# The Christian Visitor.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

VOL. XII. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY JUNE 22, 1859. NO. 25



## The Christian Visitor,

A FIRST CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Religious & Secular Intelligence,
I. E. BILL, H. P. GUILFORD, } EDITORS.
The Financial and Business Department is under the supervision of
THOMAS McHENRY,
At the VISITOR OFFICE, No. 12, Germain Street, (Opposite the Country Market.)
☞ All Communications, whether on business or for publication, to be addressed
CHRISTIAN VISITOR OFFICE. ST. JOHN, N.B.

**TERMS :**

If paid in advance, **Seven Shillings and Sixpence.** If payment be delayed over three months, **Ten Shillings.**

☞ No paper can be discontinued without the payment of all arrearages, except at the discretion of the publisher.

☞ The names of persons and places should be written so plain, that they cannot be misunderstood, and in directing changes from one post-office to another, the names of BOTH offices, and the county, should always be given.

☞ Ministers of the gospel and others, who will send us the advance, for six new subscribers will get the "Visitor" for one year free of charge.

CORRESPONDENTS:

No Communication will be inserted without the author entrusts us with his name in *confidence*. Unless the opinions expressed by correspondents be editorially endorsed we shall not consider ourselves responsible for them.

*Correspondents* are respectfully reminded that short communications, as a general thing are more acceptable to readers of *Newspapers*, than long ones, and that a legible style of writing will save the printer time, which is always valuable, and insure correct insertion.


## LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WAR—SARDINIA.

MESSRS EDITORS,—We can no longer say, I hope we shall not have war. Hostilities have actually commenced. Austria and France are now measuring strength, and banding swords. The French so far seem to be victorious. Statements are very contradictory. One scarcely knows which to believe. It is generally supposed that the Austrians will finally be defeated. If so, what will the future of Sardinia be? Perhaps no one can possibly tell. The prospects of Sardinia are overcast with the very blackness of darkness. There is a cordial understanding between England and freedom which is likely to be preferred to all alliances, and to survive all conflicts, and this may preserve to the Piedmontese a friend who will not allow their country to be absolutely blotted from the map of Europe; but the Sardinia which will emerge from the Austrian war cannot possibly be the Sardinia which we knew a year ago. An Austrian victory, or a series of Austrian successes, would probably simplify her destinies. The pressure of the neutral powers might prevent the conqueror from driving her off her national existence, but she could only hope to exist as Parma, and Modena exist—a mere satellite in the Austro-Italian system. Her relation to the Austrian Empire would differ from that in which she stood during the reigns of Charles Albert's two immediate predecessors, only in being much more hopeless and infinitely more abject. The situation in which Sardinia would be left by the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy, is less easily defined, but whatever it be, it must be one in which freemen can take no part, or a nation of freemen, at least, take no interest. The kingdom of Northern Italy, with Victor Emmanuel at its head, would be about as valuable a member of European system as was the first Napoleon's Kingdom of Etruria. The marriage of Prince Napoleon to the Sardinian Princess was the first stage, and the Austrian war is the second, in the descent of Victor Emmanuel to the most humiliating position which a human being can occupy—that of a royal cadet of the Bonaparte family. What Louis was in Holland, Joseph in Spain, and Jerome in Westphalia, will Victor Emmanuel be in the ancient dominions of his house. He will receive Lombardy, which will form the largest part of his territory, on precisely the same terms on which they received their appendages, and he will virtually agree to hold his whole kingdom by the same tenure. It is vain to hope that Sardinia, with any appendages which the war may give her, will be allowed to keep her interests, and her administration separate from that of France. There is a natural impossibility in such an arrangement. A semi-dependent Kingdom is only a degree removed from the situation of a French province, and the centralising bias which has destroyed all vitality in one only needs time to be fatal to independence in the other. French government could not restore life to French departments, even if they tried to do it; and it will be found that, however sincerely desirous to observe the decencies of international law, the French Foreign Office will inevitably dictate its policy to the King of Northern Italy. The gradual abasement of an ally into a vassal or a subject occurred fifty or sixty years ago, in every case when French armies entered foreign countries are pretexts similar to those which are now put forward. French generals, when they entered into Holland, proclaimed themselves allies of the people, when they overran Germany, they professed friendship with the petty Sovereigns. But Holland and Savoy became French departments, and the feeble German Monarchs were reserved for a fate which in all probability exactly represents the future of Sardinia. The Kings of Savoy and Bavaria received large additions of territory at the expense of the more powerful enemies of France; nor is there reason to believe that Napoleon was consciously insincere in his guarantee of their independence. Yet in after years their foreign affairs were entirely regulated in Paris, their territorial boundaries were disregarded; their commercial system was repeatedly altered at the pleasure of the Emperor; and hosts of their subjects, without a chance of glory, were marched away to die in his service, amid the mud of Poland and the snows of Russia. Count Cavour has deliberately preferred the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy to the peaceable developments of Italian freedom. But the Germans are not the only foreigners whom Italy has reason to detest.

