the regimental veterinary doctor, is appealed to. Lint and bandages are provided in abundance, and the suffering creatures are accommodated as best they can be.

“How can that poor animal follow you if your regiment is ordered to advance?” asked I of a Zouave, who with anxious eyes was following the operation then being performed by a sapper on his dog’s right fore-leg.

“I think,” answered he, with a deep sigh, “I must ask for a short *cong e* until I have taken my dog to the general ambulance of the regiment, and entrusted him to the care of our Sisters of Charity.”

I could not help laughing at the idea of turning a *S eur de Charit e* into an humble attendant on a wounded dog; but, seeing the fierce look of the Zouave, I thought it prudent to turn the corner of the street as quickly as I could, lest I should have been denounced as an enemy of that faithful race of animals.

Antonio was waiting with the horses at the extremity of the village. I joined him, and we rode towards Cavriana. The road presented the same scene of desolation as the cemetery. The farms scattered right and left, and the solitary chapel peeping out from the grove of cypresses at the turn of the road, or on the hill-side, had each its heap of dead. The small walls which divide the farms were half thrown down by the explosion of the shells, or the concussion of the round-shot. Hosts of children and women were walking to and fro with their baskets on their shoulders, carrying provisions to the different bivouacs. This melancholy picture of human misery was, however, enlivened by the gay hum of the camps and the harmonies of the military bands playing in the roadside fields. Death and life were there fantastically mingled. As we drew nearer Cavriana, the aspect of the country became still more animated. The French head-quarters were established at that village in the house of Signor Pastore; and Louis Napoleon had slept on the previous night in the very room

prepared for the young Kaiser. The square of the small village was swarming with officers and soldiers, gaily discussing the incidents of the past day. There was a crowd of horses, and an incumbrance of heavy commissariat carts and ambulances. On the threshold of Pastore's house, the officers of the Cent-Gardes were smoking their cigars, or giving orders to the orderly officers of the Lancers or Hussars. The court-yard and the ante-chambers of the palace were crowded with servants, with officers of the Staff, and with Generals of the different corps, anticipating the probable movements of the army. No stranger was allowed to enter the house; but I was an old acquaintance of Pastore's family, and my *permis* was in itself enough to open even the most guarded doors.

Having taken a stroll through the tiny streets of the village, which had not been spared by the shrapnell of the French rifled guns, I met some of my friends of Castiglione who had come on the same errand. It was agreed that we should at once start to take a survey of the ground extending from Pozzolenigo in the direction of San Martino. Signor Lorenzo was with us, and, as he was thoroughly acquainted with the road we had to ride through, he undertook the task of leading our party. The day was beautiful, but the heat and dust were almost unbearable. We made our way, however, across fields and lanes until we reached the foot of the Cypress Mount. On arriving there, a sad scene presented itself to our eyes. We saw several fields, and the declivity of the hill, literally covered with dead bodies. More than two hundred were still lying within a small piece of land

sheltered by mulberry-trees, not more than 600 yards in breadth by 400 in length. The corpses were heaped together without any clothing, for they had been stripped by the peasants of the neighbourhood, who had collected there for the purpose of digging the graves. Some of these peasants had already exchanged their worn-out velvet *giacchetta* for French or Austrian uniforms. One rough, ugly clown was clad in an Austrian Lancer's green vest; another wore the picturesque Zouave jacket of the Imperial Guard; while pale and sickly children and strongly-built boys had put on the short white tunics of the Bohemian soldiers. Clad in such garments, they looked like so many Nuremberg dolls which had been knocked about in a dirty nursery. But they were not unwilling to make money of their spoils; and Signor Lorenzo persuaded a boy to sell him for a mere trifle an elegant Hungarian dolman, which must have belonged to some orderly officer of the Austrian Staff.

We spurred up towards Pozzolengo, leaving behind us that sad picture of death and human callousness. Our jovial leader had in the meanwhile thrown his newly-acquired Hussar uniform on his shoulders, and was galloping a-head of us with all the speed of which his tired donkey was capable. Signor Lorenzo seemed so proud of his garment that I should not feel surprised if at that moment he thought himself the hero to whom the dolman had belonged. His martial ardour, however, was soon cooled by an unpleasant encounter. Some Italian Bersaglieri were coming from the opposite road, and seeing so grotesque a

Sancho Panza riding towards them, they stopped him, asking where he had picked up the dolman. Signor Lorenzo turned pale—a circumstance which was at once regarded as a proof of illegal possession.

“You must have stolen it!” angrily exclaimed a Sardinian officer. “You are one of those villains who go about with the inhuman purpose of stripping the poor dead.”

At this abrupt charge, Signor Lorenzo plucked up sufficient courage to reply, though in a somewhat faltering voice—

“I have bought it, sir.”

“Bought it!” echoed the officer. “Pray, where?”

By this time we had come up, and we hastened to explain the derivation of our companion’s property.

“The law is strict on these points,” answered the Sardinian officer; “nobody is allowed to sell or buy military accoutrements. The dolman must be given up.”

There was no answer to so peremptory a summons, and Signor Lorenzo was therefore obliged to leave his trophy in the possession of the Bersaglieri.

The village of Pozzolengo, which we reached half an hour after the unpleasant encounter I have just related, was occupied by the first French *corps d’armée*. There, as well as at Solferino and Cavriana, there was a great movement of troops, a clattering of arms, and a beating of drums, while the whole village was enveloped in a thick cloud of dust. The heat was so terrible that the thermometer indicated 97° in the shade. In spite of the dust and glare, however, we proceeded on our journey until we arrived at San

Martino. The field which the Italian troops had bravely held for so many hours was still more appalling than the one we had just left. The line of battle of the French army was a great deal longer, and the dead lay scattered over a vaster extent of country. But the struggle of San Martino was concentrated within a comparatively narrow space. The ground consequently was heaped with corpses, and almost every farm had been turned into a hospital. In front of Count Tracani's villa, as well as before the Ceresa (a country-house belonging to Signor Cominelli, of Salò), the dead bodies were so numerous that the Town Council of Rivoltella were obliged to send two hundred working men to dig the graves. In spite of the horrible effluvia which polluted the air, the gallant army of Victor Emmanuel was encamped on that fatal spot. Here were the Lancers of Monferrato and Saluzzo; there, the Guards were cleaning the muskets they had so bravely used the day before. A little farther on the left, towards the road to Rivoltella, the Savoyard regiments were preparing their dinner, singing and laughing in a way that strangely contrasted with the desolation of the surrounding fields. The corpses, although less numerous than at San Martino itself, had been heaped up awaiting burial in the graves which were being dug for them by the soldiers. Already, a few mounds of freshly-removed earth were to be seen scattered about the fields surmounted by roughly-cut wooden crosses, on which the names of those who lay beneath had been engraved by pious and affectionate hands. These mounds of earth marked the temporary graves of officers or of

volunteers who had been deposited there until their families should remove them to the cemeteries of their native places.

Civilians were now and then met, and even ladies, who continually asked where such a regiment or such a battalion was encamped. The anxiety which could be traced on their faces was in itself eloquent enough to tell the passer-by that they were the relations of some of the combatants, and had hastened to the field of battle to see whether their dear ones were still alive. Perhaps, a mother, a sister, or a wife was amongst those ladies: affection and uncertainty had brought them there to embrace the beloved son, brother, or husband, or to lament over the sad fate which had separated them for ever in this world.

“Can you tell me,” asked a tall, grey-headed gentleman of noble appearance, “where the regiment of Nizza cavalry is encamped?”

As I was answering in the negative, I recognised in my questioner an old friend with whom I had made the campaign of Venetia in 1848.

“What! are you here, Rosales?” I exclaimed.

The Marquis Rosales, having recognised me, went on to say that his only son was a volunteer, who had enlisted as a private in the Sardinian Cavalry, and that he was anxious to know what had become of him. My friend is one of the most influential and deserving patriots of Lombardy. Since 1830, he has been engaged in almost all the revolutionary movements which have broken out in Northern Italy, and has been foremost amongst the defenders of his country. He has spent many years of his life in

exile, and has consumed a large part of his fortune in assuaging the miseries of his companions. When the war of 1859 broke out, he willingly saw his only son enter the national army. This dear heir of his name he often followed through the thick of the fight at the risk of his own life. The volunteer movement of 1859 was not confined to Garibaldi's legions: it helped to swell the ranks of the regular army. As I said before, the representatives of the most illustrious families of Lombardy, Venetia, and Tuscany, and of the then Roman provinces, were to be found as privates in the ranks of the Royal army. Amongst them were the Visconti, the Trivulzios, the Pallavicinos, the Medici, the Gradenigos, the Borromeos, the D'Addas, the Corsini, the Mosti d'Estes, the Carcanos, the Perrones, and a great many others whom it would be too tedious to enumerate.

After warmly greeting my friend Rosales, I took, together with my companions, the road to Rivoltella, where Victor Emmanuel had by that time established himself. The English army has experienced in the Crimea the lively hospitality one is always certain to meet with at an Italian camp. The officers of that army generally belong to the upper and middle classes of the country, and their education is of the most refined order. But, even when the superior officers, as well as the non-commissioned officers, belong to the less cultivated spheres of society, the natural bent of the Italians to courteous manners makes up for any defect of education they may exhibit. It is not out of blind affection for my countrymen that I make the remark; for I am sure it will be shared by those readers

who have travelled through Italy, and who have observed the character and habits of the people without prejudice of any kind. This hospitality and these kind manners my friends and I experienced at Rivoltella, where we stopped until the heat of the day had abated. The sun was setting when we started for Castiglione, in reaching which we traversed the greater part of the country we had passed in the morning. It was one of those clear and serene evenings which are peculiarly lovely in southern countries. The stars were diffusing a soft light through the heavens, which in the north-west were still cut by horizontal streaks of intense red, reflected from the setting sun; and scattered clouds of various hues gave additional splendour to the scene, as they floated almost imperceptibly on the gentle evening breeze. The beauty of the time was still further increased by the multitude of shifting lights which the bivouac fires threw across the landscape, and by which every object could be as clearly discerned as in the day. These fires extended from the valleys to the hills, winding up in elegant curves, or running down in broken and irregular lines. White tents and cabins, covered with straw and shrubs, had been erected on the road-side paths and in the open fields, which only two days before were luxuriant with Indian corn and vineyards, now trampled down under the feet of the thousands who had passed over them. Farms, cottages, and country seats, still burning, or half beaten down by the artillery, were now and then met with, and were sometimes found occupied by troops. Occasionally, the poor peasants were to be seen wandering about amidst heaps of ruins, trying to

discover something which had belonged to their families ; and at times they passed like ghosts by our side, sobbing and sighing.

How many melancholy dramas might have been read in those charred ruins, if we had but had time to pause ! How many of those unhappy beings, who had thus been visited by the scourge of war, were ignorant even of the most notorious causes which had led to its falling upon their quiet homes ! Although I am far from being a Quaker, I can thoroughly appreciate the efforts made by that body to hasten the day when guns and swords shall become objects of curiosity, only to be found in some museum of the past. To fathom to their utmost depth the miseries of war, one must have witnessed scenes of devastation similar to those which I passed through on that never-to-be-forgotten evening.

At last the spire of the cathedral of Castiglione, and the half-decayed towers of its castle, rising above the town, came in sight, looming tenderly through the dim light of the pure and starry heavens. An incessant, lingering sound of some species of work, mingled with an undistinguishable noise of shouts, suddenly struck on our ears like the voice of the distant ocean. Those sounds, however, were but the effect of an immense stirring of men, of an incessant rattling of carts, of a continuous galloping of horses. The town I had left two days before, so gay, so animated by the music of military bands, and by the marching of the French battalions, had by that time become the principal hospital of the allied armies. As we attained the entrance of the town, and rode to the

Piazza della Fontana, our horses could scarcely make their way through the double row of wounded, who had been stretched out upon the pavement. This street—which by a curious coincidence is called “della Morte,” or “the Street of Death,” from a church of the same name—was crowded by the gallant fellows who had not yet joined their comrades in the glorious grave of the battle-field. From the Street of Death, the wards of that vast hospital wound down to Piazza San Luigi; then extended themselves on the right towards San Guiseppe—on the left, in the direction of the Mantuan road. Although all the churches had been turned into hospitals—although every house, every public building, was crammed with the wounded—yet they were not spacious enough to contain all. The remaining thousands were therefore deposited upon the straw which had been laid down right and left in the streets and piazzas of the city. I shall never forget the appearance which Castiglione presented during that night, nor the piercing cries of the wounded, nor the consolation which was whispered in their ears by those saintly Sisters of Charity who had devoted their lives to soothe the hard lot of humanity. It is seldom that the disinterested benevolence of those noble women meets with a word of praise. Their exemplary devotion passes unnoticed during the confusion of war, and when peace is restored, it is soon forgotten. For myself, however, I can never forget such a spectacle of kindness and self-sacrifice. How well I remember the gentle face of a young Sister, who was bending with an angelic expression towards the

couch where lay a poor dying Croat. It seems as if I still heard the sweet voice murmuring the prayers for the departing soul, in a language the poor Austrian soldier could not understand. I still see her kneeling by his side, with a crucifix in her hand, lifting up her eyes to heaven, as if she wished to make the sufferer understand that in a brief space his soul would take that way. Nor have I forgotten another noble girl, who was attending to a group of wounded French soldiers, lying under the atrium of Beschi's palace. An old man, perhaps her father, was helping her in her noble task; whilst a boy was gently lifting up the head of one of the mangled heroes, to enable him to drink out of a cup her sacred hands were conveying to his lips.

While the poor wounded men were suffering on their hard beds, and awaiting the Angel of Death, or the approach of convalescence, the victorious armies were resuming their forward march towards the Mincio.

On the 10th of June, the Austrians had evacuated Piacenza, thus abandoning the upper valley of the Po. The fifth division of the French army, under the command of Prince Napoleon, had therefore been ordered, twelve days before the battle of Solferino, to leave Tuscany, and effect its junction with the main body of the allied armies in the vicinity of Mantua. The Prince reached Massa on the 19th, and divided his corps into two columns. The small Tuscan army under the command of General Ulloa was directed to advance towards Parma by the road to Modena. Urich's division had marched at the same time in the same direction, led by the Prince himself. The first

division, under the command of General d'Autemarre, which had entered Piacenza since the 13th of June, had already advanced on the Oglio. Its outposts reached Sabionetta on the 24th, while the great contest was being fought at Solferino. It will be remembered that it was the appearance of this division in the vicinity of Piadena that prevented the corps of Prince Liechtenstein advancing on Ceresara. On the 25th, the Tuscans and the second division of the fifth corps arrived at Fornovo, where the first rumour of the battle of Solferino reached the Prince. No confirmation of the great victory, however, was obtained till he reached Parma. Prince Napoleon therefore pushed on towards the Po, which he was able to cross with the whole of his corps at Casal Maggiore during the 28th, 29th, and 30th of June. An Imperial despatch was sent to the Prince from Volta, directing him to hasten the march of his corps to Goito, taking the shortest road; and on the 3rd of July, Uhrich's division marched from Gazzoldo on Goito, followed by the Tuscans, and by d'Autemarre's troops, who reached the same village in the course of the next day.

Such was the march which Prince Napoleon's corps was enabled to perform after leaving Tuscany, without firing a musket. The Austrians, pressed by the advance of their enemies, had abandoned the line of the Mincio, placing the Adige between them and the allied armies. On the 30th of June, the first of those rivers was crossed, almost without resistance, by the French first corps at Salionze; the second corps took up a position on that hilly tract of land which

bends from Monzambano towards Custoza; and Custoza itself was occupied by the fourth corps. The corps of Marshal Canrobert, after having left Desvaux's cavalry division and a division of infantry at Goito, was directed to march on Valeggio. The Italian army was at the same time to lay siege to Peschiera.

It was on the 1st of July that the main body of the allied armies followed the movement of Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps, and crossed the Mincio. The positions they were able to occupy extended from Peschiera on the left down to Goito on the right. The first French corps was united by its left to the Sardinians, and occupied a crescent-shaped line which passed through Castel Nuovo and San Giorgio. The first division was in communication with Niel's corps, which had taken up a position at Somma-Compagna. M'Mahon encamped his corps in the plain of Villafranca. A part of Canrobert's corps was at Goito; the other part at Valeggio, where the Imperial headquarters were established. This line of battle, however, was modified during the evening. Baraguay d'Hilliers, without abandoning Castel Nuovo, was ordered to bend his first division on Palazzo-Valceria; the fourth corps was to lean on Oliozi, and the second was removed from Villafranca to Santa Luisa, thus occupying the line of the river Tione.

On the evening of the 3rd of July, I left Monzambano, the head-quarters of Victor Emmanuel, and arrived at Goito, whilst Bourbaki's division of Canrobert's corps was marching out of the village, to make room for the first column of Prince Napoleon's corps,

which was expected to arrive from Gazzoldo. It had been my intention to proceed as far as Rivalta, where the villa of a cousin of mine is situated; but I was dissuaded from this plan, as, according to some friends I had at Goito, it was too dangerous. Having heard, however, that the French intended to make a reconnoissance on Rivalta, Grazie, Gabbiana, and Castellucchio during the night, I ventured as far as Sacca, where I stopped. The advice given by my friend was good; for on the next morning, as I left Sacca, and was riding towards Settefrati, I met with a good many people of Rivalta, who were running away, an engagement having just taken place between the reconnoitering party, led by Captain Baulaincourt, and some Austrian Hussars and Tyrolean sharpshooters, who, coming from Mantua, had occupied the last-named village. The peasants, who advised me to return, gave such a detailed account of the skirmish, that I could not doubt their veracity. The French captain had carried out his nocturnal errand, and was returning from Castellucchio to Rivalta, when he was informed that that village was occupied by a body of the Austrians. The latter were not very numerous, and the gallant French officer at once came to blows. Having divided the Chasseurs d'Afrique, whom he commanded, into two troops, he sent Lieutenant Lemoine with one towards the cemetery of the village, while he himself and Lieutenant Jouve led the other by the main road which leads to the country-seat of my family. The Austrians were then drawn up in the Piazza della Chiesa, their officer cross-examining Signor Genesi, in order to get

information as to the whereabouts of the enemy. The French Chasseurs, suddenly debouching from the two opposite roads, attacked their adversaries at the same time in the front and in the rear. A hot fight ensued, in which Lieutenant Jouve was wounded, and the Austrians were worsted. The officer who commanded them was a German Prince only twenty years old. On being surprised, he fought like a hero, and rather than lay down his sword, kept on fighting, till he fell mortally wounded on the threshold of Signor Genssi's house.

As the peasants were relating to me the details I have just narrated, a thick cloud of dust made me aware that Captain Baulaincourt was returning with his Chasseurs from the successful reconnoissance. A chariot followed the squadron of French horsemen; and there lay the unfortunate young Austrian officer who had preferred death to surrender. His legs were broken, and there was a large cut across his forehead. When we arrived at Goito, he had expired.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO HEAD-QUARTERS.

Annoyances of Italian Country Life—Pozzolengo—The Schoolmaster—A capital Suggestion—The Countess Capolini—Marion's Geese and Ducks—Antonio's Ability—The Cafés of Pozzolengo—Continual Alarms—An unpleasant Visit—My Occupations—A dear Grave—M. Godard's Balloon—Fondness of the Austrians for Oxen and Sheep—Lombard Peasantry—Villa Maffei at Valeggio—The Imperial Staff—Louis Napoleon's Camp Life—A singular Body-guard—Victor Emmanuel's Head-quarters—The Sardinian Staff—The King's Camp Life—Delicious Evenings.

IF any one of my readers has followed an army during the time of war, he will be able to understand the uncomfortable life which I, and many of the persons who were quartered at Pozzolengo, were obliged to lead. Even in peaceful times, the village life of Italy is not very pleasing. The prejudice and ignorance of the country population render social intercourse almost impossible. Except the apothecary's shop, and the den which the Italians have agreed to honour with the name of café, there is scarcely a place in which four intelligent beings can associate. As for comfort, it is totally unknown. There is, it is true, an "osteria" which is intended for occasional travellers; but woe to the unfortunate man who may happen to pass a night there! Setting aside all other annoy-

ances, he is certain, when once in bed, to have abundant opportunities for the study of natural history—at least, for that part of the science which has reference to the insect tribe.

During the autumn season, however, the aspect of Italian country life undergoes a very pleasant change. The rich inhabitants of the towns flock to their villas, or their *casini*, which generally become places of resort for the best society of the neighbourhood. For the sake of some witty and pleasant citizen, or of some charming Rosina, one may even bear with patience the heavy conversation of the curate, or the silly questions of the schoolmaster. But, unhappily, no such agreeable relief was to be found in the not very clean village of Pozzolengo at the time I took up my temporary residence there. The head-quarters of Victor Emmanuel had been established four miles off, at Monzambano; but there was scarcely room to accommodate the Sardinian Staff. It was therefore ordered by General Morozzo della Rocca that those persons who, for whatever reason, were allowed to follow the Royal head-quarters, should be stationed at Pozzolengo. Amongst these were Colonel Cadogan, the English Commissioner to the Sardinian camp; Colonel Forbes, an amateur of warlike pursuits; poor Marquis Lajatico Corsini, who, from a diplomatist, had been turned, I do not know why, into a General; and some other less important personages, including myself.

Having arrived at Pozzolengo, both I and my servant were billeted at the house of a Signor Cappello, the worthy schoolmaster of the place. An Italian village schoolmaster is, in ordinary cases, anything

but—as my countrymen say—an eagle or a genius. Old Signor Cappello, however, was a kind, honest man, who, if not thoroughly qualified for his position, knew enough to teach the boys of Pozzolengo to spell their names properly, and to arrive accurately at the sum-total of two and two. His learning was very moderate indeed; but, had the literary acquirements of the old man been even of an inferior standard, they would at any rate have been in proportion to the pay he received from the commune. Under the paternal government of his Imperial Austrian Majesty, village schoolmasters did not get, for the most part, more than one hundred florins per annum—that is to say, ten pounds English. On this pittance they had not only to keep life and soul together, but to provide for their families. It is true that it is customary for the parents of the pupils to aid the poor masters by means of presents; but these are not certain, and are always scanty.

Such was the condition of the individual in whose house I was billeted. It was therefore quite natural for him to be alarmed on seeing two men and two horses arrive at his humble dwelling, with the intention of remaining there. I had known Signor Cappello in my boyhood, and he was consequently not ashamed to tell me that it was impossible for him to spare two beds, and two stalls for the horses.

“What, then, is to be done?” asked I of the good man.

“Well,” he answered, “I am really embarrassed to tell you where you could get a lodging, for the village is crowded. But,” suggested he, suddenly, “do you

not know that the old friend of your mother, the Countess Capolini, is here? I am certain she will be able to accommodate you."

This was the suggestion of a genius, and, when uttered, I would have sworn that Signor Cappello was the first schoolmaster of the universe. The Countess Capolini had been brought up in the convent of Castiglione with my mother, and, since her youth, had always kept up the most friendly relations with my family. I felt confident, therefore, that she would greet my sudden appearance as my mother would have done.

As I was proceeding towards the house of the Countess, I met Captain Crispi—one of the most distinguished officers of the Sardinian army—who communicated to me the unpleasant news that the Countess's house was crammed with officers from the top to the bottom. Captain Crispi himself had had the greatest difficulty to find a lodging; and he concluded that I could not find one.

"But tell me, then," said I, "why the Sindaco has billeted me here, without suggesting the slightest difficulty?"

"Oh, my dear Arrivabene," replied Crispi, "you must not forget that in these days a Sindaco is so bothered by such demands that in order to get rid of them he would give any one a billet, even for St. Peter, the door-keeper of heaven."

Although the short conversation I had with Captain Crispi was anything but reassuring, I trusted to fortune, and still more in the friendship of the Countess. I was right in not having underrated it.

As soon as we arrived at the closely-shut gate of what I hoped would become my tranquil dwelling, Signor Cappello seized hold of a stone, and began to beat the door with such vehemence that I was afraid he would batter it down. Seeing by my look that I did not quite approve of his eccentric proceedings, he hastened to say—

“Do not be astonished at seeing me knock at a friend’s door in such a manner. It is a sort of signal which I have agreed on both with the Countess and her servant Marion, whom you will perhaps remember. They have been so frightened, both by Croats and French Zouaves, that they do not open the door until they are made aware that it is some friendly knock.”

Signor Cappello was right. Marion, the door-keeper of the house, unbolted the gate, after having asked, “Are you the schoolmaster?” and in we went. The countenance of the old servant who had opened the door was not at first very encouraging; but, on hearing who I was, the manner of the poor woman suddenly changed, and she began to shout out—“Here is Sior Carlì! here is Sior Carlì!” The emphasis with which the corruption of my Christian name was uttered told me at once that I was welcomed. The old Countess, who, at the first tremendous knock at the gate, had run to hide herself, made her appearance in the lobby of the house, and with tottering steps came forward to greet the son of her friend.

“You here, Carlì! I thought you were still in London,” she exclaimed. “In these dreadful times, it is difficult to receive letters from Mantua, and it is

more than two months since I have heard from your mother. But tell me—are you a soldier? and are those two horses yours?”

These questions Signor Cappello undertook to answer, though not with perfect accuracy. But, knowing that the schoolmaster is always considered the oracle of the village, I took the greatest care not to interrupt him. At last, when I was allowed to speak, I explained to the Countess the cause of my presence at Pozzolengo, asking her at the same time if she could give me a room, a bed, or even a mattress.

“To be sure, my child,” answered the Countess. “My house is full of officers; but a place for the son of my Teresina will always be found. Oh!” she continued, “what dreadful times, my Carlì! Has Signor Cappello told you that Marion was obliged to fight with Croats and Zouaves to try and save the geese and hens?”

“Of course I was,” broke out old Marion, with a hoarse, grumbling voice. “What a bad lot those Austrians are! But you may depend upon it the French soldiers are as bad as the others. When I think of my poor ducks and geese, barbarously slain under my own eyes—when I think of my copper pans taken away, and our furniture smashed—I cannot help cursing them. They say the French are our friends; but the poultry-yard tells a very different story. There is but one army of good, well-behaved soldiers in the world, and that is the Sardinian.”

“Hush, hush, Marion!” interposed Signor Cappello. “You must not say such things. The Emperor, I am certain, will pay the Countess for the loss she has sus-

tained. Here is Signor Carli, who will draw up a nice petition, and all will be paid."

The poor schoolmaster really meant what he said; but, if a petition was ever presented, I much doubt if the lady got a *soldo* for her ruined or abstracted property.

The bad omen of Captain Crispi had not been realized. Both I and Antonio were comfortably lodged, and so were the horses. The house was pleasant, and my host kind and amiable; so I foresaw at once that I should pass my time agreeably. Provisions, it is true, were often scanty, for Pozzolengo had been almost plundered by friends and foes; but Desenzano and Brescia were not far off, and Antonio was an excellent forager. In spite of all this, it happened more than once that there was nothing but Indian corn for dinner, which, to say the truth, was not satisfactory. On these occasions, however, the ability of Antonio showed itself in all its lustre. Italian servants are generally very sharp, and Antonio was not born, as people say in Lombardy, with his eyes shut. When we arrived at Pozzolengo, he at once studied his ground, and made the acquaintance of two most interesting personages—the courier of the English Commissioner and the cook of the Marquis Lajatico. The poultry of the Countess Capolini having been already appropriated, Antonio applied either to one or the other of his two friends, and presently succeeded in securing a decent, if not an excellent dinner.

We arrived at Pozzolengo two days after the battle of Solferino; and, on the 28th of June, the Marquis

Rosales came to share with me the hospitality of the Countess. This was a great gain to me, for my old comrade consented to become the honorary steward of the household. I could therefore attend to my business, and ride regularly every day to the head-quarters of Victor Emmanuel at Monzambano, to Valeggio, or to Ponti, the extremity of the Sardinian line towards Peschiera. In the evening, Rosales and I dropped occasionally into one of the squalid shops which had been opened at Pozzolengo under the name of cafés. To approach them during the day would have been a hard task; for so great was the number of flies which assaulted the face of the customers, and swarmed in the tumblers of lemonade served to them, that it was impossible to enter. The nights at Casa Capolini would have passed quietly enough had it not been for the continual alarm of the mistress. The poor Countess had been so frightened by the invasion of her dwelling on the 24th of June, that at the slightest noise she would start from her bed, and cry out for help. Neither she nor Marion relished the sound of the Austrian guns at Peschiera. Every evening, before going to bed, the two women asked either Rosales or me whether there was any danger of the Austrian shells bursting upon the house. As a matter of course, we answered that, the fortress being at the respectable distance of more than six Italian miles, Pozzolengo was quite safe. Our assurances, however, did not satisfy them; for, the schoolmaster having read in some Italian paper that guns had been invented in England possessing a wonderful and hitherto unheard-of range, it had got into the head of my hostess that

Lord Derbino—that is to say, the noble Earl who leads her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Lords—might have sent some of those wonderful guns to the Emperor of Austria, whom Signor Cappello suspected to be on good terms with his Lordship.

One night I was in my room writing, when a tremendous knock was suddenly heard at the gate of the house. I hastened to the window to discover the cause of so unexpected a noise, when I saw a party of French soldiers, who, judging by the efforts they were making, seemed to have determined to burst open the door.

“What is the matter with you?” I asked of one of these disturbers of our tranquillity.

“*Sacré* ——!” exclaimed a corporal, who was the spokesman of the party; “we are thirsty, and there is no water in the wells of the village. The Sindaco has directed us to this house.”

The bewildered magistrate had, as usual, got rid of his troubles by referring them to the Countess Capolini. I did my best to persuade them that our well had shared the fate of its brethren; but the soldiers were not disposed to take my word, and in a few moments the gate was forced. I hastened down stairs as quickly as I could, with two Sardinian officers whose sleep had been disturbed, and found the French warriors trying in vain to get water from the dry well. The oaths of our troublesome allies had not succeeded in renewing the miracle of Moses; and off they went, as thirsty as they had come, swearing that they would return to the Town Hall, and execute summary justice on the Sindaco.

