

GARIBALDI GIUSEPPE

THE LIFE OF
GENERAL
GARIBALDI

Giuseppe Garibaldi

The Life of General Garibaldi

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Giuseppe Garibaldi

The Life of General Garibaldi / Translated from his private papers; with the history of / his splendid exploits in Rome, Lombardy, Sicily and to the / present time

INTRODUCTION

The following pages are principally written by the pen of the hero of our age, that pure-hearted man – that devoted patriot, and noble, generous, and disinterested philanthropist – that spirited, undaunted, and indomitable warrior, whose splendid deeds have dazzled the world, and whose career, according to his own recent declaration, will be brought to its close by a final triumph, for which he is now preparing, to be gained early in the present year.

While General Garibaldi resided in New York and its vicinity, in the years 1850 and '51, the author of this book enjoyed his acquaintance, and the favor of receiving from him his private memoirs, with permission to translate and publish them.¹ They had just been prepared for the press, when Garibaldi requested that they might be withheld from the public while he remained in this country, probably because he preferred to be unnoticed, being at that time employed in making candles on Staten Island, and naturally fond of retirement.

The first part of this volume, to page 210, contains a literal translation from his original private manuscripts, in which a clear, unadorned English style was adopted, as nearly corresponding, as the translator's abilities would allow, to the manly and pure Italian of the author. No attempt was made to change, by dilating or polishing, as the translator believed it to be almost as hopeless to improve his style as to rival him with the sword. That portion of the volume relates to his early life, and the fourteen years he spent in the service of the Republican cause in South America.

The succeeding pages are devoted to his services in Italy in the revolutions of 1849, 1859 and 1860; and a large proportion of their contents is occupied by his proclamations and other documents of his own, in translating which the same efforts have been made to render them correctly.

The author has received assistance from some of the countrymen of Garibaldi in New York, for information not otherwise to be obtained, several of whom have been his fellow-soldiers. Many extracts have been taken from the most authentic and interesting descriptions, by intelligent eye-witnesses, of scenes in the two last campaigns in Italy. A personal acquaintance with Italy and Italians has enabled the writer to select, arrange, and explain the vast amount of materials presented by those most extraordinary seasons, in a manner perhaps best adapted for his readers. Some omissions were necessary, in composing a work of this kind, but nothing of essential importance.

The reader can hardly fail to bear in mind, while here reviewing the life of this wonderful man, the most formidable of modern times, who is at the same time one of the most gentle and amiable at heart, that even now the present pause in his career is a solemn one, as it is speedily to be followed by a scene of excitement, conflict and consequences, perhaps unequalled by those which are past. The results none can foresee: but it is evident that they must be momentous and extensive, whether

¹ (TRANSLATION.)Staten Island, 30th October, 1850."Dear Mr. Theodore Dwight: "According to what I have promised you, I send you the first biographical sketch; and do not be surprised that it is that of my wife. She was my constant companion, in good and bad fortune – sharing, as you will see, my greatest dangers, and surpassing the bravest men. I wish you to consult Foresti, respecting the manuscripts and translations, and frankly express to me your opinion. "Yours, G. Garibaldi."

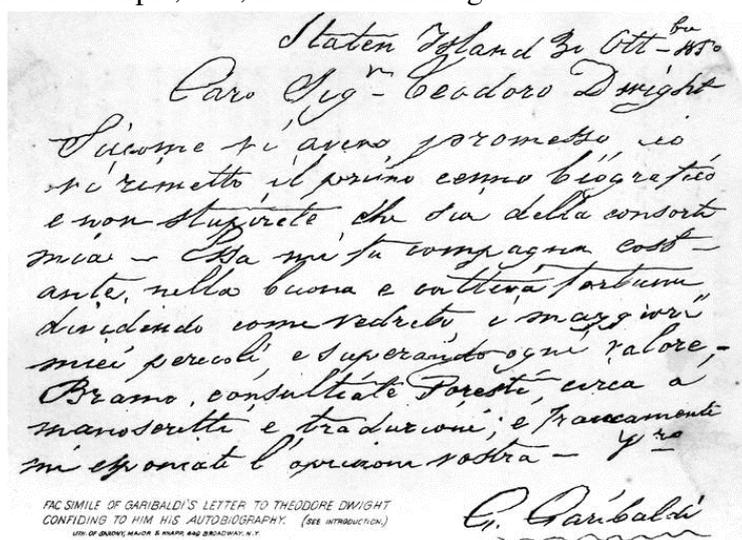
prosperous or adverse; and no intelligent American can anticipate them without deep emotion. Well may we look to heaven for the protection and success of the noble hero of Italian independence and liberty, the avowed enemy of the Papal Anti-Christ, whom he unmasks and denounces, and for the diffusion among his countrymen of that pure and undefiled Christianity, of which he declares himself a believer, and which he so earnestly claims for the religion of Italy.

The efforts, sacrifices, and sufferings of thousands of Italians for the independence, freedom, and happiness of their country, have been such, in past years, as to present pages worthy of record in history for the honor of mankind, and lessons for other nations. Many of the purest men have been suffering the pains and sorrows of exile in our own land, some of them after long and cruel punishment in the dungeons of Austria, those of the brutal kings of Naples, or of the Pope of Rome. With a patience and magnanimity astonishing to witness, they have justly excited the respect, love, and admiration of Americans who knew them, and ever showed themselves sincere and cordial friends of our country, our institutions, and state of society. Unlike too many other foreigners, they have been content with the protection which they enjoyed, and never sought for office or power, much less to act as the servants of European despots, to undermine American liberty. Some of these noble men, on returning to Italy, left with us records of their lives, which may, perhaps, hereafter be published, according to their desire, to promote a warm attachment between our countrymen and their own, for which those writings are admirably adapted.

The following pages contain the translation of one of the collections of manuscripts here referred to, and it is most gratifying to the translator to bring before the American public, at this time, so appropriate, interesting, and authentic a biography of the admired man of our age, under his own authority, and from his own pen.

Could there be a character better adapted as a model for American youth, in training them to just views of the value of what has been called the humble virtues of common life? The example of Garibaldi displays those virtues which adorn every pure, honest, and disinterested character, in happy contrast with the false and selfish principles which are too generally approved, admired, and recommended to the young. How much the world owes him, for his disinterested career, his devotion to the good of others, his refusal of rewards of every kind, and his preference of simple life in a lonely, rocky island, with only his son and daughter, and a few true friends, to all the honors, riches, and luxuries of the European capitals!

And how noble an example, also, have the Italians given us of union!



FAC SIMILE OF GARIBALDI'S LETTER TO THEODORE DWIGHT CONFIDING TO HIM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (SEE INTRODUCTION.)

LITH. OF SARONY, MAJOR & KNAPP, 449 BROADWAY, N. Y.]

LIFE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI

CHAPTER I

MY FATHER – MY MOTHER – HER INFLUENCE ON MY LIFE – INCIDENTS OF MY CHILDHOOD – MY FIRST SCHOOLMASTERS

In commencing an account of my life, it would be unpardonable in me to omit speaking of my kind parents. My father, a sailor, and the son of a sailor, educated me in the best manner he could in Nice, my native city, and afterwards trained me to the life of a seaman in a vessel with himself. He had navigated vessels of his own in his youth; but a change of fortune had compelled him afterwards to serve in those belonging to his father. He used often to tell his children that he would gladly have left them richer; but I am fully convinced that the course which he adopted in our education was the best he possibly could have taken, and that he procured for us the best instructors he was able, perhaps sometimes at the expense of his own convenience. If, therefore, I was not trained in a gymnasium, it was by no means owing to his want of desire.

In mentioning my mother – I speak it with pride – she was a model for mothers; and, in saying this, I have said all that can be said. One of the greatest sorrows of my life is, that I am not able to brighten the last days of my good parent, whose path I have strewn with so many sorrows by my adventurous career. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but do I not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine? To the piety of my mother, to her beneficent and charitable nature, do I not, perhaps, owe that little love of country which has gained for me the sympathy and affection of my good, but unfortunate fellow-citizens? Although certainly not superstitious, often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean, or the hail-storms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have in fancy seen her on her knees before the Most High – my dear mother! – imploring for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers.

I spent my childhood in the joys and sorrows familiar to children, without the occurrence of anything very remarkable. Being more fond of play than of study, I learned but little, and made but a poor return for the kind exertions of my parents for my education. A very simple accident made a deep impression on my memory. One day, when a very little boy, I caught a grasshopper, took it into the house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. Reflecting on the injury I had done to the harmless insect, I was so much affected with grief, that I retired to my chamber, mourned over the poor little creature, weeping bitterly for several hours. On another occasion, while accompanying my cousin in hunting, I was standing on the side of a deep ditch, by which the fields were irrigated, when I discovered that a poor woman, while washing clothes, had fallen from the bank, and was in imminent danger. Although I was quite young and small, I jumped down and saved her life; and my success afforded me the highest pleasure. On that occasion, and in various other circumstances of a similar kind, I never hesitated for a moment, or thought of my own safety.

Among my teachers, I retain a grateful recollection of Padre Gianone and Signor Arena. Under the former I made but very little progress, being bent more on play than on learning; but I have often regretted my loss in failing to learn English, whenever I have since been thrown in company with persons speaking that language. To the latter I consider myself greatly indebted for what little I know. The ignorance in which I was kept of the language of Italy, and of subjects connected with her condition and highest interests, was common among the young, and greatly to be lamented. The

defect was especially great in Nice, where few men knew how to be Italians, in consequence of the vicinity and influence of France, and still more the neglect of the government to provide a proper education for the people. To the instructions of Padre Gianone, and the incitement given me by my elder brother Angelo, who wrote to me from America to study my native language, I acknowledge my obligations for what knowledge I possess of that most beautiful of languages. To my brother's influence, also, I owe it, that I then read Roman and Italian history with much interest.

This sketch of my early youth I must close, with the narration of a little expedition which I attempted to carry into effect – my first adventure. Becoming weary of school in Genoa, and disgusted with the confinement which I suffered at the desk, I one day proposed to several of my companions to make our escape, and seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a "corsair," commanded by good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken back to our homes, exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an Abbé who had betrayed our flight. Two of my companions on that occasion were Cesare Tanoli and Raffaele Deandreis.

When I recur to the principles which were inculcated at school, and the motives used to encourage us to study, I am now able to understand their unsoundness and their evil tendency. We were in danger of growing up with only selfish and mercenary views: nothing was offered us as a reward for anything we could do, but money.

CHAPTER II

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR – MY FIRST VOYAGE – MY ACCOMPLISHED CAPTAIN – MY SECOND VOYAGE – FIRST VISIT TO ROME – IMPRESSIONS – MY PRAYERS – JOIN THE SECRET SOCIETY – SENTENCE OF DEATH – ESCAPE TO FRANCE – INCIDENTS AT MARSEILLES

How everything is embellished by the feelings of youth, and how beautiful appeared, to my ardent eyes, the bark in which I was to navigate the Mediterranean, when I stepped on board as a sailor for the first time! Her lofty sides, her slender masts, rising so gracefully and so high above, and the bust of Our Lady which adorned the bow, all remain as distinctly painted on my memory at the present day, as on the happy hour when I became one of her crew. How gracefully moved the sailors, who were fine young men from San Remi, and true specimens of the intrepid Ligurians! With what pleasure I ventured into the fore-castle, to listen to their popular songs, sung by harmonious choirs! They sang of love, until I was transported; and they endeavored to excite themselves to patriotism by singing of Italy! But who, in those days, had ever taught them how to be patriots and Italians? Who, indeed, had then ever said, on those shores, to those young men, that there was such a thing as Italy, or that they had a country to be ameliorated and redeemed?

The commander of the *Costanza*, the vessel in which I had embarked, was Angelo Pesante. He was the best sea-captain I ever knew, and ought to have the command of a ship of war of the first class, as soon as Italy shall have such a fleet as she deserves, – for a better commander could not be. He has, indeed, been captain of an armed vessel. Pesante was able to make or invent every thing that could be wanted in a vessel of any kind whatsoever, from a fishing-boat to a ship of the line; and, if he were in the service of the country, she would reap the advantage and the glory.

My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect! The Rome which I had painted in my imagination, no longer existed. The future Rome, rising to regenerate the nation, has now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. Thoughts, springing from the past, in short, have had a prevailing influence on me during my life. Rome, which I had before admired and thought of frequently, I ever since have loved. It has been dear to me beyond all things. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me. Even in exile, these feelings were constantly cherished in my heart; and often, very often, have I prayed to the Almighty to permit me to see that city once more. I regarded Rome as the centre of Italy, for the union of which I ardently longed.

I made several voyages with my father, and afterwards one with Captain Guiseppe Gervino, to Cagliari, in a brig named the *Emma*, during which, on the return passage, I witnessed a melancholy shipwreck, at a distance, in such a storm that it was impossible to render any assistance. In that instance I witnessed, for the first time, that tender sympathy which sailors generally feel for others in distress. We saw Spaniards, in a Catalan felucca, struggling with the waves, who soon sank before our eyes, while my honest and warm-hearted shipmates shed tears over their hard fate. This disaster was caused by a sudden change of wind when the sea and wind were high. A *Libaccio*, a south-west wind, had been blowing furiously for several days, and a number of vessels were in sight, of all which the felucca seemed to make the best way. We were all steering for Vado, to make that port for shelter, until the storm should subside. A horrible surge unexpectedly broke over the Spanish vessel, and upset it in an instant. We saw the crew clinging to the side, and heard their cries to us for assistance,

while we could perceive their signals, but could not launch a boat. They all soon disappeared in the foam of a second surge, more terrible than the first. We afterwards heard that the nine persons thus lost all belonged to one family.

From Vado I went to Genoa, and thence to Nice, whence I commenced a series of voyages to the Levant, in vessels belonging to the house of Givan. In one of these, in the brig Centesi, Captain Carlo Seneria, I was left sick in Constantinople. The vessel sailed; and, as my sickness continued, I found myself in somewhat straitened circumstances. In cases of difficulty or danger, I have never, in all my life, been disheartened. I then had the fortune to meet with persons kindly disposed to assist me, and, among others, I can never forget Signora Luigia Saiyuraiga, of Nice, whom I have ever since regarded as one of the most accomplished of women, in the virtues which distinguish the best and most admirable of her sex.

As mother and wife, she formed the happiness of her husband, who was an excellent man, and of their young and interesting children, whose education she conducted with the greatest care and skill. What contributed to prolong my abode in the capital of Turkey, was the war which at that time commenced between that power and Russia; and I then, for the first time, engaged as a teacher of children. That employment was offered me by Signor Diego, a doctor in medicine, who introduced me to the widow Temoin, who wanted an instructor for her family. I took up my residence in the house, and was placed in charge of her three sons, with a sufficient salary.

I afterwards resumed the nautical life, embarking in the brig Nostra Signora della Grazia, Captain Casabana; and that vessel was the first I ever commanded, being made Captain of it on a subsequent voyage to Mahon and Gibraltar, returning to Constantinople.

Being an ardent lover of Italy from my childhood, I felt a strong desire to become initiated in the mysteries of her restoration; and I sought everywhere for books and writings which might enlighten me on the subject, and for persons animated with feelings corresponding with my own. On a voyage which I made to Tagangog, in Russia, with a young Ligurian, I was first made acquainted with a few things connected with the intentions and plans of the Italian patriots; and surely Columbus did not enjoy so much satisfaction on the discovery of America, as I experienced on hearing that the redemption of our country was meditated. From that time I became entirely devoted to that object, which has since been appropriately my own element for so long a time.

The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was, that on the fifth of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant — *a proscripi*. At that time my public life commenced; and, a few days after, I saw my name, for the first time, in a newspaper: but it was in *a sentence of death!*

I remained in Marseilles, unoccupied, for several months; but at length embarked, as mate, in a vessel commanded by Captain Francesco Gazan. While standing on board, towards evening, one day, dressed in my best suit, and just ready to go on shore, I heard a noise in the water, and, looking below, discovered that some person had fallen into the sea, and was then under the stern of the vessel. Springing into the water, I had the satisfaction to save from drowning a French boy, in the presence of a large collection of people, who expressed their joy aloud, and warmly applauded the act. His name was Joseph Rasbaud, and he was fourteen years of age. His friends soon made their appearance; and I experienced very peculiar feelings excited in my heart, when the tears of his mother dropped, one after another, upon my cheek, while I heard the thanks of the whole family.

Some years before I had a similar good fortune, when I saved the life of my friend, Claudio Terese.

CHAPTER III

VOYAGE TO BRAZIL – FIRST MEETING WITH ROSETTI – WE ENGAGE IN TRADE – ZAMBECCARI'S ARRIVAL – THE UNITED PROVINCES – ENGAGE IN THE SERVICE OF RIO GRANDE – SAIL – MY FIRST PRIZE – CONDUCT OF MY MEN – MY RULE FOR TREATING PRISONERS – RECEPTION AT MALDONADO – SUDDEN DEPARTURE

I made another voyage to the Black Sea, in the brig *Unione*, and afterwards one to Tunis, in a frigate, built at Marseilles for the Bey. From the latter port I next sailed for Rio Janeiro, in the *Nautonier*, a Nantes brig, Captain Beauregard.

While walking one day in a public place in Rio, I met a man whose appearance struck me in a very uncommon and very agreeable manner. He fixed his eyes on me at the same moment, smiled, stopped, and spoke. Although we found that we had never met before, our acquaintance immediately commenced, and we became unreserved and cordial friends for life. He was Rosetti, the most generous among the warm lovers of our poor country!

I spent several months in Rio, unoccupied and at ease, and then engaged in commerce, in company with Rosetti: but a short experience convinced us that neither of us was born for a merchant.

