TRACTS

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

TRACT No. IV.

M. MAZZINI'S LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE

First Conversazione

OF THE

FRIENDS OF ITALY,

HELD IN THE

GREAT HALL, FREEMASONS' TAVERN,

ON THE EVENING OF

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1852.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, 10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND;

And Sold by W. KENT and Co., Paternoster-row; EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; CHARLES GILPIN, Bishopsgate-street Without; and all Booksellers.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

*** Members of the Society may have quantities at a reduced cost, for distribution, on application at the Society's Offices.

1852.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

1.—By public meetings, lectures, and the press—and especially by affording opportunities to the most competent authorities for the publication of works on the history of the Italian National Movement—to promote a correct appreciation of the Italian question in this country.

2.—To use every available constitutional means of furthering the cause of Italian National Independence, in Parliament.

3.—And generally to aid, in this country, the cause of the independence and of the political and religious liberty of the Italian people.

*** All persons agreeing with the objects of this Society can become members by paying an annual subscription of half-a-crown or upwards.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

Alexander, Charles, Dundee
Alexander, Rev. Dr. W. L., Edin.
Allsop, T., Redhill
Andrews, R., Mayor of Southam.
Armstrong, Rev. G., Bristol
Ashurst, W. H., Muswell Hill
Ashurst, W. H., Jun., London
Baldwin, James, Birmingham
Baxter, Rev. J. C., Dundee
Baxter, W. E., Dundee
Baynes, Rev. J. A., Nottingham
Beard, Dr., Manchester
Birch, W. J., Pudlicott
Black, Adam, Edinburgh
Bray, Charles, Coventry
Browne, Henry, Lewes
Brown, Dr. Samuel, Edinburgh
Bruce, W. D., London
Byles, William, Bradford
Carleton, R. A., Waterford
Case, W. A., London
Christie, Rev. J., Dundee
Clarke, Rev. Charles, Glasgow
Collet, C. D., London
Collett, John, London
Coningham, W., Brighton
Corss, J., Shoreditch
Cook, Rev. David. Dundee
Cowen, J., Jun., Blaydon-burn
Cox, Robert, Edinburgh
Crawshay, G., Newcas.-on-Tyne
Crompton, Rev. J., Norwich
Crosskey, Rev. W., Derby
Crossley, John, Halifax
Davis, John, London
Dawson, Geo., M.A., Birming.
Dillon, Frank, London
Donatty, T., London
Duncombe, T. S., M.P., Finsb.
Dunlop, A. Murray, Edinburgh
Durham, J., Dundee
Easson, Alexander, Dundee
Epps, Dr., London
Fife, Sir J., Newcastle-on-Tyne
Forbes, Henry, Bradford
Forster, John, London
Forster, W. E., Rawdon
Fowler, J., Sheffield
Foxton, Rev. F. J., Cheltenham
Froude, J. A., Plasgwynant
Furtado, C., London
Gaskell, F. Chelsea
Gemmell, Rev. R., Dundee
Giles, Rev. Dr., Bampton
Gilfillan, Rev. George, Dundee
Gill, T. H., Birmingham
Goderich, Lord, London
Grant, Rev. Brewin, Birmingh.
Gray, Tho., Newcastle-on-Tyne
Gregory, Dr. Wm., Edinburgh
Greig, James, Edinburgh
Hannay, Rev. A., Dundee
Harrison, George, Edinburgh
Harvey, George, R.S.A., Edinb.
Hawkes, S. M., London
Herford, Rev. W. H., Lancaster
Hervey, T. K., London
Hole, James, Leeds
Holyoake, G. J., London
Hooper, George, London
Horne, R. H., London
Horsburgh, James, Dundee
Howard, W., Southwark
Howitt, William, London
Hunt, Leigh, London
Hunt, Thornton, Hammersmith
Hunter, John, Edinburgh
Ierson, Henry, A.M., London
Ireland, A., Manchester
Jenner, Charles, Edinburgh
Jerrold, Douglas, London
Landor, Walter Savage, Bath
Larken, Rev. E. R., Lincoln
Latimer, T., Exeter
Leaf, William, London
Lewes, G. H., Kensington
Linton, W. J., Miteside
Lonsdale, Dr., Carlisle
Low, Alexander, Dundee
Low, Rev. Andrew, Dundee
Macdonald, Rev. A., Sheffield
Mackay, Dr. Charles, London
Mackenzie, R., Dundee
Macready, W. C., Sherbourne
McGavin, Rev. J. R., Dundee
McKnight, Dr., Belfast
McLaren, Duncan, Edinburgh
McLeod, Dr., Ben Rhydding
Malleson, Rev. J. P., B.A., Bright.
Marsden, M. E., London
Marston, J. Westland, London
Masson, David, London
Miall, Edward, London
Milne, J. D., Jun., Aberdeen
More, Professor, Edinburgh
Morton, E. J., Halifax
Moore, Richard, London
Mowatt, Francis, M.P., Penryn
Mudie, John, Dundee
Newman, Professor, London
Nichol, Professor J. P., Glasgow
Oswald, H. C., Aberdeen
Palmer, Rev. E. A., Dundee
Palmer, Rev. Jabez, Dundee
Pare, William, Dublin
Parry, J. H., London
Pigott, E. F. Smyth, London
Pillans, J. Wilson, Edinburgh
Prout, Thomas, Westminster
Raine, C., Newcastle-on-Tyne
Ramsay, James, Dundee
Reston, Rev. James, Dundee
Rough, George, Dundee
Russell, Francis, Edinburgh
Russell, Dr. J. R., Edinburgh
Schmitz, Dr. L., Edinburgh
Scholefield, W., M.P., Birming.
Scott, W. B., Newcastle
Shaen, W., London
Simpson, Professor, Edinburgh
Simpson, James, Edinburgh
Simpson, W., London
Slack, H. J., Brixton
Smiles, Dr., Leeds
Smith, Rev. W. A., Dundee
Smith, Charles, Dundee
Smith, William, Edinburgh
Solly, Rev. Henry, Cheltenham
Stansfeld, Hamer, Leeds
Stansfeld, J., Jun., Brompton
Stephen, George, Dundee
Stuart, Lord Dudley C., M.P.,
Stuart, Peter, Liverpool
Syme, Rev. G. A., Nottingham
Syme, Ebenezer, London
Taylor, P. A., Sydenham
Tillett, J. H., Norwich
Travers, N., London
Trevelyan, Arthur, London
Vincent, Henry, London
Watson, Patrick, Dundee
Watson, John, Dundee
Weller, E. T., London
Weir, W., London
Wilson, T., London
Wright, Robert, Birmingham

TREASURER: P. A. Taylor. SECRETARY: David Masson.