The noise had been too great not to have awakened

the Countess. When we returned to the house, we found the poor lady almost frightened to death, and dressed in garments so simple as to remind us of *La Sonnambula* or of *Desdemona*, with the exception, of course, of a certain difference in the age of the wearer. As for Marion—the heroine of the house—she had thought it better to take up a strong position in the cellar, where the plate had been hidden.

In spite of the confusion of war, and the amusing episodes which, like that I have just mentioned, disturbed our repose now and then, my stay at Pozzolengo passed rather agreeably than otherwise. The occupation of collecting news, and riding down either to the Sardinian or French head-quarters, made my time go by quickly enough; and at night there was plenty to do in the way of writing.

I was returning one evening from an excursion which I had made to Desenzano, when, on passing near to San Martino, I witnessed a most touching scene. A little to the left of the gardens of Villa Tracani, two ladies in deep mourning were kneeling at the foot of the small hill upon which the country mansion is built. Their faces, although convulsed with grief, showed that Italian type of beauty which will delight the world for ever on the canvas of Raphael and Leonardo. To disturb that pious sorrow would have been a profanation. I therefore spurred on my horse towards Pozzolengo, when, on reaching the main road, I saw a carriage, which I supposed to belong to the unhappy ladies. An old servant was waiting on the road, and I could see by the expression of face that he also was of the same mourning party.

“Who are those ladies?” I asked him, “and for whom are they mourning?”

The old man, bursting into tears, told me that the two Countesses Longhi had lost their only brother, who was a volunteer in one of the Piedmontese regiments. The Count had a large fortune, which he had placed at the disposal of the National Committee during the war, and had besides sacrificed his life to the cause of his country.

Excepting the siege of Peschiera, carried on by the Italian army, and some skirmishing of more or less importance, no feats of arms had occurred since the allies had crossed the Mincio. The Austrians kept quietly in their positions behind the Adige; Urban was allowed to govern Verona as Mr. Commissioner Yeh would have governed Canton; and M. Godard indulged as often as he pleased in his aerial reconnoissances. On one occasion, as I was returning from Ponti, the balloon of the French aeronaut could be seen over Peschiera, much to the amusement of the allied armies; until, the reconnoissance being over, a safe descent was effected in the vicinity of Castel Nuovo. M. Godard reported on this occasion that about seventy oxen had been collected by the Austrians at the Dogana, or Custom House, of Peschiera. A party of Zouaves were accordingly despatched in that direction, and on the following day a French officer told me that the herd had been captured. The oxen, however, were not kept by our gallant allies, as their owner went to the Emperor, and informed him that the animals had been stolen the night before by a marauding party of

Austrian Hussars. Louis Napoleon ordered the herd to be restored to the proprietor, who returned to his home singing the praises of the monarch. The tendency of the Austrians, and especially of the Croats, to steal sheep and oxen was indeed extreme. At another time, Victor Emmanuel not only restored to the villagers of Manzambano many animals thus captured, but, as they had been carried away by the enemy at the suggestion of the *deputati* of the village, he ordered that the latter should be dismissed at once.

These acts of justice on the part of the Franco-Italian military chiefs naturally drew the sympathies of the Lombard peasantry towards the allies. The opinions of the inhabitants of villages and hamlets—of those people, in a word, who are designated by the Italians as *paesani*—was at that time greatly misapprehended or mis-stated by the European press. It may have happened that in a few instances some peasant or villager acted as a spy against the Franco-Sardinian army. But even in these cases it was always found that the men convicted of such crimes were worthless fellows, who had passed the greater part of their lives in the prisons of Mantua or Verona. They served the Austrians as they would have served the French or the Piedmontese—for the sake of a few zwanzigers. To infer from such facts, as a German writer has done, that the rural population of Lombardy was decidedly against the triumph of the national cause, is one of the greatest of blunders. I could quote a dozen facts which came to my knowledge during my stay at Pozzolengo, Valeggio, and

Monzambano, clearly proving that the very best information which the French and Piedmontese Staffs obtained concerning the movements of the enemy was furnished by the rural population of the country. At Valeggio, I spoke more than once with a poor fellow who had gone twice into Mantua and Verona, and who had dared to pass through the Austrian camp, without asking for a reward of any sort. He had only, he said, risked his life for the sake of the national cause; and the Marquis of Cadorre had the greatest difficulty in making him accept a few hundred francs which the Emperor had allotted him. The poor *paesano* was father of a large family, which he had left for a time to serve the deliverers of his country. Many of the Austrian battalions taken prisoners by the French at Medole, Grole, San Cassiano, and Cavriana, were entrapped through their having been purposely misled by the rural population of the places from which they were retiring.

The French head-quarters were established at Valeggio, at the country seat of the Marchioness Maffei, of Verona. The Maffei family is one of the most illustrious of Italy. The main branch will be extinguished by the death of the present Countess Nuvoloni and her two sisters, and will then be represented by Count Maffei, secretary to the Italian Legation in England, who is the head of the Piedmontese line. Villa Maffei, at Valeggio, had always been chosen, both for its picturesque situation and its magnificence, as the residence of the Austrian Princes or Generals during the autumnal military manœuvres. When Francis Joseph joined his army at Verona, and decided on the

movement which ended in the defeat of Solferino, he established his head-quarters in that villa; but, fate having decided against him, the young Kaiser was compelled to give place to his more fortunate adversary, who consequently became the guest of the Countess Maffei-Negroni. The villa—an elegant structure of the seventeenth century—was spacious enough to accommodate the numerous Staff of the Emperor. Besides eleven Generals, who were to fulfil the duties of aides-de-camp, and fourteen orderly officers, there were at the Imperial head-quarters the foreign commissioners, the secretaries of different ministries, some *maîtres des requêtes* of the Council of State, and the medical attendants of the Imperial household, together with a host of servants, grooms, and other persons belonging to the court. The Marquis of Cadorre was charged with the direction of the head-quarters police, which was totally independent of Marshal Vaillant, the chief of the French general Staff. The reader may therefore easily imagine how animated in those days was the pretty village of Valeggio, and how crowded the splendid villa.

The camp life of Louis Napoleon was exceedingly simple. Except the regulations necessary to avoid confusion, and certain precautions mysteriously carried out, there were no vexatious formalities to be gone through before getting admittance to the villa. More than once, whilst strolling about the garden, to which my *permis* gave me access, I saw the Emperor in his shirt-sleeves, writing at his desk—sometimes smoking a cigar, but always at work; for it is only doing him justice to say that he saw to almost every-

thing himself, and did not spare either fatigue or trouble during the campaign. The simplicity of his manners contrasted very powerfully with the haughty and reserved countenance which the people of Valleggio had been accustomed to notice in the Kaiser. This striking difference secured to the French Emperor a great amount of popularity, which was still further increased by his liberality towards the poor of the place. The Imperial table, however, was by no means an Epicurean one. Four dishes, one quality of wine, and plenty of fruit, formed the unvarying fare of the French head-quarters. At three o'clock in the morning, the Emperor got up, and all the officers of the Staff were to be ready by that hour. During the day, he either rode to the front, or remained in his cabinet, working with Marshal Vaillant, or with one of the *maîtres des requêtes*. When riding out, he generally passed through the allied camp, followed by a few of his officers, and by a small escort of the Cent-Gardes.

In spite of the freedom which seemed to exist at the Imperial head-quarters, the strictest vigilance was kept up by the camp police. To render this service more efficient, the Prefect of Police of Paris furnished the Marquis de Cadorre with a host of detectives, under the orders of Inspector Hyrvois—men brought up at the establishment of the Rue de Jerusalem—the best disciples of Maupas and Lespinasse. This Imperial body-guard, dressed in plain clothes, was formed of Corsicans and Italians, the latter being fully acquainted with almost all the emigrants of London and Brussels.

My London readers have perhaps not forgotten how, one night in the month of April, 1856, in a low *restaurant* of Rupert-street, Haymarket, four Italians were wounded by one of their countrymen. Many conjectures were made at the time to explain so mysterious an attempt; but they were all erroneous. One of the men who was wounded I found among the detectives at the Imperial head-quarters. I think it proper to notice these facts, in order that the reader may be able to understand how it was that no fears were entertained at Valeggio about the personal safety of the French Emperor. Any stranger who made his appearance at the French head-quarters had certainly gone through the keenest and most diligent investigation without his knowing it. The body-guard of the Rue de Jerusalem was sharp enough for that.

But, though matters stood thus at Valeggio, it was altogether another thing at Monzambano. Victor Emmanuel had no body-guard, either in plain clothes or in uniform; he did not want it. He lived in the simplest way, in a small house upon a hill, belonging to a Signor Melchiori, with two or three of his most intimate Generals, of whom La Marmora was one. General Morozzo della Rocca and the Royal Staff were quartered in a large house on the left of the Piazza of Monzambano. To this house the King came every day to dine with Count Nigra (the steward of the Royal household), the Ministers who chanced to arrive from Turin, the foreign commissioners, and the officers of his Staff. This, though a brilliant, was not a numerous company, like that of the French

Emperor. The *officiers d'état major*, five Generals, and ten orderly officers, completed the Royal circle. Amongst the first—granting his due merit to every one—Colonel Righini di Sangiorgio, the author of the well-known treatise on Topography, and Major Bariolaise, were the most conspicuous; of the second, Generals La Marmora and Della Rocca claimed the highest distinction. The orderly officers were almost all young men who had greatly distinguished themselves on the field of battle. They were polished, good-humoured, and ready to share their lodgings with any friend who came in their way. Amongst the orderlies attached to the Royal Staff, many volunteers of excellent families could be found; and even a historiographer was not wanting, for Luigi Chiala had for the moment changed his clever pen into the sabre of a sergent.

In the company of so many accomplished men, always jovial and obliging, it is easy to imagine how agreeable was my life at Monzambano. The simple habits of Victor Emmanuel, and his good-humoured countenance, so far banished etiquette from the Sardinian head-quarters, that, had the Marquis de Breme, the Master of the Ceremonies, been present, he would have despaired. How many delicious evenings did I pass in the yard of that house, or under the vine-trellis of its back garden, lounging and smoking with those kind officers, and talking over the anticipated fortunate end of the campaign! How often was our conversation suddenly interrupted by the joyful face of that great man whom all Italians mourn—of the matchless statesman, Cavour! How his sharp, quick,

lightning-like manner of speaking brightened up the discussion, or gave to it the most serious and interesting turn! When Count Cavour appeared amongst the party, all mouths were silent; all ears were intent to hear what the great man had to say. But, alas! those delightful meetings of Monzambano were destined to be abruptly and unexpectedly broken up; the terrible 6th of July was not long in coming. That sad day will remain a black spot on the history of France until the Queen of the Adriatic shores shall be finally delivered from the Austrian yoke.

CHAPTER XIII.

VILLAFRANCA.

Interview of Cavour with the Emperor—A Breakfast at Milan—Kossuth at Brescia—Bad News—The 6th of July—Preparations for a Battle which was not fought—General Fleury's Mission—The Armistice—How the News was received at the Sardinian Head-quarters—The meeting at Villafranca—Dignified Answer of Victor Emmanuel—The Café at Desenzano—Cavour and the Fly Driver—A Stormy Meeting—Cavour's Departure for Monzambano—Physiognomy of the Guests at a melancholy Dinner Party—The Emperor at Milan.

I HAVE now arrived at that point of my narrative which is identified with the name of Villafranca. The "*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem*" must now begin. I shall therefore proceed to give the details of the sad event, trying, however, if possible, to forget all that we Italians suffered when it became known that one of the noblest parts of our country had been sacrificed to a sudden and ill-considered policy.

Two days after the battle of Solferino, Count Cavour and his intimate friend and secretary, the Commendatore Costantino Nigra, had a long interview with the French Emperor. They found Louis Napoleon exceedingly disgusted with the quarrels of his Generals, deeply impressed by the horrible scenes of

war he had just witnessed for the first time in his life, but, above all, proud and delighted that the military glory of France, and the superiority of her army over the Austrians, had been once more splendidly asserted. It was generally affirmed at the Sardinian head-quarters after the interview (I know not with what degree of truth), that the Emperor, far from intimating that it was his intention to make proposals of peace, hinted to Cavour that, to insure the total defeat of the enemy, he had made up his mind to help the Hungarians. This report was strengthened by the evidence of facts. I remember that, on the day of Count Cavour's return from the Imperial head-quarters, I went for a few hours to Milan, where I was invited to breakfast with the Minister at the table of the Governor of Lombardy. Both the Count and his secretary were in high spirits, and seemed to have returned from the camp full of hope in the success of our cause. The simple manners of the great Italian statesman, proceeding from a character full of frolic and gaiety, were strikingly shown at the board of our host, Commander Vigliani, on that occasion. I had the honour of sitting next to Count Cavour, and of listening to his charming and vivid conversation. At one time he suddenly turned to me, and, tapping me on the shoulder, said—

“Well, Arrivabene, when do you expect to make your solemn entry into Mantua, to see your family?”

“It rests more with you, Count, to fix the day, than with any one else,” answered I.

“Oh, I hope,” rejoined Cavour, “that by the 1st

of August you will be able to embrace your parents ; for I do not share the general opinion about the difficulty of taking the Quadrilateral. It will, no doubt, be a hard struggle ; but when once a French corps shall have landed on the coasts of Dalmatia, there will be no great difficulty in accomplishing it."

Coupling these words of the Count with the fact that the most distinguished officers of the Hungarian emigration had been allowed to follow the Staff of one or the other of the allied armies, and were daily going to and fro between Turin and the Imperial head-quarters, I was justified in thinking that a revolutionary movement on the Danube might be anticipated as a powerful diversion. This opinion was not only shared by a great many officers of both armies, but had its foundation in the orders which were known to have been sent to the French fleet then in the Adriatic at the Island of Lossini.

Nor were other decided and apparently conclusive facts wanting. At the close of June, I went one day to Brescia, when, on arriving at the Albergo della Porta, I saw two gentlemen sitting at the table taking their breakfast. One of them bore a striking resemblance to Kossuth ; but, believing that eminent Hungarian to be in London, I could not suppose it was he. Having moreover asked the inn-keeper if he knew the two personages, he answered that he thought they were two Frenchmen belonging to the commissariat of the army. But, on re-entering the room, my uncertainty at once ceased. One of the two gentlemen was really Kossuth. I therefore hastened to shake hands with him, when he introduced to me his

companion, Senator Pietri, at the same time mentioning my name to that gentleman. He added that they were on their way to the Imperial head-quarters, and begged me not to mention his name to any one, for he was travelling in strict incognito. The reader may imagine whether or not I considered the mysterious journey of Kossuth a good omen. To see him travelling with that very Prefect of Police who would, perhaps, have ordered his arrest had he ventured to cross France less than a year before, was more than was required to make me believe that the much-talked-of understanding between the Hungarian patriots and the Emperor really existed. I therefore felt so certain that the prophecy of Cavour at the breakfast table of Governor Vigliani would be realized, that, an occasion having presented itself to send a letter to my mother at Mantua, I wrote to her to get ready my room for the beginning of August.

My friend Rosales, however, did not share this opinion. He thought that since the crossing of the Mincio the allied armies had not shown a proper activity, and that they did not seem disposed to take advantage of the condition of the enemy, whose army, according to reliable information, was in a complete state of disorganization. During our almost daily excursions to Salionze, where the regiment of his son was encamped, we discussed the great topic of the day, without, however, persuading each other. All this while, matters were drawing to a hasty conclusion; and to a mournful conclusion too.

The 6th of July, 1859, fell on Wednesday. I spent the greater part of the day at the head-quarters

of General Durando, at a farm near Ponti, where the Sardinians were working at the trenches for the investment of Peschiera. Towards night-fall, on my return to Pozzolengo, I was crossing the Piazza, when Signor Cappello, our friend the schoolmaster, said he would soon come to see me, as he had great news to tell. We parted, and on the same evening, as I was finishing my supper, the *maestro* made his appearance in the parlour of the Countess Capolini, and, with a gravity which might have moved envy even in a Judge of the Queen's Bench, told me that Louis Napoleon had sent a *parlementaire* to Verona. The worthy master added that he was fully convinced of the correctness of the news, for he had heard it from a trustworthy source.

"No doubt from the cook of some French General, or from the curate of Ponti," said I, laughing.

"I beg your pardon; it was from the servant of our rector, who has just returned from Valeggio, and who saw with his own eyes an Imperial carriage drive in the direction of Villafranca."

I did not, of course, attach much importance to Signor Cappello's report; and, leaving him to discuss its probable consequences with the Countess, I bade them good-night, saying, "Se saranno rose, fioriranno," and went to bed.

At dawn next morning, my first occupation was naturally to ride down to Valeggio, as the best way of dispelling all uncertainty on the subject. Passing through Monzambano, I halted for a few minutes at the Sardinian head-quarters. There, also, one of the officers told me, though in a mysterious manner, that

he had reason to believe that a French General had, in fact, been sent to Verona on some inexplicable mission. This information made me still more determined to proceed to Valeggio. Having crossed the Mincio, I met a Piedmontese General, who, without making any allusion to the French *parlementaire*, told me, on the contrary, that there was a great probability of their being attacked by the Austrians on that very day. This unexpected news at once raised my spirits, for a heavy weight was removed from my mind. I laughed to myself at the credulity of Signor Cappello, and of the Sardinian officer, and gaily galloped on, admiring the picturesque landscape which rose before me. The sight of the corn-fields and vineyards, still covered with the brilliant dew of night, and of the hills of Verona, spread out on the distant horizon, so cheered my mind that, when I arrived at Valeggio, I did not even feel the shadow of a doubt that my two friends had been misled. Along the road, I had noticed a great movement of troops, an incessant galloping about of Staff officers and aides-de-camp; and these movements became still more apparent when I reached Valeggio, where everybody said that a great battle would perhaps be fought that day.

“What is the news?” said I to a big French captain, whom I had known at Milan, on entering the yard of the osteria.

“The news,” answered he, “is that the Austrians seem to have lost their heads, for it is generally reported here that, having received fresh troops from the provinces of the Upper Adige, they intend to attack our lines, either to-day or to-morrow. Let

them come; they will have a warm reception, I assure you."

The captain was one of those *troupiers* who are French to the backbone, and was consequently rather boastful in his speech. In his opinion, to storm Verona, to take Mantua, and to beat the Austrians out of Venetia, was an affair of a few days, to be done as easily as Hotspur slew five or six Scots before breakfast.

Having left the captain in the osteria, I directed my steps towards Villa Maffei, where I knew I should get more valuable information. It was then about five o'clock, and great activity prevailed at the Imperial head-quarters. The Emperor had not as yet left his dwelling; but the horses of the Staff were ready in the yard, as it was supposed that the enemy's guns might be heard at any moment. Since daybreak, the different corps of the allied armies had taken up the positions prescribed to them in the General Order of the previous evening. Marshal Canrobert had already formed his line of battle in the plain, bending his right wing on Valeggio, and his left towards the hills near Venturelli. The Imperial Guard, as a powerful reserve, was placed behind the advanced corps, its right bending in the same direction as that of Canrobert; its left towards Fornelli. The cavalry of Desvaux was stationed behind the right wing of Canrobert's first line of infantry. The Duke of Magenta covered with his corps the hills which rose before him at Santa Lucia; while Niel screened with the masses of his troops the heights of Oliosi. The corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers, and the the two Italian divisions attached to it, were drawn in

line of battle at Castel Nuovo, facing the village of Pastrengo; and Prince Napoleon had been directed to take up a position behind the main road which leads from Salionze to Castel Nuovo, and to move either to the right or the left, or be ready to advance, according to the necessities of the day.

Who could believe, after seeing all this warlike display, that at the same hour the mysterious messenger sent to Verona was receiving from the Kaiser an answer to the letter in which Louis Napoleon had proposed an armistice? Such, however, was the case. Although the mission of General Fleury was kept strictly secret—for neither Victor Emmanuel nor any of the French Generals, except Marshal Vaillant, had been made acquainted with it—the departure of the *parlementaire* had been noticed at the French headquarters, and had been talked of by the people of Valeggio. Everybody was at a loss to understand the nature of General Fleury's errand, which the imposing movements of the army could by no means explain. It was an imbroglio, such as could only be unravelled by the return of the messenger himself.

General Fleury left Valeggio at seven o'clock on the evening of the 6th of July, and three hours afterwards he presented the letter of the French Emperor to Francis Joseph at Verona. On the following morning, the latter accepted the armistice, and at eleven o'clock the French General was able to acquaint his Imperial master with the success of his mission.

At a quarter before eleven o'clock on that unhappy day, I was on my way back to Villa Maffei, from the camp of Canrobert's corps, when the carriage of General

Fleury overtook me on the road. A few minutes later, I was at the Imperial head-quarters, where the General had by that time arrived, and was closeted with the Emperor. Nothing had as yet transpired about the news of which he had been the bearer. Suddenly, Marshal Magnan came out from the cabinet of Louis Napolcon, and, calling out the names of three or four officers of the Staff, ordered them to follow him to his room. Another half hour had scarcely elapsed when a rush of officers, galloping out of Villa Maffei in all directions, made me aware that something of great importance had occurred. I distinctly heard the words, "An armistice of a month has been concluded," hastily uttered by those officers; yet I could not, I would not, believe them. I was standing there in a state of the greatest anxiety, when the tower clock of Valeggio struck twelve. At that moment, the French captain I had met at the osteria in the morning came in, and, reading in my face the perplexity of my mind, said to me:—"What are you thinking of, M. Arrivabene? I suppose you have heard the result of General Fleury's mission?"

"I have," answered I; "and I can scarcely credit it."

"Too true, too true, Monsieur!" ejaculated the captain. "The Austrian Emperor knows with what an army he has to deal, and he has accepted the Emperor's proposal. In the position in which your country stands now, I am almost certain that the armistice (which, it is said, will last until the 16th of August) will result in peace."

"Good heaven!" I exclaimed, "after so many solemn promises—after having called upon the Italians

to rise—after having achieved such great victories—do you really mean to say that your Emperor will abandon us, and accept a disgraceful peace?”

“Do not suppose so, even for a moment,” returned the captain, who, in spite of his boasting, was a good-hearted fellow. “The Emperor is too clever a man to propose a dishonourable peace, which public opinion in France would never sanction. He knows what he is about, you may depend upon it. I am convinced that his proclamations will be carried out; he is only trying now to effect his ends by negotiation.”

In spite of the kind words of the captain, I could not rally from the shock this unexpected news had given me. I hastened to the osteria, that I might get out of a place in which every officer I met seemed to me an enemy. I was anxious to be amongst friends and countrymen. I knew that I should find them at Monzambano, and I galloped away from that ill-starred Valeggio. The sad news had already reached the Sardinian camp. Victor Emmanuel was holding a council with his Generals when I entered the village, where the officers were everywhere discussing the probable results of the armistice. I shall not dwell here upon the conversations I heard that day. Every one of those gallant countrymen of mine felt that the dignity of our honest and valiant King, and that of the whole Italian nation, had been lowered. Overcome by a feeling of just indignation, the words uttered on that fatal day were those of men who thought themselves, if not betrayed, at least thwarted in their most cherished hopes.

How sad was the party at Casa Capolini that even-

ing, the reader may guess. The old schoolmaster, the Countess, and even poor Marion, could hardly restrain their tears. As for me and Rosales, we felt as if our hearts were broken; and we retired to rest with scarcely Christian thoughts.

The bitter cup, however, was not yet quaffed to its last drop. In five days more, the Italians were to hear that the armistice of Verona was only the first step to a patched-up peace. On the morning of the 11th of July, I was in the osteria of Valeggio when my servant, who was always hunting for news, came and told me that one of the "gentlemen" of the Rue de Jerusalem body-guard had informed him that in half an hour the Emperor was going to start for Villafranca, in order to meet the Kaiser. My first thought was to ride in that direction, but, on mature consideration, I held it to be more advisable to return to Monzambano. It was true that Villafranca was neutral ground; but a civilian would perhaps have been subjected to some annoyance from both the French and Austrian military authorities. As I was riding through the Piazza of the village, the escort of Louis Napoleon was galloping from Villa Maffei through Valeggio, in the direction of Villafranca. Marshalled in grand array were the military dignitaries of the household and the orderly officers of the Emperor's Staff. At seven o'clock, the two monarchs met at Villafranca in a house in Contrada Cappucini, belonging to a Signor Gandini Morelli-Bugna, who had inherited it, together with large landed property, from a priest devoted to Austria. What passed at that meeting (which lasted a little less than

an hour) nobody can exactly tell. It has been stated, however, that the two Emperors conversed, sometimes in Italian, but more frequently in German. During the conversation, Louis Napoleon, as if mechanically, picked to pieces some of the flowers placed in a vase before him, the petals of which were found scattered about on the floor at the side of the table where the landlady of the house had noticed that he sat. When the sovereigns left the house and appeared in the streets, to present to each other the officers of their Staffs, the younger looked pale and embarrassed—the elder, gay and at ease. The proud descendant of the Hapsburgs doubtless felt bitterly the humiliation of that moment. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, had satisfied what was thought to be one of his greatest desires—the dealing in person with a legitimate Emperor.

Nothing was written by the two monarchs at that meeting. The inkstand and paper which had been placed on the table were not touched, and they may still be seen exactly where they were originally set down. On returning to Valeggio, Louis Napoleon sent for his cousin, and despatched him as a plenipotentiary to Verona, that he might arrange with the Austrian Emperor the preliminaries of the famous peace which was definitively settled by the treaty of Zurich. It was on the evening of that day that Louis Napoleon told Victor Emmanuel that, if the preliminaries taken by Prince Napoleon to Verona were accepted by Francis Joseph, peace would be concluded. The Sardinian Sovereign, who, as I heard, was extremely cold and reserved in his demeanour, answered—

“Whatever may be the decision of your Majesty, I shall feel an eternal gratitude for what you have done for the independence of Italy; and I beg you to believe that, under all circumstances, you may reckon on my complete fidelity.”

But there was another man who was not disposed to accept the bargain of Villafranca without a strong and scornful protest. When Count Cavour was informed that an armistice had been concluded, he at first thought that it was only a suspension of arms, a short period of rest being a necessity for either army. That a meeting of the two Emperors had been appointed for the next day, he heard almost by accident on the morning of the 10th. It is said that a French courier passed through Turin on his way to Paris, and told the news to a Piedmontese colleague at the railway station. At this unexpected intelligence, which the Sardinian Premier could scarcely believe, he and Nigra hastened to Monzambano. The railway did not then run further than Desenzano, owing to a portion having been destroyed. When the two travellers arrived at that village, at about four o'clock in the morning, no post-carriage was to be had; and while Cavour's servant was sent to try and secure one, it is said that the Minister and his secretary entered unnoticed the café of the Piazza, where an animated conversation was going on, which dispelled any doubts they might still have entertained. It was by this time known at Desenzano that Louis Napoleon would go next morning to Villafranca to meet the Kaiser. The French Emperor was accordingly being roundly abused by the whole company. One

was charging him with treachery ; another was cursing him ; a Republican was exclaiming that the sad issue of the war had been predicted in the *Pensiero ed Azione*, by Mazzini, weeks before. The café, in short, presented that confusion which characterizes any public place frequented by men whose feelings are roused by passion. It may be imagined with what dismay and sorrow the great Italian statesman heard this noisy and uncouth discussion, which he knew was no incorrect prefigurement of the effect the peace would produce on his countrymen generally.

The servant came at last with a shabby *timonella*, which he had succeeded in procuring. At the moment Cavour jumped into this humble vehicle, a Piedmontese officer who stood under the porticoes recognised him, and exclaimed, "That is Cavour !" To avoid useless and annoying questions, Nigra ordered the vetturino to drive with all speed to Monzambano. The driver, however, caught the words uttered by the Piedmontese officer, and was even more astounded than proud of the honour of driving so great a man. Feeling, possibly, some doubt as to what he had heard, he began to ask the two travellers if either of them was really the great Cavour. Both the Count and Nigra had something to think of besides gossiping with an inquisitive fly-driver. They therefore determined to give no answer, though they thus subjected themselves to the annoyance of hearing the question almost incessantly repeated until they reached their destination.

At the moment when Count Cavour and Signor Nigra were alighting from the *timonella*, I was stand-

ing with some Sardinian officers at the door of the head-quarters. The expression of the Count's face, generally gay and bright, was a sufficient indication of the storm raging in his thoughts. The cordial greetings which he always had on his lips when he appeared in company were not to be heard as he walked through the hall of the house. Scarcely answering the mournful salutations of the bystanders, he asked if the King was at Monzambano; and on being told that his Majesty was at his residence of Villa Melchiori, the Count and Nigra went to the Royal dwelling, where they remained until Victor Emmanuel rode to the Imperial head-quarters at Valeggio.

About twelve o'clock next morning, Cavour and his secretary walked up again to Casa Melchiori with Count Nigra, the steward of the Royal household, and General Della Rocca. Cavour knew by that time that the great sacrifice had been consummated. He was exceedingly excited: his face was scarlet; and his manners, ordinarily simple and easy, were now marked by violent gesticulations, showing that he had completely lost his usual control over himself. General Della Rocca and Count Nigra endeavoured to calm him; but all in vain. The Premier every now and then took off his hat with the convulsive movement of a man whose feelings have been roused to the highest pitch of exasperation; and the exhortations of his friends did little towards calming the fury that possessed him.

During the Count's stay at Casa Melchiori, I did not leave the Sardinian head-quarters, for I was anxious

to know the result of the important meeting of the King with his Minister. The interview lasted about two hours, and it was a stormy one. It was stated at the time that the first words spoken by Cavour were anything but respectful towards the French Emperor. He advised Victor Emmanuel to reject at once the terms of peace, and to withdraw his army from Lombardy, thus leaving Louis Napoleon to extricate himself from the difficulty of the situation as best he might. Cavour plainly told his sovereign that Italy had been betrayed, and her dignity offended; and he even went so far as to advise an abdication. It is said that during the discussion the King showed a degree of calmness of which he would scarcely have been thought capable. He tried in all ways to appease the excitement of his Minister, who, overcome with grief, seemed almost to have lost his mind. I do not know what warrant there is for such a story; but it was widely reported and generally credited at Monzambano that Cavour's rage went so far as to induce him to use words which led to his dismissal from Victor Emmanuel's presence. The assertion, at any rate, has never been contradicted, and, as an eminent writer in the *Quarterly Review* recently observed, it is commonly believed.