About this time Zambeccari arrived at Rio, having been sent as a prisoner from Rio Grande, when I became acquainted with the sentiments and situation of the people of that province. Arrangements were soon made for Rosetti and myself to proceed on an expedition for their aid, they having declared their independence. Having obtained the necessary papers, we engaged a small vessel for a *crusier*, which I named "*The Mazzini*." I soon after embarked in a *garopera*, with twenty companions, to aid a people in the south, oppressed by a proud and powerful enemy. The *garope* is a kind of Brazilian fish, of an exquisite flavor; and boats employed in taking it are called *garoperas*. My feelings, at that epoch of my life, were very peculiar. I was enlisted in a new and hazardous enterprize, and, for the first time, turned a helm for the ocean with a warlike flag flying over my head – the flag of a republic – the Republic of Rio Grande. I was at the head of a resolute band, but it was a mere handful, and my enemy was the empire of Brazil.

We sailed until we reached the latitude of Grand Island, off which we met a *sumaca*, or large coasting boat, named the *Luisa*, loaded with coffee. We captured her without opposition, and then resolved to take her instead of my own vessel, having no pilot for the high sea, and thinking it necessary to proceed along the coast. I therefore transferred everything from the *Mazzini* on board the *sumaca*, and then sunk the former. But I soon found that my crew were not all men like Rosetti, of noble and disinterested character and the purest morals; and, indeed, I had before felt some apprehensions, when I saw among them several physiognomies by no means prepossessing. I now found them, when on board the *sumaca*, affecting ferocity, to intimidate the poor Brazilian sailors, whom we had made prisoners. I took immediate steps to repress all such conduct, and to tranquilize the fears which they had excited, assuring the crew that they should be uninjured and kindly treated, and set on shore at the first convenient landing-place, with all their own personal property. A Brazilian, a passenger in the *sumaca*, took the first opportunity, after coming on board, to offer me a casket containing three valuable diamonds, in a supplicating manner, as if afraid for his life; but I refused to receive it, and gave peremptory orders that none of the effects of the crew or passengers should be taken from them, under any pretext whatever. And this course I pursued on all subsequent occasions, whenever I took any prizes from the enemy; and my orders were always strictly obeyed.

The passengers and crew were landed north of Itaparica, the launches of the Luisa being given to them, with all their movables, and as much brandy as they chose to take with them. I then went to the south, and soon arrived in the port of Maldonado, where the favorable reception given us by the authorities and the people, afforded us a very flattering prospect.

Rosetti set off for Montevideo, to arrange things connected with the expedition, leaving us to await his return; and during eight days we enjoyed one uninterrupted festival among the hospitable inhabitants. The close of that period of gayety would have been tragical, if the political chief of the town had been less friendly than he proved himself to be. I received unexpected notice, quite different from what I had been led to expect, that the flag of Rio Grande was not recognized, and that an order had arrived for our immediate arrest. Thus compelled to depart, although the weather was threatening, I hoisted sail without delay, and steered up the river Plata, with scarcely any plan or object, and almost without opportunity to communicate to any one that I should await, at the Point of Jesus Maria, news of the result of Rosetti's deliberations with his friends in Montevideo. After a wearisome navigation, I reached that place, having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Point of Piedras Negras, in consequence of a variation of the compass caused by the muskets placed near it.

I found no news at that place; and our provisions were entirely consumed. We had no boat to land with: but it was indispensable to procure food for the men. At length, after some deliberation, having discovered a house about four miles distant from the shore, I determined to get to the land, by some means or other, and, at any cost, to procure provisions and bring them on board. The shore being very difficult of approach, because the wind was blowing from the pampas, the vast plains which extend far and wide, it was necessary to throw out two anchors to draw up a little nearer. I then embarked on the dining table, accompanied by one of my sailors, named Maurizio Garibaldi, and moved on towards the land, not navigating, but rolling through the breakers of that dangerous shore. In spite of the difficulty attending the enterprise we reached the river's bank in safety, and drew up our strange craft on the sand. Then, leaving my companion and namesake to refit, I set off for the house which I had seen from the vessel.

Walking up the bank I reached the level of the pampas, and then, for the first time in my life, caught a view of one of those vast South American plains. I was struck with admiration: – such a boundless scene of fertility, where wild horses and cattle were running free and unrestrained, feeding, resting, and racing at full speed, at will. My mind was filled with new, sublime and delightful emotions, as I passed on towards the solitary habitation to which I was bound. When I reached it I found a welcome, and easily obtained a promise of an abundant supply of food for my crew. The daughter of the proprietor of that vast estate was an educated, refined and agreeable young lady, and even a poetess; and I spent the remainder of the day very pleasantly, in company with her and the rest of the family.

The next day I returned to the shore, with the quarters of a fat bullock which had been killed for me out of the immense herd of cattle, at the order of the proprietor. Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved entirely too great, and we immediately began to sink until we stood in the water; and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. Indeed, we were in actual danger of drowning. But, after great exertions, we reached the Luisa with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions, whose only hope for subsistence depended on our success.

The next day, while passing a small vessel called a Balandra, we thought of purchasing her launch, which we saw on her deck. We therefore made sail, boarded her, and made the purchase for thirty dollars. That day also we spent in sight of Jesus Maria.

CHAPTER IV

TWO BRAZILIAN VESSELS – MY FIRST BATTLE – MY FIRST WOUND – RESULTS – MY OWN CONDITION – BURIAL OF MY FRIEND FIORENTINO

The day after, while lying a little south of Jesus Maria, two launches came in sight and approached us in a friendly manner, with nothing in their appearance to excite suspicion. I made a signal agreed on with friends, but it was not answered; and then I hoisted sail, had the arms taken from the chests, and prepared to meet them as enemies. The launches held on towards us: the larger showed only three men on deck: but, when she came nearer, called on us to surrender, in the name of the Oriental Government. The next instant thirty men suddenly rose, as if by a miracle, and she ran up on our larboard side. I immediately gave command to "brace the yards," and then to "fire." An active engagement then commenced. The launch being then alongside of us, several of the enemy attempted to board us, but were driven back by a few shots and sabre-cuts. All this passed in a few moments. But my order to brace the yards was not obeyed, for my men were new and in confusion, and the few who began to haul at the weather braces found they had not been let go to leeward, and were unable to move them. Fiorentino, one of the best of the crew, who was at the helm, sprang forward to cast them off, when a musket ball struck him in the head and laid him dead on deck. The helm was now abandoned; and, as I was standing near, firing at the enemy, I seized the tiller, but the next moment received a bullet in my neck, which threw me down senseless, and I knew nothing more until the action was over. When I came to myself I found that an hour had elapsed, a hard fight had been maintained against a superior force, and a victory won, chiefly by the bravery of the Italians, the mate, Luigi Carniglia, the second mate, Pasquale Lodola, and the sailors Giovanni Lamberti and Maurizio Garibaldi. Two Maltese and all the Italians, except a Venitian, fought bravely. The others, with two negroes, sheltered themselves under the ballast of the vessel.

I found that the enemy had hauled off out of gun-shot. I ordered that our vessel should proceed up the river, in search of a place of retreat. When I first began to recover consciousness, I lay helpless, apparently dead, but felt as if unable to die. I was the only man on board who had any knowledge of navigation; and, as none of the others had a single idea of geography, or knew where to go, they at length brought me the chart. None of us had been in the waters of the Plata before, except Maurizio, who had sailed on the Uruguay. When I turned my dying eyes on the chart, I was unable to see distinctly, but made out to perceive that one place on the river was printed in large letters, and at length discovered that it was Santa Fé, on the Paraná, and thought we might there make a temporary harbor. So, pointing at it with my finger, and signifying as well as I could the direction and distance, I left the helmsman to himself.

All the sailors, except the Italians, were frightened by seeing my situation, and the corpse of Fiorentino, and by the apprehension of being treated as pirates wherever they might go. Every countenance wore an expression of terror; and at the earliest opportunity they deserted. In every bird they observed on the water they imagined they saw an enemy's launch, sent to pursue them. The body of the unfortunate Fiorentino was buried the next day in the river, with the ceremonies usually practised by sailors, as we were unable to anchor anywhere near the land. I was perhaps affected the more by the sad scene, because I was in so feeble a condition. I had never thought much about death, although I knew I was liable to it every moment; but I mourned deeply at the funeral of my lost friend, who was very dear indeed to me. Among the numerous poetical lines which occurred to my mind, was that beautiful verse of Ugo Foscolo:

"Un sasso che distingue le mie

Dall' infinite osse, che in terra
E in mar, semina Morte."

[Let a stone distinguish mine from the innumerable

bones which Death sows on land and in the sea.]

My friend had promised me never to bury me in the water: but who can tell whether he would have been able to keep his promise? I could never have felt sure that my corpse would not feed the sea-wolves and acaves of the great river Plata. If it were so, then I should never have seen Italy again; never fought for her – which was the great wish of my life: but then, too, I never should have seen her sink into ignominy. Who would have said to the amiable man that, within a year, Garibaldi would see him swallowed up in the surges of the ocean, and that he would search for his corpse, to bury it on a foreign shore, and to mark the spot with a stone, for the eyes of strangers? He deserved my kind regard; for he attended me, with the care of a mother, during the whole voyage from Mayaguay. During all my sufferings, which were very severe, I had no relief but what he afforded me, by his constant care and kind services. I wish to express my gratitude to God for sending me such a friend.

CHAPTER V

ARRIVAL AT GUALAGUAY – RECEPTION – MY WOUND HEALED – MY SUDDEN DEPARTURE AND RETURN – CRUEL TREATMENT – SEÑORA ALEMAN – TRIBUTE TO THAT NOBLE LADY – GO TO BAJADA

Our vessel arrived at Gualaguay, where we were very cordially received and kindly treated by Captain Luca Tartabal, of the schooner *Pintoresca*, and his passengers, inhabitants of that town. That vessel had met ours in the neighborhood of Hiem, and, on being asked for provisions by Luigi, they had offered to keep company with us to their destination. They warmly recommended us to the governor of the province, Don Pasquale Echague, who was pleased, when going away, to leave his own surgeon with me, Dr. Ramon del Orco, a young Argentine. He soon extracted the ball from my neck and cured me. I resided in the house of Don Jacinto Andreas during the six months which I spent in that place, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness and courtesy, as well as for those which I received from his family.

But I was not free. With all the friendliness of Echague, and the sympathy shown me by the inhabitants of the town, I was not permitted to leave it without the permission of Rosas, the traitor of Buenos Ayres, who never acted for a good reason. My wound being healed, I was allowed to take rides on horseback, even to a distance of twelve miles, and was supplied with a dollar a day for my subsistence, which was a large sum for that country, where there is but little opportunity to spend money. But all this was not liberty. I was then given to understand by certain persons (whether friends or enemies), that it had been ascertained that the government would not wish to prevent my escape if I should attempt it. I therefore determined to gain my freedom, believing that it would be easier than it proved, and that the attempt would not be regarded as a serious offence.

The commandant of Gualaguay was named Millau. He had not treated me ill, but it was very doubtful what his feelings towards me really were, as he had never expressed any interest in me.

Having after a time formed my plan, I began to make preparations. One evening, while the weather was tempestuous, I left home and went in the direction of a good old man, whom I was accustomed to visit at his residence, three miles from Gualaguay. On arriving, I got him to describe with precision the way which I intended to take, and engaged him to find me a guide, with horses, to conduct me to Hueng, where I hoped to find vessels in which I might go, *incognito*, to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. Horses and a guide were procured. I had fifty-four miles to travel, and that distance I *devoured* in less than half a night, going almost the whole way on the gallop. When day broke, we were at an estancia, within about half a mile of the town. My guide then told me to wait in the bushes where we were, while he went to inquire the news at the house. I complied, and he left me. I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree with the bridle, and waited a long time. At length, not seeing him return, I walked to the edge of the bushes, and looked about in search of him, when I heard behind me a trampling of horses; and, on turning round, discovered a band of horsemen, who were rushing upon me with their sabres drawn. They were already between me and my horse, and any attempt to escape would have been fruitless – still more any effort at resistance. I was immediately seized and bound, with my hands behind me, and then placed upon a miserable horse, and had my feet tied under him. In that condition I was taken back to Gualaguay, where still worse treatment awaited me.

Such were the impressions made upon my feelings by the barbarous usage which I received at that time, that I have never since been able to recall the circumstances without a peculiar agitation of mind; and I regard that period as the most painful of my life.

When brought into the presence of Millau, who was waiting for me at the door of the prison, he asked me who had furnished me with the means of escape. When he found that he could draw no information from me on that subject, he began to beat me most brutally with a club which he had in his hand. He then put a rope over a beam in the prison, and hung me up in the air by my hands, bound together as they were. For two hours the wretch kept me suspended in that manner. My whole body was thrown into a high, feverish heat. I felt as if burning in a furnace. I frequently swallowed water, which was allowed me, but without being able to quench my raging thirst. The sufferings which I endured after being unbound were indescribable: yet I did not complain. I lay like a dead man; and it is easy to believe that I must have suffered extremely. I had first travelled fifty-four miles through a marshy country, where the insects are insufferable at that season of the year, and then I had returned the same distance, with my hands and feet bound, and entirely exposed to the terrible stings of the zingara, or mosquito, which assailed me with vigor; and, after all this, I had to undergo the tortures of Millau, who had the heart of an assassin.

Andreas, the man who had assisted me, was put into prison; and all the inhabitants were terrified, so that, had it not been for the generous spirit of a lady, I probably should have lost my life. That lady was Señora Aleman, to whom I love to express my gratitude. She is worthy of the warmest terms of admiration, and deserves the title of "angelo generoso di bontà" (generous angel of goodness). Spurning every suggestion of fear, she came forward to the assistance of the tortured prisoner; and from that time I wanted nothing – thanks to my benefactress!

A few days after, I was removed to Bajada, the capital of the province, and I remained a prisoner in that city for two months. I was then informed, by Governor Echague, that I should be allowed to leave the province. Although I professed different principles from his, and had fought for a different cause, I have ever been ready to acknowledge my obligations to that officer, and always desired an opportunity to prove my gratitude to him for granting me everything that was in his power to give, and, most of all, my liberty.

I took passage in a Genoese brig, commanded by Captain Ventura, a man of such a character that he had risen superior to the principles inculcated in Italian youth by their priestly instructors. From him I received the most gentlemanly treatment on my passage to Guassu. There I embarked for Montevideo in a balandra, commanded by Pascuale Corbona, who likewise treated me with great kindness. Good fortune and misfortune thus often succeeded each other.

CHAPTER VI

AT MONTEVIDEO – INCOGNITO – DEPARTURE FOR RIO GRANDE – MARCH WITH THE ARMY OF THE PRESIDENT, BENTO GONZALEZ – HIS CHARACTER, FAMILY, AND FRIENDS – AGREEABLE SOCIETY

In Montevideo I found a collection of my friends, among whom the chief were Rosetti, Cuneo, and Castellani. The first was on his return from a journey to Rio Grande, where he had been received with the greatest favor by the proud Republicans inhabiting that region. In Montevideo I found myself still under proscription, on account of my affair with the launches of that state, and was obliged to remain in concealment in the house of my friend Pepante, where I spent a month. My retirement was relieved and enlightened by the company of many Italian acquaintances, who, at that time, when Montevideo was not suffering from the calamities it has too often known, and, as is always the case in time of peace, were distinguished by a refinement and hospitality worthy of all praise. The war, and chiefly the late siege, have since embittered the lives of those good-hearted men, and produced great changes in their condition.

After the expiration of a month, I set off for Rio Grande with Rosetti, on horseback; and that first long journey I ever made in that manner I highly enjoyed. On reaching Piratimin, we were cordially received by the Governor of the Republic; and the Minister of War, Almeida, treated us with great honor. The President, Bento Gonzalez, had marched at the head of a brigade to fight Silva Tavares, an imperial chief, who was infesting that part of the province. Piratimin, then the seat of the Republican government, is a small village, but a peaceful place, in a rural situation, and the chief town of the department of that name. It is surrounded by a warlike people, much devoted to the republic.

Being unoccupied in Piratimin, I requested permission to join the column of operations under S. Gonzalez, near the President, and it was granted. I was introduced to Bento Gonzalez, and well received; spent some time in his company, and thought him a man highly favored by nature with some desirable gifts. But fortune has been almost always favorable to the Brazilian Empire.

Bento Gonzalez was a specimen of a magnanimous soldier, though he was at that time nearly sixty years of age. Being tall and active, he rode a fiery horse with all the ease and dexterity of his young countrymen.

In Camarino, where we had our arsenal, and whence the Republican flotilla went out, resided the families of Bento Gonzalez; and his brothers and numerous relations inhabited most of the extensive tracts of country lying along both sides of the river. And on these beautiful pastures were fed immense herds of cattle, which had been left undisturbed by the war, because they were out of the reach of the troops. The products of agriculture were very abundant; and surely nowhere, in any country on earth, is found more kind and cordial hospitality than among the inhabitants of that part of the Province of Rio Grande. In their houses, in which the beneficent character of the patriarchal system is everywhere perceived in every family, and where the greatest sympathy prevails, in consequence of a general uniformity of opinions, I and my band were received with the warmest welcome. The estancias, to which we chiefly resorted, on account of their proximity to the Lagoon, as well as for the conveniences which it offered us, and the kind reception which always awaited us, were those of Donna Antonia and Donna Anna, sisters of Bento Gonzalez. The former was situated on the Camones, and the latter on the Arroyo Grande.

