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of how and where to land. The first adventure which might have wrecked the expedition was on the night before the landing, when Garibaldi in his ship, the *Piedmonte*, sailed ahead of the other, the *Lombardo*. In the dark they might never have found each other again, since both were sailing without lights. As it happened the *Piedmonte*, sailing back for the *Lombardo*, was not recognised and was very nearly rammed in mistake for a Neapolitan cruiser. It was decided to land at Marsala when it was ascertained from a passing vessel that there were no Neapolitan ships or troops there. Even so the landing might have been disastrous, for the *Lombardo* stuck outside the harbour and two Neapolitan warships arrived only a couple of hours after the Garibaldini. However, seeing two British men-of-war in port, the Neapolitans did not dare to open a broadside on the Garibaldini, who for the most part had not yet disembarked, for fear that England might be helping the expedition and would retaliate in full measure. By the time they had made quite sure that the British were maintaining a strict neutrality the *Thousand* had disembarked and were making their way up to the town. Even here they might have suffered heavy losses, but "the bombardment was as badly aimed as it had been tardily begun. For the most part the missiles fell into the open sea, but one or two passed over the British merchant's establishment and nearly killed the English manager's wife. When all were within the city gate there was no more to fear. The total loss to the invaders had been one dog wounded in the leg and one man in the shoulder."

Luck, Pluck, and Bluff

The landing was characteristic of the mixture of luck, pluck, and bluff that made the final success of the expedition possible. English neutrality and the sympathy of Englishmen throughout stood Garibaldi in good stead. And everywhere he had the co-operation of the Sicilians themselves. They did not always fight; to the *Thousand* they appeared chicken-hearted; they were for the most part unarmed or armed only with farm implements or table knives, but they fought if and where they could, and they formed a reliable Fifth Column. At the final attack on Palermo, every one in the city, except the authorities, knew when Garibaldi was coming. Even the political prisoners in the jails had a note smuggled to them, "To-morrow Garibaldi will enter Palermo."

A Crucial Battle

The first open battle of the "Campaign" was fought at Calatafimi. The outcome for the Garibaldini was crucial. The Neapolitans, who were well placed on a hill-top, outnumbered the *Thousand* by about five to three, and there were also reserves. "Every Neapolitan had an excellent rifle. The smooth-bore muskets of the *Thousand* were sighted for 300 yards, they frequently missed fire altogether, and there was such a scarcity of ammunition that some had only ten rounds. There was little shooting done by the assailants, who were ordered by Garibaldi to reserve their fire and go in with cold steel. The weapon was the bayonet, the sight of which coming up from below at a few yards' distance



PATRIOTS DEFENDING A BARRICADE IN PALERMO.
From a contemporary print

generally induced the Neapolitan riflemen to seek ground higher up the hill." At one point the battle was so critical that many pressed round Garibaldi and asked "General, what are we to do?" "Italians," he answered, "here we must die." The turning point came when some of the defenders ran short of ammunition and "plucking up stones and dirt began to hurl them down the bank. Garibaldi happened to be leaning forward with his head bent toward the ground, when he was hit in the back by a large stone. . . . The next moment saw Garibaldi spring to his full height, his eyes kindling their strange lights and heard him cry 'Come on. They are throwing stones. Their ammunition is spent!' He dashed up the bank, sword in hand and his men after him against the serried ranks, who in fact had not spent the whole of their ammunition. No one ever pretended to know what happened at the top of the bank, but when the red madness of battle subsided the victors became aware of the Neapolitans streaming in flight across the plateau of the summit and rushing headlong down the other side of the hill into the valley."

The Taking of Palermo

Here is another example of mixed courage and bluff during the fighting in the first stages of the attack on Palermo. The *Thousand* led the way into the city and they were followed up by a *squadre* of Sicilians whose support was necessary if only to give a certain weight of numbers. They came to a street-crossing raked by cross fire. The *Thousand* had passed and the street was slippery with their blood. The *squadre* came to a halt afraid to pass over the open road. The men from the *Thousand* who had been left behind to lead them had somehow to bring them into the city. The only way was to show them how badly, in fact, the Neapolitans were shooting. For this purpose Francesco Carbone, a Genoese lad of 17, planted a chair with a tricolour floating above it, in the middle of the crossing and himself sat down on it amid the storm of ill-directed missiles. Thus the *squadre* were brought into the city.

Luck was also off the side of the rebels. When the Viceroy asked for a truce Garibaldi was almost out of ammunition. The two days' truce gave him time to get some from a Greek steamer that chance brought into the harbour at night. It gave him time to

organise the building of such effective barricades in the city that the authorities asked him to prolong the armistice. "Every day made it harder to open hostilities again, until it became clear that capitulation was an obvious if humiliating way out." The final capitulation was signed just a month after the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala. On June 7, 1860, more than 20,000 troops evacuated the palace and the cathedral. Had they known the actual condition of Garibaldi's forces they might never have gone. The Sicilians could not be relied upon. Many of the *squadre* were going back to their villages. Conscription was proving an impossibility. Only 390 muskets remained among the remnant of the *Thousand*! But they had conquered Sicily.

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