



AUTOBIOGRAPHY ^{ROON A.}
OF
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

BY

A. WERNER

WITH A SUPPLEMENT BY

JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

1807-1849.

London:

WALTER SMITH AND INNES,

(LATE MOSELY),

31 & 32, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1889.

(All rights reserved.)

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHANCERY CROSS.

V52:517 M07,1

89.1

2991

CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
PREFACE	ix
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION	xv
PRELIMINARY	1

FIRST PERIOD.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. MY PARENTS	7
II. EARLY YEARS	10
III. FIRST VOYAGES	14
IV. OTHER VOYAGES	17
V. ROSSETTI	22
VI. BUCCANNEERING	24
VII. THE PLAINS OF URUGUAY	30
VIII. A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS	33
IX. THE FIGHT WITH THE GUNBOATS	37
X. LUIGI CARNIGLIA	41
XI. CAPTIVITY	43
XII. FREEDOM	48
XIII. MORE BUCCANNEERING	58
XIV. FOURTEEN AGAINST A HUNDRED AND FIFTY	59
XV. THE SANTA CATERINA EXPEDITION	65
XVI. SHIPWRECK	68
XVII. ASSAULT ON THE LAGUNA SANTA CATERINA	74
XVIII. IN LOVE	77
XIX. BUCCANNEERING	80
XX. RETREAT	85
XXI. FIRE AND SWORD	88
XXII. CAMPAIGNING ABOARD—VICTORY AND DEFEAT	92
XXIII. RETURN TO LAGES	100
XXIV. LAGES—THE BATTLE AT THE FOOT OF THE SERRA	103
XXV. AN INFANTRY ACTION	108

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXVI. THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION	118
XXVII. WINTERS, AND PREPARATION OF CANOES ...	122
XXVIII. THE DISASTROUS RETREAT ACROSS THE SIERRA ...	126
XXIX. MONTEVIDEO	135
XXX. I COMMAND THE MONTEVIDEO SQUADRON—FIGHT- ING IN THE RIVERS	138
XXXI. THE TWO DAYS' FIGHT WITH BROWN	145
XXXII. THE RETREAT ON CORRIENTES, AND BATTLE OF THE ARROYO GRANDE	156
XXXIII. PREPARATIONS FOR RESISTANCE	163
XXXIV. BEGINNING OF THE SIEGE OF MONTEVIDEO ...	168
XXXV. FIRST ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ITALIAN LEGION	171
XXXVI. THE FLEET, AND ITS ACHIEVEMENTS	175
XXXVII. BRILLIANT FIGHTING OF THE ITALIAN LEGION	181
XXXVIII. THE EXPEDITION OF THE SALTO	187
XXXIX. THE MATRERO	192
XL. JAGUARY	198
XXI. EXPEDITION TO GUALEGUAYCHU—HERVIDERO— ANZANI	202
XLII. ARRIVAL AT SALTO—VICTORY OF THE TAPREY ...	211
XLIII. ARRIVAL OF URQUIZA	218
XLIV. BESIEGED IN SALTO BY LANOS AND VEGARA ...	222
XLV. SAN ANTONIO	226
XLVI. REVOLUTIONS IN MONTEVIDEO AND CORRIENTES— FIGHT AT THE DAYMAN	237
XLVII. SOME OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED OF THE LEGION	249
XLVIII. RETURN TO MONTEVIDEO	253
SECOND PERIOD.	
I. VOYAGE TO ITALY	238
II. AT MILAN	266
III. COMO—SESTO CALENDE—CASTELLITTO ...	272
IV. RETURN TO LOMBARDY	276
V. THE TRIP OF INACTION	287
VI. IN THE PAPAL STATE—ARRIVAL IN ROME ...	300
VII. PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC, AND MARCH ON ROME	310

CONTENTS.

v

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
VIII. THE DEFENCE OF ROME	1
IX. RETREAT	22
X. EXILE	52
XI. RETURN TO POLITICAL LIFE	69
XII. IN CENTRAL ITALY	124

THIRD PERIOD.

I. THE SICILIAN CAMPAIGN, MAY, 1860	143
II. THE FIFTH OF MAY, 1860	153
III. FROM QUARTO TO MARSALA	155
IV. CALATAFIMI, MAY 15, 1860	168
V. CALATAFIMI TO PALERMO	171
VI. ROSALINO PILO AND CORRAO	174
VII. CALATAFIMI TO PALERMO (continued)	176
VIII. THE ATTACK ON PALERMO, MAY 27, 1860	181
IX. MILAZZO	192
X. THE FIGHT AT MILAZZO	197
XI. IN THE STRAIT OF MESSINA	204
XII. ON THE MAINLAND OF NAPLES	208
XIII. THE ATTACK ON REGGIO	210
XIV. ENTRY INTO NAPLES, SEPTEMBER 7, 1860	215
XV. PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO, OCTOBER 1, 1860	222
XVI. BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO	225
XVII. BRONZETTI AT CASTEL MORONE, OCTOBER 1, 1860	236
XVIII. BATTLE OF CASERTA VECCIA, OCTOBER 2, 1860	238

FOURTH PERIOD.

1860-1870.

I. THE ABRUZZO CAMPAIGN, 1862	243
II. THE CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL	254
III. VARIOUS ENGAGEMENTS	261
IV. FIGHT AT BENEVOGA, JULY 21	275

CHAPTER	PAGE
V. AGRO ROMANO	283
VI. FROM SARDINIA TO THE MAINLAND	289
VII. THE ATTACK ON MONTEBOTONDO	297
VIII. MENTANA, NOVEMBER 3, 1867	303
FIFTH PERIOD.	
I. THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN	316
II. FIGHTS AT LANTENAY AND AUTUN	328
III. JANUARY 21-23, 1871	342
IV. ROTERAT—BORDEAUX—CAPRERA, 1871	356
APPENDIX	361

VOLUME III.

I.

1807-1834.

Garibaldi's ancestry, real and imaginary—Certificates of the birth and marriage of his grandparents—His father and mother—Anecdotes of his childhood—Young Italy—Joseph Borel—Cleombroto—Captain, sailor, bandit—Death-sentence—First exile	1
--	---

II.

1835-1847.

Letters from Garibaldi to Cuneo during their mutual exile in South America—Anita's marriage-lines—The Italian Legion—Death of his daughter Bonita—Offer of service to the Papal Nuncio—His answer—Anita precedes her husband to Italy—Letter from Anita	39
--	----

III.

1848-1849.

Garibaldi in Lombardy—Mazzini and Medici—The siege of Rome—Letters of Garibaldi to Mazzini—The fall of Rome	73
---	----

IV.

1849-1858.

Garibaldi's abnegation—The world's rejected guest—Two visits to England—Withdrawal from the republican party—"For Italy under any flag"—Letters to Cuneo	PAGE 111
--	--------------------

V.

1859.

"All' arme!"—Garibaldi and Cavour—First to cross the Ticino, lest to lay down arms—Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour at the peace of Villafranca—"Hands to the centre, eyes to the south!"—Diamond cuts diamond—Vogliamo l'Italia una—Garibaldi recalled from the Rubicon—Mazzini, Rosalino Pilo, Crispi organize insurrection in Sicily—Notes	167
---	-----

VI.

1860.

"VIVA LA TÀLLIA, E GARIBARDI AMICU!"