When her foot is once planted on Italian soil, France will occupy the exact position which Austria will have been compelled to desert. She will be as hostile to Italian unity and as unfriendly to Italian liberty, while at the same time she will be less conscious of weakness, and far more difficult to dislodge. Every foreignor who enjoys sovereignty over a portion of the Peninsula, has the same interest as the Austrians in preventing Italy from submitting herself to a single Government. From Charles VIII. to Napoleon I., French invaders of Italy have carefully provided for the parcelling of her out into small principalities, so long as it was not possible or convenient to convert her into a dependency of their own.—The success of Italy in uniting herself into a single independent State would, in fact, be the severest blow which can be imagined to the power and influence of France in Europe; and it is downright madness in Italian Statesmen to suppose that their patron would countenance a policy which would blacken his memory forever in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen. The French Empire would, doubtless, not be sorry to revive the French kingdom of Italy; but on no other terms would France consent to fish, in the blood of her soldiers, the image which flits perpetually across the sensitive imagination of the Italian people. That the French alliance will not contribute directly to the extension of Italian freedom seems to be readily admitted by the Piedmontese. But they console themselves by repeating that the Emperor of the French has not hitherto attempted to interfere with their liberties; so that in all probability, the war, when it is ended, will have them quite as free as they were before it. But they forget that the nearer despotism is brought to them, the greater jealousy will it show; and the master of the keys of Italy will speak in a very different tone from a mere foreign Sovereign. France, even if she is prevented from seizing Savoy, will stipulate for permanent facilities towards conveying her legions across the Alps. Nothing is more certain than that the interferences of the foreigner in Italy have always been in proportion to his means of military aggression. The house of Austria, for example, was by no means preponderant in the Peninsula before the first French revolution. Its two Duchies of Milan and Mantua, communicating as they did by difficult roads with the hereditary States, were a source of weakness rather than of strength in the event of an Italian war. The possession which makes Austria dangerous to Italy is not Lombardy, but the territory of Venice, through which all the troops of the Empire can be poured into the valley of the Po. And it is a fact which may well moderate the enthusiasm of the Italians for their French protector, that the enmity to freedom with which Austria is justly taxed would have been absolutely innocuous if it had not been for the treachery of the first Napoleon. When the great General of the Republic forced the feeble Directory to commit the monstrous crime of confiscating Venetian liberty for the advantage of the House of Austria, he in effect offered Italy the alternative of two foreign despotisms—his own and that of Germany. The nephew now proposes to depose the House of Austria from the supremacy which the uncle bequeathed to it; but blind hatred, and enthusiasm equally blind, could alone fail to see that German influence is now to be banished from Italy on the same condition on which it was banished before—the condition that French influence shall be enthroned in its room. It does seem that Italy must have a master. We cannot see the difference between Austrian and French rule. If there is any difference, like the boy's two sticks of wood, they are both alike. Napoleon's cry is the freedom of Italy. If he is such a lover of freedom why does he not give it to his own people. They are ruled as with an iron rod. They are in the bondage and slavery of a despotic tyrant. And poor Italy if she falls into the hands of Napoleon, she will be everything else but free. She will have exchanged masters, but will retain her bondage, and will continue to endure its pain. In her present glee for liberty she may grasp French Rule, but it will only be hugging the chains which will bind her as the very badges of her liberty.

Yours, &c.,

J. W. GOUCHER.

Regent's Park College, London, June 3, 1859.

## QUARTERLY MEETING.

FREDERICTON, June 14th, 1859.

