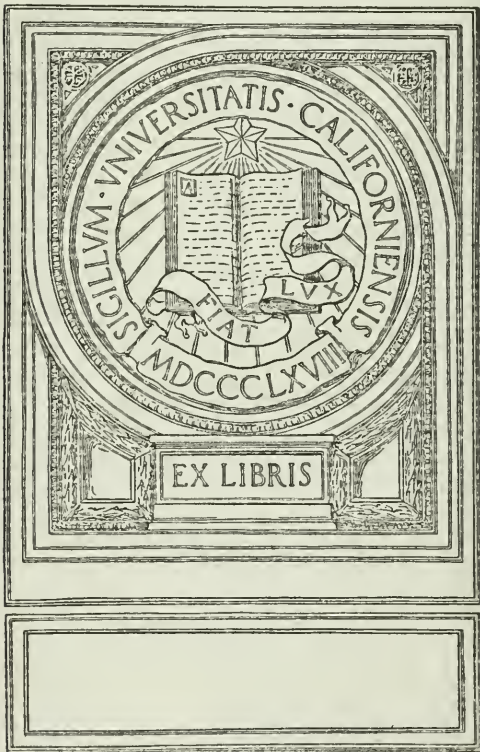




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*Life & Writings of Joseph Mazzini*

IN SIX VOLS.

VOL. I.—AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL & POLITICAL.



# LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

## JOSEPH MAZZINI

VOL. I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND POLITICAL

*A NEW EDITION*

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1890

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## PREFACE.

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WHEN requested to preface the Edition of my political and literary writings with a history of my life, I declined the undertaking, and I still persist in my refusal. The rare joys and many sorrows of my private life are of no moment save to the few whom I love and who love me with deep individual affection. What public life I have had is all summed up and contained in my writings, and how far those writings may have influenced present events, is a question to be judged by the public, not by me.

Indifferent, from the inborn tendency of my mind, to that empty clamour which men call fame; and despising, from natural pride and a quiet conscience, the many calumnies which have darkened my path through life;—convinced, even unto faith, that the duty of our earthly existence is to forget self in the *aim* prescribed to us by our individual

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faculties and the necessities of the times ;—I have kept no record of dates, made no biographical notes, and preserved no copies of letters.

But even had I jealously preserved such, I should not now have the courage to use them. In the face of the re-awakening of that people to whom alone God has as yet granted the privilege, in each great epoch of its own existence, of transforming Europe—all individual biography appears as insignificant as a taper lighted in the presence of the rising sun.

I shall, however, intersperse these pages with such records of the events I have witnessed, and the men I have known, as may serve for the better understanding of the European movement during the last third of a century ; and add such personal recollections as may best explain the cause and purpose of these writings, and are identified with the progress and development of those events which at the present day assure of the triumph of the two principal elements of the coming epoch : the *People*, and *Nationality*.

My voice has often been the voice of the multitudes, the expression of the collective thought of



our youth who have been the initiators of the future.

Whatever value my writings may have will be the value of a historical document, and hence the relation of any circumstance that tends to confirm their truth, and prove their intimate connection with the true tendencies of Italy, may—sooner or later—be of use.

Possibly, by inquiring into the sources and origin of the Italian movement, my fellow-countrymen will more readily understand the errors and shortcomings of the present day.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

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*N.B.*—The figures within brackets denote the dates of the writings comprised in this volume.

## *Autobiographical & Political.*

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ONE Sunday in April 1821, while I was yet a boy, I was walking in the Strada Nuova of Genoa with my mother, and an old friend of our family named Andrea Gambini. The Piedmontese insurrection had just been crushed; partly by Austria, partly through treachery, and partly through the weakness of its leaders.

The revolutionists, seeking safety by sea, had flocked to Genoa, and, finding themselves distressed for means, they went about seeking help to enable them to cross into Spain, where the revolution was yet triumphant. The greater number of them were crowded in S. Pier d'Arena, awaiting a chance to embark; but not a few had contrived to enter the city one by one, and I used to search them out from amongst our own people, detecting them either by their general appearance, by some peculiarity of dress, by their warlike air, or by the signs of a deep and silent sorrow on their faces.

The population were singularly moved. Some

of the boldest had proposed to the leaders of the insurrection—Santarosa and Ansaldi, I think—to concentrate themselves in, and take possession of the city, and organize a new resistance ; but Genoa was found to be deprived of all means of successful defence ; the fortresses were without artillery, and the leaders had rejected the proposition, telling them *to preserve themselves for a better fate.*

Presently we were stopped and addressed by a tall black-bearded man, with a severe and energetic countenance, and a fiery glance that I have never since forgotten. He held out a white handkerchief towards us, merely saying, *For the refugees of Italy.* My mother and friend dropped some money into the handkerchief, and he turned from us to put the same request to others. I afterwards learned his name. He was one Rini, a captain in the National Guard, which had been instituted at the commencement of the movement. He accompanied those for whom he had thus constituted himself collector, and, I believe, died—as so many of ours have perished—for the cause of liberty in Spain.

That day was the first in which a confused idea presented itself to my mind—I will not say of country or of liberty—but an idea that we Italians *could* and therefore *ought* to struggle for the liberty of our country. I had already been unconsciously educated in the worship of equality by

the democratic principles of my parents, whose bearing towards high or low was ever the same. Whatever the position of the individual, they simply regarded the *man*, and sought only the honest man. And my own natural aspirations towards liberty were fostered by constantly hearing my father and the friend already mentioned speak of the recent republican era in France; by the study of the works of Livy and Tacitus, which my Latin master had given me to translate; and by certain old French newspapers, which I discovered half-hidden behind my father's medical books. Amongst these last were some numbers of the *Chronique du Mois*, a Girondist publication belonging to the first period of the French Revolution.

But the idea of an existing wrong in my own country, against which it was a duty to struggle, and the thought that I too must bear my part in that struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me. The remembrance of those refugees, many of whom became my friends in after life, pursued me wherever I went by day, and mingled with my dreams by night. I would have given I know not what to follow them. I began collecting names and facts, and studied, as best I might, the records of that heroic struggle, seeking to fathom the causes of its failure.

They had been betrayed and abandoned by

those who had sworn to concentrate every effort in the movement; the new king\* had invoked the aid of Austria; part of the Piedmontese troops had even preceded the Austrians at Novara; and the leaders had allowed themselves to be overwhelmed at the first encounter, without making an effort to resist. All the details I succeeded in collecting led me to think that they *might* have conquered, if all of them had done their duty;—then why not renew the attempt?

This idea ever took stronger possession of my soul, and my spirit was crushed by the impossibility I then felt of even conceiving by what means to reduce it to action. Upon the benches of the university (in those days there existed a course of *Belles Lettres*, preparatory to the courses of law and medicine, to which even the very young were admitted), in the midst of the noisy tumultuous life of the students around me, I was sombre and absorbed, and appeared like one suddenly grown old. I childishly determined to dress always in black, fancying myself in mourning for my country. *Jacopo Ortis* happened to fall into my hands at this time, and the reading of it became a passion with me. I learned it by heart. Matters went so far that my poor mother became terrified lest I should commit suicide.

By degrees a calmer state of mind succeeded

\* Carlo Felice.

this first tempest of feeling. The friendship I formed with the young Ruffinis—a friendship which, both towards them and their sacred mother, better deserved the name of love—tended to reconcile me with life, and afforded a relief to the inward passion that consumed me. Conversing with them of literature, of the intellectual resurrection of Italy, and upon philosophico-religious questions, and the formation of small associations (which proved a prelude to the great) for the purpose of smuggling books prohibited by the police, I perceived an opening—even though on a small scale—towards action, and that brought peace to my mind. A little circle of chosen friends, aspiring towards a better state of things, began to gather round me. Of all who formed that nucleus—the memory of which yet lives in my heart like the record of a promise unfulfilled—none save Federico Campanella (now member of the Provisional Committee for Rome and Venice in Palermo) still remain to combat for the old programme. Some are dead, some have deserted; and others, though still faithful to the idea, have sunk into inertia. They were to me at that time a group of Pleiads, and a salvation to my tormented spirit. I was no longer alone.

I have said that I do not intend to write my life, and I therefore pass on to the year

1827. Towards the end of the preceding year, I think, I had written my first literary article, and boldly sent it to the *Antologia* of Florence, which, naturally enough, did not insert it; and I had myself forgotten it till I perceived it in the *Subalpino*, where it had been inserted by N. Tommaseo. The subject was Dante, whom during the years 1821 to 1827 I had learned to venerate, not only as a poet, but as the father of our nation.

In 1827 the literary war between the classicist and romantic schools was raging fiercely. It was a war between the supporters of a literary despotism, dating its origin and authority two thousand years back, and those who sought to emancipate themselves from its tyranny, in the name of their own individual inspiration. We young men were all Romanticists. But it seemed to me that few, if any, had penetrated into the true heart of the question.

The first school, composed of Roman Arcadians and Della Cruscan academicians, professors, and pedants, persisted in producing cold, laborious imitations, without life, spirit, or purpose; the second, founding their new literature on no other basis than individual fancy, lost themselves in fantastic mediæval legends, unfeeling hymns to the Virgin, and unreal metrical despair, or any other whim of the passing hour which might present



itself to their minds ; intolerant of every tyranny, but ignorant also of the sacredness of the law which governs art as well as every other thing.

And it is a part of this law, that all true art must either sum up and express the life of a closing epoch, or announce and proclaim the life of the epoch destined to succeed it.

True art is not the caprice of this or that individual—it is a solemn page either of history or of prophecy ; and when—as always in Dante, and occasionally in Byron—it combines and harmonizes this double mission, it reaches the highest summit of power. Now, amongst us Italians, no other than the prophetic form of art was possible. For three centuries we had been deprived of all spontaneous individual life, and our existence had been that of forgetful slaves, deriving all things from the foreigner.

Art therefore could only arise again amongst us to inscribe a maledictory epitaph upon those three centuries, and sing the canticle of the future.

But to do this, it was necessary to interrogate the slumbering, latent, and unconscious life of our people ; to lay the hand upon the half-frozen heart of the nation ; to count its rare pulsations, and reverently learn therefrom the purpose and duty of Italian genius.

The special bias and tendency of individual

inspiration required to be nourished by the aspiration of the collective life of Italy ; even as flowers, the poetry of earth, derive their separate variety of tint and beauty from a soil which is common to all.

But the collective life of Italy was uncertain and indefinite ; it lacked a centre, oneness of ideal, and all regular and organized mode of manifestation.

Art, therefore, could only reveal itself among us by fits, in isolated and volcanic outbursts. It was incapable of revealing itself in regular and progressive development, similar to the gradual evolution of vegetable life in the new world, wherein the separate trees continue to mingle their branches, until they form the gigantic unity of the forest.

Without a country, and without liberty, we might, perhaps, produce some prophets of art, but no vital art. Therefore it was better for us to consecrate our lives to the solution of the problem—*Are we to have a country?* and turn at once to the political question. If we were successful, the art of Italy would bloom and flourish over our graves.

Such thoughts as these—which certainly presented themselves to the great intellect and patriotism of Manzoni—for they occasionally transpire in the choruses of his tragedies and

other passages of his writings, though restrained by the overweening gentleness of his nature, and the fatal resignation taught by Catholicism—were in those days the thoughts of the few. The *litterati* of that period were neither citizens nor patriots; and were completely governed by the false French doctrine of *art for art's sake*. Tommaseo and Montani alone represented these nobler views, in the fruitful and fostering school of criticism taught in their *Antologia*.

The ideas awakened in April 1821 were still burning within me, and determined my renunciation of the career of literature for the more direct path of political action.

And this was my first great sacrifice. A thousand visions of historical dramas and romances floated before my mental eye—artistic images that caressed my spirit, as visions of gentle maidens soothe the soul of the lonely-hearted. The natural bias of my mind was very different from that which has been forced upon me by the times in which I have lived, and the shame of our degradation. But in those days the path of action was closed, and the literary question appeared to me to offer a means of disclosing it sooner or later.

A little journal of mercantile advertisements was published in Genoa by one Ponthenier, who was also the editor. It was called the *Indicatore*

*Genovese.* I persuaded the publisher to admit advertisements of books for sale, accompanied by a few lines to describe and define their subject. These lines I undertook to write; and this was the commencement of my career as a critic.

Little by little the advertisements swelled into articles. The government, which slumbered like the country, either did not heed or did not observe them. The *Indicatore* became gradually transformed into a literary journal. The articles which made their appearance in it were collected and reprinted at Lugano many years afterwards, under the title of *Scritti Letterari d'un Italiano Vivente*. They have no intrinsic value; but they serve to show the purpose with which I and a few friends then wrote, and how we understood the question of Romanticism.

The literary controversy was soon converted into a political question; the alteration of a word here and there would have sufficed to render it openly such. It was but a miniature warfare, a skirmish between the riflemen of the two camps. Literary independence was, in our eyes, the first step towards a very different species of independence, and signified an appeal to the youth of the country to infuse some of their own new life into the latent hidden life, fermenting deep down in the heart of Italy. We knew that this endeavour to unite these two elements would be opposed by a

double tyranny, foreign and domestic; and we knew that they would rebel against it.

The government did at last read and become incensed at our writings; and when, flushed with success, we announced to our readers, at the end of the first year, our intention of enlarging our journal, it was extinguished by a governmental *veto*.

But these slight articles, full of youthful vigour and impulse, and the daring purpose they revealed, had obtained for me a certain amount of fame in Genoa.

A reproof which I wrote to Carlo Botta—an historian of aristocratic tendencies, and devoid of all intellectual philosophy, but whose style, occasionally affecting the gravity of a Tacitus, and an *Alferian* indignation against the foreigner, had fascinated our young men—gained me the acquaintance of the writers of the *Antologia* of Florence, men who were Italians at heart, though the majority of them were timid.

Two articles on Guerrazzi's drama, the *Bianchi e Neri*, written by Elia Benza, a young man of high feeling and powerful intellect, which were rendered sterile in later life by too great a tendency to analysis and love of the comforts of domestic life, obtained for us the correspondence of Guerrazzi.

Guerrazzi had already written not only that drama but the *Battaglia di Benevento*. Never-

theless, so great was the distance between province and province in those days, that his name was unknown to us. The drama of the *Bianchi e Neri*, which we met with by mere chance, despite a certain strangeness of form, and the absolute want of all harmony in the verses, yet revealed the sufferings of a powerful intellect, full of Italian pride. I answered his letter; and this was the commencement of a correspondence between us—at that time fraternal and enthusiastic—as to the creation of a better future.

When the Sardinian Government suppressed the *Indicatore Genovese*, the union between us and the knot of young men who surrounded Guerrazzi had increased so far as to suggest the idea of continuing our publication in Leghorn, under the title of the *Indicatore Livornese*.

The political purpose of our writings was revealed more openly—almost indeed without disguise—in this second journal, to which Guerrazzi, Carlo Bini, and myself, were the chief contributors.

We wrote of Foscolo, to whom, apart from all his other merits, the Italians owe eternal reverence from the fact of his having been the first, both in word and deed, to restore literature to its true patriotic mission in the person of the writer.

We wrote of the *Esule*, a poem by Pietro Giannone, then himself in exile—a man of incorruptible fidelity, whom I afterwards learned to

know and esteem; and of Giovanni Berchet, copies of whose poems, magnificent in Italian ire, were transcribed and multiplied by us students, and whom I was afterwards destined to see, in 1848, lost and degraded among the *moderate* patricians and courtiers of royalty in Milan.

We became so daring that by the end of the year even the slumbering Tuscan Government ordered us to cease publication. We did cease to publish, but these two journals had by that time collected together a certain number of young men, full of vigorous life, that needed an outlet and manifestation; we had succeeded in touching chords that had long lain mute in the minds of our countrymen; and, what was of far more importance, we had proved to the young men of Italy that our governments were deliberately adverse to *all* progress, and that liberty was impossible until they were overthrown.

In the midst of all this literary warfare I never forgot my own purpose; and I continued to look around me, to discover men capable of attempting an enterprise. Whispers were rife amongst us of a revival of Carbonarism. I watched, questioned, and searched on every side, until at last a friend of mine—a certain Torre—confessed to me that he was a member of the sect, or, as it was called in those days, the Order, and offered me initiation.

I accepted.

While studying the events of 1820 and 1821, I had learned much of Carbonarism, and I did not much admire the complex symbolism, the hierarchical mysteries, nor the political faith—or rather the absence of all political faith—I discovered in that institution. But I was at that time unable to attempt to form any association of my own; and in the Carbonari I found a body of men in whom—however inferior they were to the idea they represented—thought and action, faith and works, were identical. Here were men who, defying alike excommunication and capital punishment, had the persistent energy ever to persevere, and to weave a fresh web each time the old one was broken.

And this was enough to induce me to join my name and my labours to theirs.

And now that my hair is grey, I still believe that next to the capacity of rightly leading, the greatest merit consists in knowing how and when to follow. I speak, of course, of following those who lead towards good. Those young men—too numerous in Italy, as elsewhere—who hold themselves aloof from all collective association or organized party, out of respect for their own *individuality*, are generally the first to succumb, and that in the most servile manner, to any strongly-organized governing power.



Reverence for righteous and true authority, freely recognised and accepted, is the best safeguard against authority false or usurped. I therefore agreed to join the Carbonari.

I was conducted one evening to a house near S. Giorgio, where, after ascending to the topmost story, I found the person by whom I was to be initiated. This person was—as I afterwards learned—a certain Raimondo Doria, half Corsican half Spaniard, a man already advanced in years, and of a forbidding countenance.

He informed me, with much solemnity, that the persecutions of the government, and the caution and prudence required in order to reach the aim, rendered numerous assemblies impossible; and that I should therefore be spared certain ordeals, ceremonies, and symbolical rites. He questioned me as to my readiness to *act*, and to obey the instructions which would be transmitted to me from time to time, and to sacrifice myself, if necessary, *for the good of the Order*. Then, after desiring me to kneel, he unsheathed a dagger, and recited the formula of oath administered to the initiated of the first or lowest rank; causing me to repeat it after him. He then communicated to me two or three signs by which to recognise the brethren, and dismissed me. I was a Carbonaro.

On leaving, I tormented the friend who was

waiting for me as to the *aim*, the men, the work to be done—but in vain. We were to be silent, to obey, and to slowly deserve and receive confidence. He congratulated me on the fact that circumstances had spared me the tremendous ordeals usually undergone; and seeing me smile at this, he asked me, severely, what I should have done if I had been required, as others had been, to fire off a pistol in my own ear, which had previously been loaded before my eyes. I replied that I should have refused, telling the initiators that either there was some valve in the interior of the pistol into which the bullet fell—in which case the affair was a farce unworthy of both of us—or the bullet had really remained in the stock; and in that case it struck me as somewhat absurd to call upon a man to fight for his country, and make it his first duty to blow out the few brains God had vouchsafed to him.

In my own mind I reflected with surprise and distrust that the oath which had been administered to me was a mere formula of obedience, containing nothing as to the aim to be reached, and that my initiator had not said a single word about federalism or unity, républic or monarchy. It was war to the government, nothing more.

The contribution required from each member to the funds of the Order was twenty francs at the time of initiation, besides a monthly subscription

of five francs. This was a heavy tax upon a student like me, yet I thought it a good thing. It is a great sin to collect money from others for a bad purpose, but it is a still greater sin to recoil from pecuniary sacrifice when the probabilities are in favour of thereby aiding a good cause.

One of the saddest signs of the all-pervading and deep-rooted egotism of the present day is the fact that men will argue and discuss about a franc ; and they who willingly throw away large sums to procure comforts or enjoyments—for the most part rather imaginary than real—the very men who should be ready to coin their very blood to create a country, or found true liberty, will bewail the impossibility of frequent sacrifice, and peril life, honour, the dignity of their own souls, and the souls of their brother-men, rather than unloosen the strings of their purse.

The early Christians frequently cast their whole riches at the feet of their priests for the benefit of the poorer brethren, merely reserving for themselves the bare necessities of existence. Amongst us it is a gigantic, an Utopian enterprise, to find among twenty-five millions of men who all prate of liberty, one million ready to bestow a single franc each for the emancipation of Venetia. The first had *faith* ; we have only opinions.

Not long after this, I was initiated into the second rank of the Order with power to affiliate

others. I became acquainted with two or three Carbonari; amongst others one Passano, said to be a high dignitary of the Order, who had formerly been French Consul at Ancona. He was an old man full of life and energy, but more busy about small political intrigues and petty artifices than any manly or logical endeavour towards achieving the purpose of the Institution. For my part, I was still in complete ignorance of their doings and of their programme; and I began to suspect that in fact they did nothing.

They always spoke of Italy as a nation disinherited of all power to *act*, as something less than a secondary appendix to others. They professed themselves cosmopolitans.

Cosmopolitanism is a beautiful word, if it be understood to mean liberty for all men; but every lever requires a fulcrum, and while I had been accustomed to seek for that fulcrum in Italy itself, I found the Carbonari looked for it in Paris.

The struggle between the French Opposition and the monarchy of Charles X. was just then at its height, both in and out of the Chamber; and nothing was talked of among the Carbonari but Guizot, Berthe, Lafayette, and the *Haute Vente* at Paris. I could not but remember that we Italians had given the institution of Carbonarism to France.

I was commissioned to write a species of

*memorandum* in French—I do not now remember to whom addressed—in favour of the liberty of Spain, and setting forth the illegality as well as the ill effects of the Bourbon intervention of 1823. I shrugged my shoulders, and wrote it. This done, I took advantage of the powers conferred upon me, and occupied myself in affiliating other students. I foresaw a time when we might be sufficiently strong in numbers to form a compact nucleus among ourselves, and infuse a little new life into the decayed body of the Order.

In the meantime, while awaiting the moment for doing better, we continued our skirmishes against those whom we termed the *monarchists* of literature. It was at this time that I wrote the article *Upon an European Literature*, which forms a part of this edition, and which, after long discussions and much correspondence, was inserted into the *Antologia* of Florence.

At last, on the evident approach of the tempest in France, our leaders began to rouse themselves into a semblance of activity. I was commissioned to start for Tuscany, and implant Carbonarism there. This mission was a more serious matter to me than they supposed. All the habits of my family—from which I had never sought nor desired to emancipate myself—were utterly contrary to this excursion, and almost precluded the possibility of obtaining the funds necessary to put it in exe-

cution. After long hesitation, however, I decided that I would undertake the mission. Stating that I was going for a few days to Arenzano, on a visit to a student there with whom my family was acquainted, I obtained a small sum of money upon various pretexts from my good mother, and prepared to depart.

The day before I started—I mention this circumstance to show how ignoble a pass Carbonarism had then reached—I was desired to be on the *Ponte della Mercanzia* at midnight. There I found several of the young men I had enrolled. They had been ordered there like me, without knowing wherefore.

After we had waited there a long time, Doria appeared, accompanied by two others whom we did not know, and who remained wrapped up to the eyes in their cloaks, and as mute as spectres. Our hearts bounded within us at the thought and hope of action.

Having arranged us in a circle, Doria began a discourse directed at me, about the culpability of certain words of blame of the Order uttered by inexpert and imprudent young men; and, pointing to the two cloaked individuals, he told us that they were about to start on the morrow for Bologna, in order to stab a Carbonaro there, for having spoken against the chiefs; for that *the Order no sooner discovered rebels than it crushed*

*them.* This was an answer to some of my complaints betrayed by some zealous member of the Order. I remember even now the thrill of anger that ran through me at this stupid threat. In the first impulse of this indignation, I sent word that I refused to go to Tuscany; and that the Order was quite welcome to crush me.

However, when I was a little calmer, having been admonished by some of my friends that I was thus unconsciously sacrificing the cause of my country to my own offended individuality, I changed my mind, and started for Tuscany, leaving a letter to reassure my family.

In Leghorn I founded a *Vente*, and enrolled several Tuscans, and some of other provinces; amongst others I remember Camillo d'Adda, a Lombard, a pupil of Romagnosi, who had just left an Austrian prison, and Marliani, who died some years later defending Bologna from the Austrians.

I entrusted the rest to Carlo Bini, a young man of pure and noble soul, which he had preserved uncontaminated throughout a life passed amid the rude and quarrelsome *popolani* of Venezia.\* His was a mind of great intellectual power; but shut up, as it had been, in mercantile pursuits, and rendered indolent by a profound scepticism—not in matters of principle, but as to the men and events of his own day—that power only revealed itself

\* A quarter of Leghorn so called.

by fits. An extraordinary moral rectitude, and an immense capacity of sacrifice—all the more meritorious in one without faith or hope in its results—were a part of his very nature.

He laughed with me at all the forms and symbolism of Carbonarism, but he believed, as I did, in the immense importance of organizing ourselves in some shape or other for action.

We travelled together to Montepulciano, where Guerrazzi was then confined, for the offence of having recited a few solemn pages in praise of a brave Italian soldier, Cosimo Delfante; so terrified were the wretched governments of that day at the revival of any memories calculated to make us think less meanly of ourselves. They would have abolished history itself had it been in their power.

I saw Guerrazzi. He was then writing the *Assedio di Firenze*, and he read the introductory chapter to us. The blood rushed to his face as he read, and he bathed his head with water to calm himself.

He had much personal pride, and the paltry persecution at which he should only have smiled filled his soul with anger. But he had also a strong feeling for his country, for the records of her past greatness, and the promise of her future destiny; and he struck me as one who, however much he might swerve from the true path, had both too much Italian and too much individual pride, ever



to degrade himself by any ignoble action, or compromise with those whom he felt to be beneath him. He was without faith. His extremely powerful imagination urged him to great things, but his intellect, nurtured by the study of Macchiavelli and the men of the past—rather than led by a prevision of the man of the future—was irresolute, and threw him back upon mere analysis, and a sort of moral anatomy, powerful to explain death and its causes, but impotent to create or organize life.

There were—so to speak—two antagonistic beings in Guerrazzi, each of whom was victorious in turn; but the connecting link was wanting—wanting also that moral harmony which can only spring from an earnest religious belief, or an overflowing impulse of the heart.

I sought in vain in Guerrazzi for a glimpse of that loving nature which shone in the eyes of Carlo Bini, as—deeply moved by his reading of those magnificent pages which all the youth of Italy know by heart—he gazed upon the author with an expression resembling that of a mother, wholly absorbed in the thought of his sufferings.

At that period we were receiving from time to time the historical and philosophical lectures of Guizot and Cousin; and we always looked forward to their coming with anxiety, for they were based on that doctrine of progress—then newly revived

—which is the germ of the religion of the future, and which we could not then foresee would be allowed to stop short so miserably with the organization of the *Bourgeoisie* and the charter of Louis Philippe.

I had imbibed that doctrine in Dante's *Della Monarchia*—a book little read, and invariably misunderstood—and I spoke to Guerrazzi with warmth and enthusiasm of these lectures; of the law of progress given by God to his creatures, and the glorious future which must sooner or later result from their knowledge of and obedience to that law.

Guerrazzi smiled—a smile half sad half epigrammatic—and it impressed me at the moment as painfully as if I had even then foreseen all the dangers which menaced that privileged intelligence; so much so, indeed, that I left him without speaking openly on the subject which had been the principal object of my visit, and commissioned Bini to do so for me. Yet, nevertheless, I admired in him one blessed with great powers and a noble pride, which appeared to me, as I said, a security for the future.

We formed a friendship at that time, that was afterwards to be broken, but not through fault of mine.

When I returned to Genoa, I found much ill humour existing among the high dignitaries of

the *Order*. I was desired to give no account of my mission to Doria, who was shortly afterwards ordered to leave the city for a time, as a punishment for I know not what offence. But happening one day to leave the house at daybreak, on my way to a country villa (at Bavari) where my mother was, I met him by the way, and alluded to the fact. I do not know whence he came at that hour, but I know that he was then in great anger, hatching vengeance against the *Order*, its designs, and the newly-affiliated members.

The French insurrection of July 1830 broke out.

Our leaders began to bestir themselves somewhat, but with no definite purpose, as they were awaiting liberty from Louis Philippe.

We young men betook ourselves to casting bullets, and making all preparations for the conflict which we hailed in our imaginations as certain and decisive.

I do not remember the exact date, but it was soon after the three days of Paris, that I received an order to go at a certain hour to the *Lion Rouge*, an hotel than existing in the *Salita S. Siro*, where I should find a certain Major Cottin, either of Nice or Savoy, who was already initiated into the first rank, and whom I was to affiliate in the second.

We young men were treated by our leaders like mere machines, and it would have been quite

useless to ask why I was selected for this office, rather than some member personally known to the Major. I therefore accepted the commission. However, before I went—impressed by I know not what presentiment—I agreed upon a method of secret correspondence with the Ruffinis, who were intimate with my mother, through the medium of the family letters, in case of possible imprisonment; and this foresight proved useful.

I went to the hotel on the appointed day. In one of the rooms I passed through I saw Passano, who affected not to recognise me.

I asked for Cottin, and was shown in to him. He was a small man with a wandering eye, which did not please me. He was not in uniform, and he spoke French.

As soon as I had made known to him by the usual signs that I was a brother—or as it was then called, a *cousin*—of the *Order*, I said to him that he must of course be aware of the object of my visit.

Having led me into his bedroom, he knelt down, and I, drawing a sword from my stick, agreeably to the prescribed form, was just beginning to make him repeat the oath, when a little window cut in the wall by the side of the bed suddenly opened, and an unknown face presented itself thereat. The unknown looked hard at me, and then closed the window.

Cottin begged of me not to be uneasy, assuring me it was only his confidential servant, and begging me to excuse his having forgotten to bolt the little window. When the initiation was completed, the major said he was about to start in a few days for Nice, where he should be able to do a great deal among the military ; but that he had a treacherous memory, and would therefore be glad if I would give him the formula of initiation in writing. I refused, saying it was contrary to my habits to write such things, but that he was at liberty to do so at my dictation.

He wrote, and I then took leave of him, feeling much dissatisfied with the affair.

The unknown—as I afterwards learned—was a police agent in disguise.

A few days later I was in the hands of the police.

At the moment when the *Sbirri* seized me, I had matter enough for three condemnations upon me : rifle-bullets ; a letter in cipher from Bini ; a history of the three days of July, printed on tri-coloured paper ; the formula of the oath for the *second rank* of Carbonari ; and, moreover (for I was arrested in the act of leaving the house), a sword-stick. I succeeded in getting rid of everything. They had all the inclination, but not sufficient capacity for tyranny. The long perquisition made in our house led to no dangerous discoveries.

Nevertheless, although the commissioner (Pratolongo) was so doubtful as to send again for orders, I was taken to the barracks of the carabinieri in Piazza Sarzano.

There I was examined by an old commissioner, who, after interrogating and trying me in all possible ways, at length, wearied and irritated by my coolness, and hoping to overwhelm me by proving to me that I had been betrayed, told me that *on such a day, at such an hour, I had initiated a certain Major Cottin into the second rank of Carbonarism.*

I felt a slight shudder run through me, but I suppressed it, and said it was impossible to refute a mere invention, and that if it were so, they had better confront me with this Major Cottin.

He was never produced. When he agreed to play the part of informer (*Agente Provocatore*), he had stipulated that he was in no way to be brought forward at the trial.

I remained for some days in the barracks, exposed to the sneers and witticisms of the carabinieri—the most literary of whom presented me to the others as a new edition of Jacopo Ortis—and contriving to correspond with my friends through the help of a little pencil I had found between my teeth when eating the food which was sent to me from home. With this I wrote upon my linen when I sent it back to be

washed ; and thus I was able to warn my friends to destroy certain papers which might have endangered the Tuscan *cousins*.

I learned that others had been arrested at the same time that I was—Passano, Torre, Morelli (an advocate), and Doria (a bookseller), besides one or two others unknown to us ; none, however, of those whom I had affiliated.

The governor of Genoa at that time was a certain Venanson. When asked by my father of what I was accused, he replied that the time had not arrived for answering that question, but that I was a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night, and habitually silent as to the subject of my meditations, and *that the government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it.*

One night I was suddenly awakened by two carabineers, who desired me to get up immediately and follow them. I imagined this was merely in order to subject me to another examination ; but when they told me to take my cloak with me, I perceived I was to leave the barracks.

I then asked whither we were going, but they replied that they were not permitted to tell me. I thought of my mother, knowing well that if she should hear the next day of my disappearance, she would imagine the worst ; and I resolutely declared I would not stir (unless compelled by

force) without being allowed to send a letter to my family. After long hesitation, and much consultation with their officer, they consented.

I wrote a few lines to my mother, telling her that I was leaving the barracks, but that there was no cause for alarm, and then followed my new masters. At the door stood a sedan-chair ready for me, which they closed upon me as soon as I entered it. As soon as we stopped, I heard the sound of horses' feet, indicative of a longer journey,\* and then the unexpected sound of my father's voice bidding me be of good cheer.

I know not how he had heard of my departure, nor learned the time and place; but I well remember the brutality with which the carabineers sought to drive him away, and their thrusting me out of the sedan-chair and into the carriage, so that I was hardly able even to press his hand, as well as the furious manner in which they rushed up to identify a youth who was standing near smoking, and who nodded to me. This was Agostino Ruffini, one of that family who were to me more like brothers than friends. He died some years since, leaving a lasting memory behind him, not only amongst us Italians, but also among the Scotch who knew him in exile, and had learned to admire the qualities of his heart, the serious character of

\* Carriages were scarcely ever used in the interior of the city of Genoa in that day.



his intellect, and the unstained integrity of his soul.

We were then in front of the prison of St. Andrea, from whence they brought a man wrapped up to the eyes, whom they desired to enter the same carriage with me. Two carabineers got in after him, each armed with a musket, and then we started. In the prisoner I soon recognised Passano ; one of the carabineers was the unknown spy of the *Lion Rouge*.

We were taken to the fortress of Savona, on the Western Riviera, and immediately separated. As our arrival was unexpected, there was no cell ready for me. I was left in a dark passage, where I received a visit from the governor (De Mari), an old man of seventy, who, after preaching me a long sermon on the many nights I had wasted in culpable societies and meetings, and the wholesome quiet I should find in the fortress, answered my request for a cigar by saying *that he would write to the governor of Genoa to know if such a thing could be permitted*. This little incident drew from me—after he left me—the first tears I had shed since my imprisonment ; tears of rage at feeling myself so utterly in the power of beings I despised.

In about an hour's time I was confined in my cell. It was at the top of the fortress, and looked upon the sea, which was a comfort to me. The sea and sky—two symbols of the infinite, and ex-

cept the Alps, the sublimest things in nature—were before me whenever I approached my little grated window. The earth beneath was invisible to me ; but when the wind blew in my direction I could hear the voices of the fishermen.

During the first month I had no books, but afterwards, through the courtesy of the new governor, Cavalier Fontana—who, fortunately for me, replaced De Mari—I obtained a Bible, a Tacitus, and a Byron. My prison companion was a lucherino,\* a little bird very capable of attachment, and full of pretty ways, of which I was excessively fond.

The only human beings I saw were the serjeant Antonietti, my kindly jailer ; the officer or guard for the day, who appeared at the door for an instant in order to note his prisoner ; Caterina, the Piedmontese woman who brought me my dinner ; and Cavalier Fontana. Antonietti invariably asked me every evening, with imperturbable gravity, *if I had any orders to give* ; to which I as invariably replied, *Yes, a carriage for Genoa.*

Fontana, an old soldier, was not without Italian feeling ; but he was profoundly convinced that the aim of the Carbonari was plunder, the abolition of all religion, the guillotine erected in the public squares, etc. ; and feeling compassion for such errors in a youth like me, he endeavoured to recal

\* A greenfinch.

me into the right path by kindness, even going to the point of transgressing his instructions so far as to invite me to drink coffee in the evening with him and his wife, a graceful little woman related—I forget in what degree—to Alexander Manzoni.

Meanwhile, through the medium of my friends in Genoa, I continued to exhaust every effort to strike a spark of true life from Carbonarism. Every ten days I received a letter from my mother, unsealed, of course, and previously examined by the agents of the government. This letter I was permitted to answer, on condition of my writing the answer in the presence of Antonietti, and handing it to him unsealed. But these precautions in no way prevented the execution of the plan of correspondence I had previously agreed upon with my friends—viz., to construct the sentences in such a manner that the first letters of every alternate word should form the only words of real interest to them; and these, for better precaution, were in Latin.

My friends therefore dictated to my mother the first seven or eight lines of her letter; and I, for my part, had no lack of time to compose and learn by heart the phrases containing my answer.

In this way I contrived to tell my friends to seek interviews with many Carbonari of my acquaintance, all of whom, however, proved to be terror-struck, and repulsed both my friends and

their proposals. Thus also I learned the news of the Polish insurrection, which, with youthful imprudence, I allowed myself the pleasure of announcing to Fontana, who but a few hours before had assured me that all was tranquil in Europe. He must surely have been confirmed in his belief that we had dealings with the devil.

However, the silly terror shown by the Carbonari in that important moment, my own long meditations on the logical consequences of the absence of all fixed belief or faith in that association, and even a ridiculous scene I had with Passano, whom I met in the corridor while our cells were being cleaned, and who answered my whispered communication : "*I have means of correspondence, give me some names,*" by instantly *investing me with the powers of the highest rank*, and then tapping me on the head in order to confer upon me I know not what *indispensable* masonic dignity—all confirmed me in the conviction I had acquired some months before, that Carbonarism was in fact dead, and that, instead of wasting time and energy in the endeavour to galvanize a corpse, it would be better to address myself to the living, and seek to found a new edifice upon a new basis.

It was during these months of imprisonment that I conceived the plan of the association of Young Italy (*La Giovina Italia*). I meditated deeply upon the principles upon which to base the

organization of the party, the aim and purpose of its labours—which I intended should be publicly declared—the method of its formation, the individuals to be selected to aid me in its creation, and the possibility of linking its operations with those of the existing revolutionary elements of Europe.

We were few in number, young in years, and of limited means and influence ; but I believed the whole problem to consist in appealing to the true instincts and tendencies of the Italian heart, mute at that time, but revealed to us both by history and our own previsions of the future. Our strength must lie in our right appreciation of what those instincts and tendencies really were.

All great national enterprises have ever been originated by men of the people, whose sole strength lay in that power of *faith* and of *will*, which neither counts obstacles nor measures time. Men of means and influence follow after, either to support and carry on the movement created by the first, or, as too often happens, to divert it from its original aim.

It is unnecessary here to relate the process of thought by which, after deep study both of the history and the intimate social constitution of our country, I was led to prefix Unity and the Republic, as the aim of the proposed association. Many of the writings reproduced in this edition are upon that subject.

I may, however, state that I was not influenced by any mere political conception, nor idea of elevating the condition of the single people whom I saw thus dismembered, degraded, and oppressed ; the parent thought of my every design was a presentiment that regenerated Italy was destined to arise the *initiatrice* of a new life, and a new and powerful Unity to all the nations of Europe.

Even at that time, in spite of the fascination exercised over my mind by the fervid words in which France at that day asserted her right of leadership amid the general silence, the idea was dimly stirring within me to which I gave expression six years later—the sense of a void, a want in Europe.

I felt that authority—true righteous and holy authority—the search after which, whether conscious or not, is in fact the secret of our human life, and which is only irrationally denied by those who confound it with its false semblance or shadow, and imagine they have abolished God himself, when they have but abolished an idol ;—I felt that authority had vanished, and become extinct in Europe ; and that for this reason no power of *initiative* existed in any of the peoples of Europe.

The labours, studies, and sorrows of my life have not only justified and confirmed this idea, but have transformed it into a *faith*. And if ever—though I may not think it—I should live to see

Italy One, and to pass one year of solitude in some corner of my own land, or of this land where I now write, and which affection has rendered a second country to me, I shall endeavour to develop and reduce the consequences which flow from this idea, and are of far greater importance than most men believe.

At that time even the immature conception inspired me with a mighty hope that flashed before my spirit like a star. I saw regenerate Italy becoming at one bound the missionary of a religion of progress and fraternity, far grander and vaster than that she gave to humanity in the past.

The worship of Rome was a part of my being. The great Unity, the One Life of the world, had twice been elaborated within her walls. Other peoples—their brief mission fulfilled—disappeared for ever. To none save to her had it been given twice to guide and direct the world. There, life was eternal, death unknown. There, upon the vestiges of an epoch of civilization anterior to the Grecian, which had had its seat in Italy, and which the historical science of the future will show to have had a far wider external influencè than the learned of our own day imagine—the Rome of the Republic, concluded by the Cæsars, had arisen to consign the former world to oblivion, and borne her eagles over the known world, carrying with them the idea of right, the source of liberty.

In later days, while men were mourning over her as the sepulchre of the living, she had again arisen, greater than before, and at once constituted herself, through her Popes—as venerable once as abject now—the accepted centre of a new Unity, elevating the law from earth to heaven, and substituting to the idea of right an idea of duty—a duty common to all men, and therefore source of their equality.

Why should not a new Rome, the Rome of the Italian people—portents of whose coming I deemed I saw—arise to create a third and still vaster unity; to link together and harmonize earth and heaven, right and duty; and utter, not to individuals but to peoples, the great word Association—to make known to free men and equals their mission here below?

Such were my thoughts in my little cell at Savona in the intervals that elapsed between the nightly question of Antonietti and the attempts made to convert me by Cavalier Fontana; and I think the same thoughts still, on broader grounds and with maturer logic, in the little room, no larger than that cell, wherein I write these lines. And during life they have brought upon me the title of Utopist and madman, together with such frequent disenchantments and outrage as have often caused me—while yet some hopes of *individual* life yearned within me—to look back with longing and



regret to my cell at Savona between sea and sky, and far from the contact of men.

The future will declare whether my thoughts were visionary or prophetic. At present, the revival of Italy, directed as it is by immoral materialists, appears to condemn my belief. But that which is death to other nations is only sleep to ours.

Meanwhile, the immediate result of these ideas was to convince me that the labour to be undertaken was not merely a political, but above all a moral work ; not negative, but religious ; not founded upon any theory of self-interest, or well-being, but upon principles and upon duty.

During the first months of my university life my mind had been somewhat tainted by the doctrines of the foreign materialist school ; but the study of history and the intuition of conscience—the only tests of truth—soon led me back to the spiritualism of our Italian fathers.

The duty of judging me had been handed over to a committee of senators at Turin ; their names, with the exception of one (Gromo), I forget. The promise given to Cottin reduced the evidence against me to that of the carabineer who had seen me in his room with a drawn sword in my hand ; while, on the other side, my own assertions counterbalanced his. It was clear, therefore, that I should be acquitted, and henceforth have a fair

field opened before me wherein to begin my undertaking.

I was, in fact, acquitted by the Senate.

However, the governor, Venanson, who was detested in Genoa, and returned hate for hate, irritated by what he considered an affront, and fearful of being accused of calumny by the people if I were set free, hastened to throw himself at the feet of his most clement majesty, Carlo Felice, assuring him that, from evidence known only to himself, he was certain that I was both guilty and dangerous. The Most Clement, touched by the governor's clamorous distress, trampled alike on my individual rights, the sentence of my judges, and the mute anguish of my parents, and sent to inform me that I must renounce all hope of being permitted to remain in Genoa, Turin, or any other large city, or even any part of the Ligurian coast, and select a place of residence in one of the little towns in the interior, Asti, Acqui, Casales, etc., or be sent into exile for an indefinite period, the duration of which must depend upon the royal pleasure and my own conduct.

The news of the choice thus offered was brought to me by my father, who came to Savona in order to spare me the last annoyance of being conducted back to Genoa by gensd'armes, since the decree of the Most Clement further added that I was not to be allowed to see any but my nearest relations.

Passano, in consideration of his being by birth a Corsican, and having served as French Consul at Ancona, had been liberated some time before this, and was then freely walking the streets of Savona. It is the old policy of every monarchical government in Italy, that, while hating France in their hearts, they flatter, serve, and seek to propitiate her by every means in their power.

The insurrection of the centre of Italy had broken out a short time before my liberation (February 1831).

In Genoa I learned that the Italian exiles were crowding to the frontier, encouraged both by assistance given and hopes held out by the new Government of France.

Had I gone to one of the smaller towns of Piedmont, unknown amongst the unknown, I should have been condemned to utter uselessness by the constant *surveillance* of the police, and liable to be again imprisoned on the slightest suspicion. I therefore chose exile, which restored me to liberty, and which I then imagined would be of very short duration. I parted from my family, telling my father—whom I was destined never to see again—to be of good cheer, as my absence would only be an affair of some days.

I went through Savoy, which *moderate*\* liberty

\* The supporters of the Piedmontese monarchical system in Italy chose for themselves the appellation of the *Moderate* Party.

had not yet converted into a part of France, passing over Mount Cenis to Geneva. Thence I was to proceed to France ; and my mother's care had already arranged that my uncle, who had long resided in that country, should be my travelling companion.

I went to see the historian of our republics, Sismondi, to whom I had an introduction from his friend Bianca Milesi Moion. Both he and his wife (Jessie Macintosh, a Scotch lady) received me with more than courtesy.

Sismondi was then working at his "History of France." He was amiable, singularly modest, simple and affable in manner, and Italian at heart. He questioned me with anxious affection as to the state of things in Italy. He asked after Manzoni—whose romance he admired above all his other works—and the few other writers whose works gave signs of reviving intellectual life amongst us. He deplored the tendency he observed in the Italians to follow the doctrines of the eighteenth century, but explained it by the necessities of a state of struggle. His own opinions were not so liberal as I had expected ; his intellectual grasp did not go beyond the theory of rights, and its only logical consequence—liberty. Moreover, his personal friendship for the leaders of the *doctrinaire* school—Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain—evidently clouded his judgment both of men

and things. From the tendency of the teachings of those men—whose aim neither he nor I suspected at that time—from a mistaken and exclusive worship of liberty, and from the position and characteristics of his own Switzerland, he had become imbued with *federalism*, which he preached as the ideal of political organization to the many Italian exiles by whom he was surrounded, and who all drew their ideas and inspiration from his lips. There was not a single man among them who dreamed of the possibility or even the desirability of unity.

Sismondi introduced me to Pellegrino Rossi at the Literary Club, who contented himself with pointing out to me an individual seated in a corner as a supposed spy.

I felt an indescribable sense of discouragement steal over me on obtaining a nearer view of those exiles whom until then I had admired as the representatives of the hidden heart of Italy. France was everything in their eyes; and politics—as I judged from their conversation—the management, diplomatic calculation, and science of opportune compromises, in which neither belief nor morality had any part.

Whilst I was taking leave of Sismondi, and inquiring if I could do anything for him in Paris, a Lombard exile, who had always listened attentively when I spoke, but never till then addressed

himself to me, whispered that if I was desirous of action, I should go to Lyons and make myself known to the Italians who frequented the *Caffé della Fenice* there. I turned to him with real gratitude, asking his name. It was Giacomo Ciani, condemned to death by Austria in 1821.

At Lyons I found a spark of true life among the Italians. The greater number of the exiles collected there, as well as those daily arriving, were military men. I met many of those whom I had seen ten years before wandering in the streets of Genoa with all the bitterness of disappointment in their looks, and who had since caused the Italian name to be respected in battle while defending the cause of liberty in Spain or Greece. I saw, too, Borso de' Carminati, the officer who threw himself between the soldiery and the people assembled in Piazzì Banchi, when the order was given to fire upon them. He was an officer of great promise, who afterwards rose to the highest military honours in Spain, and who would have lived to bear a great name in Italy, if his irritable, imprudent nature, intolerant of all deception, had not led him, through hatred to Espartero, to join an émeute which cost him both life and reputation.

I saw, too, Carlo Bianco, afterwards my friend, of whom I shall have to speak again ; Voarino, a cavalry officer ; Tedeschi, and others, all of them Piedmontese and republicans ; although the ma-

majority of the exiles assembled there were constitutional monarchists, not from conviction, but simply because France was monarchical.

They had all flocked to Lyons in order to join in an invasion of Savoy, which was then being organized by a committee, amongst whom I recollect General Regis, a certain Pisani, and one Fecchini.

The expedition already numbered about 2000 Italians, and a certain number of French workmen. They had money in abundance; for their monarchical programme, and the general belief that the French Government encouraged the movement, had brought together numbers of exiles belonging to the wealthier classes—nobles, princes, and men of all shades of opinion. Their preparations were publicly carried on; the Italian tricoloured flag was twined with that of France in the *Caffé della Fenice*; the *dépôts* of arms were known; and the committee was in communication with the Prefect of Lyons.