Mazzini, Rosalino Pilo, Crispi, Bertani prepare the revolution in Sicily—The sale of Nice—Original letters and documents anent the expedition of the Thousand—Cavour's opposition—King's "let be"—Departure—Landing at Marsala—The British fleet—Letters of Garibaldi—Annexionists, separatists, unitarians—The Orange Gulf—Entry into Naples—Garibaldi and the English—His gift of land for an English church—Battle of the Volturno—Victory along all the line—The king takes possession—Garibaldi sent to the rear—Abdication—Adieu—"To meet again at Rome"—Notes	... 250
--	---------

VII.

1861.

Last visit to England's "good admiral"—Fatal dualism—Cavour's letters to the king and Farini—Reaping the whirlwind—Parliamentary duel—Cavour proposes, Fanti disposes—The southern army humiliated and dispersed—Garibaldi's
--

	PAGE
project for national armament rejected—Formal reconciliation between Cavour and Garibaldi—Remarkable letter of Garibaldi to Cavour—"Troppo tardi"—Cavour's death—Notes	337

VIII.

1862-1870.

Rome or death versus "Rome never"—Conflicting wills—Who endures wins—Garibaldi's special mission—Royal recompense for service overtrun—Aspromonte—To England and back—Garibaldi's toast to his friend and teacher, Mazzini—The campaign of 1866—Exodus from the Tyrol—The Roman crusade—Mentana the cradle and grave of the temporal power—Notes	362
--	-----

IX.

1870-1871.

To Rome at last—Mazzini a prisoner in Gaeta—Garibaldi blockaded at Caprera—Garibaldi for France against the world—The French campaign—The three days of Dijon—The colours of the 61st—Garibaldi's resignation—His refusal to "go home by way of Nice"—Victor Hugo's noble defence of "the only general who had not been defeated"—Mau- teuffel's opinion of Garibaldi's military genius—Michelet for Garibaldi and Italy—Notes	394
---	-----

X.

1871-1882.

Mazzini's last work for Italy—War of words—Mazzini's death, March 10, 1872—Garibaldi for the republic by evolution, not revolution—Garibaldi on the English and Italian navy—"Be strong on the seas"—Private life and relations—Marriage, divorce, third marriage—The nation's gift reluctantly accepted—Last visit to Naples and Palermo—Death on June 2, 1882—Garibaldi's will—Orders for fire-burial disobeyed—His grave at Caprera—The grave of his mother and Anita's ashes at Nice	427
--	-----

PREFACE.

WHILE Italy awaits the philosophical historian of her political evolutions and revolutions—annals, chronicles, memoirs, biographies and autobiographies, series of letters, diplomatic papers and correspondence, revolutionary documents have been, during the last twenty-five years, published in rapid succession, and thus a vast material is being stored for future “architects of history.” Nor is the stock by any means exhausted; the key to many unravelled mysteries being more or less jealously guarded in the record offices of the state, while the “key of keys” reposes in the sanctum sanctorum of royal archives. Contemporary writers of events in which they have been actors or interested spectators, with the strictest intention to be veracious, rarely succeed in telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, seeing that each narrator surveys facts from his own point of view; nor does an honest desire to be impartial ensure impartiality, since the writer’s individual beliefs and opinions must necessarily influence his deductions and bias his judgments. But, all such weaknesses and defects taken

into account, the value of these contributions remains intact. Carlo Cattaneo, to one who sought to dissuade him in 1860 from certain publications relating to 1848, made answer, "The generations pass; men's minds take new directions, and the facts of experience become as lanterns hung out in abandoned streets."

Many readers, we think, will concur in this sentence, and to these the "Autobiography of Garibaldi" will be interesting and acceptable. Strictly speaking, what Garibaldi calls "My Memoirs" are recollections of such portions of his eventful life as he chose to give to the public. They were chiefly written at two distinct periods, the first portion in 1850, after the fall of Rome and the death of his beloved Anita. In 1872, he corrected and modified this first portion, and wrote the remainder at Caprera (merely adding at Civita Vecchia in 1876 the Appendix, *Custoza*), without books or documents or any assistance, save from his own memory. Naturally, he has fallen into sundry errors of dates and facts. He has also deliberately passed over entire periods of his life, thus omitting some particulars very interesting to the English reader as well as to his own countrymen. He, moreover, withdrew certain manuscripts which he at first destined for publication, containing some graphic accounts of events and some severe strictures on prominent men which he wrote from time to time, because, from his later point of view, "the least said, soonest mended." We possess an autograph letter of his, enjoining on one who possessed his full confidence to recover and restore to himself a manuscript written entirely in his

own hand and destined in 1869 for the press, but which in 1871 he resolved should not be published. Again, in one of his letters to Alberto Mario, who had requested to be allowed, in his life of Garibaldi, to publish some facts which the General himself had related concerning the king, he answers, "I wish that nothing confidential between the king and myself should be published;" and in his *Memoirs* he publishes nothing.

But he does not use the same reticence in speaking of Mazzini, whom from time to time he still recognized as "master;" while at others (purposely misled by men whose sole aim and mission was to keep these great and good patriots divided), he misjudged and censured him with an asperity foreign to his own nature. Had he, when he wrote, possessed the sixteen volumes of Mazzini's writings, with the historical documents inserted by Aurelio Saffi in his clear, able, impartial preface to each,—he would, we think, have cancelled numerous assertions of whose truth he had been assured, but which subsequent evidence and concomitant witnesses disprove. Again, had he possessed—as, thanks to Luigi Chiala, we now do—the six volumes containing over eighteen hundred letters of the great Piedmontese statesman, with numerous documents and invaluable historical prefaces, the criticisms, censures, and reproaches which he addresses chiefly to Cavour would probably have been distributed in juster proportions among many who come off scot free.

The *Memoirs* end with the episode of the Franco-Prussian war. Of his work for the "redemption" of the

Roman Campagna, for the Tiber, his polemics concerning communism, socialism, internationalism, etc., his second marriage and life at Caprera, Garibaldi says nothing, whereas his biographers and the newspapers have treated of all these matters with more or less accuracy.

Hence, requested by the proprietors and publishers of the English edition to write a preface to their translation, I have with their permission substituted a Supplement. The reader thus will have put before him all that the General left for publication. This Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi constitutes this *all*; and as in Italy the question has been raised whether such really is the case, it may be well to set all doubts at rest. The question may be put in good faith, as many of the questioners have seen and read—some even possess—other manuscript writings of Garibaldi which are from time to time given to the public, fairly and often wisely—none, however, venturing to add “with the author’s permission,” as the proprietor of this Autobiography legitimately can and does. The original manuscript of these Memoirs is written by Garibaldi himself on ordinary-sized letter-paper, each page numbered, entirely in his own hand; the first part clear and bold, the last shaky and irregular as the fatal arthritis crippled his fingers. As he gave the manuscript to his “best-beloved” Menotti, so Menotti placed it for safe keeping in the hands of Adrian Lemmi, whose name in Italy is a synonym for patriotism and integrity. Menotti and Adrian would rather “have cut off their right hand” than have offended the dead father

and friend by adding, suppressing, or altering a syllable, or even consenting to a literary supervision of the text. Why Garibaldi enjoined that simply this and nothing more should be given to the world was best known to himself. Enough that he did so, and that his injunctions, in this instance at least, have been obeyed.

The Supplement will appear in the third volume, containing such additional matter as may complete the personal narration of the "hero of both worlds," of the patriot "without fear and without reproach."

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

Now that the Italians have achieved their independence, have accomplished the herculean task of fusing, welding, pounding ten kingdoms into One Italy, European nations hail her as their last-born sister, strive to stand first in her affections, highest in her esteem, wondering in secret at that deathless life of hers which has defied their united efforts to extinguish it; which, each time they have wrapped her in her shroud and thrust her into the sepulchre, has left it empty, wringing from them the awestricken cry, "Lo, she has arisen!"