The June Quarterly Meeting of the Baptist Churches of York County was held with the church at Gornish, a small church consisting of twenty seven members, only occasionally enjoying the privilege of hearing the word preached, but still keeping up meetings on the Lord's day for prayer and exhortation. On several occasions this little church has been favoured with refreshing seasons from the Lord, under the Missionary labours of Elders Bleakeney, Walker, Tupper, and others, but the locality and neighbourhood forbid a large increase. The neat and commodious chapel stands on a hill by the road side, as though to invite passengers to rest awhile and worship God. The number of Ministers and visitors was not so large as usual, the former probably being too much engaged in carrying forward the revivals that are taking place at home, or living at too great a distance from the place of meeting; and the latter being ignorant of the fact that the meeting was about to be held; but notwithstanding every drawback the attendance on the Sabbath was large and encouraging; and on Monday the people showed, by their gathering together, the interest they felt in the proceedings.

The services commenced on Friday afternoon, most appropriately, with a prayer meeting to invoke the divine blessing upon the work in which his servants were engaged.

On Saturday morning, after an hour spent in prayer, Elder Tupper preached from the words of Christ to his disciples touching the Samaritans. "Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." Exhortations followed from brethren present, among whom was brother John Welsh, who took part in all the meetings. In the afternoon a conference was held.

In the evening, Elder John Magee preached from the words of Martha to her sister Mary. "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Exhortations followed.

On Lord's day morning, the brethren met for prayer, after which Elder Spurden preached from the prophecy of Isaiah "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

In the afternoon, Elder Saunders preached from our Lord's words "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

In the evening, Elder Harris preached from the language of Peter. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?

The brethren kept up the meetings with great spirit, by exhortations short and pungent; the preaching appeared to take hold of the minds of the people, and those who believe that a gospel sermon is never preached in vain, need not doubt but that good was done on this occasion.

On Monday morning a ministerial Meeting was held: ministering brethren present, W. Harris, J. Magee, T. Saunders, J. H. Tupper, C. Spurden, and Deacons Israel Smith, Thomas Phillips, W. S. Estey.

Among other matters, it was resolved, that the next Quarterly Meeting be held with the Queensborough and Dumfries Church, on the first Friday in October at 2 o'clock, P. M. And that a Missionary Meeting be held on that occasion, on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of directing the attention of the people to the claims of Missions.

At 11 o'clock, Elder John Magee preached from Titus II,14.—"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works."

In the afternoon a conference was held in which many took part, and bore witness to the power of the truth upon their own hearts.

Thus terminated a Quarterly Meeting which was both pleasant and profitable, and in which the kindness and large hearted hospitality of the people were abundantly manifested. C. S.

(From the New York Waverly.)

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

PREPARED BY REV. DR. NEALE, BOSTON.*

Mr. Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19th, 1834, and is consequently now only in his 25th year. His grandfather is the venerable Rev. James Spurgeon, Independant minister, Stambourne, Essex. His father, Mr. John Spurgeon, minister of an Independent Church, Tollesbury, Essex. Mr. Spurgeon was educated at a respectable school in Colchester, and then spent one year in the Agricultural College, Maidstone, Kent, where, with ample leisure, he gathered scraps of botany, chemistry, and the applied sciences. He then removed to Newmarket, the noted town of races where he abode one year as an usher, and commenced speaking to the Sabbath-school children, at which service scores of grown up persons attended to hear the boy preach to the children. He next removed to Cambridge, where he became usher in an establishment which happily received no boarders; consequently, out of school-doors, the time was his own. Here he again spoke to the Sabbath-school children, and was thus at sixteen and a half years, thought competent to preach in the villages. This he did every Sabbath evening for six months, and then accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the Baptist Church, Waterbeach, Cambs. Here the chapel was always crowded to excess. The small church progressed from thirty members to sixty. The school flourished, and while living in Cambridge as a centre, he preached continuously in eleven village chapels, which he supplied on week evenings; and in one year he preached 364 sermons. In January, 1854, he first came to New Park-street chapel, the pulpit of which had been occupied by Dr. Gill, of polemic fame, and by Dr. Rippon, for one hundred and sixteen years between them. At Exeter Hall (taken for sixteen Sabbaths during the enlargement) they were always crowded, whatever the weather might be, and in the evening, at twenty minutes before time, the doors were generally locked, and a placard put upon them, "The hall is quite full; no more room." The crowd in the Strand before opening the doors reached across the road, and entirely obstructed the thoroughfare, until the police were compelled to keep a lane between tween the people on either side of the road, to allow ommibuses, etc., to pass. Park-street chapel is now crammed to suffocation—many hundreds never arrive near the door. The doors are shut till ten minutes before time, and police employed to see that none but seat holders enter at the side entrance.

