

V E N I C E ;

T H E C I T Y O F T H E S E A ,

FROM THE INVASION BY NAPOLEON IN 1797 TO THE CAPITULATION
TO RADETZKY IN 1849; WITH A CONTEMPORANEOUS
VIEW OF THE PENINSULA.

BY EDMUND FLAGG,
LATE CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE PORT OF VENICE—AUTHOR OF
"THE FAR WEST," "THE HOWARD QUEEN," ETC. ETC.

EVERYTHING about Venice is extraordinary. Her history is like a dream—her aspect
like a romance.—BYRON.

WITH A MAP AND EMBELLISHMENTS.

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

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THE CITY OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

VENEZIA.

THE capitulation of Vicenza, followed by that of Treviso, and the occupation of Padua and Mestre, and the complete blockade by land of Venice herself, had not failed to cause a profound sensation in that city. Austria, which only one month before was restricted to the walls of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnano, had now reconquered all the *terra firma* of Venetia, as far south as the Po, and as far west as the Mincio—the fortress of Osopo and the town and fortress of Palma Nuova alone excepted. On the north and east, the Lagune and its fortifications, and they only, arrested her victorious course; and Venice, isolated and abandoned—cut off, as it were, from all the world besides, and circled by her double belt of fortresses, entered upon that memorable siege of fifteen months duration, which, for its exhibition of heroic intrepidity, indomitable perseverance—its self-sacrificing endurance of destitution and disease—bombardment and blockade, and its wonderful observance of law and order throughout the whole terrible trial, has hardly

parallel in the annals of ancient or of modern times. The siege of Mantua, under Wurmser, by Napoleon, and that of Genoa, under Massena, by the Austrian Ott, and that of Saragossa, under Palafox, by Launes, are, perhaps, the only three events of the present century with which it can be properly compared; while history presents on no page of its chronicles the record of a continuous siege of fifteen months, attended by bombardment and blockade, maintained against pestilence and famine. It seems rivalled, indeed, only by the semi-fabulous siege of Troy itself; and it proves one thing, if no other, that the Italians, and especially the Venetians, are by no means that dastardly race they have been so falsely deemed. "It was at Rome and Venice," says an able writer, "that the Italian nation won her spurs, and made good her claims to join the communion of the noble and free states of the earth. Venice, under the elected dictatorship of one man, put forward energies and displayed virtues which were little expected from the most pleasure-loving and sybaritic city of the world. The wealthy brought their stores, the dissolute shook off their luxury, the effeminate braced themselves to hardships and exertion, and, without assistance or allies, these heroic citizens kept at bay, for many months, the whole force of the Austrian empire; and, at last, obtained liberal and honorable terms. After two such examples as these, the Italians can never again be despised as incapable or cowardly, or be pronounced unfit for the freedom they seized so gallantly and wielded so well. The comparison of 1848 with 1821 indicates a whole century of progress."

The disastrous intelligence of the fall of Vicenza was announced to the people of Venice by their able and eloquent champion, Manin; and, depressed though they were, their spirits revived under his words. "Venetians!" he said, "whatever our future fate—

whatever the fortune of war on land, the sea is ours ! Our Lagune—it is impregnable !”

And, indeed, from her earliest origin, Venice had always been deemed “impregnable” by any force that could be sent against her. She proved impregnable to the fugitives of Aquilea, who, in the fifth century, fled to her hundred islands before the barbaric hordes of Attila, the Hun, and Alboin, the Lombard ; and equally so to Pepin * and Barbarossa. However deeply and redly the billow of blood might roll over the fair plains of Lombardy, it ever broke harmless, like a spent wave, on the shore of the Lagune. “Thus far and no farther” was a mandate never disobeyed. The Ottoman swept the Adriatic and the Grecian Archipelago with his galleys, and ravaged Cyprus, Candia, Negropont, and the beautiful Morea, with fire and sword ; but he entered not—he *dared* not, enter the Lagune. Genoa planted her power within sight of the Campanile of St. Mark in the bloody and memorable war of Chioggia ; but there her triumph ceased, and there her power was crushed. In that darkest hour of Venetian history, when, at Cambray, all Christendom combined to annihilate Venice, and Louis XII. of France established his camp on the border of the Lagune,

* In 894, Pepin, father of Charlemagne and king of Italy, having taken Chioggia, Pelestrina, and even Malamocco, then the capital, drove the Venetians to their central island of Rialto, and anchored his galleys in the canal Orfano, opposite the present Piazzetta. Here he summoned the fugitives to surrender, and, upon their refusal, attempted to construct a bridge of boats, which they destroyed. Subsequently, many of his galleys, stranded by the falling tide on the shores of the Lagune, having been burned by the Venetians, he was forced to flee with the residue. Two pictures by Vicentino in the *Sala dello Scrutinio* of the Ducal Palace immortalize this attack and defence. In one, the Venetians are launching loaves of bread at the foe to prove the hopelessness of their reduction by famine ! The *Canale Orfano* is said to owe the name it still retains to the number of *orphans* caused by this attack. This canal has also an infamous fame, as having been the spot where the “Ten” drowned their victims. To cast here a net was death !—“The Canal of Orphans”—the name was appropriate.

as already mentioned, and from a battery of six guns discharged six hundred shots at random "in the direction" of the capital, it was with no idea of reaching it with a single ball, but only that "posterity might be told that the King of France had bombarded the *impregnable* city of Venice!" And, at that subsequent epoch, when the Viceroy of Naples, in imitation of this bravado, planted a battery of ten guns of large calibre yet nearer the city, he could reach with his projectiles only the white walls of the Monastery of San Secondo, on an islet some hundred of yards in advance of the city's utmost verge. Even Napoleon's batteries, erected on the same spot, nearly three centuries afterwards, could never have reached the city, and could themselves have been easily levelled by her gun-boats. With her abundant preparation for a siege, and with the co-operation of the fleets of England, she might, as has before been urged, have defied even *his* almost omnipotent power, enhanced though it was by the prestige of his name, but for that pitiable panic which deprived her rulers of reason and caused her to yield without a blow: or, rather, had her hour not come—had she not been doomed by that Providence, which visits nations as well as men, to expiate by utter ruin whole centuries of unutterable crime!

But Venice, in 1848–49, despite the wonderful advance of fifty years of the science of military engineering, as demonstrated by the sequel, was, in some respects, far better able to sustain a protracted siege, than in 1796–97; and the very fortresses, especially that of Malghera, constructed by her great conqueror, made her so. A brief description of those fortresses and of her local site—after all, her surest guarantee of defence—may not prove inappropriate.

Addison, who visited the place in the early part of the last century, gives a description, which requires but slight modification, even after the lapse of an hundred and fifty years:—

“Having often heard Venice represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in Europe. It stands, at least, four miles from any part of *terra firma*; nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land side; the constant flux and reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut on the first approach of an enemy's fleet. If we could, therefore, suppose them blocked up on all sides by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets; which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.”

The site of Venice, it need, perhaps, be hardly repeated, is a number of islands at the head of the Adriatic. Around these islands the water expands itself into shallows, called the *Lagune*,* over a surface of more than fifty square miles. The depth of water varies with the tide, which has an ebb and flow twice in twenty-four hours; and, at low water, a considerable extent of territory, not only around the marshy borders, but in the very centre of the *Lagune*, is left completely exposed. Through the *Lagune*, however, are cut canals of various depths, in all directions, always navigable for

* *Lagune*—plural of *Laguna*—a marsh, moor, fen, bog, swamp.

smaller craft, their course being marked out by ranges of posts on either side. South and east of the Isles of Venice, at a distance of four or five miles, lies the open sea; while at a similar average distance on the north and west sweeps the line of *terra firma*, like the arc of a circle, extending from Brondolo, at the western extremity, to the mouth of the little river Silè, on the eastern, a distance of forty or fifty miles. The point of the city nearest to the mainland is the north-west, towards the towns of Mestre and Fusina, the distance being about three miles. The chord of the irregular arc formed by the shore of the mainland and enclosing Venice on the north and west is a long low narrow sand-bank, called the *Littorale* of Pelestrina and Lido, which lies between the open sea and the Lagune, protecting it like a natural breakwater from the waves of the Adriatic. This sand-bank, or *Aggere*, is about half a mile wide, and some twenty or thirty miles in length in the immediate vicinity of the Lagune, although its full extent from Brondolo to Grado is nearly eighty miles. Through this long and narrow bank cut six channels leading from the Gulf to the Lagune and harbor of Venice, the principal of which are called the ports of Malamocco and Lido; while it is protected externally from the abrasion of the waves by gigantic sea-walls called *Murazzi*, miles in length, its entrances or ports being protected by dikes equally gigantic, protruding several thousand feet into the sea. To Austrian rule, Venice owes much of these immense works, especially the dikes, the first stone of which was laid with all the pomp and splendor of the Catholic church, by the old Emperor Ferdinand, October 13th, 1838, when he passed through Venice, with all his court and foreign ambassadors, on his way to Milan to assume the iron crown of Lombardy.

Col. Salvini, an engineer at Venice under Napoleon, was the projector of the dikes at Malamocco. They are of ponderous masonry,

and the cost was three millions of Lire, or half a million of dollars. The sea-walls were restored and perfected under the same supervision. These sea-walls, or *Murazzi*, are works of a Cyclopean character, and would compare favorably with those at Cherbourg, the most stupendous in the world. They are formed of enormous blocks of Istrian marble based on piles, elevated ten feet above the highest flood, and extending 5,270 metres—nearly three miles. They were commenced in 1740 and completed in 1780, at a cost of seven millions of francs.* Napoleon undertook their restoration and perfection in 1806; but the work was suspended, and was not resumed until, under Austrian rule, 1825. The entire extent of artificial works, sea-walls and batteries, along the *Aggere* which separates the Lagune from the sea is three leagues. The natural origin of this *Aggere*, or sand-bank, is, doubtless, that of the islands of the Lagune and of the Lagune itself—namely, the *debris* brought down from the Tyrol by numerous and rapid rivers, abruptly met and heaped up by the repulsive power of the billows of the Adriatic. The site of the city itself is these islands, shoals, or sand-heaps, some seventy in number, large and small, united by about three hundred bridges, mostly of marble. It is cut into two nearly equal parts by the Grand Canal, which is exceedingly serpentine, averaging about two hundred feet in width and about twenty in depth, and lined with magnificent palaces from one extremity to the other, a distance of about three miles. This canal is spanned by the Rialto Bridge, ascended and descended by steps, like all the other bridges of this strange city, and covered with small shops, chiefly of jewellers. The Rialto of Shakspeare and Shylock was a *campo*, a square, or

* The ancient Venetian inscription on the *Murazzi* is as follows:—*Ut sacra æstuarìa urbis et libertatis sedes, perpetuum conserventur, colosseas moles ex solidò marmore contra mare posuere curatores aquarum. Anno salutis, 1751; ab urbe condita, 1830.*

an open place, in the neighborhood, dignified as an Exchange at that time, but now degraded to a Fish-Market. The present place "where merchants most do congregate" is in the quadrangle, or *cortile* of the Ducal Palace, or beneath the arcades of St. Mark. The smaller canals are some hundred and fifty in number, varying from ten to twenty feet in width, and from ten inches to as many feet in depth—the walls of the houses being all of stone, and the steps to their portals going up directly from the water.*

The ferries on the Grand Canal, and elsewhere in Venice, are called *Traghetti*—the singular being *Traghetto*. A gondolier is called, also, a *barcarola* and a *gondola*, a *barche*. Most of the *Traghetti* stations, as at San Samuele, San Vitale, etc., have small alcoves shaded with vines, in which the passenger can await the Charon, or the Charon the passenger, shielded from the scorching rays of the Venetian sun. These ferrymen are furiously abusive of each other on the slightest provocation. One would suppose a collision inevitable. The only weapon they ever use, however, is their tongue. But personal abuse is characteristic of the lower classes all over Italy, and the language is rich in emphatic epithets. The modern costume of the gondolier, when in full dress, is white pants, a red sash, a colored cap, and an embroidered velvet jacket.

The streets of Venice, which are exceedingly narrow, labyrinthine and intricate, varying in width from twenty feet to two, and averaging, perhaps, six, are more than two thousand in number, two of the most noted, frequented, and regular of which, are the *Merceria* and the *Frezzeria*, lined with stores, where are offered for sale dry goods, fancy goods, and, indeed, goods of almost every description. Here the

* Most of these peculiar features of Venice have been glanced at already in the Introduction: but, for the sake of a clear comprehension of much that follows, the repetition may possibly be pardoned.

ladies of Venice do their "shopping." The streets are constantly cut by canals crossed by bridges of stone with a single arch, ascended and descended by steps, and high enough for a gondola to pass beneath. To "lose one's self," in these narrow, tortuous, innumerable streets is the easiest thing imaginable. In a two minutes' walk from the Square of St. Mark a stranger may become utterly bewildered; and a compass and chart are almost as indispensable in the City of the Sea as on the sea itself! One can not perceive even the sun or stars, because of the towering height of the houses on each side; and hardly more of the sky can be caught than if one were in the bottom of a well! Indeed the lofty walls of the structures, on either side of the streets of Venice, render them dusky even at mid-day, and shady even in mid-summer. At night, the city is well lighted with gas, and by lamps in the older quarters suspended across the streets, which, together with the effective police, deprive the blind alleys and *culs-de-sac* of Venice, of those facilities for nocturnal assassination, with which its very name is associated. There is not, probably at this present writing, a safer city in the world, by night, or by day, so far as violence or crime of any kind is concerned, than Venice, especially under martial law—no weapon larger than a penknife being retained by any man not a soldier, on penalty of his being immediately shot on detection; and a patrol with fixed bayonet standing night and day at each important point, whose shout of alarm would bring out a garrison of 6,000 Hungarians into the Place St. Mark!

There are no carriages in Venice, as everybody knows; and no quadrupeds larger than the little donkey, about the size of a Newfoundland dog; and no horses save those famous ones of bronze; and no aid to locomotion save the luxurious gondola, of graceful shape, with a canopy in the middle, and a lofty prow ornamented with a

glittering beak of steel in imitation of the rostrums of the ancient war-galleys—propelled by one or two gondoliers, who row in a peculiar manner standing erect and pushing the oar instead of pulling it; and in hue always black, in accordance with a special law of ancient origin, designed, among other things, to check extravagance in *equipage*.* For, the gondola constitutes the equipage of the Venetian, exactly as does the coach that of inhabitants of *terra firma*; and “a gondola with two oars at Venice,” says Addison, “is as magnificent as a coach and six horses in another country.” There are, also, stands for gondola-hacks, and there are lines of gondola-omnibuses, to say nothing of gondola-drays, and furniture-cars, and hearses, exactly as there are hacks, and omnibuses, and drays, and hearses, on wheels, in all other cities! The number of these gondolas, public and private, for passage or for burthen, as registered in Venice, is more than three thousand. Any point in the city-proper may be reached on foot by means of the streets and lanes—unless it is in the *Giudecca*, the section anciently appropriated to the Jews and separated from the rest of Venice by a broad arm of the sea called the *Giudecca Canal*—never bridged but on the *Festa of the Redentore*, once a year, and then by boats. But the routes are generally circuitous, rendering the distance many times as great as by gondola and the canals. A stranger in Venice never should attempt it. He is sure to lose his time and his patience, if he don't end by losing himself. If, however, he is going from the Rialto to the *Strada Ferrata*, or Railroad Station on the island of Santa Lucia, a double line of white flag-stones, laid in the pavement of the intricate streets by a philanthropic Hebrew, will guide him,

* Ambassadors only could exercise their taste in colors and decorations. Thus conspicuous, they were more easily watched by a jealous government.

like another Theseus guided by the clew of another Ariadne, through a labyrinth inferior in tortuosity only to that of Crete!

Dumas says of Naples, that there are three streets where the people always go, and five hundred where they never go. "The three streets are Chiaja, Toledo, and Forcella. The five hundred are nameless. They are the work of Dædalus, the labyrinth of Crete, where, instead of the Minotaur are the lazzaroni." If for streets you substitute *lanes*, and for Chiaja, Toledo, and Forcella, the Merceria, Frezzeria, and Molo, the picture is infinitely more true to the Queen of the Adriatic than to the Queen of the Mediterranean. Some other word should be substituted, also, for "lazzaroni." There are no lazzaroni at Venice. The race is peculiar to Naples.

From east to west, the extreme length of Venice is about three miles, and, from north to south, two; while its general circumference is seven miles, embracing an area of five millions of square feet. The number of its edifices is estimated at 28,000, of which more than six thousand, or nearly one-fourth, are on the Grand Canal; while that of its inhabitants is 126,768,* though in its best days its population exceeded 200,000 souls. Its religious structures are one hundred and twelve in number, seventy of which are now in full occupation, although once there were two hundred and twenty-eight. Many of these religious establishments, convents, and churches, were, as already stated, secularized by Napoleon, and many others have been appropriated by the Austrians for *caserne*, or barracks, for troops. The same seeming desecration is witnessed at Florence, Rome, Naples, and, indeed, all over Italy. During the revolutionary days of '48-49, this became more common than ever.

* Weber's "Volk's Kalendar," 1858.

In the Lagune around Venice are about twenty-five islands * of various extent, and at various distances from the city, constituting, as it were, the Venetian, or Adriatic Archipelago; the chief of which—to conclude this recapitulation—are Murano, famous for its glass manufacture, with a population of 4,000, and Burano, famous for its manufacture of lace, with a population of 5,000. There are, also, a thousand inhabitants at Malamocco, the ancient capital of the Venetian Isles, and about as many at the Lido. The old town of Chioggia has a population of 24,000 inhabitants; while the population of these villages, united with that of the city, and that of the lesser islands, and the hamlets along the Lagune, is estimated to have amounted to an aggregate, independent of soldiers and strangers, at the time of the siege of '48-49, of at least 200,000 souls, the largest that the *Dogado* had ever embraced.

* Amsterdam, the "Venice of the North," numbers but 90 isles in all, united by 290 bridges—the edifices being erected on piles driven 50 feet deep in sand.

CHAPTER II.

PEPÉ.

THE sole connecting link between the city of Venice and the main land—the sole connecting link one might almost imagine between the old “Queen of the Sea” and “the rest of mankind”—between the Dark Ages and the Nineteenth century—is the splendid bridge belonging to the Lombardo-Veneto Railroad, designed to unite the capitals of Lombardy and Venice, but, at present, completed only to Verona, a distance of about sixty miles. This massive and magnificent structure is more than two miles in length, and its width on an average is more than thirty feet. It has 222 arches of thirty-three feet span, its parapet is fourteen feet above the surface of the water, its foundation-stone was laid by the Viceroy, in April, 1835, its last arch was completed October, 1845; and it was “inaugurated” January, 1846, having been nearly five years in course of construction, one thousand men having been constantly employed on the work, and the expenditure amounting to six millions of Austrian Lire, or one million of dollars. Its material is brick and Istrian marble. Its foundation consists of 80,000 piles of larch wood, driven into the soft mud, which mud is covered with water to the depth of from three feet to thirteen. Along its parapets channels

are contemplated to convey fresh water to Venice, the only water in that city which can be used being rain-water, filtrated and preserved in cisterns of peculiar construction. There are also one or two Artesian wells belonging to a Stock Company, which afford an abundant volume of pure, fresh, sparkling water, gushing up from the very bowels of the earth.

A French engineer proposed some years since to pour the waters of the Brenta into the City of the Sea, by means of aqueducts supported on the railroad bridge. A fountain in the centre of the Place St. Mark, was also suggested, into the composition of which should enter the famous bronze steeds, now so inappropriately located over the portal of the Basilica. The Sea-City needs but the sparkle and murmur of fountains—mingling harmoniously with the dash of waves, to render her as matchless in fascination as she is unique in feature.

In the middle of the bridge is an area of 446 feet by 98, called *Piazza*; and, on either side, at regular intervals, are two other lesser areas, each of 328 feet length by 56 feet in breadth, called *Piazzetta*, or *Piazzale*, which served well for the planting of batteries, although originally designed for the planting of trees. About half a mile from the head of the bridge, the railroad, which here plunges into the marshes, makes a slight *detour* beneath the walls of the strong fortress of Malghera, which, with the lesser forts of Brondolo and Treporti, constitutes the chief defence of the city on the land side. Upon the islands, however, and at the ports, and along the whole extent of the Littorale of the Lido, Pelestrina, and Chioggia, rises a series of forts and batteries, numbering in all, small and large, fifty-four, and constituting, independently of interior and isolated fortifications, two immense zones, more than seventy miles in extent.

Concentrated within these forts and in the city itself, at the com-

mencement of June, 1848, when the Austrians had invested the approaches by land, were 18,000 troops, with a marine force of 4,000, involving a daily expense to the Government of more than \$13,000. Baron Welden, in his official report of the forces in and around Venice at this time, falls short of the truth only a thousand men in his estimate. "Malghera," he says, "has a garrison of eighteen hundred Neapolitans, Piedmontese, and volunteers, with sixty guns. It defends the approach to the Lagune, and its structures being bomb-proof, it can only be taken by regular siege. From Malghera to Brondolo are fortifications, the latter fort being garrisoned by a thousand Neapolitans, with sixty guns. Thence along the seashore of Alberoni, Pelestrina, and Lido, are stationed three thousand men. The forts Treporti, Burano, and Mazorbo (at the eastern extremity of the Lagune), are less strongly garrisoned, and an attack on Venice could only be possible on that side."

Truly, his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Field-Marshal Baron Welden was well served by his spies!

Venice was, in fact, full of defenders. Ever since her evacuation by the Austrians, she had been the rendezvous of military adventurers and proscribed exiles from all Europe: and, among them, many brave and noble spirits had here repaired, ready if need arose to yield life itself in the great cause of human freedom. Some there were, no doubt, who were among the most abandoned of those desperadoes, polluted with every crime, whom periods of revolution permit to crawl out, in comparative safety, from their dens, perchance to perpetrate anew their revolting outrages. Venice, doubtless, like the Cave Adullam, when it afforded David a refuge against the wrath of Saul, was the rendezvous of many of the same species of individuals as sought "the man after God's own heart," in his hour of need: "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in

debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him."

The liberal pay which Venice accorded her defenders, which was thrice a soldier's ordinary wages—albeit but twenty cents a day—had been deemed a powerful attraction to needy adventurers—Swiss, Poles, Germans, French, Italians of all Italy—natives of every nationality; and many of them—most of them, fought with heroic intrepidity to the end.

There has been, doubtless, much of undeserved censure, as also much of undeserved laudation bestowed on the Free Corps, the Volunteers, the Crociati, which figured so conspicuously in Italy, in '48-49. If success is alone to award the seal of merit, then these corps were truly unfortunate; for—except at Venice and Rome—they were almost always beaten. During the months of March and April of '48, at Castelnovo, at Trent in the Tyrol, at Montebello, at Udine—the free corps from Milan, Vicenza, Treviso, Padua, Venice—the free corps, whencesoever they might come and whithersoever they might go—were defeated, and only defeated, and that continually; and they seem to have had no better fate subsequently during the month of May, when, joined by the Crociati of Rome, even until the fall of Vicenza, on the 11th of June. But, what better was to have been expected of undisciplined volunteers, utterly unused to arms and camps, and often unsupplied with shoes, clothes, food, and even weapons—of volunteers, proverbially, like all volunteers, "wild and wilful, conceited and quarrelsome, aspiring and expensive"—of volunteers embracing "the very flower and the very dregs of society," as asserted by one of their own number*—of volunteers against the best disciplined troops in Europe? Yet they fought bravely—valiantly; and, at Venice and Rome, desperately—heroic-

* Captain Dandolo, a Venetian.

ally ; and six months' discipline and familiarity with the musket, it has been said, might have told a very different tale in the sequel. True, they have been accused of outrages on the peasantry ; and some men of the Belgiojoso Legion were even charged with violation of women in the Tyrol ; and they have been said to have been all of them notoriously fickle and unreliable—Manara's celebrated band having, in a single month, dwindled down from 800 to 400 men, and finally to 200 upon sudden desertion of the "faithful Swiss."

All this, with some grains of allowance, may, perhaps, be accepted as true—even as may the tales of fearful contemporaneous atrocity on the part of the *disciplined* troops of Radetzky ; and yet, equally true, may also be received the declaration of an Italian writer, who is by no means mealy-mouthed in his comments upon these same men—that "no country, not excepting even the North Americans of George Washington, ever supplied finer materials for a national army than Italy did, by the volunteers that crowded, or would have crowded under her standards, on the first appeal of 1848." And equally true, also, may be deemed the declaration of Gavazzi, when he says :—"Our crusaders from the Roman States in 1848 and 1849 were all of the highest classes in society ; our Italian nobleman Vicentini, dying on the field of battle, bequeathed 25,000 a year of his income for public schools in his native city ; many artists of great repute and all the students of our universities turned warriors. Even our children took a share in our combat. The battalion of *La Speranza*, all children, astonished every body at Rome. The boys of Garibaldi's Legion were all heroes ; those who could not fight handed the balls and powder to the soldiers ; others gathered the bomb-shells thrown by the Austrian and by the French-republican soldiers. But also the Italian women have fought bravely with gun and sword in hand. I remember having

seen in Rome a young wife covering with her body her dying husband, and she, too, pierced by a French bullet, died crying, 'Hurrah for Italy!' The young Count Perugino, returning home, announced to his mother that his brother had died fighting for Italy; and his Italian mother, a worthy Spartan, ordered forth her only son to continue the war."

But Venice had been the resort not alone of military adventurers. She had, also, become the refuge of thousands of the inhabitants of the provincial towns and villages of the mainland, as they had, in rapid succession, succumbed to the Austrian arms—Treviso, Rovigo, Vicenza, Udine, Padua, Mestre, Cadore—as well as the rendezvous of their garrisons. Vast numbers of Crociati from all parts of Italy were, also, still repairing thither. On the 13th of June arrived a select battalion of Lombards under Major Novaro, to occupy the forts; and, on the same day arrived Gen. William Pepé the martyr of Italian liberty, the exile of twenty-seven years, whose name is associated with all the revolutionary movements in Italy, and "whose days have been passed alternately in camps, in chains, and in royal palaces," for the last half century. After him came the 1,500 Neapolitan soldiers of the line, and 300 picked artillerymen, who, as we have seen, had preferred to follow him across the Po to fight for freedom, to returning back to Naples, at the order of a despot to put freedom down. In their train came twenty baggage wagons, with a large quantity of munitions of war, and twelve guns. Gen. Antonini, who had recovered from the amputation of his arm, resumed command of the city and fortifications on the same day.

It was evening, on the 13th day of June, that Baron Pepe planted foot on the Piazzetta of that beautiful city he was thenceforth to command and defend, from the deck of the steamer which had

transported him from Chioggia ; and he was at once surrounded by an enthusiastic population and conducted to the Palazzo Soranzo—an edifice, probably, in the range of the old Procurator Palace, on the Place St. Mark, near the Clock-tower, once inhabited by Sansovino, the architect—which had been selected for his dwelling. He was immediately visited by Manin, President of the Republic, who tendered him the command-in-chief of all the land forces of the Lagune. This honor was accepted, and, on the 15th, the appointment was decreed by the Provisional Government. On the same day, also, the anniversary of the assumption of the Pontifical chair by Pius IX. was celebrated with great pomp in St. Mark's Cathedral, and Gen. Pepé reviewed the garrison, amid the applauding shouts of the people, in the magnificent square. On the 18th appeared the first of his celebrated Orders of the Day at Venice, which, with pardonable egotism, he was accustomed to call his "war-horse." It was as follows :—

" Officers, sub-officers, and soldiers of the Italian militia, who, under different names, are arrayed in the state of Venice, in order to enfranchise from the Austrian yoke the whole Peninsula ! The government of the Holy See,* the government of Venice, and the commissioner of the government of Lombardy have desired that I should place myself at your head. I have accepted this great honor ; and, if anything could console me for having been followed over the Po by a number of troops so small from among the great number I conducted to its banks, it would be the being placed in the chief command of these swelling cohorts from different provinces of Italy, always dear to me, but dearer this day than ever, because of the

* The Cardinal Legate of Ravenna placed the Pontifical troops north of the Po under Pepé's command.

flattering reception their sons have accorded me, after this my last great misfortune.

“Discipline is the base and the culminating point of all military perfection. Bravery, patriotism, propriety, firmness, and resolution are innate in you; but, all these virtues, although they render you superior to the troops you combat, will yet remain unfruitful, if there be wanting unity in command and spontaniety in obedience. All my cares, then, will tend to the introduction and confirmation among you of both. Without these qualities we shall never obtain, despite your courage, your vigilance, and your ardent zeal, the advantages which Italy expects of you, aided by the king, Charles Albert, that powerful champion of the Italian cause.

“In future, no soldier will leave his standard, without permission of his chief, sanctioned by the superior command. No corps will change its position, without the order of its respective general, first confirmed by me. It belongs to civilians to reason and to deliberate, but not to men of war. While energetically maintaining discipline, punishing faults most light, which might lead to evils most grave, I shall, nevertheless, watch with the greatest solicitude over your welfare. I shall notify your respective governments of all your acts which merit reward, and I shall not rest until it is accorded. I shall, also, take care that your services, which are a pledge of the fate of Italy which awakes,—of this our common country for which we have all taken arms—shall be made known through the public journals to your fellow citizens, to your parents, to your wives, that the esteem to which you aspire may be yours. I trust thus to prove to you, that, although the maintenance of strict discipline is the first duty of military life, yet, nevertheless, my heart will ever delight to accord deserved praise, and to reward good service.”

This Order of the Day of Gen. P  p   was received with much favor, not only by the government and citizens of Venice, but, also, by the troops. Thus far, however, during the three months which had elapsed since the revolution, there had been but little cause to complain of disorder, or want of discipline. During all this period, Manin had proven himself abundantly able to conduct the affairs of state ; and the people of Venice, by their patriotic subordination to law, under the most trying circumstances, had proven themselves abundantly worthy of the freedom they had achieved. True, there had been, as there were yet to be, some few stormy assemblages in St. Mark's Square, and at other places in the city : but they had been, as they were yet to be, instantly quieted by the magic voice and eloquent words of their idolized leader. Well might he say, what none dared gainsay, or say besides—" Venetians ! I know that you love me, and by that love I command *order* !" for it was never said in vain.

Nevertheless, not altogether uncalled-for was an epistle addressed to Pep   at this time by Tommaseo, Minister of the Interior, in which he declares, that " the troop of idle and undisciplined men then in Venice, was more hazardous than useful," and desires that, " as soon as possible, they might be sent away ;" and not altogether untrue, at Venice as elsewhere, was the sweeping charge, that " every bayonet, every sabre, every drum even, was thinking, censuring, murmuring, and the soldier's duty seemed limited to fault-finding."*

The military force found by Pep   at Venice, when joined by that brought with him, amounted to 22,000 men, including two veteran battalions—one of marines and one of *gendarmes* usually employed

* Radetzky had no thinking bayonets in his camp. His will stood his soldiers instead of Providence. In their judgment the Marshal could do no wrong.—*Mariotti*.

in the maintenance of order rather than in defence. There was, also, a band of some 300 young men of the first respectability, who had formed themselves into an artillery corps, to serve during the siege, under the name of "*Bandiera-Moro*," who endured privations and braved perils like Spartans. Of deserters from the Austrian garrison, there were very few—"all the eloquence, and even the tears of the man of the people, the artisan minister, Toffoli," failing to win over to their country's cause her unworthy sons. As for the other regiments, battalions, legions, and companies, each had its own rules, regulations, ordinances, discipline, weapons, wages; and each different from all the rest. Indeed, men of half a dozen different nations or provinces, and arms of half a dozen different descriptions, might be found in one and the same corps. The officers were nearly all adventurers; garrison service was utterly unknown; and most of the forts were quite deserted. At Malghera, however,—“the key of Venice”—there were 3,000 of the Civic Guard, who finding insufficient lodgings within the two barracks were wont to sleep in the open air. Yet of these “vagabonds” the good old Pepé boasts that he made soldiers to meet and beat the best soldiers in the world—“not once nor twice, but repeatedly;” and he adds, that at least one-half of his youthful “vagabonds” were of the best families in Italy—that in the Lombard battalions there was not a man who could not read and write; and that they were accustomed to commit to memory and recite passages from his famous orders of the day. In addition to the order to the troops at Venice, the old Baron under the same date, addressed a special order to the Neapolitans who had followed him over the Po, in which they were warmly lauded, and a third to the people of Italy, particularly to those of Bologna vindicating his recent conduct. He also gave notice to Charles Albert of his acts, position, and com-

mand; and pledged himself to start off and plunder the port and city of Trieste of all their wealth and shipping, whenever the king would commit to his orders the Sardinian fleet and a single brigade! But a stroke like this was utterly beyond the reach of the king's comprehension; and so without a syllable of notice of the scheme, Salasco, chief of the royal staff, simply promised old Pepó three battalions of Piedmontese troops, in course of time, barring accidents, and desired the old veteran, as a favor, to confer the command of the four Papal Legions on the incapable Gen. Ferrari—which he duly did, though excessively against his will.

Nearly at the same time, a decree of the Provisional Government of Lombardy was received from Milan, incorporating Pepé's Neapolitans into the Lombard army, at their option, with all the rank, rights, pay, and emolument to such position pertaining.

The naval force of Venice at this time consisted of four corvettes, or sloops of war, of some sixteen guns each, three brigs, about a dozen *trabaccoli*, or schooners, and sixty or seventy gun-boats, besides other small craft for protection of the canals, forts, and shores of the Lagune. Subsequently, the war steamer, *Pio Nono* was added to the little fleet: and a large number of *trabaccoli*—some forty or fifty, were turned rapidly out of the Arsenal by the 2,000 *Arsenalotti* constantly at work. The Sardinian fleet, which from the 11th of June, cruised the Adriatic between Trieste and Venice in maintenance of the blockade of the former place, consisted chiefly of corvettes and brigs. The Neapolitan fleet consisting of seven steamers, two frigates, and a brig, had been, as before stated, recalled by its king, and had left the Gulf. The Austrian naval force in the Adriatic embraced two frigates, two brigs, a corvette, and six steamers; while, as also, before stated, a strong *cordon* of 7,000

troops, under Prince Liechtenstein, had, since the 18th, occupied Mestre, and cut off all communication with the mainland.

Such was the situation of Venice in the month of June, 1848, just three months after her declaration of independence, at the close of March; and, figuratively, we might say—thus closes the first act of her republican drama.

True to her ancient fame, however, Venice still remained—

“The pleasant place of all festivity.”

Indeed, “festivities,” celebrations, ceremonials, funeral obsequies, pageants, processions, and *festas* of a civic, social, religious, or military character, seemed vastly increased in number by the state of warfare: for, political events were commemorated, banners consecrated, volunteer corps “blessed and inaugurated,” and the successes of Charles Albert, “The Sword of Italy,” were celebrated; while not one of the innumerable holidays of the Venetian calendar was forgotten or slighted. True to its native instincts, Venice still made pleasure a business, and even war was converted into a pageant. The fall of Peschiera, the arrival of Pepé, the *Festa of Corpus Domini*, the anniversary of the accession of Pius to the Pontificate, and even the capitulations of Vicenza and Treviso were made occasions for public display.

But Manin seems not to have forgotten, if others did, that popular parades and pageants would not defend Venice, and he appears to have adopted wise and energetic measures to that end. The forts were put in the best condition, and bodies of troops were organized, disciplined, and drilled. On re-assuming the command of the city and fortifications, Gen. Antonini proposed numerous commendable reforms; and, among other measures, he advised the Civic Guard to detail from its body a corps of reserve destined for defence of the forts, subject to change every eight days, thus obvi-

ating the possibility of treachery in foreigners devoted to that important service. Gen. Pepé was equally active. He visited in person all the fortifications along the Adriatic, from the Silé to the Adige, and gave orders to the chief of his staff, Gen. Ulloa, to raise an intrenched camp from the fortress of Brondolo, near the mouth of the latter stream, to the Gulf. He, also, greatly ameliorated the condition of the garrison, providing them lodging, clothing, and wholesome food, and superintending in person instruction, discipline, and the indispensable "drill." To his Neapolitans he was a "father;" and well did they deserve his assiduity, and well did they repay it. When reviewed in the Place St. Mark, they were pronounced the model corps of the garrison. Pepé also commenced the organization of a spy-system, and the embodiment of an exploring corps, and began by small sorties and reconnoissances to discipline and instruct his troops, and to accustom them to the presence of the foe.

In the occasional skirmishes which, from time to time, took place in the neighborhood, the young men of Venice proved themselves by no means degenerate descendants of Zeno and Morosini. A brave attack was made on an Austrian battery on the coast of Caorle by a small body of volunteers, with a few guns, aided by a Sardinian brigantine; and the Austrian troops, seeking to draw nearer to the city on the side of Fusina and Malghera, were driven back by the guns of the fort. On the 22d of June, a body of Austrians appeared on the little river Osellino, a mile or two from Malghera, and occupied a couple of houses situated on the canal of Mestre. A few discharges of howitzers, however, from the fort, put this troop to flight; and a grenade bursting in the Square of Mestre, killed eight Croats and a couple of boys. A sortie by the Lombard battalion Noaro, subsequently, drove the Austrians from

their entrenchments around the two houses, and committed the buildings themselves to the flames. Before dawn the next day, the Austrians, supported by a battery of six heavy guns, made an attempt to burn four gun-boats stationed along the shore of Fusina, by means of small craft filled with flaming combustibles, drawn and directed by the retreating tide. The attempt was vigorously met by Debrunner's Swiss chasseurs, the fire-boats were sunk, and, after a cannonade of two hours, the enemy's battery was silenced. The Venetian gun-boats were badly damaged, and two of the Swiss soldiers were killed, and three others wounded.

These, however, were mere skirmishes, no batteries having as yet been planted before Malghera, and the Austrians, while awaiting their besieging force, making no attempt at anything but a strict blockade. Unhappily, the implicit and blind confidence reposed in the idea that Venice was impregnable, and the undoubting belief that she could never be completely blockaded by sea, or even by land, had prevented that accumulation of provisions for a protracted siege within her magazines, which was her first duty; and the neglect of which caused, more than anything else, her final capitulation. This error began already to be perceived. Provisions of all kinds, were, it is true, as yet abundant; but all additional supplies from the province were effectually cut off by the Austrian *cordon*; and to husband with most jealous care the store which now remained became to the last degree vital. Thus far, also, there had been but little comparative embarrassment for funds to carry on the government. Although the civil and military chests left by the Austrians, containing a sum equivalent to some six millions of dollars, were soon exhausted by demands for immediate disbursements, yet, voluntary contributions by all classes, under the enthusiastic preaching of the priests Bassi, Gavazzi, and Tornielli, at Venice and in the neighbor-

ing towns, as well as money raised by means of forced loans, and of fines levied on the opulent and disaffected, had served to keep up, to some extent, a supply of funds. The Provisional Government imposed, also, in the month of May, as we have seen, a loan of ten millions of Austrian Lire—somewhat more than one and a half million of dollars—bearing interest at five per cent. for six years from 1849, railroad stock being the security. In June, 1,500,000 Lire—\$250,000—was added to the original quota of 4,500,000 Lire imposed on the *Province*, on the national loan of ten millions, the events of the war having prevented that quota from being realized. The Government issued, also, a decree, prohibiting the extradition of gold, silver, and copper coin, as well as a proclamation soliciting contributions from all the Italian cities. About the same time, Gen. D'Aspre imposed on the citizens of Vincenza a forced loan of nearly \$200,000 to sustain her Austrian conquerors, followed up in a few days by a second tax and loan of over \$300,000 more—the members of the Revolutionary Government being, at the same time, mulcted by a fine in the sum of \$60,000! A proclamation was issued, also, calling on all citizens of Vicenza who had fled, on the capitulation of the city, to return within one month, on pain of entire confiscation of their goods.

The financial condition of Milan was no better than that of Venice. It could hardly be worse. It was bankrupt the very week after Radetzky's expulsion! Patriotic donations produced about four millions of Lire, and a voluntary loan, bearing interest, added a trifle to the sum. But the revenue was reduced by the abolition of several lucrative monopolies, among them the Lottery; and the army of Charles Albert cost three millions of Lire per month, not to mention Durando's 7,000 Papal troops which Pius refused to pay, because they had passed the Po without his assent.

Meantime the Mint, or *Zecca*, at Venice was actively at work striking coin of the *Governo Provisorio di Venezia*, bearing the ancient device of the winged lion of St. Mark and the book of the Gospel. The smallest coin was of copper, called a *centime* and worth about two mills of our currency. Five *centessimi* are equivalent to a *carantino*, about one cent, and a small silver coin of six *carantini* is worth about half a dime.* The largest silver coin struck was one of the value of five Lire—about eighty cents of our currency. On its obverse was the legend *Repubblica Veneta, 22 Marzo, 1848*—(the anniversary day of the Revolution)—enclosing the winged lion; on the reverse, *Unione Italiane* within a wreath, and the denomination of the coin, *Lire 5*, with the letter *V* below.

Subsequently, another silver coin of the same size and value, was struck, but differing somewhat in device and design. It seems from its date—August 11th, 1848—to have been designed to commemorate the resumption of the Republic after the annexation to Piedmont had been dissolved. The obverse bore a wreath surrounding *5 Lire—Alleanza Dei Popoli Liberi†—1848*. The reverse bore the winged lion and *XI Agosto, MDCCCXLVIII. Indipendenza Italiana, Venezia*. On the edge was *Costanza, Dio Premiera.‡* A gold coin of the denomination of twenty Lire, about three dollars and a half, was struck with the same device and design. Among the coin struck by the mint of Milan was a silver piece of ten francs value, and one of gold of thirty-five francs. The obverse bore a

* Since November 1st, 1823, the legal currency of Venice and Lombardy has been the *Lira Austriaca* in silver, worth about sixteen cents, and the *Sovrana d'oro*, worth forty Austrian Lire, nearly seven dollars. *Zwansiger* is the Venotian term for Lira, as is *Carantino* for the German *Kruitzer* of the same value. Five *Centessimi* equal a *carantino*, and twenty *Carantini* a *Zwansiger*.

† Confederacy of Free People.

‡ Perseverance, God will reward.

figure of Liberty with cap and pole and *Italia Libera Dio lo vuole*.* *M.* The reverse bore 5 *Lire Italiane*, circled by a wreath, with *Governo Provisorio di Lombardia*, 1848, surrounding.

But few of these coins are now to be met, whether of gold or of silver, so industrious has been the Imperial Government in effacing every vestige of the Revolution since its return. To possess and retain one of the larger coins is a crime! So foolishly zealous has been the Austrian Government to destroy all record of its humiliation, that it suppressed the entire edition, every copy it could obtain, of a most valuable work entitled "*Raccolta per ordine Cronologico di tutti gli Atti, Decreti, Nomine, &c., del Governo Prov della Repubblica Veneta.*" *Venezia, Andreola, Tipographo del Governo Prov. della Repubblica Veneta*, 1848, 1849. 8 vols. 8vo. It is unnecessary to remark that the possession of these volumes would be inestimable to the compiler of the chronicles of Venice in '48-49; and that the Imperial Government must have been impelled by peculiar and urgent motives, to have resorted to an act worthy of those only who sold the Alexandrian Library as fuel for public baths. It is probable that Manin, who is now an exile at Paris, sustaining his family by teaching, may have a copy of this official collection of the Acts and Decrees of the Government over which he presided, of which the future historian may avail himself; but the copy preserved by him must be, with few exceptions, the only one now accessible, if not the only one actually in existence.

On the 24th of June, the town of Palma Nuova, the last place, save Osopo, which yet held out against the Austrians in the Venetian territory, capitulated to Col. Korpan and President Gius. The envoy on part of Gen. Zucchi was Putelli. The place was garrisoned

* Free Italy, God wills it.

by 2,000 volunteers and Piedmontese with 100 cannon. Besieged for two months, reduced to the last extremities by famine and disease, the citizens clamorous for surrender, and the soldiers nearly mutinous, capitulation was unavoidable. The terms agreed on were these :—that all regular troops and Crociati should at once return to their respective countries without their arms: that Gen. Zucchi should repair to his home at Reggio: that the Piedmontese artillery should return to their own country with their arms, and that the citizens should yield up all arms within twelve hours.

It was at Palma Nuova, that the heroic spirit of the beautiful Julia Modena, wife of the Talma of Italy, was exhibited during that terrible siege. Subsequently, she devoted herself at Rome to the same benevolent duties, superintending the hospitals in company with the Princess Belgiojoso, the Countess Pallavicino, and our own Margaret Fuller. The patriotic feeling exhibited by the women of Italy in '48-9, is not generally known or appreciated. It surely did not confine itself to wearing tri-colored ribbons as at Venice, nor to refusing Austrian officers in the waltz as at Verona, nor in declining their attentions on the promenade as at Milan, nor in excluding them from saloons and opera-boxes as at Modena.

“It does one good,” writes an Austrian officer from Croatia, “to behold again friendly female faces, instead of seeing, as of late in Italy, tongues almost always stretched out at us. This was really done shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution, by a lady of very high rank, who met me in her carriage, and whom I politely saluted because I had been several times in companies with her.”

Honor—all honor to “the dear women of Italy !”

Three days after the capitulation of Palma, Gen. Antonini was

summoned to the glacis of Malghera to meet an Austrian *parlementaire*, in order to arrange the reception into the city of the Venetian Crociati from Palma—the terms prescribed being that they should not again resume arms against Austria for three months.

CHAPTER III.

“ FUSIONE.”

It will be remembered, that, on the 3rd of June, the Provisional Government of Venice issued a proclamation, calling on the inhabitants of that city and province to elect deputies to an assembly convoked to meet on the 18th of that month, for the purpose of considering the question of the *fusion* of the Venetian Republic with the kingdom of Piedmont. The subsequent successes of Radetzky, and the recall of the Neapolitan army and fleet, had caused the convocation of this assembly to be prorogued to the 3rd day of the ensuing month. Meantime, on the evening of the 10th, at the very hour the Austrian Field Marshal was signing the convention by which Vicenza capitulated, Charles Albert, in camp, on the *plateau* before Verona, was setting his hand and the seal of his realm to the instrument by which Sardinia acquired the splendid state of Lombardy, with its four millions of people and its noble capital. This Act of Union was laid before him by Gabrio Casati, chief of the Provisional Government of Milan, and by it that government was at once superseded by a Commission of Regency composed of citizens of both states, and presided over by Casati himself.

The first movement on the subject of annexation seems to have been made by Parma and Piacenza, early in May. Registers were then opened, and the result, which was proclaimed about the middle of the month, showed an overwhelming majority of votes in favor of annexation to Piedmont, over those in favor of a republic, of a ducal rule, or of union with any other state. At Piacenza, for example, there were 37,000 voices for union with Piedmont, to less than 380 for all the other propositions together. Similar movements with similar results followed at Modena, Reggio, Padua, Vicenza, Rovigo, and Treviso. As for Milan, the registers opened May 12th, and closed on the 29th, showed, on the 9th of July when declared, 561,000 votes for immediate fusion with Piedmont, to only 681 for postponement of the question until the end of the war! This unanimity is surely noticeable.

At Turin, a month later, on the 28th of June, despite strong opposition on part of a portion of the press and people—resulting, finally, in resignation of the Balbo ministry the 6th of the following month—the Sardinian chamber enacted a law, by a vote of 127 to 7, accepting the immediate union voted by Lombardy, Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and Rovigo, and declaring these provinces a portion of the Sardinian Kingdom—the basis and forms of a new constitutional monarchy under the House of Savoy, to be discussed and settled by a constituent assembly to be convoked by universal suffrage. The inland capitals of this new kingdom were, it was understood, to be Turin, Milan, and Udine.

So engrossed is Charles Albert said to have been with this documentary addition to his kingdom, that he lost by delay and negligence, as we have seen, a golden opportunity to enter Verona with his whole army, in the absence of Radetzky with some 40,000 of his troops at the bombardment of Vicenza. Indeed, the Veronese are

even said to have volunteered to give him up one of their gates—that of *Porta Nuova*, on the 13th, the Austrian garrison then amounting to but three thousand men. Immediate action would have insured success: but Charles Albert, with that fatal infatuation, by which almost every act of his seemed characterized, madly delayed until Radetzky's return, when the garrison was increased to thirteen thousand, and the enterprise was hopeless. Twelve hours of delay, and the cause of man in Italy was put back, perhaps, for half a century! It is impossible to over-estimate the importance, at this crisis, of the possession by Charles Albert of the military capital of Northern Italy.

In view of events like this, independently of many considerations besides, it is not extraordinary, that the Government and people of Venice began to regard the contemplated *fusion* of their Republic with Sardinia, as an act of doubtful policy, to say the least. Manin and Tommaseo seem never to have viewed it otherwise, though they wisely and patriotically deferred their wishes and sentiments to those of a majority clearly ascertained. They plainly perceived, too, that Venice could not long sustain her fleet and army without foreign aid. The only question was—whence could efficient aid be obtained? As early as the 5th of June, a memorial, covered with the signatures of a thousand of the most respectable citizens of Venice, was presented the Government, imploring it to seek immediate aid of France; and, on the 13th, this memorial was forwarded to Charles Albert, accompanied by the subjoined interpellation:—

“Sire! From the banks of the Adige, as from the banks of the Ticino, you have deigned, Sire, to express to us your generous purpose to free this sacred land from the presence of the stranger. Already your glorious arms combatting our common enemy in his desperate warfare—already your ships flaunting their noble standards

in the face of the fleet of pirates which menaces this metropolis, are to us august guarantees for the fulfilment of your promise. Nevertheless, Sire, will you Majesty deign to reiterate this promise to the people of Venice, declaring aloud, that all your aspirations, and all your efforts, have no other end, but entirely to enfranchise our common country from a foreign yoke? Thanks to you, Sire, for the truly Italian sentiment of your promise! You have all our confidence, Sire, and our gratitude equals the blessings which you have made us participate. Italy entrusts to History the duty of compensating you worthily as the champion of her independence. In presence of the Provisional Government at Venice."

This document was signed by Manin, the President, from whose pen it, doubtless, emanated, and Zennari, the Secretary; and was countersigned by Paleocapa, Minister of Public Works.

The excitement in Venice on the subject of the *fusionne* daily increased. At first the citizens seemed universally opposed to it; but a change of sentiment soon took place, entirely too sudden and too causeless to have been the result of ordinary influences. It is not uncharitable to suppose, that emissaries of Piedmont and Milan were actively, secretly, and effectively at work on the minds of the masses. The city was suddenly filled with publications in favor of immediate annexation, and noisy and eager groups of disputants were assembled constantly beneath the Arcades of St. Mark, and before the *cafés* of Quadri, Sutil, and Florian. On the morning of the 18th, the day on which the assembly of deputies had, at first, been convoked to assemble, a band of sixty fishermen of the Lagune, armed with long spears, marched around the Square of St. Mark, shouting—*Viva Republica! Viva San Marco!*—and forcing all they encountered to join them; while a merchant whose sign, in

accordance with a custom in Venice*—was “The City of Nizza,” a watering-place in Sardinia, was forced to take it down! And, yet, strange to tell, this very band of republicans, whom one would suppose would have given life itself for the Republic, before night had been so dexterously and so effectually plied with wine, and money, and promises, as to shout as loudly as ever, and quite as sincerely, no doubt—*Viva il regno dell’ alta Italia! Viva Carlo Alberto, la Spada d’ Italia!*

On the 29th, a corps of twelve hundred of the Civic Guard, after having been reviewed at the *Campo di Marte*, an open field of some acres at the north-western extremity of the city, devoted to military manœuvres—made a demonstration by shouts in favor of immediate fusion. That same evening a clamorous and tumultuous multitude assembled at St. Mark’s Place, beneath the windows of the hall of the Provisional Government; and, after the utterance of various seditious shouts, suddenly there arose the strange cry, for the first time and for the last, in Venice, amid all her storms and commotions—*Morte a Manin! Morte a Tommaseo!*—Death to the very men whom this very populace had risked their lives, hardly three months before, to restore to liberty! At this startling shout, Manin appeared upon the balcony of his apartment looking down on the Piazzetta, and quietly remarked to the excited multitude, that he knew not why they came to demand of *him* immediate fusion. The assembly of representatives of the people, which was convoked to meet on the 3d of the ensuing month, only three days distant, was the power of which they should make this demand, if such were their desire.

* The sign of a shop for fancy articles beneath the Arcades of the old Procuratie Palace, is “*Alla Città di Nizza*,” and that of another at the same place, kept by a Parisian is, “*A la bello Venise*.”

The effect of these cool and cutting words was remarkable ; and when Manin concluded—" And now go home to your families, like good citizens, and keep the peace," the noisy and clamorous masses slunk away abashed, and the square was very shortly cleared. Even the emissaries of Piedmont, backed by the demagogues of Venice, dared not unmask their designs ! The events of this day, however, convinced all good citizens of the necessity of yielding, although reluctantly, to the popular mania, if they would avoid that worst of evils to a beleaguered city—civil discord. Nor was this all. A whole month before, on the 31st of May, we have seen the people of Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and Rovigo, sending a deputation to Venice, declaring their purpose of annexation to Piedmont, and urging her to the same decision. This purpose of annexation we have seen carried out ; and, although now a dead letter for the time being, these provinces regarded with extreme interest the conduct of Venice, as in a manner deciding their doom. The fact was, moreover, that as early as the middle of April, the supremacy assumed by Venice, as a republic, had caused displeasure among the provinces of the *terra firma* ; while her authority is said never to have been at all recognized without her Lagune—even Chioggia and Mestre, from time to time, exhibiting independence.

Monday, the 3d day of July, at length arrived. At the hour of nine in the morning the deputies of the Assembly repaired to the cathedral of St. Mark, where, after the celebration of mass, an address was delivered by the Cardinal Patriarch Monico. Thence proceeding to the Ducal Palace, according to ancient custom by the private entrance from the church, the body was temporarily organized by the election of three Secretaries and of the Abbatè Pianton, as President. At one o'clock, the Assembly again met in that magnificent apartment—the Hall of the Grand Council—its walls

tapestried with paintings by Tintoretto, Palma, Bassano, and Paul Veronese, illustrating the most splendid triumphs in the history of Venice—among which are the conquest of Constantinople by Dandolo, and the defeat and humiliation of Barbarossa by the Doge Ziani and Pope Alexander VI.—while from above look down the portraits of the long line of Doges, those uncrowned and unscathed monarchs which ruled over Venice for more than a thousand years. How many momentous events had this old hall witnessed! With what floods of associations was it filled! In this great hall was assembled the great Council for the last time, with Luigi Manini, the last Doge, presiding; when, in panic and terror, they hastened, by the overwhelming vote of 512 ballots to 17, to yield their country to a foreign yoke. Fifty years had passed away; and, once more, for the first time, was again assembled in that Hall a body of freemen for free deliberation.

The whole number of Deputies elected was 193. Of these, however, owing to the occupation of the country by the enemy, only 133 were able to be present. Committees were appointed to examine credentials, and to report rules for governing the Assembly and a routine of daily proceedings. Meanwhile, Manin gave a clear and succinct exposition of the events which had succeeded the 22d of March last; explained the cause of the convocation of the Assembly without defining limits to its powers, and concluded by invoking upon its deliberations inspiration from that august apartment, within whose walls they sat. Avesani, the advocate, who had acted a part so prompt and so efficient in the capitulation, suggested similar promptitude and dispatch at the present time; but Bravo and Tommaseo reminded him, that precipitate counsel in that very Hall had been the ruin of Venice half a century before, and deprecated everything like unseemly or unnecessary haste. The Assembly

then went into secret session as a committee, and, after two hours' balloting, had elected citizen Rubbi permanent President, and also five Secretaries. Castelli, Minister of Justice, then read the propositions on which the Assembly had been convoked to deliberate—being the fusion with Piedmont, and the consequent change in the administration of Government; after which the Assembly adjourned.

On the morning of the 4th of July, the Assembly resumed its session, pursuant to adjournment. Manin, first, in a brief speech, alluded to the strong chains of friendship by which the Italian States were bound together. Castelli followed, showing with what generosity Italians of all Italy had rushed to the aid of Venice, without the most distant hope of recompense or reward, and concluded by giving an *exposè* of the Finances of the State, at the request of Camerata, Minister of that department. Paoluzzi, Minister of Marine, made then an *exposè* of the condition of the defences of Venice.

These Reports concluded, the great question before the Assembly was taken up. Tommaseo first spoke. He was utterly opposed to the immediate fusion of Venice with Piedmont. Paleocapa, Minister of Public Works, advocated fusion as a measure of propriety and prudence. The *scrutiny*, or question, was then loudly called for, when Manin rising all was at once still. His words were, as usual, brief and pointed. He recalled the recent proclamation of a Republic. His own views had undergone no change, however much those of others might have changed. But, it became republicans to sacrifice their preferences to the salvation of the State; and whether they were called royalists or republicans for the present, mattered little, if all were Italians. Whatever fusion might now take place could be only provisional. Let the war cease, and then decide the form of government. Let that question be appealed to

the Future: let it be appealed to the future Italian Diet at Rome! *

This speech caused unanimity of sentiment, and the voting commenced. The first article—"Ought the political condition of Venice to be at once decided?" was carried by a vote of one hundred and thirty to three. The second article—"Whether the immediate fusion of Venice with Sardinia was expedient on the same terms as attended the annexation of Lombardy?" was decided in the affirmative by a vote of one hundred and twenty-seven to six. The Assembly then adjourned, the third article being reserved for the morrow.

It may be remarked, that, while the Assembly of Venice was thus yielding their republic to a king, the U. S. schooner "Taney," Lieut. Hunter commanding, was firing a salute in honor of the day which had witnessed, seventy years before, the declaration by another republic, thousands of miles distant over the Atlantic, of its independence of a king. The "Taney" lay directly opposite the Ducal Palace, and her salute was echoed by the batteries of all the French and Italian vessels of war in port. The English vessels did not, of course, participate.

On the morning of the 5th, the Assembly resumed its session, and, taking up the subject of the administration of the new government contemplated by the measures adopted the previous day, proceeded to the election of Ministers; and, with entire unanimity, Manin was chosen Premier. He, however, at once declined in the following graceful terms:—"I yesterday declared myself a repub-

* An Italian Republic, one and indivisible, with the Eternal City for its centre—this was Mazzini's plan. A kingdom of Northern Italy was abhorrent both to his principles and to his feelings; and all the prayers of friends, or threats of foes, could elicit from him no compromise nor conciliation. Manin and Tommaseo held the same views as Mazzini, but how different was their conduct!

lican. I made a sacrifice, but I did not renounce a principle. I can never be Minister of a King! Nevertheless, we must all unite to combat the common foe. If concord reigns our Lagune is impregnable. When the war is over, if the political question of Monarchy or Republic is fraternally agitated anew, we can consider it."

It has been well said that, in no manner could this great patriot have more honorably laid down his Presidency of the Provisional Government. The Assembly immediately decreed that "Manin merited well of the country." Jacopo Castelli, a member of the old Provisional Government was chosen President of the new one. Paleocapa, Paoluzzi, and Camerata, also members of the old Government, were chosen Ministers; while the names of Cavedalis, Reali, Martinengo, and Cancirata, are the only unfamiliar ones that appear in the list.

Having completed the business for which it had been convoked, the Assembly adjourned to Saturday, the 8th.

Thus closed the democratic Republic of Venice, proclaimed the 22d of March; and without the slightest popular disturbance.

On the ensuing day delegations were dispatched for Turin and the camp of Charles Albert, to report the result of the deliberations, and to execute the terms of the fusion. On the 8th, the Assembly met according to adjournment, and the proceedings of the 5th having been read, it again adjourned. The new Provisional Government announced the assumption of its functions in the following proclamation:—"Citizens of the Province of Venice! The Assembly of the Representatives of the people have determined, with an almost unanimous voice, upon your political position. For the welfare of the province of Venice, as well as for that of the entire nation, the Assembly has decreed the immediate union of this city and province to the Sardinian States, and that upon the same conditions as the annexation of Lombardy, with which province we

remain always, under all circumstances, united, and whose political fortunes we share. This decree is in imitation of that which had been adopted by the Venetian provinces before they had been vanquished, and by it is accomplished at the same time the Italian vow which forms a strong and compact union of Upper Italy, a union which can alone protect this beautiful land from the devastation of the stranger. The Assembly have chosen the undersigned to put its decree into execution, and to direct provisionally the public affairs. In charging themselves with this important mission, they have trusted that the same concord which reigned in the Assembly will reign also over the citizens whom that Assembly represented. To govern the country without this, and to conduct to a good end, a political act of this importance, would demand other powers than theirs, even were it possible at all. A great citizen, whom we have been unable to retain in office, notwithstanding the general confidence which surrounds him, has told you, on retiring, that if concord reigns among you, your Lagune is impregnable. You will give heed to his words and to ours; for you know that they proceed from hearts which beat only with love for our country."

By some of the troops from abroad in the service of Venice, especially by those from Switzerland, this unceremonious transfer of their allegiance by a Republic to a Monarchy was not, at first, well relished. But the representation, that Charles Albert strove only for the enfranchisement of Italy, caused them soon to become reconciled.

The influence of their Commander-in-chief, Gen. Pepé, was strongly in favor of the fusion. He says, that his heart rejoiced to see the basis of such a kingdom formed in Italy, which, with a population of eleven millions, would command the Adriatic and possess powerful

Genoa ; and adds—" Will it be believed that, though a few, still there were some, who disapproved of such a fortunate combination, and who marvelled to see me in favor of Charles Albert, who would thus become a powerful prince." And, yet, but for the *Enciclica* of Pius, April 29th, and the *coup d'etat* of Ferdinand, May 15th, it is quite probable, as has been suggested, that the idea of *fusionne* and a kingdom of Northern Italy would never have entered any body's head or heart—save, perchance, those only of Charles Albert himself—would never have been designed or desired by any one but him ; or, had the Pope and the Bourbon but proved true to the royal Sard, the trio might have peaceably divided the spoils on the first battle-field !

On the 7th, the Sardinian fleet off Trieste received definitive orders from Charles Albert to limit its operations to a blockade of observation, owing probably, to the protest of England, France, and the Germanic Confederation ; but to protect Venice against any hostilities of Austrian ships. Henceforth, therefore, the Sardo-Venetian fleet continued to cruise the Gulf between the two cities.

On the very day after the departure of Paleocapa and Reali, two members of the new ministry, who were delegated to convey to the capital of Piedmont the proceedings of the Venetian Assembly—the decree of the Sardinian Chamber of June 28th reached Venice from Turin, declaring the union to Piedmont of Lombardy and the Provinces of Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and Rovigo. Upon the arrival of this intelligence at Padua, Baron Welden at once issued a decree, condemning to immediate execution any one concealing arms or " manifesting a *tendency* to revolution." He, also, proposed to the Government of Venice a convention for the exchange of prisoners, and providing for the departure from Venice of any families which might feel disposed to return to their homes at

Padua, and thus avoid the confiscation of property menaced by his proclamations against absentees. This convention having been conceded, many Paduan families departed, and shortly afterwards the steamer *Venezia* arrived with the Italian prisoners. A Sardinian steamer also arrived with a Piedmontese battalion, completing the three battalions destined by Charles Albert to reinforce the garrison of Venice, numbering in all 4,000 men.

These troops, by the by, seem not to have found favor in the eyes of old Pepé, inasmuch as, upon reviewing them, he found not only that they belonged to the Reserve, but had all been fathers of families a dozen years or more, utterly unfitting them, in the veteran's opinion, for camp or garrison life. With a couple of battalions—one from Milan and the other from Bologna—composed entirely of young men, and which he reviewed on the 4th, in the Piazza, he expressed himself on the contrary highly delighted, in a communication to the Lombard Government a few days later. About the same time arrived the Venetian Crociati from Palma, disarmed by the terms of capitulation, and by subsequent convention permitted to return home. Gen. Antonini, desiring to pass to another destination, resigned, on the 11th, the command of the city and fortresses. From Venice he repaired to Milan, where he was made Commandant of the castle, which post he quitted not long after for Novara. Upon the whole, this officer's career in the Lombardo-Veneto seems to have been hardly more flattering than that of Charles Albert himself; and the cool reception of the former at Genoa and Milan, and of the latter at Pavia, Lodi, and Crema, would appear to have been to each an earnest of his subsequent fortunes.

The new Provisional Government was not idle in adopting measures for the defence and welfare of the city. A "Council of Vigi-

lance" was instituted, to be stationed near the central structure of public order; a series of public lectures on fortifications—field and permanent, and on the elements of artillery and tactics was instituted: a decree was adopted subjecting articles of gold and silver taken by the state on loan to redemption in money; another decree subjected all official salaries and public pensions exceeding \$300 per annum to a tax of from five to fifty per cent.; a temporary additional impost was levied on the tariff of wine, for relief of public charities:* a commission was instituted to extend aid to Venetian exiles; also an "Extraordinary Commission" which should propose a system for the more complete and efficient organization of the Civic Guard; also a commission to devise means for collecting the additional loan of one and a half million of Lire, decreed to be imposed, June 20th. The enrollment of a volunteer corps of *Bersaglieri*, or Riflemen, for the defence of the forts was also decreed; all arms possessed by private citizens were ordered to be delivered to the Commandant of the Civic Guard, Mengaldo, within three days, receipts being given, and the arms to be returnable when no longer required. A public bank of discount and deposit was, also, instituted—the capital to be four millions of Lire—less than \$700,000, the stock being divided into eight thousand shares guaranteed by the Governments of Venice and Milan—the stockholders to be composed of voluntary, or of forced subscribers—the bills of the bank to be current as money. Such were the more prominent measures adopted by the new Administration on its accession to office.

* The charitable institutions of Venice have been more than once alluded to. Among those of long standing may be named a hospital for 1000 applicants, a lodging-house for 700, an orphan asylum for 885, an infirmary for 36 women, a school for 90 girls, a Magdalen asylum, a foundling hospital, and several asylums and hospitals for the insane. The income from charitable endowments amounts to some \$300,000 per annum. There are, also, half a dozen religious and philanthropic institutions, called *Scuoli*, or Schools, established some four centuries ago, several of which yet exist, and perhaps all.

Nor had the chief of the military administration been idle. The Forts of the Lagune being divided into four districts, the 1st, comprehending Malghera, was committed to Gen. Rizzardi; the 2nd, the Littorale of Pelestrina, to Col. Raffaelli; the 3rd, Chioggia to Gen. Sanfermo; and the 4th, Mazzorbo, to Major Belli. Among the rules imposed on the fortifications were these—that no commandant of a fort, or chief of a district, should, upon any pretext, hold parley with the foe, without permission of the General-in-chief; and that all communications should be addressed to Col. Avesani, head of the staff for the Forts. Gen. Pepé also drew upon the Lombard Government, about this time, for supplies—a draft which the recent fusion abundantly warranted—but which failed to be honored for lack of funds. Plenty of advice, as touching “generous abnegation” and “military discipline,” was, however, vouchsafed.

On the 25th, the corps of artillery, called *Bandiera-Moro*, celebrated at Malghera, in a little wooden chapel, the anniversary of the execution of the Venetian brothers Bandiera and their comrade Moro, at Cosenza in 1844. Demonstrations of the military in favor of fusion were of occasional occurrence. One of these took place in the old village of Chioggia, designed to influence the inhabitants, who, like most of the lower classes, bitterly opposed it. To them, it seemed a base surrender of the independence of St. Mark.

Meantime, the city continued invested by Austrian troops, the arrival of reinforcements being awaited prior to active siege. The Austrian *cordon* was extended, however, on the line of the Po, from Cavanella to Santa Maddalena and Occhiobello. Numerous sorties were made from Fort Malghera—indeed, they were of nightly occurrence on the part of the Swiss Chasseurs; the only object being to annoy the enemy and interrupt the intrenchments which he had now commenced. On the morning of the 9th, it was observed

that he had pushed his works with great activity during the night, and was on the point of planting a battery against Lunette 12 of the fortress. At 4 o'clock, Col. Belluzzi, the Commandant, ordered a sortie to be made; and for this service detailed the company of Swiss chasseurs, a company of Neapolitan chasseurs, and two hundred men of the Roman Crociati, making, in the aggregate, nearly six hundred men. An immediate assault was made with great impetuosity, and very shortly the tricolor was floating over the works which had before menaced the fortress. An attempt by cavalry to seize one of the Italian colors was frustrated by a shell from Malghera. The enemy was driven to the protection of the wood of Mestre, and several isolated houses which had afforded him shelter were committed to the flames. The Italians then took position and maintained it against a foe three times their number, until nightfall, when they were recalled to the fort, but with so much difficulty as to call for a rebuke in a subsequent bulletin of the affair. Repeated attempts to charge were made by a body of Austrian hussars on the side of Mestre; and they would, probably, have proved successful at last, had not a grenade from Lunette 13, which kept up a constant fire over the heads of the Italians, burst in their ranks and killed six men. The Italians had four men killed and twenty wounded. The loss on the other side must have far exceeded this.

On the evening of the 7th, two days before—Gen. Ferrari had made a sortie of reconnoissance with 1,500 men from the fortress of Brondolo, in the direction of the Cavanella of the Adige, some eight or ten miles to the south-east, where was found a small fort planted by the enemy. Before the fire of the Italians, divided into three columns, the garrison retired behind their fortifications and were shortly reinforced from Portalonga and Cavarzere. The assailing

party were eager for instant attack on the fort; but Gen. Ferrari, knowing that it was by no means a trifling affair to leap a fosse filled with water, and then escalate a rampart fifteen feet high, ordered a retreat. With exceeding reluctance the troops obeyed, and retired, having had ten killed and forty wounded. The Austrians had 85 killed, and 107 wounded.

This sortie is said to have been conducted with great skill and judgment; but the order to retreat was ruin to Gen. Ferrari. He lost all character among the soldiers. The Lombard volunteers wished to slay him and the Chioggiote fishermen to attack his quarters; and rapid flight, and a complimentary word in the next Order of the Day, alone saved him. He was pronounced a coward and a traitor, and was the first to receive a fate reserved for more than one officer of merit before the conclusion of that ill-fated siege, for similar cause. In this regard, as already mentioned, the Venice of 1848-49, seems to have rivalled that of 1406 and 1432. Her ancient policy was never to commit her navy to a foreigner, nor her army to a citizen, always reserving to herself, however, the right to suspect both alike; and woe to the unfaithful, or worse—the unfortunate! Woe, also, to the too fortunate!*

On the 20th, a second sortie was made from Malghera, for the purpose of destroying a guard-house on the railroad, which protected the Austrian works. Three companies of Neapolitan chasseurs and one of sappers, with a corps of laborers, were detailed for

* On the 17th of January, 1406, it will be remembered, Carrara and his two sons were strangled in the dungeons of St. Mark; and on the 5th of May, 1432, Carmagnola, after having been tortured, was gagged and thus beheaded between the Columns. Both of these distinguished men had led the armies of Venice to victory! But they were suspected, and not without cause. So, perhaps, of Gen. Ferrari. He was, certainly, a most unfortunate man, to say the least, from the moment he crossed the Po—rivalled, indeed, in ill-luck only by his fellow-sufferer, Durando, and his fellow-countryman, Charles Albert—all three being alike suspected!

the service, which was completed about noon, under very efficient protection against the Austrian field-pieces from the batteries of Malghera and Rizzardi. Major Chiavacci, of the engineers, was wounded, as were, also, several soldiers, laborers, and sappers, in the perilous service of blowing up the house.

A second sortie from Brondolo a few days after resulted in the capture of the post of Ca' Pasqua.

Nor were the enemy idle. One night, an attempt was made to burn the gun-boats which lay in the Lagune off Fusina, by means of rafts laden with combustibles, designed to burst into a flame when alongside the boats. But the attempt was discovered, and failed as signally as a similar attempt some weeks before. On the 26th, rumors reached Venice relative to alleged successes of Charles Albert against Radetzky at Rivoli, Custoza and Somma-Campagna, followed up by bulletins which filled the city with unbounded rejoicings. The people of Venice, like the people of other cities, perhaps, have a happy faculty of believing that to be true which they hope to be so. The wish, with them, is ever "father to the thought;" and the improbability of the present intelligence—imposed upon them, as will be seen, from corrupt motives, never seems, for a moment, to have occurred to their minds, until some days afterwards, when vague and uncertain rumors began gradually to betray the fatal truth. Not even the demand of Baron Welden, on the 27th, for the immediate surrender of Venice, on account of disasters he announced to have fallen on Charles Albert, appears at all to have dissipated the illusion. Indeed, they seem to have viewed the demand of the Marshal in no other light than as a capital joke!

On Monday, the 31st, however, all hope was annihilated, and Venice was filled with consternation. The first positive and reliable

intelligence from the theatre of war then arrived, developing the fatal fact of Charles Albert's utter and irremediable defeat a whole week before, and that the positions of the Adige and the Mincio, and the strong position before Verona, which had required three months to obtain, had been lost in three days!

CHAPTER IV.

CUSTOZA.

FROM the capitulation of Vicenza, on the 11th of June, until the 23d of the following month, nothing occurred between the Piedmontese and Austrian armies, except slight engagements of advanced posts or detached corps, one of which took place on the *plateau* of Rivoli, on the 30th of June, resulting favorably to the Austrians, and one at Governolo, on the 18th of July, favorable to their opponents. The latter was by far the more important of the two—serving greatly to encourage both troops and people on the side of the victors; and in this wise did it come to pass. The king, after a whole month of inaction, resolved to invest Mantua, in order to quiet the Duchies and the Legations. But, as usual, he resolved too late. The very day previous, Radetzky had sent Lichtenstein with 5,000 men, to strengthen and supply the garrison of Ferrara. This done, the town of Governolo, at the confluence of the Po and the Mincio, was occupied with 2,000 troops, to the infinite dismay of Parma, Modena, and all Romagna. But General Bava, sent by the king with 6,000 men to meet Lichtenstein, having failed in this, took the 2,000 Austrians at Governolo by surprise, and completely routed them and occupied the place.

But, if the king had been inactive for a month, the governments of Piedmont and Lombardy had not been. The former had sent her whole Reserve to the field—decreed a levy of 20,000 men, and the mobilization of 30,000 National Guards: while her Minister of Finance, Revel, proposed to the Chamber ways and means to raise fifty millions of francs, the forty-four millions the King had taken to camp being gone. As for Lombardy—she had decreed a levy of 50,000 men, half of whom were already in the field, and a contribution of twenty-five million francs. The entire force of the King amounted to 120,000 men; there being under his immediate orders 80,000—at Venice 22,000—in the passes of the Tyrol 5,000—in hospital 10,000: also, in formation in Lombardy, 25,000. Radetzky had, likewise, an army of 120,000 men—40,000 with him at Verona—30,000 in Venetia and before the capital—20,000 at Roveredo—20,000 at Mantua and Legnano, and the residue in hospitals, or in advanced posts and garrisons. The ravages of pestilence rivalled those of arms. As early as June, Charles had 6,000 men in hospital, and on the 20th of July, 10,000; while in a single week, from May 26th to June 4th, Radetzky lost 4,500 by disease and 1,500 by desertion! The malaria, extracted from the Mantuan marshes by the burning summer sun, was devastating.

Meantime, the position of Charles Albert was a very strong one, on the heights of Rivoli and between the parallel streams of the Adige and Mincio, extending from the neighborhood of Mantua to the town of Rivoli, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Mantua, Legnano, and Verona, remained, of course, still in the hands of the Austrians; and, around the last-named city, Radetzky had concentrated his forces, though unequal in numbers to those of his foe, preparatory to some decisive step. Immense works were constructed against Verona. Heavy entrenchments, numerous covert-

ways, and moveable barricades, with port-holes for artillery and loop-holes for chasseurs, formed a portion of the grim paraphernalia of siege. At the same time, works of circumvallation around Mantua were going on, and trenches were opened across the principal approaches to the city.

It will be remembered by those familiar with Napoleon's Italian Campaign of '96-7, that the city of Mantua proved impregnable to his arms, after he had overrun all Northern Italy, and held out under brave old Wurmser from June to February, until reduced by famine. Mantua lies in a plain through which flows the Mincio, and near the walls are three broad sheets of water, created by artificial dikes. Napoleon, in his memoirs dictated at St. Helena, says he erred in his siege of Mantua—that he should have cut the dikes, drained the lakes, exposed their slimy beds to the scorching rays of the sultry sun of Lombardy, and thus, by poisoning the atmosphere—by *pestilence*—have swept off the garrison, reducing the place in a few weeks! It was now the month of June, as it was in the campaign of '96, and Charles Albert, like Napoleon, his great exemplar, found Mantua impregnable to all the enginery of war and siege. It was then he bethought him of Napoleon's suggestion at St. Helena. He cut the dikes. The broad beds of the lakes were laid bare to the sun—a miasmatic effluvia, fatal to the garrison, arose—the mortality became fearful, and, perhaps, an extraordinary *ruse de guerre* alone prevented the previsions of Napoleon from being realized. This fortunate *ruse*—so runs the tale, which may be true—was as follows:—Prince Lichtenstein was Governor of Mantua. Through his own device he became a prisoner of war, and was brought before Charles Albert. The next morning he was again in Mantua! For one million of francs* he had engaged to yield the

* Some say the sum demanded was two millions of francs, which Charles agreed to

citadel! To veil the Prince's treason, Charles was to withdraw his troops from the left of his lines, and with them closely invest the city, so that surrender might seem necessity. The stratagem proved, of course, as utterly unsuccessful to Charles as it was utterly unworthy of all engaged in it. The ill-fated king of Piedmont, strange to tell, fell into the snare—the same king of Piedmont who had foolishly distrusted his friends, the Veronese, when they proposed to open to him their gates a month before, now trusted implicitly a wily foe:—his lines were weakened, as was desired, and Radetzky stood ready to strike the fatal blow!

But, while the two wings of the Piedmontese army were busy with their works around Mantua and Verona—two cities which lie about thirty miles apart, and the population of which is, severally, 34,000 and 46,000 souls—the main body of the army lay scattered about in camps between and around those places, its line extending over “twenty leagues of ground”—20,000 men being under Mantua—10,000 at Marmirolo—4,000 at Villa Franca—8,000 on the banks of the Mincio—15,000 on the heights of Rivoli.

The strange inaction of Charles Albert for a period of six weeks has been ascribed to various causes, among which incapacity, treachery, and cowardice have not been forgotten by the most malignant of his foes. But the *rôle* he was called on to play at this

give, because the siege would cost him five millions! Brave though he was in person, he seems ever to have preferred stratagem to open force. As an instance of his indifference to danger, it is related, that, during the siege of Peschiera, a ball striking at his horse's feet, covered him with soil, and obscured the face of the glass through which he was observing the city. Brushing the dirt from the glass, without removing it from his eyes, he still continued to observe! While his head-quarters were at Valeggio, he was constant and devout at Mass in the public church, surrounded by his officers and troops. The Duke of Genoa, like his father, is grave to a fault, while the Duke of Savoy, the present king, is gallant and gay. At Valeggio, the latter was often seen holding silk for the pretty *contadini*, and, meanwhile, busily making love!

crisis was by no means a simple one. Affairs at the capital of his own kingdom were far from being settled, or satisfactory. His ministry had, simultaneously, sent in their resignations, because perplexed and divided on the subject of the *fusionne*, and on the best mode of conducting the war. Pius and Ferdinand—the Pope and the Bourbon—had abandoned him; and even the people of South Italy seemed to ignore the cause. Permission to volunteer for the frontier continued, but the days of volunteering had passed. The May massacre had stupefied Naples with its horrors, and Rome then required all her patriots at home. So did Sicily. As for Leopold of Tuscany, a scion of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, fearful of the wrath of Austria if she triumphed, and dreading the presence of a Piedmontese kingdom on his frontier if Charles Albert succeeded, he listened to the counsel of Ridolfi, and afforded but feeble adhesion. As for the Lombards, they were ready to shout and spout—in fine, they seemed ready, it is said, to do anything for their cause—but steadfastly to fight for it. The fighting they left, to a great extent—as he desired they should, to be sure—to their champion—“The Sword of Italy”—and his disciplined Savoyards. The city of Milan did not even fulfil her plighted pledge to feed his soldiers while they fought.

In fact, the variance between Charles Albert and the “Republicans” was deplorable—fatal. If the king of Sardinia was ambitious to become the sovereign of a kingdom of Upper Italy, and at the same time protect Piedmont from republicanism, nothing less than a republic comprising the whole Peninsula would, on the other hand, satisfy the republicans. As early as May 12th, Mazzini, at Milan, asserted, that, unless Charles Albert would declare for the unity of Italy, and thus against all existing governments in Italy, “he had better leave her in peace.” But he would *not* so

declare, and from that time the republicans looked on him with distrust, and "did not do their *utmost* against Radetzky." *Had* they done this—had they for a time postponed all other questions—had they but adopted the words of Charles Albert himself—" *L'Italia farà da se*"—the barbarian would have been driven from her sacred soil, and "Independent Italy" might not have continued "a mere phrase of boastful pride." Mazzini, say his foes, feared that Charles, with his cannon and hardy Sardis, would conquer without him; and Charles, say *his* foes, feared that Mazzini, with his patriots and ideas would conquer without *him*. In fact, extreme jealousy of extraneous aid was exhibited from the very first, and on both sides. When Lamartine, at Paris, in March, promised Pepé 100,000 Frenchmen—"Thirty thousand will do"—was the prudent reply. When Belgiojoso, at Milan, in March, promised 100,000 Neapolitans—"Save us from so much help!" cried Count Litta: while the cool reception of Antonini at Genoa and Milan, and that of Charles at Pavia and Crema, need hardly be recalled, any more than Charles' own jealous fears of the 62,000 French on the frontiers of Savoy, or his mysterious orders to Durando in Venetia.

That the Lombard Government—or, probably, its contractors—failed to supply the Royal Army with provisions, to which, doubtless, is to be attributed, to a great extent, its subsequent reverses, seems unquestionably true. The positions of Goito and Volta were lost, it is said, for the want of supplies. Honan, of the London Times, says that the Sardinian army suffered terribly at Valeggio for want of lodgings; and that Custoza was lost because the Piedmontese troops were left three days without food! It was the contractors who were at fault, though their gains were immense. They fled with their supplies before they reached the camp, or subsequently sold or surrendered them to the foe. As for the Aus-

trians, threats obtained for them what no entreaties could win for their adversaries. They ravaged the country, and ruled by terror, and were well fed: the Piedmontese were gentle, and paid for everything they took, and—they starved!

But—not to anticipate—the army of Charles Albert, from the causes named, as well as from lack of confidence in their leaders, had thus become dispirited and demoralized; while the Piedmontese at home—a strong party of them, at least—seeing their country depopulated, their fields untilled, their harvests unhoused, their coffers exhausted, and themselves heavily taxed both in property and blood to maintain the cause of a neighbor who did not even thank them for their trouble, and who suspected their motives, and who did little to maintain it herself—a cause, the final defeat of which was becoming every day more probable—naturally became dissatisfied with the war.

As for Venice, she, unhappily, required aid and was not backward in demanding it from every possible quarter, but could render none.

Under these perplexing circumstances, Charles Albert, as if foreseeing clearly his impending fate, seems to have been as desirous to accept, as Austria could be to offer the line of the Adige and the surrender of Lombardy.* A compact kingdom of nine millions of inhabitants of congenial customs, identical nationality, and fertile soil, embracing Savoy, Piedmont, and Lombardy, afforded, indeed, a splendid realm, and one far more secure than it could be with the addition of the port and province of Venice. A kingdom of Upper Italy stretching from sea to sea could not fail to inspire jealousy and provoke hostility on the part of all the German and Italian powers.

* It is asserted that Austria, at one time, offered the line of the Piave, including Venice, but that the Sardinian minister put the despatch in his pocket and Charles never saw it. Others assert—which is more probable—that Austria was never serious in offering even the Mincio, or the Adige, and only sought time by delay.

Already the blockade of Trieste by an Italian squadron had elicited, as we have seen, an intimation that the German Confederacy might openly espouse the cause of Austria, which by this act began to become its own—though such a step would inevitably bring a French army to the Rhine, or the Ticino, or both. Besides, might not France, whose promised aid was even now dreaded, almost as much, indeed, as the opposition of Austria, in her present agitated condition renew her old demand for Savoy on the grounds of nationality, language, habits, and geographical propinquity as forcibly, at least, as Piedmont on the same grounds had claimed Lombardy?

Lamartine says, that, during his ministry, and at this very time, Austria twice proposed to him, semi-officially, a German treaty, by which France should obtain “developments” in Savoy, in Switzerland, and in the Prussian Provinces of the Rhine, by concessions accorded that power in Italy, on the lower Danube, and on the shores of the Adriatic; and, he adds, that he should have been neither a statesman nor a patriot—*ni homme d'état ni patriote*—had he repulsed propositions which would have permitted the French Republic to rectify her frontiers, mutilated after the Hundred Days by the second treaty of 1815. No wonder that Charles Albert looked with a suspicious eye on that French army of 62,000 men, which during all the summer of '48, hovered like a thunder-cloud on the frontier of Savoy; and he would have looked on it with yet more of suspicion had he known all! France, says the astute Mariotti, during the whole of 1848, was busy defining “Italian Independence.” In March, it meant, according to Lamartine, independence from sea to sea, and from the Alps to the Straits: in July, according to Bastide, it meant an independent Peninsula—except Lombardy, or Venice, or both; two months later, Romagna and Tuscany were excepted: two months later, Naples and Sicily; two

months later, the whole Peninsula, save Rome ; and four months later still, Oudinot was before the gates of the Eternal City itself, virtually to except even her !

“ Italy is not the foe of France,” said the eccentric Marquis de Boissy—a liberal Peer under Louis Philippe, a Senator under Louis Napoleon, the present husband of Byron’s Guiccioli—“ Italy is not the foe of France,” he said in the Chamber of the Luxembourg, on the 13th of January, 1848. “ Italy loves France. France loves Italy. Lo ! a miracle which the world never before beheld ! The Kings love the Peoples, and the Peoples love the Kings ! ‘ Young Italy ’ is no more ! Her chief yields ! There are no more secret leagues ! The old Carbonari declare it. And why need there be ? Pius and Charles Albert are the chiefs of Revolution ! A King and a Pope ! ”*

As for Austria—in June of ’48, nothing less than another Austerlitz could hope to tear from her imperial diadem that gem of the sea, Venice—nor from her possession the head of the Adriatic, or that of Trieste, almost her only port ; cutting off at the same time, also, her access to Central and Lower Italy, and her influence there of centuries’ growth : albeit, convulsed as she then was from one extremity of her extended empire to the other—her capital itself in semi-insurrection—Bohemia, Hungary, and Croatia in semi-revolution—she would, no doubt, in despair of ever regaining, or, at least, of ever retaining revolted Lombardy if regained, have gladly, at one time, have aided in erecting even a Constitutional Monarchy in its place, to keep a check, however slight, over the march of republicanism in Italy ; and would, also, perchance, have thenceforth respected a frontier so happily defined as by the banks of the Adige.

* How like a very mockery sounds all this now—how like the mockery it was, probably, designed to be !

On the contrary, a forced frontier described by the Isonzo or the Tagliamento, based by the Italian Tyrol, she would have regarded—as long as she was compelled to do so, and no longer.

One can hardly doubt, therefore, that inducements of policy strongly urged Charles Albert to accede to the proposed “Peace of the Adige.” But the Milanese were perfectly pertinacious in their determination to regain all Venetia, and would listen to no proposition for—what they were pleased to term, dismemberment of their prospective kingdom of Upper Italy, although, at the same time, strangely enough, Venice, as we have seen, most reluctantly assented to resign her fancied independence, and become, permanently, or even for a time and provisionally, the appanage of a monarch, notwithstanding that monarch, at that very time, was risking everything—was forced to risk everything—for her and—for himself!

On the 13th of June, Baron Wessenberg,* the new Austrian Premier, proposed to Milan, an independent Lombardy. Five days later, the Lombard Government declined viewing the question as a Lombard question. In Turin, both the Pareto and the Balbo Ministries demanded “entire evacuation;” while—not the Mincio—not the Adige—not the Piave—no stream, indeed, south of the Isonzo would be accepted as a frontier either at Milan or Turin. On the other hand, Austria, in June, would consent to the Adige—in July to the Mincio—in August to nothing east of the Ticino.

It was in the month of June, that Pius offered his mediation,—as foolish as it was feeble—and sent his Nuncio, Morochini, to Valleggio and to Innsbruck; but, whatever the reception by Charles Albert, no wonder that Wessenberg should have denounced the proposition to give up North Italy for a pecuniary indemnity as “a

* Wessenberg succeeded Ficquelmont in May, who had succeeded Metternich in March, and was himself succeeded by Schwartzberg in November.

mockery"—as he did. Even the most liberal of the Austrian statesmen clung to the line of the Adige. The Archduke John, in his speech on the opening of the Assembly at Vienna, July 22nd, declared, that "the war in Italy was not directed against the liberties of that country; but that its serious aim was to uphold the honor of the Austrian arms;" whilst, as late as August 7th, he advised that "Lombardy, Mantua, Peschiera, and the line of the Mincio, should be given up;" but declared that "Verona and the line of the Adige were necessary to Austria, and indeed to all Germany."

This opinion of the old hunter of the Styrian Mountains seems marvellously to have coincided with that of the King of Piedmont; for, a whole month before this, July 7th, Charles Albert had written from Roverbella, that he would accept the line of the Adige and resign Venice, retaining only Lombardy, and Parma, and Modena! But, well has it been said, that, had the Royal Savoyard dared to show himself at Milan, or even at Turin, with an "Italic Crown" on his brow reft of its brightest jewel, VENICE, not only would the fate of Prina, or of Rossi, inevitably have awaited him, but his new kingdom itself would have become convulsed by an internecine strife, which only the barbarian's sword could have quelled!*

But the consideration of all this was quite useless on the 22nd of July, 1848. The period had passed for negotiation. Even at the close of June, when "the half-idiotic and rickety old Emperor," Ferdinand, counselled, it is said, by Baron Doblhoff, Home Minister, despatched from his last refuge in his "faithful Alpine Tyrol at Innspruck" Count de Hartig once more on his mission of conciliation, the veteran Radetzky with his whole staff, and even his army *en*

* "Italy in 1848," in which these facts are detailed.

masse, entered against it a protest so stern, that the purpose was resigned.* The reinforcements of 25,000 men he had demanded from the ill-fated Count Latour, Minister of War, had now, thanks to that noble's energy, all arrived from Vienna; and, to his experienced judgment, victory seemed certain whenever he could withdraw his foe from his entrenchments. A single mis-move of his adversary on the military play-board, and the blow of annihilation was destined to descend.

Thanks to the unworthy stratagem of Prince Lichtenstein, on the 21st of June, already referred to—this false step had virtually been taken. On that same day, moreover, the loose and endless line of the Piedmontese army closed communication between Mantua and Verona. On the 22nd, the *plateau* of Rivoli was carried by Count Thurn. That night,—it was a fearful night—in the midst of thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain,—by roads almost impassable, and in darkness perfectly Cimmerian, Radetzky issued from the south-western gate of Verona with 18,000 men—"his horses' hoofs and the wheels of his artillery being covered with cloth," it is said, to obviate the slightest risk of the betrayal of his secret march,—thus realizing, as it were, that "delicate stratagem" of the lunatic Lear—to "shoe a troop of horse with felt!" His entire force at Verona Radetzky had previously divided into two corps of 18,000 men each, leaving 12,000 as reserve; and his purpose was to cut the extended line of the king, close his retreat at the Bridge of Goito—that "door to the trap of the four fortresses," as it has been aptly termed by Col. Forbes, and then rout the broken masses of troops in detail on the right and the left. Retarded several hours by the terrific night-storm, Radetzky, notwithstanding, at dawn, on the morning of Sunday, the 22nd, was at Somma-Campagna, ten

* As early as April, at Mantua and Verona, like loyalty was displayed.

miles distant, in the direction of Mantua. At eight o'clock he was before the intrenched lines of the enemy—took Gen. Broglia with his 10,000 men by surprise—carried the heights of Sona and Somma-Campagna by storm; and, before sunset, had regained a position which Charles Albert had required two months to secure.

On the morning of the 23rd, news of the defeat at Rivoli had reached the King, at his camp of Marmirolo under Mantua; and, shortly afterwards, on the still Sabbath air, came the boom of Radetzky's cannon from Somma-Campagna. With 21,000 men he at once set off in the direction of the report, and at night was at Villa Franca. Next morning, after a council of war of six hours, it was resolved to attack Somma-Campagna and Custoza. One hour before noon the fight began, and two hours after sunset Charles had fallen back again on Villa Franca. The battle was bloody and severely contested, but the Austrians prevailed. The heat of the day was terrible. Radetzky's bulletin of the 25th states, that, "from ten in the morning to seven in the evening, the thermometer exhibited 28° Reaumur—which is equivalent to 95° Fahrenheit—and that several of his soldiers, sun-struck, lost their senses, and died on the march." And yet, the hardy Croats were far better fitted by constitution, habits, and race, not to mention appropriate clothing, abundant food, and long rest and recruiting at Verona, to sustain this fiery fervor, than their half-famished, harassed, heavily-clothed, and worn-out adversaries. What wonder at the utter demoralization which succeeded this defeat! The King and his sons—the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa—fought gallantly; and, at one time, enveloped by the foe, they were saved from capture only by an intrepid charge of the Savoy Brigade. The cannon of the intrenched camp, the chest of the King, containing two millions of francs—and designed, it is said, to buy Verona of Lichtenstein—together with all the

royal table-silver, fell into the enemy's hands. The money was at once distributed among the soldiers. Among the remarkable incidents of this battle, not the least so was the reception by several of the leaders, especially by the Duke of Genoa and General Sonnaz, of mysterious orders, giving rise to great evils, which orders were subsequently disavowed by all the general staff, and never satisfactorily accounted for! *

At dawn on the 26th, Charles Albert retreated from Villa Franca towards Goito. An hour before sunset General Sonnaz, with the second corps of the Piedmontese, encountered the Lichtenstein Brigade in the streets of Volta. All night raged the conflict and with all conceivable horrors. The inhabitants sided with the Austrians. In the darkness, a squadron of Novara cavalry fell, by mistake, on a Savoy battalion outside the town, and many were slain. At dawn, Sonnaz retreated to the King at Goito. A truce was now asked, and was conceded, on condition of the immediate passage of the Oglio by the Piedmontese, while, for an armistice of three days, was prescribed retreat behind the Adda, surrender of Venice, Peschiera, Osopo, and Pizzighettone, and evacuation of Parma and Modena—in fine and in fact—the actual surrender of all Lombardy. The Piedmontese deputies were Generals Bes and Rossi—the Austrian, D'Aspre and Schwartzenberg. Refusing these humiliating terms—naturally, perhaps, yet, as the event proved, unwisely—Charles continued his retreat, but it was over a desert. The inhabitants had fled: the Lombard Commissaries with all their supplies had vanished! Yet, from the banks of the Mincio to those of the Oglio, and even to the Adda, staggered on more than

* Turin and Florence at first illuminated for a supposed Piedmontese victory at Custoza! The same illusion, we have seen, obtained at Venice. So slowly did Radetzky follow up Charles after this defeat, that a compact was said to have existed to that end! Vienna spared Sardinia as a bulwark against France, and Radetzky only obeyed orders!

