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# LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

## JOSEPH MAZZINI

VOL. VI.

CRITICAL AND LITERARY

*A NEW EDITION*

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE . . . . .	vii
LAMENNAIS . . . . .	i
GEORGE SAND . . . . .	33
BYRON AND GOETHE . . . . .	61
THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE . . . . .	98
EUROPE : ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS . . . . .	215
ON THE "THEORY OF THE DAGGER" . . . . .	266

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## APPENDIX.

THE ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE . . . . .	285
NON-INTERVENTION . . . . .	300
TWO LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND ON THE CRIMEAN WAR . . . . .	309

## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

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THE Translator has added, in an Appendix to the present volume, several short writings of Signor Mazzini's upon matters of English policy; believing that the great influence exercised by him upon certain advanced liberal movements in our own country at the time when they were written, invests them with an historical interest for all students of the progress of English thought, which will amply justify their introduction into this volume.

Such are:—

The Address of the Council of the People's  
International League.

A Tract on Non-intervention.

Two Letters to the People of England on the  
Crimean War.

## APPENDIX

## APPENDIX.



### ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

(First Published in 1847.)

THE insularity of England among the family of European nations is more than that of mere geographical position. Self-contained and self-contented, her people, as a people, seldom extend an enlightened regard or a warm sympathy beyond the narrow sphere of cares and interests involved in the progressive development of the internal powers and resources of their own country. That high, earnest, and ever-watchful Public Opinion, which is the Palladium of the rights and immunities of Englishmen, is concentrated on the affairs of their own island home ; *foreign* relations—as the mutual affinities and interdependencies of communities are styled—being regarded as the exclusive and peculiar province of statesmen and diplomatists.

In this field the wholesome jealousy of power, characteristic of the English mind, either works not at all, or works in ignorance of the true bearings and tendencies of the transactions which it seeks to control. That “proud indolence,” in regard to “foreign affairs,” with which the statesmen of a neighbouring country charge us, or the “apathy” of which many of our own



political writers have loudly complained, is at once selfish, impolitic, and unjust. The Unity of Humanity, which expresses the law of individual intercourse, also includes the law of the intercommunication of nations. The sentiment, enthusiastically responded to by the human instincts of a Roman audience, even in Rome's most corrupt days, has yet to be extended and applied by Christian England to international interests. WE ARE A NATION, AND NOTHING THAT CONCERNS OTHER NATIONS DO WE DEEM FOREIGN TO US. Through good and evil report, to this principle we must firmly adhere, if we would have our claim of "teaching the nations how to live" held for more than an idle boast. It is not enough that we have established, and are resolute to further and maintain, our own freedom and nationality. Our wishes and endeavours must tend to secure the same blessings for other countries. As no man will reach heaven who seeks to reach it alone, so no nation will ever develop the highest and most enduring forms of national life, while it is contented to remain the passive and uninterested spectator of the onward and upward struggles of kindred peoples. A recluse tribe is as anomalous as a single anchorite. Seclusion is an indulgence that can, in neither case, be gratified except at the sacrifice of duty, and duty is never sacrificed except at the cost of our true interest. For self alone, no man, no people lives. Multiplicity in Unity is the law and type of National progress. The varied forms of opinion, character, and institution, by which the nations of Europe are respectively distinguished, are all aggregate elements in the great unit of European civilisation; and the nation which in solitary selfishness resists the interchange of these God-ordained influences, sins against that law of moral gravitation which knits communities in the same bonds of relationship by which classes and

individuals are held together. Though many, the nations of Europe are *One, and all members one of another*. In the well-being of each all are interested ; for all share, consciously or unconsciously, in the mixed good and evil which affects each.

An isolative national policy, which we have seen to be morally wrong, we might naturally, nay, must necessarily, presume to be politically imprudent. It encourages Absolutism to interfere with national rights in a way that Absolutism would not dare to attempt, if nations were fully alive to the importance of the common interest which unites them. The popular indifference in England to the course of continental policy invites despotic aggression abroad. It does more. It paralyses the power of any honest Government at home, to adopt the measures of beneficent intervention necessary to repress meditated outrage, or to redress committed wrong ; while it offers impunity to a false and fatal compliance with the views of despots, on the part of rulers who may be adverse to the principles of pacific social progress.

How small the amount of enlightened public opinion that can, in the present eventful crisis of our country's external relations, be brought to bear upon British Statesmanship ! How few the Englishmen who are not either uninformed or misinformed in regard to the character, connection, and consequences of the recent circumstances under which the policy of the Peace of 1815, from time to time undermined, has finally been demolished by the hands which reared it. In the ranks of the great industrial classes of this country,—the substantial depository of political power,—beyond the ill-considered cry of "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, absolutely *no symptom of public opinion* exists on the subject, and the settlement of a grave question, involving

interests of primary importance to England and to Europe, is left to the discretion or caprice of a Government; under conditions that curb and cripple a good Minister, and leave a bad Minister free to run his unchecked course.

These things ought not to be. Englishmen should be cognisant of the processes through which the progressive destinies of Europe are being worked out; so that whenever European affairs may call for interference, they may be in no doubt as to the course to be pursued. Our people must learn to bring to the consideration of foreign questions, the same vigilance, prudence, and sagacity, which they bestow on home questions. They must not indolently abdicate their right to adjudicate on such matters, in favour of uncontrolled and irresponsible diplomacy; but be themselves able and ready to pronounce judgment in a tone and spirit worthy of freemen, conscious of their position and duty; with the calmness of collected thought, and the firmness and power which only knowledge can impart. For the progress we have already made in our internal policy; for the removal of restrictions,—religious, political, social and economic;—for the views and hopes of a higher liberty, which still open to us in distinct though distant vista, we are indebted wholly and solely to the influence of enlightened public opinion upon the action of Government and legislation. Should not this consideration inspire the endeavour, in regard also to our foreign policy and relations, to create a public opinion; which, trusting to our past history and our national character, may ultimately do that for the cause of European progress, which a like agency has done for the liberties of our own country!

To place England in this position of knowledge and matured opinion is the aim of the proposed People's International League. It will avail itself of all practic-

## *Appendix.*

able means within the compass of English laws and English sympathies ; for the purpose of working out its ends. The result, with the help of God and of all earnest men, will be to infuse new strength, morality and prosperity into England's social life ; by harmonising under one high principle of Justice, Truth and Duty, her political and economic energy, and her national and international influence and agency.

The present position of general European politics, independently of the considerations above submitted, justifies—were justification needed—the formation of our League. The virtual abrogation of the Treaty of Vienna, by the recent suppression of Cracow, seems to open a new era to Europe. The political system established and guaranteed by that treaty, had already undergone repeated change and modifications. It needed only this public disclaimer of its obligations, to destroy any opinion that might remain as to the influence it yet exercised upon the destinies of Europe. France had long since thrown out the elder branch of the Bourbons, for whom especially the Congress of 1815 seemed to have provided. Portugal had changed her dynasty. Belgium had severed herself from Holland. The new kingdom of Greece had sprung up. And now the three great powers of Eastern Europe have proclaimed their absolute independence of its provisions. To what further aggressions this may be the prelude, it is impossible to foretell : enough that these Powers have shown that their usurpations are not restrained by treaties, however solemnly contracted. And while the absolute Powers are thus intent upon their own aggrandizement, the oppressed peoples of Europe are equally determined to assert, and sooner or later will achieve, their rights of Nationality and Self-government.

In the division of Europe among the several Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, an immense error, not to say

a great iniquity, was committed. The natural peculiarities of Character—the indications of different destinies in the diverse natural tendencies of various peoples—deducible from their languages, creeds, habits, historical traditions, and geographical position,—were altogether overlooked or disregarded. Questions of the balance of power; of imaginary equalities;—calculated by ciphers, representing square miles or millions of men,—not human ideas, human wants, and human tendencies,—were the considerations that decided the partition of Europe. It was a hurried, an ill-advised and improvident work; concocted, on the one hand, by Powers that had nothing in view but their own despotic interests and aggrandizement; on the other, by politicians looking no further than their own day; seeking only for present peace; frightened at, and weary of the convulsions through which Europe had just passed, and without faith in the future: men anxious merely to reconstitute the old system which Napoleon had broken down, and who had given neither time nor sympathy to the study of those vital elements out of which a new system might be constructed, and upon which alone permanent peace and progress can be established.

And what has been the result? First a hidden, then an open struggle against the established order of things. The spirit which God has breathed into the Peoples, in furtherance of his providential plan—the Spirit of Progress—is more powerful than any diplomatic arrangements; and it will not be long dammed up, nor diverted from its natural courses. Since 1815, at sundry times and in diverse manners, that spirit, which speaks in deeds, has uttered its protest: successfully in Greece, in France, and in Belgium; unsuccessfully, hitherto, in other places; but unceasingly, with ever-growing power, and with sure promise of ultimate success.

The question now at issue throughout Europe, at the bottom of all European movements, is the question of Nationality—of national rights and duties.

We have but to cast our eyes over the map of Europe, to see that it is so. We have but to watch, during the short space of a month, the symptoms now manifesting themselves in almost every part of Europe : signs of old things verging to decay, of new ones rising in their stead, prophetic sounds of no uncertain meaning ; voices from the deep, telling us with unmistakable plainness of the spirit working underneath.