When the Count again made his appearance on the piazza of Monzambano, his excitement had by no means abated. I shall never forget that heartrending scene. Leaning against the wall which runs at the right of the apothecary's shop, Cavour was violently talking with Count Nigra and his secretary. Broken words of indignation were now and then uttered by

him, and his sun-burnt face flashed forth anger in every expression. It was a singular and a terrible sight.

While this was going on in the piazza of the village, La Marmora had arrived from Valeggio. Cavour exchanged a few words with him, and, jumping into the carriage of the General with his secretary, ordered the coachman to drive in the direction of Desenzano. No doubt, General La Marmorat had told him that the Emperor and Prince Napoleon had accepted the invitation of the King, and that they were going to dine at the Sardinian head quarters. The Count was not in the humour to wait for them; and he therefore prudently hastened his departure. As the carriage was leaving the piazza, I was standing on the steps of the café. The coachman was ordered to halt, and the Minister got out, and asked for a glass of water. I took advantage of his absence to ask Nigra what was the news. Leaning towards my ear, he said, "You may write to England that the Count is no longer the adviser of the Crown, and that Rattazzi will be asked to form a new Ministry." Immediately afterwards, the carriage again started, amidst loud shouts of "Long live Cavour!"

The great statesman who preferred to resign, rather than endorse a peace concluded without his sovereign or himself being consulted, had scarcely reached Desenzano when four carriages drove into the yard of the Sardinian head-quarters. The Emperor and Prince Napoleon had arrived. The body-guard, in plain clothes, were of course busier than usual, staring into the faces of the numerous by-standers. The

King received his guests at the door of the house, and they went up to the room where the Royal table had been laid. The physiognomies of the three personages were exceedingly curious. The stern, bronzed face of the Emperor betrayed emotion of no sort. His eyes, as usual, scarcely moved in their sockets, and, judging by his countenance, he seemed almost as unconcerned as if nothing had been changed since the great battle of Solferino. The Prince, on the contrary, attempted to disguise his embarrassment by speaking to the Sardinian General. Victor Emmanuel was silent; but his soldier-like countenance could scarcely conceal the efforts he made to preserve the semblance of composure. His eyes restlessly wandered about, as if desirous to escape from the scrutinizing glance of his companions. It was indeed a sad party, in harmony with the occasion. When dinner was over, the King walked with his guests to Casa Melchiori, hardly exchanging a word with either the one or the other.

The manners of the Sardinian officers were not a whit more gay: a polite coldness was observable in their demeanour whenever they asked or answered a question of their French comrades; but of cordiality there was absolutely none. These feelings of unmistakable coolness were so much increased at a later period, that the French and Piedmontese officers scarcely saluted each other.

On the evening of that day (the 12th of July), the Emperor left Monzambano for Milan, on his way back to France. The dead silence of the crowd which thronged the streets of that city and of Turin, when he passed

through them, must have told, more powerfully than the most passionate utterance could have done, what were the feelings of the Italians on the Villafranca agreement. The local authorities were fortunately able to prevent any hostile demonstration; but Louis Napoleon could not mistake the attitude of the masses. In answering an address of the Governor of Milan, he said that he was surprised at the ingratitude of the Italians. This remark the Emperor would perhaps have spared had he reflected that the Milanese could not possibly resign themselves to the thought that Venetia and other Italian provinces had been sacrificed, either, as Cavour said at the time, to the considerations of a selfish policy, or to a hasty impulse of the Emperor's changeable mind. There are people who still believe that, in concluding such an unexpected peace, Louis Napoleon had already foreseen that Italy would equally attain her unity, though in a less direct way. The obstinate opposition made by the Imperial Government to the subsequent annexations of Central Italy—an opposition which was only silenced by the sacrifice of Savoy and Nice—does not support such an opinion. No doubt, the principle of non-intervention was of great help to my countrymen; but facts have proved that Confederation, and not Unity, was the programme of the Emperor after Villafranca. What has been done since must therefore be considered rather the result of Cavour's masterly discretion, and of the rare wisdom and energy displayed by the Italians generally, than the triumph of a definite and preconcerted plan of the French monarch. Whatever events the future may

have in store for my country, she must henceforth have faith in her own strength; she must depend on herself alone, that she may not be doomed to a second disappointment. The late Mrs. Barrett Browning has beautifully expressed this truth, in a little poem entitled “A Tale of Villafranca,” which I cannot resist the pleasure of here transcribing :—

My little son, my Florentine,
 Sit down beside my knee,
 And I will tell you why the sign
 Of joy which flushed our Italy
 Has faded since but yesternight;
 And why your Florence of delight
 Is mourning as you see.

A great man (who was crowned one day)
 Imagined a great Deed:
 He shaped it out of cloud and clay;
 He touched it finely till the seed
 Possessed the flower: from heart and brain
 He fed it with large thoughts humane,
 To help a people's need.

He brought it out into the sun—
 They blessed it to his face:
 “Oh, great pure Deed, that hast undone
 So many bad and base!
 O generous Deed, heroic Deed,
 Come forth, be perfected, succeed,
 Deliver by God's grace!”

Then sovereigns, statesmen, north and south,
 Rose up in wrath and fear,
 And cried, protesting by one mouth,
 “What monster have we here?
 A great Deed at this hour of day?
 A great just Deed, and not for pay?
 Absurd—or insincere!”

" And if sincere, the heavier blow
 In that case we shall bear ;
 For where's our blessed *status quo*,
 Our holy treaties, where—
 Our rights to sell a race, or buy,
 Protect and pillage, occupy,
 And civilize despair ?"

Some muttered that the great Deed meant
 A great pretext to sin ;
 And others, the pretext, so lent,
 Was heinous (to begin).
 Volcanic terms of *great* and *just* ?
 Admit such tongues of flame, the crust
 Of time and law falls in.

A great Deed in this world of ours ?
 Unheard of the pretence is :
 It threatens plainly the great Powers ;
 Is fatal in all senses.
 A just Deed in the world ?—call out
 The rifles ! be not slack about
 The national defences.

And many murmured, " From this source
 What red blood must be poured !"
 And some rejoined, " 'Tis even worse ;
 What red tape is ignored !"
 All cursed the Doer for an evil,
 Called here, enlarging on the Devil,
 There, monkeying the Lord !

Some said, it could not be explained ;
 Some, could not be excused ;
 And others, " Leave it unrestrained,
 Gehenna's self is loosed."
 And all cried, " Crush it, maim it, gag it !
 Set dog-toothed lies to tear it ragged,
 Truncated and traduced !"

But HE stood sad before the sun :
 (The peoples felt their fate).
 " The world is many, I am one ;
 My great Deed was too great.

God's fruit of justice ripens slow :
 Men's souls are narrow ; let them grow.
 My brothers, we must wait."

The tale is ended, child of mine,
 Turned graver at my knee.
 They say your eyes, my Florentine,
 Are English : it may be :
 And yet I've marked as blue a pair
 Following the doves across the square,
 At Venice by the sea.

Ah child, ah child ! I cannot say
 A word more. You conceive
 The reason now why just to-day
 We see our Florence grieve.
 Ah child, look up into the sky !
 In this low world, where great Deeds die,
 What matter if we live !

Yes : Venice and Rome must "look up into the sky," must wait, persevere, and hope, until the war-cry of the nation is again heard from the banks of the Mincio to the Adriatic shores.

CHAPTER XIV.

RIVALTA AND GRAZIE.

The Morning of the 16th of July—The Farewell at Casa Capolini—Hospitals at Castiglione—The Convent again—Volta—From Volta to Goito—Austrian Depredations—An Austrian Major—His View of the Peace—From Goito to Rivalta—Recollections of Early Youth—The Church of Rivalta—Warm Reception at the Hall—A sad Inspection—The Dinner—A dear Grave—The Sanctuary of “Le Grazie”—My Parents’ arrival—Melancholy Departure.

A SAD morning for me was that of the 16th of July, the day of my departure from Pozzolengo. The excitement of war had nearly died away, and the town had reassumed its ordinary tranquillity, the allied armies having already retired within the lines prescribed by the preliminaries of that fatal peace. I had no motive for stopping any longer; and, besides, I was anxious to arrive at Rivalta, where I hoped to see my family. On the previous evening, therefore, I announced to the Countess Capolini my intention of leaving her. The poor lady and Marijon were at first alarmed, for they feared being subjected to the unpleasant visits of Zouaves and Turcos. Signor Cappello, however, came to my aid, and, by the influence he exercised over the two women, soon persuaded them

that on that score my presence could be no longer of any use.

The farewell of the next morning was full of pain, both for me and for my acquaintances. Village, house, friends—I loved them all; for at Pozzolengo my most cherished hopes had been raised and strengthened, and I could not forget that circumstance, however cruelly the dream was afterwards destroyed. Yet the parting was not without a certain suggestion of the ludicrous. I was of course obliged to bear with patience the indispensable kissing, to which, on account of the two women's respectable age, the old master, in the quality of their tutor, did not seem disposed to object.

Signor Cappello had declared his intention to accompany me as far as Castiglione, the first halting-place of my journey. We started together, therefore; drove over the greater part of the battle-field of Solferino; and at ten o'clock in the morning entered the well-known Osteria del Gambaro. How changed was the aspect of the whole town! To the noisy activity of a fortnight before, a dull, dead silence had succeeded. The only troops to be found there were some Sardinian Bersaglieri, who had been left to guard the wounded. The streets had been cleared, and the sad spectacle which so deeply affected me the day after the battle was no longer to be seen. A great many wounded men, however, were still lying on their beds of suffering in the lofty churches of the town. In the Duomo were collected more than 400 French, and as many in the Church of St. Louis Gonzaga. The Oratory of St. Joseph and the Church

of La Morte had been allotted to the Austrians, who were nursed by a staff of their doctors, either taken prisoners on the 24th of June, or sent from Mantua after the peace was concluded. Those prisoners were kindly treated, both by the inhabitants of the town and by the Sardinian military authorities of the place.

On my way to the convent where my aunt resided, Signor Cappello expressed a desire to visit one of the hospitals; and we therefore went to see the Austrian wounded at the Oratory. Though the old *maestro* was not a woman, he possessed a great share of curiosity. Having, therefore, obtained admission into the Oratory, he began to question such of the wounded as could understand Italian. One of them related to us that he should undoubtedly have perished had it not been for the exertions of a French officer, Major Levray. This kind man had removed him and four of his companions from the pavement of the street to his lodgings on the terrible night of the 24th, and had nursed them continually, as if they had been his own children.

Having seen as much as we desired in that abode of pain, we directed our steps to the convent. My aunt and the reverend Ladies of Jesus had, as they said, passed through many hard trials. Peace had come, however, and they were delighted, for it had afforded them an occasion for singing a new *Te Deum*, the music of which had been expressly written by a priest of the town, who enjoyed more reputation among the nuns than Verdi himself. This reverend musician was the singing-master of the establishment, and, if my aunt is to be accepted as an authority, his method

was as celebrated as that of Cavaliere Schira in London.

The visit I made to the Noble Virgins was but short: Rivalta stood in my mind like the polar star of my journey. Having bidden a warm farewell to my aunt, to Signor Cappello, and to my other friends, I followed the *stradone* of Guidizzuolo, in company with my servant Antonio, and, bending to the left, reached Volta in the evening. This village, which derives its name from the *turn* in the direction of the road leading to the passage of the Mincio at Borghetto, is situated on a small hill which slopes down towards the edge of the plain. The representative of the illustrious family of the Gonzagas—once Lords of Mantua—was then entertaining Marshal Canrobert at his splendid villa. Prince Achille Gonzaga is not distinguished by the intellect of his ancestors; but he has had the good fortune to marry the Countess Borromeo, who is in all respects worthy of the race with which she has allied herself. The Prince's income is, to say the truth, not a very large one; but it is spent in a wise and liberal manner. The Austrian Emperor, Joseph I., after having placed Charles IV. (the last of the reigning Gonzagas) under the ban of the Empire, was unscrupulous enough to seize, together with the Dukedom of Mantua, all the property belonging to the family. The Gonzagas were in this way reduced almost to poverty; but in 1832 the tutors of the present Prince appealed to the Austrian courts of law; and, after a long suit, the Emperor compromised the matter by allowing him an annual pension of one thousand pounds, which scarcely represents a

twentieth part of what his Highness was entitled to claim.

Even in ordinary times, Volta is not a place in which one would wish to stop any longer than is absolutely necessary. With a *corps d'armée* quartered within its walls, I had no hope of finding a lodging; and the osteria—a filthy house, with which any decent visitor could not fail to be disgusted—was so crammed with officers, that to obtain a bed was impossible. We were obliged therefore to bivouac on the platform of the village church, where we anxiously awaited the dawn of day; and we resumed our journey in the early morning. From Volta to Goito, the greater part of the road runs through cultivated fields, which may be considered the beginning of the rich, vast plain of Lower Lombardy. Although the stony ground and the scarcity of water are great drawbacks during the summer, the industry of man has been employed in a thousand ways to promote the fertility of the soil. Since the disease called *oidium* has affected the vineyards, and the other, known under the name of *calcinato*, has occasionally checked the development of the silkworm, the resources of the country have greatly diminished. The best of wars, moreover, is calamitous; and, as was to be expected, the districts of Volta, Guidizzuolo, Cerlongo, and Goito suffered much from the results of the military operations of 1859. Agriculture being more developed in these plains than in the hilly ground of San Martino, Grole, Solferino, and Cavriana, the damage was proportionately greater; and as I and Antonio passed along, the devastation of the land was most apparent. There

were fields in which the rich and luxuriant mulberry-trees, and the festoon-like tendrils of the vineyards, had quite disappeared under the axes of the Austrian and French sappers. Farmhouses had been pulled down, and their ruins turned into small fortresses; and the walls of cemeteries and churchyards were pierced all round, to afford loop-holes for the field-pieces of the gunners or the rifles of the Tyrolese sharpshooters. The damage to the proprietors of those unhappy districts was incalculable. The last operation of the Austrians, on the 24th of June, took place in that very neighbourhood; for it was through Volta, Cerlongo, and Goito that the defeated left wing and centre of their army effected its retreat beyond the Mincio. The havoc committed by the troops of the Kaiser—in many cases purposeless, for the destroyed cottages and farms were not defended—naturally increased the hatred of the country people, whose crops were destroyed, not only for that year, but for some years to come.

On reaching Goito—the birthplace of the famous knight and troubadour Sordello, who flourished towards the middle of the thirteenth century—I hastened to pay a visit to Baron Somenzari, one of the oldest friends of my family. The Baron was then a member of the town council, and was therefore in a position to give me some account of the damage sustained by the commune of Goito. This he reckoned at not less than 3,000,000 Austrian zwanzigers—an enormous sum when the small extent of the commune is taken into consideration.

While I was staying at Somenzari's house, an Aus-

trian Major was announced. He had been sent on a mission to Castiglione and Goito, in order to inquire into the condition of the Austrian wounded, and to ascertain if Count or Prince Bentheim (who, as I have stated in a former chapter, had been wounded at Rivalta by the French Captain Baulaincourt) were still alive. I was able to satisfy the second of these inquiries; and I told the Major that the unfortunate nobleman had died of his wounds on his way to Goito on the 4th of that month. The Austrian officer then entered into some conversation on the events of the day, and told us that his fellow-soldiers did not approve of the peace. He thought that with a month's rest, and under the real leadership of Baron Hess, the disasters of Magenta and Solferino might have been retrieved. "We could have relied," added the Major, "upon the support of Germany, and before the end of the month of August we could have brought into the field a fresh army of 400,000 men." Though the assertion of the Austrian officer was not in accordance with the words used by Francis Joseph in the order of the day issued at Verona five days before—"Being without allies, I yield to unfavourable political relations"—we did not enter into any discussion upon the subject. The Baron and I, however, were greatly amused at the ingenuity of the Major's bold and very questionable assertions, and after his departure for Mantua we were free to indulge in the laughter they occasioned. The obstinacy generally evinced by Austrian officers in denying that they were worsted at Magenta and Solferino was irresistibly ludicrous. According to them, the first defeat was

only an able flank march on the Adda; the second, a well-conceived retreat on their positions within the Quadrilateral. There is no harm in leaving them their opinion; but I must be permitted to observe, that these strategical movements were, to say the least, rather singular in their immediate results, and rather unfortunate to the Austrians.

In the morning, I left the Baron, and pursued the charming and well-known road which runs from Goito almost in a parallel direction with the course of the Mincio. The distance from the last-named village to the country-seat of my uncle at Rivalta is not more than five Italian miles. It was Sunday. As my carriage rattled on, parties of peasants in their gayest attire were leaving the farms, the hamlets, or the cottages, on their way to church. My mind was at that moment filled with dear and sweet recollections of my early youth; for there was scarcely a house, a chapel, or a tree on that road, which I did not associate with some pleasant incident of boyhood. Here by the roadside was the osteria of Sacca, with the picturesque cypresses growing in the courtyard; there rose the country-seat of a friend; here again the mill of old Luigi, whose donkey I had often ridden. The fields and marshes over which I had frequently shot, spread round me just as I had left them years before. At a turning of the road, the river, where I had many times fished for trout, pike, and tench, showed the silvery gleam of its pure water; and the "Roccolo,"*

* The name given in Lombardy to an elaborate contrivance for snaring birds.

in whose nets I had formerly caught birds, reared its picturesque crescent-like form amid the fields of stubble.

Sette Frati—a farm which, as its name indicates, once belonged to some monastic corporation—came at last in sight; and from this point the merry chimes of the church of Rivalta could be distinctly heard, repeated by the echoes of the valley below. Groups of children, men, and women were moving in that direction, called thither by the bell which invites the faithful to mass. In spite of the disappointment of the peace, they appeared animated by a common joy, and the eddying sound of the bells seemed to harmonize with their prevailing mood.

On ! on ! The carriage passed farms and cottages; Bonetti's house was left behind; the road to Rodigo appeared to the right; and the carriage soon afterwards entered my beloved village of Rivalta. The sudden appearance of a strange equipage in so retired a place could not fail to be noticed. Groups of men who knew me well were standing on the piazza before the door of Genesi's shop, waiting for the last stroke of the church. Amongst them were many companions of my youthful games, now grown-up men; many old boatmen who had often rowed me out on the lake. I was therefore soon recognised, and the great news that "Sior Carlin" had arrived was spread in a moment from one end of the village to the other.

Having sent Antonio with the carriage to my uncle's country-seat—then deserted, owing to the death of its master—I entered the church, followed

by numerous friends, and passed on to the well-known seat set apart for my family. It was then eleven years since I had knelt on the cushions of that bench ; but the church was so entirely unchanged that I could almost have fancied it was but the day before. Alas ! it was not so. There, as in other places, time had marked its progress by gravestones. From that altar, the rector had prayed for the soul of my uncle ; the *De Profundis* had been sung over his body within those walls. But the officiating priest on the present occasion was not the one whose words were still eloquent in my heart ; for he also now lay still and voiceless in his grave in the cemetery close by. Such are the gaps which make one feel that the progress of years is no vain imagining, but a sad reality. *

The mass being over, the affectionate demonstrations of the Rivaltese peasantry began anew, with all the warmth of which kind, devoted, and simple hearts are capable. Here was Signor Bonetti, insisting on carrying me off by force to his house : there was Signor Belenghi, earnestly inviting me to dinner ; whereupon the village schoolmaster claimed a superior right, on the plea that I, like himself, was a follower of the scholastic profession. I thanked them all, but said that Signor Genesi, the tenant of my cousin, was awaiting me, and that I was obliged to go.

With what feelings I proceeded towards my paternal home, the pen is not able to tell. There are sentiments which words fall short of expressing ; and these were of them. When I made my appearance

in the spacious yard, flanked with the houses of the peasants, the tenantry were already assembled before the lofty mansion which stands in the middle. I could scarcely conceal the emotion that flooded my heart, when I found myself amidst those well-known faces. The sight almost overwhelmed me; and I then understood that the poignancy of joy may equal that of sorrow.

Signor Génesi received me as he would have received a brother returning from a long voyage in distant lands. The peasants gathered round me, and there was such hugging, and kissing, and exclaiming, that my servant was quite astonished. Neither the old gardener nor the old coachman was there; they had both joined their master in the adjoining graveyard. Tognass had succeeded his father in the keeping of the garden, and he was there with tears of joy in his eyes. This rough, kind fellow had been one of the favourites of my youth—the intelligent and faithful servant who, after the defeat of Custoza, in 1848, saved me from falling into the hands of the Austrians.

A momentary stupefaction followed my sudden and unexpected appearance amongst those good people, and Tognass, in particular, was in a state of complete bewilderment, as if he could not believe what he saw. Every one of the peasants had his sad tale to relate; for in the course of eleven years many of the dwellers in that place had died; but every one had a kind word to say. There is perhaps no country population in Europe more apt to receive and express the most delicate and noble sentiments of the soul than that of Italy. Ignorant though he may be, the gentle

nature of the Italian husbandman is apparent whenever his feelings are roused; and on that occasion I had an opportunity of knowing that under the coarse garment of a fisherman or of a ploughman the best of hearts may throb.

These demonstrations of joy being over, I was enabled to enter the house—a house where I had enjoyed the happiest days of my youth. How changed was the scene in all its human relations! The rooms, the hall, the garden, were the same; the same trees threw their soft shadows on the flower-beds; but death and exile had broken up the once quiet and happy party—the dear inmates of old were no more there to give life and joy to the deserted dwelling. When I was left alone, I began to wander about the empty rooms, the zigzag alleys of the garden, the shady paths of the park; finding in every corner some memory of my youth.

In an hour, the dinner was announced. Signor Genesi's wife had not forgotten the delicious green figs, nor the luscious grapes, which, from being finest in the month of July, are called "Lugliatica." Tognass had brought the sweetest fruits of the kitchen-garden, and the old fisherman the best carp that had been caught during the night.

"Take your seat," said Signor Genesi, pointing out a chair which had been placed on the very side of the square table where I used to take my meals when a boy. Nothing had been forgotten that could revive in my mind the dearest recollections of those bygone days. Two or three Rivaltese had been invited to join our party. There was consequently a great

rattling of tongues, and a constant succession of questions, with but little opportunity of reply. Signor Bonetti asked what I thought of the peace; the doctor wanted to know whether it would last or not. A politician of the village was cursing the Austrians; another was relating the dismal appearance of their army after the defeat of Solferino. In short, there was no lack of conversation, and all passed off very agreeably. When the dinner was over, it was arranged that a messenger should be sent to Mantua to announce my arrival. Carpenter Belenghi and Tognass soon volunteered, and the carriage of Signor Genesi was got ready for the journey.

Whilst my kind friends were thus driving towards Mantua, I left the company under pretence of seeking a little repose; and, being left to myself, took unnoticed the by-road leading from the gardener's cottage to the cemetery of the village. I wished to visit the grave of the dear relative who had been a second father to me. On Sundays and other feast days, the cemeteries are always open in Italian villages, and the hard-worked rural population generally avail themselves of the opportunity to pray for their departed ones. The hour of the afternoon service was approaching, and the place was almost deserted. A few women were kneeling here and there before the wooden crosses which surmounted the mounds of earth where the yellow lilies and other flowers were blooming with that vitality characteristic of vegetation in such places. I entered the open gates, and went towards the chapel. There, amongst a few marble stones, lay that for which I was seeking—the

gravestone of my uncle. The poor man had been buried side by side with his old friend, the rector of the parish, as he had desired. A simple inscription told the visitor of the chapel that Count Ferdinand Arrivabene quitted this world on the 14th of April, 1851, and invited him to recite a *De Profundis* for the repose of his soul. How long I remained in the chapel I do not remember; but when I left the cemetery the bells of the church were chiming the *Benedizione*.

On my return home, I found the party greatly increased. There were the rector, the curate, and all the notabilities of Rivalta, from the sexton down to the barber, who had come to the *Corte*, or, as the English would say, to "the Hall," to greet my arrival. Hugging and kissing were renewed, and with them the never-failing train of questions. The appearance of a new friend, however, cut short those honest and heartfelt demonstrations, and it was agreed that we should drive to Grazie, and meet my parents on the road.

On the right bank of the Lake of Mantua, in the year 1340, stood a small chapel containing a miraculous painting of the Madonna, called by the people of the locality "Santa Maria delle Grazie." The boatmen and fishermen of the Mincio, who had been, as they said, often saved from certain death by the Madonna—as famous in those days as the modern Lady of Rimini, celebrated for the startling feat of winking her eyes—determined to erect for her a more worthy abode. Hence arose the Santuario delle Grazie. Here, as at Loretto and other localities of Italy, a fair is

held, in which, amongst a great number of worldly things, rosaries, holy images, and other miraculous objects are sold; and astounding boons are said to be secured at the most trifling expense. The Santuario della Madonna delle Grazie enjoying a far-spread reputation, the dumb, deaf, blind, and halt—in short, people affected with all sorts of infirmities—flock thither during the fair, and are not wanting even on the other days of the year. To this place—which is only two miles distant from Rivalta—we drove on the afternoon in question. The church of Le Grazie is one of the most curious in Italy. Not that there is anything remarkable in its architecture, for it is an Italian-Gothic structure of the simplest style. But the ornamental part of the interior is most peculiar. The walls of the building are covered with a double row of wax statues, of life size, representing a host of warriors, Cardinals, Bishops, Kings, and Popes, who—as the story runs—pretended to have received some wonderful grace during their earthly existence. Amongst this grand array of illustrious personages, there are not a few humbler individuals, whose history is faithfully told (if you choose to credit it) by the painted inscription below. There is even a convict, who, at the moment of being hanged, implored succour of the all-powerful Madonna; whereupon, the beam of the gibbet instantly broke, and the worthy individual was restored to society—a very doubtful benefit, after all.

When I entered the Sanctuary, the sun was setting, and the crescent moon rising. From the churchyard, which stands on elevated ground bordering the lake, Mantua can be seen quite distinctly, as if emerging

from the waters. The Austrians having cleared away the trees and bushes from the country which surrounds the fortress, the very windows of the houses and the bells in the towers can be easily discerned by a familiar eye. The noble dome of St. Andrew displays its imposing proportions in the background, surrounded by the spires of more than thirty churches. Following the tops of the well-known towers "delle Ore," my eye rested on the roof of the palace of the Arrivabenes, and, turning towards the right, traced the spire of the church of Saint Egidio, where I was baptized.

By the convention of Villafranca, Le Grazie was declared a neutral village. It was therefore at that time filled both with Austrian and French officers. These gentlemen, finding the life of Mantua and Castellucchio anything but pleasant, met in the so-called café of the village, to exchange courtesies, and talk over the incidents of the war just ended. To try and appease the impatience of my heart (for the desired carriage from Mantua had not as yet made its appearance), my companions and I entered the café, then swarming with officers of both armies. It was painful to see that the rough lesson which the Austrians had so recently received had not taught them moderation. They are always the same: overbearing towards the feeble, insolent when danger has ceased.

The bell of Le Grazie was already tolling out the Ave Maria of the evening, which, as Dante says, seems to weep over the bygone day; and yet no news had come from Mantua. My anxiety increased with every moment; for, knowing by experience what

the Austrian police are, I feared that poor Tognass had got into some scrape. We had scarcely reached the hall, however, when a rattling was heard on the *stradone* which we had just driven over. I was standing at the door of the mansion when I saw the carriage enter the court-yard, and heard two well-known voices exclaiming, with a broken accent, "Where is our Carlo?" It was the voice of my old parents, whom I had not seen since the 2nd of April, 1848. I darted out, and in another moment was in their arms.

I will not revert to the incidents of the two delicious days I passed with my mother and father at Rivalta. These are joys which it would be a profanation to divulge; they must be religiously kept within the sanctuary of the heart.

On the following Wednesday came the sad hour of farewell. I went to join my brother at Garibaldi's head-quarters, and my old parents returned to their desolate home, to experience new and yet more trying misfortunes. Two months after, my mother—a lady of sixty-five—was arrested in her own house, and conveyed to a prison appropriated to women of bad character, because she had attended a funeral mass in honour of those brave ones who fell at San Martino. Such are the excesses of Austrian rule—such the crimes which render any compromise between the cause of the Kaiser and that of Italy a matter of absolute impossibility.

CHAPTER XV.

LOVERE AND BRESCIA.

Garibaldi's Campaign in the Valtellina—Colonel Medici's Operations—Opinion of the Croats on Garibaldi—Lovere—Political Discussions of the Garibaldians—Anglomania—A Foreign Colony—A Messenger of Victor Emmanuel—French Intrigues—A Change in Public Opinion—English Tourists—Life at Brescia—Ancient and Mediæval Associations with the City—Tartaglia—Pius IX.'s Pastoral—Funeral Mass in Honour of Charles Albert—The Duomo Vecchio—Demoralizing Influence of Papal Rome—Hope of a better Future.

THE presence of an Austrian *corps d'armée* in the Valtellina had, towards the middle of June, obliged Generals Cialdini and Garibaldi to march towards those mountain passes; for, had the ravines been forced by the enemy, the rear of the allied armies could easily have been threatened. Cialdini therefore occupied the valleys of Sabbia and Camonica, that he might watch the movements of the Austrians on that side. Garibaldi, as will be remembered, left Salò on the 20th of June. He followed the road to Bergamo, and then, marching on Leno, embarked his volunteers on the lake, and steamed up to Colico. On the evening of the 28th, he arrived at Sondrio, whence he marched on Tirano during the 30th. On the 2nd of July, one of the volunteer regiments, and the Genoese

Carabinieri under the command of Medici, halted at the edge of the valley in which Bormio stands, when they were told that the enemy occupied the position of Bagni Vecchi and Bagni Nuovi, about two miles from Bormio, and precisely at the first bridge and tunnel on the Stelvio road. Medici advanced on the town of Bormio in two columns, one of which proceeded along the high-road, the other through the meadows on the opposite side of the river, while a company was posted on the hills on each flank.