BANKERS: Messrs. Rogers, Olding, and Co., 29, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, to whom subscriptions may be paid to the Treasurer's account.

M. MAZZINI'S LECTURE.

On the evening of the 11th of February, 1852, the first Conversazione of Members and Friends of the Society of the Friends of Italy, was held in the Great Room, Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London. P. A. Taylor, Esq., the Treasurer of the Society, took the Chair, and introduced M. Mazzini to the meeting.—The Lecture which M. Mazzini then delivered is here reprinted with explanatory Notes, in accordance with, it is believed, the unanimous and earnest desire of all who had the privilege of hearing it.

After a few simple prefatory remarks, M. Mazzini proceeded as follows:—

Three duties are incumbent, I think, upon any man who rises in a foreign land to claim sympathy, or more direct efficient help, for his own country: to state candidly, unreservedly, his own case, his objects, his aims, what he struggles for, from whence his right, the right of his country, is derived; to prove that his aim is not a noble dream, to be perchance realized in far distant uncertain time, but an actual claim of real stirring life, checked or suppressed by evil agencies which may and can be removed—not the fond thought of a solitary worshipper of the ideal, but the feeling, the heart-pulsation of the millions—not a prophecy, but a line of contemporary history; and, lastly, to declare unambiguously, without any cowardly, Jesuitical reticence, what he wants from the land where his appeal is put forward. Thank God and my country, I can fulfil these duties. What we, the National Italian party, are, what we want, what we hope, what free England ought to do for us, may be frankly stated to an English audience, without fear or tactician-like precautions. We have nothing to conceal. We may be wrong or right, mistaken or sanguine in some of our intellectual views, but we are, and ever will be, true—true to others as to ourselves. It is a comfort, a comfort that soothes even exile, to be able to say so in a time in which all daring of moral sense seems to be extinct under the atheistical, conventional ties of what they call the political, diplomatic, official world—that is, of a world, the

mission of which ought to be, speaking out boldly and powerfully the word of the silent unofficial millions. It is a comfort to me, in a time in which no statesman ventures to say to the usurper at his own door, "you have broken your oath; you have, without the least shadow of necessity, and merely for personal ambition's sake, shot, butchered, transported, pillaged; therefore, we cannot transact business with you;"—and, when even republican manifestoes* have promulgated from Paris to the world the impious doctrine now in course of expiation, that a *fact* is to be accepted, though the righteousness of that fact is denied—to feel that I can eagerly seize this first occasion of expressing summarily the aims and views of the Italian national party, with a wish that everything I say may be remembered by each of you, and prove a test for judging what we have done, and what we shall endeavour to do.

I.

First, then, what we are. The ruling spirit; the general creed—for individual exceptions you will not take to account—of our national party. It is not enough that we have, and claim a right; you must know the direction in which we mean to exercise it. Life is no sacred thing, unless it fulfils, or struggles to fulfil, a mission. *Right* is a mere assumption, unless it springs from the intended accomplishment of a *duty*. There have been in these troubled days so many errors engrafted on truth, so many sects and heresies defacing our own pure religion of God-like humanity, and there have been—there are still—so many calumnies and accusations heaped, intentionally or not, on Italian liberalism and on myself, that it has grown impossible to state simply one's own belief; but one feels bound to declare, first, what that belief is *not*. This, then, I am going to do, as briefly and explicitly as I can.

We are not Atheists, unbelievers, or sceptical. Atheism is despair; scepticism weakness. And we are full of hope, faith, and energy, that nothing, time or events, will quench. Our whole life is an appeal, a protest against brute force. To whom, if not to God? Between God, the everlasting truth, and force—between providence and fatality—can you find an intermediate safe ground for a struggling nation? We believe in God, as we believe in the final triumph of justice on earth; as we believe in an ideal of perfection to be pursued by mankind, in the mission of our country towards it; in martyrdom, which has no sense for the godless; in love, which is to me a bitter irony if not a promise—the bud of immortality. The analysing, dissolving, dissecting materialist doctrine of the eighteenth century may prove unavoidable, wherever and whenever you want to probe, to ascertain

* Note. The Manifesto of M. Lamartine as Member of the Provisional Government of France and Minister of Foreign Affairs, in February, 1848, did not recognize the Treaties of 1815 as rightfully binding, but accepted them as existing facts.

the degree of rottenness that is in the state. It cannot go beyond; and *we* want to go beyond. We want to accomplish an act of creation; to elicit life—collective, progressive life—for the millions, through the millions. Can we do that through anatomy? The cold, negative, destroying work of scepticism was being completed under French influence, was coming to a close with French influence in Italy some twenty-four years ago, when first I felt that life was "a battle and a march," and chose the way that I shall never desert. It had undermined and destroyed Papacy, though the form was left behind, still erect, weighing like an incubus on the heart of the nation, a gigantic corpse, aping life. But everybody in Italy knows that it is a corpse. And there it lies in its state robe, on its state coffin called a throne, with a death scroll in its hand signed "Gaeta," from which no glittering of French or Austrian bayonets can dazzle our quick Italian eye away. What need have we now of the anatomist's knife? Give us the light of God, the air of God —freedom; the corpse will sink to dust and atoms. Thank God, we have in Italy no other corpse to bury. Aristocracy, royalty, have never been possessed, in our land of municipalities, of real active life. They have been cloud-like phantoms, brought across the history of the Italian element by foreign winds and storms. They will pass away, as soon as we shall be enabled to enjoy our own pure, radiant skies, and breathe unmixed the air that flows from our own Alps.