Poland.—See how her often-baffled but never-conquered determination to recover her right of Nationality, of distinctive life, has continually disturbed the peace of Europe since the first days of her spoliation ; how impossible it is to tread out that determination ; to eradicate the hate with which she regards her oppressors ; to destroy the will which eventually must conquer.

Italy.—Mark how clearly the character of the agitation there is manifested ; how visibly it has descended from the few to the masses ; how, while it has compelled concessions, reforms, and promises from the Italian Governments, neither local remedies nor partial improvements stay its progress. It is no question of material interest, that may be appeased by fiscal arrangements. There is an Idea here at work,—the idea of Unity—of Nationality. The land of Dante, Petrarch, and Macchiavelli, yearns to fulfil their prophecy. It wants to be One. It is not an internal question about forms of government : it is a national question. Twenty-six millions of men, tried and disciplined by three hundred years of common bondage and martyrdom, want to unite in one compact body ; to have some weight in the scale of nations ; some recognition of their part and mission in the life and destinies of Europe.

Greece.—Called to a second life after a death of ages, can we think that the arbitrary barriers of diplomacy will be strong enough to repress her growing aspiration to re-unite in one common nationality all the Greek populations now in the hands of Turkey ; to rally round her her children of Thessaly, of Macedonia, of Candia ; and to build up a living Greece which ancestral memories may visit without breathing a reproach ?

Switzerland.—Discontented with the constitution imposed upon her by the Allied Powers, in 1815, which has been a source of perpetual strife and weakness ; she, too, desires change—to make herself a Nation, united in one Federal Bond ; under which, while the local Cantonal Sovereignties will still continue to exist for Cantonal government, the general Swiss interests shall be represented by some central power not at present existing : the Diet being now composed of representatives of the Cantons, not of the Nation ; representatives of local and partial interests, intrusted with imperative mandates from each Canton ; not with the mission of representing all that constitutes Swiss life, Swiss independence, Swiss progress.

SLAVONIANS.—A race of eighty millions (including the Poles and Russians), spreading from the Elbe to Kamshatka, from the Frozen Sea to Ragusi on the shores of the Adriatic : five millions of Tcheks, in Bohemia ; two millions of Moravians, scattered through Silesia, Hungary, etc. ; two millions of Slovaks, in Hungary ; two millions of Croatians and Slovents, in Styria and Carinthia ; the Serbes, Bulgars, and Bosniaks, in Turkey ; the Dalmatians, Illirians, and Slavons, in Austria ; they, too, are looking to a new era in Europe ; they, too, having risen from a literary movement entirely unknown in England, to a political one equally unknown, are demanding the common life and unity of Nationality ;

they, too, are prepared to start into being, at the first energetic and prolonged appeal of Poland, to form four nations (if we reckon Poles and Russians) bound in one great Federal Bond.

And, behind them, perhaps, as regards ripeness, yet still firmly bent toward the same point—National Unity,—comes Germany. Her tendencies were clear enough in 1813 and 1815, when the popular spirit was aroused against Napoleon; and, though betrayed by her Governments, the same spirit lives and works toward the one end.

From all this, the position of Europe, the volcano on which it sleeps, may be learned.

But must the explosion come? Is it not possible, by a wise foresight, to avoid the danger? May not a calm and peaceful evolution avert the threatened strife? Why cannot these Nationalities be recognised—as each proves the justice of its claim,—be set free to develop each its own peculiar growth; to fulfil each its own special mission, so to work out God's providential plan? for, if this is not God's plan, languages, tendencies, traditions, geographical characteristics, have no meaning. When a People is struggling to embody its inner life in new forms of outward institution, why not hail the event, and assist, instead of hindering, its ascent to the dignity and capacity of a Nation? Is not the will of the People the will of God? Is not England, for one, ready to welcome any new power, any new element of activity and civilisation?

There are, in Europe, three Powers representing Absolutism: the principle that denies man's right to self-government, self-development, and, consequently, progress towards the Right and Good,—that denies the right of national and individual freedom,—that virtually denies even the providence of God, by asserting that his



gift of national character, of peculiar genius, is so aimless and accidental that it may be thwarted or controlled by any arbitrary convention of despots. These three Powers are leagued together for any foul deed that may subserve their designs ; and none are leagued against them.

There is in Europe, at the present time, no representative of the Good Principle : there are three of the Evil One.

And thus the question is left to force,—force between the oppressors and the oppressed ; and by the assumption, “for peace’ sake,” of an utter indifference, by refusing to throw into the balance of European destinies the weight of a peaceful, but firm and generous assertion of the principles of Eternal Truth and Justice, by the denial of even passive sympathies with the oppressed and their aspirations, the nations of Western Europe compel those who are struggling for freedom to look to insurrection as their only hope. The consequences of this ignoble and fatal indifference are manifest enough. Cracow is swallowed up when Russia chooses ; Poland is not even a name ; Switzerland and Italy are threatened with intervention ; treaties are set at naught, and protests mocked at. In the same speech in which the King of the French congratulates his subjects on the completion of a commercial treaty with Russia, he is forced to contradict that gratulation by the acknowledgment that Russia is no respecter of treaties. International faith is gone. There is security neither against political aggression nor for commercial enterprise. Having on our side abdicated that course of public duty which faith in God and Humanity points out, and which would have insured us the respect of Europe, we have now no hold upon these Powers, except through their interests, which may or may not be the same as ours. They have neither respect nor fear for us. They do not hesitate to hurl their

defiance at us :—“ We shall rule, for we have the daring of Evil ; we act : you have not the courage to stand up for Good.”

Such a state of things cannot last : it is atheistic.

Are we not all of us, by God's will, one single family, endowed with the same rights, bound by the same duties, invested with the same mission of development and progress ? Is it enough that we egotistically vindicate our own rights, if Eternal Right is every hour violated at our doors ? Is it enough that we proclaim in ourselves the law of God (a law of duty and responsibility—and, therefore, necessarily of liberty), if we neglect to recognise this law for others ? Is it enough that we call ourselves Christians, if we desert our brothers at their utmost need, struggling in a holy cause at fearful odds ? Is it enough to care for national honour when some fancied slight affects the private interests of diplomacy, and to refuse all interference when the most solemn treaties are violated in our despite, when the honour of humanity is concerned ? Is it enough to proclaim philanthropy and liberate the Blacks, when our fellow Whites are groaning around us ? Is it enough to preach peace and non-intervention, and leave Force unchallenged ruler over three-fourths of Europe, to intervene, for its own unhallowed ends, when, where, and how, it thinks fit ? Is it enough, in short, to call ourselves God's servants, while we leave Evil uninterfered with, and refuse to intervene between Right and Wrong ?

Let all Englishmen who believe in one God, in one Duty, in one common brotherhood of mankind, think of this earnestly and deeply ! Let them examine what, in this matter, is right and what wrong, and then decide. But, having once decided—whether with us or against us—let them speak and act in accordance with their decision. If nations are indeed to choose their own

Governments—if, in international questions, non-intervention is to be the rule of their conduct, let it at least be fairly and logically carried out. Let it be indeed non-intervention to which they pledge themselves—a consistent policy, which, though it will leave the destinies of a God-ordained nation to struggle upward alone and unaided against the tyranny of Force, will at least require from others an observance of the rule to which it binds itself; not the policy which has hitherto obtained—non-intervention, on our own part, in the struggle with which we cannot but sympathize, and, at the same time, permission of any intervention on the part of those who are openly leagued together to act against the cause of Truth, Right, and Justice. This is not so much non-intervention as indifference. Through our indifference we abdicate our claims to Christianity—to Humanity. Can it be that, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, we reach no higher faith than the ignoble “Every one for himself?” Can it be that, regardless of that Divine law which, requiring the best devotion of each for the best development of all, binds together all members of the human family, England—the England of the Reformation, the England of Elizabeth, and of Cromwell, self-centred in immoral indifference, gives up Europe to the dictatorship of Force; to the blind rule of the Powers representing that principle which, by her institutions, by her belief, she declares to be the Evil One? And was it but to yield submissively to *such* a dictatorship, that England for so many years poured out her treasures, and the best blood of her sons, in the contest against Napoleon?

And let Englishmen seriously meditate on the consequences which such an indifference must produce on even the future influence and the material prosperity of England! Suppose England persists in her carelessness and apathy, suppose she quietly looks on, without uttering a

single word of sympathy for the struggling Peoples of Europe. The explosion comes. The Austrian empire vanishes from the map, under the combined influence of its Slavonian and Italian subjects. Two Slavonian nations, and one Italian, arise out of its ruins. The Mediterranean and the Danube are in the hands of new powers. Greece lifts up her voice on eastern questions. Europe is altogether remodelled. What will England do? Will not her old alliances be shaken? Will the new nations readily take for their ally, for their partner in commercial activity, for their fellow-worker in the new channels opened to industrial energy, the Power which, while they were suffering and struggling, turned contemptuously away, and said, "I know you not?" Has English statesmanship no concern for the future?