Arise, rearise, are the right terms for this seeming miracle. To say reborn would imply preceding death, whereas *what was death for other nations was only sleep for Italy*. Our Swinburne and her Carducci, with the poet's faculty of precise, concise expression, render the wondrous story in the same short simple phrase. Swinburne, summing up the life-work of the two great Genoese, Columbus and Mazzini, says—

"One found a world new-born from virgin sea;
And one *found* Italy."

Carducci writes, "He of the Gracchus' heart and

Dante's thought *saw* the third Italy."* To assert that Mazzini or Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel "created" Italy by their separate or united genius, prowess, and ambition would presuppose her non-existence; would assign to one man or to three men the merit of an entire people of heroes and of martyrs, of thinkers and of doers—a people which had never ceased to be, but which, owing to intrinsic and extrinsic reasons, had refrained from merging their separate existences in one collective whole.

The vital, exhaustless, all-absorbing, all-assimilating people which, in the Roman republic, organized society and evolved a grand system of government; which, during the republican and imperial period, subdued and permeated Europe with their institutions and their laws; which, in the Middle Ages, when black night brooded over half the world, developed the germ of Roman into Italian municipalities, with free constitutions imbued with the republican spirit of Rome, reaching a height of opulence, prosperity, grandeur, and glory rarely attained, never surpassed by the nations

* "GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

"Qual da gli aridi scogli erma su'l mare
Genova sta, marmoreo gigante,
Tal, surto in bassi di, su'l fluttuante
Secolo, ei grande, anstero, immoto appare.
Da quelli scogli, onde Colombo infante
Nuovi pe'l mar vedea mondi spuntare,
Egli vide nel ciel crepuscolare
Co'l cuor di Gracco ed il pensier di Dante
La terza Italia. . . ."

(Giosué Carducci.)

who from those free republics learned the lessons of municipal self-government whence such liberty as Europe now possesses is mainly derived; which, at the bidding of their "divinest" in the full tide of freedom, created Italian literature as they had created Italian art, and, when on themselves slavery's night descended, uncurtained the golden dawn of the renaissance on conscience-awakening Europe; which, disdainful half-truths and moral fictions, recoiling from their unchaste, impious murderers, stepped backwards into pagan times, thence, leaping over the heads of the Reformers into the realms of science, alighted at the fountain-head of modern reason and research; that people—which evoked from its own Saturnian soil and sun and sea the secrets of the universe, the science of humanity, which gave its all so lavishly to every nation on the earth—forbore or attempted too partially or too late to solve the problem of its own individual nationality. This in virtue of a fundamental idea underlying and informing the many and multiform phases of its successive centuries of existence.

The world-wide, universal sway of the Roman Empire, which grew with the growth of the peoples—Etruscan, Sabine, Latin, Roman—outgrew and overgrew themselves. The prayer which Romulus, according to the legend, while ploughing the clods to outline the walls of the city, put up to Jupiter and Mars—"May the duration of this city be eternal; may its sway be all-ruling; may the sun ever rise and set on its dominion"—was until the sixteenth century the

prayer of every thoughtful, patriotic Italian. Even when they hated an emperor most they loved the empire best, and this infatuation, this absorption in one fixed idea, lasted and prevailed, until, shattered but not annihilated, crushed but not extinguished, action was for three centuries divorced from thought, and political from intellectual liberty.

The transfer of the seat of empire to Byzantium, the subsequent division into East and West, the consequent rise and growth of the papacy as a temporal power—due to the absence of the emperors, to their real or pretended donations,—the farce of coronation of emperors by popes, the fiction of investitures by emperors of popes with temporal sovereignty—are facts brought forward by many in extenuation, as a justification of Italy's apparent annihilation, and three centuries of slavery. But all these things were the effects of the preponderating idea of empire. That myth, that illusion, delusion, and perpetual curse she preferred to the possible, nay, most easy formation of her own national, independent unity. Only one Italy for Rome to rule? No world-wide sway for the Eternal City? Such a desire never entered the heart of man, at any rate, till Petrarch's time, and the facts are there to prove the affirmation.

When, in the fifth century, the Visigoths founded monarchy in Spain, and the basis of monarchy was laid by Clodovic in France, and the Heptarchy was instituted in England, a brave, wise man made himself master of all Italy, recovered Sicily from the Vandals, and was

welcomed in Rome as liberator. He rendered strict justice, protecting letters and the learned, preserving the monuments of Roman and Grecian art, retaining many of the ancient magistracies, respecting the senate, choosing ministers and counsellors from its midst. This Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was popular, was esteemed and obeyed, as long as he stood before the Italians and Romans in the character of general and vice-regent of the emperors (Zeno and Anastatius). He united the whole of Italy, published in Rome a code of laws, a model of equity for "barbarians" and Romans, left the Jews their own laws and judges, protected alike Arians and Catholics. "A great splendour long unknown," writes Balbo, "shone over Italy, the seat and centre of his vast and flourishing kingdom." The emperors grew jealous, and instigated the Italians against him. Theodoric, suspecting conspiracy, stained his great name and fair fame by his barbarous cruelties to Boethius, the "Roman senator," and to Summacus. After his death, Italy fell a prey to Belisarius and the eunuch Narses, generals of the great emperor Justinian. Had the Italians but supported the Goths in their struggle against the treacherous "liberating" Greeks, that struggle would have been brief and the "barbarians" absorbed and assimilated, and the civilized Latins would naturally have acquired the ascendancy in the independent and united nation. But this policy would have involved rebellion against the empire.

Still more apparent is this ruling passion of Romans and Italians under the sway of the Longobards (568-

773), "who," writes Macchiavelli, "after two hundred and thirty years of Italian existence, retained nothing of foreigners but the name." Luitprand, the best and greatest of the Longobard kings, reformed and ameliorated the laws of his predecessors, Rotari and Grimaldo. He set himself to expel the Greeks from the Peninsula; made peace with the Venetians, who had chosen their first duke, Paoluccio Anafesto; entered into alliance with Gregory II. against the emperor, and restored to that pope the portion of "the patrimony" of which he had deprived him. A propitious moment that, for in customs, religion, language, laws, and even dress, there was but little difference between the invaders and the invaded races. But the "great" Gregory III., who had fomented the religious warfare against Leo the iconoclast, intent upon broadening and widening the foundations of papal supremacy—fearful lest these humane, generous, docile Teutons should found with the Italians a free, strong, and united nation—instigated them against Luitprand, and gave shelter to the rebel Duke of Spoleto in Rome. Resolved on destroying the dominion of the Longobards, he summoned a new barbarian, Charles Martel, into Italy, imploring him "to succour the Church of God in her great tribulation; to come to the assistance of Christ's poor, seeing that the little left to them is destroyed by the fire and sword of the Lombard kings." Finally, he urges on "this most Christian son" to compel "those kings to return to their own country." Gregory III., Leo the iconoclast, and Charles Martel all died in the same year (741). Luit-

prand made peace with Pope Zacharia, and until the death of this great king no Frank set foot in Italy. But his very generosity to the popes was fatal to the Longobard dominion and to the chances of Italian unity. Pope Stephen summoned Pepin, son of Charles, who warred successfully against Astolph, Luitprand's successor, compelling him to abandon the cities of the ex-archate and the Roman duchy—Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Cesena, Urbino, Gubbio, Narni—which he handed over to St. Peter and the Roman Church, "and to the pontiffs in perpetuity," say the partisans of the temporal power, Balbo included, adding that, after Pepin's return to France, his deputy, Fulrade, abbot of Dionigi, with the deputies of Astolph, went from city to city, collected the keys, and, with the written title-deeds of the donation, deposited them in the confessional of S. Pietro. What is not fiction, but certainty, is that Pepin's son Charles beguiled, betrayed, and defeated Desiderius, that last of Longobard kings—last of twelve Italian-born kings to whom the iron crown had been transmitted in direct descent from Alboino, which crown he claimed for himself. Pope Leo, trading on the imperial tendencies of the Italians, foreseeing the fall awaiting the Greek empire, deeming that a race of emperors created by the popes would become valiant champions of the papacy, actually placed on the head of Charles the imperial crown. Out of gratitude for this act, justified neither by tradition of primitive Church, nor by apostolic precedent, nor by the consent of the Western nations, Charles invested the pope with