Whether I was under the influence of my imagination, which at that early age may have been peculiarly sensitive, and inclined me, with my little knowledge of the world, to receive strong impressions from every thing agreeable, or whatever else may have affected me, there is no part

of my life on which I look back with greater pleasure, as a period of enjoyment, than that which I spent in that most agreeable society of sincere friends. In the house of Donna Anna, especially, I took peculiar interest. That lady was advanced in years, but possessed a most amiable disposition, and was a very attractive acquaintance. She had with her a family which had migrated from Pilotos, the head of which was Don Paolo Ferreira. Three young ladies, all of them agreeable, formed the ornaments of that happy home. One of these, named Manuela, I most highly admired, regarding her with that pleasure which is natural to a young man, who goes into the world with such a pure and exalted estimate of female excellence as I had imbibed from my mother, and who, after enduring great reverses, meets the sympathy of such a person in a remote land of exile. Signora Manuela, as I well knew, was betrothed to a son of the President. In a scene of danger that young lover displayed his attachment to her, in a manner which convinced me of the sincerity of the love which he professed; and I witnessed it with as much satisfaction as if I had been her brother. I thenceforth regarded the President's son as worthy of Manuela, and rejoiced in the conviction that her happiness was in no danger, in being entrusted to such faithful hands. The people of that district are distinguished for beauty; and even the slaves seem to partake of the same characteristic.

It may be supposed that an occasional contrary wind, a storm, or an expedition, whatever else it might produce, if it threw our vessel on that friendly shore long enough to allow opportunity to visit their friendly inhabitants, was not altogether disagreeable. Such an occasion was always a festival. The Grove of Teviva, (a kind of palm growing on the Arroyo Grande,) which was the landmark for the entrance of the stream, was always discovered with lively pleasure, and saluted with redoubled enthusiasm and the loudest acclamations. When the gentle hosts, to whose kindness we felt so much indebted, wished to go to Camacuan to visit Don Antonio and his amiable family, I seized the opportunity with great pleasure, as it afforded me a way to make some return for the many kindnesses they had shown us, while it gave new occasions for the display of their amiable character and refined and pleasing manners, amidst the varying scenes of the little voyage.

Between Arroyo Grande and Camacuan are several sand-banks, called Tuntal, which extend from the west shore of the Lagoon, almost at right angles and nearly across, touching the opposite side, except only the narrow space occupied by the boat channel, called Dos Barcos. To go round these bars would greatly prolong the time necessary for the voyage: but that might be avoided, with some trouble. By throwing themselves into the water and pushing the launches along by main force, with their shoulders, the men could get them over the bars, and then keep along the western side of the Lagoon. This expedient was almost always adopted by us, and especially on the occasions referred to, when the boats were honored with the presence of our welcome guests – that precious freight! Whatever might be the wind, I was usually sure of getting the launches over the bars; and, so accustomed were my men to the task, and so prompt in the performance of that laborious service, that the order to take to the water [*"Al aqua, Tatos!"*] was scarcely pronounced before they were overboard and at their posts. And so, on all occasions, the task was performed with alacrity and success, as if the crews had been engaged in some favorite amusement on a day of jubilee, whatever might be the hour or the weather. But when pursued by the enemy in superior force, and suffering in a storm, we were obliged to pass that way, sometimes in the water a whole night, and without protection from the waves, which would break over us, while the temperature of the Lagoon was cooled by the rain, and we were far from land, the exposure, the labor and the sufferings were sometimes very great, and all the fervor of youth was necessary to enable us to endure them.

CHAPTER VII

AT THE GALPON OF CHARGINADA, REPAIRING THE LAUNCHES – MY FRIEND, JOHN GRIGGS – A SURPRISE – A BATTLE – RESULTS – TRIBUTE TO A FAIR FRIEND

After the capture of the Sumaca, the imperial merchant vessels no longer set sail without a convoy, but were always accompanied by vessels of war; and it became a difficult thing to capture them. The expeditions of the launches were, therefore, limited to a few cruises in the Lagoon, and with little success, as we were watched by the Imperialists, both by land and by water. In a surprise made by the chief, Francisco de Abrea, the whole of my band was near being cut off with its leader.

We were at the mouth of the Camacua, with the launches drawn up on land, opposite the Galpon of Charginada, – that is, the magazine or depôt of the estancia, or large estate of that name. We were engaged in salting meat and collecting Yerba Matté, a species of tea, which grows in those parts of South America, and is used as their daily beverage by the inhabitants. The estate belonged to Donna Antonia, sister of the President. In consequence of the war, meat was not then salted there; and the Galpon was occupied only with Yerba Matté. We used the spacious establishment as our arsenal, and had drawn up our launches some distance from the water, between the magazine and the bank of the river, in order to repair them. At that spot were the shops of the smiths and laborers of the establishment, and there was a plentiful supply of charcoal; for although not then in use, the place retained something of its former condition and appearance. There were not wanting pieces of iron and steel, fit for different purposes in our little vessels. We could easily visit the distant estancias by a galloping ride, where we were most cheerfully supplied with whatever we found deficient in the arsenal.

With courage, cheerfulness, and perseverance, no enterprise is impossible; and, for these I must do justice to my favorite companion and usual forerunner, John Griggs, who surmounted numerous difficulties, and patiently endured many disappointments, in the work of building two new launches.

He was a young man of excellent disposition, unquestionable courage, and inexhaustible perseverance. Though he belonged to a rich family, he had devoted himself disinterestedly to the young Republic; and, when letters from his friends in North America invited him to return home, and offered him a very large capital, he refused, and remained until he sacrificed his life for an unhappy, but brave and generous, people. I had afterwards to contemplate the sad and impressive spectacle, presented by his death, when the body of my friend was suddenly cut down by my side.

While the launches were lying drawn up, as before mentioned, and the repairs were busily going on, some of the sailors were engaged with the sails, and some at other occupations, near them, while several were employed in making charcoal, or keeping watch as sentinels, every one being busy about something, – by some unexpected chance, Francisco de Albera, commonly called Moringue, determined to surprise us; and, although he did not succeed in his design, he gave us not a little trouble. A surprise certainly was effected on that occasion, and in a masterly manner.

We had been on patrols all night, and all the men had been, a short time before, assembled in the Galpon, where the arms were loaded and deposited. It was a beautiful morning, though cloudy; and nothing seemed to be stirring, but all around was silent and apparently lonely. Observations, however, were made around the camp, with the greatest care, without discovering a trace of anything new. About nine o'clock, most of the people were set at work, in cutting wood; and for this purpose were scattered about at considerable distances. I had then about fifty men for the two launches; and it happened that day, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, our wants being peculiar, that only

a very few remained near the boats. I was sitting by the fire, where breakfast was cooking, and was just then taking some *Matté*. Near by was the cook, and no other person.

All on a sudden, and as if just over my head, I heard a tremendous volley of firearms, accompanied by a yell, and saw a company of the enemy's horsemen marching on. I had hardly time to rise and take my stand at the door of the *Galpon*, for at that instant one of the enemy's lances made a hole through my poncho. It was our good fortune to have our arms all loaded, as I have before mentioned, and placed in the *Galpon*, in consequence of our having been in a state of alarm all night. They were placed inside of the building, against the wall, ready and convenient for use. I immediately began to seize the muskets and discharge them in turn, and shot down many of the enemy. *Ignacio Bilbao*, a brave *Biscayan*, and *Lorenzo N.*, a courageous *Genoese*, were at my side in a moment; and then *Eduardo Mutru*, a native of the country, *Rafaele* and *Procopio*, one a mulatto and the other a black, and *Francisco*. I wish I could remember the names of all my bold companions, who, to the number of thirteen, assembled around me, and fought a hundred and fifty enemies, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, killing and wounding many of them, and finally forcing them to retreat.

Among our assailants were eighty Germans, in the infantry, who were accustomed to accompany *Maringue* in such expeditions, and were skilful soldiers, both on foot and on horseback. When they had reached the spot, they had dismounted and surrounded the house, taking advantage of the ground, and of some rough places, from which they poured upon us a terrible fire from different sides. But, as often happens in surprises, by not completing their operations and closing, men ordinarily act as they please. If, instead of taking positions, the enemy had advanced upon the *Galpon*, and attacked us resolutely, we should have been entirely lost, without the power to resist their first attack. And we were more exposed than we might ordinarily have been in any other building, because, to allow the frequent passage of carts, the sides of the magazine were left open.

In vain did they attempt to press us more closely, and assemble against the end walls. In vain did they get upon the roofs, break them up and throw upon our heads the fragments and burning thatch. They were driven away by our muskets and lances. Through loop-holes, which I made through the walls, many were killed and many wounded. Then, pretending to be a numerous body in the building, we sang the republican hymn of *Rio Grande*, raising our voices as loud as possible, and appeared at the doors, flourishing our lances, and by every device endeavoring to make our numbers appear multiplied.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy retired, having many wounded, among whom was their chief. They left six dead near the *Galpon*, and several others at some distance. We had eight wounded, out of fourteen. *Rosetti*, and our other comrades, who were separated from us, had not been able to join us. Some of them were obliged to cross the river by swimming; others ran into the forest; and one only, found by the enemy, was killed. That battle, with so many dangers, and with so brilliant a result, gave much confidence to our troops, and to the inhabitants of that coast, who had been for a long time exposed to the inroads of that adroit and enterprising enemy, *Maringue*.

We celebrated the victory, rejoicing at our deliverance from a tempest of no small severity. At an estancia, twelve miles distant, when the news of the engagement was received, a young lady inquired, with a pallid cheek and evident anxiety, whether *Garibaldi* was alive. When I was informed of this, I rejoiced at it more than at the victory itself. Yes! Beautiful daughter of America! (for she was a native of the Province of *Rio Grande*.) I was proud and happy to enjoy your friendship, though the destined bride of another. Fate reserved for me another Brazilian female – to me the only one in the world whom I now lament, and for whom I shall weep all my days. She knew me when I was in misfortune; and her interest in me, stronger than any merit of my own, conquered her for me, and united us for ever.

CHAPTER VIII

DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE OR LAGOON DOS PATOS – THE ENEMY COMMAND THE LAKE – PLAN TO ENTER IT – TRANSPORTATION OF LAUNCHES OVER LAND – RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT – BREAKERS – SHIPWRECK – SAD CATASTROPHE

The Lake or Lagoon Dos Patos is about 45 leagues in length, or 135 miles, and from eleven to twenty miles in medium width. Near its mouth, on the right shore, stands a strong place, called Southern Rio Grande, while Northern Rio Grande is on the opposite side. Both are fortified towns, and were then in possession of the Imperialists, as well as Porto Alegre. The enemy were therefore masters of the lake by water. It was thought impossible for the Republicans to pass through the outlet which leads from the lake to the sea, and as that was the only water passage, we were obliged to prepare to effect a way of communication by land. This could be done only by transporting the launches on carts over the intermediate country. In the northern part of the lake is a deep bay, called Cassibani, which takes its name from a small river that empties in at its further side. That bay was chosen as the place for landing the launches; and the operation was performed on the right bank. An inhabitant of that part of the province, named De Abrea, had prepared wheels of great solidity, connected two and two by axles, proportioned to the weight of the vessels. About two hundred domestic oxen were then collected, with the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, and, by their labor, the launches were drawn to the shore and got into the water, being carried on wheels, placed at proportionate distances from each other. Care, however, was taken to keep them in such positions that the centre of gravity should be preserved, by supporting the vessels laterally, without disturbing the free action of the wheels. Very strong ropes were, of course, provided, to attach the oxen to the wheels.

Thus the vessels of the Republican squadron started off, navigating across the fields. The oxen worked well, they being well placed and prepared for drawing freely in the most convenient manner. They travelled a distance of fifty-four miles without any difficulty, presenting a curious and unprecedented spectacle in those regions. On the shore of Lake Tramandai the launches were taken from the carts and put into the water, and then loaded with necessaries and rigged for sailing.

Lake Tramandai, which is formed by the streams falling from the chain of Espenasso, empties into the Atlantic, but is very shallow, having only about four feet of water at high tide; besides, on that coast, which is very open and alluvial, the sea is never tranquil, even in the most favorable weather: but the numerous breakers incessantly stun the ear, and from a distance of many miles their roar sounds like peals of thunder.

Being ready to sail, we awaited the hour of the tide and then ventured out, about four o'clock in the afternoon. In those circumstances, practical skill in guiding vessels among breakers was of great value, and without it it is hard to say how we could ever have succeeded in getting through them, for the propitious hour of the tide was passed, and the water was not deep enough. However, notwithstanding this, at the beginning of the night our exertions were crowned with entire success, and we cast anchor in the open sea, outside of the furious breakers. It should be known here, and borne in mind, that no vessel of any kind had ever before passed out from the mouth of the Tramandai. At about eight in the evening we departed from that place, and at three in the afternoon of the following day were wrecked at the mouth of the Arevingua, with the loss of sixteen of the company in the Atlantic, and with the destruction of the launch Rio Pardo, which was under my command, in the terrible breakers of that coast. The particulars of that sad disaster were as follows:

Early in the evening the wind threatened from the south, preparing for a storm, and beginning to blow with violence. We followed the coast. The launch *Rio Pardo*, with thirty men on board, a twelve pounder on a pivot, and some extra rigging, taken for precaution, as I was unacquainted with that navigation, seemed strong and well-prepared for us to sail towards the enemy's country. But our vessels lay deep in the water, and sometimes sank so low into the sea, that they were in danger of foundering. They would occasionally remain several minutes under the waves. I determined to approach the land and find out where we were; but, the winds and waves increasing, we had no choice, and were compelled to stand off again, and were soon involved in the frightful breakers. I was at that moment on the top of the mast, hoping to discover some point of the coast less dangerous to approach. By a sudden turn the vessel was rolled violently to starboard, and I was thrown some distance overboard. Although in such a perilous situation, I did not even think of death; but, knowing I had many companions who were not seamen and were suffering from sea sickness, I endeavored to collect as many oars and other buoyant objects as possible, and brought them near the vessel, advising each man to take one to assist him in reaching the shore.

The first one who came near to me, holding to a shroud, was Eduardo Mutru; and to him I gave a dead-light, recommending to him not to let go of it on any account. Carniglia, the courageous man who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner, by a Calmuc jacket which confined his limbs, that he could not free himself. He made me a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had in the pocket of my trowsers a small knife with a handle; this I took, and with all the strength I was master of, began to cut the collar, which was made of velvet. I had just divided it when the miserable instrument broke, – a surge came over us, and sunk the vessel and all that it contained.

I struck the bottom of the sea, like a shot; and the waters, which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half-suffocated me. I rose again: but my unfortunate friend was gone for ever! A portion of the crew I found dispersed, and making every exertion to gain the coast by swimming. I succeeded among the first; and the next thing, after setting my feet upon the land, was to turn and discover the situation of my comrades. Eduardo appeared, at a short distance. He had left the dead-light which I had given him, or, as is more probable, the violence of the waves had torn it from his grasp, and was struggling alone, with an appearance that indicated that he was reduced to an extremity. I loved Eduardo like a brother, and was affected beyond measure at his condition. Ah! I was sensitive in those days! My heart had never been hardened; and I was generous. I rushed towards my dear friend, reaching out to him the piece of wood which had saved me on my way to the shore. I had got very near him; and, excited by the importance of the undertaking, should, have saved him: but a surge rolled over us both; and I was under water for a moment. I rallied, and called out, not seeing him appear; I called in desperation, – but in vain. The friend dear to my heart was sunk in the waves of that ocean which he had not feared, in his desire to join with me in serving the cause of mankind. Another martyr to Italian liberty, without a stone, in a foreign land!

The bodies of sixteen of my companions, drowned in the sea, were transported a distance of thirty miles, to the northern coast, and buried in its immense sands. Several of the remainder were brought to land. There were seven Italians. I can mention Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo Mutru, Luigi Stadirini, Giovanni D., – but three other names I do not remember. Some were good swimmers. In vain I looked among those who were saved, to discover any Italian faces. All my countrymen were dead. My feelings overpowered me. The world appeared to me like a desert. Many of the company who were neither seamen nor swimmers were saved.

I found a barrel of brandy, which I thought a valuable acquisition, and told Manuel Rodriguez to open it, and give some to each of the survivors, to invigorate them. Efforts were made to open the cask: but, fatigued as we all were, much time was spent in performing the task; and, in the mean time, the men became so much chilled, that they might have perished, if the thought had not occurred to

me to set them all running, in order to restore their strength by keeping their blood in circulation. "Come, let us run!" I said to them; and then, starting off myself and running as fast as I could towards the north, they would follow me, until unable to go further. I repeated this until I thought they no longer required exercise; and am sure that my own life, at least, was saved by the expedient, – for without the effort, I must have fallen a victim to fatigue and cold. Thus running along the shore, we encouraged each other, to go further and further. It made a bend, at some distance; and on the inner side is the Arasingua, which runs almost parallel with the sea at that place, to its mouth, half a mile distant. We then followed the right bank; and, after going about four miles, found an inhabited house, where we were received with the greatest hospitality.

The Seival, our other launch, commanded by Griggs, being of a different construction from the Rio Pardo, was better able to sustain itself, although but little larger, against the violence of the storm, and had held on her course.