There are many under the impression that the discourses of Mr. Spurgeon are remarkable only for bold and daring assertions, for odddities and eccentricities, for vapid declamation, and rhodomantade, and for an absence of all the higher qualities of pulpit instruction. This notion has been communicated partly by anecdotes of his preaching on their rounds in ecclesiastical society, and partly by certain notices in various periodicals. Though such ideas are dissipated by a perusal of the various published discourses of this preacher, many of our readers may not have seen his discourses, and have necessarily derived all their knowledge of him through the channels stated.

The candid reader, whatever may have been his prepossessions, will, after perusing his sermons, admit that there is little or nothing objectional either in the subject, matter, or style. If there be any who assume that orthodox theology is so stereotyped as to forbid all originality of illustration, or too sacred to allow the fair things and lovely of nature to shadow it forth, then it is evident that to such the preceding will appear objectionable. Those, too, who think that preaching the Gospel is the harping on one or two cardinal points, or the repetition of some favorite dogma in language strictly ecclesiastical, must be offended with the freedom, independence, and variety of the preacher's style and thoughts. Instead of limiting himself to commonplace illustration, he opens his eyes on nature, on science, and gathers from them all that he reckons suitable to illuminate his subjects. Instead of confining himself to the language of the schools, and of divines and theologians, he ransacks all the stores of literature, and reckons not a sentence disqualified to take a place in his discourse because it was coined or used by a Shakespeare, a Scott, a Johnson, or even a Burns. Language hitherto reckoned fit only for plays, novels and songs, is seized by this preacher, and oftentimes most ingeniously and aptly brought into his discussions. We do not inquire whether in every case the sentiments and language are appropriate, but refer to the fact that such is his indepedence, that he, with equal freedom, selects from sacred writers; and such is his miraculous power of assimilation, that what would come from others as a motley, incoherent mass, becomes in his hand unique, complete and beautiful.

The arrangement of his discourses is simple, rememberable and textual. The outline arises naturally out of the text, and is scarcely less striking than the facts, and anecdotes and arguments employed in the illustration of the different parts of the discourse; as he uses no notes, he is occasionally tempted to depart from the straight line of argument, but he recovers his position with a miraculous ease and grace. Nor will the judicious critic find much to censure in the sentiments. Doctrines are stated broadly and plainly, and some disputed points are settled very unceremoniously. The doctrine of election, effectual calling and perseverance are very frequently, and, occasionally, somewhat unnecessarily introduced; but as the preacher deems them essential, he feels that he must use great plainness of speech.

His preaching is altogether peculiar, and not very easily described. Probably the following may convey to the reader some idea of it. Some preachers owe much to their *personnel*, or presence in the pulpit. Before they open their mouths, there is something about them which causes a sort of awe and respect to creep over the audience. The appearance of this preacher may be said to be interesting rather than commanding. He is quite a youth, and his countenance boyish. He is under, rather than over, the middle size, and has few or none of the physical advantages of the orator in his appearance. But what he lacks in appearance he has in reality. Soon as he commences to speak, tones of richest melody are heard. A voice full, sweet and musical falls on every ear, and awakens agreeable emotions in every soul in which there is a sympathy for sounds. That most excellent of voices is under perfect control, and can whisper or thunder at the wish of its possessor. And there is poetry in every movement, as well as music in the voice. The countenance speaks—the entire form sympathizes. The action is in complete unison with the sentiments, and the eye *listens* scarcely less than the ear to the sweetly flowing oratory. But among the thirty thousand English preachers, and the three thousand Scotch ones, there are many sweet voices as well as this, and many who have studied the art of speaking with the greatest assiduity, and yet they fail to attract an audience. Mr. Spurgeon is more than a "voice crying;" he has rare powers of observation, recollection, assimilation and creation. His field of observation is wide and varied. He seems to have opened his eyes to *nature* in all its varieties, to *science* in all its discoveries, and to *literature* in all its departments. Everything which the eye of man can look upon, or the ear hear, seems to have made an indelible impression on his mental power. The impression is not only distinctly made, but ineradicably maintained. Every mountain, every valley, every book, every sentence which has once come in his way, becomes forever fixed in his recollection. And not only fixed, but becomes the material on which marvellous powers of assimilation vigorously operate. Out of the forms of beauty which his eyes see, other still lovelier forms are created. The loveliest natural landscape is adorned with additional beauty by the aid of a refined and chastened fancy. The thoughts that have come floating down from the long bygone ages are placed in the crucible of his mind, and, purged of the objectionable, come out bearing his own image and superscription. There is evidently in him great power of *assimilative* genius, and occasional indications of even a higher order of genius—even that which creates fresh and new forms of beauty, which bear the distinct mark of his own mind.