But at daybreak next morning, as Medici was preparing for the attack, he saw that the Austrians had retired across the ravine of Bagni Vecchi. They had also barricaded the tunnel of the Stelvio, and mined the bridge. As soon as Medici's columns were seen advancing into the sunshine of the plain out of the shadow of the mountain, the Austrians fired the bridge, and in a few minutes the mine exploded. The column of smoke and fire rising up from the dark ravine soon showed that the bridge was destroyed, and that there was no possibility of pushing forward in that direction. Medici, however, had turned the position, and occupied the house of Bagni Nuovi; and, nothing daunted, he proceeded to attack the Austrians. The positions held by the enemy were of difficult approach, as, from the road above Bagni Vecchi, they extended along a precipitous ravine, up the side of the mountain, to an altitude of about three hundred feet, and from eight hundred to a thousand yards distant from the Garibaldian line. A hot fire of rifles and mountain howitzers was kept up during the day, until at last the Genoese

Carabinieri, having been hurried up a goat-path on the mountain west of the river, opened a flank fire on the enemy, and completely silenced him.

During the night, the Austrians retired towards the Tyrol, where the brave Major Bixio would have followed them, had he not been ordered to halt. By an odd sort of logic, the Tyrol, being part of the German Confederation, was considered neutral ground, which yet could only be occupied by one of the belligerent armies (*i.e.*, the Austrian) without violating the neutrality.

From the beginning of July to the peace of Villafranca, the campaign of the Garibaldians in the Valtellina was a succession of well-conducted operations, in which the famous leader showed his unrivalled experience and daring. Garibaldi was there in his true element. Those vast woods, those towering mountains, and the voices of those torrents, awakened in his mind the remembrance of his early exploits in South America. His officers and soldiers were there trained in that school which a year later enabled them to conquer the kingdom of Naples. In those daily engagements, Medici, Bixio, Cosenz, Corte, Sacchi, Chiassi, Missori, and many others, rehearsed the great drama which they were called upon to act during the following year at Calatafimi, Palermo, and Melazzo, and on the Volturno. The skill shown by Garibaldi and the Cacciatori delle Alpi during that campaign was so much appreciated by the enemy that, when Major Corte was sent to inform the Austrian General Huyn of the armistice concluded at Verona on the 7th of July, the latter cordially expressed his admiration.

The Austrian officers encamped on the Stelvio spoke of Garibaldi in the highest terms of praise, and thought him a truly wonderful man. As for the Croats, they very candidly said that he was the son of the devil.

The reader may easily divine the impression which the peace of Villafranca produced at Garibaldi's headquarters, which, since the 15th of July, had been established at Lovere, a small town upon the margin of the Lake of Iseo—the Lacus Savinus of the Romans. Lovere is one of the most picturesque spots in the mountain district of the Brescian provinces, and is well known as having been the residence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu towards the middle of the last century. The town may either be reached by the lake, or by the road from Bergamo to Trescorre. The arrangements made by the local communal authorities of Lombardy are so perfectly managed, that not only are the main roads kept in good order, but even the minor ones, called *comunali*, equal the best of any English county. Pebbles, small stones, and sand are there to be found in abundance; and, by pressing them together, a smooth and hard pavement is produced, which even the drenching rains of the spring, and the heavy snow of the winter, scarcely affect.

When I arrived at the town of Lovere (which is built on the side of the woody hills, and watered by numberless fountains), I found the Garibaldians so much exasperated that, had they been left to themselves, they would in all probability have marched at once into Venetia, and engaged in a hopeless and desperate struggle with the Austrians. The chief object of

my journey to Lovere was to discover what had become of my brother Giovanni, a courageous young fellow of five-and-twenty, who had flung away the gown of the *chierico* to join the lancers of Garibaldi at Rome. The best place to look for an Italian soldier in time of peace is the café. There I went, and there I found my brother, who had just been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant, and was commanding a company of youths. This singular corps of Garibaldians was formed of very young men, generally belonging to the best classes of Italian society. Every one of the band was a politician; and it sometimes happened that the common soldier was a better informed man than the epauletted commander.

When I entered the café at Lovere, a warm political discussion was going on, and the argument had reference to the probable policy under existing circumstances of the English Government.

“All our hopes,” said Captain Strambio, one of the best of Garibaldi’s officers, “are concentrated in England. If she abandons us, a revolution will soon break out, and, headed by the King and by Garibaldi, we shall soon show to Europe that Austrian Governments in Italy are henceforth impracticable.”

The proceedings of the English were sensibly discussed, and the speeches delivered by Lord John Russell after the fall of Lord Derby’s Administration were closely commented on. The conclusion drawn from them was that all would depend on the attitude of England in the contemplated Congress. A great many of the volunteers had long resided in this country as artists, literary men, or professors; conse-

quently, they were quite familiar with English politics, and with the names and actions of leading English statesmen. The café of Lovere had been turned into a regular assembly of politicians, where the great questions of the day were as freely discussed as they are in London. One of the orators had perfect faith in Lord Palmerston; another mentioned the name of Mr. Milner Gibson, and described to a little knot of listeners the cordial hospitality he had received at Wilton Crescent during his stay in England. Others, again, spoke highly of Mr. Layard, of Mr. Gladstone, and of various Liberal members of both Houses of Parliament. I need hardly add that Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bowyer were the black bears of the assembly. It was not surprising that, with the Anglomania then prevalent in Garibaldi's camp, the only Englishman who was amongst them should have become the lion of that singular corps. Captain Peard was often referred to, and his opinion accepted as that of a great authority. A few foreigners besides the English captain were at that time sojourning with the Garibaldians. Two rather eccentric young Frenchmen, dressed in a peculiar costume; five American citizens—of course the best soldiers in the world, in their own opinion—and a few Swiss, completed the foreign element of that gallant band.

When, early next morning, my brother took me to the head-quarters of Garibaldi, the General was not dressed in the costume with which English eyes have been made familiar, nor did he wear the Greek cap or the round hat with Puritan plume which the fancy of foreign painters generally ascribes to him.

He was clad in the Piedmontese uniform of his rank ; and the only difference between him and any other Piedmontese officer was in the colour of the cloth. The officers of his Staff, who are more like brothers than subordinates, were already at their work, in spite of the early hour. Whether in peace or in war, Garibaldi always gets up at dawn, and, if not prevented by duty, invariably goes to bed a little after sunset. During the summer, he never fails to take an hour's nap in the course of the day, to strengthen him for his remaining work.

On entering the room, I saw him sitting at a small table, examining a map spread before him. His intelligent and benevolent face—still young, in spite of the excitement of his hard life—was at that time saddened by the recent turn of events. In speaking of Villafranca, a tone of irritation was observable in his voice, generally clear and ringing as a bell. He did not despair, however ; for Garibaldi never doubts the future of his country. On hearing the news of the peace, he went to Victor Emmanuel's headquarters, in order to give up his commission, and those of all the officers of his corps ; but his Majesty would not accept them. "Italy still requires the legions you command," answered the King ; "you must remain." And Garibaldi remained.

At the time of my arrival at Lovere, Senator Plezza had been chosen by Victor Emmanuel as his confidential messenger to Garibaldi. The question of Central Italy was then unfolding itself ; for not one of its populations was disposed to take back the runaway princes who had fought in the enemy's ranks at Sol-

ferino, and were still intriguing, either at Vienna or Zurich, against the Provisional Governments of the Duchies and the Legations. The solution of the various difficulties arising out of the new conditions depended chiefly on what was expected to happen in those parts of the Italian Peninsula. It was known that the more or less disguised enemies of Italy hoped to triumph there; for, on the one hand, they knew that the Pope and Cardinals were not to be easily dealt with, and, on the other, although they had already anticipated the probable result of the vote of annexation to Piedmont in Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and the Legations, they seemed confident that France, Austria, and Russia would never sanction it. There was a still greater danger to avoid. It may be that both the French Emperor and his cousin were strangers to the intrigues which at that time were going on in Central Italy, to uphold the candidature of Prince Napoleon for the throne of a new Etrurian kingdom. It is certain, however, that, if Canrobert's corps had marched into Tuscany, as it was expected to do, it would have been received with a cry of "Long live Prince Napoleon, our King!"—a cry got up by a few unprincipled agents, who were dazzled by Bonapartist power. To check the progress of this danger, Senator Plezza was sent to Garibaldi with the object of inducing him to accept the command of the Tuscan army, which General Ulloa (who is accused of being one of the greatest supporters of Prince Napoleon) had completely disorganized.

"We do not want the Austrian princes to come back," said Captain Origoni to me, on leaving Gari-

baldi's head-quarters; "and for the same reason we are not disposed to accept a French prince. It would be falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. We want to carry out the programme of Victor Emmanuel, which is also that of Garibaldi; we want to unite Italy from the Alps to the Isonzo."

Captain Origi and other Garibaldians told me that the General and Senator Plezza were then arranging the details of the march which the volunteers were to make from the Alps to the Apennines—from Northern to Central Italy. They were already gathering in Romagna and in the Duchies, to the number of about 40,000; and it was therefore necessary to give them a leader who could organize their ranks, and thus secure the independence of that part of the Peninsula, which the scanty division of Mezzacapo and the small Tuscan army could hardly have protected, had the Papal mercenaries attempted a sudden invasion.

Having returned on the following morning to Brescia, I found that the disappointment and exasperation which I had noticed a few days before on my way back from Rivalta were greatly modified. The anger of the Brescians with respect to the French Emperor had yielded to a calmer and more reasonable tone; their long-cherished hopes had again revived. "Happen what may," remarked Count Ugoni, on my appearing at the casino, or club, "the principle of non-intervention has been stipulated for, and we are now left to ourselves. We shall arrange our affairs, once for all, according to the interests of our country." Count Ugoni, who in 1822 was condemned to death by the Austrian Government, was one of the leading

men of Brescian political society; and his opinions may be taken as a fair standard of those of his countrymen generally. I saw at once that, though the prestige of Louis Napoleon was no longer what it had been, at any rate the epithets that were applied to him after Villafranca in every Italian community were dropped, as if a sort of truce had been agreed upon between the deceivers and the deceived. The causes of this sudden change were various. It was partly owing to the uncertainty which then prevailed as to the details of the Villafranca bargain; partly to a rumour to the effect that when in Milan the Emperor had assured Count Arese—an intimate friend of his—that the main points of the peace were quite in accordance with the wishes of the Lombardo-Venetians. French officers of every rank were besides assuring the Brescians that their brethren of the Venetian kingdom would not be left under the galling yoke of Austrian domination. The Lombards were thus allured by new hopes, and they awaited with some confidence the result of the Zurich Conference, or, as they said, the still more important European Congress, which (happily enough) was never to be assembled. England, too, which was heartily abused only a month before, was then highly spoken of; and the English tourists passing through Brescia, on their way to Solferino and San Martino, were more than kindly received by those very Italians who, but a short time before, felt a sort of horror of every Jones or Brown who came in their way. These travellers were by no means rare at that time. At Solferino and at Desenzano I often met a host of them, and frequently

had occasion to see how delighted many of them were at being called "my lord" and "my lady" by the waiters and vetturini. Italians are very quick in discovering the foibles of other nations, and, without having read Thackeray, suspect that it is exceedingly agreeable to a Mrs. Thomson or a Miss Green to be turned into a patrician. In some of the parties I met, the gentlemen were loaded with all sorts of projectiles and arms, which they had bought from the peasants on the battle-field of Solferino; the ladies being apparently contented with collecting stones, flowers, and even branches of slender trees, in commemoration of the places they had visited.

It was curious to hear the politicians of the Bottegone of Brescia foreshadowing the conduct of the English plenipotentiary at the anticipated Congress.

"The influence which England must exercise in the forthcoming diplomatic meeting," exclaimed Count Bargnani, "is very great, and I am certain that Lord John Russell will succeed in persuading Austria to leave the Italians to themselves."

"Lord Bright and Sir Gladstone," said another politician, whose familiarity with English titles was evidently not very great, "will support us; and they are not men to be imposed upon by either Sir Disraeli or Lord Bowyer."

"Speak of France, and not of Buonaparte," cried a third statesman of the Café della Rossa; "there is a great distinction to be made between Louis Napoleon and the generous nation and army he rules and commands." It should be observed that the Italians never missed an opportunity of flattering the vanity

both of the French army and the French nation, more especially when French officers were within earshot. They acted like clever pupils of the great Florentine statesman of the sixteenth century. The Brescians were the first to vote an address to the French soldiers—an address which was thoroughly appreciated by them. It was a sensible document, and politely hinted that the Imperial army ought not to forget either the famous proclamation of Paris or that of Milan. In fact, all the means which could be brought to bear upon French vanity were employed by that sharp and intelligent population.

I remember that on one of those evenings, as I was standing at the café of the Piazza del Duomo, I heard an amusing conversation between a French Colonel and a Brescian lady, who, I think, was the Countess Riva Lecchi. The handsome Countess was lecturing the truculent French warrior with an ease which was indeed delightful. She was telling him some very harsh truths, yet in so amicable and witty a manner that there was no room for getting angry. When she had exhausted all other arguments, she said, accompanying the words with a graceful movement of her head:—"At any rate, if what they say of the causes which have determined your Empèrор to propose the peace be true, it will be the first time in history that France has been frightened by Europe."

The pill was a bitter one to swallow; but the gallant Colonel did so with the best air he could assume, and hastened to answer:—"You are quite right, madame; and for that reason I cannot believe

that the Emperor could have humiliated her to such a degree."

There are perhaps few towns in Italy in which the summer and autumn can be more thoroughly enjoyed than at Brescia. The city itself is one of the cleanest of Lombardy; for it is provided with so large a number of fountains, that there is plenty of water to wash the streets and houses. During the heat of the day, the people keep quietly at home, enjoying the freshness of their lofty and well-aired rooms; but when the evening, or, as the Brescians say, the *bass'ora* comes—when the harmonious bells have chimed the "Ave Maria"—the workmen leave their shops, and the *beau monde* their palaces. The former go to the *osterie* beyond the town gates, to play at *mora*; the latter make their appearance at the Café della Rossa, at the Bottegone, or at the more fashionable houses of the Piazza del Duomo. The *conversazioni* then begin, and are protracted to a late hour of the night. In July there is a celebrated fair, which lasts more than a month. This also is the season for the opera, which generally ranks in excellence with that of La Scala at Milan, and with those of the other principal theatres of Italy.

During the autumn, life is still more pleasant. Brescia is situated at the foot of a charming cluster of hills, often mentioned in the verses of Catullus, together with the river Mela. All along the ridge of these hills, which are called *ronchi*, some very beautiful and even splendid villas have been built; several of them belonging to the nobility of the city, and dating as far back as the golden times of the Most

Serene Republic of Venice, to which Brescia was once subject; others occupied by rich merchants or *possidenti*, whose residences are designated by the humbler appellation of *casini*.

At the hour when the setting sun lights up the magnificent range of palaces, or flushes with its purple rays the gentle slope on which stand the remains of Vespasian's Temple, the Brescians hasten to the hills to enjoy the fresh air under the delicious *pergole*, or sheltered walks, formed by the tendrils of the vines, twisted amongst the bended tops of the elm trees, or of the American acacias. It is there, seated upon the fresh benches of turf, that the Brescians pass their evenings, enjoying from the terraces of their suburban villas the panorama of the tranquil town below. With the exception of Naples and Genoa, nothing can be prettier than the appearance of Brescia on a fine moonlit autumn evening. The *ronchi* appear in a blaze of light; and the arching columns of the fountains reflect the gleams from the piazzas and the cafés, which give to them the appearance of streams of fire.

Historical recollections are not wanting in the noble city of Arnaldo, to give a completing charm to the physical beauty of the country and the climate. Putting on one side the Roman remains of the Temple of Vespasian, and the unrivalled Fame or Victory discovered in 1826—if possible superior to the Venus of Milo—there are many illustrious memories in connexion with the town, clustering more especially round the Duomo Vecchio, the Broletto, the Loggia of the Piazza Vecchia, and the Cigola Palace, in

the last-named of which, the brave and gentle Bayard—the "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*"—was nursed of his wounds "by the two fair daughters of the house, left at home in the Lord's keeping by the rich gentleman who had fled to a monastery," as we find stated in a chronicle of the times. Brescia is besides the birthplace of Tartaglia, or "the Stutterer," one of the greatest mathematicians of the sixteenth century. During the siege of the city in 1512, a poor woman with a child in her arms sought refuge in the baptistery of the cathedral, when a party of French soldiers forced the door, and cut up all the people they found in the church. The mother of Tartaglia was killed on the spot; but the child, although wounded in the head and about the lips, survived. He was brought up by the good people of the town, but could never speak fluently, and from that imperfection derived a nickname which was destined to become illustrious in the annals of science.

The reader must forgive me if I have been induced to dwell with too great prolixity upon the features and associations of Brescia; but the town is perhaps the most illustrious of the Lombard cities, and seems to demand more than a passing notice. Its energetic, fearless, and warm-hearted citizens have at all times taught their fellow-Italians to resist with gallantry both French and Austrian invaders. In 1512, Gaston de Foix had to fight hard to subdue the place, and only succeeded after losing the flower of French chivalry. To the stubborn resistance which the Austrians met with at Brescia in 1849, I have alluded in a former chapter. It was a fight of heroes, which,

whilst it added a splendid page to the local annals, cast an ineffaceable stain of cruelty on the name of General Haynau.

The Brescians have shown no less energy in resisting the excesses of the extreme party in the Catholic priesthood. On this double score they are the worthy descendants of the Martinengos, the Ugonis, and the Arnaldos. I still remember with what indignation that intelligent people perused the Encyclical letter read by Pius IX. in the famous Consistory held by him after the peace of Villafranca. In that document, his Holiness openly attacked Victor Emmanuel with a bitterness only worthy of the Vatican.

The newsboys—it seems as if their piercing voices were still ringing in my ears—cried out, “Here, for a *soldo*, you may read the Encyclical of the dearest friend of Austria.” The priests themselves—for the Brescian lower clergy are among the most patriotic of Italy—openly condemned the *factum* of his Holiness, which they said had been prompted by Cardinal Antonelli. The Bishop of Brescia, who, like his brother, Monsignor Speranza of Bergamo, belongs to the most decided and crafty of the Ultramontane party, did not, of course, share the liberal sentiments of his subordinates. To manifest his opposition to the National Government, this worthy prelate chose to forbid a funeral mass in honour of the memory of Charles Albert, which the people desired to celebrate in the Duomo Vecchio. A priestly conspiracy was, in fact, got up against the popular party; but the determined attitude of the lower clergy thwarted the episcopal

designs. The funeral mass was therefore, in the end, celebrated with great splendour.

Both for its antiquity and its curious construction, the Duomo Vecchio ranks among the most remarkable monuments of Italy, and is an instance of the preference given by the Lombards to the round form of architecture. It was built between the years 660 and 673, by Marquardo and Frodoardo, two Lombard Counts, with the assistance of Grimbold, King of the Lombards. The walls of the church on the outside are divided, by well-modelled pillars, into twenty-four portions, surmounted by a brick frieze of the simplest and purest form. In the middle of the interior there is an insulated peristyle of eight piers, supporting elegant round arches, upon which stands the dome. In no European country is the art of decorating churches better understood or practised than in Italy. On the occasion to which I have just referred, the Duomo was richly ornamented with hangings of black velvet, embroidered with silver garlands of flowers, interwoven with branches of laurel and cypress. From the arches of the peristyle hung square silk banners, with the armorial bearings of the House of Savoy, and of all those Italian towns belonging to Piedmont. In the centre stood a coffin, erected on a tall scaffold, the whole covered with velvet drapery, embroidered with gold; around which, numberless wax-lights were burning in rich candelabra of the most exquisite workmanship. There was of course a great crowd of officials, both military and civil. General Saint-Frona, the ablest cavalry officer of the Sardinian army, and an intimate friend of Victor Emmanuel, was there, with

his Staff; and amongst the throng were a great number of Brescian ladies in black veils, which they possess the art of wearing most becomingly.

Those members of the Roman Catholic priesthood who boast of Ultramontanist views seem not to be aware of a striking fact, which is this:—The consequences of their intolerance, their declamation against Italy and its liberal institutions, tell more upon the religious feelings of the Italian people than all the Bibles and tracts that the Evangelical Association of England annually pours into the Peninsula. Owing to the absurd pretensions to universal dominion which Papal Rome arrogates to herself through the spiritual supremacy of her prelates, true faith has almost vanished from the cradle of the Catholic creed. There may be superstition amongst the Italian peasantry; but of pure religion there is but little. The thief who has made up his mind to break into the dwelling of his neighbour during the night, may light a taper or a lamp before the Madonna of the house, before venturing on his criminal errand; but, in spite of his devotion, he does not the less persist in his plundering purpose. I know well that of thieves and hypocrites there are plenty in other countries; but such a cynical mixture of religious ostentation and crime only exists amongst the Italian community. The main cause of this is want of education, without which the development of moral principles is impossible. It may seem, perhaps, a harsh judgment; but there can be no doubt that the undue influence of the Roman Catholic clergy has contributed to this deplorable result. Happily, however, there are still many good

priests in Italy. Hence the certainty that, with the spread of popular education, which liberal institutions will secure, even the lowest and most superstitious classes of Italians will in a short lapse of time be rescued from the degrading condition in which they have been purposely kept.

CHAPTER XVI.

MILAN AND COMO.

Entry of Victor Emmanuel into Milan—The King and a French General—Riches of Milan and Lombardy—Why Travellers' Bills are often overcharged in Italy: illustrative Anecdotes—Wealth of the Milanese Aristocracy—Provincial Nobility—Napoleon the Great and Prince Gonzaga—Picture by Paul Veronese in the London National Gallery—Consequences of Austrian Oppression—Moral Qualities of the Lombards—High Life at Milan—Democratic Habits—Easiness of Milanese Society—Ball at Count Taverna's Palace—Patriotism of the Milanese Women—Adele and Menico—Mischievous Influence of Foreign Rule—Independence of Milanese Character—A State Ball at the Royal Palace of Milan—A Milanese Diplomatist—Friends of Austria at the Ball—Amusements of the People—The Arena of Milan—Illumination of the Lake of Como.

ON the 10th of August, 1859, Victor Emmanuel made his solemn entry into the capital of Lombardy. Previous to that year, many centuries had elapsed since the people of Milan had greeted the arrival of a true Italian monarch in their city. After the battle of Magenta, the King passed a few days there; but the enthusiastic reception he met with on that occasion was to a certain extent shared with his powerful ally. Matters had now greatly changed. The peace of Villafranca, in the estimation of the Milanese, absolved them from the duty of un-

bounded gratitude towards the Emperor, and at the same time strengthened the ties which united them with the gallant Sovereign of their choice. I need not detail the decorations which were displayed by the Milanese on that bright August morning when the King presented himself to his new subjects, nor enlarge on the manifestations of joy which then had their full vent. All the hangings, floral decorations, flags, and illuminations, exhibited in the streets and piazzas two days after the battle of Magenta, were paraded again, and Milan looked its best.

The town was at that time occupied both by Italian and French troops. There was consequently much military display at the station when the King arrived. The French were under the command of Marshal Vaillant—a rough but excellent soldier, and a worthy man, who tried to live in harmony with the Milanese, and quite succeeded from first to last. Amongst the French Generals who had gone to the station to receive the King, was one who had recently arrived from France, and whom Victor Emmanuel knew whilst in Paris in 1856. On being presented to the Sardinian monarch, the French General hastened to compliment his Majesty, adding how sorry he was that he had been unable to take part in the glorious battles fought on the banks of the Sesia and the Ticino, and the fields of Solferino and San Martino.

“Ah! you are not satisfied, General? Neither am I,” abruptly answered Victor Emmanuel, as a hint to Marshal Vaillant that he was not altogether charmed with the hasty conclusion of peace.

Having mounted his horse, the King, followed by

his suite, rode down from Porta Nuova to the Royal Palace in the Piazza del Duomo, with that well-known good-humoured yet serious appearance which no portraits can faithfully convey. A week of festivals, illuminations, songs, and dances—a week of true, deep-felt joy—signalized the presence of the hero of Palestro in the Lombard capital. In proportion to its population, Milan is one of the richest cities of Europe. Though Italian industry throughout the greater part of the Peninsula is yet in its infancy, the Milanese and surrounding territories exhibit a high state of civilization. Silk, cotton, and woollen cloth manufactories are not wanting, and they equal all similar establishments, whether at Manchester or Lyons. The main arteries of the railways leading from Milan to France, to Switzerland, to Germany, and to the Mediterranean and Adriatic, open the way to foreign marts, and minor railways run through the country to facilitate the traffic of the provinces. The fertility of the land is so great, and its irrigation so well managed, that the agricultural productiveness of the province outstrips by far that of Belgium, or of any other country in Europe. The lowlands of Pavia, Codogno, Melegnano, and Lodi afford pasturages such as no country can boast; while, in the hilly districts,* the plantations of mulberry-trees, the vineyards, and the corn-fields secure an inexhaustible mine of riches to their proprietors. In the dairies of Lombardy is manufactured the far-famed cheese which—I do not know why—is exported to foreign markets under the appellation of Parmesan; and the profits of these dairies are a fortune. In the vicinity of Milan,

Count Annoni can reckon on an annual revenue of 2000*l.* from his dairy alone; and still more is derived from those of Lodi and Codogno. There are families in Milan whose income amounts to 40,000*l.* English, and even more—an enormous revenue, when it is considered that living is at least half as cheap in Lombardy as it is in Paris or London. Here perhaps some of my readers may exclaim—“This is an egregious mistake. I have been in Milan, at the Hôtel de la Ville, and my bill was as high as it would have been at the Clarendon or at Claridge’s.” That may be; but I beg to observe that English travellers are generally the most singular in Europe, and that they must be regarded as an exception to general rules. Having arrived in a town, or even at the miserable inn of a village, the first thing they think of is that they must have roast beef, with Lazenby’s sauce, and Fortnum and Mason’s delicacies. The ladies must eat grapes and peaches, even in the coldest winter; and pheasants and woodcocks can hardly be dispensed with. If a man has made up his mind to keep body and soul together only on such fare, of course he must pay for it. There is no doubt that in Italy, as well as in other countries, travellers, and more especially English travellers, are often imposed upon by avaricious innkeepers. But this is an evil which can be checked at once by refusing to pay, and by referring the matter to the competent authority. I remember that at Castiglione the keeper of the Gambaro hotel had the barefaced impudence to charge me for baiting my horses at the rate of twelve francs a day each, on the audacious pretence that

they had had eleven bushels of oats. Knowing very well that the stomachs of my horses were not made of gutta percha, I declined to pay, and referred the matter to the *deputato* of the place, who at once vindicated the reputation of the calumniated beasts, and decided in favour of my purse, so that the innkeeper only got a fourth part of the price he asked.

From animals to human beings. I know of an English gentleman who, being very fond of *beccafichi*, went to Vicenza in order to indulge his appetite, that being a renowned place for the delicacy in question. The innkeeper took advantage of the traveller, charging for the birds at the rate of ten francs a-piece. Although they were indeed excellent, the gentleman thought the price too high, and referred the matter to the police, who pronounced a similar judgment to that passed at Castiglione in the case of my horses. I have dwelt at some length on this matter, because I think it advisable to support with facts the principle that a traveller who allows himself to be cheated fully deserves it.

To return, however, to the point from which I digressed: there are families at Milan—such as the Visconti, Scotti, Poldi-Pezzoli, Busca, Ala-Ponzoni, Resini, Stampa-Soucino, Arconati-Visconti, Borromeo, Annoni, Brivio, Altona, and many others—who possess incomes which would not be despised by many English noblemen. There are other Dukes and Counts, who, although still rich, have greatly reduced revenues, partly owing to the political events of late years, partly to mismanagement of their property. Families with more than 5000*l.* a-year are to be num-

bered by hundreds, both amongst the nobility and the class of landed proprietors, bankers, and merchants. This fact explains the facility with which the Austrian Generals drew large sums of money from the Milanese without absolutely impoverishing them. Milan must indeed be rich, and its resources inexhaustible, if within the period of two centuries it could bear the brunt of Spanish, French, and Austrian domination.

In the other towns of Lombardy and Venetia, the case is altogether different. Since the Austrian occupation of 1814, the provincial nobility has been reduced almost to poverty. Even at Venice, the descendants of the Tiepolos, the Falieros, the Gradenigos, and of the Contarini degli Scrigni—so called because their lofty apartments were furnished with cabinets full of piled-up golden zecchini and crowns—do not know how to keep up the half-decayed palaces of their ancestors, when they still possess them. In the other cities—Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, and Cremona—there are very few patrician families who can uphold their illustrious names with the ancient splendour. When the Great Napoleon passed through Mantua, his first thought was to ask if there were any of the Gonzagas left. Being answered that there were several of them, he ordered the Prefect to inform Prince Charles, the chief of the house, that he should be glad to see him at his levee the next morning. An invitation was sent; but the poor Prince had not a decent coat to appear in. It was managed, however, in some way or other; and the descendant of the Lords of Mantua was enabled next morning to wait upon the Emperor in the hall of his ancestor's palace,

where his grandfather was born. The poor fellow (who, by the bye, was far from being a genius) acquitted himself so ill that Napoleon could not help coming to the conclusion that the race of the Gonzagas had undergone a great deterioration.

“Where are you living, Prince?” asked the Emperor of Gonzaga.

“In the village of Revere, Sire,” answered he.

“How many fires does Revere make?” inquired Napoleon, using a familiar Italian phrase, which means—how many people are there in the place? The poor Prince, understanding the question too literally, stammered out—“Well, your Majesty, the fires vary according to the winters.”

The answer was sufficient to enable Napoleon to judge the kind of man he had before him, and he dismissed the Prince abruptly, saying to the Prefect—“The fellow is a goose; I can do nothing with him. Let him have a pension, however, that he may not starve.”