There is no thought in this of any armed intervention in the affairs of Europe, no thought of England embroiling herself. Let her only speak out firmly and decidedly; her voice will be listened to, if it is felt that she is in earnest,—that the voice of her statesmen expresses the feeling of her people,—that her aspirations, as a nation, are ever for the Right. Her present apathy encourages aggression, and so does more than aught else to make the sword the sole arbiter of right. It is emphatically for Peace that the League is founded. Not the pretence of peace now existing, not the peace of Galicia; but peace founded upon right, and insured by justice. Peace for the Progress of Humanity, for true civilization;—for the free growth of national peculiarities of character; for the unlimited development of the boundless resources of varied clime and country;—for facilities of transit from place to place, from country to country, that the world's goods may readily be exchanged, that every man may have the opportunity of placing himself in that sphere in which his energies

may be turned to the best account for the public service ; and, that each country may thus be the gainer, not only by the immigration of useful members from other countries, but, also, by the emigration of such of her own members as cannot find at home a profitable investment of their faculties ;—for a constant intercommunication of ideas and information, for the benefit of all countries ;—and for that free trade, that unrestrained interchange of natural products and manufactures, by which alone the material wants of nations can be supplied, and States become not only prosperous but guarantees of each other's prosperity, and a sufficient scope be given to that boundless activity of man, which, if not allowed to fructify for the general good, continually expends and wastes itself in worthless schemes, in narrow, unassisted, and abortive efforts, in costly and disastrous wars, or in barren measures of precaution, protection, and prohibition, only necessary while nations are not in co-operation for the common weal.

We have now, as far as could be done in a first address, indicated the motives of our course, the object we have in view ; and, by that excluded from our sphere of action, all we did not include. With political questions, except this question of Nationality, we, as a League, have nothing to do. With forms of Government, with contests between Democracy and Privilege, we, as a League, cannot interfere. Ours (we repeat it) is an International League,—a League proposing to aid the People of this country in forming a correct judgment of the national questions now agitating Europe ; proposing to preach the Right of Nationality, and to promote a cordial understanding between the Peoples of all countries. The business of the League is solely with international questions. Our League seeks liberty for God's life to manifest itself everywhere ; and that the form under which it

manifests itself may be decided altogether by the natural tendencies, the state of education and enlightenment of each and every People. To interfere, to control that life, or to dictate its method, would be, in fact, a contradiction of our own principles. We claim for every People the right to choose their own institutions, to determine their own way of life. What we now ask, through this our League, is free room for growth. Let the growth be as God wills!

Our means, as already indicated, will be such as, within the bounds of English law and sympathy, time and circumstance may suggest. Through the medium of the Press, the Platform, and the Lecture-room, our endeavour will be to enlighten the public, to give information on all that can help Englishmen to form a sound opinion upon European questions. We shall supply the elements of judgment, and trust the consequences to English sense. By the diffusion of information obtained from unimpeachable sources in every foreign country, we hope to be able to correct errors, to destroy prejudices, to give a true version of all that passes in Europe, of all important events that would interest Englishmen, careful either for the honour or for the prosperity of their country.

And thus we shall lay a sure foundation for that really Holy Alliance of Peoples which God has ordained, and for which, through all struggles and strivings, his Spirit has been unceasingly preparing mankind.

## NON-INTERVENTION.

(First Published in 1851.)

THE principle of Non-intervention in the affairs of other nations is a product of the negative and purely critical spirit of the last century. It was originally a useful and righteous protest against the lust of conquest and the appetite for war, which had till then characterized the activity of Europe. As such, it was a step in advance ; a real step in the intellectual progress of the human race. Started as it was by the thinkers of the liberal European movement, it was capable, had it been attended to, of serving that movement in a most effective manner. Had it been observed in the case of the French Revolution, France would have been left to her own free and spontaneous development. But the instinct of the Absolutist party rejected a principle so fraught with destruction to the prevailing system, and gave rise to the war of the Royal Allies ; and France had to evoke a Napoleon to repel intervention by intervention on a grander scale.

Since that time the fate of the principle has been peculiar. Seized by the very men against whom it had been intended to act, and who had positively no belief in it whatever, it was erected as a protective canopy over that diplomatic parcelling out of the continent of Europe which was iniquitously concocted at Vienna on the fall of Napoleon ; and thus it was turned against the cause in whose service it had been at first promulgated. The plan succeeded. In the minds of some there remained a right sense of the original and true meaning of the principle ; as, indeed, we still see many in whose minds the principle has worked itself out to just and liberal conclusions ; but,

upon the whole, a huge confusion fell upon the intelligence of the nations, and it came to be understood that the principle of Non-intervention meant, that the arrangement of 1815 should not be altered except by the diplomatists who had made it ; that every government recognized by that arrangement, should be allowed to do as it liked with the populations included within its bounds ; and that, in case of any movement of those populations, having a tendency to disturb the *status quo*, the various governments might combine to put that movement down.

So atrocious a perversion was this of the original meaning of the principle, and to such flagrant enormities has it led on the Continent, that thinking men there have begun to hate the very phrase Non-intervention, and to wish that it were, for a time at least, dismissed from the language of mankind. Only in England is the phrase still repeated with any degree of respect. Here, indeed, the principle of Non-interference, according as it does so peculiarly with the habits of thought engendered by our insular position and our peculiar national occupations, has degenerated into a kind of selfish indifferentism. "Let every nation attend to its own affairs ; let other nations work out their freedom as we have worked out ours ; whether they succeed or not is not our concern ;" —such is the sole theory of foreign politics propounded or acted on by many of the public men of England.

Now, in the first place, it has to be observed of this principle of Non-interference, that the very terms in which it is put forth, necessarily presuppose something, take something for granted. When it is said that the true principle of the mutual relations of nations is the principle of Non-intervention, a state of things is presupposed in which all the due conditions of Nationality have been attended to. It is between certain things called *Nations* that the principle of Non-intervention is to hold ;



the principle of Non-intervention is not to take effect except on the supposition that the parties concerned are distinct Nations.

But what is a Nation? According to any possible definition of this word, a nation is a larger or smaller aggregate of human beings bound together into an organic whole by agreement in a certain number of real particulars, such as race, language, physiognomy, historic tradition, intellectual peculiarities, or active tendencies. Thus *the Russians* are a nation—they are a specified mass of human beings agreeing in a certain number of real particulars, the aggregate of which is expressed by the name *Russians*. So also *the French* are a nation; *the English* are a nation; *the Spaniards* are a nation—these names implying in each case a certain number of real characteristic differences impressed by nature herself on the fragments of the human race to which the names refer. It seems to be the design of Providence that the general purposes of the world shall be carried on through the medium of these distinct national organisms, each acting the part for which its peculiarities adapt it. Hence the profound sacredness attaching to the idea of nationality; faithfulness to which is the highest kind of heroism, and treachery to which is the deepest kind of infamy, yet recognized in history. Hence also those conquests which have produced, or been supposed to produce, beneficial results, have always ended in the incorporation of the conquerors with the conquered, so as not to destroy the feeling of national independence and unity, but only reinvigorate it by somewhat changing the organism.

It is between nations in this sense, surely, that the doctrine of Non-interference is alleged to hold good. The meaning surely is that, seeing God has divided the human race into masses so evidently distinct; each with

a separate tone of thought, and a separate part to fulfil, this arrangement should not be needlessly tampered with by attempts of one nation to dictate to another its line of policy, or arrest its course of internal development. It was not surely meant that, if this natural arrangement were traversed, if the inhabitants of Europe were flung together anyhow, half a nation under one government and half under another, and some governments including five or six fragments of five or six peoples,—still the principle of Non-intervention was as reasonable as before. If half of England were attached to France and the other half to Denmark, would not the governments of France and Denmark find themselves entangled together by the strong tendency of the severed halves of England to reunite themselves; and would it be fair to set up any abstract doctrine of Non-intervention as a reason why the two masses of Englishmen whom Nature had destined to form one, should turn their backs to each other, take no concern in each other's affairs, and prove false to their dearest instincts? And is not this a fair description of certain parts of that diplomatic dismemberment of Europe, falsely called a Political System, in perpetuation of which the doctrine of Non-intervention is jesuitically invoked? Not to mention other instances in which, especially in Eastern Europe, those enduring realities of race, language, and cherished tradition, on which alone a national system can be reared, were ruthlessly traversed by the arrangements of 1815, let us but think of what was done with Italy. Here, of a country naturally one—one in all that constitutes a nation—a fraction, amounting to one-fourth part of the whole, was handed over to be governed by a foreign state according to the most absolute principles of despotism; while the remainder was left cut up into states between which all national relationship was debarred, and which were all at

the virtual mercy of the first foreign power. Is the doctrine of Non-intervention to be set up as a reason why this unnatural arrangement should be considered inviolable, or why it should be counted a crime in Lombards, Romans, Tuscans, and Neapolitans still to feel as parts of an indestructible Italian people? A nation is a more permanent thing than a system of rule, and ought to be guaranteed by higher maxims of inviolability. Destroy the system of rule in Russia, Spain, or England, and Russia, Spain, and England will still remain as much realities as before—facts engraven, so to speak, on the solid substance of the globe; destroy the system of rule centralized at Vienna, and there remains nothing at all in nature answering to the name of Austria. The charters by which Italy and Hungary exist separately are more ancient and more sacred than that which has handed them over to one and the same master.