Similar scenes were taking place at the same time on the Spanish frontier. Louis Philippe had not yet been recognised by the despotic monarchs; and he was seeking to obtain their recognition by frightening them, and rendering it a necessity.

Even as Cavour—thirty years later—said to the plenipotentiaries of Paris, *either reforms or*

*revolution*; so did the new monarchy of France say to the hesitating kings, *either recognition of the younger branch of the Bourbons, or a revolutionary war.*

It was the third royal betrayal I had seen enacted under my own eyes in Italian matters. The first was the shameful flight of the *Carbonaro conspirator prince*, Charles Albert, to the camp of the enemy. The second was that of Francis IV., Duke of Modena, who, after encouraging and protecting the insurrection organized in his name by poor *Ciro Menotti*, attacked and seized him in the very moment of the rising, and dragged him along with him in his flight to Mantua, to hang him as soon as Austria furnished him with the means of returning to his dukedom.

I was hastening one day to the *Caffè della Fenice*, my mind full of the hope of immediate action, when I saw the people crowding to read a printed notice from the government, which was pasted upon the walls. It was a severe proclamation against the Italian enterprise, an intimation to the exiles to disband, and a brutal threat of punishing with the utmost rigour of the criminal law any persons who should venture to compromise France with other governments by violating the frontiers of friendly powers. This proclamation was dated from the office of the Prefect.

I found the committee completely crushed and



overwhelmed. The banners had all disappeared, and a great number of arms had been sequestered. Old General Regis was in tears, and the other exiles were cursing both the betrayal and betrayer—the sterile vengeance reserved for those who, in their country's cause, put their trust in others rather than in themselves.

Some few, either magnanimously or obstinately credulous, persisted in declaring that the *Re Galantuomo*, Louis Philippe, could never intend thus to delude the hopes of the liberals; and they hinted that the wary and cautious government only adopted this course for the purpose of avoiding all appearance of co-operation, but did not really mean to prevent the expedition. I ventured to suggest that the problem should be solved at once, by sending a small body of armed men—putting as many as possible of the French workmen among them—upon the road to Savoy, as the advance-guard of the expedition. This was done, and they were immediately stopped by a body of cavalry, and compelled to disband. The first to disperse were the Frenchmen, to whom the officer addressed a discourse upon their duty to their own country, and the necessity of leaving all enterprises for purposes of liberation in the hands of the government. The expedition was thus rendered impossible.

A refugee-hunt now began; many were taken,

and conveyed, hand-cuffed, to Calais, whence they were embarked for England.

In the midst of the confusion of imprisonments, flights, threats, and despair, Borso confided to me that he and a few other republicans intended starting that night for Corsica, thence to carry arms and assistance to the insurrection of the centre, which had not yet been put down; and he asked if I would accompany them. I accepted at once, concealing my sudden determination from my uncle, for whom I left a few lines, telling him not to be alarmed on my account, and requesting him to keep silence for a few days with my family.

In the diligence which conveyed us to Marseilles, I found Bianco, Voarino, Tedeschi, a certain Zuppo—a Neapolitan if I am not mistaken—and others whom I now forget. We continued to travel almost without stopping to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Toulon; thence in a Neapolitan merchant vessel, across the most tempestuous sea I ever beheld, to Bastia. There, with all the delight of one who returns to his native land, I felt myself once more upon Italian soil.

I know not what the persistent system of corruption pursued by France, and the culpable neglect of the Italian Government, may have made of Corsica since then; but at that time (1831) the island was truly Italian, not only in climate, scenery, and language, but in generous patriotism.

France was only encamped there. With the exception of Bastia and Aiaccio, where the *employé* class was favourable to its paymaster, every man both felt and declared himself an Italian, watched the movement of the centre with a beating heart, and aspired to see the island re-united to the great mother.

The whole of the centre of Corsica—over which I made a short tour in company with Antonio Benci, one of the Tuscan contributors to the *Antologia*, who had fled from threatened persecution to Corsica—regarded the French as enemies.

The rough but worthy mountaineers, almost all of whom were well armed, were then talking and thinking of nothing else but of crossing over to fight in the Romagna, and they hailed us as leaders. Faithful, hospitable, and independent in character; jealous of their women to excess; tenacious of equality, suspicious of foreigners—but only so long as they feared offence to their own dignity, and ready to fraternise at once with any one offering them his hand as from man to man, instead of assuming the air of the civilised man addressing the savage; revengeful, but bravely so, and always ready to risk their own life for their revenge—I have ever remembered the Corsicans of the centre with a sense of affection, and of hope that they may not long remain divided from us.

Carbonarism—introduced into Corsica by the Neapolitan exiles—was a ruling power throughout the island; and by the men of the people it was regarded—as such associations, when freely joined, should be—as a religion. Considering themselves as men on the eve of a great enterprise, many of those who had sworn vengeance against one another became reconciled in its name. Galotti—the same who had been given up to the tyrant of Naples by Charles the Tenth of France—was a much-venerated leader among the Corsicans. I became acquainted with him, with La Cecilia, and several other refugees belonging to the south of Italy, who had been convened from various parts of Corsica in consequence of the designs of my new political friends.

I have stated that their plan was to cross to the continent, and penetrate into the centre, at the head of two or three thousand Corsicans, who were already armed and organized.

But money was wanting in order to hire vessels, and to leave small sums with the families of the poorer islanders who were to join us. This money, which had been solemnly promised by a friend of the patriotic priest Bonardi—one of the disciples of Buonarroti—never arrived.

Two of ours, Zuppo and a certain Vantini (a man who has since become known as the founder of various large hotels in England), were dispatched

to the Provisional Government of Bologna to offer them our help, and request the necessary supplies ; but that incapable government, shrinking from the idea of war, and trusting only in diplomacy, answered, like foreign barbarians, *that those who wanted liberty must buy it for themselves.*

In consequence of all these delays, Austrian intervention was able to reconquer the insurgent provinces for their former masters by the 6th March.

Every hope of action being thus at an end, and my small means exhausted, I quitted Corsica and returned to Marseilles, where my uncle urged my coming in my parents' name.

In Marseilles I resumed my design of founding the association of Young Italy (*La Giovine Italia*).

The exiles of Modena, Parma, and the Romagna, flocked into Marseilles to the number of upwards of a thousand.

During that year I became acquainted with the best among them—Nicola Fabrizzi, Celeste Menotti (the brother of poor Ciro), Gustavo Modena, L. A. Melegari, and many other young men of capacity—all of them ardent patriots, and fully convinced of those errors of the past to which I was determined to put an end. Here also I knew Giuditta Sidoli, a woman of rare purity of principle and firmness of mind.

They were all linked with me in the holiest of

all friendships, a friendship sanctified by unity of virtuous aim, and which with some among them—Nicola Fabrizzi, for instance—ripened into an affection which has endured to the present day; with others—as in the case of Lamberti—it was only interrupted by death. Towards none of them was it ever betrayed by me.

I sketched forth the design and the rules of the association of Young Italy, and sent word of my purpose to my friends in Genoa.

Meanwhile, in the April of that year, upon the death of Carlo Felice, Charles Albert (the Carbonaro conspirator of 1821) ascended the Sardinian throne. His accession gave rise to great hopes among the weak-minded—numerous then as now—that the ideas of the conspirator prince would be reduced to action by the king

They forgot, however, that his conduct had never really been influenced by an idea, but simply by an impulse of ambition; and they did not reflect that the fear of endangering the smaller crown would necessarily deprive him of the boldness and energy required for taking possession of the greater. The illusion had, however, taken possession of the mind of the people, and every one told me that my design was excellent in itself, but inopportune, and that none would unite in the proposed association until they were undeceived with regard to the new king.

These answers suggested to me the idea of addressing Charles Albert through the medium of the press.

I did not then believe—it is a duty to speak plainly, for in proposing to publish my collected works, the editor does, in point of fact, require me to publish my political testament—I did not then, and do not now believe, that the salvation of Italy can ever be accomplished by monarchy; that is to say, the salvation of Italy such as I understand it, and as we all understood it a few years since—an Italy, one, free, and powerful; independent of all foreign supremacy, and morally worthy of her great mission.

Nor have recent events induced me to alter this conviction.\* The Piedmontese monarchy would never have taken the initiative of an Italian movement if the man of the 2d of December had not offered the assistance of his army, and Garibaldi, with five-sixths of the republicans, their co-operation. Who could foresee such events as these at the period of my letter to the king?

All that the Piedmontese monarchy can give us—even if it can give so much—will be an Italy shorn of provinces which ever were, are, and will be, Italian, though yielded up to foreign domination in payment of the services rendered; an Italy the abject slave of French policy, dishonoured by her

\* Written in 1861.

alliance with despotism ; weak, corrupted, and disinherited of all moral mission, and bearing within her the germs of provincial autonomy and civil war.

Even now, while I write, the misgovernment inherent in the monarchical institution is rapidly preparing the way for a crisis of *separatism* in the south—the south which, at the opening of the new life, was intoxicated with the grand idea of unity and Rome.

But if monarchical unity is pregnant with danger at the present day, to a man of the character of Charles Albert it was an absolute impossibility at the time of which I write. By publicly declaring to him all that his own heart should have taught him of his duty towards Italy, my object was to prove to my countrymen his absolute lack of those qualities which alone could have rendered the performance of that duty possible.

They who in later days have quoted that letter to the king either as a justification of their own desertion of the republican banner, or in order to accuse me of inconsistency or too great readiness to abandon my convictions, attack me on a false ground. To me, however, the opinions of both parties of accusers are matter of little moment ; and it was only on account of the high esteem in which I have ever held his great intellect and earnestness of conviction, that I felt grieved to be



compelled to include Carlo Cattaneo amongst the last.\*

To him I would say—in no way as a reproof, but simply in order that he should not forget how all of us are at times overmastered by circumstances—that in 1848, when the people's conquest, and the energy displayed by the committee of war of which he was president, had rendered him morally master of Lombardy; he himself—though a republican like me, and convinced that the monarchy would divert the insurrection from its true aim—nevertheless abdicated his power, consigning it into the hands of men he despised as incapable, and traitors already in intention to the idea of the nation.

For my part—be it stated once for all—the political theory which declares to the new-born infant, *Yourself inviolate, unimpeached, and only to be attacked in the person of your ministers, you shall rule and reign over the development of the life of a nation, every manifestation of which is entrusted to the elective principle*—appears to me worse than error; it is a folly and contradiction which compels the people who adopt it either to retrogression, or to the perennial periodical agitation of ever-recurring revolutions.

This theory will cease to prevail amongst us,

\* See the *Archivio Triennale delle cose d'Italia*.—Cap. Lago. Tip. Elv., vol. ii.

when we shall have cast off our present servility and cowardice ; when the spirit of that word *democracy*, which is ever upon our lips, shall have entered into our hearts, and taught us to feel that the honest working-man is no whit less noble than the descendant of generations of kings, and to touch the hand of the last of no more mark than to grasp the hand of the first ; when we understand that the government of the state should be carried on precisely as individuals manage their private affairs, by entrusting them to men of intelligence and probity in whatever sphere they find those qualities united.

I wrote the letter to Charles Albert. Before it was printed, I read it to one only of the Italians with whom I was then in contact, Guglielmo Libri, an eminent man of science, who had headed a conspiracy against the Grand Duke of Tuscany in that year, and was accused—I believe unjustly—of treachery. Shortly after that time—it grieves me to record the fact—Libri was led by that materialism which formed the basis of his every doctrine, and an excessive scepticism both as to men and things, to forget alike the dignity of his own soul and the duty which a man of his powerful intellect owed to his country.

Libri praised the letter to the king, but endeavoured to dissuade me from publishing it, by detailing a long list of the inevitable consequences

of such a step—perpetual exile, the sacrifice of all that made life most dear to me, and the innumerable deceptions and sorrows that would beset my path. He exhorted me to abandon such militant politics, and consecrate myself to the study of history.

I rejected his counsels, and published the letter.

This was my first political writing. I kept no copy—they were not worth it—of certain pages written before that time in French, bearing the title of the “Night of Rimini,” inveighing against the France of Louis Philippe, which were published in a mutilated form by the *National*

The letter to the King (Charles Albert) begins by reminding him of the enthusiastic hopes awakened in the minds of the Italians by the accession of a prince who had been a Carbonaro in 1821; of their readiness to believe that his betrayal of his fellow-conspirators on that occasion was an error forced upon him by circumstances; and that, being at last free to act according to his own tendencies, the king would maintain the promises of the prince. “There is not a heart in Italy whose pulse did not quicken at the news of your accession; there is not an eye in Europe that is not turned to watch your first steps in the career now opened to you.”

The king is then warned that his career is one of great difficulty. Europe is divided into two camps. On every side the struggle is going on between power and right, movement and inertia ; kings striving to maintain the usurpations upheld by ages of possession, the peoples to assert the rights assigned to them by nature. War looms in the background—inevitable, because every other form of controversy is exhausted ; and unto death, because it is a conflict not of men, but of principles.

There are two paths open to the king. He has to choose between a system of *terror* and a system of *concessions*.

He is warned of the danger to himself if he pursue the first—"Blood calls for blood, and the dagger of the conspirator is never so terrible as when sharpened upon the tombstone of a martyr."

The system of *concessions*, changes in the administration, economical reductions, ameliorations of the code, the abolition of the most crying governmental abuses, would prove abortive without the guarantee of fixed institutions, without a fundamental pact, without any political declaration of faith, or a single word recognising a right, a power, or a sovereignty in the nation.

The king would have to achieve the difficult task of deceiving the people into fancying themselves free, and of producing a semblance

of effects, without giving the force of law to causes. Moreover, partial reforms would be liable to be regarded as arbitrary ; even the dismissal of unworthy *employés* assumes a character of partiality and caprice in the eyes of a people who are deprived of their sole means of verifying the justice of such acts—certain invariable judicial laws, and publicity of trial.

“The people are no longer to be quieted by a few concessions ; they seek the recognition of those rights of humanity which have been withheld from them for ages. They demand laws and liberty, independence and union. Divided, dismembered, and oppressed, they have neither name nor country. They have heard themselves stigmatized by the foreigner as the Helot Nation. They have seen free men visit their country, and declare it the land of the dead. They have drained the cup of slavery to the dregs, but they have sworn never to fill it again.”

The universal dissatisfaction, and the hatred of Austria existing in all the states of Italy, is next pointed out, and the possibility of uniting them in the grand struggle for Italian independence. The king might strike out for himself a new path ; the people would prove a surer and safer ally than either France or Austria. Mazzini endeavours to rouse him to noble ambition by reminding him that “there is a crown brighter and nobler than that

of Piedmont—a crown that only awaits a man bold enough to conceive the idea of wearing it, resolute and determined enough to consecrate himself wholly to the realization of that idea, and virtuous enough not to dim its splendour with ignoble tyranny.”

Moreover, if the king do not put himself at the head of the struggle for Italian independence, he may retard, but cannot prevent, the fulfilment of the destiny of the Italian people as ordained by God himself. “If you do not do this, others will ; they will do it without you, against you.”

“Be not deceived by the popular applause that hails the opening of your reign. Interrogate the sources of that applause. It arises because the people believe you the representative of their own hopes and aspirations, and your name recalls to them the man of 1821. . . . .  
Sire, I have spoken to you the truth. The men of freedom await your answer in your deeds. Whatsoever that answer be, rest assured that posterity will either hail your name as that of the greatest of men, or the last of Italian tyrants. Take your choice.”

The letter to Charles Albert was reprinted in Paris in 1847, preceded by the following words addressed by the author to the publisher :—

“ London, April 27, 1847.

“ Sir,—You ask my permission to reprint a certain letter addressed by me to King Charles Albert towards the close of the year 1831. Everything I publish is, from that time forward, the property of the public, not mine ; and every man is thenceforth at liberty to make any honest use of it he may please.

“ I am, however, unwilling that my consent should be interpreted either as counsel or advice. Be kind enough to look to this, and I am satisfied.

“ I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE SALVATION OF ITALY CAN BE ACHIEVED NOW OR AT ANY FUTURE TIME, BY PRINCE, POPE, OR KING.

— “ For a king to unite, and give independence to Italy, he must possess alike genius, Napoleonic energy, and the highest virtue. Genius, in order to conceive the idea of the enterprise and the conditions of victory ; energy—not to front its dangers, for to a man of genius they would be few and brief—but to dare to break at once with every tie of family or alliance, and the habits and necessities of an existence distinct and removed from that of the people, and to extricate himself both from the web of diplomacy and the counsels of wicked or cowardly advisers ; virtue enough

voluntarily to renounce a portion at least of his actual power; for it is only by redeeming them from slavery that a people may be roused to battle and to sacrifice.

“And these are qualities unknown to those who govern at the present day—qualities forbidden them alike by their education, their habits of ingrained distrust, and—as I believe—by God himself, who is preparing the way for the Era of the Peoples; and I held these convictions even at the time when I wrote that letter. Charles Albert then ascended the throne in the vigour of manhood, the memory of the solemn promises of 1821 still freshly stamped upon his heart, amid the last echoes of the insurrection which had taught him the wants and wishes of the Italians, and the first throbs of that almost universal hope in him, which should have taught him his duty.

“I made myself the interpreter of that hope, in which I did not share.

“Should you decide to republish those pages of mine, they may at least serve to convince those who now style themselves the creators and organizers of a *New Party*,\* that they are but feebly reviving the illusions of sixteen years ago, and that all which they now attempt has been already tried by the national party, ere they were taught by bitter deceptions, and torrents of

\* The *moderate* party.



fraternal blood, to declare to their fellow-countrymen *Your sole hope is in God and in yourselves.*—Yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.”

The letter to Charles Albert was published in Marseilles. A few copies were sent to Italy, directed in the form of letters (for I had no other means of sending it) to individuals whom I knew only by name in various cities of the Sardinian States. Violation of correspondence had not then, as now, been reduced to a system. Three or four clandestine reprints of it were soon made; and by this means it was quickly spread in all directions. The king received a copy, and read it.

Shortly afterwards a circular was dispatched by the government to the authorities at all the frontiers, containing my *signalement*, with instructions: in case I should attempt to return to Italy, that I was to be instantly imprisoned.

The predictions of Libri were fulfilled.

The letter was received with favour by the youth of Italy; a proof that by speaking openly of the unity of Italy, I had awakened an echo in their minds—the echo of innate tendencies and aspirations hitherto dormant or unconscious. I accepted the augury with joy. It was my first encouragement to *dare*.

Unity, though it had ever been the prevision of the greatest Italian minds from age to age, was

nevertheless sneeringly baptized an *Utopia* in the field of *practical* politics. No one dreamed of it as possible. The most enlightened members of the old emigration were, one and all, *federalists*. And, with the exception of Melchiorre Gioia, in an utterly forgotten little book, I do not believe that a single one of the writers who had arisen in Italy during the period of the French invasion had ever contemplated the unity of the common country. All they looked forward to was a league of the different states.

Moreover their thoughts were far more occupied with the question of liberty, than with the question of nationality.

Now how can liberty endure in a country deficient in the power necessary to protect it? Is there any principle upon which to found an association of free men, if it be not that of the *rights* of the individual, or that of a common mission confided by God to all the children of the earth?

To me, the doctrine of Rights—the American, English, and French doctrine of the eighteenth century—appeared, even at that time, to express only one-half of the problem, and to be unfit to form the basis of true government, and incapable of providing for the progressive education of the peoples.

All the illusions entertained as to Charles Albert were dispersed by the first acts of his reign. He did not even recal those who had been exiled

for joining the conspiracy headed by himself in 1821, many of whom had been seduced into taking part in the insurrection, solely by the power of his name, while some had belonged to his staff, and been his personal friends and companions.

Meanwhile I looked attentively around me, and reflected deeply before coming to a decision.

Carlo Bianco, with whom I was then living in Marseilles, informed me of the existence of a secret society headed by him, under the superior direction of Buonarroti, and called the *Apophasimenes*. It was a sort of military organization—a complex mixture of oaths and symbols, with a multiplicity of grades and ranks, and an exaggeration of discipline calculated to destroy that enthusiasm of the heart which is the source of all great enterprises; and utterly devoid of any dominant moral principle.

Now, my only idea of an association was one calculated to serve an educational-as well as insurrectional purpose. The duty and necessity of harmonizing thought and action was my ruling idea. Moreover, the insurrection of the centre had fully proved to my judgment the utter want of vitality in that society. I said to Bianco, “Either the *Apophasimenes* were mixed up in it—and in that case the best of them are either marked men or exiles—or they stood aloof from it, which is a proof of their weakness.

I afterwards became acquainted with other chiefs of the society; amongst them, one Berardi—of Bagnacavallo, I think—and found them all either incapable, or, like Berardi, spies.

However, the existence or non-existence of any other society was no reason why I should hesitate.

It was clear to me, after a defeat like that in the centre, that the only possibility of success left to us consisted in a complete reconstruction of the whole machinery of insurrection, out of youthful and unknown materials.

It was a question of beginning the education of a people. The work before us was not only an endeavour to create Italy, but to make her great and powerful—worthy of her past glories, and conscious of her future mission. And all my opinions and convictions were diametrically opposed to the opinions then prevalent amongst my fellow-countrymen.

Italy was materialist, *Macchiavellian*, believing in the initiative of France, and rather seeking to emancipate and ameliorate the condition of her separate states, than to constitute herself a nation. The country was regardless of high principles, and ready to accept any form of government, any mode of assistance, or any man brought forward with a promise of relieving her immediate sufferings.

On my side I believed—though at that time rather from instinct than doctrine—that the great

problem of the day was a religious problem, to which all other questions were but secondary. That which others called the *theory* of Macchiavelli, appeared to me to be simply a history, the history of a period of corruption and degradation, which it was necessary to bury with the past.

The idea of an Italian initiative thrilled within my heart; and I felt that no people will or can arise until they have faith in themselves; and that, therefore, the first thing to be done was to put an end to our servile subjection to French influence.

The first step towards this aim was to make war against the existing idolatry of material interests, and substitute to it the worship of the just and true; and to convince the Italians that their sole path to victory was through sacrifice—constancy in sacrifice.

Carbonarism appeared to me to be simply a vast *liberal* association, in the sense in which the word was used in France during the monarchies of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., but condemned by the absence of a fixed and determinate belief to lack the power of unity, without which success in any great enterprise is impossible.

Arising during the period when the gigantic but tyrannous Napoleonic unity was tottering to its fall, amid the ruins of a world; amid the strife between young hopes and old usurpations; and

the dim foreshadowings of the people opposed to the records of a past the governments were seeking to revive;—Carbonarism bore the stamp of all these diverse elements, and appeared in doubtful form amid the darkness diffused over Europe at that critical period.

The royal protection it encountered at its outset, and indeed so long as there were hopes of using it as an instrument of warfare against imperial France, had contributed to give the institution an uncertain method of action which tended to divert men's minds from the national aim.\* True it is that on seeing itself betrayed it had cast off the yoke, but preserving unconsciously some of its former habits, and above all a fatal tendency to seek its chiefs in the highest spheres of society, and to regard the regeneration of Italy rather as the business of the superior classes than as the duty of the people, sole creators of great revolutions. It was a vital error, but inevitable in every political body wanting a sound religious faith in a

\* Carbonarism was founded in the kingdom of the two Sicilies in 1811, with the approbation of the minister of police, Marghella, and of the king, Murat. It spread rapidly among the *employés*. In 1814, when prohibited by Murat, it demanded and obtained the protection of King Ferdinand, then in Sicily. Lord Bentinck received its advances with equal favour. Afterwards, when the re-establishment of the former form of government rendered it no longer necessary to the plans of the monarchy, severe persecutions were commenced against it.

great and fruitful principle, supreme over all the changes of passing events.

Now Carbonarism had no such principle. Its only weapon was a mere negation. It called upon men to overthrow: it did not teach them how to build up a new edifice upon the ruins of the old.

The chiefs of the Order, while studying the national problem, had discovered that although all the Italians were agreed upon the question of independence, they were not so upon the question of unity, nor even upon the meaning to be attached to the word liberty.

Alarmed at this difficulty, and incapable of deciding between the different parties, they chose a middle path, and inscribed *Liberty* and *Independence* upon their banner. They did not define what they understood by liberty, nor declare how they intended to achieve it: the country, they said—and by the country they meant the upper classes—the country will decide at a future day.

In the same spirit they substituted the word *union* to that of *unity*, thus leaving the field open to every hypothesis.

Of equality they either did not speak, or in so vague a manner as to allow every man to interpret it according to his own views, as political, civil, or merely Christian equality.

Thus did the Carbonari begin their work of affiliation, without affording any satisfactory issue

to the doubts and questions then agitating men's minds, and without informing those whom they summoned to the struggle what programme they had to offer to the people in return for the support expected from them.

And numerous recruits were enrolled from all classes; for in all there were numerous malcontents, who desired no better than to prepare the overthrow of the existing order of things; and also because the profound mystery in which the smallest acts of the Order were enveloped exercised a great fascination over the imagination of the Italians, always impressionable to excess.

A sense of its being necessary to satisfy the tastes of the immense body of members composing the various grades of their complex and intricate hierarchy, had suggested the adoption of a variety of strange and incomprehensible symbols which concealed the absence of any real doctrine or principle. But they were in fact rather used to protect the hierarchy from inquisition than adopted with a view to action; and hence the orders of the chiefs were feebly and tardily obeyed. The severity of discipline was more apparent than real.

The society had, however, reached a degree of numerical strength unknown to any of the societies by which it was succeeded. But the Carbonari did not know how to turn their strength to



account. Although the doctrines of Carbonarism were widely diffused, its leaders had no confidence in the people; and appealed to them rather to attain an appearance of force likely to attract those men of rank and station in whom alone they put their trust, than from any idea of leading them to immediate action.

Hence the ardour and energy of the youth of the Order—of those who dreamed only of country, the republic, war, and glory in the eyes of Europe—was entrusted to the direction of men, not only old in years, but imbued with the ideas of the empire; cold precisionists, who had neither faith nor future, and who, instead of fostering, repressed all daring and enthusiasm.

At a later period, when the immense mass of Carbonari already affiliated, and the consequent impossibility of preserving secrecy, convinced the leaders of the necessity for action, they felt the want of some stronger bond of unity; and not having a *principle* upon which to found it, they set themselves to seek it in a *man*—a *prince*.

This was the ruin of Carbonarism.

Intellectually the Carbonari were materialist and Macchiavellian. They preached the doctrine of political liberty; yet the literary men among them, forgetting that man is one, taught literary servitude under the name of *classicism*. They

called themselves Christians in their symbolic language; yet, confounding religion with the Papacy, and faith with superstition, they contrived to wither up the virgin enthusiasm of youth by a scepticism borrowed from Voltaire, and the negations of the eighteenth century. They were mere sectarians, not the apostles of a national religion.

Such were they also in the sphere of politics. They had no sincere faith in the constitutional form of government; they sneered at monarchy among themselves, yet nevertheless they hailed and supported it; at first as a means of acquiring strength, afterwards because the adoption of the monarchical system freed them from the responsibility of guiding the masses whom they feared and misunderstood; and at last because they hoped by baptizing the insurrection with a royal name, to soften Austria, and win the favour of some great power—either England or France.

It was for this reason they cast their eyes on Charles Albert in Piedmont, and Prince Francesco at Naples; the first a man of a tyrannical nature, and though ambitious, incapable of greatness; the second a hypocrite and traitor from the very beginning of his career. They offered the management of the destinies of Italy to each of these princes, leaving it to the future to arrange the irreconcilable views of the two pretenders.

Events, however, clearly proved that true

strength is derived not from the mass, but from the cohesion of the elements by which the aim is to be achieved ; and revealed the inevitable consequences of the absence of principles in those who place themselves at the head of revolutions.

The insurrections of the Carbonari were successful—they had no very grave difficulties to overcome ;—but they were immediately followed by serious internal discord. The work of mere destruction once fulfilled, each Carbonaro fell back upon his own individual aims and opinions, and all were at variance as to what they had to create. Some had imagined themselves to be conspiring in the interest of a single monarchy ; many were partizans of the French constitution, many of the Spanish ; some were for a republic ; others for I know not how many republics ; and all of these complained that they had been deceived.

The Provisional Governments were weakened therefore, at the very outset, by the open opposition of some, and the studied inertia of others. Hence the hesitation and uncertainty manifested by those governments who found a pretext for inactivity in that opposition to which action alone could have put an end. Hence, the youthful volunteers and the people were left without encouragement, organization, or definite aim.

All true liberty in the selection of means was rendered impossible by the fact of the monarchy

having been chosen leader of the revolution ; as it naturally brought along with it a host of traditions and obligations, all hostile to the daring development of the insurrectionary principle.

Logic will ever assert its rights. The chiefs of the movement, having implicitly declared the people incapable of either emancipating or governing themselves, necessarily abstained from arming them, or inducing them to take any share in the management of affairs. It was equally necessary to substitute some other force to that of the people, and to seek this force abroad, from foreign cabinets ; to obtain false promises in return for real concessions ; and to allow the princes free choice both of their ministers and generals, even at the risk—as shown in the sequel—of their selecting the treacherous or incapable, and of seeing the princes themselves suddenly desert to the enemy's camp, or fly to Laybach, thence to cry anethema upon the insurrection they had feigned to conduct.

The Neapolitan revolution succumbed, after exhausting the fatal consequences of the first error one by one ; after having betrayed the national instinct by rejecting Benevento and Pontecorvo—cities at that time forming part of the Roman States, although surrounded by Neapolitan territory—and which had arisen in their turn and claimed admittance into the emancipated states ; after decreeing that the war should remain purely

defensive, and declaring that the Austrian army, then in the heart of Italy, would not be regarded as enemies unless they should cross the Neapolitan frontier ; after having, in short, extinguished every spark of insurrection in central Italy.

The Piedmontese insurrection took place after these errors, committed in the south, had afforded an example by which its leaders might have learned to avoid their repetition. Nevertheless, although at that time there were not Austrian troops enough in Lombardy to suppress a movement, and the excitement there was so great that had the Piedmontese sent them only 25,000 men to help them, the whole population would have risen ; this help, which could have been sent within one week after the insurrection, was not given.

The Piedmontese revolution fell without attempting this or anything else. It was fettered by the same ties, and destroyed by the same influences, that had impeded and destroyed the two previous insurrections, and while the south was yet free and able to unite in organizing the common defence.\*

\* The insurrection was to have taken place immediately after the 12th January 1821, the day on which the government had turned its arms against the University of Turin. But the consent of Charles Albert was delayed. And the movement would not even have taken place when it did—in March—for he revoked, on the 9th, the order he had given on the 8th—had it not been that Alexandria, wearied out by his many delays, arose in violation of the orders received on the 10th.

Never were the fatal consequences of a false programme more visible than in the honest though imperfect history of this movement written by Santarosa.

Charles Albert, himself the head of the revolutionary government, issued a proclamation promising an *amnesty* to the troops who had joined the insurrection. The *Giunta* disgraced itself by entering into negotiations with the Russian ambassador Mocenigo, who impudently offered the conspirators a pardon, and *some hope* of a constitutional charter.

All the members of the *Giunta* were men of undeniable patriotism and good faith ; all of them were sworn Carbonari ; yet, nevertheless, hesitating and embarrassed between the exigences of the revolution on the one hand, and the forms of monarchical legality they had accepted on the other, they were compelled to receive their inspirations from a man whom at heart they despised, and who, they feared, might one day or other betray them.

They saw the right, but dared not assert it. They undertook to change the institutions of the country without removing the officials of the former administration, or the leaders of the army, who had sworn to uphold the former tyranny.

They had left the government of Novara in the hands of Count Latour, and that of Savoy in

those of Count d'Andezene, both of them declared enemies of the revolution.

They had foreseen and foretold the necessity of war; yet, from fear of any possible violation of the monarchical programme, they had refused the people the arms they demanded, indefinitely deferred the summoning of the electoral assemblies, and in fact neglected every act likely to attract the masses to their cause, even to the point of revoking the decree passed in Genoa to reduce the price of salt.

They fell, not vanquished by superior forces—which would have left them the honour of the combat—but overthrown by a sophism introduced into their revolutionary programme.

Such did Carbonarism appear to me—a huge and powerful body, but without a head; an association in which not generous intentions, but ideas, were wanting; deficient in the science and logic which should have reduced the sentiment of nationality, pervading its ranks, to fruitful action.

The *cosmopolitanism* of the Carbonari, suggested by the superficial study of foreign countries, while it had extended the Order's sphere of action, had yet withdrawn the fulcrum of the lever.

The lesson of heroic constancy taught by the Carbonari, and the boldness with which they had fronted martyrdom, had tended greatly to promote that sentiment of equality which is innate in us

Italians, and prepared the way for union and noble enterprise, by initiating in one sole baptism men of every province, and of every social class—priests, nobles, literary men, soldiers, and sons of the people.\*

But the absence of a definite programme had always caused victory to escape them at the very moment when it was within their grasp.

These reflections were suggested to me by an examination of the various attempts made by the Carbonari, and their defeats. And recent events in central Italy had confirmed me in my ideas, besides pointing out to me other dangers to be avoided; foremost among which were the fatal habit of founding the hope of victory upon the support of foreign governments, and that of confiding the management and development of the

\* The proscriptions made among the Carbonari embraced every class in Italy. Many priests were condemned in the south, and two in the Duchy of Modena. One of these, Guiseppe Andreoli, professor of oratory, thanked God aloud on hearing that he alone among the many imprisoned with him was condemned to death.

Many confessions were extorted by weakening the intellectual faculties of the accused by mixing an infusion of *atropos belladonna* with their drink. In the little Duchy of Modena alone, the number of condemnations amounted to 140, in Piedmont to upwards of 100, and in Naples and Sicily to many more. On the 18th May 1821, many capital sentences were pronounced in Lombardy, condemning as Carbonari individuals who had been imprisoned at Rovigo during the carnival of that year, four or five months previous to the promulgation of the law of proscription against the Carbonari, which had been framed in August 1820.



insurrection to men who had had no share in creating it.

The revolution of 1831 revealed an unquestionable progress in the political education of the insurgents. That insurrection neither invoked the initiative of the higher classes, nor of the military, as indispensable; it burst out among men of no name, and from the true heart of the country.

After the three days of Paris, the post-office at Bologna was crowded and surrounded by the people. Young men stood up on the benches in front of the cafés, and read the newspapers aloud to the bystanders. Arms were got ready, companies of volunteers were organized, and captains chosen. The commandant declared to the pro-legate that the troops would not act against the citizens.

Similar scenes took place in many other cities. The echo of the cannon fired on the 2d of February, against the dwelling of *Ciro Menotti* in *Modena*, gave the signal. *Bologna* rose on the 4th. On the 5th the people of *Modena*, recovered from the first surprise, drove out their Duke and his supporters. *Imola*, *Faenza*, *Forlì*, *Cesena*, and *Ravenna*, freed themselves. *Ferrara* followed the example on the 7th. The Austrians retired. *Pesaro*, *Fossombrone*, *Fano*, and *Urbino*, shook off their rulers on the 8th. On the 13th the movement was triumphant in *Parma*, then at *Macerata*,

Camerino, Ascoli, Perugia, Terni, Narni, and other cities. Ancona, where at the outset Colonel Sutterman showed himself disposed to resist, yielded to a few companies of soldiers and national guards led by Sercognani.

And all this was done by mere popular impulse, amid a collective enthusiasm which extended to old men and women. The latter made flags and cockades, while the veterans of the *grande armée*, if they saw signs of hesitation in any young men, displayed the scars of their old wounds, saying, *These were got in the defence of our country.*

Thus, by the 25th of February, nearly two millions and a half of Italians had embraced the national cause, and were ready, not only for defensive, but for offensive war for the emancipation of their fellow-countrymen.

And it was indeed the national cause to which the instinct of the multitude pointed in all those movements. The Italian tricoloured cockade was adopted everywhere, in spite of the entreaties of Orioli and others, who afterwards formed part of the government. During the first days of the insurrection, the youth of Bologna had endeavoured to invade Tuscany, and they of Modena and Reggio to push on upon Massa; and later on, the National Guards demanded to be led through Furlo into the kingdom of Naples.

The leaders, however, contrived to convert an

insurrection essentially Italian, both in its origin and aim, into a merely provincial movement. Extension was the law of life, the first condition of existence for the revolution. It was necessary to enlarge its basis as far as possible; and they limited and restricted it within the narrowest bounds.

They forbade all propaganda, and accumulated fresh obstacles in the path of the insurrection, instead of exerting themselves to remove those already existing. Nationality was the true soul of the enterprise; and they only sought support out of Italy. War with Austria being inevitable, every effort should have been directed to the energetic and victorious prosecution of war; and they declared that the triumph of the revolution depended on the preservation of peace, and that peace being not only possible, but probable—nay, almost certain—it was necessary to abstain from every demonstration likely to interrupt or disturb it.

The revolution—from the very nature of its elements, and the special position of the provinces in insurrection—was necessarily republican; the sympathy of existing governments was therefore impossible, and it became urgent to seek allies in the homogeneous element, among the peoples.

The sole pledge of alliance among peoples is a declaration of principles. They made no such declaration; they sought the favour of kings, and

prostrated the movement of the peoples at the feet of diplomacy.

It was necessary to excite to action by acting themselves; to awaken energy by displaying energy; to rouse faith by showing faith: and they, by their weakness and hesitation, betrayed their fears in every act. Hence, a sense of distrust arose in the insurgent states, and discouragement spread over the other provinces of Italy. Hence diplomatic treachery, and the unavoidable ruin of the whole movement.

The principle of non-intervention had, it is true, been explicitly and solemnly proclaimed by the French Government. Before the insurrection took place, a memorial had been drawn up by various influential Italians to inquire of the French Ambassador at Naples (Latour Maubourg) what would be the conduct of France in case an Italian revolution should provoke the armed intervention of Austria, and the Ambassador had written on the margin, with his own hand, that "France would support the revolution, provided the new government should not assume an anarchical form, and should recognise the order of things generally adopted in Europe."

Latour Maubourg afterwards denied this note, which was, however, sent to the Provisional Government during the first days of the movement. One of the members of that government, Fran-

cresco Orioli, who saw it, has attested the fact in his work, *De la Revolution d'Italie*, printed in Paris in 1834-35.

Moreover, Lafitte, then President of the Chamber of Deputies, had spoken the following words on the 1st December 1830:—"France will not allow any violation of the principle of non-intervention. . . . The Holy Alliance made it a fundamental principle to suffocate popular liberty wheresoever it should raise its standard; the new principle proclaimed by France is that of allowing the unimpeded development of liberty wheresoever it may spontaneously arise."

On the 15th of January, Guizot had declared, "The principle of non-intervention is identical with the principle of the liberty of the peoples;" and on the 22d of the same month, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had said, "The Holy Alliance was founded on the principle of intervention for the overthrow of the independence of all secondary states; the opposite principle, consecrated by us, and which we intend to see respected, assures liberty and independence to all."

On the 28th the same things were repeated by the Duke of Dalmatia, and on the 29th by Sebastiani.

But if the leaders of the movement had, therefore, reason to believe that they should not be betrayed, it was nevertheless their duty to re-

number that at that time (1831) any war between France and Austria would have certainly resolved itself into a general war between the principle of immobility and that of progress and national sovereignty; and that in such a war, though France herself would have sought nothing but triumph, Louis Philippe would have run the risk of losing everything, and being overwhelmed by the popular movement.

The French monarchy was weak, and utterly destitute of all support from popular sympathy. A revolutionary impulse given to France might have dragged it into the vortex of a war which, from the nature of the elements brought into play, would probably have rapidly assumed the character of a republican crusade. Peace was therefore necessary to the very existence of the dynasty.

There was only one means of compelling the French monarchy to maintain its promises—*viz.*, to continue to hold out long enough to rouse the sympathy of public opinion in France, and to use every exertion to extend the movement on every side, especially in Piedmont, whereas the intervention of Austria, like that of Prussia in Belgium, is irreconcilable with the traditional policy of France.

The idea of overcoming the repugnance of Louis Philippe by a display of weakness was absolute madness, as it was madness to imagine that

any principle of non-intervention would interfere with the advance of Austria. Even at the risk of war, Austria could not allow the establishment of a free government in the vicinity of her Lombardo-Venetian possessions.

Thus the Insurrectionary Government, by neglecting to make preparations for war, while it gave Austria time enough to come to a rapid settlement of all her dissensions with France, yet left no time for the French Liberals to create a public opinion in their favour.

The importance of the question of time was so well understood by Louis Philippe, that, trusting the insurrection might be suppressed before he should be called upon to give an account of his promises, he concealed the arrival of the dispatch of the French Ambassador at Vienna announcing the invasion of Central Italy by Austria, and withheld it for five days from the honest but incapable Lafitte then President of the Council.

However, the Provisional Governments of the insurgent provinces chose to adopt the hypothesis that Austria would not invade, that she would allow the insurrection time enough to implant itself firmly in the heart of Italy, and decided that the whole policy of the revolution ought therefore to consist in avoiding giving any just ground for invasion.

Not a single act was passed, therefore, asserting

the sovereignty and right of the nation; none to call the people to arms; none to organize the elections; none to incite or encourage the neighbouring provinces of Italy to rise.

Fear was visible in their every decree.

The revolution was made to appear a thing accepted rather than asserted and proclaimed. The Provisional Governments of Parma and Modena declared that the people had been placed in the necessity of forming a new government by the fact of the princes having abandoned their states without establishing any.

The Government of Bologna stated that it had been formed in consequence of the declaration of Monsignor Clarelli, the Pro-legate, announcing his determination of entirely renouncing the administration of political affairs, which had rendered it urgent to prevent anarchy.

And even when the success and internal security of the revolution demanded a bolder language, the government, which had succeeded in concentrating the general direction of the movement in its own hands, had not the courage to appeal to the eternal rights of every people, but went to work to deduce the right of Bologna to liberty from the local tradition of a compact signed in 1447 between Bologna and Pope Nicholas V.; and a long, pedantic, and ignoble piece of writing, dated the 25th February, was



published by the President Vicini, commenting, attorney-fashion, upon that tradition.\*

In Parma the leadership of the National Guard was offered to a certain Fedeli. He refused to accept it without permission from the duchess. The government allowed him to request that permission, and was repaid for its folly by his forming a retrograde conspiracy. At a later period, and when their finances were almost exhausted, they passed a decree ordering that the payment of the salaries of the *employés* of the banished court should be continued.

During the fermentation produced by the rising of Central Italy in Naples, in Piedmont, and on every side, while all were anxiously awaiting inspiration from the central focus wherein the insurrection had been first kindled, the decree of the 11th February coldly announced that "Bologna did

\* The government was composed of the Marquis Francesco Bevilacqua, Count Carlo Pepoli, Count Alessandro Agucchi, Count Cesare Bianchetti, Professor F. Orioli, the Advocate Giovanni Vicini, Professor Antonio Silvani, and the Advocate Antonio Zanolini. Towards the end of the revolution, and at the time of the capitulation, it was somewhat altered. Vicini was President of the Council; Silvani, Minister of Justice; Count Ludovico Sturani, of Finance; Count Terenzio Mamiani della Rovere, of the interior; Orioli, of public instruction; Dr. Gio. Battista Sarti, of Police; General Armandi of War; and Bianchetti, of Foreign Affairs. Some of these men still form a part of the group of busybodies who are misgoverning the Italian movements for the third time at the present day.

not intend to interrupt her friendly relations with other states, nor to permit the smallest violation of their territories; hoping that, in return, no intervention to her disadvantage would take place, as she had no intention of being drawn into action unless in self-defence."

By this act the Centre abdicated all initiative, and separated her cause from the cause of Italy. All men of mere reaction—too numerous a class amongst us—indignantly gave up the thought of action elsewhere.

The class of old-fashioned conspirators, who would diplomatize on the edge of the grave, imagining that this cowardly renunciation of duty on the part of the government concealed some great mystery of political art, whispered, "Keep quiet; they would never do this if they were not *certain* of French aid."

This unlimited confidence in everything bearing the outward semblance of calculation and tactics, and this constant distrust of all enthusiasm, energy, and simultaneous action—three things which sum up the whole science of revolution—was then, as it is now, the mortal disease of Italy. We wait, study, and follow circumstances; we neither seek to dominate nor create them. We honour with the name of prudence that which is, in act, merely mediocrity of intellect.

The discouraging manner in which the Lom-

bard deputies were received in 1821 induced them to renounce the idea of action; but had they had the courage to act, that discouragement would have been overcome.

The Government of Bologna, trusting solely in the promises of foreign governments, gave up all idea, not only of offence, but of defence. The plan of organizing a militia was rejected. The fortifications of Ancona were not rebuilt. The suggestions of Zucchi—who, on his arrival in Bologna, ordered the formation of six regiments of infantry and two of cavalry—were opposed. The idea repeatedly suggested by Sercognani, of a decisive enterprise upon Rome, where symptoms of insurrection had manifested themselves on the 12th, was repulsed.

Neither the minister Armandi,\* nor any of the others, were capable of comprehending the power and significance of an Italian banner floating from the Capitol.

The murmurs of the Italian youth were quieted by repeated promises which were never fulfilled; the stern voice of the press was silenced by

\* A certain Baron de Stoelting of Westphalia, belonging to the household of the Prince of Montforte (Jerome Buonaparte), had been sent to Armandi to persuade him to respect the promise made by that prince to Cardinal Bernetti that Rome should not be attacked. The interview took place at Ancona. Stoelting also had with him a letter from the Austrian ambassador Count Lutzow. The Buonapartes were as fatal to us then as they have ever been.

the edict of the 12th February, "decreeing a penalty of fine or imprisonment to the sellers of any writings likely to injure the existing peaceful and friendly relations with foreign governments."

And, as an inevitable consequence of its cowardly policy, the miserable Provisional Government was abandoned and betrayed by all. The French Government did not even deign a reply to Count Bianchetti, who was sent to Florence to interrogate the ambassadors of France and Austria, whilst it continued to maintain a friendly correspondence with the court of Rome. Count St. Aulaire, the envoy of France to Rome, avoided the route of Bologna, and all contact with its Provisional Government.

Austria added insult to outrage by declaring her intention to invade Parma and Modena, solely in virtue of I know not what treaty of reversion, promising, however, that Bologna should be respected if she behaved well.

The invasion of Parma, Modena, and Reggio, took place, and on the 6th of March the Provisional Government of Bologna declared—"The affairs of the Modenese are no concern of ours; non-intervention is a law for us, as well as for our neighbours; and none of us have any business to mix ourselves up with the affairs of the states on our frontiers."

They also ordered that all "*foreigners* presenting themselves on their frontier should be disarmed and sent back;" and 700 Modenese *foreigners*, headed by Zucchi, were compelled to pass through Bologna as prisoners.

The Austrian occupation of Ferrara followed upon that of Modena and Parma. Ferrara was a member of the united provinces, and as such had sent deputies to Bologna. Nevertheless, the government merely announced the fact to the citizens without comment.

The *Precursore* (the organ of the government) of the 12th maintained that the principle of non-intervention had not been violated, because the treaties of Vienna conceded to Austria the right to hold a garrison in Ferrara; and two envoys of the government, Conti and Brunetti, had brought assurances from Bertheim, at Ferrara, that the Austrians would not advance any farther.

A pontifical regency was established in Ferrara, and the Bolognese Government then maintained that there was no necessary connection between the acts of the Papacy and those of Austria.

The Austrians presented themselves at the gates of Bologna on the 20th, and the government, after giving orders that all should remain quiet, and that the National Guard should maintain order, *the sole object* of its institution, retired to Ancona. There, on the 25th March—two days

after they had abdicated all power by the election of a Triumvirate—they capitulated to Cardinal Benvenuti, praying for an amnesty.

The request was signed by all the members of the government, except Carlo Pepoli, who was absent.\*

The conditions of the capitulation were violated, as was to be expected, and it was annulled on the 5th April by the Pope. The edicts of the 14th and 30th condemned alike the leaders, accomplices, and approvers. And, as it is the habit of Governments to insult the fallen, Louis Philippe announced to the Chamber, in his speech of the 23d June, that he had obtained from the Pope a complete amnesty for the insurgents.