In Lombardy and Venetia there are instances of families who have the right of disposing of livings, founded by their ancestors, for abbots, canons, and rectors, which in many cases amount to a fair annual income, while they themselves are obliged to live upon a crust. From this circumstance arises the necessity of selling to strangers the precious relics of feudal ages, and of parting with the objects of art amassed by their forefathers. No doubt there are some patricians who would sell anything for which they could find purchasers; but these are few, and the Italians do not conceal their indignation when such facts occur.

When, six years ago, the descendant of Vittore Pisani—a man of large property—was unable to resist the temptation of an almost fabulous price offered him for the famous picture of Paul Veronese which now adorns the National Gallery of London, a cry of wrath was raised throughout Venice. So great indeed was the indignation of the Venetians, that Pisani did not dare for many months to show himself in a public place.

It would be unfair to ascribe the ruin of the Lombardo-Venetian nobility exclusively to the foreign Governments which, since the disappearance of their mediæval Princes, have ruled the country. Ignorance, mismanagement, and foolish prodigality have undoubtedly had their share in hastening the event. Still, it is very certain that political persecutions, exorbitant taxation, and official and semi-official rapacity of all sorts have been the main causes of this unhappy result. Nor is the condition of the lower classes more prosperous. The system of oppression which Austria is compelled to enforce—the large demands of the State, which swallow up full half of the land revenue—the depredations of her half-barbarian soldiery, and the total disappearance of commerce and industry—have dried up the resources of a country which may be reckoned amongst the most fertile in the world. Official statisticians may say what they will; the Minister Plener may heap up fine arithmetical figures, to make out an apparently satisfactory case; but it is only necessary to cross the Mincio, and visit the Venetian towns, to ascertain the poverty of the population. How different is the condition of Milan,

whose commerce and industry have nearly doubled since June, 1859! The effeminacy so bitterly imputed by Foscolo to the Milanese at the beginning of the present century, disappeared during the political struggles against Austria which have taken place since 1815; and now that the blessings of a National Government are again felt, the citizens of Milan have shown themselves in every way worthy of the boon. Most of the Lombard members of the Italian Parliament are thoroughly practical men, who have proved how fit they are for the highest political combinations. The people of Lombardy are besides excellent soldiers, the northern element in their race having given bone and muscle to the softer and more luxurious southern nature. In private life, their character is full of charm; for the Milanese, even of the humblest class, never fails to be affable and good-humoured.

Although Milan, to a certain extent, lost its importance when it became a provincial town, social intercourse has not diminished. The men of the fashionable world meet at the Cafés Martini and Cova, or at the elegant club of the Giardino. The foreigner who has an opportunity of being introduced to that club, or of making the acquaintance of the *habitués* of Martini, will find there men of great wit and personal attainments, such as Luigi Bertoglio, the Visconti-Venostas, the Broglios, the Bassanos, and the Sorenas, who can talk fluently in French, and some in English, on whatever subject may arise. He will be charmed by the conversation of the Missoris, the Restas, the Greppis, the Carissimi's, the Arconatis, and

many others. In those meetings, no distinction of class or of religious creed is to be traced. When a man is well educated, he is received everywhere, no matter whether he be a nobleman, a banker, or an artist, a Jew or a Turk. The noblest, though rich and possessed of some influence, are not so exclusive as those of Genoa and Turin. The "Ciao," the most familiar form of friendly salutation, is freely exchanged between a Duke and a *bourgeois*, and titles are generally dropped in the daily intercourse of Milanese society. The humblest gentleman does not address a Duke, a Marquis, or a Count by his title, but by his name, as "Litta," "Borromeo," or "Archinto." Even ladies are addressed in the same familiar fashion. Some of them, owing either to their remarkable beauty or their grace, are designated by nicknames. Let any one enter the theatre of La Scala, or join some fashionable party, and let him ask the names of the handsomest ladies there, and he will doubtless be answered that one is called "the Sublime," another "the Divine"—one "the Lily," another "the Polar Star."

The consequence of these almost democratic habits is, that Milanese society is singularly pleasing and easy. Not only are the boxes of the theatres during the opera or the comedy crowded by visitors who go to pay their respects to the ladies, but the drawing-rooms of Countesses and Marchionesses are thrown open to every gentleman of character, whether native or foreign. The stiffness and formality generally traceable in the receptions of other countries are not noticeable in Italy. Italians understand society better. Parties are given by them for pleasure, not for vain

ostentation and show. Any educated foreigner who may visit Milan during the winter or spring will not be at a loss (provided he has procured a letter of introduction to some lady or gentleman of the place) how to spend his evenings in a very agreeable manner. When he is tired of La Scala or of the Ré—the two most fashionable theatres of the city—or when the club or the café gets dull, he can join the *conversazione* of Countess Maffei, of Donna Augusta Picinini, or of any other lady to whom he may be known. There is no difficulty in getting introductions, for even the formal morning call is not required. Once introduced by a friend, he may drop in at a party where every one of the guests may be strangers to him, and he will always meet with a simple, warm-hearted reception.

I remember that two days after the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Milan, Count Taverna gave a ball in his splendid palace of Monte Napoleone. I did not know the Count personally, nor did an English friend of mine, Mr. Percy French, who was then passing through Milan on his way to Naples, where he had been appointed *attaché* to her Majesty's Legation. We were sitting at the Café Martini, enjoying a maraschino ice, when Count Guiseppe Greppi asked us if we intended to go to the ball. On my answering that I had not the honour of being acquainted either with the Count or Countess, he replied, "Never mind; you must come, and I will introduce you to the Countess, who is a sister of mine." On returning to our hotel, my friend and I found that an invitation from the Countess Taverna was awaiting us. We therefore

went to the ball, which was one of the most sumptuous and elegant I have ever attended. No one knows better than an Italian nobleman how to get up this sort of entertainment. The grandeur of the palaces occupied by the aristocracy, the richness of the old furniture, the profusion of flowers, and, above all, the beauty of the ladies, give to Italian balls an indescribable enchantment. It is there that the visitor meets the true Lombard type of feminine beauty, fair and gentle, though still of a southern character. He will there behold faces which will explain to the foreigner how Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Luini were enabled to paint their immortal Madonnas. The Milanese ladies possess, moreover, the secret of dressing in a thoroughly artistic manner, for which they were renowned even in the Middle Ages. It is from the Milanese dressmakers that the English word "milliner" is derived; and in the same way the expression "mantua-makers" was suggested by those who, during the reign of Henry VIII., emigrated from Mantua—where the Gonzaga's court was then the most elegant in Europe—and settled in London.

It is generally supposed in foreign countries that Italian ladies, for the most part, are fonder of poetry, music, and the arts, than of more serious matters. This may be; and, for myself, I prefer to see women applying their intelligence to the graces of life rather than to politics. Nevertheless, the new institutions of Italy are a subject of deep interest to the women of that land. At Count Taverna's ball, and afterwards in the *salon* of the Countess Clarina Maffei, I

was greatly pleased to find that the Milanese ladies know how to turn their conversation to the profit of the national cause. I remember hearing at Milan two young and handsome sisters, of the name of Viola, explaining the difficulties of the Neapolitan question with so much clearness and precision, that their arguments would have done honour to experienced politicians of the other sex. Italian *finesse*—that natural gift of the countrywomen of Machiavelli—was constantly brought to bear upon the young men present at those parties; and it is no wonder if, inspired by the eloquence of such lovely patriots, they hastened to the defence of their country. Italian ladies have been among the first conspirators against Austrian tyranny, and they will henceforth be the teachers of national virtue. When the first cry of war was heard in 1859, there was not a woman in Lombardy and Venetia, no matter to what class she belonged, who would have allowed a young man to court her had he not hastened to Piedmont, and joined either Garibaldi's corps or the regular army. In a village of Brianza, a young couple, who loved each other tenderly, had fixed the day of their marriage, which was to take place in May. But the volunteer movement had begun, and almost all the Lombard youths had left their homes at Garibaldi's call. The friends of Menico (such was the young man's name) left the village, one after another, humming the then famous song—

Addio, mia bella, addio !
 L'armata se ne va,
 Se non partissi anch' io
 Sarebbe una viltà.

Adele, the betrothed of Menico, at first could not bear to hear him say that honour and duty suggested a momentary separation; she loved him too much. One evening, however, she summoned up all her courage, and said to her betrothed, "Go, fight, and return!" Alas! poor Menico never came back; his bones are now lying in that vast grave on the hill of San Fermo. Adele is still living; but the widow's crape has not as yet been dismissed, and perhaps never will be.

There was a time when the Lombards cared for nothing but their succulent *risottos* and their operas. Demoralized as they had been by the long and oppressive sway of the Spaniards, and by the inroads of the French, they turned all the gifts of their nature into ministrants to idleness and sensuality, embodying their aspirations in the well-known Milanese rhyme, "Viva Francia! viva Spagna!—basta che se magna." ("Long live France! long live Spain!—provided we may eat.") But those days have fortunately gone by. Austrian tyranny has at least done one service to the Lombards, since it has awakened them to a sense of dignity and freedom, by the very bitterness of its oppression. Self-reliance has now become one of the most striking features of the Milanese character; and the courage to stand erect in the face of power is found in all ranks of life. In proof of this assertion, I will relate two anecdotes.

In 1857, the Marquis Poldi-Pezzoli—a great supporter of Italian art—decorated his palace with the utmost taste and magnificence, a sum of 4000*l.* being allotted to the furniture of the chief bed-room alone.

Prince Maximilian, then Austrian Lieutenant of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, one day sent his chamberlain to the Marquis, to ask leave to visit the palace, of which he had heard so much. The day and hour were appointed, and the Prince was exact to his time. On arriving at the Marquis's palace, the Austrian Archduke and his followers found all the doors open, and steward and servants in attendance; but the proprietor of the house had left word that he had quitted Milan that very morning "on pressing business!"

During the French occupation, at the time of the First Empire, a General sent one day for the famous bootmaker, Ronchetti, and desired him to make a pair of riding-boots. When the measuring was over, the General told his servant to bring a pair of old boots made in Paris, which he showed to the Milanese artisan. "You will not be able to make a pair of boots like those," said the French General; "they can only be got in Paris." With these words he dismissed Ronchetti. A few days later, the bootmaker was again ushered into the presence of his new customer, who, after trying on one boot, could not help admiring the exquisite workmanship. "But where is the other boot?" he asked. "Your Excellency may order it at Paris, for I shall not make it," was the blunt retort of Ronchetti.

Though respectful and courteous, the Milanese are totally free from those servile habits observable among the populations of the south. The title of "Excellency," and the endless list of degrading phrases commonly to be found on the lips of the Neapolitans, are of but occasional use in the Lombard towns. "Yes,

sir," and "No, sir," are the general forms of address, even amongst the servants of the most illustrious families.

But I must return to Victor Emmanuel, who had come back from his excursion in the Lombard provinces, to open the Royal residence of Milan to the select part of his newly-acquired subjects. That evening will not be soon forgotten by the Milanese. The grand State ball, attended by three thousand guests, was indeed a magnificent festival. At nine o'clock, the Royal Palace, which faces the northern side of the Cathedral, was thrown open. Though a modern building, it contains many valuable frescoes of the celebrated Appiani, Ayez, and Sabatelli. A few years ago, its spacious halls were richly decorated, by order of Prince Maximilian of Austria; and the splendour of the various apartments now rivals that of Buckingham Palace, or even that of the Tuileries, though the proportions are not on so vast a scale. The ball-room is a long, broad gallery, supported by caryatides, executed by the famous Parmesan artist, Celano. The large halls which lead into it are hung either with rich silk draperies of Osnago's Milanese manufactory, or with old tapestry from the cartoons of Raphael—a beautiful piece of workmanship of the sixteenth century, embroidered by the nuns of San Giorgio, in the vicinity of Mantua. The whole of this sumptuous edifice was brilliantly illuminated on the night of the Royal ball, and was filled with the flower of Lombard fashion and beauty. The great "lion" of the evening was Count Arese, who had just arrived from Paris, where he had been sent by Victor Emmanuel on a

special mission to the Emperor. Although the Count—an intimate friend and companion in exile of Louis Napoleon—was naturally silent upon the result of his mission, the cheerfulness of his countenance, which was shared by the King, led close observers to believe that he was the bearer of good news. This fact contributed to increase the gaiety of the party, in spite of some rather unpleasant incidents. Count Archinto (who is now dead) had the bad taste to go to the ball with the insignia of the Golden Fleece, which had been bestowed on him by the Austrian Emperor. There were several other “Austrianti,” or friends of Austria, among the guests; and these gentlemen were of course not strictly in harmony with the patriotic atmosphere of the palace. One of them, a Count B——, was pointed out to me by a fair Milanese lady as a frequent guest of General Gyulai and the Archduke Maximilian. “E un rinnegato,” added the lady, with a contemptuous sneer which it is impossible to describe. The fact was, that the Count was fonder of the French cooks whom the Austrian Prince and General possessed than of the Austrians themselves.

All classes of society partook of the festivity of those delightful days. The King’s ball was followed by official receptions and aristocratic banquets to the members of both Houses of Parliament, and those by the popular festivals. In Italy, that grade of human nature which M. Thiers was once unwise enough to designate under the spiteful appellation of “the vile multitude,” is never excluded from these national commemorations. A great popular festival in the

Arena was therefore organized on the 15th of August.

The Arena, or Amphitheatre, is a large building, erected at the beginning of the present century, to the left of the triumphal arch of the Piazza d'Armi. It is a vast enclosure, surrounded by ten rows of stone seats, capable of containing thirty thousand spectators, and is constructed on the model of the ancient Roman Coliseum. At one end are the *tane*, or dens, flanked by towers; at the other, a triumphal Doric gateway of granite, similar to the arch of Septimius Severus in the Eternal City. To the extreme left of the lesser diameter rises a portico of eight Corinthian columns of polished granite, called *Pulvinare*—the place assigned to the privileged portion of the spectators. On the occasion to which I am now alluding, the Arena of Milan was elegantly decorated with festoons of flowers, Venetian masts, and pennons floating from short flag-staffs, upon which were embroidered the numbers of the Italian and French regiments that had fought against Austria, and the names of the battles won in the recent campaign. French and Italian flags were hoisted in the centre of the Amphitheatre upon long poles, twined with laurel leaves, surrounding an elegant temple of fireworks. The Arena was crammed with people who had come there to cheer the King, and to amuse themselves. An ascent by M. Godard in his balloon—horse-races, chariot-races, performances of jesters, splendid fireworks, and fights of gladiators—were the entertainments offered by the town to the Milanese on that day. Except the fireworks, which were very fine, the other amusements were somewhat

shabby and poor; still, the general aspect of the Amphitheatre was really imposing. The famous salute which the Roman gladiators addressed to the Emperor before the commencement of the combat—"Ave Cæsar. Imperator! Morituri te salutant!"—would have been quite out of place in the Arena of Milan, and was consequently not to be heard; for not one of the gladiators had made up his mind to die. But the amplitude of the building, and the crowds that filled it, made a scene well worth witnessing. At six o'clock, the King appeared, and took his seat on the *Pulvinare*, together with Marshal Vaillant and the French and Sardinian Staff. Of course there were plenty of complimentary allusions to the French army and the Emperor; for it was the *fête*-day of "Saint Napoleon." An enormous gilt "N.," surmounted with an Imperial crown, dazzled the eyes of the spectators from the top of the triumphal Doric gateway. Under the letter was an inscription expressive of thanks to the Milanese ladies for the kind solicitude they had bestowed upon the wounded of the army. When the central temple was set on fire, the words "Viva Napoleone! Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!" appeared in a blaze of tri-coloured flames amidst the soft darkness of the fast-coming night.

Before bringing this chapter to a conclusion, I must beg the reader to follow me on a short excursion to Como—to fair "Comum," the beauty of whose far-famed lake was not unnoticed by the Greeks and Romans of old. The splendour of the scene which I was fortunate enough to witness on the night of the 16th of August cannot easily be reproduced in words.

The lake, the unbroken chain of the mountains, the succession of bays and gulfs formed by their jutting and retiring ridges, seemed like the apparition of another world, or some new garden of Armida, such as that described by the Italian poet. From the harbour of Como to the Punta of Tramezzo, and from that heavenly spot to the Pliniana, all the villas, villages, and hamlets which dot the two banks of the lake were delineated in coloured flames. A myriad of painted balloons were floating upon hundreds of boats, which ran from one point of the lake to another, converting the wide, flat waters into a sort of vast and fantastic ball-room; and music was not wanting to give a voice of harmony to all that grace and splendour. One might have fancied that the denizens of Olympus had met there to celebrate some festival of the old Pagan heaven; if, indeed, it did not rather suggest the Paradise that has been pictured in immortal words by the genius of Dante and of Milton. Let the reader animate the whole fairy scene with the gaiety and beauty of Italian women—let him imagine the harmony of their sweet songs, the thrill and glow of their enthusiasm—and he will perhaps be able to make some approach towards the reality of that entrancing night.

The ladies were almost all clad in dresses of white muslin, with their ebon or fair hair uncovered; and they were singing the melodious songs of their country. The goddesses of those villas—the Martinis, the Littas, the Viscontis, the San Severinos, the Alle-magnas, the Brivios, and hundreds of other Milanese beauties—were there in their light and elegant

boats, throwing blossoms upon the rippling waters of the lake, like the Hours painted by Guido. . Nothing that could allure the eye, the ear, the heart, or the imagination, was absent; and in the mere act of recalling the scene, I cannot but experience some faint renewal of the intoxication of delight which then enthralled my soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DUCHIES OF MODENA AND PARMA.

Treaty of Zurich—Claims to the Duchies of Parma and Modena of the dispossessed Princes—Cavour's Influence—His Villa at Leri—Deputation from Central Italy to Turin—Farini proclaimed Dictator of the Æmilia—His Political Life—His Influence as a Politician and as an Historian—Letter of Orsini to Cavour—Fatal Incident—Literary and Political Attainments of the Duke of Modena—Prisons at Modena—A Cruel Prison-keeper—Lord Normanby on Farini—Farini's Disinterestedness—Farini's Life in the Æmilia—His Secretaries—Modenese Society—Theatres, Cafés, and Apothecaries' Shops at Modena—Modenese Clergy—The Seminaries of Grafagnana—Trade in Masses—Secret Societies—The late Duke of Parma—His Government—Life of Colonel Anviti—Execution of an Innocent Man—Anviti recognised at the Parma Railway Station—Horrible Orgies of Blood—Exertions made by the Dictator to discover Anviti's Murderers—Want of civic Courage of the Parmesans—Bad Consequences of a bad Government—Garibaldi and Fanti in Central Italy—Deplorable Antagonism—Garibaldi resigns the command of the Tuscan Army—The "Pineta" of Ravenna—A sad Story—Garibaldi's Visit to the Grave of his Wife.

IN the month of September, 1859, the preliminaries of the peace entered into by the two Emperors at Villafranca were solemnly ratified by the Treaty of Zurich. Except Lombardy—the annexation of which to the Sardinian Kingdom had been sanctioned by the high contracting parties—the provinces of Italy which

had been freed from their petty tyrants, were, according to the stipulations of the Treaty, to be restored to them. A great principle, however, was sanctioned at that famous diplomatic meeting: viz., the principle of non-intervention. The restoration of the runaway Dukes and Duchesses, and the re-establishment of his Holiness's authority over the Legations, were only to take place with the concurrence of the populations, uninfluenced by the armed force of foreign powers. This was a great point, for it was the first time since the Middle Ages that the Italians had been really left to themselves. Before the events of the last war, the so-called Æmilian provinces were divided into the two small duchies of Parma and Modena, and a part of the Legations. The dynasty of the Bourbons of Parma had neither found a basis in the free choice of the people, nor derived strength from those historical traditions which connect the fate of a family with that of a nation. In 1718, by the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance between England, France, the German Empire, and the States General, the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were declared male fiefs of the Empire, in opposition to the claims of the Pope. Although the last Farnese—on whose family the dukedom had been bestowed by Paul III.—was still alive, the Emperor conferred the inheritance and investiture on Don Carlos, the son of Philip V. Don Carlos took possession of Parma in 1731; but, seven years later, by the Treaty of Vienna, the duchy fell to the share of Austria, which Power, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, transmitted it in 1748 to the Spanish Infante, Don Philip de Bourbon, and to his male de-

scendants, with a clause of reversibility. Occupied by the French armies in the wars of the Revolution, it became afterwards one of the dependencies of the Napoleonic Empire, under the denomination of the Department of the Taro. At the general peace, the duchy was disposed of in favour of the Empress Maria Louisa. In the treaty signed on the 10th of June, 1817, in Paris, the rights of the fourth branch of the House of Bourbon were, however, re-established in the way of reversibility, and this branch was called to succeed the Empress after her death. Charles II. took possession of the duchy in 1847; but, after the Revolution of 1848, he abdicated in favour of his son Charles III., who was stabbed in 1854—it is supposed by an outraged brother. To him succeeded his wife, the sister of the Count de Chambord, pretender to the throne of France. I need scarcely add that the government of these half Spanish, half Italian Bourbons was only maintained by Austrian bayonets. When this support failed, the whole edifice of tyranny tumbled into ruins.*

The claims of the Austrian Archduke Francis IV. to the duchy of Modena equally rested on the stipulations of the treaty of Paris, which recognised him as the heir—through the female line—of Ercole Rinaldo of Este, the last of that enlightened house whose court, during four centuries, was perhaps the most liberal of Italy. Both Francis IV. and his son, Francis V.—the present pretender to the throne of the Lilliputian State—governed the duchy in a

* See Appendix, No. I. .

manner little likely to secure the affection of their subjects. At the breaking out of the Italian war in 1859, the Duke left his dominions, taking with him his small army, and joined the Austrians, not on the field of battle, but in the safe stronghold of Mantua. This, however, did not prevent his so-called "rights," and those of the son of the Duchess of Parma, being solemnly recognised at Villafranca.

In the meanwhile, great political events were occurring. Farini had been appointed Dictator of Modena and Parma by the unanimous vote of the Chambers of those States. Lionetto Cipriani was governing the Legations with almost dictatorial powers; and Baron Ricasoli was enforcing, with the determination of his ancient Roman character, the unmistakable will of the Tuscans as manifested in their Assembly. The principle of Italian Unity, under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel, was thus established over a large part of the Peninsula.

Although the resignation of Count Cavour had thrown the Government of Sardinia into the somewhat less firm grasp of Rattazzi and La Marmora, the mover of the political machinery was still the great Italian statesman who had been forced by the unexpected peace to retire into private life. At his country seat of Leri, Count Cavour, though apparently occupied in the management of his own and his brother's estates, had as much to do as when his mind was officially engrossed with public affairs. From that spot, which stands in the vicinity of Livorno, close to the railway between Turin and Novara, Cavour pulled the strings, and prompted the parts of those who were acting, on

the different stages of Central Italy, the drama of their country's resurrection. It was there, amidst the tranquillity of his farm, that he received and answered daily the telegraphic messages or letters sent to him by Farini, Ricasoli, Cipriani, Pepoli, or Minghetti. Cavour had no secretary to help him; his surprising activity and energy sufficed for all he had to do. From his boyhood he had learnt the habit of working hard. Fond of farming, he got up at three o'clock in the morning, and thus found time both for duty and relaxation. In a few hours he would despatch his letters, and communicate with his lieutenants (for such, to a certain extent, were the rulers of Central Italy); after which he would receive his numerous guests, and attend to the business of his estates. Sir James Hudson—a man who has done more for the welfare of my country than any other foreign friend of Italy—was amongst the most assiduous visitors of Cavour: Commendatore Nigra, Castelli, and a few others, were almost daily guests at the Count's country seat. If the able and patriotic men who directed the helm of public affairs in Central Italy have deserved well of their country, I believe that they were partly indebted to the statesman who in his retirement was constantly watching and guiding the course of events. Not that I mean to disregard the great fact that the accomplishment of Italian independence in those quarters has been the result both of the wisdom of the people of Central Italy themselves, and of the ability of their immediate rulers. There is no doubt, however, that Cavour was the very soul of that orderly and determined move-

ment which has secured the desired end, and that it was mainly he who thwarted the intrigues of foreign potentates and diplomatists, such as the missions of Prince Poniatsky and M. de Rezié—two active agents of Louis Napoleon. Even the recommendation to carry out with the utmost energy the armaments of the Central Provinces, and to appoint Garibaldi commander of the Central Italian army, was partly his.

The hopes of the enemies of Italy chiefly rested on their expectation that the country would become a prey to anarchy. These hopes, however, were destroyed in the course of September. The deputations from the assemblies of Central Italy arrived at Turin during that month, and Victor Emmanuel conditionally accepted the offer of annexation to Piedmont which was made by them. At the same time, Garibaldi took the command of the army of Central Italy, and powerful forces were also being organized at Modena, Bologna, Parma, and Florence. The activity displayed by the rulers of those provinces secured in less than seven months a well-organized force of twenty-two regiments of infantry, eleven battalions of sharpshooters, fifteen batteries of artillery, and four regiments of cavalry.

Assisted by an intelligent officer (Colonel Frapoli), Farini was enabled to avail himself of the numerous emigrants from the Venetian provinces, who, with the volunteers pouring from all parts of Italy, formed the nucleus of a patriotic army. Farini is a native of the small village of Russi, in the province of Ravenna, and he has attracted the attention of his countrymen

from early youth. In 1831, when nineteen, he finished his studies at the University of Bologna, where he obtained his degree as a physician. But young Farini was too great a patriot to be satisfied with so peaceful a vocation. Brought up amidst the ardent youth of Romagna, he engaged in the conspiracies which characterized the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., and soon became one of the most prominent political leaders of the students of Bologna. Soon after the failure of the insurrectionary movement of 1831 (in which Louis Napoleon and his brother, who died at Forli, took part), a series of papal persecutions began. The friendly advice of Cardinal Amat—the Legate of Ravenna—induced Farini to seek refuge in France, and at a later period in Tuscany, where he awaited better times. Appointed physician to Prince Jerome Buonaparte's family, he devoted himself to the exercise of his profession, without, however, giving up his most cherished occupation—that of working for the political redemption of his country. Farini was travelling with the youngest of Jerome Buonaparte's sons, who died afterwards, when the election of Pius IX. took place. He did not avail himself of the amnesty granted by the Pontiff at once, but, after a few months, went to the Roman States, where he was appointed chief physician at Osimo. But the national movement, at that time instigated by one who seemed to be the most ardently patriotic Pope since Julius II., soon recalled the physician of Osimo to public life. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State by the Minister Recchi, and was shortly afterwards elected a member of the Roman

Parliament. He fulfilled several important and difficult missions with a courage and devotion rarely met with ; but the short and glorious struggle for Italian independence was soon brought to a close. Farini invariably declined to join the Republican Government ; still, on the return of Pio Nono from Gaeta, he thought it advisable to exile himself once more, and accordingly went to Turin.

Being an intimate friend of Massimo d'Azeglio, whose wise political opinions he shared, Farini gave evidence in the columns of *Il Risorgimento* that he was one of the ablest supporters of that policy which, considering that the fruition of Italian independence was but a question of time, had assumed as its principle, "Let the Italians concentrate the moral forces of the nation in Piedmont. Let them wait, and be ready for the commencement of the new struggle." This principle, which was destined to secure the success of the Italian cause, Farini upheld, both as a publicist and an historian, in his leading articles and in his work *Lo Stato Romano*. Count Cavour—then thought to be a reactionist—also belonged to the staff of the *Risorgimento*. He perceived that Farini was a remarkable man, and an intimate friendship was established between them. Through the influence of Cavour and Massimo d'Azeglio, Farini became an adopted subject of Piedmont, and a member of the Turinese Chamber of Deputies. Possessing considerable oratorical powers, he speedily took a position in that party which recognised Cavour as its leader. At the time of the Crimean war, he spoke so eloquently on the necessity of joining the Western Powers, that his

address greatly helped Cavour in securing a majority on that memorable division. From that moment, Farini became still more intimate with the Premier, and was indeed his fellow-labourer in the great political business of the State. The confidence which the Sardinian Minister placed in him was so great, that he was, perhaps, the only person permitted to open his confidential letters. With this fact is associated a sad incident, which I believe is quite unknown in England, and which is but seldom alluded to even in Italy.

The reader may remember that Felice Orsini, after his wonderful escape from the Austrian dungeon of Mantua, abandoned the political party which recognises for its leader Giuseppe Mazzini. A few months after the publication of his Memoirs, Orsini—as he stated himself in the course of his trial in Paris—addressed a letter to Count Cavour, explaining the motives which induced him to break with the party of action, and asking at the same time to be allowed to retire into Piedmont, where he thought he could render some useful services to the national cause. Orsini's letter was so full of noble sentiments, and he who had written it seemed so determined to adhere to the monarchical party, that Cavour could not help being favourably impressed. The day after this letter was received, Farini left his country-seat of Saluggia for Turin, to see Cavour on some business.

“Do you know Felice Orsini?” asked the Premier, as soon as Farini entered his room.

“Not personally; but I know many incidents of his adventurous life,” answered Farini.

“What sort of man is he?” asked Cavour. “It strikes me that there is something in him which might be made useful to the cause of our country.”

“Yes,” replied Farini; “Orsini is a man of great energy and honesty, as he proved in 1849, when he was sent to Ancona to put a stop to the political assassinations which had spread terror through that city.”

“Well,” resumed Cavour, “read this letter. I intend to answer it, and to grant the desired permission.”

Farini, however, did not at first share the opinion of the Premier on the main point; but it was ultimately agreed that a common friend should be asked to write to Orsini that his request would be granted at once. Farini took the letter with him, and called on Orsini's friend; but unfortunately he did not find him. On the same day he returned to Saluggia, carrying with him Orsini's letter, with the intention of leaving it when he should return to town. Engrossed as Farini was with public matters, the letter was forgotten till the sad tidings of the Rue Lepelletier tragedy came to remind him of his remissness. Had the letter been answered, there is no doubt that great crime would not have occurred, and a misguided patriot would have been spared to Italy.