These higher qualities are greatly aided by a close study of the graces of speaking. The natural has been aided by study—the gifts of the orator by the graces. Despite an occasional neglect of all the laws of logic and ratiocination, there are evidently a thorough knowledge and appreciation of both. The *negligee* sometimes forms a pleasing contrast with the precise. The bow drawn at a venture may send the arrow more direct to the mark than the bow drawn according to the strictest rules.

* Dr. Neale wishes us to say that this Sketch is a compilation from English critiques, and not an original article, as was at first announced.

## THE BENEFITS OF CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

We give an anecdote which we find in the life of Andrew Fuller, that very happily illustrates this point. The Doctor has made a missionary tour to Aberdeen. We give the story in his own words:

"As I was going to the morning meeting, I was called aside by a respectable minister and told to this effect:

You will be requested to baptize a woman before you leave Aberdeen. I have no prejudice against her on account of her being a Baptist; but I think it my duty to tell you that she was a member of one of our churches in this neighborhood, and was excluded for bad conduct."

"What conduct?"

"Dishohesty towards her creditors."

"Very well; I thank you for the information, and will make proper use of it."

* * * When the woman was introduced, the following is the substance of what passed between us:

"Well Margaret, you have lived in the world about forty years; how long do you think you have known Christ?"

"A little more than a year."

"What no longer?"

"I think not."

"And have you never professed to know him before that time?"

"Yes, and was a member of an Independent church for several years."

"A member of a church and did not know Christ? How was that?"

"I was brought up to be religious, and deceived myself and others in professing to be so."

"And how came you to leave that church?"

"I was cut off."

"What, because you were a Baptist?"

"No, because of my bad conduct."

"Of what then have you been guilty?"

"My heart was lifted up with vanity. I got in debt for clothes and other things; and then prevaricated and did many bad things."

"And it was for these things they cut you off?"

"Yes."

"And do you think they did right?"

"O yes."

"And how came you to the knowledge of Christ at last?"

"When I was cut off from the church, I sunk into the deepest despondency—I felt myself an outcast from God and man—I wandered about speaking, as it were, to nobody, and nobody speaking to me. My burden seemed heavier than I could bear. At that time a passage or two of Scripture came to mind and I was led to see that through the cross of Christ there was mercy for the chief of sinners. I wept much and my sin was very bitter, but I saw there was no reason to despair, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. It is from thence I date my conversion."

"And do the minister and the church of which you were a member, know of this?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not go and confess it before them and be restored?"

"Partly because I have removed my situation some miles from them, and partly because I felt in my conscience that I was a Baptist."

"After the conversation, I saw the minister who had told me of her, and informed him of the whole, adding that the church in his connection had done well excluding Margaret, and the Lord, I hoped, had blessed it to her salvation."

The woman was accordingly baptized. Suppose this woman had never been dealt with; what else could have been expected than that she would have slept on until she had lifted up her eyes in hell? The discipline of the church was calculated to remind her of the reality of religion, and being just and necessary for Christ's honor, it touched her conscience. We have reason to believe that her case is by no means a solitary one. Let churches be careful to commend themselves to the consciences of men in the sight of, God, and their hope of benefit to the offender will not always be in vain.

## The Career of Garibaldi.

Joseph Garibaldi was born at Nice on the 4th of July, 1807; his family have always lived in that seaport, and several of them are living there now. They have supplied the Sardinian naval service with excellent seamen, and have invariably enjoyed public estimation. Joseph, brought up on the coast among sailors and fishermen, was indebted to this rude apprenticeship of life for a part of his physical and moral energy.