Materialism has never been a thing of pure Italian growth. It has sprung up as a reaction against Papacy, and from influences exercised at times when our genuine spontaneous life was lost, by foreign schools of philosophy. But it is a proud characteristic of the Italian mind—and history, when more earnestly and deeply sifted, will prove, I trust, the truth of what I say—that it naturally and continuously aims at the harmonising of what we call synthesis and analysis—theory and practice—or, as we ought to say, heaven and earth. It has a highly religious tendency—a lofty instinctive aspiration towards the ideal, but coupled with a strong, irresistible feeling that we ought to realize as much as we can of that ideal in our terrestrial concerns; that every thought ought to be, as far as possible, embodied into action. From our Etruscan towns built and ruled according to a certain heavenly scheme, down to our proclaiming Jesus sole King of Florence, in the 16th century*—from the deep religious idea with which the soldier of ancient Rome identified his duties towards the city, down to the religious symbol, the Carroccio,† led in front of our national troops in the middle ages—from the Italian school of philosophy, founded in the south of the Peninsula by Pythagoras, a religious and a political society at once, down to our great philosophers of the 17th century, in each of whom you will find a scientific system, and a political Utopia—

* Note. Vide B. Varchi, Guicciardini, Sismondi. A similar circumstance is recorded of the Scotch Covenanters, in their time of persecution.

† See Note A, Appendix.

every manifestation of free, original, Italian genius, has been the transformation of the social earthly medium under the consecration of a religious belief. Our great Lombard league was planned in Pontida,* in an old monastery, the sacred ruins of which are still extant. Our republican parliaments in the old Tuscan cities were often held in the temples of God.

We are the children and inheritors of that glorious tradition. We feel that the final solution of the great religious problem, *emancipation of the soul, liberty of conscience, acknowledged throughout and for all mankind,* is placed providentially in our hands; that the world will never be free from organised imposture before a flag of religious liberty waves high from the top of the Vatican; that in such a mission to be fulfilled lies the secret of our initiative, the claim we have on the heart and sympathies of mankind. How should we wither our beautiful faith in the icy streams of atheism? We, whose life has been twice—never forget it—the unity of Europe, how should we, now that we are bent on a more completely national evolution, trample down that privilege under some fragmentary negative creed, spurning the parent thought, and leaving individuality to float in the vacuum of nothingness?

We are not Anarchists, destroyers of all authority, followers of Proudhon, the Mephistopheles of democracy. The whole problem of the world is to us one of authority. We believe in authority; we thirst for authority. But we feel bound to ask—where is it? With the Pope—with the Emperor—with the ferocious or idiotic princes, now keeping our Italy dismembered into foreign viceroyalties? Do they guide? Do they educate? Do they believe in themselves? They repress; they organize ignorance; they trample and persecute. They have neither initiating power, nor faith, nor capacity of martyrdom, nor knowledge, nor love. They have Jesuits and spies, prisons and scaffolds. Is that guidance or authority? Can we, without desecrating our immortal souls, without betraying the calling of every man, to seek truth and act accordingly, bend our knee before them, abdicate into their hands all our Italian feeling, and revere them as teachers, merely because they are surrounded by bayonets and gendarmes? We want authority, not a phantom of authority; religion, not idolatry; the hero, not the tyrant. Our problem is an *educational* one. Despotism and anarchy are equal foes to education. We spurn them both. The first destroys liberty; the second society; and we want to educate *free* agents for a *social* task.

We are not Terrorists. That again we leave to the weak. Terrorism *is* weakness. It has always been my deep conviction that the French *Règne de la Terreur* was nothing but cowardly terror in those who organized the system. They crushed because they feared to be crushed; and they crushed all those by whom they feared to be crushed. They lost the revolution; and that prolonged

* See Note B, Appendix.

red trace which they left behind their graves is still the most powerful enemy that French revolution has to encounter within the heart of the millions. We have nothing to do with it. True terror—terror to the foes—is energy, energy of bold, continuous, devoted action; the rushing to the frontier of countless, shoeless, penniless volunteers, intoxicated with the Marseillaise and with worship for the sacred name of indivisible France—the true saviours in 1793 of the republic; it is the proclamation, in which the Sicilian patriots of 1848 said to the government, "We shall rise and conquer on such a day if you do not fulfil your promise," and the subsequent rising; it is the Lombard barricades begun, at the very moment in which Imperial concessions were placarded, by people who had only in their possession 400 fowling-pieces; it is our own removing all sentries from our doors in Rome, whilst all our troops had been sent out to meet and drive back the King of Naples at Velletri, and the French invaders were under the walls, and threatening advices were coming of an intended attempt from a Popish party against our persons. Against whom should we apply terrorism in Italy? There were in France, during the great revolution, sufficient causes—not to justify, but to explain the course adopted:—a powerful aristocracy in arms at the frontier, a powerful clergy in the Vendée, in Paris a court plotting with the foreign enemy, a threatening germ of Federalism in the provinces. But where in Italy is the internal enemy? Do not half of our Lombard martyrs' names belong — since 1821, since Confalonieri's * sufferings at the Spielberg—to what you call our aristocracy? Did a single man stand up, ready to encounter martyrdom, for the Pope, when we, first in 1831, then in 1849, decreed the abolition of his temporal power? Is there a single foreign honest traveller in Italy—you see that I do not speak of Messrs. Cochrane and Macfarlane—who can trace there the existence of a powerful element hostile to our national party? Is there a man of good impartial sense who doubts that, had French and Austrian troops not interfered, the Pope, far from being reinstated in Rome, would be by this time in Avignon, or Madrid, or perhaps in Dublin? The French troops had landed, Austrians and Neapolitans were marching, and we, compelled as we were to concentrate all our forces in Rome, had not a single soldier—Ancona excepted—throughout the provinces, when we sent a circular to all municipalities in the Roman territory, asking them to declare formally and solemnly whether they wished for the re-enthronement of the Pope or the maintenance of our own republican government? I grounded no hopes on such a manifestation; I knew that no European government would side by the weak. I wanted an historical record that I could exhibit, in after times, to