temporal power. Leo III. created the Frank new emperor of the West; Charlemagne invented a pope-king; and the Romans, seeing that a Roman pope had crowned an emperor in Rome, indulging in their dream of empire, never for a moment guessed that they had sacrificed the substance for the shadow—a Roman Italy based on a popular constitution for a visionary imperial sceptre which they were destined nevermore to wield. When, after 114 years, Charlemagne's empire fell to pieces, and France herself was split into fragments, and the Germans elected their own kings, and Berengarius, Marquis of Friuli (descended on the female side from Ludovico il Bonario), became king of Italy, there was again the opportunity for the formation of an Italian nation. But the popes were growing steadily and lustily; Venice, with her mysterious genius, was rejoicing in her islet freedom, driving down the piles of independence into her lagunes, looking askance on emperors and popes. Amalfi, too, was turning the face of her sturdy populations seawards. So Berengarius, left to his own devices, prostrated himself before the ambitious German Arnolph, thus affording the German electors at future times a pretext for claiming imperial rights for the chief of their choice. True, Guido, Duke of Spoleto, in 891, was crowned with the crown of iron and proclaimed emperor in Rome, and once more the Italians exultingly fancied themselves masters of the world, till Pope Formoso (896) crowned the German Arnolph emperor. In 951, Otto reduces Italy to a fief of Germany—is made king of Italy, “crowned

emperor in Rome" (962), deposes Pope John XII., substituting a layman, Leo (963). Crescentius, consul, frees Rome from popes and emperors. The ancient orders of the republic are established, liberty and independence proclaimed. But the people care little for all this; Gregory and Otto prevail, Crescentius is decapitated, and his corpse flung from the battlements of St. Angelo. During the next few years numerous popes and anti-popes scramble for the patrimony of St. Peter's. In 1002, the Italian Ardoino, Marquis of Ivrea, is crowned king at Pavia; but Henry II., King of Germany, deposes him, and gets himself crowned king at Pavia, and, of course, "emperor in Rome;" the war of independence degenerates into civil war, Saracens invade Sicily and the Neapolitan provinces and the coasts of Tuscany. The crown of Italy is adjudged to Conrad the Salic, elected King of Germany in the diet of Magonza. The Milanese and Pavians refuse him; Pope Giovanni crowns him "emperor in Rome." Conrad besieges Milan; the Milanese for the first time mount their sacred *carroccio*, and a little later institute their glorious *commune*—a magic word meaning brotherhood and community of all classes; symbol of glory, greatness, and liberty for many an Italian city and republic, but not for one Italy, one commonwealth for all Italians.

Conrad dying (1039), his son Henry III. comes to Rome, and is crowned by Pope Clement; and in a council expressly summoned, the Romans adjudge to the emperors the right of electing the popes. Clement

dying (in 1047), while Greeks and Saracens contend for mastery in Sicily, six popes and two anti-popes follow each other in quick succession. Henry IV. succeeds to the imperial crown (1056). Now appears upon the scene Hildebrand the monk, who for twenty years before his pontificate was the real helmsman of St Peter's bark. He had advised Pope Leo IX. to supplement his German election by re-election at Rome. Later he succeeded in annulling the election by the Romans—who vowed they would have no more foreign popes—of Benedict (a Roman), substituting Nicholas II. of Burgundy. By Hildebrand's advice, this pope took from the clergy and the people the right of electing popes, declared that the sanction of the emperor was revocable at the pope's will, and sought to substitute monarchical for the republican institutions of the Church. All this paved the way for the "mission" of Hildebrand—for the subjugation of empire and peoples to Holy Mother Church.

In Hildebrand, as Gregory VII, that type of Italian intellect and Italian iron will; in Matilda, the *gran donna d'Italia*, as Dante calls her, symbolizing in her the love of Holy Mother Church;—we have a fresh proof of the utter absence of the sentiment of Italian nationality. Those two united were powerful for all and aught they willed; could bring and brought the emperor, after three days' fasting in sackcloth and drifting snow without the citadel, to the pope's feet in Canossa. Matilda, who owned such enormous possessions in Italy, Gregory, who ruled over the consciences of the Italians, and for a

time over their hearts, might have welded the nation into one; reformed and renewed the Church, trusting to its spiritual authority to subdue the world. But their only idea was ecclesiastical dominion and temporal power. The Italians, always sceptically indifferent in religious matters, impervious to the papal excommunications, which struck such terror into the Germans,—when these deserted their emperor, were ready from the first to espouse his cause. Had Henry chosen to laugh at Gregory, and leave him shut up in Canossa, to which he had fled as to an asylum, he need never have inflicted that ineffaceable stain on “Cæsar’s” brow. As it was, when he took heart later and knocked at the gates of Rome, the Romans opened those gates, when, barbarian as he was, he summoned Normans and Saracens to sack and ravage and set fire to the city. Hildebrand, regarded as the cause of all the wrong, was compelled to fly to Salerno, where he died, abandoned and execrated by all save Matilda, who, true to her idol and her idea, fought for his successors and left her possessions in Italy to Holy Mother Church.* That Hildebrand had

* This bequest cannot be disputed, as are, with reason, the pretended donations of Constantine and Pepin and Charlemagne. All the emperors who gave or confirmed former gifts to the popes, renewed imperial rights *salva nostra potestate et nostrorum posterum*. Countess Matilda was the last scion of the lords of Canossa. Sigifredo, Azzo, Tedaldo, and Bonifacio, who added the duchy of Tuscany to his father’s fiefs of Reggio, Modena, Ferrara, Brescia, and married Beatrice, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Lorraine, were all devoted adherents of the empire. Matilda was the only child of this couple, and, after the death of her father—murdered by his vassals—her mother, Beatrice, married Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine,

aimed a vital blow at the empire, however, cannot be denied, though what with the anti-pope Guibert (Clement II) and Henry's imprisonment by his own son, and miserable ending in 1106, the victories of both resembled those of Pyrrhus. The first crusade, initiated by Urban II, but in reality conceived by Hildebrand; the liberation of Jerusalem just as he died and Pope Paschal succeeded, turned the thoughts of the great ones of the earth into a new channel, and while they were crusading in the Holy Land, the Italians strengthened and enlarged the communal element, and in the principal cities of Lombardy and of Tuscany formulated their constitutions during the twelfth century. But the phantom of empire pursued them still. They from the first waged war upon the feudal barons, razed their castles, forced them to come and live

her own cousin, who was confirmed in all the fiefs held by her former husband, by the emperor, Henry IV. Matilda married her stepfather's son, Godfrey the Hunchback, who, just at the time her mother Beatrice died, was killed at Antwerp, 1076. This daughter of imperial vassals was an intense, fanatical partisan of the papacy, not of one, but of all popes, four of whom she supported and survived. Hildebrand was her spiritual adviser; his ambitions were hers, his cause "the cause of God." Quite natural, therefore, that she should, at his instigation, leave all her worldly goods to the Church during Gregory's reign, and that she should ratify her donation before her death in 1115. And if she had only given or left her Tuscan domains held in allodial (*all-lood*) tenure, the emperors could not have interfered with any show of right; but it seems that she included some of the lands which her ancestors had held as vassals of the empire, and which, as she left no heirs, reverted as lapsed fiefs to the empire. Hence all the quarrels and even wars that ensued from this famous gift, which crop up at all periods of Italian history, till imperial right was abandoned altogether.