Meanwhile, the *legitimate* masters of the Italians violated the neutrality of the seas by capturing the vessel which was conveying Zucchi and about 70 others into exile, and conducting them prisoners to Venice, besides publishing such decrees as the following :—“Whensoever, either through *denunciations* or *secret testimony* (the authors of which will never be compromised by being confronted with the accused or otherwise), we shall

\* Terenzio Mamiani withdrew his name from the published act of the 26th. But I have had in my hands the original act of the 25th, mislaid with other papers by the President, Vicini, in his rapid flight. It was sent to me by Guerrazzi. The name of Terenzio Mamiani appears at the foot of the act, unaccompanied by any protest or sign of disapprobation.

obtain the *moral* certainty of a crime committed, instead of making known the informer, we shall content ourselves, as a measure of police, with condemning the guilty person to an extraordinary punishment, milder than customary, *but to which will invariably be added the penalty of exile.*"—*(Decree of the Duke of Modena, April 8, 1832.)*

From studying the ill-fated movements of 1820-21 and 1831, I learned what errors it would be necessary to avoid in future. The greater number of Italians—who did not pause to distinguish between the events themselves and the men who attempted to control them—derived from these insurrections only a lesson of profound discouragement.

To me they simply brought the conviction that success was a problem of *direction*, nothing more. Others opined that the blame I bestowed upon the directors of the movements, ought to fall upon the whole country. The mere fact that such men rather than others had risen to power, was considered very generally to be the result of a vice inherent in the condition of Italy; and as giving an average—so to speak—of the Italian revolutionary power. I merely regarded that choice as a fault of logic, easily to be remedied.

That error was the error only too prevalent at the present day—that of entrusting the govern-

ment of the Insurrection to those who had had no share in making it.

The people and the youth of Italy have always yielded the reins of direction to the first man claiming the right to hold them with any show of authority. This may be traced to a well-meant but over-strained desire of legality, and an honourable though exaggerated fear of being accused of anarchy or ambition; to a traditionary habit, useful only in a normal state of things, of trusting to men of advanced age, or local influence; and to their absolute inexperience of the nature and development of great revolutions.

The preliminary conspiracy and the revolution have always been represented by two distinct classes of men. The first were thrust aside as soon as all obstacles were overthrown, and the others then entered the arena the day after, to direct the development of an idea not their own, a design they had not matured, the elements and difficulties of which they had never studied, and in the enthusiasm and sacrifices of which they had had no share.

Thus in Piedmont, in 1821, the development of the revolutionary idea was confided to men who, like Dal Pozzo,\* Villamarina, and Guber-

\* Dal Pozzo, when driven into exile in 1821, obtained permission to return by selling his pen to Austria. See his pamphlet *On the Happiness the Italians might and ought to derive from Austrian Government*.



natis, had been entire strangers to the preliminary conspiracy.

Thus, in Bologna, they had accepted as members of their Provisional Government men who were approved by the government overthrown; men whose title to office was derived from an edict of Monsignore Clarelli. Thus the councils of commercial administration, having assumed the name of civil congresses, had declared themselves the legal representatives of the people, and without a shadow of right proceeded to elect the provisional authorities.

Now, the majority in these councils was composed of grey-headed men, educated under the old system of ideas, distrustful of the young, and still under the influence of the terror inspired by the excesses of the French Revolution.

Their liberalism was like that of the party called *moderate* in Italy at the present day; weak and fearful; capable of a timid legal opposition on points of detail, but never going back to first principles.

They naturally elected men similarly constituted, descendants of the old families, professors, advocates with many clients, but all of them men disinherited alike of the enthusiasm, energy, or intellect necessary to achieve revolutions.

Our young men, trustful and inexperienced, gave way. They forgot the immense difference between the wants of a free and of an enslaved

people, and the improbability that the same men who had represented the individual and municipal interests of the last, should be fitted to represent the political and national interests of the first.

From these and other reflections which will be developed in the following writings, I at last determined to obey my own instincts; and I founded the Association of Young Italy (*La Giovine Italia*), with the following statutes for its basis.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MEMBERS OF  
YOUNG ITALY.

Liberty—Equality—Humanity—Independence—  
Unity.

*Section 1.*

Young Italy is a brotherhood of Italians who believe in a law of *Progress* and *Duty*, and are convinced that Italy is destined to become one nation—convinced also that she possesses sufficient strength within herself to become one, and that the ill success of her former efforts is to be attributed not to the weakness, but to the misdirection of the revolutionary elements within her—that the secret of force lies in constancy and unity of effort. They join this association in the firm intent of consecrating both thought and action to

the great aim of re-constituting Italy as one independent sovereign nation of free men and equals.

*Section 2.*

By Italy we understand—1, Continental and peninsular Italy, bounded on the north by the upper circle of the Alps, on the south by the sea, on the west by the mouths of the Varo, and on the east by Trieste; 2, The islands proved Italian by the language of the inhabitants, and destined, under a special administrative organization, to form a part of the Italian political unity.

By the Nation we understand the universality of Italians bound together by a common Pact, and governed by the same laws.

*Section 3.*

*Basis of the Association.*

The security, efficacy, and rapid progress of an association, are always in proportion to the determination, clearness, and precision of its aim.

The strength of an association lies, not in the numerical cypher of the elements of which it is composed, but in the homogeneousness of those elements; in the perfect concordance of its members as to the path to be followed, and the certainty that the moment of action will find them ranged in a compact phalanx, strong in

reciprocal trust, and bound together by unity of will, beneath a common banner.

Revolutionary associations, which admit heterogeneous elements into their ranks, and possess no definite programme, may remain united in apparent harmony during the work of destruction; but will inevitably prove impotent to direct the movement the day after, and be undermined by discords all the more dangerous, in proportion as the necessities of the time call for unity of action and of aim.

A principle implies a method: or, in other words, as the aim is, so must the means be.

So long as the true practical aim of a revolution remains uncertain, so long will the means adopted to promote or consolidate it remain futile and uncertain also. The revolution will proceed without faith: and hence its progress will be wavering and weak. The history of the past has proved this.

Whosoever would assume the position of initiator in the transformation of a nation—whether individual or association—must know clearly to what the proposed changes are to lead. Whosoever would presume to call the people to arms, must be prepared to tell them wherefore. Whosoever would undertake a work of regeneration, must have a *faith*; if he have it not, he can but create émeutes, nothing more, and become the author of an anarchy he is neither able to remedy

nor overcome. For, indeed, no whole nation ever rises to battle in ignorance of the aim to be achieved by victory.

For these reasons the members of Young Italy make known to their fellow-countrymen, without reserve, the programme in the name of which they intend to combat.

The aim of the association is revolution ; but its labours will be essentially educational, both before and after the day of revolution ; and it therefore declares the principles upon which the national education should be conducted, and from which alone Italy may hope for safety and regeneration.

By preaching exclusively that which it believes to be truth, the association performs a work of duty, not of usurpation.

By inculcating before the hour of action by what steps the Italians must achieve their aim, by raising its flag in the sight of Italy, and calling upon all those who believe it to be the flag of national regeneration, to organize themselves beneath its folds—the association does not seek to substitute that flag for the banner of the future nation.

When once the nation herself shall be free, and able to exercise that right of sovereignty which is hers alone, she will raise her own banner, and make known her revered and unchallenged

will as to the principle and the fundamental law of her existence.

Young Italy is *Republican* and *Unitarian*.

Republican—because theoretically every nation is destined, by the law of God and humanity, to form a free and equal community of brothers; and the republican is the only form of government that insures this future.

Because all true sovereignty resides essentially in the nation, the sole progressive and continuous interpreter of the supreme moral law.

Because, whatever be the form of privilege that constitutes the apex of the social edifice, its tendency is to spread among the other classes, and by undermining the equality of the citizens, to endanger the liberty of the country.

Because, when the sovereignty is recognised as existing not in the whole body, but in several distinct powers, the path to usurpation is laid open, and the struggle for supremacy between these powers is inevitable; distrust and organized hostility take the place of harmony, which is society's law of life.

Because the monarchical element being incapable of sustaining itself alone by the side of the popular element, it necessarily involves the existence of the intermediate element of an aristocracy—the source of inequality and corruption to the whole nation.

Because both history and the nature of things teach us that elective monarchy tends to generate anarchy ; and hereditary monarchy tends to generate despotism.

Because, when monarchy is not—as in the middle ages—based upon the belief now extinct in right divine, it becomes too weak to be a bond of unity and authority in the state.

Because the inevitable tendency of the series of progressive transformations taking place in Europe, is towards the enthronement of the republican principle, and because the inauguration of the monarchical principle in Italy would carry along with it the necessity of a new revolution shortly after.

Young Italy is republican, because practically there are no monarchical elements in Italy. We have no powerful and respected aristocracy to take the intermediate place between the throne and the people ; we have no dynasty of Italian princes possessing any tradition either of glory or of important services rendered to the development of the nation, and commanding the affection and sympathy of the various states.

Because our Italian tradition is essentially republican ; our great memories are republican ; the whole history of our national progress is republican ; whereas the introduction of monarchy amongst us was coëval with our decay, and con-

summated our ruin by its constant servility to the foreigner, and antagonism to the people, as well as to the unity of the nation.

Because, while the populations of the various Italian States would cheerfully unite in the name of a principle which could give no umbrage to local ambition, they would not willingly submit to be governed by a man—the offspring of one of those states; and their several pretensions would necessarily tend to federalism.

Because, if monarchy were once set up as the aim of the Italian insurrection, it would, by a logical necessity, draw along with it all the obligations of the monarchical system; concessions to foreign courts; trust in and respect for diplomacy, and the repression of that popular element by which alone our salvation can be achieved; and, by entrusting the supreme authority to monarchists, whose interest it would be to betray us, we should infallibly ruin the insurrection.

Because the characteristics successively assumed by the late Italian movements have proved our actual republican tendency.

Because, before you can induce a whole people to rise, it is necessary to place before them an aim, appealing directly and in an intelligible manner to their own advantage, and their own rights.

Because, doomed as we are to have all our governments opposed to the work of our regenera-



tion, both from cowardice and from system, we are compelled either to stand alone in the arena, or to appeal to the sympathy of the people by raising the banner of the people, and invoking their aid in the name of that principle which dominates every revolutionary manifestation in Europe at the present day.

Young Italy is *Unitarian*—

Because, without unity, there is no true nation.

Because without unity, there is no real strength; and Italy, surrounded as she is by powerful, united, and jealous nations, has need of strength before all things.

Because federalism, by reducing her to the political impotence of Switzerland, would necessarily place her under the influence of one of the neighbouring nations.

Because federalism, by reviving the local rivalries now extinct, would throw Italy back upon the middle ages.

Because federalism would divide the great national arena into a number of smaller arenas; and, by thus opening a path for every paltry ambition, become a source of aristocracy.

Because federalism, by destroying the unity of the great Italian family, would strike at the root of the great mission Italy is destined to accomplish towards humanity.

Because Europe is undergoing a progressive

series of transformations, which are gradually and irresistibly guiding European society to form itself into vast and united masses.

Because the entire work of internal civilization in Italy will be seen, if rightly studied, to have been tending for ages to the formation of unity.

Because all the objections raised against the unitarian system do but apply, in fact, to a system of administrative centralization and despotism, which has really nothing in common with unity.

National unity, as understood by Young Italy, does not imply the despotism of any, but the association and concord of all. The life inherent in each locality is sacred. Young Italy would have the *administrative* organization designed upon a broad basis of religious respect for the liberty of each commune, but the *political* organization, destined to represent the nation in Europe, should be one and central.

Without unity of religious belief, and unity of social pact; without unity of civil, political, and penal legislation, there is no true nation.

These principles, which are the basis of the association, and their immediate consequences, set forth in the publications of the association, form the creed of Young Italy; and the society only admits as members those who accept and believe in this creed.

The minor applications of these principles, and the numerous secondary questions of political organization arising therefrom, are, and will continue to be, the object of the society's most serious consideration.

Upon these questions, to which it invites the earnest attention of its members, the society is ready to admit and examine every diversity of opinion.

The association will publish articles from time to time upon each of the above-mentioned principles, and the more important questions arising from them, viewing them from the height of that law of progress which governs the life of humanity, and our national Italian tradition.

The general principles held by the members of Young Italy, in common with men of other nations, and those herein indicated having special regard to Italy, will be evolved and popularly explained by the initiators to the initiated, and by the initiated, as far as possible, to the generality of Italians.

Both initiators and initiated must never forget that the moral application of every principle is the first and the most essential; that without morality there is no true citizen; that the first step towards the achievement of a holy enterprise is the purification of the soul by virtue; that, where the daily life of the individual is not in har-

mony with the principles he preaches, the inculcation of those principles is an infamous profanation and hypocrisy ; that it is only by virtue that the members of Young Italy can win over others to their belief ; that if we do not show ourselves far superior to those who deny our principles, we are but miserable sectarians ; and that Young Italy must be neither a sect nor a party, but a faith and an apostolate.

As the precursors of Italian regeneration, it is our duty to lay the first stone of its religion.

#### *Section 4.*

The means by which Young Italy proposes to reach its aim are—education and insurrection, to be adopted simultaneously, and made to harmonize with each other.

Education must ever be directed to teach by example, word, and pen, the necessity of insurrection. Insurrection, whenever it can be realised, must be so conducted as to render it a means of national education.

Education, though of necessity secret in Italy, will be public out of Italy.

The members of Young Italy will aid in collecting and maintaining a fund for the expenses of the printing and diffusion of the works of the association.

The mission of the Italian exiles is to constitute an apostolate.

The instructions and intelligence indispensable as preparatory to action will be secret, both in Italy and abroad.

The character of the insurrection must be national ; the programme of the insurrection must contain the germ of the programme of future Italian nationality. Wheresoever the initiative of insurrection shall take place, the flag raised, and the aim proposed, will be Italian.

That aim being the formation of a nation, the insurrection will act in the name of the nation, and rely upon the people, hitherto neglected, for its support. That aim being the conquest of the whole of Italy, in whatever province the insurrection may arise, its operations with regard to other provinces will be conducted on a principle of invasion and expansion the most energetic, and the broadest possible.

Desirous of regaining for Italy her rightful influence among the peoples, and her true place in their sympathy and affection, the insurrection will so direct its action as to prove the identity of her cause with theirs.

Convinced that Italy is strong enough to free herself without external help ; that, in order to found a nationality, it is necessary that the feeling and consciousness of nationality should exist ;

and that it can never be created by any revolution, however triumphant, if achieved by foreign arms; convinced, moreover, that every insurrection that looks abroad for assistance, must remain dependent upon the state of things abroad, and can therefore never be certain of victory;—Young Italy is determined that while it will ever be ready to profit by the favourable course of events abroad, it will neither allow the character of the insurrection nor the choice of the moment to be governed by them.

Young Italy is aware that revolutionary Europe awaits a signal, and that this signal may be given by Italy as well as by any other nation. It knows that the ground it proposes to tread is virgin soil; and the experiment untried. Foregone insurrections have relied upon the forces supplied by one class alone, and not upon the strength of the whole nation.

The one thing wanting to twenty millions of Italians, desirous of emancipating themselves, is not power, but *faith*.

Young Italy will endeavour to inspire this faith,—first by its teachings, and afterwards by an energetic initiative.

Young Italy draws a distinction between the period of insurrection, and that of revolution. The revolution begins as soon as the insurrection is triumphant.

Therefore, the period which may elapse between the first initiative and the complete liberation of the Italian soil, will be governed by a provisional dictatorial power, concentrated in the hands of a small number of men.

The soil once free, every authority will bow down before the National Council, the sole source of authority in the State.

Insurrection—by means of guerrilla bands—is the true method of warfare for all nations desirous of emancipating themselves from a foreign yoke. This method of warfare supplies the want—in-avoidable at the commencement of the insurrection—of a regular army; it calls the greatest number of elements into the field, and yet may be sustained by the smallest number. It forms the military education of the people, and consecrates every foot of the native soil by the memory of some warlike deed.

Guerrilla warfare opens a field of activity for every local capacity; forces the enemy into an unaccustomed method of battle; avoids the evil consequences of a great defeat; secures the national war from the risk of treason, and has the advantage of not confining it within any defined and determinate basis of operations. It is invincible, indestructible.

The regular army, recruited with all possible solicitude, and organized with all possible care,

will complete the work begun by the war of insurrection.

All the members of Young Italy will exert themselves to diffuse these principles of insurrection. The association will develop them more fully in its writings, and explain from time to time the ideas and organization which should govern the period of insurrection.

#### *Section 5.*

All the members of Young Italy will pay into the treasury of the Society a monthly contribution of 50 centimes. Those whose position enables them to do so will bind themselves to pay a monthly contribution of a larger amount.

#### *Section 6.*

The colours of Young Italy are *white, red, and green*. The banner of young Italy will display these colours, and bear on the one side the words—*Liberty, Equality, Humanity*; and on the other—*Unity, Independence*.

#### *Section 7.*

Each member will, upon his initiation into the association of Young Italy, pronounce the following form of oath, in the presence of the initiator:—

In the name of God and of Italy—



In the name of all the martyrs of the holy Italian cause who have fallen beneath foreign and domestic tyranny—

By the duties which bind me to the land wherein God has placed me, and to the brothers whom God has given me—

By the love—innate in all men—I bear to the country that gave my mother birth, and will be the home of my children—

By the hatred—innate in all men—I bear to evil, injustice, usurpation, and arbitrary rule—

By the blush that rises to my brow when I stand before the citizens of other lands, to know that I have no rights of citizenship, no country, and no national flag—

By the aspiration that thrills my soul towards that liberty for which it was created, and is impotent to exert; towards the good it was created to strive after, and is impotent to achieve in the silence and isolation of slavery—

By the memory of our former greatness, and the sense of our present degradation—

By the tears of Italian mothers for their sons dead on the scaffold, in prison, or in exile—

By the sufferings of the millions—

I, *A. B.*—

Believing in the mission entrusted by God to Italy, and the duty of every Italian to strive to attempt its fulfilment—

Convinced that where God has ordained that a nation shall be, he has given the requisite power to create it ; that the people are the depositaries of that power, and that in its right direction for the people, and by the people, lies the secret of victory—

Convinced that virtue consists in action and sacrifice, and strength in union and constancy of purpose—

I give my name to Young Italy, an association of men holding the same faith, and swear—

To dedicate myself wholly and for ever to the endeavour with them to constitute Italy *one free, independent, republican nation.*

To promote by every means in my power—whether by written or spoken word, or by action—the education of my Italian brothers towards the aim of Young Italy ; towards association, the sole means of its accomplishment, and to virtue, which alone can render the conquest lasting—

To abstain from enrolling myself in any other association from this time forth—

To obey all the instructions, in conformity with the spirit of Young Italy, given me by those who represent with me the union of my Italian brothers ; and to keep the secret of these instructions, even at the cost of my life—

To assist my brothers of the association both by action and counsel—

NOW AND FOR EVER.

This do I swear, invoking upon my head the wrath of God, the abhorrence of man, and the infamy of the perjurer, if I ever betray the whole or a part of this my oath.

I was the first to take the oath. Many of those who swore it then or since, are now courtiers, busy members of *moderate* societies, timid servants of the Buonapartist policy, and persecutors or calumniators of their former brethren.

They may hate me as one who recalls to them the faith they swore to and betrayed, but they cannot quote a single fact showing that I have ever been false to my oath.

I believe in the sacredness of those principles, and in their future triumph, now as I did then.

I have lived, I live, and I shall die, a Republican, bearing witness to my faith to the last.

Should they attempt to exculpate themselves by asserting that I too, in these later years, have striven and do strive to realise unity even under a monarchical flag, I have only to refer them to those lines in the statutes of Young Italy, which declare that *the Association does not seek to substitute its own flag for the banner of the nation . . . When the Nation herself shall be free . . . she will proclaim her revered and unchallenged will, etc. etc.*

The people of Italy are led astray by a delusion at the present day, a delusion which has induced them to substitute material unity for moral unity and their own regeneration. Not so I. I bow my head sorrowfully to the sovereignty of the national will, but monarchy will never number me among its servants or followers. The future will declare whether my faith is founded upon truth or no.

Let the statutes in like manner serve as an answer to the hundreds of accusations cast upon me at a later period by spies like De la Hodde, or madmen like D'Arincourt, and so frequently quoted with delight by writers of the moderate party who know them to be false.

By suppressing the condemnations to death decreed by all anterior secret societies, and substituting at the outset the theory of duty for the erroneous foreign theory of rights, as the basis of our labours; by prefixing a definite programme as our supreme rule of action, and thus affording a test by which every member might try the instructions submitted to him; by resolutely denying the *necessity* of a foreign initiative, and declaring that the association, while maintaining inviolable secrecy as to its labours towards insurrection, would unfold and develop its principles by means of the press—I entirely separated the new brotherhood from all the old secret societies,

from their tyranny of invisible chiefs, ignoble blind obedience, empty symbolism, multiple hierarchy, and spirit of revenge.

Young Italy closed the period of political sects, and initiated that of Educational Associations.

It is true that afterwards, when the first period of our activity was concluded, several associations sprung up in Calabria and elsewhere, independent of the central association, which, while they assumed the then popular name of Young Italy, founded statutes in accordance with the special customs of their own province, or the personal tendency of their founders, in some respects differing from our own.

But unless this occurred where circumstances forbade all contact with us, we always insisted upon their adopting our fundamental rules. And they who attempt to throw the responsibility of such deviations upon us, resemble those anti-republicans who seek to render the republican principle responsible for the reign of terror in 1793, or those anti-monarchists who would render monarchy responsible for the assassinations of 1815 in the south of France. Excesses have been committed by all parties in every national movement, for which neither the parties themselves nor the movement are rendered responsible by men of good faith.

I placed myself at the head of the movement,

because the conception being mine, it was natural that I should work it out, and because I knew myself possessed of the indefatigable activity and determination of will required to develop it, and regarded unity of direction as indispensable.

But the programme which was destined to be the soul of the association was public, nor could I have deviated from it in the smallest degree without the other members being aware of my error and reproving me. Moreover I was surrounded by and accessible at all hours to members who were my personal friends, and ready freely to use the rights of friendship.

It was in fact a fraternal collective work, in which the privilege of the director was that of incurring the largest share of the obloquy, opposition, and persecution, that fell upon all.

True to my idea of initiating our double mission, public and secret, educational and insurrectional—whilst I laboured assiduously, as will be seen, in the formation of committees of the association throughout all Italy—I hastened to print the *Manifesto of Young Italy, a series of articles upon the political, moral, and literary position of Italy, with a view to her regeneration.*

Pecuniary means we had none. I economised as far as possible upon the quarterly allowance sent me by my family. My friends were all exiles without means. But we risked the attempt,

trusting in the future, and in the voluntary subscriptions that would reach us should our principles be accepted.

The Manifesto was issued—if I remember rightly—about the end of 1831.

The first number of our journal followed shortly after.

#### MANIFESTO OF YOUNG ITALY.

If we thought that a journal, issued by wandering exiled Italians, whom fate has cast among a foreign people, their hearts fed by rage and grief, and unconsolated save by a hope, was to prove but a barren expression of protest and lament, we should be silent.

Too much time has hitherto been spent in words amongst us, too little in acts; and were we simply to regard the suggestions of our individual tendencies, silence would appear the fittest reply to undeserved calumny and overwhelming misfortune; the silence of the indignant soul burning for the moment of solemn justification.

But in consideration of the actual state of things, and the desire expressed by our Italian brothers, we feel it a duty to disregard our individual inclinations for the sake of the general good. We feel it urgent to speak out frankly and

freely, and to address some words of severe truth to our fellow-countrymen, and to those peoples who have witnessed our misfortune.

Great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral, and afterwards in the material sphere. Bayonets are truly powerful only when they assert or maintain a right; the rights and duties of society spring from a profound moral sense which has taken root in the majority. Blind brute force may create victors, victims, and martyrs; but tyranny results from its triumph, whether it crown the brow of prince or tribune, if achieved in antagonism to the will of the majority.

Principles alone, when diffused and propagated amongst the peoples, manifest their right to liberty, and by creating the desire and need of it, invest mere force with the vigour and justice of law.

Truth is one. The principles of which it is composed are multiple. The human intellect cannot embrace them all at one grasp, nor having comprehended them, can it organise and combine them all in one intelligible, limited, and absolute form.

Men of great genius and large heart sow the seeds of a new degree of progress in the world, but they bear fruit only after many years, and through the labours of many men.



The education of humanity does not proceed by fits and starts. The beliefs of humanity are the result of a long and patient application of principles, the study of details, and the comparison of causes with facts and events.

A journal therefore, a gradual, successive, and progressive labour of wide and vast proportions, the work of many men agreed in a definite aim, which rejects no fact, but observes them all in their true order and various bearings, tracing in each the action of the immutable first principles of things, appears to be the method of popular instruction most in harmony with the impatient rapidity and multiplicity of events in our own day.

In Italy, as in every country aspiring towards a new life, there is a clash of opposing elements, of passions assuming every variety of form, and of desires tending in fact towards one sole aim, but through modifications almost infinite.

There are many men in Italy full of lofty and indignant hatred to the foreigner, who shout for liberty simply because it is the foreigner who withholds it.

There are others, having at heart the union of Italy before all things, who would gladly unite her divided children under any strong will, whether of native or foreign tyrant.

Others again, fearful of all violent commotions,

and doubtful of the possibility of suddenly subduing the shock of private interests, and the jealousies of different provinces, shrink from the idea of absolute union, and are ready to accept any new partition diminishing the number of sections into which the country is divided.

Few appear to understand that a fatal necessity will impede all true progress in Italy, until every effort at emancipation shall proceed upon the three inseparable bases of unity, liberty, and independence.

But the number of those who do understand it is daily increasing, and this conviction will rapidly absorb every other variety of opinion.

Love of country, abhorrence of Austria, and a burning desire to throw off her yoke, are passions now universally diffused, and the *compromises* inculcated by fear, or a mistaken notion of tactics and diplomacy, will be abandoned, and vanish before the majesty of the national will. In this respect, therefore, the question may be regarded as lying between tyranny driven to its last and most desperate struggle, and those resolved to bravely dare its overthrow.

The question as to the means by which to reach our aim, and convert the insurrection into a lasting and fruitful victory, is by no means so simple.

There is a class of men of civic ability and influence who imagine that revolutions are to be

conducted with diplomatic caution and reserve, instead of the energy of an irrevocable faith and will. They admit our principles, but reject their consequences ; deplore extreme evils, yet shrink from extreme remedies, and would attempt to lead the peoples to liberty with the same cunning and artifice adopted by tyranny to enslave them.

Born and educated at a time when the conscience of a free man was a thing almost unknown in Italy, they have no faith in the power of a people rising in the name of their rights, their past glories, their very existence. They have no faith in enthusiasm, nor indeed in aught beyond the calculations of that diplomacy by which we have a thousand times been bought and sold, and the foreign bayonets by which we have been a thousand times betrayed.

They know nothing of the elements of regeneration that have been fermenting for the last half century in Italy, nor of that yearning after better things which is the heart's desire of our masses at the present day.

They do not understand that, after many centuries of slavery, a nation can only be regenerated through virtue, or through death.

They do not understand that twenty-six millions of men, strong in a good cause and an inflexible will, are invincible.

They do not believe in the possibility of unit-

ing them in a single aim and purpose. But have they ever earnestly attempted this? Have they shown themselves ready to die for this? Have they ever proclaimed an Italian crusade? Have they ever taught the people that there is but one path to salvation; that a movement made in their cause must be upheld and sustained by themselves; that war is inevitable—desperate and determined war that knows no truce save in victory or the grave?

No; they have either stood aloof, dismayed by the greatness of the enterprise, or advanced doubtfully and timidly, as if the glorious path they trod were the path of illegality or crime.

They deluded the people by teaching them to hope in the observance of principles deduced from the records of Congresses or Cabinets; extinguished the ardour of those ready for fruitful sacrifice, by promises of foreign aid; and wasted in inertia, or in discussions about laws they knew not how to defend, the time which should have been wholly devoted to energetic action or to battle.

Afterwards, when deceived in their calculations and betrayed by diplomacy; with the enemy at their gates, and terror in their hearts; when the sole method of noble expiation left them was to die at their post—they shrank even from that, and fled.

Now, they deny all power of faith in the nation—they who never sought to kindle it by example

—and scoff at the enthusiasm they extinguished by their cowardice and hesitation.

Peace be with them, however, for their errors sprang from weakness rather than baseness ; but what right have they to assume the direction of an enterprise they are incapable of grasping or conceiving in its vastness and unity ?

In the progress of revolutions, however, every error committed serves as a step towards truth. Late events have been a better lesson to the rising generation than whole volumes of theories, and we affirm that the events of 1821 have consummated and concluded the separation of Young Italy from the men of the past.

Perhaps this last example, wherein the solemn oath sworn over the corpses of 7000 of their countrymen was converted into a compact of infamy and delusion, was needed to convince the Italians that God and fortune protect the brave ; that victory lies at their sword's point, and not in artifices of protocols.

Perhaps the lessons of ten centuries, and the dying curses of their vanquished fathers, were insufficient to convince the people that they may not look for liberty at the hands of the foreigner—perhaps the spectacle of the perjury of free men who had themselves arisen against a perjurer but six months before, as well as the miseries of exile, scorn, and persecution, were yet wanting.

But now, in this nineteenth century, Italy does know that unity of enterprise is a condition without which there is no salvation; that all true revolution is a declaration of war unto death between two principles—that the fate of Italy must be decided upon the plains of Lombardy, and that peace may only be signed beyond the Alps.

Italy does know that there is no true war without the masses; that the secret of raising the masses lies in the hands of those who show themselves ready to fight and conquer at their head; that new circumstances call for new men—men untrammelled by old habits and systems, with souls virgin of interest or greed, and in whom the Idea is incarnate; that the secret of power is faith; that true virtue is sacrifice, and true policy to be and to prove one's self strong.

Young Italy knows these things. It feels the greatness of its mission, and will fulfil it. We swear it by the thousands of victims that have fallen during the last ten years to prove that persecutions do not crush, but fortify conviction; we swear it by the human soul that aspires to progress; by the youthful combatants of Rimini; by the blood of the martyrs of Modena.

There is a whole religion in that blood; no power can exterminate the seed of liberty when it has germinated in the blood of brave men. Our

religion of to-day is still that of martyrdom ; to-morrow it will be the religion of victory.

And for us, the young—for us who are believers in the same creed—it is a duty to further the sacred cause by every means in our power. Since circumstances forbid us the use of arms, we will write.

The ideas and aspirations now scattered and disseminated among our ranks require to be organized and reduced to a system. This new and powerful element of life, which is urging young Italy towards her regeneration, has need of purification from every servile habit, from every unworthy affection.

And we, with the help of the Italians, will undertake this task, and strive to make ourselves the true interpreters of the various desires, sufferings, and aspirations that constitute the Italy of the nineteenth century.

It is our intention to publish, within certain determinate forms and conditions, a series of writings tending towards the aim, and governed by the principles we have indicated.

We shall not abstain from philosophical or literary subjects. Unity is intellect's first law. The reformation of a people rests upon no sure foundation—unless based upon agreement in religious belief, and upon the harmonious union of the complex sum of human faculties, and the

office of literature, when viewed as a moral priesthood, is to give form and expression to the principles of truth; as such, it is a powerful engine of civilisation.

Italy being our chief object, we shall not enlarge upon foreign politics or events in Europe, except in so far as may promote the education of the Italians, or tend to heap infamy upon the oppressors of mankind, and to strengthen and draw closer those bonds of sympathy which should bind the freemen of all nations in one sole brotherhood of hope and action.

There is a voice that cries unto us: The religion of humanity is love. Wheresoever two hearts throb to the same impulse, wheresoever two souls commune in virtue, there is a country. Nor will we deny the noblest aspiration of our epoch, the aspiration towards the universal association of good men.

But the blood still flowing from the wounds caused by trust in the foreigner must not too soon be forgotten. The last cry of the betrayed yet interposes between us and the nations by which we have been sold, neglected, or despised. Pardon is the virtue of victory. Love demands equality, both of power and esteem.

While we repudiate alike the assistance and the pity of foreign nations, we shall aid in enlightening the European mind, by showing the



Italians as they really are; neither blind, nor cowardly, but unfortunate; and by so doing lay the foundations of future friendship upon mutual esteem.

Italy is not known. Vanity, thoughtlessness, and the necessity of seeking excuses for crimes committed towards her, have all contributed to misrepresent facts, passions, habits, and customs.

We will uncover our wounds, and show to foreign nations our blood flowing as the price of that peace for which we have been sacrificed by the fears of diplomatists; we will declare the duties of other nations towards us, and unveil the falsehoods by which we have been overcome.

We will drag forth from the prisons and the darkness of despotism, documentary evidence of our wrongs, our sorrows, and our virtues.

We will descend into the dust of our sepulchres, and display the bones of our martyrs and the names of our unknown great in the eyes of foreign nations; mute witnesses of our sufferings, our constancy, and their guilty indifference.

A cry of fearful anguish goes up from those ruins upon which Europe gazes in cold indifference, forgetful that they have twice shed the light of liberty and civilization upon her.

We have given ear unto that cry, and we will repeat it to Europe until she learn the greatness of the wrong done; we will say unto the peoples,

such are the souls you have bought and sold ;  
such is the land you have condemned to isolation  
and eternal slavery !

The first articles written by Mazzini in the journal "Young Italy," entitled, *Of Young Italy, Romagna, La Voce della Verità*, being of interest either exclusively Italian or temporary, are not of a nature to interest the English reader.

After these follow two long and elaborate articles, *Upon the causes which have hitherto impeded the development of liberty in Italy*. They contain a careful review of the causes of the failure of the various insurrections which had taken place during the twenty years preceding the commencement of Mazzini's political career, failures which he attributes to the errors and incapacity of the leaders, not to any want of bravery or patriotism in the people. The tendency of these insurrections was always national at the outset ; the instinct of the people prompted them in every instance to raise the Italian banner, and to aspire, if not to *unity*, at least to the *union* of all the states into which the common country was divided into an Italian league to drive the foreigner from their native soil.

The fault was throughout in the misdirection of the popular movements. Men strong in faith and power of sacrifice were wanting. The leaders were incapable of interpreting the inarticulate

aspiration of the multitude, of incarnating it in themselves, and daring death for its realisation.

They had ever been deficient in daring, and had no faith either in themselves or in the people. This led them to put their trust in foreign powers and in diplomacy, by which they had been invariably abandoned or betrayed.

The consequence of the failure of so many insurrections so nobly and heroically begun, had been a sense of discouragement and despair, which had taken possession of the Italian mind, and produced that inertia from which it was the duty of all believers in the great mission assigned by God to Italy to endeavour to rouse their countrymen at every cost.

The leaders of the revolution to come must put their trust in the nation, and call the people to arms, remembering that the secret of revolutionary success lies in attack. Insurrection and war are synonymous in a country governed by foreign bayonets; and since war cannot be avoided, it should be begun in such wise as to render peace or truce impossible till the Italian soil is free.

“Beware that if the first beat of the drum be not echoed by the tocsin from our steeples, if the pitched battle be not aided by the barricade, you will fail.”

Another cause of failure is shown to be the want of all fixed and organised belief in the

leaders. "To overthrow the present state of things—to burst asunder the chains that bind the nation—in this all agree. But beyond this point they stop short, hesitating and uncertain, as if their mission were ended." . . . . .

"This rage for destruction, without attempting to found or build up; this death-cry raised against the present, without a single word being uttered to announce the life of the future; this inconstancy of doctrine and of ruling purpose, which has so often exposed the men of liberty to be stigmatized as anarchists, is one of the characteristics of our century—a century of transition, of struggle, and of warfare between the elements constituting society."

But it is the solemn duty of those who break the chains of humanity, and bid it advance, to illumine its onward path. "We stand between the past and the future; and if we would aid the development of civilization, we must lay the foundations of the last with the ruins of the first."

"If we would emancipate a race of men, it is our solemn duty to lead them, like Moses, within sight of the promised land, even though it be our own destiny but to hail it in dying, and from afar off."

The epoch of *individuality* is concluded; and it is the duty of reformers to initiate the epoch of association. Collective man is omnipotent upon

the earth he treads. "*Revolutions must be made by the people, and for the people.* This is our Word; it sums up our whole doctrine; it is our science, our religion, our heart's affection. It is the secret of our every thought and act, the purpose of our watches, the dream of our nights. . . .

"The history of the progressive development of the popular element throughout eighteen centuries of warfare and vicissitude has yet to be written; and he who should write it worthily would reduce the European enigma to its most simple expression, and cause humanity to ascend a step on the scale of progress, by revealing the true meaning of the strife which has hitherto held its generations divided, and will continue to divide them so long as the men of liberty persist in departing from the true line of policy, in search of systems of *compromise* and impossible conciliation."

"*The war between the individual and the universal, between the fractionary and the unitarian system, between PRIVILEGE and the PEOPLE,* is the soul of all revolutions, the formula of the history of eighteen centuries.

"Dominion and servitude, the Patrician and Plebeian, aristocracy and the people, feudality and Catholicism in the early days of the Church, and Catholicism and the Reformation in her later days, despotism and liberty—all are but different aspects of the one great contest, various expressions of the

two opposing principles which still strive for the dominion of the universe—*Privilege* and the *People*.

“But privilege is in its last agonies at the present day; while the people have ever maintained a progressive and ascending movement, until, having found their symbol in the convention, they stood erect in the presence of their Creator, solemnly bore witness to His existence, and deriving, like Moses, the tablet of their rights and duties from Him, reduced the universe to the two terms—God and the People.

“God and the People! such is the programme of the future.

“God and the People! such also is our programme; and we will maintain it with all the energy and courage a deep-rooted conviction can give.

. . . . .

“But if we raise the cry of *War to the foreigner*, without inscribing any word expressive of the rights, regeneration, and the civil and material advantage of the masses on the reverse of our flag, will the masses be with us?

“Let us beware of seeking to found our future upon an illusion.

“Whole nations do not rise to battle at the present day at the mere sight of a flag of war. The people are groaning beneath oppression; trampled under foot and impoverished by tyranny;

and against tyranny they are ready to rise. But all tyranny is odious, whether foreign or domestic.

. . . . .

“The masses understand the word liberty better than they do that of independence. Moreover, while the Austrian uniform is abhorred by the Lombard, because the substance, gold, and men of Lombardy are drawn to swell the granaries, treasury, and armies of Austria; the Genoese, Piedmontese, Tuscan, or Neapolitan, feels no Austrian yoke upon his neck. The baton of Metternich does in fact govern and direct all the petty tyrants of Italy; but that is a cabinet secret, and the masses know nothing of cabinets.

. . . . .

“The *Barbarian* for the mass of the people is he who imposes a tax upon the light that shines above him, and upon the air he breathes; the barbarian is the custom-house officer who impedes his freedom of commerce and traffic; the barbarian is he who insolently violates his individual liberty; the barbarian is the spy who watches over him even in the hours when he seeks forgetfulness from the misery that surrounds him.

“In the thousand oppressions, the endless vexations, and the relentless scorn of an insolent power and an abhorred aristocracy, lie the griefs of our masses; and they who would rouse the people to action must speak to them of these.

After indicating the moral and material advantages to be unfolded to the people as the result of national independence and liberty, Mazzini continues: "Then, tell them of our great memories; speak to them of 1746, of Massaniello. Tell them of the battles of Paris, Brussels, and Warsaw; of their barricades, pikes, and scythes. Say to them, 'It rests with you to emulate these deeds, and arise in giant strength. God will be with you; God is with the oppressed!' And when you see a gleam of light illumine the brow, and hear the beating of the great heart of the people throbbing like the pulse of the sea, then rush to the van, point to the plains of Lombardy, and say: '*There stand the men who perpetuate your slavery.*' Show them the Alps, and cry, '*These are our true frontier—War to Austria!*'"

"The People! the People! We return to the old Italian cry. It is the cry of the age, the cry of the millions eager to advance—the cry of the new epoch that gains upon us apace.

"All hail to the people! for they are the elect of God, chosen by him to fulfil his law of universal love, association, and emancipation."

The tendency of this doctrine that *the future revolution must be made by the people, and for the people*, is directly republican. The adoption of the formula, *God and the People*, as the programme of the society of Young Italy, also clearly indicates



that the social mission undertaken by that association will be the republican education of the Italian people. Mazzini frankly avows his belief that the unity and independence of Italy can only be permanently assured under a republican form of government.

He quotes the words uttered by Napoleon at St. Helena ; *In forty years Europe will be either Republican or Cossack* ; and believes that the progress of the popular element in Europe is gradually tending to the verification—of course after a more lengthened period than that named by the Emperor—of the prophecy.

Europe has tried every possible form of monarchy without finding rest in any : the monarchy of right divine ; monarchy by the right of the strongest ; and monarchy, as it has been called, by the right of the people.

Louis XIV. summed up and exhausted the first, and Charles X., who endeavoured to revive the dead formula, only escaped losing his head upon the scaffold, from the fact that the times had become milder, and the nation more secure of her own strength. Napoleon exhausted and consumed the second, and the experiment of constitutional monarchy in France has proved it capable neither of retrogression nor advance.

The example of England alone has caused the constitutional form of government to be viewed

with favour by other nations; but there were special positive and practical reasons—which Mazzini enumerates at some length—rendering that form of government suitable to her, as there are special, positive, and practical reasons rendering it unsuitable to Italy.

There is not a single one of her petty tyrant princes able to unite the suffrages of twenty-six millions of Italians, divided and dismembered for ages, and crush out the old leaven of that provincial spirit not yet extinct, and which, if rekindled, would become a source of extreme danger to unity.

“There is not one of these princes who has not signed a compact with Austria in the blood of his subjects. Not one whose past life is not a violent and insurmountable barrier between him and the future of his people.”

But every difference, every jealousy between province and province, would disappear before the enthronement of a great principle.

“A principle is common to all; its triumph is the triumph of all; the consent it represents is the consent of all, and can excite no jealousy and no rivalry; but a man, sprung from one sole province, though sustained perhaps by the vanity if not by the affection of that province, would be abhorred in every other.”

Moreover, the Italian people is both by tradi-

tion and by instinct, republican. Royalty is only known to the Italian people by their terrible experience of regal proscriptions—those of old in Naples; of still later date in Piedmont and Lombardy; those of central Italy, ordered by the Duke and Canosa; and those still more atrocious of Cesena and Forlì, executed by papal bravos, in the name of the Pope, and under the papal blessing.

But the word republic sounds to the Italian people as the definition of their rights and the programme of liberal institutions. There is a confused memory in the people that in the days when they were prosperous at home and powerful abroad, the word republic was inscribed upon their banner.

Mazzini accounts for the fear and repugnance which the word republic too frequently inspires, by the horrible excesses of the reign of terror in France, during what was not in fact a republic, but the attempt to create one—a republican war.

They tremble at the name, not at the thing. If they would calmly consider the conditions of this form of government, few would refuse to accept them.

“A Republic (*respublica*, or the thing of the people) is the national government in the hands of the nation itself.

“It is a government by laws which are the true expression of the national will, in which the sovereignty of the nation is recognised as the

ruling principle of every act, the centre and source of all power.

1) “It is a state unity in which every interest is represented according to its numerical strength; in which all privilege is denied by law, and the merit or demerit of the act is the sole rule by which rewards or punishments are dealt out; in which all taxes, imposts, tributes, and every restriction upon art or industry are reduced to the minimum amount, because the <sup>4</sup>expenses, exigencies, and numbers of the administrators of the government are upon the most economical scale possible; in which the tendency of the institutions is chiefly towards the benefit of the most numerous and poorest class; in which the principle of association is evermore developed, and the path of indefinite progress laid open by the general diffusion of instruction, and the abolition of every stationary element, and every form of immobility; finally, in which the entire society, united in strong, calm, happy, and solemn concord, shall be even as a temple erected upon this earth to virtue, liberty, progressive civilization, and the moral law; over the portals of which temple will be inscribed—  
The People to their God.”

The next articles written by Mazzini in Young Italy are a few lines, entitled *Persecuzione*, upon some of the atrocities of the Neapolitan Govern-

ment; and *Thoughts, addressed to the Poets of the nineteenth century*, bearing an epigraph taken from Lord Byron's Journal, "*What is poetry? The consciousness of a past world, and a world to come.*"

The article is suggested by the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, and the silence of the poets of the day upon that event—although the brief life of that prince presents two moments of sublime poetry thus sketched by the author:—

"It was the 20th of March 1811, and Paris awakened to the sound of the cannon.

"Paris in those days was an idea, a name, a man.

"The banner of France was a name; the minds of men were ruled by a name, which had taken root in the heart of the people, to whom it was synonymous with honour and glory.

The multitude that thronged the streets were burning with impatience, agitated by desire and hope. "They listened eagerly, counting the guns as if the destinies of the whole nation hung upon the last; and when that last—the hundred-and-first—had boomed upon the ear of the expectant people, it was followed by an universal shout of applause and exultation—

*"Glory to the elect of Victory! Joy and repose to France! A son is born unto her chief!"*

"And he, the Chief, stood by the side of that cradle, hailed and saluted by millions of men, radiant and glorified as after one of his great

victories ; triumphing in spirit over the future, as he had triumphed in battle over the present.

“ One-and-twenty years had elapsed. It was the 2d of July 1832.

“ A youth, dressed in the Austrian uniform, upon whose brow were traced the lines of deep thought, and the torment of an idea, lay dying at Schœnbrun, worn out and crushed by the weight of a name that might not be borne in base rest with impunity.

“ A world was in the brain of the dying man, but around him all was solitude. They who watched his last sigh spoke not his country’s language. The banner that waved before his eyes was not that which had floated in triumph at his father’s bidding, even over the land where he expired.

“ It was the infant of the 20th of March ; the child born to empire, now neglected and a prisoner ; he whose first cry had been hailed by millions. The reflex of a glory that will not die was upon him ; but its gleam was sad, pale, and silent as the memory of an irrevocable past. The dying man was chilled by that ray. Visions of the future—of fame, of empire, of crowns lost and won—rushed tumultuously upon his brain at that solemn moment, only to sink again a burning weight upon his heart.

“ No consolation from without, no echo to the

war-cry which burst in delirium from his lips. The son of the powerful and great died unknown; and the last rays of the epoch his father had consumed were extinguished with him.

“Those were two moments of sublime poetry, comprehending and summing up two poetic epochs.

“The first the poetry of action, sensation, and joy, glorious and brilliant in power and life as the noonday sun; the other, the poetry of inward meditation, grave, sad, and silent as the sun that sets. The poetry of confidence and victory, and the poetry of ruin; the poetry of the present, and the poetry of the past; a ray of the glory of Marengo, the Pyramids, Wagram, and Austerlitz; and the memory of Moscow, Waterloo, and St. Helena; the hymn, and the elegy; the poetry of life, and the poetry of death.

. . . . .

“Why this indifference of the peoples to the death of the sole representative of a system the banner of which had been followed by all Europe? Why this silence of the poets upon the vanishing of this star, upon the disappearance of a great idea taking flight from the world for ever? Wherefore this indifference to the loss of this type of individual greatness before which two centuries for an instant bowed down?

. . . . .

“The greatest living French poet was unable

to string together two really poetical ideas upon this subject. Journalists looked about them to see if they could make political capital of this death. They did their best to curse and lament, but they only succeeded in being cold and mediocre. Their lines showed no vestige of real passion, no sign even of the remembrance of powerful enthusiasm, or genuine grief. Perhaps the only feeling really revealed in their writings is one of wonder to find that they are not moved as they expected to be.

“Only one-and-twenty years divided that cradle and that tomb.

“But those few years had witnessed events for which in former times the lapse of a century would have been insufficient.

“One year after the first date saw the flight from Russia, and a year later the reaction of the popular element began in Germany. The next saw Napoleon at Elba. Then came the miraculous return, the throne raised up again through the favour of the trusting multitudes, to be abandoned at the first news of fresh delusions. Then came Waterloo and St. Helena. After these the Spanish revolution, the insurrection of Greece, the Italian insurrections, the three days of Paris, the days of Brussels and of Warsaw; dynasties cast down; kings wandering exiles throughout Europe; the aristocratic principle struck to the heart even in



England, and the revolutionary ferment penetrating into Germany.

“ And poets were silent over the sepulchre of young Napoleon, because they felt within them that it behoved them to strike new chords, because the flood of events in those one-and-twenty years had overwhelmed all individual names, and ideas of mere conquest and glory ; because the epoch of individuality had been replaced by the epoch of the peoples, the era of principles, the sovereignty of right.

“ Poets were silent, because when generations descend into the arena, individuals disappear ; because the past and present henceforth are naught, the future is everything—the threatening, persistent sublime future—object of every thought, desire of every heart ; the future, rapid, vast, and powerful both to destroy and create ; advancing moment by moment like mountain lava, arousing extinct peoples, uniting divided races, proceeding by masses, and making individuals the mere stepping-stones to their ascent.