CHAPTER IX

TREATMENT EXPERIENCED BY THE SURVIVORS OF THE SHIPWRECK – EXPEDITION OF CANABARRO TO LAGUNA – RESULTS – EFFECTS ON MY MIND OF THE LOSS OF MY OLD FRIENDS – MY RESOLUTION – REMARKABLE MEETING WITH ANNA – OUR MARRIAGE – NEW LAUNCHES BUILT – LEAVE THE LAGOON – CRUISE AT SEA – PRIZES TAKEN – FIGHT WITH A BRAZILIAN SHIP OF WAR – RESULTS

That part of the Province of St. Catharine where we had been shipwrecked, fortunately had risen in insurrection against the empire on receiving the news of the approach of the Republican forces; and therefore we were well received, found friends, were feasted, and at once obtained everything necessary, at least everything which those good people had to offer. We were soon furnished with what we needed to enable us to join the vanguard of Canabarro, commanded by Colonel Terceira, which was setting off on a rapid march, to surprise Laguna. And, indeed, the enterprise was very successful. The garrison of that little city, consisting of about four hundred men, took up a forced march in retreat; and three small vessels of war surrendered after a short resistance. I went with my shipwrecked sailors on board the sloop Itaparica, which had seven guns. Fortune smiled so much on the Republicans in those first days of the revolution, that it seemed as if Providence was pleased to grant us success. The Imperialists, not knowing and not believing that such an expedition could be sent so suddenly to Laguna, but having information that an invasion was meditated by us, had a supply of arms and ammunition then on the way, which, with soldiers and everything, fell into our hands. The inhabitants received us like brothers and liberators: a character which we well merited, and which we sustained during our stay among those very kind and good people.

Canabarro, having fixed his head-quarters in the city of Laguna, called by the Republicans Villa Juliana, (because our entrance was made in July,) promised to establish a Provincial Representative Government, the first president of which was a reverend priest, who had great influence among the people. Rosetti, with the title of Secretary of the Government, was in fact the soul of it. And Rosetti, in truth, was formed for such a station.

At that time occurred one of the most important events of my life. I had never thought of matrimony, but had considered myself incapable of it from being of too independent a disposition, and too much inclined to adventure. To have a wife and children appeared to me decidedly repulsive, as I had devoted my whole life to one principle, which, however good it might be, could not leave me the quietness necessary to the father of a family. But my destiny guided me in a different direction from what I had designed for myself. By the loss of Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo and my other comrades, I was left in a state of complete isolation, and felt as if alone in the world. Not one of those friends of my heart remained. I felt the greatest possible need of them. All the friends I now had were new ones: good, it is true, but not one of them really an intimate one. And this change had been made so unexpectedly, and in so terrible a manner, that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it had made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable.

Rosetti was a brother to me: but he could not live with me, and I could see him but rarely. I desired a friend of a different character; for, although still young, I had considerable knowledge of men, and knew enough to understand what was necessary for me in a true friend. One of the other sex, I thought must supply the vacant place, for I had always regarded woman as the most perfect of creatures, and believe it far easier to find a loving heart among that sex.

I walked the deck of the Itaparica, with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the conclusion to seek for some lady possessing the character which I desired. I one day cast a casual glance at a house in the Burra, (the eastern part of the entrance of the Jayuna,) and there observed a young female whose appearance struck me as having something very extraordinary. So powerful was the impression made upon me at the moment, though from some cause which I was not able fully to ascertain, that I gave orders and was transported towards the house. But then I knew of no one to whom I could apply for an introduction. I soon, however, met with a person, an inhabitant of the town, who had been acquainted with me from the time of arrival. I soon received an invitation to take coffee with his family, and the first person who entered was the lady whose appearance had so mysteriously but irresistibly drawn me to the place. I saluted her; we were soon acquainted; and I found that the hidden treasure which I had discovered was of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil and suffering. I felt most deeply self-reproach on that day when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed, in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home.

Little or nothing of importance, after this, took place in the Lagoon. The building of our launches was commenced; and the materials were obtained from the remains of the prizes, and by the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, who were always friendly, and forward in aiding me. Two launches having been completed and armed, the band were called to Itaparica, to coöperate with the army, then besieging the capital of the province, Porto Alegre. The army accomplished nothing; and the band were unable to effect anything all the time they spent in that part of the Laguna. An expedition was contemplated in the province of St. Catherine; I was called to join it, and General Canabarro was to accompany me. The two smaller launches remained in the lake, under the command of Zefferino d'Ubrea; and I went with two others, with the division of Canabarro, which was to appear by land, while I was to approach by water.

I was accompanied by my inseparable friend, John Griggs, and had with me a chosen part of my band, who had assisted in building the launches.

The three vessels which were armed, and destined to make an excursion on the ocean, were the Rio Pardo, which was under my command, and the Casapava, under Griggs – both schooners – and lastly, the Seival, which had come from Rio Grande, commanded by the Italian, Lorenzo. The mouth of the Lagoon was blockaded by Imperial vessels of war; but we went out by night, without falling in with any of them, and steered north. When we had reached the latitude of Santos, we met an Imperial corvette, which chased us two days in vain, – when we approached the Island of Abrigo, where we captured two Sumacas. This is a kind of vessel, so named by the Brazilians, being a sort of sloop. We then proceeded on the cruise, and took several other prizes. After eight days' sailing we returned towards the Lagoon.

I had conceived a singular presentiment of the state of things in that region, because, before my departure, the people of St. Catherine's had begun to show a bad humor, and it was known that a strong corps of troops was approaching, commanded by General Andrea, who was famous for precipitation, and his atrocious system of warfare, which made him much feared. When off St. Catherine's, on our return, we met a Brazilian patachio, which is a sort of brig-schooner, – the Rio Pardo and the Seival being together, the Casapava having parted company a few nights before, when it was very dark.

We were discovered; and there was no escape. We therefore attacked them, and opening a fire. The enemy replied bravely; but the action could produce but little effect, because the sea was very rough. The result, however, was the loss of several of our prizes, the commanders of some of which, being frightened by the superior force of the enemy, struck their flags, while others steered for the neighboring coast. Only one of the prizes was saved, that commanded by the brave Ignacio Bilbao, which went ashore in the port of Imbituba, and remained in our possession. The Seival had her gun

dismounted in the engagement, and having sprung a leak, took the same direction, and I was obliged to abandon the prizes.

We entered Imbituba with a northerly wind, which changed to the south in the night, and thus rendered it impossible to enter the Lagoon. It was to be presumed that we would be attacked by the Imperial vessels stationed at the island of St. Catherine's, because information would be carried to them by that with which we had the engagement. It was therefore necessary to make preparations; and the Seival's dismounted gun was placed on a promontory which forms the bay on the eastern side, and a battery was formed of gabions. At daylight three Imperial vessels were discovered approaching. The Rio Pardo, which was at anchor at the bottom of the bay, commenced the action, which was rather a singular one, the Imperialists being in incomparably superior force. The enemy, being favored by the wind in manœuvring, kept under sail, and gave a furious fire, from favorable positions, all of them upon my one poor little schooner. She, however, maintained the fight with resolution, and at close quarters, – even carbines being used on both sides.

But the injuries done were in inverse proportion to the forces of the two parties; for the Republican vessel was soon strewn with dead bodies, while the hull was riddled and the spars destroyed. We had resolved to fight to the last; and this resolution was increased by the Brazilian Amazon on board. My wife not only refused to land, but took an active part in the engagement. If the crew fought with resolution, they received no little aid from the brave Manuel Rodriguez, who commanded the battery, and kept up a well-directed and effective fire. The enemy were very determined, but operated chiefly against the schooner; and I several times believed, as they came up, that they were going to board us, – and was prepared for everything, except to submit.

At length, after several hours spent in active fight, the enemy retired, on account, as was said, of the death of the commander of the *Bella Americana*, one of their vessels. We spent the remainder of the day in burying our dead and in repairing our greatest damages.

During the following day the enemy remained at a distance, and we made preparations for fighting, and also for escape by sailing to the Lagoon, the wind being then more favorable.

[Here occurs a blank in our manuscript. —*Translator.*]

CHAPTER X

DISCONTENT OF THE PEOPLE OF ST. CATHERINE'S – REVOLT AT JAMAICA – ATTACK ON THAT TOWN – CONDUCT OF THE TROOPS – RETREAT TO THE LAGOON – PURSUED – THE IMPERIALISTS GAINING STRENGTH – COL. TERCEIRA'S EXPEDITION AGAINST MELLO – OUR DISASTER – RALLY

Changes were expected to take place at Laguna on the approach of the enemy, who were very strong on land; and little good-will shown by St. Catherine's induced some of the towns to rise against the Republican authority. Among these was the town of Jamaica, a place situated at the extremity of the lake. Canabarro gave me a peremptory charge to reduce it, and, as a punishment, to sack it. The garrison had made preparations for defence towards the water; but I landed at the distance of three miles, and attacked them unexpectedly from the mountains. The garrison being discomfited and put to flight, the troops under my command were soon in possession of the town. I wish, for myself, and for every other person who has not forgotten to be a man, to be exempt from the necessity of witnessing the sack of a town. A long and minute description would not be sufficient to give a just idea of the baseness and wickedness of such a deed. May God save me from such a spectacle hereafter! I never spent a day of such wretchedness and in such lamentation. I was filled with horror; and the fatigue I endured in restraining personal violence was excessive. As for preventing robbery, that was impossible. A terrible state of disorder prevailed. The authority of a commander availed nothing; nor could all the exertions made by myself and a few officers control their unbridled cupidity. It had no effect to threaten them that the enemy would return to the fight in much greater numbers, and if they should take them by surprise, disbanded and intoxicated, would make a sacrifice of them, – though that was true to the letter. Nothing would prevent them from engaging in a general scene of pillage. The town, though small, unfortunately contained a vast quantity of spirits; and drunkenness soon became general. The men who were with me were new levies, whom I did not know, and wholly undisciplined. I am sure that if even fifty of the enemy had appeared, in those circumstances, we should have been lost.

After a long time, by threats, blows, and some wounds, those wild beasts were marched out and embarked; several pipes of spirits were shipped for the division, and we returned to the Lagoon, while the Republican vanguard was retiring before the enemy, who were advancing with celerity, and very strong.

When we reached the Lagoon, we took the baggage across to the right shore.

That day I had much to do; for, if the men were not very numerous, there were many embarrassments, and many horses to be taken care of. And besides, the outlet of the Lagoon was narrow at the entrance, the current was strong, and when this was not found, the shores were not distant. I had to labor, therefore, from morning until near noon, to get the division over, and then stood near the bar to observe the enemy's vessels, which were advancing in combination with the land forces with a great number of troops on board. Before ascending the mountain, I had already sent information to the General that the enemy were preparing to force the passage of the bar, having been able to discover the enemy's vessels while I was effecting the transport. Having reached the other side, I satisfied myself of the fact. The enemy had twenty-two vessels, all adapted to the entrance. I then repeated the message; but either the General was doubtful, or his men wanted to eat or to rest. The fact was, that not a man arrived in time to assist in operating at the point where our infantry had been posted, and where we might have made great havoc with the enemy. Resistance was made by the

battery situated on the eastern point, commanded by the brave Captain Capotto; but, in consequence of the want of practice on the part of the cannoniers, very little damage was done. The same result was experienced by the three vessels under my command, the crews of which were very small, many of the men that day being on land; and thus some would rest, and others would not expose themselves to the tremendous battle which was preparing. I was at my post in the Rio Pardo; and my wife, the incomparable Anita, fired the first shot, putting the match to the gun with her own hand, and animating with her voice the timid and the hesitating.

The battle was short, but a murderous one. Not many were killed, because very few were on board; but I was the only officer in the three vessels left alive. All the enemy's squadron entered, making a tremendous fire, favored by the wind and the current flowing in, by which their velocity was much increased, and anchored at the distance of a cannon-shot from our vessels, still keeping up their cannonade. I asked Canabarro for men to continue the battle; but received, in answer, an order to destroy the vessels and retire, with all the remainder that could be landed. I had sent Anna with the message, directing her to remain on shore; but she returned on board with the answer, showing a coolness and courage which excited my astonishment and highest admiration. To her boldness and exertions was due the saving of the ammunition, which was safely landed. When this was effected, I remained alone on board, having yet to perform the last act of setting the little flotilla on fire. The enemy still continued their severe cannonade. I had to contemplate a terrible spectacle on every vessel, as I visited them all in succession, the decks being strewn with the dead. Captain Enrique, of the Taparica, from Laguna, was found shot through the breast with a grape shot; Griggs, commander of the Cassapava, had been cut in two by a shot, and his trunk was standing against the bulwarks, his face retaining its natural rubicund look, so that he seemed as if living. A few moments afterwards their bodies were sunk in the water: those victims of the empire were lost to human sight.

Night came on, as I collected the survivors, and marched behind the division, on the retreat for Rio Grande, by the same road which they had trodden a few months before, with their hearts filled with hope and confident of victory.

Among the many sufferings of my stormy life, I have not been without happy moments; and among them, I count that in which, at the head of the few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, and who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted, and commenced my march, with my wife at my side, in a career which had always attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anybody. I had a sabre and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than myself; and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime. Then, whatever might happen, I was looked upon with smiles; and the more wild the extensive and desert American plains appeared, the more beautiful and delightful they seemed to our eyes. I thought myself in the performance of my duty, in encountering and overcoming the dangers to which I exposed myself, as the object I had in view was the good of men who needed my aid.

We reached Las Torres, the boundary of the two neighboring provinces, where we established our camp. The enemy contented themselves with being masters of the Lagoon, and did not proceed beyond. But, in combination with the division of Andrea, the division of Acunha advanced by the Serra, having recently come from the province of St. Paul, and being on the way for the Cima da Serra, (meaning the top of the mountains,) a department belonging to Rio Grande. The Serrans, overwhelmed by a superior force, asked assistance of General Canabarro; and he arranged an expedition for their aid, under the command of General Terceira. I, with my companions, formed a part of it; and, having joined the Serrans, who were under Colonel Acunha, we completely beat that division at Santa Victoria. The General was lost in the river Pelotas, and the greater part of his troops were made prisoners.

That victory brought the three provinces of Lages, Vaccaria, and Cima da Serra, under the republic; and, a few days after, the conquerors entered Lages in triumph.

In the meantime the invasion by the Imperialists had restored their party to power in the province of Missiones; and Colonel Mello, the Imperial General, had increased his corps in that province to about five hundred men. General Bento Manuel, who was to have fought him, was unable, because he had retreated; and he contented himself with sending Lieutenant-Colonel Portinhos in pursuit of Mello, who was marching in the direction of San Pablo. The position in which I was then placed gave us an opportunity not only to oppose Mello, but also to exterminate his force. But such was not the event.

Colonel Terceira being uncertain whether the enemy would come by Vaccaria, or by the Caritibani, divided his forces into two, sending Colonel Aranha, with the good cavalry of the Serra, to Vaccaria, and marching towards the Caritibani with the infantry, and a part of the cavalry, chiefly composed of prisoners. It was by that point that the enemy approached. This division of the forces proved fatal. Their recent victory, the ardent feelings of the corps, and the information received concerning the enemy, which represented their numbers and spirit as less than they really were, led to their despising them too much.

After a three days' march we reached Caritibani, and went round by the pass of Maromba, by which it was supposed the enemy would march. Guards were placed in the Pass, and at other points, where they were thought necessary. Towards midnight the guards at the pass were attacked, and compelled to retreat, so that they had scarcely time to escape after firing a few shots. From that moment until the break of day, the Republican troops stood ready for action; and it was not long after that hour that the enemy appeared, having crossed the river with their whole force, and drawn up near it ready for action.

Any other officer than Terceira, on seeing their superiority, would have hastened to effect a junction with the column of Aranha, and would have occupied the enemy until he could have accomplished it. But the ardent Republican feared that the enemy might escape him, and deprive him of an opportunity to fight. He therefore pressed on to the encounter, although the enemy were in an advantageous position. Of that position they took advantage, having formed their line of battle on a hill of considerable height, opposite which was a very deep valley, obstructed with thick bushes. I had covered our flanks with several platoons of cavalry, which they did not see. Terceira ordered to attack, with a band of infantry, taking advantage of the obstacles in the valley. The attack was made, and the enemy made a feint of retreating; but, while the whole Republican body, after passing the valley, was pursuing the enemy under the hill, within musket-shot, it was charged in flank by a squadron which had been concealed on the right flank of the enemy, obliged to retreat in disorder, and to concentrate anew. In that encounter fell one of the bravest of my officers, Manuel N., who was very dear to me. The troops, being now reinforced, and sent forward with greater impetus and resolution, the enemy finally retired, and took up their retreat, leaving one of their men dead on the field.

There were not many wounded on either side, for very few had taken part in the action. The enemy, however, retreated precipitately, and the Republicans pursued them to Aube; but the infantry were not able to overtake them in nine miles, although they did their utmost to accelerate their march. In the vicinity of the Pass of Maromba, the commander of the Republican vanguard, Major Jacinto, informed the Colonel that the enemy were crossing the Ganado and the Cavaladas,² with indications that they would continue their retreat and not recover from their panic. The brave Terceira did not hesitate for a moment, but ordered the cavalry to proceed on the gallop, and directed me to follow with the infantry as fast as possible.

² "Ganado" means herds of cattle, and "Cavaladas" herds of horses, which animals abound in those regions, living in the rich pastures. The cattle afford the only food for soldiers, and the horses are indispensable for cavalry – the best troops in South America.

The watchful enemy, however, had only manœuvred to deceive us, and by the precipitation of their march had got in an advantageous position of which we were not aware, concealed by the ground. One of our platoons had been placed far in advance, and two others near it, but the infantry imprudently left far behind. The enemy suddenly extended their right and made his appearance on our left, running out from a valley which had a small declivity. They bore down upon the Republican platoon with their lances, and gave them this first notice of their error, which there was not time to repair. Attacked in flank, they were completely discomfited. The other platoons of cavalry shared the same fate, notwithstanding the courage and efforts of Terceira and several brave Rio Grande officers. Being taken in detail, they opposed little resistance; and in a short time all were scattered, flying and completely broken. To be so far with the infantry was very painful to me, and the more so because the materials of which it was composed were not good, the greater part being men who had been prisoners in Santa Victoria. I therefore hastened on the infantry as fast as possible to join in the fight, but in vain. Having reached an elevation, I witnessed the slaughter of my friends, and knew there was no time to do anything to turn the tide, and therefore resolved to save as many as possible.