* Count Frederic Confalonieri was engaged in the revolt of Milan against the French in 1814, of which Austria profited, to substitute herself for France. He was engaged in the Piedmontese revolution of 1821; fell into the hands of the Austrians; and was imprisoned 15 years in the fortress of Spielberg. He died in 1847.

all dispassionate seekers of truth as an index of Italian public opinion; and it came out. From all localities—with the exception of two invaded already by French troops—the answer was unanimous: Republic and no Pope. The documents, all signed, were published during the siege, and the huge volume could now be found, neglected and dusty, amongst other Italian documents in your Foreign-office? Is there any need of Terrorism with such a people? At Milan, during the five days' fighting, Bolza was arrested by the people.* Bolza had been, for many years, director of the police—feeling the hatred of the people, and hating them. Scarcely a single family in Milan had reached those glorious days without having suffered through him, without having seen the cold satanic smile of the man whose supreme delight was that of accompanying the police agents ordered to arrest his victims. And they asked—those men fresh from the barricades and breathing revenge—what was to be done with him? One of the improvised military commission, Charles Cattaneo, answered: "If you kill him, it will be mere justice; if you spare him, it will be virtue." Bolza was spared—he is living now. Is there any chance of terrorism with such a people? And it has been so everywhere. Not a single condemnation to death was pronounced by the republican government in Rome; not a single one under the republican flag of Venice. I feel an immense pity for those who repeat against us, from time to time, the foul accusation: they can never feel what I felt in witnessing the glorious god-like rising of a people trampled upon for centuries, yet generous and clement towards its internal foes as it was brave against the foreign invaders.

Lastly, we are not Communists, nor levellers, nor hostile to property, nor *socialists*, in the sense in which the word has been used by system-makers and sectarians in a neighbouring country. There is a grand social thought pervading Europe, influencing the thinking minds of all countries—hanging like an unavoidable Damocles' sword, over all monopolising, selfish, privileged classes or interests, and providentially breathing through all popular manifestations, through all the frequent conflicts arising between usurped authority and freedom-seeking nations. Revolutions, to be legitimate, must mark a step in the ascending career of humanity; they must embody into practical results some new discovered word of the law of God, the Father and Teacher of all; they must tend to the good of all—not of the few. There are no different, fatally distinct natures, races, or castes, on this world of ours—no sons of Cain and of Abel; mankind is one, one is the law for all—Progression; one only the mode of realizing it, a more and more close association between collective thought and action. Association, to be progressively, step by step, substituted for isolated efforts and pursuits, is the watchword of the epoch. Liberty and equality are, the first, the groundwork, the basis for association; the second, its safeguard. To every step

* See Note C, Appendix.

towards association must, therefore, correspond a new development of liberty and of equality. Man is one: we cannot allow one of his faculties to be suppressed, checked, cramped, or deviated, without all the others suffering;—soul and body, thought and action, theory and practice, the heavenly and the terrestrial elements are to be combined, harmonized in him. We cannot justly say to a man, "Starve and love;" we cannot reasonably expect him to improve his intellect while, from day to night, he has to toil in physical machine-like exertion for scanty and uncertain bread. We cannot tell him to be pure and free, whilst everything around him speaks bondage, and prompts him to selfish feelings of hatred and reaction. Life is sacred in both its aspects, moral and material. Every man must be a temple of the living God. What past revolutions have done for the *bourgeoisie*, for the middle class, for the men of capital, the forthcoming revolution must do for the *proletaire*, for the popular classes, for the men of labour. Work for all; fairly apportioned reward for all; idleness or starvation for none. This, I say, is the summed-up social creed of all those who, in the present age, love and know. To this creed we belong; and no national party would be worth the name, should it dare to summon up the energies of the whole nation to a contest of life and death for the mere purpose of re-organizing the renegade *bourgeoisie* of 1830, or the *bourgeoise* Assembly of 1849. But beyond that we cannot go, we shall never go. The wild, absurd, immoral dream of communism—the abolition of property, that is, of individuality asserting itself in the material universe—the abolition of liberty by systems of social organization suddenly, forcibly, and universally applied—the suppression of capital, or cutting down the tree for the momentary enjoyment of the fruit—the establishment of equal rewards, that is, the oblivion of the moral worth of the worker—the exclusive worship of material interests, the materialist notion that "life is the seeking of physical welfare," the problem of the kitchen of humanity substituted for the problem of humanity—the Fourierist theory of the legitimacy of all passions—the crude Proudhonian negation of all government, tradition, authority—all those reactionary, short-sighted, impotent conceptions which have cancelled in France all bond of moral unity, all power of self-sacrifice, and have, through intellectual anarchy and selfish terror, led to the cowardly acceptance of the most degrading despotism that ever was—are not and never shall be ours. We want not to suppress, but to improve; not to transplant the activity or the comforts of one class to another, but to open the wide wards of activity and comfort of all; not to enthrone on ruins our own individual idea or crotchet, but to afford full scope to all ideas, and ask the nation, under the guidance of the best and of the wisest, to think, feel, and legislate for itself. And all this we have long ago summed up in that most concise and most comprehensive formula, "God and the people;" which from individual writings of twenty years ago has made its way by its own internal

vitality, through the ranks of Italian patriots, until it shone, by the popular will, on the unsullied flag of Rome and Venice. Depend upon me it will shine there again,—shine on the Alps, shine on the sea, blessing the whole of Italy, equally unsullied, and teaching the nations a fragment of God's everlasting truth.

