

for I think I understand them a little. But now the famine has come upon you; you are hungry; you are full of unsatisfied longings; you are greatly disappointed; the fire of want is burning in the soul; you are athirst for God—even for the living God—then arise and go to your home with the cry of a son upon your lips, and the trust of a child in your heart. Don't let shame or pride hinder you; you have blundered; you have sinned; confess it all, and turn your face homeward. You know not what to say; you want a creed—some form of expression for the faith you have—here, I give you this, Father. It is the centre of religion; it is the heart of all faith. Will you take it? Poor vagrant, wandered, starving minds, will you take it? Will you say, "I will arise and go to my Father." Will you? Try, Try.

(To be continued.)

NINO BIXIO.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

(Continued.)

To return. It is not for us here to write the history of the heroic *morituri te salutant*, proffered to Italy from Rome. Bixio's part in the defence is told in few words. He was Garibaldi's orderly officer; his right hand in a dozen brilliant engagements. On one occasion he had the good fortune to make 300 French prisoners on his own account. In the action of the 3rd of June at the Villa Corsini, he was severely wounded. "Write to my brother in France," he cried, "and tell him I am struck down by a French bullet." The same day, the hospital to which he was taken received another wounded soldier, Goffredo Mameli. The poor boy died after intense suffering, during which he was constantly speaking of his country, and prophesying her future. His "Fratelli d'Italia" is one of the most popular patriotic hymns of Italy, and an especial favourite with Garibaldi. We find this entry in Bixio's diary: "At half-past 7 a.m. on the 6th of July, 1849, in the hospital of the Trinità di Pellegrini, Goffredo Mameli yielded up his great soul!"

It was not until after the fall of the city that Bixio was well enough to return to Genoa. Always a sailor at heart, he now devoted himself to the study of navigation, and obtained a captain's certificate. But before seeking an appointment, he consulted Mazzini as to whether he might consider himself "on leave" from the service of Italian Independence, and Mazzini answered, "No." Thus his departure was put off, till the *coup d'état* of Napoleon dissipated all immediate prospect of a renewal of the struggle suspended beneath the walls of Rome and Venice. Bixio then re-entered the Genoese merchant service; but the more he saw of it, the further it fell short of his conception of what it ought to be. What he wanted, was a mercantile marine worthy of comparison with the old princely commerce of republican Genoa: worthy to compete, under the colours of a great nation—the Italy of the future—with the vast argosies of British trade. A man of action and energy in whatever he gave his mind to, he did not rest until he was in command of a fine clipper—the *Goffredo Mameli*—constructed under his own eyes, and destined to transact business with distant stations. The ship sailed from Genoa in 1855, bound for Melbourne, the first Italian vessel that ever took the direct route for Australia. A little while before leaving, Bixio married his relative Adelaide Parodi, who still lives. His marine venture had not the success it deserved; and time hastening on, brought the year 1859, which summoned him to other work.

The early part of 1859 was a period of the utmost suspense and anxiety for Italian patriots. A momentous crisis was plainly at hand; what would be its issue? There had been enough of magnificent failures in Italy. Only eighteen months before, the pure-minded chivalrous Pisacane, Garibaldi's precursor in Naples, had added one more to the list. And in the January of the year previous, a fateful event had powerfully stimulated Napoleon's considerations of "*Qu'y a-t-il à faire pour l'Italie?*" Whilst waiting for the sword to be unsheathed, Bixio took up the pen and started a journal, for the purpose of advocating the temporary military dictatorship of Piedmont. "We will follow the Government, if the Government will lead." Such was Bixio's programme now, as it had been when he uttered the famous "Cross the Ticino, and we are all with you." It embodied the consistent conviction of his life—a conviction inspired neither by any great partiality for the house of Savoy, nor by quite the feeling which suggested Dante's phrase, "*Fare Italia anche col diavolo!*" The fact was that Bixio did not attach very much importance to the forms of Government. He held that the question of Monarchy or Republic should be regulated by the political expediency of the moment. But it should not be forgotten that this expediency was that of Italy. Bixio, and those who think with him—we suppose the bulk of the Italian nation to be amongst them—do not deserve to be called base, selfish, or corrupt, for seeking the regeneration of their country in the manner they believed most likely to succeed, notwithstanding that to certain lofty minds the relinquishment of the republic may appear to be the negation of one section of a grand religious idea.

If, however, Piedmont was to be followed, she must lead. "Arm! arm! forward! forward!" cried Bixio, day by day. "Do you want money?" he said. "Take it. Do you want men? They are only waiting for you to call them." And he added, with prescient wisdom, "the utilization of the whole available force of the nation will not be less, but more imperative, in the event of a French alliance; for an alliance between the weak and the strong means the relations of *servant and master*. Had Piedmont, casting aside her fears of the revolutionary element in Italy, honestly and uncompromisingly accepted this advice, subsequent events might not have been what they were.

When war was declared, Bixio followed Garibaldi and his fortune. What that fortune was we need not stay to relate. How the corps of 3,600 volunteers—the *cacciatori delle Alpi*—performed prodigy after prodigy, won Varese, San Fermo, defended the Stelvio, covered the Valtellina, how it almost contrived to draw off the world's attention from the great operations of the allied armies—all this has been told, and well told, in numberless records. Then came the thunderbolt of Villafranca; then came the demand for Italian provinces. A recent Italian writer has well pointed out the one grain of consolation which existed for Italy in all this sad disillusionment. "Had Napoleon III., he

observes, "remained faithful to his first manifesto, 'From the Alps to the Adriatic,' the subjection of Italy to the French tutelage would have henceforth known no limit whatsoever." As it was, that tutelage exercised a sufficiently baneful influence over the new kingdom. But the statement above cited is substantially correct; the treaty of Villafranca freed Italy from what would have been overpowering obligations. The cession of Nice and Savoy cancelled the debt of gratitude incurred at Solferino and Magenta; not the debt of heartfelt thanks due to the Frenchmen dead among the Lombard maize fields, but the debt of political allegiance to France, and in particular to Napoleon. France will not see this, but it is none the less true on that account.