“ This future is HUMANITY.

“ The world of individuality, the world of the middle ages, is exhausted and consumed. The modern era, the social world, is now in the dawn of its development. And genius is possessed by the consciousness of this coming world.

. . . . .

“Napoleon and Byron represented, summed up, and concluded the epoch of individuality. The one, monarch of the kingdom of battle; the other, monarch of the realm of imagination. The poetry of action and the poetry of thought. . . .

“To see the first scouring Europe with the code in one hand, and the sword in the other; disregarding or crushing the differences between the peoples, and imposing the same reforms and the same chains on each; transforming the political condition of each, and fusing them all into a new unity; one might fancy him a man inspired by the genius of civilization to become the unconscious apostle of European equality, the preparer of the future, as he was the Attila of the past.

“One might fancy that, in order securely to lay the foundations of the epoch of association, it was necessary that the peoples should be previously constrained into an enforced unity; and that he had been destined to initiate a new grade of civilization by teaching the peoples that even as they had borne a common slavery, so were they destined to tread together a common path of liberty and emancipation. . . .

“The time came when the peoples began to feel their strength, when Europe comprehended that she could advance alone. . . . The mission of Napoleon was at an end on the day when the mission of the peoples began. . . .

“ Then began his defeats—the velocity of his decline and downfall, more rapid and tremendous even than the ascent had been. It was as if he had been doomed suddenly to vanish, in order to remove an obstacle to the movement of the generations.

“ He withdrew to consume himself away in the midst of the Atlantic, as if the individual principle symbolized in him had been condemned to withdraw from Europe to make room for the invading popular principle in its advance.

“ The second, the Napoleon of poetry, arose at the same time. Created by nature deeply to feel and identify himself with the first sublime image offered to his sight, he gazed around upon the world, and found it not.

“ Religion was no more. An altar was yet standing, but broken and profaned ; a temple silent and destitute of all noble and elevating emotion, and converted into the fortress of despotism ; in it a neglected cross. Around him a world given up to materialism, which had descended from the ranks of philosophical opinion to the mud of practical egotism, and the relics of a superstition which had become deformed and ridiculous, since the progress of civilization had forbidden it to be cruel.

“ *Cant* was all that was left in England, frivolity in France, and inertia in Italy.

“ No generous sympathy, no pure enthusiasm ;

liberty a divinity proscribed, and only worshipped in secret by a few great souls. No religion, no earnest desire, no aspiration visible in the masses.

“ Whence could the soul of Byron draw inspiration? where find a symbol for the immense poetry that burned within him? ”

“ Despairing of the world around him, he took refuge in his own heart, and dived into the inmost depths of his own soul. In it, indeed, was a whole world, a volcano, a chaos of raging and tumultuous passions; a cry of war against society, such as tyranny had made it; against religion, such as the Pope and the craft of priests had made it; and against mankind as he saw them, isolated, degraded, and deformed. He hearkened to the cry of his soul, and hurled it forth, a malediction against creation, repeated in a thousand tones, but ever with the same intensity and energy.

“ The result was a form of poetry purely *individual*, all of individual sensation and images; a poetry having no basis in humanity, nor in any universal faith; a poetry over which, with all its infinity of accessories drawn from nature and the material world, there broods the image of Prometheus, bound down to earth, and cursing the earth; an image of individual will striving to substitute itself by violence for the universal will, and universal right. . . .

“ Napoleon fell. Byron fell. The tombs of St.

Helena and Missolongi contain the relics of an entire world. After Napoleon, who shall attempt an European despotism, seek to dominate the peoples by conquest, and substitute his own for the idea of civilization? After Byron—after his “Corsair,” “Lara,” and “Manfred”—who, without servile imitation, may attempt the creation of special individual types, separate and distinct from the social world around them? . . .

“Adieu to Napoleon—adieu to his strong and unique will, to his domination over the nations, to his capacity of concentration, to the power of that nod, which, like a sign from the antique Jove, roused millions of men to action. Adieu to his military despotism, and the glory of the battle-field unsanctified by an idea of civil welfare; adieu to the worship of names. The time is coming when the peoples shall live their own life. The sole idea now fruitful and powerful in Europe, is the idea of national liberty; the worship of principle has begun.

“Adieu to Byron—adieu to his titanic images, to his types of individuality at strife with pursuing Fate, to his sublime but blasphemous cry that the world is a desert, humanity condemned to wither in dust and ashes, sorrow and suffering the law of the universe.

“The world is no desert; a word of liberty has peopled it with warriors, the new epoch slowly but

triumphantly reveals itself to the poetic eye; sorrow and suffering will long remain—will ever be the destiny, the element of individuals—but they will not ever be borne in useless and blasphemous solitude. The individual to whom life is a curse may at least lose it nobly in the battles of country and liberty; and humanity will arise in greater grandeur and solemnity from the tombs of those who, half a century ago, might have died suicides, and now die martyrs.

“The life of the peoples, and the hymn of the martyr,—such are the two elements of all poetry that aspires to live beyond the day.”

“An opinion has lately arisen in France, and thence been spread abroad, that poetry is extinct; that fancy, imagination, and enthusiasm all are dead; and that prose, political calculation, and questions of mere material interest, have penetrated and invaded all things. This opinion has been echoed by an entire intellectual school; a cry of woe has gone forth, denying alike hope, principle, and morality.

“This school groans over the universe, murmurs a death-song among ruins, and calls the living *to Heaven, to Heaven!* as if all moral and material beauty had fled the earth; as if mankind had no other duty left than that of preparing for death.

“In reading these writers, a feeling of desolation

is instilled into the heart, a sense of the cold breath of the tomb, a bitterness against all human things, a delusion so deeply felt as to render the soul barren, and condemn it to inertia. The *Despair and die* of Shakespeare appears to be the motto of this school, which was created and nourished by some ten verses of Byron; and which, though at one period *romantic*, revolutionary, and useful, has now become retrograde, and noxious both to literature and civilization. . . .

“In their most apparently religious pages there yet lurks a scepticism, a desolating sense of doubt. You feel that a blasphemy is trembling upon the lip that murmurs a prayer. There is no religion: it is a moral anarchy, uncertainty, and distrust, as of men wandering in a void themselves have created.

“For us, who have faith in the destinies of humanity, who believe in the duty of sacrifice, and the noble mission of man; in a religion whose centre is the fatherland, and whose circumference embraces the whole earth; a religion, the three terms of which are liberty, equality, humanity—there is poetry in every epoch. There is poetry in every land wherein a cry is uttered protesting against violated rights; where the groan of the oppressed is not impotent and unheard; where martyrdom numbers its apostles, and liberty her soldiers. Poetry exists in all things; it is the solar

ray that shines upon and mingles with every object, it is the power of harmony that lies dormant in the harp, until touched by an awakening hand.

“ There is an element of poetry in every human heart, if the breath of generous passion do but awaken it ; and certainly it is not in an epoch of transition, like our own, that such inspiration will fail.

“ But poetry advances with the age, and with the progress of events. Poetry is life, motion, the central fire of action, the star that illumines the path of the future, the column of fire leading the advance of the peoples across the desert. Poetry is enthusiasm, with wings of fire ; it is the angel of high thoughts, that inspires us with the power of sacrifice. . . . No, poetry is not dead ; poetry is immortal as the eternal springs of love and liberty whence it draws its inspiration. . . . Poetry has forsaken ancient Europe to animate the young and lovely Europe of the peoples. It has fled like the swallow from the crumbling edifice, its former home, in search of a brighter world and purer sky. It has abandoned the solitary regal throne for the vast arena of the peoples, for the ranks of the martyrs for their country, for the scaffold of the citizen, for the prison of the hero betrayed.

“ The poetry of the modern era shone upon the republican armies of the Convention, when, spite of internal strife, spite of terror, spite of poverty, no



less than fourteen armies rushed barefooted and in ragged uniform to the frontier, with the cry of liberty upon their lips ; their sole earthly possession their country's cockade upon their caps, their bayonets, and their invincible faith.

“ The poetry of the modern era has joined the guerrilleros of Spain, inspiring with its own enthusiasm those mountaineers whose constancy vanquished the flower of Napoleon's army ; it sounded from hill to hill in the songs that roused the men of the people against their foreign oppressors.

“ The poetry of the modern era overflowed all Germany, assuming the form and sanctity of a religion amid those bands of students who gladly abandoned their universities and their homes for the camp, and marched to battle to the songs of Körner and of Arndt.

“ Think you that a poetry inaugurated by deeds such as these at its birth can expire ere it has reached maturity ? Would you compare the poor pale poetry of the individual—a poetry of externals, a poetry that lives and dies within the narrow circle of a palace, a chapel, or an ancient house—to this grand social poetry, solemn, calm, and faithful ; recognizing God alone in heaven, and the people on earth ?

. . . . .  
“ What ! shall the poets of the nineteenth century sing the Duke of Reichstadt, or the child Bordeaux ;

and none arise to sing Poland, that sacred and sublime Poland, whose groans are echoing along the path to Siberia ?

.....

“ Have they no hymn for the thousands of exiles who, as if impelled by fate to an European Congress, have met to join hands in France, and lay the foundations of the future alliance of the peoples in the common sorrow ?

“ This yearning of the human mind towards an indefinite progress ; this force that urges the generations onwards towards the future ; this impulse of universal association ; this banner of young Europe waving on every side ; this varied, multi-form, endless warfare everywhere going on against tyranny ; this cry of the nations arising from the dust to reclaim their rights, and call their rulers to account for the injustice and oppression of ages ; this crumbling of ancient dynasties at the breath of the people ; this anathema upon old creeds ; this restless search after new ; this youthful Europe springing from the old, like the moth from the chrysalis ; this glowing life arising in the midst of death, this world in resurrection ;—is not this poetry ?

.....

“ It may be that to-morrow a new genius will arise radiant in hope and faith, serene as the future that awaits the human race, ardent as the thirst for

action that urges the generations onward, to sing the canticle of humanity, the hymn of resurrection, the holy names of love, liberty, and progress. And then will poetry, *the consciousness of a world to come*, enter upon its third period, the loveliest and vastest ; because in it will be harmonized the ruling principles of things, landmarks in the progress of intellect : God—Man—Humanity.

“ Poets, brethren of the eagle, why look behind ? . . . Look around and before you. An European people awaits you. . . . Look on high, and be the prophets of the future. . . . Above all things, look to the future, and to the people. . . .

“ Poets, fellow-countrymen, prepare for us the song of battle ; and may it long survive the youths who will sound it in the face of the Austrian.”

After the *Thoughts addressed to the Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, Mazzini's next publications in the Journal *Young Italy* were Guerrazzi's *Oration upon Cosimo Delfante*, accompanied by a few pages of preface, and several short articles entitled, *On the Brotherhood of the Peoples ; The German Tribune ; The Alliance of the French and German Peoples ; Young Italy to the People of Germany and the Liberals of France.*

These were followed by a correspondence between himself and Sismondi—published at the suggestion of the historian—to whom Mazzini had

written, sending him the first numbers of his journal, and requesting his co-operation.

Sismondi answered, expressing great interest in the undertaking, suggesting certain subjects he considered it desirable to treat, and promising to contribute ; only requiring, before giving his name, two things to be guaranteed by the editor—*1st*, That the journal should not assume an attitude of hostility to the government of the country wherein its writers had found an asylum ; and *2d*, That none of the doctrines promulgated should be such as to wound the religious sentiment of the peoples.

Mazzini replied that it was not their intention to occupy themselves with the French political questions of the day, and adds : “ I promise you that we shall not attack the religious sentiment of the peoples. Blessed with that sentiment myself, I believe that the attempt to destroy it would be to sow the seeds of anarchy, by depriving mankind of all *unity*, of all faith in one sole *principle*, and all consciousness of a common origin and aim.”

In his second letter Sismondi undertakes to write for the journal—declares himself a republican in principle, and especially a republican as regards Italy.

He afterwards forwarded a long article against the principle of universal suffrage, which Mazzini did not consider it judicious to publish, and which appeared to him “ inconsistent with Sismondi’s professed preference for the republican form of go-

vernment, of which the suffrage of all the citizens is an elementary basis. As Sismondi himself had said in one of his letters, we republicans might be compelled to bow to facts and opinions not of our own creation, and accept—from reverence to the idea of unity—a more restricted form of liberty.

But no one could foresee any probability of such facts at that day, and to theorize about their possibility appeared to me worse than useless.”

Mazzini's next article, *The Writers of “Young Italy” to their Fellow-Countrymen*, bears the epigraph—

“*Ora e sempre,*

*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*”

In it he reviews and answers the various objections raised against “Young Italy” by other parties, declares the principles that govern the labours of the association, and the motives that guide them in their choice of means. “Friends and enemies, we desire to know and to be known by them all.”

Young Italy has, he says, been accused of having, by the adoption of the denominations *Old* and *Young Italy*, divided the country into two camps, and separated two elements, which, had they worked together, might have been the salvation of Italy; but which, while divided, will create new internal dissensions.

Young Italy has also been accused of endangering the Italian cause by offering alliance with

foreign peoples, and of running after the illusion of an European future, instead of confining itself exclusively to the practical Italian question. The association should abandon all discussion of abstract principles, and occupy itself exclusively with the actual material and positive interests of the country. All the rest may better be postponed, to be discussed when once the independence of Italy from foreign rule shall have been accomplished.

“ In answering these objections, Mazzini declares that, if there be rational reason to believe the association capable of serving the material and practical interests of the country, it is precisely because its labours are governed and directed by a doctrine susceptible of application to the entire series of national political phenomena, and derived from one sole ruling principle. ”

“ Unity is the law of the physical as well as of the moral world. . . . Where there exists no authority derived from a ruling rational principle, to which all the accidents and occurrences of social life may be referred, a conflict of individual opinions is sure to arise, in which force will of necessity become the sole arbitrator, and the path to despotism will thus be thrown open. . . . The natural impulse of every social body is to harmonize the various forces of which it is composed. All strife or dissonance between these forces is an indication of disease.

“Every revolution is an attempt to co-ordinate the springs of social progress, an attempt to obtain recognition for an hitherto neglected element, and to procure for that element its rightful place in the constitution of the power that governs the national edifice.

“Now this impulse towards harmony, and the creation of a system, are one and the same thing.

“A principle, its legitimate consequences, and their exact application to a given aim, are the component parts of a doctrine.”

. . . . .  
The members of “Young Italy” believe that “every man really desirous of promoting the work of emancipation is bound to study the elements of emancipation already existing, the method of application adapted to turn them to the best account, and the grounds upon which to establish the new political edifice.”

. . . . .  
“Merely to shout liberty, without reflecting what it is intended the word should imply, is the instinct of the oppressed slave—no more.

“It is impossible to realise a great aim by confining ourselves to a vague sentiment of reaction, and an indefinite idea of war against every obstacle in our way. Liberty thus understood will lead us to martyrdom, not victory. . . .

“We are unwilling to worship a hidden and

unknown God. We desire first to know, and then to adore him. We are willing to offer ourselves up as a sacrifice, if need be ; but upon the altar of our own choice, and in the worship of a rational and positive religion."

It is therefore necessary clearly to define the aim for which the Italians propose to rise.

"What is it we want ?

"We demand to exist. We demand a name. We desire to make our country powerful and respected, free and happy. . . . .

"In other words, we demand *independence, unity, and liberty*, for ourselves and for our fellow-countrymen.

"There are no differences of opinion as to the first. All are agreed in the cry of *Out with the foreigner.*"

There were differences as to unity, but Mazzini considered them such as might easily be overcome. Some preferred the federal form to the unitarian ; but this distinction created, he believed, no serious elements of discord. All were agreed that unity implied superior force, and was therefore desirable, if possible. The disputed point was its possibility, or the greater or less lapse of time that would be necessary to overcome the obstacles arising out of provincial jealousies and dissensions.

But the different interpretations given to the word liberty by the various parties in Italy did



create a serious obstacle to harmonious action. Some believed a constitutional monarchy, with a citizen king, to be the form of government most conducive to liberty; others opined for a foreign prince belonging to some ancient and powerful dynasty; others proposed electing the most successful soldier; while many held that true liberty was only possible under a republican form of government.

Minor questions were also agitated on every side: the various methods of applying the elective principle—the question of one or more Houses of Representatives—the amount of power to be intrusted to the judicial authorities, etc.; and these dissensions were carried on in the face of the enemy, who took advantage of them to overcome each party separately, and in turn.

“ In the midst of this chaos of conflicting opinions, it has been said: *Let us leave all these questions to be decided by the people when restored to their rightful power. Since none dissent upon the question of independence, let every one rally round that, as an escape from these difficulties.*

“ This proposal, however, is a proof of weakness, and we are determined not to be weak. Young Italy does not wish to escape from difficulties, but to overcome them.”

. . . . .  
“ Such a mode of starting upon an enterprise,

and shouting, *forward*, without knowing whither, appears to us unworthy of men who seek their own regeneration, and that of others."

"Moreover, the people desire independence as a pledge of liberty."

A whole nation cannot be induced to arise in revolution merely to destroy. The people will not expend their blood, treasure, and substance, at the risk of substituting a new to an old form of oppression. "The secret of moving the multitudes lies in addressing them with a brief, clear, and complete programme."

The idea of leaving the question of the choice of a form of government to be decided by the people after the insurrection, reveals new difficulties when practically considered.

"Either the will of the people must be irregularly expressed by popular tumult ; and in that case the most artful or successful *condottiere* will become their elect : or you must summon them to the solemn expression of their will through the medium of regularly elected popular assemblies ; and in that case you virtually decide the question by this first adoption of the republican form."

The experiment of leaving all these questions undecided until after the success of the insurrection was tried by the Carbonari, and it signally failed. The original evil of internal dissensions revealed

itself in double force the day after the insurrection, precisely at the moment when union and concord were most urgent and indispensable.

“Different aims require different means. They who desire to found a constitutional monarchy must adopt a method distinct from that of men seeking to found a republic. Differing principles necessarily produce different consequences. . . .

“THE FIRST LAW OF EVERY REVOLUTION IS TO KNOW WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE.

“The method of obtaining what you would have will be the second consideration, naturally flowing out of this first law.

“It was therefore necessary that we should make choice of a symbol, a faith, and an aim, from among the many presented to us.

“We have chosen the republican symbol.

“The many reasons which decided us in this choice—the few immutable principles of which the republican form, of government is a logical consequence; the impossibility of reconciling true liberty and the dogma of equality with monarchy; the many treacheries of princes (the last betrayal never to be cancelled); the difficulty of extinguishing provincial rivalries in the name of one man; the fact that we possess no man of sufficient fame, virtue, and genius, to direct the regeneration of Italy; the power of republican memories over our people; the necessity of convincing a people so

often sold and betrayed, that they who seek to lead them are labouring for their good ; the absence amongst us of many of the necessary elements of monarchy ; the desire of cutting short all questions in one single revolution ;—all these are matters not within the scope of the present article. . . .

“Our present object is clearly to state our principles, and their consequences.”

The errors committed in former revolutions are next passed in review, and proved to have been the necessary and logical consequences of the adoption of the monarchical principle as the directing power of revolution.

The fact of placing a king at the head of the social edifice created the necessity of seeking the support and approval of foreign monarchies ; placed the question of peace and war, the choice of ministers, etc., in the hands of the king ; and rendered it necessary to avoid calling the popular element into the arena.

Hence the command of the army was placed in the hands of men either unfit to lead, or suspected of treason towards the revolution. Hence, also, the attempt to conduct a revolution with the arts and intrigues of diplomacy.

The adoption of the republican symbol will necessitate the adoption of a different mode of action.

“Therefore, while raising on high the banner of

the people, we shall repose our best hopes in them. We shall teach them their rights. We shall oppose no barrier to their action, but endeavour to direct it for good ; and use our every effort to promote a truly popular, national, guerrilla war, against which, when universal and determined, no enemy can long resist.

“ Therefore we shall do everything in our power to destroy privilege, to teach the dogma of equality as a religion, and to fuse and confound the various existing classes into a great national unity.

“ Therefore we shall not seek the alliance of kings, nor delude ourselves with any idea of maintaining our liberty by diplomatic arts or treaties : we shall not ask our salvation as an alms from the protocols of conferences, or promises of cabinets ; for we well know that by arising in the name of the republic, we are entering upon an irrevocable and irreconcilable war with the principle dominating all the actual governments of Europe. . . . We know that revolutions are only to be ratified at the bayonet’s point. We are of the people, and we will treat with the peoples. They will understand us.”

. . . . .  
“ We have inscribed the device ‘ *Young Italy* ’ upon our tricoloured banner, because it is in fact the banner of rising and regenerate Italy.”  
. . . . .

“ To those who would restrain the aspiration of the multitudes towards a social revolution within the limits of a narrow reform ; to those who seek to make the ruins of an old caste, privilege, or aristocracy, the stepping-stone to a new ; to those who, after the sad unanswerable evidence of past experience, persist in preaching hereditary monarchy, striving to induce the masses to rush to martyrdom only that they may lay the foundations of a new tyranny upon their corpses ; to those who, while they shout for the abolition of all political privilege and inequality, yet place the dogma of privilege and inequality at the summit of their constitution, symbolized in the person of an inviolable monarch, an hereditary chamber, and an elective *class* ; to those who pretend to overthrow a principle while preserving its consequences, or to reveal a principle, and reject its consequences ; to those who arrogate to themselves the right to alter the destiny of a people, yet tremble before the face of death, danger, and the people ; to those who imagine they can transform a state without calling into action all the motive forces offered by the state ; to those who would have twenty-six millions of Italians rise in revolution without knowing wherefore ; to those who boast themselves so exclusively Italian as to abhor everything foreign, however excellent, while they watch over and found their every hope upon the combinations of foreign cabinets,

invoke foreign aid in their country's cause, and declare every attempt made with her own native forces imprudent; to those who admit the right to political liberty, yet deny the right to philosophical, literary, and religious liberty;—to those, and *only* to those—to whatsoever age, condition, or province they belong—do we give the name of *Old Italy*; for they are men of the past, and intellectually dangerous.

“From these, but *only* from these, do we, *Young Italy*—men of progress, of the future, and of independence—to whatsoever age, condition, or province, we belong—declare ourselves separate and apart for ever.

“LIBERTY *in all things and for all men.*

“EQUALITY *of social and political rights and duties.*

“*Association of all the peoples, and of all free men in one mission of progress embracing the whole of HUMANITY.*

“Such is our symbol, our intent, our enterprise.

“Let him who can teach us a better, come forward. It is his duty to proclaim it.

“Let him who knows none better, become our associate and brother.

“Let those who will do neither, stand aloof in their inutility; but let them not presume to preach silence or inertness to us.”

. . . . .

“ THE PEOPLE.

“ This is our principle ; the basis of the social pyramid ; our point of reunion ; the collective Being to whom we refer whenever we think or speak of Italian revolution or regeneration.

“ By the people we mean the universality of the men composing the nation.

“ Mere multitudes, unless directed by a common principle, associated in a common aim, and governed by equal laws, do not constitute a *nation*. The word nation represents unity ; unity of principles, of aim, and of rights, alone can transform a multitude of men into a homogeneous whole, a nation.

“ A mass or multitude of men is only rightly to be considered a nation when the principle, the aim, and the rights purporting to constitute them such, are founded upon bases that are permanent.

“ The principle in which they believe must be both inviolable and *progressive*, so that it may neither be destroyed by time nor human caprice.

“ The aim must be a *moral* aim, for every material aim is, in its very nature, finite, and therefore incapable of constituting a basis of perpetual union.

“ Their rights must be deduced from the eternal rights of our human nature, the only rights which may not be cancelled by the lapse of ages.

“ Unity of principles can only be conceived as



free and spontaneous ; it may not be imposed by violence or artifice.

“The aim common to all *individuals* is their own improvement ; the organized development of their own faculties.

“The aim of the *nation* is the progressive development and activity of all the social forces.

“Association is the means by which to achieve this aim.”

. . . . .

“True association can only exist amongst equals in rights and duties.

“Wheresoever unity of rights is not the universal law, castes, dominion, privilege, Helotism, and dependence will continue to exist : there can be neither equality nor liberty, nor association, which is based upon free will.”

. . . . .

“Equality, liberty, and association ; these three elements constitute the true nation.

“The nation is the universality of the citizens speaking the same tongue, and associated in equality of civil and political rights, in the pursuit of a common aim—the progressive development, improvement, and free exercise of all the social forces.

“The first consequence of association, and of the equality of the associates, is—

“That no family, and no individual, may assume

the exclusive dominion over the whole or a portion of the social forces, or the exclusive direction of their activity.

“The second consequence of association, and of the equality of the associates, is—

“That no *class*, and no individual, without a *direct mandate* from the nation, may assume the *administration* of the social forces, or their activity.

“Hence follows *the abolition of every hereditary privilege*.

“Hence all the individuals composing the governmental hierarchy are the delegated servants of the nation, their mandate revocable by the nation ; and not invested with right, office, or power, *per se*, but by the nation.

“THE NATION IS THE SOLE SOVEREIGN.

“All power not issuing from the nation is usurped.

“Every individual who oversteps the powers with which he has been invested by the nation, is an unfaithful servant.

“The nation alone possesses the inviolable right of choosing her own institutions, and of improving or altering them when no longer in accordance with her wants, and with the progress of the social intellect.

“But as the whole nation cannot meet in assembly to discuss and decree its institutions, it acts by means of delegation ; elects a certain num-

ber of men in whom it has confidence, and deposes them to receive the expression of the national wants and the national will, and to represent and constitute that will in the form of law.

“ THE WILL OF THE NATION, EXPRESSED BY DELEGATES CHOSEN BY THE NATION TO REPRESENT IT, WILL BE LAW TO HER CITIZENS.

“ THE NATION BEING ONE, THE NATIONAL REPRESENTATION MUST BE ONE. The unity of the first involves the unity of the second.

“ The vast association of the nation includes all the social elements and all the social forces. A truly *national* system of representation must therefore be the expression of the will of all these elements, and of all these forces.

“ Whenever a single one of these forces is neglected, there exists no national representation, and the tendency and desire of that force to be represented will create the necessity of radical change. Hence strife and revolution take the place of tranquil and pacific progress.”

“ National representation is not founded upon any description of property qualification, but upon the basis of the population.

The vote of every citizen is required to constitute a truly national representation. The man who does not exercise the *right of election* in any form is no longer a citizen. The pact of association is

broken in regard to him by the fact that it has not included the expression of his will, and every law is therefore to him tyrannous.

“ The objection to universal suffrage, arising from inequality of capacity or education, will be met by a double system of election, in which the *electors*, having first been chosen by universal suffrage, will proceed to elect the *representatives*.

“ The representatives of the nation will be paid by the nation, and every other public office will be forbidden them during the exercise of their representative functions.

“ The number of representatives to be as large as possible. A great obstacle is thus offered to corruption. The decrease of liberty in France has always corresponded to the diminution in the number of deputies.

“ The electors, when gathered together, perform the functions of the nation. The power of the nation is unlimited, and hence all restrictions placed upon the exercise of this power, in the choice of representatives, are opposed to the principle of national sovereignty.

“ When thus formed with due circumspection, the representation of the nation is inviolable ; it is intrusted to the care and protection of the nation. Its mission and duties are a direct consequence of the definition of the social aim.

“ The development, progressive improvement,

and activity of the social forces, is, as we have said, the law of the *nation*, and the basis upon which association is founded.

“The administration, direction, and improvement of these social forces in their application to the general good, is the business of the representatives of the nation. Severe guardians of political equality, they are bound to direct the institutions successively established towards the progress of social equality.

“Hence a large portion of their care and attention will be directed to the amelioration of the condition of the most numerous and suffering classes.

“All laws relative to inheritance, wills, and donations, will be so framed as to prevent the excessive accumulation of wealth in a few hands, and the concentration of property in a few families.

“The aim of all legislation will be to establish a principle of retribution in proportion to the services rendered to the state.

“The system of taxation will be so organized as to exempt the first necessities of life from impost, while all taxes on superfluities will be proportionate and progressive.

“The right of every man to be judged by his equals, the origin of trial by jury, will be established.

“It will be the duty of the representatives of the nation; as guardians of liberty, to reconcile the

greatest possible amount of individual independence, with the greatest possible amount of national prosperity.

“Hence security of personal liberty, all offences against which will be severely punished.

“Hence liberty of conscience will be inviolable, and all religious questions will be left to the arbitration of individual judgment and belief.

“Hence the freedom of the press will be secure and complete.

“But the nation aspires to the progressive improvement of its own vast association. It is bent not only on preserving, but on augmenting its social forces. Its representatives will therefore constantly direct their glance to the future, advancing from the formula of the present, in search of the higher degree of civilization destined to be realised by the epoch.

“Hence liberty of association will be made law, and the education of the public mind will be aided by every possible means, and above all by an organized system of elementary education, universally applied.

“Hence intellectual superiority, combined with private virtue and civil morality, will determine the selection of governmental officials and administrators.

“Hence the improvement and reform of the criminal will be the basis of the penal code.

“Hence the foundation of public libraries, journals, universities, and rewards, will be promoted.

“The establishment of these—the fundamental bases of a free and well organized state—developed, organized, and reduced to a system, will, we believe, prepare the way for that future progress we desire for Italy ; and any government called to power by the voice of the people, must frankly endeavour to realise these aims ere we can hail it with confidence and joy.

“We shall bow the head and accept any form of government chosen by universal suffrage, because it is the duty of individual opinion to give way before the voice of the nation ; but if these principles be not the foundation of that government, we shall do so with deep sorrow to see how human weakness and temptation yet stand between the peoples and their future, and create the constant necessity of new revolutions, more violent in proportion as they are long delayed.

“Our answer is now complete. Our intentions known to all who may choose to judge them. Young Italy will proceed upon its way, secure as the Italian future, indestructible as the thought of liberty which gave it birth.

“Young Italy will endure, because in harmony with the idea of epoch ; and neither governmental persecution, nor the suspicion of individuals, can stifle the aspiration of the youth of Italy.

“If any should now ask of us whence we derive our mandate, we will answer in the words of men bound to us by the double bond of similarity of aim, and of misfortune.\*

“*We derive our mandate from the purity of our convictions, from the faith and moral force we feel within us, in thus constituting ourselves the defenders of the rights and liberties of the immense majority. Whosoever speaks in the name of the rights of man, derives his authority and mandate from the eternal rights of nature. . . .*

“*We will receive the confirmation of our mandate from those peoples who have done the most to harmonize the progress of their own country with that of humanity; who combine sanctity of principle and respect for the rights of man with the love they bear to their own country, and seek to regain her national existence by these means alone.*”

Strange to say, the objections raised against us generally sprang from the belief which had taken root among the men of past insurrections, and the semi-enlightened classes of the Peninsula—that unity was an impossible Utopia, and contrary to the historical tendencies of the Italians.

Facts have now decided this question between me and these opponents. But at that time, when the opinion against unity was almost universal

\* Manifesto of the Polish Democratic Society, May 1832.



among the so-called educated classes ; when all the governments of Europe supported the theory of Metternich that Italy was a mere *geographical expression* ; when the men most noted for their republican principles, revolutionary aims, and antagonism to existing treaties, were all partizans of Federalism, as the only possible form of national existence for us Italians ;—the causes of doubt and distrust were numerous indeed.

Armand Carrell, and the writers of the *National*, hinted at the advantages of a confederation in Italy, Germany, and Spain. Buonarroti, and the conspirators grouped around him, were theoretically favourable to the unity of nations ; but their unalterable conviction that no people ought to attempt to move before France should have led the way, rendered their theory illusory, and threatened to crush it in the germ.

The truth is that throughout the whole of that period of European agitation, all intuition of the future was wanting. The aim of the agitation was liberty above all things.

Few understood that lasting liberty can only be achieved and maintained in Europe by strong and compact nations, equally balanced in power, and therefore not liable to be driven to the necessity of seeking a protecting alliance by guilty concessions ; or led astray by the hope of assistance in territorial

questions, to the point of seeking to ally their liberty with despotism.

Few understood that the association of the nations to promote the organized and peaceful progress of humanity which they invoked, was only possible on the condition that those nations should first have a real and recognised existence.

The compulsory conjunction of different races, utterly devoid of that unity of faith and moral aim in which true nationality consists, does not in fact constitute a nation. The division of Europe, sanctioned in the treaties of 1815, by the excess of power given to some states, produced a consequent weakness in others, and placed them in the necessity of leaning upon some one of the great powers, no matter upon what terms, for support ; while the germs of internal dissension that division had implanted in the heart of every people had created an insurmountable barrier to the normal and secure development of liberty.

To reconstruct the map of Europe, then, in accordance with the special mission assigned to each people by their geographical, ethnographical, and historical conditions, was the first step necessary for all.

I believed that the question of the nationalities was destined to give its name to the century, and restore to Europe that power of *initiative* for good, which had ceased, on the conclusion of the past epoch, by the fall of Napoleon.

But such foreshadowings of the future were seen by few. Hence the question of unity—with me supreme over every other—was not generally held to be important, and the apparent obstacles in the way of its solution easily induced the liberals to neglect it.

In France, the instinct of domination which exists, not among the masses, but among the enlightened class, was then, as ever, favourable to any plan or theory tending to surround strong and united France with free but weak confederations.

I, however, considered it of more importance, in order to verify my own conception, to ascertain the true instinct of the masses and the youth of Italy, than to obtain the approval of the half-enlightened either in my own or other countries.

I occupied my time, therefore, between the writing of one article and another, in founding and spreading my secret association. I sent statutes, instructions, suggestions of every description, to those young friends I had left behind in Genoa and Leghorn. There, thanks to the brothers Ruffini in Genoa, and to Bini and Guerrazzi in Leghorn, the first *congregations* were established. It was thus we denominated our nuclei of direction, choosing our title from the memories of Pontida.

The organization was as simple and as free from symbolism as it was possible to make it. Rejecting the interminable hierarchy of Carbon-

arism, the institution had only two grades of rank—the *Initiators* and the *Initiated*.

“ Those were chosen as Initiators, who, to their devotion to the principles of the association, added sufficient intelligence and prudence to justify their being permitted to select new members. The simply Initiated were not empowered to affiliate.

A central committee existed abroad, whose duties consisted in holding aloft, as it were, the flag of the association, forging as many links as possible between the Italian and foreign democratic element, and generally directing and superintending the working of the association.

There were also native committees established in the chief towns of the more important provinces, who managed the practical details, correspondence, etc.; a director or *organizer* of the initiators in each city, and groups of members, unequal in number, but each headed by an initiator.

Such was the framework of Young Italy.

The correspondence passed first from the initiated to the initiators, then through each of these, singly, to the director; through the director to the *congregation* of his district; and from the congregation to the central committee.

All masonic signs of recognition were abolished as dangerous. A watchword, a piece of paper previously cut into a certain shape, and a certain fashion of giving the hand, were used to accredit

the messengers sent from the central to the provincial committees, and *vice versa*; and these signs were changed every three months.

Each member was required to bind himself to a monthly contribution according to his means. Two-thirds of the money thus collected was retained in the provincial treasuries; one-third was paid in, or, more correctly speaking, ought to have been paid in, to the treasury of the central committee, to provide for the expenses of the general organization. It was calculated that the expenses of printing would be defrayed by the sale of the writings.

The symbol of the association was a sprig of cypress, in memory of our martyrs. Its motto, *Ora e sempre, now and for ever*, indicated the constancy indispensable for our enterprise.

The banner of Young Italy, composed of the three Italian colours, bore on the one side the words, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, HUMANITY; and on the other UNITY and INDEPENDENCE.

The first indicated the international mission of Italy; the second, the national.

From the first moment of its existence, GOD and HUMANITY was adopted as the formula of the association, with regard to its external relations; while GOD and the PEOPLE was that chosen in its relations to our own country.

From these two principles, which are in fact the

application of one sole principle to two different spheres, the association deduced its whole religious, social, political, and individual faith.

Young Italy was the first among the political associations of that day which endeavoured to comprehend all the various manifestations of national life in one sole conception, and to direct and govern them all from the height of a religious principle—the mission confided by the Creator to his creature—towards one sole aim, the emancipation of our country and its brotherhood with free nations.

The instructions which, in that first period of the association, I continued to impart to the various committees and directors, as well as the other young Italians with whom I came in contact, were both moral and political.

The following is a summary of the bearing of the moral instructions :—

“ We are not only conspirators, but believers.

“ We aspire to be not only revolutionists; but, so far as we may, regenerators.

“ Our problem is, above all things, a problem of national education. Arms and insurrection are merely the means without which, in the position of our country, it is impossible to solve that problem. But we will only use bayonets on the condition that they have ideas at their points.

“ It were of little import to destroy, if we had

not the hope of building up something better ; of little use to write duty and right upon a fragment of paper, if we had not the firm determination and the faith that we can engrave them upon men's hearts.

“ Our fathers neglected to do this, therefore it is our duty ever to bear it in mind. It is not enough to persuade the various states of Italy to rise in insurrection. What we have to do is to create a nation.

“ It is our religious conviction that Italy has not consumed her life in this world. She is yet destined to introduce new elements in the progressive development of humanity, and to live a third life. Our object is to endeavour to initiate this life.

“ Materialism can generate no political doctrine but that of *individuality*—a doctrine useful, perhaps, if supported by force, in securing the exercise of some personal rights, but impotent to found nationality or association ; both of which require faith in our unity of origin, of tendency, and of aim. We reject it.

“ We must endeavour to take up the thread of the Italian philosophy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ; to carry on its tradition of synthesis and spirituality ; to rekindle a strong and earnest faith ; and, by re-awakening the consciousness of the great deeds of their nation in the hearts of the Italians, to inspire them with the courage,

power of sacrifice, constancy, and concord, necessary for our great work."

The political instructions declared:—

"The most logical party is ever the strongest. Do not be satisfied with inspiring a mere spirit of rebellion in your followers, nor an uncertain indefinite declaration of liberalism. Ask of each man in what he believes, and only accept as members those whose convictions are the same as our own. Put your trust, not so much in the number, as in the unity of your forces.

"Ours is an experiment upon the Italian people. We may resign ourselves to the possibility of seeing our hopes betrayed, but we may not risk the danger of seeing discord arise in the camp the day after action.

"You have to elevate a new banner, and you must seek its supporters among the young, who are capable of enthusiasm, energy, and sacrifice. Tell them the whole truth. Let them know all as to our aim and intent. We can then rely upon them if they accept it.

"The great error of the past has been that of intrusting the fate of the country to individuals rather than to principles.

"Combat this error, and preach faith, not in names, but in the people, in our rights, and in God.

"Teach your followers that they must choose their leaders among men who seek their inspiration



from revolution, not from the previous order of things. Lay bare all the errors committed in 1831, and do not conceal the faults of the leaders.

“ Repeat incessantly that the salvation of Italy lies in her people. The lever of the people is action, continuous action; action ever renewed, without allowing one’s self to be overcome or disheartened by first defeats.

“ Avoid compromises. They are almost always immoral, as well as dangerous.

“ Do not deceive yourselves with any idea of the possibility of avoiding war, a war both bloody and inexorable, with Austria. Seek rather, as soon as you feel you are strong enough, to promote it. Revolutionary war should always take the offensive. By being the first to attack, you inspire your enemies with terror, and your friends with courage and confidence.

“ Hope nothing from foreign governments. They will never be really willing to aid you until you have shown that you are strong enough to conquer without them.

“ Put no trust in diplomacy, but disconcert its intrigues by beginning the struggle, and by publicity in all things.

“ Never rise in any other name than that of Italy, and of all Italy. If you gain your first battle in the name of a principle, and with your own forces alone, it will give you the position of

initiators among the peoples, and you will have them for companions in the second. And should you fall, you will at least have helped to educate your countrymen, and leave behind you a programme to direct the generation to come."

Many of those who were in contact with me at that time are still living, and can bear witness that the above is the true tenor of my instructions.

The experiment succeeded. The *soi-disant* thinkers of that day were confuted by the people.

Committees were rapidly constituted in the principal cities of Tuscany. In Genoa, the brothers Ruffini, Campanella, Benza, and the few others who accepted the task of spreading the association, were all very young men—unknown, and without fortune, or other means of acquiring influence. And yet, nevertheless, from student to student, from youth to youth, the confraternity extended itself with unexpected rapidity. Our first publications supplied the want of personal influence. All who read them joined us. It was a victory of ideas substituted to the power of names, or the fascinations of mystery. Our ideas met with an echo, and evidently responded to the aspirations hitherto dormant or unconscious in the hearts of our Italian youth.

And this was enough to encourage us, and to point out to us those duties, which, to say the truth, each and all of that little body of precursors,

as far as labour and sacrifice were concerned, most truly fulfilled.

With the exception of the St. Simonians, in whom at that very time the mere semblance of a religion was powerful enough to inspire greater capacity of self-sacrifice than could be found in all the merely political democratic societies put together ; I never saw—I declare this from a sense of duty towards the dead, and towards those who are still living, almost unknown, and careless of fame—I never saw any nucleus of young men so devoted, capable of such strong mutual affection, such pure enthusiasm, and such readiness in daily, hourly toil, as were those who then laboured with me.

We were, Lamberti, Usiglio, Lustrini, G. B. Ruffini, and five or six others, almost all Modenese ; alone, without any office, without subalterns, immersed in labour the whole of the day, and the greater part of the night ; writing articles and letters, seeing travellers, affiliating the Italian sailors, folding our printed articles, tying up bundles, alternating between intellectual labour and the routine of working men.

La Cecilia, at that time sincere and good, worked as compositor ; Lamberti, as corrector of the press ; and another took upon himself the duties of porter, to save the expense of the carriage of our publications.

We lived together, true equals and brothers; brothers in one sole hope and ideal; loved and admired for our tenacity of purpose and industry by foreign republicans. Very often—for we had only our own little funds wherewith to meet every expense—we were reduced to the extreme of poverty, but we were always cheerful, with the smile of faith in the future upon our lips.

Those two years, from 1831 to 1833, were two years of young life of such pure and glad devotedness as I could wish the coming generation to know. We were assailed by enemies sufficiently determined, and underwent many dangers, as I shall have occasion to show. But it was a warfare waged against us by known and avowed foes. The miserable petty warfare of ingratitude, suspicion, and calumny among our own countrymen, too often even among our own party; the unmerited desertion of former friends; nay, the desertion of our banner itself, not from conviction, but from weakness, offended vanity, or worse, by nearly the whole of the generation that had sworn fidelity to it with us, had not then occurred—I will not say to wither or deflower our souls—but to teach the few amongst us who remained firm,

*La violenta e disperata pace,\**

and the stern lesson of labour uncomforted by any individual hope, urged on by duty—cold, drear, in-

\* The forced and desperate calm.—DANTE.

exorable duty alone. God save those who come after us from this.

The method of smuggling our papers into Italy was a vital question for our association. A youth named Montanari, who travelled to and fro on the Neapolitan steamers, as agent for the Steamboat Company, and who afterwards died of cholera in the south of France, and certain others employed upon the French steamers, served us admirably.

Before the irritation of the governments against us had risen to fury, we found it sufficient to write upon the packets of papers intended for Genoa the address of some unsuspected commercial house at Leghorn, and upon those for Leghorn an address at Civita Vecchia, and so on. By these means the scrutiny of the police and custom-house officers of the place where the steamer first touched was avoided. The packet remained on board in the custody of the person to whom we had entrusted it, until one of our correspondents, to whom previous notice had been given, could find means to go upon the steamer, receive it, and conceal it about his person.

But when the attention of the authorities had been thoroughly roused; when large rewards were offered for the seizure of any of our papers, and tremendous punishments threatened to all who should in any way aid their introduction into Italy; when Charles Albert issued edicts signed by the

ministers Caccia, Pensa, Barbaroux, and Lascarène, condemning those guilty of *non-denunciation* to a fine and two years of imprisonment, promising to the informer secrecy and half the fine ;—then began the duel between us and the ignoble governments of Italy—a duel which cost us great labour and expense, but in which fortune was upon our side.

We now sent our papers inside barrels of pumice-stone, and even of pitch, which we filled ourselves in a little warehouse we had hired for the purpose. Ten or twelve of these barrels were despatched by means of commission-agents ignorant of their contents, and addressed to others equally in the dark, in the various towns to which we wanted to send. One of our associates always presented himself shortly after their arrival as a purchaser, taking care to select a barrel bearing a number already indicated to him by us, as containing our enclosures.

I cite this as one of the thousand artifices to which we had recourse.

We were also assisted in our smuggling by French republicans, and above all by the sailors of the Italian merchant navy, who were as good then as they are now, and towards whom much of our educational activity had been directed. Foremost among the best of these were the men of Lerici ; and I remember one of them still with admiration and affection—a certain Ambrogio Giacopello, an

excellent type of the Italian *popolano*, who lost his ship and all he possessed through carrying two hundred muskets to the Ligurian coast for us, and who, nevertheless, remained a true and devoted friend to me. I believe he is still living in Marseilles, and I could wish these lines might meet his eye. I am sure he would be glad to know himself so remembered by me. But I have never met with either ingratitude or forgetfulness among the men of the people in Italy.

Unable to put a stop to the diffusion of our writings in Italy, the Italian Governments addressed themselves to the Government of France in order to stifle our voice in Marseilles; and the French Government having now been recognised by all the others, and having therefore no longer any occasion to seek to alarm the despots of Europe, complied with their request.

But I shall have again to speak of the system of persecution commenced against us, and of our conduct during that persecution. Suffice it here to say that it was unable to impede the progress of our undertaking.

The association rapidly spread from Genoa along the two Riviere. Our committees were multiplied. Secret and tolerably secure means of communication were found even with the Neapolitan frontier. Frequent travellers were dispatched from one province to another, in order to convey our in-

structions, and keep up the ardour of the affiliated.

The anxiety to obtain our writings was such that the number of copies we were able to send was quite insufficient to supply the demand. Clandestine presses were established in various parts of Italy to reproduce our works, and issue short similar publications inspired by local circumstances.

Young Italy, thus everywhere hailed and received with enthusiasm, became in less than one year the dominant association throughout the whole of Italy.

It was the triumph of *Principles*. The bare fact that in so short a space of time a handful of young men, themselves sprung from the people, unknown, without means, and openly opposed to the doctrines of all those men of standing and influence who had hitherto possessed the confidence of the people and directed the popular movement, should find themselves thus rapidly at the head of an association sufficiently powerful to concentrate against it the alarmed persecution of seven governments, is, I think, in itself enough to show that the banner they had raised was the banner of truth.

Whilst I and my young friends were labouring to raise the Italian mind to the idea of a national war and republican life, the monarchy and bourgeoisie aristocracy in France were falsifying the character and tendencies of the revolution of July,



and leading it away from the goal indicated by the generous instincts of the people who accomplished it.

France was already being drawn into that circle of paltry imitations, destined fatally to reduce her to a pigmy caricature of her first republic and empire. The persecution set on foot against us by the government of Louis Philippe, was only one among many proofs of their abhorrence of every description of new life or new organization in Europe.

To me, the incapacity of the French to advance appeared, as I have said, to be a historical necessity. The people that sums up and concludes one entire epoch, is never chosen to initiate the epoch destined to succeed it. Now France, in her great revolution, had summed up the whole moral and intellectual work elaborated by Europe with regard to the *individual*, throughout the evolution of the polytheistic and Christian synthesis; and reduced it to a practical formula.

She was not capable of giving, nor was it her part to give the world the programme of the new epoch, the vital principle of which epoch, though as yet undefined, is *association*.

As the development of the Christian synthesis had necessitated a territorial re-arrangement, achieved in part by Rome, and in part by the northern invasions; so does the new synthesis call for a new and improved partition of Europe, in order to prepare the ground for its development.

It is necessary that such a partition should be based upon the special mission assigned to each separate people, ascertained from the numerous indications offered by their geographical position, language, traditions, and the prominent faculties and instincts of the masses, which are at once the origin and the consecration of the question of nationality—a question eminently religious; because nationality alone can prepare the way, by the association of the various powers and abilities of Europe, for the majestic development of the synthesis represented by the sacred word PROGRESS, substituted for the dogma of *direct revelation*.

The initiative of the European movement at the present day therefore belongs, not to France, whose nationality is an accomplished fact, but to those peoples whose task it is to constitute their nationality, and to that one among them which shall prove itself most ready and determined to combat both for itself and for others.