within the cities; but it never occurred to them to demolish the emperor's castle, or to refuse allegiance to the empire, still less to proclaim themselves the rightful heirs of the Roman *populus*—the “sovereign people” of Italy. Each city for itself; each commune for its own liberties, rights and privileges. Rome wars against Tivoli; Milan, Cremona, Como against Pavia; Padua against Verona, Modena, and Bologna; Lucca against Florence; and when they cannot settle their quarrels between themselves, they call in the “natural” umpire, the emperor. With one glorious exception, by the way—Venice, who waged deadly war against Pisa and Genoa, but on her own account. Neither vassal of empire nor serf of Church was she—neither Guelph nor Ghibelline; purely, simply Venetian. But, this exception made, we find no others; hence the canker in the very germ of those most glorious republics.

And even when Frederick Barbarossa, profiting by their discord, set himself to annihilate them all, and they decided to make common cause against him, never in their hour of direst anguish or supremest triumph did they forego their allegiance to the empire, or deny the authority of Cæsar. Foremost of Italian glories is the league of Pontida against the pretensions of Barbarossa, who, after holding a general council at Roncaglia, and receiving the homage of the consuls, besieged Milan, Vercelli, and Turin, crossed the Po and burned Asti, sacking and burning Tortona and the minor cities, was crowned king at Pavia (1155), then went on to Rome,

where Pope Adrian IV awaited him for the destruction of Arnold of Brescia and the Roman senate. Arnold burnt, his ashes thrown into the Tiber, the confirmation of the senate's privileges haughtily refused, Adrian, whose bridle-reins he held, crowned him "emperor in Rome." Returning, for pastime Frederick burnt Spoleto, and, after a visit to Germany, he descended again into Lombardy, again devastating Brescia and starving Milan. He convoked anew the Italian Diet, summoning bishops, princes, judges, consuls, and the jurists of the University of Bologna, "to define the imperial rights and property." The servile Bishop of Milan made answer, "The imperial will is law;" the jurists of Bologna affirmed that the duchies, marquisates, counties, consulates, the mints, the duties, the ports, the mills, the fisheries were imperial property. The emperor abolished the consuls elected by the people, and instituted *podestas* of royal nomination. Milan and Cremona expel the *podestà*; Frederick besieges Cremona, Milan, Brescia, hangs the prisoners, and covers his war-engines with the children taken as hostages. "Blessed are those who die for their country," cry the citizens of Cremona, who fire on their own children and repel the barbarians; but in 1160 Cremona is destroyed, Milan burnt and razed to the ground. This caused the bitter cup to overflow. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Treviso swear vengeance. In the monastery of Pontida, deputies from Cremona, Bergamo, Mantua, Brescia, Ferrara, the envoys of the league of Verona, swear to die rather than submit to such iniquitous tyranny. A league of defence and offence is formed, one for all and

all for each ; but the fatal clause is added, *Saving always fealty to the empire*. The confederates rebuild Milan, compel Lodi to join the league, seize the fortress of Trezzo, garrisoned by imperial troops. Frederick shut up in Pavia—Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, Ferrara, Brescia, Bergamo, Cremona, Lodi, Piacenza, Parma, Mantua, Modena, Bologna, swear *concord*, bind themselves to war against any man who should offend or harm any one of the other cities ; against any emperor who should attempt to exact more or respect less than was exacted and respected by the last two Henrys.* The fortress of Alexandria meanwhile had been built and garrisoned with 15,000 soldiers, the league shared even by Venice, so chary of interference in Italian affairs, sanctioned by Pope Alexander, in whose honour the new fortress was named. On May 29, 1176, the great struggle was fought out at Legnano. The armed people, ringing the tocsin, guarding their sacred car, symbol and sign of freedom and of right, led on by "the company of death," charged the barbaric hosts, destroying

* The formula of the popular oath, *sacramenta populorum*, for 1170 is given by Muratori : "In the name of the Lord, amen. I swear on the holy Gospels that neither in my own person nor by deputy will I make truce or peace or treaty with Frederick Emperor, nor with his son, nor with his wife, nor with any person in his name.

"In good faith, and by the employment of all means in my power, I will try to hinder any army, great or small, coming from beyond the Alps, from Germany, or from any other land belonging to the Emperor, from entering Italy ; or if any such army should penetrate, I will wage fierce warfare against the Emperor and against all his party until said army shall have abandoned Italy, and I will make my son take this same oath as soon as he shall have attained the age of fourteen."

and routing the imperial army, trampling Cæsar's banner in the dust. Barbarossa himself was mourned for dead by his soldiers, had to fly for dear life to Pavia, and by the Val di Susa escape from Italy in disguise.

Italy fought to victory, as ever when her people sound the tocsin ; but at Venice, where the pope came to arbitrate, the empire virtually triumphed. A truce of six years, during which Cremona, Asti, Alba, Genoa were seduced from the league, and Alexandria prostituted herself and was rebaptized Cesarea, ended in the peace of Constance (1183). The cities were allowed to preserve their liberties, privileges, and jurisdiction ; but the supreme sovereignty was reserved to the emperor, who deigned, in the preamble to the treaty, to receive in the fulness of his pardon the rebellious, victorious cities.*

To the confederates, who had sworn to cast from off their shoulders the German yoke,† it did not seem that they were abjuring or violating the popular oath, when they agreed that all the "confederate cities should aid the emperor in preserving the rights which were his in Lombardy, that all citizens between fifteen and seventy years of age should take the oath of fealty to the empire, and that said oath should be renewed every ten years."‡

Without seeking further examples of this fixed idea of empire, the solemn consecration that idea received from

* "Civitates ac personas . . . in plenitudinem gratiæ suæ recipiet" (Muratori).

† "Theutonicoꝝ jugum de collo excutiamus" (Chronicles of Milan, 1170).

‡ Venice, proud of her independence, would not sign the treaty ; but some of her cities on *terra firma* played their part of vassals.

Italy's "divinest" should never be forgotten. Dante is rightly styled the father of Italian unity, in that he was the "first philosopher of the Italian people; in that he, commanding the cessation of regional dialects and schools—Sicilian, Puglian, Bolognese, or Florentine—announced an Italian poetry and literature and was himself the herald of her glory." Dante appeared on the confines of the Middle Ages, when the political force of the feudal empire was declining. The final overthrow of the House of Hohenstaufen did not put an end to the distracting quarrels between imperialists and papists—Ghibellines and Guelphs. From the death of Conrad IV. (1254) to the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg during the interregnum of the empire, the electors divided their votes between Alfonse of Castile and Richard, Earl of Cornwall (1257). The German princes showed reluctance rather than eagerness to claim the imperial rights which had proved fatal to so many, and when Rudolph accepted the imperial crown he declared to the German Diet that he would not go to Rome, that Italy had consumed too many Germans—"King I am, and emperor," quoth he, "and I can serve the republic quite as well as if I were crowned in Rome."