40,000 of the starving fugitives in a mass—many of them falling dead every mile of heat, hunger, exhaustion, despair! It was a fearful retreat. In the passage of the Oglio panic seized a whole division, and, flinging down their arms, the men fled for their mountain-homes, spreading terror along their route. There were 15,000 stragglers. The Princess Belgiojoso in vain strove to rally them, as they fled like frightened things towards Milan or Turin.

Leaving Goito on the evening of the 27th, having recalled his troops from under Mantua, the King crossed the Oglio on the ensuing day, and, from Bozzolo, issued proclamations to his soldiers, to Lombardy and Venice, and to all Italy, urging a final struggle. On the 29th he reached Cremona, and was coldly received, when a truce was again demanded; but now its price was the entire expenses of the war, and was once more declined. Next morning the famished and fainting army, reduced from 80,000 to 20,000, resumed its retreat; and the same evening the Austrians were received with shouts of welcome into the same Cremona! On the 31st, Mr. Abercromby, Minister of England at Turin, on request of the Sardinian Government, waited on Radetzky with the Minister of France, at Camairago, with full powers to treat, after an interview with Charles Albert at Codogno, and requested of the Marshal an armistice of six days. "Not of a single hour!" was the reply. The danger of French intervention was urged. "We appreciate that danger," was the response; "but, at all hazards, we march on Milan." The Marshal was attended by Prince Schwartzberg. The ministers withdrew. The retreat of the King was at once resumed, though it was now ten o'clock at night—the gallant Brigade of Savoy covering the rear, and the blazing Bridge of Lodi, immortalized by Napoleon, lighting the fugitive path;* while the Mar-

* This celebrated bridge, which spans the Adda at Lodi, is constructed of oak--has no

shal, leaving 3,000 men at Cremona, and sending 10,000 to Pavia, to cut off the retreat towards the Ticino, followed slowly on with more than 30,000 troops—the whole country being meanwhile scoured by flying squadrons of Hulans, like scudding summer clouds, in pursuit of the tired fugitives.

arch, rests on tressels, and is five hundred feet long. Only the central portions of the structure were consumed in '48. The fire was set by the captain of a Lombard troop without order from the chief-in command, and was needless, as the town was not to be defended. With this exception, the bridge is the same now as when carried by Napoleon, on the evening of May 10th, 1796, at the head of three thousand grenadiers against 12,000 Austrian infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and a battery of thirty guns, the Austrian loss being 2,000 men and twenty guns. The locality is lovely. The Adda is a narrow but rapid stream. On the bank stands a stone statue of St. John of Nepomuk, which still bears marks of the balls of '96. This saint is the *tutelary* of the Adda as well as of the Moldau. On the middle of the bridge, which crosses the latter river at Prague, stands his statue over the spot where he met his fate. He was drowned by order of a King of Bohemia, for refusing to reveal the confessions of the queen. Subsequently the body enveloped in a halo, rose and demanded sepulchre; which, with great pomp, it received!

CHAPTER V.

THE MARSHAL AND THE KING.

It has been said that from the 22nd of March up to the 27th of July the return of Radetzky was, at Milan, deemed an impossibility: and this illusion, rumors, which were constantly arriving, tended to prolong and deepen. So late, indeed, as the 26th, a Piedmontese victory on the 24th, and the capture of from six to twelve thousand Austrians was officially announced: but, on the 27th came intelligence of the defeat of the 25th; and, on the 28th, confirmation of the very worst, filled the Lombard capital with woe. On the 31st emigration was forbidden on penalty of confiscation of property. On the same day a communication was addressed by the Lombard Government to Gen. Pepé at Venice, advising him of the fact that the Piedmontese army had been obliged to abandon the line of the Mincio and retire on the Oglio, and that it seemed the purpose of Radetzky to fall suddenly on Milan with his whole army; stating, also, that the formidable artillery of Charles had sustained no loss—the whole having been saved by Gen. Sommariva's precipitate retreat to Piacenza, across the Po:—that his cavalry was, likewise, complete, and that the dispersion of some corps of recruits and reserve had caused the

existing panic among the people : that the retreat had been caused only by the circumstance that the troops had been three days without food ; but that, having recovered their pristine vigor, they would give Radetzky a warm reception on the Adda and under Milan, did he dare to advance so far. The whole population was described as being ready to take up arms, and thousands were employed upon entrenchments. The National Guard was rising in a mass to rush into Lombardy, and priests preached the holy war, and taught the people to die martyrs rather than live slaves. The letter concludes by urging Pepé at once to take the offensive against the besieging force, and revolutionize Venetia, in order that the destruction of the barbarian might be complete before the arrival of French succor ! The ensuing day a second communication briefly informed Pepé of the mediation of Mr. Abercromby, and that the refusal of an armistice would provoke English and French intervention—suggesting the propriety of the occupation of as large a portion of Italian territory as possible, with a view to ulterior treaties.

Nor did these florid descriptions and sanguine anticipations seem unwarranted by current events at Milan. The National Guard was mobilized and ordered to march for the camp—strong positions were secured on the line of the Adda—bridges were blown up or broken down—roads were undermined or rendered impassable by trenches, and the population *en masse* seemed ready for war *à l'outrance*. But the line of the Adda was given up. On the 2nd of August Charles Albert was under the walls of Milan, which he had sworn never again to enter but as a victor ; and, on the night of the same day, Mazzini was on his route to Bergamo—unwilling to abide in the same city with one whom he had stigmatized as “ a tenebrious monarch, twice a renegade, twice a traitor.” But, on the evening of the 4th, after his last conflict before the walls, and

his final defeat, despite the most intrepid conduct, he was forced to enter the gates with his troops, or be taken captive.

Meantime, the tocsin pealed from every bell-tower in Milan: barricades rose, as if by magic, in every street: the gates were walled up: the bastions were manned: trees were felled which might obstruct the range of batteries on the ramparts; while, along the lines of defence, buildings to the value of millions of Lire were sacrificed, because they might facilitate the designs of the assailants. The entire population was in arms: 50,000 National Guards were drawn up on the Piazza d'Armi: a forced loan of four millions of Lire and a levy *en masse* were decreed: all horses and arms were seized for the public defence: munitions and supplies were abundant: "cart-loads of provisions encumbered the roads from sunrise to sunset:" 60,000 muskets were discovered secreted in the Engineers' Barracks; and forty heavy cannon frowned from the ramparts. Another "Five Days" was with joy anticipated, and the fate of Saragossa seemed welcomed by the bold sons of Milan. And, better, perhaps, had that fate been endured!

And the King Charles Albert?—Mazzini declares that he entered Milan with a capitulation in his pocket! Whether this was true or not, it is certain he entered with but 25,000 exhausted, dispirited troops, mostly dragoons and horse-artillery, his infantry force being completely broken up, and his heavy battery being south of the Po; and that this shattered fragment of his army was so "weary, wan, and woe-begone" in guise, and so ragged and vagabond-like in dress and aspect, that the very populace derided the poor fellows as they entered the gates, and called them Croats! And it is, also, certain, that Radetzky had at his bidding, at the same time, nearly 40,000 troops of all arms, and 150 of the most unanswerable of all arguments for surrender, in the shape of as many ponderous guns;

while, within twenty-four hours, he could, with bombs and balls, have laid Milan in ruins !

At midnight, on the 4th day of August, two deputations from Milan were in the camp of Radetzky at San Donato, six miles from the city. The first consisted of the Generals Rossi and Lazzari on part of Charles Albert—the second of the British Consul Lieutenant Campbell and the French *Chargé*, Reiset, on part of the subjects of their respective governments within the walls—which latter, by mistake, had, by the by, been greeted by an outpost with a shower of balls !

The military deputation was first received, and, after an interview of two hours, retired. The diplomatic envoys were then admitted, and demanded a truce of forty-eight hours to enable their countrymen to withdraw from the city. “But the city has capitulated!” replied the Marshal. And even so it was !

The amazement and indignation of the Milanese at this discovery had no bounds. Suspicion had now become certainty. The National Guard immediately surrounded the Casa Greppi, where the king had his head-quarters, and declared, that, in no event, should the royal traitor escape ;* while the traces of his carriages standing at the door were cut—the carriages themselves employed in barricades—the horses released, and much gold and valuable papers carried off. The excitement throughout the city became intense, and the cry—“Death to the traitor, Charles Albert!” was heard on every street. The palace of the Duke of Visconti, in course of the night was sacked. To calm the tumult, two members of the late Provisional Government waited on the king to

* From the moment Charles entered Milan, he was little better than a hostage or a captive. The civic militia had solicited the honor of acting as his body-guard, and, with the exception of twenty-five of his own *gensdarmes*, were alone near him.

entreat explanation; and, shortly returning, announced to the crowd, that only a *basis* of capitulation had been drawn up, and that it had been rejected by the king, who had most solemnly assured them on his honor, and with his life as the pledge, that "he would fight, with all his army, to the last moment." That same night, in order to quiet the uproar in the public square, the Duke of Genoa appeared on the balcony of the Casa Greppi, and repeated the same assurance in behalf of himself and father, entreating the populace to retire, and suffer the king, who was very ill, to take some repose; but he was received with a torrent of abuse. Even the king himself is said to have appeared on the balcony in obedience to the shouts of the people, when a ball struck just over his head, and a perfect shower of projectiles was sent after him as he retreated! Intelligence had been sent to Radetzky of the impossibility of fulfilling the terms of the capitulation, and that the people were busily barricading the streets, and preparing for defence. But the astute old Marshal calmly awaited the storm to blow over, and took not a step to meet its wrath.

All night the lodgings of Charles Albert continued surrounded by an infuriated mob. At three o'clock in the morning it was scattered by Gen. La Marmora with a battalion of *Bersaglieri*, aided by a sudden charge of cavalry and by blank discharges of cannon; in the midst of which diversion, favored by the dense darkness, the king and his sons escaped by the Vercelli gate, amid the execrations of the Milanese, untouched by the numerous bullets by which several of their followers were wounded. Joining his army, which had anxiously demanded to enter Milan and rescue their king, the line of march for the Ticino was at once taken up.

About the same hour the venerable Archbishop of Milan, accompanied by the Podesta of the city, Bassi, was returning from the

camp of Radetzky, whither they had been to explain the disturbances of the previous day, and to sign the same capitulation which had been proposed to Charles in the morning—a document which bears the name of Bassi, in behalf of Milan; Hess, in behalf of Radetzky; and Salasco, in behalf of the King.

Next morning, being that of Sunday, August 6th, at an early hour the gates were thrown open, and placards, signed by the Podesta, Bassi, appeared at every corner, announcing that, at eight o'clock, Marshal Radetzky would enter the city, agreeably to capitulation with his Majesty Charles Albert,—suggesting that the people of Milan would not, probably, suffer, and recommending that barricades, and tri-color flags and cockades should at once disappear. The suggestion was complied with, and, in the evening, when the Austrian troops entered the city, the place is said to have more resembled a city of the dead than a city of the living. It was Sunday, and the shops were closed; it was mid-summer, and the wealthier classes had retired to their villas. Thousands also had followed in the train of the Piedmontese, while those who were forced to remain, sullenly concealed themselves in their houses.* The troops, estimated at 30,000, were two and a half hours defiling through the streets.

About the same hour that Radetzky, with imposing pageant, was thus entering Milan in triumph, Charles Albert, with the broken battalions—the shattered squadrons of his once splendid host, was retreating slowly homeward over the Ticino: for the first time and the last, the cross of Savoy was floating at Venice above the winged lion from the memorable masts of the Place St. Mark: for the first time and the last, the German regiments were formally adopting

* It is said, that two-thirds of the whole population of Milan—which is reckoned at upwards of 100,000 souls—had left the city on that 6th of August!

the German tri-color at Vienna:* while the recently elected Regent, the Archduke John, was formally assuming their command, in accordance with the decree of the Frankfort Parliament of July 16th.

Once more within his own kingdom, Charles Albert, without even visiting Turin or Genoa, shut himself up for five weeks in the fortress of Alessandria, to brood over his defeat.

This monarch has been severely, perhaps unjustly, condemned for his conduct throughout the whole of this campaign from its commencement, and especially at its close. But, after all, his chief crime was, probably, incapacity. Treachery, in its worst signification, it could hardly have been. He has been condemned for approaching Milan, and thus rendering her liable to siege or assault; and the movement has been called "the last link in a long chain of errors—a blunder which admits of no defence." But he did this at her own earnest prayer. He was on the route to Pavia with his shattered army, when two deputations arrested his flight—one from Piedmont, calling him home—the other from Milan, entreating him to come there. "Honor calls me to Milan, and I go!" was his prompt answer. In his proclamation to his soldiers, August 12th, at Vigerano, he states that his army was too feeble and too destitute to defend Milan, and that the Milanese themselves assented to the capitulation. Fully aware that his conduct will be denounced, he also says—"God and my conscience are witnesses of the purity of my intentions; and I leave to the impartiality of history the judgment of my conduct. My heart has always beat for the independence of Italy; but Italy has not yet made known to the world what she can do for herself."

Charles Albert and his son, the Duke of Genoa, seem to have been doomed in 1848 to be crowned only in name. In July of

* Black, red, and gold—the colors of the ancient empire.

that year, the father became, nominally, king of Upper Italy ; but in a month his kingdom had vanished. Almost on the same day the son was elected king of Sicily ; but the defeat of the father was the signal for the bombardment of Messina by Ferdinand of Naples, which hurled the proffered sceptre beyond the grasp of the son. Sadly in 1848 was verified the declaration of Metternich in 1847 : a new kingdom of Italy was impossible.

The character of Charles Albert has been as variously drawn, as there have been views upon the cause in which he was engaged. He has been declared brave, warlike, astute, honest—abstemious, generous, and magnanimous : and it has also been said of him, that, broken in health and spirits, constitutionally shy, conscious of an unfavorable exterior, disappointed, defeated, and superstitious, he, probably, spoke truly to the deputies from Turin, when in August, '48, a fugitive in the fortress of Alessandria, he avowed himself “ anxious to lay down a life which had become a burthen.” His signal defeat in 1848 has been attributed to causes innumerable—to his own lack of experience, energy, decision, skill—to the incapacity or treachery of his generals—to the disorder, lack of discipline, insubordination, bad arrangement and bad equipment of his forces—to the notorious destitution of supplies and derangement of the Commissariat—to the absence of wise counsellors—to his own lack of confidence in the volunteers, and to their lack of confidence in him, based on his conduct in 1821 and in 1833—to a general jealousy and distrust of the Lombards amply reciprocated—to the ambitious, perchance perfidious, purpose of achieving an “ Italic Crown,” unaided by a portion of his destined subjects—to the discontent and disturbance in his own realm—to suspicion of France—to the sudden defection of the Bourbon and the Pope—to the diplomatic checks of foreign powers—to the threats of Germany and the warn-

ings of England, which paralyzed his navy in the Adriatic and his volunteers in the Alps ; but, above all, to the genius and generalship of a veteran opponent, and the bravery and discipline of a hardy host. Yet, after all, say his critics, his greatest crime was the surviving the fall of Milan. Had he but sought death on Austrian bayonets beneath the walls of that beleaguered capital, his blood would have satisfied or reconciled all factions, and redeemed Italy. Like Macbeth, "they had tied him to a stake:" but, unlike Macbeth, he dared not—*did* not die! Yet, "only on his grave could his sins be forgiven!"

The convention of armistice between the Sardinian and Austrian armies, as a prelude to negotiations for peace, was formally executed on the 9th of August, at Milan, by the signatures of Hess, Quarter-master General of the Austrian army, and Salasco, Chief of the Staff of the army of Charles Albert. It stipulated that the frontier of the respective states should constitute the line of demarcation between the two armies—that the fortresses of Peschiera, Rocca d'Anfo, and Osopo, and the town of Brescia, should be evacuated by the Sardinians and occupied by the Austrians within three days—all the material of war belonging to Austria to remain, and the retiring troops to take with them all arms, munitions, &c., belonging to them, and to proceed by regular marchings, and by the shortest routes, into the Sardinian States ; that the States of Modena and Parma, and the city of Piacenza, with its territory, should also be evacuated within three days—that the convention applied, moreover, to the city and province of Venice, all Sardinian forces, whether of the land or of the sea, to evacuate the city, the forts and ports of that place, and to re-enter the Sardinian States—the land-forces making their retreat by land, and by regular marches upon an appointed route ; that the persons and property of the places named

were placed under the protection of the Imperial Government—that the armistice should continue in force for six weeks, in order to give opportunity for negotiations of peace, at the expiration of which term to be prolonged by common accord, or to be denounced eight days before the resumption of hostilities; and, finally, that commissioners should be named on both sides to facilitate the amicable execution of the convention.

All of the articles of this convention were at once executed except the fourth, relating to Venice; and, that city excepted, Austrian Italy was, at the close of August, 1848, in a more hopeless condition than at the commencement of the preceding March.

As for the detached bands of volunteers, Crociati, and Condottieri, scattered over Lombardy, as well as the 14,000 fugitives on the hills, they had all, before the middle of August, with, perhaps, a single exception, disappeared—despite Mazzini's proclamation that "the royal war was over, and that of the people was about to commence," when, on the morning of the 3rd, he joined the corps of Medici of 4,000 men, at Bergamo, and displayed the banner of "Young Italy." Marching to Monza in a drenching rain, news of the fall of Milan and the approach of the Huns drove back the band to Como. Thence to Lugano, over the Alps, into the Italian Canton of Ticino, fled the fugitive with a few friends, walking forty miles in a single night, and remaining there until the 7th of February, when he repaired to Florence on the flight of Leopold, and thence to Rome, in April, on his election to the Assembly.

On the 11th of August, news of the fall of Milan reached Griffini, at Brescia, with 5,000 Lombards, when, the inhabitants declining his proffered defence, he effected a retreat to the Grisons, with the loss of nearly half his force and nearly all his artillery, luggage, and am-

munition ; and there, laying down their arms, his men were marched into Piedmont:

Durando, brother of the Roman General, after fighting his way with his 5,000 volunteers from the Tyrol to Brescia, capitulated on the 13th to Schwartzberg, at Bergamo, with 1,500 Croats, with the assent of his troops, after consulting Mazzini at Lugano ; and the whole body were marched over the Ticino.

Garibaldi with a thousand men haunted the mountains and lakes around Como and Varese a few weeks ; but finally crossed the Ticino on the 26th, with the last remnant of the Lombard volunteers of '48, those at Venice only excepted.

On the 7th of August, Lombardy and Milan were declared under martial law ; a conscription of all males between the years of eighteen and forty was ordered for the army ; and all absentee citizens were called on to return to their homes within eight days on pain of confiscation of their property.

Prince Felix Schwartzberg,* who, having joined Radetzky after his flight from Naples in March, had been in active service throughout the campaign, and had received wounds at Santa Lucia in May and Goito in June, was named Military Governor. One month later General Wimpfen, who was subsequently appointed Admiral of the Austrian navy, was called to succeed the prince. At the same time the Emperor proclaimed an amnesty to all political offenders in Lombardy, and renewed the promise of a constitution. On the 10th, the Duke of Modena entered his capital, and the temporary government of Parma was assumed by the Austrians in the name of its legitimate ruler, agreeably to the armistice. Tuscany was relieved

* In November of '48, Prince Schwartzberg succeeded Baron Wessenberg, as Minister of Foreign Affairs and virtual Premier, at Vienna, which position he retained until his death by apoplexy, April 5th, 1852. His brother, Prince Charles Schwartzberg succeeded Wimpfen as Governor of Milan.

from invasion by mediation of the British Minister; and soon afterwards declared a *quasi* Republic—doomed to demolition by Austria a few months later. Austrian troops at the same time, were temporarily withdrawn from Bologna.

The defeat and humiliation of Charles Albert were terrible. Never since the days of Napoleon had there been a series of military movements so rapid, so brilliant, so successful, as those of Radetzky during the fortnight last past. Indeed, as the old Marshal pressed on “from conquering to conquer,” at Rivoli, Sona, Somma-Campagna, Custoza, Volta, Cremona, Pizzighettone and Milan,—seven distinct battles—how vividly must he have recalled the scenes of more than fifty years since, when, driven over the same vast plains by Napoleon,—and, subsequently, over those of Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Wagram—his earliest laurels were won by his skill—in *covering a retreat!* Ah, had Italy had but another Napoleon in '48! Nevertheless, the old man merited well the distinctions showered on him by his own Government—the vote of thanks from the National Assembly at Vienna, as well as the autograph letter from Nicholas of Russia accompanying the grand cross of the order of St. Anne for his brilliant campaign. “He had accomplished what statesmen had called it insane to contemplate as possible; and his single head and heart had given back to Austria the dominion of Lombardy.” With pardonable vanity, therefore, might the old Marshal on the 7th of August say to his soldiers—“You have marched from victory to victory! The imperial standard waves again in triumph over Milan, and no more does a hostile footstep press the soil of Lombardy!”

Joseph Count Radetzky, of Radetz, is the oldest military man in Europe—perhaps in the world. He was born at Trebenitz in Bohemia, in 1766. He has now, therefore, (1853,) attained the extraor-

dinary age of eighty-seven. He is still, however, energetic and vigorous both in body and mind—an energy and vigor which he, doubtless, owes to the regular and active habits of a whole life. He is said, even at his present advanced age, always to rise at four, and to pass many hours of each day in the saddle. The stiffness of his joints forces him to receive aid in mounting; but, once on horseback, it is impossible to displace him. Ever since the age of twenty he has been in active military service. In '86, he received a commission as second Lieutenant of cuirassiers, having completed his studies as a cadet in Hungary; and his earliest campaigns were as first Lieutenant against the Turks, in 1787–88. During the campaigns of '93–94 against the French, he became second captain of horse. In '95 he was on the Rhine, and in '96 in Italy, where, advanced to the office of Adjutant, he is said to have distinguished himself by an attack on the right wing of the French at Voltri. In '99, he was Major of pioneers under the aged Baron de Melas, eighty-four years old, when, during Napoleon's absence in Egypt, the French were nearly driven out of Italy, by Suwarrow, with the allied army of Russians and Austrians. Next spring, however, his peculiar talent for covering a retreat was called into requisition at Marengo, and he reached Hohenlinden just in time to afford the same service—a very valuable one, no doubt, at any time, but, in Napoleon's day, especially valuable to Austrians—to his compatriots there. For this service he received his first decoration, that of the order of Maria Theresa. He had now become a Colonel; and, in 1805, as a Major-General, under the Archduke Charles, his genius as a retreating general was again called actively into exercise, more especially at Austerlitz and Wagram. He distinguished himself in 1809, on the battle-field of Aspern, on the Danube, near Vienna, where he was promoted to the rank of *Feldzeugmestre*, or Lieuten-

ant-Field-Marshal. In 1810-12, he was a war-councillor at Vienna; and in 1813-15 served under Prince Charles Schwartzberg in the campaigns of Bohemia. He was at the battle of Kulm, and, under the Archduke Charles at Agram and Erlingen. He, also, witnessed Napoleon's terrible defeat at Leipsic, after two days' fighting and the slaughter of 50,000 men, and received three orders for conduct immediately after. At Brienne he behaved well, and was decorated with three additional orders. He was not at Waterloo, nor, indeed, in the field at all in 1815; though, at the close of that year, he became Imperial Privy Councillor, and received two more orders, and a sword of honor from Russia. In 1818, he was General of division in Oedenburg and in Hungary, and in '29 was promoted to General of cavalry and Commandant of the fortress of Olmutz in Moravia. Subsequently, he was Governor of Ofen in Hungary, and afterwards of Lemberg in Poland. In '32, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in Italy, and in '36 became Field-Marshal, which rank—the highest known among military men in Europe, and which is now possessed in the Austrian Empire only by himself and some four or five others, covered him all over with orders and decorations from every Continental Court.* His conduct in the campaign of '48, when, for the first time in a long military career, he found himself in command of an army in active service, at the age of eighty-two—recalling to one's mind the campaigns of his old general, Baron de Melas, yet more aged, on the same ground, almost fifty years before, though with less fortunate

* Radetzky's orders and decorations number about twenty in all. His full title, or rather his "tail" at full length, as a Scotchman would term it, is somewhat as follows:—His Excellency Joseph Count Radetzky, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of the Military Order of Maria Theresa, and of the Austrian Leopold Order, Knight of the Austrian Order of the Iron Crown, Grand Cross, Commander and Knight of many foreign high orders, Imperial Royal Actual Privy Counsellor, Chamberlain, Field-Marshal, Commander of the Army in Italy, and Governor-General of the Lombardo-Veneto Kingdom, etc., etc

results, has been already reviewed. That in the campaign of the ensuing year is to come.

Independently of Radetzky's extreme age, other things being equal, it is not at all remarkable that Charles Albert should have proven no match for the veteran, or even for either one of his able subalterns—D'Aspre, Welden, Lichtenstein, Nugent, or Haynau. To but very little end indeed had Radetzky been a soldier for more than sixty years, and served for more than twenty of those years under the ablest captains of his age, against the ablest captain of any age, even though with constant defeat and retreat, if, with the best soldiers in Europe, against equal numbers, and with able colleagues and counsellors, he could not prove a match and an over-match for a man who, however brave, never in his life had served but a single campaign—a campaign in 1823, at the head of a column of the French army that defeated the Spanish Constitutionalists, and restored a Bourbon to the throne;* while he was constantly harassed and betrayed at his capital and in his camp.†

After all, Radetzky seems to owe much of his position and distinction rather to negative than to positive qualities—rather, indeed, to good luck in carrying off his life with him from the many bloody battle-fields from which he managed to make good a retreat, thus

* At Trocadero, in this campaign, Charles Albert won renown.

† In accounting for the unhappy issue in Lombardy, it has been said, with much force, that Charles Albert joined the Lombards more from dread of a republic so near him, than from a single and sincere desire to expel the barbarians from Italy, and that he sought to accomplish the work without their aid; while they, distrusting his designs, were not anxious to shed their blood to build up a monarchy instead of a republic: thus, between the two, it is not difficult to imagine how the cause was lost. Either party, alone, might have proved an over-match for Radetzky: together they neutralized each other, and became his easy prey. It has also been said that Radetzky's errors in the campaign equalled those of Charles; but that he had "the luck, the rations, and the experience" to avail himself of the others errors, which Charles had not. The Austrians were always out-fought by Charles's troops; but himself was always out-generated by Radetzky.

mounting into the places of those more rash, or more brave, who fell—than, perhaps, to anything else besides. Doubtless, he is a most *discreet* man, and a most sage and safe counsellor, for he has always been a capital *retreating* general, though he seems never to have performed a brilliant feat of arms or achievement in tactics of any other description, in all his career, prior to 1848. He is entitled rather to the fame of Fabius than to that of Cæsar. He is a great favorite with his young master, the Emperor—the fifth Sovereign of the House of Hapsburg he has served—and, as has been intimated, has received from him numerous additions to his already numberless orders, honors, and decorations, for his management of affairs in Lombardy and Venice in '48–49. One of the latest of his orders was bestowed by the King of Wurtemberg at Venice, in August of 1851.

The old Marshal is now Military Governor of the Lombardo-Veneto he lost and won; and he governs with considerable tact, although, as the numerous arrests, imprisonments, and executions in all the chief towns would indicate, with extreme severity. Nevertheless, he is the most popular of all the Austrian generals who have served in Italy—though that is not saying much—especially so at Milan and Venice, which cities he spared the horrors of assault in '48–49. Venice testified her gratitude by the present of a splendid table of glass in '51, from the celebrated works at Murano. With his soldiers his popularity is boundless. It is related of Radetzky that he once told Baron Haynau at Vienna, that a guard of 10,000 men could not protect him in Italy, while he himself might ride safely in an open coach. Haynau was called “the hyena of Brescia,” for his atrocious cruelties at that place,* hardly surpassed by those of sub-

* This name was, probably, suggested by Haynau's gray mustache, eight or ten inches in length. Otherwise, he certainly did not look the hyena he was.

sequent occurrence in Hungary, against which the old Marshal solemnly protested. "Amnesty or no amnesty"—this was the question in the Council at Vienna. Radetzky urged the former—Haynau the latter: and for a time Haynau horribly triumphed.

There can be no doubt that, compared with—or rather contrasted with—Haynau, Radetzky is a perfect Samaritan. Radetzky's residence is Monza, a town near Milan, where is kept the iron crown of Lombardy—the crown of Charlemagne and Napoleon—the crown constructed of the nails of the crucifixion! In person he is of low stature, with small limbs, broad shoulders, rather full chest and body; hair gray and closely cut, lips thick, brow large and furrowed; complexion pallid rather than rubicund or dark; moustache heavy and snowy white; eyes small, very red, and seemingly very weak; expression sad and sombre rather than stern; movements slow but firm, and figure erect and commanding, though he always uses a staff.*

* Rumor has been more than ordinarily busy with the old Marshal's name during the twelvemonth last past. In the autumn of '52, it was announced that he was about retiring from active military service to his villa at Kaybach, in Bohemia: subsequently, that he was in much trouble because of the irregularities of a dissolute son, an officer in Italy: subsequently, that he was in disgrace at Vienna, and was about being laid on the shelf "with the title of Prince," because he had hesitated to sign the death-warrants of the condemned of Mantua, and because he had been disrespectful to the Church, ordering Bishops to communicate to him their correspondence from Rome, and forbidding priests in Lombardy to preach without his permission: subsequently, that he had been exceedingly cruel towards the insurrectionists of Milan, of February, '53: and, finally, that he was to be superceded in the command of the Austrian army in Italy by the Archduke Albert, or was to receive as a colleague the Archduke William:—the first of all of which rumors is the most probable, and the last of all of which is the least so. Of this we may be sure, that, so long as Marshal Radetzky will consent to govern the Lombardo-Veneto, so long will he do so, though at his extreme age he is, doubtless, solicitous of repose. But an evil day will it be for Austrian rule in Italy, when, by infirmity, or disease, or death, Radetzky is removed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LION AND THE CROSS.

THE defeat of Charles Albert, and the consequent capitulation of Milan, fell on Venice like a thunderbolt from a serene sky. To her, it was little less than the hand-writing on the wall—the portent and the prophecy of her own impending doom. The fall of Peschiera, which brought no results, was most insanely over-estimated in its importance; and, despite the fact of the subsequent capitulation of Vicenza, and the recovery by the Austrians of all Venetia, and the strange inaction, if not palpable incapacity of Charles Albert, the most extraordinary successes were anticipated from his arms.

We have seen, that the transfer of the powers of the Provisional Government of a Republic into the hands of the Provisional Government of a Monarchy, on the 6th of July, had, by no means, been attended with the entire assent and confidence of the people of Venice. Circumstances, during the residue of the month, had not tended to increase that confidence—some of the decrees of the new government being deemed decidedly objectionable; and, at length, on the last day of July, when the appalling intelligence of the fall of Milan reached the city, distrust and dissatisfaction broke out into open murmurs. On the 2nd of August, a meeting of two

hundred and fifty persons was held at the *Casino dei Cento* for the purpose of deliberating on the grave contingencies into which the country had fallen ; and, among the measures decided upon, was an immediate and bold demand on the Government for the institution of a " Committee of Defence," as had been the policy pursued in other cities in like crises—the appointment of a " Committee of War" being deemed a measure incomplete and insufficient, and designed only to maintain armed discipline. This demand the Government not only refused to comply with, but it most injudiciously recalled to the minds of those who urged it, certain penal articles of the Austrian code, which prohibited popular assemblages for political purposes ; and even went so far as to issue a decree, ordering all persons, not citizens of the city or province of Venice, or who could not justify their longer sojourn, to depart within twenty-four hours ! It need hardly be stated, that measures so nearly resembling those of Austrian tyranny, did not tend to the popularity of the new government.

But this was one of its last acts in its provisional form. Next day, the Assembly was convoked to convene on the 7th, to invest with authority the ministry of Charles Albert ; and, on the ensuing day, being the 6th of August, exactly one month from its assumption of power, it announced the cessation of its functions—an announcement gladly welcomed on account of its numerous decrees savoring of absolutism—at the same time announcing the names of the three extraordinary Commissioners of Charles Albert, into whose hands the government was committed ; the Marquis Victor Colli di Fellizano, the royal Major-General and Senator Chevalier Ludovico Cibrario member of the Superior Royal Chamber of Accounts, and the Doctor Giacomo Castelli of Venice, President of the Pro-

visional Government which had just resigned. The Act of Fusion published the same day was in tenor as follows:—

“ We, Eugene, Prince of Savoy-Carignano, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty in the Sardinian states in the absence of his Majesty, in consideration of the resolution of the city and province of Venice of the fourth of last month, which was remitted to his Majesty on the twelfth of that month at his head-quarters at Roverbella, declaring the general wish of this population to be united to our state, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies have adopted, and We, in virtue of powers conferred on us, do order, as follows:—

“ 1st. The immediate re-union of the city and province of Venice decreed by the Assembly of her Representatives is adopted. The city and province of Venice, conjointly with the Sardinian states and others already incorporated, will constitute one and the same kingdom, and that upon the conditions fixed by the act of the annexation of Lombardy.

“ 2nd. There shall be for the Venetian Provinces, as for the Lombard provinces, an extraordinary consulta, composed of the members of the present Provisional Government, and of two members of each one of the committees of the four provinces of Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and Rovigo, comprised in the act of annexation. If the three provinces of Verona, Udine, and Belluna desire to unite themselves to these states, each one can also delegate two deputies to the Council. The Ministerial Secretaries of State are charged with the execution of the present law, which shall be sealed with the seal of state, published in the city and the corporations of the province of Venice, and inserted in the bulletin of the official acts. Given at Turin, the 27th of July, 1848. (Signed) Eugene of Savoy, Selopis, Di Revel, Gazelli; and Vincenzo Ricci, for the Comptroller General.”

The three Royal Commissioners announced their entrance on the functions of government by the following proclamation :—

“ Citizens ! Called to this act by your own free will, the King Charles Albert proclaims that you are admitted as an integral part of his great regenerated family. Venetians ! The King knows, loves, and admires this generous people, who, at an epoch of general servitude, has been the first to erect in its Lagune an altar to Liberty ; this people, which, having attained to the supremacy of the seas, has more than once saved Italy menaced by the barbarians ; which has offered an hospitable asylum to the arts and the sciences ; which has shone, and will shine, in History beside nations most celebrated ; which, finally, in the great insurrection of Italy which has risen, has showed itself worthy of its glorious ancestors, and reclaimed with energy and perseverance its proper independence. The king knows you and loves you, and, in admitting you to the number of his children, he feels strongly in his heart what an increase of power and of splendor the Italian Union will acquire, which is yet only of a nature to give full success to our valor against the numerous cohorts of our foes. Venetians ! Charles Albert was eager to pour out for you his own blood and that of his sons, before the least sign of your generous purpose to unite yourselves with the Constitutional Kingdom of Upper Italy founded by him, had reached his ears. Imagine, then, with what cordiality he turns his eyes upon you, now that the Cross of Savoy and the glorious Lion of St. Mark are found united on the common banner of Italian independence ! Citizens ! Without hard trials, without dangers, without sacrifices, the nationalities can not establish nor maintain themselves. Whoever loves liberty and his country, ought to submit to privations of every kind, so that he may live free, and so that his country may be independent. He who calculates the magnitude of the sacrifice is not

a good citizen, is not a good Italian. Thanks to your bravery, you are now free, and no one can tear from you this supreme good, if you persist in maintaining that bravery, and love of order, and observance of law and discipline, without which liberty rushes to ruin. But we who have been charged with the honorable, yet difficult mission to govern, in the name of the king, this remarkable city and this generous people, depending on the support of all good citizens, implore that assistance, by the aid of which the Provisional Government has been able to conduct to a good end the laborious task, with which the confidence of their fellow-citizens had honored it. Particularly do we implore the aid of that tried citizen-soldiery, which, on occasions so numerous, has already given proofs of its attachment to the noble cause of Italy. Let us consecrate, brothers, our united powers to the general weal; and let us be sure, that, so long as we shall be firm and united, Venice is impregnable; and let us shout—*Viva San Marco! Viva Carlo Alberto! Viva l'Italia!* (Signed) Colli, Cibrario, Castelli.”

On the morning of Monday, August 7th, from the summits of those three celebrated masts which stand before the cathedral of St. Mark, rolled out in the fresh sea-breeze the folds of a banner never before beheld among all those which, during the last half century, had succeeded each other on that memorable spot. That banner was the Italian tri-color bearing the lion of St. Mark, surmounted by the cross of Savoy.

At ten o'clock, in the great Hall of Council of the Ducal Palace, which had beheld so many spectacles—yet none like this—amid the roar of artillery and the pealing of bells, the Provisional Government proceeded to the solemn act of the cession of the territorial supremacy and sovereignty of the city and province of Venice, with all their forces of the land and the sea, in favor of his Majesty,

Charles Albert, and his descendants ; and to the investiture of the three Royal Commissioners with the possession, in the King's name. This ceremony was performed with the greatest pomp, in the presence of the Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Monico ; the Commander-in-chief of the Venetian forces, General Pepé ; the Commandant of the Civic Guard, Mengaldo ; the President of the Tribunal of Appeal, Foscarini ; the Podesta, Correr ; the Fleet-admiral, Bua ; as well as of the Presidents of the different administrative and judicial departments of Government, and of the deputies of the National Assembly. Few of the people, however, were present in the Hall or in the Square below. Doubtful, probably, as to the light in which by them might be viewed the extraordinary proceeding, they had not been, as was usual, notified that a public ceremony was about to take place ; or, if they had been, they refused to honor it—as sometimes the wont of this strange people—with their presence : for, “ God save the King ! never found an echo in a Venetian heart.”

Immediately upon the inauguration of the Royal Commissioners, the President of the Assembly declared that body dissolved, the purpose of its convocation having been accomplished, and there being no necessity for the election of Members of the Government as contemplated by the call of the 4th of the current month.

Thus, then, on Sunday, the 6th day of August, the Republic of Venice passed under the power and rule of Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, by its own free will, and became a province of the Realm of Upper Italy ; and, on that same Sunday, the 6th day of August, and almost at the same hour of that day, Marshal Radetzky was entering Milan in triumph at the head of his army, and Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, with a mere fragment of his shattered cohorts, was creeping over the Ticino, a fugitive—without power,

without rule, without one shadow of that Realm of Upper Italy he had so proudly vaunted!

On the following morning the people of Venice were amazed by the subjoined Official Publications:—

“The Commander-in-chief of the Army of Reserve to the Provisional Government of Venice. After a severe combat of three days, the army of Charles Albert has been completely defeated: our army is this day on the Oglio. I am a man of honor: deceptions would be unworthy and even useless, since you could so very soon rectify them. This is the moment—but the last—for the discussion of your cause, before it may be lost for ever. I have the honor to be, &c. (Signed) The Commander-in-chief of the Second corps of Reserve, WELDEN.—Mestre, 27th July, 1848.”

To this the Provisional Government returned the following response:—

“Excellency! We have received the letter you addressed us on the 27th of July. We appreciate the sentiments by which you are prompted. We take, upon your word, the fact you announce to us. You say that this is the moment, but the last, for the discussion of our cause before it may be lost for ever. We must, nevertheless, pray your Excellency to consider, that we are not competent *alone* to treat upon a cause, which is ours only in common with all Italy. But, were this cause reduced to Venice alone, we think we could prove to your Excellency that it is yet far from being lost. We have the honor,” &c.

The publication of these documents on the 8th of August, bearing date nearly two weeks before, proved, beyond all question, that the act of annexation had been proceeded with, after it was positively known to the Provisional Government and the Royal Commissioners, that Charles Albert's cause was lost—that his army was routed and

in full flight, and that Milan was on the point of being retaken! This was infamous; and the indignation of the Venetians was proportioned to the shamefulness of the deception.

Next day arrived rumor of the capitulation of Milan; and the people, assembling around the National Palace, called on the Commissioners to resign. These gentlemen appeared, and having declared that no official intelligence from the army had yet reached them, pacified the multitude for the time by announcing that France and England had intervened as mediators! On the 10th, a private letter addressed to Castelli was published, stating that the enemy had been defeated before the gates of Milan, and that the French ambassador had promised prompt succor from the French nation. At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 11th, however, a *parlementaire* brought from Mestre to the Royal Commissioners the subjoined despatch:—

“The General-in-Chief of the second corps of reserve to Messieurs the Commissioners Extraordinary of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, at Venice:—I have the honor to transmit to you the enclosed official document, which I have received. Convinced that the officers charged by his Majesty the King of Sardinia with the execution of the articles of the convention will arrive without delay, I submit to you, Messieurs the Commissioners, the power to terminate, or to continue, present hostilities. Accept the expression of my high consideration. Padua, Aug 11, 1848. (Signed)

WELDEN.”

The document enclosed was a duplicate of the armistice executed on the 9th at Milan by Hess and Salasco, the substance of which has already been given.

On the reception of this despatch the Commissioners at once convoked the *Consulta* to deliberate on a response to Baron Wel-

den. At one o'clock the Council assembled at the National Palace, when the Piedmontese Commissioners declared, that they could not credit such intelligence as that communicated by the despatch: nevertheless, in event of its authenticity, they would never assent to the surrender of Venice in accordance with the armistice; but that, the moment it became officially confirmed, they should consider their mission at an end, and Venice again in the political condition in which she was before her annexation to Sardinia. The Venetian Commissioner, Castelli, declared, moreover, that the armistice was not obligatory on Venice, since an assent of the *Consulta*, convened under the second article of the act of annexation was indispensable to the decision of her fate: and, as the King by the armistice had disposed of Venice without her consent, the annexation ought, also, to be considered as null, and the sovereignty of the Republic as continuing to exist. To this the Piedmontese Commissioners acceded, and it was resolved, that, on the reception of the first official intelligence, the Assembly should be convoked to meet the day next succeeding; and that, in regard of the present crisis, measures should, without delay, be taken to close hermetically all the entrances to the Lagune, while a Committee of Defence should at once be created.

Castelli, immediately upon adjournment of the *Consulta*, sought Manin, and communicated to him all that had passed; and, after laying before him the necessity of taking resolutions most prompt and energetic to save the country, it was decided that the *Consulta* should re-assemble at eight that evening, when Manin, with the Commissioners, should be present. At five o'clock, however, arrived the Postal steamer from Ravenna. She brought no courier from Milan or Turin, nor any intelligence whatever, official or otherwise, of any capitulation. But she brought a copy of *Il Pensiero*

Italiano, a Genoese journal, dated the 9th, which fully confirmed the worst apprehensions. In that paper appeared the subjoined official document, bearing date Turin, August 8th, and the signature of Collegno, War Minister of Sardinia :—

“ Communications with the enemy are opened anew. After the battle of the 4th, his Majesty shut himself up in Milan to partake the fate of that city ; but, perceiving plainly that the force of the enemy, constantly increasing, would not suffer him to oppose effective resistance, and wishing to spare that capital the horrors which would be the consequence of being taken by assault or by famine, the King evacuated the place, after a capitulation, which guarantees the Milanese the protection of life and property. Our army has retired behind the Ticino. His Majesty was yesterday, the 6th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at Magenta. As soon as are received the details of the military operations of these last days, they will be at once brought to the knowledge of the public.”

Venice was all alive with rumors, each more startling and preposterous than the other. Neither the despatch of August 11th, from Baron Welden, enclosing the armistice, nor the bulletin from the Sardinian Minister of War in the Genoese journal, had been given to the people in confirmation of the despatch of Welden of the 27th of July, or of the numberless rumors, which, by private sources, and by the steamer which had just descended the Po from Ferrara, had arrived. Agitated by these exciting reports, the whole population, at nightfall, gathered itself together in the old Square of St. Mark. Agreeably to engagement, Manin, with the three Commissioners was to meet the *Consulta*, at eight o'clock, at the National Palace, for conference. But, long before that hour had arrived, the Piazza and the Piazzetta were crowded with a vast multitude, shouting incessantly, with tumultuous impatience, be-

neath the windows of the Commissioners—*Notizie! Notizie!* The news! The news! At length, an *Attachè* of the Government appeared on the balcony, and read aloud to the people, breathless and still with solicitude, the official bulletin from Turin, in the *Pensiero*. The two Piedmontese Commissioners then showed themselves on the balcony, and declared that official despatches had not yet reached them, but that it was to be feared, that the worst of apprehensions might be realized when they arrived. “And so Milan has capitulated?” shouted a voice from below. “What are the conditions?” The Commissioners, after considerable hesitation, communicated a portion only of the armistice. “And as for us?—As for the Sardinian fleet?—As for our own fleet?” continued the voice—“Tell us all!” “Yes—all—all!” echoed the multitude with fearful unanimity. After much delay and hesitancy, the Commissioner Colli admitted, that a distinction must, he presumed, be made between the Sardinian and the Venetian fleet: that the latter could yet be relied on for the defence of Venice, but he could not guarantee the continued presence of the former. At this unwelcome information the infuriated people shouted—*Abbasso il governo regio! Abbasso i commissarii! Viva Manin!* Down with the royal government! Down with the commissioners! Live Manin! At this moment, Castelli, who had fortunately just arrived with Manin, appeared with the popular favorite on the balcony; when the shouts of the people, as they recognized his person, became perfectly deafening. At length, at his urgent prayer, they listened to Castelli, who assured them that no official intelligence whatsoever, compromising the safety and independence of Venice, had arrived; but that, so soon as any intelligence confirming rumors of that character should arrive, the Commissioners would, on the instant, retire, and the Assembly of the representatives of the people

should be convoked. "The Piedmontese and Castelli must abdicate immediately!" shouted a voice in the crowd. "All my life have I been only a Venetian," instantly replied Castelli; "and from this moment I quit this commission." The Piedmontese at the same time declared to those around them that, henceforth, they should abstain from all acts of administration whatsoever.

Uproar and tumult now took possession of the Place St. Mark, and the agitated multitude rolled hither and thither, like the billows of the Adriatic driven before a sirocco. *Fummo traditi—venduti vilmente! Morte ai commissarii! Abbasso il governo regio! Vogliamo Manin! Viva Manin, salvatore della patria!* We have been betrayed—shamefully sold! Death to the commissioners! Down with the royal government! We will have Manin! Live Manin, saviour of the country! Such were the cries which came up from the indignant and agitated crowd. It was a wild scene, that midnight-storm of the people in the ancient Square of St. Mark; and it is not strange it should have amazed, even if it did not terrify, the two Commissioners from Turin, who never before had witnessed a tempest of Venetian rage. "Most sincerely do we participate in your distress," they exclaimed. "We, too, are Italians, and we cherish for your cause sentiments as noble as can any son of Venice!"

The Commissioners then retired and resigned their trusts, when, at their request, Manin appeared on the balcony and announced the fact to the people. "The Royal Commissioners have this moment retired from the government. The day after to-morrow the Assembly of the representatives of the city and province of Venice will re-unite in the Grand Hall of Council of the old Republic, and will nominate a new government." Then, in a loud and commanding voice, he added—"During the forty-eight hours that intervene,

I GOVERN !” *Viva Manin ! Si ! Si !* Yes ! yes !—shouted the multitude, thus cordially ratifying the assumed Dictature of a man in whom all Venice reposed confidence unbounded. “What a splendid moment in the life of that great man !” exclaims a cotemporary writer, who beheld the scene. “What an imposing spectacle that immense Diet of the People, holding its session, at midnight, in the Place St. Mark, lighted only by the magic moon of Venice ! How wondrous was the stillness of that infuriated multitude, the moment that the words of this father of the people fell on its ears ; and what thunders of applause awaited his conclusion !”

The course pursued by Manin seems to have been adopted upon the recommendation of Baron Pepé. At an early hour, the people had assembled under his windows and borne him to the National Palace, proclaiming him Dictator. He had replied, that, willing though he was to submit to any sacrifice, yet, that he could be of no more service to Venice as Dictator than as Commander-in chief, and that he would suggest the bestowal upon Manin of extended powers for two days, and the immediate convoking of the Assembly for the creation of a permanent government.

Manin had retired from the balcony upon pronouncing the brief edict—“For forty-eight hours I govern !” but the multitude still continuing to fill the square, Manin again appeared and thus addressed them :—“In a few minutes, the *generale* will beat for the Civic Guard to fly to arms. From each battalion will be selected a number of men who will at once march for Malghera, menaced this night by attack.” “We will *all* march !” responded the people—“Arms ! Arms !” “You shall have arms,” replied Manin. “Everything supplies arms to a people that defends itself. Think of the 22nd of March ! With what arms did you chase hence the Austrians ? And, now, go home. For a time, let this place be de-

serted. Silence and repose are indispensable to provide for the necessities of the country." At these words the multitude at once began silently to disperse ; and, soon after, when the *generale* was beaten, the Civic Guard assembled at its quarters with extraordinary promptitude. A body of seven hundred volunteers offered their services for the night, and, within the hour, they were on the march over the Railroad Bridge to the fortress.

Thus was a second change of government effected in Venice without the effusion of a drop of blood, although, at one time, the violence of the multitude, and the insulting cries of the crowds assembled around the guard-house of the Piedmontese battalions, seemed to menace collision.

Immediately on the disappearance of the people, a council was held, with Manin in the chair, and measures for the external defence and internal tranquillity of the city were at once adopted. That same night, or rather morning—for it was now three o'clock—Tom-maseo, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, started for France, to demand succor, followed by citizen Toffoli, the tailor—a member of the original Provisional Government, it will be remembered, without portfolio. Anticipations of intervention by the French Republic were sanguine in the minds of many ; but, in the words of an Italian writer, "*I piu saggi vedono essere un edificio fondato nell' onda.*" Those more wise beheld only an edifice founded on the waves.

Next morning the Winged Lion had resumed his old supremacy on the masts of St. Mark, and the following proclamations from Manin to the citizens and the soldiers appeared on the pillars of the Arcades and at the corners of the streets :—

"Fellow Citizens ! Moments of great danger demand resolutions prompt though perilous. That you might not be destitute of all government, I have not hesitated to charge myself with the heavy

burthen of public affairs, though but for a few hours. The Assembly of your representatives is convoked for to-morrow ; and, at its first session, it will nominate a new government. It will then adopt those measures demanded by the present necessities of the country. Let us put our trust in God, in ourselves, in Italy, and in that aid which other free peoples will not suffer us to want."

The other proclamation was as follows :—

"Italian soldiers ! The war of independence, to which you have devoted your blood, has assumed a phase full of perils. This Lagoon, is, perhaps, the sole place of refuge for Italian liberty, and Venice must, at any price, cherish the sacred flame. *Braves !* In the name of Italy, for which you have fought and will yet fight, I conjure you never to suffer your powers and your perseverance in defence of this sacred asylum of our nationality to be vanquished. The moment is solemn. It involves the political life of a whole people whose fate may depend on this last bulwark. Soldiers ! All you who from beyond the Po, beyond the Mincio, beyond the Ticino, have repaired hither for the triumph of a common cause, reflect, that, if you save Venice, you will save the most precious treasure of your native land. Europe, in admiration, will recompense your generous perseverance ; and, on that day when Italy may say that she is redeemed, she will elevate, among those monuments which attest the valor and the glory of your fathers, another monument, on which shall be inscribed—"Italian soldiers in defending Venice saved the independence of Italy !" In behalf of the government. (Signed) Manin."

The most enthusiastic devotion to the country and to Manin, its "Saviour," as he was now called, was roused by these proclamations ; and the people of Venice, but a few hours since plunged in deepest despair, were now sanguine with hope. There was one

thing, however, which, not without reason, inspired in their minds the most grave disquietude: it was the apprehended departure of the Sardinian fleet from the waters of the Adriatic. This fleet consisted of seventeen vessels, with a crew of four thousand men, and, by its presence alone, had the sea been kept free; for, so far did the Austrian fleet in the Gulf outnumber that of Venice, that the latter, when left to itself, could not dream of measuring force with the former. When, therefore, the Sardinian commander of the Fleet, Rear Admiral Albini, on being immediately consulted as to his intentions, gave the assurance, that; at that hour, he had received no order to withdraw from the Adriatic, and that he was still, as he ever had been, resolved to partake with Venice all the toils, and perils, and reverses, of her defence, this response was interpreted into a promise on part of the Admiral—which he never gave, nor could give—that, under no circumstances, would he abandon Venice.

The only decree of public import issued by Manin, during his brief Dictature of the 12th, was a renewal of the decree of the Royal Commissioners of July 21st, requiring all arms in private hands to be at once deposited with the Commandant of the Civic Guard.

But, while these momentous events were transpiring within the city, the besieging force without was not idle. Allusion has already been made to an attempt, on the night of the 29th of July, to burn the gun-boats anchored in the Lagune, along the shore of Fusina. Having consumed these boats, an attack on the fort of *San Giorgio in Alga* was contemplated. But two of the fire-ships were sunk, and a third was extinguished, and the whole attempt failed. The enterprise is said to have originated with some young students of engineering from Vienna, who, without counting the cost, had thus confidently trusted to take Venice in a single night!

It is quite evident, indeed, that no adequate idea had, at this time, been entertained by the Austrians of the power of resistance possessed by Venice, or of her determination to resist. This is proven not only by the feeble and puerile stratagems employed by the besieging force, but by the equally feeble and puerile demands of the besieging general himself, already noticed, for immediate surrender. Even the strong fortress of Malghera, they seem to have thought, could be reduced by burning a little powder, without subjecting it to a regular siege. On the 10th, for example, at about five in the afternoon, four improvised batteries, which had been planted on the railroad near Mestre, were demasked and opened their fire with much spirit. The cannoneers of Malghera responded with coolness from behind their ramparts, although, independently of any protection against the fire of the foe, it was too distant and too badly directed to be dangerous. Besides, the ordnance of the fortress was infinitely superior, both in quantity and calibre. The result was of course inevitable and speedy. In two hours the batteries were silenced. The enemy lost in this foolish attack one officer and sixteen artillerymen, and had four guns dismounted. The redoubts were annihilated, and a house in Mestre was fired by a bomb. The fortress sustained no loss or damage, and had not even a single man wounded.

On Sunday, August 13th, at the hour of 10 in the morning, the Assembly convened at the Ducal Palace—only one hundred and eleven representatives, out of the hundred and ninety-three originally chosen, being present. The number which had assembled on the 3d of July had been one hundred and thirty-three. At the suggestion of Manin, Castelli was sent for—it having been decided that his employment as commissioner had not deprived him of his seat as a deputy. The subject of the formation of a government then

coming up, one of the members, Tralli, proposed the continuance in power of the Commissioners, the cause of Charles Albert being deemed by him by no means desperate. This proposition was received with most stormy denunciation. Manin then proposed the institution of a government to insure order. Bellinato suggested that Manin should be Dictator; but the position being declined by him on plea of deficiency in the requisite military knowledge, the deputy then proposed that two colleagues should be added to the Dictature, one for the department of War, and one for that of the Navy: which proposition having prevailed, Leone Graziani was selected as head of the Navy, and Giovanni Battista Cavedalis of the Army, while Manin himself was appointed Dictator of the State—each of these individuals to retain their power so long as the country should continue in danger. The Assembly, also, declared itself *in permanence*, to be convoked whenever either of the Triumvirate of Dictators should deem necessary. On motion of Malfati it was resolved to send to Paris Mengaldo, Commandant of the Civic Guard, as a colleague to Tommaseo and Toffoli, who had started on the morning of the 12th, by order of Manin. As envoy of the Assembly and the people, Mengaldo was instructed to unite with the envoys of the Dictator in urging immediate armed intervention on part of France in the affairs of Venice; and Bragadin was appointed, in his place, Chief of the Civic Guard.

On the 2nd of September, Tommaseo had an interview with Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs, under the Dictature of Gen. Cavaignac, after the insurrection of June; and was assured, that negotiations were in train, which had, as their basis, the evacuation by the Austrians of all Italy. On the ensuing day, Mengaldo reached Paris, and, at an immediate interview with Cavaignac, was informed, that France offered mediation to Austria on the base of

the independence of Italy, and, in event the mediation was rejected, war on part of France was inevitable. His words were emphatic and full of significance, and no wonder they inspired a hope in the hearts of unhappy Venice—never, alas! to be fulfilled. “Write to your countrymen,” said Cavaignac to Mengaldo, “and tell them to hold out as long as possible. Give my words the greatest publicity. If the mediation of France on the basis of Italian liberty is rejected, not only *I* would be for war against Austria, but a decree of the Assembly would declare it.”

That the French Government had at this time resolved to send to Venice a small reinforcement, at least, may be inferred from a letter from the French Minister at Rome, the Duke of Harcourt, dated September 9th, addressed to Gen Pepé, in which, having complained of the bad faith of Austria in the negotiations, and that there was reason to believe them broken off, adds—“Several ships of war, and 4,000 men are being sent to Venice. Hold firm till their arrival. It is through you, I hope, that Italy is to be saved.” Nearly at the same time, and under date of September 3rd, Pepé received a letter from Mamiani, one of the Papal Ministry at Rome, expressing the hope, that the Pontifical troops would not be recalled from Venice, as had been apprehended, and that pecuniary aid would be afforded her; although, “for fear of Austria, and to avoid appearance of co-operating in the Italian cause, everything would have to be done secretly”—agreeably to the policy of Count Fabbri—and although he was himself much out of favor with the Pontiff and much calumniated by foes.

It will be remembered, that, in the months of April and May, when Austria in her distress anxiously solicited the mediation of England and France, on the basis of the cession of Lombardy, that mediation was coolly declined, on plea of the insufficiency of the

terms to content one of the contending parties. Now, therefore, in her day of triumph, when she no longer had need of mediation, it is not very remarkable that she should hesitate to avail herself of the most pressing, and most *disinterested*, and most kind offices of those two powers. As between herself and Sardinia, mediation was needless ; and, as between herself and her revolted and subdued provinces, it could but be deemed impertinent. The proffered mediation was acquiesced in, however, and Austria, in her rejoinder to Palmerston and Bastide, makes four prominent points :—1st. Charles Albert's war against Austria being unjustifiable, it could give Sardinia no claim to Venice. 2nd. The claim of Austria to the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna, and had been restored by conquest, after having been invaded by a foreign foe. 3rd. No change in the terms of the Treaty of Vienna, could be made, except with the assent of all seven of the powers who were parties to that treaty. 4th. A congress of these powers is expedient to concert a national government for the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom, and to consolidate the peace of the Appenine Peninsula.

Pending these negotiations, the Ministers of England and France at Vienna, suggested to Baron Wessenberg, that, during the progress of the mediation, hostilities against Venice should be suspended. The Minister of Foreign Affairs replied, that the armistice of Charles Albert, on the 9th of August, had declared, that Venice, then claimed as a portion of his kingdom by her own consent, should be surrendered within three days. This had not been done ; and Austria awaited only the departure of the Sardinian fleet, to assail her by land and by sea with all her force !

But this reply, pertinent as it was, failed to touch the point in question. Granted that Austria waived no right to recover her re-

volted city—a right entirely independent of its surrender by Charles Albert; and granted that she recognized, in no manner, the revolutionary government that held it, still she had accepted mediation in its behalf; and, until its fate was decided by the umpires chosen, hostilities against it were clearly indefensible. There could, however, be but one efficient rejoinder in the case; and that, War—war against Austria by England and France.

CHAPTER VII.

PARK DAYS.

ON Monday, the 14th of August, the Triumvirs—Manin, Cavendish, and Graziani, all enjoying unbounded confidence of the people—entered on their Dictature. On the same day, the officers of the Civic Guard made an official visit in body to Rear-Admiral Aibini of the Sardinian fleet, on board his flag-ship then lying in port. On the following day, a slight assault was made upon the gun-boats of Fusina without result. About the same time, an Austrian *parlementaire* was presented at Malghera, demanding an armistice of eight hours, to which the only response of Gen. Rizzardi was through the mouth of a cannon! Some days afterwards, Gen. Rizzardi was superseded in the command of Malghera and destined to command the defence of Chioggia and its vicinage, comprising the second zone of fortifications, a post at that time deemed of great importance.

Rizzardi had formerly been the colonel of an Austrian regiment, but, under Charles Albert, had recently been promoted to the command of a division. Although an Italian, he spoke familiarly the German language. He was an accomplished engineer, and, at Venice, superintended the construction and improvement of several fortifications. One fort which he erected near Malghera on the left

bore his name. His familiarity with this important department of military science eminently fitted him, therefore, for the superintendence of coast-defence, to which the present crisis demanded great attention.

In connection with this matter, positive orders were issued, that no species of craft should leave the harbor of Venice except by the ports of Chioggia and Burano ; and the city was circled by a cordon of gun-boats.

Measures of the most active character, indeed, were at this time instituted by the new government. All the officials appointed by the Royal Commissioners were removed in order to restore confidence to the popular mind ; the " Council of Vigilance " was superseded by a " Committee of Public Vigilance " deriving its powers directly from the government ; while the " Committee of War " was superseded by a " Council of Defence." An energetic changing of *names* assuredly ! A commission for the better organization of the Civic Guard was, also, instituted, and a portion of that body was mobilised for temporary service in the forts. A decree was issued commanding that all gold and silver should be consigned to the Mint within forty-eight hours, on pain of the personal arrest of those retaining it, and of the confiscation of the same, if seized—receipts to be given, to be subsequently exchanged for loan-certificates bearing interest at 15 per cent. It was, also, decreed, that the Bank of Venice should go into active operation so soon as its capital should have been realized ; also, that no passports for departure from Venice, except for travellers, should be issued or endorsed, until after express permission by the government ; also, that, owing to numerous arrivals by sea, all vessels should take *pratique* in accordance with sanitary laws : also, that, in consideration of the pressure of circumstances, the tariff on tobacco in every form should be tem-

porarily augmented, and a tax imposed on beer. Rear-Admiral Marsich was appointed commander-in-Chief of the Civic Guard. A club, called *Il Circolo Italiano*, the first club in Venice, was instituted—designed to meet every evening for the discussion of topics of popular interest. A society for supplying linen to the military hospitals and to the barracks was formed, which, in connection with a society of noble ladies, organized some months previous, to relieve the wounded, and yet a third society of one hundred and fifty members, whose duty it was made to visit the hospitals—effected incalculable good, and most nobly sustained that distinction Venice has always enjoyed for philanthropic and charitable institutions. Notwithstanding every effort, however, to ameliorate suffering, much, doubtless, remained in Venice during these terrible days; although, nevertheless, there has appeared no little of the vilest slander respecting the condition of her hospitals.

But, while Venice was thus striving to aid herself, she did not forget to call once more on her sister-cities of Italy for help in sustaining a common cause: for, that the citizens of the Lagune, not exceeding at the present crisis 100,000 souls, should supply all the necessities of 20,000 men by land and sea, was simply impossible. On the 23rd, therefore, General Pepé addressed a Circular to the War Committees and National Circoli of all the Italian Provinces as follows:—

“From this remaining rampart of Italian independence, from Venice, so illustrious in arts, so splendid in history, whose resistance, in the unforeseen and precipitous decline of Italian fortune, is a sure pledge of reviving destiny, a cry is raised which will resound over the entire Peninsula! Here are met together Lombards, Subalpines, Romans, and Neapolitans, to assist the valorous inhabitants in defence of the classical Lagune. Here almost every province in

Italy is represented in the last struggle of our country against our common oppressor. The garrison, though attenuated by sickness, is still sufficient for the defence, animated as it is by a noble object, warm with patriotic love, ready for all danger, patient in suffering, and assisted by the National Guard. We have still spirit, and strength, and an obstinate hope of fruitfully shedding our blood for Italy. But the treasury is exhausted by long and frequent calls; the occupation of the Venetian *terra firma* has deprived us of the means of replenishing it in proportion with our wants, and the many millions of Lire lately given by the citizens are insufficient. Shall we leave Italy, which rose as one man to drive away the hated German—shall we leave her last defenders to perish for want of pecuniary assistance? This city, miraculously escaped from the hands of Austria and once again given by Heaven to Italy, it would be infamy and impiety to lose by avarice! While Venice is free, Italy is not lost: and a powerful neighbor may, in spite of dark diplomatic tergiversations, still succor it in time. War Committees of all the Italian provinces! what remains but to send pecuniary aid, at least, to Venice, which is still in arms? National Circoli! what other resource have you but in helping the last armed representatives of the nation?"

On the same day, the old Baron issued one of those celebrated Orders, which rang like a war-horn through the barracks and fortifications of Venice—comparing his present position, in command of Italians of all Italy, within the ancient and classical asylum of Peninsular liberty, with that, when, but sixteen years old, an exile from his native land, in the ranks of the immortal Italian Legion, similarly composed, fifty years before, he had crossed the Great St. Bernard amid snow and tempest, and aided the "Great Italian Captain," against the same Austrians, to achieve Marengo. "Officers, sol-

diers, volunteers!" he exclaims, "the eyes of all Italy—of all Europe are on you! From this city of heroes, once masters of the sea—from these shores of freedom, once the shield of Christendom against the barbarian, we may yet secure Italian independence. Venice—the bulwark of Italy—for centuries attacked by foes prouder than the present, but never subdued—we will defend her till comes the promised aid; and sooner than abandon her again to bondage, we will die, and the true sons of Italy will envy the fate of the defenders of Venice!"

A few days previous to this proclamation, an Order had been issued by Pepé, bearing date the 17th, dividing all the corps, whether regular or irregular, composed of individuals belonging to the Venetian Provinces, into Legions, five in number, which organization added greatly to their efficiency. The severest discipline was at the same time imposed; and an inexorable enforcement of the articles of war against all insubordination proclaimed. To these arrangements the Civic Guard of Chioggia, the most disorderly of the troops in the Lagune, expressed exceeding repugnance, especially to an order changing it into a military division with regular service. One morning, therefore, when the Commander-in-chief was about stepping on board a steamer to take him to Chioggia, some twenty miles distant, to review the Guard, accompanied by his hostess, the Countess Soranzo, with the Countess Papadopoli Aldobrandini and husband, for an excursion of pleasure—Colonel Ulloa, chief of his staff, came to him from the Government, to inform him that there was a conspiracy among the Chioggiates to fire upon him, should he assume the command over them as regular troops! Disregardful of the warning, however, the veteran persisted in his purpose; and, upon reviewing the Guard drawn up in close order to receive him, he so far disarmed their hostility, that they concurred in his

wishes, promised him all he asked, cheered him warmly as they defiled before him, and at night sent their military bands to serenade his lodgings. "To lead men, we must study the human heart," says the old Baron; and he is considerably more than half right.

On the 24th, unfavorable intelligence on the subject of the mediation of France and England reached Venice; and, in verification of the old adage, that "misfortunes never come singly," on the same day Radetzky sent, by special courier, an order from the Sardinian Minister of War and Marine to Rear-admiral Albini, commanding him, in the name of his Sovereign, at once to raise the blockade of Trieste, take his fleet from the waters of the Adriatic, and send by land the battalions then at Venice to their own country, in accordance with the terms of the Armistice.

It was at one of the darkest periods of the whole siege that this disastrous order arrived. The diseases of summer and autumn were ravaging the crowded city and islands to such a fearful extent, that, while the hospitals were thronged, the fortresses and barracks were almost deserted. The Lombard battalion of 800 was, at one time, reduced to 100 men capable of service; and the Neapolitans in the marshes of the Brenta suffered terribly and fatally from fever and ague. So sweeping, indeed, were the ravages, that Pepé was at one period apprehensive of being left without men to mount guard! The Neapolitan force, now remaining at Venice, consisted of but two battalions of volunteers; nearly 300 regular troops of all arms; twenty officers of engineers, and eight artillery-pieces with carriages for ammunition; all of which small band now remaining from the 17,000 of three months earlier, nobly and bravely served until the last hour of the siege. Some weeks previous, the Neapolitan Government had ordered its Consul at Venice to leave no means unemployed to drive these brave fellows from the beleagured city.

They were assured that they should be well received at home, and letters from their families were received, beseeching their return to save those they loved from starvation. Gen. Colli, a Sardinian, who was then President of the Royal Commissioners, conceiving that he had no right to retain—especially against their will—military men claimed by their lawful Sovereign, permitted such as wished to go to depart, although by no means with the approval of the Commander-in-chief.

And now, "as if all these evils were not enough to overwhelm," no sooner were the Neapolitan and Sardinian troops recalled, while most of the Lombards were in hospital, than Pius IX., who only two months before, had so fervently invoked the Almighty to "give his blessing to Venice, and deliver her from the calamities she apprehended"—this same Pius IX. thought the time a proper one to call home his four legions yet remaining within the Lagune! When this last blow fell, old Pepé tells us that he repaired to Manin, and, grasping his hand, exclaimed—"Abandoned of men and of heaven, let us die, without envying the living, but defending liberty and this classic Lagune while life remains."

On the night of the 5th of September, Admiral Albini, agreeably to orders, received on board his ships the Sardinian troops at Venice, no effort being made to detain them, and put to sea: but, on the 28th of the ensuing month, the fleet, after cruising along the shores of the Adriatic and landing the troops at Ancona, cast anchor at Pelorosso, in accordance with later instructions from Charles Albert, ordering it to maintain an armed neutrality in the Gulf.

Meanwhile, monetary affairs were going daily on from bad to worse—if, indeed, affairs could properly be said to be going on to worse, which seemed already quite as bad as they could be. The want of money equalled, it is said, if it did not surpass, all other

wants put together. To maintain her immense fortifications, mounting more than a thousand guns and manned by six thousand men, together with her garrison of fifteen thousand more, daily augmenting, and her expensive little fleet of seven ships—no less a sum was demanded of Venice each month than \$500,000, while her entire revenue from all sources united did not exceed \$20,000 ! The amount derived from voluntary contributions, whether at home or in sister cities, was, at the best, very inconsiderable, proving plainly, were proof required, the folly of attempting to carry on war by such precarious means ; while the sums realized by fines, confiscations and forced loans, though larger, were, yet, utterly insufficient to meet even the most imperative demands.

During the months of August and September, various modes were devised to afford temporary relief. A National Loan of ten millions of Lire—about one and a half millions of dollars—was opened by the government, divided into 20,000 shares at 500 Lire each, bearing five per cent. interest. The debt was assumed and guaranteed by the provinces of Lombardy and Venice, and the Ducal Palace and the *Procuratie Nuove*,—now the National Palace—were assigned and hypothecated for security—the amount being pledged to the defence of the city of Venice, and to the maintenance of insurrection in the provinces—the superintendents or sponsors of the loan for Venice being the Triumvirate, and for Lombardy, Cesare Correnti, Secretary-General of the late Provisional Government of Milan. This loan was opened on the 31st of August. On the 19th of the ensuing month, the Dictature, by decree, pronounced current as money a paper-issue in small bills of from one to five Lire, to the amount of three millions of Lire—\$500,000—based on a new loan, volunteered, to that amount. This paper was called *Patriotica Moneta*, from the fact that it was guaranteed by

bills of exchange deposited in Bank by wealthy and patriotic citizens, falling due twelve months from date and deposite. With this paper after its issue the troops were paid, to the exclusion of all other money. Indeed, coin soon became exceedingly scarce, although at any time it could be obtained for this paper at the offices of Exchange—*Cambii Valute*—by submitting to a heavy discount. It always retained credit and currency, however; and the only observable injurious effect it had in the city was to enhance the price of everything bought and sold. This was, of course, natural and inevitable.

But these measures were not all that were adopted. At the same time most urgent demands for aid were sent forth, as already mentioned, to sister cities all over Italy; while, in Venice itself, imposts and taxes were increased, contributions were incessantly solicited, and every parish-priest was, by a circular, called on to take up a collection in his church every Sunday to help the cause. In order, also, to reduce expenses, all offices not to the last degree indispensable to the welfare of the city were abolished. Among these was that of Inspector-General of Artillery.

But Venice, although quite unable to sustain the troops already within the Lagune, was having, at this time, constant additions made to the troops she was forced to pay. First came a company of volunteers from Ancona, well armed and equipped. A few days after arrived several *trabaccoli* crowded with Papal Crociati, who had capitulated at Vicenza, the term of three months, during which they had engaged not to appear in arms against Austria, having just expired. In course of the same week, Gen. Pepé reviewed the battalion Zambecari, and the University battalion Genarini, which had come from Ravenna, their three months' term* of

* The fact, that the garrisons of the Provincial towns of Venice were bound by their

parole at the capitulations of Vicenza and Treviso having, also, expired; and, on the same day, arrived a corps of one hundred and forty Lombardo-Venetian artillerists. This last-named corps seems to have been far more welcome than its immediate predecessors. Even the departure of the Sardinian battalions and the squadron would not, it is probable, have been so deeply deplored, had they not been paid by their own Sovereign; while the expense of the four Papal Legions tended, no doubt, in a good degree, to reconcile Venice to their apprehended loss—albeit, it is not improbable that Venice looked to Rome for their wages. As for the Neapolitans, although the number obeying the recall was small, yet their character and discipline as soldiers, and their skill as engineers, officers, and artillerists, rendered their loss irreparable; while even the regular Roman and Piedmontese troops departing were far more valuable than the Crociati and Condottieri coming in.

On the 11th of September, an American frigate* entered the port of Venice at the same time with a French steamer-of-war. These vessels were succeeded in a few days by the French ship-of-war *Jupiter*, and the frigate *Psiche*, giving rise to most extravagant rumors and anticipations among the ever-sanguine Venetians. On the 30th, arrived the French steamer *Ocean*, chartered to convey a large quantity of provisions and clothing, dispatched to Gen. Ferrari and his Papal troops by the citizens of Rome and Ancona, in charge of Teoli, Secretary of the Committee of Defence of Ancona, and Bassetti, President of the *Circolo Popolare*. The same vessel brought six thousand muskets purchased by the Venetian government; and, also, as passengers, eighty Lombard terms of capitulation not to serve against Austria for so brief a period as "three months," would indicate a confident expectation on part of Radetzky of reducing Venice herself before its expiration.

* Probably the "United States," Capt. Smoot.

Crociati of the Manara band, who had been deprived of their arms in Piedmont by order of that government.

About this time, a memorial from the exiles of the Province was received by the Dictature, desiring that the interests of that portion of Venice might not be forgotten. The reply was favorable, of course. The Cardinal Patriarch ordained a series of prayers in the churches, to implore the Divine aid under the existing necessities. A decree was issued that the French flag, to which the city was greatly indebted, should be entitled to the same privileges, as to port-dues and charges, as that of Venice. The flag of the United States, whenever it appeared, was, also, treated with marked respect, and the officers of the frigate in port received distinguished attention.

Early in the month of September, intelligence had reached Venice that Austria had accepted the proffered mediation of England and France, with a view to the pacification of Italy; and, on the very next day, a letter from Tommaseo at Paris was published by order of the government, containing assurance, that a French fleet was at once to sail for the Adriatic—a fleet, however, which never reached its fancied destination. Subsequently, farther intelligence arrived, tending to fan still more the delusive hope, that peace would be speedily negotiated by the powerful mediators engaged. There came, also, rumors of serious popular commotions in Genoa and Leghorn, because of alleged tardiness on part of the governments of Sardinia and Tuscany in their warlike preparations:* likewise, rumors that there had been a furious sortie from the fortress of Osopo—a fortress pledged to surrender by the Salasco Armistice of August 9th—followed up by subsequent rumor, that the

* "*Grandi commovimenti popolari per la lentezza dei governi nelle operazioni guerresche*"—y. Contarini.

Austrians had attacked the fortress ; and, finally, some weeks after, by intelligence of its capitulation with the honors of war. And thus fell the last place which yet held out against Austria on the *terra firma* of Venetian territory ; and this succumbed rather to the assaults of famine than to the foe, and its defenders "merited well of the country," as declared by the Assembly on motion of Manin.

Nearer home, also, transpired events of interest. At Padua, Baron Welden issued an edict declaring, that all citizens charged with concealing weapons or insulting his soldiers should be tried under the summary process of *Giudizio Statario*, and, on conviction, should be shot within twenty-four hours. This edict, however, as to concealed arms, was only corroborative of that of a month previous, which appears to have been somewhat disregarded.

On the night of the third, all Venice was in an uproar, because of a fire which broke out in the *Antico Albergo del Pellegrino*, the Ancient Tavern of the Pilgrim ; and which, at first, menaced sweeping devastation, owing to the perilous proximity of an extensive depot of liquors. By the efforts of the corps of *Pompieri*, or firemen, however, aided by the soldiers, the conflagration was shortly subdued with but slight damage.

Fires are of rare occurrence at Venice ; owing, probably, to the circumstances, that the houses are mostly of stone and are surrounded by water, and that but little fire is used, either for cooking or for comfort, while the fuel is chiefly charcoal. The *Pompieri* form a regularly organized corps, paid by the municipal government, being under its control like soldiers, and furnished at its expense with every requisite in engines and implements for the prompt extinction of conflagration. They have, also, a peculiar uniform, and march in regular order, at the word of command, to subdue a fire, as they would to rout a regiment. That they are invariably and speedily

successful, therefore, is not very strange. The great bell of St. Mark gives the alarm. Five huge bells hang in the tall campanile of the Cathedral; but the largest is rarely struck except for fire.

The only military movement in the vicinity of Venice during the month of September was a sortie, on the night of the 24th, from the little fort O, against a company of Austrian *tirailleurs*; but it was repelled with loss. During the month of August, also, there was no engagement between the hostile forces, if we except the affair of the 10th, in which several improvised batteries planted by the Austrians before Malghera were demolished; while, during the month of October, nothing of a belligerent character occurred, prior to a couple of successful sorties of the Venetians, which will be noticed hereafter, near its close. With these sorties seem to have ceased all serious demonstrations on both sides for some months—even until the opening of the siege of Malghera, the ensuing May; if we except one or two abortive explorations and attempts to surprise the little fort O, near Malghera, subsequently honored with the name of Manin. Indeed, from the 10th of August, '48 to the 4th of May, '49, the Austrian army may be said to have made no hostile demonstration against Venice. It simply maintained an investment, or a blockade by land. Whether this apparent suspension of active aggression had any reference to the demand of Lord Ponsonby and M. de Lacour, ministers of England and France at Vienna, already alluded to, namely, that Austria should abstain from hostilities against Venice until the mediating powers had decided her doom—is not easy to determine: albeit, Baron Wessenberg, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had promptly declined compliance, and had thrown out a menace exactly the reverse. It is not impossible, moreover, that the Austrian *parlementaire* before the walls of Malghera on the morning of the 15th of August, already referred to, might have t'rown some light

on the subject, had it not been so uncivilly responded to with a cannon-shot by old Rizzardi, then Commandant of the fortress. Various motives, however, may have induced Austria to suspend the prosecution of her designs against Venice—not the least of which may have been troubles in other portions of her empire—in Hungary, Croatia, Bohemia, Servia and even at Vienna; to say nothing of the abdication of one Emperor and the accession of another. Besides, this period of suspended hostilities before Venice embraces three or four months of winter, during which active assault would have been impracticable.

The month of September at Venice was unusually destitute of pageants and parades. There was, indeed, but one assemblage of the people, military or civic, if the review of a couple of battalions of Papal Crociati just arrived from Ravenna is excepted; and that took place on Sunday the 10th, in the Piazza of St. Mark, the only spot, by the by, in the whole sea-girt city, save one or two of the larger *campi*, or the *Campo di Marte*, or the Public Gardens, sufficiently spacious for the purpose of military review. The *campi* referred to, such as *Campo San Moise*, *San Maurizio*, *San Stefano*, *Sant' Angelo*, *San Polo*, *San Lorenzo*, *Santa Maria Formosa*, and numerous others, large or small, generally adjoin churches, and were originally church-yards, or places for interment of the dead of the respective parishes. Such interment was abolished under the French *régimé*.* The city cemeteries are now, as already mentioned, restricted to the Isles of St. Christopher and St. Michael, northward of Venice, in the Lagune.

* Venice owed this sanitary law to Napoleon on the occasion of his visit in December, 1807; as, also, the improvement of the port and harbor, the embellishment of the Piazza, the establishment of a free port, the institution of hospitals, the illumination of the streets, the extension of the arsenal, the construction of Malghera, the creation of the public gardens, etc., etc., etc. already mentioned.

The assemblage on Sunday, the 10th, referred to, was, as mentioned, on the occasion of a review of four battalions of the Civic Guard by its new Commander-in-chief, Marsich, accompanied by the Triumvirate and Gen. Pepé. One battalion called *La Speranza*—Hope—composed entirely of youths from fourteen to eighteen years of age, presented an interesting spectacle, waving a banner from which had disappeared its original device, the Cross of Savoy.

At the close of the military exercises, Manin, as usual, was desired to address the troops, which he did with his usual eloquence, commending their endurance and thanking them for their sacrifices. He recalled to their recollection that eventful night of August 11th, but lately passed, when the Civic Guard, new to military service, had rushed to Malghera and planted themselves beside the guns. He remarked that there was reason to hope, that the powerful mediation in behalf of Venice might prove speedily fortunate ; but that no terms of peace, unworthy her position or character would, by her friends, be accepted. Yet, even were they, Venice could repeat the night of the 11th of August and reject them. The fate of a people like that of Venice, could never be irrevocably decided against its will. *Viva la Repubblica!* shouted a voice in the crowd. “Yes, my friend,” continued Manin, in response, “*Viva la Repubblica!* But it is not here, in the Square of St. Mark, that the assembled people are to determine a future form of government for Venice. It is there!—there, in that Council Hall of the Ancient Republic, that our legal representatives are to determine : and, finally, it is at Rome—Eternal Rome !”

CHAPTER VIII.

MESTRE.

A DISTINGUISHING and prominent feature in the movements of liberalism on the continent of Europe, not only in 1848, but long previously, was the aid attempted to be derived from the system of voluntary association, in the form of fraternities, societies, clubs, *Circoli*. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Rome—in every city and town on the Continent or the Peninsula, these clubs existed; and many of the beneficial or baleful results attending the liberal movements of '48, may to them be fairly attributed.* Happily, Venice continued free from this curse until, on the 21st of August, was instituted the *Circolo Italiano*, by the political demagogues who had sought her from all parts of Europe, and with whom she had now begun to swarm. The evil influences of this club soon betrayed themselves, and became apparent to all. The Triumvirate Dictature was denounced; the government was declared to be environed by a council of ten—*una camera nera*—

* Charles Albert is said to have made the incapable or traitorous Ramorino a General of Division, through the influence of the *Circoli* of Turin. At Venice, Pepé thinks, "the *Circoli* did more good than harm"—thanks to the fact that some of his officers, at his own instigation, became members. He compares the *Circoli* to the *Vendite* of the Carbonari at Naples from 1808 to 1821, though less reliable or efficient.

the movement of March 22d was pronounced to be fettered; reaction was asserted to have commenced, and the government was bidden to convoke a new Assembly, to which all Lombards and Venetians should be eligible, and by which should be framed a Lombardo-Veneto government.

The course adopted by the Dictature in this emergency was prompt, bold and firm. The agitators—among the most prominent of whom were a certain Captain Mordini and the President of the *Circolo Italiano*—were ordered to leave Venice; and the soldiers were prohibited, under severe penalties, being present at any of its meetings. At the same time, the President of the Assembly invited the Deputies to meet on the 11th of the then current month, for the purpose of electing a *Committee* to treat upon political questions, and to nominate a new government, to act when the emergencies which had induced the creation of the existing Dictature should have expired. At this session of the Assembly, the Dictature was confirmed in the persons of the existing Triumvirate, by a vote of 118 to 13, and the idea of a *Committee* was repudiated by a vote of 98 to 6, all power being, at the same time, confirmed in the hands of Manin and his associates; provided always that their acts should be subject to ratification by the Assembly. Thus, therefore, were the Triumvirate fully sustained against the assault of the demagogues and agitators of the *Circolo*.

On the 12th of October, the government found it necessary to impose a new loan of two millions of Lire—less than \$400,000—for which the National Bank emitted a corresponding sum of *Moneta Patriotica*. At the same time, the government publicly deplored the fact, that the liberal promises of aid to Venice from her sister cities of Italy had not been fulfilled, and that the sum of all she had thus received had been insufficient to meet her expenditures a

single day. Gen. Pepé for his part, not only generously renounced, at first, one half, and, finally, all of his pay, amounting to 70,000 francs per annum—for which, he says, he was “rewarded with usury” by an eloquent official letter of acknowledgment from Manin; but contributed subsequently to the cause a splendid work of art—a *chef d'œuvre* of Leonardo Da Vinci—a portrait of the celebrated Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino; a rare painting of great value, presented him by his brother Florestano, of Naples, and which had accompanied him in all his wanderings. By means of a lottery or raffle, this painting might have brought, it is estimated, a hundred thousand francs; but the Government unwisely chose to retain it as a *souvenir*; and Manin, in his letter of acknowledgment, most justly compliments the donor as “the type of a citizen-soldier—the model of a perfect Italian, whose name will be ever blessed and glorious.” It is not surprising that other officers followed the example of Pepé. Among these was an old compatriot named Ruiz, who, as Captain of artillery, had fought under him at Rieti in 1820; had fought for the liberal cause in Spain in 1823; had been taken a prisoner to France; had been naturalized and become the Prefect of Nièvre, and now, in an address, urged the French to succor Venice, and himself contributed a thousand francs. The citizens, also, contributed freely; and every day, in the *Gazetta di Venezia*, under the standing caption—*Offerte alla Patria*—was a long list of “patriotic gifts,” bestowed, sometimes, even by those belonging to the humblest class of laborers. At the same time, by decree, the salaries of all officers in the civil, military or marine service which exceeded \$40 per month, were subjected to a proportional diminution; while they were paid in the depreciated paper issue, which caused additional loss. “Committees of Oblations” were, also, active in securing aid.

Meantime the Government continued to adopt measures for the defence and welfare of the city. The possession of nitre by private individuals was forbidden: a Naval School was established: a committee of vigilance for the district of Chioggia was instituted: a Hungarian Legion was formed in which all soldiers and citizens of that nation at Venice enrolled themselves with great alacrity. This corps, however, never attained a higher number than sixty, and was composed chiefly of deserters. The captain, Wiukler, was a lieutenant in the Austrian service at the time of the revolution, and was the only imperial officer, not Italian, who left his colors. The uniform was national, consisting of the Hungarian hat and plumes—the green frock with frogs, and the red pants with half boots.

On the 7th, the annual religious fête designed to perpetuate the memory of the splendid victory of the Venetian fleet over the Turks at Lepanto, or Curzolari, in 1570, was celebrated with unusual magnificence in the cathedral of St. Mark.*

On the 9th and 10th of October, intelligence reached Venice of the “Second Revolution at Vienna,” commencing on the 6th, and originating in the imperial order of the 3rd, that several regiments in Vienna should be sent to reinforce the Ban Jellachich, who had been constituted “Commander-in-chief of all the forces in Hun-

* This celebrated battle was fought in the Gulf of Lepanto, near the rocks of Curzolari, the Echinades of the classics, off the promontory of Actium, where, sixteen centuries before, the world's fate had before been decided—between a Turkish fleet of some three hundred vessels, and an allied Venetian and Spanish fleet of nearly the same force, commanded by Admiral Veniero and the celebrated natural son of the Emperor Charles V., Don John of Austria, then but twenty-two years old. The day was beautiful. The combat raged for five hours, when victory declared for the Christian force. Of the Turkish vessels, 130 with 400 cannon were captured; more than 200 were destroyed. 30,000 men were slain, 4,000 taken prisoners, and 15,000 Christian slaves set free. The Allies lost 8,000 men. This glorious victory was celebrated at Venice at the time with the utmost pomp and pageant.

gary, Commissioner Plenipotentiary, and Military Governor of Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia." Immediately upon this news, all the towns in the Province were filled with inflammatory appeals to insurrection.

On the 12th, the first battalion of *L'Italia Libera*, consisting of two hundred and thirty-one men, without arms, arrived from Ravenna, commanded by Captain Luigi Meneghetti. On the 22d, a sortie from the fort of Tre-Porti, made by the Chasseurs of Silè, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel d'Amigo, in three pirogues-of-war, resulted in the capture of two pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of provisions at Cavallino; and, on the ensuing day, the regiment was reviewed by Gen. Pepé, and complimented upon the affair. The captured guns were exhibited as trophies in the Piazza, and the monk Ugo Bassi, from a balcony of the National Palace, pronounced to the soldiers and citizens one of his exciting harangues. The village of Cavallino, situated some six miles east from Tre-Porti, had been occupied by three hundred Austrians with three pieces of artillery. Gen Pepé detailed four hundred of the Silè regiment to make an attack. The water of the Lagune was low, the mud of the marshes deep, the rain fell in torrents, and nine hours were consumed in the debarkation. Despite all obstacles, however, the chasseurs marched bravely on, and attacking the position with fixed bayonets, forced the Austrians to seek safety beyond the Piave, leaving their assailants in possession of the two cannon and the provisions referred to, as also of several boats and a quantity of ammunition. The Austrians lost fifteen men killed and wounded, while the chasseurs had but one of their number slain and another slightly wounded.

On the 24th, the young men of Naples at Venice, "as a tribute of homage and acknowledgment to one who had so nobly, despite

so many disasters, upheld the honor of Naples," presented Pepé a splendid sword by the hands of Lieutenant Montuoro of the National Guard—a sword, says the old Baron, which never quitted his side during the rest of the campaign—and an honor to which he responded in his usual florid yet eloquent style. There is much, it may be observed, in the character and manner of Gen. Pepé which recalls to the American the late lamented Gen. Gaines.

On the 27th, the Swiss Chasseurs, at Chioggia, seventy only of whom were able, on account of illness, to take the field, united in a sortie from Fort Brondolo. But Gen. Rizzardi, who, with six hundred men had, that morning, made a *reconnaissance* of the country, and found it entirely abandoned by the enemy, returning with this report, the troops reluctantly repaired to their quarters. On the same day a successful sortie of two thousand men in three columns was made from Venice. The left wing, consisting of four hundred and fifty men of the *Cacciatori del Silè*—Chasseurs of the Silè—belonging to the Fifth Legion, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel d'Amigo, advanced on Fusina at dawn. Under cover of a fire against a body of the enemy from seven gun-boats sent before, the column landed, and soon put the Austrians to such precipitate flight, that two twelve-pounders, eleven *caisses* of ammunition and many prisoners fell into the hands of the assailants. The column then directed itself towards Mestre, but arrived only in time to witness the success of the other wing. This wing, consisting of six hundred and fifty Roman Crociati, under the command of Colonel Zambeccari, advancing along the canal of Mestre, fell upon a strong barricade near the village, defended by two six-pounders, and carried it with the bayonet. The column of the centre, consisting of nine hundred Lombard and Bolognese volunteers, commanded by Colonel Morandi, advanced against the redoubts raised by the ene-

my on the route of the railroad, when their march was arrested by a violent discharge of musketry and ordnance. Gen. Pepé, who, surrounded by his staff, witnessed the sortie from Lunette 12 of Malghera, dispatched Colonel Ulloa with one hundred gendarmes of the reserve as a reinforcement. The column then advanced once more, the gendarmes at the head being supported by several field-pieces. The enemy was repulsed, and abandoned part of his artillery, but made a stand at some houses. One after the other, however, these were taken by a valorous cohort of Lombards, led on by Major Rosaroll and Captains Sirtori and Cattabene. The residue of the troop was dispersed, and the village of Mestre taken. The result of the affair was 587 prisoners (among whom were five officers), eight cannon, comprising two taken at Fusina, three baggage-waggons, eight horses, a large quantity of ammunition, the military chest, and the official correspondence. The strength of the Austrian force is set down at 3,000 men on the whole line, besides 2,000 entrenched at Mestre, which was defended by field-pieces and by chasseurs, ready to fire from the houses. Their loss was one hundred and fifty killed; that of the assailants eighty-seven killed and one hundred and sixty-three wounded.* Among the latter was the Baron Alessandro Poërio, of Naples, a volunteer on the general staff, who died on the third of the ensuing month in consequence. In the gallant assault of the centre column by which Mestre was carried, he pressed on with Rosaroll and Sirtori, although wounded by a musket-ball in the leg. A second ball in the right knee extended him on the ground, where he was wounded by an Austrian in the head with his own dagger. Amputation of his right thigh became necessary, during which painful operation, he is said by Pepé in his

* Pepé reports his dead and wounded at 400, and that of the foe at more than 600—there being ninety corpses found in one house which was a scene of obstinate conflict.

Order of the 29th, to have "conversed calmly of his beloved Italy, like a hero of Plutarch." Ever since his sixteenth year, in 1820, Poërio had been an exile with his father and Pepé, until the amnesty of January, '48. The post of Neapolitan Minister at Turin was then offered him; but he chose rather to accompany his old friend to Venice. He was a poet as well as soldier—the Italian Koerner—"hero of the lyre and sword." All Venice deplored his loss; and the whole garrison bedewed his pall with tears as they bore him to a soldier's grave. He left an aged mother at Naples, and an elder brother, the Baron Carlo Poërio, the distinguished Minister of Public Instruction in the Neapolitan Government of 1848, whose case is reported at length in Mr. Gladstone's celebrated Letters as among the victims of that hideous despotism. After several years' incarceration, he was tried on charge of an absurd plot to upset the Constitutional Government, and sentenced to a further imprisonment of twenty-four years!

The success of this sortie is deserving of commendation, from the fact, that the attack was not unexpected by the enemy. In an Order of the day of the Austrian General, found in his chamber at Mestre, appeared this passage:—"Brigadier-General Mitis was informed at six this evening, that the troops of *Malghera* will, in the morning, make a sortie upon Mestre." Then followed the disposition of troops to meet the attack—2,500 infantry and 300 artillery being held in readiness, constituting a force greatly superior to that of the assailants, proving, moreover, that Venice was not without traitors. But why state that a sortie contemplated from Venice was to issue from *Malghera*?