But should all this be unchanged—should this notion of Nationality be treated as an unsubstantial crotchet—should it be argued, that the notion of a really national system is a mere pedantry, that there never was a time when the division of Europe into states could have been made coincident with its division into nations, and that consequently it was necessary to assume some actual arrangement of states, as convenient as possible, and protect *that* by a decree of permanent inviolability—in short, should the principle of Non-intervention between governments or states *de facto*, be substituted for that of Non-intervention between nations or states *de jure*,—still this would not affect the necessity that lies upon us to make some vigorous demonstration in such cases as that of Italy. For, surely, when the rule of Non-interference is set up as the sole rule of political relationship between states, it is implied that this rule shall be absolute. If the rule means anything on the lips of those who urge it

as a ground for doing nothing in behalf of Italy, it must mean that in every state the government must deal directly and alone with its own people, and that if any dispute arise between the government and the people, they must settle it entirely between themselves. If the government of a state is despotic, and if the people, roused by unjust treatment or seized with the passion for freedom and progress, resists that government, carries on a war of the press against it, and at last, in spite of police and military force, defeats it; then, according to this rule, the decision is final, the revolution is legitimate, and it must be accepted as an indisputable fact that Providence means that state to order its internal relations in a new manner. But should the government of a neighbouring despotic state, either invited by the vanquished party or fearing the contagion of liberal ideas in its own territory, invade the convulsed state with armies, and so interrupt or repeal the revolution, then the principle of Non-intervention is at an end, and all moral obligation on other states to observe it is from that moment annulled. As much revered as the principle of Non-interference was before, to the same degree is interference lawful now. In other words, the same theory which proclaims Non-interference as the first law of international politics, must include, as a secondary law, the right of interference to make good all prior infractions of the law of Non-interference.

There is no escaping this conclusion. Nor is its application to the present aspect of European affairs difficult to be seen. What does this Non-intervention principle in real fact now mean? It means precisely this—Intervention on the wrong side; Intervention by all who choose, and are strong enough, to put down free movements of peoples against corrupt governments. It means co-operation of despots against peoples, but no co-ope-

tion of peoples against despots. It means that if a brave Hungarian nation, provoked, after years of injury and protest, to a universal revolt against a perjured government, shall dare to draw the sword in self-defence, shall beat the armies of its perjured government, and shall be on the point of a well-earned renovation of its ancient liberties, then it shall be lawful for a Russian Czar to step in, but not at all lawful for the free English people to drag that interfering Czar back. It means that if, in an Italian state such as Piedmont, or Tuscany, or Naples, there should arise a symptom of free life, then, even in defiance of the government of that state, Austria shall have a right to send barbarian troops to extinguish it, while no other nation of the world shall have a right to say *Nay* to Austria. It means that if, on the flight of a Pope from Rome, on his persevering refusal to return or to exercise his functions through regular deputies, the Roman people shall calmly, unanimously, and wisely proceed to govern themselves, and to show that they can do without Popes for their secular sovereigns,—then it shall be lawful for a sister republic like France to send an army, with a lie on its banners, to compel the Romans to take back their Pope on his own terms, and unlawful for Protestant Britain to do aught else than look on and smile. It means that, over the face of Europe, a few hundreds of thousands of soldiers, paid and drilled by despotism, shall march from spot to spot—across rivers, across frontiers, according to orders sent from a few great capitals—doing foul work wherever they go, and trampling out all germs of high and promising vitality. It means—God alone knows if ever the occasion will come that these hirelings of despotism are prepared to march and countermarch even on our own soil of England. That, and much more, is what Non-intervention at present practically means.

After all, it begins to be felt that, even understood in its fairest sense, the doctrine of Non-intervention between states and nations is poor and incomplete. It begins to be felt that not only is every nation entitled to a free and independent life, but also that there are bonds of international duty, binding all the nations of the earth together. It begins to be felt that if on any spot of the world, even within the limits of an independent nation, some glaring wrong should be done, casting a blight it may be over a populous area of many square miles, and sending up a cause of offence towards heaven—if, for example, there should be, as there has been in our time, a massacre of Christians within the dominions of the Turks—then other nations are not absolved from all concern in the matter simply because there may interpose between them and the scene of the wrong, seas, tracts of continent, and traditional diplomatic courtesies. It begins to be felt that, in some way or other, nations should exert an influence on the general affairs of the world, proportionate, nay ostensibly proportionate, not merely to their numbers, but also to their intrinsic merits and their capacity for acting nobly; and farther, that this necessity becomes greater and the likelihood of meeting it more determined, as the increase of our means for locomotion and for intercommunication between one land and another is reducing our earth to a more manageable compass, and making its inhabitants more conscious of being but one family.

It is acknowledged, indeed, that the whole problem is very difficult. It is acknowledged that governments are the natural organs and representatives of states in their dealings with other states, and that war is in itself a deplorable contrivance for settling international differences. It is hoped, however, that even yet the world has something to discover in this respect; and that out

of all those plans and proposals to which the growing international sense is giving birth, and which to many seem premature and utopian—Peace Congresses, Occidental Committees of Progress, European Courts of Arbitration, and Universal Exhibitions of Industry—a new method of international procedure will at length be evolved, the exact character of which we cannot foresee, but which will be equally distinct, it is believed, from a wretched neutrality on the one hand, and from a boisterous military activity on the other.

Meanwhile this result is not to be arrived at by shutting our eyes or our hearts to what is actually going on, but by allowing each case of contemporary international wrong to produce its full impression upon us, and to stimulate us to some course of action immediately and specially appropriate. The theory of international polity can be perfected in no other way than by dealing sincerely and thoroughly with individual cases as they successively arise.

## TWO LETTERS ON THE CRIMEAN WAR.

(Printed for the Working Men of England.)

MY FRIENDS — By these two letters, which are now recommended to you, on a question involving the honour and the futurity of your country, I meant to partially repay the debt of hospitality which I owe to her.

They are nothing if viewed from a literary point of view ; but every line contained in them is the expression of a pure unsophisticated conscience, the offspring of a deep grief felt in seeing the blood of the brave and the money of the English workers lavished in an enterprise doomed to prove a failure by an immoral presiding policy ; and the prophecy of a truth which time *may*, if you do not provide, embody into practical fatal results.

If my views do agree with yours, why should you not act accordingly ? Are not the means within reach ? Cannot the people who did, by two meetings in Hyde Park, cancel at once an unjust, intolerant bill,\* meet under God's sky and inspiration for a far more important concern, and thunder forth in unmistakeable tones, "England's duty ! England's will ?" Or is Europe to believe that the English people can only be aroused by a threatened curtailment of physical personal comforts, and that the honour of the country, the morality of her policy, the belief in sacred principles, and the liberty of the world, are matters of indifference to them ?

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

*August 1855.*

\* The Alien Bill.



TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE  
SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

LETTER I.\*

*March 2d, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIEND—The activity of the "Friends of Italy" is going to be for a time suspended. I do not feel astonished, nor grieving much at the announcement. The home-battle which you have to fight requires that all English means, energies, and exertions, should now, instead of remaining scattered in various directions, be *concentrated on the given point*. If such is your purpose, such your motive for the decision to which you have come, well and good. When *proximus ardet Ucalegon*, we must all run to the engines, and bring to the spot all water-pumps, safety-ladders, and fire-annihilators that we can muster. We can no longer devise about the best means for quenching fires which may possibly burst out at a great distance. You are in a truly supreme moment. The sphynx is before you. You must solve her riddle or be devoured. Apply then, all your powers to get rid of the monster; gird your loins for England's honour and safety: they *are* at stake. If you succeed here, you will have done more for Italy than you can by spreading tracts, or eliciting sympathies in her favour, for ten years. If you do not—England, sunk to the rank of a second or third rate power, deprived of the prestige which once surrounded each of her deeds or words, powerless and

\* These letters are not *translated*. They were written in English by Mr. Mazzini; and with the exception of the slight modification of certain phrases where the meaning was obscured by foreign style or idiom, have been printed as they stood in the original MS.

friendless, will stand in need of help, rather than be able to afford it to others. The only good that will arise from her thus vanishing into her grave of insignificance, will be the *moral* lesson taught by it : the ever-true, ever-forgotten line which will be her epitaph, *Discite justitiam moniti, et non contemnere divos*. You trampled on justice, and despised the gods, Truth and Morality ; therefore you lie buried, until " God and the People "—the Cromwellian source of inspiration—breathe a new life in you.

Tracts and sympathies are all that is wanted for a good cause, wherever the *government* and the *country* are one ; wherever the first is the *mind*, the nation *thinking* ; the second the *arm*, the nation *acting*. Such ought to be the case in all well-constituted commonalties ; but such is not the case with you.

The dualism, the antagonism I ought to say, existing in England, between the government and the country, has never been so flagrantly evident as in these later times. Could I go from one end to the other of your land, and ask every father who has had or has a son in the East, every man who has paid and pays for the forty or fifty millions which you must already have spent through the war, *for what* England is now giving blood and money,—I feel sure that the answer would be, for civilisation, for liberty, against the spirit of absolutism ; for the independence of nationalities against the encroachments of despotism. The members of your Government would, if frank, answer, We fight for the *status quo*, to maintain what is extant of the Europe of 1815, to prevent nationalities from rising.