I called to about a dozen of my old companions, whom I saw and recognized; and, on hearing my voice, they hastened towards me. I left an officer, to remain in charge of the body of infantry (Major Peixotto,) and then, with that small band, I took a position, partly sheltered by a few bushes, on an elevated spot of ground. There we began to make a stand against the enemy, and to teach them that they were not victorious everywhere. In an attack upon us, several companies of cavalry were repulsed, although they made great efforts and displayed much courage. The infantry at last joined us in our position, and then the defence became powerful, and to the enemy terrible and murderous.

CHAPTER XI

THE ENEMY STILL HELD IN CHECK – NECESSITY OF RETREAT – PREPARATION – COMMENCEMENT – PROGRESS – RESULT – ARRIVAL AT THE TOWN OF LAGES

In the meantime, strong in my position, and having now a band of seventy-three, I fought the enemy with advantage. As the Imperialists were destitute of infantry, they had little desire to engage with troops of that arm. Notwithstanding the advantageous ground possessed by us, however, it was necessary to seek a more secure cover, to prevent the victorious enemy from bringing together all their forces, and to avoid giving time for the courage of the defenders to cool. I observed a cappon, or island of trees, which was in sight, at about the distance of a mile, and undertook a retreat in that direction. The enemy manœuvred to interrupt us, and every few moments charged with the advantage of the ground. In such circumstances it proved highly important that my officers were armed with carbines; and, as they were all good soldiers, they repelled the enemy's charges with unshaken firmness. Thus the remains of our conquered party reached the cappon, where the enemy offered us no further molestation; while we penetrated a little distance into the wood, chose a cleared spot, and collecting together, with our arms ready, waited for night. The enemy were heard calling out to us "Surrender! Surrender!" We kept silence and returned no answer.

Night at length came on; and I made preparations for departure. A few wounded men, who were of our number, presented the greatest difficulty. Among them was Major Peixotto, who had received a ball in his foot. Near ten o'clock in the evening, when the wounded had been accommodated in the best manner possible, the march was commenced, by proceeding along the skirts of the cappon, which we left on the right, endeavoring to find the borders of the Matto, or forest. That forest, perhaps the largest in the world, extends from the alluvial regions of the Plata to those of the Amazon, crowning the crest of the Serra de Espinasso, which forms the backbone of Brazil, over an extent of thirty-four degrees of latitude. The number of degrees of longitude which it embraces we are unable to give. In the midst of that immense wilderness are situated the three departments of Cima da Serra, Vaccaria and Lages, which are surrounded by the forests. The scene of our dangerous operations was now Caritibani, in the last named department, a place which derived its name from Caritiba, a place in the province of Santa Caterina, (St. Catharine,) from which the inhabitants came.

In order to reach the forest, the troops moved along the side of the *cappon*, intending to take the course towards Lages, to find the corps of Aranha, from which they were unfortunately separated. One of those things occurred on their issuing from the wood, which prove how far man is the child of circumstances, and what effect may be produced by a panic, even on the most intrepid soldiers. The Republicans were marching in silence; and, as may be supposed, prepared for action, in case the enemy should appear in an attitude of opposing them. A horse, which happened to be in that part of the wood, on hearing the little noise made by the cautious soldiers in their march, took to flight, and ran away. One voice was heard to exclaim: "The enemy!" and, in a moment, all those seventy-three men, who had so lately most valiantly fought five hundred, rushed at once into the thickest of the forest; and, so far did they become separated and scattered, in that moment of fear, that it would have taken many hours to collect them again; and, as it was impossible for us to wait long enough, several were left behind and lost. The others pursued their way with me; and when daybreak appeared, we found ourselves on the long wished-for border of the forest, and issuing in the direction of Lages. The next day the enemy approached, but did not reach us. The day of battle was terrible, for its labors, dangers and troubles; but we fought, and that idea overpowered every other; but in the forest, where

meat, the accustomed food, was in fact wanting, and where no other kind could be obtained, we remained four days without finding anything to eat except the roots of plants. The fatigue we endured was indescribable, in following a retreat where there were no paths, and where nature incomparably prolific and robust, had reared up colossal pines in the immense woods, and the gigantic taquara, (a kind of cane,) which formed insuperable barriers in many places. Many of the company were discouraged, some deserted, and it was a great task, first to collect them, and then to convince them that it was better to accompany the corps than to desert it, though they might absent themselves, if they preferred it, as they should be free to do as they pleased. This manner of proceeding with them proved perfectly successful. From that moment there was no more desertion; and the hope of safety began to arise in the hearts of the troops.

On the fifth day after the battle we reached the entrance of the Piccada, (a narrow path cut through the forest,) where we found a house and made a halt, killing two oxen. We made two prisoners in the house, who belonged to the enemy, and who had fought us. We then continued our way to Lages, which we reached after a day's march through the rain.

The town of Lages, which had made such rejoicing on our arrival as conquerors, had changed its flag on hearing of our disasters; and some of the boldest of the inhabitants had established the imperial system. On our approach they fled; and, as most of them were merchants, numbers left their stores filled with everything necessary to restore the needy soldiers; and thus their condition was greatly improved. Terceira wrote to Aranha, in the mean time, ordering him to concentrate again; as he had notice at that time of the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Tartinho, who had been sent by Bento Manuel in pursuit of the forces of Mello.

CHAPTER XII

MY HIGH ESTIMATE OF THE "SONS OF THE CONTINENT" – DEFECTS IN DISCIPLINE – I DESCEND THE SERRA – DIFFICULTIES OF THE MARCH – REACH MALACARA – GENERAL JORGE – GENS. NETTO AND CANABARRO – TWO LARGE ARMIES MEET AT PINEIRINO, ON THE SAGUARE – PATRIOTISM OF THE REPUBLICANS – A WISH FOR ITALY – RESULT OF THE EXPEDITION

I have served the cause of the people in America, and served it with sincerity, as I everywhere fought against absolutism. Being warmly attached to the system corresponding with my convictions, I was equally opposed in my feelings to the opposite system. I have always rather pitied than hated men who have been led to selfishness by misfortune; and, when now viewing the scenes I passed through, from a far distant country, and long after their occurrence, the accounts contained in the succeeding pages may be regarded as impartial, with the care which has been taken in recording facts, reviewing occurrences, and making allowances for men and circumstances.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted that "*The Sons of the Continent*" (the name given to the people of Rio Grande,) were most ardent and intrepid men. This character I claim for them, after having had many opportunities to form a correct opinion. The occupation of Lages by our troops was therefore a very bold step, with the intention of defending it against an enemy ten times superior and victorious, and divided from them only by the river Canoas, which could not be defended, and far from any auxiliaries who might have wished to aid the Republicans. Many days passed before the junction of Aranha and Portinho; and, during all that time, the enemy were kept at bay by a small band of men. The reinforcements had no sooner arrived, than the Republicans marched resolutely against the enemy: but the Imperialists did not accept the offer of a battle, but retired when we approached, making a stand in the Province of San Paolo, where they were to be joined by large reinforcements of infantry and cavalry. The Republicans then felt the defect and the evils of being composed chiefly of men brave indeed, but who did not know the importance of keeping their ranks, except when the enemy appeared, and relaxed in discipline whenever they were either far distant, or remained near without showing inclination for a speedy battle.

That fault was almost their ruin, and a more enterprising enemy would have known how to take advantage of it. The Serranos, (or people of the neighboring mountains,) began to leave the files, and throw their lazos, not only over their own horses, but over those belonging to the division. Those of Portinho, (the people of the Province of Missions,) followed their example; and the force was soon so far reduced, that they were obliged to abandon Lages, and retire to the province of Rio Grande, fearing an attack from the enemy. The rest of the forces, being thus weakened, and in want of necessaries, especially clothing, which was quite indispensable in consequence of the commencement of cold weather so early in those elevated regions, began to lose their spirits, and demanded, with a loud voice, to return to their homes. Colonel Terceira was then obliged to yield to so many necessities, and ordered me to descend the Serra and rejoin the army, while he prepared to follow me.

That descent was arduous, in consequence of the difficult roads, and the decided hostility of the inhabitants, who were enemies of the Republicans. I proceeded by the Piccada de Peluffo. The troops were only about sixty in number, and they had to confront terrible ambuscades; but such were their indomitable boldness and perseverance, that they passed in safety. Although the path was very narrow, and everywhere overshadowed by a very thick forest, the enemy, being natives of the country, and therefore perfectly acquainted with every place, chose the most thorny spots for their ambushes,

rushed out with fury and tremendous cries upon the Republican troops, who in return poured in their volleys of musketry, and used their sabres. At length, the vigor and perseverance of the latter so far intimidated the mountaineers, that they killed but one horse, and only slightly wounded a few men.

We arrived at the head-quarters, in Malacara, distant twelve miles from Porto Alegre, where was the President, Bento Gonzales, then General-in-chief.

The Republican army were preparing to march. The enemy's army, after losing the battle of Rio Pardo, had recruited in Porto Alegre, and gone out, under command of the old general, Jorge, (George,) and had encamped on the bank of the Cahi, waiting for General Calderon to join him, who had left Rio Grande with a strong body of cavalry and was to effect a junction, by crossing the country. The same defect which has been mentioned above, – that is, the delusive security of the Republican troops when there was no enemy in sight, – facilitated those movements of the enemy: when General Netto, who commanded the country troops, had collected force enough to fight Calderon, the latter, having now joined the main body of the Imperial army, at Cahi, which was threatening the Republicans with superior numbers, while besieging, compelled them to raise the siege. It was indispensable to the President to join the division of Netto, in order to be in a condition to fight the enemy's army; and that junction, being happily effected, greatly honored the military capacity of Bento Gonzales. They marched with the army from Malacara, taking the direction of San Leopoldo, passing within two miles of the enemy's army; and in two days and nights, almost without eating, arrived in the neighborhood of Taguary, where they found General Netto, who had come to meet them.

The march had been made, as was just remarked, almost without eating; and, as soon as the enemy had notice of the movement, they set off, at forced marches, to fight them. By rare fortune they overtook the Republicans when they had halted, and were engaged in cooking their meat, – the only food, as has been remarked, which armies in that country ever have to subsist upon. They were, therefore, obliged to desist, and defer their meal until they could effect the junction designed. They halted again at Pinheirino, six miles from Taguary, and made all the arrangements for a battle. The Republican army, consisting of five thousand cavalry and one thousand infantry, occupied the heights of Pinheirino; the infantry being in the centre, under the command of the aged Colonel Crescenzo; the right wing under General Netto; and the left under General Canabarro. Both wings were wholly composed of cavalry, which, without exaggeration, was the best in the world, although ill-provided. The infantry was excellent; and the desire for fighting was strong and general. Colonel João Antonio commanded the reserve, which was a corps of artillery.

The enemy had four thousand infantry, and, it was said, three thousand cavalry, with a few pieces of artillery. They had taken positions on the other side of the bed of a little torrent, which divided the two armies; and their force and position were not to be despised. They were the best troops of the empire, and commanded by a very skilful general, although advanced in years.

The enemy's general had marched in warm pursuit of the Republicans up to that place, and now made every arrangement for a regular attack. Two battalions of infantry had crossed the dry bed of the torrent; and two pieces of artillery, placed on the bank, thundered upon the line of Republican cavalry. On their side, the brave men of the first brigade, under the command of Netto, had drawn their sabres, and waited only for the sound of the trumpet, to launch themselves upon the two battalions which were crossing over. Those warlike sons of the continent felt the certainty of victory. Netto and they had never been conquered. The infantry, échalloned by divisions, on the highest part of the hill, and covered by its verge, were crying out for battle. The terrible lancers of Canabarro had already made a movement forward, confusing the right flank of the enemy, which was therefore obliged to change front in confusion. The brave freedmen, proud of their force, became more firm and resolute; and that incomparable corps presented to view a forest of lances, being composed entirely of slaves liberated by the Republic, and chosen from the best horse-tamers in the province, and all of them blacks, even the superior officers. The enemy had never seen the backs of those true sons of liberty. Their

lances, which were longer than the common measure, their ebony faces and robust limbs, strengthened by perennial and laborious exercise, and their perfect discipline, struck terror into the enemy. The animating voice of the General-in-chief had been heard, as he rode along the lines: "Every one of you must fight for four men to-day!" These were the few and only words of that distinguished man, who possessed all the qualities of a great captain, except good fortune. Every heart seemed to feel the palpitation of war, and the confidence of victory. A more beautiful day, or a more splendid scene, was never beheld. The ground was scattered with a few low plants, and offered no obstacle to the view, so that everything was clearly visible, even the slightest movement, and, as it were, all under my feet. In a few minutes was to be decided the fate of the largest part of the American continent, with the destinies of a numerous people. Those bodies of men, so compact, so orderly and steady, in a few moments will be broken up, and some of them thrown into confusion and defeated. Soon, the blood, the mangled limbs, and the corpses of many of those young men will disfigure the beautiful fields. Yes: now all are waiting and panting for the signal of battle. – Yet in vain was all that preparation, vain the expectation; that field was not to be a field of slaughter.

The enemy's general, intimidated at the strong positions occupied by the Republicans, and by their proud array, made his appearance, and had the two battalions recalled from the opposite bank, to which they had crossed without orders, and placed himself on the defensive. General Calderon was killed in making a reconnaissance. Was that the cause of the irresolution of General Jorge? As the Republicans were not attacked, they ought to have attacked. This was the opinion of many; but would it have been wise? If they had been attacked in their fine positions, there would have been every probability of victory; but to descend from them and meet the enemy on equal ground, it would be necessary to cross the bed of the torrent, which was somewhat rough and difficult, although dry, and the superiority in numbers of the enemy's infantry was by no means small. In fine, there was no battle, and the enemies remained all day in sight of each other, with only a little skirmishing.

In the camp of the Republicans there was a scarcity of meat, and the infantry especially were famishing. But, what was still more insupportable, thirst also prevailed, for there was no water. But that people are hardened by a life of privations. No lamentations were heard, except for the want of permission to fight. Oh, Italians! oh, for the day when you shall be united and enduring like those children of the desert. The stranger shall not then trample upon your soil; he shall not contaminate your air. Italy will then take her proper place among the first nations of the earth.

That night the old general, Jorge, disappeared, and in the morning the enemy were nowhere to be seen on any side. The early mist remained until ten o'clock; it then rose, and they were discovered in the strong positions of Taguary. Soon afterwards news arrived that their cavalry were crossing the river. The enemy, therefore, were retreating, and it was necessary to attack them. The Republicans made no hesitation, and the army marched, resolved on a battle. Only the enemy's cavalry, however, had crossed the river, assisted in the passage by several imperial vessels, but the infantry remained on the banks, protected by the woods, having taken the most advantageous positions. The second brigade of Republican infantry, composed of the second and third battalions, was destined to begin the attack. This was performed with all possible bravery, but the numbers of the enemy were very far superior, and those courageous soldiers, after performing feats of valor, were compelled to retire, supported by the first brigade, which consisted of the first battalion of marines and the artillery, who had no cannon.

That was a terrible battle between the infantry in the forest, where the reëchoing of the guns, and the frequent flashes among the thick clouds of smoke seemed like a raging tempest. Not less than five hundred men were wounded and killed on both sides; and the dead bodies of the Republicans were found on the very bank of the river, to which they had driven their enemies. But all this loss was of no use, for when the second brigade retired the conflict was suspended; then night came on, and the enemy were able to complete their passage without interruption.

Among many brilliant qualities, General Bento Gonzales had a kind of indecision, the effect of the disasters which had successively befallen him in his enterprises. He would have wished that, because a brigade of infantry, disproportionately inferior in numbers, had thrown itself upon the enemy, the action should be closed by making not only all the infantry take part in it, but also the cavalry on foot.

Such a proceeding might indeed have given him a brilliant victory, if by making the enemy lose their footing it had thrown them into the river; and such a result might not have been improbable. But the general was determined to adventure everything, and even the only infantry which the Republicans ever possessed. The fact is, that the battle was a real disaster to them, as they had not the ability to supply the loss of their brave infantry, while the enemy chiefly abounded in that kind of forces.

The enemy remained on the right bank of the Taguary, because they were almost wholly masters of the country. The Republicans repassed the road to Porto Allegre, to recommence the siege of that town. The condition of the Republic was now somewhat worse. The army recrossed to San Leopoldo, and then to Settembrino, and afterwards to Malacara, into the old camp. From that place, a few days after, they changed their encampment to Bella Vista; and at the same time the General planned an operation, the result of which was to restore them to excellent positions.

CHAPTER XIII

SAN JOSE DEL NORTE – ITS CAPTURE – ILL CONDUCT – ITS RESULTS – DISASTERS OF THE REPUBLICANS – I GO TO SAN SIMON – BIRTH OF MY FIRST CHILD – MY SOLITARY JOURNEY TO PROCURE NECESSARY CLOTHING FOR MY LITTLE FAMILY – TRIALS AND APPREHENSIONS, SAD DISCOVERY ON MY RETURN

The enemy, for the purpose of making excursions into the country, had partly garrisoned with infantry the strong places. San Jose del Norte was in such a situation. That place, which stands on the north shore of the outlet of the Lake Dos Patos, was one of its keys; and the possession of it would have been sufficient to change the face of things. The town was taken, and the Republican troops gave themselves up to pillage and riot.