The rare talent possessed by Cavour of selecting the right man for the right place led to his sending Farini to Modena, where the energy he exhibited after the Peace of Villafranca fully justified the confidence of his great chief. Simple in his domestic life,

amiable in his social intercourse, accessible to all, equally just to the poor and to the rich, yet rigid and inflexible in the fulfilment of his duties, Farini became the idol of the Æmilian population. When he arrived at Modena, he found that Lilliputian State still suffering from the effects of the lawless Government so eloquently denounced by Mr. Gladstone in the English Parliament; and it is impossible to do full justice to Farini without considering the condition of things with which he had to deal. I must here make a short digression, that I may give the reader some idea of the tendencies and designs of the last Modenese Duke, Francis V.

This Prince ruled a population of 600,676 souls for thirteen years; and I think it will not be without interest if I quote the substance of one of the numerous documents left by him in the archives of Modena. The original of this document I have read myself, and it was authenticated as being in the handwriting of his Highness. It bears the striking title of *A Political Essay on an Austro-Italian Confederation*. This, however, would scarcely convey the idea that the intention of Francis V. was to show how France could be conquered, and its present dynasty destroyed. "With the concurrence of a powerful English fleet," writes the author (I hope his Imperial Highness will have a long time to wait for such a concurrence), "we could easily land a powerful army on the banks of the Seine (!!!), carry the French capital elsewhere, and for ever destroy the influence of that infernal nation." It is not easy to make out what the writer really

meant when he wrote those words ; but by the Italian phrase, "Che la loro capitale venga trasportata altrove," the idea of "carrying Paris *elsewhere*" is fully conveyed. As far as the spelling goes, the essay of the Marquis of Normanby's friend leads one to suppose that he never opened an Italian dictionary. With such a headstrong man ruling a country despotically, it is not to be wondered at if the administration of the Duchy was in complete disorganization. Families were reduced to the utmost poverty, and plunged into grief, because their only supporters had been—contrary to the law of nations—forcibly compelled to follow the Duke and his army in their hasty retreat to Mantua, on the pretext that they were political offenders. No words can give an idea of the horrors of the prisons of Modena when I saw them, a few days after the arrival of Farini. Excepting the infamous dens of the Papal and Neapolitan States, there is nothing which can be compared with them. Although Farini's mind was naturally preoccupied with most important political questions, the greater part of these evils ceased in a few months. The different branches of the administration were improved, the prisons were cleaned, and the prisoners humanely treated.

At the beginning of October, I had an opportunity of hearing some details of the penitentiary system adopted by the Government of the Duke of Modena. My brother Giovanni, as I have already mentioned, had been appointed commander of a battalion of youths organized by Garibaldi at Lovere, and this battalion was then quartered at the Salicetta, a large building which, under Francis V., was used as a prison

for political and other offenders. Some of the men who, since the departure of the Duke, had been changed from keepers of the prisons of Salicetta into servants of the military barracks, told me that the bastinado and other cruelties were administered every day to the unfortunate prisoners. The chief keeper of the establishment was an Austrian sergeant, who was allowed to inflict the most shocking tortures, without interference from the superior authority. This man once nearly caused the death of a political prisoner by exposing him naked on a frosty winter day in the yard of the prison, and causing a bucket of cold water to be poured upon him every five minutes!

Farini and his family took up their quarters at the Ducal Palace (a fine building of the seventeenth century), where they received the Modenese society with genial courtesy. The Marquis of Normanby has thought proper to state, in a recent publication, that a Minister of the Duke of Modena has informed him, from his own knowledge, that all the Royal linen at the palace was appropriated. "As it was marked 'F.,' it would do as well for Farini as for Francesco." This statement is a fabrication of his Highness's Minister. I know myself, from unquestionable authority, that, soon after the arrival at Modena of the Provisional Commissioner of the King of Sardinia (Advocate Zini), an inventory of the Duke's private property was ordered to be made, and everything was entrusted to the care of a responsible inspector of the Ducal Palace. When, therefore, Farini arrived at Modena, the linen was under the care of this official, who certainly would not have allowed any one to carry

it away, under any pretext whatever. It is not for me to defend Farini's reputation, nor can I imagine that any one will readily believe that a Dictator who could have taken advantage of millions of francs would have been so mean as to appropriate to himself a quantity of linen. Lord Normanby has been at least unwise in bringing forward this accusation. If, as his lordship says, "Farini's notions of *meum* and *tuum* are somewhat confused," those of the Marquis's ducal friend are not altogether clear. When Francis V. left Modena on the 11th June, 1859, he took with him several valuable books, manuscripts, and medals, which he had no right to remove, as they were the property of the State. This act was made the subject of a judicial investigation before the Tribunal of Modena, as the reader will see by perusing the official document I publish in the Appendix of this work.

Those who make so preposterous a charge against Farini should be reminded that, after he resigned the dictatorship of the Æmilian provinces, he was as poor as when he assumed it. So moderate, indeed, was his income, that the Provisional Councils of those provinces offered him a splendid estate, and voted a round sum to secure to him and to his family a decent annual revenue. Both estate and money, however, were refused by Farini—by the man who is accused of the petty larceny of embezzling linen!

Actuated by the constant thought of uniting his country in one political body, Farini hastened the cohesion of the two minor Duchies of Parma and Modena, and assumed their dictatorship. This was the first step towards the League of the Central Italian Pro-

vinces, which was destined to prepare the absolute annexation of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations, to the already enlarged kingdom of Piedmont. In this task he was assisted by the leading men of the Liberal party, and by a great number of the nobility of Modena, Parma, and Bologna, the majority of whom have always been inspired by sentiments of ardent patriotism. Thus the Pepolis, the Ercolanis, the Tatinis, the Cantellis, the Sanvitalis, and the Fontanellis, held honorary offices in the several branches of the administration of the Æmilian Provinces. The *personnel* of Farini's Cabinet was composed of young and clever men belonging to distinguished families. Count Riccardi was the private secretary of the Dictator; and Count Bardesono—undoubtedly one of the most intelligent and best informed young men of Italy—had the direction of the Foreign Department of the State. To these, Farini added Cavaliere Visconti-Venosta, from Milan; Count Sormani-Moretti, from Reggio; Marquis Achille Rasponi, from Ravenna; and Signor Tacconi, from Bologna.

I know few towns in Italy more dull than Modena. Society there is none; for even the few aristocratic families who can afford the expense, are completely in the hands of the ignorant priesthood of the place, and to receive people is considered almost a sin. It is true that Modena possesses a fine theatre; but it is not frequented for the sake of the opera. Italians in general, and the Modenese in particular, go to the theatre to get rid of their time, to chat, or to transact business. The Beau Brummells flirt with the ladies in the boxes, talk scandal, or intrigue with

the prima donna or the ballet-dancers ; but no one pays much regard to the music. The most objectionable customs prevail, not only in the pit, but in the boxes ; and approval or disapproval of the actors is generally expressed in a manner quite unbecoming a respectable assembly. Those who are not regular *habitués* of the theatre repair to the apothecaries' shops, to the taverns, or to the cafés, to play at *briscola*, *tresette*, or *bazzica*. I sincerely hope that none of my readers may ever be driven to such despair as to think of committing suicide ; but, should such be the case, I strongly advise the sufferer to go to Modena. The café-keepers will most probably spare him the commission of that crime by poisoning him slowly with the beverage they sell under the name of coffee. From the Café Svizzero to the Nazionale, not one of those places can be approached by a gentleman without shuddering. Filth is to be found everywhere ; tumblers and cups are inlaid with the dirt of many years ; and the waiters are of a piece. In these hideous retreats, enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke proceeding from the most execrable cigars, &c., the Modenese, even of the best classes, usually spend the hours of the long winter season, without making the slightest remonstrance with the greasy, shabby, and often ragged proprietor who sits at the counter. "Alberghi," "osterie," and "bettole," or, in other words, inns and public-houses, though places of common resort for respectable merchants, have no better or cleaner accommodation. The apothecaries' shops are not quite so bad ; for smoking is seldom allowed there. The clergy of the town form the bulk

of the *habitués* of such places ; and the Italian priest has no liking for tobacco, except in the form of snuff.

I think I may fairly say that the most ignorant and bigoted priesthood of Italy is to be found in the provinces of the Modenese territory. The mountain districts of Grafagnana are a perfect nursery of ignorant ecclesiastics. In the whole district of Castel Nuovo, there is scarcely a family in which two clergymen are not to be found. Even the poorest peasant must needs have his *chierico*, who, when grown up, will be able to send home part of the profits he derives from his holy profession. Great sacrifices are sometimes made to secure his ecclesiastical education at the nearest seminary. For 10*l.* a year, board and instruction can be obtained ; the first more abundant than the second. This is cheap enough, and the money, if the *chierico* lives, is invested at a good profit. From Grafagnana, this ignorant priesthood inundates the other provinces of the duchy, and even the more remote parts of Italy. It is from this class of priests that the *pedagogi* and chaplains of the noble families of Southern Italy are drawn, together with that numberless host of wandering priests, who, having no fixed employment, swarm about the streets of Rome as beggars, or worse. These mendicant reverends keep body and soul together by selling miraculous Madonnas and indulgences, or by driving a trade in masses. It often occurs in Catholic countries that churches, either belonging to religious bodies or to rich families, possess a large amount of money left by dying individuals for masses to be performed for the repose of their souls ; and this money,

in many cases, attains the large sum of two or three thousand *scudi*. Fees for masses are eagerly sought after by errant priests as the best means of supporting themselves. Instances are not rare in which priests of this class succeed in getting two or three such fees a-day. To do this, they must either celebrate as many masses—a thing which is absolutely forbidden by the Catholic canons, except on Christmas-day—or pocket the money without saying the mass. Many instances occurred, after the suppression of the convents and other religious communities in Umbria and the Marches, in which, upon examining the accounts of those religious bodies, it was found that they had received money for an enormous amount of masses which they had not performed. The dead are thus cheated, to satisfy the wants and encourage the idleness of the priests.

With a few exceptions, both the regular and irregular clergy, headed by bishops, canons, and abbots, opposed the new Liberal Government of the country with all their power. The threat of excommunication was whispered in the confessional; absolution and sacraments were denied to dying men. With such elements Farini had to deal on the one hand, whilst, on the other, the remains of secret societies and organized bands of miscreants increased the difficulties of his position. The bad government of Francis V. at Modena, and the still worse rule of Charles III. at Parma, had had the effect of augmenting the secret societies, which to Italian imaginations appeared the more powerful as they were the more hidden. No honest man could justify the crime which put an end

to the life of the Duke of Parma; but the perversion of the moral sense which argues for the lawfulness of assassination is only one of the numerous misfortunes for which those Governments are responsible which first set the example of violating the moral law. On one occasion, the Duke decreed that all public demonstration of Liberal opinions should be punished by the bastinado in the public square—an infliction to which Italians prefer death. At another time, he published a law (March 10th, 1850), by which he ordained that, as several landowners were discharging their peasants because these did not share in the revolutionary ideas of their masters, no dismissal could take place without a previous law-suit before the tribunals. This famous decree contained threats against the Judges, and placed them under the supervision of the police. In one of these trials, the Judge having decided in favour of the landowner, the Duke cashiered the judgment, and ordered that the peasant should be allowed to remain.

Without dwelling on the notorious excesses of Charles III., the facts I have just quoted will give some idea of what his Government was. The agents he employed were the most cruel and disreputable men of the community. Colonel Anviti was one of these. After the restoration of the Duke in 1849, the Colonel became his intimate friend, and the most active instrument of those deeds which brought the Prince to his blood-stained grave. The bastinado was administered almost daily by his orders; and old men were sent to the Ergastolo, without trial, merely on the ground that they were Liberals. On more than

one occasion, Anviti rushed out of a café, and forced some citizen into a barber's shop, where his beard and moustache were shaved off; for large beards, in the opinion of Anviti, were a revolutionary manifestation. These acts of violence were multiplied to such an extent that in 1855 a pistol was discharged against Anviti whilst he was crossing the street of Santa Lucia. The supposed perpetrators of this attempt were condemned; and one of them (Andrea Carini) was shot, in spite of the recommendation to mercy presented to the Duchess by the President of the Military Commission before which Carini had been tried. The evidence at that shameful trial—which I had the opportunity of examining whilst at Parma—convinced me that there was not a shadow of legal proof; and the same opinion, I was told, was arrived at by the tribunal of Parma, to which Farini sent the papers.

One of the pretended accomplices of Carini was condemned to the galleys for life; the other to twenty years' penal servitude. Nor was this all. The attempt on Colonel Anviti's life had been perpetrated opposite a barber's shop kept by a man named Mauro Ferrari; and, in the early stage of the prosecution, the evidence of the barber went far to prove the innocence of Carini and his companions. In consequence of this, the poor man was arrested on a charge of wilfully concealing facts which were within his knowledge. Two days afterwards, the barber was found hanging from the iron bars of the prison window; and public opinion charged Colonel Anviti—I know not how truly—with having secretly ordered his death. Anviti therefore became an object of general execration. At the

commencement of the national movement, he sought refuge at a friend's house near Pesaro; but, unfortunately for him, he quitted that shelter, and on the 5th of October, 1859, though disguised in the dress of a farmer, he was recognised amongst the passengers in the Bologna train when on his way to Piacenza, his native city.

On that day I was at Modena, dining at a sort of club which had been organized by Farini's secretaries. A servant entered the room, and said that the chief of the Dictator's Cabinet desired Count Sormani, the secretary on duty, to go at once to the Palace, and to make himself ready for departure. Count Sormani left the table, but in less than half an hour returned, with a countenance which told us at once that he was the bearer of bad news.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Count Bardesono.

"A sad affair has happened," answered the young secretary. "At Parma our cause has been stained with blood: read this telegraphic message."

Bardesono took the paper, and read aloud:—"Colonel Anviti, the friend of Charles III., Duke of Parma, although disguised, was recognised at the station, whilst going to Piacenza. He was taken to the barracks of the Gendarmes; but the mob forced the guard, and barbarously massacred him. All attempts to save the man failed."

"What a misfortune!" exclaimed I. "All Europe will be horrified."

"Yes," added Signor Tacconi; "but let us hope that justice will be done."

“Arrivabene,” said Count Sormani, turning towards me, “I am going to Parma at once: will you come with me?”

I consented, and in a few minutes more a post-chaise was carrying us towards that city. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we alighted in the piazza of Parma. We went at once to see the Intendente, Cavaliere Cavallini; and from him we heard the details of Colonel Anviti's death. So deeply was the Intendente affected that he could hardly speak. He told us, however, that, as soon as the unfortunate man was recognised, an infuriated mob assembled round him. Colonel Doda and some gendarmes succeeded in taking him safely into the barracks of San Barnaba, at the risk of their own lives. The room where Anviti was locked up was a ground-floor room with a large window. A square oak table was fixed against the wall under it, and this was capacious enough to screen the body of a man from the eyes of those who might be in the barrack-yard. When the roar of the mob which surrounded the building was first heard by Colonel Anviti, the operation of searching his clothes was just going on. He instantly became aware of the dreadful fate which awaited him. A mortal pallor—as I was told by an eye-witness on the following day—overspread his face, and tears came into his eyes. The gendarmes had scarcely time to conceal him under the table when the gate of the barracks was forced, and a savage crowd entered the building, and began to search every corner and cranny with the eagerness of madmen. At first, the ground-floor room was unnoticed, and a faint

hope of saving the prisoner's life cheered the hearts of his guardians. But the mob knew too well that their victim could not have been removed from the barracks. The clothes of the prisoner were first discovered; then two men jumped into the room through the window, and Anviti was lost. In a trembling voice he begged for mercy; but mercy was not the feeling which at that moment animated those

—— children of the sun
With whom revenge is virtue.

Anviti was dragged from the room into the street, and, with nothing on but his under-clothes, he was thrown into the thick of the crowd. The gendarmes made every effort to protect him; but this was already beyond mortal power, and in a few minutes he was dead.

I will not dwell upon the details of the dreadful orgies which followed in the blood-stained streets of Parma on that fatal evening—orgies which can only be compared to the most horrible in the annals of "La Terreur." As Massimo D'Azeglio said, with the authority of his name, it was a crime which dishonoured the noble cause of Italy. But, thank God, it has been the last of its kind, and indeed the only one committed during the movements of 1859-60. Much has been said and written upon this lamentable event; but the responsibility mainly falls upon the Ducal Government, which provoked such murderous acts by a long course of oppression and cruelty.

As to Farini, I am convinced that he did his duty, under these painful circumstances. I was a witness of the exertions made by his Government to secure

the punishment of the guilty parties; and, although those exertions failed, the authorities were not to blame. Several proclamations, issued both by Farini and General Fanti, on that sad occasion, will be found in the Appendix to this work; and they prove that the rulers of the *Æmilia* did not forget the duty of denouncing the disgraceful crime. The adversaries of the Italian Liberal party—and foremost amongst them Lord Normanby—have not scrupled to tax Farini and his officials with culpable remissness in the matter. But how could more have been done in a city where the want of civic courage had gone so far that, in spite of the most energetic exertions, it was impossible to find a witness? Had all the detective police officers and all the lawyers of Europe been sent to Parma, I would have defied them to obtain the slightest evidence in the case. Both people and Judges were actuated by one thought, and one only—viz., the danger which would result to themselves from saying anything on such a subject; for there can be no doubt that any man giving testimony with reference to the deed would himself have been assassinated. There were Italians who would undoubtedly have felt the duty of running all risks; but these had not been present at the tragedy. I could mention a gentleman of Parma, whose name ranks amongst the best living English writers, and many others, who did all they could to assist the local authorities in their task. But their exertions broke ineffectually against the rock of civic cowardice.

A few days after the bloody scene I have just related, General Fanti assumed the command of the army

of the Central Italian League, Garibaldi being therefore placed under his orders. The patience of the latter had been sorely tried by the continued provocations of Monsignor de Merode's mercenaries; and he seemed desirous of putting a stop to the sufferings of the Papal populations by crossing the Tavollo, which was in those days the Rubicon dividing the territory of Liberal Italy from the States of his Holiness. As the desertion of the Swiss soldiers was increasing every day, Garibaldi, to facilitate his plan of invading the Papal States, addressed to them the following proclamation:—

“NOBLE SONS OF HELVETIA,—It is not the first time that your brothers have shed their blood in behalf of the Italian cause; as, unhappily, it is not the first time you have been seen to fight for the oppressors of Italy. Ten years ago, our young volunteers were taught by you how to use a musket and to march to battle.

“At Vicenza you formed the select legions of our army, and you then added new and well-deserved lustre to the proverbial bravery of Swiss warriors.

“Believe me, the Italians are decided to maintain the most complete order, and to keep strictly to the rules generally adopted in war. They have proved it during recent events. There has not been an example of an Austrian prisoner or wounded man not being religiously respected by us, whilst our enemies have at all times shot our prisoners, and massacred our unfortunate wounded.

“Yes! we will not lay aside the rules of common warfare; but if, instead of obtaining the accomplish-

GARIBALDI'S RESIGNATION.

ment of our rights, as we hope, our enemies unite themselves again to bring us back to a state of slavery—if the priests think to rule us as they did for so many centuries past—I cannot then say that a war of extermination, which will be our last resource, will not occur.

“We know that you have been deceived, and that you are still kept under the dishonoured flag of the priests by vain illusions. We also know that the Italian troops which are now at your side, instead of fighting against the sacred cause of their country, will turn their arms against you in the day of battle. Well, then, we hope that the gallant descendants of Morat's heroes will never stain their hands with the blood of a people who are defending the same cause which was defended by William Tell and your forefathers—the cause of the independence of the country.

“Gallant Swiss! instead of marching against us, we expect you to join our ranks. We shall be proud to have such fellow-warriors as you are in the approaching battles for liberty. Italy, then full of gratitude, will not fail to reward you, and your names shall be added to the sacred list of our liberators.

“G. GARIBALDI.”

“Rimini, 21st October, 1859.”

This plan, however, was frustrated by the course of events. The remonstrances of French diplomacy, and the deplorable antagonism which had arisen between Fanti and Garibaldi, induced the latter to resign. The withdrawal of such a man from the army was a fact which could not fail to excite feel-

ings of discontent. His *prestige* was so great, and his activity so wonderful, that his departure became the signal for disorder among the troops of Mezzacapo and Roselli's divisions, and among the volunteers then quartered at Bologna. A warm discussion had taken place between Garibaldi and Farini at the last-named place; but the disastrous consequences it might otherwise have had were fortunately averted by the patriotism of the great Italian leader. This discussion was the first cause of that dislike which Garibaldi yet feels for the late Dictator of the *Æmilia*—a dislike which the cession of Savoy and Nice was destined to embitter still more seven months later. There is no doubt that General Fanti offended the reasonable susceptibilities of the popular chieftain; for Brigadier Corte—then Garibaldi's head quartermaster at Rimini—came to the knowledge that confidential messages were sent to Generals Mezzacapo and Roselli, warning them not to execute the orders of Garibaldi, their immediate chief. This may have been a political necessity—the result of a conviction that, by pushing forward into the Marches and Umbria, Garibaldi would have jeopardized the vital interests of the nation. But, be that as it may, the honesty and dignity of Garibaldi could not fail to take offence; and he retired into private life, as he never hesitates to do when he thinks himself wronged, or called upon to sacrifice his pride to the welfare of his country. Garibaldi left Romagna for his Island of Caprera. Before, however, bidding farewell to his companions-in-arms, he had a sad duty to perform.

Along the shores of the Adriatic, from the Lamone

to Cervia, at a short distance from Ravenna—once the proud capital of the Western Empire, the seat of Gothic and Longobardic Kings, and the metropolis of Greek Exarchs—there lies a tract of land, twenty-five miles in length, and from one to three miles in breadth, which is covered by a thick forest of pine trees. This is the famous “Pineta,” the “Pinus Pinea” of the ancient Romans. No forest is more renowned for romantic and poetical associations: it has been alluded to by Dante, Boccaccio, Dryden, Byron, and Leigh Hunt; and one of its more shady alleys still retains the name of the “Vicolo del Poeta,” from a tradition that it is the spot where Dante, when a guest of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, loved to meditate on the conceptions of his *Divina Commedia*.

. In the middle of this forest, at a spot which slopes down towards the sea, on a scorching summer's day in 1849, a man of martial appearance, carrying on his shoulders the delicate body of a sickly, worn-out woman, approached the farm of the Marquis Guiccioli. That man was Garibaldi; the woman was Anita, his devoted wife, the faithful companion of his glorious exploits, and the tender mother of his children. After the fall of Rome, Garibaldi, having failed in an attempt to sail for Venice, was wrecked, with Anita and a few daring friends, on the shores of the Adriatic not far from Cervia. Saved by the devotion of the peasants, but principally by the intelligent and faithful help of a man of Comacchio, named Bonett, Garibaldi was able to reach Guiccioli's farm with his beloved burthen. Anita was on the eve of making him the father of a third child. She had gone through

all the hardships of a stormy voyage without a murmur; she had courageously walked through a part of the thick forest; but at last she fell to the ground, exhausted and heart-broken, and, on entering the Marquis Guiccioli's farm, she expired in the arms of her desolate husband.

At a mile from the farm, there is a solitary chapel; and Anita was buried within its precincts. Before leaving Ravenna in 1859, however, Garibaldi, accompanied by Madame Deideri, and by his children, Teresa and Menotti, hastened to that chapel, to behold once more the grave of his faithful companion. The twilight hour was spreading its soft shades through the alleys of the forest, as the hero trod the same paths he had trodden in 1849, when hunted by the Austrians like a wild beast. A priest was awaiting the party on the peristyle of the chapel, and by him they were conducted to the altar, near to which the humble tomb of Anita was to be seen, covered by a black drapery, adorned with wreaths of flowers freshly gathered. A mass was performed in the chapel; and the religious quiet was otherwise only broken by the sobs of Anita's mourners. What passed in the soul of the great warrior at that moment, may be imagined by those who have felt that there are tombs whose voice speaks to the heart many and many years after they have been closed. The tomb of Anita is one of these; and it was sorrowfully eloquent that day to those who stood beside it under the sad and silent shades of the Pineta.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROMAGNA.

Right of the Popes to the Legations—Laws and Law Courts—Monsignor Savelli, the Papal Legate at Macerata—Monsignor Bedini, Legate at Bologna—A Legate and an imprisoned Sculptor—The Vote of Annexation—Opposition of the Clergy—The Irishmen of Monsignor Bellà—Want of true Religion among the Romagnese—The famous Madonna of Rimini—Impossibility of Italy ever becoming a Protestant Country—A Protestant Missionary and a Capuchin Monk—Friendly Advice to the Protestant English Association—Secret Society of the “Sanfedisti”—The Assassinations of 1849 explained—Fearful Retributions—A Secret Society at Cesena—The Dominican Inquisition—The Mortara Case—Father Felletti’s Imprisonment—Anecdote of two Augustinian Friars—Beggars in Central Italy—Prisons of Rimini—Pius IX.’s Character—Society in Bologna—The Countess Tatini and other Bolognese Ladies—Their political Influence—Recent Changes.

THE chief question which agitates Italy in our days is undoubtedly the temporal power of the Pope. In my opinion, its importance outstrips by far the Austrian occupation of Venice, the solution of which will only be a question of time. A great many Catholics, both in England and elsewhere, are daily breaking a lance in support of the Roman court; but few appear to know how the provinces claimed by the Pope were added to the patrimony of St. Peter. These people would seem to be ignorant of the historical facts, which

settle the question by showing that the Legations, Umbria, and the Marches fell under the dominion of the Popes by purely secular agencies, and have often shared the vicissitudes of political events like other European States. During the whole of the Middle Ages, the Popes exercised no sovereignty over Romagna, which, like the rest of Italy, was divided into Republics or Principalities; but, in the fifteenth century, Cæsar Borgia—the worthy son of Alexander VI.—overthrew the Lords of Rimini, Forli, and Faenza, which provinces afterwards came into the possession of the Church by merely human instrumentality. Bologna was conquered by Julius II. from the Bentivoglio family; and Ferrara by Clement VIII., in the next century, from the House of Este, which had ruled it during four centuries. By the treaty of Tolentino, the Marches and the Legations were ceded by the Pope, and indeed formed part of the Cisalpine Republic, and afterwards of the kingdom of Italy, until 1815. But even before that treaty the Popes did not exercise uncontrolled sway over the towns of those provinces. Bologna was ruled by a Senate of forty members, chosen by the nobility and gentry of the country; and the other provinces in like manner preserved their political existence whilst grouping themselves beneath the same authority. The submission of that country to the Papal rule was therefore but the result of a contract between the Prince and his subjects.

How the Popes have dealt with the people who fell beneath their power, history shows but too clearly. From 1815 to 1859, French and Austrian

occupation only ceased at intervals; so that the sovereignty of his Holiness was to a certain extent merely nominal. The burden of maintaining the Austrian troops (for the French pay for themselves) fell heavily upon the Pope's subjects. As for the priests, a document which was discovered in the archives of Bologna in 1859, and which I have included in the Appendix, shows that they discharged their debt of gratitude with medals and holy books.

The victory of Magenta put a stop to this state of things, and the population of Romagna exercised an incontestable right in breaking a compact which the Popes on their side had so often infringed. And that the Romagnoli were earnestly desirous of getting rid of the Papal Government nobody can wonder, when it is remembered how they had been governed. A confused mass of old laws and edicts was enforced in place of the "Code Napoleon," which since the French occupation had been the law of the land. The Judges were either corrupt or powerless to check the influence of priests and *Monsignori*, their decisions being generally fettered by the Supreme Tribunal of the Roman "Ruota," so that even common cases were rarely decided before the lapse of many years. And over all this rotten system hung the mysterious and secret power of the Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, whose influence was felt not only in religious questions, but in every other, as that of the Council of Ten had been felt in the Republic of Venice. Under such a system, the man who had murdered or plundered another had nothing to fear from Papal justice if he were untarnished by liberal opinions, and were a firm adhe-

rent of the temporal power. But woe to the citizen who had the reputation of being well disposed towards the national party! Justice was denied him; any suit he might have in the law courts was thrown aside in some dusty corner, and the plaintiff might consider himself lucky if he were not sent to prison for having dared to defend his rights against a minion of the Legate, no matter whether priest or layman.

The miseries endured by the people of Romagna since the restoration of the Papal rule were not simply due to the bad laws which were in force, but were increased a hundredfold by the absolute power of the Legates who were sent to govern those provinces. Monsignor Savelli, the Legate at Macerata, had obtained the nickname of "the Corsican mad dog," for his eagerness in persecuting citizens suspected of liberal opinions. It was at Macerata that a wretched criminal, having been condemned to death, refused in his last moments to receive the ministers of the Catholic religion. Monsignor Savelli, hoping to bring the convict to a more religious frame of mind, went to see him in the "Confortatorio," and urged him to repent of his crime. The wretched man answered that he would confess and receive the communion if fifty *scudi* were given to his wife to support their children with. The Legate therefore sent for the woman, and handed over to her the sum asked for by her husband. Communion was then administered, and the next day the man was executed. His corpse was hardly buried before Monsignor Savelli sent for the wife, and demanded back the money, which he had given to her, as he said, only because he wanted her

husband to meet his death as a penitent and a good Catholic. When Gregory XVI. heard of the fact, he was so horrified that—to his credit be it said—he at once ordered the dismissal of Monsignor Savelli, and sent the unhappy widow two hundred *scudi*. Yet, in spite of this condemnation of the Legate's treachery, a Cardinal's hat was conferred upon Monsignor Savelli by the present Pope, and he was appointed President of the Consulta, which office he discharged till the end of 1859.