This Rudolph renounced formally and by oath all sovereignty in Rome—all pretensions to the territories claimed by the Church, the exarchate of Ravenna, the gifts of Matilda. The pope lost no time in compelling the prefects of Rome to take the oath of allegiance to himself. But the power of the popes was nevertheless declining. Nicholas III., the Roman Orsini, actually

proposed to Rudolph to divide Italy between them. Boniface VIII. affected the airs and livery of empire; but despotic monarchies had risen on the shoulders of both Church and empire, and Philip the Fair, the king so hated by Dante, removed the seat of the papacy to Avignon. What a chance for Italy, if only *the idea* had dawned on her to belong to herself! But how pretend this, when Dante himself conceived the regeneration of the human race in the reconstitution of the God-created Roman empire, in the dominion of one universal monarchy? "God Himself created the Roman empire and recognized it, inasmuch as He assumed human flesh, thus subjecting Himself in birth to the census of Octavius,—in death to the judgment of Pontius Pilate. As the empire signifies the dominion of the Roman people over the earth, so the majesty of the Roman people is personified in the emperor, to whatsoever country he may belong. The garden of the earth is Italy, not Germany, whence the Roman emperor must extend his sceptre over all monarchies and over all peoples, thus transforming the world into a Christian republic, of which all states are members, the kingdom of France even as the smallest Italian commune. The authority of the empire coming direct from God, the Church cannot pretend supremacy or the power to confer authority, seeing that she had no part in the creation of the empire, which existed ages before her birth. The choice of the emperor's person is itself directed by God. The electors are but instruments in His hands. The emperor, thus independent of the pope in his authority

extended over the earth, is subordinate in one particular. The earthly felicity bestowed by the emperor is a prelude to eternal happiness, to which the pontiff is the guide." *

The quarrel of this good hater, this Latin Christian

* See Carducci's essay on the "Work of Dante" (Zanichelli, Bologna, 1888), first given to the public in the form of a lecture, as an explanation of his refusal to accept the professorship of the Dante exegesis which the Government proposed in 1886 in the University of Rome. This supreme poet and most robust prose-writer and critic of new Italy, rejoicing in the great Ghibelline's abhorrence of the temporal power of the papacy, could not make a pagan out of this believer in Christ "whose kingdom was not of this earth." Neither does he admit that "in Dante's monarchical maxims exists a commencement of the unification of Italy, save in as far as this was comprised in the unity of Christendom." Dante is "the supreme poet, the grand man, because he had a great conscience. No other poet in the world (this also is thy glory, O my country! O Italy!) had the heroic conscience of Dante." One of Carducci's sonnets defines his feelings for the imperial Catholic Ghibelline; his worship of the poet. In plain prose it runs thus:—

"Dante, how is it—vows and voice I raise
In worship as o'er thy proud face I bend?
That sunset leaves me and dawn finds me still
Wrapt in thy verse that wore thy frame so wan?"

"Yet for me *Lucia* prays not; nor Matilda fair
For me prepares the health-restoring bath;
Beatrice with her sacred love, for me
In vain ascends to God, from star in star.

"I hate thy Holy Empire, and would fain
With sword have severed crown from head
Of thy good Frederick in Olona's vale!

"A ruin sad are Church and empire now,
O'er both thy song soars echoing in high heaven;
Jove dies: the poet's hymn endures!"

The summing up of Dante's political ideas deduced by Carducci from Dante's prose works—literally and boldly, as becomes the poet-patriot and the reverent student of the "Master."

Dante, with the papacy was founded less on its utter profligacy and general infamy, for which he severely castigates the Church, than on the fact of its "usurping the primacy over the civil powers of the emperors, its personification of the Guelphic principle contrary to universal monarchy, of its ecclesiastical disobedience to the laws of the empire, hindering thus the exercise of its legitimate authority, setting a bad example by its growing covetousness of the good things on Cæsar's earth." Dante shows himself the staunch opponent of the temporal power of the papacy, and always reproaches the emperors for their gifts and weaknesses towards the Church. But this anti-papal sentiment cannot be construed into a desire to see Italy *only* Italy, one, independent, and united in a monarchy or a republic, with her seat of government in Rome. The man of thought and action that he was, he instigated and applauded Henry of Luxemburg, that poor weed of an emperor, to cross the Rubicon and assert his imperial rights, "which are neither bounded by Italy, nor by Europe—which ought hardly to be limited by the waves of the ocean." Henry goes to Rome to be crowned, though the pope is at Avignon, and dies mysteriously. With the death of this Henry VII. Dante feels that the last chance for the redemption of the world is extinguished, even so his own personal hopes. Not outraged by a Guelphic pardon* will Dante return to Florence; "only if a way

* In 1316, the Florentines offered free pardon and return to the exiles, on the condition that they should pay a certain sum, and, with the ignominious *mitra* on their heads, walk with contrite air two and two behind the car of the mint; then into the Church of

be found that shall not attain his honour or fame, will he walk that way with no lagging step." Otherwise never more will he set foot in Florence, the beloved and longed-for with all an exile's passionately despairing desire. Never was that path of fame and honour found, and never would the poet be crowned, since it could not be in Florence. So he died uncrowned, seeing ever clearly into the "mirror of the sun and stars," and speculating, till Bice called him home, on all the mysteries of life in the present, of death in the future. Italians, then, if they cannot with truth affirm that Dante bid them create Italy one, independent, and free, and content themselves with that and that alone—may "glory, rejoicing sincerely and securely that Dante is their master, their guide, and their father, inasmuch as he preserved the Roman tradition for the renovation of Italy; that he, witness and judge of centuries, the purest and most tremendous judge and witness of the bad government of Church and Churchmen, affirmed the necessity of annihilating the temporal power." *

A quarter of a century after Dante's death, Petrarch, the "father of Italian unity and first poet of the renaissance," the enemy of the Middle Ages and of all foreign invaders who should prevent the Latin people from constituting itself within its natural frontiers, around its centre Rome, actually dreamed that he might in his lifetime see the realized vision of Italian states at

St. Giovanni, and there make their offerings to the saint in expiation of their "crimes." This is the offer so indignantly refused by Dante.

* Carducci's "Work of Dante."

peace among themselves, united in republican Rome. Yet even he in his declining years, grieving and disheartened at the failure of Cola di Rienzo,* appealed to the emperor Charles IV., and urged the pontiff to return from Avignon to Rome.

In the sixteenth century, when the Italians, having retempered their souls in the classic discipline of Greece and Rome, and obeying Dante and following in Petrarch's steps, had created their literature and renovated their genius, Charles V., an emperor great enough for Dante, instigated by a fratricidal pope, crushed, after ten months of heroic resistance, the last breath of liberty in Florence, and for three centuries Italy's body lay prostrate in the "entwined embrace of popes and kings."

* "When I recall," he writes to Cola di Rienzo in 1347, "the serious and holy discourse which thou heldst yesterday in the porch of that old church, it seems to me that I listened to a sacred oracle, to a god not to a man. So divinely didst thou deplore the present state, nay the decline and the ruin of the republic; so profoundly didst thou probe with the finger of thy eloquence our wounds, that my heart glowed during thy speech; but now when the sound of those words of thine re-echoes in my ears, the sorrow of my soul increases, its grief rises to my eyes—now that it thinks, that it remembers, that it foresees, my heart dissolves itself in tears,—not feminine, but virile tears; those of a man, who, given the occasion, will dare some worthy deed in as much as lies in his power for the defence of justice. And if in the past I was often with thee in thought, since that day I have been with thee far oftener. At times I despair, at times I hope, and, hovering between hope and fear, I cry within myself, 'Oh that it were possible! Oh, if it should happen in my days! Oh, if I were permitted to share such a grand enterprise, such immense glory!' And, turning to the crucifix, I exclaim, with saddened voice and eyes bathed with tears, 'O Jesus, good and too long-suffering, why is this? Arise! Why sleep on? See the things we suffer and from whom! See what Thy enemies do under the cover of Thy Name!'"