In the meantime the Imperialists, having recovered from their surprise, assembled in a strong quarter, and made head. The Republicans assaulted them and were repulsed. The combatants endeavored to renew the attack, but did not meet, or, if they met, they were unfit for fighting. Some had damaged their muskets by breaking doors, and others had lost their flints. The enemy lost no time. A few vessels of war lay in the harbor. They took positions and raked the streets occupied by the Republicans, sent to Southern Rio Grande for aid, and occupied the only fort which they had not taken. The largest fort, called the Emperor's Fort, situated in the centre of the line of fortifications, and which had cost them a great assault, was rendered useless by a tremendous explosion, which killed and wounded a great number. In short, the greatest triumph was changed, towards noon, to a shameful retreat, almost to a flight. Good men wept with anger and disappointment. The loss of the Republicans was comparatively immense. From that time their infantry was a mere skeleton. A few cavalry belonged to the expedition, and they served as a protection on the retreat. The division marched to their barracks of Buena Vista, and I remained at San Simon with the marine, which was reduced to about fifty individuals, including officers and soldiers.

My object in staying at that place was to prepare some canoes, (boats made of single trees,) and to open communications with the other parts of the lake; but, in the months which I spent there, the canoes did not make their appearance; and for the reason that they had existed only in idea. Instead of boats, I therefore occupied myself with procuring horses, there being an abundance of wild ones, which furnished much occupation to the sailors, who became so many knights, though all of them did not manage their steeds with superior dexterity. And San Simon is a very beautiful and spacious place, although at that time destroyed and abandoned. It was said to belong to an exiled Count San Simon, or his exiled heirs, who had left home because of opinions different from those of the Republicans. There being no masters there, we strangers fed on the cattle and rode the horses.

At that place our first child was born, on the 10th of September, 1840. The young mother, although so short a time before united to her martial husband, had already passed through many trials and dangers. After the terrible affair with the Brazilian men of war, she had accompanied me on the marches, and even in the battles described in the preceding pages, and had endured great fatigue and hunger, and had several falls from her horse. During her stay at the house of an inhabitant of the place, she received the greatest kindness from the family and their neighbors; and I shall ever entertain to those who have shown kindness to me, and especially to my wife, "Sarò reconscientissimo, a quella buona gente, tutta la mia vita" (I shall be most thankful to those good people all my life.) It was of the highest importance that she had the comforts of that house and those friends at that time, for the miseries suffered by the army then rose to their height, and I was absolutely destitute of everything

necessary for my wife and little son; and in order to procure some clothes, I determined to make a journey to Settembrina, where I had several friends, particularly the kind-hearted Blingini, who would cheerfully supply me with some things I wished to procure for them. I accordingly set out to cross the inundated fields of that part of the province, then all drenched by the rains. I travelled day after day in water up to my horse's belly, and crossed the Rossa Velha, (an old cultivated field,) where I met Captain Massimo, of the Free Lancers, who treated me like a true and good friend, as he was. He was posted for the guard of the Cavalladas. I arrived at that place at evening, in a heavy rain, and spent the night; and the next day the storm having increased, the good Captain determined to detain me at all hazards, – but I was too much in haste to accomplish my object, to be willing to defer my journey, and I set off again, in spite of every remonstrance, to brave the flood. After going a few miles, I heard several musket-shots in the direction of the place I had left, which raised some suspicion in my mind, but I could only go on. Having reached Settembrina, I bought some little articles of clothing, and set out on my return towards San Simon. When I had recrossed the Rossa Velha, I learned the cause of the firing I had heard, and the most melancholy accident which happened on the day of my departure.

Moringue, the man who surprised me at Camacua, had now surprised Captain Massimo, and notwithstanding a very brave resistance, left him dead, with almost all his thirty lancers of the garrison. Most of the horses, including the best of them, had been embarked, the remaining ones were almost all killed. Moringue executed the operation with vessels of war and infantry, and then reëmbarked the infantry, going himself by land towards Rio Grande del Norte, alarming all the little forces, which, thinking themselves safe, were scattered about that territory. Among these was my band of sailors, who were obliged to take their clubs and go into the woods, taking my wife with them, who mounted the saddle, to avoid the enemy, with her infant, then only twelve days old, although it was in the midst of the storm.

On my return I could not find any of my men, or any of the friends with whom I had left my family; but I discovered them at length in the edge of a wood, where they remained without any certain news of the enemy. We went back to San Simon, where I remained some time, and then removed my camp to the left bank of the Capivari.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RIVER CAPIVARI – MY NEW CAMP – CANOE VOYAGES TO THE LAKE DOS PATOS – STATE OF THE REPUBLICAN ARMY DECLINING – DEATH OF MY BOSOM FRIEND, ROSETTI – RETREAT – DIFFICULTIES AND SUFFERINGS – LOSSES – ANNA'S EXPOSURE – OUR INFANT – KINDNESS OF THE SOLDIERS

The river Capivari is formed by the confluence of the different outlets of numerous lakes which garnish the northern border of the Province of Rio Grande, between the sea-coast and the eastern side of the chain of Espinasso. It received its name from the Capivari, a species of amphibious animal, very common in the rivers of South America. We made two canoes, and in them made several voyages to the western shore of Lake Patos, transporting both men and provisions. These voyages we performed from the Capivari and the Sangrador de Abreu, one of the streams in that vicinity, which is an outlet of a pond, connecting it with a lake.

In the meantime the situation of the Republican army grew worse and worse. Every day their necessities became more pressing, while, at the same time, the difficulty of satisfying them became greater. The two battles of Taguare and Norte had destroyed the infantry, so that the battalions had become mere skeletons. Prevailing wants produced discontent, and that led to desertions. The inhabitants, as usually happens in long wars, were wearied, and looked with indifference upon the forces of the two parties. In such a state of things the Imperialists made proposals for an arrangement which, although advantageous, considering the circumstances of the Republicans, were not acceptable and not accepted by the most generous portion of the enemy. Their rejection much increased the discontent of the extreme and disgusted party, and finally the abandonment of the siege, and the retreat were decisive. The Canabarro division, of which the marine formed a part, was to begin the movement, and climb the passes of the Serra, occupied by General Labattue. Bento Gonzales, with the rest of the army, was to march behind, covering the movements.

At that time died Rosetti, an irreparable loss to the army, and especially to myself. Having been left with the Republican garrison of Settembrina, which was to march last, he was surprised by the famous Maringue; and that incomparable Italian perished fighting bravely. Having fallen from his horse wounded, he was called on to surrender, – but he sold his life dearly. There is not a spot of ground on earth in which do not lie the bones of some generous Italian, for whose sake Italy ought never to cease from the struggle until free herself. She will feel the want of them in the day when she shall rise to drive the ravens from the corpses which they devour.

The retreat was commenced in the worst season, among the broken ridges of the mountain, in an almost unintermitted rain, and was the most disagreeable and terrible which I had ever seen. We had supplied ourselves with a few cows, which we brought with us, there being no animals among the toilsome paths which we were to travel, made impracticable by the rains. The numerous rivers were extremely swollen, and much of the baggage was carried away by the torrents. The troops marched in the rain, and without food; encamped without food in the rain. Between one river and another, those who were appointed to keep near the cows, had meat, but the others were in a terrible condition, especially the poor infantry, for everything failed them except horse-flesh. There were some dreadful scenes. Many women followed the army, according to the custom of the country, and many children. But few of the latter came out of the forest, and some were picked up by the horsemen, one of whom, here and there, was fortunate enough to save his horse, and with him a poor little creature, left by its dead or dying mother, who had fallen a victim to hunger, fatigue, and cold.

Anna was much distressed by the apprehension of losing her little son, Menotti, who was saved with difficulty, and as if by a miracle. In the most difficult parts of the road, and in crossing rivers, I carried my poor little child, then three months old, in a handkerchief tied round my neck, contriving to keep him warm with my breath. Of about a dozen animals – horses and mules – with which we entered the woods, some of them used for the saddle and some for baggage, there remained only two horses and two mules. The others had tired, and were abandoned. To crown our misfortunes, the guides had mistaken the road; and that was one of the reasons which induced us to cross the terrible woods of Las Antas. The word "Anta" signifies a harmless animal, of the size of an ass, whose flesh is exquisite, and whose hide serves for making many strong and many ornamental articles. This animal, however, I never had the fortune to see. Although the troops continued to proceed, they could not find the end of the piccada; and I remained in the woods, with two tired mules, and sent Anna, with her servant and the child, to endeavor to find a clear place where they might obtain some food for themselves and the animals. The two remaining horses, which were used alternately, with the surprising courage of the mother, overcame every difficulty. She succeeded in getting beyond the piccada, and fortunately found some of the soldiers with a fire, a very rare thing, and then not always to be obtained, on account of the continued rain, and the miserable condition to which we were all reduced. The men warmed some cloths, took the infant and wrapped him in them, and thus resuscitated him. The poor mother who had given up almost every hope of his life, took him again and cherished him with the tenderest care, while the good-hearted soldiers went to seek for some kind of food to restore the exhausted strength of the mother. I labored in vain to save the mules. Being left alone with them, I cut as many as I could of the leaves of the baguara, a species of cane, and gave them to eat; but it was of no use. I was obliged to abandon them, and seek to get out of the forest on foot, and exceedingly fatigued.

Nine days after entering it, the last of the division barely got through the piccada, and only a very few of the horses of the officers were saved. The enemy, who had preceded us in their flight, had left some artillery in the forest of the Antas, which the pursuers were unable to transport, for the want of means, and they were left buried in certain caverns – who knows for how long? In that woody region the storms seemed as if tired out; for, on getting into the open fields of the elevated plain, called the Cima da Serra (or top of the ridge), the troops found good weather. Some oxen, which were discovered there, afforded them a welcome supply of food, and made some amends for the sufferings they had passed through. They then entered the department of Vaccaria, in which they remained several days, waiting for the division of Bento Gonzales, which joined them much broken, and in a miserable state. The indefatigable Maringue, informed of their retreat, had pursued that division and harassed it in every way, aided by the mountaineers, who were always decidedly hostile to the Republicans.

All these things gave Labattue as much time as was required for his retreat and junction with the Imperial army. They arrived, however, almost without men, in consequence of desertions occasioned by the severe and forced march, and privations, and sufferings endured by the other troops. Beside all these, he had an adventure, which deserves to be mentioned here on account of its remarkable nature.

Labattue being obliged to pass in his march through the two forests known by the names of the Mattos or woods of Portugues and Castellano, met in them several tribes of the Bugre Indians, the most savage in Brazil. These, knowing of the passage of the Imperialists, assailed them, laying ambushes in different places in the bushes, and did them much injury, letting us know, at the same time, that they were friends of the Republicans. In accordance with this profession, my comrades and I myself experienced no inconvenience from them on our march; but we saw the *poge*, or holes, carefully covered with grass, into which the incautious enemy might fall, when the savages would take advantage of his misfortune and assault him. But all these were left open where the Republicans were to pass, that we might not be exposed to the danger.

On one of those days I met a woman, who had been stolen by the savages in her youth, and profited by the opportunity offered by the neighborhood of the troops. The poor creature was in a most pitiable state.

As we had no enemies to fly from or to pursue in those lofty regions, we proceeded slowly on our march, almost entirely destitute of horses.

CHAPTER XV

HUNTING HORSES – CATCHING WILD COLTS – ENTER THE PROVINCE OF MISSIONES – HEAD-QUARTERS ESTABLISHED AT SAN GABRIEL – LOVE FOR MY PARENTS – I TURN CATTLE-DROVER – RESULTS – REACH MONTEVIDEO – TEACH MATHEMATICS – WARLIKE PREPARATIONS – JOIN THE ORIENTAL SQUADRON

The corps of Free Lancers, being entirely dismounted, were obliged to supply themselves with wild colts; and it was a fine sight which was presented almost every day, to see a multitude of those robust young black men, leaping upon the backs of their wild coursers, and rushing across the fields like a thunderstorm. The animal used every exertion to gain his freedom and to throw off his hated rider; while the man, with admirable dexterity, strength and courage, continued to press him with his legs, drawing in his feet against his sides like pincers, whip and drive him, until he at length tired out the superb son of the desert.

In that part of America the colt comes from the field lassoed, and is saddled, bridled, and rode by the domator, or horse-breaker, and in a few days obeys the bit. Experienced men obtain many excellent horses in a short time; but few come out well broken from the hands of soldiers, especially when they are on a march, where neither the necessary conveniences can be obtained, nor the necessary care taken to break them well.

Having passed the Mattos Portuguez and Castellano, we descended into the province of "Misiones," proceeding towards Cruz Alta, its chief town. It is a very small place, but well built, situated on a high plain and in a beautiful position; as fine, indeed, as all that part of the State of Rio Grande. The troops marched from Cruz Alta to San Gabriel, where the head-quarters were established and barracks were constructed for the encampment of the army. I built a cottage, and spent some time in it with my little family; but six years of a life of dangers and sufferings, far from the company of old friends, my father and mother, from whom I had no news, among that people, isolated by the war with the empire, made me wish to return to some place where I might obtain information concerning my parents. I now found that although, amidst the scenes of bustle and trial through which I had passed, I had been able to banish the recollection of their affection for a time, my love for them remained lively and warm in my heart. It was necessary to improve my circumstances, for the benefit of my wife and child, and I determined to make a journey to Montevideo, even if but for a short time. I asked and obtained permission from the President, who also allowed me to take a small herd of young cattle, to pay the expenses of travelling.

And here I took up the business of a cattle-drover, or *trappiere*. In an Estancia, called the Corral del Piedras, under the authority of the Minister of Finance, I succeeded in collecting, in about twenty days, about nine hundred cattle, after indescribable fatigue. With a still greater degree of labor and weariness they were driven towards Montevideo. Thither, however, I did not succeed in driving them. Insuperable obstacles presented themselves on the way, and, more than all, the Rio Negro, which crossed it, and in which I nearly lost all this capital. From that river, from the effects of my inexperience and from the tricks of some of my hired assistants for managing the drove of animals, I saved about five hundred of the cattle, which, by the long journey, scarcity of food and accidents in crossing streams, were thought unfit to go to Montevideo.

I therefore decided to "*cuercer*" or "*leather*" them, – that is, to kill them for their hides; and this was done. In fact, after having passed through indescribable fatigue and troubles, for about fifty

days, I arrived at Montevideo with a few hides, the only remains of my nine hundred oxen. These I sold for only a few hundred dollars, which served but scantily to clothe my little family.

In Montevideo I spent some of my time in the house of my friend Napoleon Castellani, to whose kindness, and the courtesy of his wife, I felt much indebted. I acknowledge my obligations also to my dear friends, Giovanni Battista Cuneo and Giovanni Risso. Having a family, but my means being exhausted, I felt it necessary to provide for the subsistence of the three individuals of whom it consisted. Other people's bread always seemed to me bitter, whenever in my diversified life I have found it necessary to partake of it; and I have been so happy as never to be dependant on any friend. Two occupations, of small profit, it is true, but which would afford me a subsistence, I assumed for a time. They were those of a broker and a teacher of mathematics, given in the house and to the pupils of the estimable instructor, Signor Paolo Semidei. This manner of life I pursued until I entered the Oriental squadron.

The Rio Grande question was approaching a settlement, and there was nothing more to be thought on that subject. The Oriental Republic soon offered me employment, and I accepted it.

I was appointed to proceed on an expedition, the results of which, through either ignorance or malignity, proved ruinous.

With the sloop *Constitucion*, of eighteen guns, the brig *Terceira*, of two eighteen pounders, and a transport, the schooner *Procida*, I was ordered to proceed to Corrientes, an allied province, to assist in their military operations against the forces of Rosas.

The Oriental Republic of the Uruguay, like the greater part of the Republics of South America, was a prey to intestine disputes; and the occasion then was the pretension of two Generals to the Presidency, viz: Rivera and Ouribes. Rivera, being more successful, succeeded after several victories, in driving away Ouribes, and gained possession of the power which he had held. The latter, being expelled, took refuge in Buenos Ayres, where the Dictator, Rosas, received him, together with many Oriental emigrants, and employed them against his enemy, who were then under the command of General Lavalle. Lavalle being conquered, the ferocious Ex-president of Montevideo undertook to regain his lost power in his own country. In that Rosas found the object most agreeable to his wishes; that is, the destruction of the Unitarians, or Centralists, his mortal enemies, who were supported by the Oriental State; and the ruin of a neighboring Republic, his rival, which disputed with him the supremacy of the immense river, by throwing into her bosom the most terrible elements of civil war.

At the time when I embarked on the river, the Oriental army was at San Jose de Uruguay, and that of Ouribes at La Bajada, the capital of the province of Entre Rios, both making preparations for a great conflict. The army of Corrientes then made arrangements for uniting with the Oriental. I was to go up the Parana to Corrientes, pass over a distance of more than six hundred miles, between two banks occupied by the enemy, where I would be unable to anchor, unless at islands and desert places.

CHAPTER XVI

ORIGIN OF THE WAR BETWEEN MONTEVIDEO AND BUENOS AYRES. – CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF ROSAS, OURIBES – THE CENTRALISTS, CALLED UNITARIANS, OPPOSED TO THE REPUBLICANS

As has been said, the war in Montevideo was caused by the personal ambition of the two generals, Ouribes and Rivera, who were aspirants for the Presidency of the republic. The former was defeated by the latter, about the year 1840, and obliged to emigrate to Buenos Ayres.