Garibaldi entered the Sardinian navy at an early age, and soon distinguished himself by his courage and coolness. Implicated in 1834 in the Italian insurrectional movement, this young seaman, compromised at Genoa on account of a liberal conspiracy, found himself compelled to take refuge in France. He travelled on foot across the mountains to Nice, where he lay concealed two days in a friend's house, who by dressing him in the clothes of a farmer of his got him across the Var. After passing two years at Marseilles, chiefly in the pursuit of his mathematical studies, Garibaldi embarked in an Egyptian corvette, to go and serve as a naval officer in the fleet of the Bey of Tunis. As he did not meet there with a part to satisfy his active mind, he could not remain longer than a few months. So he soon set out for Rio Janeiro. The province of Rio Grande del Sol had erected itself into a republic. Our adventurer made an offer of his sword to the military government of Uruguay, and received the chief command of the squadron intended to act against Buenos Ayres. The contest lasted two years. During this time the new commander, quite in his element, performed such prodigies of valour, that the natives said of him, "It is not a man but a devil;" and so superstition got mixed up with his name. He had been seen in several encounters to dash with his troops in the thick of the fight, then re appear safe and sound, and always victorious from these terrible engagements, where the fighting was always hand to hand.

Garibaldi's influence over his troops is somewhat wonderful. His form, Herculean strength, his fine energetic and expressive head—everything, even his picturesque costume, contributes to increase the prestige he wields. At Salta he is surrounded—he and 300 men—by 3000 enemies. What does he do? He stands their fire without stirring; lets them come up close, then charges them with the bayonet, and sends them flying. The government of Monte Video decreed on that day that the Italian legion had deserved well of the country, and that it should take the right, the post of honour, even when with native troops in every engagement.

The insurrection of the Peninsula in 1848 brought Garibaldi back to Nice. A part of his legion accompanied him; with it he acted prominently in the war of independence against the Austrians in the Southern Tyrol, where, as a sharpshooter, he incessantly harrassed their army.

At Rome Garibaldi was the soul of the resistance. Marshal Vaillant, in his remarkable report of the operations during the seige, did justice to the energy and skill of his adversary.—It was impossible, in fact, to make more of the poor resources left at the disposal of the beseiged. The volunteers fought there like veteran troops. On May 9, at Palestrina, he defeated the Neapolitan army, twice superior in numbers to his own. A few days later, at Velletri, where he was severely wounded, he was still to win the honours of the day. Finally, he sustained for a whole month the attacks of our valiant army, and as all the officers admit, with admirable presence of mind. The episode of the 8th bastion, represented by the brilliant pencil of Horace Vernet, gives an exact idea of the energy displayed in that defence. In the last council war held at Rome, Garibaldi, on being called upon to state his opinion, proposed the employment of extreme measures; but they were not approved. He then left the sacred city with the remnant of his little army, traversed the enemy's lines, and withdrew to the neighbourhood of St. Marin. There his troops disbanded. Garibaldi reached Genoa with two hundred soldiers, who had refused to leave him. At the end of a few months he returned to America, where he engaged very actively in trade and industry. About 1852 we find him again in command of the Peruvian army. When the war ceased he returned home to Nice.

For five years Garibaldi lived in retirement with his sons on a small island situated between Sardinia and the Madeleine, the Isle of Caprera; he farmed on a large scale, ploughed up waste lands, and built up large barns and outhouses. From time to time he used to go to Nice in a small cutter he kept for conveying his materials. The most influential and respected men of that city these of the French colony, with Alphonse Karr at their head, well know how highly he is esteemed there. This brave soldier, whose reputation in private life cannot be assailed, knew how to acquire the sympathy and respect of all. His political adversaries themselves acknowledge his honourable character.

His wife also was a heroine; she was slain at her husband's side by the Austrians. She had never left him on the battle-field either in America or Italy. One should read in the interesting history of Ricciardi the account of her valiant behaviour as the constant companion of all her husband's journeys and dangers. It would teach us to comprehend these exceptional characters, so much slandered, but for whom life itself is nothing but one long combat and a glorious example of patriotism.