In the campaign of 1859, Bixio acted as major in the second battalion of Medici's regiment. His position in that of 1860 was one of far greater independence and importance. Garibaldi entrusted him with the delicate mission of superintending the embarkation of the "Thousand," which had to be performed with the utmost promptitude, and under the guise of secrecy. "Let us go, even with twenty men," Garibaldi had said to Bixio, who was eager to be off, "provided we go at once." The ex sea-captain desired nothing better; he pushed on the business with all despatch, losing his temper, of course, fifty times a day, and not even taking notice of the wife and children he loved so well. At length the arms and ammunition were deposited upon an old hulk which lay in the port of Genoa, jammed in between two steaming vessels, the "Piedmont" and the "Lombard," belonging to Raffaele Rubattino, the proprietor of the well-known Indian and Mediterranean lines of Italian mail steamers. Rubattino, good patriot, but at the same time cautious man of business, was quite willing, his ships should be used, only they must be taken "by force." At dusk on the fourth of May, some forty of the flower of the Garibaldians silently assembled upon the old hulk, and between nine and ten o'clock, Bixio stepped on board and drawing from his pocket the *kepi* of a Lieutenant-Colonel, said, "Gentlemen, from this moment you are under my command; attend to my orders." The orders were to possess themselves, revolver in hand, of the two neighbouring steamers, to carry on board the cases of arms and ammunition, and to prepare for immediate departure. By early dawn the ships were under weigh for Quarto, where Garibaldi was awaiting them in the midst of his Thousand. In his latest work, "I Mille," he has given an account of this night-watch at Quarto. "The stars shone out in all their southern splendour, and," he says, "an indefinable spiritual harmony seemed to make its presence felt. Who doubted the victory?" he exclaims. "Not he, certainly. All who were gathered together on that occasion are witnesses to the serene tranquility of his bearing, the placid smile which from time to time lit up his countenance. His was the faith which moves mountains. But not all who were there assembled professed that faith. Some among that strange medley of veterans and children, of proscriptions and soldiers of liberty from different lands, were not so assured of the success of the expedition which was going forth against fifty thousand picked Bourbon troops in Sicily, with a fleet to back them up. Some hoped for little but martyrdom. Some believed victory impossible, but said, with Sirtori, 'Where Garibaldi goes, we follow.' But all were quite at one in the resolve to 'do or die,' and in that was their strength."

The hours wore on, and the little throng stamped their feet upon the sea-shore with impatience. What if the ships did not come after all? What if they had been stopped or hindered in their passage? "Bixio and his companions are not the men to be foiled in what they undertake to do," remarked the eldest of the Cairoli, "with that angelic calmness of his." Many, however, have anxious faces. Some look at their watches, others whisper, "Must we return as we came?" But these harassing doubts and fears are suddenly changed to a tumult of satisfaction, for off the promontory appear, too visibly to be mistaken, the outlines of the "Piedmont" and the "Lombard," and in less than two hours the Thousand, with their chief, are safely embarked.

It is little to say that the anxieties of the expedition were not ended, but begun; but it was shortly threatened with a danger that had not been counted on. The speed of the two steamers was different—and Bixio, on the "Piedmont," had wholly lost sight of the "Lombard," when in the clear darkness of the May midnight he discerned an ominous black mass upon the water—obviously an enemy lying in wait! Bixio's excitement was tremendous; mindful of certain last instructions he had received from Garibaldi, he decided upon his course of action, raised a desperate shout of alarm, desired the engine-man to put on all steam, and commanded the pilot to steer straight upon the redoubtable apparition. The volunteers rushed on deck, clutching their arms, and re-echoing the cry of "Board her! board her!" without much knowing what it meant. Bixio stood at the prow, ready to be first in the assault. They were within an ace of collision, when a sonorous voice sounded—

"Capitano Bixio!—Garibaldi!"

Bixio's heart sank within him. He was just able to stammer out—

"General!"

"What are you about? Do you want to send us to the bottom?"

"General, I saw no signals."

"Eh! don't you see we are in the middle of the enemy's lines! Make for Marsala."

"All right, General."

So ended this historic dialogue."

(To be continued.)

Louis Kossuth, whose age and experience give him a title to prophecy, has a paper in the Contemporary Review on "What is in Store for Europe."

Innumerable anecdotes are told of the eccentricities of the late German Field Marshal Von Wrangle. "What is your name, sir?" he once asked, at a general inspection, an ensign conspicuous for his stately figure. "Von Keudell," answered the young officer. "Were you born at Poeckelwitz?" "No, sir." "Do you buy your horses at Poeckelwitz?" "No, sir." Two years later the ensign had become a lieutenant, and is still honoured with the attention of the Field Marshal. "What is your name, sir?" "Von Keudell." "Were you born at Poeckelwitz?" "No, sir." "Do you buy your horses at Poeckelwitz?" "No, sir." Two years later the lieutenant was a captain. Again came the Field Marshal. "What is your name, sir?" he begins. But this time the Captain: "My name is Von Keudell, I was not born at Poeckelwitz, and I do not buy my horses there." The Field Marshal, agast with bewilderment: "Wonderful.—That captain answers my questions even before my putting them!—a first-class officer. Let him be a major!"