II.

I have told you what we are: the creed of the Italian national party. It is for the sake of promoting, of realizing as much as possible this creed of ours, that we want to be a nation. We want to be. These things that I now say to you would be death in Italy. A fragment of this paper seized in the hands of one of my countrymen in Lombardy, in Rome, in Florence, in Naples, would lead him to imprisonment for life, if not to death. Such is our liberty of expressing thought. A meeting like this would be treated as insurrection; dissolved by musketry and the charge of bayonets. A bit of tricoloured ribbon forgotten in the corner of a drawer—and let it be a woman's drawer—brings the owner to prison, often to a more degrading punishment. A rusty dagger, the lock of a musket found in a house, is death or imprisonment for life throughout all the Lombardo-Venetian territory. A threat written in the darkness of night, by an unknown hand, on the wall of a house, is imprisonment or heavy fine to the inhabitants of the house. An Italian Bible read by three persons in a private room is, in Tuscany, in the country of Savonarola, imprisonment and exile. The secret denunciation of a spy—perhaps your personal enemy—is imprisonment and rigorous surveillance *(precetto)*. Bengal tricoloured illuminations have led to the galleys for twenty years Dreosti* and his young companions in Rome. Some statistical notes found on a young man, Mazzoni, at the threshold of your consular agent, Freeborn, have been deemed sufficient, a few weeks ago, to doom him to a dungeon. Men like Nardoni† and Virginio Celpi, marked as thieves, condemned for forgery, rule, under French protection and Popish blessing, over property, life and liberty. Prisons are full; thousands of exiles are wandering in loneliness and starvation, from Monte Video to Constantinople, from London to New York, from Tunis or Malta to Mexico. Go wherever you will, that living protest of the Italian national party, the Italian emigration will meet your eye. It has passed before me, an exile since twenty-two years, in silent, still deeply eloquent continuity; from the remnants of the patrician monarchical emigration of 1821 to the professional middle-class men of 1831; from the young, pure, enthusiastic, prophetic spirits of 1833 to the deluded thousands of Lombard volunteers in 1848, to the Roman men of the people in 1849; some appealing from exile to suicide, some withering in scepticism, the suicide of the soul; others worn out by poverty and cares; all telling me, as I fancied, like ghosts of my country, her woes,

* See Note D, Appendix. † See Note E, Appendix.

her hopes, and her errand—live, suffer, and struggle. Such is the political condition of Italy. You have all read Mr. Gladstone's revelations concerning Naples. Prevail on the writer to go and sojourn for a certain amount of time in Sicily, in Romagna, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, on the Venetian lagoons—in that unconquerable mother of great woes and destinies, Rome. I pledge all my being that similar pages will flow from his honestly indignant, though inconsistently conservative pen. The absence of all political liberty, of all personal security, of all guarantees of justice; the systematic corruption of Italian souls through Jesuits, spies, and ignorance; the systematic and unavoidable plundering of our financial resources; the deadly influence of narrow, weak, suspicious despotism, on our industry, on our trade, on our navigating power—all these must be by this time granted facts with you; my task is higher than a long, sad enumeration of actual Italian suffering. Are we to be or not to be? Are we doomed, for the sake of a pope, as the French government said,* or of an emperor, as some of your so-called statesmen still say, to be the Pariahs, the Helots of the nations; or are we entitled to live amongst you the free, full, unfettered, untrammelled life that God grants? This is the question—an entirely moral one between you and us. It matters little that we are more or less physically tortured—that we are pressed more or less heavily by taxation—that we feed on cheap or high-priced loaves. I speak of our soul's bread, education and action. We are twenty-five millions of Italians, writing the same language, blessed with the same deep blue skies, nursed by the same maternal songs, imbued by the same tendencies, worshipping the same national geniuses—Dante, Colombo, Galileo, Michael Angelo—starting from a glorious common tradition, thrilling at the sight of the one tricolored national flag, and at the blessed mysterious words of *patria*, Italy, Rome. We long to love and be loved. We think that we have thoughts to impart to our sister nations—thoughts to receive from them; great deeds to achieve through our united efforts; and fragments, as I have said, of the law of God to unveil and to apply. We want to commune, to progress—to worship no lies, no idols, no phantoms,—but truth, genius, and virtue. And the very configuration of our country, the only true peninsula in Europe, speaks of unity; and our national frontiers are the Alps and the sea. Are we not, then, entitled to a national life, to a national compact, to a national flag? And when the foreign oppressor comes and tells us "You shall remain dismembered, slaves, speechless, unhonored, without a name, without a flag, without an acknowledged mission in Europe," are we to submit, or to struggle? That is the question now before you. If you resolve it in the affirmative, you are bound to help us as far as it lies in your power. Could you ever resolve it in the negative, then, indeed, you would be unworthy of the liberty that blesses

* See Note F, Appendix.

your shores. Liberty is a principle, or nothing. The great problem to be solved, by all those who believe in one God, is not that men to a certain amount or under a certain degree of latitude should be free, but that *man*, the being created in the image of God, shall be free; that the very name of slavery shall be cancelled from the face of the earth, from the spoken language of all those who can whisper a word of love.