Her body only, be it remembered. The history of her religious, even as of her intellectual, renaissance has yet to be written.* Suffice it to remember that when the concordat between Charles and Clement, the Spanish Inquisition, the Society of Loyola and the Tridentine Council, hurled their thunderbolts, built their pyres, and sharpened the daggers of their hired assassins, no nation under heaven produced so many and such genius-gifted men as Italy, who preferred death to recantation, martyrdom to death in life. Before the "starry Galileo with his woes" lived proving and after torture died asserting that the "earth did move," Giordano Bruno, standing on the new foundations of the universe discovered by Copernicus, saw a new heaven and a new earth in which the physical and human world would be rehabilitated by the discoveries of science, the investigations of reason, and the mind of man soar up on the wings of nature and of conscience to blend the finite in the infinite, humanity in divinity. "I doubt me but that you are more frightened in pronouncing my sentence than I in listening to it," said Bruno to his executioners as, putting aside the crucifix thrust upon him, he walked calmly towards the burning stake. And in this he spoke prophetic truth, for not

* Studies, monographs, whole volumes have been written in England, France, Germany (see Geiger's review, "Vierteljahrschrift für Kultur und Litteratur der Renaissance"), and the thoughtful portion of Italy's political regenerators have devoted their attention especially to the task. "Write the history of the Quattrocento," were the last words of Alberto Mario, on what all but he himself knew to be his death-bed, to Carducci. Should he fulfil his friend's behest, we shall have a history indeed.

King Humbert on the Quirinal, the "king elect" of one Italy, free and independent, is more dreaded by the unkinged pope in the Vatican, than the spectre of Giordano Bruno haunting the Field of Flowers. From the breach of Porta Pia was hurled the thunderbolt that for ever felled the temporal power; from the field where Bruno's monument will soon arise * already floats the banner on which is inscribed, "Free thought and secular schools." †

* The erection of this monument is but a question of time; the money is subscribed by Italians of all provinces, and the life-size figure of Bruno is already modelled by the great sculptor and patriot, Hector Ferrari. All that is now wanting is the sanction of the Roman municipality, from which body at the last elections the Romans eliminated the champions of Papa Pecci, substituting Italian lovers of an Italian Rome. Once the few metres of ground, municipal property, conceded,¹ the monument of the monk of Nola will arise on the spot where he suffered martyrdom. Thence, his daring brow and piercing eyes gleaming from his monkish cowl, he may watch the jubilees of the nineteenth century, compare to-day's motley crew with the jubilant pilgrims who gloated over his death-agony on February 17, 1600. He may watch also the 20th of September processions, lowering their colours as they pass him; and, hearing the cry of "Viva Giordano Bruno!" mingle (as it now invariably does in Rome) with the "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva Mazzini!" "Viva Garibaldi!" "Viva the king elect!" may answer with that jovial, whimsical laugh of his, "Evviva, my brave disciples, my well-beloved sons; you are convinced now that the universe has no walls at all save the *immaginata circonferenza* which surrounds the imaginary prisoner in the Vatican?"

† In the manifesto of the "veterans" of the Italian revolutionary campaigns for the celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of the entry by the breach of Porta Pia occurred the following phrase:— "These eighteen years of Italian life have not yet convinced the

¹ *The Roman municipality has just made the grant, and sanctioned the erection of the monument, December, 1888.*

Not ours, however, the delightful task of tracing the inner history, the flight of Italian thought throughout the three centuries that transpired between the coronation of Charles V. (1530), the last emperor crowned in Italy, to the consecration and coronation of the first Napoleon (1804) in Paris; but simply to show the dynastical or geographical fragments into which it pleased Europe to divide the "Imperial Garden" of the earth. No idea of consulting the populations ever crossed the mind of revolutionary England any more than of despotic France. As the treaty of *Câteau Cambresis* handed Italy over to the ignominy of Spanish rule, whose worst feature was the stigma it cast on labour, on work, which in that land of workers had pope that neither the invocations of harmless thunderbolts nor the mobs of fanatic pilgrims have power to shake the national edifice defended by a people of thirty millions. But can we flatter ourselves that we have reduced this implacable enemy of ours to impotence for harm? Masters of every insidious art, it is into the communal administrations and schools that they introduce their missionaries—to suffocate, in the first, all aspirations or attempts to reform mediæval absurdities; in the second, to stifle in our sons the germs of love of country (here speaks Fra Paolo Sarpi: 'Never has a Jesuit college sent forth a son obedient to his father, devoted to his country, loyal to his prince. The aim of the Jesuits is to destroy natural affection, respect for parents, reverence for rulers; their partisans seek only to substitute ecclesiastical interests for the interests of the family, the country, the state').

"Let us, then, assail with the arms of civilization, to whose final triumph the inevitable law of progress spurs us, the last refuge of the enemy; let all our energies be directed to make our communes and our schools essentially Italian. On this eighteenth anniversary of our entry into Rome, we raise on the breach of Porta Pia the banner of SECULAR SCHOOLS. 'Viva Rome, capital of Italy!'"

hitherto been deemed so noble and so ennobling, so the treaty of Utrecht turned it over chiefly to "humble, modest Austria," until she, showing the cloven foot, was left with but the duchy of Mantua and a portion of the duchy of Milan. The remainder of this duchy was added to the possessions of that sturdy, stalwart, yet most subtle race of warriors and princes, who from lords of Maurienne had become dukes of Savoy, kings of Sicily, later instead of Sardinia; who, with their backs set firmly against their native Alps, looked neither north nor southwards, but watched the turbulent Po rushing westwards to the Adriatic, comparing the fertile provinces on its upper shores to "an artichoke to be eaten leaf by leaf." And as "he has who wills" and "who so chooses may," every change made by Europe in Italian territorial arrangements gave a leaf and yet another leaf to the kings of Sardinia to suck. And this was the only good thing that can be said of the self-constituted partitioners of Italy, when she was, by the last treaty of *Aix la Chapelle*, divided into twelve portions; Spanish Bourbons were made masters of Naples and Sicily, with the sole proviso that the Italian should never be added to the Spanish crown, Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were given to the younger branch of the same race.

Truth, however, compels one to say that Charles III., submitting to the counsels of Tanucci, ruled well for twenty-five years, even as Leopold and Ferdinand of Lorraine under the guidance of Fossombroni in Tuscany Benedict XIV. (Lambertini of Bologna), the best pope of the eighteenth century, set himself to reform the

barbarous legislation of the papal states, and though Clement XIII., the Venetian Rezzonico (1758), effected a reaction, he had by so doing rendered inevitable the expulsion of the Jesuits by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), who gave them a chance of reformation, and only proceeded to extremes when the haughty Ricci made answer, "*Sunt ut sunt aut non sint.*" It is said that they avenged themselves by poisoning him, a perfectly justifiable act in their own eyes then, as ever; the end justifies the means, being the corner-stone of their creed, the foundation of their *moral law*. Austria in her microscopic state was an improvement on the petty tyrants Visconti, Sforza, and the Scaligieri. Piedmont was steadily arming, building roads, opening schools. The republicans of Genoa, who on December 5, 1746, had literally stoned out of the city the insolent Austrian soldiers of the "good" Maria Teresa, stained their fair fame and name by summoning foreigners from France to subdue the Corsicans, who, to the harsh rule of the Ligurians, preferred their own independence; but, like the cat in the fable, France annexed the island to her own dominions (1768), just in time for Napoleon Bonaparte to be born a French citizen, August 15, 1769. Venice, in the eleventh century of her existence, found it hard in her declining years to hold her own against the Turks; to the last she kept an unflinching front turned against ecclesiastical encroachments, but disgusting her provinces in *terra firma* by her harsh oligarchical rule, found herself abandoned in her death-agony, which was so near at hand. The intellectual