Two young boys of Venice are mentioned as having particularly distinguished themselves in this affair. One was a little drummer, of fourteen, named *Speciali*, belonging to the second battalion of

the third legion of the Civic Guard. Volunteering in the sortie, he beat the charge, in company with another little drummer, at the head of the Lombard battalion, which was exposed to a galling fire. At length his little comrade fell, but, unwilling that his drum should fall into the enemy's hands, he slung it upon his back, and continued to beat upon his own drum until the last Croat had fled. Then, utterly exhausted by his exertions, he was borne on a litter back to the fort, and entered with the last of the troops. The other instance of gallantry was that of a young cabin-boy of twelve, named Zorzi, belonging to one of the gunboats. In the attack on Fusina, the flag of his boat having been cut down by a ball and flung into the sea, he leaped in after it, in the midst of a perfect hail of grape-shot; and, having seized it and regained the boat, he again raised it with the shout—*Viva l'Italia!* This boy received a place gratuitously from the Government at the Naval School. Numerous instances of the intrepid hardihood of Italian boys during the Revolution of '48 are narrated. During the bombardment of Venice which took place nearly a twelvemonth later, the boys are said to have chased and captured the cannon balls as they fell into the city and carried them to the Venetian batteries; and in like manner, watching the descending bombs, they rushed up to them as they reached the ground, regardless of the dying *fuse*, which the next instant igniting the combustible mass, might have torn them into atoms! In the desperate condition in which Venice then found herself, such contributions, novel as they might be, were by no means to be despised; and a few *carantini*, or a few kind words, were deemed ample reward for their perilous services and their valuable donations. It is as idle, as it is unjust, to denounce "Italian cowardice," with hundreds of examples of intrepidity and hardihood like these, even in the children, with which the bloody chronicles of

'48-49 abound ; and the boasting tone of the Commander-in-chief over the intrepid bearing of his raw volunteers, in his ensuing Order of the day, was not only pardonable but politic. In Greece, in Spain, in France, in Africa, in South America, from 1820 to 1840, and all over the Continent and Peninsula under Napoleon, especially in 1814-'15, Italians proved that they were *no* "cowards;" while instances of daring such as exhibited at Palermo in 1282, at Naples in 1647, at Genoa in 1746, a century later, and at Milan, Bologna, Brescia, Venice and Rome in 1848-'49, a century later still, have been witnessed in no other capitals of Europe. To specify examples of Lombard bravery alone, in the last desperate conflict, would demand a volume. As a single instance of devoted patriotism and intrepid daring combined, may be cited that of the young Marquis Bevilaqua, of Brescia, who, with his brother, has been named as having contributed their Castel-Bevilaqua to the republican cause at Venice, on the 12th of April. On the eve of the combat of Pastrengo, on the 30th of the same month, the young Marquis joined the Royal Piedmont Cavalry as a volunteer ; and, rushing forward alone against an entire Croat cohort to seize its standard, he fell with the banner in his grasp, pierced by an hundred bayonets ! Bevilaqua and Poërio were two of the earliest martyrs of the Revolution of '48-49. We shall meet with other names hardly less illustrious.

The two actions at Fusina and Mestre, together with that at Cavallino, received, as already intimated, honorable mention from Gen. Pepé, in his order of the day of Sunday, the 29th ; and, on the same morning, he reviewed in the Place St. Mark the troops engaged.

The captured bronze cannon, ten in number, were exposed on the Piazzetta, at the base of the Columns. It is related, that when the

barges bearing the trophies approached the Molo, the people were transported with joy ; and, young and old, rich and poor, lent a hand to draw them to the shore. The Commander-in-chief was honored with great applause as he passed along the ranks, as was, also, Manin, who, pale and thin, appeared for the first time after a brief illness. Nor was there wanting tremendous applause of the people to the brave troops as they defiled, having at their head the bold cabin-boy, Zorzi, waving his flag, and the little drummer, Speciali, beating lustily away on one of his instruments of uproar, and bearing the other on his back !

On the 31st, at the church of Saints John and Paul, which, as before remarked, is the Windsor, the Westminster, the St. Dennis, of Venice—immortalized by the dust of many of its doges, senators, and generals—were celebrated solemn obsequies for the dead of the 27th, an appropriate discoursé being pronounced by the Abbate Da Camin. Among the Austrian prisoners were found many grievously wounded. It need hardly be stated, that they were borne to the military hospitals, and received the same care as those against whom they had fought. This one instance of duty performed and mercy exercised should be sufficient, independently of that philanthropic and charitable consideration of suffering for which Venice, as a city, has ever been noted, to throw discredit on certain horrible recitals which have appeared in a British Tory publication,* all whose sympathies were, of course, with the Austrians.

Among the incidents of horror, with which this writer's own distempered imagination, or that of some one else, has furnished his pen, and which, doubtless, never occurred, even in the darkest and most desperate days of Venice, when, maddened by famine, pestilence, war—intolerable sufferings and intolerable wrongs—and filled with des-

* London Quarterly Review.

peradoes from all lands, not the least probable is this: that "the plot of a drama, which was constantly repeated before an applauding audience, presented a Croatian soldier trepanned by a Venetian lady into her house, under the pretence of amorous assignation, and there roasted alive and basted before a slow fire by the hand of the fair patriot;" and that "the catastrophe, representing the Croat spitted, in full uniform, was painted in glowing colors on the playbills, and exhibited, to attract attention, under the porticoes of St. Mark's Square."

Strange as are the highly-colored spectacles often displayed in monster theatrical posters on the walls of Venice, it is hardly probable that any was ever displayed so strange as this. But, be all this as it may, it is unquestionably true, that, on the 31st of October, Gen. Pepé received a letter from Gen. Mitis, desiring information respecting the number and condition of the Austrian prisoners at Venice. Pepé replied that they had the freedom of the barracks, and that the wounded received in hospital the same treatment as his own; but he denounced bitterly the atrocities of the Croats upon the unoffending inhabitants in and around Mestre, who had known nothing of his contemplated sortie, and could, therefore, have had in it no participation—houses sacked—shops plundered—property wantonly destroyed—women outraged—and demanded instant cessation, reparation and punishment, declaring that, until compliance, one Austrian officer, out of the five then prisoners in Venice, should be shot each day! This stern remonstrance and menace, it need hardly be added, effected the purpose designed.

The successes at Cavallino and Mestre tended greatly to inspire Venice with confidence in her own prowess and power. This, indeed, independently of the prisoners and spoil, was the only benefit which ensued from these expeditions: for the positions could neither of them be

held, nor, if they could, would they have been of any service. They were both, therefore, voluntarily evacuated a few days after they were taken. Indeed, the only object of Pepé, in ordering this sortie was, he tells us, to rouse Italian patriotism, at that time apparently dormant, and by an example of energy to persuade the Peninsula again to rise. Prior to this affair, for some weeks, the Triumvirate, hoping by moderation and the intervention of England and France, to obtain suitable conditions for Venice, had desired the Commander-in-chief to refrain from operations which might attract attention. But perceiving, at length, that they had little to hope from mediation, and that their forbearance was misconstrued into lukewariness for the general cause by the other states of Italy, they released Pepé from restraint on the 26th; and on the 27th, as we have seen, ensued the victory of Mestre, which afforded the beleaguered capital so much encouragement. This diplomatic restraint, however, was very soon renewed, and completely precluded the undertaking of an expedition which Pepé had planned against Caorle, in combination with Admiral Graziani, which he designed commanding in person, aided by Col. Ulloa, chief of his staff. This was unfortunate, for the enterprise promised success, and poor Venice began to have need of all the encouragement and consolation she could derive from any source whatever. Every day her position became more isolated. She seemed abandoned of all Italy, of all Europe, of all the world indeed—Austria only excepted. And there, like a widowed queen, she sat—deserted, doomed, desolate; or, in the strange image of the Swedish Andersen—“like a dead swan upon the waters.” The mediation of England and France dragged its slow length so tardily along, that Nemesis herself bade fair to decide the fate of Venice sooner than they. From Sardinia could be hoped no present help in this time of need. Her fleet, it is true, had not yet left the Adri-

atic ; and, indeed it was even then lying at the anchorage of Pelorosso, within sight of the city from the Campanile of St. Mark ; but it did not disembark La Marmora with the three battalions of Sardinian troops it had received on board nearly two months before ; and Admiral Albini expressly avowed, that armed neutrality was the extent of his orders.

But, with the disappearance of the Sardinian fleet from before the port, Austrian vessels began to show themselves anew, and their numerous privateers seriously interfered with the entrance of ships to provision the city, despite all the efforts of the feeble Venetian navy. Apropos of this subject, the subjoined anecdote, which appeared in the Vienna correspondence of an English paper of the day, may not prove uninteresting :—“ A curious interview on a curious topic has taken place between the American ambassador and Prince Schwartzberg. An American frigate recently entered the port of Venice, and, as is alleged, carried provisions to the beleaguered city. The Prince, in consequence, sent for the ambassador, and intimated his having received despatches to that effect. The ambassador, ignorant of the grounds for the accusation, demanded whether he had been officially informed of this breach of neutrality. ‘No,’ replied the Prince ; ‘but the quarter from whence it emanates is perfectly to be relied on ; and it is my duty to apprise you that the Austrian flotilla has received orders to sink, from henceforth, any American vessel thus contravening the laws of nations.’ ‘And, as the accusation is brought before me in so loose and unprecedented a manner, Prince,’ was the rejoinder, ‘it is equally my duty not to entertain it : but I may remark thus far, that, even if the American frigate to which you refer had been inculpated causelessly, and had actually been sunk, in the manner you have threatened, by the Austrian flotilla, my opinion is, that the American people, overcome by the transcen-

dent novelty of so astonishing a thing as the destruction of an American frigate by the combined navy of Austria, would have been disposed to overlook the first offence. I feel further at liberty to assure you, that you may sink an American frigate whenever you can catch her!"

If the incident here narrated ever occurred, the "frigate" referred to must have been the "Constitution," or the "Cumberland," and the American Envoy at Vienna, the Hon. William A. Stiles, author of the late valuable work on Austria. The "American frigate," however, may have been only an American merchantman. It will be remembered, that Venice was declared by Austria in a state of blockade as early as May 3d of '48, and that Baron Wessenberg, Minister of Foreign Affairs, informed the ambassadors of France and England, in the month of August, that it would be strictly enforced, so soon as the Sardinian fleet had quitted the Adriatic. The blockade was *not* enforced, however, until late the ensuing April, after the Austrian and Sardinian fleets had displayed to each other the white flag, off Pirano. Besides, Prince Schwarzenberg was not called to the cabinet of Vienna until the Fall of '48. It must have been, therefore, between the 24th of April, '49, when the blockade commenced, and the 24th of August, '49, when Venice capitulated, that this incident took place, if at all.*

*The United States Squadron in the Mediterranean, during 1848, embraced the frigate United States, the sloop-of-war Marion, the steamer Princeton, the schooner Tancy, and the store-ship Supply. The Marion returned in September, and the steamer Alleghany and the frigate Constitution were ordered to that station. Commodore Bolton, commanding the squadron on the coast of Africa, proceeded in the Jamestown to relieve Commodore Eead, who had been in command in the Mediterranean, and the latter was ordered home in the United States. The depôt at Mahon being discontinued, the Supply was sent out with stores in '47, succeeded by the Erie in '48—a temporary depôt for stores being secured at Spezzia. During 1849, our squadron in the Mediterranean was larger and more efficient than at any previous period in our history, with the exception, perhaps, of the

In connection with the then condition of Venice and her subsequent fate, this circumstance presents a striking comment on that iniquitous and antiquated principle of international law — *Blockade*. No commercial power ever suffered more from the exercise of this principle, than did the United States during the wars of Napoleon. Nominally at peace with all the world, our commerce suffered more severely than even that of the belligerents themselves. By the Berlin and Milan decrees, declaring the whole British Empire in blockade, and the British orders in Council, declaring the coasts of France and Holland from Brest to the Elbe in blockade, every American vessel having English goods on board was instantly seized and confiscated by French ships, while every American vessel having French goods on board, or bound for or from a French port, was instantly seized and confiscated by British ships! Nay, more—France seized every vessel that entered a British port, whilst England seized every vessel that failed to enter! Between the two, the escape of a carrying ship from seizure and confiscation, when in

years 1804 and 1805, during the Tripolitan war. It embraced the flag-ship *razees* Independence, the frigates Cumberland, Constitution, and St. Lawrence, the steamer Mississippi, the sloop-of-war Jamestown, and the store-ship Erie. The Princeton, the Alleghany, and the Taney were ordered home; and the Princeton, on her arrival, was condemned to be broken up. On the 22d of February, '49, Commodore Bolton died at Genoa. On the 7th of June, Commodore Morgan sailed in the Mississippi to take his post. Increase of force in the Mediterranean being deemed important, the Independence sailed, July 26th, and the Cumberland, August 10th, for that sea. On the 4th of September, Captain Gwinn of the Constitution, senior officer of the squadron by the death of Commodore Bolton, died at Palermo. The Erie returned in July and was despatched with stores in September. Thus, in course of the eventful years 1848—49, we had in the Mediterranean the frigates United States, Cumberland, Constitution, St Lawrence and Independence; the steamers Princeton, Mississippi and Alleghany; the sloops Marion and Jamestown; the schooner Taney, and the store-ships Erie and Supply. Which one of all these vessels was guilty of that "violation of neutrality" complained of by the Austrian Premier, deponent sayeth not.

trade with Europe, was, of course, almost impossible; and our commerce was swept from the ocean, and our merchants were ruined. Our ships rotted at our own wharves in idleness, or were sold as prizes in foreign ports. This was making the spectators "pay the piper," instead of the dancers, and with a vengeance! Mr. Jefferson retaliated with the Embargo and Non-intercourse Act of 1807-8, and the ocean was deserted—commerce ceased—our navigation was prostrate! And all this for what? Simply because of a conflict between two nations three thousand miles distant, in the origin or result of which conflict we had not the slightest direct interest! And, in fact, can the United States ever experience any adequate reciprocal interest in the principle of Blockade, whatever its interest or relation to the powers of Europe? Are not, indeed, all her interests opposed to it, as those, also, of human liberty throughout the world; and the sooner it is pronounced obsolete—so far, at least, as the United States are concerned—may we not say, the better for them, and the better for all minor powers struggling for freedom? But for this principle, Venice might, possibly, at this moment continue to stand "a power on the earth," as she did for fourteen hundred years—despite all the "horrors on horrors' head accumulated" by siege, bombardment, and cholera. It was not the prowess of Austrian arms, nor the unheard-of triumphs of the military engineering of modern times, nor the devastations of that "pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day," nor seventeen long months of siege, that reduced Venice. It was gaunt and ghastly *famine*; and that famine was created by that Austrian blockade of the Adriatic, which forbade whole squadrons of American, English and other merchantmen, lying almost idle in those Mediterranean waters during that disea-

trous summer, from joyfully engaging in the profitable and merciful trade of transporting to her the necessaries of life.

In view of these facts, there is one of the three propositions propounded in this country by the celebrated Kossuth, which seems forcibly to address itself to the interests and rights of our mercantile marine, be our view of his two other principles (Intervention, for Non-intervention, and the formal Recognition of a people's independence the moment it is declared) what it may. This third principle is—the Right of Commercial Intercourse between powers by which it has been ordinarily carried on, unimpeded and uninterrupted by any war which may chance to arise between either one of said powers and a third power. An extract from one of the Magyar's speeches shortly before leaving this country will illustrate the position:—"Now, in what condition is the right of commercial intercourse? If Venice, taking a start from its classical remembrances, rises to-day to shake off the yoke of Austria, and Austria sends its armies against it, by this very fact the commerce of the United States, and of whatever other nation, is excluded from Venice. Well, I say that is not right; there is no principle of nature nor of nature's God in it. If Lord Palmerston will have war against Greece, why, let them quarrel at their own expense, and not at the expense of those who carry on commerce with that nation. Therefore, I say, that, though the United States have not the right to open by force a market wherever in the world, yet, wherever a market is offered to them, and they are willing to send to that market what nature and their industry afford, there they have a *right* to send it. How could the fact of Hungary being in a revolution be a sufficient reason to damage America in its own commercial claim? Therefore, my third principle, which I claim, and which I consider highly important for the future of Europe, for the

next struggle, is, that the United States may declare, that the people consider the right of commercial intercourse with every nation that is ready to accept that intercourse, as a right, which no revolution and no oppression can prevent.”*

* This doctrine has been eloquently urged in a public speech at Washington, by Senator Douglass, of Illinois, since the above was penned. It is not without its objections and difficulties, but surely merits consideration.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST DAYS OF '48.

NOVEMBER opened dark and gloomily on Venice. The second revolution at Vienna, which broke out on the 6th of October, and concerning which the most sanguine anticipations had been entertained, had been quelled by the bombardment of Windischgraëtz, and extinguished in the blood of Blum; while the last hope of Anglo-Gallic intervention, or of successful mediation, for Venice, was expiring at Brussels.*

Within the closely beleaguered city, filled to overflowing with adventurers from all Italy—from all Europe—from all Christendom—all the revolting developments of a state of siege began to betray themselves, in crowded hospitals, crowded barracks, and crowded prisons. But the FINANCES—here, now, as ever, and far more than ever, was both the Scylla and the Charybdis on which Venice

* The Conference at Brussels, designed to pacificate Italy, can hardly be said ever to have had formal existence by the meetings of the envoys of all the Powers. Such as it was, however, it came to a sudden termination in February of '49—Austria insisting on the Treaty of Vienna of 1815 as a basis—in the principles of that treaty being involved the entire controversy. The mediation of England and France she terminated, by declaring that they alone, without the concurrence of all the other four parties to the Treaty of Vienna, had no power to decide the question. Valentino Pasini represented Venice at Brussels.

threatened every hour to split: and well might her champion, Manin, in a private letter, declare—"Money is the most urgent necessity in Venice; if she can obtain money, she can hold out, but not otherwise." The three millions of Patriotic Paper put in circulation by the voluntary loans of September 19th, and increased to five millions by an additional loan, October 12th, had hardly sufficed for the exigencies of the current months; while the three agents who had been despatched to Rome, Tuscany, and Piedmont to negotiate a national loan, or receive contributions—Giovannelli, Treves, and Giacomini—returned, after a two months' pilgrimage, with only half a million of Lire in specie and bills of exchange. Immediate financial relief was imperative; and, early in November, the Municipal Council of Venice resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means, and, after careful deliberation, decided—first, that the city should assume the guarantee of the Government for the five millions of Patriotic Paper; and, second, that fifteen additional millions of Lire should be issued, for the payment of which was decreed an augmentation of six hundred thousand Lire to the city taxes, for a period of twenty years, pledged, in anticipation, to this debt. The estimate of the entire aggregate which would accrue from this city-tax was about twelve millions of Lire. This new issue bore the denomination—*Moneta del Comune di Venezia*, and was to make its appearance on the first of the ensuing month. Meantime, to meet immediate demands, a forced loan of one million of Lire was decreed; and, thus, in the course of three months, eighteen millions of Lire in paper—equivalent to three millions of dollars—was thrown into circulation in the city of Venice. The National Bank, at the same time, issued notes of the value of one, two, three, five, fifty, and one hundred Lire.

In December, in consideration of the scarcity of coin, a commis-

sion was instituted to determine every Sunday the rate of exchange of gold and silver, as well as of the Communal and Patriotic Paper. A silver coin of the denomination of five Lire, before mentioned, was issued from the Mint, in commemoration of August 11th, as well as a smaller coin of fifteen *centesimi*, or three *carantini*, equivalent to three cents, or about one fifth of one Lire. The ensuing month, a gold coin of the value of twenty Lire * was issued, as, also, coins of copper of the respective denominations of five, three, and one *centesimi*, and Communal paper of a denomination as low as fifty *centesimi*, or half a Lire, being of the value of nearly nine cents of American currency.

During the last two months of 1848, voluntary contributions to the cause of Independence were more numerous and more liberal than ever in Venice. Indeed, the scenes of the previous May seemed almost renewed, when the priests Gavazzi and Bassi had officiated at the altar of patriotism in the Place St. Mark; when women gave their ornaments, children their toys, the rich the contents of their purses, and then raffled the purses themselves because no longer of use; when the poor gave their very bed-clothes and beds, saying, "Summer is coming and we shall need none, especially if we fall for Venice;" when basins of rings, hair-pins, bracelets, chains, crosses, pearls, gems and coin, stood openly beneath the Arcades of St. Mark as offerings; when school-boys denied themselves a portion of their daily food in order to contribute their *obolus* to the country; when noble ladies visited every quarter of Venice in the noble cause.† But, in other cities of Italy, contributions had almost entirely ceased.

* Several of these coins have been already alluded to. No gold or silver coin was issued prior to December, 1848.

† Teresa Manin, Teresa Papadopoli, Elizabetta Giustinian, Elizabetta Bentivoglio, Maddalena Cometto, Antonetta Benvenuti.

It is true, a rumor reached the beleaguered city, early in November, that Rome, Florence and Turin had resolved to assume the cause of Venice as their own, and sustain it accordingly. Many of the sanguine Venetians actually believed this rumor, and rejoiced that the time of their deliverance was at hand. It is needless to say, that the rumor was *only* a rumor, and a Venetian rumor, at that; and, like most rumors in Venice, then, now, and ever, with hardly a shadow of foundation. And yet, the journals of Turin and Genoa, which occasionally reached Venice, were even more preposterous and mendacious in their statements, than even the tongue of rumor itself. According to these, the Piedmontese army was on the eve of again crossing the Ticino *en route* for Milan; and day after day was appointed for its actually taking up the line of march! Deceived and abused by these journals, the Venetians conceived distrust of all journals, and bitter prejudice against them; so that, one morning, when one of the papers of their own city—*L'Imparziale*—appeared, containing an article advocating the claims of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugene, and son-in-law of Nicholas,* as a candidate for the throne of the Lombardo-Veneto Kingdom, the whole edition of the number—No. 42—was seized and committed to the flames in the Piazza. Venice, very evidently, had had enough of kings.

The nearest approach to anything like “material aid” from any government, was the *decree* by the Sardinian Chambers of a monthly subsidy to Venice of 600,000 francs until the close of the war, to commence with January, 1849. This subsidy would have been most welcome and effective—had it ever existed, except on paper.

* Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt, died at St. Petersburg, October, 1852, aged 85. At Rome, the obsequies, on the occasion, in the Russian and Polish Church, were very imposing.

A small portion of one monthly instalment from Sardinia reached Venice, hardly enough to compensate the repair of her squadron at the Venetian Arsenal; but she required, probably, all the revenue she could collect, and even more, to relieve her own embarrassed finances.* A loan for Venice was contracted at Rome, but never realized.

From the 22nd of March to the 31st of December, inclusive, the amount of voluntary donations made by Venice to the liberal cause was 63,000 Lire; while by all the other cities of Italy together, it was less than 52,000 Lire. In January, '49, however, the Republic of Tuscany contributed 72,000 Lire; while even the Italians established at Peru, in South America, sent about ten thousand Lire, additional, a month later. Ferrara sent 16,000 Lire by the hands of Salvadore Anau, who subsequently represented the Roman Republic at Venice. Bologna, Ancona, and even the little *Castello di Russi*, sent each a trifle; and Genoa promised to take 2,000 of the shares of 500 Lire each, of the National Loan of ten millions, of September; but she failed to redeem her promise.

But no where else was exhibited the enthusiasm and self-sacrificing liberality of the Venetians themselves. Among other modes of raising funds for the cause, the Academy of vocal and instrumental music, embracing two hundred amateurs and masters of the art, commenced, on the 15th of November, at the Fenice Theatre, a series of concerts, the avails to be appropriated to the support of the Civic Guard. The receipts of the first night were nearly 15,000 Lire—about \$2,500. At a subsequent date, the receipts at the *San Samuele* and *Apollo* Theatres, were contributed to the

* Sardinia, in four pro rata instalments, paid one-half of the sum of 600,000 francs, which sum her two Chambers had voted to pay Venice each month. Venice received, therefore, from Sardinia, 300,000 francs—about \$60,000, "all told."

purchase of a steamer of war, and even a society of ladies was organized with a similar object.

But, alas ! the total of all receipts from donations, revenues and subsidies never exceeded 200,000 Lire per month ; and how could that be expected to meet monthly demands which always exceeded 3,000,000 ? At the close of 1848, the expenditures of the Republic of Venice, which dated its origin March 22d, had exceeded 60,000,000 Lire, and there remained in the treasury less than 2,000,000 !*

But, dark as were the financial and political prospects of Venice, true to her ancient character and to her inherent, instinctive love of pleasure—pageants, parades, civic and religious festas, military reviews, funeral obsequies, and even dramatic and operatic entertainments, and convivial banquetings, continued as frequent as in her palmiest day.

The people of Venice are not like other people ! They are not even like other people of the Peninsula, or of the Continent—whether in a state of war, or a state of peace ; and, least of all, are they like the people of the United States. Even amid the horrors of siege and consequent suffering, which one might suppose would reduce—as, indeed, they generally do—the children of all climes to the same humble level—the Venetians retain their peculiar idiosyncrasy. Even then, Venice forgets not her history of centuries, and that she “lives only for pleasure.” Pleasure, indeed, is the very goddess of her idolatry, and she is a most true and constant worshipper, under

* The Austrian military chest contained, March 22d, thirty-six millions of Lire ; contributions, subsidies, loans, fines, &c., may have produced some ten or twelve millions more, and the aggregate of the paper issue, as stated in the text already, was about eighteen millions—making some ten millions of dollars in all. On the 11th of June, Venice had in her treasury but 820,874 Lire, of which 651,223 were in specie, the balance being in valuables contributed, such as plate, jewels, &c. The data on which to base estimates of Venetian finances in '48-9 are, it may be observed, exceedingly meagre and unreliable.

every variety of circumstance, and every vicissitude of event. She makes a pleasure of everything—even of business—instead of making, as do Americans and English, a business of everything—even of pleasure. Her very funerals seem festivals; and we shall shortly behold her, amid all the unspeakable horrors of famine, pestilence, and siege, gazing on the awful magnificence of the scene of her own bombardment, very much as she would have gazed on any other similar display of tremendous fire-works—of matchless pyrotechny—could such display, indeed, have been.

The first of the public pageants witnessed by Venice, during the last months of '48, took place on Tuesday, the 17th of November. It was the institution and inauguration of an anniversary, to be observed each year by solemn obsequies, in memory and to the honor of all the Martyrs of Italian Liberty, whatever the mode or wherever the place, in which their fate was met. After a magnificent mass in the church of Saints John and Paul, composed expressly for the occasion by the Maestro Deval, and executed by a choir embracing all the *dilettanti* and professors of the city, a funeral oration was pronounced by the Abatte Rambaldi of Treviso. Over the grand entrance to the church was read the legend—*A tutti i martiri della Liberta e dell' Indipendenza Italiana, il Popolo queste solenni esequie perpetuamente rinnovabili.** That same night, as if a response to these obsequies from the spirits of the departed martyrs, a splendid exhibition of the Aurora Borealis, a phenomenon most unusual at Venice, and such as had not been witnessed for years, lighted up the ridges of the Tyrol, the Friulian mountains, and the snowy summits of the distant Alps, and filled the city with enthusiastic joy as an omen of auspicious significance.

* To all the martyrs of Liberty and of Italian Independence, the People this solemn obsequy perpetually will renew.

There is no people, even in Italy, so credulous as are the masses in Venice. The exhibition commenced at ten, and, for fifteen minutes, having beamed with wonderful brilliancy, gradually died away. What wonder that poor beleaguered, abandoned, suffering Venice would not permit herself to doubt, that these celestial visitants were the precursors of a happier fate—the harbingers of a brighter and a better day!

On the following morning, the subaltern officers of all the forces, whether of the land or the sea, numbering one hundred and eighty-seven, assembled, by prior appointment, at the Lido, and passed the day in convivial banqueting and auspicious auguries. Next day there was held an imposing review of the Civic Guard at *Campo di Marte*, the line consisting of four battalions of fusileers and one hundred and fifty artillerists, with half a field battery and one hundred *Bersaglieri*, or riflemen. Gen. Pepé, with the two Triumvirs, Cavedalis and Graziani, were present, and the appearance and performance of the Guard were highly lauded.

The dawn of the first day of December was ushered in by the roar of artillery and the pealing of all the bells in Venice. It was the anniversary of the signing of the celebrated Lombard League, and, by decree of the Dictature, had been declared a national Festa.

In the year 1167, the chief cities of Lombardy, oppressed by the yoke of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, entered into a solemn league for mutual defence, embracing Venice, Milan, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Brescia, Cremona, Ferrara, Bologna, Piacenza, Lodi, Parma, Modena, Bergamo, and Treviso. To this list, numbering fifteen towns, new names were speedily added, among which were those of Mantua and Ancona, and those, also, of several Piedmontese communities, especially Novara and Vercelli. Absolute independence was not claimed by this Lombard League, although each

district demanded magistrates chosen by itself, agreeably to ancient usage, the power of self-taxation and the administration of its own municipal revenues, the framing of statutes binding on every resident, complete civil and criminal jurisdiction, the fortification of towns, and the declaring of war and peace—all of which were rejected by the tyrant, and a conflict of nine years' duration, until the victory of Legnano, in 1176, ensued. The Republic of Venice was not at first a party to this league. Indeed, when Christian, Archbishop elect of Mayence and Arch-chancellor of the Empire, to whom Frederic had delegated the conduct of his affairs in Italy, determined to attack Ancona by land, Venice, impelled by that petty commercial jealousy so characteristic of the era, and, perhaps, peculiarly, of herself, lent her fleet, led by the enormous ship *Il Mondo*—The World—to blockade the port. The sufferings of the besieged city from famine were dreadful, but, at length, an ingenious stratagem caused Christian to abandon his works in precipitate retreat; and Venice, unable or unwilling to maintain the blockade without support, at the same time withdrew her fleet. Subsequently, when the Emperor entered Italy in person, Venice united herself to the League; but it was not until she had espoused the cause of the persecuted Pontiff, Alexander III., that she became involved in positive hostilities with Barbarossa. The cause of this persecution was the fact, that, in the year 1159, on the death of Pope Adrian IV., two successors appeared to claim St. Peter's chair through a double election—Alexander III., the legitimate Vicar by choice of the Cardinals, and Victor IV., sustained by Barbarossa. A war of hate and extermination followed, and the dethroned and exiled Pope hunted over all Italy, and even to France, sought safety at last in the Lagune. The Republic most gallantly espoused his cause, and a series of magnificent paintings, of vast size, look down from

the walls of the Grand Council Chamber of the Ducal Palace to immortalize the result. The Doge Ziani encountered the hostile and combined fleet of Genoa, Pisa, and Ancona, off Pirano, and returned to Venice a victor, with Otho, the Emperor's son, as his captive. At the Lido, the Pope in person received the Doge, and presenting him with a ring, pronounced these memorable words:—"Take this ring, and with it the sea as your subject. Each year, on the return of this day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice as a spouse to her husband." And, for more than six hundred years, although now—

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,"—

on every fresh return of the Feast of Ascension, that beautiful sea witnessed the renewal of these symbolic nuptials. On the morning of that day, mass having been heard in the church of San Nicolo, the Doge embarked on the splendid Bucentaur; and, with music and rejoicings, led the aquatic procession to the Port of the Lido. There, dropping a ring into the bosom of the bride, he pronounced these words:—"We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

The defeat of the Emperor's fleet off Pirano by the Venetians, succeeded by that of his army near Legnano,* by the Milanese, on the 29th of May, 1176, forced him to ask a conference at Venice for the settlement of the Pontificate and the adjustment of the claims of the Lombard League. The result was a truce of six years, and the acknowledgment of Alexander as Pope. Meantime his rival, Victor IV., had died, and had been succeeded by Paschal III., who had, also, died, and been succeeded by Calixtus III., who

* A village on the route from Milan to Lago Maggiore, near the Ticino. On the same spot were the French, under Sherer, defeated by the Austrian Kray, March 23th, 1799.

fled at Alexander's approach. On the 24th of June—or a month later according to some authorities—Barbarossa having been relieved of the Papal anathema, landed at the Piazzetta to ratify the new treaty in person. Received by the Doge and all his court with the utmost splendor, he was conducted to the Cathedral, where, on a throne, garbed in his pontifical robes, with the tiara on his head, surrounded by cardinals and prelates, sat the aged Pope. The Emperor prostrated himself to kiss the Pontiff's feet, when, planting his foot on the subject neck, the Holy Father repeated the significant words of the Psalmist:—"Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder," &c. "Not to *you*, but to St. Peter, I bow!" muttered the wrathful German. "Both to me and to St. Peter," was the priestly response, and the sandaled foot pressed still heavier on the prostrate neck. A cube of porphyry at the vestibule of the Cathedral yet marks the spot where once—

"The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns."

Alexander was conducted by Ziani to Rome, and placed by him on the throne vacated by Calixtus at his approach, when numerous distinctions were bestowed on the Doge for his great services. Henceforth, a lighted taper, a sword, an umbrella, a chair of state, silver trumpets, embroidered banners, and a leaden, instead of a waxen seal, even like that of the Pope himself, were declared the symbols of Ducal power in Venice. In 1178, the Peace of Constance confirmed the Treaty of Venice; and the City of the Sea, now recognized as one of the first powers of Europe, was hailed as the liberator of Italy, the Protector of the Pope, the Conqueror of Barbarossa, and the champion of the Lombard League!

Well, and fitly, then, might Venice, in this her day of darkness and despair, look back with pride and hope to that of her grandeur and her power.

After the conclusion of the religious services in the Cathedral and the departure of the troops from the Piazza, Manin appeared at his balcony, and, amid deafening applause, addressed the people, urging upon them, that, not to solemnize with pomp and pageant the anniversary of the signature of the Lombard League alone were the festivities of that day decreed, but to recall the memory of that heroic era of the past; and, while deriving from it a lesson of patriotism, to endeavor to catch something of its intrepid spirit.

That night the Fenice Theatre was crowded. The second concert for the benefit of the Civic Guard was given by the Academy of Music, and thirty young ladies assisted the chorus. A voice, at the close, shouted—*Viva la Costituente Italiana!* and the massive walls of that ponderous pile almost rocked with frantic applause! *Viva la Costituente! Viva l'Italia libera ed una! Viva la Lega Lombarda!* were the shouts which echoed and re-echoed beneath the vault of that gorgeous dome. The Confederation of Italy—another Lombard League against another Barbarossa, was now, indeed, the gathering-cry of the whole Peninsula.

On the morning of the 6th of December, a singular procession appeared in the Place St. Mark's. It embraced the officers of the Venetian Navy in the ancient costume of their profession. The day was sacred to San Nicolò, the patron of seamen, and was observed in the morning by religious services in the church of San Biagio, and in the evening by a banquet in the great hall of the Grassi Palace—one of the most sumptuous structures in Venice, purchased a few years since, as already mentioned, by a commercial company, and devoted to their pursuits.

Intelligence of the assassination of Count Rossi, of the insurrection at Rome, and of the flight of the Pope to Gaëta, reached Venice the last of November, and produced a profound sensation.

Subsequently arrived news of the Manifesto of Pius ; and the once enthusiastic cry of—*Viva Pio Nino!* like that of *Viva Carlo Alberto!* fell in Venice to rise no more. It was about this time, also, that General Pepé received official notice, by the hands of Campitelli, President of the Electoral Commission of Naples, bearing date November 25th, of his nomination to the Neapolitan Assembly ; in reply to which, he expressed the hope, that the termination of the siege of Venice would soon suffer him, personally, to respond : whereupon the Neapolitan Government issued an edict, that he should be at once arrested and brought to trial if he crossed the frontier. And thus, “for a third time in his life was Pepé proscribed.”

On the 2nd of December, in view of the new position in which Rome found herself, and her reasonable apprehensions of Austrian invasion, the Triumvirs thought proper to decree, that the four Legions of Papal troops in the service of Venice—numbering some 5,000 men originally, but reduced by death and disease to 4,500, should at once repair to the spot to which their allegiance in the present exigency was chiefly due—a single battalion of a thousand men—called *L'Unione*—alone remaining. The recall of these troops can hardly be viewed as a loss to a beleaguered city, full of defenders, but poorly provisioned, and destitute of means to pay their wages. Upon their departure, Pepé warmly commended them in his Order of the Day, though designedly omitting all mention of their leader, Gen. Ferrari ; while the *Circolo Italiano* presented them a banner in token of fraternity, praying them to plant it upon the Campidoglio, in front of the Capitol, at Rome, in the name of the people of Venice. The banner bore the motto—*Italia libera ed una. A Roma e Venezia.** Not long before this, the *Circolo* had nominated a committee of five, charged to place themselves in

* Italy free and united. To Rome and Venice.

communication with the central committee of Florence, designed to promote the convocation of an Italian Constituent Assembly—*Costituente Italiana*—with the purpose of forming a union of Italian States somewhat like that of the American States, with a common Constitution.

Early in November the Triumvir Cavedalis was charged to organize a Legion, composed of soldiers which had belonged to the garrisons of Palma Nuova and Osopo, and of Austrian conscripts who had deserted from Friuli, or who had fled to avoid conscription. At a subsequent date were instituted two other legions, one composed of the soldiers of Cadore, Feltre, Belluna, and Sette-Comuni, called *Cacciatori delle Alpi*—Chasseurs of the Alps; and the other composed of Dalmatians and Istrians, the Legion being distinguished by the name *Dalmato-Istriano*.

During the months of November and December, the troops on both sides were in winter quarters, and the only military movements permitted by the severity of the season were a couple of unsuccessful attempts on the little Fort Eau (O). The last affair of the year was that of October 27th, at Mestre; and, early in December, a sum of money was raised by subscription for the laudable purpose of erecting a monument at Fort Malghera in memory of the fallen.

The gunboats anchored in the Lagune, and designed for its defence, were, during the winter, subjected to great danger, and their crews to great suffering and peril, by violent tempests; and considerable loss in vessels and warlike apparatus was sustained.

On the night of the 22d of December, the English brig of war "Mutiny" was wrecked on the *Murazzi*, or sea-walls, of Pelestrina. The seamen of the Venetian fleet were ordered to their assistance, and, with great difficulty and danger, the dense darkness being in a

measure overcome by the burning of tar-barrels, all the crew of the wrecked vessel were saved. It is a somewhat noticeable coincidence, that a large merchant ship went ashore on this very spot, during the tremendous storm of the night of the 4th of March, 1852—a storm the most fearful that for many years had visited the Adriatic, liable though that sea is to sudden and terrific tempests. A large number of ships and brigs of all nations, and fishing smacks almost numberless, went ashore or went to the bottom, at the same time, together with the Austrian war steamer, “Marianna.” The steamer “Vola,” her consort, which bore the young Emperor, who had been on a visit to Venice, rode out the storm.

On Christmas Eve, the eloquent monk, Gavazzi, reached Venice. But his stay was brief. His destination was Rome.

The last official act of the Triumvirate of Venice, during the year 1848, was the promulgation of a decree for the institution of a Permanent Assembly of Representatives of the State of Venice, which body might be promptly convened in every exigency, and which should be clothed with absolute power to decide all matters whatever, having reference to the internal or external welfare or condition of the State—the deputies to be chosen by almost universal suffrage, in the ratio of one deputy for every fifteen thousand souls—the elections to commence on the 20th of January, and the Assembly immediately thereafter to convene—its term of duration being limited to six months. This decree was issued on the 24th of December, together with an ordinance prescribing minutely the mode in which the election of representatives should be conducted, which decree and ordinance were sent as a circular to every parish.

On the 30th, Marshal Radetzky declared by proclamation at Verona, that all absentees of the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom who

should not have returned to their homes prior to the first day of February, 1849, would be subjected to the confiscation of all their goods and estates.

And with these two decrees, eminently characteristic of Freedom and of Despotism, closes on Lombardy and Venice the eventful year 1848.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONTINENT AND THE PENINSULA.

IF, from this point and period, we cast a glance over such portions of the Continent and the Peninsula as were more intimately associated with the Lombardo-Veneto, we find but little in their past, or their present, to lend encouragement for their future, though much, in the retrospection, to interest and instruct.

FRANCE, after the fearful scenes at Paris in June, was under the Dictature of Cavaignac until the election of Louis Napoleon as President in December; while, throughout the intervening months, the Assembly and the Press were devoted to the framing of the new Constitution, to the exclusion of almost everything else; and, during the first half of '49, all minds were turned to the famous—or rather, the infamous—Expedition to Rome.

VIENNA, after the outbreak of three days which elicited the promise of a Constitution on the evening of March 15th, seems to have remained in comparative quietude, during the progress of reforms, for a period of two months, until the 15th of May. On the 21st of March, when Ferdinand of Hapsburg was making a triumphal progress through the streets of Vienna, his troops under

Radetzky were battling his subjects in the streets of Milan, and his power in Italy was passing away. But, on the 15th of May, while Ferdinand of Bourbon was fusillading his people in the streets of Naples, the people of Ferdinand of Hapsburg were again driving before them his troops in the streets of Vienna. But there is no end to contrasts or coincidences like these, in the annals of '48-49; and it would prove a curious task to array them in antithesis.

On the 14th of May, a "Storm Petition" for certain measures was presented the Ministry by the Academic Legion of Vienna—on the 17th, the Emperor was in full flight for his "faithful Tyrol"—on the 25th, the dissolution of the Academic Legion was decreed—on the 26th barricades arose; and, on the 27th, Vienna was committed to the charge of the same Academic Legion!

The part taken by the students, the professors, and by the literary men generally, in the revolutions of '48-49, throughout Europe, is noticeable. At Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Frankfort, Prague, Venice, Milan, Rome—indeed, throughout all Germany and Italy, as well as France, the students were ever "the head and front of the offending"—it was ever "an anarchy of the literati;" and their influence was as vast as their energy was great—an influence often for good, but sometimes for evil. The Assemblies of Representatives—of which, in 1848, there were not less than nine or ten in session—at Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Prague, Presburg, Vienna, Venice, Turin, Naples—embodied men of every grade and class; and those of Germany are said to have embraced each about sixty peasants; but it was, after all, the men of mind, such as Lamartine, Kossuth, Mazzini, Mamiani, Manin, Gioberti, Caponi, Guerrazzi, d'Azeglio, Balbo, Tommaseo, who gave direction to events and ruled them. Starvation, as has been well said, is not the element of revolt in Italy or Germany, as it is in England or in France. Moral, not material, fam-

ine, therefore, roused revolution there in '48-49: "it was the revolt not of starved stomachs, but of famished souls," and far nobler in origin, and loftier in character. In Germany, the chiefs were professors and students; in Italy, philosophers and authors: men of mind and thought, but, unfortunately, not men of experience and practice; while, in both countries, they were so deplorably destitute of political training and so ignorant of the details and technicalities—the policy and economy—of government, that they were forced to avail themselves, for a time, at least, of the old *employés*—the familiars of Absolute Bureaucracy—to carry on constitutional systems. And thus, the "Selectmen" of a New England village could more adroitly have guided any of the numerous governments then organized, than could, or did, cabinets composed of the ablest men in Europe! Deplorable ignorance of the simplest principles of Republican or Representative rule was constantly betrayed. Thus, as a single, yet signal, example, the Assembly convened at Vienna for the sole purpose of framing a Constitution for the Empire, assumed at once legislative powers, and even exercised executive and municipal functions, claiming entire control of the capital, with, of course, most disastrous results. Even the French Constituent Assembly assumed legislative powers. Among other acts, it gave its sanction to the infamous expedition against Rome, and then protested against the use made of that sanction by Ministers, in view of the unexpected result. The Constituent Assembly at Rome was, also, Legislative. But these incongruities may, perhaps, be viewed as palliated, if not warranted, by the exigencies of the times.

PRAGUE, roused by events at Vienna, on the 26th of May, renewed its demand of two months previous, for the restoration of the nationality of Bohemia, seized, virtually, by Austria two centuries before. Strange to say, this demand was violently opposed by

Vienna!* The result was the invariable one—barricades, bloodshed, bombardment, horrible atrocities a whole week, concluding with complete reduction by Prince Windischgraetz on the 18th of June, after the assassination of his wife and the slaughter of his son, and after having been nearly hanged himself—events, it is said, which nerved his heart for subsequent cruelties at Vienna and Pesth.

On the 16th of June, Ferdinand, at Innsbruck, appointed the Archduke John Regent of the empire—on the 24th, the Archduke was received with boundless enthusiasm at Vienna—on the 25th, he re-committed the capital to the students, because “they had ruled so wisely and so well”—on the 29th, he was elected Regent of the German Empire by the Frankfort Parliament, and on the 5th of July, accepted the distinction amid splendid pageant and parade. On the 22nd, was opened the Constituent Diet; and the Archduke, who had returned from Frankfort for the occasion, declared, in course of his address, that it was “the intention of the government

* Such conduct seemed characteristic of the Continent in '48-49. Vienna, struggling for freedom, opposed Prague doing the same; while Bohemia and Moravia eagerly replied to the levies of Count Latour to reinforce Radetzky, and aided Croatia and Hungary to crush Lombardy. And the same time, Count Latour sent Italian regiments from Vienna against the Magyars; and Bohemia aided Austria against Hungary; and Hungary resisted the independence of Croatia; and Sardinia reduced Genoa; and Naples Sicily; and the Frankfort Diet sternly denounced the demands of Schleswig-Holstein. At the very time the Germans were struggling for freedom, the British Secretary of Legation, writing from Vienna, says—“The greatest sympathy exists in the public mind for the army in Italy, and a peculiar sensitiveness for the honor of their arms.” And, as with the Viennese, as regarded Lombardy after the repulse of their troops, so with the Parisians as regarded Rome. The Archduke John told the Vienna Diet that Austria “looked only to arms for peace in Italy,” and the same Diet voted thanks to Radetzky for defeating Charles Albert, and the Viennese students who had bled in the streets of Vienna for freedom, in March '48, bled as freely against her, before Venice, in June '49. Never was exhibited such hate of race. Yet, Vienna and Venice, Pesth and Prague, Milan and Agram, Naples and Palermo, Genoa and Turin, fought a common tyrant, and professed a common cause! But they fought each other—and the tyrant triumphed—and the cause was lost!

to conduct with vigor the war in Italy, and to look only to arms for an honorable peace." Obsequies for the martyrs of March, 150 in number, and assumption of the German tri-color by German troops on the 6th of August, with great parade, followed—succeeded, on the 12th, by a magnificent reception of the Emperor. And the same Emperor, who less than four months before, had fled for "dear life" from his "dear people," now declared himself "delighted to return;" and the same people, whom his despotism had exasperated to drive him off, now declared themselves equally "delighted to welcome him home"—neither Emperor nor people, however, seeming to have the most distant suspicion, that the self-same Hegira could by any possibility transpire again within sixty days!

For nearly two months Vienna was now quiet, if we accept a collision between the workmen of the National Workshops with the National Guard on the 23rd of August, and a tumult of the tradesmen on the 12th of September. Meantime, Austria had roused the Croats and Serbs, under their Ban Jellachich, to war against the Magyars, under their chief, Kossuth; and, after five months of duplicity, Radetzky being once more Lord of Lombardy, and Ferdinand once more Lord of Vienna, Austria openly threw her sword into the Croat scale. On the 25th of September, Count Lamberg was sent as Commissioner "to restore harmony," and was slain at Ofen on the 28th; and, on the 3rd of October, Jellachich was appointed Governor of Hungary and the kingdom placed under martial law. But, four days before, he had been defeated by the Hungarians, at Velenze, and was in full flight for Vienna, demanding reinforcements. In compliance with this demand, Count Latour, on the evening of the 5th, sent several Italian regiments from Vienna; and the Richter battalion of grenadiers, domiciliated for years at the capital, was, with five other battalions of the line, ordered to depart at

dawn. Reluctance to leave home, repugnance to the service, and instigations of the people caused a mutiny against this order, and the Second Revolution at Vienna, and the second flight of the Emperor ensued. Latour was slain, the Arsenal was captured and the imperial troops were expelled. But, on the 26th, Windischgraetz and Jellachich were before Vienna with 120,000 Bohemians, Moravians, Gallicians, Serbs, Croats, and Italians, and bombardment began. On the 30th, Kossuth, who had come to the rescue with 20,000 Magyars was defeated, and, on the 1st of November, Windischgraetz entered Vienna, and Schwartzenberg, appointed Premier, rode up to the Hall of the Diet, drove out the members like another Cromwell, and filled the place with troops! Then commenced the executions; and Messenhauser, Becher, Jellinek, Sternau, and Blum were shot, and "order" was restored.

One month later, at Olmutz, on the 2nd of December, the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated the throne of Austria in favor of his nephew, the Archduke Francis Joseph, whose father, the Archduke Francis Charles, had previously resigned his right of succession. Windischgraetz now entered Hungary with 100,000 men, in nine different bodies, and success, at first, everywhere attended him. But the tide turning, he was, in April, '49, superseded by Welden, who had commanded before Venice. But defeat still pursued the invaders; and, driven from Hungary, but for jealousies and dissensions in the Magyar camp, Kossuth might, in two days, have dictated terms at Vienna, only forty miles distant!

On the 4th of March, '49, the young Emperor dissolved the Diet, and himself declared a Charter, framed by Count Stadion, which was at once denounced by Servia, Croatia, and Bohemia; and a special "Statute" was promised to the Lombardo-Veneto when "pacified,"

but none to Hungary, to whom the Charter was especially obnoxious—depriving her of Transylvania.*

In May, Austria and Russia, with 240,000 men, under the nominal command of the young Emperor, to preclude jealousies, had entered Hungary against an army of only 180,000; and Welden had been superseded by Haynau, even as he had been already superseded by him before Venice. Presburg, Raab, Pesth, capitulated in rapid succession—the Hungarian Diet held its last session at Szgedin, July 28th; the last battle was fought at Temesvar, August 9th; all power was reposed in Görgey on the 10th; and, on the 13th, near Villagos, he surrendered to the foe. Arad capitulated, Kossuth fled to Turkey, Komorn yielded—Hungary had fallen—her cause was lost! The execution of Batthiany and the atrocities of Haynau followed; and 70,000 Hungarians were forced into imperial regiments!

NAPLES, after the massacre of May was crushed by a despotism more leaden than ever. The defeat of Charles Albert in July was the signal to Ferdinand to send an expedition against Sicily, who had declared herself independent in April, and elected the Duke of Genoa her king two months later. The identical troops sent north in April, were sent south in August; and the liberating army of the spring was the enslaving army of the summer! The identical fleet also, but a few months before in the Adriatic against Austria, was now—vastly increased—in the Straits against Sicily. England and France engaged neutrality by their Admirals; twenty vessels-of-war landed 15,000 men early in September, and Messina, for three days was bombarded. The city, in ruins, was entered. Atrocities were

* This charter never went into operation. It was virtually repealed in August, 1851, and actually so, by formal decree, on the 31st of December of the same year. As a Bill of Rights it was exceedingly liberal.

fearful! It was a strife of races—the most merciless known. Nobles, beggars—monks, nuns—men, women, and children, fought and fell! On the 10th, Admirals Baudin and Parker, who, from their quarter-decks, had quietly beheld all, now imposed armistice. Both parties protested. On the 29th of March, '49, the fight was renewed. Faormina, Catania, Syracuse fell in rapid succession: and, on the 18th of May, the capitulation of Palermo, followed by the customary executions, banishments, fines, and a tax of fifty-four millions of francs, fixed the iron yoke again on that beautiful island, just sixteen months after it was flung off, and proclaimed to the world that Ferdinand of Bourbon was once more “Tyrant of the Two Sicilies!”*

And Pio Nono?—After his famous *Enciclica* of April 29th, in which he declared—“I can not mingle in this war—you are all my children,”—his reign was brief and troubled. Almost every week witnessed a new Ministry. The meeting of the Assembly in June—the slaughter of Count Rossi in November—the flight to Gaëta—the Papal political manifesto seconded by the Papal spiritual anathema—the Papal prayer to the four Catholic powers for intervention—the election and convention of the Constituent Assembly on the 1st of February, '49—its declaration of a Republic on the 9th—the Triumvirate Dictature—the opening of the Inquisition, “that whispering gallery of Europe”—the approach of Oudinot, and his disgraceful defeat in April—the well-contested siege of May and June—the entry of the French on the 4th of July—the gallantry of Garibaldi and Manara—the patriotism of Mazzini and Ciceroacchio, and the final return of the fugitive Pope and its attendant atrocities

*The two Sicilies have a population of 8,500,000: an Army of 45,000: a Navy of 15 vessels with 484 guns, and 14 steamers, 6 being frigates of 800 horse-power. There is no floating debt, and the finances are not embarrassed. The Pontificate has 8,000,000 of inhabitants. The revenue is \$11,000,000—the expenditures \$12,000,000.

—lo! are not all these events, in all their incidents and details, as familiar to all ears as are "household words?"

At Ferrara, despite a convention between the citizens and Austrian troops of the citadel in the autumn of '48, sanguinary collisions continuing to occur, Radetzky sent Haynau, in February, '49, with 10,000 men to demand indemnity of \$200,000 within twenty-four hours. The money was paid by an English resident; but the city was occupied by the Austrians for a week.

Before Bologna, on the 7th of August, '48, appeared Baron Welden, with 4,000 troops and twelve guns, exacting submission, hostages, and a heavy contribution. The only reply was the *rappel* in every street, and the tocsin from every steeple: Under the eloquent adjurations of the monk, Ugo Bassi, the people, armed only with knives, rushed to the gates; and, notwithstanding cannonade and congreve rockets, the Austrians were glad to seek refuge from the infuriated Bolognese, with the loss of seventy men and two cannon, in the citadel of Ferrara. In May of '49, Gen. Wimpfen, with 15,000 troops, advancing to occupy Bologna as a pendent, or as an offset, to the contemplated French occupancy of Rome, the brave citizens again flew to arms; but, after a siege of ten days, and a destructive bombardment, were, finally, on the 16th, forced to capitulate. Bologna had been left almost defenceless, having sent a contingent of 4,000 men, with a dozen guns, to aid Rome. The city was entered and placed under martial law, the government being assumed by Gen. Gorzkowsky, while the keys were sent to Radetzky, and thence to Pius, at Gaëta.*

* Radetzky, at Bologna and Ferrara, played the same part as Oudinot at Rome. A despatch from the Austrian Premier to the Austrian Minister at London, dated April 20th, '49, proves that Radetzky had then orders to *concur* with Oudinot in restoring Pius, independently of the wishes of his people; although France, at the same time, declared the object of her expedition to be to *counteract* Austria! Each of the three cities, also,

Francis of Modena, who, on the first outbreak at Milan, had fled to Mantua, and thence to Pisa, and, finally, to Germany, was restored to his capital by Austrian arms, under the Milan Armistice of August, '48—no opposition to the petty and contemptible claims of this petty and contemptible potentate—this degenerate scion of “the antique brood of Este,” being offered—although the popular odium still continued so great, that Austrian officers were excluded by the fair Modenese from their saloons and society, and from their boxes at the opera, even as before.

In like manner was Carlo Lodovico of Lucca, restored to his new Dukedom of Parma—where Napoleon's wanton widow so long led her infamous career as Count Neipperg's paramour, even while the noble exile yet survived. Driven out of Lucca by his people in September, '47, Maria Louisa, fortunately for him, died the ensuing spring,* affording him that diplomatic refuge provided by the injustice of the Congress of Vienna. But, in March, his Austrians were driven from the capital, and himself became, virtually, a prisoner in his palace, until his situation was, virtually, commuted to exile, through the influence of Charles Albert, then at Milan. In September, '48, a contribution of 400,000 florins—\$200,000—having been imposed on the city by the Austrians, payable in four declared for a republic, when their decision was asked. And yet, Radetzky, at a banquet at Milan, in May, is said to have toasted, “The noble Garibaldi and the brave Romans, conquerors of the French!” and Radetzky is a prudent and a temperate man! Bologna continued under martial law during the residue of '49. The city is still occupied by Austrian troops, at a charge of \$20,000 per month. The annoyance to the traveller of these troops is excessive. There seemed, indeed, no end to the trouble and expense of getting a passport *en règle* at Bologna in October, 1851.

* On the 6th of January, the remains of the Duchess of Parma passed through Mantua and Padua, with military pomp, *en route* for their last resting place in the vaults of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, with her family. Neipperg died in 1837. The population of Parma is 490,000: of Modena, 556,000: and of Lucca, 150,000, which last devolved by succession to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on decease of Maria Louisa.

hours, and not having been paid, a general pillage was begun by the Croats, which brought down on them, however, bloody reprisals from the wrath of the people.

As for Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, a weak man, of sixty, allied by blood and treaty to the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine—a House, which owes to Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Tuscany and husband of Maria Theresa, a portion of its family name for better than the hundred years last past—as for the good-natured old Leopold, relying on Radetzky's Croats after the defeat of Charles Albert, he ignored the concessions wrung from him only four months before, and the liberals were at once in arms. At this crisis, it so happened, that the monk Gavazzi reached Leghorn, *en route* for Bologna. Refused permission to land, the National Guard took him from the steamer—an eloquent speech or two set the place in a blaze—the Police and Governor were driven from the city, and Leopold from Pisa again conceded everything demanded. But in February, '49, having retired from Florence to Sienna, he fled to Porto San Stefano, and thence to Pius, at Gaëta : a Triumvirate was named, with Guerazzi as chief—and the "Italian Constituent," or a union with Rome in a Republic of Central Italy, became the "one idea" of Tuscany—against all of which Leopold, of course, protested, demanding of Austria aid. But the final defeat of Charles Albert, in March, brought back Leopold with some 14,000 Austrians in April, abolishing the Dictature of Guerazzi, and proclaiming anew the Constitution of '48.

At Genoa, in September of '48, the Police Reports were seized by a mob and consumed in a public square, without interference on part of the municipal authorities. But the movement was not followed up. After the defeat of Novara, in March, '49, Genoa, indignant at what she deemed a disgraceful peace, declared herself independent

of Sardinia ; but after nine days of Republicanism, and after twenty-four hours of destructive cannonade by Gen. La Marmora, she capitulated, and Avezzana, the Princess Belgiojoso, and other leaders, fled to Rome. Avezzana became Minister of War at Rome, and is now, as prior to '48-49, a merchant at New York.*

Even the little Principality of Monaco, with its single sea-port, declared its independence in 1848, as, also, the city of Piacenza, before mentioned ; but the independence of neither survived the Salasco Armistice. The miniature and model-republic of San Marino, with its three castles and its 5,000 people, perched for sixteen centuries on its rocky crag—the last remnant of the once-brilliant constellation of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages—seems to have been the sole spot in all Italy—in all Europe, indeed—unmoved : and, like an old eagle from its inaccessible eyrie, to have looked down on the raging billows dashing up from the great ocean all around, but far below. †

* Genoa, it is probable, never entertained serious intentions of an independent government. In '49, she wished only to renew the desperate contest with Austria, but, in all other matters went hand in hand with Turin, and was ever loyal and magnanimous. It was Genoa, who, as early as October, '48, "lighted up bonfires all along the Appenines," by her celebration of the centennial anniversary of her expulsion of the Austrians ; while, at the same time, Florence sent back to Pisa the old chains of her harbor, which, for centuries, had hung as a trophy on her cathedral walls.

† San Marino is situated on the summit of a rocky and lofty mountain, twelve miles south of Rimini, and embraces but seventeen square miles of territory. It was the refuge of a Christian hermit named Marino in the 8rd century—whence the name. Napoleon gave it four cannon in '97. It is famous for its wines, and is an asylum for exiles, who are forbidden to discuss politics. All citizens bear arms.

CHAPTER XI.

MANIN.

THE first day of the week was, also, the first day of January, the first day of the new year ; and the first official act of the Government on that day affords a more significant comment on the condition of Venice, than could almost any other. It assumed the form of an edict from the Prefecture of Public Order, declaring, that in consequence of the extraordinary position of the city, the use of the *mask* could not be tolerated in Venice during the carnival, and during the year. In the minds of many persons, whose ideas of Venice have been mainly derived from romances and poems, the mask is associated with almost every incident of her history—every characteristic of her manners and customs. A Venetian without his mask, his mantle, and his stiletto would, in their imagination, be no Venetian at all ! The truth is, however, that even before Venice came under the rule of France, at the close of the last century, many of her peculiar customs, and much of her antique and picturesque costume, had disappeared : and the mask, which had, by law, at certain times and under certain circumstances, been sacred, and which was an article of such indispensable necessity, that a lady would as soon step into her gondola for a *promenade* without her

zendale or her *fazziolo*, as without the disguise for her face, had already begun to disappear, except at the Ridotto,* or during the festivities of the carnival. Still, upon those, and other like occasions, the mask retained its prerogative; and it was for the Dictature of a restored Republic to inhibit it altogether. The prohibition then imposed has been continued; so that, at the present time, even amid all the madness of the carnival, the mask is banished by Austrian, French, Tuscan, and Neapolitan authority at Venice, Rome, Florence, Naples—from every city and every face in Italy!

On the 3rd of January, the French ships of war lying at anchor in the port of Venice saluted the inauguration of Louis Napoleon as President of France with a double broadside, and were answered by the batteries of the Venetian fleet. The relations between France and Venice had been of a most intimate character from the first; and when, near the close of the month, Tommaseo, the Envoy to Paris, at his request was recalled, his place was at once filled by a prominent citizen, Valentino Pasini. As for Tommaseo, he reached Venice on the first day of February, and his distinguished abilities were immediately called into requisition.

The subject which occupied all minds and engrossed all tongues, at this time, was the approaching election of deputies to the new Assembly, which was to convene on the 20th of the current month; and most meritorious exertions were employed to impress on the people the propriety of giving their votes only to the honest and the capable. Especially was this urged by the Archbishop, Jacopo Cardinal Monico, Patriarch of Venice, in a pastoral letter of much eloquence and patriotism. He exhorted the people to observe with extraordinary solemnity the 8th and the 14th days of the month, the days devoted to the memory of those great and good Venetians,

* Mask Ball.

the Patriarch San Lorenzo Giustiniani, and the Doge San Pietro Orseolo, "imploing their intercession with the Father of Light, to impart to the representatives to be selected wise and safe councils for the best good of Venice." It was Orseolo who, as early as the 10th century, by suppressing discord among the nobles, chastising corsairs, and concluding advantageous treaties with the Greeks and the Saracens and with the other powers of Italy, contributed more to the glory and prosperity of his country, than did any of his predecessors; while the name of the Giustiniani is one of the most illustrious for noble deeds in the annals of the Republic. The Pastoral Letter of the Patriarch concluded thus:—"Around us roars the storm of war! The Holy Church mourns! The whole world seems turned, so to speak, up-side-down; and Venice—Venice alone, under the protection of our Holy Mother, like the house of Obedom, keeper of the Ark, remains as peaceful as if the earth knew naught of anarchy, and the desolation of war had never fallen on man. And yet, Venice, with all her quietude, has much to desire. Her doom is not yet decided. She is cut off from her sister cities and from almost all the world. She is not yet united with the rest of the States of Italy in a confederation, stable and assured by the common will, which shall forever relieve her and them of the misery of an uncertain fate. That these blessings may come, most wisely are you advised by those who speak on public affairs, to select with care such citizens as are best qualified, who, assembling on the appointed day, shall best know how to adopt measures for the true interest of our common country."

On the morning of Tuesday, the 18th, long before day, Manin was roused from sleep by the music of the Marine band beneath his windows. Appearing on the balcony he was saluted by the shouts of half the people of Venice. It was the anniversary of the arrest

of himself and Tommaseo by the Austrian Government, because of their intrepid memorial for reform, just one year before. Manin was profoundly impressed by this demonstration of regard, and returned his acknowledgements in the following terms :—

“Fellow citizens! Friends! Brothers! Brave Venetians! I thank you that you have recalled the day of which this is the anniversary. It is a happy anniversary; for on this day, one year ago, did Providence determine, that here dwelt a people worthy to reconquer its liberty; and, for the restoration of that liberty Providence struck Austria with judicial blindness, impelling her to augment the burthen of her chains and the penalties of her laws, in the mad hope of assuring her despotism. This blind confidence fostered liberty; and the very people, who, one year ago, were falsely deemed to bow cowardly to the yoke, is to day a powerful people, sovereign and free! The imprisonment, the memory of which you this day welcome, teaches to us all a lesson long to be cherished. It is this—that those who have suffered in the people’s cause are blessed; and this lesson has roused that noble emulation for sacrifice, which has rendered you a model-people, and Venice a watch-tower of freedom, not only in the eyes of all Italy, but in those of all Europe and all the civilized world. This day, then, let us repeat that cry which, for the first time, in Venice, resounded on the 18th of January, 1848, and which, as a battle-cry led on to the triumphs of the 17th and 22d day of March—‘*Viva l’Italia! Viva Venezia! Viva San Marco!*’”

On the 20th of January, the election of representatives to the Permanent Assembly commenced at Venice. The result showed, that 29,157 out of 42,271 registered electors—or, considerably more than one half—had exercised their electoral franchise. When we consider, that if the number of electors at an election exceeds several

thousands, one half of the whole number is viewed by politicians as a fair average, while two-thirds shows an animated state of feeling, and three-fourths is evidence of high excitement, this ballot will not be deemed indicative of apathy. Manin was nominated in eight electoral circles or districts of the city, and in five his name "led the ticket." His colleague Cavedalis, Minister of War, was nominated in seven circles, and elected in all; while both were, also, elected by the army. The former received 11,253 votes, the latter 7,511. On the other hand, Admiral Graziani, the third Triumvir, and chief of the Marine, was elected only in the eighth circle, and by a majority of only 313 votes.

On the evening of the 25th, when the general result of the election was known—although the polls were not closed for some days subsequently—an immense multitude assembled in the Place St. Mark under the windows of Manin, to congratulate him on his overwhelming majorities in every circle of the city. These *circondarii*, or circles, fourteen in number, seem to have corresponded somewhat with the *Sestieri*, or wards, of the city, of which there are six—*San Marco, Castello, Cannaregio, San Croce, San Polo*, and *Dorsoduro**—the other circles, comprehending the islands of the Lagune, Murano, Burano, Lido, &c., as well as the town of Chioggia, and the Giudecca. The voting was by general ticket, each elector casting a ballot bearing as many names as there were representatives to be chosen—the same mode as that pursued in France. And thus it was, that Manin received the largest majority in each college, or circle. St. Mark's Square was illuminated in honor of the event—and a more gorgeous spectacle than the illumination of this

* By decree of the Great Council, August 1st, 1171, Venice was divided into six districts, or wards; hence the name *Sextarium*—*Sesterio*—a name exactly the same, as well as the municipal division thereby denoted, seven centuries ago as now! There has been no change in either.

magnificent square the world cannot present. The windows of the long lines of palaces on three sides of the quadrangle, and the towers and domes of the grand old cathedral on the fourth, blazed with light; while the lofty Campanile towered upward a pillar of flame into the pitchy darkness. *Viva Manin! Viva la Costituente Italiana! Viva San Marco!* were the alternate shouts of the people. To these shouts Manin responded in one of his brief and effective speeches:—

“I thank this brave and intelligent people. You have elected representatives to legislate on the interests of Venice. Other representatives, at another time, will repair to Rome to treat of the great question of Italian Unity. When, on the occasion of the annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Charles Albert, I said—‘*All now is provisional: the Assembly which shall sit at Rome shall decide all things permanently*’—my prophecy was received, perhaps, with disdain. But now that prophecy is well nigh a reality—and a reality far more important than could ever have been expected. The destinies of Italy will be accomplished by the Italian Confederacy!”

The speech, if such it may be termed, concluded amid universal shouts of—*Viva la Costituente Italiana! Viva Manin!* The remarks of this speaker, it will have been observed, were always characterized by pith, and point, and brevity, almost epigrammatic. Every speech embodied some one prominent idea, indicative of a thorough and intimate knowledge of the people addressed—boldly, succinctly, often eloquently expressed, and always most impressively pronounced. If the test of eloquence is its effect, as was taught by Plato, then was Daniel Manin the most eloquent man in Europe in the eventful years of 1848–49; for, during the whole of that period, under circumstances to the last degree adverse, by that eloquence he ruled and guided the most excitable, suspicious, and mercurial

populace in Christendom—fickle and unjust even to a proverb and beyond all proverbs—ruled and guided them almost without the shadow of doubt, or of change! Truly has it been said, “that Venice never swerved from her dictator, and he was wise enough to keep the yielding crowds within limits of order and moderation.” If success like this, attendant on powers like these, evinces greatness, then is Daniel Manin a very great man.

The Union of Italy was now the favorite idea of every mind. Napoleon’s declaration at St. Helena—“Unity of manners, of language, of literature, of religion, show that Italy is destined to form a single country”—was virtually on every lip. Nevertheless, on the opening of the Sardinian Chambers, which took place the first of February, the King, Charles Albert, made no allusion to this idea in his speech from the throne. On the contrary, he emphatically dwelt on the anticipation of a prompt and favorable result to the Anglo-Gallic mediation—an anticipation, however, farther then than ever from fulfillment. This speech assumed the existence of the Kingdom of Northern Italy as a fixed fact, and expressed undoubting ability to maintain it by arms should it not be conceded by diplomacy. The ministry of Gioberti, had, at first, given its adhesion to the idea of an Italian Constituent. But, upon the flight of the Pope from Rome, followed by that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany from Florence, and the subsequent declaration of a Republic in each of those cities, attended and succeeded by some popular excesses, Gioberti seems, to some extent, to have resigned the favorite idea which he had cherished in common with Mazzini and Manin, that “the regeneration of Italy must come from Rome;” and, at length, even indulged the idea of an intervention of Sardinian arms to restore Leopold and Pius to their thrones, and keep down the disorders of Republicanism! And thus a constitu-

tional monarchy was to be given to Central Italy, while Lombardy and Venice were to be given up to their fate! No wonder that Gioberti was charged with having "Austrianized!" He *had* Austrianized "with a vengeance," and all in the brief space of a single month! No wonder, too, that embarrassment and indecision reigned in the Cabinet and Councils of Charles Albert, and that the expressions of fiery hostility to Austria, whether emanating from the Throne or the Chambers, were viewed by Lombardy, and Venice, and Tuscany, and Rome, with distrust. But, change was eminently the order of the day in Europe in '48-49; and pre-eminently so was it in Italy. Indeed, there seems to have been but one fixed fact all over Europe, and that was—constant tendency to change.

The name of Vincenzo Gioberti has already occurred in these volumes. To this man, more, perhaps, than to any one, or to all others, besides, may be attributed the changing events of this period in Sardinia, if not in the entire Peninsula. In 1831, Court-chaplain at Turin and Theological Professor in the University, in 1833 he was a political exile at Paris. Subsequently, and for twelve years, he was a teacher in a Seminary at Brussels, and his *Primato* and other works then written gave him celebrity in Belgium, France and Italy. Ill-health forced him to retire to Paris, and a club of forty of his admirers made up for him an annuity to enable him to pursue his studies. The events of '48 found him at the French capital. On the 26th of April, he was elected a deputy to the Assembly of Sardinia, and was brilliantly received at Turin. September 6th, a decree was enacted, through his influence, banishing the Jesuits—who had, fifteen years before, banished him; and, at the same time, a proposition of his, to centre dictatorial power in the hands of those citizens trusted by the people, was adopted. At the first sitting of the Federal Congress, Romeo,

Gioberti, and Mamiani were elected Presidents, and Perez of Palermo and Lucien Bonaparte Vice-Presidents. In October, the cabinet, incited by Gioberti and the patriots, declared, that, "if the negotiations relative to the Anglo-French mediation were not sufficiently advanced to lead to an expectation of an immediate and satisfactory result, Sardinia would resume the offensive against Austria;" and Palmerston and Bastide at once intimated a purpose of retiring from the mediation. In January, '49, mediation was abandoned, and Gioberti, then at the head of government, declaring that Sardinia would not discontinue warlike preparations, Austria professed to regard them as a declaration of war. February 10th, Gioberti declared in the Chamber of Deputies, "that he rejected as Utopian all the plans of those who desired to create a Unitarian and Republican Italy;" and, in reply to the *Circola de la Rocca*, he said "that, as long as he was Minister, Piedmont should not send a deputy to the Italian Constituents at Rome!" In March, an army was marched by Gioberti from Turin on the route to Rome to restore the Pope, without the knowledge of king or cabinet, and "*Gioberti il Traditore d' Italia*" now—though but three months before "*Gioberti il Salvatore d' Italia*"—was thrust from office!

At Venice, the speech of Charles Albert on opening the Chambers elicited exceeding interest, and gave rise to endless speculation. Intelligence of the flight of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the appointment of a Provisional Government followed, succeeded by intelligence of the declaration of a Republic at Rome on the same day. That day was the 7th of February, and, on the 13th of the same month, the *Circolo Italiano* and the *Circolo Popolare* at Venice, preceded by their respective banners and accompanied by an immense concourse of people, repaired to the Place St. Mark in

order to demonstrate their rejoicing that the great principle of freedom had at last been solemnly promulgated "in the home which gave it birth"—on the Campidoglio—at the Capitol of Eternal Rome. While *vivas* to the Roman Republic, the Italian Constituent, Free Italy and the Italian Republic were echoing from the lofty palaces, Manin appeared on his balcony, and, after a brief speech, concluded with offering one other *Viva*—it was *Viva la Perseveranza!* And to this followed a deafening response.

There were few political events of any importance which transpired in Europe in '48–49, which were not commemorated at Venice. The 27th of January, the anniversary of the revolutionary explosion in Naples, was celebrated by the Neapolitan soldiers, by a representation of the Opera *I Lombardi* at the Gallo Theatre, for the benefit of the cause in Venice, followed by the declamation of an appropriate poem by a Neapolitan poet, Vincenzo Masi; and the 24th of February, the anniversary of the declaration of the French Republic, was celebrated by a grand salute from the batteries of all the national vessels of that government in port, decked with flags and streamers,—responded to by the Venetian fleet, an English steamer, and by several Sardinian ships, which, about a month before, had cast anchor in the Canal San Marco, the residue of the squadron lying at Ancona. On the 8th of February, the anniversary of the massacre of the students of Padua, in 1847, at the *Café Pedrocchi*, by Austrian troops, was celebrated, by solemn obsequies, at the church of San Zaccaria, consisting of a funereal mass and an appropriate discourse.

One other public celebration only took place during the two first months of the new year, and that was the inauguration of a little fort near Malghera, the name of which had been changed from Fort O to Fort Manin, and which seems to have been liable every

dark night to an attempted surprise from some outpost of the besieging army. In the *Gazetta* of February 5th, the day succeeding this important ceremony, appears the following notice:—" *Il dittatore assistette in persona alla solenne funzione ;*" from which it would seem that Manin was himself present at " the solemn ceremony !"

These "solemn ceremonies," however, whether consisting of obsequies for the dead or the *inauguration* of forts, were not suffered to interfere with duties of more immediate moment. Early in January, the Government ordered the resumption of Lectures on fortification, artillery, and tactics, instituted by decree of the previous August, to which branches were added mathematics, drawing, and military government. Shortly afterwards, Gen. Pepé, in an order of the day, highly eulogized the volunteer company *Bandiera-Moro*, the institution of which dates with the first days of the Revolution, as early as April, '48, embracing young men of finished education and of the first families in Venice, who, by constant attendance on lectures upon artillery and fortifications, were qualifying themselves to take the command of the forts when required. The name assumed by this corps—*Bandiera e Moro*, in honor of the young victims of Austrian and Neapolitan despotism in Cosenza in 1840, is a watchword even now to liberals all over Europe. "*Evviva i fratelli Bandieri !*" was a war-cry of Italy in '48-49.

By decree of the Triumvirate, two other corps were instituted—one called the *Euganean Legion*, comprising citizens and soldiers from the provinces of Padua, Vicenza, and Rovigo, beneath the shadow of the Euganean Hills; and the other a Cohort of Light Horse!—the only service ever performed by this latter corps in Venice being an occasional canter on the ten acre lot of the *Campo di Marte !*

Contributions to the cause of Venice did not cease with the commencement of a new year. A society of citizens was formed, each one of whom pledged himself to contribute a certain amount, in order to make up a monthly "offering to liberty;" while the Venetian Marine Corps opened a subscription for the purchase or construction of a steamer of war, to be called *La Venezia*. On the 8th of February arrived an unexpected contribution to the cause, amounting to 100,000 Lire, which had been collected by Cesare Correnti as agent of the Government, in the Lombard cities. With him arrived Gen. Olivero, who, at the request of Gen. Pepé, had been sent by Charles Albert to confer upon a contemplated campaign.

About the same time, the Triumvirate assumed the control of the railroad; and Carlo Fenz, Envoy Extraordinary from the Republic of Tuscany, arrived; and Marc' Antonio Sanfermo, General of Brigade, died and was interred with great pomp. News of the Hungarian reverses and the capture of Pesth, as, also, of the protest of the Pope, at Gaëta, against the decree of the Roman Assembly, maintaining his "sacred right to temporal dominion over the Holy See," caused great sensation, especially among the Papal and Hungarian troops. News, nearer home, likewise, from Bassano, respecting a rencontre at the tavern of San Antonio, between a party of young conscripts, who bound themselves by an oath never to put on the Austrian uniform, and a band of Croats, in which several on each side were killed, also aroused interest and indignation. On the 17th of January, Gen. Stürmer, alarmed at the numerous desertions, had issued a decree at Treviso, imposing death under *Giudizio Statario* on all persons preventing Austrian conscripts from joining their regiments, or aiding them in flight to Venice. There was but one *emeute* at Venice during this period, and that arose from the

just wrath of the people against certain exchange brokers, who hoarded the small coin, which had now become extremely scarce, for purposes of speculation. Windows and doors had begun to suffer some, when an edict from the Government prohibiting all premium on coin restored immediate order. Some time previous, a Swiss chasseur, who, in maudlin folly, insisted on drinking a toast to Radetzky, at the Cafe Quadri, in the Piazza, was assailed by the indignant bystanders, and narrowly escaped with his life. But disturbances like this in Venice were wonderfully rare during all her protracted siege.

On the 9th of February, the old Assembly of Deputies of the City and Province of Venice, which was convoked on the 3rd of June, 1848, was called together by its President, and assembled in the Hall of Council. The proceedings of the last session, October 11th, '48, at which had been confirmed the Dictature, were then read and approved, whereupon it was resolved, that, inasmuch as a new Assembly had been chosen by virtue of the decree of December 24th, which Assembly was convoked to meet at that place on the 15th inst., therefore—"the old Assembly is dissolved."

CHAPTER XII.

“VIVA LA GUERRA!”

THE morning of Thursday, February 15th, was appointed for the opening of “The Assembly of the Representatives of the State of Venice.” At ten o’clock the Deputies assembled at the Cathedral, whence, having participated in the celebration of High Mass by the Cardinal Patriarch, at which was performed *Veni Creator*—they proceeded by the private passage of the ancient Doges and their councils through the Sacristy, up the staircase, and along the magnificent gallery, to the Grand Hall of the Ducal Palace. The roll of the members having been called, and the body organized by the appointment of a President and Secretaries *pro tem.*, Manin mounted the Tribune, and gave a rapid outline of political events in Venice from the commencement of July, '48, up to that date, embracing a period of seven months. He recounted the facts touching the act of annexation by the Assembly, July 4th, making Venice a province of the kingdom of Upper Italy—he glanced at the Armistice of Charles Albert of August 9th, and the events of August 11th at Venice which followed—he referred to the election of a Triumvirate of Dictators by the Assembly on the 13th, confirmed by the same body October 11th; and, finally, dwelt at some

length on the convocation of the present Assembly, which, by the terms of its mandate, was clothed with full powers to decide the destiny of Venice—powers which the former Assembly had not possessed. Passing then to a brief exposition of the acts of the administration of the Dictature, he concluded with an eloquent exhortation to calmness, deliberation, and disinterested patriotism. The Assembly then proceeded to nominate four commissioners for the verification of its powers, during which investigation there was a suspension of the session. At four in the evening the session was resumed. A discussion arose on the latitude to be given to the word citizenship (*cittadinanza*) employed in the electoral law. Tommaseo eloquently advocated the interpretation of the term in its broadest signification, as embracing all Italians in Venice, and the subject dropped.

At the second session of the Assembly, which took place on the following day, Rules for the regulation of the body were adopted, and Tommaseo was elected permanent President. He declined, however, on account of weakness of the eyes—a malady exceedingly prevalent in Venice—when, upon his nomination, the balloting being resumed, Calucci,* the Advocate, was elected in his stead. A Vice-President and four Secretaries were then chosen, and the Assembly was pronounced organized, and ready for business. The deputy Benvenuti then proposed the names of a commission to draft a *projet* for a permanent Government; but the deputy Pasini demanded that the President should first determine the basis on which that *projet* should rest. At the suggestion of Manin the question was deferred for more mature discussion the ensuing day, and the Assembly adjourned.

* A distinguished lawyer, and author of a learned work on the "History of Legislation."

At the third session of the Assembly, a motion of Benvenuti declaring urgency upon his proposition of the preceding day, the effect of which was to abolish the Dictature, having been defeated, the following resolution was with great unanimity adopted:—"The Assembly confers the executive power on the Representatives Manin, Graziani, and Cavedalis, together with extraordinary power, for so much as regards the defence of the State, the power of proroguing or dissolving the Assembly being excepted."

At the fourth session, fundamental principles of government were presented and discussed, and a commission was named to prepare a *projet* of government based on those principles.

After an interval of three days, the Assembly held its fifth session on Wednesday the 22nd. A proposition to compensate Representatives not residing at Venice was presented, and referred to the commission charged with the *projet* of government. The deputy Priuli proposed an address to the Governments of Tuscany, Rome, and Piedmont, desiring the recognition in those States of the paper money of Venice; whereupon a commission to prepare such address was named. Manin then mounted the Tribune, and delivered a speech of some length, in which he detailed the negotiations of Venice with France and the different States of Italy—recounted the circumstances attending Tommaseo's mission to Paris, alluding generally to the powers of mediators as conceded by the laws and usage of nations, and to the demand on the part of France and England for a temporary suspension of hostilities, and its rejection by Austria. He alluded also to the facts that French ships of war frequented the port of Venice; and that her garrison was greatly augmented. He stated, that, in reply to the demand of Venice for French intervention, Bastide, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of that republic had replied, that France had no power to

intervene. He referred to the facts that Tommaseo had been recalled from Paris at his own repeated instance, and that Pisani had been appointed in his place to represent Venice at the Conference of Brussels and near the Republic of France. Fraternal correspondence, he added, was held with the governments of Italy. With the government of Sardinia, Venice had dealt frankly and freely, revealing all the distresses and infelicities of her condition. Entire neutrality as to the internal affairs of all governments had been observed, conduct which could not but meet their approbation, and upon which greatly depended whether Venice should, in the future, be preserved to herself and to Italy.

The sixth session of the Assembly, held on Friday the 24th, was devoted chiefly to Manin's Report on the Finances, after the reading of which followed discussion on some principles of internal government. Next day official Reports from the Departments of the Army and the Navy were read by Gen. Graziani and Admiral Cavedalis, the *Triumvirs* of War and the Marine. A commission was named to devise means to diminish the excessive oscillations in the exchange of money, which, only the day previous, had given rise to a popular *emeute*, already referred to. The discussion of principles of government was then resumed.

At the eighth session, on the 28th, was read an address from the *Circoli* (*Italiano* and *Popolare*) suggesting that frequent sorties from the city and forts upon the besieging army should be attempted; which address was referred, as if a petition, to the Departments of War and Marine. The discussion on the *projet* of government was then resumed, and, after animated debate, the principle of secret ballot in cases of great emergency was adopted.

At the session of the 1st of March, after discussion and approval of the entire *projet* of government, the Assembly passed to the

election of five deputies, whose duty it should become, on the completion of the *projet* of government, to present a list of names of individuals, who, by common report, were conceded to be honest and capable; from which number should be chosen four permanent Commissioners to administer the departments of—1st. War and the Marine: 2nd. Finance, Arts and Commerce: 3rd. Civil and Criminal Legislation: 4th. Internal Administration, Worship, Instruction, and Beneficence.* A duty of these Commissioners, it was declared, should also be to advise the Assembly upon topics pertaining to their departments. At the same session, a *per diem* of nine Lire—one dollar and a half—was allowed to all representatives not residents of Venice.

On the 3rd of March, the Assembly being definitely constituted, the *projet* of government (*Il Regolamento*) was approved. Sections were formed, and the permanent Commissioners were nominated. Hereupon the Triumvirs at once tendered their joint resignation, "since others had been invested with their powers by the representatives of the people." Tommaseo then read a report of his mission near the republic of France, detailing the reasons why succor had been refused.

Next morning placards appeared at all public places, bearing the inscription—*Vogliamo Manin Presidente del Governo!* We will have Manin President of the Government! On the ensuing day, at the usual hour of the assemblage of the Representatives, the Piazzetta and the Molo around the Ducal Palace, where they sat, were thronged with the people, filling the air with the tumultuous shouts—*Viva Manin! Vogliamo Manin!* The deputy Avesani at once moved, that urgency should be declared on a proposition to confirm the Dictature in the persons of the Triumvirate. But the

* Literal translation.

Assembly, nothing intimidated by the shouts which penetrated to the Hall, declined with dignity the urgency proposed, and reserved the subject for mature deliberation!

This proceeding was worthy the Roman Senate in its best day! It was necessary, however, that Manin should interpose his influence to calm the popular mind. Appearing, therefore, at the balcony looking on the Piazzetta, from which the ancient Doges were accustomed to address the people, he administered to the multitude a severe rebuke, which, however, was received with shouts of *Viva Manin!* In conclusion he exclaimed—“*Se mi amate, e se siete Italiani, sgombrate!*” If you love me and are Italians, disperse! And, at once, the order was obeyed, and the Piazzetta became silent and deserted!

The influence possessed by this man over that inflammable, turbulent, ignorant, and suspicious people, was, indeed, extraordinary—more so, even, than that exhibited by Lamartine over the populace of Paris, inasmuch as it was of far more protracted duration. On the evening of the same day appeared the following placard, bearing the signature of Manin:—

“Brothers! You have this day caused me much grief. In expressing your attachment to me, you have made a tumult; yet, you well know how abhorrent to me is a tumult. The Assembly of your Representatives is indignant, and it has the right to be indignant; for you have had the appearance of wishing to compromise the liberty of its deliberations and its decrees. Be on your guard, for there are, certainly, among you secret emissaries, who incite you to disturb the public peace, in order that you may stain the glory you have acquired—in order that you may aid the Austrian, who can never penetrate into this city, save by the favor of your disunion and discord. Since you say that you love me, I adjure you to give

me by your acts proofs of that love. Listen to my voice which has ever persuaded you to concord and harmony—not to-day, nor yesterday only, but always, during eleven months. Have at heart my honor, your own honor, the honor of our dear country. To-morrow, assemble not around the palace where sits the Assembly. Upon the public places let there be no more cries—no shouts of applause or disapprobation—no assemblages—no tumultuous groupings. Remain tranquil in your houses, in your workshops, in your places of business. Have confidence in the Assembly and the Government, to whom your welfare is dearer than life. Urgently do I supplicate you! Be not deaf to my voice!”

And the people were *not* “deaf” to that “voice.” Most conclusively was demonstrated their regard for that distinguished man—the only man in Venice, as was now evident, who possessed that popular confidence indispensable to its government. Obedient to his wishes, the ensuing day passed without the slightest disturbance. In the Assembly, Manin solicited the Representatives to create a new administration. The deputy Olper proposed as urgent, that the Assembly should nominate as chief of the executive government the representative Manin, with full powers, that of proroguing the Assembly not excepted, and the legislative power alone being reserved. “Urgency” being admitted, a commission was appointed, with instructions to report upon the subject the following day. The commission, on the ensuing day, reported the decree annexed, which was adopted by the overwhelming vote of 108 to 2!

“1st. The Assembly of Venetian Representatives nominate a chief of executive power, with the title of President, in the person of Daniel Manin.

“2nd. The Assembly reserves to itself the constituent and legis-

lative power, comprising the power, also, to deliberate on the political condition of the country.

“ 3rd. To President Manin are delegated full powers for the defence of the country, at home and abroad. He has, also, the power to adjourn the Assembly, but, at the same time, he has the obligation to convene it anew within fifteen days, and to expose at its first session the cause of adjournment.

“ 4th. In case of urgency, the President may exercise legislative power, under the obligation of presenting his acts for the sanction of the Assembly at its session next ensuing.

“ 5th. The President is responsible for his acts to the Assembly.”

This decree having been adopted, Manin entered the hall and was welcomed with loud applause. Mounting the tribune he declared, that it was in him an act of rashness to accept the power now presented ; but he entreated aid, confidence and affection from the Assembly, and would, on his part, commend to them, faith, patience and perseverance. The announcement of this decree filled the city with joy. The Assembly then adjourned to the 14th, one week, for the purpose of affording the Dictator an interval to form a cabinet of advisers. On the 10th, this task was completed. Manin charged himself with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and confided the departments of War and the Marine anew to his old colleagues, Graziani and Cavedalis. He created, also, departments of the Interior and of Justice, of Finance, Commerce and Industry ; and subsequently, one of Worship, Public Instruction and Works of Philanthropy.

On the night of the 13th, a popular demonstration with torches and banners was made in favor of Cavedalis and Graziani. On the 14th, the Assembly met, and unanimously adopted a decree proposed by Manin, declaring the 22nd of March, the anniversary of

the evacuation of the Austrians, a National Festa, the first in the new era of the Republic.

On the same day arrived the Sardinian war-steamer *Goito*, with Giovannini, a Piedmontese Secretary of Legation, bearing two despatches—one from the Minister of Public Works for President Manin, and the other from the Minister of War to Admiral Albini, each announcing the denunciation of the Milan Armistice of August by the King Charles Albert on the 12th of the current month—two days before. Next morning the Vice-President communicated from Manin the following decree :—

“ 1st. The Assembly of the Representatives of the State of Venice is prorogued for fifteen days.

“ 2nd. All officers of the land or sea will at once repair to their posts, to await orders which will be transmitted.

3rd. “ The Civic Guard, mobilized agreeably to the decree of August 13th, 1848, will hold itself ready to second the operations of the other troops.”

This decree, which was in accordance with powers conferred on Manin on the 7th, was greeted by the Assembly with a shout—*Viva la Guerra!*—Live the War!—and the body at once adjourned. The Piazza and Piazzetta were thronged with the excited Venetians; and *Viva la Guerra* was on every lip. This, indeed, for many days continued the shout with which the canals, streets, theatres, cafès, and public places of Venice resounded. The War—on that depended the salvation of Venice! The War—on that depended the emancipation of Italy! The War—on that depended vengeance on the hated Teuton! And to augment the furor, were that possible, a proclamation from the citizens of Ferrara of the most enthusiastic description, was posted at every corner.

As early, at least, as the 2nd of January, 1849, as we learn from

a letter of Count Gherado Freschi, Venetian Envoy at Turin, to Baron Pepé, Charles Albert had definitively resolved to break the Milan Armistice; and, on the 8th of the ensuing month, as we have seen, Olivero, his General of Engineers, with the Deputy Cesare Correnti arrived at Venice to examine her defences, and review her garrison, and receive from Pepé his views relative to the approaching campaign. The plan which he submitted contemplated an army of 100,000 men—40,000 being stationed at Alessandria, and in occupation of its impregnable fortalice constructed by Napoleon in 1810, to protect Piedmont, while 60,000, including the force in the Lagune, should have as the basis of operations Padua and Venice. Of these, a division of 30,000 being committed to Pepé, he proposed suddenly to embark 12,000 on the Sardo-Venetian fleet; and, then, having rapidly occupied Trieste, Fiume and Pola, and all other Austrian ports on the Adriatic, and sent their naval stores, their naval and mercantile marine and munitions, with everything else desired, to Venice,—having swept the Austrian fleet from the Gulf and opened correspondence with Hungary—to land on the left of the Isonzo and cut off Radetzky's communications with Vienna. This done, should the Marshal leave Verona with the purpose of opening his communications, the other division of 30,000 in compact organization in entrenched camp at Padua would fall on his rear, and, between the two bodies, defeat was sure. Such were the cardinal features of the plan, divested of minute details, by which Pepé proposed to avail himself of "the magnificent military and political position of Venice"—a position which he had ever deemed "the most important in Italy, since thence only could the Austrian Empire be effectually assailed." The only reply vouchsafed by the King was, that he "fully appreciated the ideas developed."*

* This was Pepe's plan for the campaign of '48 as well as of '49. It was certainly bold

Manin, also, early in January had addressed his friend Tecchio, Minister of Public Works at Turin, enclosing a schedule of the Austrian force in the Lombardo-Veneto and its distribution at the prominent points, as, also, a general estimate of the force which might be brought against it. The aggregate of Radetzky's force was placed at 86,000 men, with 200 pieces of artillery—12,000 of the troops being in hospital, and the number of sick daily increasing.

The Milan Armistice of August 9th had been originally limited to six weeks; but, "by common accord," agreeably to the sixth article of its terms, it had been prolonged to seven months, and had, finally, on the 12th of March, '49, been denounced by Charles Albert, "eight days"—as also required—"prior to the resumption of actual hostilities." With the intelligence of this denunciation came also, information of the appointment of Gen. Chrzanowsky, an exiled Pole, to the command-in-chief of the Sardinian army, together with a plan of the campaign, which contemplated the simultaneous rising of Lombardy, and the commencement of active hostilities on the part of Venice. That the force in the Lagune should, therefore, at once be mobilized for campaign service, was, of course, indispensable; and to facilitate this, by the appropriation to its accomplishment of all the time and energies of the Executive, the Dictator had very properly decreed the adjournment of the Assembly for fifteen days, and the immediate organization of the entire force in the city for active operations.

In furtherance of this decree, Gen. Pepé, on the 19th, left Venice—perhaps wise: for boldness, always the most brilliant, is often the most prudent, policy in War. That the Sardo-Venetian fleet could have overcome that of Austria, infected with the spirit of the *Bandieri*, is probable: that Trieste, Fiume, and perhaps, Pola, could have been occupied and plundered, and Radetzky's communications cut off, possible. But how would all this have been viewed by Germany—by that Germany which had declared a simple blockade of the Adriatic a *casus belli*, less than a year before?

with his staff, amid enthusiastic shouts of the people, and fixed his head-quarters at Chioggia. Active measures of defence were now instituted. The army during the past six months, despite the disease, and destitution of wretched quarters, had received an organization so complete that it was easily prepared for a campaign; and the soldiers, who, during a long winter had been shut up in their island-garrison, subjected to all the deprivations and annoyances of a siege, had long, to a man, sighed for the open field—"a fair fight and no favor." Upon this army of Venice, so well organized, armed, equipped, and constituted, it is not surprising that great reliance was placed, and of its success that great hopes were indulged.

Events of minor importance during this month of March may be rapidly grouped. A corps of Marine Civic Guard, consisting of 128 gondoliers, was instituted and organized, destined as an auxiliary force for the armed barges of the Lagune, and a commission of eight members, comprising one for each of the circles or districts, was appointed to superintend the sanitary and commissariat departments of the city. An establishment was, also, instituted, of the nature of a Bank, for the exchange of paper and metallic currency, at fixed and fair rates, for the convenience of the importers of articles of necessity, and to check the fluctuations now so annoying, of which 450,000 Lire of the capital was subscribed by private citizens, and 15,000 Lire by the government.

