

GARIBALDI.

A quarter of a century ago Italy was divided into a number of petty states, and governed by the Pope of Rome, and nearly a dozen kings and dukes, each independent of the others, but all controlled to a greater or less extent by France and Austria. Some of the rulers were tools in the hands of the governing powers, who were of course interested in the continuance of the existing system of government, or rather *mis*-government. For more than a dozen years, Italy has been a united people—the whole peninsula governed by one king—growing in power and prosperity, and as free from foreign control as the other powers of Europe.

One of the men instrumental in bringing about this union, was General Garibaldi, a man who occupies, in the Italian mind, a position somewhat similar to that which Americans accord to Washington.

Giuseppe (or Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice, in July, 1807. His father was a seafaring man, owner of a small vessel, and young Garibaldi, after much urging by his parents to prepare for the priesthood, was at last permitted to adopt the same pursuit his father followed. He became a skilful navigator, and at the age of twenty-three was in command of a vessel. Promptness and energy, traits that afterwards distinguished him, were prominent at this time.

About 1833 he became acquainted with Mazzini and other Italian patriots who were desirous of making Italy free, independent, and united. Always hating tyranny and oppression, his love of his native country now took deeper root, and became the leading motive of all his actions. He was ready to aid in any insurrection, or to strike a blow anywhere in the cause of freedom. He participated in an unsuccessful revolt at Genoa, in 1834, and saved his life by escaping to France. Not daring to return to Italy, he again became a sailor.

After a few voyages on the Mediterranean, he sailed for South America, landing at Rio Janeiro. Here he led a varied life—engaging in commerce, assisting in a revolt, commanding a privateer, captured, imprisoned, tortured, wounded and, after his release, buying a drove of cattle, which he took to Uruguay to sell. At Monte Video, he taught mathematics in one of the city schools; and also sold goods by sample for an enterprising merchant. Such business was rather tame for a man of his tastes, and when Buenos Ayres made war upon Uruguay, Garibaldi joined the army of Uruguay, eager for action. His military skill was duly appreciated, and he was soon chief in command of the entire army and navy of Uruguay, and carried the war to a successful close. The grateful country offered him a considerable tract of land for his services, but he declined the reward.

In 1847 the Italians rose against the Austrian power, and Garibaldi hastened to Italy to take part in the struggle. He fought in several actions, achieving much renown, but the revolt was speedily put down by the greater power of Austria. He then went to Rome and took command of an army there, and bravely held the city several

weeks against the troops of the Pope, who were assisted by the French. He withdrew from the city and escaped to Genoa, passing through territory occupied by Austrian troops, who made every effort for his capture. His remarkable adventures and hair-breadth escapes would form an interesting and romantic chapter, were there space to relate them. Many of his comrades were captured and executed, and his wife, who accompanied him, died from the hardships of the journey. Italy again became unsafe for the warlike patriot, and he escaped to Sardinia. He then made his way to Gibraltar, and Morocco, and Liverpool, and at last reached New York. For a year and a half he made soap and candles on Staten Island. He revisited South America, and commanded a vessel sailing from Peru to China. Returning to New York, he made a voyage to England and back. In 1854 he once more set sail for Italy. He purchased the half of the rocky island of Capraera, a mile from the coast of Sardinia, and established a home for himself and his children, and remained there until the Franco-Italian war broke out in 1859.

Joining the Italian forces, he conducted a guerrilla campaign against the Austrians, in which his quick and unexpected movements greatly harassed them, and his reckless bravery made him well nigh invincible. After the two great battles of Magenta and Solferino, peace was concluded without bringing about Italian union. The dominion of Victor Emmanuel, however, was extended over Northern Italy.

A revolt now took place in Sicily, and Garibaldi hastened thither, with eleven hundred followers. Sicily was under the dominion of the king of Naples. Garibaldi soon met and defeated a Neapolitan army three times as large as his own, and in three months, after many battles, possessed himself of the whole island. After this he crossed the Strait of Messina and invaded the kingdom of Naples. His army was increased by additions from the disaffected inhabitants until it numbered twenty-five thousand or more. His progress toward the kingdom of Naples was a triumphant march, and he entered the city amid the wildest enthusiasm of the citizens. A month afterwards he defeated the Neapolitan army in a

tured, and sent home to Capraera. Escaping, he renewed the contest, and was again defeated. In 1870, he assisted France in her sad conflict with the Prussians, and conducted a campaign in the Vosges Mountains with bravery and credit. The next year he was elected a member of the French national assembly, but declined the honor, and again returned home to his rocky island. Growing old, worn and weakened by wounds, disease and hard service, his sword was laid aside, to be girded on no more.

He was chosen to the Italian Parliament in 1875, but he did not make a successful legislator. He was granted a pension, yielding an annual income of about ten thousand dollars, and his last years were spent at his own home, receiving friends and visitors, writing invectives against tyranny and misgovernment, and managing his domestic affairs, which were not altogether free from crookedness. He died June 2, 1882.