The government of Monsignor Bedini at Bologna was not more humane. On the restoration of the Papal authority in 1849, Monsignor Bedini took up his quarters at the Papal villa of San Michele in Bosco, not far from the city. The sister of the gardener was at that time betrothed to a young man of excellent conduct. Monsignor Bedini, however, took a fancy to the girl himself, and thought that the best means of succeeding in his object was to get rid of the bridegroom. This was easily done. In 1848, the young man had belonged to a battalion of volunteers, and had fought in the Venetian war against the Austrians. Monsignor therefore had him arrested on a charge of conspiring against the State. The women of Romagna, however, are endowed with great determination, and it is difficult to overcome them. Felicita, the betrothed girl, bravely resisted the advances of the Legate, and, apparently choosing death rather than dishonour, was found in her bed a corpse. After the scandal of this tragic episode, Monsignor Bedini was sent on a diplomatic mission to Brazil.

The new Legate was no better. During his govern-

ment, Pius IX. decided to visit Romagna, and was consequently expected at Bologna. The villa of San Michele in Bosco was prepared to receive his Holiness, and Monsignor gave orders to have it elegantly fitted up and adorned. At that time, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception had just been proclaimed. It was therefore necessary that the symbol of this new article of Catholic belief should be represented at the Papal villa. Monsignor deeply felt this duty. Time pressed; and being fond of money, he did not like to secure the services of a sculptor who would have asked a large sum to get the statue of the Madonna ready by the appointed day. The Legate then remembered that among the prisoners in the gaol of Bologna was a sculptor who had been condemned to several years' penal servitude for political offences. Monsignor thought that here was the very man he wanted. He consequently ordered that he should be brought into his presence, and told him that, if he felt disposed to make a statue of the Immaculate Conception, he would be pardoned on the arrival of the Pope. A man condemned to several years' imprisonment—especially when he is a prisoner of his Holiness—would make no matter what statue as the price of obtaining his liberty. The sculptor therefore set to work with great ardour, and on the eve of the arrival of Pius IX. in Bologna, the Madonna was finished. Whilst the work was going on, the poor artist was lodged at Villa San Michele, and therefore considered himself as already free. But what was his astonishment when he was told on the completion of his labours that he was to be taken back

to prison! This, he said, was not in accordance with the compact he had entered into with the Legate; but he was answered that his return to the gaol was a mere matter of form, in order that the Holy Father should not be deprived of the pleasure of granting the pardon himself. The poor man was therefore locked up again, and he would in all probability be there still, had not Bologna been happily freed from Legates and Cardinals in 1859.

The malappropriation of public money, the defiance of justice, and the remorseless persecutions for political offences, had gone so far in 1852, that more than once the Austrian Generals themselves did not hesitate to condemn openly* the conduct of the Legate. Such were the rulers of the Legations; such was the system adopted by Cardinals and other prelates under the paternal Government of the Popes! It may therefore be easily imagined how enthusiastically the inauguration of the National Government was received by the people of Romagna. In the town of Bologna alone, out of 29,011 persons inscribed on the electoral list, 21,896 voted for the annexation to Piedmont. At Forli, Faenza, Ferrara, Rimini, and other minor towns, the vote was almost unanimous, in spite of the intrigues of priests and reactionists. At Forli and Cesena, some of the wealthiest families—large landed proprietors, who own from 20,000 to 40,000 acres or more—threatened their peasants with eviction unless they abstained from voting. In vain! The peasantry went to the poll with the cry of “Long live Italy!—long live the King!” The clergy, however, maintained the most decided opposition, and refused to officiate at the

churches on Victor Emmanuel's fête-day, or on any other solemnity connected with the newly established Government. One day during my stay at Bologna, as I was passing before St. Peter's Church, the music which saluted my ear made me aware that a *funzione* was taking place inside. I therefore entered, and saw that it was a day of confirmation. When the confirmation was over, Cardinal Viale Prelà ascended the chair, and in a violent sermon told the children "that he had blessed and anointed them, in order that they might become the defenders of the Roman Catholic faith, and not the soldiers of the devil, or, in plainer words, the followers of those wicked people who, for robbing his Holiness of a large part of St. Peter's patrimony, were condemned by God to eternal damnation."

These were not the only means which the Cardinal resorted to, with a view to discredit the National Government. At the beginning of 1860, Professor Montanari, then Minister of Public Instruction at Bologna, was betrothed to a young lady of Meldola. The marriage-day was fixed, and the proper steps had been taken by him at the Archiepiscopal Curia of Bologna, to have the ceremony performed in the Church of St. Petronio. On the eve of the nuptials, an intimation was sent to the couple that, owing to Professor Montanari having incurred the excommunication of the Church, the marriage could not be blessed by a priest. Great was the alarm of the bride's parents; for they were strict and docile Catholics. Negotiations were opened with the Cardinal; but he was inexorable. Having failed in overcoming the obstinacy of the

Roman *porporato*, the Professor and his betrothed declared that they would be married by civil contract. This declaration had such an effect upon his Eminence that all opposition was discontinued, and the marriage was performed with the usual rites of the Roman Catholic religion.

This anecdote goes far to prove that Desmarais was not wrong when he said, "La Théocratie de Rome ne craint que ceux qui ne la craignent pas, et ne cède qu'à ceux qui ne veulent pas lui céder." In plain English, Cardinals and Bishops, however much they may swagger in the exercise of their authority, will not unfrequently give way when they find their arrogance treated with contemptuous indifference.

How singular and suggestive a spectacle was that presented to the traveller who chanced to pass through the smiling and fertile provinces of Romagna during the first few months of Italian independence! A numerous and intelligent population was there to be seen, animated by the most unmistakeable hatred of priestly government, yet still joining in the splendid and majestic rites of Roman Catholicism with a sort of mechanical eagerness. But this external manifestation of what a superficial observer would mistake for the deepest feeling of religion is in that country frequently the effect of habit, the resource of those who are in want of amusement. They kneel before their saints and their Madonnas; they follow the processions of monks and priests; they lick the steps of the altars with their tongues by way of humiliation; but when the Mass has been celebrated, when the benediction is over, they do not appear to be in any way impressed

with the moral teaching of their religion. I will relate a case in point.

Towards the end of October, 1859, I went to Rimini in expectation of warlike events which it had been said were to take place in the Marches. Besides the General-in-Chief, De Merode, the Court of Rome could reckon upon other Monsignori who were ready—at least, so they boasted—to brandish a sword against the enemies of the Church. The Legate of Pesaro, Monsignor Bellà, was foremost amongst these modern Hildebrands. His martial ardour was said to be so great, that he had ordered General Kalbermatter to attack the advanced post of the Æmilian army at La Cisa. Trusting in the newly-organized battalion of Irish volunteers, who, like their forefathers of the Kilkenny Yeomanry, “the terror of Buonaparte,” were much given to convivial meetings and to a great deal of vaunting, Monsignor made up his mind to reconquer the Legations. The Swiss General and the Irish heroes, however, thought it as well to keep quiet within the boundaries of the Tavollo, and I had therefore leisure to take an archæological walk through the streets of Rimini. Instead of riding through the promised field of battle, I visited the Cisterni Palace, where it is said Francesca was slain in the arms of Paolo, and in which was held the celebrated council between the Arians and Athanasians. I also went to the Cathedral, and whilst I was admiring the interior, I saw a man who, kneeling before the altar of a chapel, was beating his breast with his heavy fist, with all the fervour of an anchorite.

I was so astonished at his performances, that my

guide thought I should like to know something about an individual who was trying so hard the strength of his ribs. "He is an old highway robber," said my *cicerone*, "and has spent twenty years of his life in the *bagni* of Civita Vecchia. He was released in 1849, and became a police agent. The priests said he had repented; but two years afterwards he underwent a second judgment, having been caught at night breaking into a jeweller's shop." So much for the morality of these pharisaical professors of extreme devotion.

During my stay at Rimini, I made some inquiries about the celebrated picture of the Madonna which had satisfied the curiosity of believers in miracles, by winking its eyes. The sacristan of the cathedral had told me wondrous tales about it; but a sharp boy who accompanied my guide openly said that it was a trick played by the Franciscan monks. Between the two assertions, I did not hesitate to follow the advice, of the Roman poet of old, and, with all the respect due to sacristans, I nevertheless shared the boy's opinion.

Although the popular hatred of priests is unmistakable in that part of Italy which they have so long misgoverned, yet it would be a great error to infer that the Italians might be easily brought to embrace Protestantism. Under any circumstances, the external forms of the religion of the Reformation would never satisfy the vivid imaginations of a southern race, and, indeed, when I travel in Italy I cannot help remembering the reply given by Gioberti to an English clergyman, who asked him why, with the influence of his reforming genius, he did not try to bring Italy to the Protestant faith. "My country is unhappily

too Pagan to become Protestant," answered the Italian philosopher. And this is really the case. The Italians may wage war to the knife against the temporal power of the Pope; they may despise bad priests, and place restrictions on the political influence of the Church; but, even when education has succeeded in effecting their moral redemption, they will still be Catholic. The question at issue will always be between Atheists on the one hand, and rational Catholics on the other. I remember going one day by rail from Modena to Reggio, and being greatly amused by a conversation between two of my travelling companions. One of them was a Capuchin friar, who had been removed from Ferrara to a monastery in some Apennine village. By the broken Italian of the other, and by the turn of the conversation, I had no great difficulty in discovering that he was an Englishman, and a Protestant minister, or at least a missionary. All sorts of theological arguments were bandied about, with the usual accompaniment of *mi scusi*, always on the lips of an Italian when he wants to persuade an opponent. The Capuchin, although a Liberal, as his brethren generally are, did not seem much shaken by the reasoning of his antagonist; and the consequence was that each left the train without having accomplished the desired conversion of the other. The English missionary had with him a bag-full of Diodati's Bibles, copies of which he tendered to the Capuchin and to other Italian travellers before leaving the carriage; but the offer was politely declined. It was not an extraordinary chance that threw me in the way of this

learned agent of the Protestant Association. Dozens of these gentlemen were then continually going to and fro through the provinces of Central Italy—a fact that accounted for the hundreds of Bibles which I had the opportunity of noticing in different villages and towns of the Æmilia. But I am certain that the greater number of those who consented to accept this present from the missionaries never got through the first chapter of the holy book.

If I may be permitted to express an opinion on this subject, I would strongly advise the gentlemen of the Protestant Association to keep their money for a more successful enterprise. No doubt there are Italian priests who, for some reason or other, are obliged to leave their country, and, when in England, are converted to Protestantism. But, rightly or wrongly, the conversion of such persons is viewed by Italians in a totally different manner from that in which it is regarded in this country. Worldly and interested motives are ascribed to them; the notorious lives of the sometime priest Achilli and others are quoted to support the opinion that a good Catholic clergyman never abjures his creed. There may be honourable exceptions; there may be priests who really embrace Protestantism from a deep and disinterested conviction. But even these honest converts are not held in great estimation by the Italians. The feeling of dislike inspired by what they call an *apostata* is too strongly rooted in their hearts to be overcome. Italy possesses a great many good and virtuous priests who openly oppose the temporal power of the Popes; but they would not for anything in the world embrace

the reformed religion. The latter exercise great influence over the masses of the people; the former will never be looked upon with any other feeling than disdain. A few years ago, a runaway Italian priest came to me in London, and having stated his case, asked my opinion whether it would be better for him to ask Cardinal Wiseman for some employment in a Catholic Church, or to go to the Bishop of London, and become a Protestant minister. Having answered that such a question was one of conscience, the priest candidly replied:—"Oh, sir, it is all a question of money; a question as to finding out which of the two *shops* is the best." I have since heard that this honest clergyman has gone to try the Protestant "shop" in America, where, perhaps, he may get the apron of a Bishop, if he has joined the Episcopalian body.

That bad governments never fail to produce bad subjects, is an axiom which may be fairly deduced from the state of the Legations when under the dominion of the Popes. The man who acts with violence, or who is in constant fear that violence may be used to him, naturally seeks companions and allies. In a State where the law is well administered, and where Judges are free from the influence of the executive, there is no need of secret societies. But from what I have briefly stated as to the condition of the Duchy of Modena and the Papal States before 1859, the reader will not wonder that secret societies had been organized in those provinces, both by the extreme Liberal party and by the priests themselves, on the principle that there is no action without reaction. The politico-religious sect known by the name of

Sanfedesti—"whose professed object was to defend the Catholic religion and the privileges and jurisdiction of the Court of Rome, with the temporal dominion and the prerogatives of the Papacy, as well from the plots of innovators as from the aggressions of the Empire"—was organized in Italy by the supporters of the Court of Rome in 1815. Perhaps in its origin Sanfedism was but the amplification of an ancient association which existed in Italy under the name of the "Pacifici," or "Santa Unione," and which took for its motto the text of the Gospel, *Beati pacifici quia filii Dei vocabuntur*, and swore to maintain the public peace at the risk of life. Sanfedism, however, soon degenerated, for its members had been indiscriminately chosen, and amongst them were, together with bigoted but honest people, several knaves and impostors, and the greatest scoundrels of the country. In the Roman States, and in the Duchy of Modena, Sanfedism spread deeper roots than in other parts of the country, owing to the support its members derived from Francis IV., the then reigning Duke of Modena, and from the actual co-operation of Cardinals and priests. The deeds of blood perpetrated by these pretended supporters of the altar and the throne, during the revolutionary movements which followed the restoration of the despotic Governments of Central Italy after the peace of 1815, would in themselves furnish matter for several volumes. In 1849, while the Papal States were governed by the Republicans, the town of Ancona was disgraced by some atrocious political crimes. Mazzini, who was then one of the Roman Triumvirate, was so much alarmed and horrified at what he

heard, that he sent to Ancona that very Orsini who, nine years afterwards, forgot that assassination never secures the triumph of any cause whatever. So successful was Orsini, that within a few days all the ringleaders were arrested, and tranquillity was restored to the town. The malefactors consisted of about fourteen young men (all of them, with one or two exceptions, belonging to the lowest class of society), who were bent on dishonouring the cause of freedom under the pretext of serving it. The chief of this horrible association was a dentist's son, who, together with ten of his companions, was subsequently executed at Ancona under the restored government of the priests. After the execution, it was generally stated in Romagna that the head of the gang and his intimate friend, who went by the nickname of Moro, were heard to exclaim on their way to the place of execution :—" Thus are we treated by the priests whom we have faithfully served !" A few months later, it became known that two of their associates had been spared through the influence of powerful and mysterious patrons. They had both given evidence against their wretched companions, and were allowed to escape. One of them went to New York, where one night he was stabbed—perhaps by some friend of those he had betrayed ; the other took refuge in a Capuchin convent near Rimini. When, however, the popular indignation swept the government of the priests from the Legations, the Capuchin threw away his frock, and enlisted in the national army. One evening, this man was suddenly taken ill. A doctor was sent for, who declared that there was no hope of saving his

life, and that he must prepare to die. On hearing this, the wretch said he was desirous of confessing all the crimes he had perpetrated at Ancona in 1849. He told the doctor that he had been in the service of a priest, who was then one of the curates of the church of Le Grazie. His master hinted to him one day, that if he would organize a society of daring young men, who, under the pretext of upholding the Republic, would now and then assassinate in the public streets some citizen or priest, known for his anti-liberal opinions, he would make him a rich man. The miscreant accepted the commission, and with the concurrence of Moro and the dentist's son—who alone knew in what quarter the plot had been concocted—succeeded in enlisting certain misguided young men into their society, these last honestly believing that they were serving the Liberal cause.

This story is so dreadful that I hesitate to vouch for its accuracy, although it has been related to me by a person whose veracity I have no right to question. If the reader accepts it as truthful, he will understand why Cardinal Antonelli once said to Count Laderchi of Faenza—a man who belonged to the moderate Liberal party:—"It was wrong of you to put a stop to the political assassinations of your city, which, if allowed to continue, would have disgraced the Liberal party for ever." The bloody deeds of the "Sanfedisti" naturally engendered a desire for revenge amongst the unscrupulous of the contrary party; and the daggers of the one answered the daggers of the other.

Whilst at Cesena in February, 1860, I had an opportunity of meeting Farini, who was then making

an official tour through Romagna. In the sad annals of priestly government, the town of Cesena stands foremost for the turbulent and ferocious character of a part of its population. After 1849, during a period of only five years, more than sixty political assassinations occurred within its walls. These black deeds were perpetrated with impunity by a secret society, which, under the pretence of serving the cause of liberty, not seldom revenged some private wrong. Although, in more than one instance, these horrid crimes were accomplished in broad daylight, the Papal police were never able to discover the assassins. The majority of the persons thus slain in the streets of Cesena were bad characters—spies of the Legate, or men who had borne evidence against their political friends; the rest were poor fellows who had had the misfortune to displease some member of the association. As soon as Farini came into power, he made up for the incapacity of his predecessors, and the ringleaders were arrested and brought to trial before the Criminal Court of Forli, which, during last January, condemned the chief of the association (a certain Brostolon) to penal servitude for life. For these crimes, as well as for those perpetrated at Ancona by Moro and his associates, the government of the priests must be held responsible, rather than the ignorant and cruel ruffians who committed them.

At the commencement of this chapter I have alluded to that terrible tribunal which was established in 1216 by a bull of Innocent III. under the denomination of the Dominican Inquisition. Although an institution of the Middle Ages, which civilization ought to have

swept away, the Inquisition still exists at Rome, and was in force in the Romagna when the national movement of 1859 took place. To give some idea of the inquisitorial power exercised by this tribunal, I have placed in the Appendix a document, of recent date, one of a collection I made during my stay in Romagna.

I shall perhaps be excused if I here relate the proceedings of this famous institution in a case which has occupied the mind of Europe for some time past—the case of the child Mortara. “Ab uno disce omnes,” says the Latin proverb; and from that story the reader will be able to form an opinion of the operations of the Dominican Tribunal on other occasions.

Before civilized Europe recovered from the first shock of astonishment at the intelligence that a Jewish child had been snatched from its parents, under the pretext of its having been baptized by a maid-servant two years previously, those parents engaged an eminent lawyer of Bologna to conduct their case before the Holy Inquisition. By the laws of that tribunal, any one condemned by it has the right to present to the Inquisitors what, in the technical language of the Holy Office, is called an *incarto*. This *incarto* is a sort of statement of the case, in which the “considerations” of the sentence, and the proofs which are presumed to have justified it, are sought to be refuted. I say, “presumed to have justified it,” because the proceedings of the Holy Office are never revealed to the parties concerned in them, and all they are informed of is, that the case has been decided either for or against them. This sort of informal defence is then communicated to the local police authorities, whose

duty is to send it to the Dominican Inquisitor who has tried the issue. The matter generally stops there; for there are very few instances in which the *incarto* has produced any other effect than to oblige the unfortunate people concerned to pay large fees to the lawyer charged with drawing it up. In Mortara's case, as soon as the sentence was communicated to the father of the child, the *incarto* was duly presented to the police authorities of Bologna. In this document, evidence was adduced totally subversive of all that the servant had sworn to, and showing beyond any reasonable doubt that the child could not have been baptized under the circumstances set forth by her. The bad character of the woman was also dwelt upon, and was corroborated by official information derived from the police themselves. In spite of these weighty reasons for a closer investigation of the case, the sentence of the Holy Office, as everybody knows, was carried into execution; and all the remonstrances made to the Pope by powerful Sovereigns were met with the dry answer, "Non possumus."

As soon as the Papal Government had ceased to rule at Bologna, the father Mortara gave directions to his lawyer to present a new copy of the *incarto* to the Minister of Justice. The arguments set forth in this document were so convincing and clear that the Minister of Justice, Chiesi, came to the conclusion that the Inquisitor Felletti had even disregarded the rules of this exceptional ecclesiastical tribunal. The arrest of Padre Felletti was therefore ordered. When the Inquisitor was examined, he at once declined to enter into any explanation upon the matter, saying

that he had acted under the direction of the Holy Inquisition of Rome, and in accordance with the laws of its tribunal, which only recognised two superior authorities on earth—that of the Pope, and that of the Grand Inquisitor. Padre Felletti obstinately refused to admit any lay jurisdiction in the case; and in this system of defence he persisted until the Tribunal of Bologna set him at liberty, on the ground that, at the time the act was committed, the Holy Office was the highest authority in the State, and was beyond the reach of secular control.

Having visited almost all the prisons of the Legations, which under the Papal rule were so filthy as to be quite unfit for even the most depraved human beings, I was anxious to see how the Dominican monk, Father Felletti, was treated by the Liberal Government of Bologna. At the end of the last century, the back part of the Palazzo del Governo, which in former times was a sort of castle, was turned into a prison for persons awaiting their trial, and for convicts not yet sent to the galleys. Father Felletti was shut up in this prison, where he occupied a room called the Torrione, because it forms part of a massive tower on the northern side of the ancient building. It was on the morning of the 1st of February, 1860, when the turnkeys ushered me into the Torrione. The prisoner was then sitting at a wooden desk, which he had arranged like a small altar for his private devotions. On entering, I was struck with the cleanliness and monastic order which were discernible within. It was a lofty, vaulted room, of a good size; the walls were neatly whitewashed, and at the southern and

northern sides two large windows, protected by an iron rail, insured copious and wholesome ventilation. The pavement had been expressly covered with matting, and a large stove was placed in a corner of the room, to warm it. The clean iron bedstead stood at the right-hand side of the door; opposite to which was a large oak table, bearing sundry bottles of wine, together with an abundant supply of dishes, forks, knives, and spoons. This was the *batterie de cuisine* of Father Felletti. A glance at the labels on the bottles inspired me with respect for the father's taste, and for the resources of his extempore cellar. The wine of Monte-Pulciano, the Aleatico of Scandiano, and the famous Vino Santo, were all included in the collection. An abundant store of sweet Bolognese cakes was heaped up at the side of the bottles; and, judging from what the turnkeys told me, Father Felletti had a proper appreciation of those delicacies, which were regularly sent to him by the pious ladies who had been his penitents when he was free.

As I passed into the room, the friar rose from his arm-chair, bidding me good morning with the usual monastic formula, "God be praised!" He was dressed in the loose white woollen robe of his order, with a long black narrow stripe in the middle, descending from the shoulders nearly to the edge. His head was covered with a white hood, which he had drawn up. Although the prisoner was not yet sixty-two years of age, he looked a great deal older, and, being short and thin, the large folds of his *sajo* hung loosely about his body. I had read so much about the fierce character of old and modern

Inquisitors of the Holy Office, that I expected to find Father Felletti of a somewhat austere countenance. On the contrary, the expression of his pale face was decidedly prepossessing. His spacious forehead, and the well-marked lines of his mouth, betokened, however, a certain degree of character and determination, which now and then became more apparent from the rapid movements of his eyes. On the whole, he gave me the impression of a good and pious man, who thoroughly believes in the sanctity of the institution to which he belongs. I had afterwards an opportunity of ascertaining that such was the reputation he had long enjoyed at Bologna, where he discharged the odious duties of an Inquisitor for twenty years, without weighing too heavily upon the population which fell within his jurisdiction. If in the Mortara affair he acted with inhumanity and harshness, it was because orders were sent from Rome to that effect, and because he had a blind and unreasoning belief that he was only doing what religion enjoined.

Before leaving the Torrione, I asked the friar whether he was humanely treated in the prison. Not knowing who I was, and for what reason I had been allowed to visit him, he did not give any positive answer to my question. Lifting up both his eyes and his shoulders, he made a gesture, which doubtless meant that he was resigned to his fate. The turnkey, who caught sight of this action, urged him to answer; but no answer was given. I was then informed by the attendant that the convent provided for the daily wants of the prisoner, whose dinner consisted of soup, four dishes, fruits, sweet cakes, and good wine, all of

which was permitted by the prison authorities to enter. Thus much for the alleged martyrdom, to which, according to the Ultramontane press, Father Felletti was subjected by Farini's Government.

Such was the hatred of the new rulers of Romagna entertained by the priests, that in many instances it went far to injure their own cause. During my stay at Ravenna, the *Civiltà Cattolica* charged one of the most efficient and gentlemanlike of Farini's officials (the Marquis Rorà) with having persecuted the monks so cruelly that two of them had been obliged to disguise themselves in order to escape some dreadful fate. The assertion was correct with regard to the priests disguising themselves; but the cause of that act was altogether different from what was alleged by the priestly party. The true explanation is contained in the following official despatch addressed by the Marquis to the Minister of the Interior at Bologna:—

“ Ravenna, Sept. 22, 1859.

“ In obedience to the despatch of your Excellency of September 19, I have the honour to state that on the night of the 6th a patrol of Royal Carabinieri entered a disorderly house kept by an old woman of Lugo. Two persons were discovered, who, at the entrance of the public force, had hidden themselves in a dark room of the upper story. Summoned by the corporal of the patrol to show their passports, they were obliged to admit that they were two Augustinian friars who had left their convent with the object of joining their families. At the time the arrest was made, there were dwelling in the house above-men-

tioned two girls of Trieste belonging to the most degraded class. The presence of the two friars in such a place will easily explain the cause of their disguise.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed)

“ RORÀ.”

I sincerely hope and trust that Victor Emmanuel's Government has by this time succeeded in checking that system of beggary which, when I was in Romagna, existed to a fearful extent. With the exception of Naples, no part of Europe was disgraced by a greater number of impudent and lazy beggars than the former Duchies of Modena and Parma, and the province of Romagna. The slow but continuous action of the stupid tyranny which had prevailed there since 1815, had lowered the moral standard of the people to such a degree that for the humbler classes to live upon public charity had become a principle, and beggary a trade. At that time (I speak in the past tense, for I hope things are now changed), no person of decent exterior could pass through the streets of the Æmilian cities, or enter one of the cafés, without being at once surrounded by men, women, and children of the most forbidding appearance, who were continually repeating the painful formula, “ Faccia la carità, per l'amor di Dio !” in a hoarse and mournful voice. Amongst these were many strongly-built fellows, who could have easily earned a livelihood had they been only willing to work for five or six hours a day. Instead of doing this, however, their only thought was how to get a

few *bajocchi* out of the pockets of their fellow-citizens or of strangers; and when bread and tobacco were thus secured for the day, they lay about the steps of the churches, smoking their dirty pipes, or sleeping under the porticoes.

Side by side with this class of free mendicants was a less fortunate one—that of the prisoners. From dawn till night-fall, the miserable captives would cling to the iron bars of their horrible dwellings, and perpetually call upon the passer-by for alms in the name of God. A Papal prison! how I shudder in writing the words. In those prisons, human beings were heaped confusedly together, covered with rags, and swarming with vermin. Some disgusting soup, a piece of scarcely digestible meat, and a *bajocco* in money—a coin worth only a fraction above a half-penny English—was all that the Government allowed per day to each prisoner. The gaoler was permitted to keep a *restaurant*, to which the prisoners could apply for provisions on paying ready money. But, as this man was the sole lawful purveyor of the prison, he could raise the price of victuals according to his pleasure. When I visited the gaol at Rimini, I saw two poor men who were nearly starved to death. I asked one of them how he had come to such a condition, and he told me that, for a consideration, he had parted with his daily *bajocco* to the gaoler for a month to come. The fat and ruffianly-looking gaoler, who was then present, coolly observed that the poor wretch was rather fond of wine, and had drunk out his thirty *bajocchi* all in one day; and I could see that the famished condition of the man made no more im-

pression upon him than a starving rat would have done.

Such was the condition of the Legations when the Papal Government was overthrown in 1859—a condition so much the result of a rotten system that even the benevolent intentions of the Pope could not avail to change it. It has been often stated that the natural impulses of Pius IX. are generous and kind, and that in a private station he would live beloved and honoured. This may be. I do not believe the Pope knew a fourth part of the horrors that were perpetrated in his States; but the hopeless “*Non possumus*,” always on his lips whenever reforms are advised, shows that the system of the Roman theocracy cannot change. No doubt the moral improvement of the Romagnoli will require time; for the bloody events which have recently occurred at Bologna and Faenza prove that the disregard of human life has not yet been extirpated in that part of regenerated Italy. But any conscientious traveller who is now visiting the country will not fail to see, if he has had any previous experience to guide him, that great progress has been made in the arduous paths of morality and education.

Before concluding this chapter, I must say a few words on Bolognese society. After Naples, Milan, and Florence, Bologna, in a social point of view, takes the principal rank. The determination of its people, who in 1848 set at defiance 15,000 Austrians under Welden and Degenfeld, did not change during the subsequent eleven years, and was shown in a marked manner in 1859 by all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

Ladies of rank, who had been the first conspirators against Austrian and priestly tyranny, now became the teachers of civic virtues. During my stay at Bologna in 1860, I was told that when the Austrians left that city the leading men of the Liberal party, who were assembled at the Marquis Joachim Pepoli's palace, were still wavering. A Bolognese lady—Countess Tatini, the grand-daughter of Murat—was sent for. Her appearance in the room, where the fate of her country was being warmly discussed, was the signal for action; the revolution was advised by her, and was at once decided upon. The young Countess was from the beginning the very soul of the political movement in Romagna, of which Commendatore Minghetti and her brother, the Marquis Pepoli, were the able leaders.

He who has not visited Bologna can scarcely form an exact idea of the greatness of the Pepoli family. Its black and white armorial bearings are to be found everywhere, in the streets and in the churches. Its tombs and palaces, surmounted by strongly-built battlements, are among the most interesting objects of the city, and still speak to the traveller of the ancient glory and riches of the house, whose chief branch will be extinguished in the person of the present Marquis Joachim, the well-known writer on the Papal finances, and the present Minister of Commerce. One of the daughters of the unfortunate Murat married the father of the Marquis Joachim; and of that union was born the patriotic Countess whose services to the Liberal cause I have just mentioned. The Countess Tatini was not, however alone in her

noble exertions for the welfare of her country. The wife of her brother, the Princess Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen ; the Countesses Malvezzi, Zucchini, and Gozzadini-Serego-Alighieri, a descendant of Dante ; the Marchionesses Tanari, Zampieri, and Parada ; the Princesses Ercolani and Simonetti, and many others, were working for the same noble end, by establishing committees to organize the resources of the country, and to collect money for the National forces. These ladies took the lead in everything which was patriotic ; and their example was soon very generally followed.

