

plans. The news came that Ramorino's corps, in which Mazzini served as a private soldier, had been dispersed. Garibaldi, sheltered at first by the keeper of a fruiterer's shop, disguised himself and left Genoa. Safe from the Piedmontese police, he was arrested by the French. He escaped; passed the night in an auberge; sang Beranger's 'Dieu des bonnes gens'; and so won men's hearts that those whose duty it was to seize him acted as his guides instead. He reached Marseilles in safety, and there learnt that the Sardinian Government had condemned him to death. 'It was,' he says, 'the first time that I saw my name in print.' Very prudently, he changed it; and soon afterwards, as 'Joseph Pane,' he saved a boy's life by plunging into the harbour of Marseilles. Shipping himself as mate on board a French vessel, he made another voyage to Odessa; then embarked in a frigate belonging to the Bey of Tunis; and on returning to Marseilles found that the cholera was raging in the town. Garibaldi at once volunteered to assist in the hospitals; for fifteen days the young Italian tended the sick, and then the pest began to pass away. He joined the brig *Nautonier*, of Nantes, Captain Beaugerard, bound from Marseilles to Rio Janeiro. The wonderful scenery, the glorious luxuriance of South America filled his soul with ecstasy. He sought for some one to share his joy; and he found the friend he needed in Rossetti.

"The Republic of Rio Grande was then at war with the empire of Brazil. Garibaldi received letters of marque from the republican authorities; armed a little ship of about thirty tons, named her the *Mazzini*, and then, with Rossetti and 15 other companions, put to sea. After taking some prizes and narrowly escaping shipwreck, he landed, and gazed for the first time upon the vast plains that stretch eastwards from Uruguay, plains with which he soon became as familiar as a gaucho, and upon which he was to fight many a stubborn battle. Returning to his ship he was attacked at daybreak by two Brazilian vessels—his helmsman was killed, his craft became unmanageable, Garibaldi was shot through the neck and became unconscious, but woke to find that the enemy had been beaten off, and that his little vessel was quietly floating up the River Parana. The courage of his men, however soon after failed them, and they deserted. Garibaldi was taken prisoner.

"Released, he resumed his adventurous life—now galloping over the plains, now cruising and fighting in the long lagoons. After a fight near the Estancia de la Barra, the hero fell in love. The courtship was a short one. Anita Giuseppe loved at first sight; the two noble souls recognised each other at once; they married, and in September, 1840, their son Menotti was born. Anita was worthy to be a hero's wife. Her nature, tropical in its intensity of passion, was akin to that of Garibaldi; and the bitterest hour of a life which has known many changes and much sorrow was that when, a hunted fugitive, he laid her in the grave, far away from her native land, in