While we can thus speak so highly in his praise, yet he had some qualities that we can not but condemn. He was true and devoted in his love of his country. Yet some of his campaigns were rash and imprudent, and

HOW THE LEAK WAS MENDED.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Uncle Timothy!"
Uncle Timothy looked up from the shoe whose sole he was vigorously hammering. "Why, bless you, John, if I'm not glad to see you, man alive!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, jumping up so suddenly that his last went one way, taking the shoe with it, his hammer went another, while his spectacles fell into the water pail close by.

There stood Uncle Timothy grasping the arm of his favorite nephew, John, as if he were a pump-handle, and the day being hot, and Uncle Timothy being dry, the pump-handle was worked with emphasis.

"Set down, John, and tell us how the folks are," said Uncle Timothy. "You have come to make me a visit, and have time enough to tell me all I want to know."

John was telling about "the folks," when Uncle Timothy said:

"What's that? Thunder, I do believe, rollin' down old Bear Mountain! We shall catch a rain now. There it is comin' down the mountain."

Come it did, furiously. Soon the water began to drip down from the ceiling.

"Uncle Timothy, your roof is leakin'."

"I know it, John; I know it. I will just put this pail under that 'ere."

"Why don't you have the roof mended?"
"Well, John, carpenters, you know, do charge so! Let 'em, they'd make a forenoon's work of it stoppin' up that 'ere hole, and I don't seem to have the extra chink. Fact is, John, it costs suthin' to live in this world, and it keeps a feller poundin' all the time."

Here Uncle Timothy took up his work and began to ring out a series of responses to the thun er rolling at nine-pins overhead. In the course of his visit John noticed that every forenoon Uncle Timothy would leave his shop, step across the yard to his house, bring out an immense yellow mug, and passing to a saloon in the neighborhood, bring home a mug full of beer.

"Ah!" thought John, "I see how it is that the roof is not mended."

The next day a surly, growling wind brought rain that began to pour early in the morning.

"Uncle Timothy," said John, after breakfast, "could I borrow that mug I see in the closet?"

"Oh! sartin, sartin."

Uncle Timothy was not going to his shop very early that day, and John knew it, business at another part of the town calling him away. When he returned it was about eleven o'clock, and his beer-gawing visited him.

"Where is my mug?" said Uncle Timothy, going to the closet. "Oh! John has it. Well, I guess I'll let my beer go this forenoon."

The rain was still dripping when he passed from his house to the shop. John was standing in the door.

"A wet day, nephew," said Uncle Timothy, "and there is not much hope given by the clouds."

Here he looked up, and there on the shop roof, covering the leak, he saw his old yellow beer-mug! For a minute Uncle Timothy gazed in silence. Then he broke out:

"Thank ye, John; I'll take the hint."

It was the last day Uncle Timothy owned a beer-mug. It was the last day that roof leaked, for it was soon mended with the beer-money he saved.—*Watchman*.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, who was present at the recent meeting of the Episcopal church convention held in Philadelphia, in speaking of the battle with intemperance, said:—We may have as many free churches as we please; we may open as many free libraries as we please, but so long as the demon of intemperance haunts our homes, our churches will be useless—sermons useless—efforts of laymen useless. What he hoped to see was a thoroughly organized system of temperance.

IF THE PUBLIC drinking places of England were placed side by side, in a straight line, they would extend a distance of 700 miles.



GARIBALDI.

bloody battle, and became master of the whole kingdom. King Victor Emanuel had also entered Naples from the north, and Garibaldi immediately gave up his authority and his army to his sovereign, who thus became king of the whole of Italy, except the Papal States. This campaign, short and decisive, lasting but five months, was the most important in its results of all the campaigns conducted by Garibaldi, and on this his real claim to his country's gratitude must rest.

He now retired to his home in Capraera, but two years later we find him leading an army to attack the city of Rome. In a skirmish he was wounded and captured, and afterward returned to Capraera. In 1864 he visited England and was received with considerable enthusiasm; but, receiving a hint from official circles that his presence was embarrassing to the Government, he suddenly returned to his island home.

In 1866 he was again fighting the Austrians in Venetia and the Tyrol. Next year he organized another invasion of the States of the Church, hoping to make Rome the capital of Italy. He was defeated, cap-

did the cause of Italian union more injury than good. His hatred of tyranny developed, in his old age, into a bitterness against lawful restraint, and many of his letters contained unreasonable and unjust criticisms on very proper acts of government. Some of his writings were suppressed by his friends from very shame. Even the Paris Communists of 1870 received a letter of sympathy from him.

He early imbibed a dislike for the priesthood, and was unceasing in his condemnation of popery. His enmity against the priests grew into a disbelief in any religion; and he became at last an avowed infidel, glorying in his disbelief in God. It is sad to think that a man so desirous of human freedom, and so devoted to his country, whose patriotic example and influence were so distinguished, should yet be so far astray in matters of such importance, and that his lamp should go out in obscure darkness.—*Church and Home*.

The rising of the tied—turning out to build the fire and cook the breakfast.