Bologna is more aristocratic in its external habits than many other cities of Italy ; and the young men give evidence of this in their good-breeding. They are witty, kind-hearted, and generous ; but, as every human thing must have its shady side, they are perhaps too fond of the *dolce far niente*. At least, such was the case in 1859 ; but I have no doubt that the vigorous political life of the last few years has roused them from their lethargy. If such be really the case, the fact in itself proves the superiority of free institutions over the enervating system of tyranny so long exercised by the priests in the seat of Italian mediæval lore.

CHAPTER XIX.

TUSCANY.

Winter in Italy—A Journey through the Apennines in the Winter Season—Inn of an Italian Mountain Village—Monte Radicosa—Mountain Path—Village of Pietramala—The “Osteria del Sole”—An unpleasant Visit—Political Feeling of the Tuscans in 1859—Florence on the 22nd of December—Apathy of the Tuscans—Lorraine and Priestly Parties—English Residents in Florence—Two English Girls bent on a rebellious Demonstration—Ricasoli’s Castle in the Val di Chianti—Origin of the Ricasolis—A Baron of Old—The late Italian Premier—A Gentleman of the English Foreign Office believed to be Mazzini—Ricasoli’s Qualities and Faults—Tuscan Assembly in 1859—Glorious Recollections of Florence—Social Habits of the Tuscans—Christmas Eve at Florence—The “Monte di Pietà”—Society at Florence—Political Intolerance of the Italians—The “Cascine.”

IN spite of the stormy weather which prevailed at Bologna on the 15th of December, 1859, I determined to start for Florence in the slow, uncomfortable *corriere*, which is the only means of conveyance between the ancient Bononia and the fair Queen of the Arno. To Italians in general, and to Italian postboys in particular, the value of time is not yet known, and they laugh heartily when they are told that “time is money.” Careless and idle—thoroughly imbued with the demoralizing *dolce far niente*, and totally un-

concerned about the future—they welcome a fall of snow as an excuse for smoking their pipes and turning over their greasy cards in the close atmosphere of the osteria or of the cafés. However, having been assured at Bologna that, in spite of the weather, I should be safely conveyed to my destination in about twenty hours, I set out, with a party of more or less agreeable companions, at two o'clock that frosty night.

The corriere from Bologna generally takes fourteen hour to convey its travellers to Florence ; but on that occasion, owing to the heavy fall of snow, we were nearly twice as long in getting to Lojano, for we could only travel at the rate of a mile an hour. Nor was this all ; for, when we arrived at the village I have mentioned, the conductor told us that we had reached the termination of our journey, it being impossible to go farther. There was nothing to be done, except to hang up our travelling staves, and resign ourselves to fate, and to the only innkeeper of the place, who, to judge by the expression of his countenance, was thanking Heaven for having delivered us all into his merciless hands. The inn of an Italian mountain village is generally of the most wretched description. The dictatorial manners of a young Tuscan officer, and the curses of an army surgeon, my companions, failed to procure us a decent bed to lie upon. Besides these two rather noisy personages, my travelling companions included the brother of the celebrated Madame Ristori, his wife, with a large family of children, and a *prima donna* on her way to Naples. To all appearance, we ran some chance of remaining buried

in the snow at Lojano until it pleased the worthy magistrate of the village to order a party of working men to clear the mountain road. However, we had one source of hope. There was a probability that Commendatore Buoncompagni, then sent as Governor-General of Central Italy, in the place of Prince Carignan, would take the road of the Apennines, instead of going to Florence by Leghorn.

To remove the painful uncertainty in which we were thus placed, the local magistrate was summoned to the inn by the Tuscan officer, the only representative, as he said, of Victor Emmanuel in that Apennine village. The magistrate, a solemn sort of personage, made his appearance, but told us, in the gravest manner, that he knew nothing of his Excellency's arrival, and that till the snow ceased to fall he could not send men to clear it away. All remonstrances were in vain; the magistrate had no answer to give, but that the road regulations were precise, and that he could not do otherwise than follow them.

Two days passed without the snow ceasing to fall. A meeting was therefore held, and it was decided that the Tuscan officer should declare to the *giudice* that he was the bearer of important despatches, and that the responsibility of the delay in his journey would fall on the obstinate magistrate. This *coup de théâtre*, splendidly acted, soon produced its effect. Sixty men were sent to clear the road; six pair of oxen replaced the horses, and up went our heavy carriage towards the top of Monte Radicosa. But, alas! twenty-four hours were spent in making our way from Lojano to the summit of the mountain. However, worse remained

behind; for, being surprised by night, by the time we reached that spot our carriage had got so completely enveloped by the whirlwind of snow which raged around, that, in spite of the twelve oxen, which were making immense exertions to draw it out, the conductor told us that it was impossible to proceed. This was grave news. To be left at the top of the Apennines on a frosty winter's night, with no better shelter than an uncomfortable diligence, would certainly endanger the lives of some of the party. After a great deal of discussion, it was decided that we had better make our way to the nearest village, where we should find, if not a less uncomfortable, at least a more effectual shelter.

Pietramala was the village to which our steps were directed; but there was no trodden path by which to reach it, and to follow the main road was quite out of the question. Accordingly, we were obliged to make our way as best we could through the deep snow. How we succeeded in reaching Pietramala, I know not. All I know is that it took us three long hours to go a distance of two Italian miles; for, at every step we made, one or other of our party almost disappeared into the white masses we were treading. After the lapse of about an hour, one of the ladies fell into a deep hollow of the sloping ridge which was concealed by the snow, and the greatest exertions were necessary to save her from certain death. Our gentle companion was the *prima donna* of the Royal Theatre of Naples. As soon as she was rescued, came the turn of the surgeon, who, being a tall, stout man, was not got out of the hole before his limbs were half

frozen by that icy bath; and our guides were obliged to carry the poor man on their shoulders.

At length, however, we reached Pietramala and its dismal inn. The name of this village—which means in English “Badstone”—was not bestowed upon it without justification. A group of from forty to sixty cottages, and a half-decayed church, constitute what the Apennine folks call the *parrocchia* of Pietramala. As for the inn in which we were obliged to pass the night, sleep and rest were quite out of the question there. A large, low, smoky room, with a fire in the middle, and a double row of dirty benches around it, was at the same time the parlour, the kitchen, and the cellar of the “Osteria del Sole.” Decent bed-rooms are a luxury beyond the imaginations of the dwellers in that Tuscan village. The upper story, destined for the purpose of sleep, was only a half-covered lobby, furnished with two straw beds, fitter for sheep-dogs than for human beings. Without making any great effort of courtesy, we left the ladies in the peaceful enjoyment of the two beds; though a part of the dreary upper story was allotted to the poor half-frozen doctor. I and the others sat down before the blazing fire to dry our clothes, and doze out the rest of the weary night.

We had not been at the Osteria del Sole more than an hour, when four gendarmes made their appearance in the parlour. I thought at first that these members of the public force had sought a refuge against the rigour of the stormy night; and I was busy making room for them when the passports of myself and my companions were suddenly asked for.

I could not make out what this meant; but, having yielded to the demand, I unfolded before the eyes of the corporal the magic paper which, under the signature of the Earl of Malmesbury, was granted me before leaving London. The education of the corporal of gendarmes of course did not enable him to read the polite request of her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs to leave me in peace and unmolested whenever an occasion presented itself on which, in my quality of a naturalized English subject, I should be required to show my travelling credentials. Nor did his knowledge of heraldry enable him to recognise the lion and unicorn performing their usual duty of holding up the British escutcheon.

"This is not a passport," said the corporal, lifting up his eyes, and staring at me with no very tranquilizing look.

"Not a passport!" exclaimed I; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that you must come with me to the *giudice*, to explain what I cannot understand."

The reader may imagine the effect this intimation produced on me when he remembers that my clothes were drying before the fire, and that it was a total impossibility to put on my boots. I made an appeal to the feeling of his companions, but only to experience the sad truth that gendarmes have generally no feeling of any sort. I began to translate my English passport; but all was of no use: the corporal had nothing to answer, but that it was his duty to take me to the magistrate; as for the others, they were all as mute as statues. I therefore made the utmost efforts I could to put on

my damp clothes, when a universal exclamation among our guides of "Here is the *giudice!*" suddenly roused me; and it was indeed the fact that that illustrious personage had just entered the crowded parlour of the osteria. It was now *his* business to decide the question of my passport, which was satisfactorily settled as soon as the conductor told him that he had taken me up at the post-office of Bologna.

"You must excuse the gendarmes," said the *giudice* to me; "but they are searching these mountains, where an agent of the Grand Duke of Tuscany—a French Legitimist, Colonel Rousselot—has sought refuge since his intrigues were discovered at Florence."

It must not be inferred from this that there was at that time a strong party ready to support the pretensions of the Lorraine dynasty. The fact was quite the contrary. When, after ninety-six weary hours, I arrived at Florence, I found that the feeling both of the country population and of the citizens was decidedly against the restoration of the Grand Duke. Neither the intrigues of the French agents nor the threats of the clergy could persuade the Tuscans to carry out the suggestion made by the two Emperors at Villafranca. From one end of the State to the other, they were utterly intractable. All classes—deputies, Ministers, army, people—were ready to face any danger rather than submit again to the rule of their exiled Prince. I am certain that, if the last provision of the Villafranca preliminaries, the object of which was the restoration of the Tuscan Prince, had been enforced by foreign intervention; the people would have opposed it by an armed insurrection; for it was

evident that the Florentines had to a certain degree recovered from that political apathy which is one of their prominent characteristics. The arrival of Commendatore Buoncompagni, so often announced, was at last to take place.

The aspect of the city was extremely lively. Groups of citizens were assembled in the large square of the Palazzo Vecchio, or under the Loggia dei Lanzi, as in the glorious times of the Republic. They were everywhere discussing the important topic of the day, and indulging in all kinds of speculations as to what Buoncompagni would do, or Ricasoli would say. At the Café Doné (the most fashionable café in the city), at the celebrated reading-rooms of Vieusseux, and at the Café Elvetico, there was but one opinion: that, if Piedmont should hesitate to follow a more decided line of policy, and to accept the principle of union, Central Italy would constitute itself into one State, and calmly await the future, confident in the triumph of its rights. The famous words pronounced by Ricasoli on hearing of the peace—"After Villafranca, I spat upon my life" (a Florentine phrase, which means that he who uses it has decided to stake his existence in order to carry his point)—were repeated, as a proof that the Baron would not have consented to receive Commendatore Buoncompagni had he not been certain that Victor Emmanuel was ready to support at any risk the annexation of Central Italy.

Such was the aspect of Florence that day. There was not, to say the truth, a great deal of enthusiasm when the new Governor-General drove from the Porta al Prato station to the Palazzo delle Crocelle. Two

reasons combined to divest this solemnity of that Italian fervour which I had noticed in Lombardy, in the smaller Duchies, and in Romagna. The endless negotiations, the numberless difficulties, the French and Lorraine intrigues, had so long delayed the arrival of Buoncompagni, that the enthusiasm of the Florentines was almost quenched. Another and more powerful cause of that apathy is to be found in the nature of the Tuscan people themselves. It is not in Tuscany that one should look for those ardent and almost uncontrollable manifestations of delight which are so frequently seen in Southern Italy. The Tuscans are fond of amusement, and naturally curious; but to put themselves out of the way to applaud anybody—no matter whom—is repugnant to the habits of their daily life. It would give them too much trouble; and there are but few occasions capable of rousing them to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The arrival of the Commendatore was not apparently one of those; and he was received by the Florentines very much as a newly-elected Lord Mayor of London is when passing through Cheapside.

The supporters of the Lorraine dynasty and the clergy were restless in their intrigues. Both these parties felt that the appointment of Buoncompagni was the last blow to their hopes. In spite of the open protests of the former rulers, and of certain European potentates, the annexation of Central Italy was virtually accomplished, and the result of the vote which was deemed necessary to sanction it might have been already anticipated. The attempts made by the Archbishops of Pisa and Florence to get up a

religious disturbance, and the Guy Fawkes plot to blow up Buoncompagni's residence and the party he had invited to a ball, were thwarted by the iron will and activity of Baron Ricasoli. One day, the Archbishop of Florence would start a set of fanatic monks on a crusade against the Government; on another, Cardinal Corsi would preach at Pisa that he was ready to undergo martyrdom in the cause of reaction. In vain. The monks were somewhat roughly handled by the people, and the Cardinal was politely informed by Advocate Salvagnoli, the Minister of Public Worship, that wood was then too dear to make a pile on which to burn a Prince of the Church, as the Dominican Inquisitors had done in former times with the unfortunate monk Savonarola.

Even English girls were to be found at Florence ready to swell the ranks of the opposition. Amongst the English who pitch their tents on the banks of the Arno, there were at that time many who openly advocated the interests of the Lorraine dynasty. Some of them belonged to an equivocal class, and would not be met with in good society at home, though they are not unfrequently to be found moving in the highest circles abroad. Others, though respectable both in character and education, had been induced to espouse the cause of the dethroned Prince only because they were much thought of by the Court, and always invited to the balls and dinners of the Pitti Palace. Selfish and totally unconcerned in the rights of the Italian people, these English residents appeared to be greatly grieved when

the Grand Duke was obliged to leave his dominions; they thought such an occurrence would spoil the carnival season for ever. "How foolish of the Tuscans to send away a Prince who gave such splendid balls, and whose Court, after all, was not so difficult to get introduced to as that of Buckingham Palace!" Such was the feeling of some of those English people. "It was too great an enormity. They must at any rate protest; it was their duty to make the most determined opposition to the National Government of Tuscany." However strange and exaggerated this may appear, it was really the tone of conversation then held among some English circles at Florence. And the opposition thus manifested did not restrain itself within the bounds of mere talk; for on the 26th of December, 1859, two English girls undertook to rouse the Florentines to revolt. Large sheets of paper were provided by them, and inscribed by their own hands with the words, "Long live Ferdinand IV.! Down with Ricasoli's Government!" These ladies were caught in the act of posting up their rebellious papers in the Strada Cocomero, and were of course arrested; but when Mr. Corbet, the English *chargé-d'affaires*, went to Ricasoli, to ascertain how the matter stood, he found that his fair countrywomen had already been sent home, having promised that they would not repeat so silly an act.

In spite of these difficulties, however, the day came on which the annexation of Tuscany was proclaimed by the popular will, as that of the Duchies and the Legations had been. This important fact, which involved the destruction of ancient feudal

rights, Tuscany owed for the most part to the firmness of a great citizen. It was Ricasoli who defeated the intrigues of Prince Poniatowsky, of La Ferriere, of Reizet, and of other more obscure meddlers, and who, by his unshakeable faith in the future of Italy, prepared the way for the annexation—a result which led to the dismissal of Count Walewski, the chief supporter of the Grand Duke's return.

If any of my readers should go to Tuscany, not merely for the sake of running through the galleries of Florence, or in order to walk up and down the "Cascine," but with a view to acquiring some knowledge of the country, I would advise him not to miss a tour in the valley of Chianti. He will there see Italian nature and agriculture in their fullest development; he will find green and refreshing lawns, picturesque mountains, and secluded spots of unrivalled beauty. The castle of Broglio, a massive edifice of the Middle Ages, is not the least of the many attractions of this valley. It is still intact, and speaks eloquently of the power and glory of the Ricasoli family. The towers, with their strongly-built battlements—the large court-yards—the marble watch-boxes of the sentries—the drawbridges and other accessories of feudal magnificence—are yet to be seen in nearly the same condition as when the castle was inhabited by the first Baron Bettino in 1300. The founder of Ricasoli's family was a Longobardian Baron, whose name must have been Rodolfo, for it is recorded in the chronicles of those times with the surname of De' Firdolfi, a Florentine abbreviation of "son of Rodolph." The poet Dall' Ongaro—the best biographer of the late

Italian Premier — observes that the genealogy of Ricasoli's family became history when the Renieris, the Albertis, and the Brindacci flourished—viz., in the thirteenth century; for from them sprang the first Bettino.

It is said that, when at Rome, Napoleon the Great abruptly asked Prince Massimo whether it was true that he descended from Fabius Maximus. "I am not able to prove it," answered the Prince; "but it is a rumour which has been current in my family for more than a thousand years." The family of Ricasoli having originated in Longobardian times, it can boast twelve centuries of existence; and the present Baron, if called upon, could, without committing himself, repeat the answer of the Roman Prince.

From the earliest times, perseverance, and even obstinacy, were among the prominent qualities of the Ricasolis. An illustration of this may be traced as far back as the times of Bettino I. This Baron was a warrior of renown, who distinguished himself in the wars of Romagna. He was one of the chiefs of the Guelfic party, and among the fiercest antagonists of the Ghibellines, whom he excluded from the government of the Republic. On one occasion, when Bettino was tribune of the city, he summoned a council of citizens to confirm the decree of banishment he had pronounced against two members of the Giraldi and Martini families. The council, however, was not disposed to do his bidding. Bettino was so enraged at this, that, locking the door of the council-chamber, he swore that no one should be allowed to leave the place until the banishment was pronounced. Weariness

and fear got the better of the assembly, and the Baron carried his point. The same energy of character is traceable in the late Premier of the Italian kingdom. Times having changed, he would not have gone so far as to lock in the members of the Italian Chambers on a division day; but when his mind is once made up, nothing can turn him back: it is impossible for him to doff the armour of pride inherited from his ancestor, Baron Bettino of old.

I remember that, a few days before the arrival of Commendatore Buoncompagni in Tuscany, Baron Ricasoli had taken it into his head that Count Alfieri, who had been appointed secretary to the Commendatore, and had preceded him at Florence, was bent upon some mischievous political intrigue. Although the well-known character of the Count, his being closely related to Cavour, and his quality of a Deputy of the Sardinian Chamber, excluded such unwarrantable suspicions, the Baron sent him an order to leave Florence without delay. On another occasion, the famous tenor, Mario, suddenly arrived at Villa Salviati, near Florence, with a friend. Ricasoli was informed of this fact, and hints were given to him by the police that the friend of Mario was suspected of being Mazzini himself. The Baron is by no means tender towards the Republicans. He had at that time banished from Tuscany Signor Montecchi—a gentleman who, although a Republican, was esteemed by all parties; and this was done without any trial—without even any reasonable pretext. On hearing that Mazzini was likely to be at Mario's villa, he issued an order to arrest him. The friend of Mario, however, so far from being the

great Italian conspirator, was one of the most peaceful and amiable men of the English Foreign Office—Mr. Woodford—who had nothing to do with Tuscan politics, and who was merely enjoying the courteous hospitality of his friend. However, an ample apology was made, and Mario and Mr. Woodford heartily laughed at the rare perspicacity of the Tuscan police.

Although the facts I have quoted seem to imply that the man who so acted is anything but just and wise, it should be recollected that such manifestations of severity were perhaps necessitated by the exceptional condition of the times ; and it is quite certain that many of Ricasoli's acts were very popular with the Tuscans. For instance: an Italian Protestant convert having one day opened a chapel in Florence, the people made a disturbance, and threatened to break into the building used by the heretic congregation. Ricasoli—although, as everybody knows, no great supporter of the Catholic clergy—ordered that the chapel should be closed ; and no Protestant missionary was thenceforth allowed publicly to attempt the conversion of true believers.

To the strong sense and rare energy of Ricasoli, Italians undoubtedly owe the annexation of the Central Provinces to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. For it cannot be denied that, without that stern and unbending determination, diplomacy would very likely have succeeded in forming a Kingdom of Etruria for the benefit of some foreign Prince. Through the whole of the difficult period from the peace of Villafranca to the annexation,

Tuscany was left to herself, and Ricasoli showed that he had in him the stuff of which statesmen are made. The ability he exhibited at the sitting of the Palazzo Vecchio Assembly proved indisputably that he would be equal to the occasion if one day he should be called upon to head the Cabinet of a more important State. His speeches, if not eloquent, were concise, and his arguments practical. If any Englishman were present during the short session of the Tuscan Assembly in 1859, he no doubt observed many things widely differing from the simplicity which characterizes the proceedings of the English House of Commons. That unpretending and straightforward manner of transacting the political business of the country, that mastery of parliamentary forms, and that sobriety of speech, which distinguish the latter, were not to be found either in the President or the members of the Tuscan Assembly. Even in the days of Machiavelli, the Tuscan people had a reputation for being too fond of rhetorical forms; and time and servitude have rather increased than diminished their tendency to verbiage. Ricasoli, however, is an exception to this rule; for the mediæval character of his mind induced a certain severity of speech, which placed him in marked contrast with his colleagues, and especially with the late *Avvocato* Salvagnoli—a remarkable man, but in oratory too much given to bombast. Signor Galeotti (a young member of the Tuscan Assembly in the days of the Dictatorship), Cavaliere Peruzzi, and Celestino Bianchi, were undoubtedly, after Ricasoli, the most efficient leaders of the political movement at Florence. The first and third

are writers of repute ; the second is a thoroughly practical man, and was until recently Minister of Public Works in the Government of the Italian Kingdom.

Who can reach the summit of the hill of Pratolino, and not feel a sense of delight and admiration? Florence, the city which derives its name from the abundance of flowers blossoming in its fields and gardens, glitters in all the pride of its beauty across that sunlit valley through which the waters of the Arno flow now as they flowed in the old days of Tuscan glory. Its porticoes, its domes, its spires—the massive tower of the Bargello, and the dusky prisons hard by—rise in varied groups of sculptured marble, of ornamented *loggie*, of painted palaces. Below the Ponte Vecchio, which spans the river with its old-fashioned jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops, the winding Arno is seen shut in by swelling hills, whose declivities are dotted with churches, castles, and villas. The distant aspect of Florence, however, is brighter than the appearance of the streets themselves, which are severe and sombre. Yet the more the traveller advances into them, the more he becomes aware of the greatness of Italian genius. The rugged, strongly-built palaces of the Ghibellines and Guelphs, and the numberless churches, bring back to his mind the grandeur and wealth of the past—a grandeur which still sheds light upon the world. Glorious days were those in which, as the historian Villani has recorded, the revenue of the Republic amounted to three hundred thousand florins—a sum which, owing to the greater value of money at that time, was at least equivalent to six hundred thousand pounds

sterling; that is to say, to more than England and Ireland, three centuries ago, yielded annually to Elizabeth. The manufactory of wool alone employed two hundred factories. Eighty banks conducted the commercial operations, not of Florence only, but of all Europe; and the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, and the marts, were filled with articles comfort and luxury.

In no city of Italy are historical recollections more vividly felt than in Florence. As the visitor proceeds thoughtfully into the tumultuous town, into the piazzas, the streets, and the palaces, his mind almost imagines them to be still inhabited by the warriors coming from the battle-field of Campaldino, or by the grave legislators of the Republic returning from their meetings in the Palazzo Vecchio. Standing before Orcagna's Loggia—entering Santa Maria del Fiore, or any other of the churches—or pacing the galleries of the Pitti and the Uffizi Palaces—the stranger feels that Florence was to the Italy of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, what Athens and Rome were to the ages of Pericles and Augustus. He knows that those periods will always stand written in golden letters on the frieze of the Pantheon of European civilization; periods which are in themselves epics of exceeding glory. His mind will revert to that great galaxy of human genius proceeding side by side through the history of poetry, science, and art: Dante, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and Galileo. When he enters Santa Croce—the Pantheon of Italian intellect—he will feel, with Byron, that there lie—

Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality.

Here repose

Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes ;
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation.

Though the warlike spirit of the Tuscan people has undergone a great change since the times of Ferruccio, and the glorious days of Pisa and Siena, their social habits still preserve the stamp of those bygone days. In some of the more secluded valleys, even the old costumes may be traced ; such as the hooded *farsetto*, the *paliotto*, and the *lucco*, of the fourteenth century. At Siena, the famous popular feast which we find recorded by mediæval historians is still held in all its primitive details. The *carroccio*, the companies of armed warriors, the heralds of the commune, and the jesters with painted caps and bells, are yet paraded in their quaint array, performing the same games as of old round the piazza of the Town Hall. Even at Florence, though for many years a place of resort for general European society, the ancient customs of the Republicans may be traced in some of the popular festivals. These festivals are fragments of former times, preserved by tradition, and blending harmoniously with the habits of the present day. The gaiety and wit of the Tuscan people of old have changed as little. A *monello* or a *becciaro* of Florence may be still heard to utter some merry phrase, which proves how the traditions of the Italian language have been preserved in spite of foreign domination. It is curious,

also, to observe how the Tuscans retain those habits of strict economy which were formed in the days when they were the first merchants of Europe. This, according to the Italians of the other provinces, forms one of the main characteristics of the Tuscan nature. It is said that when a child is sent to school, a piece of bread and half a lemon are given to him for his luncheon. The greediness of the child makes him eat the lemon first; and his teeth being set on edge, he cannot eat the bread, which is thus spared for another meal.

The parsimony of the Tuscans, however, is set aside on solemn occasions, or on the recurrence of certain feasts. It is then that the patrician families display all the magnificence of their silver plate—in many cases, masterpieces of art, chiselled by Benvenuto or Ghiberti. The common people have also their days in which the saving habits of their life are forgotten. Christmas Eve is always a great feast for the Italians, and especially for the Florentines. It is not only the custom for noblemen and rich people to have a sumptuous supper on that evening; even the poorest man indulges in extra fare, and would consider himself disgraced were he not to have the abundant dish of fish, and the traditional *tortelli*. The necessary money is of course often wanting in the latter case; but the “Monte di Pietà,” or, as it would be called in England, the pawnbroker’s shop, is always ready to lend a trifle on the security of the blankets or linen of a poor man’s bed. I remember that on the 24th of December, 1859, as I was making my way across the Piazza delle Cipolle, where two of the three

Monti di Pietà of Florence are situated, F* could see that they were both doing a good business; for the crowd of poor people at their doors was numerous enough to obstruct the free circulation of carriages and foot-passengers. Poor, worn-out women, half-starved old men, and ragged boys were waiting their turn for admission, with the scanty bundle under their arms.

The Monte di Pietà, the *lotto*, and beggary are the great scourges of Central and Southern Italy. Instead of relying upon his industry, the poor man is accustomed to look upon these as the most proper institutions for supplying his daily wants. The pawn-broker, and the hazardous eventualities of the lottery, are always sought in the first place: beggary comes afterwards. The consequence of these three evils is, that every town in that part of Italy is thronged day and night by a set of lazy and degraded fellows, who live systematically upon public charity. The insufficiency of the food they get by these unworthy means affects their physical powers to such a degree, that after thirty they are almost unfit for work. It would scarcely be believed by English readers, but it is a fact, that in Central and Southern Italy the working classes of the towns seldom eat meat except on Sundays or feast days.

In spite of their empty stomachs, the Tuscan lower orders are very fond of anything in the nature of a ceremony, however solemn its character. A Florentine artisan will at any time leave his work to join a religious procession, or the well-known brotherhood called "Della Misericordia." To put on the black

gown of the confraternity bearing that name is for him the greatest of privileges. Far be it from me to deny the benefit of this association: its object is too full of piety, too humane, to be criticised. The institution is of mediæval origin; and its members are called upon, in a certain rotation, to meet in the church of the same name (Della Misericordia), at the tolling of the tower bell, which is heard whenever a murder is committed, or any other dangerous casualty has happened to a member of the community. At this mournful summons, the brethren put on their hooded gowns of coarse black linen, and hasten to the church, from which they start in procession for the place where the catastrophe has occurred. Nothing is more poetical and sad than to meet this company during the night. The procession marches slowly up the street. A stretcher covered with a brown cloth follows, on which lies the body of the sufferer. The men who form the procession are entirely covered by their gowns; for even their faces are hidden under the hood, which has only two holes for the eyes. The *confratelli* are preceded by burning torches; and the monotonous psalms they sing add to the gloom of their appearance. What is more curious is, that this institution has strictly maintained its democratic character from its commencement down to the present time. By the side of artificers, or even of poorer individuals, the richest and proudest men of Florence often walk on these charitable errands; for not only do a great many members of the Florentine nobility belong to it, but I have been assured that the Grand Duke himself did not disdain to join the confrater-

nity, and to put on his gown when it came to his turn.

In 1859, when I passed a few months at Florence, the society there was not as brilliant as it generally is. The Florentines are but little disposed to receiving; political events have moreover divided them into two opposite camps—that of the *Codini*, and that of the Liberals. In England, and even in France, persons of different opinions do not object to meeting in society, although in public life they may oppose one another with the greatest acrimony. But in Italy it is not so. The Southern nature scarcely allows opposing politicians to remain mere adversaries—they must become enemies. Tolerance has not yet become one of the social virtues of the Italians. This, no doubt, will come with time; for going back in English history to the days of James II. and William of Orange, we see that it was then pretty much the same in Great Britain. The day must arrive when my countrymen will respect the sincere opinions of others, combat them with the arms of reason, and get rid of that habit of calumny which, I am sorry to say, forms one of the prominent features of Italian political discussions.

The best place for enjoying Florentine fashionable life is the Cascine. This enchanting promenade is to the Florentine what the Forum was to the ancient Romans. Winter and summer, almost all the gay and wealthy drive there; and, when arrived at the square, which stands in the middle of the forest, the carriages stop, and the *conversazioni* begin. It is indeed a beautiful thing to see the shaded alleys and the green turf of the fields, enlivened with men and women, Mar-

quises and Princesses, flower-girls and *monelli*, soldiers and civilians, natives and foreigners, all moving vivaciously about, or standing in leisurely groups, thinking of nothing but pleasure. The Cascine plays such a part in the society of Florence that, when the dwellers in that city go abroad, they cannot help regretting its loss. In their opinion, even Hyde Park and the Champs Elysées fail to compensate for the absence of the beloved spot.

“What a splendid sight!” exclaimed I one day in June, 1858, to a Florentine friend, as we were leaning over the rails of Rotten Row, admiring the beauty of the English female aristocracy.

“It is so,” answered he. “There is no city in Europe where one can witness such a spectacle of elegance and grace. But yet our Cascine are preferable, for they are not merely a show, but an arena of social intercourse, such as only we Tuscans understand how to create.”

I thought the opinion of my friend somewhat exaggerated; but when I went to Florence, and could judge from my own experience, I was obliged to admit that there was a great deal of truth in it.