A school for the instruction of the children of the *Arsenalotti* in reading, writing, and science, was solemnly inaugurated under the ancient name—*Scuola de' Garzoni*—on which occasion the workmen presented President Manin with a bust of himself cast at their foundry. The decree of August, '48, increasing the tax on tobacco was abrogated, experience having proven the amount of revenue thus obtained to be small, and the policy to be a mistaken one. The de-

cree of April '48, referring to the ordinary civic tribunals offenders against the civil laws belonging to the military was, also, abrogated. The fact, that a company of amateur dramatists gave a histrionic performance at the Theatre *San Samuele* for the benefit of a subscription to procure for Venice a war steamer bearing her name, has been already mentioned. The play performed was "The Citizen of Ghent," and the net amount received, 1,365 Lire—about \$260. On the 20th, at the church of the Civil Hospital, were celebrated solemn anniversary obsequies for the dead of the revolution of the past year, an appropriate discourse being pronounced on the occasion by the Abatte Giuseppe Da Camin.

It will be remembered, that, on the 18th day of March of the preceding year, five Venetians had fallen dead on the pavement of St. Mark's Place and seven wounded, by a discharge of musketry of the Austrian troops. On the previous day, March 17th, Manin and Tommaseo had been released from prison: and now, on the anniversary of that day, all Venice assembled beneath the windows of the President to remind him of their remembrance of the event. As usual, Manin appeared on his balcony, and responded to the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude in a few remarks, as follows:—

"Citizens! You celebrate this day, an anniversary rendered memorable by your own acts. The people of Venice, until the 17th of March enslaved, then first perceived the power it possessed, and united its efforts for the accomplishment of a single wish—destruction of its despots. A few days and it was a victor! Yes, the glorious revolution of Venice began on the 17th day of March, 1848. Until then, forty years of slavery had stolen from her people all energies, whether physical or moral. This day, by one year of liberty, she retakes those energies of body and of mind. March, 1849, completes the work commenced by March, 1848. The

month of March of the last year was glorious, that of the present year shall be yet more glorious. You know, citizens, that I have never disparaged your praiseworthy efforts—your laudable sacrifices; and now, on this memorable anniversary, I entreat you solemnly to swear, that, during the year now begun, you will repeat the efforts and sacrifices of the past. *Viva Venezia!* Live that Venice forever, which has done so much for the Italian cause! But she has not yet done all. She has yet a great mission before her to fulfill. Let her, by her future acts of glory, justify the glory she has already acquired by her illustrious acts of the past. Citizens! I have in you the fullest trust, and, with you, I this day swell the shout which, re-born, resounds in your hearts—*Viva la Guerra!*”

Thursday, the 22nd of March, the anniversary of the capitulation of the Austrian garrison at Venice and the proclamation of a Republic, was, by decree of the Assembly of the 14th, a National Festa; and active preparations, during the intervening week, for an imposing pageant, had been made. The palaces which look upon the Canalazzo, upon the Molo, and on the *Riva degli Schiavoni*,—upon the Piazza and the Piazzetta, with all the public edifices and many mansions of private citizens, were hung with tricolor flags, tapestry, and brilliant velvets and carpetings; while, from the summits of the three famous masts, from the Campanile and from the Cathedral floated the standard of St. Mark. The city was all alive with music and with shouts of gratulation and joy, drowned at times by the deep roar of ordnance. It was our own “Glorious Fourth” in old Venice!

At an early hour, the Civic Guard, together with all the different corps of the garrison, making an array of not less than 20,000 troops, paraded in line on the Place St. Mark. There were present, also, the Circoli and other civic societies in body; and a long

procession of the fishers and fishmongers of the great *Pescheria* of the Rialto came marching up the *Merceria* to the Place St. Mark, marshalled by bands and banners, and taking a conspicuous place in the pageant. At eleven, the Cardinal Patriarch celebrated in the Cathedral a solemn mass, concluded by a *Te Deum*—the members of the Assembly, the civil and military chiefs of the government, and the President with his cabinet “assisting.” Manin then reviewed the troops, which defiled before him in most perfect and beautiful order; and, subsequently, appearing at a balcony of the National Palace, he addressed the people. He spoke of the war which was resumed and which all desired, and he charged the people to hold themselves ready for any event which might result. He warned them not to suffer their minds to be elated by puerile exaggerations, were the result propitious; nor to permit their hearts to be depressed, were it adverse. He reminded them, that war is an evil which exacts sacrifices, and demands calmness and discretion in the administration of civic affairs, as well as bravery and science in the conduct of military operations. Enrolment, he observed, had been opened in every corps of the land and sea service, and in no manner could a Venetian more worthily celebrate the anniversary of his city’s independence, than by inscribing his name among those of her defenders. After a few additional sentences, he concluded with that shout which now quivered on every lip and fired every heart—*Viva la Guerra!* The war-cry was again abroad in Venice—in Lombardy! Charles Albert, the “Sword of Italy,” was once more in the field!

Upon the resumption of hostilities against Austria in March, 1849, the land force at Venice numbered about 17,000 troops, with some 12,000 available men of the Civic Guard; while the naval force, as near as can be estimated, consisted of three corvettes, five

brigs, one steamer and several *trabaccoli* for defence of the port, and a large number of gun-boats, barges and small craft for defence of the Lagune. The land force was constituted as follows:—Engineers, 250 : Artillery, 3,170 : Infantry, 14,118 : Cavalry, 200 : *Ambulanza*, or Military Hospital, 100.*

It will not have been forgotten, that, upon the arrival at Venice of intelligence of the Revolution at Rome and the flight of Pius to Gaëta, the government had, at once, on the 2nd of December, ordered 3,500 of the Pontifical troops then remaining at Venice to repair to the defence of their own country, in accordance with its summons, leaving only a single battalion of a thousand Romans in the Lagune. Subsequently, in March, even this battalion had been recalled; but Pepé would not permit it to depart; and now, hostilities being resumed, he not only had the right to retain it, but, also, to claim a whole division of Roman troops promised him by that Republic on that contingency—a promise, impossible, of course, to be fulfilled under existing circumstances. Large and valuable compensations, however, for the loss of the four or five thousand Romans had been made, by constant accessions, from the province, of young men, who, to avoid Austrian conscription, fled for

* Of arms and munitions, also, there seems to have been no lack. The 2,300 *Arsenalotti* constantly employed since the 22nd of March, 1848, in place of the 800 only employed under Austrian rule, had not been idle. Independently of the results in the marine and naval departments, which will be noticed hereafter, they had turned out 300 gun-carriages for fortifications, 12 for a field battery on the Neapolitan system, 12 for a battery of twelve-pound mountain-howitzers on the French system, 2 forty-eight-pound Paixhans, 12 six-pound field pieces and 6 twelve-pound mountain-howitzers, with bombs, balls and grenades by the thousand. Of small-arms, 17,000 were repaired and mounted, which added to 6,000 brought from France made a very respectable supply: while a new bronze machine for the manufacture of gunpowder, constructed at the Arsenal, was constantly at work on "villanous saltpetre" at the little Isle of *La Grazia*. There were, also, 6,000 camp beds turned out, and an infinite variety of more minute, yet very indispensable, articles.

protection to the ever-maternal bosom of the Lagune. Of these recruits, new battalions had been constantly in course of enrolment, and to them had been given appropriate names—names which recalled to the young soldiers those homes and hearths for which they would willingly lay down their lives. Thus, the names of the Legions *Cacciatori del Silé*, *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, *Brenta e Bacchiglione*, *Dalmato-Istriana*, *Italia Libera*, and the *Legione Euganea*, are already familiar to us ; as are, also, those other names of the *Legione Ungherese*, the battalion *Della Speranza*, and the artillery company *Bandiera e Moro*. In addition to these Italian troops of the regular line, was the free company of Swiss chasseurs, called *Corpo dei Cacciatori Svizzeri*, numbering nominally one hundred and twenty men, their uniform being a green frock, red pants and red cap ; the arm being a short light carbine with a bayonet of two and a half feet length ; the wages being one franc per diem for the privates and twelve francs for the captain, and the captain's name being Jean Debrunner, to whose "*Memoires*" the writer is indebted for these particulars, as well as for many other particulars of interest in this Chronicle of the Siege of Venice.

Gen. Pepé, in *mobilizing* his army for campaign service, divided it into three columns. The rendezvous of the right wing, commanded by Col. Novaro, of the Lombard battalion, was the fortress of Malghera, commanded by Gen. Paoluzzi : that of the left wing, under Col. Beluzzi, was Fort Brondolo ; while the centre, under command of Gen. Rizzardi, and the reserve, commanded by Gen. Pepé in person, had its Head Quarters at the town of Chioggia. A field battery, commanded by Major Boldoni, and a corps of 120 light horse, led by Captain Dioz, both Neapolitans, accompanied the Commander-in-Chief to Chioggia. Each column was composed

of proportions of all arms, and was followed by a section of the *Ambulance*, or Military Hospital. The Swiss Chasseurs were fortunately attached to the Brigade Paoluzzi, stationed at Malghera—*fortunately*—for, to this circumstance we owe a brief but graphic narrative of events attending the bombardment of that fortress, at a later date, sketched by their gallant Captain in his before-mentioned “*Memoires.*”

The order for all officers of all arms to repair forthwith to their posts had been issued by the President-Dictator, Manin, on the 15th, immediately on reception of intelligence of the denunciation of the Armistice on the 12th. On the 20th, by the terms of the Armistice, actual hostilities were liable to recommence, from either side, between Radetzky and Charles Albert, or from both. On the 19th, Gen. Pepé, as already stated, left Venice for his new Head Quarters at Chioggia; and, two days after the expiration of the Armistice, on the 22nd of March, the anniversary of the evacuation of the Austrians, his troops had a bloody engagement with the foe, who, with a force of 1,800 men and three field pieces, attacked and took the little village of Conchè, which had been occupied the day before and barricaded by 150 Lombards, fifty sappers, and a company of Romans, for the better security of Fort Brondolo. For five hours did this Spartan band resist the vigorous assault of more than six times its numbers; but, at length, having no artillery, it was forced to beat a retreat, after having sustained considerable loss. Burning to retake the post, Gen. Pepé yielded to the vehemence of his men, and, two days later, on the 24th, permitted an attack. For this service were detailed 150 Lombards, with two field pieces, 100 Romans of the Union, and a reserve of 200 men of the Euganea. At the break of day, Major Sirtori and Captain Virgilio, both belonging to Pepé's staff, attacked the post at the bayonet's point,

and drove the enemy, who retired behind his field-works : but, forced from this position also, he retired behind the heights of Santa Margherita. In this affair, in which only 460 men drove more than four times their number, there was but a single man wounded ! So true are Napoleon's words on the eve of the battle of Jena—"When soldiers brave death, they drive him into the ranks of the enemy." The utmost enthusiasm characterized the charge of the Italians, and, amid bursts of military music, the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, and the wild shouts—*Viva l'Italia!* *Viva la Guerra!*—was heard from one battalion the strange slogan—*Viva la morte!* Live death itself!—Death! the only price of liberty!

The first blood in the new campaign was now shed, and Italian arms—the Italian cause had triumphed. Other expeditions followed with like success. Had such triumphs but continued! Had the campaign, thus commenced, thus progressed, to its close! And who shall say, that with troops like those of the army of Venice, and with a Commander-in-chief like the veteran Pepé, such might not have been the result?

CHAPTER XIII.

“RESISTANCE AT ANY COST.”

FOR a period of five days, from the 20th of March, when hostilities between Charles Albert and Radetzky were supposed to have been actually resumed, until the 25th, when rumors of results began to reach the city, all Venice was in that state of uneasy suspense, which Shakspeare attributes to the period which lies between “the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion”—all the interim being—

“Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.”

As for the army, everything being ready for the field, the troops became, of course, impatient of an hour's delay. It was understood, however, that Gen. Pepé would not attempt any movement from his present position, until Gen. La Marmora, who, with a Piedmontese column, had been detached down the banks of the Po, had reached a certain point on that river. As usual, the Venetians were confident of success, and most sanguine anticipations of triumphant tidings were indulged. Nor were these anticipations disappointed. Triumphant tidings did not tarry. On the 25th, came rumors that Radetzky had been routed—that 6,000 of his troops had been slain and 20,000 made prisoners—that the Piedmontese

were in Milan—that all Lombardy was in the field, and, finally, to cap the climax, that the old Marshal's communication with the Tyrol, and, of consequence, all retreat, was cut off!

The public joy at this intelligence knew no bounds. For three days men ran about as if mad, embracing each other on the public squares and streets; and the exquisite band of the Silè regiment played the Marseilles Hymn nightly in the Piazza of St. Mark.

Then came the truth—the terrible truth! On the 28th, private letters from Turin brought the overwhelming intelligence of Charles Albert's defeat at Mortara—his utter route at Novara—his abdication in favor of his son, the Duke of Savoy, and his flight from Piedmont!

But already had this disastrous intelligence reached Manin. Early on the morning of the 27th, Venetian spies at Padua had brought the rumor; and a *parlamentario* before Malghera, a few hours later, delivered a despatch from Baron Haynau—who had recently superseded Welden before Venice—dated the 26th, from his Head Quarters at Padua, enclosing Radetzky's official bulletin of the 24th, from Vespolate, announcing his victory at Novara on the 23rd. The merciful Haynau takes occasion to suggest, that aid being no longer possible from Piedmont, the Government of Venice could not think of protracting a state of affairs, which could only entail utter ruin on that once flourishing city—exhorting it to desist from all future resistance, and to consign it to its legitimate sovereign, the august Emperor of Austria—considerately suggesting, moreover, that humble submission and prompt return to duty might render it possible for him, even yet, to vouchsafe it favorable conditions, which would not be obtainable should the rebellion be protracted, forcing him thereby to

measures of extremest rigor, the results of which would be inevitable and terrible, and which he would fain spare the infatuated place!

Immediately on the reception of this despatch, Pepé was notified to suspend all offensive operations; and, after giving orders that the troops called to Chioggia should return to their posts, he repaired to Venice, followed by his staff.

The first impulse of the Venetians, on recovering from the bewilderment of the shock at this disastrous intelligence, was to rush into the Square of St. Mark, the grand hall of council at Venice for the transaction of public affairs; and, as was ever their wont, under all circumstances of distress, to call for their "Father"—Manin.

The trust of Venice in this man was implicit—undoubting—wonderful; and it was never betrayed—never abused. Powers, little less than those of omnipotence and omniscience, seem to have been attributed to him by the blind credulity of the superstitious masses—powers which they appeared to deem competent to relieve them from every peril, however impending, and every evil, however overwhelming.

The people called for its "Father," and the shouts—*Fuori Manin!*—Come forth Manin!—were prolonged and deafening.

The Dictator at length appeared at his accustomed balcony; but his words were brief. He referred the people to bulletins which might be issued by the government; although, as yet, no official intelligence had arrived. It was plain he apprehended, and believed the worst. Hardly, however, had he ceased speaking, when an officer appeared at the balcony on the opposite side of the Piazza, over the Cafe Quadri, and read a private letter to the crowd, received by himself from Milan, bearing date the 26th, in which not a syllable of the defeat of the Sardinian army was mentioned; but which, on the contrary, confirmed the previous favorable news!

What to believe no one knew, and, for the moment, therefore, no one believed anything. All trace of the recent exultation, however, was gone; and, with pale and anxious visages, small groups lingered in the Piazza until a late hour, discussing in low and earnest tones their probable fate. The doom of Charles Albert seemed to be but a prelude to that of Venice; and the doom of Venice seemed that of all her children. With what sleepless and nervous solicitude did they await additional intelligence all that night; and with what eagerness did they catch at every rumor less unfavorable, however absurd! To many in Venice the doom of Charles Albert was, indeed, their own doom; for while, in their eyes, it made certain the fate of the Sea-girt City, it bereft them of their last refuge in the Peninsula of Italy—on the Continent of Europe.

The night of Wednesday, the 28th of March, was a terrible night in Venice—more terrible, perhaps, than were even those nights which ensued a few months later, when the whole heavens were on fire with blazing bombs; and a rain, like that which fell on the Cities of the Plain, descended in wrath on the City of the Sea. She was not yet nerved for the worst—she was not yet fully roused to its stern endurance. Her brave heart, almost fainting though it was with crushed hopes and wrecked aspirations, retained yet vitality enough to be tortured by that suspense which dreads more than the darkest reality can inflict. And then the fearful fall from the heights of hope, and exultation, and triumph, to the deepest depths of despondency and despair! Different, indeed, was the scene in that Square of St. Mark on that night of the 28th of March, from that presented on the three nights immediately preceding! The martial bands discoursed no music now; the shouts of hope and songs of exultation were hushed and still.

The next morning, at that early hour when St. Mark's Place is

usually silent and deserted, its vast expanse was filled with anxious groups, demanding the latest intelligence from the scene of strife.

At ten o'clock, the Representatives assembled at the Ducal Palace, the period of the prorogation of fifteen days having elapsed. No official intelligence, confirming the last distressing rumors, having reached Venice, no legislative action upon the matter could be taken. Having, therefore, declared the validity of the election of certain newly-arrived Representatives, and having elected a new President of the body in the person of Minotto,* as also a Vice-President in the person of Lodovico Pasini—(Calucci and his colleague having been called to the Ministry), the Assembly adjourned. On the ensuing day, the subject of the oscillations in the value of exchange was calmly considered, and a law, reported by the special committee for that service on the 27th ult., was discussed. Next day newspapers from Genoa and Turin confirmed the rumor of Charles Albert's defeat; and, on the morning of the first day of April, an official bulletin at the corners of the streets substantiated the sad tidings beyond a doubt—beyond a hope—and tore the last veil from the eyes of those sanguine and incredulous partizans, who, until then, had refused to believe the ruin of their cause.

Manin at once convoked the Assembly for the ensuing day. That day was Monday, the 2nd of April, and one which will long

* Giovanni Minotto was the son of Pietro Minotto, distinguished as an author and *savan*, one of the last members of the ancient Venetian nobility, and the last survivor of the Senate of Venice when Queen of the Adriatic. On the memorable 12th of May, 1797, he proposed to the Senate and Doge to abdicate in favor of the people, and proclaim a Democratic Republic; and, when Venice became a province of Austria, he retired to private life. In '48 he again appeared, and his son, who, on the 29th of March, '49, was elected President of the Venetian Assembly, on the 2nd of April signed the celebrated decree of that body "to resist at any cost." At the capitulation of August 24th, the son's name being among the proscribed, both father and son retired to Turin, where the former died on the 1st of April, 1852, at the age of 83.

be memorable in the annals of Venice. In solemn silence the Assembly sat in its august and storied Council-chamber, and awaited Manin. He entered, and at once mounted the Tribune. "You have heard the tidings," he said, in low and solemn tones. "What do you design to do?" "The government is expected to take the initiative," was the reply. "Do you mean to resist?" "We do!" "Will you give me unlimited power to conduct that resistance?" "We will!" was the unanimous answer. "Then adopt this decree!" rejoined Manin, presenting a paper to the President, who read as follows:—

"In the name of God and the People, the Representatives of the State of Venice unanimously decree: Venice will, at all cost, resist Austria: to this end the President Manin is clothed with unlimited power."*

Surrounding their Chief and grasping his hands and those of each other, these intrepid men by acclamation created this brief but memorable decree; and, standing in that ancient and gorgeous council-chamber, from whose lofty walls, tapestried with the triumphs of Venetian arms and Venetian art, looked down on them the long line of unscathed sovereigns for a thousand years, they lifted their hands and attested their purpose with an oath.

A more sublime act History does not record! It recalls the scene of the signature of the Declaration of American Independence in '76. In all the dark annals of '48-49, we find nothing in all Europe like this! When we consider the desperate condition of the liberal cause in Italy at that date—the downfall and demolition of Charles Albert—the inevitable occupation by Austria of Parma,

* Garrano says, that Manin, having read to the Assembly Haynau's summons of the 26th, simply asked—"What do you mean to do?" "*Resistere!*" was the unanimous shout. "But how?" sadly rejoined the Dictator. "*Ad ogni costo!*" again shouted the Deputies: and thus by acclamation was it resolved "To resist at any cost."

Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, and the Tuscan States—the menaced intervention of France, and Spain, and Naples at Rome, invited by the treachery of her spiritual head ; and, finally, the utter hopelessness of any intervention by England or France in behalf of Venice, while an army of 50,000 men was prepared to invest and bombard her islands, already surrounded by land and blockaded by sea—one's mind unconsciously, involuntarily goes back to the old time of the City of St. Mark—to the day of her early prime and her early power—to the capture of Constantinople—to the war of the Chioggia—to the League of Cambray—to the triumph of Lepanto—to the strife with Pepin and Barbarossa—with Genoa and the Turk : and we can but feel, that the old blood still courses her veins—that the old fire still burns on her hearths !

“ Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo !”*

That hour had, at last, dawned ! The spirit of Dandolo was once more there ! And, could the noble and adopted bard of the old Sea-queen but have lived to behold it, even his inspiration might have been unequal to the theme, while, recalling its curse of an earlier epoch, it had essayed to render justice to his own exultation, and to the re-born glory of the “ city of his heart !” †

Immediately on adoption of the Decree of Resistance, Manin presented to the Assembly for formal disposition, the summons of Haynau of the 26th, demanding capitulation, received by the government nearly a week before. The response was as prompt as it was significant. The Dictator was ordered to enclose to Haynau the decree just adopted !

* “ Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo !

Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.”

Childe Harold, cant. 4, stan. 12.

† It may be mentioned as a somewhat noticeable coincidence, that, almost on the very day of “ the decree of resistance ” by the Assembly of Venice, the Assembly of Rome recorded one of tenor identically the same. But Rome was not Venice,

On quitting the Assembly, the Dictator and the Deputies were, at once, surrounded by the people; and the decree of the day was received by all classes—high or low—rich or poor—civil or military—with the utmost enthusiasm; while a red ribbon in the button-hole was, from that date, the badge the champions of the “desperate resistance” assumed. And, from the utmost pinnacle of the towering Campanile of St. Mark, far above the domes, and roofs, and spires of palace and church, and even beside the gilded angel, which, with unfolded and hovering wings, seemed looking down as a watchful guardian on the long-suffering—the strangely-floating—strangely surviving city—rolled out a blood-red flag! And that blood-red banner streamed like a meteor against the sky; and it was beheld far away on the Adriatic, by the hostile fleet, and far away over the Lagune, by the hated foe; and it told its own significant tale to both. For once, at last, in the long history of revolutions, “the incarnadined banner,” had become the badge and the symbol of a noble cause—a badge of liberty even unto blood! And from that day—the 2nd day of April—even to the end of all—ask a man of the people—“What means your red ribbon?” his prompt and pregnant response was the single syllable—“*Sanguis!*”—Blood! And, from that day—*Resistere ad ogni costo*—Resistance at every cost—became the watchword of every lip and every tongue in Venice, while even a daily journal with the same stern motto was, at once, commenced.

On the 3rd of April, Gen. Pepé re-entered Venice with his troops, and took command of the city and its fortifications, declaring, in his Order of the Day, that, henceforth, in pursuance of a decree of the Assembly, he should limit defence to the Lagune. He named, also, a Council of War of ten members under his presidency, which had been decreed, and adopted many measures for

the maintenance, yet amelioration, of discipline. To the same end Manin established by decree five military tribunals, one for each brigade of the line, and one for the garrison proper—whereas, there had, previously, been but two—one at Venice and one at Chioggia; a measure which had the effect at once to expurgate the army of many of its most troublesome soldiers, whose influence was to corrupt all around them. At a subsequent date a voluntary enrolment for an extraordinary marine force was opened as the chief hope during the impending blockade by sea—the term of enlistment to close only with the blockade itself. To relieve the financial embarrassments, the government was compelled to resort to a forced loan of three millions of Lire, \$500,000, which was imposed, *pro rata* on all whose previous taxes had exceeded a certain specified amount. The burden, therefore, fell, as it should fall, only on some forty or fifty of the *millionaires*, many of them Jews.* Nor were the purses of private contributors, as yet, exhausted. Indeed, if we are to credit one enthusiastic Italian writer, never in the whole history of Venice, or, in good sooth, of any other city, had all purses been so broadly open as now. Two citizens promised all their substance! Eighteen families offered eight millions of Lire! Contributors were so numerous and contributions so great, that the sums could not be

* The Jews at Venice were once numerous, having sought there an asylum from the persecution of Southern and Central Italy: and the quarter appropriated to their especial residence still bears the distinguishing name it then received—*Giudecca*. They are now found most commonly in the *Sestiere of Cannaregio*, at the western extremity of the city. Some of the most influential merchants and most opulent bankers of the Seacity are of the despised race of Israel. The wealthy house of Jacopo and Isacco Treves, brothers, bankers and nobles, is composed of Jews: and the characteristics of the Hebrew countenance are constantly met. In 1559, the Jews at Venice numbered 2,000. In 1769, the number was 5,000—the number in the whole Peninsula at the same time being estimated at 40,000. The Hebrew population at present at Venice is not exactly ascertained, although it must be some thousands. In the whole kingdom it is 7,725.

counted as fast as brought! If a hundred Lire were asked by Manin, a thousand were given! A loan of three millions was "accepted;" and the second instalment was paid before the first was due! Placards at every corner and on every column proclaimed—"Venice resists! Silver from the churches—gold from the women—bronze from the bells—copper from the kitchens—iron from the hostile balls! Anything rather than Croats!"

Doubtless, donations were numerous and liberal. Nor were the benevolent and patriotic Venetians unmindful of the wants of their defenders. Fevers, as the season advanced, became of fearful frequency, especially among those unacclimated, exposed to the pestilential miasma of the marshes. Ninety out of every hundred of the soldiers from abroad, at one time or other, suffered. A hundred pounds of quinine, worth \$4,000, were consumed! The Military Hospital was enlarged—two others were founded, and several lesser asylums were improvised on the various islands. There were 4,000 beds in the hospitals, while 1,600 soldiers of all grades found shelter and care in illness under hospitable private roofs, and 12,000 suits of clothing were contributed to supply their immediate wants.*

Near the close of April, a company of *dilettanti* represented a new drama, written by A. Volpè, founded on the fate of the Baudiera brothers and their comrade Moro. The proceeds of the performance, which took place at the Gallo Theatre, and amounted to about two hundred dollars, were appropriated to the fund for the purchase of a steamer, already more than once mentioned.

Meantime, the hopes of the Venetians were, by several occurrences, rekindled; and their stern determination "to resist at any cost," confirmed. Intelligence was received of the insurrection at

* Garrano.

Brescia—the only point at which the general rising of Lombardy, contemplated and organized on the resumption of hostilities, broke out; and which, with horrid atrocities, was quelled by Haynau after heroic resistance. Intelligence arrived, also, at a subsequent date, of the revolt at Genoa, before mentioned, declaring for a continuance of the war, and denouncing all peace with Austria—being, in fact, a proclamation by Genoa, like those of Rome and Venice—“to resist at all cost.” The revolt broke out on the 1st of April. Two days afterwards the garrison surrendered to the insurgents. The town was then invested by 20,000 Sardinians under General La Marmora; truce was sued for and obtained, and the city was unconditionally entered by the troops. News, also, of the Hungarian successes reached Venice at the same time. Indeed, on the very day Radetzky, unopposed, crossed the Ticino with 70,000 troops and entered Piedmont, Bem, with a few thousand men drove a host of Austrians and Russians over the Transylvania frontier; and, within a month, Vienna herself, lay naked before the all-conquering Magyar! A dispatch, also, from the Venetian Envoy at Paris, Pasini, gave rise to sanguine, but unfounded hopes of French intervention. Prior to this, however, and as early as April 4th, Manin had addressed a most pressing joint note to the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of Great Britain and France, imploring immediate aid. To this note there will be occasion to refer at length on the arrival of its replies.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOVARA.

ON Monday, the 12th day of March, 1849, the King, Charles Albert, in accordance with the terms of the Milan armistice of August 23d, 1848, notified Marshal Radetzky, that, within eight days, he should recommence hostilities. This hasty step has been attributed to various influences, the most powerful of which was, probably, that assigned by the King himself, in reply to the interpellations of the Ministers of England and France—"Piedmont demands a republic, or war; and you cannot assure me my crown." The ostensible reasons for the renewal of hostilities, as assigned by the Royal manifesto of the 14th, were, in the main, these—that the people of Italy had vowed national independence—that Austria's claim to Lombardy and Venice was unfounded—that Sardinia was bound to the provinces and duchies that had joined her—that misfortune, alone, had forced the armistice, which the people now denounced—that Austria had violated the armistice by retaining siege-artillery at Peschiera—by hostilities against Venice by sea and land, although cessation of hostilities against that wonderful city had been assured—by restoration of the Duke of Modena—by all government acts and edicts—by excessive taxes imposed on emigrants—by intrigues, atrocities,

rapine, and insolence. In reply, on the 18th, the Imperial Government declared, that she had the world for witness, that she had done every thing to avoid war—that, after six months' conflict, and several decisive victories, she had yielded to the desire of Charles Albert for peace, instead of following him to his capital, and there dictating her own terms, and demanding indemnity for the past and security for the future—that Sardinia had violated the armistice thus yielded her, by failing to withdraw her fleet from the Adriatic, thus enabling Venice to continue resistance, and thus alone; also, by granting openly large sums to that rebel city in monthly payments—also, by protecting Magyar emissaries and Polish refugees at the Court of Turin.

The Piedmontese army, consisting, nominally, of 135,000 men, had 20,000 in garrison, and had, in reality, but 80,000 fit for service, with 160 guns and 5,000 cavalry—and those scattered over a wide extent of country, and, in every department, entirely unprepared for immediate action. The chief command, after having been declined by several French officers, had been accepted by Chrzanowsky,* a Polish General who had gained some reputation in the war of 1831, against Russia—a man whose only qualification for the position was a theoretical knowledge of war; while of the manners, customs and language of his army he knew no more than they of his. He has been significantly styled, “the most hopeless of mediocrities.” The Austrian army, on the other hand, consisting nominally of 140,000 men, had, also, about 80,000 in the field, the best troops in Christendom, perfectly appointed, with 200 guns and 8,000 cavalry, ably officered, and led by the veteran of European warfare.†

*Pronounced Chanofsky.

† Of Radetzky's actual force, 12,000 are said to have been in hospital, while 40,000 held the province and observed the city of Venice. But estimates as to the number of troops on either side are, as is usual, various, conflicting and unreliable. Numerically, the two armies could not have been far from equal.

The denunciation of the armistice by Charles Albert, seems to have caused universal satisfaction, though from widely different causes. Rome, Florence, Venice, Turin rejoiced, and once more lauded to the skies the name of Charles Albert, "the sword of Italy." * The Austrian army at Milan, also rejoiced—the national anthem was played by eight military bands before the Marshal's head-quarters on the night of its announcement, and was called for and sung with applause at the Theatre of La Scala. Radetzky, in his Order of the Day, seems to have partaken of the general enthusiasm. "Soldiers," he said, "your most ardent wishes are fulfilled. The enemy has denounced the armistice. A second time he stretches out his hand to grasp the crown of Italy. But let him be taught, that six months have not in any degree lessened your fidelity to your emperor and king, or your bravery in supporting him. Soldiers! the conflict will not be long. It is the same enemy whom we have beaten at Santa Lucia, Somma-Campagna, Custoza, Volta, and before the gates of Milan. God is with us, for our cause is just! Up once more, soldiers! follow your chief, who has grown grey in arms, to war and to victory! I shall be a witness of your exploits. It will be the last inspiring act of my long life as a soldier, if, in the capital of a disloyal enemy, I can decorate the breasts of my brave comrades with the insignia of their valor, gained by blood and glory. Let our war-cry, then, be—'Forward, to Turin!' It is there we shall find the peace for which we fight. Long live the Emperor! Our country for ever!"

Two days later, on the 14th, at Alessandria, Chrzanowsky addressed his army as follows:—

* "The deplorable infatuation," writes Mr. Abercromby from Turin, as late as March 8th, 1849, "which prevails upon the questions of the realization of the kingdom of Upper Italy, of fighting the Austrians and driving them from Italy, has completely warped judgment and good sense."

“Soldiers! the days of the truce have passed away, and our wishes are granted. Charles Albert again comes to place himself at the head of your brave ranks. The armistice is denounced, and the days of glory for the arms of Italy are about to recommence. Soldiers! this is the supreme moment! Soldiers! march to the battle, which must be to certain victory! Following the example of your princes, who fight in your ranks, and the voice of your king, who leads you on, march, and prove to Europe that you are, not only the bulwark of Italy, but the avengers of her rights.”

On the 17th, Prince Eugène of Savoy, issued a proclamation to the people of Lombardy, in which he declared, that each man, who, within the space of five days after the promulgation of that decree did not enroll himself upon the lists prepared for that purpose, would be looked upon as a deserter, and punished as such—no exemption from service being admitted, unless bodily infirmities positively precluded the bearing of arms.

On the same day Radetzky left Milan—3,000 men with 160 guns being posted in the citadel to overawe the capital. On the 20th he crossed the Ticino into Piedmont with 70,000 men, and more than 200 pieces of artillery, without resistance—the division of Gen. Ramorino, which was to dispute the passage, being absent from its post at La Cava!*

* This officer was subsequently sentenced to be shot by a council of war for disobedience of orders, which sentence was executed at Turin, May 22nd. His disobedience has been attributed to treachery. A Sardinian by birth, he first served in Poland in the movement of 1831. In 1834 he was chief of the abortive insurrection in Savoy. He is said to have been a Royalist—he is said to have been a Red Republican: and some have gone so far as to assert that his treason on the 20th of March—if treason there were—was not the result so much of Austrian intrigues, as of intrigues with the Republican party, which is charged with having desired, at any cost, Charles Albert's defeat! By others, however, this idea has been pronounced simply preposterous. Both parties seem to disown him alike. How could Charles trust the invader of Savoy? How could Mazzini trust the man

On the 21st, at Mortara, the Piedmontese army was unexpectedly and furiously assailed, and badly beaten. The fighting lasted three hours, during which the Austrians lost 300 men, and their opponents nearly twice that number. Both armies now directed their steps towards the plains around Novara—that celebrated spot in the annals of Italian warfare—that fatal spot to Piedmont. It was there that Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, was, in 1499, defeated by Louis XII., of France, through the treachery of his “honest Swiss” allies; and there, that, thirteen years afterwards, June 6th, 1512, his son Maximilian defeated the same invaders, through the bravery of the same “honest Swiss,” and drove them over the Alps. It was, also, on that same fated field of Novara, on the 8th of April, 1821, that the liberal movement of that year in Piedmont was crushed by the royal troops, aided by these of Austria.

The Sardinian army first reached the spot and awaited its foe in battle array. About noon, on the 23rd, Radetzky came up, and a battle commenced which raged for six hours without ceasing, at the close of which 8,000 men were weltering in their gore—about an equal number from either side. But the Austrians remained masters of the field, the Sardinian army having been utterly routed—some fleeing to the mountains—some to neighboring villages, and many to the town of Novara, which, during the night, was plundered by the fugitives and set on fire.

Thus was Lombardy, after a struggle of only three days, once more at the feet of her foe, and thus was Sardinia once more humiliated.

Miracles of bravery are said to have been enacted on both sides. he had branded as a traitor? But, whether there were design or not, the defection of Ramorino certainly contributed largely to, if it did not entirely cause, the final defeat.

Radetzky in his official bulletin thus justifies his foes:—"The Piedmontese and Savoyards fought like lions; and the unfortunate Charles Albert threw himself madly into the thickest of the danger upon every possible opportunity. His two sons, also, fought with brilliant courage." Throughout the whole battle they were in the midst of the enemy's balls, and it was in vain their generals strove to draw them off. The Duke of Genoa, monarch-elect of Sicily, led his division on foot, after having had three horses shot under him; and the Duke of Savoy, the present monarch of Sardinia, fought in the front ranks of the combatants when he no longer had a division to lead. It was a terrible fight. The military correspondent of the *Allgemeinè Zeitung*—a man of letters who shared the tent and table of "Father Radetzky" as one of his staff, thus describes it—"You can form no idea of the storm of balls and shells which crossed each other in their dread course. Before and around the spot on which Field-Marshal Radetzky was standing, the heavy twelve-pound shot plowed up the ground, tracing deep furrows in one place, and cutting down trees like stubble in another. A shell struck an officer in the breast, and exploding at that instant, struck down a man at the right and the left, and cut off the upper part of the officer's body in such a fashion, that his frightened horse galloped off some distance, with the feet of the corpse in the stirrups! Not far off lay a Piedmontese artillerist, who had been struck on the forehead by a spent four-pound shot, which remained in the wound. An huzzar had been killed at the same instant with his horse, by a shot which had passed through the neck of the latter: they had sunk together, the rider still on the saddle, and the sabre still in his hand. Over the town of Novara the cannon-smoke had spread a colossal canopy, which floated motionless above the roofs, like the crown of the Italian pine."

The unhappy King of Sardinia in his condition of desperate defeat, demanded an armistice, which was consented to only on one condition—that Austrian troops should occupy the citadel and neighborhood of Alessandria, and that the Duke of Savoy should be a hostage for its fulfillment. These terms being deemed inadmissible, at nine o'clock in the evening, two hours only after the battle ceased, the King summoned his two sons and all the chiefs of the army to meet him at the Bellini Palace, in the town of Novara. He then calmly addressed them; and, while every eye but his own was wet with tears, he abdicated his throne in favor of his elder son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. Then, having written a letter to his Queen, which he charged the Duke to deliver in person, an hour after midnight he entered a carriage and drove from the town. An hour later two men muffled in cloaks were stopped by the Austrian picquet on the road to Genoa, but were finally suffered to pass. It was the uncrowned fugitive King of Piedmont, with a single attendant! Hastening through his kingdom, he reached Nice, and thence departed for Oporto—at which place, four months later, on the 28th of July, he died. His remains have since been entombed with pomp and pageant in the Superga,* and

* This church is situated on the summit of a steep mountain, more than two thousand feet high, and about four miles from Turin, and arrests the traveller's eye long before he reaches the capital. It is the monument of a vow made on the spot by Victor Amadeus II, in 1706, prior to the battle of Turin, which raised the siege of that city by Louis XIV. and was begun in 1715 and completed in 1731. The remains of its pious founder were deposited in its vaults, as were those of all of his successors, for an hundred years, three in number, until, in 1821, Charles Felix was interred at Haute Combe, in Savoy. The remains of Charles Albert, founder of the dynasty of Savoy-Carignano, were brought from Oporto, where he died, and deposited here in a magnificent tomb, bearing the inscription—"To Charles Albert the Magnanimous." Every year, on the 7th of September, the anniversary of the victory of Turin, and, at the same time, the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, are celebrated by a procession to this spot. The view of the green plains of Lombardy, from the Alps to the Appenines, is, from this eminence, grand beyond description.

his memory as the royal martyr of Piedmont will ever remain embalmed in the hearts of his people. Whatever his faults, and they were not small nor few, his mournful fate, like that of Charles the First of England, casts over them a veil. However false to others, he was never false to his dynasty, nor, designedly, to his country. His "treachery," if, indeed, he were treacherous, was ever "truth" to her. He left her the most free, the most happy, the most prosperous nation in the Old World, save, perhaps, only England; and well may she inscribe the word "Magnanimous" upon his tomb. Charles Albert, the first constitutional King of Piedmont—Charles Albert, the first Prince of the House of Savoy-Carignano—Charles Albert, the champion and the martyr of Italian Liberty—Charles Albert, the Magnanimous!

The Prince Charles Albert of Savoy-Carignano succeeded Charles Felix, lineal descendant of the gallant Amadeus I., upon his decease in 1831—the direct dynasty thereby failing, and, in accordance with the Congress of Vienna, being supplied by a collateral branch. His reign, therefore, continued for eighteen years; and, during all this period, "his character, his policy, and his purposes were the problems of all Italy." Before succeeding to the throne, chief of the Carbonari, upon mounting that throne, he not only abandoned his friends, but became their foe! Possibly he had reason. Possibly he, better than any one, knew the impracticability of their plans, and the unworthiness of their characters. Besides, was not his crown confirmed by the Congress of Vienna only on condition of the maintenance of an enrolled force of from 60,000 to 80,000 men, ready at any time to be called to the field to "preserve order" in Italy; and did not the power and contiguity of Austria,* in a man-

* Maria Anna Carolina Pia, a Princess of Sardinia, was the wife of the late ex-emperor of Austria, Ferdinand First. She is a woman of great ambition, and of infinitely more

ner force its fulfillment? Perhaps, then, it is not wonderful that, for years, he employed this army to consolidate his power, and to keep in subordination his uneasy subjects. But, when the storm, which burst forth in Naples and Sicily in January '48, reached Turin, and his people rose and demanded a constitution, he proved himself both wise and liberal. To rebels he would grant nothing; but, the moment arms were laid down, he granted all that could be asked or desired. The Constitution which he gave his people was—not the very best, perhaps, but, at the time, very popular—the July Charter of France in 1830. It was now that he thought the hour for action had arrived—that the great scheme of his life—that the union and freedom of the Italian States could be accomplished, and he was as prompt and as zealous in action as he was bold. He had previously entered into communication with Pio Nono, and was the first Italian prince to favor his policy. He also offered military aid; and the first step towards Italian Unity was an Italian Zollverein. With the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany he entered into a Convention. Italy hailed this alliance with enthusiasm, as the return to the ancient policy of Free Trade, and as the earnest of a revival of commerce, industry, and intercourse; and it rendered the oppressive burthens of Lombardy and Venice yet more apparent and more intolerable. But, immediately upon the revolution of those States, the King of Sardinia declared himself their champion, and threw down his gauntlet at the feet of mailed Austria. This was gallantly done; and, if his course seem-

ability than was her husband. She was strenuous against his abdication, and is the declared foe of all who brought it about—especially of the Archduchess Sophia. On a visit to Lombardy, in the summer of 1851, she paused at Mestre, and was visited in form by the Austrian authorities of Venice. She received them with exceeding coolness, and denounced the recent abolition of constitutional rights, which had been virtually forced from Ferdinand in March, 1848, though granted voluntarily by his successor in March, 1849.

ed tortuous and serpentine—if it was characterized by seeming craft, duplicity, and dissimulation, at this time and subsequently, may not the false and perfidious character of the despotism with which he had to deal, afford some palliation? And, if ambition whispered him of an “*Italic Crown*,” surrounded by liberal institutions, who could be entitled to wear it better than he who should win it? And, if he dreaded a republic on the borders of his kingdom, when he verily believed that neither his own people, nor those of his neighbors, were at all fitted for such government, is it strange that he desired its check? That he desired to drive out the hated tyranny of Austria from the Italian soil is undoubted and commendable: that he designed to replace that despotism by another, while, at the same time, he extended his realm, would seem almost absurd, because it would seem altogether impossible. Could he have been so base, would he have been so foolish? Knew he not Italian character too well to believe, that an Italian despot of Upper Italy would for one hour be endured? Knew he not that the Italian stiletto, if nothing else, would, at all hazard, have forbidden?

On the whole, therefore, it is not, perhaps, wonderful, that many of the wisest and most conservative of the Italian liberals should deeply lament, that the Constitutional kingdom of North Italy, extending from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, and from the Alps to the Po—from Genoa to Venice, and from the Tyrol to the Pontificate—should never have existed, save in the imagination of its contemplated Sovereign, Charles Albert, and in that of his friends, and in the proclamations of his contemplated subjects. But, whatever his own real design, whether it was to place permanently on his brow the iron crown of Lombardy, that symbol of an iron rule, and, in aiding to drive out Austria, he designed only to afford unhappy Italy a change of despots; or, whether, as he was wont to

declare, at times, even after North Italy, with one voice, had pronounced him her king—his noble purpose was still, as ever, to deliver all portions of her soil from the pollution of the stranger—leaving her free to choose her own form of government—a constitutional monarchy or a republic—afterwards ; whether he was the more deceiver or deceived, traitor or betrayed, sinned against or sinning—one can but experience a thrill of enthusiastic admiration at the magnificence of his scheme, the boldness of its attempted execution, the frantic bravery of his last charge on his last battle-field, the magnanimity of an abdication which gave his country peace ; and drop a tear of pity on his exiled end.

On the morning of March 24th, at an early hour, Radetzky had given orders to pursue the routed foe, when a flag of truce brought a demand from Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, for a personal interview. It was granted. A cottage near Vignalè was the scene.

That Sardinia was once more at the mercy of Austria, and that Radetzky had once more in his hands the power he had resigned less than a year before, “only that his clemency might be abused”—to march, almost unopposed, on Turin, and dictate terms in the capital of Piedmont, is unquestionably true. But it is also true, that an army of the French Republic lay now, as then, on the confines of Savoy, awaiting anxiously this very step, which should warrant an invasion of Italy once more by the Gauls. “Should France intervene,” said M. Hummelaur, at London, in May, 1848, “Austria will not resist—she will retire from Italy.” And in this remarkable admission of the diplomat, we detect the secret of “the remarkable forbearance”—the much-lauded clemency of the victorious Marshal. “Onward to Turin !” therefore, though an inspiring war-cry to Radetzky’s troops at Milan, and taught by their veteran

general himself, embodied an idea which he dared not for an instant even dream of carrying out. "At Turin we shall find the peace for which we fight," was only a flourish of military declamation—the fulfillment of which Radetzky well knew all the power of England as well as of France, would forbid. To treat, was, therefore, unavoidable—inevitable; and, that same evening, at that cottage of Vignale, an armistice was signed by Radetzky and Chrzanowsky, on the hard conditions, that Sardinia should disband all Hungarian, Polish, and Lombard corps, for whom amnesty should be demanded of the Emperor—that Austria should occupy the territory between the Po, the Ticino, and the Sesia—that old plotting-ground between Lombardy and Sardinia—with 20,000 troops, and that half the garrison of the citadel of Alessandria should be Austrians; that the duchies of Modena, Piacenza, and Tuscany should be evacuated by Sardinian troops—that the Sardinian fleet with all the steamers should retire from the Adriatic within two weeks and return to their own ports, and that the Piedmontese in Venice should receive orders to return to their own States within the same period; and that a durable peace should be promptly concluded, and the Sardinian army should be reduced to a peace establishment.*

On the 25th, Radetzky issued a proclamation to his troops, which opens thus:—

* The terms of the peace, concluded by De Bruck at Milan, in June, were in the main these—The territorial division of Italy as established by the treaties of 1815—reimbursement to Austria of the expenses of the war, and a treaty of commerce removing all causes of war. At first, Austria, with characteristic rapacity, demanded that the city of Genoa and the fortresses on the frontier of France should be delivered to Radetzky, to be held by him in permanent possession! This was, of course, out of the question. The indemnity to Austria for the expenses of the war was fixed at about \$15,000,000. the whole to be paid, in bi-monthly instalments, prior to June, 1851. No wonder that Sardinia found it impossible to fulfill the promise of her chambers to Venice of a monthly subsidy of more than \$100,000.

“Soldiers! you have redeemed your word. You have undertaken a campaign against an enemy in numbers your superior, and you have ended it victoriously in five days. History will not gainsay, that never was a braver, truer army, than that which my lord and sovereign, the Emperor, appointed me to command. Soldiers! in the name of your Emperor and your country, I thank you for your valorous deeds, for your devotion, for your truth.”

On the 26th, at Turin, the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, the Prince Eugène, of Savoy-Carignano, issued a proclamation, which, having recited the facts of the defeat and abdication, closes thus: “The gratitude of the people and our respectful attachment to him (Charles Albert) will be eternal. Let us rally around the new king, worthy emulator of his paternal valor in battle, and upright guardian of the constitutional franchises granted by his august father. Long live King Victor Emanuel!”

On the 27th, at Turin, the new king issued a proclamation, which concludes with these words:—“Our present task must consist in maintaining our honor safe, in healing the wounds of the public fortune, in consolidating our constitutional institutions. It is to this task I conjure all my people to apply.”

The great mass of the nation responded warmly to these views. A few of the more violent agitators had the folly to denounce “the treacherous or timid armistice, which had again saved Radetzky, as the Salasco armistice had saved him the last year;” and they even succeeded in causing Genoa to protest by revolt for continuance of the war, and against peace with Austria; but the revolt was speedily put down.* A new Ministry was formed on the 29th, with

* The kingdom of Sardinia is made up of half a dozen small Marquisates, Duchies, Lordships, Provinces, and Principalities, and one large island of 28,000 square miles, which gives it a name. It was erected into a kingdom in 1720, under the Duke of Savoy as

Gioberti—who had been thrust from office only a fortnight before—as Secretary of State. Early in April he was sent to Paris, and early in May he was called back to assume the Presidency of the Council, the Premiership of the realm!

As for Milan, she had heard the long cannonade of Novara, and so confident was she that it heralded the defeat of her hated oppressor, that, when the Austrian troops returned, her inhabitants believed, at first, that they were receiving the scattered squadrons of a defeated army, soon to leave them in continuation of their flight for Verona; and flocked forth in great numbers to the Vercelli gate to see them defile. “But,” continues the military correspondent of the *Allgemeinè Zeitung*, “the bearing of the troops, of the officers, and

sovereign. Its last addition was that of Genoa, by the Treaty of Vienna in 1814. By the marriage of Victor Amadeus III., with Anne Marie of Orleans, grand-daughter of Charles I. of England, the House of Savoy became allied to that of Stuart. Sardinia is somewhat noted for the abdication of its sovereigns. Victor Amadeus II., abdicated in 1730; Charles Emanuel IV., in 1802, assuming the Jesuit cowl; Victor Emanuel in 1821; and Charles Albert in 1849. The title of the sovereign is “King of Sardinia, Cyprus and Jerusalem; Duke of Savoy and Genoa, &c.; Prince of Piedmont, &c.” Charles Albert was born Oct. 2d, 1798, and began to reign April 27th, 1831. He had, therefore, reigned eighteen years, and was but 51 years old, when he died. He married Maria Theresa of Tuscany, Archduchess of Austria in 1817, when she was sixteen years old. Their children were but two—Victor Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, the present king, now in his 34th year, and Ferdinand Maria, Duke of Genoa, (like his father) in his 32nd. The appellations Felix, Victor, and Emanuel, so popular with the Piedmontese dynasty, seem to have been anything but appropriate. For more than a hundred years with but one or two exceptions, they have abdicated their throne—while Victor Amadeus III., father-in-law of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. of France, died, even as did Charles Albert, of a broken heart, a few days after signing the treaty of Cherasco with Napoleon, in '96, with the curses of England and Austria, for his alleged treachery, on his grave!

Sardinia has a population of about 5,000,000. Her revenue in '51 was \$20,000,000—her expenditures \$28,000,000—her debt over \$100,000,000. Her army numbers 52,000 men—her navy sixty vessels, of which six are steamers, carrying 900 guns. The University repudiates the temporal power and infallibility of the Pope, and declares marriage a civil contract only: hence the protracted strife with Rome.

of the old Marshal himself, who did not look like a loser of battles, gradually undeceived them. Their faces grew darker as we proceeded, and the brilliant procession passed with its *Vivas* and its various-languaged acclaim* through the crowded streets of the melancholy capital, all hushed in the silence of astonishment and despair."

A general rising in Lombardy had been organized to welcome the first successes of the army of Charles Albert. As the headquarters and nucleus of this insurrection, on account of its site and character, was selected Brescia, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, so noted for ages for their free and intrepid spirit, as to have received the distinction of "The brave Bresciani." Most of the garrison had been withdrawn to the frontier to join Radetzky; and many of the most reliable of the citizens were, also, absent.

On the 20th of March, the place received provisions from the insurrectionary committee, with directions to commence the movement on the 21st. On the morning of the 23d, the day of the defeat of Novara, the Commandant promised the Municipality two hundred swords for a Civic Guard, to maintain order, and, at the same time Haynau, then before Venice, demanded a contribution of 150,000 Lire—\$25,000. This was a signal for insurrection. The imperial ensign was torn down—the soldiers and police were put to flight—provisions designed for the garrison were seized—the commandant was taken captive while receiving the contribution; and shouts of *Morte i barbari! Viva l'Italia!* rang through the streets. At midnight, Captain Leshke, with nine hundred men and fourteen heavy guns, began pouring balls on the city from the castle. The Brescians, with the characteristic heroism of centuries,

* "Zivio! Zivio!" shouts the Croat; "Eljen! Eljen!" the Magyar; "Viva! Viva!" the Italian; "Hurrah! Hurrah!" the German. Unlike the Magyar, Croat, Serb, &c., the German is said to have no country.

ran to arms. Barricades rose—women and children rang the tocsin in every belfry—the nocturnal conflict raged till dawn. Leshke, favored by the night, had meanwhile, dispatched two emissaries to Mantua for aid; and the Brescians elected Contratti and Cassola as their chiefs, and devoted Haynau's 150,000 Lire to the cause of revolt! The 24th and 25th, Saturday and Sunday, passed quietly away. Couriers from Milan, with intelligence of the defeat of Novara, were intercepted by the Austrians; and couriers for Mantua, to demand reinforcements at Brescia, were intercepted by the Lombards.

At dawn, appeared General Nugent, from Mantua, with 1,000 men and two guns, and for three hours were they repulsed by the patriots. Nugent declared that he "came to enter the place freely or forcibly," and the citizens decreed unanimously, "to defend it to the last." At noon, on the 27th, Nugent being reinforced from Verona, attacked the Brescians on all sides, while the castle poured down showers of balls, bombs and grenades on the roofs and into the streets. Night closed the conflict, only to be renewed at dawn. And all that day the battle raged—a hundred Brescians fell, and twice as many of the foe—among them being Nugent himself, who, at the moment, was pointing a cannon. On the morning of the 29th, came news of the armistice of Novara, but it was deemed too monstrous to be true. At noon, the Austrians, reinforced from Peschiera, renewed the fight, and the castle-batteries renewed the bombardment; but the foe fled before the frantic Brescians rushing from the gates. At dawn the fight was again renewed. Letters from Crema and Lodi proclaimed the Austrians beaten, and forced by armistice to retire beyond the Adige! At the same time came Haynau from before Malghera, with four thousand men. On the morning of the 31st, a *parlementaire* demanded unconditional

surrender at mid-day, on pain of assault, pillage, ruin! "Brescians! you know me"—concluded the insolent summons—"I shall keep my word!" A deputation waited on the monster with the forged armistice, which they believed to be genuine. "I know all," he replied, with a significant smile. "But—will you surrender before noon?—that's the question." He seemed to apprehend compliance with his demand, and a loss of vengeance, and, therefore, concealed the truth. "War! War! War!" was the shout that echoed through the streets of Brescia on return of the deputation; and the tocsin pealed a deafening accompaniment. At 3 o'clock the five gates were simultaneously attacked by mortars, and the castle poured down a tempest of bombs and grenades. "The attack was terrible," says the Austrian report, "and the defence worthy—a *better cause!*" "Give me 30,000 Brescians," exclaimed Haynau, as he beheld their incredible heroism, "and I will storm the gates of Paris!" Among the victims is mentioned a youth of heroic intrepidity and almost angelic beauty, named Oposo, who fell in the thickest of the conflict. At sunset, Nugent's brigade entered the city, and all night their incendiary conflagrations lighted up half of Lombardy, whilst the atrocities they perpetrated were too horrid to recite.

The next day was the Sabbath; but only the fierce shout of "War! War! War!" mingled with the roar of artillery and the peal of bells, and the groans, and shrieks, and blasphemies of delirious combatants, broke on that sacred dawn. But Haynau's expected reinforcements of artillery and men had now arrived—among them being some companies of the Italian regiment Ceccopieri—and the work of demolition was brief. The barricades were beaten down in the streets—houses were entered despite frantic defence—captives were smeared with pitch and set on fire—wives were forced to aid in the torture of their husbands—husbands were forced to

behold the dishonor of their wives—children were forced to swallow the blood of their parents—the prisons were broken open and the prisoners—spies condemned to death—were massacred by the maddened populace; and upon all this diabolical scene, the fiend Haynau “looked on—silent—implacable—with a sardonic smile!”

Resistance ceased, but the carnage, pillage, outrage of twenty battalions of barbarians had but just begun. Yet the Municipality distributed, at once, 15,000 rations of bread, wine, and forage to their merciless foes to appease them—though all in vain. That night from Bergamo came Camezzi with 800 men to the rescue. But he came too late. A few Austrian officers did strive to check the atrocities—among them being Col. Jellachich, brother of the Ban; but, as might have been apprehended, their interference was utterly disregarded. As for Haynau, he rioted in blood! A hundred citizens were dragged to the castle and tortured and shot! “Slaughter was organized. Women and children, the aged, the helpless, were horribly macerated.” Gabetti, a patriot-priest, a schoolmaster, was shot. Venturini, an aged, learned jurist, was bayoneted. Carlo Zimo, a wretched hunchback, was burned by Croats for amusement. But he was horribly avenged. In the flames he clutched one of his tormentors, and in agony they perished together!

“The bodies of the insurgents lay in heaps in the streets and houses! All prisoners taken with arms in their hands were publicly shot!” Such are Haynau’s own hideous words in his official bulletin of an event, which has rendered the names of Brescia and Haynau a horror forever!

A fine of 7,000,000 Lire was imposed on the province, and 300,000 more on the city as a prize for Austrian officers. The city was, also, forced to pay all the expenses of the siege, and to

contribute funds for a triumphal cenotaph to its slain destroyers in the centre of its own Piazza; yet the damage it had sustained was estimated at 12,000,000 Lire. On Sunday evening, Gen. Nugent died of his wound received on the Wednesday previous; and, strange to tell, named the city of Brescia he had harmed so much, his legatee!*

Thus fell Brescia, glorious and avenged. "The same Brescia into which the presence of 5,000 men could not infuse the courage of despair in August, 1848, alone and unarmed was equal to most awful sacrifices in March, 1849." Without artillery, officers, or regular soldiers—her wisest, ablest men absent—for ten days, 3,000 men withstood 20,000, and slew more than half their own number of foes, forty of them being officers!

Gen. Appel was appointed Governor of the city and demanded the chiefs of the insurrection; but all not already slain, had escaped, and, in infamous revenge, four months later, twelve miserable-subalterns of the populace were hanged on the ramparts!

Julius Baron Von Haynau, the illegitimate son, by Madame Von Lindenthal, of William I.—that Electoral Prince of Hesse, who sold his subjects to England to oppress America—was born at Cassel, in 1786. In 1801, his education finished, he was a Lieutenant in the Austrian army. In 1805, he was a Captain—in 1813–14 Major of a battalion in the campaigns of Italy, and in 1815 became distinguished as chief of the advanced guard of the army of the Rhine. Subsequently, he was Governor of Grätz. In 1847, he was General of Division at Temesvar in the Banat, and Lieutenant Field-Marshal, and in 1848 volunteered as a Colonel in the Lombardo-Veneto, but was soon appointed Governor of Verona, and, on the

* Nugent, it may be mentioned, was an Englishman, and once a Carbonaro; and, it is said, was, perhaps, the slave of military discipline against his own convictions.

transfer of Welden to Hungary, in March, received command of the second *corps d'armée*, then before Venice. For his atrocities at the close of that month just detailed, he received a *soubriquet* which will cling to his name and fame forever—"Hyena of Brescia." From the siege of Malghera, he was called to succeed Welden in the chief command in Hungary in May, and fought and conquered at Szgedin and Temesvar in July. His subsequent cruelties are known to all the world. "The atrocities of Galicia which chilled Europe with horror, were renewed in Pannonia." Yet, it is related, that, after ordering the most horrid deeds, "he would spend days in tears, in a wretched state of nervous excitement, his eyes red with weeping;" and Pesth, one scene of his atrocities, presented him an album in token of gratitude," even as Venice, in 1851, presented Radetzky a piece of glass-work from Murano as a like souvenir! With the price of his bloody services—400,000 florins—\$200,000—he purchased an estate in Hungary, and having fallen into disgrace at Vienna a year later for "leniency," and been removed from his command, he is said to have avowed "liberalism!" But he was notorious for eccentricity all his life, and was, at one time, even deemed insane. The demonstrations attending his appearance at Frankfort; Cologne, and London, in 1850, and at Brussels, Bruges, and Paris in 1852, are familiar to every one who can read, thanks to the newspapers; and prove plainly, that deeds unworthy even of an age of darkness, cannot with impunity be perpetrated in the middle of the 19th century.

The winter of 1850, Haynau passed with Priesnitz at Graefenburg, taking thirty wet sheets per diem, with no fire in his room the coldest day! Dropsy in the feet was his disease, and he was cured. Most of the ensuing year he passed on his estate—indulgent to his tenantry—liberal in politics—abjuring tobacco in every form, because

an Imperial monopoly, and talking of his beating by Barclay's brewers as only an insult to Austria! His attempted "defence" at a banquet at Paris in the summer of '52, under the protection of Louis Napoleon, was as impotent as it was impudent. That he "simply obeyed orders," in his atrocities in Italy and in Hungary, in 1849, is absurd. What orders had he, or could he have had, for his extemporaneous slaughter at Brescia? And as for those at Pesth, Komorn, Arad and elsewhere, in Hungary, it is notorious, that, if there were "orders" for these inhumanities, they originated with himself; inasmuch as, in the council at Vienna, already alluded to, when the more merciful Radetzky advocated amnesty, Haynau advocated the reverse, and carried his point. It is, also, asserted, that in compliance only with the subsequent earnest intercession of the old Marshal with his young master in person, was the bloody mandate revoked, to the monster's avowed dissatisfaction, while thus only were his atrocities checked. It is stated, moreover, that his disgrace at the Imperial Court, so far from owing itself to his "leniency," was owing to the fact, that he executed on his own responsibility a dozen men, whom his masters, bloody as they were, desired, from policy, to spare; and, being reprov'd for the outrage, he released, in revenge, as many others who deserved to be punished! The wretch is said to have been—strangely enough—excessively sensitive to public opinion; and in his sweeping denials of all charges against him, seemed especially solicitous to deny the fact, and to escape from the ignominy of having ordered the flogging of ladies in the public streets! But his efforts only recoiled. His case was hopeless. The winter of '52 he passed at Florence, where he was hissed and hooted by the people whenever he appeared, despite all the blandishments of an obsequious court, and an order for his bust and his portrait by masters, by the

nobles. He was then nearly seventy—of medium stature—erect—thin—with a bald, retreating forehead—short gray hair—aquilino nose—fierce hazel eye—enormous moustaches white as snow—lips constantly and nervously twitching—step feeble and uncertain—his aspect by no means prepossessing, and by some deemed absolutely revolting, and his manner “that of a civilized Cain, defiant, yet trembling.” He was parsimonious in expenditure—a desperate gambler—charitable with his winnings—always under excitement from strong wines and strong coffee—unmarried, and without connections or ties. In March of '53, he was at Vienna, on his return from Italy, and in good health. On Saturday, the 12th, he was distinguished by the Emperor's salutation at a military reception. On Sunday, he was, as usual, at the “Mercantile Union.” At midnight he retired at his lodgings, at Munsch's Hotel. An hour later he sent his valet for water, being unwell. On the man's return his master was dead! Disease of the heart, under which he had long labored, is thought to have been the cause of his sudden end. Strange tales are told of the corpse!

Thus died this bold, bad man. In the stillness of the night-time—alone with his God—“unanointed and unannealed, with all his sins upon him,” his dark spirit passed to its account!*

* The decease of persons whose names occur in the events of '48-49, during the year past, is noticeable. Among these may be named, in January '52, Statella, President of the High Military Court at Naples; in March, Count Woldgemuth, General of Brigade, lost in the steamer “Marianna” of which he was master; in April, Schwartzenberg, Premier of Austria, at Vienna, of apoplexy, and Navara, President of the Criminal Court at Naples; in September, Pecchenda, Director-General of Police at Naples; in November, Prince Leuchtenberg, at St. Petersburg; in December, the Ex-Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand, at Vienna, and the Ex-Premier of Sardinia, Gioberti, of apoplexy at Paris. Also, during the same year, 1852, the mothers of Kossuth, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. Also, old Marshal Marmont, at Venice, March '52, and the old Viceroy, Archduke Ranieri, at Milan, January, '53, and old Balbo, at Turin, May, '53.

CHAPTER XV.

SIEGE.

THE earliest and most sensible result to Venice of the defeat at Novara, was the institution and maintenance by Austria of a vigorous blockade of her port—a blockade, which, hitherto, for nearly a year, had existed only on paper and in form. Agreeably to the armistice of August, the Sardinian fleet of seventeen vessels had left the waters of Venice, as has been already related, having on board the 4,000 Piedmontese troops, under Gen. La Marmora, sent by Charles Albert to aid in her defence. But, it had still lingered in the Gulf; and, acting in concert with the Venetian fleet, though avowedly only on the defensive, had kept at a respectful distance the Austrian ships. It had wintered in the port of Ancona, only a few of its vessels having been seen for seven months within the Lagune. Early in April, on the arrival of the disastrous intelligence from Novara, Admiral Albini, then at Venice with a steamer, declared, to the great joy of the inhabitants, that he should not abandon that noble city, and should, moreover, bring his family there from Ancona. But, a few days later, on the 7th, having been notified, that, by the 5th Article of the Armistice of the 26th of March, the Sardinian fleet was pledged, within fifteen days, to

enter its own ports, and Piedmontese subjects at Venice to depart by the shortest routes for their homes, he ordered the whole squadron, then at anchor off the Istrian coast, to weigh anchor—one division, consisting of a frigate and a steamer, touching at Venice to receive on board the Piedmontese, and the other touching at Ancona to receive the sick from the civil hospital, and then both united, to stand down the Gulf, *en voyage* for Genoa. On the 10th, these orders being at once obeyed, the Austrian squadron was encountered off Pirano, when the white flag displayed by the two Admirals proclaimed hostilities as between them definitely at an end. On the 17th, the Imperial fleet, led by Vice-Admiral Dahlrup* on the frigate *Bellona*, left its anchorage at Port Rose, near Pirano, and in three days was off Malamocco; while the Venetian fleet, entirely unable to cope singly with its foe, sought safety within the port and beneath the guns of the fortifications. The Austrian fleet, however, confined itself simply to a blockade of observation. It made no attempt to land troops along the coast, nor even to approach within cannon-shot of the numerous forts which line the Littorale of Malamocco, Lido, and Pelestrina. It had four steamers in constant motion between Chioggia and the Port of Tre-Porti, along an extent of coast not exceeding forty miles, at an average distance of three or four miles at sea—drawing nearer to the shore at night and putting off at dawn; while the residue of the squadron, consisting of three frigates, two corvettes, and several smaller vessels, lay at anchor some ten miles out. To prevent all communication between the enemy and the shore, the company of Swiss chasseurs, at a later period, were stationed at the Fort *San Pietro en Volta*

* Dahlrup is a Dane, a thorough seaman, liberal in politics, and was very popular with his men, many of whom were also Danes. But in August, 1851, he was superseded by Gen. Wimpfen, who had, perhaps, hardly been out of sight of land in all his life! Such is the naval policy of Austria!

with strict orders to fire upon the numerous smacks which fish for sardines along the coast, if they attempted to put off before the dawn, and did not return at the rolling of the drum on the ramparts before dusk—a condition which the poor fishermen of the Adriatic deemed hard enough; inasmuch as that particular fishery is always most productive exactly as the sun rises or sets; and which cost one of the fraternity, who disobeyed the order, a severe wound. The Venetian fleet within the port consisted of four corvettes, one of them having formerly been the Austrian guard-ship—the new steamer *Pio Nono*—half a dozen brigantines, and about a score of trabaccoli, all of which vessels lay quietly on the defensive at their moorings—the steamer excepted, which sometimes put to sea and exchanged a shot from her 80-pound Paixhan with the 48-pounders of the Austrian steamer *Vulcano*.* On one occasion—it was on

* The data on which to estimate the Venetian, or the Austrian, naval force in the Adriatic in '48-49, are by no means abundant, or reliable. On the 22nd of March, '43, the Austrian Navy consisted of 45 vessels, large and small, mounting 234 guns of all calibres—lying at Pola, Trieste, Naples, and in different ports of the Levant. In the port and Arsenal of Venice were upwards of 100 armed vessels—mounting about 200 guns—two only being corvettes, and the residue gun-boats, bomb-boats, barges, &c., for defence of the Lagune, all of which, of course, fell into the hands of the Venetians, together with a frigate, two corvettes, and a dozen smaller vessels, mounting about 100 guns, in course of construction and repair. The Austrian blockading squadron consisted of 3 frigates of 44 guns each; 2 corvettes of 14 and 20 guns; 5 brigantines, carrying from 1 to 4 guns each; 2 golettas of 10 guns each; 1 steamer of 120 horse-power—the *Vulcano*—carrying two 48-pounders and four 12-pounders; 3 of the Austrian Lloyd Packet steamers, armed with a few guns each, and several armed trabaccoli, or small fishing schooners—numbering in all 19 vessels, mounting about 260 guns, and constituting, moreover, the entire naval force of Austria, at the time, if we add a frigate, a corvette, a brigantine, and 2 steamers—5 vessels in all, mounting about 100 guns. As for the naval force of Venice—some months later, when it was yielded to the Austrians, after having been somewhat augmented, it consisted of 4 corvettes of 20 and 24 guns; 5 brigantines of 10 and 16 guns; a goletta of 10 guns; a steamer of 120 horse-power—the *Pio Nono*—which had been strengthened to carry an 80-pound Paixhan and a 24-pounder; 4 steam tow-boats, and 10 trabaccoli carrying each one heavy cannon—making, in all, 25 vessels, mounting 178 guns, for defence

the 26th of April—a Greek brig bound for Venice, with provisions, was intercepted by the *Vulcano*, when the *Pio Nono* running out forced the Austrian steamer to put off, hitting her twice, and convoyed the Greek safely into port. The *Vulcano*, with her two 48-pounders and four 12-pounders, proved no match for the *Pio Nono*, with her 80-pound Paixhan and her single 24-pounder, although the broadside of the former was some 20 pounds heavier than that of the latter. But this success, although it greatly encouraged Venice, was a mere casual episode. It was, of course, impossible for a single steamer to measure strength with four; while the residue of the Austrian fleet, though inferior in the number of vessels by half a dozen, yet exceeded the Venetian in weight of metal by more than 80 guns. It became of the utmost importance, therefore, that the force of the Venetian naval marine should be speedily augmented: for, although no actual lack of the necessaries of life was as yet experienced in the city, yet, strangely enough, though principally, perhaps, because of the lack of a metallic currency, which alone the importers of provisions would receive—the place had not been supplied for the siege, which, from the first, was sure, soon or late, to come—during the whole twelvemonth the port had remained open; and now, the consequence of a close investment by land, and a vigorous blockade by sea, if protracted, was inevitable. Famine, the only resistless foe Venice had to dread, began already, in fact, and at a distance not very great, to stare her in the face. The dockyards of the Arsenal contained a thirty-gun frigate—the *Italia*—and several smaller vessels and steamers; but to complete them in season for service in the present exigency was impossible,

of the port. There were, also, 143 gun-boats, barges, &c., heavily armed, for defence of the Lagune, and a frigate, 8 golettas, 3 steamers, and 1 large gun-boat—8 in all, mounting some 60 guns in course of construction at the Arsenal.

even had there been—which there were not—abundant means and material. Recourse was accordingly had to the construction of additional trabaccoli, 40 in number, and to a voluntary marine enrolment to supply them with men. The result was that 20 trabaccoli were turned out armed with one heavy gun each, and that 120 men were enlisted to man them—many being private gondoliers, who were still paid by their masters. The trabaccoli, being light, could, it was supposed, run along shore and escort convoys of provisions from Romagna to Venice; and, if in sufficient force, even venture to attack large vessels, and do it successfully, as was done in the ancient naval service of Spain, and in that of Venice herself. The three small steamers of 100, of 50, and of 40 horse-power, commenced at the Arsenal, were never finished, although engines for two were found at Chioggia. And yet the Arsenalotti had not been idle. Independently of the trabaccoli mentioned, they had, since the 22nd of March, '48, turned out 100 small craft for defence of the Lagune, strengthened and armed the *Pio Nono*, refitted the corvette *Veloce*, wholly constructed the brig *Pilade*, and made great advances on the frigate *Italia*. Had Venice, from the very first, instead of relying, as she unhappily did, on the squadrons of Naples and Sardinia to keep open her port, completed the *Italia*, completed her small steamers, and purchased indirectly, through agents, two or three large ones in England, as did Sicily, she could, unquestionably, have continued an almost indefinite resistance—the supply of provisions and powder being constantly kept up. As it was, nitre, as well as food, was already falling short—a vessel freighted with the former vital article having been seized by the blockading squadron, and sent to Trieste; while, although the little navy of Venice had demanded immense expenditures, it was not and had not been, of the slightest use. But the Venetians were

not the men to despair; and now, to retrieve the past with its errors, efforts already repeatedly made, were zealously renewed, to raise funds for the purchase of an armed steamer—a steamer of war. It was to contribute to this object, that “The Citizen of Ghent” had been performed by amateur dramatists at the *San Samuele*, as before mentioned, and that “The Bandiera Brothers” had been composed and performed at the *Apollo*.

On the 11th of April, the Foreign Consuls notified the citizens of their respective governments at Venice, that a strict blockade would be instituted on the 19th, in order that all designing to leave the city should at once depart. The Dictature, moreover, took occasion on the same day to order from the Lagune all persons of doubtful character, as well as all strangers useless for the defence—although the number thus sent off was exceedingly small.

A few days previous to this Gen. Pepé, perceiving that all hopes of further aid to the Italian cause from Piedmont was at an end, addressed the Governments of Rome and Florence, developing a plan of campaign, which he had already proposed on the 2nd of March, in which he states, that 30,000 Romans and Tuscans concentrated at Bologna for an expedition to Naples, might yet save Italy. Naples and Sicily revolutionized, an army of 100,000 from the South and Centre of the Peninsula would inevitably revolutionize the North, and drive the barbarians over the Alps. But the plan was unnoticed; and thus a third opportunity for emancipating Italy, was, as the old Baron complains, lost for ever within a single year.*

* 1st. By the recall of the Neapolitan troops in May '48: 2nd. By the rejection of his plan of campaign of January '49; and 3rd. By rejection of that of April 5th. Pepé complains, also, that his counsel was not always regarded at Venice, and says that, but for earnest solicitations of Rosaroll, Ulloa, and other Neapolitan officers, he should, more than once, have abandoned her to her fate. He seems to think that, as

Meanwhile, despite the blockade, English and French steamers were occasionally entering the port; but it was only on condition of holding no intercourse with the citizens, and of affording passage thence, or protection there, to none but subjects of their own governments—a condition closely adhered to, if at all, by the English only.* Correct intelligence from abroad became, therefore, an exceedingly rare commodity. Only dispatches to, or from, the Foreign Consular Corps reached Venice, or penetrated the *cordon* by which it was girt; and thus, the most unfounded and preposterous rumors, put in circulation by parties pecuniarily or politically interested, gained credence and filled the city. The Venetians, always a credulous, and yet, a suspicious people—in their present desperate position, believed everything that they hoped—however incredible, and hoped everything that they believed—however absurd. Something was sure “to turn up”—aid was sure to arrive; and England, France, and the United States had, by turns, interfered in their behalf; the Sardinians, the Romans, the Hungarians, even, as we shall hereafter see, were coming to their relief! “At one time,” as we are told, “the English fleet had sailed to Trieste, and compelled the Austrians to a cessation of hostilities; at another, 50,000 Hungarians had besieged Vienna, while a detachment of equal amount had arrived at Udine for the relief of Venice! Milan was twice a week in revolt, and the Austrians ejected; the King of Sardinia had defeated Radetzky, and the Marshal absolute military Dictator from an early date, he could almost indefinitely have prolonged the defence. He was thwarted, also, in a desire to institute a military order, or decoration, as a reward for gallantry, when promotion was unadvisable, or impossible: and himself contributed 200 Napoleons, in the absence of other gold, to be coined into medals by the mint, with this view. But the order was never created—the medals were never struck.

* It was about this time, probably, if ever, that “the violation of neutrality by an American frigate,” complained of to Mr. Siles by Prince Schwartzberg, already referred to, took place.

himself was a prisoner—in proof of which that commander was exhibited in effigy in an iron cage, while Charles Albert brandished the sword of Goliath over his head!” At one time, rumor asserted confidently that negotiations for peace between Piedmont and Austria had ceased; that France and England had, as mediators, denounced the extravagant pretensions of the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna; that French troops had entered Savoy, and were descending the southern slope of the Alps, on Lombardy; and that a British squadron was coming up the Gulf. At another time, rumor was rife that France had menaced the occupation of Venice, unless Austrian troops at once evacuated Bologna, Ferrara, and all portions of the Papal States. These rumors had their source principally in the debates in the British Parliament, and in the French National Assembly, on the Italian question, antecedent to the advance of Gen. Oudinot from Cività Vecchia on Rome; and the oratorical flourishes of Reds in Paris, or Whigs at London, were deemed little less than oracles of fate.* When, however, the deferred hopes of a whole year caused anticipations from these sources to wane, a new star arose—“a star in the East”—a new champion was beheld—a second Charles Albert without his malign fortune. That champion was the Magyar, Louis Kossuth; and the late successes of the Hungarian army, composed of the most warlike troops on the continent of Europe, were interpreted into a brilliant augury of universal and continued triumph. The Hungarian fever at Venice owes its origin and commencement to the reception and

* The French press was always friendly to Venice. At the very time Louis Napoleon was sending an army to subjugate Rome, a Parisian journal thus speaks of the City of the Sea:—“The right of Venice to her liberty, the wisdom of which she has given proofs, the devotion of her population to those institutions it has assumed, the immense sacrifices which all classes of this little State eagerly impose upon themselves, ought to procure for her protection. She turns her eyes on France, she invokes the French Republic, whose assistance it seems will not fail her.”

publication by Manin, May 21st, of a letter of Kossuth, dated Debreczin, April 20th, notifying the Republic of Venice of his nomination to the office of Governor of Hungary, expressing the sympathies of his country for those who battled against the same despotism, and inviting the cultivation of amicable relations. Accompanying this letter was another from a diplomatic agent of Kossuth at Ancona, exhorting Venice to hold out two months longer against the common foe, and desiring that some accredited person might be sent to him for consultation and agreement, as touching the reciprocal interests of the two nations. This letter bore date May 19th, and the Vice-President of the Assembly, Lodovico Pasini, was, accordingly sent, by means of a French gun-boat, to Ancona, and concluded with the Hungarian envoy a convention, by which it was agreed, that Venice should receive pecuniary aid from the Government at Debreczin, and that two war-steamers, purchased in England, should be sent to raise the blockade, and an army by land to raise the siege! "Beautiful promises and full of great hopes," bitterly remarks a Venetian; "but destiny had otherwise decreed; and the two brother-peoples were again brought under the Austrian yoke." *

But the circumstances mentioned were quite enough to rouse the most extravagant anticipations in "the ever-sanguine Venetians." Almost immediately afterwards, rumor asserted that Gen. Görgey, with 80,000 men, was at Laybach, *en route* for Venice; and that all Trieste was in consternation! This rumor owed its origin to a slight evolution of Görgey towards the south, which did, in fact,

* The Hungarian agent was obliged to send his dispatches, together with the convention concluded with Pasini at Ancona, to Debreczin, by way of Constantinople, to avoid interception by Austria, and was, shortly, himself forced to fly, Ancona being besieged, although Venice remained in entire ignorance of the fact—as, also, of the facts that, after occupying Bologna and Ancona, the Austrians advanced as far Perugia and Spoleto, on the road to Rome

cause such panic at Trieste, that Austrian paper fell thirty-three per cent. in a few hours : still, Görgey had never crossed the frontier, nor even dreamed of a step so mad. Nevertheless, rumor, which one day had brought Görgey to Laybach, the next day planted him on the heights of Trieste—on the third, bombarded the place, and on the fourth recited the terms of its capitulation ! Such credence did these absurd rumors, day after day, obtain at Venice, that the *Moneta del Commune* rose from 25 per cent. to 35, while the *Moneta Patriotica* was taken at *par*. But these rumors, or the events which gave birth to them, seem, also, to have exerted no little influence on the besieging force ; for a large body of Austrian troops at this time suddenly moved towards Treviso. In the city, such absolute credit was lent to the idea of approaching succor, that a heavy cannonade one morning in the direction of Malghera was deemed proof positive that the Hungarian army was before that fortress ! Driven from this hope, it was yet certain that Trieste had capitulated ; and forced to yield even this, there could still be no doubt of the encampment of the Hungarians at Fiume, or, assuredly, at Laybach ! And all these illusions vanished only when positive official intelligence penetrated the blockade, declaring that Görgey had never crossed the Save, or even the E rave, but was, in fact, after his slight *detour* towards the south, moving in a direction exactly the reverse.

At a later period, when all hope of aid from the Old World had died away, the deserted and unhappy Bride of the Waves cast her imploring eyes towards the "Grand Republic," six thousand miles distant over the deep, and confidently looked for help ! And,

* Property has been called "timid;" albeit, Napoleon is well known to have relied more on political or military intelligence predicated on the rise or fall of stocks, than on that derived from official bulletins, or from any other source.

when, in the summer of '49, the *razee* "Independence," the frigate "Cumberland," and the steamer "Mississippi," entered the Mediterranean, and joined the powerful squadron of the United States already in those waters,* it was undoubtedly believed that the whole American fleet under the broad pennant of Commodore Morgan was designed to ascend the Adriatic and raise the blockade of Venice! But neither of these vessels, it is probable, appeared in the Gulf, nor any armed American vessel at all, indeed, until the "Cumberland" visited the port of Trieste, in July of 1850, followed by the "Independence" and the "Mississippi" in July of '51.

But the Venetians not only lent credence to the rumors started by the French newspapers of an American fleet on its way to their aid, but it was, also, believed, that Manin had obtained from England a couple of steam-frigates, which were already on their voyage up the Mediterranean, under the banner of "the stars and stripes," and destined to receive their Venetian commanders at Corfu! But this hope, like the hopes of Hungarian, French, Roman, and Sardinian aid, was destined to dissolve into "thin air."

These rumors were, no doubt, started, often times, and circulated, by the numerous refugees who had sought, and wished to retain, their last asylum in Europe, within the Lagune. Perhaps, too, they often found origin, or, at least, encouragement, in the very depths of the despair itself into which Venice had descended. No change, it seemed, could be for the worse; any change must be for the better. Some of these rumors have been attributed, also, to foes without the city, and some, even, to foes within. That there existed, at a later date, for a brief period, a party of *disorder* at

* The U. S. squadron in the Mediterranean in the Fall of '49 was larger than ever before since the Tripolitan War—consisting of the frigates Constitution, Cumberland, St. Lawrence, and Independence; the steamers Mississippi, Alleghany, and Princeton; the sloop-of-war Jamestown, and the schooner Taney.

Venice, who found it in their interest to coin and give currency to lying rumors, can hardly be doubted; while the close investment of the place by land and by sea, prevented the prompt correction of these rumors by the receipt of authentic intelligence.* Nor can it be doubted that the wily foe which compassed the Lagune did not confine himself to warlike means to bring about the surrender of the obstinate city. Intrigue was, also, busy; and by authority not less than that of the Commander-in-chief himself, we are assured, that a beautiful lady of a noble Lombard family was sent into Venice by the Austrian General, on the ostensible mission of urging on the Dictature the impossibility of prolonged resistance, and the wisdom of immediate capitulation; but really with another mission, more secret and less honorable, which was to corrupt, by means of her charms, all of the most susceptible of the young officers—and they were nearly all young—who held the fate of Venice on their swords, and seduce them from their allegiance! But the Committee of Safety, by means of their spies, had her constantly under *surveillance*. A note of introduction which she had brought, addressed to a young man in Venice whom she did not know, was, through the Committee, presented to another young man of their selection, noted for his powers of fascination; and so the fair Aspasia—the lovely Lâis—fell into her own snare! She loved wildly—madly! She revealed everything! She was conducted to prison!

Such is War—such is Austria—such is Venice—such was one of the strange occurrences which transpired within that strange city,

* Despite all obstacles, however, smuggling is said to have been carried on, especially of tobacco, to a great extent, the gains being enormous, and the gondoliers and fishermen of the Lagune, whose whole lives passed on the water, rendered them exceedingly skillful in effecting the brief transit from the island-city to the main land bade defiance even to the most lynx-eyed police, or the most vigilant *cordon militaire*.

during her siege-summer of '49, shut out from all the rest of the world!

But, if all the rest of the world knew little of Venice at this epoch, Venice knew still less of all the rest of the world. For a period of nearly five months, from April to August of 1849, inclusive—besieged by land, blockaded by sea, abandoned of all Europe, she presented the singular and incredible spectacle, of the most ancient and celebrated city in Christendom, as utterly forgotten, as if she had been blotted from existence—as if she had been wiped out from the continent and from the map. Had the billows of her own Adriatic fulfilled their menace of ages, and rolled over her and whelmed her in their depths; had she, during those five months, sunk as many hundred feet into “the slime from which she rose,” as science declares her to have sunk inches in as many centuries,* she could hardly have been more utterly forgotten than she was. Even the squadron which hermetically sealed her port, and the army which, with an inviolable *cordon*, girdled her Lagune, knew nothing of her inner life. And if they knew nothing of her, she, if possible, knew less of them. She seemed a holocaust, set apart, secluded and covenanted to Italian liberty, and self-sacrificed on its shrine. No “Letters from Venice from our own Correspondent,” graced the columns of the *Paris Presse*, or the *London Times*, or the *Vienna Zeitung*, to edify “all the world and the rest of mankind” as touching her fearful struggles and her more fearful sufferings.

* Science, it may again be remarked, declares that the main level of the sea at Venice rises three inches each century, so that the pillars of the Ducal Palace in a period of five centuries, have been buried at the base more than a foot by elevations of the pavement. This is apparent, and perhaps “appalling.” In 1732, the pavement of the Piazzetta was raised a foot because of inundations. The water at high tide usually rises within a few inches of the surface of the pavement—and a *Sirocco* of several days duration is sure to flood both Piazzetta and Piazza, and, of course, the whole surface of the soil of the island-city.

There were here no itinerant or military correspondents, as elsewhere there had been all Europe over in every city and every camp, to report to the press the hourly progress of war, and pestilence, and famine, and to immortalize worth as well as wrong. No! She was left to bear her burthen alone—abandoned and alone. Like the wounded hart, she was deserted by all the herd to perish. She presented but few attractions to the contributor for the press, even had it been possible for him to reach her at all, or, once within her Lagune, to have pierced with his bulletins the iron band with which she was cinctured. No *estafette* couriers were hourly arriving and departing, as every where else; and even dispatches of the representatives of foreign powers, which by the laws of all nations are inviolable, had no security of transmission here, except by the armed vessels of England or France; and then only when strictly confined to official communication.

The result of a system like this was, of course, inevitable. Venice was forgotten. “*Venice was!*” The “*European Correspondence*” of the “*National Intelligencer*,” at Washington, under date of May 10th, has these significant lines:—“We hear nothing about Venice, and, therefore, suppose she is still in a state of siege, and setting Austria at defiance.” In the “*London Times*” of a few days later, we read this:—“Accounts from Venice, of the 26th ult., announce the arrival of a French steamer having on board a French Vice-Admiral and an English Envoy. It is said that they were bearers of intelligence to the effect that all hostilities on the part of Austria, both by sea and land, were about to cease.” Is it possible to imagine any thing more preposterous—more utterly at variance with facts! Let us allude no more to the ludicrous absurdity of rumors which circulated the lanes and canals of the beleagured city; nor express amazement that they gained the credence of its credulous and despair-

ing population. There was no rumor in Venice more absurd than this in London. For weeks, at the least, either before or after the "26th of April, '49," no steamer, whether French, English, or American, entered the port of Venice. Nor was there any arrival of "a French Vice-Admiral and an English Envoy," or of either, at that time, or at any time, within months of that date, if ever at all during the entire siege; and so far were "all hostilities on the part of Austria both by sea and land" from being "about to cease," that they were then, on the contrary, just about, in serious and most irreconcilable earnest to commence; while all hope of pacification or mediation, except at the cannon's mouth, and with the edge of the sword, was utterly and for ever at an end! Austria had sworn to retrieve Venice; Venice had sworn to "resist at any cost." On that very "26th of April," when, according to the most reliable journal in Europe, the skies over Venice were so bright and so blue—Haynau, with 30,000 men and a tremendous train of artillery approached Mestre to besiege the fortress of Malghera; and the Venetian steamer, *Pio Nono*, exchanged shots with the Austrian steamer, *Vulcano*, off Malamocco, in order to convoy a Greek provision vessel to the starvation-threatened city! It was on the 26th of March, a month before, that Haynau sent a summons for surrender, on the strength of the defeat of Novara, though in vain; and a month later, the monster's horrid mission having been fulfilled at Brescia, he returned to Mestre, and entered vigorously on preparations for the reduction of the last spot in all Upper Italy, as yet unpolluted by the barbaric tread.

But, again, on the 16th of May, the London Times has this:—"The Austrian besieging corps before Venice have not been very successful in their operations against that city." So one would suppose, especially as that "besieging corps" had not at that date, *commenced*

“operations against that city.” Even the fortress of Malghera did not fall till the 27th of May. This, however, is a trifle.

But to enumerate a tithe of these absurdities—quite excusable and perfectly inevitable under the circumstances—circulated by the press all over Christendom, would be impossible. No wonder so little is known of the story of Venice in '48-49. Her revolution was eclipsed by the almost simultaneous revolutions of all the capitals of Continental Europe; and then, long after these revolutions had been stifled in blood, she was cut off from all Christendom, and sealed up in her Lagune. And, finally, when she fell, the roar of her bombardment and cannonade was drowned by those of Eternal Rome; and who could think of Venice, “Bride of the Sea,” enslaved by Austria, while Rome, the “Niobe of Nations,” was being annihilated by France?

The fortitude exhibited by the people of Venice, under all their dark distresses, their utter abandonment, their crushing disappointments, rendered only the more crushing by previous anticipations so sanguine, cannot be too often named, nor too highly lauded. If they were credulous, they were courageous; and throughout all the vicissitudes of their protracted struggle, they exhibited that fearless intrepidity and that unparalleled power of endurance, which had characterized their race for fourteen hundred years; while their devotedness and faithfulness to their great champion, Manin, and their trustfulness in his ability and loyalty never, in all their miseries, for one hour waned or wavered! Does not this single fact speak eloquent volumes? It may be, and it doubtless is, “unsafe to attribute to a man every virtue simply because he is a rebel;” but, had Daniel Manin possessed no other virtue than that of being “simply a rebel” against the oppression of his native land, never could he so soon have won and so long have maintained unlimited power over

Venice and her people. But theirs was an intrepidity and a trust which absolutely bade defiance to fate. San Marco, the Blessed Virgin, Manin, they never doubted—doubt what or whom they might, and however severely they might suffer. Trustful of the wisdom and patriotism of their rulers, confident in the valor of their defenders, secure of unbroken concord, undoubting of their own powers of endurance, proud of their beloved and beautiful city, and sustained by the deeds of their heroic sires; inveterate in their determination to resist at any and every cost, and yet more inveterate in their hate of the abhorred barbarian*—they held themselves in constant readiness for every event, however terrible, for every catastrophe, however overwhelming. They held not property, nor even life sacred, if required by their cause. In all the annals of history, where do we find devotedness like this? The fact that the women of Carthage yielded their long hair for bow-strings, in the defence of their native city, has been immortalized: but where is it recorded, that the rich pledged the title-deeds of their estates for the redemption of millions of patriotic paper—that the humblest of the poor dropped the last mite they possessed into the public chest—that women of the higher classes gave their jewels, and women of the lower classes the silver pins which confined their hair—that soldiers contributed a portion of their pay, and legislators and officers all of theirs—that amateurs and professors of music and the drama contributed entertainments at the theatres, and that poets and masters contributed operas and plays—where, save at Venice? And thus was it—and the fact is pregnant with meaning—thus was it, that the single city of Venice contributed more to the Italian cause during the Revolution of '48–49, than all the other cities of the Pen-

* This hatred was quickened at this time by the military execution at Treviso of three patriots—a Bishop, an Advocate, and a Capuchin Friar.

insula, possessing hundreds of times her population and wealth—put together! All honor to the *Reduci*—the Forlorn Hope of Venice!

But, Venice, although weighed down by many miseries during her protracted siege, and thronged with soldiers from all Italy—with adventurers and refugees from all Europe to the number of thousands—still retained, as has been already more than once mentioned, all her national peculiarities, as characteristic and striking as ever. Despite her grievous calamities, which daily waxed heavier, until they seemed almost to rival those of besieged Jerusalem herself—hardly a week passed—certainly not a month, which witnessed not the celebration of some fete, the display of some pageant, the exhibition of some spectacle, the splendid observance of some religious ceremonial; and, even as ever before, the deepening horrors of war and siege afforded only additional occasions of parade, in the review of troops, the consecration of banners, the obsequies of the illustrious and patriotic dead. That profound “religious sentiment,” for which Venice has ever been noted, was, also, strikingly exhibited, in the exposition of sacred pictures and images, and in almost daily processions and solemnities.

The benediction of the banner of the battalion *Della Speranza*, at Chioggia, the exposition of the Blessed Virgin of San Luca, and the celebration of the Festa of San Marco, were, however, the three prominent pageants which distinguished the month of April.

On the 16th of that month, at the request of the government, the Patriarch Archbishop of Venice ordained, that, in consequence of the distressed condition of the public weal, the image of the Blessed Virgin, painted, according to tradition, by the Evangelist Luke, should be exposed on the high altar of St. Mark's Cathedral, during the period of thirty days, in order that each one of the thirty

parishes of the city might repair thither and implore the Holy Mother for deliverance. Each day, therefore, during the specified period, at the hour named, the different parishes of the city, one after the other, in regular order, led by their Curés and clergy, assembled at the church of San Moisè, and thence in procession proceeded, chanting the Litanies of San Laurentino, across the whole length of the Piazza to the Cathedral, where, having celebrated a Mass and sung the beautiful hymn *Ave Maris Stella*, they returned to San Moisè, as they had come; and, then, having completed the Litanies, repaired solemnly to their respective abodes. The Pastoral Letter of the venerable Cardinal Patriarch was as follows :*—

“ We, Jacopo Monico, Cardinal priest of the holy Roman Church of the holy martyrs Nereo and Achille, by the mercy of God, Patriarch of Venice, Primate of Dalmatia, Metropolitan of the Venetian Provinces, Abbé commander of San Cipriano di Murano, etc., etc., do proffer salutation and benediction to our venerable clergy, and to our very dear people of this city and of the diocese. At length, our city is blockaded by sea as well as invested by land; and, although the government has taken great pains that its numerous population should not lack the necessaries of life, still it is now evident that man’s efforts are vain, unless blessed of Heaven. Under these circumstances, the government has expressed the pious wish, that, as is always the custom when the country is in distress, we should have recourse to the intercession of our powerful mother and protectress, Mary. We have acceded with pleasure, as our conscience made it our duty, to this pious wish, which, doubtless, actu-

* The Pastoral Letters of the Patriarch, as well as the Speeches of Manin, the Orders of Pepé, &c. &c., are freely quoted, because they portray the actual condition, feelings, and sentiments of Venice at the time, far more faithfully, if not more graphically, than could any mere description.

ates every Venetian; and we have ordained, that, during thirty days, the holy image of the very holy Virgin, shall be exposed on the grand altar of the Patriarchal church of St. Mark, in order that each one of the parishes of the city, one each day, may be able to visit her, and implore of her that aid which she has ever most mercifully vouchsafed in like cases of distress. To this end, the Curè and the clergy of each parish, with all the faithful, shall assemble at ten and a half of the clock, each morning, in the order hereto appended, in the sister church of San Moisè, and thence march in procession, chanting the Litanies of San Laurentino, to the above-mentioned Cathedral, where shall be celebrated a holy mass, without sermon, and sung the hymn, *Ave Maris Stella*: thence they shall return to the church of San Moise in the same order as they came; and, when the Litanies shall have been finished, they shall separate to return each one to the bosom of his family. As no pomp is designed, but only the imploring of Divine mercy, it is forbidden to bear any other symbol except the cross of the church between four flambeaux; and, generally, a decent and pious demeanor and dress is recommended, the marching with naked feet, and with the like demonstrations, being dispensed with completely. But, each one should march with downcast looks, not conversing with his companion—with a grave and serious step, and, above all, he should strive to have that contrite heart which becomes the actual state of affairs.” The good Prélate thus concludes:—“Let all offence be mute; let no one utter nor listen to seditious words; let each one restrict himself to wise economy; let all execute promptly the orders of him who watches over the common weal with so much of zeal and of love. And, if ye do this, be ye sure, that this time, also, Mary will save her faithful and pious

Venice. With this fond hope, we give to all zealous souls our apostolical benediction."