I held these opinions at that time, and three years later I published them.\*

But although the historic law forbade the onward march of France at that time, it was in her own power to avoid going back. She might have remained for a long period without taking any initiative, as England and Switzerland have done,

\* "De l'initiative Révolutionnaire," published in the *Revue Républicaine*, 1835.

but also without setting an example of indecorous servility and retrogression.

And as the causes which led her to pursue the wrong path are similar to those which impede the fulfilment of our own destiny at the present day, it may be useful to notice them here, to give the Italians an opportunity of learning by experience the lesson long taught by reason in vain.

Two grave errors were committed by the revolution of 1830. The first was in starting from the old imperfect theory of *rights*, instead of the theory of a social *duty*. The second was that of substituting one programme for another during the period of the struggle, from a false idea of *tactics*; and hence of confiding the direction of the movement to men who had neither fought, suffered, nor conquered for the true aim of the insurrection.

And these are our own errors at the present day.

The first idea of the movement of 1830 was republican, and after the despotism of the first Napoleon, no movement against the monarchy of the Bourbons could rationally be other than republican. Carbonarism in France, presided over in the *Vente Suprême* by Bazard, had spread in every direction, had become united with the *Amis de la Vérité* and other associations, and was republican. With one or two exceptions, all the martyrs, citizen or military, who fell in the various attempts at action, were republican. The youth of the colleges,

amongst whom the preparatory work had been initiated, and who afterwards became the soul of the movement, were republican. So also were the working classes, who achieved the triumph of the revolution in arms. Not a single man of the real church militant who had prepared the movement (if we except a few friends of Manuel) dreamed of the Orleanist branch of the dynasty then.

But, misunderstanding and confounding as they did two epochs radically distinct ; convinced that the first revolution had initiated a new epoch, instead of having merely concluded the past ; resolved to maintain the traditions of that revolution, militant France recognised no other doctrine than that summed up by the revolutionary assemblies in their *declaration of the rights of man*. Though following instinctively the voice of duty in their actions, they failed to derive from it any settled faith to serve as a test for those seeking to join their party, and a pledge both of their constancy and of the universality of the aim. They forgot that the mere theory of rights, applied to a society composed of elements so various and unequal, both in capacity and education, must of necessity tend to maintain it fractional and divided. Each fraction would be satisfied with obtaining the free exercise of *its own* rights, and would neglect the rights of others immediately afterwards.

The idea of right is not general and uniform at

any given period ; it implies a knowledge or *consciousness* of the right demanded, and the moral *possibility* of exercising it. This consciousness and this possibility necessarily differ where social position and education are different.

It is only the idea of duty, which, being derived from the height of a religious mission, enjoins upon all to create such consciousness and such possibility, where they do not already exist, and confounds all distinction of classes, by embracing every class in a work which may neither be neglected nor interrupted without guilt.

They who raise no banner but that of rights may be willing to extend those rights so long as the struggle is undecided, in order to gather around them a larger number of elements ; but the tumult of battle once ended, the voice that inclines man to repose will make itself strongly heard, and the constant temptations of egotism will suggest to the class placed by victory in the first position, that the exercise of their own rights will be more secure in proportion as their domination is exclusive, and protected against the encroachments of others.

Moreover, the doctrine of rights is essentially a doctrine of *opposition* ; and it is the tendency of all doctrines of opposition to admit too readily any element, or accept any compromise which appears likely to accelerate their victory, although the ulti-

mate result of so doing is to weaken, transform, or dissolve the victory thus obtained.

For many years a sect of men had existed in France, who, as far as action, conspiracy, or danger were concerned, had ever held aloof from the camp of combatants, but who were united with them in the desire of overthrowing the retrograde supporters of *Right Divine*. These men were baptized by the people—I believe from their lack of any real doctrine—by the name of the *Doctrinaires*. They called themselves by the absurd and hypocritical name of *Moderates*—a name adopted now by our Italian copyists of every evil thing in France; as if there could exist *moderation* in the choice between good and evil, the truth and falsehood, advance and retrogression.

The history of the sect may be traced back as far as the first Committee of the Constitution,\* formed in the National Assembly during the great Revolution. Their programme—more or less openly avowed—was a monarchy, tempered by the intervention of two legislative chambers, to be composed of the nobility and wealthy bourgeoisie; the people being excluded.

The power and influence of the nobility having been weakened by the natural course of things, the principal element of this sect was the bour-

\* Mounier, Malouet, Lally Tollendal, Necker, Talleyrand, Montmorin, and many others.

geoisie; and their leaders at that day were Broglie, Royer Collard, Guizot, Cousin, Thiers, Rossi, Odillon Barrot, Dupin, Sebastiani, Casimir Perier, etc.

Lafayette, a man weak by nature, was a republican in belief, although a monarchist in all the acts of his life. The friendship of Washington, an honesty above suspicion, and a series of peculiar circumstances, had given him a reputation greater than his deserts. He handed over the people's victory to this sect in 1830, thus affording new proof of the fact, that every revolution that identifies its own destiny with that of an individual—be he who or what he may—unconsciously prepares the way for its own ruin.

The vagueness and generality of their own formulæ, their adoption of many phrases borrowed from our party, as well as their personal friendship with many of the boldest of its members, afforded, or appeared to afford, good grounds for hoping that neither vanity nor lust of power would induce them to betray the cause. And their unceasing legal opposition did in fact prepare the way for the desired revolution, by forcing the monarchy to extreme measures of repression. The more advanced party decided to admit these men into their ranks, in order to increase their own importance; and they preached them up as men who were prepared, if once in power, to satisfy all

the aspirations and demands of the party of the future, provided their strength and universality should have been proved by the fact of action.

But by admitting them into their ranks, the advanced party accepted at the same time their tendency to compromise, their Jesuitical reservation and reticence, their fatal tactics of *opportunity*, and their hypocritical cry of *Vive la Charte*—a cry well adapted to be used as a weapon in their legal battles in the Chamber of Deputies, but calculated to lead the people astray from the true aim, when substituted to their own honest cry of *Vive la Revolution*.

And when the moment of revolution came, that hypocritical cry, and the weakness of Lafayette combined, did in fact open the way for the Moderates, and enable them to take the direction of it into their own hands, and dwindle its results to a mere revision of the Charter, and substitution of the younger for the elder branch of the Bourbons.

The same spirit of *legality* which had presided over the hypocritical parliamentary struggle for fifteen years, induced Lafayette to entrust the destinies of the revolution to the keeping of the 221 members of the opposition, who, in their turn, yielded them up to Louis Philippe. Thus, in spite of the tardy protests of those who had fought the battles of the revolution, they im-



provided what they called by the absurd and lying name of the republican monarchy; as if the words Monarchy and Republic did not represent two forms of government essentially and radically opposed.

Events are under the inexorable dominion of logic. Every violation of faith in principles carries along with it certain and inevitable consequences of strife and suffering which none may prevent. When this inevitable moment of struggle arrived, the *Moderates*—that is to say, the representatives of the *bourgeoisie*—deliberately separated themselves from the people whose aid they had implored while it was essential to their own triumph. Their defection was shamelessly open, and forms one of the ugliest pages of the history of France; for two-thirds of the intellect of the country are implicated in its disgrace. All those who remained faithful to the republican ideal were treated as destructive demagogues; the working men as a dangerous element only to be held in check by the necessity of mechanical labour and a state of dependence upon the capitalists, and to be excluded from all public life by being deprived of all political rights. A little later, a member of the ministry compared them to the *barbarians* who invaded Rome.

I well remember the mute astonishment and grief with which, still young in years and feelings,

we witnessed that spectacle of moral dissolution. But a few years before we had regarded these very men as the standard-bearers of the party whose aim was the regeneration of Europe. From their writings, their speeches, and their eloquent lectures, delivered to the youth of France in 1828-29, and read by us with affection and admiration, we had drawn alike inspiration and the courage to dare. We had transcribed their pages, and passed them from one to another, swearing fidelity to the principles they contained.

And now every day brought us fresh news of some solemn betrayal of those sacred principles uttered by the same lips; every day our hearts were wounded by a fresh delusion; every day we saw yet another of those idols to whom we had burned our heart's incense, fall from his pedestal.

It was Cousin, the restorer of philosophical discipline, the fervid apostle of a progress knowing no limits save those of time itself, who, speaking of the revolution, declared, that *three days had in no way changed the face of things.*

It was Guizot who said, *the best form of government was that least liked by the people.*

And a third—one who had twenty times accused the government of Charles X. of servile egotism—endeavoured to justify their abandonment of the cause of the peoples by solemnly uttering the im-

pious words—*The blood of France should be shed for France alone.*

Another announced the downfall of heroic Poland, by saying, *Order reigns in Warsaw.*

Some of these men declared that the formula of *each for himself* was the basis of all political doctrine ; others cut short all hope of any amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes, by inaugurating their economical science with another formula—a translation of the political one just quoted—that of *laissez faire*. Others again separated the *principle* from the *fact*, the spirit from its *material manifestation*, and disinherited society of all belief by declaring that *the law is atheist !*\* Thiers denied Armand Carrel, and all those with whom he had fought the battles of liberty in the *National* ; Barthelemy sold the pen with which he had written the *Nemesis* to the minister who paid his debts.

Ah ! who can say what germs of egotism were sown in the hearts of the young generation by these evil examples !

The image of many a youth, then good, and devoted to the cause of truth, passes before me now like a pale phantom of the first years of my political life. Weak, and accustomed to seek inspiration from the outward and external, rather than to derive it from within, I saw them assailed

\* Sebastiani, Casimir Perier, Odillon Barrot.

by delusion and discouragement at that time,—I saw them waver in their faith, slacken in affection, and enter unconsciously upon the path that leads to inert misanthropy on the one hand, and, on the other, to that hideous form of egotism which drapes itself in I know not what experimental semi-science, which they term *practical*.

We held on, because ours was a religious faith, and not the mere reaction of rights denied, or desire of prevailing in our turn over the rulers of the day ; we held on, but the light of that trust and confidence that strengthens the soul to labour was quenched for ever within us. It is true that we then said to one another, with Italian pride, *Our countrymen will be better than these men are*. But even from that illusion I was doomed to stand, with sorrow—corrected.

Were they in fact traitors ? Did these deserters from our banner yield to the suggestions of vulgar egotism, and the lust of power, which they hoped to acquire more rapidly and completely as adherents of the monarchy ? Some of them were no doubt corrupt and despicable even to that point. But the majority simply yielded to the logical consequences of a false doctrine—a doctrine which we Italians have not as yet studied with sufficient gravity and attention.

Their philosophy was not the philosophy of the future. Self was its starting-point, and self

the goal. Teaching as it did the sovereignty of the *individual*, it was impossible it should rise to the idea of a supreme duty governing all the acts of life.

In politics they had not gone beyond the theory of rights—a theory which, destitute of all deep faith in *collective* man, necessarily led to their formula of “each for himself.”

Their whole history and tradition dated from this doctrine, which—when carefully sifted and examined—results in the justification of the stronger individuality, and, consequently, of the powers that be.

Royer Collard had secretly conspired against the scope and aim of the great revolution; and he boasted of this.

Sebastiani had written to General Venegas, in 1809, preaching the “duty of blind unlimited obedience to power, and to their *august master* Napoleon, the greatest of heroes and the most powerful of monarchs;” and in 1814 and 1815 he had conspired to the ruin of the same *august master*.

Cousin had mingled in the conspiracies of the Carbonari; yet, nevertheless, he declared to the youth of France, in 1829, “A superior authority has cut short all these questions, and pronounced a judgment against the eighteenth century, *from which there is no appeal*. . . . The dawn of

the nineteenth century is the Charter which Europe owes to France, and France to the *noble* dynasty at her head."

Guizot had written the preamble of the *Loi Montesquieu* in 1814 against the freedom of the press, and followed the fugitive monarchy to Ghent. Afterwards, at the time of the Villèle ministry, he had joined the republican society *Aide toi*, and spoken eloquently upon the inviolable freedom of the writer, and the independence of government officials.

Such were they all—flatterers of power one day and of the people the next; but always worshippers of any powerful fact, or of anything that appeared likely to become such.

In order to perceive this worship of the *fact* in these men, it is enough to read with attention Theirs's *History of the Revolution*—by which, however, he acquired so great reputation among the youth of that day—and observe how he admires in that revolution, not the victory of eternal right, but the grandeur of a gigantic fact, and bows down with equal reverence before the audacity of the *Montagne* of the *eighteenth Fructidor* and the *eighteenth Brumaire*.

It is enough to observe how—forgetting that the corruption of the Republic began with the Directory; forgetting the monarchical tendencies of the Club of Clichy; forgetting the germs of

military and bourgeoisie aristocracy already apparent, and the idea of the power of one nation then substituted to the idea of emancipation of all; but struck with the strength of France abroad—i.e. exalts the period *when France was mistress of the whole extent of territory between the Rhine and the Pyrenees, from the Alps to the sea; when the arms of Spain and Holland were united with hers, and half Europe was at the feet of the Directory.* And again, when speaking of the changes introduced into the cisalpine constitution through the instrumentality of a simple *envoyé* from Paris, Trouvé, he rashly adds: *But the manner was of little moment; it would have been absurd if France, the creatrix of those Republics, had not exerted her authority to govern them according to her own will and pleasure.*

And in order to judge how little the people had to expect from that school, it is enough to remember the lines written in the *Journal des Débats*, the organ of the *Doctrinaires*, while the struggle was at its height. *Strengthen the salutary dominion of the bourgeoisie, ever the friend of order and repose; for who are in fact the sufferers from the law of primogeniture? the bourgeoisie, who have property to divide among their children, and not the people, who possess nothing. Who are injured by the three per cent? the bourgeoisie. Who by the censorship? the bourgeoisie, who desire to read*

*and to think freely, and not the people, who have no time to think of anything but maintaining their existence by incessant labour.*

But the youth of that day were rash and thoughtless. Enamoured of certain periods in those multiple lives, and fascinated by the idea of concentrating the greatest possible number of intellectual elements around the cause of liberty, they forgot that no good or useful revolution is possible without morality; and that the union of heterogeneous elements, though possible after a victory, is certain to be fatal if attempted before the victory is achieved.

They too, in virtue of their doctrine, were worshippers of fact. Thiers had said, that *in forming a judgment upon public matters, everything depends upon the point of view taken, and the position of the person judging.* Guizot had written that *it is an error to take up one's position outside the victorious camp; any power that does so is false to itself, and betrays its own nature. It is madness to separate one's self from the side of power, when that power assumes the character of a necessity.*

Why did the youth of France forget those words? The *victorious camp* in 1830 was the camp of the bourgeoisie. How then could they hope that the Moderates would join the camp of the people? How could they expect them to



deduce consequences adverse to the tendency of their own doctrines, and rush into the ranks of duty and martyrdom, to realise an aim vaster than their own ; when by stopping short they attained liberty, power, and wealth for themselves, added to the satisfaction of their pride in the logical results of their own narrow doctrine? We betrayed ourselves even more than we were betrayed by them.

Every political system, when carefully analysed, will be found to be derived from a system of philosophy. Ideas precede and generate facts. The necessity of harmonizing theory and practice is as much a law in politics as in any other thing. No system of practice can be effectually destroyed, without overcoming or converting the belief upon which it is based.

Every true revolution is a programme ; and derived from a new, general, positive, and organic principle. The first thing necessary is to accept that principle. Its development must then be confided to men who are believers in it, and emancipated from every tie or connection with any principle of an opposite nature.

Generally speaking, the reverse of this is done. The people entrust the destinies of their revolutions to men influential either by position or name, who have always represented opposite aims, and have merely joined the ranks of the combatants

from reaction against a power by which they were oppressed or despised.

Hence follow the inevitable consequences of delusion—violent irritation and new warfare between the conflicting elements, anarchy, and civil war.

The irritation of the French people against the men whom, through a political error, they had accepted as leaders, and who naturally betrayed their hopes, created the germs of an unjust and impotent *sectarian socialism*, which, from the terror inspired by its doctrines in the majority of the nation, resulted at a later period in the deplorable experiment of the empire. Similar errors threaten our rising Italy with similar consequences; and it is for this reason that I speak at some length of this period of French history, which I believe to have been hitherto misunderstood.

The authors of the revolution of 1830, by starting from a false calculation of opportunity, and denying in practice the potent initiative of a principle they professed in theory; by accepting from men of a different belief a method of warfare which, instead of driving the enemy upon new and unknown ground, sought to defeat them upon their own; by invoking, as a mere matter of strategy, a Charter in which they did not believe, and a monarchical Pact they were resolved to overthrow—followed the example of the *opposition*

in those Jesuitical and immoral artifices which they had themselves designated as the *fifteen years' farce*.

By so doing—although without intending it—they substituted a war of names for a war of things ; led the national mind in a false direction, destroyed all sense of dignity in individuals, and of right in the masses ; and restrained the spirit of the revolution within the narrow compass of a document altogether unequal to the necessities of the times. They introduced disloyalty into the holy battle of progress, and prepared the way for the system of corruption realised by Louis Philippe.

The *Revolutionist*—as I understand the word—has a creed, a faith ; the *Reactionist* has none. He has instincts, passions, often generous in their origin, but easily deviated or corrupted by disappointments, or the seductions of power, so soon as years have cooled his enthusiasm and his youthful blood. The Revolutionist is he to whom observation has shown the existence of a grave social grievance or immorality—to whom intelligence has shown a remedy—and to whom the voice of conscience, enlightened by a religious conception of the human mission here below, has revealed the inexorable duty of devoting himself to the application of the remedy, and extirpation of the evil.

The *reactionist* is one urged by a sentiment of rebellion against injustice—innate in minds gifted with any power—and very often by the pain and irritation consequent on being unable to assume his true place in the social order ; to seek to better his own condition, with the help of all who suffer under similar distress.

The revolutionist will pursue his forward march, whatever his individual position, so long as the evil endures ; the reactionist will probably stop short as soon as the injustice shall cease with regard to himself, or as soon as the overthrow of the power attacked shall have satisfied his self-love, and mitigated the sense of rebellion within him.

The revolutionist may be mistaken as to the remedy to be applied : he may anticipate too much from the immediate future, and substitute his individual intuition to the common sense of the masses ; but he will produce no grave disorder in society. If his conception be premature, and meet with no echo, he will perish in the struggle almost alone ; while the reactionist, careful to excite all the warlike and active passions of the multitude and of the young, and to leave the solution of the problem uncertain, so as to allow each man the hope of seeing his own adopted, will always meet with a powerful response to his appeal.

The aim of the one is always to *found* ; that of the other is to *destroy*. The first is a man

of progress ; the second of opposition. The first argues from, and seeks to enthrone, a *law* ; the second from a *fact*, and ends in the consecration of force.

With the first, it is a question of principle : he states his purpose frankly, proceeds in a straight line, neglects what are called tactics, renounces many elements of success, trusting in the power of truth ; commits a thousand petty errors, but redeems them all by the enunciation of certain general maxims, sooner or later of use.

With the reactionist details are everything : he understands to perfection that analysis which decomposes and dissolves ; in his hands every question becomes a question of men, and every war a skirmish. His eloquence is lively, supple, and occasionally brilliant ; while the revolutionist, often monotonous and dry, is always logical. He may fail to achieve his aim, but if he reach it once, it is for ever ; while the victories of the reactionist, though sometimes splendid, are never durable. The first invokes duty, the second right. A strong religious leaning influences the acts of the first, even when, through an intellectual contradiction, he professes the reverse : the second is irreligious and materialist even when he proffers the name of God ; with him the present always tops the future, and material interest takes precedence of moral progress.

The men of the first class, accustomed to willing sacrifice, labour less for the generation that lives around them, than for the generations to come; the triumph of the ideas they cast upon the world is slow, but infallible and decisive: the men of the second class often win victories for their contemporaries, but their children will enjoy none of the fruits.

The first are the prophets of humanity, the second are the mere agitators of mankind; and bitter repentance ever awaits the people that commits its destinies into their hands.

I now resume the historical summary of my life.

The ministerial decree, by which, in order to please the despotic governments of Italy, I was exiled from France, was issued in August 1832. It was very important to me to continue the publication of our writings in Marseilles, where I had organized a system of communication with Italy. I therefore decided not to obey; but I concealed myself, in order to allow it to be supposed I had departed.

The exiles of all nations were at that time relegated in the departments, and allowed a wretched pittance, in virtue of which they were submitted to special laws, resembling the laws against the *suspected* in the old revolution, and afterwards against the class known as the *Watched-over* (Attendibili) in the south of Italy.

I accepted no subsidy from the government, and I forwarded the following protest to the *Tribune*, a republican organ of that day :—

“In the presence of an exceptional system, wherein the rights of individual liberty and domicile are infringed by an unjust law still more unjustly applied ; wherein accusation, judgment, and condemnation, all emanate from one and the same power, and no possibility is allowed of defence ; wherein the eye meets naught but examples of tyranny and submission on every side ;—it is the duty of every man possessing a sense of dignity openly to protest.

“The object of such protest is not an useless attempt at defence, nor desire of awaking sympathy in those who are suffering under the same evils. It is the necessity felt of holding up to infamy a power which abuses its strength, and of making the crimes of the government known to the country wherein the injustice is committed ; of adding yet another to the many documents which will, sooner or later, decide the people to condemn those by whom it is dishonoured and betrayed.

“For these reasons I do protest.

“The newspapers have published the order sent to me by the French Ministry, and the motives upon which that order is founded.

“I am accused of conspiring for the emanci-

pation of my country, and of seeking to rouse the Italians to that aim by my letters and printed publications.

“I am accused of maintaining a correspondence with a Republican Committee in Paris, and of having—I, an Italian, resident in Marseilles, and without means or connections—held dangerous communication with the combatants of the Cloister of St. Mery.

“I shall certainly not shrink from assuming the responsibility of the first accusation. If the endeavour to spread useful truths in my own country, through the medium of the press, be conspiracy, I do conspire. If to exhort my fellow-countrymen not to slumber in slavery, but rather to perish in the struggle against it; to lie in wait for, and to seize the first opportunity of gaining a country, and a national government, be conspiracy, I do conspire.

“It is the duty of every man to conspire for the honour and salvation of his brother man, and no government assuming the title of liberal has a right to treat the man who fulfils this sacred duty as a criminal. These are principles which none but the men of the *State of Siege*\* will deny.

\* Paris was placed in a state of siege, in consequence of the insurrection of the 5th and 6th June, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque.



“But what proofs are there of the second accusation ?

“The ministerial dispatches quote certain passages from certain sequestered letters, which they affirm to have been written by me to friends in the interior.

“These letters are stated by the Ministry to contain revelations as to the affair of the 5th and 6th June. They are said to declare that the incidents of those two days have done no injury to the Republican party in France ; that the movement failed simply because *those patriots from the provinces who were to have gone to Paris failed to keep their word* ; that another insurrection is being prepared, and will take place at no remote period ; that the throne of Louis Philippe is undermined on every side ; and, finally, *that the Republican Committee of Paris is about to send five or six emissaries to Italy in order to co-organize and co-operate with the party of liberty there.*

“Where are these letters ? In Paris ? Were they sequestered by the French Government ? Have they ever been communicated to the accused ? Is there anything in my conduct, in my acts, or in my correspondence, tending to confirm the assertion that these letters were written by me ?

“No. The quotations made from these letters were made by the Sardinian police, and the originals are stated to be in their archives. The

French minister only quotes extracts, and those on the testimony of others. But he believes that these statements are deserving of credence. Why? How? Does the French police possess one single indication of my having conspired against the Government of France? Have I ever been found guilty of rebellion, or detected in the insurrectionary ranks?

“While such is the position of things, what course can I pursue?”

“It is possible to demonstrate the falsehood of a special and definite assertion. It is not possible to demonstrate the falsehood of a general assertion, that may embrace the acts or thoughts of a whole life. It is not possible to defend one’s self against an accusation unsupported by any description of evidence.

“I demanded to have these ministerial letters communicated to me, and was refused. Nothing therefore was left for me to do but to deny the facts, and I did so. I denied the existence in any letter of mine of the lines printed in italics, which are the only lines implying an understanding between me and the French Republican party. The rest are mere observations and expressions of opinion, upon which no act of accusation could be founded.

“I said these things in a letter written to the minister, dated the 1st August. I denied the

existence of the lines quoted, and defied the French and Sardinian police to prove them. I demanded an inquiry. I demanded to be tried and judged.

“The minister did not condescend to answer me. The Prefect of Marseilles, who had promised me to await the reply of M. de Montalivet, suddenly sent me a second order to depart, and I was compelled to submit.

“Such are the facts.

“Men in power, what is it you hope? that your shameful submission to the pretensions of the Holy Alliance will cause us to betray our duty to our country, or that your incessant persecutions may at last dishearten and weary us of the sacred idea of liberty, which you betrayed on your accession to power? Think you that this succession of arbitrary acts will enable you to succeed in the retrograde mission you have assumed, that you will sow the seeds of suspicion and distrust in those amongst whom the bond of fraternity is daily increasing in strength; or do you desire to arouse a spirit of reaction in the patriots of other lands against that France, the fulfilment of whose mission you alone interrupt?

“Or do you hope, in your abject cowardice, to cancel the brand of infamy on your brow, by chasing away the men whom you urged to the brink of the abyss, to forsake them in the moment

of danger—men whose presence in France is a bitter reproof and perennial remorse to you? Believe it not. That brand of shame will never be cancelled; it is deepened every day of your rule, every day that the voice of an exile is lifted up to curse you, and to cry aloud unto you:

“Go on! You have torn from us liberty, country, and the very means of existence; now take from us the power of free speech; take from us the very air that wafts to us the perfumed breath of our own land; take from the exile his last comfort left, the right to gaze over the far sea, and whisper to himself, *There lies Italy*. Go on! go on from one humiliation to another; drag yourselves at the feet of Tzar, Pope, or Metternich; implore them to grant you yet a few days of existence, and offer them in exchange, now the liberty, and now the head of a patriot. Go on! proceed yet further upon the path leading to ruin through dishonour. It is well for the interest and salvation of the peoples, that you should reveal, in all its hideous nudity, a system of baseness and deceit unequalled in Europe. It is well for the triumph of the sacred cause, that you should demonstrate by your own acts the impossibility of all alliance between the cause of the peoples and the cause of kings.

“But when the measure shall be full; when the tocsin of the peoples shall sound the hour of

liberty; when France in arms shall ask of you, *What use have you made of the power with which I entrusted you?*—then woe unto you! Peoples and kings will alike repudiate and reject you.

“You consigned your unsuspecting and defenceless country to the snares of despots. You heaped dishonour upon her. You have impeded the progress of universal association. You have cast the liberties of the peoples into the jaws of the Holy Alliance. Through you, the noble impulse given to the spirit of fraternity by the days of July has been interrupted; the souls of men have been poisoned; and the hearts of the good have been darkened by distrust.

“And when the victims of your diplomacy, of your treacherous protocols, appeared like spectres before you and demanded an asylum, you overwhelmed them with outrage, and drove them forth; effacing from your code the inviolable rights of misfortune and the duties of hospitality.

“As for us—men of action, a minority consecrated by misfortune, and sentinels on the outposts of revolution—we bade solemn farewell to all the joys and comforts of existence on the day when we swore fidelity to the cause of the oppressed. Our hearts are unstained by anger and injurious suspicion. The governing faction has nothing in common with the peoples, who suffer like ourselves. Let us be united, and close

up our ranks. The hour of justice will arrive for all.  
JOSEPH MAZZINI.\*

As was to be expected, the persecution increased after this protest. Irritated by our persistence, and incessantly urged by the agents of the Italian Governments, the French minister tried every means in his power in order to suppress the journal *Young Italy*. He threatened several of our compositors and others, whom he supposed contributors, with expulsion; sought to intimidate the publisher by means of sequestration; and redoubled his researches in the hope of taking me.

On our side we sustained the struggle manfully. We employed French workmen in the place of those who had been driven away. A citizen of Marseilles, Victor Vian, became *gerant*, or responsible editor; our contributors distributed themselves in the villages near our centre of operations, and we contrived to despatch the copies secretly as soon as printed. And then began for me the life I have led for twenty years out of thirty—a life of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of a little room.

They failed to discover me. The means by which I eluded their search; the double spies who, for a trifling sum of money, performed the same service for the prefect and for me—send-

\* Translated from *La Tribune*, 20th September 1832.

ing me immediately copies of every order issued by the authorities against me; the comic manner in which when my asylum was at last discovered, I succeeded in persuading the prefect to send me away quietly under the escort of his own agents, in order to avoid all scandal and disturbance, and in substituting and sending to Geneva in my place a friend who bore a personal resemblance to me, whilst I walked quietly through the whole row of police-officers dressed in the uniform of a national guard;—it were useless to relate in these pages, written not for the satisfaction of the curiosity of the idle reader, but simply to furnish such historical information or examples as may be of service to my country.

Suffice it to say that I remained for a whole year at Marseilles, writing, correcting proofs, corresponding, and even at midnight holding interviews with any members of the National party who came from Italy, and some of the leaders of the Republican party in France.

At this period an atrocious calumny was circulated against me, which may be regarded as the commencement of that disloyal warfare of unproved and unfounded accusations, and insinuations impossible to confute; of suspicions stated in one journal for the purpose of being made a handle of by another; of Jesuitical conjectures as to motives

and intentions ; and of detached phrases published without the context, and so mutilated or twisted as to make them appear to express a meaning different from that intended by the writer. This mode of warfare was taught by the police of Louis Philippe\* to the agents of all our petty tyrants in Italy, and has been systematically carried on by the historians, men in office, anonymous gazetteers, scribblers of pamphlets, aspirants to office or pension, spies and traffickers of the *Moderates* all over Italy, who have pursued our steps for the last thirty years as carrion crows follow an army.

The method of these assailants is to strike in the flank or rear, rarely in front, and in that case anonymously. Even yet they snarl and yelp over my every act, real or invented ; and even yet they succeed with the credulous, or with those who, from a sense of their own impotence, abhor all who *act*—as the owl abhors the light of day—in representing and stigmatizing me as a communist, sectarian socialist, terrorist, and man of blood ; an intolerant, exclusive, ambitious, and cowardly conspirator.

Such are the accusations that have been heaped upon me, who have published a confutation of the

\* While these pages have been passing through the press, the late disgraceful scenes in our House of Commons have shown that this disloyal mode of warfare is not confined to the *Moderates* of Italy ; and in this, as in the former case, the weapons used were furnished by the French police.—*Translator's Note.*



socialist sects, one by one ; who have written of the French reign of terror as the crime of men inspired by their own fears ; who, regardless even of the disapproval of those dearest to me, have ever sacrificed the inculcation of my own belief to every hope or chance of creating Italy by other means, lending my willing aid in silence to those most adverse to me, so long as they would but *act* ; who, careless of every personal thing, have clasped the hands that have written false and mortal accusations against myself the moment I saw them raised to labour for liberty, and have calmly encountered every personal peril, while they who accused me never even dreamed of dangers more terrible than that of incurring the displeasure of their masters.

Such are the weapons, and such the warfare, of the basely wicked and cruel ; for, not content with the persecution of those who dissent from them, they seek to wound alike the soul and honour of their adversary. It is the war of cowards, for it is fought without peril, and beneath the shield of power ; it silences defence by violence, and takes advantage even of the disdainful silence of the accused to give force to the calumny. It is a war fatal in its consequences to those peoples who do not put an end to it ; for their very existence is menaced by the introduction of this gnawing worm of immorality that gradually eats away all honour abroad, and all manly vigour of action at home.

It is for this reason that I have spoken, and shall again have to speak upon the subject.

The calumny to which I allude accused me of assassination, or worse—of the still greater crime of issuing an order of assassination.

The French Government, irritated at being unable to discover me, imagined that by accusing me of a crime, they might deprive me of the esteem and affection to which I owed shelter. They therefore obtained from a police agent a pretended historical document, to which the forger had affixed my name, and inserted it—though well aware of its falsehood—in the *Moniteur*.

On the 20th October, a certain Emiliani had been attacked and wounded (not mortally) in the streets of Rodez, in the department of l'Aveyron, by some Italian exiles. The men who wounded him were sentenced to five years' imprisonment; and shortly after this sentence, on the 31st May 1833, Emiliani, and a certain Lazzareschi, who was in company with him at a caffè, were both of them mortally wounded by a young exile of 1831, named Gavioli.

Both of the men assassinated were, as I afterwards learned, spies of the Duke of Modena. At the time of the perpetration of the crime, I had never even heard of their existence, and their aggressors were equally unknown to me.

A short time after the first attack, the *Journal*

*des Aveyrons* had prepared the way for the accusation against me, in a manner which called forth the following protest from me :—

“ *To the Editor of the Tribune.*

“ Sir,—The *Journal des Aveyrons*, of the 27th October, in speaking of the crime recently committed in Rodez—the wounding of a certain Emiliani, formerly groom of the Duke of Modena—thus expresses itself:—

“ ‘ The information collected by the prefect induces him to believe that the Italian assailants of the unfortunate Emiliani are mere instruments used by the leaders of the party calling itself Young Italy, to rid themselves of those among their compatriots who refuse obedience to their statutes.’

“ If the journalist means by these words to allude to the body of men, bound together in a certain political creed, which they believe to be the sole faith capable of regenerating their country, and of which the principles are developed in the monthly publication known as Young Italy, I am the director of that publication, and one of the leaders of that party. As such, I consider that I have a right to answer the accusation in the name of the party to which I belong.

“ I solemnly give the lie to the journalist, and to all those who choose to repeat the accusation.

“ I defy anyone to produce a shadow of proof

of this shameless assertion made against men at least as honourable as the journalist of l'Aveyron—men whose misfortunes alone should be a sufficient protection against calumny.

“I will add that the idea of a party proposing to exterminate all those not obeying its statutes is an absurdity such as, perhaps, no man in France—except the journalist of l'Aveyron—would utter.

“Young Italy has no *instruments*. It only admits into its ranks free men who freely accept its principles. Its members are not sworn to destroy any but Austrians, when the time shall come.

“This is my answer.

“As to what the journalist is pleased to add about *scenes which French customs reject, and which never could be nationalized in France*, it is unworthy a reply. Every Frenchman who thinks before he writes, knows that street assaults are not the speciality of any nation, and that crimes repugnant to the customs of the people are committed in all countries.

“The assassins of Ramus and Delpech are surely on a par with those of Emiliani.\*—I am,  
sir, yours,

MAZZINI.

“30th October 1832.”

\* From *La Tribune*, 18th November 1832.

In 1833, as I have already stated, the *Moniteur* published the sentence of a secret tribunal, condemning Emiliani and Lazzareschi to death, and several others to different punishments, with my name and that of La Cecilia affixed as president and secretary of the tribunal.

The artifice was ill contrived. The dates did not even correspond with the possibility of reality. The Italian, in which the sentence was written, was full of grammatical errors,\* which it was certainly not my habit to commit.

\* The following is the text of the sentence as reported in the *Moniteur*.

Let the reader judge for himself.

“On the evening of the 15th of this current month, at 10 P.M., the Head of the Society, the members being then assembled, ordered the secretary to *publish* a letter in which a sentence emanating from the tribunal of Marseilles was registered against Emiliani, Scuriatti, Lazzareschi, and Andriani. The papers of the process, sent to us by the president in Rodez, having been examined, the result is that they are proved guilty. *1st*, Of having propagated certain infamous writings against our sacred society; *2d*, as *partizans* of the infamous Papal Government, of which they have correspondence that tends to overthrow our designs *against* the sacred cause of liberty. The *Fiscal* Authority, after the most mature reflection, and from the results of the process, in virtue of the article 22, *unanimously* condemns Emiliani and Scuriatti to death. As to Lazzareschi and Andriani, from the want of sufficient proof, they are condemned to be flogged with rods, and their own tribunals are entrusted with the business of condemning them to the galleys, *ad vitam*, immediately upon their return to their country (as famous thieves and cheats). The president of Rodez is moreover ordered to select four individuals as executors of the said sentence, to be accomplished *imprescriptibly*

I again protested, in the *National*, in the following terms:—

“Sir,—The *Moniteur* of the 7th June contains a pretended statement of facts relative to the assassination committed in Rodez—of facts said to have preceded and accompanied that sad affair—in which it is affirmed that the death of Emiliani and Lazzareschi was the result of a sentence pronounced against them by a secret tribunal sitting in Marseilles, and belonging to the society of Young Italy. The *Moniteur* quotes the sentence at full length, and appends my name to it as President of the Tribunal.

“That I should have been driven out of France—where I was living independently, and remote from any *depôt*\*—without either cause or defence, and merely at the arbitrary will of a minister, is an act that will not surprise any one on the part of a corrupt and corrupting government, which has already played the perjurer on the Pyrenees, the police-agent at Ancona, the within the period of twenty days, and every one of the *select* who shall refuse, shall be killed *ipso facto*.

“Given in Marseilles in presence of the Supreme Tribunal, this evening, at 12 P.M., 15th December 1832.

“MAZZINI, *President*.

“CECILIA, *Agent*.”

\* The Italian exiles receiving relief from the French Government were compelled to live with a certain distance from the *depôts*, or centres, whence the funds were distributed.

informer at Frankfort, and the persecutor in the name and for the benefit of the Holy Alliance, wheresoever it encountered the noble pride of an independent soul opposing a manful spirit of endurance to the pressure of misfortune. The war between us patriots and that Government is a war unto death.

“But that, after having wounded the adversary, they should thus seek to poison the wound; that, having discharged against him every arrow in the quiver of persecution, they should attack him with the shaft of calumny; that, having bereft him of liberty, comfort, and repose, they should seek to deprive him of honour itself—is an amount of baseness we never expected to find even in the authors of the *State of Siege*. I will not waste time by pointing out all the contradictions abounding in that artful and absurd composition. It is false in every particular, from the date of my exile, which took place in August, and not after November 1832, down to the pretended sentence attributed to Marseilles, while the act itself quotes the authority of a letter from Marseilles, addressed I know not to what place; from the assertion that the proceedings against the supposed authors of the first wounds of Emiliani resulted in a condemnation to five years of imprisonment, while in fact those proceedings terminated in an unconditional acquittal; down to the declaration of the

minister that the sentence was communicated to him in January 1833, although the process—begun in October, and continued over the whole of January—makes no mention thereof.

“The accusation springs from too low a source for me to stoop to defend myself from it. But I shall call the *Moniteur* to account through the medium of the legal tribunals, for the audacity with which it has dared to subscribe that document with the name of an honest man, free from every thought of evil.

“I shall demand to know how they dare, without other evidence than the copy of a document of whose authenticity they have no proof, to stigmatize me as an assassin.

“Meanwhile, however, many persons have voluntarily assumed my defence; and they have a right to expect me to deny the charge.

“Therefore I do deny it.

“I solemnly deny the statement, the sentence, the whole matter.

“I give the lie to the semi-official *Moniteur*, and to the Government.

“And I defy the Government, its agents, or the foreign police who fabricated the calumny, to prove a single one of their assertions against me, to produce the original of the sentence and my signature, or to discover a single line of mine that could induce a belief as to the possibility of



such an act on my part.—Have the goodness to insert, sir, etc. JOSEPH MAZZINI.”

The *Moniteur* was silent. The original was never produced. Concealed as I then was in Marseilles, and unable to appear in person, or to give legal power to another to represent me, I could not at that time commence proceedings for defamation.

However, the judicial authorities solved the problem in another manner. The judgment of the Supreme Court of l’Aveyron decided that the crime was the result of a quarrel, and perpetrated *without premeditation*.\*

Some years later (I think in 1840), Gisquet, who had been Prefect of Police in 1833, when writing his *Memoirs*, and thinking only of the money value of the melodramatic incidents introduced, reproduced the accusation. I cited him before the tribunals, and he there declared his conviction that I was an honest man, and incapable of crime, and the tribunal pronounced sentence accordingly.†

\* Sentence was passed on the 30th November 1833, and Gavioli was condemned to the galleys.

La Cecilia continued to live openly in France, and was never even interrogated on the subject.

† In the sentence pronounced by the *Tribunale Correctionelle de Paris*, in April 1841, it is stated, that as from general report, and the statement even of Gisquet himself, it was evident that I was an

At a later period, in 1845, an English minister, Sir James Graham,\* who had dared to revive this calumny, was compelled, by the information he received from the magistrates of l'Aveyron, to publicly ask my pardon in the House of Parliament.

Nevertheless, from that first calumny, continually repeated for many years afterwards, both

honest man, incapable of crime, the document in the *Moniteur*, quoted by Gisquet in his *Memoirs*, evidently referred to another Mazzini!

\* In answer to a question put by the honourable member for Kilmarnock (Mr. Bouverie), on the 8th May 1845, Sir James Graham said,

“I am bound to state to the honourable member for Kilmarnock, and to the House, that the account I received yesterday, resting upon the statements of the judge who tried Gavioli, and the public prosecutor, in answer to the enquiries made at my request, are *explicit, full, and direct*, that in that trial *no evidence whatever was produced which inculpates Mr. Mazzini in the case*. I am bound, therefore, to state, that if I had known at the time I made the original statement, the facts of the trial; much more, if I had known what was the impression of the judge and the public prosecutor—who, I conceive, are the best authorities in this matter—*so far from making that statement, I should have religiously abstained from doing so*. By the statement I then made, a public injury was inflicted on Mr. Mazzini, and therefore, now knowing the facts I have just detailed to the House, and which were unknown to me then, I think it due to Mr. Mazzini, to make the only and best reparation in my power, which is, that the statement I have now made shall be as public as my former statement. I can only add that I hope this explanation will be satisfactory.”—*Vide the Times of the 9th May 1845.—Translator's Note.*

in newspapers and in anonymous libels, and read by men, who, living under despotic governments, had no means of seeing the official documents by which it was refuted, the idea was spread abroad, and slowly became a conviction in many minds, that I was a man of dark and bloody vengeance, and that the statutes of Young Italy contained tremendous laws against those of its members who violated their oaths, and all who dissented from its doctrines.

I abhor—and all those who know me well know that I abhor—bloodshed, and every species of terror erected into a system, as remedies equally ferocious, unjust, and inefficacious against evils that can only be cured by the diffusion of liberal ideas. I believe that all ideas of vengeance or expiation, as the basis of a penal code, are immoral and useless, whether applied by individuals or by society. The only sort of warfare I admit—and even that only as a sad necessity—is an open war waged against the brute force that violates human duty and human right, except in one sole case, of which I shall have to speak hereafter.

Young Italy, when repudiating the vindictive formulæ and customs of Carbonarism, abolished all threats of death against traitors. That society had only one code of laws or statutes, emanating from its centre of direction. That code the reader

may judge for himself, as it forms a part of the present edition.

From time to time, however, I added certain moral elucidations to those statutes, which I shall now transcribe here; and from these rules we never departed.

To all those who proposed to us the destruction of spies or traitors, we replied: *Let the Judas be made known; the infamy will be punishment enough.* All that has been published about us by writers of unsound mind like D'Arlincourt and Cretineau Toly, or by hired libellists like Bréval and La Hodde, is false.

It is, of course, possible that certain local modifications of our statutes may have been improvised and introduced among small fractions of the association without our knowledge; but who would judge Catholicism from the oaths of the Sanfedists? It is possible that some small nucleus of the association may have passed a decree condemning deserters and traitors to death; but would any honest man lay the assassination of Prina to the account of the monarchical institution?

The following are the elucidations added to our statutes in 1833:—

“The aim of Young Italy is twofold. It seeks to gather together the youth of Italy, in whom her true strength consists, under the influence of

leaders of truly revolutionary principles, in order that when any movement shall take place, they may not yield up the reins into the hands of the first who arise to seize them; and it purposes to bring about the union—through the medium of their leaders and representatives—of all the various societies existing in Italy, having for their aim the unity, independence, and liberty of the country.

“The attainment of the first of these objects is entrusted to all the members of Young Italy, in proportion to their rank and position in the society.

“The second is reserved to the Central Congress and to the Provincial Congresses under its direction.

#### “MORAL AND POLITICAL PRINCIPLES OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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“The world is governed by one sole moral law—the law of Progress.

“Man is created for great destinies. The aim for which he is created is the full, free, and organized development of all his faculties.

“The means given to man wherewith to achieve this aim, is association with his fellows.

“The peoples will only reach the highest point of development of which they are capable, when

they are united in a single bond, and uniform direction regulated by these principles.

“Young Italy, therefore, recognises the *universal association of the peoples* as the ultimate aim of the endeavours of all free men. It recognises and inculcates the brotherhood of the peoples by every means in its power.

“However, in order that the peoples may advance together in harmony upon the path of their common improvement, it is necessary they should start from a common basis of equality. Before they can become members of the great association, it is necessary that they should have a separate existence, name, and power.

“Every people is therefore bound to constitute itself a nation before it occupy itself with the question of humanity.

“There exists no true nation without unity.

“No permanent and stable unity is possible without independence. Despots, whose object is to diminish the power of the peoples, ever seek their dismemberment.

“There can be no independence without liberty.

“For a people to watch over their independence, it is necessary they should be free; free men and free peoples alone can judge of the means of preserving their independence; they alone have sufficient interest in its preservation to be ready to

sacrifice themselves for it, and they alone are bound to do so.

“The aim of Young Italy is then to achieve the unity, independence, and liberty of Italy.

“Where power is hereditary, and in the hands of one man, no lasting liberty is possible.

“The tendency of power is towards increase and concentration.

“Where power is hereditary, the acquisitions of the first are to the advantage of the second. Hereditary power destroys all remembrance of a popular origin in its possessor. Hereditary interests naturally intervene between the ruler and the interests of the nation. This generates a state of strife, which ultimately necessitates a revolution. The aim of every nation that rises in revolution should be to put as speedy an end as possible to that revolution; and the only means of doing so effectually, is to close up every avenue through which the struggle appears likely to be renewed.

“Revolutions are made by the people, and for the people. In order to induce the people earnestly to desire revolution, it is necessary to convince them that it is made for their benefit.

“In order to create this conviction, it is necessary first to teach them their rights, and then offer them revolution as the means of obtaining the free exercise of those rights.

“Consequently, the aim proposed to be achieved

by the revolution, must be the inauguration of a popular system; a system, the programme of which is the amelioration of the condition of the most numerous and poorest class; a system which calls all the citizens to the free exercise and development of their faculties, and to the management of their own affairs; a system based upon equality, and which establishes the government upon the elective principle, broadly understood, and organized and applied in the simplest and least costly manner.

“ This system is the republican.

“ Young Italy is unitarian and republican.

“ In religion the object of the society is to promote the establishment of a good parochial system, and the suppression of all clerical aristocracy.

“ The general aim of the society is the abolition of all privilege not derived under the eternal law of the application of individual capacity to the general good; the gradual diminution of the class compelled to sell their labour, and the class of buyers of labour; in other words to facilitate the approach and ultimate fusion of all classes, and constitute the people; to obtain the greatest possible development of individual faculties, and a system of legislation adapted to the wants of the people, and calculated to promote the unceasing progress of national education.



“However, until the first step towards revolution—independence—be achieved, Young Italy recognises the duty of concentrating every effort upon that sole aim. Until the soil of Italy be freed from the foreigner, the one object of the society will be to procure arms, and to preach war by every means in its power.

“Having thus made their declaration of duties, and declaration of rights, they will defer the attempt to achieve them until the country be free.

“Meanwhile, during the period of insurrection, they advocate one central dictatorial power, composed of a single deputy from each province,\*

\* Let this passage serve as an answer to the accusation periodically cast upon me by writers belonging to the *moderate* party, of having aimed at a personal dictatorship.

Shortly afterwards, in 1833, on publishing an article by Buonarroti, *Upon the Government of a People during the period of Insurrection for Liberty*, signed Camillo, in a number of Young Italy, I protested against a paragraph advocating an individual dictatorship, in the following note :—

“We agree with all the views put forth in this article, except that which admits of individual dictatorship, among the forms of revolutionary government.

“We dissent from this view, because, although the nature of the governing power required during the period of insurrection is essentially different from the form of government to be adopted after victory, there are two conditions which it is absolutely requisite that it should fulfil. The first is that it should avoid all resemblance to the nature of the power overthrown ; the second, that it should contain the germ at least of the form of government intended to be substituted for that power. Both of these conditions exclude the dominion of one man, and indicate the dominion of the majority.

assembled in permanent congress, responsible on the expiration of their mandate, and watched over in the exercise of their functions by public opinion, and by Young Italy, then converted into a national association. The first duties of this power would be the regulation of all matters connected with the press, criminal justice, supply, and administration,

“ Because, although the revolutionary power ought to be composed of the most virtuous and gifted in heart and intellect, and it is unadvisable to summon parliaments or numerous assemblies in moments where the governmental acts and decrees are required to succeed one another with the rapidity of military movements ; we believe, nevertheless, that the governing power should contain one representative of every insurgent province of Italy.