At that time Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, was engaged in war with the Centralists, or Unitarians, who were the national and liberal party, and were led by Generals Lavalle and Paz. Rosas received Ouribes and many of his partizans, and gave them immediate employment in his own army, while he conferred the supreme command of it upon the emigrant General. Ouribes, being able to bring many reinforcements to the tyrant's army, which was already strong, defeated Lavalle, who died in the upper provinces of the Argentine Republic (I think Mendoza,) in a surprise. General Paz, by intrigues and dissensions, was obliged to abandon the struggle, after the brilliant victory of Caguazú, and to return to Montevideo, where the greater part of the Centralists who had fought against Rosas had retreated.

The Argentine Republic being pressed by enemies, Ouribes descended towards Montevideo, and established his camp at Bajada, the capital of the province of Entre-Rios, having under his command an imposing army, and meditating with Rosas, the invasion of the State of Montevideo. Rivera was then on the left bank of the Uruguay, preparing and receiving all the forces which he could dispose of, and doubtless expecting to be attacked.

Wise would have been the resolution to await the enemy in his own positions; but, having much confidence in himself, and strengthened by the junction with the army of Corrientes, he made arrangements to cross the river, and seek the enemy. The Oriental and Corrientes armies amounted to ten thousand men. Ouribes had fourteen thousand, and was much superior in infantry and artillery.

The battle was short; and the combined armies were entirely defeated on the Arroyo Grande. Ouribes passed the Uruguay, invaded the territory of Montevideo, and then laid siege to the capital.

The catastrophe of Arroyo Grande, and the certainty that the implacable ex-president would come, meditating terrible revenge, stimulated the population of the State of Montevideo to take up arms *en masse* and repel the invasion by force. It should here be observed, that the war had changed its character, and it was no longer a personal consideration in favor of Rivera which induced the people to take up arms; but the fear of becoming subject to the depredations and excesses of a foreign and barbarous enemy, led them to fight for the independence of the country.

The beginning of patriotism, which then animated the people, was the same which led them to so many heroic deeds, and to sustain the most desperate of struggles, at the cost of unheard of sacrifices. Then began the glorious contest carried on by the Montevideans, which still continues, and which will astonish the world, when its events are exactly known.

General Paz, reduced to Montevideo, after the unfortunate occurrences in the Argentine State, was received with acclamation by the government and people, as general of the nascent army; and to him are certainly due the beginnings of bravery and discipline by which it was distinguished, as well as the system of defence which was adopted.

Rivera kept the field, made skilful movements, and was defeated by Ouribes at India Muerta. The errors of Rivera and his conflicts completed his discredit, and entirely removed him from the

scene of events. He is now an emigrant in Rio Janeiro, and I do not think his influence can produce any disturbance on the Rio de la Plata.

The question of Montevideo, therefore, reduces itself to the following, at the present epoch (1850):

Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, and chiefly interested in the humiliation of Montevideo, maintains an army in besieging that city, in order to destroy it. That army is commanded by a Montevidean, who wishes, at any cost, to command in his country; and the people of Montevideo are fighting against that army, because they are not willing to submit to the hated and abominated domination of Rosas and Ouribes.

Indignant at the sight of such a scene of arrogant and inhuman oppression as that presented in Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic, I was impelled to present myself in opposition to the Dictator, and to adopt the cause of the injured as my own. Having mingled with the people in my own country, and all my experience, short as it was, having taught me to sympathize with them, against the old and hereditary aristocracy of Europe, I could not regard with indifference the upstart oppressor, Rosas, so treacherous to the principles of equality and republicanism, which he pretended to love, while violating them, in the grossest manner, for his own insatiable ambition. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of the true patriot party in Montevideo, on my arrival in that city, circumstances ere long proved favorable; and on their beginning to renew their movements, I appeared among them with my native activity and zeal.

I conceived the idea of performing an important service for my own country, while devoting myself to that in which I was residing. I soon perceived that the spirit and character of the Italians needed great efforts, to raise them from the depressed state in which they existed in fact, as well as in the opinion of the world; and I was determined to elevate them, by such a practical training as alone could secure the end.

By means of Napoleon's treachery to the cause of liberty, which he had pretended to espouse on entering Italy, that unhappy country had been led to a ruin more deep and complete than any of the other of his victims; for she had been, more than any other, reduced to spiritual slavery, as well as temporal. The allies (with Protestant Prussia and England among them,) had restored the papacy along with monarchy and aristocracy; and yet the Italians were vilified as a degenerate race, and falsely accused of having brought their misfortunes upon themselves, by their ignorance, fanaticism and pusillanimity.

CHAPTER XVII

CONDITION OF THE ITALIANS IN MONTEVIDEO, AND ELSEWHERE – MY WISHES AND DESIGNS FOR THEIR BENEFIT – IN COMMAND OF THE "CONSTITUCION" – AT MARTIN GARCIA – A BATTLE WITH THE ENEMY – PROVIDENTIAL RESULTS – PROCEED TO BAJADO – AT CERITO – ANOTHER FIGHT – CAVALLO-QUATTIA – LOW WATER – JOIN THE REPUBLICAN FLOTILLA – LABORS AND DIFFICULTIES

There were many Italians in Montevideo, whose condition and feelings I soon learned to appreciate. They were regarded with scorn by many of the other foreign residents, especially the French, who were in much greater numbers, and seemed to take pleasure in humiliating my poor and injured countrymen.

This was not the first case, though one of the most marked and unrighteous, in which the wronged and suffering party were made to bear the reproach of those very traits of character displayed by their strong and false-hearted conquerors. In exile and poverty, under the bitter and hourly personal experience of their national misfortunes, and reproached by the world with having brought them upon themselves, the Italians in South America were depressed and disheartened by their gloomy recollections, their present sorrows and their cloudy future. Many of them were occupying themselves with such labors and business as they could find or invent, to obtain the means of subsistence, and laying the foundations of the fortunes which they have since accumulated by industry and economy; but few formed any sanguine expectations of gaining that distinction for military prowess, which the more numerous and vaunting Frenchmen around them then arrogated to themselves. I, however, ere long, began to indulge in more daring anticipations; and the sequel will show the results.

I resolved to find employment for some of them, and to raise the courage and hopes of all, and at the same time to prepare them for future service as soldiers in Italy, by bringing them into the service which was offered to myself. My progress and success will be seen in the following chapters.

On my entering the service of the Oriental Republic, I received the command of the sloop of war "Constitucion." The Oriental squadron was under the command of Colonel Cahe; the enemy under the orders of General Brown. Several battles had taken place, but with results of but little consequence. At the same time a man named Vidal was appointed Minister General of the Republic, – a person of unfortunate and despicable memory. One of his first and most fatal steps was, to gain the dislike of the squadron, which proved highly injurious to its condition, which had cost the Republic immense sums, and which, if it had been cherished as it might then have been, would have established a marked preëminence in the Rio de la Plata, but which was completely ruined, by selling the vessels at shamefully low prices.

I proceeded up the river with the vessels. We had an engagement with the batteries of Martin Garcia, which are situated near the confluence of the two great rivers Paraná and Uruguay, near which I had to pass, as there was no other channel for large vessels. I had several killed and wounded, and passed on. Among the dead was the brave Italian officer, Pocaroba, whose head was taken off by a cannon shot.

Three miles beyond Martin Garcia, the Constitucion was careened, but unfortunately at a time when the tide was falling; and it cost an immense amount of labor to get her afloat again. It was only due to the most persevering labor, that the flotilla was saved from being lost in those dangerous circumstances. While employed in removing heavy articles on board the Procida, the enemy's squadron appeared on the other side of the island, approaching under full sail. I was thus

placed in a terrible condition, – the larger of my vessels lying on the sand, and deprived of her heaviest guns, which were placed in the Procida; the Procida being in consequence useless; and no vessel remaining except the Terceira, whose brave commander was near me with the greater part of his crew, assisting in his work.

In the meantime the enemy moved on proudly, presenting a superb sight, and hailed by the acclamations of the troops on the island, assured of victory, with seven strong ships of war. But I felt no despair – a feeling which I have never known. The cause I have never pretended to give. I did not think of my life at that moment; that appeared to me of little value: but it seemed that dying would not save honor, and it was impossible to fight in my position. Providence extended his hand over my destiny, and I desired no other. The ship of the Admiral grounded near the island; his pride was humbled, and the Republicans were safe. The enemy's misfortune redoubled their alacrity; in a few hours the *Constitucion* was afloat, and received her guns and loading. "Misfortunes never come single," says the proverb. A very thick fog concealed us, and everything we did, from the eyes of the enemy; and favored us greatly, by preventing them from knowing which way we went. This was of the greatest advantage: for, when the Imperialists got their ships under way, being ignorant of the direction we had taken, they sailed to pursue us, and went up the Uruguay, which we had not entered, and they consequently lost many days before they learned our course.

In the meantime I had entered the Paraná, under cover of the fog and with the favor of the wind. I had the direction of the whole operation, and must pronounce it one of the most arduous of my life. But certainly, in that day, the pleasure afforded by the escape from that imminent danger, and the solicitude caused by reflecting on the greatness of the enterprise were embittered by the stupor and disaffection of my companions, who until that moment had believed they were going to the Uruguay. All declared that they were unacquainted with the Paraná, and that they refused all responsibility from that moment. Responsibility was of little importance to me; but something was to be done in some way or other. After a few inquiries, one man confessed that he knew a little of the river, but that he was confused by his fears; however, he was soon able to collect himself, and proved useful. The wind favoring, we soon arrived near San Nicolas, the first town in the Argentine territory, which is situated on the right shore of the river. There we found a few merchant vessels, which were wanted for transports and other service, and, in a night expedition with launches, both were obtained. An Austrian, named Antonio, who had been trading for a long time in the Paraná, was among the prisoners, and he rendered important services in the voyage.

Proceeding up the river, we met with no obstacle until we reached Bajada, where was the army of Ouribes. I operated in the transit. Some landed to find fresh provisions, which consisted chiefly of oxen, in which they were opposed by the inhabitants, and some troops of cavalry stationed there to guard the shore. Several partial engagements took place on that account – with some advantages and losses, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other – in one of which I had the great affliction of losing the brave Italian officer, Lalberga di Leone, a youth of surprising valor and of most promising genius. Another monument, therefore, was demanded for another son of the land of misfortune, who, like so many more, had hoped to shed his blood for the redemption of his country.

At Bajada, the capital of Entre Rios, where the army of Ouribes was stationed, I found the most formidable preparations on my arrival; and a battle seemed at first inevitable: but the wind being favorable, and we being able to pass at a considerable distance from the enemy's batteries, but little effect was produced by the heavy cannonade which was made by them. At Las Conchas, a few miles above La Bajada, I effected a landing by night, which procured me fourteen oxen, in spite of strong opposition made by the enemy. My men fought with great bravery. The enemy's artillery followed the coast, and profiting by the contrary wind and the narrowness of the river, cannonaded us whenever they could. At Cerito, a position on the left bank of the stream, they established a battery of six guns. The wind was favorable, but light; and at that point, on account of the crookedness of the river, our vessels had to sail in face of them, so that it was necessary to go about two miles under

a battery, which was as if suspended over our heads. A resolute battle was fought at that place. The greater part of my men seemed unable to rise, and did not show themselves. The others, at their guns, fought and labored with great alacrity. It should be remembered that the enemy belonged to a party rendered proud by their victory, who soon after conquered, at Arroyo Grande, the two combined armies of Montevideo and Corrientes. Every obstacle was overcome with very little loss; and after having stopped all the enemy's fire, and dismounted several pieces of artillery, a number of merchant vessels, coming from Corrientes and Paraguay, which had been placed under the protection of the enemy's battery, fell into the power of the Republicans with very little trouble. Those prizes supplied us with provisions and means of all kinds.

We then proceeded on our arduous voyage up the river. The enemy watched us in order to throw obstacles in our way; but we arrived at Cavallo-quattia, (or the White Horse,) where we joined the Argentine flotilla, composed of two large launches and a balandra armed as a war-vessel. We were thus supplied with some fresh provisions, so that our condition was much improved. We had good and experienced men, but a reinforcement was agreeable enough, especially in its effects on the habits of our men. Having thus proceeded as far as the Brava coast, we were obliged to stop on account of the shallow water, the difference of which, with the draft of the *Constitucion*, was four palms. These difficulties began to excite some suspicions in my mind, concerning the final result of the expedition. I had no doubt that the enemy would do their utmost to defeat it; for if it should arrive at Corrientes the injury would have been very great to the enemy, by the Republicans having command of an intermediate part of the river, by holding an intermediate position between the interior provinces, the Paraguay and the capital of the Argentine confederation. It would have been a kind of nest of corsairs, to infest and destroy the enemy's commerce.

The enemy accordingly resorted to every measure for our ruin; and they were greatly favored by the want of water in the river, which was altogether unexampled for half a century, according to the declaration of Governor Ferri, of Corrientes. It being impossible to proceed further, I determined to put the flotilla in the best possible state for resistance. From the left bank of the Paraná, where the depth of water was greatest, I drew a line of vessels, beginning with a merchant *yate*, in which were placed four guns; the *Terceira* in the middle, and the *Constitucion* on the right wing, thus forming a row, at right angles to the shore, and presenting to the enemy all the force possible.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ENEMY APPEAR UNDER GENERAL BROWN – WE FIGHT – LABORS AND FATIGUE BY NIGHT – DESERTION – PREPARATIONS TO RENEW THE BATTLE – ANOTHER FIGHT – VESSELS BURNED – LANDING IN SMALL BOATS – LAND TRAVEL – TREATMENT BY THE INHABITANTS – TRAVERSE THE PROVINCE OF CORRIENTES – REACH SAN FRANCISCO – NOTICE OF THE BATTLE OF ARROYO GRANDE, DEC. 6, 1842 – SENT BY GEN. AGUYAR TO VESSILLES WITH THE VESSELS – STRANGE PRESENTIMENT – CATCHING HORSE – BAD NEWS

This arrangement cost much labor, in consequence of the current, which, although small, in that open place, required the use of all the chains and cables to anchor the vessels, especially the *Constitucion*, the heaviest of all. These labors were not terminated when the enemy made their appearance with seven vessels, a superior force, and in a situation where they could receive reinforcements and supplies of every kind. The Republican flotilla, on the contrary, was far from Corrientes, the only part of the country from which they could obtain assistance, and where it was almost certain no aid would be received, as the result proved to be too true. It was thought necessary, however, to fight, at least for the honor of arms; and an engagement ensued.

The enemy, under the command of General Brown, who enjoyed the highest reputation as a maritime officer in South America, and justly, too, proceeded in all the confidence of their power. They had a favorable wind though a light one, keeping along the left bank, the right being impracticable. As I had command of the left bank, on which rested the left flank of his line, I landed part of my soldiers and sailors, to dispute the enemy's advance, inch by inch. The Republicans fought bravely, and greatly retarded the enemy's advance; but the superior force of the latter prevailed, and the former were driven under the protection of their vessels. Major Pedro Rodriguez, who commanded our force on land, fought that day with all imaginable skill and valor. He placed the outposts towards evening; and thus they remained through the whole night, both parties preparing for battle on the following day.

The sun had not risen on the 16th of June, when the enemy began a cannonade, with all the force which they had been laboring to bring to the front in the night. The battle was then commenced; and it continued without interruption till nightfall, being sustained on both sides with great resolution. The first victim on board the *Constitucion* was again an Italian officer, of great bravery and of the highest promise, Guiseppe Barzone; and I regretted that I could not take charge of his remains, in consequence of the fury of the contest. Much damage was done on both sides. The Republican vessels were riddled and shattered. The corvette, in consequence of not having her shot-holes accurately stopped, leaked so much that she could not be kept afloat without great difficulty, the pumps being at work without cessation. The commandant of the *Terceira* had been killed in a most daring enterprise by land against the enemy's vessels. In him I lost my best and bravest companion. The killed were numerous, and still more the wounded. The remaining time I was constantly occupied on account of the sinking condition of the vessels. However, there were still powder and shot on board, and we must fight – not for victory, not to save ourselves, but for honor. Some men laugh at the honors of a soldier; but Italians have given strong proof of the existence and power of such a principle in their breasts, particularly in other places and at a later period than that to which we are now attending, especially when Rome was surrounded by the armies of four nations, in 1849, and long defended herself. Those who scoff at the idea of honor in an honest soldier who fights for his friends and country, can too

often show base respect for men who abuse and assassinate their fellow-beings, or who claim to be the supporters of their political or religious opinions, though they may be monsters in cruelty or infamous in vice, especially if surrounded with the power of the great or the splendor of courts.

We fought for honor, although six hundred miles distant from Montevideo, with enemies from all quarters, after a series of battles, privations and misfortunes, and almost sure of losing everything. In the meantime Vidal, the minister of war of the Republic, squandered doubloons to support his splendid banquets, in the first capitals of Europe. Such is the honor of the world! It is thus that the lives of generous Italians are despised and sacrificed, and they are buried in a land of exile, in the continent of their countryman, Columbus, or in other regions of the earth. Such was Castelli, who was beheaded at Buenos Ayres; Borso di Carminati, shot in Spain; – and this, although they were superior men, and had rendered great services to ungrateful foreigners.

Their sympathy those foreigners have shown for thee, O Italy! when thy aged and venerable head was raised for a moment in Rome, from the lethargy of opprobrium in which thy oppressors had conspired to hold thee, thou Mother, Instructress and Mistress of Nations! When thou once more shalt rouse thyself, they will tremble at the defeat of their united powers, combined in the league of Hell, to oppress and degrade thee. Be great, then, once more, O Italy! and then the powerful voice of the Almighty will be heard by all thy sons; and the hungry and cowardly vultures which destroy thee, will be stunned by its thundering sound.