We *shall* struggle—struggle to the last. Help us if you can; for, with my hand on my heart, and a serene yet bold look meeting yours, I can tell you ours is a holy struggle, commanded to us by Providence, and meant for good. Yes, we shall struggle; and when I say this, I speak the mind, the unconquerable decision of the millions. We are ripe for liberty and independence. Before 1848 and 1849, I would have uttered these words with hesitation; not now. Thank God, we have proved to all Europe that liberty is with us the watchword of a whole people, and that we could fight and bleed, fall and not despair, for it. Ours is a popular cause. In March 1848, we drove away a powerful organised Austrian army. Between the city and the sea not a single foreign soldier was to be seen; those who remained had sought refuge in the fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, and Verona. Our volunteers had reached the Tyrol. Who fought those wonderful battles, if not the people? Who are they—the men who died, during the five days, at the barricades of Milan? The official list has been published by Cattaneo. They belong, most of them, to the people. Who, if not the people, fought in 1849 in Bologna,* keeping the Austrians during days out of an open town, accessible on every side? Who, if not the people, kept the French troops at defiance in Rome† for more than one month? Who, if not the people, endured patiently and uncomplainingly, during eighteen months at Venice,‡ continued fighting, pecuniary sacrifices, bombardment, privation, and cholera morbus? Who, if not the people, fought heroically against Haynau at Brescia,§ after the defeat of Novara? And now, even now, does not the list of condemnations, weekly appearing in the official gazettes of the Roman States, of Venice, and of Milan, bear witness to the tendency of our popular classes? From a valuable series of documents, published in Italian Switzerland, on the national struggles of 1848 and 1849, the Society of the Friends of Italy will have, I trust, one of these days, to draw the materials of a tract in which the feelings of our popular classes will be evinced by facts and cyphers. Meanwhile, let me record here, with pride, that in 1848, from Sicily to the Italian Tyrol, one single watchword, "Italia," was to be heard on the lips of our multitudes; that, before 1848, all attempts of the Austrian government to organise a second Galicia, by a communistic war of the peasantry against the landlords in Lombardy, proved unsuccessful against the

* See Note G, Appendix.—† See Note H, Appendix.—‡ See Note I, Appendix.
§ See Note J, Appendix.

patriotic feeling of our agricultural population; that such was the predominance of the national element over all others in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, that the March insurrection was decided upon and realised when liberal concessions from the Emperor, concerning the press and internal administration, were giving hopes of a materially better state of things; and that now, after almost all the revolutionary generation of 1848 and '49 has been swept away by the storm, dead, imprisoned, or wandering in foreign lands, our secret—for secret it must be—organisation throughout the land is so powerful that loan notes, clandestine publications, and messengers are despatched, from town to town, with nearly the same degree of security that you have in your own intercourse from London to Dublin and Edinburgh. Thousands belonging to our popular classes are involved in this mysterious underground propagandism, and the secret lies unrevealed. They can shoot or send to the galleys; our clandestine press they cannot seize. These are telling facts. Few struggling nations can exhibit similar proofs of a constant unanimous will.

III.

And now to my third point. What do we want from you? What can England do for us? First, you can give us moral strength; create a strong, compact, organised public opinion in our favour; collect facts, information, positive data concerning our wants, our rights, our struggles, our sufferings; and, through pamphlets, lectures, newspaper articles, scatter them through the land. Speak loudly, unceasingly for us. Do not allow base calumnies to circulate unanswered, against our national party. Oppose to them our solemn declarations, our programmes, our acts whenever we have had a field for action. Let the name of Rome appear inscribed on your flags whenever you meet for popular manifestations. Let no meeting take place for liberal popular objects without a voice rising to say, "Remember Rome and Italy. Remember that freedom is a general principle, or a merely selfish impotent concern. Remember that at no long a distance from your shores a mighty nation, from which your forefathers drew the best part of their life, civilisation and art, lies groaning under Austrian brute force and papal soul-corrupting despotism." Let this Society of the Friends of Italy, to whom we owe our actual meeting, be your nucleus of operation, and soon become the enlarged field of a continuous relentless propagandism for Italian liberty and independence.

Secondly, you can give us parliamentary official help. Through petitioning, through electioneering questions, through personal influence and suggestions, summon your representatives, and through them your statesmen, to a more complete view of your national life; to a better moral understanding of England's part and mission in Europe. Tell them that the life of a nation is twofold—internal

and external, national and international; that between these two there must be harmony, oneness of purpose, to be accomplished through different manifestations; that England's vital principle is religious, political, commercial liberty; and that it must be represented abroad as within your shores. Tell them that England proclaimed, since 1831, through her statesmen, non-intervention as the ruling principle of her policy in international matters; that England meant then that the principle should be universally accepted, and that each people was to be thenceforward free to settle undisturbed and independent its own domestic concerns; that such a principle, though incomplete and unequal to the fulfilment of our duties—for we must always be ready to interfere for good—would still have proved sufficient, if honestly carried into execution, for the triumph of right and liberty throughout all Europe; but that it has been, and is, grossly, insultingly, and systematically violated by the despotic powers, until it has come to this, that though any absolutist emperor, king, or prince, interfere for evil, England should never be allowed to interfere for good. Tell them that, should England have energetically told Russia "you shall not crush Hungary," and told France "you shall not crush Rome," Rome and Hungary would now be free; that Rome and Hungary, recollecting the promises of 1831, were claiming such a word from England; that England's silence was a shame and a sin; that shame, as well as invasion, is death to a nation; that from a will far superior to all political calculations every sin is, sooner or later, expiated; and bid them look to once proud and powerful, now fallen, France. Tell them that the circle traced by continental scheming despotism is drawing every day closer to your shores; and that imperialist resentments, combined with old autocratic jealousy and plans, ought not to be despised. Tell them that, even if immediate danger were not impending, it is the duty of statesmen to look not merely to the emergencies of the day, but to more distant times; not merely to the transient present, but to the future of their own country; that England is more and more isolating herself in Europe; that whilst no despotic power is actually or ever can be friendly to England, no people amongst those who are inevitably called to organise themselves as nations will be, once liberty conquered, her friend and ally, unless the seeds of friendly alliance are sown during the struggle; that systematic indifference will lead to nothing in a not far distant future, when the map of Europe shall have to be redrawn, but to old political connexions being lost without any new being found; to old markets for England's industrial activity being closed without any new being opened. And tell them never to forget that the best national defences for England are now placed abroad; that her best resistance to corrupting papal encroachments would be the free emancipated Rome of the people; and that a single bit of our Italian tri-coloured flag carried from Naples to Milan, and appealing from there to Hungary and Vienna,

would more powerfully divert from England's shores all schemes of invasion or indirect war than any calling out of militia or increase of naval forces and expenditure.