Could I go through the country and ask : Do you believe that morality, justice, and liberty, or immorality and foul tyranny, rule over the councils of Austria ? do you think that the land of Milton and Cromwell, the land of religious, civil, and commercial liberty, ought to

entwine her banner with that of a power ruling through hangmen and Speilbergs? the unanimous answer would be : Austria is China in Europe, despotism, immobility, and cruelty : we have nothing in common with her. Your Government, meanwhile, from Lord Aberdeen to Lord Palmerston, is Austrian at heart : it throws 40,000 British lives at the feet of the Juggernaut-phantom of an Austrian alliance : it dooms England to an unsuccessful war, or to a dishonourable truce, for the sake of Austria.

Could I go and ask : Do you think the Italians ought to be masters at home? do you think that the emancipation of Italy from the foreign and from the papal yoke would be a glorious thing, an immense victory achieved over shams, lies, and idolatries? every voice would say, Long live free and united Italy! we pray for it; we long for it. Your Government, meanwhile, after having betrayed Italy into the hands of her oppressors in 1814, after having coldly approved the murder of Rome in 1849, has now aimed—I trust ineffectually—the deadliest blow at the national Italian party, by allying Piedmont with Austria.

The people of England aspire towards the future; the Government is the representative of the past.

And between the two there is no link; no regular permanent channel, through which the former can act in *due time* on the latter. Your rulers are not chosen *by* you, nor *amongst* you; appointed from above, they are in all branches chosen from a certain number of families whom tradition,—the past,—points out to royalty. Secrecy shields them in all international transactions. Before you can *speak*, they *have* acted. You may blame; you might punish; you cannot prevent. *The consummation est* makes all agitation useless.

Whilst such a state of things endures, there is no hope from England for the oppressed nations.

First gain a victory at home ; then revive your noble agitations for Italy, and, through Italy, for the world.

Shall you gain this victory? I know not. This I know, that you must try, or sink ; and that the thousands of British brave men fallen in a few months appeal to you from their graves for a resolute, manly struggle.

It will be a hard one : not on account of the *direct* obstacles ; in England they are few ; you have not, as we have in Italy, foreign enemies to contend with ; you *can* rule your own destinies if you *choose* to do so ;—not on account of *widely* pervading ignorance ;—from education, or from instinct,—the genius of the people,—there is a vast majority in England fully knowing what is wrong, what is right ;—but on account of a certain half-despairing, half-selfish, moral inertness, which has grown parasitically on your souls, and cramped your old Saxon vigour ; a cowardice of the intellect, which *sees* the aim, in a merely contemplative way ; but does not *feel* the necessity of studying the means through which it can be grasped at and realized ; a sort of morally sleepy, lazy, self-benumbing disposition, the incipient lethargy of dying collective bodies, and the unavoidable characteristic of all irreligious epochs ; when the *belief* in a common godlike origin, destiny and power having disappeared,—each man is left to wander about, cloaked and muffled in his own individuality ; conscious, however he may parade, of his own weakness.

Irreligious I said, and I maintain the word. I know the protest which, should what I write be deemed in any way important, would rise from your thousand sects now swarming on the corpse of Faith. It does not move me. Your Biblical or Evangelical Societies, palavering about freedom of conscience, and leaving us, the men who had overthrown papal authority, and written those sacred words on the Capitol,\* to fall under combined brute

\* God and the People.

force, without a single protest from them—your peace societies, allowing God's law and Godlike human life to be systematically crushed on the two-thirds of Europe—your *believers* in liberty as the only pledge for man's responsibility, allying themselves with despots—your Christians, fighting for the maintenance of Mahommedan law on European populations—seem to me to be the reverse of religious. The soul of religion is the link between thought and action; it is an incessant, everlasting battle fought for truth, justice, God's universal law; against lies, iniquities, and devil's privileged rule; it is a felt necessity of attuning external deeds to your heart's belief. Whenever the two point in their development to two different directions, there is no religion—there is disguised *Atheism*.

Against this practical Atheism you have now to fight. You must make England, and all the sons of England, *ONE*. You must cancel the divorce now existing between what one *thinks* and what one *does*. And you must bid every man to *do*, to act according to his soul's creed, to make himself a living gospel, to stand up, and say, "This is my faith; I will live in it, and, if wanted, I will die for it." England is now proclaiming liberty at home, and upholding tyranny abroad;—blessing with one hand our Italian martyrs of liberty, and grasping with the other the hand of their hangman, Austria;—muttering the watchword of progressive civilization, and trying to prop the rotten edifice of 1815; applauding Kossuth, and discountenancing Hungary;—sympathizing with Poland, and sacrificing her to Austria. This must cease, or you will never conquer; you have no *right* to conquer.

This question of *right* seems never to arise before the mind of your countrymen. It is the *true* question. I hear daily, chaotic, endless discussions about Lord Raglan's inefficiency;—about absurd, unjust methods of pro-

motions in the army; ignorance or culpable neglect of your commissariat; want of energy in the rulers; military blunders, etc.; all real but secondary causes of your failure. Not a single known English voice has said hitherto to his countrymen: *Friends, the course you pursue is utterly wrong; the policy of your war is absolutely immoral; how can you hope for victory?*

Right is the offspring of duty—duty fulfilled. What high duty are you now trying to fulfil towards Europe?

Depend upon it, higher than all war councils and cabinet councils, there stands a Power, who has decreed that no *permanent* victory will be achieved by him who does not fight for truth and principles; that deceptions, failure, and shame will attend the flag of any people which does not feel the sacredness of war, but makes of it a mere selfish, physical, butchering contest.

War, like death, *is* sacred; but only when, like death, it opens the gates to a holier life, to a higher ideal. I hail the glorious emancipating battles of humanity, from Marathon down to our own Legnano, without which our municipal liberties would have been crushed in their bud; from those which won religious liberty for the half of Europe, down to those which, in our time, summoned Greece from her grave of two thousand years to a second life; the blood-baptisms of mankind to a great mission, to be fulfilled only through martyrdom. But war, whenever not sanctified by a *principle* inscribed on its flag, is a crime; the foulest of crimes: soldiers, whenever they are not the armed apostles of progressive life and liberty, are nothing but wretched, irrational, hired cut-throats. And for *such* a war there may be momentary triumphs; never the beautiful rainbow of lasting heroic victory.

Your actual war, not as you, the *ruled*, understood it at its beginning, but as perverted by your ruling men, is

not a sacred one. It is aimless and immoral ; therefore you cannot, you will not, conquer.

It is *aimless*, because it does not tend to conquer a permanent material guarantee against the periodical renewal of the causes of the war. *This could only be achieved by a new barrier established between Russia and the objects of her ambition ;* by some third new element called into play, and vouchsafing for the maintenance of such terms as you soon or late will have agreed upon.

Without that, you may conquer a *truce*, not a *peace* ; a sort of bilateral convention, to be made null by the secession of one of the agreeing parties. And this will unavoidably take place as soon as time will have restored the forces of the yielding combatant. The four points—miserable enough in themselves—are still more so, inasmuch as they have in your actual system no possible pledge.

It is *immoral*, because its policy has been exclusively framed for immoral purposes, through immoral means ; upholding the iniquitous arrangements of 1815 ; stifling nationalities ; and that through alliance with Austria.

There were, when once war was decided upon, two systems before you :—

The first was *virtuous* ; and victory would have made it sublime : to feel that war against Russia was to be the war of European liberty against European despotism ; that the ever-recurring causes of war, ten times evaded, made at last imperative, have always sprung from the treaties of 1815 ; that the equipoise leading to peace, the so-called balance of powers, can only be an equipoise and a balance of justice ; that no such thing could ever be attained without a revisal of those unjust, unequal, tyrannical agreements which have never been sanctioned by the peoples ; that the map of Europe ought to be redrawn according to natural tendencies, traditions, and

legitimate aspirations, freely expressed by the different nations ; to state boldly those views ; to apply to politics the great principle of your Bacon : *frustra magnum expectatur augmentum . . . ex superinductione et insitione novorem super vetera, sed instauratio facienda est ab imis fundamentis* ; to understand at once that neither Austria with her threatening nationalities, with her Slavonic millions, with a principle identical to Tzarism, with the curse of Europe upon her,—nor the doomed Turkish empire,—an outpost of Asia superposed upon a whole European world, with its Christian millions subjected to a dwindling minority of Mahometan rulers, with its visible incapacity of progression,—can ever prove a barrier to the young, increasing, compact Russian power ; and that new powers alone would be able to fulfil the task : to appeal to Poland, to the German nations, to Hungary, to Italy ; to appeal to all those elements, Wallachian, Moldavian, Serbian, Bulgarian, Albanian, which must soon or late—perhaps under the guiding spirit of the now despised and trampled-upon Hellenic element—form themselves into a great confederation : to snatch them all from Russian influence by helping them to what Russia can never give ; to construct around the Muscovite empire a living wall, as it were, of young associated nationalities ; this would have been truly great and beautiful ; would have endowed England with a glorious European initiative, made her the focus of civilizing power for many centuries to come, woven a wreath of new alliances round her, and conferred undying honour, shining upon her noble, welcome, bright waving flag.

I did not hope for that. It requires some twenty-five years more, or the unforeseen rising of a single man, blending within himself the energy of Cromwell, the heart of Washington, and a spark of Napoleonic genius, to bring England up to such an ideal.