The whole city repaired, of course, to the sacred shrine. One morning the Assembly and the Executive government marched to the Cathedral, with the Dictator Manin at their head, and, at a later hour of the same day, there was a procession on part of the Marine.

It was at this dark hour of Venetian history in '49, that the celebrated author and scholar Tommaseo addressed to Christendom a memorial, as earnest as a groan of mortal agony, in the name and in behalf of his suffering adopted city. He portrays her as abandoned by all but her God; but, while that God gave her power, she would, to her last gasp, and at all cost, resist! He implores Christian Europe to demonstrate, that politics, in these days, could conform its acts to religion and humanity; and concludes with words of mingled menace and prayer. "What state so mighty, that foes, troubles, perils may not threaten? The voice of Venice resounds over the world! And woe unto him, who will not heed it!"

On the 25th, the Festa of St. Mark, patron saint of Venice from her early origin,* was celebrated with exceeding pageant and pomp. There was mass in the Cathedral and a review of troops on the Piazza. At the close of the latter, the people assembled under the windows of Manin, whom now they always called *Padre della Patria*—Father of the country—when, in response to their shouts, he appeared, and addressed them the following enthusiastic sentences, as reported in the *Gazetta di Venezia* of the ensuing day:—

* St. Theodore, as before mentioned, was the patron of Venice before the body of St. Mark was stolen and brought from Alexandria. His figure crowns the summit of one of the columns of the Piazzetta.

“Citizens! They who persevere, triumph! We have persevered: we shall triumph! *Viva San Marco!* This day, once more, we swell that shout, which, for ages, resounded in glory over the sea! All Europe looks on amazed at our perseverance! We *shall* triumph! I promise it to all! *Sul marè, sul marè, sul marè!* On the sea, on the sea, on the sea! Yes, we *shall* triumph; we must triumph! *Viva San Marco!*”

These words, few and simple though they be, are said to have roused a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm among the excited and excitable population of the Lagune. But even so was it always with this man's harangues. His declamation must have been surpassingly powerful to have produced the results it did; for, as seems ever the fact in like cases, we can detect no extraordinary power in the mere words. With a profound knowledge of his audience, his few topics, his simple words, and his brief sentences were, no doubt, always selected with master skill to touch the secret chords of the Venetian heart. It may again be remarked as noticeable, that most of the leaders of the Revolution of '48 in Europe were civilians and popular speakers—Lamartine, Kossuth, Manin—though possessing no distinction as soldiers, and but little as statesmen.

In proof of the enthusiasm roused by Manin's brief speech on the 25th, it may be mentioned, that it was versified by a poetical Lieutenant of Chasseurs—published on tricolored paper, and sung beneath the arcades of St. Mark and before the door of every café in Venice for a week! The last of the four verses will afford a specimen of the production:—

“Al Marè, al Mar: Viva San Marco! Al Marè:
 Duriamo e vincerem: lo disse il Padre
 Della Patria Manin—al Marè al Marè.”

CHAPTER XVI.

DEFENCES OF THE LAGUNE.

VENICE, during her siege of 1848-49, was protected by seventy forts and batteries—large and small—situated at the entrances of her ports, along the Littorale of the sea, along the margin of the Lagune and upon the numerous islets which dot its surface, as well as upon the prominent and exposed points of the city itself. These fortifications describe three zones, or systems, and comprehend the immense circuit of nearly ninety miles. The first system of defence as estimated from the centre, may be said to be that of the batteries of the Lagune, the canals, the city, and the gun-boats; the second that of the forts and batteries upon the sea along the Littorale of Chioggia, Pelestrina, Malamocco, and Lido—from Brondolo, near the mouth of the Brenta, on the West, to Tre-Porti, near the mouth of the Silè, on the East; the third, the forts and batteries along the margin of the Lagune, from Tre-Porti back to Brondolo, with Malghera as the centre; while the out-posts of Cavallino on the East, and Cavanella on the West, may be considered the two extreme points of the entire system of defensive fortification.*

On the southwestern extremity of *terra firma*, about three miles from the town of Chioggia and twenty-three miles from

* See Map—compiled with care from official sources for this work.

Venice, stands Fort Brondolo, the first of these forts, in the order of location in the system of defence along the sea, and the second of all the fortifications of the Lagune, in the regard of extent and strength. Its batteries present fifty heavy pieces,* manned by 500 troops, and defend the approach to Chioggia, in which service it is aided by the little Fort Lombardo, with six pieces, on the west, and the little Fort Madonna, of a dozen pieces, lying nearer the town, on the east, as well as the still smaller Fort St. Michael, also mounting a dozen pieces, directly opposite to itself. The entrance to the port is defended by the Fort St. Felix, with 24 heavy pieces, and the little Fort Caromano with eight, while the sea-shore is protected by the Fort Sotto-Marina, with eight more. All of these fortifications were new, or nearly so; and there were several smaller batteries near them, which have not been named. There were, also, divers advanced posts on the Brenta, near Ca-Lino, Ca-Naccari, Busiola and Punta-Duse, heavily armed—Ca-Naccari having, at one time, an Austrian artillery-park of 14 guns, 14 mortars and howitzers, and six rocket-machines; and there being a Venetian Pentagon near the mouth of the river, mounting four 18-pound iron marine cannon.

Proceeding north-easterly along the Littorale, or low sand-bank of Pelestrina, protected against the billows by the gigantic *murazzi*, or sea-walls, and passing the batteries San Vito, San' Antonio, and Madonna—about ten miles from the Port of Chioggia we are met by another aperture in the sand-bank between the Adriatic and the Lagune, which is the port of Malamocco. It is from the

* Guns, mortars, howitzers, etc. There were, also, several field-pieces at Brondolo for sorties. The garrison was composed of 150 artilleryists and 300 soldiers of the line. The heavy guns were 24, 18, and 12-pounders—the mortars and howitzers of 6 and 8 inches. The other forts in this quarter were similarly armed, and St. Felix has two 36-pounders on its platforms, and all of them had reverberating furnaces for red-hot balls.

mouth of this port that the enormous Dikes protrude into the deep, and protect the channel from accumulating sands. The port is defended by two forts—one on each side—Fort San Pietro and Fort Alberoni, each mounting some twenty or thirty guns. The former is a fortress, with a large powder-magazine, and barracks for eight hundred men. Near the village of San Pietro, about a mile distant from the fort, rises *Il Torrione*, or the Great Tower, a pendant to San Pietro, and designed for a *vidette*, the view of the sea and the Lagune from its summit being exceedingly comprehensive, as well as striking. Its shape is oval: it is surrounded with ramparts and ditches, and has two batteries—a covered one on its lower floor and an open one above—to prevent the debarkation of a foe in barges along the Littorale of Pelestrina.

From the Port of Malamocco, proceeding still north-eastwardly along the Littorale of the Lido, you pass the village of Malamocco on your left, and several small batteries along the shore on your right, until, at a distance of some eight or ten miles, you reach another aperture in the long and shoaly island, known as the Port of the Lido Venice, from this point, is about one league distant west by north. The Port, and the Canal of St. Mark which leads from the Port up to the city, are defended by two massive and extensive works—Fort San Nicolò and Fort St. Andrew. The outline of the former is an oblong square with rounded angles. It is composed of twelve bastions, and was garrisoned by 600 men in '48-49, and mounted with fifty cannon of immense calibre. From the centre rises a bomb-proof citadel.

The Fort of St. Andrew, or *Il Castello di Sant' Andrea*, which rises on an island fronting the port, and opposite the Fort San Nicolò, is nearly three hundred years old. Yet its massive and magnificent masonry seems as solid now as on the day of its com-

pletion. The fortress was constructed in 1571, by San-Michieli, whose fame as a civil architect hardly exceeded that which, by this work, he won as a military engineer. The form of the work is pentagonal, and its foundation is said to have been laid with extreme difficulty. The engineer was severely denounced for having attempted it; and, upon its completion, it was declared by his foes to be insecure, a charge which might have caused San-Michieli to share the fate of two of his illustrious predecessors in art—one of whom, Sansovino, the architect of the Zecca, lost his liberty, and the other, Philip Calendario, architect of the Ducal Palace, his life—had not the novel idea struck the “Ten” to test the fortress! To do this effectually, we are told that the forty embrasures were mounted with the heaviest guns of the time, which were doubly charged and all simultaneously fired! The test was a triumphant one for the engineer and his work, but consigned his detractors to the dungeons of St. Mark. Not a stone started; and the tooth of time seems to have made on the old structure an impression hardly more observable than did this terrible test. It stands now as it stood three hundred years ago. When it is considered that the discharge of a single gun on board a ship-of-the-line of the largest size causes every timber in her frame to tremble; and that the simultaneous discharge of the single broadside of a single battery would almost heave her vast bulk from the water, this test of the Venetian Senate may be viewed as something more than a mere novelty.

The Port of the Lido, although now inaccessible to large vessels on account of accumulated sand, was once the Port of Venice, *par excellence*. Hence the massive fortress for its defence. Its grand casemated battery rakes the whole channel, and would instantly sink, with its enormous guns, any ship which might have the temerity to approach during the day, and long before she could effectually use her

own ordnance ; while, at night, a massive chain may bar all entrance to the Canal of St. Mark, and, consequently, all approach to the city.

Proceeding from the Port of the Lido and the little Fort San Erasmo on the extremity of the point, and the Tower of San Erasmo on the island of the same name, you pass several small batteries in the course of half a dozen miles along the shore, which forbid entrance to the Lagune by the most northern of all the six entrances, the Port of Tre-Porti. But its surest defence, after all, is the shallowness of the water, the very smallest craft only being able to float.

Entering the Lagune by the port of Tre-Porti, and proceeding westwardly some six or eight miles, you reach the island of Burano which has about 5,000 inhabitants—some say 8,000—principally fishermen, and, without fortifications of its own, is protected by a battery of ten or twelve heavy cannon on the ramparts of Fort Mazzorbo on an adjacent isle.* There are, also, a couple of outposts, Vallè Togado and Capo di Silè, situated nine miles northeast of Burano, and at the extreme limit of the Lagune on the main land, but greatly exposed to surprise. Indeed, this southeast side is evidently the weak side in the fortifications of the Lagune ; and Baron Welden was quite correct, in June '48, when, in his official report to Vienna on the defences of Venice, he said, " Tre-Porti, Burano, and Mazzorbo are but feebly garrisoned, and an attack on Venice could only be possible on that side." Yet, " that side" is effectually defended—as well as are all other sides, indeed—by shallows, which will hardly permit the lightest gondola to glide over them, except at the highest floods of tide.

From Fort Mazzorbo, proceeding southward over the Lagune to-

* These two islands, from their numerous and highly-cultivated gardens, supply a large proportion of the vegetables consumed in Venice.

wards Venice, a trip of eight miles brings you to the island of Murano, its ordinary population of 4,000 being augmented by the siege to three times that number. It has, of course, no need of defence on the side which faces Venice, about a mile distant; but, on the side which looks landward, it has two small batteries of half a dozen guns each, and is protected by a semicircle of four batteries planted on the islets Campalto, Tessera, Carbonera, San Giacomo, and Madonna del Monte, lying at a distance of from one to two miles in the Lagune.

We now, in our circuit of the fortifications, reach the western extremity of the city whence proceeds the Railroad Bridge. Here the shore bristles with batteries, that of San Marco at the Depôt, that at the Campo di Marte, and that at the extremity of the Giudecca being stationary, and, in some respects, the most considerable. In the course of the siege other batteries were improvised, such as those of Sant' Antonio and Rosaroll; while the little batteries of Carlo Alberto and Pio Nono*—though somewhat shielded by others, stood the brunt of the whole tempest during the whole assault. On the islets of San Secondo, where once arose the white walls of a convent, situated nearly a mile from the shore and close beside the bridge, was also a battery; and at the extremity of the bridge where it enters the main land, was the Forte San Giuliano—Fort St. Julian.

In the broad expanse of the Lagune, which spreads itself towards the south and west from Venice, are sprinkled some thirty or forty islets, many of them planted with two or three guns, and on several

* This battery was called *Roma* after the defection of Pius. It was never brought into active requisition, being located behind the main batteries of the bridge, San Antonio and Rosaroll, as a sort of reserve, or *dernier resort*. The latter was constructed after the death of Col. Rosaroll, in June of '49, at Sant' Antonio, and was honored with his name.

of them standing Octagon outposts of the principal forts. Here, also, is the island of the Lazaretto, and that of San Servolo, with its hospital for insane males, from whose barred casements the unhappy beings look out on the lonely Lagune, and send forth their unavailing cries. Here, too, is the island of San Lazzaro, with its Armenian convent and its memories of Byron—peaceful and beautiful as ever, even amid war and bloodshed, and far removed from the reach of both; and here San Clementè, with its aged church. But the principal islands in a military point of view in this part of the Lagune are those of *San Giorgio in Alga*, *Sant'Angelo della Polvere*, and the little isle of *La Grazia*. On the last-named eyot stood a manufactory of gunpowder; and it was avoided by the gondoliers even more than the neighboring island of the Lazaretto itself—avoided even as a pestilence, and not altogether without cause. The two other islands lie off the village of Fusina—about a mile apart, and a somewhat greater distance from the shore. Both are fortified, and may be viewed as lying in the second zone of fortifications. They forbid access to Venice from the side of Fusina, towards which are levelled their guns. San Giorgio was the site of a convent of Carmelites, suppressed by Napoleon, by whom the position was converted into a fort. The church of the convent still remains, and, on its tower a telegraph conveys information between Malghera and Venice, as also intelligence of the approach of vessels—the wide expanse of the Adriatic as well as of the Lagune being swept by a glass on its summit. The fort is surrounded by a crenellated wall; and, on the land side, its terrace is mounted with a dozen guns of largest calibre. To assail effectually this position from Fusina, except by surprise and at night, seems impossible, the distance being too great for point blank cannonade; while the fire

of the floating battery mounting ten heavy guns lying at anchor off the shore would materially aid the defence.

But, of all the fortifications that environ Venice, the most extensive, and, probably, the most important, is that of Malghera. Its site is the marshy margin of the Lagune, some three or four miles westwardly from the city, on the canal leading to Mestre.* It was constructed by order of Napoleon in 1808-10, after the battle of Austerlitz and the Peace of Presburg had again restored Venice to his power. Its design was to keep open the communication between the city and the main land: but, at the present day, by means of the bridge across the Lagune, it serves as the basis for the operation of troops, retarding the advance of an army towards Venice, while, ultimately, in event of necessity, it affords a place of refuge. The advantages of this fortress are readily cited: its position is isolated and unembarrassed by houses or people; its site is a marsh; it can be assailed only on one side; its communication is always open by means of the bridge and of boats, for reinforcements of troops and supplies of arms, munitions and provisions: if taken, a retreat for the garrison is assured, and it affords no means of bombarding or cannonading the city, owing to the distance. The city, indeed, were this fortress taken, would remain quite as impregnable as before, surrounded by its Lagune, its gun-boats and its fortifications of the inner zone—were it not for the fact, that, by modern improvements in gunnery and military engineering, balls and bombs may now be thrown farther than even that master of artillery, Napoleon himself, the founder of Malghera, and previously, the besieger of Venice, ever dreamed.

Malghera is surrounded by two enclosures, and by two ditches filled with water, which are crossed by draw-bridges—the interior

* Malghera is 5,600 French metres from Venice and 2,000 from Mestre.

enclosure being a pentagon presenting not less than fourteen fortified and salient points. On either side of the fortress is a detached fort—on the right being the little fort Manin and fort Rizzardi on the left. The latter of these fortifications, which had been constructed since the Austrian evacuation of '48 by the Venetian general whose name it bore—was situated some 500 yards from Malghera, on the other side of the Railroad, which swept between, and consisted of a rectangular redoubt between the Brentella, or little river Brenta, and the canal of Boa-Foscarina. Its communications with Malghera were kept open by two smaller intermediate batteries of four guns each, one of which bore the name of *Speranza*; and it mounted a battery of five 24 and 18-pound guns. Between Malghera and the Lagune, on the embankment of the Railroad, four 24-pound cannon and a howitzer had been planted at the head of a stone bridge, the five arches of which had been demolished, and to which had, consequently, been given the name of *Cinque Archi*—the Battery of Five Arches—sweeping the route to Mestre. As for the little Fort Manin—formerly Fort Eau, or O,—on the right of Malghera and a few hundred yards distant, it was, in outline, a six-pointed star; and with its twelve guns, which ranged from six to twenty-four pounds, and its single howitzer, it effectually commanded the little river Osellino, being flanked by a small entrenchment 150 yards distant towards Campalto. From Malghera to the Lagune, a distance of some 2,000 yards, extends the canal of Mestre, near the extremity of which rises the Island of San Giuliano, or St. Julian, already mentioned. Here was a redoubt of earth enclosed by a stoccade, covering a casemate, and mounting sixteen pieces of ordnance.

The bomb-proof structures of Malghera consisted of two barracks for about 160 men each, two powder-magazines and a stable. The

other buildings were the Commandant's house, a small church, and six small casemates for prisons. Each bastion and lunette had its own magazine for powder. Its batteries, at the time of the siege, were mounted with 74 guns—of all calibres from six to 24 pounds : seven howitzers—ranging from two to eight inches : 16 mortars of 8 and 12 inches, and a few small pieces besides.* The two immense bomb-proof magazines are said to have been filled with munitions of war. Of gunpowder there was not less than 250,000 pounds ; while the supply of bombs, fusees, shrapnel-grenades, congreve rockets, and shot and shell of every description, was prodigious in proportion. The aggregate of pieces, therefore, on the batteries of Malghera and its detached works amounted to 130—of which 94 were guns, 16 mortars, and 9 howitzers, besides rocket-machines, field artillery for sorties or close fighting, swivels, blunderbusses, *jingalls*,† and other like weapons of attack and defence.

Among military engineers, Malghera ranks with strong places of the third class, though it is probable, that very few fortresses in Europe, of the second class are calculated to hold out a stouter resistance. Indeed, the resistance offered by Malghera in '49, will compare not unfavorably, all things considered, with that of even the Citadel of Antwerp in 1832, as we shall see ; yet the latter citadel is the model-fortress of Europe.

The situation of Malghera at the external terminus of the Railroad Bridge, gives it importance as a *Tete de Pont*. The bridge itself, as before stated, is a magnificent structure of Istrian stone, two and a half miles in length, and was completed about eight years

* So says Garrano. But Debrunner says "Its glacis was garnished by nearly 200 pieces of 6, 12, 24, 48 and 80 pounds, and about 24 mortars of 8 and 12 inches!" He must have included the entire zone of western defence.

† Small ordnance on wheels, manageable by two men, said to have been used in British India with much effect against the natives.

ago at an expense of a million of dollars. In the United States the same work would have cost half a million more. The fortress is nearly two miles from the bridge-head, and the Railroad track sweeps within a hundred yards of its exterior *enceinte*, and nearly mid-way between its walls and those of the little flank fort Rizzardi.

The garrison of Fort Malghera and the adjacent works, on the first of April, consisted of the left wing of the army, as constituted by Gen. Pepé, in March, under command of Gen. Antonio Paoluzzi, a Venetian. It embraced three battalions and two companies of infantry, one company of carbineers, one squadron of cavalry, one battery of fusees, one half-battery of field artillery, and Debrunner's Swiss chasseurs, who acted as *avant-garde* of the column. As a reserve for the service of the fortress were two companies of the Civic Guard, and one company of the marine infantry, which force was destined to be doubled in case of sortie. Thus the entire force of the garrison proper was 2,500 men ; with an *ospedale ambulante*, or military hospital, amply supplied, and with an ample flotilla to convey the wounded from the fort to the city, or munitions and rations from the city to the fort.

CHAPTER XVII.

MALGHERA.

As early as the 18th of June, 1848, seven thousand Austrians, commanded by General D'Aspre, occupied Mestre. Subsequently, they threw up entrenchments before Malghera, and, on the 10th of August, opened on it a few entrenched batteries. But the works were either swept away by an inundation of the Osellino, or, destroyed by sorties from the fortress, while the batteries were silenced or dismantled by its guns. At all events, nothing was accomplished, although the attempts are said to have cost the Austrians many lives and much treasure.

Matters thus progressed—or, rather, matters thus remained stationary at Malghera, until the last of March, 1849, when Baron Haynau reached Mestre, and assumed command of the besieging force, which constituted the second-corps of reserve of the Austrian army in Italy, numbering 30,000 men—followed, speedily, by an immense park of artillery, and a train of siege-guns of enormous power. Haynau had succeeded Baron Welden, who had been called to succeed Windischgraëtz in Hungary; and, almost on the day of his arrival at Mestre, he summoned the capital to surrender, as we have seen, on reception of the news of the defeat of

Charles Albert. This was the 26th of March. On the 30th he was before Brescia, and on the 2d of April was wallowing in gore amid its blazing streets. His horrid work completed, he was back again at Mestre, in a few weeks, resolved on the speedy reduction of the fortress of Malghera. Preparations for an investment, according to all the rules of military science of modern times, had been already commenced, and the first parallel, extending nearly four miles, was pushed forward with incredible rapidity by 6,000 men toiling day and night. Each morning, when the garrison looked down from the battlements of the fortress, new lines of earth seemed as if by enchantment to have been freshly thrown up. The chief of the Engineers was Lieutenant-Colonel Kautch; and among his subalterns were the Majors Bellrupt, and Köningstein, and other engineer officers who had been sent from Venice on the 22d of March, a twelvemonth before, and were now exhausting all the powers of science and skill of art to regain the position then lost.

The first parallel had been commenced at the extraordinary distance of more than 1,000 yards—the usual distance for the commencement of a first parallel of siege not exceeding, it is said, 600 yards—and beyond the point blank range of the heaviest ordnance of the fort. To oppose, therefore, to its advancement effectual resistance, incessant sorties of the garrison were indispensable. But, against an army of 30,000 men, sorties by a garrison of less than one tithe of that number were clearly out of the question. A constant discharge of grenades and fusees was, however, kept up from the fort, until it was expressly forbidden by the Commandant, Gen. Paoluzzi, as involving a useless expenditure of ammunition. This act gave rise to a ridiculous charge, that Paoluzzi was a traitor, and wished to favor the Austrians; and the fact that he was related to the chief of engineers who directed the works of siege, served to

confirm it. He had, also, formerly, himself been a Major of Marine Artillery in the Austrian service, and was son of the Rear-Admiral Paoluzzi, and son-in-law of Gen. Vitaliani of Olmutz. Rumor asserted, moreover, that his servant, in brushing his uniform, had discovered in a pocket of his coat, a letter, proving that he held correspondence with the enemy by means of the public *parlementaires*—private letters bearing his address being enclosed in official dispatches. Such being the suspicions, placards soon appeared on the walls of Venice—*Caro Manin, guardati del Paoluzzi!*—Dear Manin, beware of Paoluzzi!—and the Dictator was obliged to recall his old colleague, Minister of War, and substitute Col. Girolamo Ulloa, then chief of Pepé's staff, and who, as captain of artillery, had accompanied the old Baron from Naples. About the same time, Major Carlo Mezzacapo, another Neapolitan officer of artillery, was appointed director of the ordnance of defence. Manin, however, repaired in person to Malghera, accompanied by Gen. Pepé, in order to afford the accused Commandant protection, and to escort him to the city. But so strong was the excitement against him even there, that, to save his life, he was forced to take refuge on board the French steamer *Pluto*, at anchor in the port, where he remained until the capitulation of the city. And all this, when there was not only no charge against him sufficiently defined to bring him before a military tribunal, but when every sub-officer of the fortress protested his innocence! Even after the fall of Malghera he dared appear in public but at hazard of his life; for that disaster was attributed to him! Such is Italian prejudice. But an evil fate seemed to follow the Commandants of Malghera. Ferrari, Belluzzi, Mattei, Paoluzzi, were all pronounced traitors in turn; and the fall of Ulloa was only anticipated, perhaps, by the early fall of the fortress itself; so true is the remark of Mariotti, which we shall be-

hold yet more abundantly verified, that the stupid word "*tradimento*"—treason—was always the first that occurred to Italian lips.

After the removal of Paoluzzi, the garrison of Malghera, having no restraint, kept up a ceaseless, though useless cannonade, day and night, against the Austrian works, although not a shot was received in reply ; while the discharge of bombs, fusees and grenades, during the hours of darkness, afforded a matchless, though rather expensive exhibition of fire-works, to the beleagured city. Debrunner, who, with his Swiss chasseurs, chanced at this time to be in garrison at the fort of San Giorgio, in Alga, says that, sometimes at the dead of night, he would be roused from sleep by a cannonade so terrific, that, though three miles distant, one would have been sure the Austrians were attempting to carry the fortress by assault—were he not more sure " that the Italians always make a tremendous uproar in executing even the smallest enterprise, and often in executing none at all !" This midnight scene, however, must—despite the prejudices of our Swiss captain—have presented a spectacle of surpassing splendor as witnessed, hour after hour, from the tall tower of the Carmelite Convent of San Giorgio, rising like a spectre from the bosom of the tranquil deep. Away on the right lay the slumbering city—the doomed city—" the city of lofty remembrances"—her domes and towers emerging as if by enchantment from the sea : on the left lay the blue expanse of the storied Adriatic :—around, on every side, undulated the placid Lagune, gemmed with its isles :—in front the heavens were on fire with the blaze, and earth shook with the roar of the terrible enginery of war ; while, upon all the dread spectacle, looked down the quiet stars, as if in mournful mockery of the madness of man. Nor was the population of Venice indifferent to the scene. Not only at this time, but, during all of the four succeeding months, did the pleasure-loving Venetians,

with characteristic levity, gaze forth on the sublime and magnificent, yet terrible spectacle of bombardment and cannonade—confident of the impregnability of their Lagune. And even at last, when their own homes and hearths were reached far over the waters by the skill of Teuton engineers—even then they gazed on the splendor of the scene with amazement, perhaps, rather than with terror—with awe rather than with dread. Its fearfulness was for them eclipsed by its matchless magnificence.

Night after night, so soon as dusk had deepened sufficiently into darkness to develop the spectacle in all its sublimity, all Venice, which at that hour, at that season, always pours itself into the Square of St. Mark, now would wind its devious way through the narrow and tangled streets to the platforms of the batteries at Cannaregio, or at the Campo di Marte, or at the Campo Sant' Andrea commanding an unobstructed view of the whole theatre of action; or, in gondolas, would glide among the islands over the quiet waters of the Lagune, gleaming like liquid lava in the crimson glare. The flash and roar of cannon, the ricochet and hurtling of balls, the burst and sparkle of grenades, the glare of fuses, the hiss and howl of bombs, as in flaming parabolas, like fiery serpents, they furrowed the dusky heavens and exploded with a crash—such were some of the constituent elements of this grand pyrotechnic display.

But the most beautiful spectacle presented by these night-long exhibitions, during the protracted siege of Malghera, was produced by the “illuminating fuses”—*razzi illuminarii*—which were, from time to time, launched from the fortress, in order to light up and betray the operations of the toiling thousands in the Austrian trenches beneath—those trenches, which now, with insidious and almost superhuman rapidity, were, like enormous dragons, advanc-

ing to envelop the fortress in their fearful folds. This novel projectile, with which—thanks to the forethought of Austrian rule—the fortress had been supplied in liberal quantities—is furnished at one extremity with a capsule, which, at a certain altitude, exploding, unfolds a parachute, which holds for a considerable period, suspended high in air, the blazing firework attached to the other. Then, slowly descending, it wavers to and fro, and floats, and hovers over the surface of the earth at a slight elevation, pouring forth a perfect flood of golden and crimson flame, affording ample time to the cannoneer to level his gun upon the works and laborers thus betrayed.

Indeed, a more sublime and splendid spectacle than that presented by the entire scene of this cannonade and bombardment, viewed by an indifferent spectator from the towers and roofs of the city—from the shores and islets of the Lagune, or from the decks, and yards, and rigging of the vessels-of-war at anchor in the harbor, can hardly be conceived. But, could all this splendor, matchless as it was, have afforded entertainment to any but Venetians, had the baleful illumination been nourished, even in apprehension, if not in certainty, by their own liberties, rights, homes, happiness, country—passing away—passing away for ever? And yet, all day and all night, week after week, and month after month, were the innumerable towers and campanili of Venice, and the lofty windows and flat roofs of her palaces and churches, thronged with curious, yet almost careless, gazers of both sexes, and of all classes and ages, looking away through glasses on the novel and splendid scene. A battle is said to be a spectacle of awful grandeur; and it is one which many a person besides the author of “Don Juan” might witness with fearful joy—“had he no friend nor brother there.” But a bombardment must be a scene more dreadfully im-

posing ; and, of what city in the wide world could the bombardment present such a spectacle as the midnight bombardment of the City of the Sea ?

But the ceaseless cannonade of three days and three nights did not prevent, and seems not at all to have retarded, indeed, the rapid progress of the works before the walls, during the same period ; although, with a single exception, no reply to the tempest of projectiles from the fortress was attempted. This was on the 26th of April, when a rocket-machine was planted before a bastion, and a few grenades and fusees were thrown into the fort, one of which struck a chasseur of the Silè Legion, who, falling, shouted *Coraggio fratelli!*—Courage, brothers!—and was the first martyr of the siege of Malghera. The adventurous enemy were, however, shortly forced to fly, with the loss of several of their number, and, likewise, with the loss of their mischievous machine.

But, if the besiegers were busy in their preparations for attack, not less busy were the besieged in their preparations for defence. Ulloa, immediately on assuming command of the fortress, had undertaken a thorough system of improvement and reform. Parapets were enlarged—batteries strengthened—useless structures of wood demolished—magazines fortified ; and last, though far from least, the Canal of Mestre, which flows through the fortress, was closely dammed, in order to flood the hostile trenches above. Day after day, however, the Austrian works advanced ; and with such secrecy, as well as rapidity, although the laborers sometimes toiled in water waist-high, that, at the half hour after noon, on the 4th of May, to the amazement of the besieged, five batteries, which, almost unobserved, had been planted a little in advance of the parallel, and exactly opposite Bastion No. 6 of the fortress, were demasked, and directed their fire through the clearings of a plantation of firs upon

the fort. These works consisted, according to the Austrian official reports, of four batteries of mortars, two batteries of reserve, and one battery of *shrapnel-grenades* ;* and they, at once, opened a fire well sustained, which covered the fortress with projectiles—more than four thousand balls, bombs and shrapnel-grenades, besides numberless fusees, having been, by official report, thrown by them before night. The response of the fort to this furious attack, with guns of twice the calibre of those of the assailants, was prompt and terrible ; and the ardor of the garrison, which was enthusiastic from the first, did not, for a single instant, relax, until the close. Instances of individual bravery were numerous, while the soul-stirring shout—*Viva l'Italia!* was heard amid clouds of smoke and above the roar of ordnance. “The fiery ordeal lasted for seven hours,” says Ulloa, “and slackened only with the night. Now, while I write,” he adds, in his report to Pepé, at eight o'clock in the evening, “the guns are almost silent, and only an occasional shot denotes the wish of our tired foe still to attack us. Our artillery, which was well served and skilfully directed, produced great havoc among the enemy.”

The conduct of Col. Ulloa is said to have been most intrepid throughout the day. Shortly after the attack commenced, Gen. Pepé reached the fortress, having crossed the Lagune on the Railroad Bridge. As his tall form, distinguished by its towering white plume, like the *panache* of Henry of Navarre, passed the narrow causeway and entered the fort, a hostile bomb fell howling on either side of him, and burst with that startling crash characteristic of the

* Garrano says there were seven batteries, three of cannon, three of mortars, and one of howitzers, making sixty pieces in all. Ulloa, in his official report, states, “that the fire seemed to be sustained by five principal batteries, which surrounded bastion No. 6, between lunettes 12 and 13, and innumerable howitzers, so that the whole of the enemy's trenches seemed one line of fire.”

terrible projectile. But the old hero strode steadily on, and the troops of the garrison, themselves in the midst of bombs, grenades, and balls, perceiving his calm serenity of mien, burst into rapturous shouts of—"Long live our brave General!" "Long live our gallant Pepé!" Passing along their lines, he reciprocated their welcome, and complimented their own courage, and then desired Ulloa to order every man of them not on duty at once to the casemates, for protection from the imminent peril. The exposure was as gratuitous, yet gallant, as it was great. It seems that the troops had been awaiting the Commander-in-chief, in battle array, to review them before the fire commenced; and continued resolute in their purpose of receiving him on the parade, despite the tempest of missiles which afterwards came pouring around them. At the same time a company of the Silè legion, under Capt. Cattabene, not having their standard with them, traversed the whole area of the place, under a shower of projectiles, amid shouts of the whole garrison, and brought forth in triumph the flag of their corps.*

The damage to the fortress by the attack was considerable. Some lives were lost, three pieces were dismounted, and eighteen

* The events of this 4th day of May created lively sensations at Rome, proving that the Eternal City was not unmindful of the valor and the patriotism of her suffering, yet heroic, sister of the Lagune—"Rome of the Ocean." Under date of the 12th of the same month a brief, but eloquent epistle, addressed by Rusconi, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Rome, to Salvato Anace, her envoy at Venice, has these sentences:—"Tell the ardent veteran of Italy, the valiant Gen. Pepé, that the festival he celebrated in Malghera in the midst of the enemy's bombs, is worthy of his name and of Italian valor. In fine, tell him, tell Manin, tell the soldiers, tell all Venice, that our Triumvirs, our Assembly, our people, among the glorious deeds of Italy have engraved the day of Malghera." Tommaseo penned an enthusiastic eulogy on the events of the 4th of May, in which he alludes to the striking fact, that Italians of all Italy, and the representatives of five different nations, were among the defenders of Malghera. He particularly eulogizes the Lombards and Neapolitans; and, of individuals, Ulloa, Cosenz, Boldoni, and a Greek of Corfu, named Demetrius Topali. Ulloa, in his report, particularly notices the legion of the Bandiera-Moro and that of Silà.

cannoneers and one officer were wounded. The officer was Captain Cosenz, of the general staff, a Neapolitan, who, though ill with fever, directed the artillery of the front attack; and, though wounded, would not retire until night. Of the Austrian batteries, two were completely dismantled, and the number of the slain was great. These facts were revealed by the glasses of the officers on the walls, and by the long line of wagons bearing the disabled along the road to Treviso; while, at the hospital at Mestre, on the succeeding day, took place not less than twenty-seven surgical amputations, according to the reports of spies.*

Most of the Austrian projectiles were thrown with exceeding skill, so as to drop upon the two grand magazines in the centre of the fortress, evidently with the conviction that, however faithfully bomb-proof their arches might have been casemated, the incessant descent and explosion of heavy shells could hardly fail to impair their impregnability, even did not, at last, some lucky spark by chance insinuate itself into the vast explosive mass—the sleeping volcano, below.

But the advanced batteries of the enemy, though silenced at sunset, continued throughout the whole night to throw bombs and fuses,† at the reduced rate of about sixty to the hour, or one every minute, so that sleep was quite out of the question in the fort. By watching the course of the projectiles, however, but little loss was sustained by the besieged. Indeed, it is asserted, though it seems incredible—that only five lives were the sacrifice to the bombardment of day and night—one of those lives being that of an old grey charger of Col. Baudrier—the poor animal not having as yet become sufficiently skilled in bombardment to avoid the falling missiles.

Our Swiss captain informs us, that on the morning of the 4th,

* The Austrian "*Gazetta di Augusta*," of May 12th, reports but six slain on the 4th before Malghera! † Rockets.

business took him from Fort San Giorgio, where he was then stationed with his company—to Malghera. He found there no expectation of speedy attack, and the fortress had now restricted itself to launching from time to time a grenade against the hostile works, whenever the chiefs of the batteries perceived assembled, by aid of their glasses, a group of grey capotes. But—having left the fort—hardly had he reached Fort St. Julian, on the margin of the Lagune, a mile or two on his route to the city, where his corps had been ordered, than his gondoliers, as he was about embarking, directed his attention to the columns of smoke which rose from Malghera, and which soon so completely enveloped the fortress that even its outline could hardly be defined. A sirocco blowing a gale, the thunder of the guns but faintly struggled against it to the ear. Arrived at Venice, he found a large number of the inhabitants of the Cannaregio assembled near the *abattoir*, who, for nearly an hour, had been watching the columns of smoke, and who with eager anxiety demanded of him the cause. He was, of course, unable to afford them the slightest satisfaction.—This cause, as has been seen, was the response of the fortress to the fire of the five batteries of the first Austrian parallel.

At Venice our gallant friend found his company in barracks at the *Palazzo di Spagna*, together with a corps of Dalmatians which he had previously been charged to instruct in the *chasseur* service, and which now, in accordance with the wish of all interested, were, by order of the government, to be united under Debrunner's command, as an *avant-garde*. To this end the Dalmatians had come over that morning from Fort Sant' Angelo, and the Swiss from Fort San Giorgio, to complete the fusion. An order for the combined corps at once to march for Malghera was already at the barracks—the line of *estafettes* from the fortress to the Executive Head Quar-

ters in the National Palace at St. Mark's Square, across the Railroad Bridge, being then constant and uninterrupted, and the cause of the ominous clouds of smoke rising from that quarter having been early reported to the Government.

At five o'clock the corps was *en route*, and, as it drew nigh to the fort, the night was sufficiently advanced to enable the fiery path of the bombs and fusees, which furrowed the sky, to be distinguished by the Swiss more near than hitherto it had been from the tall tower of San Giorgio. Earth and heaven were alike illuminated by the blaze; and, approaching yet nearer, the whistling of the fusees and the howl of the descending bombs was shortly succeeded, as the little corps advanced towards the sally-port, by the incessant crash of bursting shells on every side. At the second draw-bridge which spans the interior fosse of the fortress, all advance was retarded for the space of full ten minutes, by a large *caisson* of gunpowder which blocked the narrow passage! The peril was extreme and imminent! A single spark from a single projectile of all the perfect storm of grenades, fusees and bombs dropping and exploding on every side, might have thrown half the fortress into the air; and would, inevitably, have flung the mangled limbs of every man in the vicinity into the distant Lagune!

Entering the parade of the fortress, usually full of soldiers, it was found completely deserted, the bombs being principally directed to that spot, with the merciful purpose, as already suggested, of throwing a spark into one or the other of the two immense magazines, well known to lie directly below, each one containing "more than a thousand quintals of powder"! The garrison was in line along the front of the two casemated barracks; and, close at hand, were half a dozen huge vats filled with water, the engines for extinguishing fire standing all ready for action in places of safety hard by.

Immediately on reaching the fortress and reporting themselves for duty, the corps of Swiss was ordered by the Commandant to divide itself into two equal bodies, one to reinforce Lunette No. 12 and the other Lunette No. 13, adjoining. At these posts they found several companies of the Silè Legion, which, during the afternoon, had lost two of their men and had six wounded. Following their example, the new comers threw themselves prone upon the earth to avoid the rain of projectiles, although, at first, they were unable to lie very quietly when a grenade or a fusee seemed about to burst directly over their heads, or to descend directly into their midst. In such cases, leaping to their feet, their eyes fixed on the descending blaze, they rushed wildly hither and thither, regardless of their steps, and, by frequent and violent collisions, almost rivalled the bombs themselves in rapid and eccentric movements, and by the scintillations of fire which they struck from each other's eyes! A few hours' experience, however, taught them to estimate so correctly the velocity and distance of a projectile, as well as its direction, and the spot on which it was likely to descend, that they were, henceforth, but slightly annoyed. Nevertheless, one dared not sleep; for, although most of the projectiles passed over the heads of those in the bastions and lunettes, and fell into the parade-ground, to burst on the roofs of the magazines, as has been suggested, still; occasionally, a more feeble bomb or grenade fell short of the mark, and, tearing up the earth all around in its explosion, and, flinging it over the prostrate forms in the outworks, gave every one fair warning to be ready, at any moment, for instant flight. Thus, a bomb dashed into splinters a plank-shed behind which some soldiers had bivouacked; and, in like manner, the fragment of a grenade which had burst in the air grazed in its descent the head of Col. Baudrier, who was leaning against a palisade. The body of a poor horse—not the Colonel's

charger—which had lost his life in the cause from exhaustion, and which had, at the time, been drawing a *caisson* of powder to Lunette No. 13, still lay stiff and stark before the magazine; but a howitzer, which, about the same time, had been dismantled, was as noisy as ever long before the dawn.

At the break of day, our friend, the captain, informs us, that he found himself curiously examining the effect of the bombs, which had not ceased to rain the whole night, and which yet poured their “pitiless peltings” as hard as ever. The aspect of things, he tells us, was anything but cheering. The chains of the draw-bridge of the exterior fosse had been cut by balls—the guard-house at the gate had been torn into fragments by a bursting bomb—the earth of the parade was completely ploughed up as if by falling thunderbolts—masses of exploded shells upon and around the magazines proved plainly the benevolent destination and design of the projectiles; and one of the fire-engines was completely *hors de combat*. But the most notable scene of havoc was the barrack-kitchen, which had been traversed its whole length by a bomb which had dropped through the roof, the explosion of which had shattered into ten thousand minutest fragments the huge heaps of cups, mugs, plates, bottles,* &c., so unceremoniously disturbed by their, as unlooked-for as most unwelcome, visitant. The only loss of life sustained during the night was that of the old grey charger already alluded to, belonging to Col. Baudrier, who had so narrowly escaped with his own life, and that of an intelligent little spaniel belonging to the company of Swiss, which had not, however, been intelligent enough to distinguish between an ordinary stick he had been accustomed to carry, and that of a congreve rocket with the fuse on fire. The little fellow’s fate was, of course, inevitable, and it was duly bemoaned

* “A bull in a china shop”—a bomb in a kitchen!

by his friends, the Swiss. The garrison of the interior slept safely in the two bomb-proof barracks; and those on service at the advanced works, as has been mentioned, saw the bombs go howling over their heads to burst upon the magazines, or avoided by sudden flight an occasional visitant who approached more disagreeably near. The horse and the dog were, therefore, the only living things which fell victims to that night's vigorous effort of the Austrian cannon-neers. In ridicule of their prowess, the garrison next day prepared a general repast, at which figured the flesh of the poor charger, and during which the soldiers drank a jeering toast—"To the brave Austrians—the butchers of horses!"

At five o'clock, on the morning of the 5th, the enemy's batteries were silent, and a *parlementaire* presenting itself before Lunette No. 13, was received by the Swiss. A *parlementaire*, or *parlamentario*, or white flag of truce, demanding a parley, is always delegated, according to usage, to an officer, escorted by a trumpeter and four men. This delegation is met by another exactly similar, both of them advancing from two outposts until within ten paces of each other, when the officers exchange dispatches, and the escort remains in the military position of "*Prepare to guard!*" If the interview is prolonged, the men on each side lay their weapons at their feet, and, perchance, share the contents of each other's wallets and canteens, while both officers and soldiers enter into amicable chat on indifferent topics, or reciprocally endeavor to mystify each other, when possible, as to their respective positions. A *parlementaire* is, as may be supposed, always of interest. At the first glimpse of the white flag, the batteries on both sides, although pouring forth their loudest and deadliest thunders, become suddenly hushed, and an almost solemn silence at once succeeds. The besiegers appear before their trenches—the besieged mount their

parapets and look forth from their embrasures. Each party, which, but a moment previously, had rivaled the other in zeal for destruction, now gazes with eager and curious interest on his antagonist, and, for a brief period, with entire impunity, confiding in the laws of nations and of man. Even the toil of laborers in the trenches is usually suspended, as well that of those repairing damages in the invested fortress.* But, the instant the white flag falls, every head sinks with it; and the guns, charged during the interval, with heavier loads than ever, at once recommence from both sides the work of demolition and of death.†

The purport of the present *parlementaire* was the delivery of a communication from Marshal Radetzky "to the President of the actual Government of Venice," the old Marshal having arrived at Mestre from his Head-quarters at Milan two days previous, accompanied by the Archdukes Ferdinand, Leopold, and William, in order to lend prestige to the grand *entrée* into the humbled City of the Sea, now, after the vigorous bombardment of Malghera of the previous thirty-six hours, most confidently and undoubtingly expected. Indeed, Mestre had become the scene of quite an imposing military

* Ulloa addressed a sharp note to Haynau on the 5th, because he took unfair advantage of the truce proposed by his *parlamentario*, by continuing his works, contrary to the usages of war: and declared the purpose of continuing to fire, until forbidden by express orders from Venice, so long as the works went on. The young Colonel Commandant also informed the old Lieutenant Field Marshal, that it is contrary to the usages of war to send open letters to a besieged fortress, and that his advanced posts had received positive orders to consider the bearer of any such letter in the future as a spy, and to treat him accordingly. The conduct of Haynau in transmitting open communications to the fortress, designed to rouse its soldiers as well as the populace of the city to insurrection, and against the established code of all honorable strife, proves that he was either ignorant of that code, or designed to violate it; and reminds one, as touching Austria, in connection with other incidents of this siege, of the expression of Pulaski respecting a brother despotism—"There is no word in the Russian language for honor!"

† Debrunner and Garrano.

court in anticipation of this event. The houses along the road to Treviso, and the Casa Papadopoli in the little village of Marocco, were crowded with dignitaries. In addition to the three archdukes already named, there were two sons of the old Viceroy Archduke Ranieri, and the Lieutenants Field Marshals Verglas and Wimpfen, who were guests of Radetzky; and the Generals Kerpan, Coronini, and Vetter, and the Colonels Macchio, Vitaliani, Thurn, and others, guests of Haynau, which latter lodged in the town. And from the tallest towers of Mestre had looked down, for amusement, these titled Teutons on the terrible strife of the previous day and night—down on the snowy tents of the besieging army, and the long line of the besieging batteries hurling a tornado of iron on the adamantine foe—down on the dark fortalice of Malghera wrapped in smoke and vomiting fire—down on the placid Lagoon and its slumbering isles flecked with the shadows of tattered clouds as they swept pall-like over the sun—away on the distant Adriatic bristling with their fleet—away on the towers and roofs of the beautiful city—the strange city—the floating city—the ancient and queen-like city—the city of which all the world hath no parallel and no similitude—that city which they would fain regain only to oppress, and from whose hundred campanili her anxious population of sons and daughters was even then gazing tearfully and fearfully forth on the same awful spectacle as themselves. Ah very different were the gazers on the sublime scenes of that day, and the still sublimer spectacle of the night which followed, from the towers of the city and from those of the town, as one of those gazers himself has well portrayed. In those of the one he imagines the grey old Captain of Austria—“*Genio malefico d'Italia*” *—surrounded

* Radetzky may well be styled “The Evil Genius of Italy,” as he has been by Garano.

by imbecile archdukes and ferocious generals, fixing his feeble yet basilisk gaze on the doomed victim of his will: in those of the other, women and children, and young men and old ones, offering up prayers and vows to heaven, perchance, for the protection of their home, and invoking might for the arms of its valorous defenders. In the town, the barbarian robber was gloating, though with wrathful eye on his coveted prize, and devising, as he well knew how, vengeance for the past and despotism for the future; in the city were weeping, yet heroic, wives and daughters, and maidens and mothers, looking with fearful forebodings to a future of horror, of which, perhaps, desolate Breseia could alone afford an example!

The communication presented to the Dictator Manin by the *parlamentario* of the 5th of May was as follows:—

“The Commandant of the Imperial Royal troops in Italy, Field-Marshal Radetzky, to the President of the actual Government of Venice:—

“INHABITANTS OF VENICE!—I come—not as a soldier, or a victorious General. I would speak to you as a father. You have passed one whole year in the midst of agitation, of anarchical and revolutionary movements, and what have been the consequences? Your public treasury is empty, your private fortunes are lost, your flourishing city is reduced to the last extremity. But this is not all. After the victories obtained by my brave army over your allies, you see my numerous cohorts come to assail you at all points of the land and the sea, to attack your fortresses, to intercept your communications, and to deprive you of all means even of escape from Venice. And thus it is, that, soon or late, you must be delivered to the mercy of a conqueror. I am come from my Head-Quarters at Milan to give you my last warnings, bearing in one hand the olive-branch of peace, if you listen to the voice of reason, in the other the

sword ready to inflict on you the chastisements of war, even to your extermination, if you persist in the course of rebellion—a course which deprives you of all claim to the clemency of your legitimate sovereign. I shall tarry in your neighborhood to-morrow all day, at the Head-Quarters of the army here encamped; and, during twenty-four hours, that is to say, until eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th of May, I shall await your answer to this my *last* summons. The immutable conditions, of which I exact of you the fulfillment, in the name of my sovereign, are these:—

“ Article 1st.—Submission, absolute, full and entire.

“ 2nd.—Immediate surrender of all the forts, of all the arsenals, and of the whole city, which will be occupied by my troops, to the disposal of which will, also, be resigned all vessels of war, at whatever epoch constructed, all the public edifices, all the materials of war and all objects constituting the property of the State.

“ 3rd. The surrender of all arms, whether belonging to individuals or to the State.

“ On the other hand I make the following concessions:—

“ Article 4th. It is permitted to all persons, without exception, to quit Venice by land or by sea, and that within the period of forty-eight hours.

“ 5th. A general amnesty is accorded for all the sub-officers and soldiers of the land and the sea. On my part, I will suspend hostilities during the whole day to-morrow until the hour before named, that is, until the hour of eight, on the morning of the 6th of May.”

This rather imperious document, nominally addressed to the Chief of “the actual government,” but in reality, to the “Inhabitants of Venice,” was dated “from the Head-Quarters of Casa Papadopoli, the 4th of May, 1849;” and to its summons the President Dictator

Manin, on the part of the Government of Venice, responded the ensuing day, as follows :—

“The President of the Provisional Government of Venice to his Excellency the Field Marshal Count Radetzky :—On the part of the Government of Venice, the 5th of May, 1849 :—Excellency ! The Lieutenant Field Marshal Haynau, by note of the 26th of March last, had already made to the Provisional Government of Venice the summons contained in detail in the letter of yesterday, which has reached me from the part of your Excellency. The Representatives of the population of Venice having been convoked under the date of April 2nd, the Government communicated to them the before-named note of the Lieutenant Field Marshal Haynau ; and demanded of the Assembly deliberation on the question of what conduct ought to guide the Government, in the existing political and military situation of Italy. The Assembly of Representatives unanimously decreed the continuation of resistance, and charged me with the execution of that decree. I can not, then, give to the letter of your Excellency any other response, than that which has been prescribed to me by the legitimate rulers of the population of Venice. - For the rest, I have the honor to make known to your Excellency, that, under the date of April 4th, I addressed myself to the cabinets of England and France, in order that, continuing their work of mediation, they might be able to interpose with the Austrian Government, to procure for Venice a condition politically suitable. I trust soon to receive official communication of the result of the benevolent negotiations of these high powers, especially since the new instructions transmitted by me to Paris on this subject, under date of the 22nd of the same month. Nevertheless, these circumstances need not forbid that negotiations should be directly opened with the Imperial Minister, in the event that your

Excellency should deem this mode proper, to resolve more easily and more promptly the question. Your Excellency will now decide, whether, during the process of negotiations touching pacification, hostilities ought to be suspended, in order to avoid an effusion of blood, perhaps useless."

To this document, which every one will admit to be rather cool under the circumstances, and which seems to have been thus viewed by the old veteran to whom it was addressed, came, the ensuing day, the subjoined sharp response:—

"The Field Marshal Radetzky, to the President of the actual Government of Venice. His Majesty, our Emperor, having decided no longer to tolerate the intervention of foreign powers between himself and his rebellious subjects, all hope of that nature on the part of the revolutionary government of Venice is vain and illusory, and it has no other object than to lead into error the poor inhabitants. Consequently, from this moment, I cease all ulterior correspondence; and I deplore that Venice must undergo the fate of war. Head-Quarters of Papadopoli, May 6th, 1849."

This formidable document was at once printed in the most conspicuous type—like most other public papers at the time—and posted at every corner in Venice, for the particular edification of those "poor inhabitants," whom the merciful Radetzky, and the yet more merciful Haynau, seemed so solicitous of "undeceiving," by all manner of means, fair or foul. But, so far does it seem from having mollified, "undeceived," enlightened, or even intimidated the "poor inhabitants" aforesaid, that, while almost indignant at the mild response of the Dictator to what they were pleased to call "Radetzky's insolent summons"—the rejoinder of the latter excited only that spirit of malicious ridicule, that keen sense of the ridiculous, for which the lower classes of Venice have always been famed.

“The old man is furious *now!*” they would cry. “He is our ‘father’ no more!”

And, indeed, this document of the 6th of May was, surely, a very extraordinary document to proceed from the cool, and staid, and sage, Radetzky. The old man had evidently got out of patience—had evidently lost his temper—an occurrence never recorded of him before, in a protracted career of three score years and ten! But neither himself, nor any one else, indeed, had ever dreamed of resistance like this on the part of Venice. No one had ever dreamed that Venetian character, in modern times, was made of such “stern stuff”—that it embodied elements so firm yet so fiery—in a word, that the spirit of the Doges yet lived! Radetzky, with all his knowledge of human character, and especially of Italian character, had evidently miscomprehended the force and persistency of the character of Venice.

The effect of his first dispatch was, therefore, as miscalculated, as was the response of Manin unexpected—a response which seems to have had a most exasperating influence, whatever its intent. The sore points that it touched might, possibly, be designated. How far the rejoinder of Radetzky owed its tone of asperity, so unlike the old Marshal, to the presence of the Archdukes and Generals, is not, perhaps, easy to determine. Irritated, mortified—humiliated in presence of princely and disappointed guests, to whom he had promised the splendid pageant of an army of 30,000 troops defiling over the *Ponte Sulla Laguna*, to be reviewed in the Place St. Mark—the ireful old man, with that wrath of age, which is described as “like red-hot iron,” is betrayed into a rejoinder entirely unworthy of his character, and rank, and years, when he should have made none at all; and especially so, as he seems, from subsequent events, to have been by no means authorized to make, and by no means

empowered to carry out, those unbecoming menaces of which he is so liberal—menaces, which would have been exactly in character with the ferocious Haynau, but were certainly unworthy of him !

One can but be amused to hear the old man peremptorily declare, that the Emperor “had decided, no longer to tolerate the intervention of foreign powers between him and his rebellious subjects,” when, at that very time—almost at that identical date—that very Emperor was imploring most piteously his brother Nicholas, even as did “the tired Cæsar” implore Cassius, “to save him or he sauk”—to *intervene* between himself and his rebellious Hungarians, or his case was more utterly desperate than even that of unhappy Venice !* In the same notable document the old veteran declares, in his wrath, that, “from that moment, all correspondence with Venice should cease ;” and, with tears—we know not whether of rage or of commiseration—he commits her to the awful “fate of war.” In his first communication, that of May 4th, he had said—“I await your response to my *last* summons.” We shall see whether this latter promise or menace, be it which it may, was better kept than the former. We shall, also, see whether the “fate of war” so sternly invoked, was as immediate in its descent, or as crushing in its effects, as was to have been apprehended from Radetzky’s thundering threat !

* The last of April 1849, the Austrians were driven out of Hungary. On the 1st of May, appeared in the Viennese journals an Imperial proclamation, stating, that “the Government of his Majesty the Emperor had been induced to appeal for assistance to his Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, who had generously and readily granted it to a most satisfactory extent.” On the 8th of May appeared at St. Petersburg a proclamation from Nicholas, saying—“The Emperor of Austria has demanded aid. We shall not refuse the aid demanded.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

SORTIE AND SIEGE.

PROMPTLY, at the hour of eight, on the morning of Sunday, the 6th of May, the Austrian batteries, agreeably to the warning of Radetzky, resumed their fire, but with little vigor, and from isolated guns. The fortress responded with all its ordnance, and strove, but vainly, to prevent, or retard, the progress of the enemy's works.

The truce of forty-eight hours had been actively improved on both sides in preparation for yet more active subsequent hostilities. In the fortress, dispositions had been made by which a second bombardment could be sustained with less damage. The barrack of planks, which not only afforded no protection, but, by offering a seeming bulwark, and by the splinters thrown off from it by shot, really imperiled the garrison, not to mention the additional danger arising from conflagration—was leveled to the ground. All structures of wood shared the same fate. Not even the handsome pavilion of the Commandant, nor the neat little chapel were spared. All wood-work upon the two bomb-proof barracks was, also, demolished, and the telegraph-tower in the centre, which had served as a mark by which the enemy could the more readily drop bombs upon the magazines, was subsequently superseded by a

battery of gabions* *à Cavalier*, upon Barrack No. 1, mounting six guns of great calibre. Guns were re-mounted; gun-carriages refitted or exchanged; mortar-beds renewed; thousands of gabions were made ready for instant use to repair damages; howitzers and mortars were, at some points, substituted for cannon; munitions for 150 to 200 shots for each piece were provided. Unfortunately Malghera had not a single Paixhan in all her batteries. Arrangements were, also, made in the barracks by which the soldiers might be accommodated at night, without being forced to pave the corridors, staircases and landings with upturned sleeping faces, liable constantly to be marched upon as unceremoniously as if actually designed for that purpose, like stones of the streets!

The Austrians on their side had availed themselves of forty-eight hours of undisturbed working-time to push on their trenches with incredible rapidity. Their first parallel they completed, and commenced their second at a distance of 500 metres.† To impede this perilous progress, bombs of 12 inches were launched from each mortar three or four times every hour against the workmen on the first parallel, and bombs of 8 inches on those at work on the second; while, to ascertain the progress made and the extent designed, a sortie was attempted, on the night of the 6th, by the Swiss Chasseurs with a company of Venetian volunteers, but without result. On the morning of the 8th, the works on the new parallel were observed to be suspended. To ascertain the cause of this sudden suspension, and to determine whether the enemy had really retired behind his first parallel, or, whether, having sufficiently consolidated the new parapets, he was intent on planting other batteries, Col. Ulloa, after consultation with Gen. Pepé, who, on the

* Bags or baskets of earth.

† A French metre is 89.37 English inches—about 1½ yards.

morning of the 8th visited the fortress, ordered a sortie of *reconnoissance*. At half past eight o'clock, on the morning of the 9th, two columns under Majors Rosaroll, Cosenz and Sirtori, embracing about 500 men, sallied from Lunettes 12 and 13—one, along the Railroad, and the other along the Canal of Mestre. The foe was speedily driven behind his entrenchments, though supported by mortars and howitzers; and, after an hour's fighting, the object of the sortie having been accomplished, a retreat was effected under cover of the guns of the fort, with a loss of four killed and 30 wounded, among the latter being five officers—the enemy's loss being much greater. The suspension of labor on the second parallel had been caused by an inundation of water from recent rains. The same night another sortie was ordered, and at half past three, on the morning of the 10th, two columns of about 300 men each, sallied from Lunettes 12 and 13, along the Railroad and the Canal as on the 9th—the Swiss Chasseurs, as usual in all hazardous enterprises, being detailed to one of the columns, as, also, 100 sappers and a body of cannoneers, armed with implements to cut trenches, spike guns and break carriages. The Austrians were driven from their trenches, and so industriously did the corps of sappers improve the hour or two during which possession of them was held by the assailants, that a huge *crevasse* was cut through the dike which defended the works from the swollen waters of the canal, thus causing them to be rapidly submerged. This object having been attained, despite a heavy discharge of grape-shot and fuses from the batteries of the first parallel, both columns retired to the fortress as rapidly as they had advanced, their retreat being covered by the Swiss, who sustained a loss of several killed and wounded, among the former being a sub-lieutenant. Two bodies were left behind, one of them being that of the tailor of the Swiss,

a deserter from the Austrian ranks. The bodies could be plainly perceived from the ramparts, and repeated attempts were made by their surviving comrades to recover them, but without success, so violent was the fire from the trenches. At length, however, a platoon of six Swiss, who had volunteered for the perilous enterprise, succeeded in bringing off the bodies, without loss, under a cannonade from the batteries of the fort so tremendous, as to compel every head along the whole line of entrenchment to sink out of the reach of its missiles. One of the bodies was a corpse but the other, that of the tailor, to the amazement of all beholders, gave signs of returning life; and, still greater was the amazement of the surgeons of the Hospital of Santa Chiara,—on a small island near the city—when, the body having been removed from the dead-room to the table for operations, was found, upon examination, to be entirely unscathed!—to bear upon it neither perforation nor lesion—contusion nor contortion! The most natural solution of the phenomenon seemed this:—To avoid the balls of his former comrades, he had thrown himself on his breast, at ten paces from their entrenchment; and, to avoid a gibbet, he had chosen an imaginary death, and the solitary society of a corpse for twelve hours! His deathly lethargy was evidently the result either of a *faint*, or a *feint*—excessive fright being the cause in either case; and, whatever opinion of his courage or soldiership may be entertained, it will not be questioned, that he played well his *rôle* of a corpse—better, indeed, than did even his great prototype, the fat knight of Windsor!*

This sortie, the results of which were so important, cost the garrison of Malghera the loss of thirty men killed and wounded, three

* It may be interesting to some to know that the tailor recovered, and ever afterwards stuck to his "goose."

of whom were officers. The loss of the enemy was never ascertained, although the military correspondence of the "Augsburg Gazette" asserts, that many thousands of soldiers were drowned in executing the works rendered indispensable by the flood of water from the canal, which now submerged the whole theatre of operation. Vast numbers, also, died subsequently, in consequence of the diseases superinduced by excessive toil, by night as well as by day, in a malarious atmosphere. The work was carried on by the besieging force waist-deep in water, sometimes for a period of twelve continuous hours, by a single detachment, without relief. The erection of a dike by the garrison closing the canal of Mestre—the tapping of the dike erected by the Austrians to keep the water from their works—the marshy character of the soil, and the torrents of rain which descended, all concurred to submerge the entire scene of operations to the depth of several feet; until, on the night of the 15th, an outlet into the Railroad trench was effected, and the water gradually subsided and flowed off into the Lagune. Meantime, a battery had, by the Austrians, been planted near the hamlet of Campalto, about a mile east of Malghera, which, on the 11th, opened a bombardment upon Fort St. Julian on the margin of the Lagune.

Nor had bombs ceased to be launched, also, into Malghera, though with but slight effect and with no loss of life whatever; for a bell mounted on the barracks being struck whenever the flash of a mortar was caught, the garrison, warned of the approaching peril, either dodged the projectiles, or sought safety within the works.

On the night of the 11th, a sortie of *reconnaissance* was made. On the 12th, the enemy opened a new battery near Campalto upon Fort St. Julian and the gun-boats of the Lagune, thus disturbing communications with the city and even sweeping the head of the bridge

with his 24-pound balls. Upon this troublesome battery little Fort Manin directed its fire, and, every night, favored by the darkness, a detachment sallied forth with a *Macehina da Razzi* to amuse itself by throwing a few rockets among the foe. On the 13th, the *Cavalier*, despite all the efforts of the besieging batteries, was mounted with three of the six heavy guns destined for its platforms, and began hurling back the insults it had for some days been forced patiently to receive. On the 14th, Valli, a distinguished Lombard engineer, in Lunette 13, was so badly wounded in the leg by the splinter of a bomb as to render amputation inevitable, an operation which he not only endured with most heroic firmness, but which he encouraged and even himself assisted a companion in performing! On the 15th, the second parallel of the besiegers had reached the Canal Boa-Foscarina and a small battery of 18-pounders by day and a gun-boat at night strove to impede its progress, though in vain.

At noon, on Wednesday the 16th, arrived at Mestre the Lieutenant Field-Marshal Count Thurn, to take command of the besieging army in place of Baron Haynau, who had been called to Hungary. About the same time, four of the 18 Austrian battalions before Malghera were ordered into Romagna; for it was on this same 16th of May, it will be remembered, that the brave Bolognese, after their gallant resistance of ten days, were forced to capitulate to Gen. Wimpfen with his 15,000 troops.

On the 18th, the second parallel was completed, and the besiegers proceeded at once to plant their batteries under cover of a furious discharge of fuses. The head of this line of entrenchment was only 500 yards distant from the advanced posts of the fortress, which, being occupied, principally, by the Swiss Chasseurs, they

kept up an incessant and effective discharge from their carabines.* But, although powder was not spared, either beneath the walls or upon the ramparts, the works of the besiegers continued rapidly to advance.

Meantime, the blockade began to make itself sensibly felt in the city, although but little more than a month had elapsed since the port had been hermetically closed. Provisions had become extremely scarce and exorbitantly dear. Beef was forty *carantini*, or cents, per pound, wine double its usual price; while oil and butter were so costly, that the Cardinal Patriarch issued permission, in compliance with request of the government, for food to be cooked, on occasions of fast, with the fat of beef and of pork, in their stead. On the 17th, ten of the forty trabaccoli on the stocks in the Arsenal were launched; and, joined to the residue of the fleet, they issued from the port. In order to draw the vessels out, the Austrian squadron put to sea; but the *ruse de guerre* served only to enable a large number of small craft laden with provisions, which had long been "watching their chance," to slip in unmolested. But the Austrians, do what they may, always do blunder, if a blunder be possible. A few days after this, the garrison of Tre-Porti commanded by Captain Baldisserotto, made a descent on the mainland, and brought home more than an hundred fat oxen; and, two days later, that of Brondolo, in a secret sortie of 570 men in three columns, conducted by Morandi, overlooked by Rizzardi from the front, and aided by gun-boats, repulsed 400 Croats, captured 300 cattle, 40 hogs, a dozen horses, large supplies of wine, eggs, poultry, &c., &c., and eight prisoners; and all with the loss of one man slain! Four of

* A Calabrian sharp-shooter, named Annina, who was a dead shot (who was wounded at Mestre and also at Malghera), is said to have slain an Austrian every time he fired, and was supplied by his companions with a succession of weapons, one after the other, until he had pickel off a whole Austrian platoon!

the garrison left behind drunk, were afterwards reported by smugglers to have been hung to the branches of trees by their feet, and in that position shot by the Croats !*

On the 20th expired the term accorded to strangers to remain in Venice, and some 2,000 persons availed themselves of permission to depart—thus escaping the horrors of blockade themselves, and diminishing the liability and evil of famine to others. From that day—even as Haynau had notified the Foreign Consuls would be the case, when recommending, some days before, that all neutral vessels should at once leave the Lagune—the blockade was maintained with inexorable severity ; and, but for the French and English vessels of war, which on certain conditions had ingress, egress, and regress, Venice would have been utterly out off from intelligence of all the rest of the world. Despatches to consuls and an occasional newspaper were the only sources of authentic information from abroad ; but rumor, as before mentioned, made up for it with ten thousand absurdities from her ten thousand brazen tongues. On the 20th, also, the new battery of Campalto poured a furious fire on the little Fort Manin, as furiously responded to ; and, on the evening of the same day, a flag of truce announced the capitulation of Bologna on the 16th to Marshal Wimpfen—as an inducement, doubtless, to rebellious Venice to imitate her example.† But Venice, it seems, had no idea of imitating Bologna, nor, indeed, any other city of modern times. Glorifying in the decree of her

* Although, militarily, these men were not undeserving of punishment, yet it affords no palliation for the atrocity of the Croats—especially, when it is considered, that these savages, when taken prisoners at Mestre and elsewhere, had received the most liberal treatment at Venice.

† A novel mode of disarming the Bolognese had, it is said, been witnessed—the sum of two dollars being offered for every musket delivered at the Hotel de Ville within twenty-four hours, all other modes having been previously tried, and all having alike failed :

Assembly "to resist at all cost," and deeming the 2nd day of April when it was enacted, fully as worthy to be commemorated as was March 22nd, or August 11th, an association of her citizens, in the very midst of the blockade and bombardment all around them, were busying themselves with the coinage of a medal in honor of that memorable date and decree! On one side it bore the simple decree itself; on the other the device of Venetia in martial aspect, the lion standing beside her—bearing in her right hand a sword and in her left the standard of St. Mark. The motto of the medal was the following line of Dante:—

"Ogni villà convolen che qui sta morta."

But, at the same time that the past was commemorated, the future was not forgotten. The brig *Pilade* was launched in the Arsenal; and the commission appointed by the citizens on the 19th of January to purchase a large steamer of war by means of private contributions, finding it could not collect a sufficient sum, modified the original design, and turned the money into the marine chest for the completion of a smaller one then on the stocks at the Arsenal.

Even the Jews were not unmindful of the exigencies of the city which had so long afforded them an asylum—at times, indeed, the only asylum in all Italy, if not in all Southern Europe, for that unhappy race. Not only did they contribute liberally of their substance to supply her wants, but they assembled in extraordinary concourse in their chief synagogue, and implored aid and protection of their "God of battles"—the God of Israel.

On the morning of Thursday, the 24th of May, at the hour of dawn, the Austrians having completed their second parallel, opened a terrific cannonade and bombardment from all their batteries—18 upon the first parallel and 11 on the second—mounting 96 can-

non, 31 mortars, 15 howitzers and nine 80-pound Paixhans, to which the fortress and its outworks immediately responded with more than 160 pieces. Indeed, a perfect semicircle of fire poured upon devoted Malghera, from the battery of Boa-Foscarina even to that of Campalto with its huge 24-pounders—a circuit of four or five miles. The uproar—the *vacarme*—caused by the incessant and almost simultaneous discharge of such an amount of heavy ordnance, was tremendous. The loudest thunder of heaven, it has been said, would for loudness but 'have' unfavorably compared with this thunder of earth. The scene in the fortress was exciting. The deafening thunder of the guns—the dense clouds of smoke—the brief, stern word of command—the plaudits for well-aimed shots—the maledictions of the wounded—the rushing hither and thither of men bearing munitions, projectiles, water—the slower movements of the *Ambulanza* with biers—the cool advance of workmen to examine damages and make indispensable repairs—while, above all the uproar and tumult, rose incessantly the wild cries—*Viva l'Italia!* *Viva Venezia!*—such were a few of the more striking traits of that terrible scene.

As for Venice, the whole city was roused from sleep by the ceaseless and deafening roar; and her towers and roofs were soon crowded with anxious gazers on the spectacle, who continued to gaze throughout the day. At night, when it became too dark for cannon to be levelled with accuracy, the mortars and howitzers began to play; and bombs, grenades, fusees hailed a pitiless tempest on the fortress until dawn. Then re-commenced the cannonade on either side as furiously as ever, although more than 30,000 projectiles* had been thrown the previous day! And all that day, and

* Thurn in his report of the 25th to Radetzky states that his batteries threw 15,000 projectiles on the 25th. The fortress with its outworks probably threw more.

all the following night, the work of death and demolition kept on—still on—without one moment's pause: and, with the dawn of the 26th, eighteen of the Austrian batteries were belching forth their ponderous masses of iron as mercilessly, as though they had not already been at their dreadful work during more than forty consecutive hours, and as though they were not destined still to prolong that dreadful work for thirty hours more!

But, a bombardment like this, unequalled, perhaps, in the annals of recent siege, if we except that of the citadel of Antwerp in 1832, is deserving of description more detailed—for the minuter incidents of which, such as are to be found in no official report, we are indebted to Garrano, Debrunner, and others, who were personally present. By the latter officer we are informed, that it had been well understood that, before the enemy proceeded to the commencement of his third parallel—a work almost impossible to accomplish—he would pour all the force and fury of the batteries of his second parallel on the fort. When, therefore, at five o'clock on the morning of the 24th of May, he was himself roused by the shout of his lieutenant—"Up!—up! quick!—quick!"—as well as all his company, who had become so accustomed to the thunder of artillery that they slumbered soundly on, even when it was roaring into their very ears—though somewhat bewildered by the horrid din, he was yet by no means amazed.

There was no need of a *reveille* now, and the whole company, speedily dressed and equipped, was glad to hurry forth from a spot on which the balls had already begun to descend. Emerging from the barrack, the uproar became more deafening; but, above even the deep thunder of the guns, the hissing of fuses, the hurtling of balls, the howl of bombs, and the crackling of rockets and grenades, rose the wild, shrill shrieks of the Lombard and Nea-

politan cannoneers—" *Viva l'Italia!*"—as, with bodies naked to the waist, and swarthy with smoke and sweat, they toiled on like giants at their dreadful work! And this, too, despite the death and destruction dealt all around! At a single twenty-four pounder in Lunette No. 12, served by men of the *Bandiera-Moro*,* three artillerists were slain at a single gun, within a single hour—captain, corporal, and vice-corporal—and all of them by the disfiguring and fearful mutilation of bursting bombs; yet, one after the other leaped boldly forward to fill the place of his fallen predecessor; while the fourth, a simple cannoneer mounted to the spot of doom, while three of his officers were writhing in awful agonies at his feet, and while the spot was yet smoking and slippery with their gore! The gallant Major Cosenz now interposed, and strove to dissuade the young man from using for a short time a gun upon which some piece seemed levelled so surely. But it was in vain; and on that fatal spot the successor of three victims, stood and toiled, unscathed,

* The young men of this corps, it will not have been forgotten, were volunteers, and the very flower and *elite* of the young "fashionables" of Venice—many of them patrician in birth, many of them wealthy, some distinguished as scholars, all of them refined and educated men, who had never before had a day of exposure, endurance, sacrifice, privation or manual labor in all their lives: and yet, throughout the whole of that terrible siege, they toiled bravely and patiently on; and at Malghera won an immortality of renown for valor equal to that of the English Guards, composed of similar young men of London—the officers especially—on the field of Waterloo. It has been falsely said, that the garrison of Malghera contained 2,000 Poles, and was commanded by an old General of Spain (Ulloa), while very few of its heroes were Italians, and none Venetians! This is absurd. Not only were the commanders of Malghera and of Venice both Italians, but, of the 17,000 men composing the army of the Lagune, after the departure of the thousand Romans, all were natives of the city or province of Venice—2,000 Lombards and Neapolitans, 90 Swiss, 70 Hungarians, and 20 Poles—2,180 in all—only excepted. The statement therefore that Venice owed her gallant defence to "foreigners" is even more preposterous than the like statement with regard to Rome; though one might as well call a Massachusetts man a foreigner in Maine, as a Lombard man a foreigner in Venice, or a Venice man a foreigner in Rome.

during all the three coming fearful days. Death had done there his terrible bidding, and had sped to destroy elsewhere. The cry of "*Ambulanza!*" was, at first, exceedingly frequent; and the duty of those engaged in removing the wounded to the interior of the fort for examination, and for the light dressing of their injuries prior to transportation to the hospitals of Venice, was exceedingly perilous. Repeatedly those belonging to this service were themselves cut down while bearing off those already wounded; and yet, the hazardous transit from the external works across the whole area of the fortress, and thence to the water's edge, over a route swept by the twenty-four pound ordnance of Campalto, on the route to Venice, was unremittingly performed. At some of the pieces, as the cannoneers fell, volunteers from the infantry, especially from the Silè Legion, leaped eagerly forward to take their places, and soon became as expert in the management of the "mortal engines," as if veteran artillerists. One gun was loaded, pointed, discharged, swabbed, and completely served by a single man for half a day, all of his comrades having been slain! Many artillerists stood at their posts for three days, sustained only on biscuits and water. One Venetian, who had lost both legs by a single shot, clapped his hands as he fell, and shouted, "*Viva Venezia!*" Two patricians of the Bandiera-Moro bearing a dead comrade on a bier from a bastion, one was wounded, when the third, alone and unaided, bore his friend on his shoulders through the fearful cross-fire to his kindred in the city. An infirm old patrician of the ancient house of Correr, a cavalry officer under Napoleon, overcome with solicitude at Venice for the fate of an only son with the Bandiera-Moro at Malghera, at the close of the third day penetrated the girdle of hostile shot and flame, reached the fortress, and, at last, overjoyed, found his son begrimed with powder and sweat, intrepidly toiling

at his piece in Bastion No. 6, and clasped him to his heart. At that instant a bomb struck the old man dead, and the son, striving to enfold and protect him, the merciful shell exploded and tore both into atoms, entwined in each other's arms! The brave old Pepé was accustomed daily to visit the fort with his Parisian valet Theodore, and has recorded several similar instances of valor and horror. Words can hardly express his admiration of the heroic youth of the Bandiera-Moro. "Had Tasso visited Malghera," says the old Baron," he could have readily found the originals of his heroes." The gallant Rosaroll he named the "Argante of the Lagune." With pardonable vanity, he informs us, that, whenever, in his frequent visits, he reached Malghera, the enemy's fire, if it had for a moment slackened, re-commenced with redoubled fury, the tall white plume on his cap, if not his own tall figure, being visible above the broken-down battlements, even in the plains of Mestre!

That the Italians are not, therefore, that race of poltroons some would have us think, was once more abundantly demonstrated at Malghera—were demonstration at all demanded; while their enthusiasm for their cause was evinced by their battle-cry, as well as by their intrepid conduct, and their remarkable attachment to its symbol, the tricolor flag. Over every bastion, lunette, and battery floated this emblem of liberty to cheer the weary and to encourage the fainting; and when, as was often the fact, during that terrible tempest of three days, the tattered banner, as it fluttered wildly to the blast, was, at length, borne away with its staff to the ground, instantly was it seized by some active form, and then, both flag and form lost for a moment to the eye in the mingled dust and smoke of battle, again it streamed brightly as ever on its rampart in the breeze. On one occasion, the banner of Lunette 13, having been

cut down by a hostile ball, Major Rosaroll, chief of the post, sprang forward to replace it, when he found himself superseded, before he could reach the exposed and perilous mound, by the intrepid rivalry of a common cannoneer.

As night deepened the cannonade slackened, and, at length, ceased; but the more deadly bombs, grenades and fusees succeeded; and, amid all this fiery rain, it was necessary to replenish the magazines of the lunettes and bastions with munitions from the grand central store—a more perilous task than which can hardly be imagined. The service was performed, however, by the steady Swiss, always detailed on *forlorn hopes* like these, and without the loss of a man. The entire loss of the garrison during the first day was 40 killed and 100 wounded, most of which latter, as is usual in artillery combats, ultimately died. Twelve pieces were dismounted, but they were all in battery before morning, or their places were supplied by others from the Arsenal; while every effort was made to put the fort in readiness promptly and powerfully to respond to the renewed cannonade the morning's dawn was sure to bring. The explosion of several of the smaller magazines caused considerable loss, especially that of Lunette 12, by which a dozen men were killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was very great; and Count Thurn in his bulletin of the 28th, reports that, during the night of the 24th and 25th, three of his batteries, numbered 3, 8, and 14, were utterly demolished, and single pieces on other batteries were hopelessly dismounted.

It was considered certain that no assault nor attempt at storming would be hazarded so long as but half the batteries of the fortress continued to play; and at the peep of dawn on the morning of Friday the 25th, the ordnance on both sides began roaring anew, though from each had been poured not less than 15,000 projectiles

the previous day. Again the fight raged as fiercely as ever, and, in the midst of the terrible tornado, became indispensable a fresh supply of powder in one of the lunettes of the fort. For this perilous enterprise volunteered the intrepid Neapolitan, Major Rosaroll. A tumbril of ammunition was drawn to the fort; and, while the chain of troops were rapidly passing the kegs to a place of safety, both mules attached to the wagon, not yet unloaded of its perilous contents, were cut in pieces by the bursting of a grenade! A Neapolitan in the line had both feet cut off by a ball. A Lombard cannoneer had his skull crushed, and the throbbing brain laid bare; and a Tuscan had half of his face torn off by a bursting bomb. Yet both for hours survived. Mutilated, agonized, hideous, a comrade's ball through the brain would have been to them a mercy.

Many were slain or wounded by the musket balls flung by the explosion of the shrapnel-grenades—120 balls in each grenade—and which were thrown by the enemy in most prodigal profusion. "The sudden collapse of a man in full vigor," says a military correspondent of the *Allgemeinè Zeitung*, "is most fearful to behold. One sinks without a groan; another leaps high from the ground with a shriek, falls over, lies stiff and is dead. I saw a Greutzer from the Banat with a ball in his forehead falter a few paces, lean on his musket like a drunken man, mutter a faint ejaculation about his home, and expire." "It is remarkable," says the same graphic writer, "how each kind of missile has its own characteristic voice. There is the tremendous howl of the round large shot, the whistle of the musket-ball, and the hiss of the shell, like that of the St. Catharine wheel fire-work, with the same detonation as it bursts. Of these last, many fall and miss fire, and many explode harmlessly in the air: but where one reaches its object, and performs its office, the effect is fearful."

CHAPTER XIX.

EVACUATION OF MALGHERA.

ALTHOUGH communications between Malghera and the city of Venice were nominally open during the entire siege of that fortress, yet the brief transit was to the last degree perilous. The fort was a centre around three sides of which was described an arc of fire by the Austrian parallels—of which arc the shore of the Lagoon presented the chord, and from the extremities of which at Campalto and Boa-Foscarina, the heaviest siege-guns poured an incessant tempest on Fort Rizzardi, on the right, on Fort Manin, on the left, and on Fort St. Julian at the water's edge—a cross-fire of the most terrible description being thus created on the direct route to the city. To cut off all communications between Malghera and Venice was, doubtless, one purpose of this cannonade.

On the evening of the 25th, our Swiss captain—who, by the way, seems to have “tried on” almost everything there was to be tried during that memorable siege—undertook a trip to Venice, whilst the cannonade and bombardment were at their very height. He was accompanied by his friend, the brave Rosaroll, whose mission was to the Arsenal for munitions, gabions and gun-carriages—and his corporal Nater—his own mission to the city being “to receive five

days' pay due his men"—the duty of receiving pay being one, which, among all the other duties imposed by war and siege, our thrifty Switzer seems never to have forgotten nor neglected. How they sat out on their journey by accomplishing the perilous transit from their post, Lunette No. 13, to the interior of the fort—how, thence, at the top of their speed, they pursued their way, crossing the wooden drawbridge of the fosse—how they stopped to take breath, after their race, under the fragment of an old guard-house yet standing—how they were at a loss which route of two next to pursue, but finally decided on the longer one, because swept only by balls and not by shells—how they, at length, found themselves outside the fortress, and, then for the fourth of a league, sped like frightened foxes, through the terrible cross-fire, over the shattered Railroad Bridge of Five Arches partially blown up and full of huge holes bored by descending balls—their uniforms spattered from top to toe by the bursting of grenades in the mud of the Railroad trench; how, at the head of the Bridge of the Lagune, they found themselves completely beyond the range of the howitzers on the right, but more completely than ever exposed to the twenty-four pound balls of Campalto on the left, which from a distance of nearly two miles, dashed the beautiful stone-work as if it had been glass;—and then how one, at least, of our adventurous friends speculatively reflected, that to dash the more cunning architecture of the fair fabric inhabited by himself would prove to the huge missiles a far easier task:—how, at last, having passed the range of Fort St. Julian with Campalto, he “could safely amuse himself in contemplating the interesting spectacle of the dance over the glassy Lagune of the balls launched from Campalto on St. Julian and the Bridge, and from the Venetian gun-boats in response, lying at anchor off the shore”—is not all this, and much more than all this,

indeed, detailed by our worthy and garrulous captain in his little narrative, with even more than his accustomed minuteness?

Arrived at Venice, he "found all the world on the roofs and in the streets." On the tops of many houses, indeed, had even been constructed belvederes, cupolas, turrets and videttes, in which some of the inhabitants almost ate and slept—almost dwelt night and day, indeed, so great was their solicitude and curiosity to witness the bombardment, the lower portions of their mansions being quite deserted. The summits of campanili, towers, and the roofs of churches and lofty structures, were all alive with objects, which, at such elevation, seemed hardly more "gross" than "beetles," or than bees; whilst, from every opening of every wall that commanded an unobstructed view of the scene of action, spy-glasses and telescopes of all magnitudes, powers, calibres and forms were levelled on the fortress, as if they were the muzzles of other batteries designed for its cannonade!

It needed only to be known, that our friends were actually just from the theatre of conflict, for them to be surrounded by a perfect army of curious questioners; and our worthy captain very innocently and very naïvely, apprises us of the extraordinary fact, that, "even persons to whom he had never addressed a syllable in all his life assailed him with queries!"

Business accomplished and a hearty dinner enjoyed at the French Restaurant of the *Procuratie Vecchie*—the best in Venice, though that is not saying much for it—the two friends started to return to their posts, one of them, no doubt, supplied with "the five days' pay" due his company—"la solde de cinq jours qui lui était due!" Night surprised them before they reached the fortress—and not, one might imagine, without their consent: for, at night, the cannon were silent, although the howitzers and mortars played more ac-

tively than ever. Safe and sound they traversed the Bridge of the Lagune, undisturbed by balls from Campalto—safe and sound they crossed the lesser Bridge of Five Arches—not so easy a task, however, as even in the morning, because now more thoroughly riddled—riddled like a sieve, indeed, by projectiles; safe and sound, by dodging the bombs and grenades, they reached the fortress, which they found almost one mass of ruins; safe and sound entered they their Lunette No. 13, without accident of any kind on the whole route—unless a perfect plaistering of their persons from top to toe, by the explosion of missiles in the mud of the marshes, until it would have been impossible to determine from their colors or uniforms the corps to which each pertained, may so be termed. Our worthy captain concludes the graphic account of his expedition with the quiet remark that it was “an evening’s promenade he should never forget”—which strikes one as very sensible and altogether probable. Hardly had he reached his post, when he received an order to send an officer with twenty men to the principal guard-house. He did so, and these men were sent to occupy a hazardous outpost on the Railroad track between Fort Rizzardi and Malghera, where grape-shot and bombs poured like hail, to prevent the approach of any storm-party of the foe during the hours of darkness—an occupation seemingly impossible, and yet, which was maintained the whole night without the loss of a single man, simply by watching the flash of the batteries, stooping behind the embankment of the track, and permitting the iron tempest to pour on the causeway, whence, rebounding from the rails, it went howling over their heads to expend itself on the masonry of Lunette No. 12, some fifty feet distant in their rear. That an assault on this side of the fortress, with the purpose of storming Lunette 11, was contemplated by the enemy on the evening of the 25th, was plain; for his trenches were seen

to be filled with men. An attack was commenced, indeed, but was speedily repelled by field-pieces filled to the muzzle with grape. It was on this same evening of the 25th that Col. Ulloa received a slight wound in the foot.

From 5 o'clock, on the morning of the 24th, to 5 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, was a period of forty-eight hours : yet, at 5 o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 26th of May, the eighteen Austrian batteries were pouring their masses of iron on devoted Malghera as pitilessly and as unremittingly as for the two days last past. These eighteen batteries, by official report, had thrown, during this period, 50,000 balls, independently of bombs, grenades, fuses, and Paixhan hollow shot ; while the fortress had probably responded with a still larger number of missiles. And, yet, during twenty-four hours longer, the work of destruction went on as fiercely as ever—more fiercely than ever, indeed, for on the 25th the head of the third parallel of the Austrian works added the thunders of its batteries to those of the two others, and the united thunders of more than 150 pieces were kept up to the end.

The effects of a bombardment like this, in which a siege-force more than sufficient to reduce a fortified place of the first class had, for sixty or seventy hours, without a moment's cessation, been directed against a place of the third class, were, as may be supposed, terrible to behold. The ramparts, battlements, embrasures, were crushed ; the parapets battered so that the cannoneers stood exposed to view at their guns, whilst the gabions to supply their place were exhausted : the platforms were demolished ; the bomb-proof barracks afforded no protection, and men were slain while sleeping in fancied security. On the morning of the 25th, for example, Caserma No. 1, where were the quarters of the Commandant, was pierced by a 36-pound ball, which rolled up to the

very couch on which he slept, while two men were slain by the explosion of an 8-inch bomb and eleven wounded—among them being the captain of one of the companies of the Bandiera-Moro, who lost a leg. As for the Cavalier-battery planted on the case-mated caserma, no less than twelve hostile pieces played on it incessantly, four of which were 80-pound Paixhans; so that, long ere this, one of its six guns after the other had been silenced, and it was now a mere mass of ruins. One of the great magazines, also, was about to crumble and fall in; the whole quadrangle of the fortress was ploughed up into dangerous pitfalls; and most of the pieces on the walls were dismounted or useless, without the possibility of repair, until the enemy should for a period, however brief, slacken his fire; yet, for sixteen hours that brief period had been awaited in vain, and repair of damages was limited to keeping up communications with the exterior, by re-building the bridges over the double fosse, although the palisades of the covered way to Rizzardi were completely destroyed. Besides, one-fourth part of all the 252 cannoneers were either killed or disabled; and both provisions and projectiles began to fail. Ample supplies of all kinds had, it is true, been transported from Venice to the borders of the Lagune; but an attempt to convey them thence to the fortress, a distance of two miles, through the tremendous cross-fire of the Austrian batteries, would have been madness—it would have been, indeed, simply impossible. Fort Rizzardi, the small redoubt of five guns on the left of Malghera, was even more riddled than the principal fortification—only two of its guns remaining fit for service; all its parapets being beaten down; its embrasures crushed, and the resistless twenty-four-pound balls of three hostile batteries perforating its walls from side to side at every discharge.

It was a mass of ruins rather than a fortress; and yet its brave

garrison were as firm in their resistance at the last moment as at the first.* The Battery of Five Arches and all the lesser batteries on the left flank were in a like condition, under the devastating fire of ninety guns. Fort Rizzardi occupied by the foe, Malghera was lost; while all retreat towards Venice, or elsewhere, would be hopelessly cut off. That the Austrian General designed attempting this place by assault, at dawn the following morning, was unquestionable; † for, already had the third parallel been commenced on that side; and equally unquestionable was it, that such attempt would prove successful. To rush thence into Malghera in its defenceless state, and carry it by assault would, probably, be but the affair of a few hours. To enter the fortress by the front, or on the north side, on the contrary, would inevitably involve the transit of a double line of deep ditches full of water, in the face of ten times as many guns as on the flank; and, finally, the escalading of the smooth glacis and lofty and precipitous ramparts.

To evacuate Malghera, while it could be done, seemed, therefore, at the close of the third day of its second bombardment, imperiously demanded. To prolong a desperate resistance for a few hours might be possible; but, ultimate success against an artillery-force now proved to be superior, and which could be daily renewed by railroad from Mantua and Verona, as well as from Peschiera, Legnano, Vicenza, and, indeed, from every ordnance-depot in all Lombardy, by canals, rivers, and good roads, as it might become disabled, was out of the question. Besides, the foe had ample supplies of men, munitions and every species of appliance and implement for siege; while

* It will hardly do to call such men "cowards," although we may condemn their rashness as folly.

† This purpose was announced by spies on the evening of the 26th, and is declared by Count Thurn, in his official report, to have been designed to be executed on the morning of the 27th.

he forced the wretched inhabitants of the vicinage to furnish provisions, and even to toil in the trenches. At Malghera, on the contrary, there was deficiency of everything—everything but courage.

Of the original garrison of 2,500 men, less than 2,000 were now fit for service—100 having been slain and 400 wounded; of which latter number 300 ultimately died. All that duty and honor could ask had been answered. To attempt longer to hold out a half-demolished fort, with more than half its batteries silenced, and garrisoned by only 2,000 men, against nearly 30,000 assailants with 150 pieces, might have brought the besieged, when captured, within the penalty prescribed by that rule of war against such as attempt to hold out defenceless places—the edge of the sword for every living thing found within the walls!—a penalty which the “Hyena Hainau” might not have been slow or scrupulous to inflict in his rage, whatever the disposition of his more merciful successor. Besides, the abandonment of Malghera was deemed as by no means implying the capture of Venice—by no means involving or compromising its defence, indeed: for Venice then passed for impregnable with all the military men and military engineers of Europe: while her defence would certainly be strengthened by the concentration of her military force within the Lagune. The reduction of the fortress in a few days, or even in a few hours, and its capture by assault or capitulation was now inevitable; and with such a loss, in such a manner, the loss to the city of the whole garrison and of all its armament and munitions, and, perhaps, the immediate capture of the city itself, would have been equally inevitable. Or, had retreat at that late hour, in open day, across the Lagune Bridge, been attempted, it would have been attended with dreadful slaughter of the crowded masses; while, in all probability, the Austrian infantry, preceded by a few squadrons of horse, would have rushed into the

city along with the fugitives, and taken it with all the horrors of assault, before a battery could have been opened against them, and before they could have been restrained, or reduced to subordination by their officers.

In view of all these circumstances, and to prevent further effusion of blood, worse than useless; also, considering that Malghera was an artificial and not a natural and impregnable fortress, especially in presence of a determined enemy, who had numerous forces and abundant materials of war at his disposal; considering that the exigencies and military honor were fully satisfied by the signal proofs of courage and perseverance displayed by the garrison; and considering that strategic reasons, and especially the necessity of economizing ammunition and money in order to prolong resistance, which demanded that the defence of Venice should be reduced within its natural limits, which were deemed indeed impregnable—the General-in-chief and the heads of the Government departments of War and Marine, on the morning of Saturday, the 26th of May, issued a decree signed by Manin—that Fort Malghera should be evacuated; and Col. Ulloa, its Commandant, was charged with the execution of the decree.*

In accordance with this decree, the hour of nine was fixed on by Ulloa for the retreat to commence. At five o'clock, the cannoneers were ordered to slacken their fire, so that thenceforth each gun of all the batteries yet remaining serviceable, should continue to render four discharges each hour, in order to deceive the enemy with an apparent purpose of continued resistance. It was, also, ordered that a detachment of Neapolitan cannoneers should continue to serve one

* As early as 18th of May, in view of the fact, that the evacuation of Malghera would, in course of a fortnight, become inevitable, the mode of best effecting the object was discussed in a Council of War, and *gradual* evacuation, under the combined orders of the civil and military authorities, was then deemed most advisable.

battery until the dawn, or until the fortress should have been completely evacuated, when all the guns should be spiked, except the oldest ones, which, charged to the muzzle, should be furnished with slow matches, calculated to burn for different periods, and during several hours. Thus, these guns would continue to deliver their awful fire long after they were utterly abandoned by every living thing ; and long after every artillerist who had charged them and who had long been accustomed to serve them, was in safety at Venice, five miles distant, where he might, perchance, recognize the familiar tones of his favorite gun !