On the night of the 16th all my men were occupied in preparing cartridges, which were almost entirely exhausted, and in cutting up chains to supply the want of balls, and in the incessant pumping of the leaky vessels. Manuel Rodriguez, the same Catalonian officer who had been saved with me from shipwreck on the coast of Santa Caterina, was occupied, with a few of the best, in fitting up several merchant vessels as fireships, with the greatest possible quantity of combustibles, and directing them towards the enemy. That expedient incommoded them during the night, but did not produce the effect desired; the chief defect of the Republicans being the extreme scarcity of men. Between the various mishaps of that dreadful night, that which most afflicted me was the defection of the little squadron of Corrientes. Villegas, the commandant, like many others whom I have seen bold in a calm, became so much terrified by approaching danger, that it was impossible to make him useful in any way to the allied vessels, although they were manned with good sailors, and fitted for any kind of service on the river, by their swiftness. Seeing Villegas not quite self-possessed, I ordered him to take his place behind the line of battle, where I had placed the hospital – a small vessel destined to that use. Towards evening he sent me word that he had changed his position to a short distance, for what motive I could not imagine. Needing his coöperation in the work of the fireships, I sent for Villegas in the night, and received the alarming news that he was nowhere to be found. Not being willing to think him capable of so much treachery, I went myself in a light palischermo, to satisfy myself of the truth. Not finding him, I proceeded several miles towards Corrientes, but in vain; and I returned, in bitterness of soul. My fears were unhappily too well founded, for most of the little vessels were destroyed in the service before the engagement began. I had counted on the Correntine vessels to receive the wounded and to contain the provisions necessary for all, as we were still far distant from the inhabited frontier of Corrientes. My last hope was now lost, by a cowardly retreat, which is the greatest of crimes when committed in the moment of danger.

I returned on board my vessel a short time before daybreak. A fight was inevitable, but I saw nothing around me but men lying down overcome with fatigue, and heard no sound except the lamentations of the unfortunate wounded, who had not yet been transported to the hospital. Being now unable to wait any longer, I gave the signal and ordered the men to their stations. I gave the orders and spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, which were not in vain, as I found my companions, although spent with fatigue, with spirit remaining which could yet be excited. They replied with a general cry for battle, and every man was immediately at his post. The engagement was recommenced when it was hardly light; but, if the advantage appeared to be on our side in the

previous affair, we now decidedly had the worst. The new cartridges had been made of bad powder; we had used all the balls of proper size for the calibre of the guns, and those we now had were smaller, and, therefore, in going out, did much injury to the pieces, which had before done such service against the enemy. The latter observed the weakness of our fire, and being then informed of our condition by some deserters, showed great joy, while their vessels, which were unable the day preceding to form a line, now effected it in security. Thus the condition and prospects of the Republicans were growing worse and worse, while those of their enemies every moment improved. At length a retreat became necessary, not with the vessels, for it was impossible to move them from their positions, in consequence of their broken condition, the want of water, and the miserable state of the crews. Nothing could be hoped for but the saving of their lives. I therefore gave orders for landing, in a few small boats which remained, the wounded, the arms, the little ammunition left, and all the provisions which they were able to take. In the meantime the fight continued; although on our part but very feebly, but with redoubled vigor by the victorious enemy.

The matches were then prepared, and the firemen stood ready to burn the vessels. All was ready; and, with the few men remaining with me, I got into the boats. The enemy, on discovering our preparations for debarking, naturally inferred our design of retreating, and put all their infantry on the march, to attack us. I was not disposed to meet them, with such inequality of numbers and arms, and in the condition of the enemy's infantry. Besides, an open river was to be crossed. But the burning of the vessels, by the Santa Barbara operation, blowing-up, was performed in a terrible manner, and gave the enemy clear notice of our movements.

The scene presented by the burning flotilla was very striking. The river lay as clear as crystal; and the burning cinders fell on both its banks, while a terrible noise of explosions was continually heard.

Towards evening, in our little boats, we approached the River Espinillo, and encamped on its right bank. During the voyage to Esquina, the first town in Corrientes, we spent three days, proceeding very painfully among islands and ponds, and reduced to one ration a day, consisting of a single biscuit, without anything else to eat. On reaching Esquina, our condition was considerably improved; the wounded were placed under shelter; and the men had meat in abundance. The inhabitants, who were good Republicans, showed us the greatest hospitality.

We spent some months in the Province of Corrientes, without the occurrence of anything important. At length the Governor formed a plan to arm a flotilla of small vessels; but succeeded in nothing but losing time. I then received orders from Montevideo to march to the scene of revolution in San Francisco, in Uruguay, and place myself and my forces at the disposition of General Rivera, who was stationed with an army in that neighborhood.

I then traversed the entire territory of Corrientes, from Santa Lucia to the Pass of Higos, on the Uruguay. Going through the Pass, we arrived at San Francisco, partly by the river and partly by land. At the Falls I had the pleasure of meeting Anzani, then transformed into a merchant. Having reached San Francisco, I there found several vessels of war, of which I took the command. General Rivera had gone into Entre Rios, with the army, where the army of Corrientes was to meet him, and go to attack that of Ouribes. On the 6th of December, 1842, occurred, at Arroyo Grande, the celebrated battle in which the nation fought for their sacred rights; but the power of a tyrant triumphed. Different circumstances led to this result, which would require much time to give in detail: but the chief cause was the discord fomented by the ambition of a few, which plunged all into disaster, and exposed them to extermination by an implacable conqueror. Oh, virtuous and generous people! The same fortune befel Italy at a later day, which was suffered by the provinces of La Plata, and brought about by the same cause, which was sent by Heaven in wrath.

At San Francisco, where I found General Aguiar staying on account of his health, I remained only a short time, when I received orders from him to collect all the disposable forces, and a few hundred militia, called Aguerridos, commanded by Colonel Guerra, and march to the Pass of

Vessilles, to coöperate actively with the enemy. I reached that place with the vessels, and there found the remains of the army's residence, but not a single person. I sent scouts, to search the surrounding country; but discovered nothing! That day was the fatal sixth of December; and every man had been called to the field of battle, which was decided at the distance of eighteen miles from the spot, on the bank of the Arroyo Grande. There sometimes seems to be something in the depths of our minds superior to understanding; at least so it seemed to me on that occasion. Without pretending to explain it, I thought I felt its effects; which, although in a confused manner, seemed something like looking into the future.

On that day I felt a solemn impression on my heart, mingled with bitterness, like the feelings of warriors left languishing on a field of battle, and trampled on by the insolent soldier, by the hoof of the war-horse of the cruel, the implacable conqueror. Very few were saved from that terrible battle; and the whole band, with me, experienced feelings difficult to describe, indeed, quite unspeakable. Sadness was mingled with a prevailing presentiment of disaster. Not being able to find any living being who could give information of the army, and having no orders from General Aguiar, I resolved to land all the troops, leaving only a small number in the boats, and to march in search of the army. It should be remarked, that I always pursued my favorite system of the Rio Grande, and never marched without a contingent of cavalry, taken from my amphibious companions in misfortune, men who had been thrown out of the cavalry of the army, for some fault or perhaps some crime, but who fought well, and whom I severely punished when they deserved it.

Although no human beings were to be found in that region, we caught a number of horses which had been abandoned, and obtained a sufficient supply for the service. The abundance of horses in those countries greatly facilitates such an operation. All things were soon ready; and I was on the point of giving the order for marching, when, well for me, an order was received from General Aguiar, recalling me to San Francisco. But for this, I and my troops would doubtless have fallen victims: for the army was so completely broken up on that day, that it would have been impossible to find anything but the mere wreck of it, while we must have met the victorious enemy, from whom escape would have been very difficult, if not impossible.

The troops, therefore, reëmbarked, without the object being known even to their commander, and without obtaining any news whatever of the events of the day. On reaching San Francisco, I received a note from Colonel Esteves, beginning with the following terrible words:

"Our army has suffered a reverse!"

General Aguiar had marched along the left bank of the Uruguay, to collect the fugitives, and requested me to stay in San Francisco, to guard the great quantity of materials of every kind remaining there.

CHAPTER XIX

PUBLIC DISMAY – ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE RISING – I RETURN TO MONTEVIDEO – OURIVES COMING TO BESIEGE IT – PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE – GENERAL PAZ – I AM ORDERED TO COLLECT A FLOTILLA – A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT

In the period which elapsed between the battle of Arroyo Grande and the beginning of the siege of Montevideo, that confusion prevailed which is common in such cases, when plans are by turns formed, rejected, and again adopted. Fear, desertion, and irresolution existed; but they were found only in rare and individual cases. The people stood firm and heroic, at the voice of noble-hearted men, who proclaimed that the Republic was in danger, and called upon all to rise in its defence. In a short time there was a new army, which, although neither so large nor so well disciplined as the former, was, at least, more full of energy and enthusiasm, and more strongly impressed with the sacred cause which impelled them. It was no longer the cause of a single man which stimulated the multitude: the star of that man had sunk in the late battle, and in vain endeavored again to rise. It was the cause of the nation, in the presence of which personal hatred and dissension were silenced. Foreigners were preparing to invade the territory of the Republic; and every citizen came out with arms and horses, to range himself under the banner, to repel him. The danger increased, and with it the zeal and devotion of that generous people. Not a single voice was heard to utter the word "submission," or "accommodation." Since the battle of Novara, in Piedmont, I could never compare my countrymen with the Montevideans without blushing. However, all Italy desired not to submit to foreign dominion, but panted for battle; and I am convinced that Italians, like Montevideans, possess constancy and generous devotion to liberty. But they have so many and such powerful influences to keep them enslaved!

I had then orders to sink the small vessels in the channel of the river, by which the enemy's fleet could come up. The larger vessels of the patriot flotilla were then not to be sunk, but to be burned; I was therefore soon engaged in burning a third fleet, but this was not to be done, as on the two former occasions, while fighting, my sailors having, consequently, once more been transformed into foot soldiers. I remained with them a few days in San Francisco, to allow time to ship for Montevideo the remaining materials of the army; and we then set off on the march for the capital, in the neighborhood of which all the forces were to be collected. Little or nothing of importance occurred on the journey, except my acquaintance with General Pacheco, then a Colonel in Mercedes. That illustrious Oriental commenced, at that dangerous crisis, to display a noble superiority in energy, courage, and capacity. He, beyond all question, was the principal champion of the gigantic struggle sustained by his country against foreign invasion; a struggle which will serve as an example to future generations, and to all nations who are not willing to submit to force; and may God protect the Oriental people!

Montevideo presented, at that time, a surprising spectacle. Ourives had conquered, and was advancing at the head of an army, which had passed through the Argentine provinces like a tempest, or rather like a thunderbolt. At the Coriolano of Montevideo, neither the prostrations of the priests would have availed, nor the tears of wives or mothers, to soften the hearts of the soldiers. The idea of chastising that city, which had driven him away, and seen him fly, gratified the soul of that atrocious man. The army of Montevideo had been destroyed, and nothing of it remained except small and disheartened fragments of forces, scattered over the territory of the Republic. The squadrons were cut in pieces, arms and ammunition were very scarce, or entirely wanting, and the treasury! It is only

necessary to imagine it in the hands of such men as Vidal, intent on nothing but on getting doubloons, as the most portable kind of money for a meditated flight. He was Minister General.

It was, however, necessary to defend themselves. There were many men belonging to Rivera's party for whom there was no escape after the arrival of the others, and for whom the defence was an indispensable condition. But they were powerless and trembling, being bound to their employments and property. Yet the nation, the people, did not regard Ourives as the antagonist of Rivera, but as the head of a foreign army, which he led on for invasion, slavery and death; and they ran to the defence with a feeling of their rights. In a short time the army, in companies of cavalry, was made new. An army, chiefly consisting of infantry, was organized in Montevideo, to support the capital, and under the auspices of that man of victories, General Paz. That General Paz, whom envy, but no good cause at all, had driven from the command, replied to the call of his country in a time of danger, appeared at the head of the forces of the capital, and organized, with recruits and freemen, then emancipated by the Republic, that army which, for seven years, was the bulwark of the country, and still maintains itself in the presence of the most powerful enemy in South America.

Many leaders, forgotten and not fond of wars in which only individual interests were engaged, made their appearance in the files of the defenders, and increased the enthusiasm and confidence of the troops. A line of fortifications was to be drawn around the city towards the accessible part from the country, and they labored with alacrity until it was completed. Before the enemy's approach, manufactories of arms and ammunition, foundries of cannon, shops for making clothes and accoutrements for soldiers, all sprang up at once, as if by a miracle. Cannons, which, from the days of the Spaniards, had been judged useless, and placed as guards at the borders of the sidewalks in the streets, were dug out and mounted for defence.

I was appointed to organize a flotilla, for which several small vessels were chosen. A favorable incident proved very valuable to me, by enabling me to commence that armament. The enemy's brig Oscar, in sailing at night in the neighborhood of the coast, ran upon the point of the Cerro. That is the name of a mountain west of Montevideo, which forms, with its base, the western side of the harbor. In spite of every effort made by the enemy to get the vessel afloat, they were obliged to abandon her. We profited much by that shipwreck. From the first the enemy endeavored to prevent our saving her, and sent the sloop of war Palmar to cannonade us; but not obtaining much advantage from this, and the Republicans showing much obstinacy in seizing their prey, they soon left them at liberty to pursue their work.

Among the numerous objects removed from the wreck, were five cannons, which served to arm three small vessels, the first in the new flotilla, and which were immediately put to use in covering the left flank of the line of fortifications. I regarded the loss of the Oscar as a good augury of the terrible defeat which was preparing.

CHAPTER XX

THE ENEMY REACH MONTEVIDEO – GEN. RIVERA'S MOVEMENT ON THEIR LEFT FLANK – GEN. PAZ COMMANDS IN THE CITY – SERVICES BY THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN CORPS – TREACHERY – MISMANAGEMENT – GEN. PACHECO CORRECTS IT – ATTACK ON THE BESIEGERS – ITALIAN LEGION DISTINGUISHED – ANZANI – SERVICES OF THE FLOTILLA – A PROVIDENTIAL EVENT – COMMODORE PURVIS – BRITISH INTERVENTION – NEGOTIATION

It was now the 16th of February, 1843. The fortifications of the city had hardly had time to be completed, and to allow a few cannons to be placed, when the enemy's army made its appearance on the surrounding heights. General Rivera, at the head of the cavalry, although not strong enough to be able to fight them, had gone out and taken the field, turning the left flank of the enemy, and placing himself in their rear. That manœuvre, performed in a masterly manner, placed him again in a state to carry on the war with advantage. General Paz remained in command of the forces in the capital, which were numerous compared with the extent of wall which was to be defended. If, however, we regard the materials of which they were composed, who were raw recruits, and the pernicious elements at work, they could not be considered powerful. The constancy of the General, however, was displayed to the utmost, who sustained with them the first and most dangerous battles of the siege; and notwithstanding the generous spirit displayed by the people, there was no want of disturbers, cowards, and traitors. Vidal, then the Minister-General, had robbed the treasury, and run away. Antuña, colonel of a corps, and head of the police, deserted to the enemy, with many other civil and military officers. A corps, called *Aguerridos*, composed of foreigners hired by the Republic, in various affairs, had almost entirely deserted; and one night, when they occupied an advanced post, by their treachery they greatly exposed the security of the city. Such examples also were imitated by single individuals, who, from various motives, abandoned the files of the defenders, to pass over to the enemy.

Affairs did not go on well at first. I never knew why Ourives, who must have been well acquainted with occurrences, did not take advantage of such distrust and the bad state of the fortifications, to make a vigorous attack upon the place. He did nothing but make reconnaissances and false attacks by night. In the meantime foreign legions were organized and armed. In whatever way the spirit of the French and Italian legions may be viewed, it must not be denied that the first call to arms was answered by a generous rising, to repel the invasion of their adopted country: but afterwards individuals were introduced, whose interested views were quite on the contrary side. The organizing and arming of those corps, however, certainly availed in securing the safety of the city. The French, being more numerous and more excited by military display, soon had two thousand six hundred men under arms. The Italians assembled, in number five hundred; and, although they might seem few in proportion to the number in the country, and their education, I was surprised at seeing so many, considering their habits. They were afterwards increased, but never exceeded seven hundred.

General Paz, profiting by the increase of forces, established an exterior line, at the distance of a cannon-shot beyond the walls. From that time the system of defence was settled, and the enemy were no more able to approach the city.

While I had charge of the flotilla, with the organizing of which I was proceeding, Angelo Mancini was placed in command of the legion – a man of infamous memory; and he was accepted. The flotilla performed its first service in a sortie; and, as might be supposed, made no favorable figure.

Italian bravery was despised, and I consequently burned with shame. The Legion was appointed to form part of an expedition to the Cerro; and I was to accompany it. General Bauza, an experienced and good soldier, but an old man, had the command. He appeared in the presence of the enemy, marching and counter-marching, without accomplishing any effect. It was, perhaps, prudent not to attack an enemy, who, if not more numerous, were more experienced and warlike. I endeavored to excite the veteran general, but in vain, when fortune sent General Pacheco from Montevideo, who was then Minister of War. His appearance gratified me very much, as I knew him to be an enterprising and brave man. We were soon acquainted, and I was treated by the new chief with confidence and familiarity. I requested leave to drive the enemy from a position beyond a ditch, which then served as a dividing line to the besiegers. He not only assented, but ordered General Bauza to support the movement of the Italian Legion. We attacked the left wing of the enemy, who fearlessly awaited us with a firm front and a terrible volley of musketry. But the Italian Legion was victorious that day. Although numbers fell wounded, their comrades pressed on fearlessly, and at length charged with bayonets, when the enemy fled, and were pursued to a considerable distance. The centre and right were also victorious, and took forty-two prisoners, besides killed and wounded.

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