But there was a *second* system, an honest, temperate one, not subjecting you to the responsibility of such an initiative as I have just now described, still leading from afar to grand results, and securing for you influence, honour, and victory, which you might have chosen without any danger. To state that, accepting the sad necessity of a war, you did so for the sake of a general principle—that the principle was the *non-interference principle*, which, after having, through love of peace, allowed to be so shamefully and continuously violated during the last thirty years by the despotic powers, you now wanted to enforce for *all* governments; so that every people might henceforward be master of its own destinies at home, and God's life be secured from any external, physical, crushing influence: that, accordingly, you did not undertake war for the purpose of upholding the Turkish empire—if summoned by the law of time to transform itself—against the action of its own internal elements; but to prevent Russia, or any other power, from hastening, misdirecting, or monopolising for its own interest the appointed transformation; not to bid the "sick man" to live if death's hour was near, but to prevent the Tzar from giving the death-blow, and usurping his inheritance;—and that the solemn accepting of such views would be the test for your alliances. This would have been mere justice, undeniable even by your enemies, and nothing more, in fact, than what England and France combined, once proclaimed as the binding law of nations, in 1831.

This timid and incomplete—for I believe in the sacredness of interference for good—but at all events not irrational and immoral system, would have furnished you with a safe guidance in all successive transactions; kept up the now vanished enthusiasm which hailed throughout all the oppressed nations your declaration of war; left the future open to the aspiring races constituting the Turkish Euro-

pean empire ; pointed to you the true and only efficient plan of warfare, from which you have departed ; created plenty of devoted alliances to your flag ; and, above all, saved you from the necessity of accepting dangerous, wicked, and false friends.

Poland would have risen : can you doubt the efficiency of ten millions of Polish allies partly hanging on the flank of your enemy, partly scattered through its own army ?

Italy would have risen : can you think that Austria, attacked in her most vital part by a second 1848, could ever have proved a dangerous enemy to you in your contest with Russia ?

Hungary would have risen : can you suspect, since 1849, that between you and Russia she could ever have chosen Russia as a friend and ally ?

From Wallachia and Moldavia, then hopeful of their own independence, you would have gathered some 60,000 soldiers for a campaign on the Pruth. From the Polish Emigration you would have drawn brave and devoted legions ready to land from your Baltic fleet somewhere about Riga. From amongst the Hungarian, Italian, and German exiles, you would have chosen at will learned and experienced officers whom you want, and who cannot be forced except with more time than you can afford.

The system adopted by your statesmen has been a different one. It has a double characteristic: horror of any thing like a principle, and terror of free nationalities.

Political Atheists and adepts born of that lifeless, hopeless, motionless, materialist school, which, bowing to phantom realities of an hour, betrays universal, everlasting truth, and has dissolved all the great monarchies of the past ; disinherited of genius, and without that fervent, deep, devoted love for their country, which is the genius of the heart, they went to war, as they now try to come back to peace, lightly, inconsiderately ; with no decisive

aim in view, no settled long-meditated scheme, no earnest preparations, no thought of the future ; trusting circumstances, events, chance, and the valour of soldiers, with whose lives they trifled ; their *primary* object being, not to conquer for the good of all, not to secure a lasting, just, and honourable peace, but to *maintain everywhere the present state of things, and to prevent the possible rising of the oppressed nations.* Dragging you blindly after the inspirations of the man of the 2d December, whom a short time before they professed to execrate or despise, they accepted his hatred of democracy, his distrust of popular aid, his terror of rising nationalities, his leaning towards Austria,—fatal to his uncle, and which will prove fatal to him. Austrian alliance was for them not a real increase of power for active war—they well knew that Austria's first battle would be the signal for our rising, and absorbing her forces in a home contest—but a pledge for our inertness : they wanted Austria, not in spite of her being, but *because* she is the embodiment of European *status quo*, the key-stone of European despotism. They needed to throw discouragement in our ranks ; they felt alarmed at our popular revolutionary sympathies ; they wanted to disclaim solemnly any communing, any connection, with the wronged nations ; they felt called upon to damp the rising dangerous ardour of Poland, Italy, and Hungary. Hence the degrading, slavish persistence, with which they courted, during more than one year, the friendship of the master of Windischgrätz and Haynau ; the more degrading self-abdication by which your diplomacy has accepted Vienna, not Constantinople, as the place for the peace-conferences ; the renouncing all the sympathies of the continental patriots ; the abandonment of Poland ; the adoption of the most irrational plans of warfare ; the sacrifice of your army ; the failure.

Do not mistake me. I do not speak as an Italian ; I

aim at nothing, I hope nothing for Italy except from Italy herself: If my country proves unable to conquer unity and liberty through her own efforts, she is not ripe for them. I speak from an English point of view, and through a sincere love for England, my calm, earnest, deep, deliberate conviction, that your alliance with despotic Austria has been, is, and will be, the primary cause of all errors, inefficiencies, contradictions, and failures, which have marked, and will unavoidably mark, the progress of the war.

It is owing to Austrian dictation that you have neglected the only seriously vulnerable point of Russia, Poland: a Polish insurrection would have snatched Galicia from Austria.

It is owing to Austrian dictation that you have refused the valuable help of the Hungarian, Italian, and German officers, who offered their services at the beginning of the war; that such men as Klapka have been compelled to come back sickened and discouraged from Constantinople

It is owing to Austrian dictation that, with some 10,000 Polish exiles ready to form your vanguard, provided you would offer to them a flag and a hope, you have been urged to powerless Foreign Enlistment bills, and to appeal to mercenaries from all countries for the battles of England.

It is owing to Austrian dictation that, instead of following up the natural plan of a campaign on and beyond the Pruth, and developing the gallant initiative taken by Omar Pasha's army, you first allowed pestilence and demoralization to thin and weaken your ranks at Varna; secondly, gave up to foreign troops the Principalities; then accepted the fatal Bonapartist scheme of the Crimean expedition. Austria did not want to have French and English bayonets glittering near the frontier of her disaffected Hungary.

It is owing to Austrian influence that known agents of Russia, like the son of Hospodar Stirbey, are to be met with in your very councils of war.

There is not a single important disastrous incident of the war which could not be traced up to the curse of Austrian influence hanging over your steps.

And for all that owing to Austrian will or suggestion, you have or have not done; for this secret supreme direction conceded to her in your camp and in your councils; what have you obtained? *Has Austria fired a single musket for you?* How many men from the 600,000 whom you so complacently parade in your speeches, has Austria sent to help your army in the Crimea? Strange that not a single man in parliament has raised his voice to bid your Cabinet, in the name of the country, ask Austria to *act* within the space of one week, or renounce her deceitful alliance for ever! Strange that two months have elapsed since that first of January, after which the alliance was to be changed into an offensive one, and that this fact, this last crowning fact, is not even mentioned in the speeches or articles of your most fervent agitators. I hear of intended national associations; I hear of numberless remedies proposed, from universal suffrage down to the appointment of a few officers from the Indian army; and I wonder at the Anglo-Saxon good sense and instinct of justice not bursting out in a collective storm-like voice: "Enough of degradation: enough of tampering with the evil principle; let our flag keep pure of every sullyng contact; let our men die on the field with the consciousness that they die for a good cause; throw Austria overboard; appeal to Poland; appeal to the long oppressed nationalities; be free amongst the free; leave the Crimea; let the Baltic and the Pruth be your starting-points; and trust God, the people, liberty, and our fates!"

This, and *the immediate publicity of all diplomatic international transactions*, ought to be the first lines of your agitation-programme. Without, I fear that all your efforts will prove inefficient.

May God avert the omen! My words may sound bitter, perhaps unwise; the bitterness is that of deluded love: England has been long to me my *second country*; the spot out of Italy where I love the best and am loved the best. As to wisdom, time will show.

I am a foreigner, and pleading for foreign nationalities; but woe to England if that could ever weaken for her the authority of truth, if any is found in my words. One day, in the times of imperial Rome, a foreigner, an enfranchised slave, pronounced in the public theatre the well-known line, "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" A burst of applause broke out from those slaveholders, knights, and patricians. What Tacitus called *the conscience of mankind* had found its expression there, and conquered. I sympathize more with my old Romans than with the "*We do not listen to foreigners; we have no concern with foreign nationalities,*" of your leaders and of your Manchester men. There arose from the sympathizing applause of the first a new emancipating religious era; the disdainful neglect of the latter has, as yet, engendered nothing but failure, discredit, and the fruitless death of many thousands.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

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LETTER II.