“ Because the dictatorship of a single individual may become dangerous in the highest degree among a people accustomed to the degrading influences of servitude.

“ Because, until the day arrive when a truly national government, the issue of free and universal suffrage, shall be formed, an element of distrust will always exist among a people striving for emancipation ; and the concentration of all the revolutionary forces in the hands of one man would render every description of guarantee illusory.

“ Because, in Italy, as in all enslaved countries, there exist no elements by which to judge and select the man possessed of sufficient virtue, energy, constancy, and knowledge of men and things, to enable him worthily to govern and direct the destiny of twenty-six millions of men. He could only be proved worthy by the experience of many years of vicissitude, during which he had passed uncontaminated through those trials and situations most calculated to corrupt ; and during that period of trial the insurrection would require a government and an administration.

“ Should the idea of an individual dictatorship be generally accepted, it might place the supreme power, perhaps a crown, at the disposal of the first soldier favoured by fortune in battle.”

—no more. Commissions to be created in the meantime, whose duty it would be to mature a scheme of political and civil legislation, for the consideration of the National Congress, to be assembled at Rome, as soon as the country should be free.

“All compact or agreement with the enemy upon Italian soil forbidden; the defence of the cities entrusted to the citizens, armed and mobilized for the purpose, and organized in guerrilla bands for the purpose of harassing the enemy and serving as auxiliaries to the regular army.

“First, arms and victory; then laws and constitution. Such are the principles to be preached by Young Italy. The means by which the society proposes to realise them are—arms and moral education.

“To obtain the first Young Italy conspires. To diffuse the second the society publishes articles, newspapers, etc.

“The members of Young Italy write and conspire, but they are well aware that the regeneration of Italy can only be achieved by a truly Italian revolution. Consequently they disapprove of all partial movements, the only result of which would be the aggravation of her position.

“The insurrection of a people must be achieved by their own forces. No true or lasting liberty can be given by the foreigner. The members of

Young Italy will endeavour to profit by foreign movements, but will not found their hopes upon them.

“All the members of the association are commissioned to diffuse these general rules.

#### “ORGANIZATION OF THE ASSOCIATION.

“One Central Congress.

“One Provincial Congress in every province of Italy.

“One Organizer in every city

“Proselyting Confederates, or Propagandists.

“Simple Confederates.

“The central congress elects the provincial congresses, transmits the general instructions, maintains order among them, and communicates to them the necessary signs of recognition. It provides for the printing and diffusion of the publications of the society, forms the general plan of operations, and sums up and centralizes ; without exercising any tyrannical rule over the labours of the association.

“Each provincial congress directs the most important affairs and operations of the society in its own province : it selects the signs of recognition for the provincial members, and transmits to them the instructions of the central congress, forwarding

to it in return a monthly report of the progress of the association in its province, the material means collected, and the state of opinion in the different localities, with observations as to the measures required to be taken.

“The organizer of each city, selected by the provincial congress, will send a monthly record of the work done in that city to the provincial congress; the subjects of his correspondence with the provincial congress being nearly identical with those of the correspondence of the provincial with the central congress.

“The propagandists will be elected by the organizer and the provincial congress, who will select men possessing both head and heart. Their duties will be to initiate the simple confederates, and direct them according to their instructions. Each of them will correspond with the organizer of his own city—the subjects of his correspondence being similar to those of the organizer himself with the provincial congress. They will transmit to him a monthly record of their labours, and communicate to their subalterns the instructions they receive from him.

“The simple confederates will be chosen by the propagandist among men of good character, but not of sufficient intelligence to be trusted to affiliate others. They will be under the direction of the propagandist by whom they have been

affiliated, and will communicate to him any information they may possess or observations they make, etc. They will diffuse the principles of the association, and hold themselves ready for action.

“ Each member has a *nom-de-guerre* by which he will be known in the society.

“ The aim of the association is to extend itself. In order to do this it must address itself, especially among the popular classes, to the young—to those who have grown up among the aspirations and shared the tendencies of the age.

“ Each member able to do so, will provide himself with a rifle or musket, and fifty cartouches. Those who cannot obtain them for themselves will have them provided by the provincial congress.

“ Every member whose position enables him to do so, will, upon his initiation, contribute a certain sum to the funds of the association, to be continued monthly.

“ These contributions, transmitted from time to time to the provincial congress, will be employed by them for the expenses of the association, except a certain fraction thereof, which will be handed over to the central congress for the expenses of travellers, printing, the purchase of arms, etc.

“ The amount of these contributions and their expenditure, cases of exemption from such payments, forms of initiation, and all such secondary matters, will be left to the provincial congress.

“The central congress repudiates all excessive surveillance or dominion, and only desires to impose its authority so far as is absolutely necessary to preserve unity and community of action in the movement.

“The association has two orders of signs. The first only to be used by the provincial congresses, and travellers in their communications with the central congress, and chosen by the last. The second, to be used by the provincial members, will be chosen by the provincial congresses, and communicated to the central congress.

“These signs will be altered every three months, or oftener if required. By this means, if the signs used by one province should be discovered by the police, the signs used by the others will remain unknown and secure.”

The above “instructions” were followed, in the journal of Young Italy, by a short article in memory of Enrichetta Castiglioni, a Venetian lady, who died a martyr to the cause of Italian liberty, in an Austrian prison; and by a paper of some length

*Upon the Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI.;*  
*Thoughts addressed to the Priests of Italy.*

After commenting upon the absolute indifference with which that papal manifesto was received, even in Italy, Mazzini says:—

“That indifferent silence is in itself a sentence of death passed upon an element of moral power, which for twelve centuries had constituted the unity of Europe, and which Europe now rejects. . . . The Papacy is extinct, and Catholicism is a corpse.

“And the Pope knows this; he has an instinctive sense of the destiny of the papacy. He himself raises the cry of ruin, irreparable ruin, in this encyclical letter to the bishops; which letter is, to any one capable of understanding its true significance, more eloquent than all the works ever written to predict the ruin we now behold in consummation.

“Read the encyclical letter:—‘Such a period of sects, of conspiracies, of dangers to the Holy See, as the present, was never witnessed. The links of unity fall asunder day by day. New doctrines are preached in the colleges and in the academies. The Catholic faith is openly assailed. The evil is widely spread. The press everywhere disseminates doctrines hostile to the ancient dogma. A curse is upon the face of the earth. Salvation is no longer to be looked for from the intercession of the Virgin and Apostles; or, more correctly, from the bayonets of princes.’

“So says the encyclical letter.”

. . . . .

“A last chance had, however, been given to



Catholicism. The ideas of Lamennais, could they have been adopted by the papacy, might have delayed its ruin for a while, and the one really important point in the encyclical letter is its condemnation of the only school from which it might rationally have derived support.

“The theory of Lamennais rejected the testimony of our human senses, conscience, sentiments, and reason. All these were treated by him as naught, because they were all against him.

“‘There exists a sovereign and supreme law, alike the sole basis of duty, and restriction upon power.

“‘This law is of God—is God.

“‘The church is the sole depositary and interpreter of the supreme law.

“‘The church exists by and resides in its chief. The power of the church, the spiritual power, is in the hands of the Pope. The Pope is the organ of the law of laws. He is God upon earth.

“‘Therefore, every man, every sect, that withdraws from the Catholic Church and the Pope, every church assuming to derive its right elsewhere than from that of the Roman Church, is rebellious.’”

. . . . .  
“Such were the fundamental propositions of Lamennais.

“Now, even if we admit the first and second,

the third yet remains unconnected, isolated, and independent of the others. Between it and them there is a void, and that void is an abyss.

“The church exists by its chief; resides in its chief; every power the church possesses is possessed through its chief. These are phrases exactly summing up that theory of absolutism, against which Europe has revolted.

“The one question now agitated on every side—whether in politics, religion, philosophy, or literature, etc.—is precisely whether the depositary and interpreter of the supreme law shall be one man gifted with incontrovertible power; or shall exist in all citizens, all believers, all philosophers, and all writers; in other words, in the freely-expressed will of the majority of each and all of these.

“Lamennais was therefore compelled to demonstrate that the church was upheld by the first of these doctrines, and that the power of the church must of necessity be concentrated in one man; and these things he sought to prove by the argument of authority—an argument in contradiction with the other fundamental points; for where the human senses, reason, and conscience, are naught, authority—which should be derived from the united testimony of all these sources of belief—is also naught.

“According to him, authority—universal testimony—both inspires and legitimates belief.

“ Authority must be one, permanent, and universal.

“ The Christian religion, as manifested by the church, forms this authority.

“ But how and where is the church one ?

“ Not in the people of believers, who neither meet together, deliberate, nor vote.

“ Nor in their pastors, who do not act in common, nor assemble in fraternal discussion to determine upon the moral government of the people.

“ Not in the council, which is not permanent. Not in the Pope and council ; because, should a difference of opinion arise, there is none to arbitrate between them, and unity would be destroyed.

“ Authority therefore resides in the Pope alone.

“ So said Lamennais, and there is no form of power existing, however infamous, which this argument would not tend to legitimate. The unity of a state despotically governed cannot reside in the people whose suffrage is never asked ; nor in any national representation, for none exists ; nor in any form of representation and the king, because they might disagree. The unity of the state, then, resides in the king.

“ This argument would suit Don Miguel, the Duke of Modena, or the Bey of Tunis ; but the day will come when the people will answer—

“ Since the constitution of the unity of the state in your person has become odious and tyrannical,

we choose to overthrow your throne, and to constitute the unity of the state in ourselves ; and should they succeed in so doing, who could prove their authority illegitimate ?

“ In the system of Lamennais, the question of fact is manifestly substituted to the question of right. His argument ultimately reduces itself to this, and let priests judge if this be a stable foundation on which to build up the power of the Pope.

“ Every fact is in its nature mutable ; and if the fact which supports the papacy to-day should condemn it to destruction to-morrow, it would have but itself to blame.

“ From the weakness of this argument—which, though it in reality proves nothing, is, nevertheless, the very last the defenders of the papacy have left—I deduce the actual consummation of the ruin it is hoped to avert.

“ And both Lamennais and the Pope perceived that the fact to which they appealed was in danger of being cancelled by the irresistible advance of another fact. Authority is about to be transferred from the papacy to the people ; and the transfer once complete, what hope or argument will be left to the papacy ?

“ Both the Pope and Lamennais have felt the necessity of a remedy, but the remedy chosen by each is different.

“ The Pope, true to the despot nature, sought to

destroy the tree in the very root. He solemnly repudiated the argument of Lamennais in his encyclical letter, without perceiving that he had nought to substitute in its place.

“Lamennais, a mere individual, and member of the people, was convinced that no mere stroke of the papal pen was sufficient to cancel the gigantic fact of popular authority. He gazed upon the device resplendent upon the banner of the people, and inscribed God and Liberty upon his own. Then, as if desirous of persuading the peoples that these words were inspired by the head of the church, he presented that banner to the aged Pope, that he might raise it on high as a token of reconciliation.

“And the blood-stained finger of the aged Pope cancelled the word of peace, and wrote thereon, God and Tyranny.

“But the finger of no Pope can cancel the word liberty from the heart whereon it has been traced by God.

“Thus, from the encyclical letter, from the *Avenir*,\* and from the past theories and present silence of Lamennais, and from the whole of this petty warfare, two consequences may be deduced:—

“The first: That Lamennais, by attempting to reconcile Catholicism with liberty;—and the Pope, by crying anathema upon his doctrine;—have both of them recognised the fact that no durable autho-

\* The newspaper edited by Lamennais.

rity is henceforth possible, unless upheld by liberty.

“The second: That liberty and the Pope are in direct contradiction, and opposed to each other.

“Now, in this question between liberty and the Pope, which is destined to be victorious?

“The world is athirst for unity, and the banner that leads to unity will be victorious.

“Authority alone, or, in other words, universal consent, can constitute unity. Where this consent is not, there is anarchy.”

Mazzini then draws a picture of the state of Europe, to prove that unity has abandoned Catholicism and the papacy. True belief is extinct in Europe. Habit, indifference, irony, or negation, alone remain, even in countries still professing the Catholic faith; while one half of Europe has resolutely shaken it off. Catholicism is extinct through the inferiority of the Popes to their mission. It is extinct because humanity has pronounced itself free, and none may again reduce it to slavery.

“Human progress, equality, and association;—this is the generative idea and dominating necessity of all revolutions. . . .

“And in this solemn progress of the peoples—in this hymn of departure raised by the nations advancing towards the unknown lands of the social

world—one voice is wanting, one element holds itself aloof.

“It is the voice of the priest, the element of the clergy.

“In all countries, but even more in Italy than elsewhere, the priesthood, carried away by an incomprehensible passion, deny the gospel, and uplift those hands, which should only be raised to bless, in malediction of the people urged onwards by the breath of God.

“The priesthood, forgetful of the days when their mission was the protection of the people against the arbitrary rule of the feudal lords and the tyranny of the empire, have become the satellites of power—bowing down before it, and cringing to the foreigner who, but a few centuries since, trembled at the voice of Julius II. They play the part of subaltern persecutors and spies, in the defence of a fleeting shadow—the spectre of a power condemned by God and man.

“Solitary and apart, they rage against the development of the precepts it was once their mission to teach—of the rights eternal in the hearts of all men, and in their own.

“The priesthood preach ignorance in the name of the God of truth; and abject submission in the name of the God of battles. They storm against the irreligion, incredulity, and wickedness of an epoch which, like all great revolutionary epochs, is

essentially religious ; against those who, strong in virtue and self-sacrifice, seek to elevate the creature from the dust in the name of the Creator, and restore to man the consciousness of his origin and of his mission ; and against enterprises having for their aim the destruction of the anarchy produced by tyranny, and the union of humanity in the name of the spirit of love.

“To us this matters little. Humanity will not cease its onward course because a handful of misguided men persist in refusing to advance with it, and remaining lost among ruins. Humanity will not stop short because unaccompanied by the depositaries of the ancient creed. The religious idea exists in and for humanity, for humanity alone knows the aim towards which it is advancing. Humanity alone hears the voice bidding it pursue that aim, and is the sole possessor of the secret that unites its various races.

“Religion in its own essence—is one, eternal, and immutable as God himself ; but in its external form and development, it is governed by the law of time, which is the law of mankind. Like man, like the human species, religion is born, undergoes growth and change, is apparently consumed by its own progress, grows old, dies, and is born again of its own ashes. And in this perpetual vicissitude, in this alternate mechanism of life and death, it is purified, elevated, and generalized ; constantly bear-



ing towards the Infinite, which is its origin and aim. From unity it came, and to unity it returns, passing through and accompanying the world upon its voyage, and through the medium of man, whose history is identical with its own.\*

“When the times are ripe for change no human power can impede it; and if the priesthood refuse to inaugurate that change, humanity will turn from man to address itself to God, and constitute itself priest, pope, and sacrificer to Him. The priesthood of the people is as worthy as the priesthood of a privileged class. But priests are men and citizens; the clergy, let it not be forgotten, are a part of our country; and he who seeks the good of all, who inscribes upon his banner the words Country and Humanity, is bound to address himself to all, and to use every effort to rouse all men and all classes from inertia and error.

“The clergy, if we except its aristocracy, includes in its ramifications an endless number of men beneath whose gown beats the heart of a citizen; whose soul mourns over the past and present sorrows of the land of his birth; and to whom the bloodshed of Romagna, and papal edicts of proscription and exile, are causes of deep grief and shame.

“Why are these men silent? why content themselves with mourning over evils which they might

\* Goerres.

help to remove? Wherefore, instead of blessing the sacred voice of the peoples, do they bow before the cold, barren, and inhuman word of the Pope?

“Perhaps, deceived by reports of rash measures idly proposed, and exaggerated by those whose interest it is to retain them as the blind instruments of an usurped dominion, and calumniate the purest intentions, they fear to be associated in a work of destruction, and dread, as the enemies of religion and themselves, the men who have raised the banner of social renovation.

“Perhaps their co-operation has never been sought. Perhaps the revolutionists themselves, irritated by long and ferocious persecution, have forgotten that equality, like the word of the gospel, is for all men; and forgotten also that the army, at one time the mere instrument of princely tyranny, is now one of our most hopeful elements.

“Such errors are inevitable in the first moments of reaction, but they will vanish before the light of truth, and give place to a spirit of toleration as soon as the victory is secure.

“Perhaps if our priests, recovering from irrational anger, and laying aside their pretension to a dominion now irrevocably lost, could cease their blind servility to the Pope sufficiently to examine for themselves, they too would perceive that the times are ripe for a great social revolution which no power can avert, because it is decreed by the Mind

that has impelled the movement. They would learn that when an idea has descended into and penetrated the hearts of the multitude, enduring for ages, and strengthened by the lapse of ages ; assuming all the forms, and invading all the elements of society ; when, far from being crushed, it is only fecundated by persecution, and sanctified by martyrdom ; it is a sign that that idea is a thought of God. It is a thought of God reflected in humanity, the presage of a new unity ; and they who persist in stigmatizing this unanimous movement as the work of a faction or a sect, do but oppose and seek to substitute their own will for an eternal law.

“They would learn that this great revolution must either be achieved with them or against them—that to attempt to uphold by force every portion of an institution undermined by time and events, often leads to the destruction of the entire edifice, and that by thus persisting in confounding the papacy with Christianity, they run the risk of overthrowing both.

“They would perceive that the accusations cast upon the men of liberty are calumnies belied by facts, and imposed upon their credulity by the aristocracy of their class, who tremble at the idea that if the principles of liberty were once admitted in politics, they might be carried into the government of that church which they have converted into a tyrannical monopoly.

“They would learn that Rome and the papacy lost all religious authority by their adultery with kings, when they made a traffic of religion, and sacrificed the conscience of the church to their own desires.

“They would see that the altar has been converted into the footstool of cabinets ; that the Popes draw their inspiration from St. Petersburg and Vienna ; that they themselves, while fancying they are under the orders of the vicar of Christ, do, in fact, but obey the secret pressure of kings, and serve the projects of European despotism.

“They would perceive that they in their turn are the slaves of the few, who—the spirit of Christ having vanished from the church in the fifteenth century, and the liberal system of church government established by its founders being destroyed—then destroyed all parish representation, and concentrating everything in themselves, reduced the clergy to a mere herd of vulgar satellites. They would see that the religious idea is converted by the Pope into an empty and barren materialism, religious worship into an affair of barter and traffic, and the priest into the mere tool of a despotic government, or blind instrument of a Jesuit cabal.

“And it may be that if the revolutionists, instead of giving way to a spirit of resentment, excusable if we remember its causes, but narrow and fatal in its results, would maturely reflect upon the

aim of their enterprise, and the means by which it must be achieved, they would perceive that the revolutionary principle must embrace every class, and every social element; that the word liberty must be uttered for all or for none; that by anathematizing and refusing the aid of the priest, they do but substitute a new form of intolerance for that against which they have themselves arisen.

“They would remember that the war of free men must be waged, not against men but against principles; that many of the supporters of the false principle are such because deceived by papal artifice in respect of the principle they combat, and that they have no right to despair of converting those so deceived until they have exhausted every means of unmasking the imposture, and saving them from error.

“They would learn that the work of destruction ends when the necessity and power of building up begins; and that at the present day he who fails to combine the two—destroying with one hand to build up with the other—is unequal to the enterprise before him.

“They would learn that it is ill to seek to extinguish the religious sentiment of the peoples, inspired by the voice of conscience, and the instinct of fraternity innate within them; that the regeneration of humanity can only be achieved by a great and general idea, comprehending all the conditions

and wants, both moral and material, of all the elements of humanity, or of the nation.

“ They would learn that all great enterprises have ever been governed and achieved by a religious sanction ; that Rome conquered the world by the command of her gods ; that Moses converted a handful of half-naked, homeless, and destitute men into a powerful nation by the sign of Jehovah affixed to his decrees ; and that Christianity changed the face of the world with the cry of *God wills it*.

“ They would learn that, in order to restore to man the free use of those powers and faculties which have been degraded by the prolonged arts of tyranny, the first step is to raise him in his own esteem, to efface the mark of slavery on his brow, and make known to him the divinity that lies dormant within him, the greatness of his destiny, and the inviolability of his human nature.

“ And they would learn that if liberty is to be durably founded on earth, the decree must go forth from a sphere no human power can reach ; that, had they begun by seeking this sanction—had they appealed to the priests in the name of the gospel, and of Christianity expiring through the faults of those who dared not become its interpreters—they might not now count in every priest an enemy, and in every church a centre of opposition and resistance.

“ We appeal to them now in this holy name.

Wherefore should not our priests respond in a spirit of love to the call? Wherefore, in this crusade of liberty and independence, which is but the development of the Christian programme of eighteen hundred years ago, should they not bless our banner? Wherefore should they stand in hostility to humanity, instead of advancing in the van and guiding the races, like the fiery column of the desert, to the new unity, the promised land?

“Instead of seeking to isolate the dominant question of the day in the political sphere in which it is henceforth indestructible, and thereby creating a source of constant weakness and disunion in the social edifice; wherefore should not the priesthood reduce that question to its true expression, by applying it to the religious sphere?”

“The accusations which depict the liberal party as a party of terror, anarchy, atheism, and universal overthrow, have been proved calumnious; and they who yet believe them on the faith of the encyclical letter, are rather to be compassionated as ignorant, than condemned as wicked or perverse.

“Our priests know that all edicts of proscription, massacre, and bloodshed, are of the Pope and the princes he protects, not ours; and that when we were rulers of the state we carried our toleration even beyond the bounds of prudence. They know that we shed no drop of citizen blood.

“Our priests know that during the short period

that witnessed our triumph, peace and tranquillity reigned throughout our land, that not anarchy but law was invoked, and that, when tumult and disturbance did arise, it was in consequence of the secret plots or open hostility of the adversaries of freedom.

“ They know that the sacred cause for which we rose was unprofaned by crime ; that atheism was the madness of a mere sect of men belonging to the reactionary epoch of the eighteenth century, and denied and rejected by all the true apostles of human progress. They know that the doctrines preached by the advocates of universal emancipation are eminently spiritual ; that our party has ever advanced with the gospel in one hand and the tablet of duties in the other.

“ And this gospel, which the people are now seeking to reduce to practice, since none others will, wherefore do they forsake it for the word of pope or king ? Why do they not rather raise it from the dust wherein others have cast it down, and openly bear witness to its doctrines ?

“ Truly, it is wonderful that in the face of the infamies daily committed in the name of God ; in the face of the degradation, corruption, hypocrisy, and superstition of the Court of Rome, no priest should feel the blush that burned upon the brow of the early fathers when they saw the Church converted into a house of traffic and of shame.



“ It is wonderful that in the land of Arnold of Brescia and of Savonarola, no priest should feel sufficient religious ardour and courage within him to rise with the word of Christ upon his lips, and call the Pope to account for the anarchy, ruin, and disgrace, his lust of power has brought upon the religion and unity of the Church.

“ It is wonderful that none have dared to take up the heritage of the Pistoian synod, and restore to the clergy that right of examination and suffrage which made of the church of the apostles and their first followers a true republic.

“ This is in fact the whole question, and it is well to reduce it to these terms, because it has hitherto been disfigured and disguised.

“ It is not a question of destroying religion, but of restoring it to its primitive purity and mission ; of giving it new power in the love and veneration of those by whom it is now despised and assailed ; and of constituting it the ruler and the sanction of social progress and human happiness.

“ It is not a question of destroying unity, but of founding it where it does not exist ; of substituting a true and potent unity to the anarchy caused by the papacy in Europe, and extending that unity to those peoples in Europe now dismembered.

“ It is not a question of destroying the Church, but of emancipating and transforming it in those

points now governed by aristocracy and arbitrary rule. It is a question of constituting it in harmony with society, both civil and political; of sanctioning the commencement of reform attempted by the councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle, by the theologians of Venice, the French clergy in 1682, and those of Porto Reale and Ricci.

“It is a question of re-establishing the supremacy of the Church over the Pope; of rehabilitating the parish priest, now reduced to the condition of a poor and despised servant; of calling again into action the principle of the rule of capacity and virtue, once the soul of the church, and now overridden by the aristocracy of blood or riches.

“It is a question of saving alike church, Christianity, and religion, from the destruction with which all are threatened, while thus obstinately identified with the absolutism of Rome, compelling the indignant peoples to the desperate extreme of overwhelming priests, Christianity, and religion, in one and the same ruin, overthrowing them as an obstacle in the path of their rights.

“Priests of my country, would you save the Christian church from inevitable dissolution? Would you cause religion to endure, strong in its own beauty, and the veneration of mankind? Place yourselves at the head of the peoples, and lead them on the path of progress. Aid them to regain their liberty and independence from the

foreigner, the Austrian that enslaves both you and them.

“ Have not you, too, a country, and the heart of a citizen ? Do not you love your fellow-men ?

“ Emancipate them and yourselves. Remember that a priest led the hosts of the Lombard League to the rebuilding of Milan destroyed by the German soldiery. Do you in your turn guide the hosts of the Italian League to plant the banner of Italian freedom upon our Alps.

“ This land, now trampled beneath the foot of the Teuton, God created free. Obey the decree of God. Raise the war-cry of Julius II. Your voice has power upon the multitude. Use your power to restore to your native land the grandeur of which her foreign oppressors have bereft her, to obtain the full and free exercise of their rights for your fellow-men, to found a new pact of alliance between yourselves and the peoples, between Liberty and the Church.

“ Priests of my country ! The first among you who, warned by the dangers of the approaching European crisis, shall dare to raise his glance from the Vatican to God, and receive his mission and inspiration from Him alone—the first among you who shall consecrate himself the apostle of humanity, and hearken to its voice ; who, strong in the purity of a stainless conscience, shall go forth among the hesitating and uncertain multi-

tudes with the Gospel in his hand, and utter the word REFORM—will save Christianity, reconstitute European unity, extinguish anarchy, and put the seal to a lasting alliance and concord between society and the priesthood.

“But if no such voice be raised before the hour of common resurrection has sounded—then, may God save you from the anger of the peoples, for terrible is the anger of the peoples, and your sole path of salvation is the one we have offered to you.”

The article on the Encyclical Letter was followed by a short answer written by Mazzini to an address to the Association of Young Italy, from the youth of Lombardy, and by a treatise upon the method of insurrectionary warfare adapted to the condition of Italy, of little interest to the general reader. It has, however, been deemed advisable to insert, in the Appendix to this edition, the *Instructions for the conduct of Guerrilla Bands*, added to that article some years later. They have been much praised by military men, and are interesting as an illustration of the practical side of Mazzini's labours, and of the untiring energy and capacity with which he made himself master of every detail connected with his great aim.

Mazzini's articles on *Hungary*, and *Upon the Unity of Italy*, the next in the series published

in Young Italy, will not form a part of the present edition. The question of Italian unity has since been decided by facts; and the statements and previsions contained in the article on Hungary, though considered almost as Utopian as the idea of Italian unity when first published, have been as accurately verified and fulfilled, and are recognised historical truths at the present day.

Upon the republication of the article *On the Unity of Italy* in 1861, the author added the following pages, which have been translated for the present edition, as containing much that may be new as well as interesting to the English reader.

#### “ON THE UNITY OF ITALY.

“The preceding article was never completed, and were I not to look beyond the present time, I should deem it unnecessary to complete it now. Facts have since proved that I was right, and confuted the doubts of the federalists in a manner that admits of no discussion. The potent and unanimous voice of the Italian people has proclaimed to all literary theorists that our *Utopia* of thirty years since was, in fact, a prophetic intuition of their wants and aspirations, of their hidden life, and of their future. The free vote of the Italian people has solved the problem, and

declared them *Unitarian* at every cost, and this under circumstances the most unfavourable. They have sacrificed every other right to this great aim, overcoming with admirable perseverance the fears and hesitations of the monarchy, and resisting all the suggestions and temptations offered by their foreign ally, and his timid or venal supporters, in order to win them over to his plan of a confederation, which would have condemned them to perpetual weakness.

“The decision of the country, therefore, might appear to exempt me from the necessity of adding another page upon this subject.

“But the systematic misgovernment of the sect of men but yesterday disbelievers in the possibility of national unity, who are nevertheless called upon by the monarchy to organize and direct it at the present day; the stupid pertinacity with which these men strive to substitute the imperfect expression given to the life of a fraction of Italy thirteen years ago\* to the manifestation of *collective* national life now invoked by the country, may cause the popular mind—I will not say to retrocede towards the former state of things—but at least to vacillate in a dangerous manner as to

\* The Piedmontese *statuto*, or constitution, wrung from Charles Albert by revolution in 1848, and very hastily framed to suit the immediate exigencies of the case.—*Translator's Note.*

the course indicated by a true instinct of the Italian mission.

“The Nation is a *new fact*, the only fitting expression of which is a NATIONAL PACT, dictated by an Italian constituent assembly in Rome; the organization of a citizen army from one end of the country to the other; an Italian policy freed from all foreign protection or influence; a war boldly undertaken for Venice; and a government representing not a mere *coterie*, but the whole people, without other exception than of those adverse to the unity of their country.

“If they who govern Italy persist in denying us these things, the inevitable result will be to produce crises and reaction among our betrayed populations. And it is very important that in such crises, the one great conquest, unity, should not be lost. It is very important that the idea should take such firm hold of the people as to become indented with their national life, and emerge in greater power and splendour from every new combination of events.

“Unity ever was and is the destiny of Italy. It may be traced as the ultimate aim of the slow but irresistible and continuous advance of our civilization from the time when the first germs of Italian nationality were sown by the Sabellian tribes, between the snows of the Maiella, the Great Stone of Italy (*umbilicus Italiæ*), and the Aterno.

“The progress was slow—for, while elaborating the foundations of the nation, Italian civilization had twice to conquer the world—but it was continuous throughout all the struggles of the popular element with foreign and domestic aristocracy; and irresistible and invincible indeed, since neither religious transformation, nor the invasions of all the peoples of Europe, and the long subsequent periods of barbarism and ruin, sufficed to overcome it. The history of her *People* contains the secret of the history of Italy, and of her future. In it, both our own writers and those politicians of Europe who have busied themselves with Italian affairs, might have learned the inevitable goal towards which the course of events was urging the populations of the Peninsula.

“But what Italian historian has ever attempted to describe the life of our people?

“Macchiavelli himself was unequal to the task, nor do his pages enable us to form any conception of the relative condition of the people in his own day, with their condition in the foregoing period.

“Sismondi—the only foreign writer upon Italy who deserves the name of a historian—notwithstanding his democratic sympathies, and his long and patient study of his subject, has only given us the history of our factions, and the virtues, vices, and ambitions of our illustrious families; without comprehending or suspecting the work of



fusion (recognised, though but slightly indicated by Romagnosi) that was silently, but uninterruptedly, going on in the heart of the country.

“ Yet the cry of unity did burst forth from the profoundly Italian heart of Macchiavelli, though he only conceived its realization possible under a princely dictatorship. Sismondi, not being an Italian, resigned himself in discouragement to obstacles apparently insurmountable, and pronounced Italian Unity an *Utopia*.

. . . . .  
But neither literary historians, nor even Italian conspirators—ourselves excepted—nor any of the leaders of our insurrections, nor the dilettanti who flocked to Italy to steep their souls in melody, and gaze upon her ancient frescoes ; nor the poets whom the perception of a spark of life in Italy would have deprived of the beautiful image of a nation entombed for ever, suspected, thirty or forty years ago, the fact which has been the generating cause of our every progress, the fact that *the people of Italy had gradually substituted themselves for every partial element, overwhelming or absorbing every other influence of race or caste.*

Now, in every nation in which the people is the dominant element, unity—so long as the Commune is preserved as the temple of liberty—is certain and inevitable.

. . . . .

“Sismondi had dwelt so long upon the Guelph and Ghibelline struggles of the middle ages that he had, as it were, identified himself with that period of Italian history, and lost the power of judging the present or foreseeing the future. He described the external aspect of those contests admirably, but without penetrating their true significance, without comprehending the impulse and idea of which they were the representation, or their inevitable consequences.

“He saw not that the Pope and Emperor were but the visible symbol and pretext of those convulsions, and that their true cause was the secret effort of internal fusion by which Italy was slowly elaborating an equality among the national elements, destructive alike of privilege, of the spirit of caste, and of federalism.

“A false system of philosophy had led Sismondi to the historical materialism of the eighteenth century, and when he found the tumult of those factions cease, and saw the two giants of the struggle—the Pope and Emperor—turn towards each other, as if wearied by the contest, and sign the peace—already prepared at Cambrai—upon the bier of Florence, he mournfully declared ‘*It is the death of Italy.*’

“It was but the death of the Italy of the middle ages, with its inequalities of race and of civilization, with its internal discords and duality.

It was the death of one epoch, to leave the field open to another, the grandeur of which might be foretold by its long and painful initiation.

“The very fact of this alliance between two powers, until that day irreconcilably opposed, should have revealed to the historian the advent of a third power, threatening the existence of both, and which they felt themselves unable to combat alone.”

In answer to Sismondi's idea that a revival of the internal dissensions by which Italy was desolated in the middle ages would render unity an impossibility, Mazzini asks, “Who can point out in this Italian land, wherein all the different races have from the very first intermingled, assimilated, and become confused, a single zone in which any one of them can be justly called predominant ?

“I could wish them to show us a single diversity among the Lombard, Roman, and Neapolitan Italians greater than the diversity existing in France (the most homogeneous of nations) among the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, and those of Brittany, Normandy, and Provence. All those rivalries were destroyed by war. Three hundred years of oppression have rendered the conditions of life and death identical over all Italy.”

“The people,” Mazzini says, “know nothing of these dissensions.” Corrupt governments, founded upon a system of *espionage* and terror, the irrita-

tion generated by long suffering, the absence of education and of collective political interests, and the promptings of a spirit of *individuality* more potent in Italy than elsewhere, have produced a tendency to suspicion, sudden distrust, and dangerous reaction in our people. But to imagine that these *individual* defects constitute the germ of federalism, is to transform men into provinces. These vices find an outlet among the various classes and different quarters of each separate city; they very rarely extend themselves from city to city, and never from province to province.

“That superabundant vitality and desire of independent activity which characterise the *individual*, and the civic corporations in Italy, will become an useful instrument in the hands of legislative genius for the protection of liberty against the encroachments of administrative centralization; but they will never create—as they never have created—any necessity for large political divisions.

“It would seem as if the advocates of provincial federalism were incapable of understanding two great elementary facts of Italian history—viz., that the various states into which Italy has been divided for three centuries were not created by the spontaneous vote or special disposition of the populations of which they were composed, but were the issue of diplomacy, foreign usurpation,

and armed invasion; and that our history offers no indication of any formal and definite antagonism between province and province.

“ Our wars, when they were not

“ *Fra quei che un muro e una fossa serra,*”\*

as Dante has it, were between city and city, between cities belonging to the same province, between Como and Milan, Pisa and Siena, Arezzo and Florence, Genoa and Turin; and not between Lombardy and Piedmont, Tuscany and Romagna, or Naples and the centre.”

. . . . .

Those superficial observers who fancied danger to the Italian future from the quarrels of slaves writhing beneath the yoke, forgot that the tocsin of the nation would silence every dispute by the announcement of a glad collective future. “ They forgot the singular unity with which, for many years before 1789, precisely similar reforms were both inculcated and attempted in all parts of the Peninsula. They forgot the unity of government, of legislation, and of commerce, in which eight millions of Italians belonging to Venetia, Lombardy, and the Roman provinces, were bound together at the commencement of the century, without giving rise to the slightest symptoms of discord.

“ They forgot the enthusiasm with which the

\* Between those encircled by a wall and ditch.

populace of Genoa—to all appearance irreconcilable enemies of Piedmont a few days before—scattered flowers in the path of the Piedmontese soldiers advancing against the Austrians in 1821. They forgot the unanimous shout of *Italy* raised by the insurgents of every province ten years later, the earnest unitarian apostolate of our secret societies during the years following those insurrections, and the blood shed by the martyrs of every province of Italy, in the name of the common country.

“Above all, they forgot the *principle* that no peoples ever die, nor stop short upon their path, before they have achieved the ultimate historical aim of their existence, before having completed and fulfilled their mission.

“Now, the mission of Italy is pointed out by her geographical conditions, by the prophetic aspirations of our greatest minds and noblest hearts, and by the whole of our magnificent historical tradition, easily to be traced by anyone who will but study the life of our people, instead of the deeds of individuals or aristocracy. . . .

“The nation never has existed, said they; therefore it can never exist. But we—viewing the question from the height of our ruling synthesis—declare: The nation has not as yet existed; *therefore*, it *must* exist in the future. A people destined to achieve great things for the welfare

of humanity must one day or other be constituted a nation.

“And slowly, from epoch to epoch, our people has advanced towards that aim. But the history of our people and of our nationality, which is one and the same thing, has yet to be written. It is sadder to me than I can say to be compelled to carry with me to the tomb the unfulfilled desire of attempting it myself according to my own design. He who shall write it as it ought to be written, without burying the salient points of Italian progress beneath a multitude of minute details, and keeping in view the collective development of the Italian element from period to period, will be rewarded by the fact of having sustained the unity of the country upon the firm basis of history and tradition.

“Having proved, by the testimony of our ancient records, and the vestiges of past religions, the absolute independence of our primitive civilization from the Hellenic (considerably posterior), the writer will then proceed to trace the origin of our nationality from those Sabellian tribes, dwelling, as I have said, round the ancient Amiternus; who, along with the Osques, Siculians, and Umbrians, first assumed the sacred name of Italy, and initiated the fusion of the different elements spread over the Peninsula, by planting their lance—the symbol of authority—in the valley of the Tibur, in the Campagna, and beyond. This was the first *war of independence*

sustained by the Italian element, against that element (probably of Semitic origin) called by the ancients Pelasgic.

“The second was the war of the Roman Italians against the Celtic and Gallic elements—a war divided into two periods, which, although occasionally confounded one with the other, may be easily recognised as distinct.

“In the first period, Italy appears to assign to Rome her mission of unification, by declaring to her, *I am yours, but on condition of your identifying your life with mine.* The culminating point of this period is that in which the associate cities—reviving the old name of Italy, and baptizing therewith the centre of their league, Corfinio—demanded and obtained Roman citizenship, which was afterwards extended to all the dwellers between the Alps and the sea.

“In the second period, the Roman forces, now become Italian, promoted the triumph of the indigenous element over every other.

“Then came the cry of Spartacus, destined to become the programme of the succeeding epoch; then the dictatorship of Cæsar, which concluded the first epoch of Italian fusion. This was a fusion not merely social but political; and, indeed, the character of the material civilization, represented by Rome towards the close of the epoch, was unmistakeably Italian. The men of intellect concen-



trated in Rome were from every Italian province ; the whole of that web of life, the threads of which centred in Rome, was Italian ; the civil law was Italian ; the municipal system was Italian ; the aspirations of the people were Italian.

“ The second epoch—initiated in the midst of the barbarian invasions—carried on with a pertinacity ensuring its triumph, that work of *social* fusion which has rendered us fit to be a nation at the present day.

“ The historian will then proceed to show how—after this first political unity was broken up, and the national movement, conducted with premature rapidity through the medium of conquest by Rome, was apparently extinct—the work of fusion was locally resumed through the spontaneous instinct of the people ; and how our populations, divided as they were, yet appear as if everywhere under the direction of an identical formula—so similar were the paths selected, and so uniform the consequences that ensued.

“ In that epoch of apparent dismemberment known as the Middle Ages, two elements were at work to prepare the unity of our Italian country.

“ The first was the Christian element—represented, until the thirteenth century, by papal Rome—and guardian of moral unity.

“ The second was the municipal element, which, based upon the people, and profoundly Italian

in its nature, arose again triumphant after every invasion, gradually overcame the successive dominion of foreign races, and wore away the social inequalities introduced into Italy by foreign conquest.

“The history of the first of these elements has always been written in a spirit of blind, superstitious adoration, or compiled by men of the purely negative materialist school. It will therefore require to be re-written. The history of the second has been either neglected or submerged beneath the history of prominent individuals or external events. Few or none have penetrated the depths of Italian life; the true history of which is the history of the popular movement against those political, feudal, and territorial aristocracies, which, had they been allowed to endure, would have perpetuated our dismemberment.

“Whilst our nobles, the issue of conquest, remained in proud and haughty ignorance, degraded by sensual passions; our industrial, agricultural, and trading classes took advantage of the disdain shown by their masters for all the useful and productive arts, to enrich themselves by these means; profiting even by the sad necessity, which, owing to the interruption of communication between Italy and the rest of Europe, compelled our people to maintain themselves solely upon the productions of their own soil, to revive the arts of agriculture, which had fallen into decay during the last days of

the empire. The *petite culture* of the peasant proprietor was substituted for the inert system of the large landed proprietors, most of whom were either driven away or became extinct.

“The life of the people, thus localized, silently improved, and strengthened by the immortal Romano-Italian traditions, gradually gained ground unobserved, and prepared the way for the glorious movement of our communes, and the formation of a laborious industrial class, the enemy of all arbitrary distinction or inequality not based upon labour, and antagonistic to every supremacy which was the issue of conquest or foreign influence.

“The history of this class is the true criterion by which to regulate our judgment of the vicissitudes of Italian history. From it may be derived the law of our progress and unification, the secret of those democratic instincts which, in spite of every effort made to destroy them, yet remain omnipotent over our Italian life, and will inevitably lead Italy, sooner or later, to the realization of the republican ideal.

“The double protest of the Italian popular element against the German element on the one side, and the feudal element on the other, may always be traced throughout all the errors, illusions, and momentary contradictions, inseparable from the history of every people, from the days of Otto I. down to Charles V.

“The war of the Italian element against foreign

domination is clearly to be traced, between the tenth and eleventh centuries, in the enterprise of Crescentius; in the election of Arduino d' Ivrea; in the constant skirmishes between Germans and Italians in Pavia, Ravenna, and Rome; and in the struggles of Milan against her bishops, and the nobles who upheld the anti-Italian element. It was the secret of the gigantic scheme of Gregory VII. (hitherto misunderstood); it burst forth with tremendous eloquence in the Lombard league; it was organized in our communes; it was the spirit of the unfulfilled conception of Innocent III.

“The war of the same element against feudal and other aristocracy may be traced, about the same time, in the society of the *Motta Lanzone*,\* in the attempts of the Countess Matilda, in the asylum given to fugitive slaves by the Benedictines of the valley of the Po, in the movement of emancipation by which the serfs became free citizens; and is revealed without disguise in the period of the republics.

“Both of these wars prepared the way for our unity.

“The unitarian movement continued even after the last liberties of Italy were destroyed by the fall of Florence, when all public life was silent and at an end, and all hope of country appeared extinguished beneath foreign domination, and the rule of the petty princes who were vassals of the foreigner.

“Local life, though repressed by war and violence,

\* A Lombard popular association.

extended and enlarged its basis. Few of its manifestations during that period are discernible, but those few are of an Italian and universal character. The historian may trace them in the works of our jurists, in the foundation of an economic school, theoretically accepted—although the practical application of its doctrines was impossible in that day—by the thinkers of all parts of Italy; in the disuse of local statutes, the advance towards uniformity of legislation, and the philosophical movement of the seventeenth century.

“It is evidenced by the slow decay of our aristocracies, which were combated by tyranny from lust of power, degraded by the contempt manifested by the people for their utter impotence, and sapped by the silent increase of our agricultural and commercial classes; all of them sprung, as I have stated, from the heart of the people, and evincing the same national tendencies from one end of Italy to the other.

“If we penetrate beyond the stratum of servitude overlaying the country, and investigate the latent life beneath, we shall comprehend that however long that life’s activity might be repressed, the first revelation of it would be, not provincial, but national.

“And such indeed it proved towards the close of the eighteenth century. From that time forth, whether in battle or in martyrdom, one sole Italian banner has been raised throughout Italy.

“ Yes ; unity was and is the destiny of Italy. The civil primacy twice exercised by Italy—through the arms of the Cæsars and the voice of the Popes—is destined to be held a third time by the people of Italy—the nation.

“ They who were unable forty years ago to perceive the signs of progress towards unity made in the successive periods of Italian life, were simply blind to the light of history. But should any, in the face of the actual glorious manifestation of our people, endeavour to lead them back to ideas of confederations, and independent provincial liberty, they would deserve to be branded as traitors to their country.

“ Federalism in Italy would not only arbitrarily reduce the vast association of forces, intelligence, and activity, to be organized by unity for the benefit of each individual ; the inequality existing between the various states would not only create that continual want of balance between *power* and *will* which is the mortal disease of all federations, and the germ of anarchy and disunion among them ; it would not only be the means of perpetuating the weakness of the state, rendering it an easy prey to the envy and perfidy of its more powerful neighbours ; but it would cancel, in the name of an unreal and fictitious liberty, the great MISSION of Italy in the world.

“ I know that the idea of a confederation is both the counsel and design of one whom many Italians

still regard as the friend and protector of Italy ; but I know, too, that he is treacherous, a foreigner, and a despot ; and were the Italians to listen to him they would be alike foolish and guilty. That he should seek to weaken, in order to dominate us, is easily understood ; but the mere fact that the suggestion springs from such a source ought to be one of the most powerful warnings against it.

“ After long and severe study of the internal conditions of Italy, the great genius, who was the head of his race, proffered the following judgment from the land of expiation :—

“ *Italy is surrounded by the Alps and the sea.*

“ *Her natural limits are defined with as much exactitude as if she were an island. . . . Italy is only united to the continent by 150 leagues of frontier, and those 150 leagues are fortified by the highest barrier that can be opposed to man. . . . Italy, isolated between her natural limits, is destined to form a great and powerful nation. . . . Italy is one nation ; unity of customs, language, and literature, must, within a period more or less distant, unite her inhabitants under one sole government. . . . And Rome will, without the slightest doubt, be chosen by the Italians as their capital.\**

“ Let your ministers inscribe these lines at the head of their despatches to the nephew, and bid him no longer stand between Italy and her mission.

\* *Mémoires de Napoleon*, vol. i.—Description d'Italie.

“ Her mission—the final decision of the question lies in these words.

“ It is time that political science in Italy should break through the circle of lying opportunity, cowardly concession to temporary interests, and abject submission to the calculations of foreigners, traced around us by the monarchico-imperial initiative; and raise itself to the dignity of high moral principles, without which all regeneration, virtue, glory, or lasting life in a nation, are impossible.

“ I venerate as much as any the intellect of Macchiavelli, and perhaps more than any the intense love of Italy which was the sole consolation of that great and weary soul, mourning over others and himself. But to pretend to seek the law of life of an insurgent people in those pages written by him upon the bier whereon the princes, in adulterous union with Popes and their bastard vassals, had stretched our Italy, is to play the part of apes and impotent copyists, from which our youth should turn with shame.

“ We may learn from Macchiavelli how to thwart the arts of the wicked, and through what paths of corruption and servility a people may be led to death; but not the baptism of their new life. That baptism must be sought by resolutely pursuing the opposite path, untainted with the infection of death; it must be sought in the stern worship of morality;



in the adoration of a great idea ; in the energetic affirmation of the right and true ; in scorn of all expedients ; in the perception and consciousness of the link that makes the religious, social, and political movement one ; and in a deep sense of duty, and of a great mission to be fulfilled.

“ For such a mission does exist in every people destined to become a nation, and the neglect of that mission inevitably leads—as if in expiation of egotism and sterility of life—first to national decay, and then to foreign invasion and domination. Those who now style themselves the Italian Government, while they neither govern nor administer, fancy they are creating the nation by causing Italy to retrace the path which would lead her to the abyss into which she fell three centuries ago, were she not saved by the generous, though unconscious, instinct of our people.

“ Has Italy a mission in Europe, or has she not ? Does the country bearing the name of Italy represent a given number of men—thousands or millions it matters not—naturally independent of each other, and only grouped together and forming nuclei in virtue of material interests in common, the satisfaction of which is rendered more facile and secure by a certain degree of association ?

“ Or does Italy represent an element of progress in the European society, a sum of special faculties and tendencies, an idea, an aspiration, the germ of

a common faith, a tradition distinct from that of other nations, and constituting the past, present, and future generations of our people an historical unity?

“Each of these two terms of the problem has its corresponding political school.

“The political school represented by the first, is founded upon the *rights* of the individual.