Thirdly and lastly, you can give material help—the material help that European capitalists and loanmongers are lending daily to despotic powers; the material help which, like the body to the soul, is the condition, *sine qua non* of every struggle even morally carried, of every proscribed manifestation of thought.

IV.

I have told you what we are, and what we want—what you can give. My brief task is over. May your own soon begin! Through gratefulness for the hospitality I have found on your shores, through intense admiration for many qualities of English mind and heart, through sacred individual affections, which I shall never betray, there is not a thought dearer to me, after the emancipation of Italy, than that of a cordial active sympathy, and of a powerful future alliance, between your nation and mine.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—*The Carroccio* was a large car, drawn by four white oxen. When the inhabitants of a city took the field against the enemy, the Carroccio occupied the centre of the camp. An altar was raised on the car, over which floated the flag of the Republic; a select body, comprised of the bravest young men, was chosen to defend it. The Archbishop of Milan officiated at the altar, raised on the Carroccio, at the battle of Legnano in 1167, when the Lombard League gained a decisive victory over Frederick Barbarossa. The fight was most terrible around the sacred car. The German cavalry had succeeded in penetrating to the Carroccio, and was on the point of getting possession of the flag, when its chosen guard renewed their oath of dying in its defence, and repulsed the enemy.

NOTE B.—*The League of Pontida*, A. D. 1167.—The emperor Frederick Barbarossa endeavoured to make himself absolute master of Italy. The Lombard Republics and the Pope leagued together against him; the former to defend the liberties of their country, the latter, because the emperor sustained against him the pretensions of the Anti-pope Victor. It was in a Capucin monastery at Pontida, between Bergamo and Milan, that the league was concluded, on the 8th of April, 1167, by the Delegates of the Republics and the Pope. Milan had already been twice compelled to capitulate through famine; on the last occasion the city had been razed to the ground, and the conqueror had caused the very soil to be ploughed up and sown; and yet, only 19 days after the proclamation of the League, on the 27th of April, the populations of the confederated cities were already flocking to Milan, to rebuild its walls and reinstate the citizens who had been expelled from it. After two fruitless campaigns, the Emperor descended again upon Italy, for the seventh time, in 1176, nine years after the formation of the League, and was completely routed by the Italians at Legnano, a fortified town some fifteen miles from Milan, on the road to the Lago Maggiore. Italy might then have definitely acquired her independence, but the Pope, Alexander III., being now recognised by Frederick, declared himself satisfied, abandoned the League, laboured to weaken it, and supported the imperial power in Italy, judging it less dangerous to Papacy than the Italian Republics. The peace of Constantine, which closed this great war, is memorable in this, that it marks the epoch when the Papacy deserted the banner of the peoples, to pass into the camp of their oppressors. (Vide V. Muratori, Sismondi.)

NOTE C.—*Count Louis Bolza*, of a patrician family of Como, is perhaps the most detested name in Italy; as the man has been Austria's most devoted police agent and spy. Astute and ferocious, he sought out and provoked disorders for the pleasure of denouncing them and of quenching

them in blood. Essentially depraved, given up to the worst vices, he had nevertheless the one instinctive faculty of love of offspring. The future of his children never ceased to occupy his thoughts, and feeling the horrible inheritance which he left to them in his name, his history, and his iniquitous profession, he left them certain express directions in his will, which fell into the hands of the people of Milan when they took him prisoner. "Change your name if it is possible; but, at all events, never accept employment in the Austrian police. Woe to him who enters there. The Austrian police corrupts everything with which it comes in contact; once having treated with it, it is impossible to retreat; everything must be sacrificed to it; dignity, morality, your whole soul. One ends by identifying oneself with its appetites and its requirements. My daughters too, let them never marry an *employé* of the police." This man was taken prisoner at Milan, on the 20th of March, 1848, the second day of the barricades, by the people which he had so long tortured, but was released unhurt. He is still living at Trieste.

NOTE D.—*Dreosti*, a young Roman, was arrested with some twenty companions, and convicted of having taken part in an illumination at Rome, consisting of tricoloured Bengal lights, on the 9th of February, 1850, in commemoration of the Republic. He was condemned to twenty years of the galleys. The Roman people still religiously continue to commemorate the anniversary of the proclamation of their Republic. The details of its commemoration this present year will be found in the March Number of the Monthly Record of the Society.

NOTE E.—*Nardoni*, Colonel in the Pontifical Army, knight of all the orders of knighthood instituted by the Popes, and now one of the most important personages of the clerical party and of those most in favour with Pius IX. This man is the same *Nardoni* who in 1812 was condemned by the Assize Court of Fermo, for *theft* accompanied with aggravating circumstances, to five years forced labour in chains, and to be branded with the letters L. F. (*Lavori Forzati*) on the left shoulder. See the Roman journals of 1848 and 1849, which reprinted the judgment of the Assize Court of Fermo.

NOTE F.—The incompatibility of Papacy and liberty was not merely admitted, but loudly proclaimed by the Catholic party and the majority of the French Assembly, in the sittings of the 18th, 19th, and 20th October, 1849. M. Odillon Barrot, President of the Council, said: "Although the separation of the two powers, temporal and spiritual, be throughout Europe necessary for liberty of conscience, for true and durable liberty, this principle cannot be admitted for Rome." M. Thiers: "We are entitled to deny to the Romans their right of overthrowing, in the name of their own sovereignty, the temporal power of the Pope, necessary to Christian Europe." M. Thuriot de la Rosierè: "What are the Roman States .... The Roman States were created not by their own efforts, but by the power, the labour, and the sword of Catholicism ..... The Papacy is a creation of Catholicism; without the Pope there would be no Roman States, there would not even be a city of Rome ..... The Roman States have been created for the residence of the Popes ..... The sovereignty of the Pope has been established by all Catholics, and all Catholics have therefore the right of defending it. If the Roman States attempt to overthrow the government which Catholicism has imposed upon them, Catholicism must prevent them ..... The sovereignty of the Catholic peoples is superior to

the sovereignty of the Roman people . . . . . There can be no Roman Nationality." M. de Montalambert: "If the Pope were to make concessions . . . . . he would no longer enjoy his great popularity amongst Catholics . . . . . If he were to establish—I don't say liberty of the press or the national guard—but merely the Deliberative Consulta in matters of taxation, which his *motu proprio* refuses, I avow that our confidence in him would be diminished." See the French *Moniteur*—sittings of the Assembly of the 18th, 19th, and 20th October, 1849.