July 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND—You ask me why I do not express my opinions on the war. I feel disheartened. You seem

to me to be fighting like Ajax in the dark : only he was praying for light—you have it shining on you from every side, and shut your eyes resolutely against it. You have been repeatedly warned. Men who do not claim any superior insight or power of genius, but who, from their position, from the studies and events of a whole life, are entitled to know something of continental political matters, told you from the beginning of the contest that Austria would never fight your battles ; that her only aim was to take possession of the Principalities ; that by your obstinately pursuing the flying phantom of an alliance with her you were not only degrading your cause and losing all the sympathies of the good and brave throughout Europe, but fettering your intellect, cramping your schemes, and turning the policy of your war from the only ground upon which you could rationally hope for victory, to a wild chase of impossibilities. All this has been subsequently baptized into FACTS. Still, you remain inert, impassive, unshaken, bent on the same identical track—plunging deeper and deeper into a dark, hopeless region of dreams and deceptions ; whilst a single act of will would lead you back to the wide, easy, bright path, on which honour and victory must bless each step of yours. I see brave deeds, sufficient to redeem a whole fallen nation ; noble powers of action and endurance, displayed by your unknown demi-gods, your soldiers, and officers, in the Crimea ; but for what purpose and with what hope ? I bow before the quiet silent devotedness with which your nation accepts all the sacrifices inseparable from a war, and I feel proud of loving and being loved in your country ; but such devotion ought not to be in vain ; and, as far as I can see, it is so. Owing to the policy which leads the war, you are fighting for an impossibility.

The thought, unless indeed all practical sense has for-

saken your nation, must be by this time, after nine months of efforts and deceptions, living and restless within many souls ; still, none dares to give utterance to it. You are, in your parliament, oscillating between one party aware of the difficulty of your position, but drawing from that knowledge a policy of cowardice, and another, fully alive to the supreme necessity of not withdrawing from the contest before a decisive victory ; but neither understanding, nor wanting to understand, how victory can be reached ; peace at any cost, even of honour, and war for war's sake ; the three words uttered by Mr. Roebuck remaining unsupported, echoless, a threatening prophecy to be remembered when it will be too late. Your administrative reform societies are systematically shunning the vital question, apparently aiming at nothing else but at teaching people how to do cleverly the wrong thing. Your press, active, farsighted, bold, sometimes fierce, and when combined, all-powerful concerning details and all second-rate matter, is silent about the problem—"Can Russia be conquered through the Crimea ?" Still that is the question. It is good and brave to die for one's flag ; but it is sad, unutterably sad, and culpable, to bid the best die a fruitless death, when more could be achieved. Martyrdom is in certain times and circumstances the sacred duty of the weak ; the strong are bound to conquer.

Can you conquer, without a radical change in your actual policy ? It is my deep conviction that you cannot.

To believe that the success of a war rests on a ground of mere organization and military detail-skill—that the directing policy has nothing to do with it—that, when you have comparative perfection of mechanical arrangements and valour, you have conquered the most of favourable chances, is an immense mistake. I have witnessed in 1848, in Lombardy, the rapid, progressive, un-



avoidable destruction of a certain triumph, through a single fatal stroke of policy.

There, on a land where a national movement had suddenly taken place and swept the territory, the fortresses excepted, of all foes, from the Alps to the sea, a king stepped forward, with regular battalions, artillery, and resources twice equal to the conquered, disheartened, demoralized enemy ; but with a different aim—the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy, and with a monarchical tradition entirely antagonistic to the spirit and tendency of the movement. There was valour in the army, devotedness in the officers ; and a whole population glowing with enthusiasm was backing the Piedmontese regiments. The plan was obvious. The thirty thousand Austrian soldiers who had fled to Verona and Mantua could never reconquer alone the lost ground. To prevent their being reinforced was the problem to be solved ; and the solution was easy. To arm the population, and tell them—protect your houses ; to leave the fortresses alone ; to march to the Alps and establish there, on the points where the military roads link Italy with the Austrian empire, two camps of some twenty-five thousand soldiers each ; to bombard Trieste, from whence the Austrians were drawing all their supplies ; to rouse with an appeal to the Slavo-Illyrian nationalities all the eastern Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic—was undoubtful, cheap victory. But Trieste was forbidden by diplomacy ; the Tyrol, I do not know by what old absurd rights of the German Confederacy ; to arm the population was out of the question ; for a people who fights its own battles is a very dangerous element to rising monarchies ; to protect the Venetian military roads was to strengthen the republican government which had been proclaimed at Venice. And how could a government, bent, not on the creation of an Italian nation, but on the formation of a Piedmontese

kingdom of the North, raise a war of nationalities? Thus, all the truly strategic operations being excluded, the emancipating war found itself forcibly narrowed down to the regular siege of the fortresses. The Piedmontese army lingered before Mantua and Verona until a scorching sun, disease, irregularity of commissariat supplies, and the demoralizing discouragement always attending troops kept in comparative immobility, pointed out to a freely reinforced enemy an opportunity for overpowering it. A wrong policy had destroyed all the chances of the war. Such must be the case in every war: its method rests mainly on the policy which rules the councils of the nation.—Such it is, and most strikingly in your own.

Had the policy of your government been a liberal one, you would now be firmly established in the heart of your enemy's land, backed by the insurrection of a whole brave nation, and with a powerful germ of disorganization, through desertion and revolt, at work in the adverse army. A stroke of energy at the service of a principle would have given you allies on every point of Europe; and no despotic power would dare or be able to support Russia against you. We could pledge our word for that.

By your declaring yourselves hostile to any national movement—by your courting during sixteen months the vilest of the despotic powers, Austria—by your renouncing every moral aim, every noble aspiration, for a paltry and hateful programme of expediency and *status quo*, you have deprived yourselves of the sympathies of all the good and brave throughout Europe—you have prevented a Polish rising—you have lost the alliance of Sweden—you have allowed free space and security to all German intrigues against you; and, renouncing all freedom of action, all free choice of places, means, and military plans, you have, like Charles Albert, in 1848, narrowed the war to a siege, on a spot which will be, I fear, henceforward

named "the grave of England's honour and England's sons."

The grave of England's honour and England's sons : the Crimea, at this period, can be but this.

I confess I cannot understand the silent, obstinate apathy with which your press, your meetings, your parliamentary men, are witnessing the sacrifice of thousands, without ever dreaming of asking themselves : Can victory—a decisive and permanent one—be obtained there ? I shudder when I read such words as those with which Lord Palmerston coolly assures the House of Commons that all losses will be met by new supplies of men. You had better decree at once, that the youth of England shall be periodically decimated, for no other purpose than that of gratifying the military ignorance of Louis Napoleon, and withdrawing every source of alarm from the Austrian government.

A Crimean expedition could in no case, I believe, lead by itself to a decisive success or to honourable terms of peace. Odessa, if you wanted to act from the Black Sea, was the point for you. Still, had you chosen the favourable moment and worked with adequate means,—had you landed at once 100,000 men somewhere above Sebastopol, and marched to Perekop, whilst your fleet would have got possession of the Straits of Kertch, Cape of Kazantip, and other points on the Sea of Azoff, the Crimea might have been yours, and you would have then fallen back on Sebastopol—thus deprived of all its communications with the continent. It would have been, no doubt, an important deed. But now, what is your hope ? What is your aim in systematically sacrificing your best men under the walls of a town, which, in all probability, you will not take, and which if taken cannot give you what you want ?

It is high time for you, I think, to look earnestly into

the matter, and to see that England's forces, which England may need at a not very distant period, for her own protection against allies—are not lost in a hopeless contest.

Cast a glance back on the war. You thought in the beginning—and it was the first fatal mistake—that you would frighten the Czar out of the contest, with some 50,000 or 60,000 men placed at Constantinople, Gallipoli, or Adrianople. When you began to perceive that a real earnest war was unavoidable, you turned to the Danube : there was your natural basis for offensive operations. Austria—it is now an established fact—forbade your acting there. You bowed to Austria, dismissed the thought at once, and gave up to Austria—the second fatal mistake—the Principalities.

Forbidden the Danube, and not wanting to arouse, through Poland, the dreaded question of the nationalities, you decided upon adopting the Bonapartist scheme of a Crimean expedition. You landed, with troops, material, and knowledge of the localities and of the enemy's forces utterly unequal to the object, near Sebastopol. You wanted to try the north, but found unforeseen and almost insurmountable obstacles, and through the most dangerous flank-march possible, you turned to the south. You could not, for want of troops, invest the place ; you did not dream of preventing the accumulation of military stores and victuals which were coming from the interior of Russia and Siberia, down the Volga and the Don, through Rostof and Kertch, to Sebastopol. But you simply established yourselves there, trusting to chance, and despising the enemy—and there you still are. Since then you have been in imminent danger—averted only through want of boldness in the Russian leaders, and heroic valour in your soldiers, at Inkermann and Balaklava—of being driven back to the sea. Since then, you have lost the hope of

an active alliance with Austria, lost the confidence of Europe, lost a considerable amount of money, lost (I speak of England alone) some 20,000 men; and won—some counter-approaching outposts erected since your arrival.

This is the summary of the past: now for the future. Sebastopol, the besieged southern part, is as strong as ever—the Russian army in the Crimea more strong than ever; and, owing to the conduct of Austria, numerous fresh reinforcements are coming from the interior of Russia. You cannot dream of starving the enemy; your expedition to the Sea of Azoff has come five or six months too late; military stores and provisions equal to the wants of many months were already accumulated in Sebastopol. And the military road of the Shivash, the road across the Isthmus, the road leading from Simpheropol to Sebastopol, through Baktchiserai, the road from the same town to the northern part of the besieged place, are all in the hands of the Russians. You must then take the town by force. How many men will you have to lose in getting possession of the Malakhoff, of the Redan, and of the first line of defence! How many in conquering the second line!