“The political school represented by the second, is based upon social *duty*.

“The school of rights is, illogically, federalist. I say illogically, because to be truly logical they should advocate the autonomy of each separate commune. The state should be in their eyes a mere aggregate, a federation of many thousands of communes; the nation, a *force* destined to protect each separate commune in the exercise of its rights—nothing more.

“And such in fact was the definition of the state given by the federalist Brizzot, copied by Benjamin Constant and the politicians of the restored French monarchy, and recently reduced to its ultimate expression by Proudhon.

“The school of duty is essentially and logically unitarian. For them life is a *function*, a *mission*. The law and definition of this mission can only be deduced from the *collective* term, supreme over the separate individualities of the country, the people, and the nation.

“If a collective mission, a community of duty, a solidarity between all the citizens of the state, exist; it can only be represented by national unity.

“The school of rights, materialist and analytical, was introduced into Italy by the foreigner.

“The school of duty, idealist and synthetical, is profoundly Italian. We were great and powerful when we had faith in our own mission. We sank degraded beneath a foreign yoke whenever we swerved from that faith.

“The Italians have now irrevocably decided between these two schools. It is of little moment that in the merely philosophical sphere, the intellect of the country, chilled by long habits of servitude, and the still prevalent imitation of foreign schools of negation, has not emancipated itself from the doctrines of materialism. Our martyrs have affirmed the national duty for more than half a century by dying in the name of Italy, and not of Tuscany, Lombardy, or Romagna.

“Our people affirmed it, when, unmindful of all local memories, unmindful of long habits of deserved distrust, unmindful of the pride of capitals, of all save the common country, they cried aloud to the monarchy, *we are yours for the sake of unity.*

“It matters little that it may not now be easy to determine what the mission—I believe it to be highly religious—of Italy is in the world. The tradition of two epochs of initiation, and the conscience

of the Italian people, alike bear witness that such a mission exists; and even if the double unity we have already given to the world did not indicate what that mission is, the fact of this instinct among the people of a national mission to be fulfilled, and a *collective idea* to be developed, would be enough to prove the necessity of one sole country, with one form of organization to embody and represent it.

“That form of organization is unity. Federalism implies a multiplicity of aims to be realised, and resolves itself, sooner or later, into a system of aristocracies or castes. Unity is the only security for equality, and the due development of the life of the people.

“Italy therefore will be one. Her geographical conditions, language, and literature; the necessities of defence, and of political power; the desire of the populations, the democratic instincts innate in our people, the presentiment of a progress in which all the forces and faculties of the country must concur, the consciousness of an initiative in Europe, and of great things yet to be achieved by Italy for the world; all point to this aim. There is no obstacle in the way that may not be easily overcome, no objection that may not be historically and philosophically met and confuted. One sole difficulty remains, the method of organization.

“It is unnecessary to waste time in answering the vulgar prejudice, that unity cannot exist in a large state without detriment to the liberty of its different parts. The prejudice had its origin in the assertions of writers who founded their judgment upon the results of the *direct* exercise of the governmental power by the people in the republics of antiquity; assertions which have been blindly repeated by the many incapable or impatient of maturely judging the question. But they are refuted both by reason and fact.

“The greater or less dimension or extension of the state in no way enters into the solution of the problem. If it did, it would decide it in our favour. Usurpation on the part of the government is both easier and more lasting in a restricted, than in an extended sphere.

“The energy of the central power naturally diminishes in proportion to distance. In all local matters there are a thousand means of eluding the vigilance of an authority exercised at a distance by individuals ignorant alike of persons and things.

“No tyranny was ever more tormenting and persistent than that exercised by the authorities in many of our cities in the middle ages. None more so than that which has been the curse of the little duchy of Modena in our own day.

“Liberty may be organized in a large or in a small state, but violations of liberty are unques-

tionably easier in the small. I speak of native usurpation. The rule of a conquering foreign race almost always degenerates into a military tyranny, equally odious everywhere.

“ This question, simple enough when tried by first principles, has been overladen with apparent difficulties, and rendered complex and intricate by the attempt to solve it without first defining what is the mission of the state, and what the true field for the exercise of liberty.

“ Some, by regarding the state as a power whose sole office is to protect the rights of individuals, and prevent the exercise of those rights from degenerating into a state of mutual warfare, have reduced its functions to a level with those of the gendarme, and treated liberty both as a *means* and as an *end*.

“ Others, despising liberty as a faculty barren in itself, and tending to anarchy, have sacrificed it to the collective element, and sought to organize the state as a tyranny of centralization, directed for good, but none the less a tyranny.

“ Some, confounding administrative centralization with unity, accuse the French Constituent Assembly of having inaugurated the despotism of the centre over the rest of France, by the division of that country into departments; an error which a careful reading of the constitution sanctioned by that assembly would have sufficed to dispel.

“Others, founding their judgment upon the organization of a period utterly abnormal, and seduced by the victories of the Convention, advocate the absolute omnipotence of the state—as if a dictatorship could ever be regarded as the model of regular legislation.

“After these came men who imagined the safeguard of liberty to be the division of the governing power into small fractions, without perceiving that the more they multiplied the centres of authority, the weaker and less capable of self-support the authority became.

“All these theorists were equally intolerant, and equally destitute of any great idea or conception of their own. Servile plagiarists of this or that constitution in the past, they obstinately persisted in seeking the solution of the problem in one of its component terms alone.

“Association and liberty are the two terms of the problem. Each is a sacred and indestructible part of human nature. Neither may be cancelled; they may and must be harmonized.

“In a well organized state the nation represents *association*, and the commune *liberty*.

“THE NATION and the COMMUNE are the only two NATURAL elements of a people: the only manifestations of their general and local life springing from the essence of things. All the other elements, by whatever name they may be called, are

*artificial*: their sole office is to render the relations between the nation and the commune more facile and beneficial, and to protect the second from all possible usurpations on the part of the first.

“And these things, which are theoretically true everywhere, are practically more so in Italy than elsewhere. The prolonged existence of a compact and powerful feudal aristocracy has generated an element of historical provincial tradition in many nations, destined to perish but slowly. Amongst us this element is wanting. Italy has had her patricians, but no patrician class or aristocracy; seignorial families and individuals; but no distinct order of men representing for ages a community of ideas—a common policy and interest, as in England.

“Our history is a history of communes, and of a people tending to become a nation. And the nation is called upon and destined to represent that Italian tradition which it alone can preserve and continue; and that Italian progress which it alone is capable of reducing to action.

“The state—the collective people from the Alps to the sea—is not, as the materialist school would have it, the power of all brought in aid of each. It is the representation of the Italian idea—of the social duty as understood by the Italians at a given epoch, and constituting the starting-point and rule of action of each individual. The mission of the state is educational above all things; a mission of



internal and external civilization, supreme over every division or fraction.

“But the national duty and mission cannot be fulfilled by slaves. It must be the work of free men. It is necessary that each man should have a knowledge and a consciousness of the duty by which he, as a part of the nation, is bound ; and, in order that the degree of progress achieved at any given time may not tyrannically close the path of progress in the future, it is necessary that the right of *initiative*, in all ideas tending to the improved civilization of the nation, and the enlargement of its conception of duty, should not only be conceded, but encouraged in each and all.

“The first of these necessities leads us to the condemnation of administrative centralization, which, by its compulsory direction, would deprive the acts of the citizens of all merit or demerit.

“The second leads us to universal liberty of religion, of the press, of association, of instruction, and of communal organization ; the commune being the guarantee of individual autonomy, and of free, spontaneous, and independent life, in all things not leading to the violation of the social duty prescribed by the nation. Liberty carried beyond that point degenerates into anarchy.

“Liberty, misunderstood by materialists as *the right to do or not to do anything not directly injurious to others*, we understand as the faculty of choosing

among the various modes of fulfilling duty, those most in harmony with our own tendencies, and of promoting the progressive development of the conception of duty.

“In other words, the nation collects and combines the elements of civilization already acquired, deduces from them the formula of duty which constitutes the *common aim*, directs the life of the country in its general and collective manifestations towards that aim, and embodies and represents it among the peoples. The commune watches over the practical application of that formula of duty; co-ordinates all local interests in harmony with it, and by awakening a consciousness of liberty in the citizens, teaches them to sow the seeds of future progress.

“The moral authority resides in the nation.

“The application of its principles, especially economical, to daily life, is the business of the commune, and the right and duty of taking the initiative in their own sphere, exists equally in both.

“The commune forms and educates the citizens for their country.

“The country forms and educates a people for humanity.

“Even as the blood is impelled to the heart, and thence returned in a purified form to the veins, so does the metropolis receive the germs of progress flowing in from the country, and by their definition

and development temper the collective conception, which it then sends forth with authority to the country. The metropolis exists, not for itself, but for the country.

“They who desire to occupy themselves practically with this question, will find the problem much simpler than they imagined, if they take these principles for their starting-point.

“The mission of the nation and of the commune thus defined, will easily indicate the limits of the double circle tracing their rights and duties. All that embodies and represents the Italian conscience, the moral authority of the country over all its children, the national tradition (ever to be preserved as a sacred deposit), the progress to be achieved by all, the country, and its international life, is the business of the central power of the state.

“All that concerns the practical application of the general rules, local economical interests, liberty in the choice of the means by which to fulfil the social duty, and that right of initiative inviolable in all, is the business, under the superintendence of the nation, of the secondary unities, above all of the commune, as primary among them. To the state, through the medium of an Italian constituent assembly, elected by universal suffrage, belongs the NATIONAL PACT, the declaration of the principles\*

\* Declaration of principles and not of rights. This distinction alone, if properly understood and developed, will suffice to secure the

in which the people of Italy believe, the definition of the common aim and social duty derived from those principles, and forming a bond of thought and action common to all those who dwell between the Alps and the sea ; and the organization of those authorities calculated to maintain that duty intact and supreme, until the period when the nation shall have ascended another degree on the scale of progress.

“ To the commune belongs the right of ascertaining, through the medium of a large majority of votes, the period when—that new degree of progress having been reached—it has become desirable to modify the national pact.

“ To the state belongs the formation of the decrees by which NATIONAL EDUCATION \*—without unity

Italian initiative in Europe. Our national pact will assume a religious character, and become the expression of an epoch, the *aim* of which is *association*.

The declaration of rights, which all constitutions persist in servilely copying from the French, expressed an epoch which was summed up and exhausted, to her eternal glory, by France. The aim of that epoch was the assertion of the rights of the *individual*, and it only expressed one half of the problem.

\* I can touch but slightly on this subject here, both from lack of space and time, but this question of national education is a vital question, and being as yet generally misunderstood, it is deserving of a special study, which I shall attempt in one of the succeeding volumes. The theory of *Liberty of Education*, and nothing more, was just and useful as a war-cry against a monopoly of education entrusted to an authority the representative of the catholic and feudal

in which there is no true nation—shall be rendered universal, obligatory, and uniform in its general bearing and direction.

“To the commune belongs the practical applica-

principle, for ages adverse to progress, and incapable of governing and directing the life either of the individual or of humanity. And we would raise that cry even now in all cases where it is necessary to overthrow a false authority, and assert the right of society to found a new authority, the true expression of our epoch.

But so soon as the national life is freely organized under the inspiration of the faith expressed by the word PROGRESS, the problem is changed.

The nation then becomes an assemblage of principles, beliefs, and aspirations directed towards a common aim, which has been accepted as the basis of their fraternity by the vast majority of the citizens.

To concede to each single citizen the right of communicating to the rest his own programme, and to deny that right to the nation, is a contradiction utterly incomprehensible in those who desire national unity, and ridiculous in those who preach unity of weights and measures, and of the monetary system.

Moral unity is far more important than material unity, and without a national education moral unity is impossible, anarchy inevitable. National education is, moreover, the sole just basis upon which to found a penal code.

They who oppose the principle of national education in the name of individual independence, do not perceive that they but remove the child from the teachings of *all* his fellow-countrymen, to hand over his intellect and independence to the arbitrary rule and direction of one sole individual—the father. Liberty and association are both sacred, and both must be represented by education. The social duty by the inculcation and transmission of the national programme, and liberty of progress by the concession of a like freedom of transmission to all other programmes, which should be protected and encouraged by the State. The individual would then be free to make his choice.

tion of the laws, and the choice of those who will act as guardians of elementary instruction; the economical organization of the national schools, and the duty of watching over and protecting the right of individuals to open other educational institutions.

“To the state—since it is the duty of all its citizens to guard the independence of their country, and protect her mission—will belong the unity of the military system, the organization of the armed nation.

“The lists from which the officers of the army will be chosen, will be proposed by the soldiers of each commune organized in legions, and exercising that right progressively from the inferior to the superior ranks, under the direction of certain laws pre-established by the nation.

“To the state—since justice is equal for all the citizens—belongs the unity of the judicial organization of the country, the code, the appointment of the judges of the supreme courts, and the magistrates who direct the administration of justice.

“The communes will elect the local juries, and the members of the tribunals of arbitration and commerce.

“The state will determine the amount of the national tribute, and its distribution over the various zones of the territory.

“The communes, under the direction of the

state, will determine all local tributes, and also the method of levying the national tribute.\*

“It will be the duty of the state to form a national capital composed of public property, of the possessions of the clergy, railways, and other great industrial enterprises, destined to be applied in part to the satisfaction of all the extraordinary wants of the nation, and the reduction of taxation, and in part to the formation of a credit in aid of all voluntary industrial or agricultural associations of working men.

“The duty of administrating that capital devolves upon the communes, under the guardianship of the state, and under the direction of certain general laws.

“The internal administration in all matters relating to the public safety, the general rules of prison regulation, and the direction of certain cen-

\* This also requires explanation and development, which I shall endeavour to give in a future volume.

I remember that, towards the end of the last century, Vincenzo Coco pointed out that where the principal produce of a province was oil, the population was compelled to await the harvest until November, while the inhabitants of a pastoral and agricultural province collect the fruits of their industry in July; or, in cold and mountainous provinces, in September. While the agriculturist receives the proceeds of a year's labour in a few days, the receipts of the manufacturer are constant, and many traders and dealers only realise their profits at the period of large fairs, etc. He arrived at the conclusion that the mode of contribution to the national tribute to be adopted by the various populations should be decided by the communes.

tral penitential establishments, are the business of the state.

“ The communes undertake the maintenance of order in their own local sphere, the organization of the necessary force, and the practical administration of the prisons of their own locality.

“ To the state belongs the direction of all public works undertaken with a view to the honour and advantage of the whole nation, and the preservation and progress of national art.

“ The practical duties of lighting, paving, water supply, and the preservation of the public roads and bridges, are the business of the communes.

“ To the state belongs the direction of all matters of foreign policy, of peace and war, treaties and alliance.

“ To the communes, the duty of watching over the foreign policy of the state, and taking care that it in no way deviate from the true aim and mission of the nation.

“ And so on.

“ What danger of anarchy or tyranny is there in this distribution of rights and duties ?

“ Where is the risk of local jealousies and divisions rendering the nation unable to pursue the path of honour and progress ? What danger of seeing the communes reduced, as in France, to a position of servility, and compelled to have their chiefs and officials of every description imposed by



the government, and to submit to its interference in every trifling matter ?

“ However—and this is another important question which I have not now time to develop at length—if the communes are to be enabled to maintain the liberty of their members within just limits, and protect them against the encroachments of the central authority—the representative of association ; if they are to complete the political education of the country by the application of the elective principle, and the frequent exercise of public functions and offices accessible to all ; if, indeed, the rights we have assigned to the communes are to be rendered no illusion, but a practical truth ;—it will be necessary that the national assembly should sanction a new partition of the state. The source of all servility in the communes is their limited extension.

“ The commune is an association which should represent the state in miniature, and it is necessary to grant it sufficient power to enable it to realise this aim. The impotence of small communes to do this, and to provide for the satisfaction of their own moral and material wants, compels them to invoke the intervention of government, to the destruction of the habits, customs, and consciousness of free local life.

“ This is the original cause of the too great administrative centralization in France, where, out

of 37,000 communes,\* 30,000, at least, are unable to provide against mendicity in their own locality.

“The proof of how well despotic governments know that the secret of their power lies in the weakness of the communes, may be found in the constitution of the year VIII., the principal decrees of which are still in vigour in France, imposing upon the communes the servile yoke of the central power. It was approved by Thiers, and the whole tribe of *doctrinaires*, who were the dominant party during the long period of the so-called restoration of the monarchy.

“If the administrative organization is to realise that form of progress, the want of which is most urgently felt in Italy at the present day, the commune must be so far extended as to embrace the city and part of the surrounding rural population.

“I am sorry to dissent from many of those holding the same political faith with myself, who have given their attention to this subject; but—leaving aside the many advantages resulting from embracing within the same circumscription interests so closely connected as are the industrial and agricultural, and uniting the political life of those whose social life is in common—if there is any evil really endangering the collective progress of her people, it is, unquestionably, the want of all equality and

\* Increased by I know not how many more since the disastrous annexation of Nice and Savoy.

harmony between the degree of civilization in the cities and in the surrounding territory.

“The first are centres of progressive life, and national associations; the second—owing to the extreme ignorance of the populations—are centres of resistance to all progress. And the sole remedy which I consider sufficiently powerful gradually to destroy this fatal inequality, is to unite the two populations as far as possible, so that the enlightenment of the city may diffuse its rays over the surrounding country.

“To keep them separate as they are, is to perpetuate that antagonism of interests which now exists, but which would soon wear away under the influence of contact and reciprocal advantage. Nor is there any danger that the progressive element in the cities would be overborne by the retrograde or conservative element of the provinces; the providential advance of the epoch, and that energy of life and power for good which exists in the first element, would secure the dominion of progress were such contact established.

“The life of the state—owing partly to its feudal origin, and partly to the excessive prevalence of a spirit of analysis leading men to regard dismemberment with an eye of favour—is too fractionary and divided at the present day. And though many still imagine this dismemberment to be a guarantee of liberty, the only power really deriving any ad-

vantage from it is precisely that central power of whose usurpations they stand in dread, and which, finding weakness on every side—naturally arising where a number of little spheres are ruled over by a patrician or bourgeoisie aristocracy—is easily enabled either to crush out or lull all spirit of resistance.

“It is not true that by rallying a certain number of men round certain small political interests, a focus of political individuality is created.

“No political individuality can exist unless consecrated by a special mission to be performed, and possessed of abundance of faculties and instruments for its accomplishment.

“I could wish that all the artificial territorial divisions now existing were transformed into simple sections and circumscriptions, so as to leave only three politico-administrative unities :—the commune, or primordial unity ; the nation, mission, and aim of the generations, past, present, and to come ; and the region, the indispensable intermediate zone between the nation and commune, indicated by secondary territorial characteristics, dialects, and the predominance of the agricultural, industrial, or maritime elements.

“Italy would compose about twelve such regions, subdivided into districts. Each region would contain about 100 communes of not less than 20,000 inhabitants each.

“All parochial subdivisions would only be—as I have stated—simple territorial circumscriptions, the affairs of which would centralize in the chief town of the commune; and this arrangement might perhaps be harmonized—as in the *townships* of the United States—with the distribution of the schools, where the civil registers might be kept.

“The authorities, both of the region and the commune, would be chosen by election.

“A commissioner of the government would reside in the chief town of each region. The communes would not require such an official. Their supreme magistrates would represent both the local and national mission. The government would send extraordinary inspectors, from time to time, to verify the continuance of the harmony between these two elements of national life.

“Such a mode of organization would destroy all narrow *localism*, would secure to the secondary unities sufficient power to enable them to realise every progress possible in their own sphere, and render the administration of public affairs—now so slow and intricate—both simple and expeditious.

“Small provinces, in which alone liberty can be practically exercised and felt, would take the place of those artificially extensive provinces in which the germs of *Federalism* and aristocratic dismemberment are easily created.

“Nor would this mode of organization lead to the decay of those cities which have inherited the position of secondary capitals from their past. Leaving aside the fact that this division of the country into regions would secure to each of them a metropolitan importance, I can see no reason why the various manifestations of national life which are now centralized in one sole metropolis, should not be distributed—like the ganglia of the human body—in those various cities. I do not see why the seat of the supreme judicial power of the country should not be situated in one city, and in another the national university, in a third the admiralty and maritime centre, and in a fourth the central institute of science and art, and so on.

“The electric telegraph would prove a sufficient link of unity in normal circumstances, and centralization would be easy in time of war or danger.

“To Rome, the national representation, her sacred name, and the providential evolution of the synthesis of moral European unity upon her hills, would suffice.

“But whatever be the success of my own or any other system, one thing is certain, that if the country desires liberty and national existence, the state must be organized as an educational power on the one hand, and the commune amplified and extended on the other.

“If the country desire progress and uniform

civilization, it must unite and associate the rural and civic elements. If it would educate its sons to the conscience and dignity of citizenship, it must multiply the civic offices in the internal organization of its communes, and provide for the successive participation of all its members in the civic authority. It must frequently call the people to pass judgment both upon public affairs and men, encourage and diffuse industrial and agricultural association as widely as possible, and make of each man a soldier and a citizen.

“ May God disperse the miserable sect that now weighs like an incubus upon the Italian heart ; and may the Italians, awakened to a sense of their mission in the world, soon inscribe upon a Pantheon erected to our martyrs in Rome, the two words which form the symbol of the future—GOD and the *People*—Unity and Liberty.”

Besides my own writings in *Young Italy*, we published many articles, written by other members of the association, in the midst of difficulties, annoyances, and persecutions of every description. Among the most noteworthy of these were an article by Jacopo Ruffini, *Upon the Oath of Fidelity to a Tyrant* ; one by Pietro Giannoni, entitled *Una Veritas* ; one on the *English Constitutional System*, by Guiseppe Gherardi ; a *Sketch of the Political Condition of the States of the Church*, by Tiberio Borgia ; two arti-

cles, one *Upon the Papal Government*, and another *Upon the Errors committed by the Moderates in the Insurrections of 1831*, by Luigi Amedeo Melegari (now holding high office as a member of that party in Piedmont); *Considerations upon Revolution*, by the advocate Elia Benza; an article *Upon the Government of a People during Revolution*, by Buonarroti; *Thoughts of an Italian Theologian*, by Paolo Pallia; an article upon *Austria in Lombardy*, by Francini, a Ticinese; and several others written by Bonnardi, an octogenarian priest, the intimate friend of Buonarroti.

To these works, addressed to the youth of the educated classes, we added from time to time little books of popular instruction, excellent amongst which were the *Short Dialogues* of Gustavo Modena, which ought to be reprinted; occasional pamphlets and translations of foreign writers, and certain publications exclusively addressed to Lombardy; as, for instance, the *Tribunc*, a periodical published in Lugano.

And our labours were crowned with success. The national instinct was awakened. The formula of republican unity was accepted with enthusiasm by the youth of every province in Italy.

The supporters of tyranny, the Prince Cannosa, Samminiatelli, the editors of the *Voce della Verita*, wrote against us, but with such silly ferocity that their attacks only procured us friends.



Metternich foresaw the importance of our works, and wrote to Menz of Milan, "*I must have two complete copies of Young Italy, of which five vols. have already appeared. I am still awaiting the two copies of the 'Guerrilla Warfare'*" (*Guerra per Bande*).

The society of the *Apofasimeni*, with all the members affiliated in Romagna under the direction of Carlo Bianco, was voluntarily merged into our association, Carlo Bianco himself entering as a member of the committee.

The society of the *Veri Italiani*, which had not then become royalist, also sought an alliance with us. And the relics of Carbonarism—*membra disjecta*, still existing in some of the Italian provinces—accepted our creed and submitted to our direction.

The high chief of those who had made Carbonarism a power before the time of Louis Philippe, and the venerated correspondent of all the secret societies in Germany and elsewhere, was Buonarroti, and he entered into regular and friendly communication with me. So did the most influential members of the new French republican associations, Godefroi Cavaignac, Armand Marrast and the bold writers of the *Tribune*, Armand Carrel, and the tacticians of the *National*. Lafayette sent us words of encouragement, and the leaders of the Polish emigration were with us.

The Italian element, thanks to our labours, was now accepted by all those who were working

either separately or together for European progress, as an important element of the future. And in Italy, although there certainly were men who, from cowardice or natural instinct, were adverse to all progress, there were as yet no *moderates*.

Gioberti, in after years the father and pope of the pernicious coterie, and who has systematically insulted me and all our party, at that time accepted our leadership, and wrote to us from Turin a sort of hymn: "*All hail to you, the precursors of the new political law, earliest apostles of the new-born gospel. . . . I predict to you the success of your undertaking, for your cause is just and pious, being the cause of the people; your cause is holy, being the cause of God. . . . Your cause is eternal, and therefore more lasting than the ancient formula given by him who said, God and our Neighbour; but who now, through your voice and the voice of the century, proclaims, God and the People. . . . We will rally round your banner and shout God and the People, and strive to diffuse that cry. . . . We will combat those pretended lovers of liberty, who, short-sighted and unjust, seek to obtain it without the people, or against them; those enemies of the old aristocracies . . . whose only aim in revolution is to transfer the power to themselves apart from the people, instead of joining them and regaining for them the rights that have been torn from them; we will combat those who ill-treat the people, vilifying them with words of*

scorn and abhorrence, and degrading them by oppression and fraud, and aggravate the burden of the people with the same hand that strives to cast off the yoke of princes and nobles from their own necks. . . . I freely promise you fidelity, and declare my earnest desire to die with you, if need be, for our common country."\*

By the middle of 1833 the organization of the society had become very powerful, especially in Lombardy, the Genoese territory, Tuscany, and the States of the Church. The Tuscan centre of the association was Leghorn, where Guerrazzi, Bini, and Enrico Mayer, were exceedingly active. The branches of the associations in Pisa, Siena, Lucca, and Florence, were guided by them. Pietro Bastogi (the present minister) was treasurer. Enrico Mayer travelled for us to Rome, where he was imprisoned upon suspicion. When set at liberty he came to Marseilles to see and consult with me. He was one of the sincerest, best, and most devoted men it has ever been my lot to know.

Professor Paulo Corsini, Montanelli, Francesco Franchini, Enrico Montucci, Carlo Matteuci (now a senator), a certain Cempini (son of the minister, and now, I am told, one of our calumniators in the

\* This letter, in which Gioberti pronounces, by anticipation, the bitterest condemnation on the moderates and himself, was published in the fourth number of *Young Italy*, with the signature *Demofilo*, and was afterwards reprinted with the author's real name.

*Nazione*), Carlo Fenzi (also a conspirator with me in those days), a certain Maffei (now one of those most adverse to us), and many others whom it is unnecessary to mention here, followed the lead taken by Leghorn in various cities of Italy.

Guardabassi was the chief of the Umbrian committee. In Romagna nearly all those men who, rich in honours, employments, and pensions, cry anathema upon us at the present day, were then among the agitators who swelled our ranks. There are working men yet living in Bologna who well remember Farini loudly preaching massacre in their meetings, and his habit of turning up his coat-sleeves to the elbow, saying—“*My lads ! we must bathe our arms in blood !*”

We had a committee in Rome. In Naples, Carlo Poerio, Bellini, Leopardi, and their friends, had an independent organization of their own, but they assured our travellers—many of whom are still living—that they were at the head of a powerful association of allies, ready to act under our programme, and they corresponded in cypher with me.

In Genoa we were not only joined by the youth belonging to the commercial class, and by the most influential men of the people, but even many of the nobility—recognising the fact that we had become a power—united with us ; amongst others, the brothers Mari, the Marquis Roveredo, the two Cambiasi, and Lorenzo Pareto, afterwards minister.

In Piedmont the work proceeded more slowly, but even there there were branches of our association in all the more important points, extending their ramifications even as far as the brave population of the Canavese.

The advocate Azario, Allegra (who had been exiled in 1821), Sciandra a merchant, Romualdo Cantara, Ranco, Moia, Barberis, Vochieri, Parola, Maotino Massino, Depretis (since minister and ultra-moderate), Panietti d'Ivrea (formerly a soldier), a certain Re of Voghera, Stara, and many others, were among the most active of our followers.

And many men high in rank and position, whose names it is useless now to record, although they did not join the association, contrived to let us know that they were ready to help us in any enterprise we were able to initiate with vigour.

The mass of elements in our hands, and the many dangers incurred by the association in the fulfilment of its double mission of the apostolate and conspiracy, rendered it urgent to take advantage of the increasing enthusiasm we had awakened before it should be crushed by persecution, and to think seriously of action. We did so.

Strong in an organized army, in material resources, in moral influence, and in habits of discipline which would have been most valuable to any who should succeed in taking possession of them, the Sardinian States also offered two strategic

positions of the highest importance—Alessandria and Genoa ; and these were precisely the two points where our association was most numerous and powerful. A revolution in the centre, though perhaps easier to create, would not have procured for us the same amount of material support, and would not have excited the same enthusiasm in the rest of Italy. Moreover, I was convinced that at the first news of a movement in the centre, Austria, with the consent of Charles Albert, would have occupied Piedmont, and so rendered all direct and rapid action upon Lombardy—in which I had even then the greatest confidence—impossible.

Owing to the semi-independence of the patriots with whom we were in contact in Naples, we could not be certain of a movement there, nor responsible for the principles upon which it might be conducted. Moreover, whatever military men might say, it did not appear to me to be good strategy to convert what ought to be the *reserve*, into the centre of the revolution.

If the movement were begun in Naples we could not be certain that it would spread quickly—either through an insurgent invasion or any other means—over the rest of Italy ; and I feared the disposition, only too common in all countries, to stand still and await the development and watch the result of every action taking place in their rear, and to plan learned and complex designs of insur-

rection, instead of boldly attacking the enemy and placing them between two hostile camps, so as to cut them off from their basis of operations.

Examples of this sort of inertia concealing itself under the veil of profound calculation and art, and always most fatal to the insurrectionary cause, were but too frequent in the past.

An insurrection in the south would not save the north and centre from any of the dangers to which they would be exposed by acting themselves ; but a movement in Piedmont would protect both the centre and south from the first shock of foreign arms, and were we to be defeated, the south would still be left to us as a strong reserve.

Moreover—and this was an argument of great weight with me, though not easily understood by those who regard revolution as a problem to be solved by normal rules of regular strategy—when peoples that have slumbered for ages arise in revolution, their latent energies burst forth with volcanic power if excited and harassed by dangers to all appearance mortal, but sink again into the former lethargy if they find themselves let alone, and apparently secure.

Our enemy was Austria. It was necessary to fling down the gauntlet and assail her at once—trusting to the rising of Lombardy—rather than allow her to attack. The enthusiasm created by war with a foreign foe so hated as Austria would

have quenched every internal discord, and laid the foundations of the unity of the country by universality of action.

For these and other reasons I decided to attempt to initiate the national revolution by the insurrection of the Sardinian states. Genoa and Alessandria were to be the two centres of the movement.

On a signal from the interior we exiles were to invade Savoy, not only for the purpose of dividing the forces of the enemy, and opening the road to the centre for those Italians whose experience, acquired abroad, fitted them to act as civil or military leaders, but also to establish a link of union between ourselves and the republicans in France, who were rapidly gaining strength, and preparing the working men of Lyons for revolt.

We tried the spirit of the army. The superior officers were unwilling to join us; the subalterns, desirous of change, and disposed to receive the idea of one republican Italy with favour. We succeeded in establishing links and methods of contact with nearly all the regiments, and active centres of action in some. Our relations were most numerous among the artillery in charge of the arsenals of Genoa and Alessandria.

We enrolled chiefly corporals, sergeants, and captains. From being in continual contact with the soldiers, they have more influence over them than their superior officers. We remembered how



a whole regiment of cavalry that had refused to follow their colonel (Sammarzano) had yet been drawn into the insurrection a few days later by a simple captain; the revolt of a whole legion brought about by Sergeant Gismondi, and many incidents of a similar nature.

Some of the generals—who are ever ready to follow the successful—Giffenga amongst others, promised us to join us as soon as we should prove ourselves strong. In short, we arrived at the conviction that the army would either show itself hostile or friendly according to the proportions assumed by the insurrection; and that, at any rate, it would only offer a lukewarm resistance.

I proposed the movement, and demanded the necessary pecuniary aid from the congresses.

The proposition was accepted and the aid given; but, as usual, far less in amount than it ought to have been, and far below the necessity of the case. It is strange but true that men, who are ready, if need be, to shed their blood for liberty, yet shrink from that pecuniary sacrifice by which that blood might often be spared.

Having communicated the general plan of the movement to our friends of Genoa, Alessandria, Vercelli, Turin, and the Lomellina, I made preparations for leaving Marseilles and going to Genoa, in order to organize the elements for the invasion of Savoy. But before leaving, I desired to come

to an understanding with the French republicans.

Cavaignac and the party of the *Tribune* needed no excitement from others; they were thirsting for action. Not so the party of the *National*. They distrusted the working men of Lyons, upon whom the others rested all their hopes. I requested Carrel to come to Marseilles. He complied, and Cavaignac meanwhile went to Lyons.

Armand Carrel, with whom I made acquaintance at the house of Demosthene Ollivier, afterwards member of the assembly in 1848, was a man of aristocratic bearing, cold in appearance, but very capable of energy when required. Unmistakeably honest, he was one whose word inspired absolute confidence. He was more attached to the republic than to the republicans, and little disposed to trust the working classes, from whom he was divided by his mode of life, and certain military habits endeared to him by the remembrance of his early years. His intellect, acute and analytic rather than vast, had been educated in the materialist school; and he revered the eighteenth century and the doctrine of *rights* to the point of being willing to give both labour and life to ensure its triumph; but rather from a native generosity of soul and high sense of honour, than from any religious idea of duty. He understood many of the aspirations of the age; but only *felt* the aspiration after liberty.

Carrel's ideal was the republic, such as it exists in America, where the individual is sovereign, and personal right is supreme, but where the social mission of the governing power is ill understood. Beyond that ideal he was unwilling to look, and all social questions terrified him.

Naturally logical, he was led to accept the ultimate consequences of the doctrine of individualism, and amongst them federalism, which he advocated for Italy, Spain, and Germany, only remaining unitarian as regarded France; and this partly because unity in France was *a fait accompli*, and partly because the French instinct of domination, which was very strong in him, seduced him by the idea of securing the constant supremacy of his own nation through the weakness of the federations around her.

Nevertheless his mind was progressing, and his ideas were enlarging to the contemplation of a wider horizon, and his last articles clearly prove this. He died in the breach, a republican as he had lived, pure from all base motives, from all immorality, or servile desire of wealth and power, loved by the few who knew him intimately, and respected even by his enemies.

It was agreed between us that if Italy should succeed in initiating a republican movement, he should unite with Cavaignac in hastening the revolution at Lyons, and seconding it in Paris.

Meanwhile an incident, insignificant in itself, was sufficient to overthrow all our plans.

The general diffusion of our publications, notwithstanding the zealous endeavours of the police to prevent it, was enough to warn the government of the importance of the secret work going on in the Sardinian provinces, and for many months they used every effort to discover some of the threads of the association in order to trace them to its centre, but in vain. They continued to seek that centre where it had never existed, in the higher spheres of society, and among the conspirators of 1821, and were far from imagining that the leaders of an association evidently so vast, and so capable of eluding the vigilance of the police, were only a few unknown young men, possessed of no other wealth or means than their unexampled activity and energy of will.

Fearing, therefore, only to put the true conspirators upon their guard should they exercise severity upon the wrong persons, they continued to lie in wait for some discovery. The insurrection might, therefore, have taken them unawares.

But towards the end of March, or the beginning of April, two artillerymen—one of whom was a member of the association, and had already proposed to the other to join it—happened to quarrel about a woman, and from words they proceeded to blows. They were separated by some carabinieri,

in whose presence one of them let fall some threats implying that he could, if he chose, make known certain things to the injury of the other.

His words were repeated, and they furnished the government with a clue by which to trace the secret of the conspiracy from one man to another. I well remember that I no sooner heard of this incident than I foresaw how fatal the consequences would be, and I wrote immediately to the leaders, saying : *Act at once, if possible ; if not, you are lost.* Either my advice never reached them, or it was disregarded.

The government went to work with an energy that showed they felt the greatness of the danger. A rigorous perquisition was instituted in the barracks, and in the knapsacks of the artillery, which led to the discovery of some of the publications of Young Italy. The owners were imprisoned, and a few days later their most intimate friends also. They were kept strictly apart, and allowed no sort of communication with each other. The agents of the government studied the countenances of the other soldiers, and all those who exhibited the slightest symptoms of uneasiness, sadness, or unusual pallor, were imprisoned.

This was not only the case in Genoa. The prisons of Turin, Alessandria, and Chambery, were filled with the *suspected*. A certain time was allowed to elapse between one arrest and another,

so as to induce those last imprisoned to imagine their arrest the result of the denunciation or confession of the first.

Some denunciations, in fact, were made, partly true and partly false, all of them extorted by threats. The prisoners were told they must either confess the names of their accomplices or die. Three soldiers and one civilian were cowardly enough to betray. Others degraded themselves by confessing their own guilt, and imploring pardon, but without betraying their companions. The result was that all those known as their friends were immediately arrested.

These things took place first in the large and then in the smaller cities, Nice, Cuneo, Vercelli, and Mondovi.

In consequence of imprudent words spoken, or papers sequestered, the government had many of the leaders who were to have given the signal in their hands, but without being able to identify them.

Meanwhile terror spread on every side. Many of ours fled, and others concealed themselves. The leaders hesitated as to beginning the insurrection after the persecution had commenced, partly because they saw that the government had, in fact, discovered very little, and fancied that the storm would blow over, and partly—I speak particularly of Giovanni and Jacopo Ruffini—from a generous

fear that should the movement now fail, the failure might be attributed to their having hastily given the signal in order to save themselves.

In a few days the insurrection had become impossible. All citizens were prohibited from entering the barracks, which were strictly watched and guarded ; and in order to prevent the possibility of the soldiers and townspeople coming to an understanding, the official gazette announced that the papers seized by the government proved the conspirators to be professed atheists, determined upon the destruction of the altar and the throne by any means, however horrible, from the dagger to the torch of the incendiary ; that a quantity of poison had been found in the room of two of the officers ; that mines had been prepared to blow up the powder-magazine adjacent to the barracks in Chambery ; that the city of Turin was devoted to the flames, and that *Vespers* were to be proclaimed in Genoa against the Piedmontese soldiers.

These infamous artifices of an immoral government were renewed against us in Genoa in 1857, when we were preparing to support the noble enterprise of Carlo Pisacane in the south.

If ever an isolated act of ungovernable anger or vengeance is committed in our ranks, the government tools and servants grow crimson with horror, and accuse us of maintaining a "*theory of the dagger*," as if the dagger of calumny that

wounds both honour and soul were less vile than the dagger that wounds the body. Yet in our case, the wretch who is so false to our principles as to use the knife against his enemy, is at least alone, and deprived of all other means either of protecting himself from him, or bringing him to punishment; while the governments who thus systematically employ the weapon of calumny against those whom they persecute, and—like the Iroquois—torture and insult those whom they slay, are masters of all the resources of wealth, armies, and prisons for their defence.

Having by this system of calumny and terror rendered the insurrection impossible, the government might have relented from their severity, and contented themselves with punishing the offenders according to the legal forms of justice. But they showed themselves more ferocious than ever, rendered doubly cruel by a sense of the danger run, and the consciousness of having shown fear. This page of the history of the Sardinian monarchy is one that only a Tacitus could fitly describe, and he would have to dip his pen in blood. All men should read that history whose souls need to be retempered in their abhorrence of tyranny. Mothers should repeat it to their sons, to teach them what destinies are reserved for enslaved peoples.

While the friends and relations of the prisoners



were assured that they need not be uneasy, as they would soon be all released, the most terrible scenes were enacted within the prison walls, in order to compel those upon whom suspicion had fallen to confess themselves guilty.

Every means that hatred, inspired by the most infernal science of evil, could suggest, were used in order to extort confessions. With some they tried corruption ; with others, the most Macchiavelian modes of interrogation ; terror, sooner or later, with all.\* To those suspected of being timid, they said—*We know that you are guilty, and you are already condemned to be shot within twenty-four hours, but if you will confess the names of your accomplices, your life shall yet be spared.* To those who were noted for their virtue or courage, they said—*We are grieved for you. You imagined you had joined in a work of devotedness, while in fact you had trusted in men who were quite unworthy that you should sacrifice yourselves for them. By thus remaining silent you are not saving tried and faithful friends. You are but sacrificing yourselves and your families for men who have already denounced you ; see, here is their testimony against you. Why should you not, by owning its truth, console the hearts of those who love you by return-*

\* An infusion of Atropos Belladonna was sometimes mixed with the water given to the prisoners to drink, in order to weaken the intellectual faculties by the excitement it produces.

*ing to them, since, by persisting in an useless silence, you but condemn yourself to an ignominious death.*

And then, taking advantage of that moment of hesitation and distress, they placed before them denunciations to which the forged signature of their friends was affixed.\*

With others, from whom they merely desired to extort a confession of personal complicity, they had recourse to a system of prison *espionage*. They placed a pretended conspirator in the same cell with one of those arrested, who took advantage of every moment of confidence or despair to worm their secret from him.† A different species of torture was tried with each individual, all of them equally ferocious, ignoble, and cruel.

Beneath the prison windows of one the public crier announced the execution of the others.

Another was imprisoned opposite the cell of a friend, and only divided from it by a passage. To him they spoke of his friend's danger, and he shortly after heard the trampling of soldiers

\* This infernal artifice was used with Jacopo Ruffini.

† A sergeant in the Guards named Miglio, was imprisoned at Genoa with an individual who told him with tears that he too was one of the conspirators, and added that he had a safe means of correspondence through the medium of his own family. Miglio trusted him; and, opening a vein in his arm, he wrote a few words to his friends with his blood. These words formed one of the most important documents cited in his condemnation.

removing his friend from his cell, and then a discharge of musketry, telling him only too plainly the fate of his friend.\*

Some of the prisoners were tormented by incessant noises, which were kept up outside their cells, so as to render sleep impossible; and, after three or four nights of this distress and agitation, they were persecuted by examinations and interrogations, so contrived as to become in themselves a torture only to be imagined by those who have experienced it. At length, when the moral courage of the prisoner was worn down and exhausted, they offered him a free pardon, on condition of

\* “After the execution of the sergeants, they endeavoured to make me believe in that of Pianavia. He had a habit of singing, but one Saturday his singing suddenly ceased. On Sunday, I heard a constant noise of people passing in and out of his cell. The governor arrived, and remained with him for a long time. At three o'clock, the General-Commandant of the citadel (Alessandria), accompanied by several of his officers, and a chaplain with a face more like an assassin than a priest, entered my cell. They all appeared much moved, and as if they could scarcely abstain from tears. The General asked me if I felt calm, and I answered that I did. He then went away, after causing the chaplain to address a few words to me. All that night the noises continued. At day-break I heard some one—I thought it was Pianavia—hurried along the corridor, and then three discharges of musketry announced an execution; and I wept bitterly over one who had already caused the ruin of so many of his brothers.”—*From the Declaration of Giovanni Re.*

Pianavia was an officer who turned informer against the others. He lent his aid in this deception, and his life was spared.

complete confession,\* and profaned the sacredness of domestic love, by bringing with them his aged father or mother to implore him to make disclosures.

\* “My new cell was very dark and gloomy, with one window, guarded by a double iron grating. While the jailor was chaining me to the ring in the wall, he told me that the law of kings was the law of God, and that they who transgressed it must resign themselves to their punishment. My cell was opposite to that of poor Vocchieri, then on the eve of execution. They had cut three holes in my door, and as that of Vocchieri was purposely left open, I saw him, seated, with a heavy chain attached to his legs, and guarded by two sentinels with drawn swords. They allowed him occasionally to change his position, but two sentinels were always with him, who never spoke a single word. Every now and then, two Capuchins came and spoke to him.

“This spectacle was before me for a whole week, at the end of which time he was executed. And to complete the horror of the time, there was some poor sick wretch in the cell next to mine, who never ceased groaning and imploring help.

“A few days afterwards, they removed me into another cell, which was scarcely finished, and very damp. I was seized with pains in all my limbs; and when I was thus weakened in mind and body, they recommenced their interrogatories. These were conducted in the way most adapted to make me lose the use of my faculties. Whenever I attempted to explain away any of the charges made against me, Avenati interrupted me, telling me to be careful, as I was evidently confused, and only adding to my own danger. Then afterwards he changed his tone, and told me it was clear I was guilty; that they should take note of everything that told against me, and pay no attention to any defence.

“I was thus convinced they intended my death. Then they brought forward the depositions of my companions—Segré, Viera, Pianavia, Girardenghi—all throwing the whole burden upon me. I felt myself in danger of going insane. However, I asked to be

Many yielded : others remained firm, and were executed. One only, a young man with a heart so pure and noble, that neither the threats nor promises of all the princes of the earth could have terrified or subdued him, withdrew his soul from the snares of the tempter, and his body from the hands of the executioner. One night he tore a nail from the door of his prison, and opened a vein in his neck. With this last protest against tyranny, he took refuge in the bosom of his Creator. And he could well do this, for he was

allowed some one to defend me. Sacco, the secretary of the Tribunal, suggested Captain Tarrinu ; I wished for one Vicino, but I was not allowed to have either.

“ I thought of preparing my own defence, but although two days had elapsed since the preliminary proceedings were concluded, I had neither ink nor paper. My parents, who had come to the city, were ordered to leave it immediately.

“ At length my Cerberus, Levi, proposed I should accept the advocate Rapallo.

“ He came, but instead of talking about my defence, ne—the only one to whom I could turn for protection—informed me that my position was very serious, and said that the government *knew* that I had been one of the most active members of the association ; that it was impossible, therefore, that I should escape punishment, and that *there was only one means of safety left to me*. He said that my secret had been divulged by all the others, that Stara was about to confess everything, and that he knew from Azario's advocate that he, too, had offered to make revelations, and that they were only waiting for permission from Turin to accept them. He added that I might make the most favourable conditions for myself, and they would be accepted. Twice did I reject the vile proposal, but at the third interview I succumbed.”—*From the Declaration of Giovanni Re*

incontaminate and pure. He was a youth of the sweetest nature, the purest and most constant affections, I have ever known. He loved his country, fully comprehending the greatness of her mission ; he loved his mother, a model of every virtue, his brothers, and me.\* He pos-

\* He was my friend—my first and best. From our early years at the University to the year 1831, when first a prison and then exile separated me from him, we lived as brothers. He was studying medicine, I law ; but botanical rambles at first, then our mutual love of literature, the battles of *Romanticism* and *Classicism*, and above all the instinctive sympathy of the heart, drew us together little by little, until an intimacy succeeded, the like of which I have never found, and never shall find again. I do not believe I have ever known a soul more completely, more profoundly ; and I affirm with grief and consolation, that I never saw a blemish in it. His image ever comes to my mind when I see one of those lilies of the valley (*lilium convallium*) we so often admired together, with their corolla of alpine white, without calyx, and their delicate sweet perfume. Like them he was pure and modest. Even the slight bending of his neck towards his shoulder is recalled to my mind by the gentle curvature of the lily's trembling stalk.

Through the loss of his elder brothers, the frequent and dangerous illnesses of his mother, whom he adored, and by whom he was deeply loved, and many other reasons, he knew life only as a sorrow. Endowed with an exquisite and almost feverish sensibility, he had early contracted an habitual melancholy, which at times increased almost to the pitch of despair. And yet there was in him no trace of that misanthropy so common in powerful natures condemned to live in enslaved countries. He had but little joy in men, but he loved them ; he had but little esteem for his contemporaries, but he revered Man—man as he ought to be, and one day will be. His strongly religious nature combated that tendency to despair which both the circumstances and the men around him produced within him.

sessed both readiness and grasp of intellect, and a soul capable of the greatest ideas, for the greatest ideas spring from the heart. Those who

That holy idea of progress which substitutes Providence for the Fatality of the ancients and the Chance of the middle ages, had been revealed to him by the intuition of the heart, and fortified by a deep study of history. He worshipped the ideal as the aim of life—God as its source, and genius as God's interpreter, almost always misunderstood. He was sad, because he felt the moral solitude around him, and instinctively knew that he should never live to see the *promised land*; but he was habitually calm, because he knew that the end of our terrestrial existence is not happiness, but the accomplishment of a duty, the fulfilment of a mission, even when hopeless of its immediate triumph. His smile was the smile of a victim, but it was a smile. His love for mankind was, like the ideal love of Schiller, a love without individual hope, but it was love. His own sufferings in no wise influenced his actions.