Most absolute secrecy as to this order was, of course, enjoined on all the officers to whom it was imparted ; and the number was no larger than was absolutely indispensable. Nevertheless, as is ever the case with secrets of this character, it leaked out : and it is hardly more wonderful than providential, that some traitor had not found means to give notice to the enemy of the design.* In this event, the retreat could have been effected only with great loss, if, indeed, it had not been entirely cut off ; or, the city—entered at the same time by pursuers and pursued, have undergone all the horrors of midnight assault. But, so utterly unsuspecting were the Austrians of any purpose of retreat on part of the garrison, that their fire had almost completely ceased at the hour when the evacuation began ; and the weary artilleryman, exhausted by a constant cannonade of sixty-three hours' duration, rested beside his gun. The whole besieging army, indeed, had, doubtless, early retired to rest, in anticipation of the contemplated assault on Fort Rizzardi with the morrow's dawn ; and the unfrequent and intermitting discharges of cannon from the fortress assured them that the besieged,

* To quiet curiosity, it was reported that a portion of the garrison was to be sent to Venice, for repose, and its place was to be supplied from troops in the city, and from those in other forts.

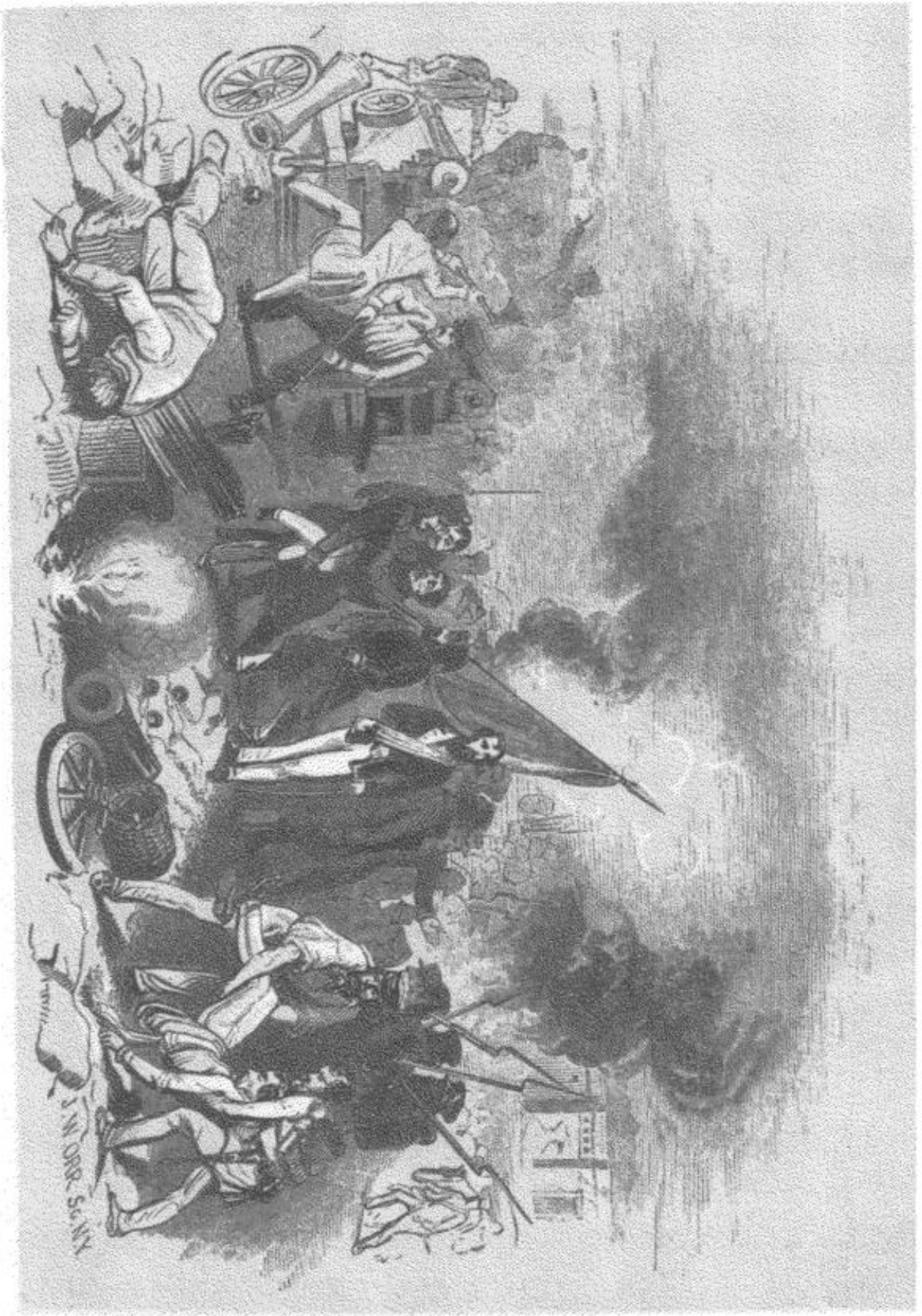
equally exhausted, had done the same. Owing to this most fortunate circumstance, the evacuation was conducted with perfect safety, across an area of two miles breadth, which, for three whole days, had been swept by a hurricane of fire and iron—a tornado of bombs and balls. One life only was lost, and that by accident, and the whole garrison, laden with small arms, equipments, and, indeed, with everything of every description that each man could lay hands upon most readily, poured itself on the Bridge.

Agreeably to orders, the evacuation commenced at 9 o'clock from Fort Manin on the extreme right, the troops being met at the margin of the Lagune by an ample flotilla and conveyed to the city with all their arms and munitions—having spiked their guns or rendered them useless by knocking off their trunnions,* or breaking the transoms of the carriages—having destroyed their ammunition and applied the slow matches to the doubly-loaded pieces reserved, as instructed. In the same manner Fort Rizzardi was abandoned—the wounded meantime being quietly and safely borne off to barges at the water's edge. Then came the order to evacuate Malghera itself; and bastion after bastion, and lunette after lunette was deserted. At first the astounded cannoneers absolutely rebelled against the order, but, finally, embracing and kissing their pieces,† with tears they proceeded to spike and demolish them, that they might never serve their foes. The Austrian bombs, however, still continued occasionally to fall, and several of the men were struck by the exploding masses, even whilst the evacuation was going on. The last posts deserted were those of the 1st bastion and the 11th Lunette, from which a cannonade continued until nearly dawn. These batteries

* Knobs on the sides of a piece supporting it on the cheeks of its carriage—the cheeks being united and strengthened by transoms.

† Garrano says—“*Molti ricusarono di partirsi dai loro cannoni, e poidalla disciplina obligati ad andare, li abbracciarono e li baciarono e piangevano.*”

EVACUATION OF FORT MALABARRA.



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having been disabled like the others, the men that served them retired. The garrison of the Five Arches joined them on their route to Venice. Malghera was abandoned. Not a living thing remained within its scathed, and scarred, and blackened ruins.

Retreat, however, and especially the order to evacuate, has always a demoralizing influence on soldiers; and *Sauve qui peut* became at last the ruling sentiment on the present occasion. By some, this movement was deemed preliminary to capitulation of the city; and some, perhaps, believed what they said, or said it to influence the event, that, "since Malghera had fallen in three days, Venice could not possibly hold out eight hours!" The disorder and tumult—quite unavoidable, to be sure—are said to have been such in the passage of the Bridge, that the very sentinels of the advanced guard of the besiegers must have been asleep on their posts not to have perceived it! Had not such been the fact—had the retreat been betrayed by the tumult—all the fugitives could have been mowed down like grass, by a few well-directed discharges of grape along the straight and crowded causeway; or a single charge of a squadron of cavalry could have swept the disorganized mass before it into the city!

It was nearly dawn, when, the last gun at the deserted fortress having been discharged and spiked, and the last man of the garrison having crossed the Bridge, five arches of that beautiful masonry leaped, with an earthquake-explosion into the air, rousing all Venice from slumbers into which the intermission of the bombardment had suffered it to fall; and apprising the besieging force that the prey it had striven so fiercely to seize, and which it had thought well-nigh already in its power, had effectually and entirely eluded its grasp. So tremendous was the concussion, that, at Padua and Treviso, fifteen and twenty miles distant, the inhabitants were startled from sleep with the conviction of an earthquake. All night laborers had

been at work beneath the Bridge, excavating mines and depositing casks of powder; and a battery had already risen to dispute a passage to the enemy, on the broad area in the middle of the Bridge called the *Piazza* about 450 feet long by 100 feet wide, strongly fortified with gabions. Another battery was, subsequently, planted on a lesser area, of which the structure has four, called *Piazette*, or little places—428 feet long by 56 feet wide, each; while, day after day, along the line of the bridge, more of its graceful arches were demolished, though not in regular succession, in order to increase the number of breaches between the city and her foe, until 22 out of the 222 were heaps of ruins.*

Simultaneous with the evacuation of the Forts Malghera, Rizzardi and Manin, and that of all the other minor fortifications of the Venetians on the main land, took place that of Fort St. Julian, which stands on the very margin of the Lagune, or rather on a small low islet on the left side of the entrance to the Bridge, and directly opposite to the Fort and islet of San Secondo, less than two miles distant.

Apprised by the explosion at the Bridge of the evacuation of Malghera, although the enchanted guns—*artiglieri incantati*—touched off by no human hand, still continued from time to time to roar—the Austrians cautiously approached.† It would have been

* Pepé expresses surprise that the Austrian masters of Venice should have permitted the construction of such an expensive bridge—the demolition of a portion of which would be always indispensable to the defence of the city if attacked, though greatly to be regretted—without several long draw-bridges, which would have obviated the whole difficulty. He condemns, also, the delay to the last moment, in mining and destroying the arches—a Council of War, in his absence, having decided, “that if the arches were undermined, there would always be time to blow them up.”

† Count Thurn would have us believe that an Austrian patrol, having secretly advanced on the night of the 26th and 27th to the sally-port of Malghera, was astonished to find the place abandoned! Why then, for hours afterwards, even until half-past five o'clock the next morning, continue to batter its deserted walls?

well for them had the same caution continued ! At length, a patrol of Chasseurs of Styria penetrated to Lunette No. 13. The abandoned and demolished fortress was then at once occupied ; and, when the sun arose, his beams rested on the "*Schwartz-Gelb*" and the double-headed eagle of the Imperial standard, and on the white and crimson of the Austrian army and navy, planted on its crumbling walls.

Finding the mines at Malghera but partially constructed, the besiegers, without suspicion, hurried on to Fort St. Julian. The tide was at its flood. A considerable sheet of water lay between the shore and the abandoned fortress. No boat was at hand ; and, in their eagerness to take possession of the deserted place, quite a number of officers and men plunged into the water and swam to the spot. The same scene of ruin, havoc, and devastation presented itself here as at Malghera and Rizzardi, and extorted a tribute of admiration from even a triumphant foe, to the fortitude which had nerved men to brave the wreck there witnessed, when they might, at any hour, have retreated—to brave death, indeed, in its most horrid shapes with calm indifference, until as calmly ordered to retire. The guns were nearly all dismounted. The residue were spiked, and some were yet warm to the touch from their incessant work of the last seventy hours. One of them, however, which bore upon the town, seemed charged ; and beside it, opportunely, stood a lighted linstock. Without an instant's reflection the torch was applied by one of the thoughtless young officers. The gun went off ; but the next moment followed a more fearful explosion that shook earth and sea ; and the mangled limbs of more than forty men, among whom were several engineer-officers of distinction, were flung far and wide, never to be gathered again until the last trump shall sound ! Horror-struck, their comrades on the shore, after some delay, cautiously

approached in boats, and upon examination, discovered, not only that a train from the discharged cañon had communicated with one of the magazines, but that a second train was on fire, which the next instant would have hurled themselves into another world after their comrades! Such is Italian craft and vengeance.*

* Austrian accounts limit the number of victims by this explosion to twenty, among whom were but two officers; and the catastrophe is attributed to the falling of a grenade of their foe into the magazine! Such, indeed, is the absurd recital given by Count Thurn in his official bulletin of the ensuing day. The reliance, however, to be placed on "Austrian accounts" of events in, or around Venice—or rather on those of Austria's friends—may be inferred from the following comments upon the capture of Malghera, which appeared in the *London Quarterly Review*:—"It is thought that the Venetian commandant retired somewhat prematurely from a post in itself almost impregnable, and of the utmost importance as the key to Venice. On the other hand, the Austrian general has been equally censured for not pushing his advantage. The small but important fortress of S. Giuliano had, also, surrendered, and no obstacle existed to prevent his advancing to Venice and taking it at once—the whole town was in consternation, and could hardly credit the reality of its reprieve. The General's excuse must be his unwillingness to risk an assault and street defence, and the consequent injury he must have inflicted upon the town and its inhabitants. We believe the fear to have been chimerical; he would have, probably, been met with an offer of unconditional surrender; at all events, his decision was most unfortunate, since it prolonged the siege with all its miseries from the 27th of May till the 22nd of August. By this unaccountable inactivity time was given to the besieged to fortify the Railroad bridge," &c., &c.

The only palliation for falsehood and absurdity like this is, an ignorance of facts, as palpable and as unpardonable as it is deplorable in any writer, and especially, in a censor so severe. Even Austria herself is less absurd and unjust. "To honor praise should be given," writes the military correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* from the Headquarters of the besieging army. "The garrison of Malghera behaved most valiantly; and here every one acknowledged that no troops could have resisted longer." A commentator on this passage adds—"The endurance of the inhabitants paralleled the courage of the soldiers. To the last they received with cheers and without complaint the Commander-in-chief, on his way to prolong the defence, which had become a prolongation of suffering." Even the *London Times* admits that the Italians fought bravely at Rome and Malghera, though badly elsewhere.

It may be suggested that the above-mentioned writer for an Absolute journal, the *Gazette*, amply corroborates the Italian accounts of the fall of Malghera. He states, that at midnight of the 26th, the firing of the fortress ceased: that the besieging batteries continued to bombard till dawn, when the place was discovered to be abandoned and was

occupied by Austrian troops : that four officers and many soldiers were slain and wounded by the explosion at St. Julian—thirty-five bodies of the latter having been found the same day, and that another mine was discovered in time to remove the match. At noon on the 27th he entered Malghera. "In every street, on the right and left, were to be seen horrible traces of bombardment; and, as I advanced," he says, "the scene became still more appalling. It is impossible to form an idea of the state of destruction to which this fort is reduced. It is impossible to walk a step without falling into holes made by the bombs. The ground is strewed with fragments. There is not a building not reduced to a heap of ruins. None of the guns can serve again."

CHAPTER XX.

NEGOTIATION.

It was the morning of Sunday, the 27th of May, that the evacuation of Malghera—commenced at nine o'clock on the previous night—was completed; and, no sooner had the retreating garrison disappeared across the Bridge into the city, and five arches of that beautiful structure been thrown into the air, than a heavy cannonade began to roar from the battery of Sant' Antonio, planted on the *Piazza* midway of its extent, against the advancing foe. But this constant and well-sustained fire, though aided by that from Fort San Secondo and a flotilla of gun-boats, did not prevent the Austrian engineers from commencing a barricade of earth at the head of the bridge in the course of the day, as protection for a couple of 30-pound German mortars* planted the ensuing night, which, a day or two later, were launching their projectiles; nor did it prevent the planting of a battery, although with great loss, on the ruins of St. Julian. Meantime, the demolition of the bridge was pushed rapidly forward from the very moment it was crossed by the garrison. This was a work to be accomplished—if ever—before the

* The power of a mortar in Germany is estimated by the weight of the bomb thrown, and not, as in England, France, and America, by its diameter in inches.

Austrians batteries were fully prepared to open their attack, and it was vigorously carried on by night and by day. Hundreds of citizens and soldiers, among them a body of Chioggiote fishermen, lent their aid to the regular corps of engineers and laborers—readily sacrificing to the hope of liberty even this beautiful ornament of their city—in order to accomplish the perilous enterprise before it was too late.* In addition to the five arches already blown up, seventeen others were, in a few days, destroyed, and the *debris* partially cleared away.

This hazardous and arduous work was not completed, however, without the loss of many lives from the bombs of the Austrian battery at the extremity of the bridge; while one man lost his life in a manner more tragical yet. He was arrested at the moment he was about to apply the match to a mine not yet finished, and by the premature explosion of which hundreds of workmen and citizens would have been blown into the air! Charged with blackest treason, he was seized by the mob, and conveyed to the Railroad Depôt, at the eastern extremity of the bridge. Here, probably, with the idea of escaping maltreatment, he admitted everything charged against him, and confessed that he had received forty Lire from a man unknown to him, to set fire to the mine! At this avowal, the populace rushed on him with furious cries, when, seek-

* Pepé's warnings not to delay the work of mining the bridge to the last moment were now remembered. It was badly done, because done under fire of the foe, and beyond the cover of the fire of friends. The *debris* formed a breach in which the besiegers lodged themselves, and on which, at a later period, they planted batteries to bombard the city in parabolic lines. There had been neglect, also, in preparing San Secondo for defence; and those neglects might have been fatal, says the old Barou, but for the slowness of the Germans and the activity of Ulloa and Cosenz, both of which young officers were, for conduct at Malghera, at once breveted on its evacuation—Ulloa from colonel to the rank of brigadier-general, and Cosenz from that of captain to lieutenant-colonel. Both were Neapolitans, and came to Venice with Pepé—and both as simple captains of artillery.

ing to escape from their hands by leaping into the Lagoon, he was instantly killed by two strokes of an oar on the head. But, hardly was the deed perpetrated, when the chief of the Defences, Cosenz, arrived on the spot, and declared that the victim was innocent!—that it was by his own orders the unfortunate man was proceeding to fire the mine; and, inasmuch as he ran the risk of his life by the undertaking, a reward of forty Lire had, as was usual, been promised him on its completion! The unhappy man in the sequel not only ran the risk of his life for the forty Lire, but he lost it—though differently, no doubt, from what could have been apprehended. His life, however, was the only sacrifice, when, had he accomplished his purpose, though innocent in design, hundreds might have perished as innocently as himself; for, by mistake, and negligence, and haste combined, the mine was not complete, and the workmen had not received the usual warning to retire from the works. The Assembly decreed a monument to his memory, and a pension to his numerous family. This was a deplorable event, but one liable to occur at any time, in any community, even when not roused to desperation by the extremity of its peril, and even when not liable at any hour to the machinations of treason.

The effect of the evacuation of Malghera, on the army and the city of Venice was, of course, at first, somewhat depressing. One more bulwark, and, indeed, the main bulwark, of the City of the Sea was crushed; and even those whose opinions on the subject were of value apprehended inevitable and speedy capitulation. The Order of the Day, however, issued by Gen. Pepé, on the morning of the 27th, tended to re-assure the citizens, and to rouse the soldiers to dare and to endure in future yet more than ever for the beleagured city—by adroit and well-deserved commendations of the

past. But this document, as do most others of the period, speaks best for itself:—

“The garrison of Malghera, under the command of Col. Ulloa, has merited the admiration of the Government of Venice and of the Commander-in-chief, and will receive the plaudits of all Italy, when shall be known the history of the siege sustained by that garrison against troops and artillery altogether superior in force. If, in deliberating on the duration of the siege, I had taken only into account the impetuosity of the garrison, its patriotism, its invincible valor, sustaining all things, it is certain the place could have held out for some days yet, and its garrison could have successfully repulsed more than one assault. But the Government, the Commander-in-chief, the Council of Defence, all decreed its evacuation, reflecting, that the loss of Malghera does not compromit the security of the Lagune; that the 150 pieces of hostile artillery would have diminished our means of defence; and, finally, for the reason, that it was necessary to save the brave men who defended it for the indispensable defence of the city and its islands. These are the reasons why Malghera was in the course of last night, evacuated: which evacuation was executed with the greatest order. Although we have to deplore irreparable losses, yet the enemy, in view of losses far greater, has no cause for exultation. Out of 2,500 men, of which our garrison was composed, 400 are *hors de combat*. But, let the people of Venice know this, that there is not a fortress on the earth, which would not be compelled to succumb under a regular siege; and that the enemy employed, to force Malghera, means more than were necessary to take a place of the first order, while Malghera, was, at the most, but a place of the third.* The

* Malghera, during the entire bombardment, from May 4th to the 27th, received 73,400 projectiles. On the 25th alone, as already stated, Count Thurn reports, that his batteries

enemy will himself admit the deplorable state to which Malghera was reduced. The powder magazines, though bomb-proof, and covered with earth, were greatly damaged; the casemates afforded no safety; the platforms and the parapets were demolished; and, finally, many pieces of artillery were rendered useless. Nevertheless, order was maintained to the last, and maintained so well that posterity may now say, that Italians are deficient in nothing—not even in discipline.”

This Order of the Day by Pepé was followed up by an eloquent address from the pen of Tommaseo to the soldiers and people.

Three days later, on the 30th of May, Pepé issued another Order of the Day, in which, having reminded his soldiers that, for a whole year the eyes of Europe had been fixed on them, and that the cause of Venice was now confessed to be sacred—after having deplored the sickness, privations, toils, and losses, they had sustained, and applauded anew their conduct at Mestre, Brondolo, Tre-Porti, Malghera, and in “classical Venice”—he earnestly urges the observance of the same rigid discipline, which he had admired in their ranks while they sustained unmoved the horrors of Malghera, and which had continued even during an evacuation equivalent to a splendid feat of arms and worthy of veteran soldiers. The fortress, on the other hand, threw but 40,000 projectiles during the whole period, many of its batteries being silent the last two days and ammunition having become scarce. The aggregate of dead and wounded was, probably, about one-fifth of the whole garrison of 2,500. The Austrian loss has never been ascertained. The complete silence of Thurn on the subject in his official bulletin is, however, sufficiently ominous. The mortality arising from fevers contracted in the trenches must have been fearful, if not that from the projectiles of the fort. Long lines of cars of the *ambulante ospedale* were seen constantly on the roads from Mestre to Padua and Treviso. On the 17th of May, 1,200 of the besiegers were in hospital at Treviso alone. It is estimated that 11,000 men, more than one-third of the whole besieging army, were killed or were disabled, or died of disease, during this siege!

“Continue,” concludes this Order—“continue worthy of your ancestors, and remember, that perseverance is the crowning virtue of a soldier. Your glorious antecedents will be forgotten if discipline is not maintained among you; and by that alone can you accomplish your firm purpose of ‘resistance at all cost.’ The more fierce the struggle, the more indispensable the necessity of order. Thus, and thus only, will your valor and that of your chiefs give you the right, during all the residue of your life, with exultation to say—‘I was one of the defenders of immortal Venice!’”

It has been remarked as somewhat inconsistent, that Malghera, which, before its siege, was pronounced almost impregnable, should, after its evacuation, be placed in the rank of strong-places of the third class. Such, however, it no doubt was, and a moment’s contrast of this fortress with those of Malta, Gibraltar, Ehrenbreitstein, San Juan d’Ulloa, or perhaps, the Citadel of Antwerp before alluded to, would prove the fact to any one, although but slightly conversant with military affairs. The two first-named fortresses are considered impregnable to any force which can be concentrated against them. The third, reduced by famine, capitulated to the French, in 1799, after four distinct blockades, consuming as many years. The fourth—also deemed invincible, yielded to American skill on the 26th of March, 1847, together with the adjacent city of Vera Cruz, after a bombardment of four days by 12,000 troops, with the loss of but two officers and twenty men, although the loss of life and property on the other side was considerable. But, the case of the citadel of Antwerp may, perhaps, in some respects, be deemed more in point. It was constructed three centuries ago by the famous Pacciotti for the infamous Duke of Alva, satellite of Philip II. of Spain and minion of his despotism, to awe the city. In the early part of the present century, all the science and skill of

the distinguished French engineer, Gen. Carnot, were exhausted in its perfection; and, in 1814, under his command, it stood out a blockade of four months against the British. It was deemed, and yet is, the model-fortress of Europe. In 1832, it sustained a siege and bombardment of two months under Gen. Chassè with 145 pieces of ordnance and 4,500 men, against Marshal Gerard with 55,000 men and 223 pieces, which threw in all 63,000 projectiles. The fortress was a ruin when surrendered, and its Commandant, Chassè, was immediately imprisoned in utter darkness in one of its casemates for a period of one month, as a penalty "for holding out an untenable place, regardless of the effusion of blood!" Malghera, in course of three days, received as many projectiles—according to Austrian official report, as did the citadel of Antwerp in course of sixty; and during the entire bombardment of three weeks 10,000 more! It were needless to carry the contrast further.*

Immediately upon the fall of Malghera the most active measures were adopted by the government of Venice for the welfare of the city. A Committee of Defence with full powers was instituted—the Municipality of Venice was authorized to emit an additional three millions of the *Moneta del Comune*, resting on a basis of the tariff on tobacco and salt; and the Assembly was convoked by Manin in extraordinary session on the 31st, with closed doors. The result of the deliberations, which progressed under the thunder of the enemy's cannon, was the following decree, adopted by a vote of 97 to 8—four members declining to vote at all, the whole number present

* A comparison of the siege of Malghera with the renowned sieges of Menin, in 1706, Douay and Aire, in 1710, Valenciennes and Dunkerque, in 1793, Dantzic, in 1807 and 1813, Mequinenza, Almeida, Tortosa and Lerida, in 1810, Tarragona, Badajoz, and Olivenza, in 1811 and 1812, and that of Peschiera in 1848, would, it is said by military men, prove not unfavorable to that of the Venetian fortress. The judgment of civilians on such subjects is, of course, of but little value.

being 109, constituting all of the body who had ever taken their seats, with but a single exception :—

“The Assembly of the Representatives of the States of Venice, in the name of God and the People, decrees ;—

“1. The troops of the land and of the sea for their bravery—and the people for their sacrifices, have merited well of the country.

“2. The Assembly, confiding in the bravery of the troops and the perseverance of the people, adheres to its decree of April 2nd, 1849. (*Resistere ad ogni costo*—to resist at all cost).

“3. The President of the Government, Manin, remains authorized to continue diplomatic negotiations in progress, under reserve always of ratification by the Assembly.”*

It was 9 o'clock at night when the Assembly rose, but St. Mark's Place was still thronged with multitudes of citizens anxious to learn the result of the deliberations ; and Manin had hardly retired to his own apartments, when he was compelled to appear at his accustomed window, to announce the decision of the Representatives, in order to calm the excitement. His words were these :—

“Venetians ! The National Assembly in the session of this day has confirmed the decree of April 2nd—the decree to resist Austria at all cost. The resolutions of your Representatives, although adopted by secret ballot, unanimously, authorize me to continue diplomatic negotiations, under reserve always of their ratification. Our troops of the land and of the sea have not lost courage with the loss of Malghera, but are re-united with more energy and resolution than ever to repulse the foe. Persist in your perseverance,

* Some Absolute journals had affected to regard the decree of April 2nd as “a surprise and a fraud on the Assembly.” Was the solemn and unanymous confirmation of that decree by secret ballot, two months later—and *such* months!—also considered “a surprise and a fraud ?”

trust in the Virgin Mary, and we shall triumph! Order and tranquillity! Live our troops! Live the marine! Live the defenders of Malghera!"

This speech was received with the same applause as had been all speeches from the same source, which, under happier auspices, had preceded it. The decree of the Assembly was ratified by the acclamations of the people, and "*Viva i defensori di Malghera!*" was echoed by every tongue. It was plain some result of mysterious potency was anticipated as the issue of the "diplomatic negotiations," so constantly harped upon; and yet, at that very date, as will be seen, the last hope in that regard—so far, at least, as the mediation of England and France was concerned—had, as might have been expected, been extinguished forever; and, the government and the Assembly *knew* it, though the people did not!

But there was another matter which had been a theme of discussion, and which had tended to protract the secret session of the Assembly to the late hour of its adjournment, but to which Manin in his remarks to the people had not thought it proper, if prudent, to allude. The vote upon the re-affirmation of the decree of April 2nd, had evinced a desperate unanimity in resistance at any price; but the events now referred to, indicate that purpose more decidedly yet.

Near the close of the siege of Malghera the General of the Austrian army, Lieutenant Field-Marshal Baron Haynau, was, as has been seen, transferred to Hungary, there to practice his atrocities, and the Lieutenant Field-Marshal Count Thurn supplied his place. With the new general, or shortly after him, came the Chevalier De Bruck, Minister of Commerce in the new Cabinet at Vienna;* who

* The Schwartzenberg Cabinet of November '48. From March '48 to May '49 five cabinets, as has already been mentioned, followed each other in rapid succession at Vienna. Metternich, who fled in March '48, was succeeded as Premier by Count Ficquelmont, and

was then in Italy to negotiate peace with Piedmont; and, before the Venetian Assembly was, to their unfeigned astonishment, laid a communication announcing, that, on the following day, he should be at Mestre, with full powers to negotiate pacification between Austria and Venice; and, agreeably to a hint in Manin's response to the summons of the 5th, which Radetzky had not deigned to notice, desired to be informed what terms the city would propose! And, certainly, it was a little surprising, that the same Austria which but a single week before, had, through her Premier, Schwarzenberg, refused the French Envoy at Vienna, De Lacour, safe-conduct to that city for Pasini, Envoy of Venice at Paris, for negotiation; and, within the same month, through her great Captain, Radetzky, had consigned Venice to an inevitable fate, should now through her cabinet Minister, De Bruck, solicit from the doomed victim her own proposals for peace! But Venetians are as crafty as Germans, and quite as cautious. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* Reply was indispensable, however; and the Assembly at once responded—May 31st—that the only base on which Venice could treat was acknowledgment by Austria of the absolute independence of the Lombardo-Veneto territory. Notwithstanding this decisive reply, the Austrian Plenipotentiary rejoined with a request, that a delegation of deputies might be sent to confer with him on the subject. Two days afterwards, therefore—June 2nd—Giuseppe Calucci and Giorgio Foscolo, members of the Assembly, were sent, by Manin, under a safe conduct, to Mestre for the purpose, and met a most gracious reception from De Bruck. The Minister told them he, in May, by Baron Wessenberg, at the head of one cabinet, and in June at the head of another. In November, Prince Schwarzenberg was called to form a ministry, in which the name of De Bruck appears as Minister of Trade. On the 2nd of December, Ferdinand abdicated, and Francis Joseph assumed the imperial chair; and in May '49, Schwarzenberg formed a new ministry, De Bruck still retaining the *Portefeuille* of Trade.

that the Austria of the past was not the Austria of the present—that the men who now directed public affairs were imbued with liberal principles, and themselves avowed that hitherto Italy had not been sufficiently guaranteed in her rights, and that often even the guarantees she possessed had been infringed on. Such being the facts and admissions, Venice was invited to clearly make known what she designed to demand by the words “suitable condition,” made use of in Manin’s communication of May 5th, to Marshal Radetzky. To this was replied by the delegates, in conformity with their instructions, that Venice demanded her own independence, with a sufficiency of neighboring territory on *terra firma* to assure her most economical existence. De Bruck rejoined, that on this basis negotiation was impossible; that Austria had resolved to reduce Venice, and that her future constitution could alone, therefore, be discussed. He then read to the delegates the *projet* of a constitution he had been charged to prepare, the leading provisions of which were these:—

“ 1. The integrity of the Empire to be preserved under one sovereign.

“ 2. The Lombardo-Veneto kingdom to form an integral portion of that Empire, governed by an Imperial Lieutenant and a Council of State.

“ 3. The capital of the kingdom to be Verona.

“ 4. The Legislative power to be exercised by a Senate, selected from among persons high in office, or possessing a certain income, and a Chamber of Deputies, elected by a suffrage almost universal, from among all citizens thirty years old.

“ 5. All matters pertaining to peace or war and the external relations of the whole Empire to be discussed by a general Diet at

Vienna, to which the Lombardo-Veneto Kingdom could send representatives."

The Envoy then proposed for the future government of the city itself three plans, one of which, Venice, at her option, could select:—

"1. Venice to form a part of this kingdom.

"2. Should she wish the advantages and prerogatives of a capital, there should be two kingdoms, Venice being the capital of one and Milan of the other, with governments and legislatures entirely independent of each other.

"3. Venice, separated from the provinces, to be declared an Imperial city, like Trieste, sending her own deputies to the General Diet at Vienna."

To these proposals the delegates declined giving a reply without consulting their constituents. The Envoy readily gave his assent, and to his *projet* added numerous notes and explications, all of which he very graciously transmitted to the Government of Venice, accompanied by a full report of the conference, in writing; and all of which Manin laid before the Assembly at a session convoked by him for that object on the 15th of June. Through his influence, at that session, the idea of absolute independence was resigned; and, on the 21st, Calucci and Pasini were sent to Verona, charged with continuing negotiations with De Bruck, in order to render the institutions of the proposed kingdom and its relations with the Empire as feasible as possible.

Meanwhile, Venice, amid all her perplexities and distresses, was as punctilious as ever in the observance of her civil, military, and religious ceremonies. Her public pageants lost nothing in frequency or in splendor; but, on the contrary, seemed rather to

gain. On the 26th of May, which was the last of the three days and nights' bombardment of Malghera, and, while the roar of ordnance was yet thundering over the Lagune, a solemn consecration of a banner presented by some ladies of Vicenza to the Legion of *Brenta e Bacchiglione* was going on at the Isle of Burano. The banner bore embroidered on its folds the motto *Fede e Valore*—Faith and Valor—with the date May 24th, 1849—that being the anniversary of the battle beneath the walls of Vicenza the previous year—the first success of the campaign—and, almost the last! A few days later, the Austrians, at the same city of Vicenza, celebrated the passage of the first train of cars over the railroad from Vicenza to Verona, just completed; while, at a subsequent date, they solemnly “inaugurated” the road, with the accustomed religious ceremonies at Verona. The importance of rapid transition from one city to another, was more appreciated by Austria now than ever. Hence, in the very midst of war the prosecution of her railroad enterprises was not suspended.

On the first day of June, Manin reviewed the garrison of Venice on the Place St. Mark, accompanied by Gen. Pepé. The contrast between the General and the Advocate in personal aspect was never more striking. Manin, of medium stature, with a pale and youthful face, garbed, as usual, in a uniform of the simplest description; Pepé, of lofty stature, with an immense white plume in his cap, and an immense cimetar dangling against his blood-red pantaloons at his side.

When the troops had defiled from the Piazza, amid the loud plaudits of the people, Manin addressed the latter in the following sentences :—

“ You came here to see the troops who so bravely defended the

Fortress of Malghera. Honor to the Garrison of Malghera! Those who could not form a portion of that garrison desire to be able to imitate it. We have had losses, and the vacancies in the ranks must be filled. To the depôt of enrolment, Venetians! To the depôt—to the depôt, Venetians! Live the defenders of Malghera!”

On the 5th of June was celebrated with great pomp a Festa of the Virgin, under the title of *Auxilium Christianorum*. There was a solemn procession around St. Mark's Square, and a series of public prayers; and, we are gravely informed by a cotemporary chronicler, that “22,641 candles, 24 wax-tapers, 18 great candles, and two torches, all contributed by the faithful for the occasion, were consumed!”* On the same day a series of public prayers was commenced at Chioggia; and, some time subsequent, at the same place, were celebrated funereal obsequies for the dead of Malghera, the Abbate Nordio pronouncing an appropriate discourse.

The Festa of *Corpus Domini*, which is always observed at Venice with great splendor—all the most precious reliques of the church, with innumerable candles of all colors, sizes, shapes, and material, as well as numberless antique lanterns, being conveyed in procession, by an immense train of all the monks and priests of the diocese, around the quadrangle of St. Mark and into the cathedral—was celebrated on Thursday, the 7th of June, 1849, with not one whit the less parade and pageant than ever before under the happiest auspices of prosperity and peace.

And even thus it seemed with all other public assemblages. Well might a cotemporary writer express amazement, that, under all the horrors of their present condition, and those still more appal-

* Contarini.

ling in apprehension, the people of Venice should still keep up its buoyant hopes, its cheerful spirits, its characteristic levity, its ancient passion for pleasure. Music was heard on the canals, and in the narrow streets, and before the doors of the cafes and restaurants; and St. Mark's Place, the grand saloon of Venice, was nightly thronged by promenaders, and all places of public resort for amusement, were as liberally patronized even as ever before.

It was at this period, probably, *if ever*, when the popular feeling was in its most bitter and rancorous state of exasperation against the hated foe, that the famous *melo-drame*, before-mentioned, representing a Pandour of Croatia at the abode of a Venetian courtesan, roasting alive at a slow fire, "was constantly repeated before applauding audiences at Venice;" whilst the playbills of the day, posted on the columns of St. Mark's Place and at every corner, exhibited the unhappy Croat in full regimentals and in lively colors, transfixed by a spit!* One night, that peculiar kind of Lottery called *Tombolo*, which is so popular all over Italy, was held for the benefit of the cause, in the immense hall of the Malibran Theatre, and was attended by an immense multitude of participators.

* London Quarterly.

CHAPTER XXI.

DISCIPLINE.

EARLY in June, the close investment of Venice by sea and by land was felt by its unfortunate inhabitants in the scarcity and high price of every species of food ; and, at the close of that month, all the horrors of absolute famine began to stare them in the face. It is very true, as before remarked, that an Italian will thrive on an allowance and a species of food, on which a German, a Briton, or an American would starve ; and that a little oil and a little macaroni will sustain him in strength and health for months. But this " little " he must have. He is not, after all, a mere chameleon, to live on air, though he may, possibly, resemble that animal in some other respects.

At Venice, the actual staples of subsistence, especially for the lower classes, may be considered *polenta*, a species of coarse cornmeal, or fine hominy, mixed with water and boiled or baked ; *zucca*, a large species of pumpkin of coarser grain than that in America, which is cut into halves and baked ; melons of all kinds, especially water-melons—*cocomeri*—in their season, as well as grapes and most other fruits ; fish of every description, which abound all over the Lagune and on the coast of the Adriatic ; macaroni or

a coarse or fine character; sweet oil in large quantities, which is very cheap, and the ordinary wine of the country, which is, also, very cheap, and which, any where else, would be thought to bear striking resemblance in taste, color, and quality, to weak vinegar and water. As for the latter fluid itself—to recapitulate what has already been said*—it is obtained chiefly from the clouds, collected on the roofs, and conducted thence for preservation into curiously-contrived and very ancient cisterns—two of these cisterns of great age, fame and finish existing in the *cortile* of the Ducal Palace, though they may be seen, also, in the court of almost every other palace in Venice.†

Meat, cheese, flour, &c., &c., though abundant enough and cheap enough, when Venice is open to the sea and the mainland, are never *staples* of food for the masses; and, as they are not produced to any extent within the borders of the Lagune, would, of course, be exceedingly scarce and costly in time of blockade. Extensive gardens are cultivated on some of the larger islands which dot the Lagune, especially on that of Mazorbo; but they are devoted

* Introduction.

† The two public cisterns of the court-yard of the Ducal Palace are very deep and skillfully constructed, and are surmounted by *curbs*, or circular walls around the mouths, of bronze, exquisitely sculptured and nearly three centuries old. The water conveyed to these cisterns is from the surrounding roofs and pavements, and is exceedingly pure and cool, being filtrated by its downward passage through sand. All day long the cisterns are frequented by the water-carriers—*Bigolante*—chiefly female peasants of the Friul, who—with naked feet, and brief and bright-hued skirts, and broad-brimmed hats of straw in summer and of felt in winter, resting on the tops of their heads—with their raven hair and piercing eyes, and rosy cheeks, and their melodious, yet mournful, cry of *Acqua—Acqua fresca*, as they wander about the narrow lanes, from dawn to dusk, bearing their glittering metallic pails of the refreshing fluid—one *centime* the cup—suspended from a species of yoke supported on their shoulders—constitute one of the most striking and characteristic features of Venice.

chiefly to vegetables, and could afford little reliance to subsist a city.

With its thousand other cares, therefore, devolved on the Government now the heavy additional one of providing sustenance for 200,000 people shut up hermetically in the sea-girt city of St. Mark. Some months previous—indeed, as early as the close of March, a Commission had been appointed to superintend the matter; and, at the close of May, measures were taken for preventing provisions from falling into the hands of speculators; and fixed rates, not only for all cereals, but, also, for smoked and salted meats, cheese, &c., were established. About the middle of June, the Provision Commission—or, the Commissary Department—or, the Committee of Subsistence—or the Commisariat—as it may be, and was, indifferently termed, wishing to take advantage of a large deposite of rye in the city, ordered that the flour of this grain should be mixed in equal proportions with that of wheat, or of corn; and established a new *calmiere*, or tariff, or fixed price, for this flour, and for the bread for which it was used. As was to be apprehended, dissatisfaction and complaint arose from an arrangement like this, however proper, and, indeed, however indispensable it might be; and, at the close of the month, they burst into open murmurs against the Commission. It was declared by the people, that the bread furnished them was not eatable: that, instead of being composed of half rye, as was promised, it was made up of musty corn, and various unknown foreign substances, and that, moreover it was badly baked. They, also, heaped bitter censures on the Commission for not having foreseen and provided against the natural consequences of blockade.

Such importance, at length, did these complaints assume, that, at a session of the Assembly on the 3rd of July, Minotto presented a report on the subject, which was discussed at the session of the

fifth. Two days afterwards the members of the Subsistence Commission, who, by the public voice were charged with so much improvidence and so little foresight, resigned their positions, and in their places were substituted others, with power to choose their own president. Subordinate to this Central Commission, a commission was created in each *Sestiere*, or Ward, of the city; and it was proclaimed, that all provisions held by private individuals should be made known, on pain of confiscation, while a fixed price was once more established.

On the 10th, Tommaseo suggested still further reforms on the subject, declaring that it was a piteous spectacle to behold every day the half-starved multitudes thronging the doors of the bakers; and averring, that the black bread furnished them was utterly unfit to be eaten. On the 13th, the new Commission issued a public notification on the subject of comestibles and combustibles (*commestibili e combustibili*)—food and fuel—having reference not only to hucksters and wholesale sellers of the same, but, also, to buyers and private families, thus establishing measures calculated to afford temporary relief. In a few days, however, the complaint was, not of the quality of the food furnished, but of the quantity! The skeleton-tread of famine, it was plain, was, at last, beginning to rattle along the snowy pavements of unhappy Venice!

To obviate, or, at any rate, to attempt to face this last evil, the Commission required that each family should be furnished by the Cure of its parish with a certificate, declaring the number of persons it comprised, and the quantity of food indispensable for its daily sustenance. To furnish food except on the presentation of such certificate, was declared a penal offence in all sellers of provisions.

This arrangement, although to the last degree indispensable, gave

rise, of course, to dissatisfaction and contention anew; and, although the administration of provisions was, probably, as equitable as the nature of the difficult problem would admit, complaints numberless came daily before the Commission and the Government. As was the case in Paris in her revolution of '90, the shops of bakers became scenes of terrible tumults; and bodies of gendarmes were stationed around them to maintain order. The supply not always proving equal to the demand, the entrances were besieged for hours before they were opened, and some of the older and more feeble were crushed in the crowds. During the whole siege, however, the troops received regularly, their accustomed rations of bread and other food from the military bakeries and kitchens.

The last public measure put forth by the Commission seems to have been one on the 26th of July, respecting a tariff on the sellers of fish, and rules of discipline respecting that class of persons. From this fact, however, it is not to be inferred, that the horrors of famine had ceased, or that the commissariat regulations had attained perfection. Far was the case from either. "The cry for bread is piteous in the streets," says a publication of July 30th. The case had become too desperate for farther measures of relief; and, like a patient doomed speedily to die, the city was "given up" by the Food Committee, which, like a physician, had so long attended it. Besides, another horror was now added to siege, blockade, bombardment. famine. It was Cholera!

But not to anticipate. On the night of Monday, June 19th, at about ten o'clock, all Venice, together with all the islands of the Lagune, and the camp of the besieging foe, and the blockading squadron off the coast, was startled by a fearful explosion. An immense cloud of midnight blackness rising from the little eyot, or islet, La Grazia, which lies about a mile southeast of the Molo, enveloping it

as a pall, told the terrible tale. The Powder Works had exploded ! The cause of the disaster was never discovered. Several persons were instantly killed—some hundreds of quintals of powder were consumed, and one or more of the three machines for its manufacture was badly damaged. Great was the consternation caused by this event in Venice, arising from several causes. Only the day before, the Military Commission had issued an ordinance, that all citizens having powder in their possession, should at once contribute it gratuitously to the cause of the city, on pain of its seizure and confiscation if found ; and this ordinance had given rise to the apprehension, that the supply of that article, so indispensable to the defence, was becoming alarmingly diminished—an apprehension by the last event exceedingly aggravated. Another source of anxiety was the mysterious *cause* of the disaster. Was it the result of accident ? Was it the result of design ? If the latter, that design involved the blackest *treason*—a charge for which Venice had already during her revolution, and always, for long centuries before, shown herself ever prepared. Numerous arrests were made, but nothing was proven. The occurrence, however, of a disaster exactly similar at the same place, within less than a month subsequent—which, although the machines were fortunately not injured, blew off the roof, and killed eleven person—certainly warranted the investigation which followed, if not the suspicions excited, or the convictions respecting treason universally entertained.*

* Garrano's account of these explosions is minute and startling. According to him, the establishment, ordered in October, '48, was not fairly in operation, and then not actively so, before June, '49. He says there were two explosions—one on the night of the 12th, and another on the night of the 19th. By the first, which destroyed a large quantity of powder and nitre, four men of the Marine Artillery and six horses were killed, and one of the five machines was badly damaged. Eight days later, a match was applied to a quantity of nitre in a machine, by which the instrument was destroyed ; and twenty men and

It has been said, that there was evidently *a party of disorder* in Venice during the latter and darker days of her siege. This party daily and nightly filled the Piazzetta; and, beneath the windows of Manin sought, by their shouts and denunciations, to influence the decisions of the Government. At one time they were particularly vociferous in their cries against those who composed the Commission of Subsistence; again they would shout "Death" to others who chanced to surround the Government in subordinate offices, which offices it was, by some of these men, desired should become vacant—perhaps for their own especial benefit. This same party it was, also, which in every adverse event of the whole protracted siege, was always snuffing treason; and, as was the case during the "Reign of Terror" in Paris—not to believe their absurd charges of treason, or to express dissent, or to advance other opinions—was to be a traitor one's self, if it did not, ultimately, involve a traitor's fate. Thus we have seen three or four Commandants of Malghera disgraced, and an innocent gondolier torn to pieces by a mob at the Railroad Bridge on this stale charge: and the end was not yet.

The disaster at La Grazia afforded welcome food for the mob—two officers were slain—one of them being Captain Baroni, a valiant soldier, who, though horribly burned and mutilated, stated before his death, that he saw an unknown man in the chamber of the nitre-machine, who, being addressed and ordered off, flung something into the machine and fled—the explosion almost immediately ensuing. The man, however, was never discovered, though many persons were arrested by the magistracy of Public Security, appointed for the purpose. Indeed, no one paid the penalty of treason by law in Venice during the whole siege, although the presence of traitors in the city was clearly proven by the exchange of rocket-signals at night with the foe at Fusina—and that, too, on the very night and at the very hour of the second explosion! The manufactory was at work again in about a fortnight, though the diminished amount of its product caused a sensible slackening of the response to the enemy's batteries. Contarini mentions yet a third explosion of the Powder Works, July 14th, by which the roof was blown off, and eleven men killed. The powder manufactured was of the species called *rivolucionaria*, according to the method of Champy.

spirit which possessed these scoundrels; and they assembled in unusually large numbers, with cries unusually fierce and bloody, beneath the windows of Manin, on the night of the 19th, after the occurrence of the explosion. Exasperated at this atrocious conduct, Manin appeared suddenly and unexpectedly on his balcony, and pronounced this brief, but bold rebuke:—

“ Venetians! Do you deem this conduct worthy of you? You are *not* the People of Venice! You are only an insignificant faction! Never will I modify my measures on the capricious suggestions of a mob! They shall be guided solely by the vote of the legal Representatives of the people legally in congress assembled. To you I will always speak truth, even though the musket is aimed at my breast, and the poinard threatens my heart. And now go home—all of you—go home!”

Bitter though these words were, the order was at once obeyed. An enthusiastic *Evviva Manin!* was echoed from the lofty palaces, and the place was deserted. Good citizens were rejoiced at the deserved rebuke; and bad ones slunk away abashed into the crowd. To denounce Manin they dared not, or they would have done it. One syllable of denunciation against the great champion and protector, and the Piazzetta between the fatal columns would, no doubt, have been strewn by the true “People” with his assailants’ mangled limbs; and would as bountifully have drank blood as ever in all its dark history before!

It should, however, be remarked, that, as a general thing, Venice presented a striking instance among Italian cities in 1848–9, of order maintained and observed, under the most unfavorable circumstances, during all her severe trials. It is not true, as asserted by British Tories, that “an organized system of terror was put in practice.” It is not true, to any extent, that “Placards on every wall

denounced the '*traitors*' to death, and that all such as refused aught that was demanded were accused of betraying their country." There is one significant fact which, independently of all assertion and of all other facts, proves that these declarations are not true. Venice, strange to tell, during all of her unparalleled siege of nearly fifteen months—swarming though she was with adventurers from all Europe—struggling though she often was with circumstances the most unfavorable that can be conceived to the maintenance of subordination and order—was never, for one hour, under martial law; albeit, at the date of her revolution she was so, and had been so for months; and, albeit, she at once became so upon her capitulation, and has so continued ever since—a period of nearly four years! This single fact speaks more forcibly than could entire volumes. Paris—on the contrary—half of France, indeed, was in "a state of siege" at this very time! And so was Vienna, so was Berlin, so was Prague, so was Pesth—so was nearly every great capital in Europe!

One cause of this remarkable maintenance of order was the equally remarkable influence of Manin. Another was the excellent service of the Civic Guard. A third, the general patriotism of the people, and their disposition to suffer all, and to endure all, for liberty—all except anarchy. A fourth cause was to be found in the military commissions and tribunals established at various periods, which executed faithfully their trusts. And yet, there was but a single military execution during the whole siege—a fact which of itself refutes the slanders alluded to.

Early in June, after the fall of Malghera, a new Military Commission, with supreme power, created for the purpose of putting more energetically into execution the decree of April 2nd, confirmed May 31st, was appointed by the Assembly from among its own

body—a Commission on Foreign Affairs being appointed at the same time. The former Commission comprised three members, and its powers were absolute over all the troops of the land and of the sea. The first member named was Col. Ulloa, a man of thirty-six, a Neapolitan, beloved for his honorable and unassuming deportment, and promoted to the rank of General, in recognition of his gallant defence of Malghera. The second was Giuseppe Sirtori, a Lombard, once a priest, but now a soldier, and a brave one, too—famed for his brilliant genius and matchless intrepidity, and advanced to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel for conduct—which conduct had plainly proven, that, like old Pope Hildebrand, or Paul III., or Julius II., or Urban VI., or Clement VII., or the Bishop of Beauvais, or the Prince Prelate of Liege, or Otho Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, in 1270—to say nothing of the monks Gavazzi and Bassi in '48-49, or of divers other warlike churchmen, his vocation was very decidedly to “the church militant,” if to the church at all. The third was Francisco Baldisserotto, a Venetian, a captain of distinction in the Navy; the Commission thus consisting of a Neapolitan, a Lombard, and a Venetian. Manin then named Gen. Pepé, who was not a member of the Assembly, President of this Commission, an appointment confirmed by that body at its first subsequent session, on the 30th of June. On assuming this position, the Commander-in-chief published the following Order of the Day :—

“SOLDIERS of every grade of the troops of the land and the sea, you who combat at Venice for the independence of Italy! Called to the Presidency of the Military Commission instituted by the National Assembly with full powers, it is my duty to declare to you, that, at this supreme moment, when the enemy has planted his foot on the shore of this Lagoon, preliminary to attack on this city,

it becomes you to exhibit a valor greater and more invincible, than even that you have exhibited hitherto—greater than that at Mestre, greater than that at Malghera. Discipline has ever been the basis of power, and blind obedience has ever been the basis of discipline. I shall exact that obedience—yet more of the superior grades than of the inferior, because the example of the former is more salutary than that of the latter. I shall be inexorable to punish insubordination. Whosoever does not justify at this critical period the confidence which the country has reposed in him, and, whosoever, under any pretext, shall entertain the thought of abandoning his post, will be considered by the country as guilty of the crime of high treason. But, instead of penalties, you will merit those rewards which you will receive both from me and from your contemporaries ; and these you will the more truly appreciate because they will go down to posterity. Italy—Europe has her eyes fixed on you ! Your valor and your virtues will lend a new lustre to those lofty deeds, which, for fourteen hundred years, have made Venice illustrious. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the trials to which we have submitted ourselves, because of the high destinies of this classic land. Let us so conduct ourselves, that even beyond the Alps men of intrepid hearts may say—“ Why was not I, too, amidst the difficulties and dangers with which Venice, the bravely-defended, was environed ?”

The date of this spirited document was the 18th of June, two days after the creation of the Commission ; and, at the same time, appeared a brief, but equally spirited address to the citizens and soldiers, bearing the signatures of Ulloa, Sirtori and Baldisserotto.

This Military Commission—independent of the Dictator and the Government, entered at once and most energetically on its functions. It recalled every man to his post and kept him there ; it ordered

the manufacture of double the quantity of powder daily that had hitherto been turned out by the mills, and, also, the immediate confiscation of all powder and nitre in private hands;* it ordered the batteries of San Secondo and of the Bridge to be armed, fortified, and garrisoned, regardless of toil, trouble, or expense, in the best possible manner, and the severest watch and ward to be there unceasingly maintained; it instituted a council of war extraordinary, to sit at Venice, for the prompt military judgment and prompt punishment of all military offences; it spared neither officers nor men, the former having often been guilty of acts most despotic, and neglect most unpardonable; it published every day in the Gazette the names of delinquents; it exacted from others the same wonderful activity and promptitude it displayed itself; it issued orders categorically, and required their literal and instant fulfillment; it had no regard whatever for position; it degraded the incapable to the ranks, and filled their places from the same ranks; intelligence, knowledge, zeal, bravery, were the sole recommendations to office, and by these only was it governed in its appointments to the command of forts, and to the *Inspectorats* of the five Arrondissements, or Districts of Defence.

As for the Navy, Achille Bucchia, the captain of a corvette, was designated to its chief command, with the unanimous approbation of his fellow-seamen, and to him was committed full authority to act as in his judgment he might deem best for the welfare of Venice and the honor of the Marine. Neither of the three Vice-Admirals, who had preceded him, had long retained the post, and

* Powder was used at the rate of "ten measures a day;" and Pepe often sent to desire the batteries to slacken their fire as much as that of the foe would permit, in order to husband the material so indispensable for defence. It is said that 20,000 pounds of nitre was collected; and the soil of stables and other like material was resorted to by science for this indispensable salt.

neither had enjoyed the confidence of subordinates. On the 20th of June, the Commission—"considering that the glory of Venice had been always on the sea—considering that by nature and in history she had been always declared the Queen of the Adriatic—considering that her collective forces should be on a par with her history and her elevated destiny"—issued a decree, that an appeal should be made to all the young men of the Venetian States for a voluntary enrolment in the service of the Navy—the enrolment to be binding during the war of independence, and to take place at once at San Biaggio and at the transport office of the third military district. In addition to this—all hope of augmenting the number of vessels being now gone, Pepé went on board the little fleet, from ship to ship, and urged the officers and men to daring, if not to desperate deeds, holding up for their imitation the bold manœuvre of Nelson against the Danish fleet, the capture by Admiral Napier of a ship-of-the line with a single frigate near Lisbon, and the blowing up of the *Vigliena* near Naples. "But, desperate deeds emanate only from the minds of those who do them," the Baron sadly adds: "they cannot be commanded." Nevertheless, in order to leave nothing untried, on the 2nd of July he reviewed the entire Naval Division, and concludes a laudatory Order of the ensuing day with the following sentence:—"The General-in-Chief can assure the people of Venice, that the Naval Division, though weak in the number of vessels, will always do honor to the ancient Queen of the Seas."

The confidence of the Navy, of the Army, and of the City were by this salutary energy and severity secured. Even the Cardinal Patriarch addressed Pepé a note, the day after his confirmation by the Assembly as President of the Commission, invoking with confidence "his firm and generous patronage for ecclesiastical persons

and things in case of need ;” to which the old Baron gallantly replied, that his duty to defend the Lagoon to the last extremity would not exclude the duty of making the defence weigh as lightly as possible on the citizens, and especially the clergy—concluding with expressions of reverence for their head, who, during the year, had inspired him with the highest admiration and respect.

The good sustained—the bad feared this Military Commission. Ulloa, as well as Pepé, was a Neapolitan, and most of the general staff, were also Neapolitans. But there was in this no favoritism on part of the old Baron because of compatriotism. These officers were acknowledged by all to be the most brave and accomplished men in the army ; and well has it been said, even by one whom they in a manner superseded—“Sad, indeed, would it have been for Venice, had she had for defenders no Neapolitans.” The brave cannoneers, also, who followed Pepé from Naples and across the Po, poured out their blood like water on the fatal battlements of Malghera ; and we shall see another gallant son of that same beautiful and much-abused land resigning his life gladly for a glorious cause.*

Among other rules of reform of the Military Commission was this :—“Officers and soldiers are forbidden to appear in public in citizens’ garb : their uniform must at all times and in all places be worn.” This was effected by the Commission by means of an order through the Minister of War—Cavedalis. A few evenings after-

* Pepe might well be proud of his staff, as he was, and laud them highly in his memoirs, as he does. It was composed of young men from all Italy. Besides Ulloa, Rosaroli, Cosenz, Virgilio, Neapolitans, Carrano and Mezzacapo, Venetians, and Sirtori, a Lombard, there were, at this time, Pegozzi, a Bolognese, in bed with a musket-ball in his thigh, Cattabene in Rome, a Deputy, Fabrizzi in Rome, an Envoy of Pepé, and Mordini in Florence, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The General says he had known intimately the staffs of Massena in Calabria, of Suchet in Spain, and of Berthier and Dongolet at Corfu ; and that his staff at Venice did not yield to either of these, for valor, intelligence, or activity.

wards the Minister himself was seated beneath the arcades of St. Mark, before the Military Cafe, Quadri, sipping an ice with friends, when a letter was placed in his hand. He opened it. The envelope enclosed his own order! From that moment he never again appeared in public save in full uniform; but he was never, probably, made aware that he was indebted to his young friend Ulloa for this delicate hint.

Various reforms and changes were instituted by the Commission among the troops. The volunteer artillery company, *Bandiera-Moro*, was constituted a regular military corps of the line, retaining, however, its own organic laws. Its pay, also, was increased, and its roll was re-opened for recruits, in order to fill the fearful vacancies made at Malghera. A company of two hundred men was added to the Marine Guard, whose duty was to transport soldiers and supplies by water in and around Venice. A volunteer enrolment for a corps of sappers and one of artillery was also opened. The Commission declared, that every member of a special company of artillery and engineering composed of Lombard engineers, had merited well; and conferred on each the brevet of sub-lieutenant, reserving the organization of the corps, moreover—although its term of service had closed, to the end of the war. The company of Hungarian infantry was changed into a company of field artillery. The sardine-fishers, before mentioned, were prohibited leaving the port between sunset and sunrise, because of the hostile squadron off the coast, and to preclude inter-communication. Dispositions for the enrolment of a corps of Venetian militia were, also, made.

On the 9th of June, a French steamer leaving port with about a hundred passengers, the people rushed in a mass into the Piazzetta to inform Manin; who, to quell their excitement and suspicion, was

compelled to appear on his balcony, and inform them that most of the persons departing were travellers, and that others were Venetians desirous of leaving the city, all of whom were supplied with regular passports. Satisfied with this explanation, the people permitted the steamer to leave unmolested farther, and themselves left the Piazzetta with the customary parting shout—" *Viva Manin!*"

News from abroad at this time, as during the whole period of the blockade, was exceedingly rare, and, as before remarked, was by no means reliable. Intelligence of the second attack of Gen. Oudinot on Rome, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd of June, reached Venice in this shape:—"The French commenced the assault under protection of a flag of truce." Perhaps there is, in reality, "more truth than poetry" in this charge of the "lying white banner"—*mentita bandiera bianca*—of the besieging French army at Rome; but it was *literally* no more true than was the contemporaneous rumor that Görgey was at Laybach with 80,000 men *en route* for Venice, or that Trieste had capitulated; or than any of the other wild rumors so rife at the time, which have been before alluded to. The prevalence of these rumors, and the currency given them by the *Circoli*, were among the causes which induced the Government to forbid the assemblage of those pestiferous gatherings until further notice.*

In this general dearth of intelligence, it may be supposed to have been an event of no inconsiderable importance, that the Venetian gondoliers one morning, some weeks later, picked up all along the north-western shore of the city a number of bottles, which, on being opened, were found to contain a Proclamation of Radetzky, urging Venice to surrender, official bulletins of the entrance of the

* These men seem to have acted upon assumed truth of the Spanish proverb—"If a lie lasts but an hour it is worth telling."

French into Rome, June 29th, and the capitulation of the Hungarians in the town and fortress of Raab—set afloat, doubtless, by the Austrians, and brought across the Lagune by the receding tide. The fate of Raab and of Rome was, doubtless, designed to warn Venice of her own impending doom. She don't seem, however, to have profited much by the warning, although her high-wrought and absurd hopes of Hungarian help received by this intelligence a pretty effectual check. Indignation and grief were, of course, excited among the Venetians by the misfortunes of their fellows; but Radetzky's affectionate summons—one of the last of his "*last summons*," by the by—instead of inducing the idea of submission, as designed, only confirmed the obstinate purpose of resistance at any cost.

Near the end of June, the finances having again become inextricably embarrassed, there was, of course, in the present desperate circumstances of the city, no alternative for relief but one of the same desperate character as those before adopted. The Government, therefore, after a vote, almost unanimous, of the Communal Council, decreed an additional impost, amounting to seven millions of Lire—about one and one-sixth millions of dollars; and, upon this decree, as a basis, a corresponding amount of *Moneta del Comune* was issued by the Council. At the same time, or at some time previous, a forced loan of half a million of francs is said to have been imposed "on a well-known and opulent noble hostile to Venice," and a similar loan of the same amount on "a Hebrew banker," of the same character. But the authority for this latter statement is by no means reliable.*

* London Quarterly.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEDIATION.

On Saturday, the 30th June, the National Assembly of Venice was convened in secret session, to examine and discuss the *ultimatum* proposed by Austria, through the medium of her Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, the Chevalier De Bruck, Minister of Trade. It will be remembered, that the *projet* of Government presented by the Minister to the Venetian delegates, at the Conference at Mestre, on the 2nd, had been considered by the Assembly at a special session, on the 15th; and that, on the 21st, Caluçci and Pasini had been dispatched to a second conference at Verona. They had now returned, and the Assembly had been convened to hear their report. That report comprised another *projet* of a constitution for the kingdom,* and another of municipal regu-

* This Constitution was based on the *Charte Octroyée* of Francis Joseph, issued at Vienna, March 4th, 1849, for the Empire, although in that *Charte* Venetian Lombardy was expressly exempted from all participation in its provisions "until pacificated." The prominent points of that Bill of Rights were—freedom of religion and religious association—of science and instruction—of the press and the person—the right of peaceable assemblage and petition—inviolability of the domicile and of letters—general education in public establishments; the rights of freedom of the press and the inviolability of letters being liable to suspension in times of war or insurrection.

lation for the city, together with terms of capitulation prescribed by Marshal Radetzky in concert with the Envoy himself. These terms were—a free pardon to all the military, excepting the higher grades who had deserted their standard; a general amnesty for all others, except forty persons; exemption from enforced tribute; recognition of two-thirds of the communal paper and one-half of the patriotic paper; freedom of departure to whomsoever should desire to leave Venice, either by sea or by land, with sufficient time allowed for the settlement of private affairs; all former *employées* of Government to resume their posts: all persons not comprised in the general amnesty to leave the city and the Austrian States at once.

This report having been read, the Assembly cut off all discussion thereupon by passing to the order of the day, by a vote of 105 to 13—there being 118 members present—a larger number than at any previous session. Two of the deputies attempted to protest against this precipitancy, but their voices were drowned by shouts of indignation from all parts of the hall; and, when they appeared on the Piazza after the session, they were loaded with insult by the populace. One of these deputies was Nicolò Priuli, a man of well-known probity and patriotism. But popular feeling never reasons. That same evening Manin was called to his balcony, and, having recapitulated the events of the session, the decision of the Assembly was received with thunders of applause. On the ensuing day Manin transmitted to De Bruck a report of the proceedings of the Assembly as follows:—

“The President of the Provisional Government of Venice to his Excellency the Chevalier De Bruck. From the part of the Provisional Government of Venice, July 1st, 1849. Excellency! I have communicated to the Assembly of Representatives the report which

Messieurs Calucci and Pasini have made to this Government, on the conferences which were held with your Excellency, at Verona, on the 21st and 22nd of June, as well as the letter which you did me the honor to address to me, under date of the 23d, from Milan; and the Assembly, in its session of yesterday, adopted, by secret ballot, by 105 votes out of 118, the following decree:—

“‘ Having heard the communications of the Government: having read the acts of the diplomatic correspondence: considering, that the so-called offers made by Austria, in that which concerns the Lombardo-Veneto, would afford no guarantee, on the one side, for the rights, nor would respect the dignity of the nation; while, on the other side, they would be limited to simple promises, unprovided with any security, and of which the accomplishment would depend solely on the will of Austria herself: considering, that the offers which concern Venice in particular would imply only dishonoring propositions of capitulation: having heard the declaration of the Government, that the acts of negotiation will be given to publicity by means of the press, in order that Europe may judge between Austria and Venice: the Assembly passes to the order of the day.’* ”

“ In transmitting to you this information, in conformity with my duty, I cannot refrain from expressing regret, that the character of the propositions of peace have rendered illusory our sincere intention to give our hands to an accommodation honorable and satisfactory to both of the parties.”

But, in addition to the reasons put forth in the decree of the Assembly for the rejection of the proposals of De Bruck, there were other reasons which were urged in the secret session of that body; and, in consideration of these reasons, even the envoys, Calucci and

* Literal translation.

Pasini, proposed their rejection. For, although the fundamental rights of freedom of the press, and religion, personal liberty, peaceable assemblage and association, inviolability of the domicile, secrecy of letters, &c., were, in principle, secured, yet, by the tenor of the *projet* of constitution, these fundamental rights might be suspended in time of war or insurrection; the functions of the administration of government were accessible to all the citizens of the monarchy, and not to Italians only; the most important part of legislation, that pertaining to war and peace, was reserved to the General Diet at Vienna; and, lastly, and chiefly, it created neither a fleet nor an army composed exclusively of Italians, nor determined in any manner whatever, that either of them, or a part of either, should remain in the country.

It is, perhaps, a somewhat noticeable coincidence, that two of these objections embody the identical points embraced in two of the fifteen Articles presented by Manin and Tommaseo to the Central Congregation of Venice, demanding reform, on account of which these bold and patriotic men were seized and thrown into prison by the Austrian Government on the 18th of January, 1848—to wit—the occupation of all executive offices by Italians, and the employment of all national troops exclusively within their native land. No wonder that the Assembly refused quietly to resign principles like these, on which was based the very revolution itself.

But, it was the conditions of submission proposed to Venice by Marshal Radetzky, in concert with the Envoy, De Bruck, which roused the bitterest opposition—aiming, indeed, so directly at the honor as well as the interests of Venice, that they were termed in the decree, “only dishonoring propositions of capitulation.” Three points in these articles met special objection:—

1. The communal paper, as well as all the certificates of forced

loans to be recognized at only two-thirds their nominal value, and the patriotic paper only at one half.

2. All the old official *employèes* to resume their places.

3. All strangers, and all Austrian soldiers not comprehended under the general amnesty of Radetzky, as well as forty citizens to be designated, to quit the city and Austrian States.

These objections, both to the proposed Government, which was much like that prior to the revolution, and the terms of capitulation, are not without force; but, in the desperate situation in which Venice found herself on the 30th of June, 1849, it is not easy to determine which is the more amazing—that Austria should have, in fact, proposed such a constitution and such terms of submission, or that Venice should have, in fact, rejected them; at the same time one may fully concur with *Pepé*, that “the whole letter of De Bruck as touching the capitulation was in the style of a conquering barbarian, and the conditions were such as might be imposed by force, but not such as any people could voluntarily accept while self-respect remained.” But, was unhappy Venice in a situation at that late date to dictate terms, or “voluntarily to accept” any conditions which were not voluntarily proffered by her powerful foe? And was not that foe in a situation “to impose by force,” sooner or later, far harder terms than the present? As for the constitution, what nation of Italy, for centuries, has had the degree of liberty which the proposed charter would have given Venice? She herself had never enjoyed it under her own boasted Republic of ancient times—or, rather her hateful Oligarchy, ruled by mystery, terror, and her fearful “Ten,” the sole redeeming trait of which—but that was a great one—was its nationality—its independence of foreign power. True, the propositions lacked guarantees, and were liable to infringement by the Empire whenever expediency, suspicion, caprice,

prejudice, or mere absolute will backed by absolute power, might dictate; but, had this been the event, Venice would, at any rate, have had the moral force of public sentiment in all Christendom with her—even that of the parties to the treaty of Vienna which gave her to Austria—in any resistance she might subsequently have attempted. At the very worst, her position could hardly have been prejudiced, one would suppose, by the acceptance of these proposals. In reality, however, had she a choice?—had she any election? Her doom was fixed, whether she accepted or not. By no peradventure could Venice possibly triumph without foreign aid; and that aid was now, as, indeed, it long had been, utterly out of the question, and her Government and her Assembly knew it! Soon or late capitulate she *must*—capitulate to famine, if not to arms; and the only causes we can assign for the old Marshal's renewed offer of terms, in reality and under the circumstances, so *liberal*, was, desire to cut off for some weeks or months the enormous expenses attending the siege, and to spare a city sure to become ultimately his the damage of bombardment. Possibly, the liberality of the constitution and terms of submission proposed were owing somewhat to the sensation at Vienna at the time of the adoption of its principles, four months earlier, caused by the insurrectionary spirit which had so recently swept the whole empire; and possibly their rejection with such promptitude, not to say precipitancy, by Venice, was owing somewhat to the fact, that she was full of refugees who found here their last asylum, and that forty of the leaders of her revolution, members mostly of the Government and the Assembly, were by these terms to be exiled; and, finally, that nearly one-half of all the loans of citizens to the State—many of those citizens themselves members of the Assembly that rejected the proposals—was by these terms to become a dead loss. Never-

theless, it seems strange they did not reflect that "half a loaf is better than no bread"—that such terms might never again be offered, and could hardly be improved upon, and that "*resistere ad ogni costo*" much longer, or to resist *at all*, indeed, was utterly out of the question. After all, however, the Assembly probably considered itself in a manner forced in honor to hold out to the utmost extremity in verification of that same oft-reiterated and menacing decree—"to resist at any cost." Had but Austria made the least concession to Italian nationality, wounded pride might have been soothed and flattered, and Venice might have accepted a monarchy—a constitutional monarchy surrounded by liberal institutions. Had this been done, poor Venice would, at any rate, have been spared two long months of bombardment, famine, pestilence—unutterable suffering and intolerable privation. Yet, had Radetzky entered Venice on the 30th of June, instead of on the 30th of August, the moral influence of that heroic struggle on the oppressed throughout the world would have been lost—the stigma of '97 would not have been fully effaced, and the immortality of renown which she won for Italy would never have been achieved. Better, then, her comparative martyrdom, dreadful though it was, than even a seeming of submission to her unmerited fate! Better, perchance, indeed, had even the doom of Saragossa, which had been so fervently invoked by the friends of Italy in '48 for Vicenza and Milan, been hers! Better had she become a volcano of the sea; and, expiring in her own flames, have lighted up a beacon on the shores of the Adriatic, which should have illuminated the darkness of all Italy—of all Europe, and by the blaze of which the last barbarian should have been driven over the Alps! Venice at the stake!—the Queen of the Sea a martyr!—the most ancient and renowned maritime capital of the Old World annihilated!—this

would have been a scene, which even the zero heart of diplomatic Europe could not have viewed unmoved!—it was a scene which even unscrupulous Austria hesitated to present!

It has been intimated that foreign intervention was, at the date of the final rejection by the Assembly of the *ultimatum* of Austria, entirely hopeless—rendering that rejection yet more remarkable; although Venice seems still to have clung with the tenacity of desperation to the illusion, that she was to receive aid from somewhere—she hardly knew where. Weeks, indeed, had elapsed since Manin had received replies both from England and France, adverse to the eloquent prayer for aid he had addressed those Governments, dated April 4th, 1849, immediately after the ruin of Charles Albert and the decree of resistance at any cost. At the session of June 30th, the Assembly, after passing to the order of the day on the offers of Austria, decreed the publication of the diplomatic correspondence, as well as of all the negotiations for adjustment, “in order,” as the decree states, “that Europe might judge between Austria and Venice.” Among these documents are the communication of Manin of April 4th to the cabinets of London and Paris, and their replies. The former of these is as follows:—

“The President of the Provisional Government of Venice to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, and of the French Republic:—

“SIR! It is in the name of humanity and justice, it is in the name of legitimacy and of liberty, that the people of Venice implore results as prompt as possible to that beneficent mediation undertaken by governments the most powerful and nations the most liberal in Europe, which, for months, has excited hopes so sanguine. Let us recall to you facts well known. Misfortune compels us; but misfortune, worthily sustained, even when denuded of

all other claim, affords a title to help from generous hearts. The rights of the people of Venice, every one knows, are among the most ancient and the most legitimate. Venice, rising from her Lagune, the creation of free will and human perseverance, a violent protest against foreign violence, made her history the direct counterpart of her origin; and, guarding ever her independence and her originality, she sustained honorable relations with nations most powerful on the earth, and rendered some service to civilization by her arts, to humanity by her commerce, to Christianity by her arms. The manner in which she acquired and preserved her domains, the manner in which she lost both these domains and her own political existence, bear witness to these rights. Promised a liberty more true than she had hitherto known, she delivered herself to a power which had not then over her the right even of the stronger. The Holy Alliance, whose mission was to make respected all the rights alleged to have been infringed by revolution and war—the Holy Alliance thought not of Venice! Austria, whose proclamations incited Italy to war against France, in the hope of recovering her national life and the heritage of her past—Austria fulfilled not her promises. The treaties of 1815 yielded the changes which Europe had already recognized. England and France, which have recognized the legitimacy of the Sicilian movement, can never refuse aid to our deliverance, the legitimacy of which reposes on foundations more sacred. Venice, in joining her forces, at the moment of strife, to those of the other States of Italy, guarded not the less the propriety of her own claims, nor of that character of which only she has made proof even in the present efforts of her resistance. We recall not the promises with which Europe has resounded; nor the solemn declarations, that the pacification of the Peninsula was inseparably allied to the idea of its emancipation; nor those pledges

of sympathy, which, to Venice, in her actual condition, became promises for her future. If other Italian States have rejected succor from France, Venice, on the contrary, has been accused of the very reverse. The journals of the day are in proof. If any one in her name has ever dared to associate her with refusal, not the less imprudent than ungrateful, not one of her official acts can be cited which proves not her gratitude and her trust. Thus it is, too, that, from the first, we have addressed to the government of Her Britannic Majesty words of which the significance was not doubtful. But, in the condition in which we now are, because of our wrongs, it would but offend such Governments as those of the powerful mediators, to think that they would condescend to seize on slight pretences to abandon us in our distress. Separating ourselves for an instant from our people, and assuming pride for merits not personal, we may affirm, that the chief claim of Venice for aid from the Great Powers is—not what she has done, or they have promised, but her own sufferings and the manner in which she has endured them. The history of revolutions presents few such examples of love of independence allied with such power of endurance, which seems to have become almost the natural state of her spirit. She has no factions, no tumults, no ostentation, no enmities. New liberty quenches not old piety; the habitudes of a life only too pacific have given place to rude exertions and daily privations. The duration of her resistance is itself a claim to help, since it demonstrates that she is not actuated by drunken turbulence, but by voluntary deliberation. In commending to your Excellency that Italy, whose interests are throughout identical, and whose pacification, whose emancipation, has become the indispensable condition of the peace of Europe, we must supplicate you to take at once into consideration our present state, which, for want of means, can not be prolonged,

except to give gain to the cause of our enemy. His delays are calculated. He desires, and he designs, that the diplomacy of the two Great Powers should be his dupe while he appears their accomplice. That which Venice demands is simply this—that the Austrian yoke should not hereafter crush her. She asks—not the return of that of which Campo Formio deprived her; but only of her name, and of that which is strictly indispensable to her existence. She places herself under the associated patronage of England and France, and leaves to them the choice of means. Diplomacy in this negotiation has a grateful task, since our deliverance is not a revolution but the resumption of our historic rights—our ancient legitimacy. In fact, Venice free, could never give umbrage; Venice, Austrian, will ever be a shame and an embarrassment.”

To this eloquent memorial,* Lord Palmerston, under date of April 1849, replied as follows—the despatch having reached Venice 20th—May 10th :—

“The Minister of Foreign Affairs of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, to M. Manin :—

“SIR! I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your letter of the 4th instant, and to give you, in response, the assurance, that the Government of Her Majesty has viewed with great interest, not only the immense sacrifices which the people of Venice has made during these last twelve months to sustain the cause which she has embraced, but the good order which has been maintained in the city during all that period. But, as for that which concerns the wish expressed in the name of your fellow-citizens—that Venice

* Manin's memorial has suffered, no doubt, in its double translation, from Italian to French, and from French to English. Palmerston's reply is, also, translated from the French, no copy of either Note in any other language being found. Perhaps, however, both documents were penned only in French, that being the diplomatic language of Europe.

may cease to pertain to Austria—the Government of Her Majesty can only say to you, that the Treaty of Vienna, of which Great Britain appears as a contracting party, designates Venice as forming a part of the Austrian Empire; and that the points proposed in August last to the Government of Austria by the English and French Governments as a basis of negotiation, had not for their object to alter, in this relation, the Treaty of Vienna. Any change whatever in the political position of Venice can only operate with the assent and concurrence of the Imperial Government; and that government has already announced its purpose in that which concerns this point. Thus, the Government of Her Majesty can only reiterate seriously the advice which it communicated a short time since to the Consul-General of Her Majesty, to be transmitted to the Government of Venice—that the Venetians should lose no time in entering into amicable negotiations with the Austrian authorities—a proceeding which presents the most proper way to re-establish, without collision, in the city of Venice, the authority of the Emperor of Austria.”

The reply of E. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, reached Venice four days later, May 14th, and was as follows:—

“The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic to M. Manin:—

“SIR! I have received the letter you did me the honor to write me the 4th of this month. The noble sentiments therein expressed with so much elevation and dignity have profoundly touched me. None more than we render justice to the courage, to the moderation, to the abnegation of every personal interest, which the people of Venice have brought to the defence of their independence. Had Italian liberty everywhere been defended thus, she would never have

succumbed ; or, at least, after an honorable resistance, resorting in time to negotiation, she would have obtained conditions which would have assured her a part of the advantages even of victory itself. It has been otherwise. Irreparable faults have been committed ; and the Venetians, who have not themselves to reproach, must, to-day, by the force of circumstances, endure the consequences. Whatever illusion a generous patriotism may throw over you, still, Sir, you are too enlightened not to comprehend, that, after recent events—Venice alone in Italy, continuing to hold out against Austria—the Cabinet of Vienna will never consent to grant to her an existence completely separate, which was refused at the very time it was agreed to accord the same to the Lombards. To accomplish this, events entirely beyond all human foresight must take place, or a general war, which, in the present conjunctures, would be for Europe an evil so terrible, that even you, Sir, could hardly desire it. Your elevated mind can not permit you to expect for your country uncertain and hypothetical advantages at the price of an universal catastrophe, in which Venice herself might find her rights swallowed up. I, then, conjure you, Sir, do not longer attempt to conceal the exigencies of your situation. Make use of the authority, which your talents and your services have justly acquired for you, to open the eyes of your compatriots ; and, without loss of more precious time, profit by that combination of circumstances, which, even now, may dispose Austria to treat Venice with more consideration, or even to make to her, under any form, important concessions. I need not tell you, that, if you enter on this course, France will do all that depends on her to facilitate your wishes ; you will already have learned, when this letter has reached you, that such are, also, the sentiments and dispositions of the Cabinet of London.”

Immediately on reception of these despatches—which one would suppose should very effectually and forever have crushed all hope of armed aid to Venice from England or France—Manin, on the 22nd of May, in accordance with the advice of each, instructed Pasini, the diplomatic agent of Venice at Paris, who in March had succeeded Tommaseo, to obtain through M. de Lacour, the French Ambassador at Vienna, safe-conduct to that capital, in order that direct negotiations with Austria might be opened. But this demand was at once and categorically refused by Prince Schwarzenberg, then Premier, who referred the Venetian delegate, through the French Embassy, to Marshal Radetzky, who alone was invested with powers to settle terms with Venice. The Prince supposed, no doubt, even as Radetzky and other Austrian potentates seem to have supposed, that now, since the final overthrow of Charles Albert permitted the concentration of an army of 30,000 men on Venice, attended by a powerful train of siege-artillery, the capitulation or capture of the city must be an event of speedy occurrence; and, most firmly and most haughtily, was he resolved, as is evident by his communications, to deign no negotiation with “rebels.” But the obstinate and bloody siege of Malghera seems to have taught him a lesson, as well as all concerned; and no sooner is the fortress fairly evacuated, than we find the Extraordinary Envoy, De Bruck, at Mestre, inviting negotiations, and even urging them on heretofore despised Venice, even after their abrupt rejection by the Assembly—the very negotiations peremptorily and proudly declined at Vienna not one week before when urged by France for Venice—proposing, moreover, terms of accommodation of unhopedor liberality; while even Radetzky, who, on the 5th of May, we have seen sending his “last summons” to his rebellious “children,” and, on the 6th, declaring, in a pet, that he “ceased all ulterior

correspondence and deplored that Venice must undergo the fate of war"—we have, also, seen this same Radetzky uniting his voice with that of De Bruck, on the 21st of June, in a second attempt to persuade Venice to capitulate!

Indeed, it is pretty plain, that whatever else Venice might or might not owe to the Austrian Generals, who, one after the other, had been sent to take her, she was certainly indebted to each and to all of them for abundance of good advice, well-seasoned with appropriate warnings—for "line upon line, and precept upon precept—here a little and there a"—good deal: although, it must be confessed she manifested precious little appreciation of the same, or gratitude therefor, and seems to have derived from it precious little benefit! As early as July 27th, 1848, after the first retreat of Charles Albert, Baron Welden summonses Venice to surrender, and kindly informs her that "this is the moment—but *the last*—for the discussion of her cause, before it may be lost for ever." Eight months afterwards, March 26th, 1849, when news of the final overthrow of Charles Albert at Novara, reached Mestre, the amiable Haynau, then commanding the besieging army, on the eve of his bloody visit to Brescia dispatched to Venice a similar summons to surrender, coupled with a similar friendly menace. Then came Radetzky, on the 5th and 6th of May, with his "last summons" each time, followed up in June by another in concert with De Bruck, although Schwartzenberg, at Vienna, hardly a week before, had categorically refused to listen to one syllable in behalf of the rebellious city, either from Pasini or from De Lacour!

Whether Austria shall again decline negotiations, and afterwards invite them, we shall see. We now return to military movements in and around Venice.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CANNONADE.

THE evacuation of Malghera, on the night of the 26th and 27th of May, and the retreat of the garrison by barges and across the Bridge of the Lagune into the city, was followed, as has already been stated, by immediate possession of the ruined fortress by Austrian troops, as well as that of Fort St. Julian, at the water's edge. Malghera was rapidly repaired and refitted; but it had played out its *rôle* in the bloody drama. It was now too distant from the scene of action to take part in the catastrophe; and could only serve as a sort of head-quarters—a basis from which the besieging force might act. With Fort St. Julian, however, it was very different. Although the fortification itself, when taken, was only a pile of ruins, the site was at once perceived to offer the most important point on the whole shore of the Lagune from which to assail the city. No sacrifice of life was deemed too great, therefore, to plant here a battery; and, at length, after the most persevering and energetic efforts of nearly three weeks, despite a most tremendous and incessant cannonade from the Venetian batteries on the bridge, from Fort San Secondo, and from the gun-boats in the Lagune, causing terrible slaughter—on the morning of the 13th of June, it re-

sponded with vengeful vehemence from three batteries planted one above the other—one consisting of four 24-pounders, another of two 18-pounders, and a third of 60-pound German mortars.

But the besiegers had other batteries besides that of St. Julian. On the night of the 28th of May, they had planted, as already stated, two 30-pound mortars at the head of the bridge, protected by the *debris* of the arches blown up, as if a natural rampart, and from thence kept up a pretty constant fire, though with but little effect, because of distance, being 1,500 metres from the Grand Battery of the Piazza, and 2,000 from that of San Secondo. This work was not completed until the 12th of June. Behind this mortar-battery were erected two others, one on the right and one on the left of the bridge-head, in front of two columns which rise on the spot—one battery containing five 24-pounders and the other three 32-pounders; whilst between the columns was a battery of three 60-pound mortars. Both before and behind these batteries were the usual traverses and breast-works of gabions. At the mouth of the Canal of Bottenighè, on the shore of the Lagune, near the bridge, and on the side opposite to Fort St. Julian, was planted a battery of four 24-pounders, to fire on the armed flotilla which annoyed the laborers on the principal works, and to guard the canal; while, away to the left, in the region of Campaltonè, rose another battery of four 24-pounders to guard approaches to the canals of Campalto and Zeniole.

From these six batteries, therefore, all of which were for the first time fully unmasked at six o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 13th of June, the enemy poured a tempest of balls and bombs on the opposing works.

Nor were the Venetians unprepared to receive and to respond. To meet this long-apprehended assault, they had not been idle. As

already stated, they had opened a broad gulf between themselves and their foe, by blowing up five arches of their beautiful bridge at its western terminus, followed by the demolition of seventeen more arches along its course as it approached the city. The extent of this structure may be inferred from the fact, that its area is sufficient to receive the whole population of Venice—more than 120,000 souls! Its length is 3,603 metres—its architecture Roman—its parapet Attic, and of Istrian marble—its width more than sufficient for two railroad tracks of the broadest guage. On the Piazza in the middle rose the Grand Battery, 40 feet wide and 100 deep, armed with five 24-pounders and two 36-pounders; behind which, where the bridge resumes its average width of 30 feet, were erected traverses and breast-works, and planted two 8-inch mortars. The name bestowed on this battery at first was San Marco; but, on the 13th of June, after its gallant defence against the first general assault, the name was changed to Sant' Antonio, in honor of the fisherman's patron to whom that day is consecrated, and to please the people of the Lagune.

At a distance of 500 metres behind the Piazza and a few rods north of the bridge, opposite St. Julian, and some 1,800 metres distant, was the battery of San Secondo, situated on an islet of that name—where rose the white walls of a convent when Venice was visited by Beckford near the close of the last century. The batteries of this fort had a front of 75 yards, though mounted at first with only five pieces. An old wall pierced with loop-holes surrounded the spot, and a pyramidal powder-magazine rose within, bearing on its portal the curious inscription—*Qui non si conservano polveri*—very truthful, if not very appropriate; for the structure was far from bomb-proof.

Such were, at first, the two main batteries for the defence of

Venice, though subsequently, as will be seen, greatly strengthened. In addition to these, there were, on the right of the bridge, the batteries of Campalto, Tessera, and Carbonera in the Lagune, which guarded the mouths of the canals bearing the same names. On the other side of the bridge were the little forts of *San Giorgio in Alga* and *Sant' Angelo della Polvere*, on their islands, opposed to Fusina and Bottenighè, assisted by several trabaccoli and gun-boats, and two rafts or floating batteries armed with two 18-pounders. The batteries on the north side of the bridge were in like manner aided by rafts, pirogues, and gun-boats similarly armed. There was, indeed, a perfect fleet of small craft of every description, and arrayed in two divisions, called the right and left, according to the location with reference to the bridge.

In the second zone of defence were two batteries on the island of Murano; one on the right of the bridge as it enters the city, armed with three 24-pounders, called *San Marco*, and another on the left, with the same power, called *Carlo Alberto*: while between them, at the head of the *Ponticello*, or little bridge of wood, a dozen yards long, now broken down, connecting the stone structure with the island of Santa Lucia and the city,—rose the little battery called *Pio Nono* at first, but subsequently *Roma*, which was elevated, so as to command the other batteries of the bridge, and was armed with five 24-pounders. On the extreme left rose the battery of *Santa Marta*, mounting five pieces of different calibres.

The line of defence was commanded by Gen. Ulloa at first, and the Head Quarters of his Circondario was the Railroad Station on the Isle of Santa Lucia. On his appointment to the Military Commission on the 16th of June, however, he was succeeded by Enrico Cosenz, Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, a Neapolitan, who had commanded the bastions fronting the attack at Malghera, and had

thrice been wounded, and, when promoted, was Commandant of the battery of the Piazza. He was succeeded by the gallant Neapolitan, Lieutenant-Colonel Cesare Rosaroll, on the bridge.* At San Secondo the Commandant was the invulnerable soldier-monk, Lieutenant-Colonel Sirtori, distinguished at Mestre, Conchè, and Malghera; and, when called to the Military Commission, he was succeeded by Major Virgilio of the Neapolitan Artillery.

The first movement of a military character, after the evacuation of Malghera on the night of the 26th and 27th, was a *reconnoissance* attempted by Sirtori, on the night of the 29th, with fifty men in five pirogues. His object was to learn what the enemy had done, was doing, or designed to do, among the ruins of Fort St. Julian. He approached unobserved within twenty feet, and found the place occupied by some 200 men, the discharge of whose muskets he shortly silenced with grape-shot. This affair had no result, and cost the lives of six men.

On the night of the 2d June, three Austrian steamers approached Chioggia, which was in daily expectation of attack after the fall of Malghera; but they were so warmly received by forts Lombardo, Caromano, and Sotto-Marina, that they very soon put off. On the 3rd, there was an attempt to disembark men and munitions at

* Debrunner places Lieutenant-Colonel Carlo Mezzacapo, once Commandant of the Artillery Legion Bandiera-Moro, at the head of this post, as successor of Cosenz. Martini, Andreassi, Coluzzi, and Petrosino, were, also, at different times in command; and of the whole number, two were killed by cannon-balls, Rosaroll and Coluzzi, and two wounded, Cosenz and Martini. Mezzacapo, according to Garrano, was Director of Artillery of the Defence; Major Merlo, Chief of Engineers, and Major Seismith-Doda, Chief of the Staff, both of the last-named being Venetians and both of them having held the same posts at Malghera. They were subsequently succeeded, the former by Capt. Acton, of Naples, followed by Major Chiavacci, of Venice, and the latter by Major Matthieu, of Venice. The Director of Artillery of the besieging army was Lieutenant-Colonel Bauernfeld, and the Chief of the Staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Schiller.

Porto-Fossone; but it was defeated by a corps of 200 men of the Italia-Libera. On the morning of the 4th, a resolute attempt was made to land a force at the Pentagon at the mouth of the Brenta; while, at the same time, a vigorous attack was made by land on the advanced posts of Cà-Naccari, Bu-iola, and Cà-Duse, which continued from eleven in the morning until nine in the evening. The Venetians lost twenty killed and wounded, but forced their foe to retreat. The same result attended another attempt on the 5th. At noon on the 6th, a furious attack was commenced on Fort Brondolo, and the fight raged until after dusk, without, however, any result. The fortress poured forth such a death-dealing tempest from its heavy batteries of fifty guns, that the assailants were glad to retreat from the banks of the Brenta. At the same time that Brondolo was attacked by land, the steamers Vulcano and Custoza, and the brig Montecuculli were cannonading the Forts Madonna and Sotto Marina, along the same coast; but without success. The idea of capturing Brondolo and Chioggia, seems, with these repeated failures, to have been resigned entirely; and all the force of the foe was henceforth concentrated on Venice, favored by the possession of the site of Fort St. Julian and the existence of the Bridge of the Lagune.

Hardly had the last troop of the garrison of Malghera retreated across the bridge on the morning of the 27th of May, and five arches of the structure leaped into the air, when, as already stated, the battery of Sant' Antonio from its centre began thundering against the advancing foe, seconded by that of San Secondo; while, before the day had elapsed, an Austrian battery improvised at the head of the bridge, and another at the *embouchure* of the canal of Bottenighè, sent back a stern answer. From this time, an incessant fire was kept up, though with but little effect; whilst

almost nightly *reconnoissances* were made in boats along the shores of the Lagune. It was not, however, until Wednesday, the 13th of June, that a regular bombardment could be considered as having been opened. On the morning of that day the enemy commenced a furious discharge from all five of his batteries at the same time; and, to the amazement of the Venetians, several of his bombs fell into the *sestiere* of Cannaregio, at the north-west extremity of the city—an event never before known amid all the vicissitudes and among all the miracles of fourteen centuries, and which afforded unmistakable demonstration of the advancement of modern times in military science, as well as pretty conclusive proof, that Venice was not altogether that “impregnable,” city she had always been deemed. So far, however, were these projectiles from frightening the people of Cannaregio into ideas of submission, that it only confirmed their determination to resist, although the tradition of long centuries, that the City of the Sea could never be conquered by force of arms, seemed, at last, by no means certain of fulfilment. And yet, when the bombs fell bursting at their very doors, they would shout—“You may bombard, but you can’t come in!” These projectiles were, probably, thrown from the huge 30-pound mortars at the extremity of the bridge, or, more probably, from the still higher 60-pound mortars at Fort St. Julian. Most of the bombs fell into the Lagune, or burst in the air, their *funnels*, or fuses, being calculated only for 3,500 metres—somewhat less than two English miles, while the distance to be attained was 3,700 metres—about two miles and one-fourth. It is stated, that out of 2,000 bombs thrown by the Austrians, only an average of two per day fell within the Fort of San Secondo, against which was directed the severest fire of that projectile, and which is less than two miles from Fort St. Julian; while one man dead and six or seven wounded.

was the only loss, after three days and nights of ceaseless bombardment, in the Venetian fort!* At the batteries on the bridge, however, the mortality was greater, the number of slain varying from six to a dozen every twenty-four hours, and many being wounded. Among the latter, on the 14th, was Col Cosenz, Commandant of the place, who twice afterwards was wounded on the same spot.