Suppose you do gain possession of the whole town, how are you to keep it, under the fire of the northern forts! The ground there is much higher than on the southern side. The octagon fortress, called the Sievarna, the key of Sebastopol, according to Sir Howard Douglas, commands town, bay, and docks. Its height protects it from the fire of your ships, its shores are precipitous. You must therefore attack it by land, thus finding yourself after nine months of exertions and sacrifices, just before the obstacle from which you shrank at the beginning. How much time how much English blood,

will be required to overcome it? Can you feel sanguine after the experiments on the south?

And, then? The Russian forces outside Sebastopol?

Thinner in number; exhausted by victories which would undoubtedly prove like those of Pyrrhus, you will then have to begin the true war, the Crimean campaign. There are Russian forces, strong enough now, and which will be stronger still in a short while, on the right, at the two extremities of the Tchernaya; Russian forces on the Belbek, Russian forces in the proximity of Eupatoria; Russian forces, under Wrangel, Montesor, Bellegarde, in the interior. Between those, and through the steppes which from Simpheropol up to the Isthmus spread over all the Crimea, you will have to fight your way to Perekop. On the steppes, no trees, no shrubs; against the intense heat and the intense cold, an invading army is defenceless: no resting shelter—the Crimea is more than thinly inhabited; ten thousand English square miles and tenanted by some 200,000 inhabitants, and the few scattered villages of the interior will be burnt by the Russians. Water is there very scarce and saturated with salt. The winter sweeps the desolate land with overwhelming snow-storms: the warm season softens the ground, through the melting of the snows, to such an extent that the artillery will sink through it. No roads, tracks—the bridges on the ravines not strong, and easily destroyed. These difficulties you will say must work against the Russians too; yes, only the Russians are at home, they are used to them; you are not; you must conquer, they have only to defend; every step in advance will leave you further from your basis of operations, from your supplies; every step backwards brings them nearer to their own.

At the end of the Crimean steppes lies your objective point, Perekop. The Russians have been all this time

fortifying it. Then should you conquer it, and Russia not yield, three hundred miles of new steppes. . . .

One would say that the man who first planned the Crimean expedition wanted to solve this problem : how to sink in an apparently plausible enterprise the best blood of England, and make her defenceless for a time of need.

Such are your prospects. How many thousands of men, how many millions of pounds, are you disposed to engulf in their possible, not probable, realization ?

People who are wanting deliberately to blind themselves and England, will talk to you of a probable operation through the Liman of the Dneiper against Kherson, and the naval arsenal of the Crimea, Nicolaïeff. They forget Otchakow and Kilboroun, placed opposite each other at two and a half miles distance, and forbidding the entrance of the Lagoon ; they forget that every place on the shores must have been by this time fortified by the Russians ; they forget that Nicolaïeff is now the point where a reserve army of some thirty thousand Russians is formed. They will suggest an attack upon Akerman ; and Ovidiopolis on the Dneister ; they forget that there you would be faced by the Russians, and threatened on your flank by the Austrian army. Can you trust the Austrian army ? They will hint at a bold attempt against Perekop. How—by sea ? On the Azoff Sea it is protected by the Shivash ; on the Black Sea your men-of-war cannot cast anchor except at the distance of twenty miles. By land ? You must first fight, and conquer the campaign I spoke of some lines back. Unless you want to find yourselves prisoners between the forces coming from the interior of Russia, and those manœuvring in the interior of the Crimea, you must destroy Wrangel and Bellegarde. With what forces ? You have now, after all usual deductions made—and Turks and Piedmontese in-

cluded—150,000 active men in the Crimea: probably less, certainly not more. Some 40,000, almost without cavalry, are at Eupatoria. How many of the rest will you leave to push on the siege? How many to guard Kamiesch and Balaklava?

No! Unless you raise the siege; unless you apply your energies to the only vulnerable point of Russia—Poland; unless you radically change the policy ruling the war, you can do nothing but systematically and periodically perish in fruitless attempts before Sebastopol. Russia is there now too strong for you.

Will your government ever spontaneously adopt a change of policy? Never. The men who had not one word to say in the name of England's honour when the Tsar in 1848-9 invaded the Principalities and crushed Hungary, because his object was then to check liberty and national movements—the men who plotted with Louis Napoleon for restoring the Pope "under an improved form of government" at Rome—the men who can, during sixteen months, exhaust every form of servile complacency towards such a power as Austria, and who when scorned do not dare a threatening word—can ally themselves with despotic usurpers—they never will say to a nation, Rise! Their policy lies between the despatch of the 23d of March 1853, in which Lord Clarendon declares that her Majesty's government is anxious to avert the risk of any advantage being given to the European revolutionists, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston, branding the liberty of Poland as a dream, the future rising of Hungary as an untoward lamentable event. They may break their pledge with Sicily; they will never break that which binds them to continental absolutism. But that you, English citizens, who worship freedom and revere morality—you who have no pledge except to England's honour, and safety—you who all to a man waved your hats at Poland's glorious



rising, and proclaimed its overthrow a crime—you whose brothers and sons are *dying*, the victims of a wrong policy, in the Crimea, whilst in Podolia and Lithuania they could *conquer*—that you, the free and able, by a single resolute act of will, by a sudden energetic collective manifestation to compel, can sit quietly witnessing the slow, useless work of destruction, and trust your fates to men who, thanks to their policy and to Austria, are besieging, after nine months of operations, an outer work, is more than I can explain to myself or others. Every man who has a son, a brother, or a friend in the East, ought to walk with a map of the Crimea on his breast, and a flag with the name of Poland inscribed upon his shoulder, from place to place, from park to park, from cottage to cottage, and preach and explain, until hundreds of thousands should peacefully but sternly signify their will :—“Change of policy. Down with Austria. Let Poland’s rising be helped.” And then you ought to kneel and thank God most humbly for having placed the easy accomplishment of a great act of justice on the very path which leads to English safety and success.

But Austria! Prussia! Leave Prussia to her own people; Austria to Hungary and to ourselves. As sure as Austria will never fire a single gun for you against Russia, not a single Austrian gun will be fired against you while we live. The question of the nationalities is amounting to a general war. What of that? Will not the nationalities fight their own battles? Only those battles will be yours too. With Poland, Hungary, and Italy up, the Czar could not dream of marching to Constantinople.

Out of the road I point to, depend upon it there is no decisive victory nor honourable peace possible for you. In a letter which I addressed to you on the 2d of March, I said, “Your policy is absolutely wrong and immoral,

therefore you cannot and will not conquer." I maintain my ground. War is for me the greatest of crimes, whenever it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone, or of a great lie to entomb. Yours is not such a war. It shrinks from proclaiming a principle. It equally aims at curtailing despotic encroachments from the north, and strengthening despotism in the centre of Europe. It declares that Turkey has a right to independence, whilst its policy and tactics are calculated so as to prevent any other country from asserting itself independent. I believe in God, and in a providential scheme; and consequently I do not believe in permanent triumph crowning a war grounded on expediency, temporary self-interest, and antagonism to European rights and liberty.

Czarism is a principle—the principle of unbounded authority; it is only a principle—that of universal liberty—that can conquer it.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE END.

accusations lightly cast upon them by men fresh from a banquet or a court levee, who had not even taken the trouble to read their writings. This also was in a great measure the secret of their strength and of their rapid progress from 1830 to 1832: the people found in them what it found nowhere else, what it nowhere finds at the present day—convictions and acts; *living books*, if I may be allowed the expression, and not mere thinkers; the nucleus of a Church, not a mere sect of philosophers.

They had, I have said, understood Man completed by Theory and Practice. They understood him also—and this is the second cause of the profound impression they made—complete in the wants which agitate him. They sought to embrace the whole man. At the present day, by dint of analysing, dividing, and subdividing, the unity of man has almost entirely disappeared. As, before the unity of God was revealed by Moses, pagan polytheism had broken it up, parcelled it out into fragments, making of the One Creator so many separate divinities—so the materialist analysis of modern times, by whatever name it is called, has broken up and parcelled out the human being into his several faculties. Religion, art, production, politics:—all these proceed separately, independent, often in opposite directions. “I,” says one, “have heaven; what matters your earth to me?” “Let us agree,” says another, “on earthly matters;

party, welcomed this system as the least complex ; the most simple and the most efficacious method of relieving the immediate evils of which they have to complain. It has penetrated quite recently into Poland.\* Its strength has doubtless been purposely exaggerated by the European police, and by all the interested opponents of the democratic principle. Whether powerful in numbers or not, communism will never be able to aspire to the honours of a revolution ; it cannot aim higher than an *émeute*. Intelligence only causes revolutions, and communism cannot reckon a single vigorous thinker in its ranks. Its existence, I repeat, is owing only to the fatal line of demarcation marked out by facts in our camp, between the men of thought and the men of action—to the isolation in which democratic intelligence has too generally left the working class. The day when the chiefs shall mix themselves with the soldiers—the day when the democratic writer, instead of concentrating his thought in a book which the millions do not read, shall diffuse it in friendly conversations in the workshops where his brother men labour and suffer—communism will disappear.

\* I by no means intend here any allusion to the Manifesto of Cracow, which owes its reputation of communism simply to the inaccurate translations of the German papers, and to the calumnies of M. de Metternich. It is absurd to believe that a National insurrection can ever raise the standard of communism.