. . . . .  
From the moment when the persecutions first commenced, Jacopo felt that he was lost, and he calmly awaited his fate. When warned that an order had been issued for his arrest, he refused to fly. When urged to do so, he replied that those who by their example had led others into danger, should be the first to suffer. When arrested he was tormented with interrogatories, but he contended himself with smiling in reply. Nevertheless the horrible threats used to him, the insinuations of the auditor of war (Rati Opizzoni) and the artifice quoted above of *forged* revelations, caused him to fear that he might himself perhaps be induced at length to yield. And then he resolved to kill himself.

I believe suicide to be an act as culpable as capital punishment. Life is from God, and none may desert his post of duty here below, just as none may hinder another who has guiltily abandoned that post from returning to it. But in Jacopo's case, suicide appears to me to be elevated to the height of a sacrifice. It is the act of a man

knew Jacopo Ruffini intimately still venerate his memory as that of a saint.

Brofferio tells us, in his *History of Piedmont*, that Charles Albert, rendered cruel by terror, had acquired such a thirst for blood, that when complaining to Villamarina of the humble station of the first victims, he said : *The blood of mere soldiers is not enough, you must contrive to find some officers.* I have not myself the means of verifying this, but it is certain that not only Villamarina, who until that time had been considered a man of liberal sentiments and opinions, but all the governors and judges conducted themselves as if they knew that cruelty was the best means of recommending themselves to the king. All sense of justice was extinct, and even the external appearance of it despised. It was decreed that even the civilians accused of complicity should be tried by the military tribunals. The citizens protested, but in vain. Five Genoese advocates, themselves having no part nor concern in the proceedings, also protested with laudable daring against this illegality on the 17th, but on the 25th they received an unfavourable reply.

who says to himself : *If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee ; when, owing to the wickedness of men, you feel yourself in danger of yielding to sin, cast away your life, and rather than sin against others, charge your soul with a sin against yourself. God is good and merciful. He will shelter you beneath the vast wings of his pardon.*—From the *People's Journal*, May 1846.



The lives of those who turned informers were spared. Their testimony, however, did not agree, and on the 12th of May two of them were put into the same cell, in order that they might come to an understanding. A sergeant named Turff then declared, in support of the testimony of Piacenza, a soldier, that he had himself furnished the association with ample information about the artillery; although no mention had been made of this important circumstance in his seven previous examinations. The contradictions and falsehoods of their first statements, however, still remained uncanceled, and these were carried to such a point that some of the depositions declared that their authors had been members of *Young Italy* in 1833, at which period no such association was in existence.

Upon such revelations and confessions as these was judgment pronounced, and many were sentenced to death, even among those proved innocent of all personal complicity, and guilty only of the *non-denunciation* of others.\*

The defence of the prisoners was a mockery. The documents given to those retained to defend them were mutilated, and the time allowed too short to admit of any mature consideration of the case. The defenders themselves belonged to the

\* See the preamble to the sentence on Rigasso, Costa, and Marini—13th June.

army, and almost all of them were punished shortly afterwards. Perhaps they had shown too clearly the distress and uneasiness they felt.

Between the publication of one sentence and another, the government issued decrees they would not have dared to frame under ordinary circumstances ; condemning to the galleys, and in some instances to death, all those who were found guilty of circulating any description of writing adverse to the Piedmontese monarchy ; besides other edicts, infamous at any time, offering a reward of a hundred scudi to all informers.

Those who suffered the penalty of death were Giuseppe Tamburrelli, Captain in the Pinerolo Brigade, on the 22d May 1833, at Chambery ; Antonio Gavotta, a fencing-master, on the 15th June, in Genoa ; Giuseppe Biglia of Mondovi, sergeant in the Grenadier Guards, on the same day, in Genoa ; Domenico Ferrari of Taggia, Giuseppe Menardi, Giuseppe Rigasso, Amando Costa, and Giovanni Marini, sergeants in the Cuneo Brigade, on the 14th June, in Alessandria ; Effisio Tola of Sassari, lieutenant in the Pinerolo Brigade, on the 11th June, in Chambery ; Alessandro de Gubernatis, of Gobbio, sergeant in the Pinerolo Brigade, on the 14th June, in Chambery ; and Andrea Vocchieri, a lawyer, on the 22d June, in Alessandria.

Among those condemned to death who suc-

ceeded in escaping, were the advocate Scovazzi ; Ardoino, lieutenant in the Pinerolo Brigade ; Vacarezza, sub-lieutenant in the same brigade ; Sergeants Verneti, Enrici, Giordano, and Crina ; Scotti, a surgeon ; Gentilini, a man of property ; the Marquis Carlo Cattaneo ; Giovanni Ruffini ; the advocate Berghini ; Barberis, an officer of division ; the Marquis Rovereto, and others. I, too, was then condemned to death.

Thappaz, a lieutenant in the royal engineers, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment ; General Giuseppe Guillot (retired) to ten years ; Orsini, a doctor, to twenty ; Noli, a merchant, and one Moja, to imprisonment for life ; Lupo, a jeweller, to twenty years ; others to five, three, and two years ; and many officers imprisoned for a term subject to the royal pleasure. Spinola, Durazzo, Cambiaso, and others of the nobility, were set at liberty, as having been sufficiently punished by the imprisonment already endured.

And all this was done hastily, without regard to legal forms, or any of that external solemnity which produces, at least, an appearance of justice. It was a period of fury, a reign of terror, without the excuse of a great aim or overwhelming necessity. Charles Albert had asked for blood, and blood was given him. It was shed at early dawn, before the darkness of night had dispersed. Their deeds of vengeance were clothed in the

colour of crime, and the sword of justice was transformed into the dagger of the assassin.

Here and there scenes occurred which one shudders to repeat. The executioners, secure of the royal approbation, surpassed even their master in ferocity.\* General Morra in Chambery, Governor Faverga in Cuneo, and the Governor-General Galateri in Alessandria, rendered themselves especially conspicuous in brutality. Upon the most cruel among them Charles Albert conferred the order of the Holy Annunciation, with the right of calling the king *cousin*. He deserved it. I thank God that the faith to which I belong has never been contaminated in Italy by similar horrors. The republicans of Naples, Venice, and Rome, quitted the government, pure from all base vengeance, and with hands unstained by citizen blood.

I will not speak of my own feelings on the receipt of the terrible details of these events. My purpose is to write facts, and not the history of my own heart.

Suffice it that my friends and I felt that the

\* One example will suffice. Vocchieri, when on his way to the scaffold, implored them to alter their route, so as to avoid passing the house where his wife (then pregnant), his two children, and his sister lived. The prayer was refused. His sister went mad. Galateri chose to be present at the execution.

duty and necessity of attempting action were undiminished. The hesitation and uncertainty manifested by the conspirators in Italy already evinced that want of harmony between thought and action which is still the greatest obstacle in the way of our redemption. The revolutionary principles we preached were theoretically accepted, but the necessity of acting up to those principles was not sufficiently felt. It was our duty, therefore, to improve the morality of the party, and prove to them by example that when men who proclaim themselves disciples of a certain faith, and responsible for others in matters of life and death, have once promised to act, they are bound to keep their word in the face of every obstacle, and not allow themselves to be influenced by any individual motives, however noble or generous.

We, too, had assumed the position of leaders of the insurrection out of Italy; we had promised to act, and it behoved us to maintain our promise.

Moreover, *speedy* action had every probability of success. The great majority of the elements we had prepared had remained undiscovered; and although disheartened, uncertain, and without any unity of plan, our party was yet numerically strong, and the first daring initiative taken would have sufficed to unite it.

The rage and horror excited by the cruelties I have described was universal, and by rapidly

assuming to ourselves that right of initiative which had been formerly assigned to the conspirators of the interior, we were almost certain of producing an answering movement on the Italian side of the Alps.

As a proof that these hopes were well founded, I may mention that the mere announcement of our decision was sufficient to re-unite the scattered elements existing in Genoa, and cause them to renew their former designs. By the end of the year all was again prepared for a movement in that city, the failure of which was due to the youth and inexperience of the leaders, who, though very good young men, were almost all of them unknown. Giuseppe Garibaldi took part in that second attempt, and only succeeded in saving himself by flight.\*

We therefore decided upon acting, and I quitted Marseilles for Geneva.

I studied the territory upon which we were to act. I knew that the Genevese Government, like every other, would be opposed to any armed insurrection in a neighbouring country, but having made acquaintance with many of the most influential citizens, Fazy among others (then very friendly to me, although my enemy since he has been at the head of the government), I perceived that

\* My acquaintance with him dates from that time. His *nom de guerre* in the association was Borel.

the opposition of the authorities would be very feeble, and that the sympathies of the people would be with us.

I succeeded in establishing a friendly understanding with all who were likely to be of use to us when the time should come, helped to set on foot a journal (*L'Europe Centrale*), undertaken for the purpose of promulgating the idea of the emancipation of Savoy, discovered a secure means of secret correspondence with that province, and came to the conviction that it would be very possible to act, even in defiance of the government.

Savoy was oppressed, discontented, and disposed for insurrection. I had interviews with many influential citizens of Chambery, Annecy, Thonon, Bonneville, Evrain, and other towns. When asked what were our intentions with regard to Savoy itself in the event of success, I replied that it would be left to the people to decide whether they would remain united to Italy, or prefer to join France, or the Swiss Confederation, and added that for my own part I hoped they might choose the last.

It was, in fact, my opinion then, as it is now, that in the new division of Europe, the Swiss Federation, converted into an Alpine Federation, ought to extend from Savoy on the one side, to and even beyond the German Tyrol on the other,

so as to form a barrier between France, Italy, and Germany.

Such a league between the Alpine populations is suggested by their geographical position, by their general similarity of character, and by the special mission of European peace which that intermediate zone, thus strengthened, would fulfil in Europe.

And I still believe that unless Switzerland is to be effaced from the map of Europe—by the partition of its provinces between Italy, Germany, and France—this is her future destiny. Unfortunately the fatal policy of Cavour has created difficulties where none previously existed; even as by the cession of Nice it has sown the seeds of future war between two nations intended by nature to advance together in union and affection.

Elements of action were not wanting, but we might have assembled many more Italian exiles had it not been for the heavy expense of conveying them from the various *dépôts* in France. Circumstances had brought together many German and Polish exiles in Switzerland; the first of whom had been concerned in the affair of Hambach, and the last sent away from France either for insubordination to the government regulations or for other reasons. The Germans were in the cantons of Berne and Zurich, the Poles in Neuchâtel, Fribourg, Vaud, and Geneva. We were



therefore able to organize them and prepare them for our enterprise without betraying our plans to the government, or awakening suspicion by removing them from those cantons.

I rejoiced in the idea of thus linking the cause of Italy with that of the other oppressed nations, and raising the banner of European fraternity upon our Alps. The formation of a *Young Europe* was in my mind a logical consequence of the parent thought of *Young Italy*. The reawakening of Italy thus became an act of initiative, and a new consecration of that high mission she had fulfilled in the past, and was destined to fulfil in the future.

Our legion was thus destined to become the germ of a federation of the peoples. When I communicated the design of our expedition to the German and Polish exiles, they accepted it with enthusiasm. They formed committees, and worked hard at the practical military organization of the various groups of men who were to join us in the movement. Several military men also aided me in this work ; amongst others, Carlo Bianco, then residing at Nyon, with Gentilini Scovazzi, and others.

Those living with me at that time in the *Hotel de la Navigation, au Paquis*, were Agostino Ruffini of Genoa, Giambattista Ruffini of Modena (now a major), Celeste Menotti, Nicola Fabrizi, Angelo Usilio, Giuseppe Lamberti, Gustavo

Modena, Paolo Pallia, and many others. The hotel was completely ours, and rendered inaccessible to the vigilance of the police. Giacomo Ciani exerted himself to bring over to us many of the rich Lombards then living in Switzerland. Another of the most active was Gaspare Belcredi, a very clever physician, indifferent to fame, and, indeed, to all except the aim in view, and whom I mention here as one of the very few who have never changed, and has always remained a dear and true friend to me.

We collected fresh supplies of money, especially from Gaspare Rosales, a Lombard gentleman—a man of loyal, generous, and chivalrous nature—a remarkable example of the harmonious union in thought and action. We provided a good supply of arms from St. Etienne and Belgium, and prepared cartouches and other necessaries, all working together in glad and untiring harmony.

Everything proceeded satisfactorily. But it was necessary to act quickly; and it was just at this moment that the committees of the Interior and those who had promised us pecuniary aid, raised a difficulty calculated to produce indefinite delay, if not ruin.

They demanded a *Name*. They wanted a military man of rank at the head of the expedition, possessing not only capacity, but the fascination of renown.

General Ramorino had been sent to Warsaw during the Polish insurrection by the *Parisian Committee of the Friends of Poland*. He was connected with the aristocratic party headed by Prince Czartoriski, and his conduct during the last period of the war had been severely criticised by the best among the Polish patriots.

Nevertheless, when he returned to France, he had been received with enthusiasm by those who regarded every volunteer in the Polish cause as a representative of the principle of the fraternity of the peoples; and by others who, in applauding one who had fought in Poland, sought to express their sympathy with a brave nation overwhelmed by numbers, but destined to revive. Moreover, his name was popular in Savoy, which was, I believe, his native country; in Genoa, where his mother lived; and, indeed, over all Italy, from the pride a fallen people naturally feel in seeing so much homage paid to one of their own nation; and none cared to inquire further. I was formally desired to put myself in contact with him, and offer him the command of the expedition.

I protested as strongly as I could. Being intimately acquainted with all the best among the Polish exiles, their reports, and a careful study of the military operations of Ramorino, had caused me to form a different judgment of him from that of the committees. I reminded them that we had

all of us preached the principle that *new circumstances require new men*; that in all great revolutions the enterprise made the man, and not the man the enterprise. I said that there were two stages in such undertakings as ours—the insurrectionary initiative, and the war that would ensue; and that it would be wiser to allow the first stage to be directed by those who had organized the movement, and entrust the leadership of the second to the general, as soon as some first successes had ensured the realisation of our own programme, and compelled whatever leader we might select to adopt it.

It was of no avail. The *prestige* of a name was then, as it still is, stronger than the power of a principle. I was told that without Ramorino they would not act; and I perceived that my objections were attributed to the ambition of one who aspired to unite in his own person the part of military as well as civil leader.

There are those yet living who witnessed the convulsion of bitter tears that overcame me at the first idea of that accusation. I had so little deserved it, that I never even suspected the possibility of its being raised against me. It was, however, a terrible revelation to me of the future of base suspicion, distrust, and calumny, reserved for those who, in all purity of soul and faith in others, consecrate their lives to any great undertaking.

And my life has borne sad witness to the truth of that revelation.

I yielded — I think unwisely — and invited Ramorino.

He heard the details of our plan, and accepted the leadership offered him. We arranged that the invading forces should be divided into two columns. The first, of which I undertook the organization, was to start from Geneva. The second, to be formed by Ramorino, was to start from Lyons, where he said he had great influence. He demanded 40,000 francs for the expenses incident to the formation of his column, and I gave them to him. It was agreed that the month of October (1833) should not pass without seeing us in action. He then went away hastily. I recommended to him a young Modenese, in whom we had great confidence, as secretary, and he promised me to watch over Ramorino, and keep us informed of his movements.

[ “ Towards the close of 1833,\* a short time

\* I think in November. I quote here a letter which I wrote to Frederick Campanella in October 1856, and which he published in the *Italia e Popolo*. I wrote that letter in answer to a request from Campanella; because, although I myself despise calumny and calumniators, I never refuse to state the truth when asked. In his history of Piedmont Gallenga had related the incident, concealing the fact that he was himself the person concerned, and making it appear that I had inspired his act. Hence the questions asked me by Campanella.

before the expedition of Savoy, a young man quite unknown to me presented himself one evening at the *Hotel de la Navigation* in Geneva. He was the bearer of a letter from L. A. Melegari, enthusiastically recommending him to me as a friend of his who was determined upon the accomplishment of a great act, and wished to come to an understanding with me. This young man was Antonio Gallenga. He had just arrived from Corsica, and was a member of *Young Italy*.

“ He told me that from the moment when the proscriptions began, he had decided to avenge the blood of his brothers, and teach tyrants once for all that crime is followed by expiation; that he felt himself called upon to destroy Charles Albert, the traitor of 1821, and the executioner of his brothers; that he had nourished this idea in the solitudes of Corsica until it had obtained a gigantic power over him, and become stronger than himself; and much more in the same strain.

“ *I objected*, as I have always done in similar cases. I argued with him, putting before him everything calculated to dissuade him. I said that I considered Charles Albert deserving of death, but that his death would not save Italy. I said that the man who assumed a mission of expiation must know himself pure from every thought of vengeance, or of any other motive than the mission itself. He must know himself

capable of folding his arms and giving himself up as a victim after the execution of the deed, and that anyhow the deed would cost him his life, and he must be prepared to die stigmatized by mankind as an assassin. And so on for a long while.

“ He answered all I said, and his eyes flashed as he spoke. He cared nothing for life ; when he had done the deed he would not stir a step, but would shout *Viva l'Italia*, and await his fate—tyrants were grown too bold, because secure in the cowardice of others—it was time to break the spell, and he felt himself called to do so. He had kept a portrait of Charles Albert in his room, and gazed upon it until he was more than ever dominated by the idea.

“ He ended by persuading me that he really was one of those beings whom, from the days of Harmodius to our own, Providence has sent amongst us from time to time to teach tyrants that their fate is in the hands of a single man. And I asked him what he wanted from me.—A passport and a little money.

“ I gave him a thousand francs, and told him that he could have a passport in Ticino. Until then he did not even know that the mother of Jacopo Ruffini was in Geneva, and in the same hotel.

“ Gallenga remained there that night and

part of the next day. He dined with Madame Ruffini and me, but not a word passed between the two.\* I allowed her to remain in ignorance of his intentions. She was habitually silent from grief, and hardly ever spoke. During the hours we passed together, I suspected that he was actuated by an excessive desire of renown rather than by any sense of an expiatory mission. He continually reminded me that since the days of Lorenzino de' Medici no such deed had been performed, and begged me to write a few words explanatory of his motives after his death.

“He departed and crossed the St. Gothard, whence he sent me a few lines full of enthusiasm. He had prostrated himself on the Alps, and renewed his oath to Italy to perform the deed.

“In Ticino he received a passport bearing the name of Mariotti.

“When he reached Turin, he had an interview with a member of the association, whose name he had had from me. His offer was accepted, and measures were taken. The deed was to be done in a long corridor at the court, through which the king passed every Sunday on his way to the royal chapel. The privilege of entering

\* Gallenga represents the “young enthusiast” as having been excited to the deed by Mazzini himself, who worked upon his feelings through the tears of Madame Ruffini.—*Translator's Note.*



this corridor to see the king pass was granted to a few persons, who were admitted by tickets.

“ The committee procured one of these tickets. Gallenga went with it unarmed to study the locality. He saw the king, and felt more determined than ever—at least he said so. It was decided that the blow should be struck on the following Sunday.

“ Then it was that, fearful of obtaining a weapon in Turin, a member of the committee named Sciandra, since dead, came to me at Geneva to ask me to give them a weapon, and tell me that the day was fixed.

“ A little dagger with a lapis lazuli handle, a gift, and very dear to me, was lying on my table. I pointed to it, Sciandra took it and departed. Meanwhile, as I did not consider this act as any part of the insurrectionary work upon which I was engaged, and in no way counted upon it, I sent a certain Angelini, one of our party, to Turin, upon business connected with the association, under another name.

“ Angelini, knowing nothing of Gallenga or the affair, happened to take a lodging in the same street where he lodged. Shortly afterwards having, through some imprudence, awakened the suspicions of the police, he was returning one night to his lodging, when he perceived that the house was surrounded by carabineers. He passes

on, and succeeded in escaping to a place of safety.

“ But the committee, knowing nothing about Angelini, and seeing the carabinieri at only two doors’ distance from the house of the regicide, supposed that the government had information of the scheme, and were in search of Gallenga. They therefore caused him to leave the city, and sent him to a country-house some distance from Turin, telling him that the attempt could not be made on the next Sunday, but that if all things remained quiet they would send for him on one of the Sundays following.

“ A few Sundays after they did send for him, but he was nowhere to be found. He had gone away, and I saw him again some time after in Switzerland.

“ Our acquaintance continued, but I discovered that his was a nature more than proud. He was vain, inclined to egotism, and scorning every political faith save only the one idea of independence from the foreigner. He, however, worked with us, was a member of our Central Committee, and affixed his name as secretary to our appeal to the Swiss against their trade in mercenary soldiers.

“ Afterwards he withdrew, and occupied himself in writing books and articles in reviews. He wrote both for and against the Italians, his friends, and me.

“Some time before 1848 he again joined us, and formed part of a nucleus organized under our name.

“In the year 1848, when I left England for Italy, he asked permission to accompany me. In Milan he separated from me, telling me that he was a man of action and was going to the camp.

“Instead of going to the camp, however, he went to Parma, where he took to addressing the assembled people in the squares and streets in favour of the inauspicious fusion\* which was the ruin of the movement. He then became secretary to a federal society, presided over by Gioberti (against whom he had written *plagas* in his English articles upon Italy), wrote circulars in exaltation of the Piedmontese monarchy, and was appointed by the government to I know not what petty embassy in Germany.

“I encountered him again in Geneva after the fall of Rome. He addressed me; and as I am always indifferent to praise or blame, I spoke with him. He accused the Lombards of not having seconded the king. I related to him the whole of that grievous history of which I had been an eye-witness and he had not, and proved to him the falsehood of the accusation. He appeared convinced, and urged me to write upon the subject.

“Some time afterwards, when I returned to

\* The fusion of Lombardy with Piedmont.

London, I found that immediately after his arrival in that city he had published a libel against the Milanese, in which he had gone the length of calling them cowards.

“Grieved and disgusted to see that noble and betrayed people calumniated among foreigners by an Italian, I determined to see him no more, and I have never seen him since.” ]

When this revelation was published, such a storm was raised against Gallenga in Turin that he was terror-stricken. He wrote letters of abject repentance for his “juvenile error;” resigned his seat in the Chamber of Deputies; sent back I know not what order that had been given him, as being unworthy to wear it; and solemnly declared, in the *Risorgimento*, in November 1856, that he withdrew from all political life, whether active or literary, from that time forward.

At a later period he begged the post of deputy from an ignorant constituency, and became the paid Italian correspondent of the *Times*, in the columns of which paper he pours forth insults against the Garibaldian volunteers, the army of the south, our working men’s associations, the party of action and myself, twice a week.\*

Is it, then, decreed that every man who joins the *Moderate* sect must entirely lose all moral sense, all conscience, and all dignity?

\* Written in 1861.—*Translator’s Note.*

Everything was ready on my side by the first days of October. Not so with Ramorino, to whom I wrote and re-wrote without receiving any answer.

I did receive, however, most disheartening accounts from the secretary, telling me that Ramorino was completely given over to his passion for gambling, much in debt, and occupying himself with anything rather than the formation of his column. I sent messenger after messenger to him, Celeste Menotti amongst others, who was obliged to follow him to Paris, where he had gone without any apparent motive. Urged and reproached, Ramorino asked for more time, saying that unforeseen obstacles had arisen. We unwillingly conceded November; but even November passed by. At length, in December, he informed me that he found it impossible to collect one hundred of the thousand men he had promised us; that the Parisian police had got wind of the project; that he had been interrogated about the intended movement; that he had contrived to put them off the scent, but that nevertheless every step he took was watched; and he could not, therefore, fulfil his promise at that time. He then sent me back 10,000 of the 40,000 francs confided to him.

I afterwards learned that, yielding partly to the threats of the French Government, and partly

to their offer to pay his debts, he had pledged himself to them, not exactly to betray us on the field of action, but to contrive to prevent any action from taking place.

Meanwhile, the opportune moment was lost. In the Interior our party was decimated, disheartened, and beginning to fall into anarchy. Abroad, the secret confided to hundreds of Italians, Frenchmen, Poles, and Swiss, could not long remain unknown to the police of all their respective countries. Police-agents, in fact, poured in to Geneva from every side, who set spies over our movements, accumulated obstacles in our path, and insisted upon the Genevese authorities dispersing the numbers of exiles assembled in the canton. We distributed them as widely apart as we could, in order to avoid exciting attention and suspicion ; but when thus removed from the centre of direction and abandoned to their own guidance, they became discouraged by the continued delays and frequent promises never fulfilled, lost all sense of discipline, and came and went as they chose in search of occupation, etc. Some—the most needy—applied to the Central Treasury for assistance, and thus exhausted the funds we had reserved for the moment of action.

Deputations were incessantly despatched to us from the more impatient of the exiles belonging to other countries demanding that we should act,

and arbitrarily fixing a time beyond which they threatened either to disperse or act alone, which would have been fatal. The French embassy offered pardon, passports, and money to the Polish exiles whom they had recently driven away from Besançon, on condition of their return; and the Swiss committees of association no sooner heard of those offers, than they refused to allow them any further supplies. In order, therefore, to secure them, we were obliged ourselves to keep them in pay.

And all this while I was unable to reveal the true state of the case. In the Interior all the party believed that Ramorino was to conduct the enterprise, and made it a *sine qua non*. To propose to act without him would have been to discourage all the conspirators of Savoy, and the obvious interpretation would have been that he declined the leadership, because he judged the enterprise impossible. And, suspected as I was of desiring to remove him as a rival, my assertions as to his misconduct would have obtained no credence, unless supported by documentary evidence, which I did not possess.

And as if all these difficulties were insufficient, Buonarroti, who, until then, had acted in concert with me, now secretly commenced working in opposition. He abruptly changed his mind, and negatived all idea of action. Narrow and intolerant

in his opinions, he considered my allying myself with Giacomo Ciani, Emilio Beigiojoso (who had offered himself as aid-de-camp to Ramorino), and other nobles and rich Lombards, whom he scornfully named *the Bankers*, to be a deviation from the principles of pure democracy.

But above all, from passing his life in conspiracy in Paris, he knew nothing of the Italian revolutionary element. He never dreamed of the possibility of transferring the revolutionary initiative either to Italy or any other country. He could not admit the idea of a movement begun—I will not say out of France, for he was adverse even to a movement in Lyons—but out of Paris.

Buonarroti therefore excommunicated us, and his excommunication did us a serious injury, for the whole Swiss element, indispensable to our success, was composed of Carbonari; and Buonarroti, along with Testa, Voyer d'Argenson, and a few others, composed the *Vente Supreme* of the order. The most important part of my edifice was thus suddenly undermined, and my whole machinery came to a stop, without my being able to discover the cause.

How I bore up against such difficulties ever renewed I know not. It was the struggle of Antæus acquiring new energy by every fall to earth. I had to win over the Swiss agents again, and withdraw them from the influence of Buonar-



roti one by one. I contrived to collect fresh funds. I prevented the Poles from leaving. I sent agents to form the nucleus of a column rapidly in Lyons, in order that an important diversion which formed part of our design should still take place. The direction of the column was in the hands of Rosales, Nicolo Arduino, and Allemandi. Manfredi Fanti formed one of that little band. He is now a general, a minister, and our enemy.

Why did I not renounce the enterprise? Besides the reasons for perseverance mentioned above, the fact of suddenly declaring to all those who were awaiting our action in the interior, to all the foreigners and Italians of our own party abroad, to the French Republicans, and to those who had furnished the funds—four-fifths of which were already exhausted—that *the whole expedition was a dream*, would have been to decree the moral death of that party from which I still hoped the salvation of Italy. It was better to fall on the field of battle, and at least leave an example to those who come after us. Moreover, if any of my readers have ever been at the head of a large collective enterprise, they will know that, when that enterprise has reached a certain degree of development, it becomes master in its turn of those who once ruled its destinies, and renders their retreat impossible.

The whole of November and December were consumed in these new labours. The universal want of confidence created, and the exhaustion of our funds, was such, that action had become an imperative necessity. I therefore decided to fix the end of January, and urged those of Lyons to act at the same time.

I wrote to Ramorino, telling him that I intended to act at any cost, desiring him to come and assume the command of the expedition, at least as soon as he should receive information of our having entered, if not before. The day fixed was the 20th January.

While awaiting his answer, I made all the necessary preparations for the movement. The day and hour for the departure of the various little companies from their different starting-points was decided; the *ordres du jour*, the routes to be followed, the mode of obtaining provisions, and of sending couriers from point to point—all were arranged.

Depôts of arms for those arriving from Nyon were prepared along the shores of the lake. Boats and rafts were got ready to enable the conspirators to cross the lake, and assemble at the rendezvous, *Carouge*, in order to prevent the necessity of their joining us at Geneva, where we should inevitably have met with opposition from the government. The depôts of arms for those arriving from Geneva

and the neighbourhood were also formed at Carouge. All the details of military organization were completed, the leaders were chosen, and the proclamations were prepared.

It is useless to describe the plan of action. Suffice it that the centre of operations was St. Julien, on the road to Annecy. As we neither desired nor were able to fix the moment for the insurrection of Savoy, I ordered the delegates of the different provinces of that country to repair to St. Julien, in order to be able to give the signal in those places over which they had control, immediately on our arrival. Our force was large enough to render all serious resistance in St. Julien impossible.

My hope was that Ramorino should decide to accept the alternative given him of joining us after the movement had begun. But I was disappointed. He wrote to me promising to join us in time. And this promise was the cause of new and still more disastrous delay. He stopped on the road, sending me messages to induce me to await, day after day, until the 31st January, when he at last arrived, accompanied by two generals—one a Pole and the other a Spaniard—an aid-de-camp, and a doctor.

I saw him. His face wore the suspicious expression of one who knew himself suspected, and with reason. He never raised his eyes from the

ground while speaking to me. I knew nothing, as yet, of the engagement he had entered into with the French Government, but I foresaw the possibility of his betraying us. I determined to keep ever by his side, and as soon as we arrived at St. Julien, prevent his taking the command, if possible. I hoped that when once the insurrection was initiated, the party would feel their own strength, and attach less importance to the prestige of his name.

I spoke not a single word about the past. I gave him a list of our forces, and communicated to him the plan of operations. I asked if he approved the choice of officers. He agreed to everything. However, he insisted on at once assuming the command, which I desired to withhold until we reached St. Julien, alleging as a reason the responsibility that weighed upon him, and in this he was supported by all those who believed the salvation of the expedition depended upon the supremacy of the military leaders; and he at once availed himself of it to appoint certain chiefs chosen by himself; amongst others, the leader of the band of Poles, who were to cross the lake from Nyon. In order to bind him to us securely, I took him to a secret interview with General Dufour, in which the plan of the enterprise was again studied and discussed.

We started on the 1st February. The govern-

ment of Geneva attempted to impede the movement even more energetically than I had expected. Our boats were seized. The hotel where I was staying was surrounded by gendarmes. Our men were arrested whenever the slightest incident—the shape of their hats, or the possession of a weapon or cockade—aroused any suspicion. But the whole population, long prepared by us for that moment, arose to protect us. The officers and soldiers regarded us with an eye of favour, and easily yielded to the half-threatening remonstrances of the citizens. All our men were able to reach the place of meeting and to arm themselves. I waited to the last, in order to organize their mobilization, and crossed the lake late at night with Ruffini and a few others, in a boat which had been condemned as unfit for service. I reached the camp, where all was gladness, enthusiasm, and confidence.

But a terrible series of deceptions yet awaited us.

The German exiles who were to join us from Berne and Zurich were so full of enthusiasm that they believed the undertaking far easier than it really was, and forgot the certain and inevitable opposition of the Swiss Government. They therefore started in large bodies at a time, wearing the German republican cockade, and their hats adorned with oak-leaves, so as to leave no doubt as to the aim of their journey. The distance

they had to travel before reaching the general rendezvous was very great, and the authorities had therefore plenty of time to take measures of repression. Some of the little bands were surrounded ; others were dispersed ; some succeeded in overcoming every obstacle and reaching the appointed place, but they were obliged to take different routes, and arrived too late. Very few of them joined us in time, and this was a very serious loss to us.

The Polish column which crossed the lake from Nyon had been placed by Ramorino under the orders of one Grabski. He committed the unpardonable error of separating the men from their arms. Some Swiss boats filled with soldiers belonging to the contingent, seized the raft upon which the arms were placed, and then easily took the men prisoners.

These and other similar incidents not only deprived us of three-fourths of our numbers, but, what was worse, afforded Ramorino the pretext he wanted.

To any one possessed of a spark of insurrectionary genius and determination to succeed, our position was clear. We might—even with our diminished forces—enter and take possession of St. Julien. *There were no troops in the place.* The Piedmontese leaders, seeing the impossibility of defending it, had at once abandoned the position,

and stationed themselves half way between it and Annecy so as to cover that place. Had we once reached St. Julien, and despatched the delegates who were awaiting us for aid, our small numbers would no longer have been of any moment. Moreover the enthusiasm already shown by the populations would have been redoubled by this first success, and would have compelled the government to set our other columns at liberty, and enable them to join us.

The news of the departure of the troops from St. Julien was communicated to Ramorino. Believing that he would now maintain his promise, and desirous of avoiding all suspicion of rivalry with him, I therefore took a musket, and joined the ranks as a simple soldier.

The collective document which forms a part of this edition\* shows how Ramorino made the capture of the Poles on the lake an excuse for suddenly altering the whole plan of the expedition, wandering away from the direction agreed upon, and following the shore of the lake for four and twenty hours, so as to tire out, dishearten, and destroy all discipline among our men. I will not therefore repeat these details here, but content myself with relating my personal share in what followed.

\* See the letter from the Central Congress of *Young Italy*, published in the Italian edition of Mazzini's complete works.

I had presumed too much upon my physical strength. The immense fatigue I had gone through during the foregoing three months had completely prostrated it. During the whole of the last week I had never once gone to bed, and the only sleep I had was such as I could snatch for a quarter of an hour at a time, in my chair. Then the anxieties, the distrust I felt within me, the presentiment of treachery that oppressed me, the unexpected deceptions, the necessity of animating others with the outward appearance of a confidence I did not feel, and the sense of the responsibility that weighed upon me, had exhausted both my mental and bodily energies.

When I entered the ranks I was already consumed by fever. I should often have fallen had I not been supported by those on each side of me. The night was intensely cold, and I had carelessly forgotten my cloak. My teeth chattered as I walked on in a sort of dream. I felt some one—it was poor Scipione Pistrucci, of whom I shall have to speak again—putting a cloak over my shoulders, but had not the strength to turn round and thank him.

Every now and then it struck me that we were not moving in the direction of St. Julien, and then, collecting my faculties by a supreme effort of will, I ran to Ramorino, conjuring him to follow the route agreed upon. And he always answered me



with a Mephistophelian look, reassuring me, promising, and solemnly declaring that in a few moments we should come up with the Polish contingent of the lake.

I remember that during the last words I had with him, and while he was most determinately resisting my intreaties, some musket-shots were fired by our little vanguard. I ran to the stand of guns, with a sense of deep gratitude to God that the decisive moment had arrived at last. After this I remember nothing more. My sight left me, and I fell to the ground in delirium.

Between one fainting-fit and another, in that twilight of intelligence to which my senses returned only to be again lost in darkness, I heard the voice of Giuseppe Lamberti asking me, *What have you taken?* He and a few other friends were aware that, fearing to be taken prisoner and tortured into making revelations, I had concealed a powerful poison about my person.

Tormented as I had been by the distrust of me which I fancied I had seen in some of the party, I interpreted the question to mean what sum of money had I taken to betray my friends. And the anguish of that idea caused me to fall again into convulsions. All those now living who formed a part of the expedition can testify to the truth of what I write. That night was the most terrible night of my life. God forgive those who,

in the blindness of party feeling, have made it the subject of epigram and jest.

When Ramorino heard what had happened to me, he knew that the one obstacle in the way of his plans was removed. He called for his horse, read an order of the day dissolving the column, and rode away. Carlo Bianco was requested to replace him in the command, but he shrank from the great responsibility in the face of the evident disorganization of the elements. The column dispersed.

On coming to my senses I found myself in a barracks, surrounded by foreign soldiers. My friend Angelo Usiglio was near me. I asked him where we were. He answered in a voice of deep grief, *In Switzerland.* And the column? *In Switzerland.*

The first period of *Young Italy* was concluded.

## A P P E N D I X



### *Rules for the Conduct of Guerrilla Bands.*

GUERRILLA warfare may be considered as the first stage of a national war. Guerrilla bands should therefore be so organized as to prepare the way for, and facilitate by their action, the formation of a national army.

The general method of organization, the authorization of leaders, the moral and political precepts regulating the conduct of the bands with regard to the country and to individuals, should be under the superintendence of a Centre of Action, whose duty it will be to ensure the greatest possible amount of uniformity even in their apparently most unconnected movements.

The political mission of the bands is to constitute the armed apostolate of the insurrection. Every band should be a living programme of the morality of the party. The most rigorous discipline is at once a duty and a necessity among them. It is a sacred duty towards their country, and a necessity for the bands themselves, which could not long exist if their conduct were such as to deprive them of the sympathy of the people.

Respect for women, for property, for the rights of individuals, and for the crops, should be their motto.

Guerrilla bands are the precursors of the nation, and endeavour to rouse the nation to insurrection. They have no right to substitute themselves for the nation.

To the nation alone belongs the right of declaring its intentions and belief.

Toleration, a consequence of liberty of conscience, is among the first virtues of the republican. The bands are therefore bound to show respect for the churches and symbols of Catholicism, and to the priests, so long as they maintain their neutrality.

The right of compelling expiation, or executing justice upon those guilty in the past, belongs to the nation alone. The bands may not usurp this right. The vengeance of the country must not be entrusted to individuals, be they whom they may.

A commission, elected by the soldiers, and presided over by the captain, will be chosen to watch over and maintain the inviolability of these rules. The names of those soldiers who have either been punished or expelled for disobedience to any of them, will be forwarded by the captain to the Centre of Action, for publication at the proper time.

The captain of each band is responsible to the Centre of Action for the conduct of his men.

Any captain guilty of dishonourable conduct will be deprived of his commission by the Centre of Action, and, if necessary, punished by publicity.

When repeated complaints have been made of the collective misconduct of any band, proving it to be unworthy to represent the national cause, it will be immediately disbanded by the Centre of Action. Should it disobey the command of the Centre of Action, it will be regarded from that time forward as a mere horde of men without flag or mission.

Every band has the right of taking measures for its own safety and preservation, and of promoting the national insurrection. All acts of aggression or resistance, all information given to the enemy by the country

people, and all acts of hostility shown to individual Italians, will be speedily and severely punished by the bands.

The bands have a right to live, and it is their duty to increase the forces of the insurrection by adding to the means of the party.

The bands will subsist upon the booty taken from the enemy, treasure seized from the government, forced contributions imposed upon those of the wealthy notoriously adverse to the national cause, and supplies demanded from the provinces through which they pass.

All booty seized is the collective property of the band. It will be distributed either in value or substance, as equally as circumstances permit, among the officers and soldiers, according to the regulations voted by the bands themselves.

All governmental funds seized are the property of the national party. The captain will be responsible for them. He will leave a document with the official in custody of those funds, stating the amount. With regard to forced contributions, the captain will obey the orders of the Centre of Action.

Demands and requisitions of victuals should be made as seldom as possible, and they are to be paid for whenever the band possesses the means of paying. When they have no such means, the captain or officer in command making such requisition will sign an acknowledgment of the amount of food received, and leave it with the civil authorities of the place. By this means the nation will be enabled, when the war is ended, to note the contributions of each locality.

Whatever monies the captain can dispense with without injury to his band, he will forward to the Centre of Action.

The captain will keep an exact account of all the pecuniary transactions of his band. A copy of this ac-

count will be audited by the civil commissioner, to be employed in all possible cases by the Centre of Action, whose duty it will be to watch over the observance of the rules above mentioned.

The bands will make it a general rule to seek to compromise all large cities, and avert the vengeance of the enemy from all small localities.

In passing through small and unarmed localities, the captain will rather seek to repress than promote any revolutionary demonstration on the part of the inhabitants. Those patriots who are able to join the bands will enrol themselves as simple individuals, and quit the locality.

It will be the aim of every band to increase its numbers, by admitting every possible element into its ranks. But so soon as the band shall have reached the maximum cypher indicated by the Centre of Action as constituting a company in the future army, all fresh recruits will be regarded as forming the nucleus of a new band.

The captains of the first bands will naturally be either chosen or recognised by the Centre of Action. The blanks caused among the officers by war will be filled up upon the principle of universal suffrage, exercised progressively, from the ranks up to the captain. The captain of the new band, formed out of the superabundance of recruits joining the former band, will thus be chosen by the captain and officers next in rank belonging to the first band. The organization of each separate band, with a view to the formation of a company in the future army, will in no way interfere with the practical character of their operations as guerrilla bands.

In order to increase the facilities of obtaining subsistence without serious inconvenience to the country, and to enable them more rapidly to disband or conceal themselves, the bands will be divided into small bodies of from

twenty-five to fifty men, acting as detachments under the orders of a single commander, and within the territory assigned to his operations.

The uniform of the bands will be a shirt or *blouse*. In the first period of the war it is perhaps better to avoid all uniform, and content themselves with the national cockade, which can be easily thrown away or hidden in cases where it is necessary abruptly to disband or disappear. A ribbon, or other distinctive mark, not visible at a distance, will be worn by the officers during action. If the blouse be adopted, the colour should be the same both for the officers and the men.

The essential weapons are a musket or rifle with a bayonet, and a dagger. Each soldier will carry his cartridge-box, a case containing bread and spirits, a thin but strong cord, a few nails, and, if possible, a light axe. The clothes worn by the soldiers should be so made as to allow of rapidity of movement, and of a shape not calculated to betray them in case of dispersion.

The signals and commands will be sounded by a horn or trumpet. The following are the most important movements, and therefore those the bands must first be taught to distinguish :—1. Assault in the front ; 2. On the right ; 3. On the left ; 4. Combined ; 5. Assault of riflemen ; 6. Re-assembling ; 7. Retreat.

The non-commissioned officers will employ all leisure moments in drilling the men in the few movements most necessary in guerrilla warfare, teaching them to acquire rapidity in loading and firing, and in dispersing and re-assembling.

The principal aim of the bands will be, constantly to damage and molest the enemy with the least possible exposure or danger to themselves, to destroy their ammunition and supplies, shake their confidence and discipline, and reduce them to such a condition as will secure

their defeat, so soon as the regular army or the united bands are able to give them battle.

The means by which to attain this aim are—to attack the enemy as frequently as possible in the flank or rear ; to surprise small detachments, escorts, videttes, outposts, and stragglers ; to seize upon their convoys of provisions, ammunition, or money ; to interrupt their communications and correspondence, by lying in wait for their couriers, destroying the roads, bridges, fords, etc. ; to continually break in upon their hours of refreshment and sleep, and seize their generals and superior officers, and so on.

Guerrilla war is a war of judicious daring and audacity, active legs, and *espionage*.

The captain of a guerrilla band must be able to calculate and plan coolly, execute boldly, march unweariedly, retire rapidly, and keep himself thoroughly informed about the enemy's movements.

In this, as in regular warfare, the great secret is to preserve the means of communication. The possibility of contact and communication between the various detachments of each band, and between the different bands acting in the same province, must be jealously maintained, so as to insure simultaneous action at the decisive moment.

The greatest merit in the commander of regular troops is to know when to fight and conquer ; the greatest merit of the guerrilla chief is to contrive constantly to attack, do mischief, and retire.

A band that is surrounded is lost. The retreat must always be left open. The captain will never command an assault without first assigning a point of reunion for his men in case of dispersion.

The best time for attacking the enemy is at night, during refreshment, or after a long march.

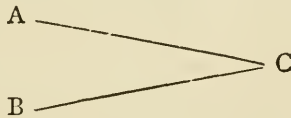


Unless circumstances compel the adoption of a different method, the best mode of attack is for the bands to spread their forces like sharpshooters. The greater the extension of the ground they occupy, the less dangerous will be the enemy's fire.

Country abounding in hedges, forests, or broken ground, affords natural entrenchments for guerrilla bands. The mountains are their fortresses.

Their movements must be rapid, constant, and unexpected. The enemy must always be kept in ignorance concerning them. From time to time the bands will hide themselves in inaccessible situations, or temporarily disband, so that the enemy may lose their trace.

As a general rule, the order of march for a guerrilla band may be represented by the following figure:—



A being the position occupied by the band, B the position occupied by the enemy against whom it is proposed to act. The band must be ready to assault when the enemy believe them to be retiring, and to retire when the enemy are prepared to resist their attack.

There are three things which should be the constant study of the captain—the smallest details regarding the nature of the country upon which he has to act; the disposition and special aptitudes of each of his men; the elements, organization, tactics, and numbers of the enemy's forces.

Absolute secrecy must be systematically observed in all things, which it is not indispensably necessary to communicate.

Select for your zone of operations the neighbourhood

to which the greater part of your men belong, and do not abandon it unless compelled. A knowledge of the localities, and friendly relationship between the soldiers and the inhabitants, are advantages of vital importance.

Both as a reserve, in case of a general action, and as a means of obtaining information, it is indispensable that each band should have a certain number of stationary members distributed over the various localities comprised in its zone of operations, who should be unknown to all except the captain and his messengers.

It will be their business to spy the movements of the enemy, their forces, plans, supplies, and scouts—the habits, places of resort, and lodgings of the more important officers; to note the sympathies of the inhabitants in the various localities, the supplies they are able to furnish, etc.; and to transmit careful and minute details of such matters to the captain of the band. The captain will apply himself to the careful organization of these auxiliaries, and the method of communication with them.

The captain should transmit his orders verbally, written orders should always be avoided if possible. Endeavour always to obtain information from two different sources, so as to test the truth of the one by the other. Distrust all information received from any spies not your own, or from deserters from the enemy. It is often a cloak for betrayal.

Endeavour to make the peasantry your friends; it is at once your highest duty and interest to do so.

The bands will do the greatest damage to the enemy by directing their attacks against their officers, their horses, and their provisions.

Set spies upon their convoys, and where you have determined to attack one, send on some of your men to destroy the road at a given point, by encumbering it with fallen trees or otherwise, so as to delay its advance and

create disorder and confusion in the escort. Choose the hour of twilight if possible, or when the soldiers are fatigued by a long march, or passing a bridge, a gorge, or wood.

Let the first of the troop pass, then make a feigned attack upon a given point with a small portion of your force, and concentrate the mass of your men upon the centre. Let the first blows be struck at the first horses of the first waggon ; attack on the opposite side from that whence assistance may arrive for the convoy, and keep back a fourth part of your band as a reserve.

The same rules must be observed in ambuscades, surprises, and assaults while the enemy is engaged in passing a ford. Never attack until part of the troops have passed the ambush, or entered the gorge, street, or ford. Fire a volley at the enemy's flank, and then throw yourselves upon their ranks. Let your action be so rapid as to leave them no time for reflection, and fly as soon as they recover themselves

When you are compelled to retire fighting, in front of the enemy—which should be as seldom as possible—divide the bands into *échelons* at the distance of two musket-shots from each other, and so disposed as to present an oblique front to the enemy. Let each body of men fire as soon as the enemy is within range, and then retire ; running by the shortest path to an equal distance behind the next line, and so on from position to position, from obstacle to obstacle.

Avoid engaging in open country. Never pass a gorge or defile without being masters or at least secure of the heights.

Always remember that, both for yourselves and for the enemy, every mountain has some practicable pass.

Endeavour, by lighting fires in an opposite direction, by bugle-calls, and by false information given by men

really your own but unsuspected by the enemy, to deceive them as to the position you have taken up, and the direction in which you intend to advance.

Teach your men not to be the first to fire when they find themselves opposite the enemy's riflemen, but rather to threaten the enemy, and compel them to fire, reserving their own fire until they see the flash.

The regulation rifle should be pointed at 100 yards at the breast, at 200 higher, and at 300 at the head of the adversary. When firing from below upwards, it is necessary to aim a little above the level; when from above downwards, a little below.

The numbers of the enemy may be calculated at a distance by the sound produced by their march. As a general rule, the more uniform the noise of their march, the greater the number of troops. The dust raised will be more or less according to the dryness of the ground and to the state of the wind. Much may be learned by listening with the ear close to the ground, and it does not require much practice. One fire generally represents twelve men, but the fires are sometimes multiplied for the purposes of deception.

The bands should endeavour to choose their zone of operations between the enemy and their basis of operations.

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