The response to this furious attack sent back by the batteries of Venice was worthy the defenders of Malghera, and far more effective than it could have been a fortnight before, because of recent improvements, though many remained yet to be made. At first, the fire of the 17 guns and 5 mortars—Sant' Antonio having 7 guns and 2 mortars, and the 5 original pieces of San Secondo having been increased to 10 guns and 3 mortars—was concentrated on Fort St. Julian, that battery being the nearest, and doing more damage than all the others put together. A few guns, however, on the Piazza not bearing well on St. Julian were levelled on Campaltone and Bottenighè, and reached them, although the guns of neither of these batteries reached San Secondo or the bridge. The guns of the two or three other batteries—those at the bridge-head and at St. Julian, embracing 14 guns and 8 mortars, poured their fury most destructively on the Piazza—the former being only 1500 metres distant, and the latter only 1200—while the distances from San Secondo are estimated at 2,000 metres and 1700.

The fire thus continued until Saturday the 16th, during all of which attack of three days' duration, a Venetian cannoneer of the Marine Artillery named Luigi Tommasi, on the grand battery of Sant' Antonio, continued to serve his piece, and, though wounded, refused to be relieved.†

* F. Bruner says this, but it seems incredible.

† A young boy of Bologna named Angelo Chelli, is also instanced as having most no-

On the 16th was created the Military Commission; and, as before mentioned, it, at once, instituted measures for the more effective defence of the city and strengthening of the forts. A capacious powder-magazine was constructed at the Piazza, and a *blindaggio* for protection of the officers and men when not on duty—both structures designed to be bomb-proof. Numerous traverses of gabions and sacks of earth, to the distance, indeed, of some fifty feet, were erected behind the battery, with loop-holes for marksmen, to retard the advance of the foe in event the battery was carried, and to afford some protection to the men on guard against bombs. Beneath the arches of the bridge as yet uninjured, behind the battery, were established floating magazines of powder and provisions, as, also, an *ambulanza* or hospital, the crowns of the arches being covered with earth, gabions, fascines, &c., to considerable depth.

San Secondo was, also, materially improved, for assault as well as for defence. Its battery, originally of but 5 pieces, was increased to 17—two being 18-pounders, three 36-pounders, and four 24-pounders, with five 12-inch mortars, and two 6-pound guns on the flanks to resist assault.* The parapets were strengthened, the ram-

tively served the mortars and adroitly and nimbly dodging the hostile bombs. A boy of Venice, moreover, named Antonio Zanetti, not yet twelve, assiduously bore munitions for the pieces, until, wounded, he died heroically a hero's death with the aspiration—*Viva l'Italia!* on his lips. And is a nation which can produce boys like these only a nation of cowards? "The Italians don't fight!"

* Debrunner does not agree with Garrano as to the defences of San Secondo. Its battery, he says, consisted of 14 guns of from 12 to 80-pounds, and of six 12-inch mortars. Similar variance was remarked with reference to the batteries of Malghera, and still greater might have been noticed as regards all the other forts, from Brondolo to Tre-Porti, as, also, those in the Lagune and the batteries of the bridge. As a general thing, Debrunner estimates the force higher than Garrano. For instance, he gives Malghera 200 guns of from 6 to 80 pounds, while Garrano limits it to 74 guns of from 6 to 24 pounds! He also assigns to Brondolo 80 guns to Garrano's 50! The Venetian's account has been relied on. Debrunner was ignorant of the language as, also, of the artillery service, and some-

parts renewed, the redoubt improved in form. An ample and strong *travata*, or, block-house, was constructed for the garrison, usually numbering 200 artillerists and soldiers of the line; also, three powder-magazines, two being for reserve; and the cone of the pyramid having been truncated, was, like all the other structures, covered with earth until bomb-proof, or, as Debrunner says, "to the depth of six feet."

Every night hundreds of citizens came off with sacks of earth and gabions in boats to repair and strengthen the parapets of the batteries beaten down by the foe during the day—a task by no means easy of accomplishment, because of the location in the midst of the waves often rendered billows by storms, and because of the shallowness of the water except at flood-tide; and this they did under fire of the foe, which, though slackened at night as to the guns, was augmented as to the mortars. More than 100,000 gabions are said to thus have been contributed, and many hundred cotton-bales. More than 100,000 gabions and sacks of earth are said to have been contributed, also, at the same time, to the construction of Fort St. Julian; but this contribution was not voluntary, but was forced from the wretched peasantry of Padua, Mestre, Dolo and the neighboring villages by the lawless Austrian soldiers. But, in addition to the gabions to be furnished every night, there were always guns to be re-mounted, or to be brought from the Arsenal and put in position; and well did the citizens deserve commendation for services, rendered to the last degree valuable by the absence or occupation of all other laborers. Loss of life, however, was of rare occurrence, though the service was not without its perils as well as its toils. The result was witnessed in the prolonged de-

what so even of the topography of the Lagune and its defences: although on most other points he is excellent authority, because impartial.

fence. By the enemy himself, at a later day, when these batteries, though in ruins, were examined in order to learn the secret of their extraordinary resistance, they were confessed to have been real *chefs d'œuvre* of military skill.

The battery *Roma* was also strengthened, and received a garrison of 200 men, as also a battery on the Piazzetta of the bridge some rods in advance, to act as a reserve; while five armed pirogues were employed every night in reconnoitering the hostile works.

And thus passed day after day until the middle of July—Sant' Antonio continuing the mark of all the batteries of the besiegers, and St. Julian that of all the batteries of the besieged. From the 13th of June to the 15th of July, there had been no cessation of cannonade whatever; and from the 4th of July to the 15th, not less than 11,137 shots, by Austrian official account, had been discharged against San Secondo and the battery of the bridge. At dawn the cannonade was loudest, diminishing at noon, swelling to its maximum again at sunset, and almost ceasing at night, when both sides busied themselves in repairing damages and in throwing bombs. High winds occasionally damaged the flotilla of the Lagoon, and drove armed rafts and advanced posts under the guns of St. Julian, only with difficulty to be drawn back. On each of the nights of the 21st and 25th, an event of this character transpired. On the 19th, there was a vigorous cannonade, and Sommani, a brave Venetian officer of Sappers, was one of the victims. At the hour of Vespers the firing ceased, and from a *bandiera parlamentaria* at Fusina was received a despatch for the Government from De Bruck, already mentioned, by a boat opposite San Giorgio—a proceeding viewed with exceeding suspicion and dislike by the citizens and troops, who were utterly hostile to capitulation on any

terms whatever. A few hours later exploded the powder-works of La Grazia.

The descent of bombs on Cannaregio, on the 13th, although it had excited some astonishment, had caused but little alarm among the inhabitants, principally Hebrews and butchers; but, when, ten days later, on the 23d, "the dose was repeated," and a dozen or two of the deadly projectiles came crashing through their roofs, they began packing up their moveables and quietly retreating into parts more distant and less exposed, with the cool remark—"Better bombs than Croats. Let the old houses go." The inmates also of the Hospital of Santa Chiara, situated on an islet of that name, standing out as a sort of advanced post of the city, and greatly exposed, were removed to the *Convertiti*, in the interior. But the mark at which the Austrian bombs and balls seemed chiefly aimed was a large flouring mill, standing not far from the head of the bridge, and rendered exceedingly conspicuous by its constant clouds of smoke and steam. This mill, singularly enough, was the only steam-mill in Venice; and its destruction would have been a most serious catastrophe; for, notwithstanding that the *Commissione pe' molini** had put in requisition all the small mills belonging to private houses worked by hand and peculiar to Italy, and those, also, to which the steam apparatus of locomotives at the railroad station had been applied, as well as those at the "Imperial Royal Tobacco Factory," and those upon the *Cava-fanghi*, or machines moved by steam to clean out the canals—still the old Flouring Mill, even by ceaseless puffing, night and day, found it impossible to meet the demand, as ceaseless, for its services. The sole sustenance of the city had now become farinaceous food; and it was not a very small quantity which could keep 200,000 people alive from day to day. To protect th's mill, there-

* Mill Commission.

fore, became a matter of the utmost moment—one on which, indeed, depended the immediate surrender of the city, or its continued resistance—"at any cost." By special order of the Government, therefore, that portion of the huge structure which contained the machinery was completely covered with cotton bales. A detachment of the Civic Guard—the most reliable corps in the city—was also detailed to surround it by day and by night, to guard it from conflagration, assault, or pillage. Thus protected, the old mill worked bravely on night and day, throughout all the bombardment to its close, never intermitting its toils a single hour, although twenty-two bombs, and balls numberless, fell all around, and even into it.

Nor were the barracks of the soldiers entirely exempt from danger. Most of the garrison was stationed in that part of Venice menaced with attack, and as the regular *Caserme** of the old Austrian garrison—5,000 men—were, of course, insufficient to contain all of the present garrison—17,000 men—the most spacious palaces in the vicinity of the Railroad Depôt were appropriated to this service. Several palaces on the Grand Canal were, also, transformed into barracks: and the *Palazzo Foscari*—the most spacious and splendid in Venice—the abode of the ancient race of the unhappy Doge made memorable by Byron—the residence designated for all Royal personages who might visit the Queen of the Sea—still continues the dwelling-place of troops—of Bohemian and Hungarian troops. The *Palazzo di Spagna*, ancient residence of the Spanish envoy, and the *Palazzo Labia*, as well as other palaces, were also filled with troops during the siege.†

* *Caserma*, Italian—*Caserna*, French—*Barrack*, English.

† The number of regular *caserme*, or barracks, in Venice, is about a dozen, scattered all over the city. The buildings were not, of course, originally designed for this purpose; for large bodies of armed men, or small bodies, either, were in "the olden time" of Venice,

Although but few lives were lost by the incessant fire of the Austrian batteries, yet so great was the damage inflicted on the works which defended the city, that it was found impossible to repair at night the demolition of each day. To procure laborers enough for this perilous service was impossible at any price; and the deficiency was not entirely supplied even by the liberal volunteering on the part of the citizens. It was indispensable, therefore, to detail troops to the duty—a duty which, to their credit be it said, they fulfilled most faithfully and zealously, to the tap of the drum, though altogether foreign to that for which they had enlisted. There was but a single instance of resistance to this order, and that, strangely enough, occurred in the well-disciplined corps of our Swiss captain. He narrates the circumstance in detail. The name of the mutineer was Scherrer of Rheinau who protested that he “was hired to fight, not to dig,” and who was sentenced by a council of war to degradation and four years in irons. On another occa-

never allowed to step foot within the Lagune. They are nearly all of them in the vicinity of churches; and, probably, owe their first desecration from religious, or charitable, to military purposes, to Napoleon. Their names, which present a striking contrast to their uses, indicate their original designation:—*San Biaggio alla Giudecca, La Celestia, San Francesco della Vigna, San Francesco di Paola, I Gesuiti, Santa Giustina, Gli Incurabili, Santa Maria Maggiore, San Pietro di Castello, San Salvatore, San Sepolcro, and the Tolentini.* But, all over Italy, the same desecration of consecrated edifices is observed. The iron-heel has taken the place of the sandal-shoon—the sword and the bayonet that of the bishop’s crozier and the pilgrim’s staff—“war’s loud alarms” the place of vespers and matins, and the quiet cloister has become the noisy barrack.

The number of churches and oratories in actual use for worship at Venice at the present time is about 70: in the middle of the last century it was more than a hundred. The number of parishes is thirty-two—that of public civil establishments, including schools, hospitals, tribunals, prisons, houses of industry, &c., about sixty—of military establishments, exclusive of the twelve *caserme*, and inclusive of two colleges and two prisons, about twenty—of *Allerghi*, or Hotels, about a dozen—of theatres, half a dozen—and of *Sestieri*, or Wards, the same number. The ordinary population of Venice is about 126,000. Some of these facts have appeared before.

sion, a platoon of Swiss were detailed one night to transport gabions from the Arsenal to the battery of Sant' Antonio; but, on entering the range of the enemy's projectiles, the two boatmen leaped into the Lagune with their oars, and swam for safety to a neighboring pirogue at anchor. The wind was a hurricane, the night was dark, the rain poured in torrents, and the barge, left to the mercy of the waves, was borne to the opposite extremity of the bridge, where the Austrians were busily at work repairing their batteries by the light of lanterns. The boat was hailed, and the reply in German—the native tongue of the Swiss—alone saved them from an exterminating *fusillade*, and perfectly unresisted, too, for they had left their carabines behind. At length the changing tide carried the barge to the other side of the Lagune, when, clinging to a pier of the bridge, their *painter* being gone, they remained until dawn, fearing even to speak, lest they should be shot by their own friends—the Venetians—their German tongue now insuring their destruction as certainly as it had before insured their safety!

Not long afterwards, this same devoted platoon, led by a corporal, was detailed for another service, by no means as agreeable even as the last—disagreeable enough, though that had proved. Conducted to the House of Correction on the Giudecca by a strange officer, they there found a company of gendarmes, and another company made up of platoons detailed from different corps of the garrison of which the Swiss formed one; and they were then, for the first time, apprised, that their duty there was to officiate at a military execution! The condemned were a corporal of marines and two privates belonging to the steamer *Pio Nono*, lying at anchor in the port, who had been guilty of mutiny. The death-warrant was read; the last consolations of religion were offered by the capuchins, one being assigned to each convict; the un-

happy men stood out at some distance from each other, their heads turned from their executioners; the order was given to fire and was obeyed, and the three men fell instantly forward on their faces, without word or groan—a sigh or a sign. The corporal was raised and found dead, pierced by three balls. His two companions were raised, almost lifeless with terror, though entirely unwounded. The corporal only had been fired at. When informed that their sentence was commuted from that of death to twenty years in irons, they were very grateful; but—they were lunatics! The anguish of death had crushed their senses! This was the first execution under the merciful rule of Manin, and it was the last.

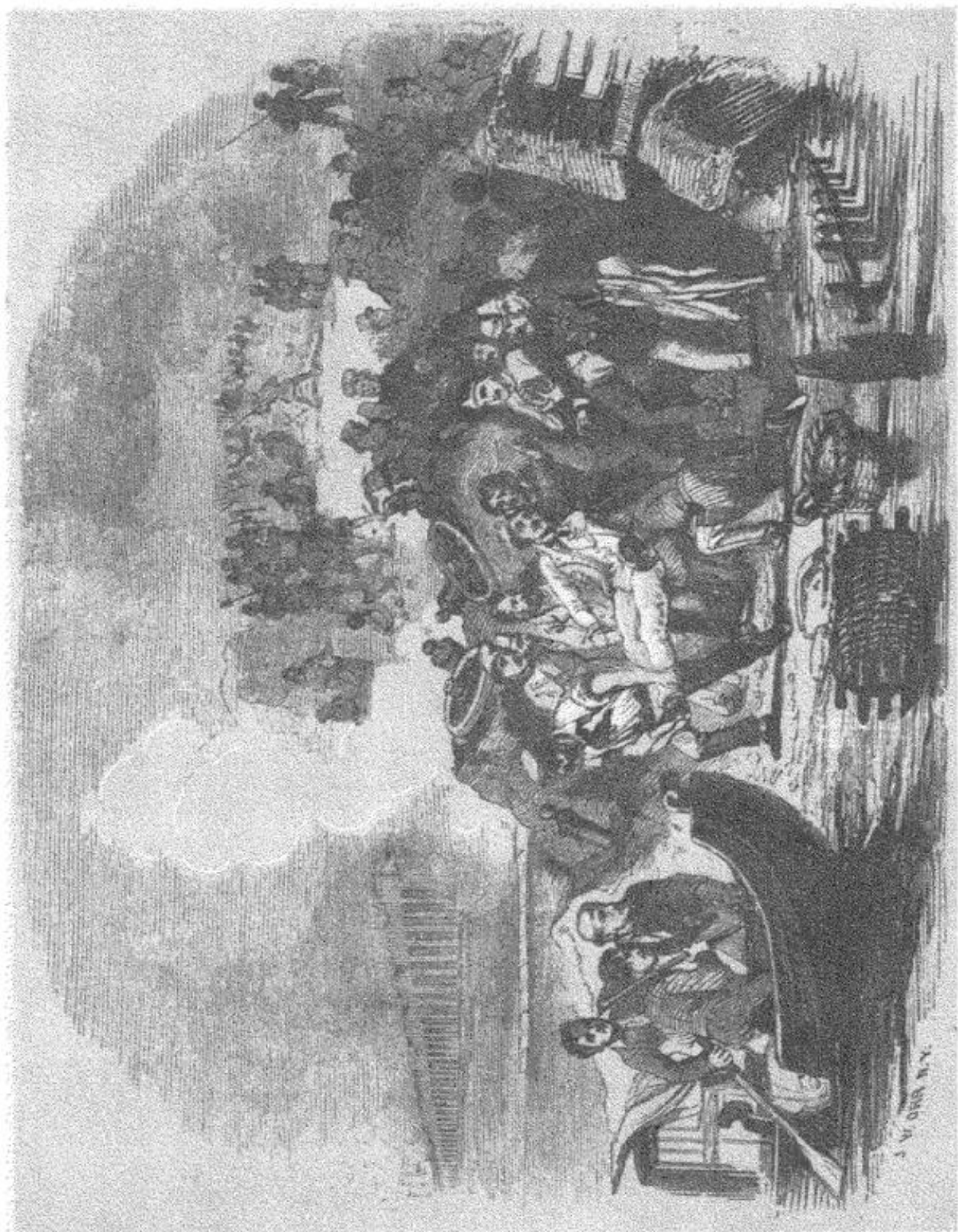
CHAPTER XXIV.

ROSAROLL.

STEADILY did the Austrian batteries keep up their bombardment and cannonade. With but three exceptions—to wit, the 19th day of June, when De Bruck's proposals were received by *parlementaire* off Fusina, and the 21st day of June, when Calucci and Pasini in like manner crossed the Lagune *en route* for Verona, to negotiate terms of pacification, and the 1st day of July, when the positive rejection by the Assembly of the Austrian *ultimatum* was transmitted to the same place—not one hour's cessation of the thunder of artillery had there been for the space of more than a month. So vigorously was it returned by the besieged, however, that the enemy had advanced not a single step in his design to force capitulation—his position, indeed, on the 27th of June, and long afterwards, being exactly what it had been on the fall of Malghera, on the 27th of May. Nor was the damage effected very great, nor were the victims sacrificed very numerous, although among them were several officers of high distinction. Among these the Venetians deplored the gallant and accomplished Neapolitan, Lieutenant-Colonel Rosaroll, who, at the siege of Malghera, in command of Lunette 13, had exhibited such unexampled intrepidity, and who had since com-

manded the Grand Battery of the bridge with the same energy, courage and success. The day on which he fell—Wednesday, the 27th day of June—just one month from the evacuation of Malghera, on the morning of Sunday, the 27th of May—was an unfortunate day for Venice—an unfortunate day for the battery of Sant' Antonio which Rosaroll commanded. Rarely has the old adage—"Misfortunes never come singly"—appeared more strikingly verified. Several boats used by the laborers were swamped at the base of the battery; some cotton bales used in strengthening the parapets were burned; of the seven guns three were dismantled and a fourth disabled by a tremendous cannonade; a succession of grenades falling on the same spot on the powder-magazine, at last effected a breach; and, while desperate efforts were in progress to arrest a catastrophe, another grenade, at about 3 o'clock, dropped into a chamber containing 500 cannon-cartridges of the largest calibre! Then came an earthquake-explosion, audible for miles and miles around; and earth, fire, water, fragments of stone, wood, iron, and of a dozen human beings leaped into the air! The waves rushed in to complete the chaos! Many were killed whose mangled bodies were recovered; many were buried in the ruins whose remains were seen no more; many were hideously mutilated. And, at this crisis was it, says Garrano, that the heroes of Sant' Antonio most signally displayed their valor. Some battled with the flames; some still battled with the foe, toiling on at the few remaining guns; some labored to remove the rubbish and remount the disabled battery; some bore off the wounded and the dying;—whilst, all the more furiously than ever, poured down the tornado of bombs and balls, as if the foe, aware of the havoc he had caused, had concluded that the last hour of the defence was at hand, and the final triumph was about to be won.

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DEATH OF COL. ROSAROLI.

Into the very midst of this scene of horror sprang the gallant Rosaroll, though almost prostrate by disease; and, encouraging his men with words and deeds, his battery was soon pouring back on the foe a cannonade as destructive as ever, and he corroborating his right to the title bestowed, deservedly, long before by the General-in-chief—"Argante of the Lagune." His guns once more at work, he penned a hasty report to Col. Cosenz, Commandant of the *Circondario*;* and, seizing his glass, sprang upon the parapet to view his foe amid a storm of projectiles, when a 24-pound ball touched his right shoulder, and he fell! Crushed and dying, he was surrounded by his horror-struck men, as he was borne off in the arms of the surgeon, Trisolini, and the chaplain, Campanella, and others, to a barge, to be conveyed to Venice. "To your guns—to your guns, my friends!" he imperiously cried to the cannoneers who abandoned their pieces in dismay and eagerly ran to his succor. "Save the battery, and let me die!" Then calling for his friend and commander, Cosenz, he said—"I commend to you my battery. Let it save Venice!"

It was plain he could live but a few hours. He was a devout Catholic, and to the priest who confessed and absolved him, when asked if he was at peace with all mankind, he replied—"Yes—yes. I can forgive no one, for I have not a foe in the world—not one—save the King of Naples and the Austrian invaders!"†

"The General-in-chief went to him and found him gasping for

* "The enemy's fire slackens," he wrote. "Our work goes actively on. Write to Venice that courage does not fail—that my banner, tattered by balls, waves from a lance broken and bound by cord, more gloriously than ever—and that, to-night, our parapets repaired and our pieces remounted, we hope to show the Austrians that the defenders of Venice, not only have not lost courage, but that, after a disaster, they raise their heads only the higher, and defy their foe to a conflict more bloody."

† Such had been the last words of Poërio at Venice in '48, and of the *Bandiera* at Cozenza in '44.

breath. He pressed his hand and spake words of consolation. But the noble warrior, recalling all his strength said—‘Not I, expiring, but our Italy should be the object of your care;’ and a few minutes later his valiant soul had taken its flight to the regions of immortality.”*

The scene of Rosaroll’s last moments is said to have been most affecting. The veteran Pepé hung over the dying pillow of his young and heroic compatriot and received his last breath, and, with deserved eulogy immortalized his memory in the Order of the following day; while a new battery, erected on the Piazzetta near that he had commanded, and at which he had fallen, was honored with his name. On the morning of the 30th, he was laid in a soldier’s grave. The pageant of his obsequies was as imposing as the pomp of war could make it; and the terrific cannonade of that day from the batteries on either side roared a stern yet mournful requiem over his remains. And, could but a brief pause of that day’s thunder have permitted besieger and besieged to unite in the last sad honors to the departed, as many a tear, no doubt, would have bedewed the bier of the gallant Rosaroll, at his untimely fate, on the distant shores of the Adriatic, as, under like circumstances, dropped on that of the lamented Marceau † on the banks of the Rhine:—Young, gallant Marceau—

“O’er whose early tomb

Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier’s eye,
Lamenting, and yet envying, such a doom.”

The burial of Rosaroll, like that of Marceau, was almost a romance; and even so had been his whole career. Of noble parentage, son of the celebrated Neapolitan Baron Rosaroll-Sforza, born

* Pepé—Order of the Day, June 28.

† Slain at the age of twenty-five, by a rifle-ball, at Altenkirchen, August 19th, 1796. His obsequies were honored by both French and Austrian officers.

in exile at Rome in 1809, reared a soldier, in his first youth he fought like a hero at his father's side in the wars of Greek and Spanish independence. In 1833, in the service of the King of Naples as sergeant of Hussars of the Guard, he was doomed with a comrade to die for having conspired that despot's life—the subsequent “murderer of the Bandiera.” To escape an ignominious fate, the friends, having been secretly furnished in prison with pistols, discharged them into each other's bosoms. Strange! Rosaroll was only wounded, whilst his companion, Lancellotti, fell dead! Seven months later the survivor coolly mounted the scaffold, and, there, with the same coolness, received a commutation of sentence from death to chains and a dungeon for life. In prison, during fifteen years, he became a student of history and a master of the science of war and patiently awaited the *reveille* of Italy.

On the 29th of January, '48, the King of Naples, first of all the sovereigns of Europe, granted a constitution to his people, and accorded a general amnesty for political offences. At liberty, Rosaroll at once enrolled a battalion of volunteers; and, with the tenth regiment of the line, led the Neapolitan army as *avant-garde*, to the standard of Charles Albert. On the plains of Curtatone on the 29th of May—at the Bridge of Goito on the 1st day of June, he fought like a lion, was wounded, and received the Tuscan decoration of merit of the Order of St. Joseph. Then came news of the bloody re-action at Naples—of the perfidy of Ferdinand—of the recall of the army. But Rosaroll was no slave to the bidding of a tyrant. Following Pepé, he led his battalion of volunteers to Venice and entered her service. At his own request, he was detailed to the command of posts where peril was most imminent; and “there was not a forlorn-hope without him.” At Mestre he led the central column to victory, October 27th, '48: at Malghera

he commanded Lunette 13, and every day boldly trod the ramparts, and almost every night as boldly invaded the trenches of the foe: at the evacuation of the fortress, on the morning of the 27th of May, he covered the retreat; and, on the evening of the 27th of June, just one month later, heroically fell at his post as Commandant of the Grand Battery of the Bridge of the Lagune. Dead for Italy—dead for his country—“after life’s fitful fever he sleeps well;” and the sad sea-waves of the Adriatic, as with ceaseless and melancholy cadence they throb around the pillow of his last rest, shall for ever mourn him, the honored martyr of an honored cause!

On the morning of the 28th of June, the damages of Sant’ Antonio now fully repaired, the brave battery, undaunted by its complicated misfortunes of the preceding day, was bellowing as boisterously as ever against its foe. A magazine was commenced, and so effectually protected with sacks of earth, as to bid defiance to all assaults of bombs and grenades however severe or protracted. Another battery was, also, commenced—a battery on the Piazzetta, behind the Grand Battery some 500 yards—with a front of seventeen yards, armed with three 24-pounders, and a traverse on each flank armed with two pieces of like calibre. A magazine for powder was securely fortified by sacks of earth and bundles of sticks—by gabions and fascines—as was also, a floating magazine for supplies and a military hospital, beneath the arches. Behind this rose another breastwork protecting an 8-inch howitzer; and, with a deep fosse and a firm platform—the battery was completed, and was honored with the name of Rosaroll.

The successor of Rosaroll as Commandant of Sant’ Antonio was Coluzzi, a native of Venice and captain of artillery; and, like Rosaroll, he fell by a cannon-ball, about a week after his promotion. It was on the 5th day of July. But Coluzzi, though he resembled

Rosaroll in fate, was unlike him in character. Both were heroes : but, while the latter is described as violent and volcanic, the former is represented as serene and saturnine—priding himself, indeed, on a stoicism immovable by any catastrophe—slowly and deliberately advancing along the parapets amid tempests of projectiles—observing everything—foreseeing everything—providing for everything—undisturbed. He died as he had lived—calm—grave—taciturn—unmoved : and despite his seeming coldness of character, he was deplored by comrades who loved him, and by children, now orphans, who bitterly wept the loss of a brave, devoted, affectionate father. Coluzzi fell on his native soil, in defence of his native city. He had served Austria in her marine artillery at Venice, and had greatly contributed to the evacuation of March, '48, and the temporary emancipation of the City of the Sea.

It was on this same 5th of July, that the enemy unmasked a new mortar-battery, more powerful than any of its predecessors—predecessors which had, nevertheless, succeeded, on the 13th and 23rd of the previous month, in reaching the extremity of the city with their bombs. These projectiles now fell quite freely into the Cannaregio near the Botanic Garden, and one of them exploding high in the air threw its contents even into the Grand Canal at the Strada Ferrata, and opposite the graceful dome of the church of San Simon Piccolo—an event which, while it added one more to the somewhat numerous demonstrations tending to convince even the most sanguine or the most sceptical of the Venetians, that their city was not as invulnerable as it had been deemed, affected not at all the resolution, even of the most timid, to “resist at every cost.”

On Friday the 6th of July the fire of the foe slackened, and as night came on nearly ceased. This was the signal for squads of laborers to pour themselves at once on the bridge to repair the

damages to its batteries. One corps was busy in disencumbering the platforms of rubbish; another was engaged in substituting heavier guns for the 24-pounders; the sappers were repairing parapets and embrasures; thousands of sacks of earth were being disembarked from boats and conveyed to the works; all was activity and zeal, when, one hour after midnight, there came a fearful explosion, and from amid clouds of densest smoke, came pouring down earth, water, fire, and fragments of wood, stone, and iron, even as the week before, on the heads of all below! The scene, as may be supposed and as has been said, was "one to imagine rather than to portray." Astounded—bewildered—every one awaited some new catastrophe more terrible than ever—they could conceive not what. Another magazine had blown up—a mine secretly and treasonably excavated had been sprung—a fire-boat had exploded under the arches—such were the lightning thoughts which flashed through different minds. One of these ideas was correct. A fire-boat of the enemy had exploded between the third and fourth of the parapets on the bridge between the main batteries, though causing but little damage. Half an hour later, rockets were sent up from the direction of Campaltone, and, at the same time, the boats of the advanced guard, without discharging their muskets as a signal of alarm, came rushing in, followed by two other fire-boats descending the canal from Bottenighè on the opposite side. The explosion, the dense darkness, the rain of conflicting elements, the blazing rockets from Campaltone, the silent and extraordinary retreat of the advanced guard, followed by the burning fire-boats, succeeded each other in bewildering succession; and, at the height of the bewilderment, swarms of Austrians, as if rising like sea-gods—or sea-devils—from the waves, were beheld scaling the ramparts! For an instant, chaos reigned and panic seemed

about to reign also! Artillerists, sappers, laborers retired behind the parapets in the rear, and the young Commandant, Cosenz, found himself alone, surrounded by Croat bayonets, and in a hand to hand conflict *a l'outrance* with a Croat officer. The combat was close and severe. Cosenz received a cut on the face, his fourth wound within two months; but, though he slew his antagonist, he would have been overwhelmed by numbers, had not a brave fellow of the Silè chasseurs, named Boa, laid about him so vigorously with a club as to cover their retreat. The main reserve, under Captain Mastrovich, composed of gendarmes, soldiers of the line, and chasseurs of Silè now came up; and, led on by the gallant Cosenz with fixed bayonets, after a desperate struggle, swept the Austrians from the bridge, and tore down the hated Austrian flag. Showers of grape from the batteries of San Secondo, on one side, and from the pirogue, *Brillante*, commanded by Captain Privato, on the other, now poured on those who had sought refuge in their boats or the Lagoon; so that very few escaped to tell the tale of the failure of this unfortunate, yet well-conceived and daring assault. One of the fire-boats fell into the hands of the Venetians uninjured. The battery was in possession of the foe about half an hour. He had but slightly damaged the parapets; had not broken the gun-carriages; and he had spiked the cannon with nails so small that they were easily withdrawn; so that, at dawn, the battery was belching forth its thunders anew, and with redoubled fury for the insult it had received.

The idea of this midnight assault is said to have originated in no less a brain than that of Count Thurn himself—the besieging General. Perceiving, after a cannonade of a whole month, that he was no nearer the attainment of his object than when he began, he resolved to try the efficiency of surprise and a midnight assault. For

this perilous enterprise—this forlorn hope, indeed—a storm-party of intrepid men was called for from the entire body of the besieging army; and the volunteers were then culled until the number was reduced to only fifty—some say eighty—led by an officer of the general staff, who, on leaving St. Julian at midnight bade adieu to the Count and to his comrades, and drawing his sword threw away the scabbard, as if advancing on certain death.

Gliding swiftly in barges to the foot of the scarp of Sant' Antonio, and putting to flight the advanced guard of the besieged, whose attention had been drawn off by the explosion and the rockets, they gallantly scaled the ramparts, planted their flag, spiked the guns, and might have carried the exterior defences of the city, and even have proved the van of a force to break down the interior batteries, and in the darkness of the night and confusion of the moment to have entered the city and taken it by assault—but, for the intrepid charge of the main reserve.

As for the advanced guard of boats, it seems that it was that night commanded by a subaltern, in place of Captain Morell, the Commandant, a Lombard, who was ill—thus accounting for the rapid retreat without firing a shot even of alarm to the batteries. The fact which subsequently came to light, that this subaltern had a relative in the hostile camp, did not tend to relieve him from a strong suspicion of treachery. There was, also, a young Greek attached to the general staff who fell under the charge of treason. Half an hour before the *coup de main*, he had made the customary rounds and reported "All well." Arrested, imprisoned, fifteen days later a council of war pronounced him innocent. But, disgusted with the volunteer service of a city he deemed ungrateful, he never resumed his uniform.

The loss of the Venetians in this affair was ten killed and five

wounded. That of the foe must have been far greater; and a surprise designed to be, and which well might have been fatal, terminated in a triumph. It taught the besieged, however, a lesson of caution not soon forgot. The battery had been the more easily carried, because the soldiers, sappers, and laborers, having come to work and not to fight, had left their muskets behind, so as to be out of their own way and that of the enemy's projectiles, never dreaming of any use for them—only a dozen retaining weapons of any description whatever. From that night, therefore, the cannoneers, in addition to their sabres, had muskets constantly stacked beside their pieces, while a body of infantry bivouacked within call. A strong stockade, also, planted in the mud of the Lagune, strengthened by iron clamps, as well as a sort of *chevaux de frise*, forbade the approach of boats within a hundred feet.

On the night of the 7th, a hostile pirogue issued from the canal of Bottenighè, attended by four other barks, and opened a fire on the left division of the flotilla of the Lagune; but it was effectually silenced by the battery Rosaroll at dawn. The next night a detachment of the Venetian flotilla assailed a battery of the foe, under cover of the guns of San Secondo and Sant' Antonio; and, having driven off the guard and scaled the ramparts, they entered the place. They found nothing to reward their enterprise, however, but a few spades and muskets, a little bread and lard, the corpse of a man, and—a German flute, with which, doubtless, some sentimental Serb, or some romantic Croat, had been essaying to beguile the tedium of a night-long patrol so rudely broken up!

Nocturnal expeditions had now become almost as fashionable on the Lagune, as sorties had been beneath the walls of Malghiera two months before. And these enterprises during the warm July nights, must have had their charms as well as their perils, albeit they pre-

sented precious few results. On the night of the 10th, one of these aquatic sorties, more considerable than usual, was undertaken. A corps of 140 chasseurs of Silè in 80 gondolas, together with a body of laborers, armed with muskets as well as spades, were ordered to make a *reconnaissance* at the second broken arch of the bridge, where the foe had been observed to be busy for several days. The result was the demolition of the works commenced, the capture of the implements, and the safe return of the party at dawn, without the loss of a man—all of which tended to check for a time the construction of a mortar-battery, greatly desired by the Austrian engineers, on a spot whence they hoped to throw bombs farther into the city.

Meantime, the cannonade continued by day and the bombardment by night, on the part of the besiegers, as furiously as ever; although the besieged, because of the alarming diminution of powder, almost suspended their fire at night, but were far more vigilant against surprise and assaults like that of the 6th—their advanced posts and patrol-corps having been greatly strengthened.

But the Austrians did not limit their attempts to bombard Venice to their batteries on the shores of the Lagune. For more than a month these batteries had played with untiring activity, but with no perceptible result; and rumors had begun to reach the beleaguered city, that, wearied with these futile efforts, a new scheme of attack had been adopted—that aerial contrivances—aerostatic engines were to be employed—numbers of which had been fabricated at the Arsenal of Treviso—in a word, that Venice “the beautiful”—Venice “the impregnable”—Venice “the Bride of the Sea”—was to be bombarded by means of—balloons!—yes, air-balloons! Shades of old Dandolo, Zeno, Morisini! Shades of all that long line of heroic Doges, whose dust hallows the aisles of the Frari and of

Saints John and Paul!—how could you continue on in your century-slumbers, with a doom so dreadful, so degrading, so amazing as this, impending—literally *impending* over the beloved Venice of your cares, and your prayers, and your hopes!—that Venice, which you had so fondly, yet so mistakenly believed, unassailable externally by any mortal foe!

The idea was certainly a novel one, and it could not fail, of course, to rouse in the Venetians that sense of the ridiculous so keenly sensitive in their national character. Of all the strange rumors with which poor Venice had been filled—and they had been, certainly, strange enough, and numerous enough, in all conscience—and of all the strange fates with which she had been threatened, there had been none like this; and there was no end to the jests and the caricatures to which it gave rise. Huge placards appeared on the walls of public places, representing most savage-looking Croats with fearful moustachios, zealously engaged in dropping enormous bombs from comical-shaped balloons, poised high in air over the Square of St. Mark.

At length, one bright morning in July—it was Thursday the 12th—when all Venice was abroad, participating in the celebration of the Festa of the *Madonna della Salute*, the attention of the multitudes which thronged the Piazzetta, the Molo, and the Riva degli Schiavoni, was arrested by the appearance of small cloudlets, which, rising, from time to time, from the Austrian squadron outside the Lido, came floating towards the city over the Lagune. Not “Birnam wood” approaching “Dunsinane” could more have amazed the guilty Thane of Scotland, than did the approach of these ominous cloudlets towards their city amaze—and, likewise amuse, the people of Venice. Yes, the long-laughed-at, long-looked, for, but never-expected bomb-balloons were certainly coming at

last! The first impulse of the crowd, after a long and steady gaze, was, as is ever the case upon the appearance of a novelty in Venice, a long and hearty laugh. Amazement and amusement, but certainly not consternation, was the first inclination, when they beheld realized before their eyes a prediction they had heretofore unhesitatingly pronounced preposterous; although the result of this unheard-of experiment in the military engineering of modern times remained to be determined.

It is not very easy to comprehend the exact construction of these novel machines. Descriptions of them differ, and these descriptions seem mostly of Austrian origin; for the people of Venice never beheld them except miles distant in the air.* Whatever their construction, however, and however ingenious the arrangements, and scientific the skill, and nice and laborious the calculations expended on them, they seem utterly to have failed in subserving their design. As early as December of the preceding year they had been devised at Treviso, and, after experiments numberless in the Austrian camps, their success was deemed certain. And yet, out of

* The military correspondent of the "Augsburg Gazette," writing from Mestre says: "They are composed of a stuff impenetrable to water, and bear as ballast a hoop of wood, in which is suspended a bomb of thirty pounds weight. This bomb, after a certain fixed time, is made to burst out of the hoop by means of the impelling substance of the rocket, and having ignited its fuse falls vertically to the earth." This is certainly very lucid!

Pepé is rather more comprehensible. He says:—"Under these balloons was a large grenade full of combustible matter, suspended by a sort of cord, also filled with combustible matter, which cord, after a certain given period, was calculated to consume itself. As soon as this happened, the grenade fell, and, in its fall burst against the first object which it struck."

The probability is, that the bomb was suspended in a hoop or circle of cord, to which was attached a port-fire of the desired length, which, being consumed, would burn asunder the hoop, igniting the fuse of the bomb at the same time and suffering it to drop; or, if a detonating bomb, it would explode with its own collision on reaching the earth.

the whole twenty balloons—not *three* as the Austrians pretend—sent off by the vessels anchored outside the Lido, not one dropped its bomb into the city! Some fell near the Lido and one into the castle of St. Andrew; but most of them exploded in the air or dropped harmlessly into the Lagune; while a few, driven by a strong sirocco, passed over both Lagune and city, and discharged their destructive contents on the heads of the besiegers themselves at Mestre, Campaltone, and St. Julian! This was an instance of evil inventions coming back “to plague the inventors” with a vengeance—the Austrian squadron of blockade bombarding the Austrian army of investment, over the heads of the besieged city and the blockaded port! and no wonder that it afforded the persecuted Venetians the rarest sort of sport “to see the engineer hoised by his own petard!” Venice that day, presented, indeed, a novel spectacle. The scene of the bombardment in the old style, usually so attractive, had, for the moment, lost its interest; even the batteries paused in their noisy and deadly work, whilst the weary cannoneer leaned on his heated piece, and gazed up with all the world, and with a smile of doubt and derision on his swarthy face, at the strange spectacle over his head. It was plain, however, he had no apprehension that his own vocation was to be superceded by the success of these “aerostatic devices.” The ceremonies usual to the Festa were suspended, and all Venice was assembled in the Piazza, the Piazzetta, the numerous campi, and all the other open public places of the city from which an unobstructed view of the sky could be gained, as well as on the flat roofs of lofty palaces, and the loftier galleries of campanili, gazing up into heaven with open mouths, eyes, and ears, in curious silence, watching the eccentric movements of their grotesque assailants, as they came swaying slowly and majestically on from the Lido; and, when a small black cloud followed

by a feeble detonation indicated that the aerial projectile had harmlessly burst, all Venice broke out into a simultaneous shout of derision and delight. And still more tumultuous, spontaneous, simultaneous, and rapturous was the ironical applause, when the unlucky balloons burst over the heads, and dropped their explosive burdens into the very midst of their yet more unlucky inventors; while the clapping of hands of the imprisoned and starving Venetians, accompanied by shouts of *Viva! Bravo! Buon Appetito!** became perfectly uproarious with enthusiasm.

The taste for aquatic experiments, however, seems not yet entirely to have ceased, despite the ludicrous issue of those aerial. On the night of the 14th, a sentinel spied thirty barges filled with armed men silently glide across the dark Lagune and under the arches of the bridge, and at once apprised the commandant of Sant' Antonio. The main reserve was ordered up to the battery Rosaroll, to hold itself ready to rush on the grand Piazza with fixed bayonets on the first signal of alarm; whilst two pirogues were despatched from the flotilla to reconnoitre the arches, in pursuit of the foe. Thus discovered, the enemy abandoned his purpose, whatever it was, and quietly retired. That an enterprise of more than usual importance had been contemplated, seems indicated by the fact, that, the day before, a pirogue armed with a howitzer had been seen to issue from the canal of Bottenighè, sounding the water towards the bridge; and that, the morning after, a detachment of eighty soldiers was seen retiring from the same spot towards Mestre.

These events induced apprehensions of assaults nightly, and preparations against them; and on the night of the 15th, the whole surface of the Lagune towards the west was swept by grape-shot as

* Hope you like it! Good Appetite!

a welcome to any rash adventurers who might contemplate an experimental approach.

The second explosion at the gunpowder manufactory at La Grazia, about this time, made the citizens sensitively alive to treason, and no wonder. The loss of the powder was, also, very sensibly felt. Every day, in the incessant cannonade kept up, more was consumed than manufactured; and a supply deemed ample for years had rapidly, alarmingly, and even mysteriously, diminished in three months. Owing to this, some suspension of the fire from the 27 cannon and seven mortars of the batteries of Sant' Antonio, San Secondo and Rosaroll against St. Julian and the other works of the foe, took place, so that those works rapidly advanced. The artillerists, chiefly Venetians, were aided in their incessant toil in the service of the guns beneath a broiling July sun by volunteers from the Neapolitans, Hungarians, and Swiss; and thus, says Garrano, was presented the beautiful spectacle of three different nations reunited within the walls of the old Convent of San Secondo, living as brothers, animated by the same love, that of glory for the same cause, the liberty of man.

The midnight attempts of the Austrians were followed up by others of like character with like result; while the Venetians, improving on the example, despatched a fire-ship one night to burn up the Austrian frigate *La Venere*, riding at her anchorage off the Lido. But the attempt proved equally unsuccessful; and both sides now abandoning fire-ships, bomb-balloons, and all other new-fangled or "fancy" modes of attack, returned with renewed vigor to the old, legitimate, and most approved method of human destruction, by regular bombardment and cannonade.

The Venetian fleet, meanwhile, lay quietly at its anchorage within the port. With the single exception of an inconsiderable engage-

ment with the enemy on the 4th of July, it took no part whatever in the conflict which was going on. This inactivity caused great dissatisfaction, until, at length, it was announced by Manin from his balcony, that the fleet was about to make a desperate attempt to break through the blockade and provision anew the city. Still, some weeks elapsed before the slightest movement to this end was made.

Upon the fall of Malghera, it was apprehended that the enemy would immediately besiege Fort Brondolo. And, indeed, such seemed his purpose, at first ; for he established several powerful batteries on the right of the Brenta with a view to its passage, and made, as will be remembered, repeated attacks both by land and sea. To meet these intentions Pepé sent Major Boldoni, an accomplished Neapolitan engineer, to construct the necessary works ; a task which he speedily and effectually accomplished, and which possibly caused a suspension of hostile designs.

At any rate, on the 18th of July, the advanced posts of the besieged, to their astonishment, discovered that the enemy had abandoned his extensive and expensive works at Cà-Duse, Cà-Grassi, Valle, and elsewhere ; and, by a sortie on the same night, the fact was ascertained, that he had definitively retired. The cause of this retreat has never been satisfactorily determined, although it was, probably, induced by the malarious atmosphere of the marshes, which swept off troops by the score. So precipitate was the retreat, that it was almost a flight, and large quantities of balls and bombs, grenades, gabions and other material of war was left behind—the whole country, however, having been first inundated by cutting the embankments of the canal of Valle, in order to prevent the besieged from obtaining forage and supplies. They had previously committed all improvements to the flames ; and, thus, the whole region

had been devastated by fire and water. A *reconnoissance* was, nevertheless, made from Brondolo immediately on the departure of the Austrians, and a large quantity of provisions, munitions and property was transported to the Fort; while the sappers at once commenced trenches to draw off the flood. The besiegers retreated to Santa Anna, where they established their first vidette.

During the month of July, the Assembly was in almost daily session. On the 2nd, in accordance with the terms of the *Regolamento* of March, four permanent commissioners were added to the Executive power. This commission is said to have been appointed as a check upon any purpose of capitulation which might be entertained by Manin. It certainly had a tendency to curtail his powers, and, possibly, implied distrust; and yet, to the "obstinacy" of Manin alone, has been by some, attributed all the horrors of the last days of Venice! This is, certainly, very *just*, to say nothing of its consistency!* The utter absurdity and falsehood of this charge is proven, by the whole history of the siege of Venice! It was the *People*—it was the masses who were ever most clamorous for "resistance at any cost;" and they regarded with sleepless suspicion, jealousy, and vigilance, the slightest indication on part of the Government or the Assembly, which implied a wish or purpose to yield.† If this "obstinacy" was "heroic," then to the people of Venice be the praise; for they participated in, if they did not actually prescribe, every prominent act of the legislative or executive power. Most assuredly they were not "the slaves of the Dictator Manin," any more than they

* A British Tory publication says—"If the rejection of the terms proposed by the Austrians had been the free choice of the people of Venice, their obstinacy, though ill-judged, might have been termed heroic; but the *people*, in fact, were in a state of slavery."

† Pepé says—"If the enemy's guns were silent for an hour, in order to repair their damages, the whole population were alarmed, and the reader will scarcely believe, that it was for fear we should be treating of an armistice."

were, or were willing to be, the slaves of the Marshal Radetzky. If ever there was a people which acted in its popular capacity, that people was the people of Venice, in '48-49. The Government of Venice was as truly a Democracy, as was that of Athens or Rome in their most democratic day—a government purely of the people—the Piazza of St. Mark being their grand hall of council, where, as we have seen, they every night congregated to demand of their nominal Dictator a report of his own acts and those of the Assembly, whenever anything of importance was understood to have been under consideration. In like manner, they constantly demanded full expositions of all official intelligence from abroad, and the progress and results of all negotiations. It need hardly be added, to any one who has perused the preceding pages of these volumes, that these demands were never slighted. Indeed the secret of Manin's unbounded influence with the Venetians was, probably, their undoubting confidence in his truth; while that confidence was the result of his remarkable trust in the Venetians themselves, and his frankness in treating them.

The Assembly devoted much attention at this time, as we have already seen, to the distress of the city from the incipient stages of famine, and adopted many wise measures for its relief. A commission was appointed, also, “to visit, from time to time, and comfort the wounded”—*visiti e conforti di tempo in tempo i feriti*; likewise a commission to collect and report “the most noted instances of civic generosity and military courage”—*i fatti piu noteroli di generosita civile e di militare coraggio*. Does this look as if Venice was “in the hands of ruthless demagogues?” Every week, also, detailed reports of the numbers and condition of the wounded, and of the most prominent examples of patriotic conduct among the citizens, were eagerly listened to by the Assembly, and then

published. Among the decrees adopted was one requiring every decision, civil or criminal, to embody a full exposition of the cause of the same. Prompt and energetic measures were adopted, also, for the continued defence of the city. A decree was passed for the levy of 600 men, to meet the necessities of the marine department; and another for the mobilization of 1,000 civic fusileers—all exemptions and privileges on account of prior service in the Civic Guard being annulled; and requiring, also, all citizens between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five to present themselves for register.* The passage of this latter decree seems to have suggested a placard, which, some days afterwards, appeared one morning on all the walls of Venice, calling on the people to demand of the Assembly a levy *en masse* of all men in the city between the ages named in the decree, for the purpose of a general sortie, to procure provisions. The impracticability of such a scheme seems, at this time, to have been successfully urged to put it down. It rose again, however, in a more determined form, as the situation of affairs became more dark.

On the 17th, the Assembly, in consideration of the fact, that its mandate extended only to the 14th of the ensuing month, ordered an election for a new body, convoked to assemble on the 15th of that month, at the same time amending in some particulars the law respecting elections.

* Some months earlier the Assembly decreed the enrolment of 1,000 of the citizens whose courage could be relied on, of which corps 100 was daily sent for defence of Malghera before its evacuation. On their return next day, they usually brought home about a dozen of their number killed or wounded; yet, says Pepé—"not a murmur escaped."

CHAPTER XXV.

BOMBARDMENT.

It was Sunday in Venice—Sunday the 29th day of July—exactly nine weeks, to a day, from that Sunday morning, May 27th, when the last files of the garrison of Malghera were retreating into the city across the Bridge of the Lagune. And, ever since that morning, almost without the intermission of an hour, by night or by day, at least until quite recently, had there been heard a constant roar of ordnance.* For some days, or rather for some weeks, previous to this 29th of July, however, the thunder of the enemy's guns had sensibly diminished. Indeed, from the 16th of July to the 29th, with the single exception of the night of the 18th, and with the exception, also, of a few experimental discharges at Malghera and Manin to prove the range of ordnance, hardly a gun was fired by the foe. The causes assigned for this by the active imaginations of the besieged were various and numerous. That the purpose of reducing the city was resigned, or that more liberal terms of capitulation were about to be proffered, none, who were at all familiar with Austrian character, for a moment supposed.

* From the 13th of June to the 15th of July, the Austrian batteries threw 31,000 projectiles.

By some it was thought probable that the enemy aware of the entire inefficiency of the tremendous bombardment and cannonade kept up the last two months, at such tremendous expense, in bringing about an ultimate result, had resolved to await the more silent and more certain assaults of famine and pestilence. But famine, it is said, was almost as pressing in the camp of the besiegers as it was in the city of the besieged; while pestilence was even more so. The Cholera—that “Scourge of God,” was in the camp as well as in the city, and far more prevalent, and far more fatal. The miasmatic atmosphere of the vast marshes, drawn forth by the burning summer sun of Lombardy, was the very breath of the death-angel, and it thinned the Austrian ranks far more rapidly than did the batteries of their foe. To await the effect of famine and pestilence upon the city, therefore, would be but to share, if not to anticipate the doom of decimation. Measures for the reduction of the place, with the least possible delay, were indispensable; and, when the temporary and mysterious hush of the Austrian batteries was attributed to preparations for an assault more awful than ever before, for the attainment of this end, the inference was not far from correct. What form this new attack might assume could not be divined; but, energetic and prompt measures could be taken, and they were taken, to meet it, come it in what form it might.

A constant cannonade was still kept up from the defences, though reduced to 300 shots per day, and those with the *rivoluzinaria* powder, which was too weak to produce much effect at the distance of more than a mile. Nightly *reconnoissances* were, also, made by the flotilla, to explore and to impede the advance of the hostile works. All three of the main batteries were, moreover, greatly improved and strengthened, as were, also, the floating batteries and the flotilla—mounting in all 27 guns of 36, 24, and 18-pounds, 9

guns of 6 and 8 pounds, 5 howitzers of 6 and 8 inches, and 7 mortars of 12 inches—making an aggregate of 48 pieces, besides those on 8 armed pirogues and 4 large rafts—the entire defences being thus, at the very least, one-third stronger and more effective than ever before.

About the 20th of July, Marshal Radetzky had reached the head-quarters of Count Thurn at Mestre, and at once busied himself in inspecting all the batteries, especially that of St. Julian, and ordering others to be planted. That something was going on in the alteration and construction of works at St. Julian, the numerous glasses of the military engineers at Venice, levelled now more constantly, if not more effectually, than their more noisy coadjutors, on the little fortification which seemed crouching as if for a leap on the city from the low marshy shore of the Lagune—rendered certain; but those works, whatever they were, as well as the workmen engaged upon them, were too closely masked for betrayal. The eye even of the engineer, though aided by a forty foot reflector, could hardly penetrate intrenchments a dozen feet in depth, any more than could the 24-pound shot of the artillerymen of San Secondo do the same.

That new works were contemplated at St. Julian and on the bridge, especially at the 35th arch, all the reports of spies, explorers, and glasses, concurred in declaring. Vast quantities of heavy timber were seen to be transported to St. Julian and Campaltone; and night after night, and all night long, the blows of mallets, and the creaking of wheels, and the noise of workmen came resounding over the silent Lagune, giving “awful note of preparation.” The bridge of boats connecting the island of St. Julian to the *terra firma*, was, also, strongly repaired with timber, although its passage still remained most perilous, because of exposure to the Venetian

batteries. Parapets, moreover, of extraordinary height and magnitude began to rise at the fort and on the bridge, and batteries far more formidable than ever before, began to menace. But the purpose of the unusual shapes assumed or proportions bestowed none could divine.

Sunday in Venice is emphatically—what it is designated by the Catholic Church to be everywhere—a “holiday,” more so, probably, than in any other city of the continent,—more so than in Paris—more so than in Vienna. As on any other holiday, most of the shops, stores, offices, and places of business are closed most of the day, agreeably to ordinance, civil as well as ecclesiastic, and most of the churches are open; but then the churches are all open from dawn till dusk every day in the week, and at no hour can you pass their thresholds when some one or more of their numerous shrines are not illuminated, and some few, or, perchance, many, worshippers, are not kneeling on the marble pavement below. On Sunday morning there are, probably, more persons in the churches than on any other morning; and so there are more persons in all other public places much at the same time. Popular resorts for amusement are thronged. Multitudes repair to the country—to Mestre, to Padua, to Treviso, to Marano, to Dolo, and to other towns and villages on *terra firma*, by conveyance of the railroad:—others make pleasure-trips to Chioggia by steamer; while others still, cross the Lagoon in the gondola to the Lido or the islands, or ascend the beautiful Brenta, its banks besprinkled with villas, villages, and vineyards. By the upper classes, the day is devoted to visiting, dinner-parties, and to excursions less public and gregarious, perhaps, than those of the classes beneath them in the social scale, but of a similarly festive character. Near sunset the Grand Canal, that “liquid corso of Venice,” is covered with gondolas, and all the wealth, and all

the beauty, and all the fashion of the "Ocean Bride" is afloat. Every day of the week, indeed, during the hot season, this is the hour for the promenade—the *fresca*—the *corso di barche*; and refreshing, truly, is the evening breeze, cooled by "riding all day" the waves of the Adriatic, to a frame exhausted by the withering sultriness of the mid-day summer sun, augmented in its effects, perchance, by a still more withering sirocco. During the heat of the day no one stirs out. Even the gondoliers and the water-carriers of Friuli are unseen. The noble has sought the cool recesses of his marble pile—the beggar the still cooler arch of a marble bridge. St. Mark's Place is deserted, and the sun pours down its burning rays on the snowy and variegated flags of the polished expanse unbroken by a single living thing; or, if so at all, by some one who glides hurriedly across the heated pavement into the shadow of its arcades, as if the very soles of his feet were scorched in the transit. As the sun goes down, however, all is changed. A gondola trip of an hour on the Grand Canal bordered by its oriental palaces, is succeeded by a promenade in St. Mark's Place, surrounded by its porticoes and arcades, crowded with people of all nations and in all costumes—Christians and Turks, Greeks, Hebrews, and Armenians, listening to the exquisite music of the monster martial-bands, or, seated by the thousand, on chairs at small tables in front of the Cafès Florian, Sutil, Quadri, sipping coffee, ices, sherbets. At ten the music ceases, and the multitude begins to diminish; an hour later and the square is quite deserted. And, thus passes Sunday in Venice, everybody being everywhere except at home or at church.

And thus passed at Venice the Sunday of July 29th, 1849—with a few obvious differences. There were, for example, "no excursions into the country by railroad," because both railroad and coun-

try were in possession of a foe ; but then, the martial music in St. Mark's Place did not cease at ten—as by the martial law of the conqueror it now does—and the broad expanse of that splendid and spacious saloon was thronged as brightly, and as gayly, and as densely as the hour of midnight pealed from the towering campanile of the ancient cathedral, as it had been at any time during the three hours before.

It was, says Garrano, a most beautiful night—that night of Sunday, the 29th of July. From the grand battery of Sant' Antonio, the towers and domes of the Queen City rose dimly in distance over the mists of the Adriatic, while unfrequent lights, like stars, at San Giorgio, Murano, Burano, Campalto, and other islets, gleamed over the placid Lagune, and other lights more frequent than ever, at St. Julian, Campaltone, and distant Malghera now the abode of Croats, proclaimed a wakeful foe. Within the city—some thronged the Piazza and some nursed the sick—some shrived the dying and some buried the dead—some consoled the bereaved and soothed the suffering—some prayed to God for health—some prayed to man for bread. Without the city—on the batteries of the defence trod the solitary patrol, demanding and receiving, from time to time, in low tones, the word of the night from the gliding gondola, which, like a ghost, shot under the broken arches ; while, at long intervals, roared the artillery against the hostile works, and the cannoneers between their shots leaned over the parapets, beguiling the night with talk of better days—the interchange of brighter hopes. At the half hour before midnight the advanced barks rushed in reporting an approach of the foe, and everything was got ready for the assault. But he did not come. In his stead, however, came a single bomb, and then another, and another, and another ; but, unlike their pre-

decessors, passing far—far over the external batteries of defence, and far away into the city itself!

“To your pieces! To your pieces!” was the loud order which now ran along the line of defence. And at that moment the hour of midnight pealed from the great bell of St. Mark: and, as terrible to Venice was that peal, as would, perchance, have been old Faliero’s signal for massacre on that same great bell, five centuries before, had it not been arrested when about to strike. For, while the heavy knell was yet booming over the silent city, and over the Lagune, and far away among the islands, and over the waters even to the besieging camp and the blockading squadron, and its deep tones were being taken up and echoed by all the lesser bells of the ancient metropolis of the sea, there burst forth on that devoted city a peal louder than that of all those bells united—louder, indeed, than that of all the bells of Italy and of all the artillery of heaven; while a perfect hurricane of iron came pouring upon the heads of the terrified people!

The mystery was solved. The ominous silence had been the prelude to the tempest; and now the tempest had burst. At the Fort St. Julian were unmasked that night a battery of six 24-pounders planted in massive slides of timber at an angle of 45° ; two howitzers of eight inches planted at a similar angle, and four 60-pound mortars; while upon the bridge, a few yards in advance of the old battery, was opened fire from eight 24-pounders and two 8-inch howitzers at the same extraordinary elevation, and seven mortars of 30 and 60 pounds. The charges of powder were, also, extraordinary—the cartridge equaling half the weight of the projectile, while those for the mortars were double the customary size and composed of the very best and most powerful material. The projectiles thus thrown attained an immense height, and then de-

scribing a parabola of proportionate extent, descended on the city. Balls of 24 pounds thus launched attained the astonishing distance of 5,330 French metres—more than three and half miles; grenades and red-hot shot to a distance of 4,400 metres—nearly three miles; bombs of eight inches 3,850 metres—more than two miles; and bombs of twelve inches 3,603 metres, sweeping the whole western extremity of the city.* Balls reached the church of San Moisè, near the south-west angle of St. Mark's Place; grenades the church of the Frari, and bombs that of San Simon Piccolo, opposite the Strada Ferrata. Thus, more than one-half of Venice was reached by bombs, grenades, and hot-shot, and more than two-thirds by balls! † The Sestiere di Castello, a narrow ward stretching eastwardly to the Arsenal and Public Gardens, and most of the long narrow island of

* From the bridge-head to Venice is 3,600 metres; from St. Julian 3,200, and from the advanced battery on the bridge 3,160. From St. Mark's Place to the western extremity of the city is more than 2,000 metres. The red-hot balls fell behind the cold nearly 1,000 metres, owing, probably, to the radiation of heat. There is some slight variance in the account of distances attained, as given by different authorities. Debrunner's numbers are—5,300 for balls, 4,400 for grenades, and 3,550 for bombs. Garrano's are—5,200 for balls, 4,900 for grenades, and 3,800 for bombs; whilst others give 5,330 and 5,270 for balls, and 3,603 for the larger bombs. The "Peace-maker," a gun of wrought iron, which so disastrously exploded on the U. S. steamer "Princeton," Feb. 1844, threw balls of 225 pounds more than three miles, with 25 pounds of powder; and, about the same time, 68-pound balls are said to have been thrown from the British steamer "Firebrand," at Portsmouth, England, nearly the same distance. In 1810, as we learn from Pepé, when Murat, with an army of 30,000 men, menaced the island of Sicily with invasion, his camp was at Piave, on the left of the Straits of Messina, near the rock of Scylla. On the opposite side, at Faro, a distance of 6,047 yards, or nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, near the whirlpool of Charybdis, the English had their batteries; and, from guns of a large calibre, at an elevation of 45° , sent balls not only into the hostile camp, but far beyond it; and, during four or five months, night and day, continued their fire. Pepé was at that time with Murat, and well knew, therefore, from the first, that Venice was not impregnable. He says that the Austrians in 1849 attained a distance equal to the English in 1810. He states the angle of elevation to have been 45° . So does Debrunner. But Garrano places it at 42° , and some others place it as low as 28° .

† So says Pepé. Debrunner, and Garrano, say three-fourths.

the Giudecca, were the only quarters spared. Most of the islands of the Lagune, Burano, Mazorbo, Lido, &c., were, also, without the limits of the invaded district.

But the projectiles of the enemy, while they attained a flight hitherto quite unheard-of by European engineers, were, by no means, very destructive. What they gained in distance, they, of course, lost in force—or, rather the momentum possessed when they left the piece was expended on the distance, and before the missile attained the object. In fact, the momentum of the projectiles was entirely expended in their enormous flight; and they simply dropped on the city with a force derived from their own weight and the distance they fell—a force sufficient only as a general thing, to penetrate the roof of a house and one or two of the half dozen floors below. The damage, therefore, resulting from a cannonade like this could, of course, be but slight, compared with that caused by batteries directed point blank, where every shot could ricochet and rake; while the inmates of mansions, pierced only to the second floor by the descending balls, might remain in perfect safety on the ground floor, or first. Not only the palaces, but all of the edifices of Venice are exceedingly lofty, numbering sometimes half a dozen stories; while the floors of each story are composed of a very hard cement or stucco, and are called *terrazo*, or terrace floors.* These terrace-floors, especially if there were several one above the other, one might suppose would present considerable resistance to falling missiles, and considerable protection to

* This species of flooring is very ancient at Venice. Addison, in 1701, says, the "flooring is a kind of red plaster, made of brick ground to powder and afterwards worked into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining, and beautiful surface." He, also, says that the palace-walls were generally hung with gilt leather, covered on extraordinary occasions with tapestry and hangings of great value; and attributes the peculiarities of hanging, as well as of flooring, to the moisture of the atmosphere, the malign effects of which were deplorably perceivable even then in the ancient paintings.

heads beneath. Besides, it was only balls which attained the heart of the city. The devastations of the more deadly bombs were confined almost entirely to the Sestiere di Cannaregio, at the north-western extremity. This devoted region was, also, exposed to the direct fire of the battery of Campaltone, which, also, had its guns elevated at an angle of 45° , and swept the island of Murano, where many citizens had fled for refuge. The battery of Bottenighè opened its fire at the same time on the flotilla and rafts. As a general thing the cannon and howitzers played on the city alone, and the mortars on the city and its defences.

To this general and furious assault the batteries of San Secondo, Sant' Antonio, Rosaroll, and those on the rafts and in the Lagoon, sent back a stern response; and one may imagine the hideous *vacarme* which made the very welkin ring. But few of the projectiles, however, from either side, attained their object. Many of those thrown on the city from St. Julian and the bridge, dropped into the innumerable canals by which it is intersected; whilst those from the other batteries fell most of them harmless into the Lagoon. Nor was it until some days had elapsed, that bombs, grenades, and red-hot shot were generally thrown. The attack commenced mostly with balls.* Fires were, of course, of almost hourly occurrence after the bombardment was fairly opened; but the corps of *Pompieri*, aided by volunteers, were always on the alert; and, in a city like Venice, constructed almost entirely of stone, conflagrations can never be very extensive. Some houses perished, however. The most considerable conflagration was that of the church of *San Geremia Pro-*

* It is said, that, from the 29th of July to the 22nd of August, the Austrians threw against Venice and her defences every day, 450 balls of 24-pounds, 130 grenades, and 400 bombs, making an aggregate of 10,800 balls, 9,600 bombs, 3,120 grenades, or 23,520 projectiles in 24 days; while from the 13th of June to the 22nd of August, the Venetians threw about 40,000 projectiles.

feta, near the Palazzo Labia, not far from the junction of the *Canale Regio* and the *Canale Grande*—the Cannaregio and Canalazzo—by which were destroyed works of art, paintings and sculptures, valued at nearly \$100,000. Two soldiers, also, lost their lives by a bursting bomb, while assisting to extinguish these flames—the besiegers invariably pouring their projectiles most profusely wherever they saw the flames rise most redly; and there were, it is estimated, at least eighty conflagrations during the bombardment. This particular locality seemed doomed to demolition. There were more marks of destruction left here, than any where else in the whole city within the same extent, and for two years afterwards. The gorgeous church of the Scalzi, the St. Germain of Venice, which stands close by, escaped, however, as if by miracle. Its gilded and frescoed ceiling was pierced by but a single ball! One almost shudders at the idea of the fearful devastation which the explosion of a single bomb—and it was fully in range of all—might have caused among its costly sculptures and marbles. Several of the churches suffered severely. The Frari, the Saints John and Paul, the Maria dell'Orto and other churches were repeatedly struck; and havoc enough was created in their ancient aisles, one might imagine, to have roused all the dust of all the mighty dead which, for centuries, had there reposed. The church of St. Roch was, also, injured; and the adjoining *Confrérie*, or *Scuolo di San Rocco*, which is filled with *chefs d'œuvre* of Tintoretto, and which for eighteen years was his studio, was pierced in many places. Not the slightest respect was manifested by the projectiles for the triumphs of the great master. The beautiful painting of Moses causing water to leap from the rock, beheld in the ceiling, or *plafond*, was badly disfigured—indeed, half demolished, by a twenty-four pound ball. The roof of the Academy of Fine Arts was, also, penetrated, and Bonifazio's

“Adoration of the Magi” badly injured.* To preclude the possibility of a similar catastrophe to the magnificent paintings of Palma, Bassano, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, which adorn the immense *plafond* of the Grand Hall of Council of the Ducal Palace, where the Assembly held its sessions, they were taken down by order of that body, and, two years later, had not been replaced. Two of these paintings—“The Glory of Paradise,” and “The Triumph of Venice,” by Veronese, have a European celebrity, and are a shrine to which artists make pilgrimages. The projectiles, however, never reached this side of the Piazza. The celebrated Rialto Bridge—the only bridge that spans the Grand Canal, lay directly within range of balls, but was struck but twice. Others suffered more severely, especially the fine bridge over the Canale Regio, near the campo and church of San Geremia, where bombs, grenades and balls fell thickest; and which presented a wild scene in the march of troops and the flight of the poor inhabitants of the Cannaregio, on the night of the 29th of July.

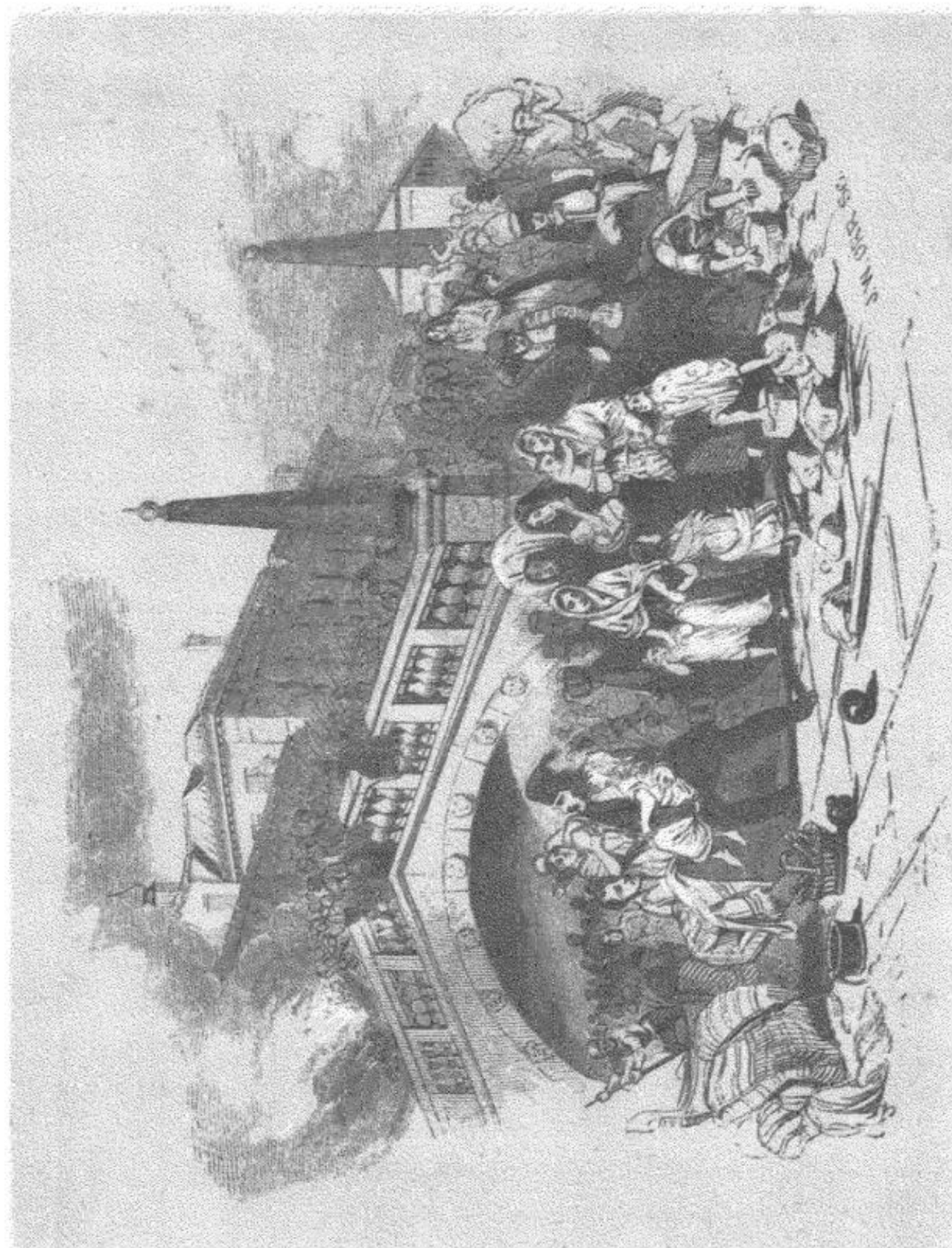
As for the palaces, nearly every one on the Grand Canal was pierced, and some of them in many places. The ancient palace in which is now kept the “Hotel of the Emperor of Austria,” or the *Hotel de Ville*, was visited by thirty or forty balls, most of which fell into the central court, where they are still preserved as trophies. The Mocenigo palaces, three in number, and in two of which Byron resided at different periods while at Venice, received thirty-six balls—a dozen each. Had the noble poet still survived, and been roused by the ceiling rattling about his ears in that gorgeous old chamber in which he composed so many of his best poems,

* This celebrated picture was painted for one of the halls of the Council of Ten; and, as one of its author's best works, has been copied, engraved, and lithographed times numberless.

his maledictions against Austria, because of her wrongs to his beloved Venice,* would, probably, have been expressed even more emphatically than they had ever been before. The palaces Balbi, Pisani, and Contarini, were favored with some thirty balls apiece. The vast Grimani palace, now the City Post Office, also suffered, as well as the Manfrini palace, celebrated for its galleries of art, and which was very much exposed, standing as it does in the Cannaregio, near the Palazzo Labia, and beside the church of San Geremia which was consumed by fire. The Palazzo Giustiniani, now the "Albergo dell' Europa," and the Palazzo Corner, now the "*Palazzo della Regia Delegazione della Provincia*," were, also, rudely and repeatedly visited. The Palazzo Buzinello, which belongs to Taglioni, the enchantress of former days, together with several others on the Grand Canal, also her property, as well as the beautiful *Ca' Doro*, given by her to her reputed lover, the Russian Prince Troubetskoi, were, likewise, badly scathed. The façade of nearly every mansion on the west side of the Grand Canal bears traces of balls, even to this day; and some of the projectiles ploughed with most savage indifference through the rich and gorgeous sculpture, dashing into fragments the costly marble and porphyry medallions. Nevertheless, the damage done to the city must be admitted to have been very inconsiderable, on the whole, considering that the cannonade and bombardment continued, without cessation, twenty-five days and nights, and that nearly 60,000 shot and shells were thrown. The Austrians say that Radetzky gave strict orders to injure the place—soon inevitably to be his—as little as possible! The only mode of executing that order, it strikes one, would have been to have ceased the bombardment altogether. An order to execute a man as gently

* "I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was a fairy city of the heart," &c. &c.

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BOMBARDMENT OF VENICE

as possible would have been about as wise ; and equally so to have read Radetzky's order to every ball and bomb that was sent howling over the Lagune, before it was dispatched on its headlong course !

On the Sunday midnight, when the attack began, our friend the Swiss captain informs us, that he had just retired to his lodgings in the neighborhood of San Moisè, near St. Mark's Place ; and, as he had supposed, though mistakenly—as the result proved—out of all possible reach of projectiles. Roused by the uproar, he started at once in a gondola for the Caserma Tolentini, in the Sestiere of Santa Croce, where was quartered his corps. Hardly, however, had he reached the Academy of Fine Arts, which is close by San Moisè, when his gondolier became frightened at the balls which went roaring in the darkness over their heads, sometimes bursting with a crash into the palaces on either side of the Grand Canal, and sometimes plunging into the water and drenching them with a shower ; and, refusing to proceed farther landed his passenger, who hastened on through the narrow and intricate lanes, amid the profoundest gloom. All around him was heard the crash of cornices and the falling of those huge and funnel-shaped stone chimneys which characterize Venice—chimneys, by the by, which bear closer resemblance to immense flower-pots, or to sugar-loafs equally immense, truncated and inverted, than to the civilized chimneys of other lands. But Venetian chimneys never smoke ! As he approached the Sestieri of Santa Croce and Cannaregio, the marks of demolition became more frequent ; and he was met by a strange multitude hurrying away at midnight through the darkness illumined only by the lurid glare of bombs, grenades and conflagration from their invaded homes—men, women, children—the old, the young—the rich, the poor—the timid, the valorous—all hurrying off with packs on their backs—with beds and burthens on their heads, to a place of safety.

Each seized the thing most valuable to him. The merchant clutched his books—the broker his bags—the Jew his jewels—the mother her weeping babe—the bridegroom his fainting bride—the son his aged mother—while little children roused from sleep, tottered terrified and astonished along, clinging to their parents' skirts, and gondolas heavy laden darted like spectres along the dark canals and beneath the shattered bridges, and troops called to arms by the *generale* were hurrying in hot haste to the defences, bravely defying the projectiles from which the unarmed inhabitants affrighted fled. And, yet, strange to tell, those fugitives went resignedly, contentedly, almost cheerfully, without a murmur, almost without a tear. "Bombs are better than Croats," they would say, to encourage each other as they trudged along on their midnight tramp, resigning their homes and hearths to the tender mercies of the bursting shells.

Arrived at the Tolentini, our Swiss found his ever-vigilant corps already under arms; but, as the *generale* was not beaten at that barrack, after some delay he ordered his men again to their pallets and haversacks and sought his own. The Tolentini, however, must have been anything but a comfortable place for a comfortable nap, under the peculiar circumstances. The balls and bombs rattled about it like hail; and several of the men having been killed or wounded, the whole of its inmates were subsequently ordered off to the Caserma of San Sepolcro, on the Riva degli Schiavoni, beyond the reach of the most enterprising projectiles.

Nor were the barracks of the soldiers and numerous private mansions alone abandoned on account of the balls. The bureaus of public administration in the Palazzo Corner, one of the most extensive structures in Venice, now occupied by the Municipal au-

thorities and the Royal Congregation of the Province, and several other public palaces were, also, deserted.

The sections of the city principally abandoned were the Cannaregio, and the vicinities of San Samuelè and San Barnaba; while the places of refuge were the Piazza and Piazzetta of St. Mark, the Molo and Riva degli Schiavoni, the Public Gardens, and the Sestiere di Castello. The Ducal Palace was thrown open, also, for the accommodation of the fugitives on the first night; yet many were forced to lodge under the arcades and in the courts of palaces, in the porticos and cloisters of churches, on the landings of staircases, and in open galleries. "*Commoventissimo spettacolo!*" says Contarini, and not without reason. Yet, strange to tell, amid all the horror and havoc of this first night, only one of the inhabitants fell a victim!—*in tutte la notte uno solo degli abitanti viene colpito.**

On the following and subsequent days many of the citizens fled with all they possessed to the Giudecca, and, also, to Murano, upon which latter, however, the batteries of Campaltone were soon directed—and to other islands of the Lagune more distant and more safe. Others found an asylum on board the twenty or thirty vessels of the navy lying in port, or in barges; whilst those most destitute camped in the open air at the Public Gardens—a very charming spot, by the by, in summer—or sought refuge in the cloisters of churches, retreats ever open to the wretched—in the Sestiere di Castello.

The fugitives were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by their more fortunate brothers, whose homes were not yet invaded; and the aristocratic Castellani received their traditional foes, the democratic Nicollotti, driven from their ancient abode, with most fraternal regard.

The section of the town abandoned was taken possession of by

* Contarini says this; but it is incredible, and probably incorrect.

the Civic Guard on the first night; and none but those on service who had a distinctive badge and pass-word, were suffered to enter before dawn. Many of the inhabitants then came back, either to take off their moveables and provisions, or quietly to resume their occupations. Some had the hardihood to live unconcernedly on, amid the crash of walls and bursting of shells, during the whole bombardment. Several thus lost their lives, but not many, though the exact sacrifice of life in this manner was never, perhaps, precisely ascertained. Under all the circumstances of the case, however, the destruction of life, as well as of property, during this terrible epoch of the siege, through the projectiles of the besiegers, was as before stated, astonishingly small. The slaughter upon the platforms of their own batteries, and upon those of the exterior works of the besieged, exceeded it in the ratio of almost a score to one.

But there was another foe about to descend on devoted Venice—more potent than Austria—more fatal than famine. It was pestilence—it was the Cholera; and it may be said, that only this was needed to render the last days of July at Venice terrible to the last degree. A Venetian thus writes, under date of the 30th and 31st:—“The Austrians continue to shower balls on Venice: the death and destruction in her streets are dreadful; the cholera progresses horribly: famine becomes every day more frightful: yet, even amid such misery, woe to him who whispers of capitulation! The people are determined in their purpose of resistance at any cost, and surpass in energy and obstinacy even their leaders.” Pepé, also, says, that the sufferings and privations of the people “never drew from a single mouth the desire for a treaty of peace,” but that “when they saw him in his gondola visiting the batteries, they were the first to bless him.” And yet, the apologists and defenders of despots would have us believe, that the people of Venice were at

this very time "in a state of slavery"—that "they bore their privations with the fortitude of despair"—that, "penned up like sheep in a fold, they felt themselves in the hands of demagogues, who beheld their sufferings with complete indifference." The falsehood of this last statement is proven by the fact, that, on the 31st of July, a report was read in the Assembly by Tommaseo, chairman of the "Commission entrusted with collecting and reporting instances most laudable of the liberality of citizens or the bravery of soldiers;" while a new and extraordinary commission was appointed to provide lodgings, sustenance, &c., for families driven from their homes by the bombardment—*provvedere di ricovero le famiglie erranti*, &c. If Venice was the slave of "demagogues," those demagogues were, of course, within the Halls of the Ducal, or the National Palace; yet, the official record of all the official acts of the inmates of those palaces proves the absurdity of the term as thus applied, and the falsity of the charge against them of "indifference to the sufferings of the city." No! If there is commendation to bestow, or denunciation to inflict, because of conduct in the last days of Venice, or, indeed, in any of the days of her noble revolution and independence—any of the days of her protracted and fearful siege and bombardment, that commendation, or denunciation, is due to the *People* of Venice—embracing men of all classes and creeds in overwhelming majority, and among them the members of the Government and the Assembly, and the citizen-soldiery of the Civic Guard. The "resistance at any cost," may be lauded, or it may be denounced; but both "resistance" and "cost" pertained to the People of Venice. They insisted on the one, and themselves paid the other. That there were those in Venice, who, under the influence of various causes, differed in sentiment and feeling with

the great mass, is, doubtless, true. It would be strange were it not true, though the number was small.

But the following letter, addressed by the American Consul at Venice, under date of July 12th, to the Commander of the United States steamer "Alleghany," Lieut. W. W. Hunter, and dispatched for its destination by the French war-steamer the *Braisier*, on the 19th of the same month—just ten days previous to the opening of a general bombardment on the city, while it throws much light on the condition of Venice at that time, states, in so many words, that it was "the declared and fixed resolution of the *entire* population to resist at any cost." The letter is as follows:—

"Having learned through a recent dispatch from Mr. Stiles, our Chargè d'Affaires at Vienna, that he had seen announced in the public prints, that the 'Alleghany' was destined for this port, I have taken the liberty of addressing you these lines, with the request that you will have the kindness to inform me if there was any ground for such report. I need scarcely suggest, that the appearance of one of our national vessels at Venice at this particular juncture, could but be a source of great satisfaction to myself personally, and would render an immense service to the cause of humanity. For more than thirty days the Austrians have now kept up an incessant fire against this city and the forts which protect it, and are making prodigious efforts to approach still nearer, with the purpose of bombarding it more effectually. The city is, moreover, closely invested by sea and land, and provisions of every description, those especially of the first necessity, are exceedingly scarce, and are, of course, daily diminishing in amount. It is hardly probable that this state of things can continue beyond a month or two longer, bearing as the evil does with peculiar severity on the lower classes, and those least able to sustain the enormous expansion of market-

prices for the most ordinary commodities. But, it is impossible to predict the final result of *the determination 'to resist at any cost,' which is the declared, and seems to be the fixed resolution of the entire population.* There are at present in port two French war-steamers—the *Pluton* and the *Braisier*, besides an English brig, the *Racer*. But they are here solely for the purpose of protecting English and French subjects, and have received positive orders to afford passage to no person of whatever other nation, or however anxious to abandon a city reduced to such extremities. In the absence of all other possible mode of getting away, I requested, a few days since, of the French commander of this station, passage on a war-steamer of that nation, for an American citizen anxious to reach Ancona, whence he might re-embark for Genoa or Leghorn, and at one of the latter ports find a ship for the United States. The request, though urgent, was positively refused, on the plea, that he had received superior and strict orders to take no person—whatever his nationality, from Venice. For my own personal safety and that of my family, in case of a general bombardment of the city, now apprehended, I anticipate no danger, as I suppose neither the French nor English commander could refuse a refuge for life, which might be rendered indispensable by such an event.

“Apart from all personal, or other considerations, the appearance of the American flag in these waters, at the present crisis, would, I think, conduce much to the credit of the American name, and, I would repeat, might render to the cause of humanity signal service never to be forgotten. You may well imagine, then, the satisfaction I experienced, when I learned from our Legation at Vienna, the probable appearance at this port of an American steamer, and my solicitude to learn farther whether the report was founded in fact.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

“LEVA IN MASSA.”

DESPERATE as was the condition of Venice, and dark as were the clouds which hung around her horizon, she was not yet entirely uncheered by occasional gleams of sunshine. “The fast-flashing lightning of war,” which, for months, had enveloped her, was not the only illumination which shot athwart her gloom. And never was there a people more profoundly thankful for even the small favors of fickle fortune than were the Venetians, or who made more of them by appreciation in the present, or by most sanguine anticipation for the future, than did they. An instance in point transpired on the 1st day of August, or rather on the last night of July. On that night, at a late hour, that brave priest-soldier, Sirtori, who was then at Chioggia, received from Col. Novaro 1200 men, 24 horses and four field-pieces, with which, in three columns, commanded by himself and Col. Boldoni, he sallied forth on a foraging expedition along the banks of the Brenta, now abandoned by the Austrians on account of disease. The posts of Lugo, Lova, Conche and Cà-Bianca on the *Taglio-Novissimo dell' Brenta*, or Latest Canal of the Brenta, were still occupied by the enemy, embracing 1000 infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of field pieces belonging to

the brigade of Gen. Kerpan, and having its head-quarters at Calcina, near the hamlet of Brenta dell' Abbà : but their garrisons, although protected by field-works, took to flight at the first attack, leaving a vast quantity of arms and haversacks behind them in their precipitate retreat. The post at the mouth of the old canal of the Brenta, though strong by nature as well as fortified by art, offered no resistance whatever : whereupon the troops which occupied the post of *La Brenta dell' Abba*, fearing to be cut off, fled, after a feeble resistance. The flag of this battalion was taken, by which it was found to be the "2nd battalion of the 18th regiment"—and, also, the personal baggage of its Major. The expedition, on the whole, proved most successful ; and, late the succeeding day, after making a foray through the country as far as Santa Margherita, Sirtori returned to Brondolo with eleven prisoners, 200 oxen, 50 barges laden with wine, corn, and other provisions, as well as a large quantity of baggage taken from the enemy. The loss sustained was very inconsiderable.

It was a late hour on the evening of August 1st, when intelligence of this successful foray reached Venice. The Fenice Theatre was thronged, and the opera of "William Tell," executed by amateurs and masters for the benefit of the cause, was in the full tide of successful performance, although the balls of the enemy were dropping all around the edifice and occasionally, perchance, through its roof—when the intelligence, as was customary with all late and exciting news at that time, was announced in the first pause of the piece, by the *Prima Donna*—perhaps the *Prima Ballerina*—from the stage, displaying, perhaps, the captured banner. The effect may be imagined. The vast and magnificent structure resounded with

* Popé thinks this was the only Austrian flag which fell into the hands of the Venetians during the war. Garrano makes the same assertion.

shouts ; the opera was suspended, the ballet was forgotten, and the residue of the night was devoted to felicitations.

The success of this sortie from Brondolo induced one from Tre-Porti, at the other extremity of the Lagune, some days afterwards. But the foe was on the alert—the detachment of 400 men was met by twice that number—the expedition was badly conducted by Major Radaelli, and retired in disorder to the fort. Nevertheless, the success of Brondolo was not eclipsed by this defeat, although it might have taught a lesson, of which many seemed in need—to wit—that a city of 200,000 souls—or rather bodies—could never be provisioned for any length of time by an occasional foray, as if it were the hawk's-nest—the *habsburg*—of a robber band—albeit that *habsburg** had been that of Count Rhodolph himself, who in the 13th century furnished half the name of the present House of Austria, indebted to Francis of Lorraine in the 18th for the other. Yet, sorties like that of Brondolo were constantly demanded—“resistance at all cost” was on every tongue ; and the craven word *capitulation* was full of peril to any one by whom it might be even whispered. This was illustrated by an event of the 3rd of August.

The Cardinal Jacopo Monico, Patriarch of Venice, is said to have been an exceedingly worthy and pious prelate, though by no means so inveterate in his hate to Austrian rule as were some of his flock. Indeed, there were not wanting those who whispered in secret, that he was the chief of the Austrian party in Venice, although, perchance, with very little justice or cause. But the public mind was all alive with suspicion, and snuffed treason in every breeze ; and, in the present desperate crisis, no wonder. One morning, therefore,—the morning of August 3rd, a document was read on the Place St.

* Habsburg—habichtsburg—hawk's nest—name of the castle of Count Rhodolph, founder of the Austrian dynasty, in the Swiss Canton of Argau, on the river Aar, now in ruins.

Mark which at once roused the multitude to frenzy. It was a Memorial addressed to the Assembly, bearing the signature of the Cardinal Archbishop, followed by those of eighty others, setting forth the intolerable woes of war, pestilence and famine into which Venice was plunged—questioning the policy and the motive which could still induce a desperate “resistance at any cost,” and concluding with a prayer, that an end might be put to these crushing afflictions, by the immediate commencement of negotiations with a view to *capitulation*. The effect of this last word on the inflammable masses was electrical. Instantly, without a moment’s reflection, the whole multitude rolled like a huge wave across the Piazza to the Court of the Lions—so called because of two very grotesque, but very ancient though not very truthful effigies of this animal, there stationed—where, beside the Cathedral, stands the modest Palace of the Patriarch; and, with cries of *Morte al Patriarca!*—they burst open windows and doors, precipitated furniture, books, paintings, works of art, everything, in short, they could lay hand on, into the Canal Canonica which flows beneath, amid thunders of encouraging applause from the multitude of spectators in the court below! They then sought the prelate himself, but happily without success. He was concealed in his private oratory, it is said, prostrate before the cross in an agony of terror. At length Tommaseo with other Deputies appeared and quieted the tumult, followed by a picket of gendarmes which cleared the palace but made no arrests. Inquiry into the affair was instituted by the Government; but public opinion was too unanimous, and public feeling too excited to be defied by promptitude and severity in the infliction of even deserved penalties. The brave old Pépe, however, did not hesitate an instant in his duty. He ordered the immediate arrest of the few soldiers who had been seduced into the affair—four of them belong-

ing to the *Bandiera-Moro* which he so highly esteemed—and next day addressed a severe letter to the Committee of Public Safety, demanding the speedy arrest and punishment of the civilians by whom it had been instigated, declaring that were it not done he would resign his command.* The menace had, of course, the desired effect.

The popular wrath satiated by its vengeance on the property of the person deemed the principal offender against popular rights—although the property destroyed proved not to be his at all but that of the Count *Quirino Stampalia*!—the remaining eighty by whom the petition had been signed, numbering a large proportion of the *millionaires* of Venice, who, probably, thought that their purses, if not their persons, had been bled sufficiently already in support of a doubtful, if not a desperate cause—were unvisited. Their precious document—their memorial, had, unluckily, chanced to fall, at last, into the hands of one, who not only declined giving it his own signature, but denounced those who had given it theirs. It is said to have been drawn up by one *Girolamo Dandolo*, the degenerate son of noble sires, who had been an imperial chamberlain, and the whole affair is said to have been “an invention of the enemy” to cause a tumult. With the single exception of *Manin* himself, and hardly excepting him, the Cardinal Patriarch had ever enjoyed the greatest consideration and confidence in Venice, especially of the lower classes—the very classes who had visited him with their wrath when they believed him traitorous. From this fact the unanimity and intensity of the design to resist at all cost may be inferred. There was a similar outbreak against the *Abbate Canale*, for a similar cause. These instances, and ones of like

* About a month previous, the Count *Angelo Marcello*, descendant of *Marcellus* of Rome, Intendant-General of the army, had been on the point of resigning his office, because of lack of confidence in the Government, but was dissuaded by *Pepé*.

character at Rome and elsewhere throughout the Peninsula, plainly prove, that the Italians, however blind their regard for their priesthood, regard freedom more. Pio Nino, with all his imputed "infallibility," was not deemed so infallible, when proven a traitor, as not to incur the imprecations of every liberalist in Italy.

It will be remembered, that, towards the last of July, the Assembly had decreed the mobilization of 1000 men of the citizen militia in order to supply the losses sustained since the fall of Malghera; and a levy of 600 marine troops for the armament of a brig and several trabaccoli which had been sent from the Arsenal—which requisitions the voluntary enrolment opened by the Military Commission, some time before, had been found utterly inefficient to supply. The marine force was raised, but the draft of 1,000 men from among all the citizens whose names were on the public registers of the different Sestieri, between the prescribed ages of 18 and 55, was rendered impossible by the bombardment which had driven them from their homes. Withdrawn from identification and police control by this forced change of domicil, each conscript found, no doubt, that, amid the uproar, confusion and havoc of the time, he had quite enough to do to take care of himself and his family, rather than to volunteer his service to uphold a cause, which, though he deemed it almost desperate, he had yet no design ultimately to desert. The same migration produced the same embarrassment in conducting the election of members to the Assembly convoked for the 15th of August by a decree of the 17th of July, the mandate of the old Assembly limiting its duration to August 14th. Well might it be said, that the election of the new representatives of the Assembly "could not have fallen on a worse period." There was a change of domicil on part of citizens driven off by the Austrian projectiles; a change of residence on part of the electoral commis-

sioners, and a general overthrow of the forms of municipal order. The result was perceived in the complete apathy of the electors in depositing their ballots. Although the Government kept the polls open day after day, having prorogued their close from the 4th to the 8th, and from the 8th to the 12th, and the Assembly decreed that one-sixth of the votes of all the electors should be sufficient to make valid an election—still there were numerous instances in which no election could be obtained; so that, resorting to the alternative of the decree, the representative of the delinquent district in the old Assembly continued to represent it in the new. Among the new members elected, however, was Gen. Pepé, who was returned by the 14th electoral Circondario, and entirely without his knowledge until the certificate was placed in his hands. He never had occasion, however, to take his seat.

On Monday, August 6th, the Assembly met, and, having received the reports of three commissioners appointed to investigate the political, military, economical, and sanitary condition of the state, which exposed a position of affairs to the last degree gloomy and hopeless, it again elected Manin President, and then passed the subjoined decree, against a minority of 27 votes:—"The Assembly concentrates all power in the hands of the President of the Government, Daniel Manin, in order that he may provide, as he may deem best, for the honor and the safety of Venice, reserving to itself the ratification of every decision whatsoever on political affairs."

This result Manin communicated from his balcony to the people—who, as usual, thronged the Piazza, and impatiently awaited the adjournment of the session—concluding thus:—"You know how much I love Venice, and, with the aid of Venetians, and of the Italians of all Italy here assembled, I will do all that it is possible

for me to do for the prosperity and honor of this city, trusting that Divine Providence will not abandon us at a moment so solemn."