NOTE G.—*Bologna*, 1848. In the beginning of August the Austrian General, Welden, after the Lombard Campaign, so fatal to the Piedmontese, approached Bologna at the head of 5,000 men. The Papal Government, secretly in accord with Austria, had left the city without troops, that Austria might destroy the national party there which was desirous of war. The clerical party, which was in power in the city, had opened the gates to receive the enemy. The people rose alone, and after a long and bloody combat, expelled the Austrians on the 8th of August, 1848.

Bologna, *May*, 1849. Austria invaded the Republic in the north, whilst Naples, Spain and France attacked it in the south and west. On the 7th May, an Austrian General attacked Bologna with 12,000 men. All the Republican troops had been recalled to Rome; there were but 1000 soldiers left, who, seduced by their officers, who were acting secretly in the interests of the Pope, refused to fight. Nevertheless the people resisted alone, and the town only yielded on the 16th, after six days of continuous bombardment.

NOTE H.—*Rome*. The history of the short, but memorable existence of the Roman Republic is sufficiently well known. On the 9th of February, 1849, the Assembly, chosen by universal suffrage, proclaimed the Republic, by a majority of 150 to 11 votes; against the downfall of the Pope, there were but 5 votes. The downfall of the Pope, and the establishment of the Republic, was agreed to by all the municipalities not occupied by the enemy. In the month of May, 1849, the Roman States were invaded by 30,000 French, 25,000 Austrian, 25,000 Neapolitan, and 12,000 Spanish soldiers—a combined force of upwards of 90,000 men. The Republic had only been able to arm 13,000 soldiers. It resisted Austria at Bologna and Ancona; it beat and expelled the Neapolitans; it held in check the French army for two months before Rome, repulsing it twice, on the 30th of April and the 3rd of June. The city of Rome sustained 27 days investment and siege, resisted for 12 days after breaches had been opened and under bombardment, and held its defences for 9 days after the enemy had forced an entrance through the breach. The Roman army had not a single deserter, and dissolved itself rather than consent to enter into the service of the Pope. During the siege of Rome there were no arrests, no political condemnations; and the French prisoners were set at liberty without conditions. See Society's Tract No. II.

NOTE I.—*Venice* defended itself for 17 months. Abandoned by the King of Sardinia, unsupported by Lombardy, left to fall again under the yoke of Austria, condemned by English and French diplomacy, the Venetian Assembly replied, on the 2nd of April, 1849, to the summons of Radetzky to surrender, by this memorable decree: *Venice will resist Austria at all costs* (ad ogni costo.) The bombardment continued from the 24th of May to the 6th of August, 1849, the day of capitulation. The Austrians had batteries of the strength of 180 cannon against the city and its forts. Upwards of 80,000 projectiles fell in the fort of Marghera alone.

Venice only capitulated after having exhausted its provisions and its munitions of war; water had become bad and difficult to obtain; the bread was black and unwholesome; and for 30 days cholera had begun to rage; the bombs reached three quarters of the city, and the people were obliged to crowd themselves together in the remaining portion; there was no more ice for the wounded, no quinine for those attacked by fever, (the French vessels had brutally refused to supply either ice or medicines to the hospitals) and the troops were reduced to a third of their original force by fever and the fight. Venice at length yielded, on the 6th of August; on that day not another ration of bread was left for the soldiers in the magazines. To meet the cost of this long defence, the citizens of Venice incurred a debt of about 40 millions of francs. (See the history of the siege, published at Capolago, in the "Collection of Documents of the Sacred War.")

NOTE J.—*Brescia*, 1849. Brescia, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, dominated by a castle occupied by the Austrians, rose on the 23rd March, whilst the Piedmontese army engaged Radetzky on the banks of the Ticino.

The Piedmontese army deserted the field in two days' time; but the brave city, left to itself, resisted until the 2nd of April. The barricades and the houses were defended with desperate courage from day to day. The population was exposed to the cross fire of the fort within the city, and of the besieging corps. At length it yielded, hopeless of succour, and having exhausted its munitions of war. The official report of Haynau admits that the Austrians lost 1476 soldiers, 33 officers, 3 colonels, and General Nugent. What was above all admirable in this defence was, that the Brescians learnt, on the 29th of March, of the defeat and the Armistice of Novara, and that they still resisted for 3 days. (See "Collection of Documents of the Sacred War.")

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY

For Sale.

1. ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.
PRICE TWOPENCE.

2. TRACT No. I.—NON-INTERVENTION.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

3. TRACT No. II. — THE CHARGE OF TERRORISM IN ROME REFUTED.
PRICE TWOPENCE.

4. TRACT No. III.—THE SICILIAN REVOLUTION, AND BRITISH INTERVENTION IN SICILY.
PRICE TWOPENCE.

5. TRACT No. IV. — Mr. MAZZINI'S LECTURE, DELIVERED AT THE FIRST CONVERSAZIONE OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.
PRICE TWOPENCE.

6. MONTHLY RECORD OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

1. PROGRESS OF THE SOCIETY.
2. PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Nos. for September, October, November and December, 1851, and January, February, and March, 1852.

PRICE ONE PENNY EACH.

GRATIS TO MEMBERS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, 10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND;
And Sold by W. KENT and Co., Paternoster-row; EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; CHARLES GILPIN, Bishopsgate-street Without; and all Booksellers.

R. S. FRANCIS, PRINTER, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.