And, from that moment, every effort of Manin was directed to a single object—to secure for Venice conditions of capitulation most favorable, in order to terminate, at least with honor, a struggle which history will make immortal. That this strife must soon cease was now no longer a secret, and *capitulation* was, therefore, no longer a word of peril. Hitherto the people had said, "We will resist so long as the polenta lasts; then let old Radetzky come with his Croats and eat *us*, when we have nothing ourselves to eat!"* That period was drawing nigh—it was nearer than any one dreamed—it was at the very door! For, by the report of the Provision Commission—*La Commissione annonaria*—made to the Assembly, it appeared that the polenta—the corn-meal—the staple of subsistence now in Venice, was sufficient for only ten days, while the flour of other grains was sufficient for only six! The effect was as great as the intelligence was astounding. Three days had hardly passed since to have signed a petition to the Assembly, merely to take into consideration the subject of capitulation, was deemed a capital offence, while the synonyme of treason was on every lip, and its changes were rung by every tongue. Every one now debated publicly, under the arcades of St. Mark, a subject, which, little more than forty-eight hours before, it was treason to pray the Assembly to entertain! And, yet, one whole week before, on Tuesday, the 31st of July, Gen. Pepé, who entirely concurred with Manin, that nothing more now remained to be done by either of them, before they departed for, perchance, a life-long exile from the soil of that beautiful Italy they loved so well, but to close an honorable strife by an

* Flesh-meat, even of horses, had long since ceased with the people. As early as June, Pepé says, "I sent four carriage-horses myself to the butcher."

honorable capitulation, had in this, the last of his celebrated "Orders of the Day" in Venice, dissembled so little the critical and perilous position of affairs, that the production was styled by his officers "the swan-song" of the veteran chief:—

"Officers, sub-officers, and soldiers! In order to prove the capabilities of Italians in the career of arms, Fortune has surrounded you with the severest trials which ever fall to a soldier's lot. Privations of every kind are yours, caused by a prolonged blockade, and by a siege, in which your foe has employed, and still does employ, the best artillery of the age. To these calamities are united others yet more severe—abandonment by all the world, and the menace of immediate famine. To such dangers, and to sufferings so cruel and so protracted, you have opposed a sovereign contempt of death, the most incomparable perseverance, and, more than all, that calm courage, not usually met in young soldiers, inspired, doubtless, by the sacredness of the cause in which you combat—a cause which has kindled in the hearts of the people of Venice a spirit of sublimity, which never before, amid all the varied vicissitudes of my life, have I witnessed: I speak of that resolution, with which the Venetians receive, without fear, the attacks which a foe far superior in numbers, directs against this beautiful city. Soldiers! I am proud of you! Yes, I am proud to command a young Italian militia, which eclipses all others by the brilliancy of its virtues, military and civic. It only remains for me to say to you, that the glory you have so dearly purchased should remain from the beginning to the close of your career unstained. It should resemble those beautiful days, when the firmament, from the rising to the setting of the sun, is not dimmed by a single cloud. Your General-in-chief can give you the assurance, that the Chamber and the Government will have at heart to the last moment as much as the firmness and patriotism of

upright citizens will permit, the honor of the Italian name and your own well-being. Continue to conduct yourselves as you have hitherto done, and are now doing, and be persuaded, that, though you may have yet dark days to endure, you will inspire all mankind, and even your enemy, with envy, but never with compassion."

On the same day that this Order was issued—or rather on the 30th, the day previous—Pepé addressed a communication to Manin, demanding, that inasmuch as the Austrians seemed resolved at all hazards to take the bridge, and might at any moment approach the city with a view to carry it by assault, the Civic Guard, in event of alarm, should be at his command: also, that two mobile corps should be selected to encamp in order of battle behind the third zone of defence, comprehending the batteries of Carlo Alberto, Roma, and San Marco, while half a battalion of the Civic Guard, under its Commandant, should take position at the Rialto bridge; the posts of the garrison, also, being doubled, and the boats and boatmen being stationed beside the bridge.

Despite, however, the desperate condition of Venice, there was still a party of resistance—of "resistance *at any cost*," indeed; for it spurned all idea of capitulation, on any terms, or at any time whatever! It was composed chiefly of officers of Italian regiments, who, having deserted their colors, were excluded by the terms of capitulation offered by Radetzky from the general amnesty; "by citizens of ill-fame who wished to pass for exalted patriots;" by foreign adventurers, who saw in Venice their last asylum in the Old World, and by a few superior officers, who complained of not having received deserved advancement. By these men it was protested, that, although there was only a sufficiency of provisions of the most ordinary description to sustain the city ten days, yet the period had by no means arrived, when capitulation should be considered; while the horrors of

pestilence, blockade, and bombardment were not deemed worthy the slightest regard ! The panacea for every present and apprehended evil prescribed by these men was a foraging foray from the city, by means of a levy in mass. Relying on the declaration of Colonel Morandi, who had served in Spain and Greece, and who enjoyed some reputation for gallantry, that, with 8,000 men, he could victual Venice for three months, this party was vociferous in demanding that his scheme should be put in execution ; and, despite the counter-declaration of the veteran Pepé, that the plan was mere madness, that a vigilant cordon of 30,000 men surrounded the city, and that all provisions and munitions had already been swept by them from the country, placards advocating the experiment were found posted every morning at every corner. One of these placards—or, rather its conclusion—bearing the signature of an agitator named Tondelli, may serve as a specimen. It demonstrates, more forcibly, perhaps, than could anything else, the desperate condition of a city which could, for a moment, give tolerance to the suggestion of a remedy so desperate ; whilst it proves, that, not to **Manin**, nor to his colleagues in power, is attributable the protracted horrors of the last days of Venice ; but that, on the contrary, they exerted every effort, and even hazarded their own lives in their attempts to bring them with honor to the speediest possible close. The manifesto of Tondelli, after detailing the consequences of surrender, concludes as follows :—

“ The question then is, ‘ Would you preserve life for yourselves, your families, your country ? ’ Then, decree, in your sovereignty, that you will not be lost utterly and forever—decree the following simple law :—1. All the fortifications are delivered to a certain number of defenders : the maintenance of tranquillity in the interior of the city is confided to old men, and to the women and children ca-

pable of reflection and action : all in a state to bear arms shall leave Venice with the troops of the land and the sea, and shall not re-enter, until the city shall have been provisioned for the period of one year. 2. Whosoever will not take arms under this *leva in massa* shall be slain by his next-neighbor, in accordance with right and law. 3. All strangers, who, within forty-eight hours, shall not have left Venice, shall be considered citizens of Venice and treated as such. 4. At midnight, on the Place St. Mark, will be taken the solemn oath to conquer or to die. 5. The Government is charged with the execution of this decree of the People."

But "the People" did not appear that night on the Place St. Mark, either to ratify this decree promulgated in their name, nor to take "the solemn oath" proposed. Its author, however, Tondelli, was arrested by order of the Government ; and, in a cell of the criminal prison, was secured from harming himself or any one else. The party, however, of which he was the tool, and which, though small, was as crazy* as himself, was still at liberty ; and, that same night—being the night of August 7th, at the hour of ten, a tumultuous demonstration, beneath the windows of Manin, was made, with the vehement cries—" *Leva in massa ! Fuori Manin !* " In obedience to the latter shout, Manin, as had been his wont, appeared, after considerable delay, on his balcony, and mildly and quietly demanded—" What wishes the people ? " The whole place was now thronged with spectators of a scene, in which, however, the actors were comparatively few. " What wishes my people ? " again asked Manin in the same sad and quiet tones. He was very pale, and was worn to a shadow by the toils and anxieties of the past

* Nevertheless, this man's madness was not devoid of method ; and, had Manin been the unscrupulous demagogue the absolutists assert, Tondelli would, most assuredly, never have been incarcerated for advancing the very views and advocating the very designs falsely attributed to himself.

sixteen months. "The people of St. Mark asks permission to arm itself, and demands of its Government a levy in mass," responded a voice from below. "*Leva in massa! Leva in massa!*" was the immediate shout which ensued. Manin at once replied, but his tones were no longer quiet: they were firm and resolute: he was deeply roused:—"The people of St. Mark has no need to make a demand like this! The people of St. Mark knows that the registers are open! If the people of St. Mark would fight, let them there inscribe their names. Never have you been restrained. Repeatedly have I said to you—'The rolls are open!' For three weeks, has the Government, in vain, striven to execute the decree of the Assembly to enroll and mobilize only a thousand men: yet now you foolishly shout *Leva in massa!* I am weary—wary of hearing you cry out like women. Let us have *acts*—not *words*, forever! You would fight? Be it so. Enroll yourselves! There is no other way. *Do it*, and there will be enough brave men to lead you. I will this very instant come down among you and open the lists."

Manin was as good as his word. He descended at once to the Piazza. A table and chair were brought him at his command, and the registers for enrolment were spread open. "Now," he cried, seating himself at the table and seizing a pen—"whosoever would fight for Venice, let him give his name."

The result was exactly as might have been expected, and as Manin did expect. The agitators slunk away into the crowd, and the crowd itself shortly slunk away into the narrow streets leading into the square, and Manin was left almost alone! Of all that tumultuous throng, so eager for a levy in mass but ten minutes before, only eighteen were found ready to accept the invitation of Manin; and, of that pitiful number, only three were found at all fit for service! This would seem incredible were it not asserted on authority of Major Fontana, director of the depôt of enrolment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FLEET.

BUT, "Resistance at any cost" was not yet dead in Venice. It now, indeed, assumed a shape more perilous than ever. A meeting of the officers of the army was called by public placards, to take place at the *Albergo della Gran Brettagna*, the very next night, August 8th. No sooner did intelligence of this purpose reach Gen. Pepé, than he at once summoned to his residence on the square of St. Mark, all the chiefs of corps, and peremptorily demanded what the movement meant. The reply was, that it did not originate with them, and that its only object was the adoption of a memorial to himself, demanding what they termed, a "Grand Sortie." "And that would be a grand folly," responded the Commander-in-chief. He then severely censured the conduct of the officers who had presented the first example of insubordination. He did not, however, as he might have done, interdict the meeting; he only limited its action to the appointment of a delegation to visit him with its demands, and forbade all such demonstrations in future. The next morning this delegation, consisting of one or two officers from each corps, waited on the veteran at his house with their demands; when at once perceiving who the ringleaders of the movement were and

their motive, he received them in such a manner that they were glad to be permitted to cease all future connection with the affair. The sleeping lion in the old man's breast was evidently roused. He told the agitators, that he had yet troops enough on whom he could rely to crush all their intrigues—that their demand was preposterous, silly and absurd—that for soldiers to deliberate in presence of the enemy was a capital crime—that he would pardon this first offence, but, that, in future, all who met to deliberate on any subject whatever, should be arrested and decimated, and that he would fusillade, on the Place St. Mark, every man, or body of men, who should have the audacity, for an instant, to contravene his orders ! That same day he sent off fifteen of the officers to distant and detached forts, and issued an order that every officer stationed outside of Venice who should be found within the city without his own special permission, should be at once arrested and presented to the tribunals. It seems, however, that a certain General, whose name is suppressed by the kind old Baron, was disregarding of this order ; whereupon Pepé addressed him a severe note, which elicited a menacing reply ! The old man, exasperated, at once dispatched to the offender Gen. Cavedalis, informing him, that if he did not instantly, in writing, ask pardon for his insubordination, he should be arrested and brought before a council of war. Pardon was asked and the affair forgotten.

About the same time, a battalion at the Lido refused to embark for Tre-Porti to garrison the fort. Pepé at once ordered Cavedalis to repair to the spot, to form the battalion into a square, and then to inform them, that unless they instantly obeyed, he would himself come and have them fusilladed by the two campaign batteries which were there. The battalion at once embarked.

These prompt and decided measures intimidated the agitators,

and produced a sensation all the deeper from the fact, that the old General had never exhibited such energy before, and because it had been thought that advantage could be taken of his exceeding goodness of heart. In order to deepen and continue the impression, the superior officers and chiefs of corps were ordered to repair to his head-quarters every morning at eight o'clock, with a verbal report as to the discipline and welfare of their subordinates.

Upon their dismissal, after the first of these visits, strict subordination and discipline were again urged. "The only thing of value we can yet save," said he, "is honor. All the sacrifices we have made will be nothing—all the glory we have acquired will be lost, if we terminate not worthily this strife. Military history cites no instance in which a strong place, without being declared in a state of siege, has resisted so long as Venice. In saying this, I do myself, as well as you, the highest honor; and it has been with this view that I would, under no circumstances, resort to this measure. If you support me, gentlemen, I will remain in Venice until the last day—the last hour—until the end of all. Have no apprehension of my desertion so long as my orders are obeyed; albeit, were I disposed to leave you, I could, as you are aware, have my choice of an asylum on board either of the French or the English vessels of war now lying in this port, at any instant."

But, not content with reducing his officers and troops to subordination, the old Baron, wishing to convince them of the insincerity as well as of the folly of the agitators, sent one of the noisiest of them, a certain Colonel,—Morandi, perhaps—to an island near Tre-Porti; and, shortly after, officially addressed him, developing a scheme for a strong sortie to provision Venice, which should be entrusted to him, provided himself—Pepé—could not conduct it in person. The demagogue fell into the snare. He at once replied,

earnestly demonstrating the impossibility of accomplishing the very thing he had before insisted on! This letter was published, and its author exposed to the deserved derision of all Venice.

Thus ended lawless "resistance at any cost." No organized effort was subsequently made to influence the Government unduly, and the fate of Venice reposed in its hands, until the end, undisturbed. On the same day that Gen. Pepé had administered the rebuke so well merited by some of his officers, two other events occurred which, perhaps, tended to superinduce the spirit of temporary insubordination betrayed. It was the 8th day of August. One of these events was the putting to sea of the Venetian fleet; the other, the reported arrival in the neighborhood of Brondolo of the celebrated Garibaldi with his band.

The ancient glory of Venice, as every one knows, is intimately associated with her naval supremacy. To her navy and its triumphs she owed her power, her opulence, her renown, her splendor, her conquests, her very name—"Queen of the Sea." It is not wonderful, therefore, that immediately on the declaration of her independence of Austrian rule, attention should have been turned to her celebrated Arsenal, as the most efficient champion to sustain it; nor is it wonderful, that the greatest sacrifices should have been willingly made to reinforce her Navy, and the most lively anticipations indulged as to its efficiency. The interest evinced by Venetians of all classes on this subject, by voluntary contributions, dramatic performances, &c., will not have been forgotten. And yet, it was exactly from this source of aid and protection, on which Venice had relied the most, that she had realized the least—if, indeed, she can be said to have realized anything at all. Ever since the departure of the Neapolitan fleet, early in June, 1848, and the recall of the Sardinian fleet by the Armistice of Charles Albert, early in

August of the same year, the Venetian navy had been apparently in a state of utter paralysis. For a whole twelvemonth had it laid at its anchors within the port. At first, the excuse for its inaction was the valid one, that, although equal in the number of its vessels to the blockading squadron, it was yet far inferior in weight of metal. To overcome this inequality, inasmuch as the emergency and want of means did not permit the construction of large vessels, or even the completion of those already on the stocks commenced by the Austrians, it was resolved to construct additional *trabaccoli*. This had long since been done; and the armament and equipage of these vessels had been completed with great additional sacrifices. Admiral Brua had, also, been superseded, as before-mentioned, and Achille Buchia, captain of a corvette, been invested with full powers as Commandant in his stead. Meantime, Malghera had fallen, Venice had been bombarded, her citizens were starving, capitulation was inevitable within two weeks, unless the city was supplied with food; and yet, there lay the Venetian fleet, as motionless, and, apparently, as powerless and as passionless at its anchorage, as its anchors themselves. It was in vain that denunciation, ridicule, contempt were, without stint, poured upon it and all connected with it, by the citizens, by the journals, by the deputies, by the troops. It was in vain that the ancient glory of Venice as Mistress of the Sea was re-called—in vain that the duty of her fleet in her present starving condition was urged. In vain were all appeals to ambition—all invocations of ignominy—all declarations of cowardice. There was no pulse that throbbed for glory—none that kindled with shame. It was in vain that the Government ordered the fleet to sea, and the Assembly demanded why it had failed to obey. The reply was ever the same—“There is a sirocco—the fleet cannot put to sea at the same time with the squadron at Alberoni.” Even a

sharp correspondence between Tommaseo and the officers of the marine, in which the deputy reminded them how much had been expected of them, and how little had been fulfilled, all of which had been laid by the press before the whole city, had no effect but to elicit assurances anew, that the navy would soon show Venice that it knew its duty, and dared to do it. But still the sirocco continued to blow, and the anchors of the Venetian vessels continued to cling as tenaciously as ever to the mud of the Lagoon.

To Manin this strange inaction was most distressing. On the Marine had he relied, and to it had he devoted many of his schemes and much of his labors; and it was upon the sea—" *Sul maré—sul maré—sul maré* "—as he exclaimed in his eloquent harangue on the 25th of April, at the celebration of the Festa of the city's patron saint—that he looked for the triumph of Venice and her cause. How deep then the disappointment and mortification to which he had been doomed! At length, when the cause of Venice had become utterly desperate without instant relief, he issued a positive order, on his authority as Dictator, that the fleet should, at once, put to sea, and, at least, measure itself with the foe. That he might impart to the seamen some of that fire which consumed his own heart, he repaired to the squadron in the port, and thence to that portion of the fleet which lay at Alberoni; and, going from vessel to vessel, harangued their crews with all that enthusiastic and resistless eloquence, for which his celebrity was so great. The effect produced was marked: enthusiasm was roused; and he departed with the most positive assurances of the most prompt and decisive action. There was, indeed, no time to be lost. At the opening of the month of August the tides of the Adriatic attain their highest flood. Then, and only then, the entrance to the port is navigable for the largest vessels; and, was there not reason to apprehend, that

if the Venetian fleet did not now accept the challenge of its foe to the open sea, that foe might seek it within the defences of the port!

At length, at the hour of noon, on the 8th day of August, just one year from the signature of that armistice which had recalled the Sardinian fleet, since which date not one movement had been made by that of Venice—the Venetian fleet, to the surprise and gratification of every one, actually unfurled its canvass and put to sea.* As it left the port, the blockading squadron put off in order to draw it out; and, as the vessels disappeared, a fleet of fishing smacks followed on out of the harbor in the wake. At length, then, the fleet was fairly at sea: at length, it had redeemed its promise to attempt to measure itself with the foe. New hope was born, and Venice once more breathed free.

But, alas! this hope was of but brief duration. Two days had not elapsed before the fleet was again at its anchorage! On the evening of the 10th it returned, and that, too, without having obtained, or even sought, a combat! Indignant at this apparent cowardice or treachery, the people assembled in the Piazza and called for Manin, who at once appeared. And if *they* were indignant, what was he? He assured them, that, at the first intelligence of the return of the fleet, he had summonsed its officers to justify themselves for diso-

* It was composed of two corvettes of the first class mounting 24 guns, the *Lombardia* and the *Veloce*; two of the second class mounting 20 guns, the *Civica* and the *Indipendenza*; three brigantines of 16 guns, the *San Marco*, *Crociato*, and *Pilade*; one goletta of 12 guns; the steamer *Fenice* with two large guns and one small; the steamer *Pio Nono* with the same armament; three steam tug-boats; and ten trabaccoli with one heavy gun each. The blockading squadron consisted of three frigates of 44 guns, two corvettes of 24, five brigantines of 10 and 16, one goletta of 12, the *Vulcano* steamer of six guns, and three Lloyd Packet Steamers of one gun each, besides numerous trabaccoli and other small vessels. Thus, the Venetian squadron mounted about 200 guns, and the Austrian about 70 more and of larger calibre—though the number of vessels in each was nearly the same, being about 20.

bedience of orders ; and, unless it was most clearly done, he was resolved to proceed against them with the utmost rigor of martial law. Subsequently an official declaration appeared, declaring the justification to have been ample, and that the fleet was forced to put back. Nothing positive, however, was ever known except the assertion, that the French and English vessels had threatened to view the Venetian fleet as a foe, because they did not recognize the Italian tri-color ! Incredible as this may seem, it may yet be true. But a few weeks had elapsed since a French army entered Rome by assault ; while, one year before, a British fleet had quietly looked on and beheld Messina torn in pieces by a Neapolitan squadron ; although, to complete the tale of inconsistency, hardly a month had then elapsed since it had formally saluted with all its guns the same identical flag—the tri-color of independent Sicily ! But the chronicler of Venice is more than once reminded by England's conduct in '48–49 of the bitter and merited rebuke of Childe Harold for her conduct in '14–15, thirty years before :—

“ Venice, thy lot
Is shameful to the nations—most of all,
Albion ! to thee : the ocean-queen should not
Abandon ocean's children—in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.”

Another cause assigned for the return of the Venetian fleet was the appearance of the Cholera on board ; whilst a third, and by no means the most improbable, was this—that the Commandant, Captain Buchia, had lost his reason from despair !

This was the end of anticipations respecting the Venetian fleet. Hitherto, it had accomplished, with all its opportunities, literally nothing ; and, henceforth, it had no opportunity to accomplish any thing. It never left its anchorage but once again, before the fate of Venice was decided, when it passed into Austrian hands.

The rumor on the evening of the 8th of August, that the celebrated Garibaldi with his corps was but a few leagues distant from Fort Brondolo, and was on his march to deliver Venice, excited hopes in the minds of the Venetians hardly less sanguine than the actual putting to sea of the fleet on the noon of the same day. These hopes were roused to general enthusiasm, when, at about nine in the evening, a young man, garbed as a peasant, but professing to be the Adjutant of the Roman Chief arrived from Chioggia, and announced the arrival of Garibaldi himself within a few days. The messenger was conducted to Manin; and, meantime, as the rumor spread, all Venice, agreeably to its wont, repaired to the Square of St. Mark. Manin, after a brief interview with the stranger, sent him to Gen. Pepé, and announced that fact to the people, when they assembled beneath his windows to hear the news. The excited multitude at once deserted the spot and rushed across the Piazza to the windows of the Commander-in-chief, shouting, "*Viva Garibaldi!*" This brought the young "Adjutant" to the window, who confirmed the rumor by stating that Gen. Garibaldi was, indeed, *en route* for Venice with the remains of his corps; and concluded with vociferously shouting—" *Morti agli Austriaci! Fuori lo Straniero!*" *Viva la Guerra!* Death to the Austrians!—Away with the foreigner!—Live the war! And at each of these wild vociferations, the speaker would pause, and the people would unanimously and solemnly respond—*Morti—Fuori—Viva!*—exactly as if they were not at that very moment on the very verge of starvation; and that even were the gallant Garibaldi, in person, with the whole of his force, with them, to aid in doing battle against their 30,000 foes, their situation, instead of being bettered, would only be rendered worse! But, happily, Garibaldi was *not* with them—albeit, Garibaldi, who is as able a seaman as soldier

might have done wonders with that Venetian fleet—nor did he come as was promised. In his stead arrived only half a dozen of his scattered corps, whose haggard aspect, unhappy men, was far from inspiring hope or confidence. On the very evening of their arrival returned the fleet; and with these two bitter disappointments, drained in a single cup, perished the last of those sanguine anticipations indulged by Venice during more than a year.*

On Monday, the 13th of August, the Civic Guard, convoked by Manin for a last review, assembled in large numbers, despite all impediments—the whole four legions being full—on the Place St. Mark. By this citizen-army, Manin, on the 23rd of March '48, had been proclaimed Chief of the Government; and he wished once more to meet them in a body, and express to them his thanks—perchance, to say to them—farewell, forever! The inspection and defile passed in beautiful order. The review ended, Manin once

* As for Garibaldi, he left Rome with 4,000 men, as Oudinot entered; and “if song yet lived in the Sabine mountains, many a future lay would tell how the outlaw of Italian liberty” accomplished his perilous route through French and Austrians, from Tivoli to Terni—from Terni to Arezzo—through Tuscany to San Marino—from one side of Italy to the other. On the night of the 2nd of August, with only 300 men he reached the little port of Cesanatico and embarked in 13 fishing-boats for Venice. Discovered by the blockading squadron and pursued, three of the boats were sunk by shots from the ships and all within drowned—while 160 men were made prisoners and taken to Pola. Among these was Col. Forbes, now a resident of New York, well known for his Lectures on Italy, and to whose friendship the writer is indebted for valuable facts. Two boats reached the land near Commachio and the mouth of the Po. In one was Garibaldi and his wife, Ugo Bassi, and Ciceruacchio and his two sons. Of these, Garibaldi alone survives. Two days later, his devoted and heroic wife Anna breathed her last—and, alone, with his own hands he buried her on that lonely spot. Two days later poor Bassi was desecrated and shot at Bologna, and “the Roman tribune” and his sons were never again heard of. Garibaldi crossed the Peninsula, reached Genoa, was arrested and imprisoned on his native soil and exiled to Tunis, was refused permission to land through French influence, repaired to Santa Margarita near the island of Sardinia, thence to Tangiers, and thence to New York, where he arrived in June, 1850; and, declining a public reception, retired to Clifton on Staten Island. He is now the captain of the Peruvian barque, *Carmen*.

more appeared at that window from which, for seventeen months, he had announced so many events, sad as well as joyous, and where he had always been greeted with shouts of welcome and regard. The four legions formed before him a column closely serried. The moment was solemn. Every one felt that he was to listen to the great patriot,—statesman,—orator, for the last time. In tones profoundly moved Manin began :—

“ Citizen-soldiers ! If our revolution has been maintained pure during seventeen entire months ; if the name of Venice, once despised, is this day venerated both by her friends and her foes, the chief credit is due to the zeal—constant, indefatigable, intelligent—of her citizen-militia. A people which has done and suffered, what this people has done and suffered, and what it still does and suffers, can not entirely perish. There must come a day, when a brilliant recompense shall crown its merit. When shall that day come ? That is in the hand of God. We have sown : the good seed will fructify in a good soil. Great misfortunes may yet await us : they are, perhaps, imminent : but they will be misfortunes of which we shall have the satisfaction of saying—‘ They came without fault of ours.’ If it is not in our power to drive these misfortunes away, it is, nevertheless, in our power to maintain untarnished the honor of this city. It is to you that it belongs to preserve this patrimony for your sons, perhaps for a period near at hand : it is to you that belongs this great work, without which, all that has been done will be lost, without which, we shall not only be an object of ridicule to our foes, but what is worse, of pity to our own best friends ; and we shall become the butt of those scoffers, who ever seek to attribute the wrong to the side that is unfortunate. If, for one single day Venice should not prove worthy of herself, all that you have done would be forgotten—lost ! I have, therefore, invited the citizen-

militia, already harassed by so many fatigues, already exhausted by so many sufferings, to re-unite itself here around me, as to a council of family and friends. And I pray the Civic Guard, I conjure it, to persevere in that work, noble, courageous and sublime, which is all its own ; and to exhibit now, if that be possible, zeal even greater than ever before. I would entreat that all classes of citizens enrolled in the Civic Guard should make this a personal duty—a duty not only political, but, also, one pertaining to their own hearths, homes, households ; for, it would be preposterous for those who possess privileges, to leave the defence of those privileges to the bravery of those who possess them not. The name of the Civic Guard of Venice will shine with a halo of glory in the annals of history. Whatever the expressions of our cotemporaries, history will ever say—*Viva la Guardia Civica di Venezia!* I say emphatically “the Civic Guard.” It is not a political power. The Civic Guard of Venice is nothing less than the armed people of Venice, which instituted and proclaimed the Government of March 23d, '48. The Assembly of your Representatives, which is the sole legitimate power in the state, has thought proper to impose on me a burden of responsibility almost insupportable and which every one else had refused. But, if the Civic Guard,—I speak not of others,—if the Civic Guard has not that confidence in my loyalty which it has so long accorded me, what am I to do? How am I—how is any one, long to sustain this enormous responsibility, without the support of the Civic Guard? The Assembly might then legally confide to other hands that power which I have never sought, and which is never to be desired, yet could not be declined. Frankly then, I demand of the Civic Guard—‘Has it confidence in my loyalty?’”

To this demand the whole body of the Civic Guard, together

with the multitudes of people around which filled the arcades and piazza, responded—"Yes,"—in tones of thunder, followed by prolonged and enthusiastic applause; and when silence at length ensued, Manin with profound emotion resumed as follows:—

"The demonstration of this infinite confidence and love gladdens me, and yet it saddens me—saddens me more than I can express; for it constrains me to realize more vividly than ever, were that possible, how this people suffers. You may not always be able to rely on the strength of my spirit—on my moral, my intellectual, my physical powers; but on my affection, great, intense, undying—on my heart you may depend forever. And, whatever may happen, you may say—"This man has been deceived," but never—"This man has deceived." ("Never"—was the thundering response of the Guard and the people.) "No—I have deceived no one! I have inspired no illusions which had not already possession of myself: I have never said that I hoped when I hoped not."

Overcome with emotion, the speaker abruptly stopped, unable to proceed. That eloquent voice was heard but twice more in that Square of St. Mark.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHOLERA !

WHILE events of such momentous interest had been transpiring in Venice, during the period embraced within the 1st day of August and the 14th, it is not to be inferred that the bombardment had at all abated in its fury. On the contrary, ever since its commencement, at midnight, Sunday the 29th of July, never for one hour, had it slackened or ceased, nearly 20,000 projectiles having been thrown ; and, never for one hour, by day or by night, had the Venetian batteries failed to respond. And, if the midnight bombardment of the fortress of Malghera, three months before, had presented a spectacle of sublime and terrible magnificence, what language shall be found to portray the picture exhibited now ? Even the brush of Vernet might pause before attempting a scene like this. Beautiful Venice—the city of the dead past and the living present—“ the Tyre of the Middle Ages ”—the home of historic glory and storied romance—Venice with her towers and domes floats like a dream of midnight on the quiet Lagune, while all the horrors of hell itself seem launched against her ; and the howling projectiles of war, streaming over an expanse of miles in their fiery flight, light up her tranquil waters with the horrid glare !

A few extracts from a journal kept by a Venetian during these last days of Venice, will better depict her situation than could any mere description :—

“ *Sunday, Aug. 5th.*—The rain of fire, begun one week since, to-day terribly augments. For seven days, more than three-fourths of Venice has been covered with the Austrian projectiles—balls, bombs, grenades, red-hot shot. Some citizens have been struck, but the number is astonishingly small. To this add, cholera increasing, bread diminishing, the destitution of fugitive families and heads made houseless by the balls, and—can deeper distress be imagined ?
Friday 10th.—Last night the Austrians made a vigorous effort to carry the *Piazzale del Ponte*, by assault, but without success. This evening, the fleet, which put to sea Wednesday noon, with such high hopes of all Venice, came back. The cholera has broken out, and the commandant has lost his reason !—*Saturday 11th.*—The hail of iron pours more pitilessly than ever on poor Venice : many bombs bury themselves in the expanse of the Lagune, but many drop on the roofs of the Cannaregio : red-hot balls descend into the heart of the city ; grenades, and fuses, and shells, ceaselessly furrow the air, and set fire to buildings : the Pompieri are busy night and day extinguishing flames.—*Wednesday 15th.*—To-day the cholera reached its maximum—402 cases and 270 deaths, according to the city registers.—*Thursday 16th.*—The Dictature, in regard of the condition of the place, suspends, to-day, legal proceedings in all civil tribunals.”

That terrible scourge, the cholera, made its first appearance at Chioggia and Brondolo the last of June, and in devoted Venice early in July—at the very time it was raging so fearfully in the Western Valley of the United States, and, especially, in the city of St. Louis. The cases were then infrequent, however, and but seldom fatal in result,

although, at the same time, in the besieging army, encamped amid the marshes of the Lagune, the ravages were appalling. The events of the last days of July, however, developed the disease in the beleaguered city with frightful rapidity, until, at length, on the 15th of the ensuing month, there were, by official record, more than 400 cases and nearly 300 deaths in a single day. Many of the victims were soldiers, and one corps—the Swiss chasseurs, already reduced to 81 men, lost 18 by cholera within a period of 10 days. The wretched and most unfortunate diet to which the city was reduced—fish, polenta, beans, and fruits—the almost total destitution of meat, wine and spirits—the crowded population of those portions of the city not reached by the Austrian projectiles, especially the Sestiere of Castello—the exposure to the scorching sun by day and the chill damps by night of the thousands driven from their homes—the constant harrassments, the ceaseless solitudes, the exhausting fatigues, incident to the state of bombardment—such were some of the leading causes which concurred to exasperate the pestilence into terrible virulence, and to paralyze every effort to arrest its ravages—ravages which very far surpassed in fatality those of famine or war. In the fleet and flotilla, however, the ravages were even more sweeping than in the city. On board the corvette *Lombardia*, for instance, 53 were attacked within 30 hours, and in five days the crew from 110 men was reduced to sixty-one! Most laudable energy and zeal were exhibited by the Central Commission of Public Health. New hospitals were opened; a *Giunte Sanitaire* was instituted in every circle; depots for the gratuitous supply of medicines were established; and advice to the people, touching proper preventives or remedies for the disease, together with ordinances and instructions to prevent its propagation, were posted in placards at every corner and public place. Nor was there lack of medical aid,

nor of medicine* to the sick nor of the last consolations of religion to the dying; and it was a beautiful spectacle, says Garrano, amid so many horrors, to behold the few who were well, especially the women, repairing daily to the hospitals and then to the church of St. Mark to pray *La Vergine Nicopeia*—"Mary the Conqueress"—to give victory to Venice. In one of the churches, a woman who thus prayed was struck dead while on her knees before the altar, by a cannon ball dropping through the roof! The gloom of the city was deepened by the frequent passage of gondolas through the canals, bearing the sick to the hospitals, or the corpses to the cemetery at St. Christopher which was completely swept by the hostile balls, and on which, indeed, the foe from his battery of Campaltone launched his projectiles with most savage zeal, thus verifying his name of "barbarian" by forbidding sepulture to the dead!

As for the victims, all those of feeble health or impaired constitution—all those affected by venereal maladies—and the number of the latter is said to have been appalling, especially among the troops—in fine, all whose health was not robust, and whose habits were not regular, were almost sure to be seized; whilst the crisis of the malady usually supervened within twenty-four hours from the attack. The extreme violence and fatality of the disease is supposed to have been heightened by the unusual sultriness of the atmosphere; inasmuch as the mortality diminished, and, indeed, the pestilence entirely ceased, after an extraordinary tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain, on the 29th of August. But, meanwhile, the horrors of famine and siege had, also, ceased, and most other superinducing causes supposed to aggravate the mortality.

* The drug quinine, so indispensable in the intermittants so prevalent in and around Venice, it is true, at one time was exhausted; but a supply was providentially brought by a traveller from Trieste.

Among the last victims of the cholera was William A. Sparks, Esq., of South Carolina, Consul of the United States at the Port of Venice. His residence on the Grand Canal was the Palazzino Gambarà, near the Academy of Arts, and within the district invaded by the Austrian projectiles; but he refused to remove, and seems to have viewed the perils both of bombardment and pestilence with exceeding equanimity. His decease followed briefly his attack. He was ill but a few hours, and left a young wife and child among strangers to deplore his loss. His remains were accompanied to their last resting place by the whole Consular Corps at Venice, despite the perils from projectiles, as well as by many of the members of the Government and Assembly and officers of the army. In the Protestant cemetery, on the islet of San Cristoforo, was deposited all that was mortal of our country's representative. He went to that distant and classic land only to lay there his bones; and the winds and the waves of the Adriatic moaned melancholy music around the stranger's rest.*

* Two years later, in the month of July, 1851, the writer of these lines, in accordance with instructions from his Government, sought the spot to superintend the disinterment of these remains, and their preparation for being embarked on the Razeo "Independence," then in those waters, for their distant home. It was in the cool sunrise of a summer morning that he was conveyed in his gondola across the mirrored waters; and, passing through the cloisters of the old church of San Michele, and the densely-peopled cemetery, into which, for many a long year, all Venice had deposited its dead, he entered the small enclosure devoted to the burial of Protestants, and a plain tablet of white marble in the brick wall, over which four young cypresses waved their melancholy boughs, designated the spot he sought. The task of disinterring the remains accomplished, the triple case containing them was embarked upon the frigate for the voyage of 6,000 miles. The contrast between the scene presented when these remains sought a grave, and when, disinterred, they commenced their far pilgrimage over the deep to their native home, was striking. Then the Laguna, which smiled now so peacefully, was ploughed by the *ricochet* of balls, or swept by other projectiles of the Austrian batteries. The sky, now so blue and the sun so bright, were then hung with a pall of sulphurous gloom, while the very welkin rang with the incessant roar of cannonade. Yonder fair city, now as placid and as beauti-

A cannonade such as the fortifications and city of Venice were subjected to for a period of eighty-five continuous days and nights, from the 28th of May to the 22nd of August, during twenty-four of which projectiles had been poured like hail over three-fourths of a place so compactly built as Venice, could but leave marks of decided significance at its close. Despite the opening of negotiations with a view to capitulation, the fire of the Austrian batteries still continued, although with a violence somewhat slackened. Availing himself of this circumstance, our friend the Swiss captain started out in his gondola on the morning of Sunday, the 19th, to make a *reconnoissance* of the scene of conflict. Within the city he found the damage by no means equal to his apprehensions. Along the Grand Canal, and principally on the left, or western bank, he perceived on many palaces traces of balls; but he saw nothing to be designated by the words demolition or ruin. There were, also, numerous marks of flames upon the blackened walls; but they had been generally mastered before accomplishing any considerable damage. True, he could not see the palaces within; but the injury could not have been very serious, when it has been gravely estimated that the projectiles themselves went far to compensate the damage they caused! So prodigal was the enemy in this regard, that most of the householders received from ten to forty balls or bombs apiece; whilst those who received less than the lesser number were objects of compassion to their more lucky neighbors!

Without the city, the devastation was far greater. The embattled wall of San Secondo was breached at numerous points. The powder-magazine, which had, happily, been exhausted of its perilous contents—although there had been repeated explosions of *cais-*

ful as a dream, was then a charnel-house within, girdled by a belt of flame without, and crowned by a dissem of clouds significant of its doom.

ses of ammunition—and which had served towards the last as a depository for bombs and grenades, was crushed; and one may infer the furious cannonade kept up against the fort from that of St. Julian, when it is stated, that most of its disabled guns had been rendered unserviceable by damage at the muzzle; and that a 36-pound ball had been thrown so deep into one piece of the same calibre, that it was found impossible to extract it! During one period of the bombardment, the Swiss chasseurs, as already mentioned, had been detailed to relieve the exhausted garrison of this post, and alternated with the Hungarian legion in the service of the mortar-battery, which kept up an incessant fire on St. Julian. Though ignorant of artillery service, at first, expertness was soon acquired under competent sub-officers of the *Bandiera-Moro*; while the distance and the charge being always the same, skill in *pointage* was alone requisite. At first, San Secondo was—(without pun)—a secondary object of attack compared with the *Piazzale del Ponte*, or battery of the bridge, to dismount which, or to isolate it by demolishing its communications with the city, was, of course, a great desideratum with the foe. No loss was sustained by the Swiss during their service at San Secondo, except, indeed, a temporary loss of hearing in some instances, by approaching the mortars without the usual precaution of cotton in the ears. One night, however, when they had retired to the *travata*, or block-house, to rest, a bomb which had burst at its entrance caused them to rush out from curiosity to behold the effects: but, hardly had they reached the spot, when another bomb came dashing down through the timber roof, supposed to be proof to all projectiles, being covered with earth and fascines to the depth of six feet, and, bursting, killed three Neapolitans who were lying on the very spot just vacated by the inquisitive Swiss! Their captain, in course of his

Sunday morning excursion seems to have escaped a similar peril in a somewhat similar way. While his gondola was traversing the distance of a hundred feet between the fort and the bridge, his eye caught a small cloud of smoke curling up from the Austrian battery at the western extremity; and the next moment, as the report reached his ear, a ball of 24 pounds came dancing with ricochets innumerable along the Lagune. Interested in the spectacle, and never dreaming that the massive iron had impetus sufficient to reach the spot on which he stood, the gondola paused while he gazed. But on—on came the dancing ball, until, at length, it bounded directly across the path of the gondola, and never ceased from its fiery but graceful career, until, half way from San Secondo to the city, it sank. A single additional stroke of the oar, and gondola, gondolier, and passenger would have been dashed into pieces!

Having happily escaped this peril, the captain visited the two batteries of Sant' Antonio and Rosaroll. The interior of the first presented a picture of desolation worthy a painter. The spectacle was even more terrible, were that possible, than that of Malghera after its evacuation. Attempts to repair the parapets of the battery had been made, but the interior was too hopelessly demolished for repair, though a fire was still kept up. A powder-magazine had exploded, killing eleven men, and strewing the whole place with ruins. Here was the cannon of a piece, there the carriage, yonder a broken wheel, while the rammer and other implements of service seemed shooting up from a soil excavated by bombs and plowed by balls. On the left, the eye fell, as if into the crater of a volcano, into the immense gulf thrown open by the explosion. The traverse-pieces, or sleepers of the railroad track, and the parapets of the bridge, from end to end, bore marks of a

thousand projectiles : bales of cotton lay here and there, torn into fragments or half-consumed by the flames ; gabions were shattered and scattered ; masses of iron, the fuses of bombs, the fragments of exploded shells burthened the spot ; in a word, wherever the eye turned its glance, only demolition and ruin were to be seen. And upon all this ruin and demolition were beheld the fearful proofs of the baptism of blood. Parapets bespattered with brains, platforms blackened with gore, masses of Istrian marble, sprinkled and spotted, and stained with significant hues—but the scene is too horrid, and we turn from it : yet, well may it be said, that this Piazza of the Lagune Bridge of Venice, like the fortress of Malghera, and the Pass of Thermopylæ, has won for itself an immortality of renown. For a period of nearly three months, night and day, with hardly an hour's cessation, this battery sustained itself against batteries far superior in weight of metal ; and the cannoneers of Venice stood their ground, with an utter scorn of death, though hundreds fell victims to their intrepidity.* There is not one foot of that memorable spot, over which the traveller rolls in his rapid career into Venice, which has not drank the life-blood of a hero!—not one inch of that soil, which has not been drenched by the leaven of liberty !

Returning to the city along the bridge, everywhere was beheld marks of devastation. Every arch was damaged, until the Piazzetta, where stood the battery Rosaroll, was reached. Although at the crown three feet in thickness and protected by masses of *debris*, they were perforated by the bombs like a sieve. More than twenty arches were ruined, while others could with difficulty be crossed—which number, added to the 22 arches blown up along the line

* Slain on the spot, 100—wounded, 250, most of whom died. Two Commandants were killed and two wounded : also other officers.

of the bridge, left more than 40 arches of this costly and symmetrical structure in ruins. The fearful force of the bombs was witnessed in their effect on the massive parapets of the bridge which they had dashed in pieces wherever they touched, and on the heavy U-Rail of the track, which they had fractured like glass, splintered like wood, or bent like lead.

The exterior batteries were thus, on the whole, little better than ruins, though their guns still continued to roar; while the interior zone, comprising those of Roma, San Marco, and Carlo Alberto, though marked by less complete desolation, had escaped, by no means unscathed. At the same time, the floating batteries, the rafts and the flotilla had been half demolished.*

Entering the city through the railroad station, our Swiss friend was assailed at every six paces in the narrow streets by a mendicant; while half a dozen times in his rapid and brief walk, he removed his cap before a priest bearing the *sanctissimo* to a dying pillow. On the closed doors of many stores and shops, invitations to funerals were suspended, while the inscription was yet more frequent—"Closed on account of the death of the proprietor." And then the funereal and religious processions in the streets, or in gondolas on the canals, setting out on the melancholy journey to St. Michael or St. Christopher; and the deep roar of organs in the churches, as if responsive to the unhallowed roar still deeper of

* Garrano asserts, however, that the main batteries were never in a better condition for defence, despite their damages, than on the 22nd of August, when silenced by capitulation! True, the battery of Sant' Antonio, though mounting but 7 guns, had been forced to exchange each of them four or five times because disabled, within three months: and 70 carriages and slides had been utterly demolished. But, on the 22nd of August, the defences exhibited more than 40 pieces, while, on the 13th of June, they displayed but 22. Parapets, magazines, casemates, and traverses, he also insists, were still defensible: but—ammunition—there was a famine in the land! Food for the guns was as scarce as food for the people.

bombardment—without, accompanying solemn masses for the departed ; and the pale and ghastly crowds around the entrances to the public bakeries ; and the frequent traces of the plunging or ploughing of balls, or the bursting of shells, or the blackened walls of houses fired by grenades or red-hot shot—sad proofs were these, but most unquestionably sure, not only of the horrors of bombardment, famine and pestilence, but, also, of the unparalleled endurance of a brave and patriotic people ; more especially, when, upon every wall was yet to be seen in the largest and boldest characters—*Viva Manin ! Viva la Republica ! Viva San Marco !*

CHAPTER XXIX.

INSUBORDINATION.

It has been remarked, that, from the 6th of August, when the Assembly reposed all power in the hands of Manin, his only endeavor was to relieve Venice from her intolerable sufferings, by securing for her honorable terms of capitulation. In this praiseworthy task he was aided and encouraged by offers of intervention to this end from the Consuls of England and France. Interference on their part to prevent the bombardment of the city was, of course, under the circumstances, entirely out of the question; and had it been obtruded, would, no doubt, have been sternly and indignantly disregarded. These personages, therefore, as well, indeed, as the whole army of foreign consuls at Venice, seem to have vied with each other in manifestations of indifference to personal danger. Most of them, though residing in palaces on the Grand Canal exposed to the Austrian projectiles, were resolute in their purpose not to be dislodged; although hardly a day or a night passed, when they did not receive one or more "notices to quit" from the bombarding batteries. But the British Consul-General, Mr. Dawkins, was favored yet more than his brother from France, or, indeed, than any others of the Consular Corps, and bore off indisputably, the palm of

peril incurred, if not, also, of valor displayed ; for, one night, while lying in bed, flat on his back, a ball not only pierced his roof and perforated two terrace-floors above him, but, incredible to relate, penetrated the coverlids and passed down between his legs into the apartment below ; and, still more incredible to relate, yet, doubtless not the less true, without inflicting on his person the slightest injury, save a contusion, which, for some time, caused him to walk lame !*

On the 11th of August, Manin, in pursuance of his purpose of securing speedy and honorable terms of capitulation, addressed to the Austrian Envoy, De Bruck, then at Milan concluding a treaty of peace with Piedmont, a communication in behalf of the Provisional Government of Venice, in which, having referred to the regrets expressed in his communication of July 1st at the failure of the efforts at pacification, and having stated that, on the 6th of August, the Assembly had invested him with full powers, not before possessed, to carry on negotiations, he requests that Calucci, Pasini and Foscolo may again be received, in order to determine the *projet* of a definitive convention, which, when ratified by the Assembly, would “ put an end to a bloody war, become yet more fatal because of an epidemic raging constantly with more violence.”

To this communication was received, on the 16th, a reply from De Bruck, dated Milan the 14th, addressed to “ the Advocate Manin ”—in which, having referred to the fact, that the prior negotiations had had no object but to put an end to a resistance on part of Venice, which could only eventuate in her ruin, and that “ the Venetians, or rather the Assembly, deaf to the cries of distress of a wretched population pressed by pestilence and famine,” had rejected

* Debrunner, on authority of the French Consul, asserts this to be actually true!

all reasonable offers—he declares that nothing was now possible but *unconditional submission*.

“Nevertheless,” continues the Envoy, “to give a new proof of the humanity and the moderation, which have been the sole motives determining the preceding negotiations, I am authorized to declare, Mr. Advocate, on part of His Excellency, the Field Marshal, Count Radetzky, that, discarding all ulterior negotiation, of which no more need be thought, the only condition that His Excellency can, at present, offer, and which now, by these presents, is offered, is, that the Field Marshal confirms the concessions already accorded, under date of the 4th of May of this year, and which he reiterates in his proclamation of the 14th of August, hereto annexed. The Field Marshal expects that the press of Venice and its dependencies will give the greatest possible publicity to this proclamation, under pain of betraying the welfare of the country and wounding the civic pride. If the Venetians accept these conditions, they can address themselves to the General of Cavalry, Chevalier De Gorzkowsky, Commandant of the besieging army, who, conformably to orders he has received, will provide a mode for their execution. And, in this happy event, so soon as the ratifications of peace shall have been exchanged with Piedmont, which business retains me at Milan, I shall, without delay, depart for Mestre; and shall experience great joy in seeing realized the noble sentiments of the best of monarchs, by the participation of Venice in the general peace of Italy.”*

On the ensuing day, Friday, August 17th, Manin delegated to Mestre a Commission composed of the citizens Priuli, Medin,† Ca-

* The tone of this paper it need hardly be suggested, is very different from that of any previous document from the same source, or from any other source, indeed. But comment is unnecessary. “*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*”

† Medin was one of the signers of Zichy's capitulation, March 22nd, '48, as well as of that of Venice, August 22nd, '49.

lucci, Antonini, and Cavedalis, for the purpose of negotiating capitulation. But it was in vain the hope was indulged, that the appearance of this commission would cause a suspension of the bombardment. It still continued, and was continued even more fiercely than ever in the direction of Murano, where many of the hunted citizens of Venice had sought asylum.* In the evening the Commission returned from Mestre, stating that Gen. Gorzkowsky, who had recently superseded Count Thurn, not having full powers from Radetzky to treat, the negotiations must pause until those full powers had arrived; that he had at once despatched a note to the Field-Marshal at Milan, that he would slacken his fire on the city until the period requisite for the arrival of a reply had elapsed; and that "Venice might confide in the paternal intentions of the Emperor, and in the enlightened and liberal spirit of his Government!"

On the evening of Saturday the 18th, the people assembled in great numbers in the Piazza, anxious to ascertain the present condition of affairs; and Manin, in obedience to their call, appeared and addressed them as usual. He spoke under deep emotion, and his words were few. "Venetians," he said, "you come to ask me what is to be done. Already have I declared to you frankly and honestly, that our condition is grave. Frankly and honestly did I declare this to the Assembly, when thus to speak demanded fortitude. Our situation was then grave; I was empowered to negotiate; I am negotiating. But, grave though our situation may be, it is not yet so grave—not yet so desperate, as to induce surrender without con-

* Garrano most bitterly denounces Gorzkowsky as a degenerate Pole and a merciless despot, for continuing a bombardment of two days on a city about to capitulate, and especially for pouring his projectiles on those who buried the dead; but seems to comfort himself with the reflection that nothing better could have been expected of a savage, who, when Governor of Mantua, on being urged by the Municipality to forbid his Croats desecrating a church of God, impiously replied in the words of the first commandment—"Mantua shall have no other God before me!"

dition ; and the negotiations shall be conducted with calmness and dignity. Never will I endorse conditions unworthy of Venice ! It were vileness to suppose that Venice could require of me such vileness ; yet, if she did, not even at her own demand would I sacrifice her honor." " *The Fleet ?*" cried a voice in the crowd. "The fleet," resumed Manin, "put to sea on the 12th, and, for some days, remained in order of battle, awaiting attack from the blockading squadron. But the fearful malady which decimates the city has entered, also, the navy : the cholera broke out, and it would have been inhuman not to have provided at once against an evil so malignant. On this account, the fleet has re-entered the port ; but it will promptly proceed again to sea." "We are hungry !" cried another voice from the people. "He who is hungry let him stand forth !" instantly responded Manin. "We do not yet starve. There is food for some days. He who is hungry let him appear !" But no one appeared. There was still, in fact, according to the report of the Food Commission, subsistence—though of the humblest character—sufficient, with economy, to sustain the city five or six days. Amid tumultuous applause Manin withdrew, and the multitude dispersed.

It was on the 12th of August, about a week before this, that the Government, in concert with the Municipal Council, had decided upon the last issue of paper money, amounting to six millions of Lire, which sum added to the twelve millions of November 22nd, 1848, and the six millions of June 28th, 1849, made an aggregate of twenty-four millions of the *Moneta del Comune*—four millions of dollars—issued during the siege. This sum was designed by the Government to succor the soldiers unable to labor because of wounds—to indemnify the troops disbanded ; and to afford subsistence to those forty persons, who, by the terms of capit-

ulation, would be forced to go into exile—prove they whomsoever they might, when their names were finally announced.

During the three days which succeeded the 17th of August, when Gorzkowsky promised the commissioners who had come to treat of capitulation, that he would slacken his fire, the vehemence of the Austrian batteries perceptibly diminished; but, on the night of Sunday, the 19th, just three weeks from the opening of the bombardment, at midnight, Sunday, July 29th, it became as furious as ever; and that same night, it was, that news of the final fall of Hungary reached the city, with which intelligence, and with which only, died the last hope of foreign aid of ever-sanguine Venice. During the 20th and 21st, the cannonade continued from both sides, though with but little violence, and on the 22nd, it finally ceased. Early that morning a *parlementaire* brought to Manin a despatch from Gorzkowsky announcing the arrival from Milan of full powers for him to treat upon the capitulation; and, in accordance with this, the Venetian delegates again repaired to the Austrian Head-Quarters at the hamlet of Marocco, near Mestre.

It was six o'clock, on the evening of Wednesday the 22d, that orders were received by the Commandants of the batteries Sant' Antonio, San Secondo and Rosaroll, to cease their fire; and in each of them officers and men strove in friendly controversy for the privilege of discharging the last gun. A few hours later the delegates sent to negotiate capitulation returned to the city; and the following morning—Thursday the 23rd—Cavedalis again repaired to the Austrian Head-Quarters. The result of these negotiations were unknown to the people, and, for a time, they seemed almost uncared-for. Venice was plunged in silence, stupor, abasement, gloom. The deep roar of artillery, heard for months, was heard no more. The people, overwhelmed by the iron hail,

which, for twenty-four days, had, without cessation, descended on their devoted heads—exhausted by prolonged suffering—scourged by Cholera in its most malignant type,—seemed at last resigned to any fate which it might please Providence and their oppressors to impose. The troops, however, were less peaceable. The question of their payment had already given rise to agitation. Most exorbitant demands were advanced, without the least consideration of the limited means of the Government; and the same compensation was insisted on by all as had been guaranteed the Swiss Chasseurs and Neapolitan cannoners by their terms of enlistment, which terms had, as we have seen, subjected them to the last extremes of peril and toil. The Marine Artillery Corps—exactly the corps which had been of the least service, was, of course, as is ever the case, exactly the corps most extravagant and most impudent in its demands. Regardless of all discipline, these men attempted to effect their purpose by menace and public demonstration. Their first attempt, on the 22nd, was frustrated by the firmness of the gendarmes; but, the next day, they went from barrack to barrack, all over the city, enlisting with them other troops in a common cause. Even the gendarmes themselves, a corps implicitly relied on, became infected; and, forcing its own guard at the *Caserma San Salvatore*, marched with the agitators to the Place St. Mark. Manin appeared, in compliance with their call, and desired them to delegate two of their number to confer with him on their wishes. A sub-officer of artillery and a gendarme were at once selected and sent up to him. Then standing between them, Manin demanded if these two men should treat for the whole, and if the mass would abide by their agreements? The troops replied in the affirmative, and declared that they would await there the result. He then stated to the del-

legates, that the certificates on which their wages would be paid should at once be made out—the compensation to be on one scale for all, and as liberal as the funds on hand would permit. With this assurance the men declared themselves satisfied, after some persuasion on part of their delegates, and gradually dispersed.

On the evening of the same day—the 23rd—and a few hours after the military *emeute* had been apparently quieted, the population assembled in vast numbers before the National Palace, and demanded of Manin the result of the negotiations. The Dictator replied, that Gen. Cavedalis had again repaired to Mestre, on the subject of some explanations of the terms, which were indispensable ; but that on the morrow, the convention would be made public by the Press.

The vast multitude, however, not satisfied, continuing its assemblage and agitation, Manin presented himself a second time, and, with all the energy of his inflexible character, launched the following emphatic words on the excited crowd :—

“ Are you Italians ? (‘ Yes, yes !’ from all sides.) Would you merit freedom in a future—not, perhaps, distant ? (‘ Yes, yes !’) Well, then, expel from your bosom the wretches who rouse you to this disgraceful frenzy ! As for myself, I tell you, I will die sooner than consent to a convention in any way dishonoring. If a superiority of arms, if the abandonment of all Europe has forced us to yield, we will, nevertheless, preserve unsullied the honor of this Venice, admired of the whole world because of the conduct you have hitherto exhibited. *Viva l’Italia !*”

The vast square resounded with shouts of *Viva l’Italia ! Viva Manin !* This brief and emphatic speech concluded—silencing even those malignants who entertained the worst purposes—the applause was tumultuous, almost phrenetic when the Dictator again

advanced, and, after a pause, exclaimed—"Whoever is a true Italian let him come with me and patrol to-night!" At once descending, he drew his sword, and, surrounded by officers, and followed by the immense and applauding multitude, and a corps of the Civic Guard, he led the way down the Merceria and towards the Cannaregio, where he had just been informed that alarming demonstrations were taking place. The cannoneers stationed at the two batteries of the bridge had organized conjointly with those of the marine, a formal insurrection; they had levelled their cannon against the city, and threatened to advance on the National Palace, if not paid three months' wages without delay! When Manin approached with his patrol over the bridge of the Cannaregio, many shots fell upon the body from a lane, and made them waver. But, the Dictator advancing, without hesitation bared his bosom, crying—"You desire my life?—take it!" But no one advanced. Even the emissaries of Austria, by whom this mutiny was unquestionably excited through the vilest falsehoods, poisoning the minds of the simple soldiers with the calumny, that the whole of the last six millions of Communal paper had been cashed for the heads of the Government for their own uses, whilst the poor cannoneers were to be suffered to starve—even *they* dared not instigate the assassination of the heroic Manin, although their advocates and abettors have dared to retail to the world the same calumny since.*

At that critical moment, when, through Austrian arts, insubordination seemed to menace half the garrison—when disbandment was literally taking place, and the horrors of anarchy with its con-

* Four days before the capitulation of Venice, say these men, 85,000 francs were, through the Messrs. Levi, bankers, transmitted to Paris, that being "the fourth instalment of like amount during Manin's reign!"

comitants of pillage and violence for an instant stared Venice in the face—even as it had done under circumstances somewhat similar fifty years before, the French instead of Austrians then exciting an insurrection that they might be called to quell it—Manin, firm, undaunted, appealed, and not in vain, to the Swiss, at the same time ordering the *generale* to be beaten, and the whole Civic Guard to be called to arms. It was after midnight when Debrunner with his Chasseurs reached the Cannaregio, where he found a body of gendarmes and a few corps of the Civic Guard. The disaffected, to the number of 200, were completely organized. They had a pass-word and patrols, and held the head-quarters of the first *Circondario* at the station of the Railroad. Gen. Ulloa, who was present, then ordered them to be surrounded, and the attack to be deferred until dawn. But the evil influence of insidious counsels had long before passed away. The batteries San Marco and Roma were taken from the insurgents, almost without the appearance of resistance—a few temporary arrests were made, and the whole affair was over. It was near noon, however, on the 24th, before our sleepy Swiss reached their haversacks at San Sepolcro; and our thrifty captain, to his evident gratification, found an order awaiting his return, bidding him apply at the proper place, and receive the pay of his company.*

* This pay was in Communal paper—12 francs a day for the captain—8 and 6 for the lieutenants—2 for corporals and one for privates. Heavy pay. A private in the Austrian Infantry service gets but five kreutzers per diem and one for bread, in peace; and six kreutzers per diem and one for bread in war; being about one-fourth of the per diem of the Swiss at Venice. The paper was cashed in Napoleons at the National Bank, at a discount of 2 per cent. on the paper, and a premium of 25 for the gold—so that 100 francs would net about 70. But the Swiss thought of their native mountains and of their national adage—"Heavy pockets make light hearts," and submitted without a murmur.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPITULATION.

ON the evening of Friday, the 24th of August, appeared a document—the last—purporting to emanate from the Provisional Government of Venice, bearing the signature of President Manin, declaring, that, constrained by imperious necessity to an act in which neither the Assembly of the Representatives nor any power emanating therefrom could take part, it was decreed—that the Provisional Government ceased from its functions—that the attributes of authority passed to the Municipality of the city of Venice over all the territory hitherto subject to that Government—that public order, the peace and safety of person and property, were commended to the orderly disposition of the population, the patriotism of the Civic Guard, and the honor of the military corps. At the same time was published the capitulation* which had been concluded on the 22nd, together with the names of the forty individuals exiled from Venice and all the States of Austria; and “a more honorable

* The Convention was literally as follows:—“Minutes of the Conference held at the Villa Papadopoli, near Mestre, the Head-Quarters of the second *Corpo d'armata di riserva*, on the 22nd of August, 1849. Present—His Excellency the General of cavalry, Chevallier De-Gorzowsky, commanding the second army-corps of reserve; His Excellency the General of artillery, Baron De Hess, quarter-master of the Imperial Royal

capitulation," even Gen. Pepé has declared, "could not have been obtained, had Venice had remaining to her gunpowder and provisions for a whole year, instead of for a single day." Nevertheless to such terms never would Austrian arms have forced Venice to ac-

Army; Count Marzani attached to His Excellency the General of cavalry for civil affairs. There appeared: Messieurs Nicolò Priuli, the Count Dattico Medin, and the Advocate Calucci, all three representing the Municipality; Engineer Cavedalis, representing the army; and the Signor Antonini, representing commerce; who, having explained the determination of their constituents and of the population of Venice, to make their submission to his Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty, and to come to an understanding concerning the surrender of the city and its dependencies, mutually agreed as follows:—

1. The submission shall take place exactly in accordance with the terms of the Proclamation of His Excellency, the Field-Marshal Count Radetzky, of the 14th of August current.

2. The complete surrender of everything contemplated by that Proclamation of the 14th of August shall be effected within the period of four days, ensuing the day after tomorrow, in such manner as shall be instituted by a military Commission, composed of their Excellencies, the General of cavalry, Chevalier De Gorzkowsky the General of artillery, Baron De Hess, as well as the Colonel Chevalier Schlitter, Adjutant General of His Excellency, the Field Marshal Count Radetzky, and the Chevalier Schiller, Chief of the General Staff of the second army-corps of reserve of the one part, and of the Engineer Cavedalis of the other who will associate with himself a superior officer of the Marine. The Venetian delegates having represented the necessity of some explanations relative to the dispositions contemplated by the articles 4 and 5 of the above-named Proclamation, (See Gazette of Milan, No. 227,) it is declared, that, among the persons required to leave Venice are comprehended, first, all the Imperial Royal officers who have taken arms against their legitimate sovereign: in the second place, all the foreign military of whatever grade: and in the third place, the civil persons named in a list which will be consigned to the Venetian delegates. In view of the circumstance, that there circulates exclusively at present in Venice a mass of paper money, which could not be withdrawn from the poorer class of the numerous population, without prejudice most grave to its sustenance, and in view of the necessity of regulating this matter prior to the entrance of the Imperial Royal troops, it is decided, that the paper money found in circulation, under the denomination *Carta Comunale*, shall be reduced to the half of its nominal value, and that it shall have, at the reduced value above-named, a forced currency at Venice, at Chioggia, and in the other localities comprised in the Estuary, until it shall have been withdrawn and replaced, in concert with the Venetian Municipal Council—which withdrawal should take place in a short space of time. The redemption of this new paper money shall be entirely at the expense of the city of Venice and of the Estuary before-

cede unaided by the more potent foes of famine, pestilence and entire destitution of the material of defence.

Austria and her friends have claimed no little credit for magnanimity, from the fact, that "almost the same terms" of surrender which were submitted by Radetzky on the 4th of May and rejected, were, after nearly four months of bloody resistance, involving the besiegers in immense losses of every description, permitted by them to be accepted on the 22nd of August. Credit, too, has been claimed because the Communal paper was acknowledged at one-half its value; and the friends of Austria in another country have named, by means of an additional contribution of twenty-five centesimi per annum on each Lira of manorial tax, as well as by means of all other financial resources which may prove necessary to accelerate this redemption. On account of this tax, there shall be imposed no contribution for the expense of the war, and regard shall be had of that already imposed on some inhabitants of Venice, because of their property on the *terra firma*. As to that which concerns the paper called *patriotica*, which is totally withdrawn from circulation, as well as the other certificates of public debt, proper dispositions will, at another time, be determined.

"Done in double original, and signed in autograph on the day and at the place before-named. (Signatures.)

"On the 24th, and the ensuing days, the surrender of the place and of the Estuary shall proceed in the following manner:—

"1. Departure from Venice and the Veneto of the Lombard battalions commanded by Meneghetti by the *terra firma*, that is to say, *via Fusina*.

"2. Occupation of Forts on the 25th, such as San Secondo, Piazzale, San Giorgio, Sant' Angelo, and that of the Railroad Station.

"3. Departure of the Corps Euganea and of the Sile, on the 26th, by *Fusina*.

"4. Occupation of the city, surrender of the Arsenal and of the Fleet, on the 27th: reunion of the officers at the Fort of the Lido.

"5. Departure of the Corps Friuli, of the Brenta, and Galateo, on the 28th, and disbandment of the two regiments.

"6. Occupation of Chioggia, Burano, and their respective districts on the 29th.

"7. On the 30th of August, departure of the Neapolitans by sea, and occupation of the Fort San Nicolò and of the Lido.

"8. On the 31st of August, departure of the officers and surrender of the fort of the Lido."

doubted the policy of this "humane system, of which Prince Windischgraetz gave the example in Hungary, and which was adopted in Rome, to the injury of the Imperial exchequer, and to the benefit of the enemy, who persevered in a resistance so obstinate and so hopeless—a method of extorting the costs from the winning party and of making the legitimate government defray the expenses of insurrection, invented in modern days." But the very fact instanced, that, in the cases of Hungary and Rome, this system had obtained, proves conclusively that it was deemed the best *policy* of the absolutists, and was, therefore, adopted in the case of Venice.

There will be found but few believers in the "magnanimity" of Austria since the events of '48-49. Policy, doubtless, dictated the proffered condition as touching the recognition of at least a *portion* of the revolution paper. But for this, the apprehension that resistance might yet be prolonged, at the heavy expense of the foe, might have been realized; while the universal and unallayed wrath of a despoiled population who held the paper, might have proved absolutely perilous to the invaders. The Venetian might have still retained his stiletto, despite all disarming; and secret assassination might not have been entirely unknown or forgotten in the City of the Isles. Nor is it easy to perceive the exceeding "humanity" of this "system," in the instances of Hungary and Rome, if, as in that of Venice, the redemption of this paper money was, by the specific condition of its recognition, imposed entirely on the conquered, by means of an enormous and extraordinary tax!

The conditions of the Proclamation of Radetzky of August 14th, on which, by article 1st of the capitulation of the 22nd, submission was made, were, in the main, those of May 4th, before quoted, which were as follows:—1. Absolute submission: 2. Surrender of the forts, vessels, material of war, public buildings, and public trea-

sure. 3. Surrender of all arms, public or private. 4. All persons permitted to quit Venice within forty-eight hours. 5. An amnesty to all sub-officers and soldiers.

To these conditions were added those submitted by De Bruck at the Conference of Verona, the 21st and 22nd of June—free pardon to all the military, except officers who had deserted the Austrian standard—amnesty for all others, except forty persons—exemption from enforced tribute—recognition of a portion of the paper money, &c. But, whereas, by the terms submitted in June, and which were specially objected to by the Assembly when it passed from their consideration to the order of the day—*two-thirds* of the Communal paper and *one-half* of the Patriotic paper were recognized at their nominal value, now, by those dictated in August, exactly two months subsequent, almost to a day—only *one-half* of the former was recognized, and that at the expense of the city, and *not one Lira* of the latter; while not a word is said of the liberal systems of government proposed for the kingdom and the city at the same time!

The condition of Venice in this regard was far worse than that of Rome. At Rome the Republican paper was, by ordinance, after the entry of the French, forced as currency, at a discount of only *thirty-five* per cent.—involving loss by holders of less than one-third on the whole issue; whereas, at Venice, the four millions of dollars of Communal paper were forced as currency at a discount of *fifty* per cent., an especial tax, in addition to all other taxes, of twenty-five per cent. on those taxes being imposed on the city for its absorption; while a nearly equal amount of Patriotic and other paper was utterly repudiated! This *was* “liberality” and “humanity” with a vengeance! The friends of Venice have nothing to say as to the *justice* of all this. Venice was a conquered city. Nor have they any *complaints*

to make at this, or at any of the other conditions of the capitulation. On the contrary, they ought, probably, to be profoundly grateful, and profoundly astonished, too, considering the character of the foe, that the fire and sword which had desolated unhappy Brescia, Raab, Pesth, Arad, and other places, only a few months before, had not, in addition to spoliation, been visited on her. Venice, therefore, complains not at these conditions, nor at any conditions, or at any acts whatsoever on part of her conqueror; but she does complain, and she has the right to complain, and she does most solemnly protest, when she hears the terms "liberality" and "humanity" associated with those acts and those conditions, by her foes and their friends.

No! Despite all the boasted magnanimity of the conqueror, the *Vae victis* of ancient Rome seems by no means inapplicable to the fate of unhappy Venice. She could not but contrast the immense loss she had sustained in every respect—honor always excepted—by her "desperate resistance" of the last two months—a resistance based, no doubt, on illusive hopes of that aid from abroad so faithfully promised, but which never came.

As for the forty citizens exiled by the terms of capitulation, the proscription may not, all things considered, be viewed as so severe as was to have been apprehended. Exile is, probably, preferable to the scaffolds and dungeons of Lombardy, and Hungary, and Rome. The list embraces only a few of the more violent members of the Assembly, and the more prominent members of the Government;*

* The names of the exiles are as follows: Giorgio Francesco Avesani, Bartolomeo Benvenuti, Giuseppe Bernardi, Angelo Bellinato, Angelo Mangaldo, Daniele Manin and Giacomo Mattel, Advocates, constituting nearly one-sixth of the whole number; Antonio Canetti, Giuseppe Giuriati and Dario Manetti, Notaries, one of whom—Canetti—who had been a Commissioner for enlisting the Swiss at Zurich, died of cholera the very day the list of exiles appeared; Bernardo Mazzucchetto and Norniello, friars; Sirtori, a Lombard priest; Domenico Fabris, formerly deputy of the Central Congregation, and Giovanni

a couple of editors, who sustained the Revolution with their pens ; a couple of friars, who sustained it with their tongues ; a couple of physicians, who sustained it with their science ; a gallant priest, who sustained it with his sword ; a military engineer, who sustained it with his skill ; half a dozen lawyers, who sustained it with that patriotism, which has ever, in all countries, characterized their profession ; and half a dozen merchants, who sustained it with their money. "Never," writes a British Reviewer, "was so long, so obstinate, and so wanton a resistance punished with so little severity : no executions, no legal prosecutions, no imprisonments. A tax was levied on the town for the clothing and victualling of the army ; with a provision for the family of the slaughtered Marinovich, and a few fines imposed, but soon commuted, or altogether remitted. We wish we could add that this spirit of conciliation was met by gratitude and obedience ; the truth, however, is far otherwise ; forbearance is attributed to timidity or to apathy, and the discomfited democrats inspire more fear than the victorious Austrians. The nobles, crushed, plundered, and despised as they were by the demagogues, affect to deplore a victory which leaves them in the tranquil enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries they cherish."

Whether the Venetian nobles actually exhibit that Christianity of conduct which, in obedience to the precepts of Christ's sermon on the mount, blesses those that curse, does good to those that

Battista Morosini, formerly deputy of the Provincial Congregation ; Augusto Giustinian, editor of the journal "Stor Antonio Rioba ;" and Dr. Cesare Levi, editor of the journal "Libero Italiano ;" Angelo Comello, proprietor ; Manzini, engineer ; Caffi, employée ; Da Mula, brothers ; Nicolò Tommaseo, author ; Francesco Antonj Degli, Ernesto Grondini, Marco Lanza ; Giovanni Minotto, president of the Assembly, Bartolomeo Malfatti, Demetrio Mircovich ; Leone Pincherle, Minister of the Interior of the Provisional Government of March '48 ; Pietro Ponzoni, Fedrico Seismid-Doda, Captain of the Staff, Augusto Stadler, Giuseppe Solor, Leone Serena, Dr. Pietro Zerman, Zenetti, a relative of Manin, Nicolò Vergottini and Giovanni Battista Varè.

hate, and prays for those who despitefully use and persecute, it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to inquire; but, whatever their state of feeling towards the "demagogues," it is pretty plain, on the showing of their own friends, that they indulged precious little love for the despots. How intense, and bitter, and profound, must be the abhorrence of a conqueror, when his victory, which insures the tranquil enjoyment of "cherished luxuries," and delivers "a crushed, plundered, and despised" class from its calamities, is so deeply deplored even by that class itself!

At midnight, Friday the 24th, Manin, accompanied by General Pepé, Gen. Ulloa, Col. Cosenz, Lieutenant-Colonel Assanti, and Major Carrano, left the National Palace, and were conveyed on board the French war-steamer *Pluton*, lying at anchor in the port. They had accomplished their mission—they had faithfully performed their duties to the last.* The powers of the Commander-in-chief of the army, concentrated on the 6th, by decree of the Assembly, on the Dictator, Manin, were by him, on the evening of the 24th, deposed by decree into the hands of the Municipal Council. Gen. Marsich, Commandant of the Civic Guard, assumed the position of Gen. Pepé; the Council assumed that of Manin, and the combined authority of the city, on the morning of the 25th, sat in perma-

* At the moment of embarkation, Pepé received from the Municipality of Venice a warm epistle of thanks, to which he as warmly responded. He also addressed an epistle of adieu to the gallant Neapolitans who had fought for Venice. The fate of these poor fellows was a sad one. Embarked from Venice on the 30th, by the terms of the capitulation, they were conveyed to Pescara; but, not being suffered to land, were taken back. Ordered off again, they were finally permitted, after long and painful voyaging, to land at Brindisi, where, being received by a Neapolitan officer, the volunteers were separated from the soldiers of the line, the former being sent to the various islands, and the latter, without trial, to the galleys. A few officers, who had not accompanied them, became exiles. The battalion was composed of remnants of the two which had followed Pepé and of the one which had followed Rosaroll. The soldiers of the line only had ever been recalled to Naples from Venice.

nence in that Chamber, from which, for seventeen months, had emanated the wise and patriotic measures of Republican rule.

But, without, all was uproar and tumult. Austrian emissaries were again busy.* The great Square of St. Mark was filled with soldiery excited to madness by the arts and falsehoods of those who desired an *emeute*. Dissatisfied with the extra pay of only six weeks, instead of three months, allowed them, they uttered fearful menaces of pillage and violence if their demands were not at once satisfied. There was no longer a Manin to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." The Podesta, Correr, a worthy, but weak man, was at his wit's end; and to deprive him effectually of the trifling modicum of sense he yet retained, it was only necessary for Marchese, Commandant of the Arsenal, to rush into the Council chamber, at about noon, breathless with haste and colorless with terror, to announce the immediate advance of the Marine Artillery corps upon the square! Marchese held the place of "the murdered Marinovich," and, doubtless, at the moment, contemplated his tragic doom! At the same moment, the brave Debrunner, who had been summoned to occupy the square with his chasseurs, presented himself to the Commandant of the Civic Guard for definitive orders. Gen. Marsich bade him take measures for the defence of the National Palace, and placed at his disposal some sixty or seventy gendarmes who were within the edifice. A determined and vigorous charge of this small body of troops with fixed bayonets, soon cleared the crowded square, and all the issues were then occupied by gendarmes.

When the insurgents perceived that the Swiss were in earnest, they resigned their insurrectionary purpose, and, for the moment,

* Pepé, Garrano, Contarini and others all attribute disaffection in Venice to emissaries of Austria, and, doubtless, with truth.

the tumult was quelled. But it was stifled at one point only to burst forth at another. The galley-slaves of the Maritime Prison were announced to be in full insurrection; Debrunner sent a lieutenant with twenty men to suppress it. Marchese, Commandant of the Arsenal, deemed himself in imminent peril in his own house; Debrunner gave him a corporal and four men for a guard. The Neapolitan Consul, also, demanded protection; but the military chest in the National Palace demanded it, likewise; and the "canny" Switzer was not slow in deciding which demand upon his handful of men now remaining was most imperative. At length, however, the Neapolitan troops, who had been in full revolt some hours before, but had come to their senses, arrived to relieve the Swiss, and afford their terrified Consul the protection he prayed.

The night passed in comparative quietude; but, on the morning of Sunday, the 26th, the faithful Swiss, who had now been on almost constant duty for three days and three nights, were called on by Gen. Marsich to put a stop to pillage which was going on in the Sestiere di Castello and at San Biaggio. The departure of the Swiss from Venice had been fixed by Gen. Cavedalis for the morning of the 27th. They had not been named in the programme of the order of surrender; and it had been arranged that they should depart by sea for Marseilles. But, on condition that they would submit themselves to his orders for the whole of the 26th, Cavedalis engaged, that, instead of the sea-voyage of more than a month, involving a long subsequent journey on foot to their native mountains, they should cross Lombardy by railroad, and thus reach the frontier of their country within three days! There could, of course, be not a moment's hesitation in acceding to a proposition so grateful as this; and the whole day was devoted, therefore, to maintaining order and suppressing every attempt at violence.

The gendarmerie and the Swiss were now the only available corps remaining. The Lombard battalions, the Euganean Legion, and the Legion of the Silè had departed, in accordance with the terms of the convention. But the Austrian troops had not yet entered the city; only the forts and batteries on the northwestern extremity of the islands had been occupied; the Civic Guard, naturally anxious for the safety of their own domicils and families, at this critical juncture, when everything, even the system of society itself, seemed in a transition state, and when their great leader Manin had been forced to abandon them, after his solemn injunctions and appeals as touching these very perils of anarchy by him foreseen—had all retired from the service; while even the ordinary guard of the National Palace had to be assumed by officers of the highest grade. A Colonel and a Major stood sentinel for three hours with shouldered muskets, at the main entrance of the edifice!

At 5 o'clock, on the morning of Monday, the 27th, our friend, the Swiss Captain—with whom we regret to part—embarked his company for Fusina, leaving behind him, with “many a longing lingering look,” that beautiful Venice, whose charms and honor he had so faithfully and so gallantly defended—even when all others—even when her own children had for one mad moment betrayed or forsaken her. Out of the 126 men who had been upon his muster-roll, from first to last, he was now followed by but 61. Of the absent, 47, more than one-third, slept their last sleep at San Michele, while ten had been discharged for bad conduct, and six for physical incapacity. At Fusina, the corps laid down its arms, when it was escorted to Mestre and took the cars for Verona.

On the same day the Austrians occupied Venice. Severest discipline is said to have been enforced in taking possession of the city;

and the troops proceeded through the deserted streets to their barracks in perfect subordination.

The French steamer *Pluton*, with Manin, Pepé, and others on board, left the Port for Corfu, on the 27th. The remaining thirty-eight exiles—Canetti having died—together with about a thousand officers, sub-officers, and persons engaged in military employments, embarked on eight merchant vessels, which, some days before, had been provisioned by the Commission of War—for Corfu, Constantinople, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Patras. Among these, was that distinguished patriot and eloquent writer, Nicolo Tommaseo, who thus an exile from the land for which he had suffered so much and loved so well, beheld the sad termination of a revolution commenced by himself and Manin nearly two years before.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 28th, the Legions of Friuli, Brenta and Galateo departed; the two remaining regiments, already virtually disbanded, were formally dissolved, and Gen. Gorzkowsky, the future Governor of Venice, entered the city.* On the 29th,

* This dignitary is by birth a Pole. His full appellation is Charles Gorzkowsky, Count of Gorzkow, General of Cavalry, Privy Counsellor, &c., &c., and the numerous orders with which he has been decorated—those of Maria Theresa, the Iron Crown, the Russian order of Santa Anna and the Polish order of the White Eagle, being a few of the more prominent—would seem to indicate distinguished service. His firmness as Governor of Mantua, in the spring of '48, first gave him reputation beyond the borders of the Austrian Empire; and gave him, also, no doubt, the distinguished and responsible position which he yet holds, and for which he seems in some respects well fitted—that of Civil and Military Governor of the city of Venice. He was the last of the five Generals, who, in succession, commanded the Austrian army before Venice—from June '48 to August '49—his predecessors being Lichtenstein, Welden, Haynau and Thurn. He is upwards of sixty years of age, has a large and imposing person, is more noted for firmness, sternness and common sense than for brilliancy, or, indeed, than for anything else. He is thought to possess the confidence and friendship of Radetzky, and of the young Emperor, and about as much of the regard of the conquered city over which he rules as his pusillanimous predecessor, Count Zichy, and more of its respect. But, that the ready tool of an oppressor should ever be a

Chioggia and the islands of the Lagune were occupied ; on the 30th, the Lido was garrisoned and the Neapolitan battalion embarked ; on the 31st, the officers re-united at Fort St. Andrew, left Venice, and the capitulation was complete.

popular potentate with the oppressed, seems even more impossible, whatever his good traits, than that the oppressor himself should be popular with the same.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OCCUPATION.

THURSDAY, the 30th day of August, the last day but one of the eventful summer of 1849, was as sweet a day at Venice as ever smiled, even from the blue sky of Italy, on that the best beloved and most beautiful of her daughters. But, alas! that bright summer sun poured his beams over an enslaved people; and that clear blue sky, which, lovingly as ever, circled the Lagune yet bluer, bent over the Queen of the Adriatic in abasement and chains!

At an early hour on the morning of that day, the batteries of Malghera, now replanted, and which, erewhile, had so terribly thundered in her defence, announced to Venice that her conqueror came; and, as the vessel in which he was conveyed across the intervening expanse of the Lagune, so long swept by a tornado of hostile iron but now unruffled as a mirror, passed the Fort of San Secondo, and the batteries of Sant' Antonio and Rosaroll on the bridge, and approached those of Roma, San Marco, and Carlo Alberto, at the extremity of the city—salvoes of welcome hailed the advent of one against whom their deep voices had so long roared defiance.

At the mouth of the Cannaregio, Radetzky, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and by some of the most distinguished of the Viennese

nobility present to grace the occasion, descended into those superb barges of the Arsenal,* which are as gorgeous as carving, and gilding, and painting—velvet, satin and gold-lace—fringe, tassels and costly woods inlaid can make them; and, amid fresh salvoes of artillery and bursts of music from the military bands playing the Nation Hymn of the Teutons, commenced his triumphal progress down the Grand Canal, a distance of nearly two miles, to that ancient palace—"National" no more—but once again the abode of the satellites of royalty. The façades of the edifices along the route had been hung, "by authority," with velvets and tapestries, and bright-hued cloths and carpetings; the quays were thronged with sad, and silent spectators, bearing on their countenances the pallor of famine and disease: everywhere appeared the loyal white and crimson; every campanile of the numberless churches poured forth a joyous peal; the great bells of San Marco united in proclaiming general jubilee; whilst the guns of the smaller vessels of the blockading squadron which had succeeded in entering the port, mingling their voices with those of the conquered Venetian fleet and Venetian batteries, canopied the imposing pageant with clouds of smoke as it approached the Piazzetta.

The scene now presented—which has been vividly depicted by the brush of Nerly, one of the most distinguished of the modern painters of Venice—was grand and imposing beyond description. And thus, in the deep policy of despotism, was it designed to be. The Ducal Palace, the Zecca, the Library of St. Mark, the old and new Procuratie Palaces, triumphs of the genius of Calendario and Sansovino five centuries before—together with the celebrated

* One of these barges dates its origin with the rule of Napoleon. It was only necessary to add a head to the eagle on the prow, to metamorphose the bird of the thunderer into the hybrid monster of Hapsburg-Lorraine!

columns of red and grey granite of the Piazzetta brought from the Orient—all of them replete with historic fame—were streaming with banners and hangings:—ten thousand troops were drawn up on the Molo to receive their Marshal, and every inch of the expanse of that broad quay swarmed with human, yet silent life. From the pinnacle of the towering campanile of St. Mark, which, wedge-like, seemed almost to bury itself in the sky—from the towers and flag-staffs of the venerable Minster itself, and from the summits of those three memorable masts, which, for ages, have stood before the cathedral, and which, for months, after half a century's absence, had borne the legitimate standard of Venice, now floated the double-headed eagle of Austria, fringed with the Imperial Schwartz-gelb—the gold and black—emblematic of oppression.

Proceeding into the Piazza, from each of the numberless windows of the vast palaces which bound its quadrangle was displayed the white and crimson badge of royalty; whilst the garrison of the conqueror, with the Feldziechen, or sprig of evergreen worn by German soldiers on the cap-front in token of triumph, filled the magnificent square with closely-serried ranks—that same magnificent square, which, for the seventeen months immediately preceding, had beheld only the pageants and echoed only the shouts of Italian freemen, and over which had floated only the tri-color of Italy and the lion of St. Mark! Alas! for the conquered!

The troops having been reviewed—their brilliant ranks presenting now a very different aspect from that, which, for months, they had borne amid the marshes of the Lagune,—the Field-Marshal, attended by his staff and the Civic Council, entered the cathedral and assisted at high mass, celebrated by the Cardinal Patriarch, Menico, and accompanied by a Te Deum. The solemn sanctions of religion are invoked alike by conqueror and by conquered—with what

sincerity on either side, the Great Object of all worship alone can know. From the Cathedral the cortege repaired to the Vice-regal Palace; and there, in that grand hall which occupies the second floor of the "New Edifice" of Napoleon, a brilliant assemblage of soldiers and civilians to a late hour surrounded the banquet-board of triumph, while the vast square without, illuminated in honor of the occasion, was a sea of light, and resounded with bursts of music and shouts of rejoicing and applause.

But the conquered sons of Venice—rejoiced they also? Did they, too, applaud? No—no—for the honor of liberty—of Italy—a thousand times—no! Terrible as had been their sufferings—dreadfully as siege, and famine, and pestilence, had crushed them, and great and grateful as could only be the relief afforded to over-taxed and out-spent humanity by almost any change,—yet a change like this, hardly better than lingering death, they looked on only with the deep silence of hate—the dark sullenness of despair. It is not true, that "joy and gladness now reigned, where, but a few days before, was naught but misery and suffering"—albeit, there was, indeed, "plenty" now, where had been then but "starvation." And more true yet, is the assertion of the same foe to Venice, that "the entrance of Marshal Radetzky was performed amidst the *silence of a bewildered population*;" though entirely false is it, that "they felt at their deliverance a joy that fear compelled them to conceal."* *Fear?* And fear of whom?—and fear of what? Was abased Venice yet so powerful in her liberalism as to be feared? One would rather suppose, under the circumstances of the

* Of Rome, as of Venice, the foes of freedom declare the capture to have been welcomed with joy by the people who were under a "Reign of Terror;" and in each instance with equal falsity. "It is absurd to speak of the Dictatorship at Rome as a Reign of Terror," says a reliable writer. "Terror began with the return of Pius." The same remark is applicable to Venice. Terror began, if at all, with the return of Radetzky.

case, that fear would have attached more to the concealment of joy than to its manifestation—that the part of policy, perhaps even of security, would have been to hail the advent of the conqueror, rather than to frown upon or to deplore it. And was patriotism yet so powerful and so prevalent in the humiliated city of St. Mark, as to render demonstrations of joy unsafe, although the city itself was in the complete and unquestioned possession of its own foe and of the foe of freedom? Then, the number of the patriots remaining in more than decimated Venice must have been large indeed; and it must have been a somewhat difficult task to determine, whether the cloud which rested on the dark brow of the sullen Venetian, as he beheld his city again desecrated by an abhorred race, and the fire which flashed from his eye, and the scorn which curled his pale and silent lip, were caused by the “fear” of patriotism, or by patriotism itself!

But, no! The jubilee that signalized the consummation of the fall of Venice was *no* jubilee of her sons! It was a jubilee of her foes. By them prepared—by them dearly purchased at the price of blood and treasure, and by them dearly and fully paid for—theirs, and theirs only, was the participation and the joy. “The silence of a bewildered population” was not the silence of “fear”—fear, either of its friends, or of its foes: it was the silence of desperation and of hate. “Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.”

Venice fell; but not now, as fifty years before, by the imbecility, the treachery, the insanity of her own children. The dagger was not now, as then, planted by parricides in the parental breast. Wisely and truly had spoken her great chief, when, but a few weeks before, he had declared to the assembled thousands in the Square of St. Mark, that the world was gazing with wonder on a

defence which the world had never before beheld. Long after every other capital in Europe had succumbed and had bowed its neck to the despot's tread—long after Vienna had capitulated, and Rome had fallen, and the Cossack was in Pesth—abandoned, well-nigh forgotten—shut out from all the world—amid the solitude and isolation of her silent Lagune—menaced by famine—decimated by cholera—that ancient and beautiful city, true to her historic glory and her queenly name, continued to signalize a resistance of months against the best artillery Christendom had ever known—maintained a proud defiance to a foe infinitely her superior in power, and aided by discoveries of science and inventions of art the triumph and the miracle of the military engineering of modern times—yielded, but step by step, and, finally, capitulated under the self-same respectful terms proffered her four months before—capitulated, not to the extraordinary arts and arms, nor to the admitted prowess of her mighty foe—but capitulated to famine—to the utter destitution of food, even of the basest sort, and even for a single day—capitulated to an utter destitution of munitions of defence, or the means of providing them—capitulated to the ravages of pestilence which daily and nightly scoured her streets!

All honor to Venice! Honor to her brave defenders—to her devoted Dictator—to her gallant General-in-chief—to her iron-willed Assembly—to her long-suffering, ever-enduring, never-yielding nor revolting population—to her intrepid sons, “dead for Italy,” who, like water, poured out their hearts' blood on the batteries of her defence—to her high-souled, patriotic, and beautiful daughters! She has fallen—the proud Queen of the Adriatic! The fair sea-bride bows low in her day of desolation; but the green laurel-leaf, stained with the blood of her sons, still binds her brow; and, wherever and whenever, in all her coming time—even until her day of

regeneration shall once more have dawned—the name of Liberty is dear, there will sympathy for her unmerited fate, and admiration of her noble struggle, and denunciation of her despotic oppressor, swell every heart; while lamentations for her doom will mingle with the sad wailings of her own Adriatic as it sighs around her rest!

Her unparalleled endurance; her intrepidity which scorned death; her love of country and of freedom stronger far than her love of life; her observance of order and discipline, and her patriotic subordination to civil authority entirely superseding resort to martial law—and that, too, under events and circumstances to the last degree unfavorable, and to an extent which would have been pronounced incredible and impossible, if foretold; her patriotism—the patriotism of her chiefs and her people, unalloyed by interest, unmoved by temptation, untarnished by prosperity, unterrified and unshaken by adversity*—these—these are the constituent elements—these the features and the traits which characterize a defence, “which stands alone, like her marble palaces and her deathless renown, in the midst of the seas and the ages of the world.” *There is but one Venice!* Her antique legend is true. Time, which, in its silent lapse, consumes all else—which consumes even her own adamantine mansions amid her corroding waters—Time has but verified this.

* “The defence of Venice was the most stainless page in the Italian Revolution.”

CONCLUSION.

It would prove an interesting though a somewhat difficult undertaking, to determine the exact cost to Austria of the Italian Revolution of '48-49. The data for such a report are, of course, alone with her; and she could hardly be expected frankly to expose them. Various estimates, however, have been made, approximating probably, more or less, to the truth; and some statements on the subject have emanated from official bureaus at Vienna, which are, no doubt, more or less correct. Her entire expenditure in the struggle, it has been estimated, could not have been less than \$100,000,000; and it may have been much more. That her public loans have since been somewhat numerous is certain—there having been one of some \$43,000,000, in September of '51, another of \$17,000,000, in May of '52, and a third of \$40,000,000, talked-of so recently as May of '53. It is, also, certain that her public debt has so enormously augmented of late, as to cause the apprehension among her statesmen, and the trust among her victims, that she is on the very verge of bankruptcy! How large a proportion, however, of her debt of more than \$1,100,000,000 is attributable to the Italian Revolution, is not easy to determine.

That the position of the Empire in this regard is considered grave may be inferred from the fact that an Imperial Rescript, under date of August 30th, 1851, urged on the Premier the necessity of increased energy in the collection of revenue, and increased economy in its expenditure—an apposite suggestion, one would think, from the ruler of an empire burdened with so heavy a debt, mostly foreign, and with no resource from which even to commence its liquidation; with annual expenditures of \$130,000,000 in time of peace, and annual revenue of only \$112,000,000, nearly one-third being consumed for interest on the national debt; with annual imports of \$80,000,000 and annual exports of only \$53,000,000; and, to crown the climax, with a forced paper currency of some \$200,000,000 absolutely valueless beyond her borders, and possessing but a fictitious value within—albeit, she has never been able to force this worthless issue on the Lombardo-Veneto. Her population is nearly 37,000,000—her standing army 500,000 in peace and some 800,000 in war, with head-quarters at Vienna, Verona, Lamberg, and Pesth—her navy consists of 27 ships and 9 steamers, mounting 524 guns, and her merchant marine of 560 vessels with an aggregate burthen of 162,426 tons. The city of Baltimore alone has a tonnage nearly equal to this; whilst that of the American Republic is that of the Austrian Empire thirty times told; and the annual increase of the former nearly twice equals the entire total of the latter!

The number of lives lost on both sides during the Italian struggle is estimated at 31,000—not a large number—at least when it is considered, that, during three years, the number of victims to Austrian despotism in Lombardy alone was, according to Kossuth,*

* "Is the scaffold peace?—the scaffold on which, in Lombardy, the blood of 8,742 patriots was spilled during three short years?"—*Speech. Dec. 18, 1851.*

3,742! Before Venice, Austria, by her own official avowal, lost 10,000 men, and by estimates of friends 16,000; while she admits that 15,000, at least, were disabled and made invalids, perhaps for life, by disease contracted in the miasmatic marshes of the Lagune. Other estimates give 10,000 victims to disease—10,000 invalids for life, and 1,000 deaths in hospitals to wounds. She lost more, doubtless, by disease than by hostile balls; but from either cause her loss far exceeded that of the besieged. The loss of the latter was but inconsiderable by arms—that at Malghera of 400 men out of a garrison of 2,500, and of a number nearly equal on her exterior batteries, being the heaviest.

The most brilliant “feat of arms” on part of the besiegers, during the siege, is, by themselves, asserted to have been the occupation of Fort St. Julian, whilst planting her batteries after the capture, conducted by 200 men for a period of eighteen hours, under an incessant and murderous fire. The slaughter was, of course, proportionate to the period and the peril.

The material of war for the siege alone cost half a million of dollars; and the estimate is low, when we consider that 60,000 bombs and balls were poured on Venice, and nearly 74,000 on the fortress of Malghera, making an aggregate of 134,000 projectiles during the entire siege! Another half million of dollars is estimated to have been consumed in repairing fortifications; whilst the architect’s estimate of expense to render passable the Bridge of the Lagune, with some 40 arches damaged or demolished, was \$100,000 more. The damage done to the city was not very considerable; but the redemption directly or indirectly, of the paper money issued during the seventeen months of the Republic, amounting in aggregate to some seven millions of dollars—fell entirely on the Venetians, and fell heavily enough.

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