and scientific activity is sufficiently proved by the large number of books published in the eighteenth century in Italy. In 1791, about the time that the guillotine was invented in France, Galvani discovered galvanism, and Volta published his memoir on the electric pile just as the troops of the French Directory invaded Savoy and Nice. Little doubt have we that Italy would have worked out her own salvation earlier and with less of suffering had she been left to her own devices. The Americans had sealed independence with their blood at Lexington in 1775, constituted their thirteen colonies into the United States in 1776, formulated their constitution in 1787, proclaimed the rights of man to freedom and equality, yet still the world persists in attributing the rise of modern liberty, progress, and of democratic principles to France! Certain it is that Italy was the victim; that her blood and her treasure were poured out lavishly and ungrudgingly; and that, when all was over and done, the nations of Europe (even England not excepted) just re-enacted the comedy of the past, and, disregarding pledges and promises, and the passionate pleadings of her populations, who for the first time in history asked to be allowed to regulate their own destinies, again parted her garments among foreigners and their minions.

A chronological survey of Italy during the French Revolution and Napoleon's reign, and her territorial condition created by the treaty of Vienna, suffices to show what was the political and moral condition of the country when the apostle of her unity and the factors

of her independence struck upon the secret of her past misery and of her future greatness.

While it would be puerile to deny that the French Revolution quickened the torpid members of disunited Italy—that in the ranks of the Italian army, the soldiers of the Cisalpine republic, of the Italian kingdom, learned to love their comrades of danger and of glory and to worship their tricolour, first sign and symbol of a common country, it is quite a mistake to believe that the first entrance of French arms into Italy was hailed with any of that enthusiasm which so many writers of French history choose to paint (1792–1796). The army of Victor Emmanuel fought gallantly for four years after the soldiers of the Directory, swarming into Savoy and Nice, took possession of the provinces, to punish the King of Sardinia for preferring the alliance of Austria to that of the newly fledged republic. The Venetians pledged themselves to a strict neutrality. The Lombards looked askance at this fresh inroad of foreigners; not that they liked the Austrian rule, they simply disliked all invaders. When the young Napoleon crossed the Alps (1796), divided the Piedmontese from the Austrian armies, defeated both, crossed the Po and Adda, entered Milan, crossed the Oglio, invested Mantua, sped through the duchy of Modena, Bologna, and Tuscany, compelling the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Este, and the pope to come to terms,—the attitude of the populations was that of wonder unmixed with any sort of enthusiasm. The insolence of the French, which had roused the Sicilians to

their Vespers, exasperated the people of northern Italy, and to the cry of "Death to the Jacobins!" they rushed on the French soldiery at Binasco, Pavia, in the Genoese Riviera, at Polcevere, Lugo, and even in Bologna.

When the "conquering hero" routed Wurmser at Lonato (August 3 and 5), and Castiglione defeated Alvinzi at Arcole, again at Rivoli, and compelled the pope, by the treaty of Tolentino (February 19, 1797), to cede Bologna, Ferrara, all the legations, and pay thirty millions to France; when he challenged Austria's last champion the Archduke Charles, and cut the Austrian troops to pieces at the Tagliamento and at Isonzo (March 16-19);—it was the uprising of the Venetian populations on his flank, it was "the Easter of Verona" kept on the anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers (April 17, 1797) when old men and women and children flung themselves on the invaders, massacring the troops even in the hospitals,—that made Bonaparte offer an armistice to Austria (April 18), promise her Venice and the Venetian territories, by secret treaty, even as he promised to Venice alliance, assistance, and protection, and recognition of her independence.

By the treaty of Campo Formio, Austria took possession of Venice (January 19, 1798). The Cisalpine republic, extending from the Ticino to the Adige, from the Adda to the Rubicon, was after all but a department of the French republic, with a French constitution and directory, a French army of occupation for which the Italians paid eighteen millions. The papal government abolished (February 10), the pope sent prisoner to

proclaimed, amidst the rejoicings of all the intelligent classes in city and in province. Its life was short, its death-agony long. Championnet recalled—Cardinal Ruffo, the king's viceroy, soon rallied an army of peasants, brigands, and lazzaroni, reinforced by English, Sicilians, Turks, and Russians. The cardinal, after a formal capitulation signed by Captain Foote, commanding the British fleet in the bay, also by the commanders of the Russian and Turkish troops, agreed that the Directory, with the republican garrisons in the castles of Uovo, Nuovo, and St. Elmo, should leave them with the honours of war to embark for Toulon, or remain free in their own countries; the same terms were granted to all the prisoners taken during the war. On July 24, Nelson returned from Palermo with the British fleet. Refusing to ratify the capitulation, he published an ordinance declaring all the partisans of the republic guilty of treason—the chief offenders to be punished by death; the lesser ones by imprisonment, exile; all by confiscation. Vainly Ruffo protested that the king's Vicar-General alone had the right to treat. His protests were set aside, even as those of the indignant captain Foote. The noble admiral Caracciolo was summoned before a court-martial convened on board the British flag-ship, instantly condemned, refused the one favour he asked, of being shot. He was instead hung from the yard-arm of his own ship, Nelson looking on from his. Despite the heavily shotted shroud, the body floated to the surface and under the window of the king's cabin. Not less than 4000 Neapolitans were

immolated in the city and the provinces. The Queen of Naples saw the desire of her heart fulfilled; not a person of more than ordinary intelligence survived the general massacre, while the inhuman cruelties perpetrated upon the more than 30,000 prisoners defy description and surpass belief. The annals of the Spanish Inquisition record no bloodier page. Saddest of all sad memories is, that England's banner floated over the murderers of these noble, guiltless victims. The names of these *first martyrs of Italian liberty* will never be all known; too many nations and accomplices were interested to hide their shame. But even a glance at the names of a few of the recorded martyrs * makes one pause

* G. Fortunato, member of the Italian parliament, has made out a list of ninety-nine citizens legally murdered between June 29, 1799, and September 11, 1800. June 29, 1799: Admiral Francesco Caracciolo, whose fall is thus recorded in Nelson's diary: "A slight breeze; a cloudy sky. Sentenced, condemned, and hung Francesco Caracciolo." July 7: Antonio Tramaglia, jurist; Domenico Perla, merchant; Giuseppe Cotitta, librarian of the royal library. July 13: Giuseppe Belloni, priest; Niccolò Carlomagno, advocate. July 26: Andrea Vitaliani, watchmaker. August 3: Gaetano Russo, infantry colonel. August 14: Oronzio Massa, duke of Galugnano. August 20: Giuliano Colonna, prince of Aliano; Gennaro Serra, duke of Cassano; Michele Natale, bishop of Vico Equense; Vincenzo Lupo, advocate; Nicola Pacifico, professor of botany; Domenico Piatti, banker; Antonio Piatti; Eleonora Fonseca, Pimental directress of the *Monitor of the Republic*—"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit," were her last words in life. August 29: Michele Marino, wine merchant; Antonio D'Avella, oil merchant; Nicola Fasulo, advocate; Gaetano de Marco, military instructor; Niccolò Fiani, cavalry captain—his body was flung to the Lazzaroni, who fried and ate his liver, shouting, "Who will buy the liver of a Jacobin?" September 4: Ettore Carafa, count of Ruvo, who to the insults of his judge made answer, "If we were both free men, you would change your tone; my chains give

in wondering admiration that, when the flower of intellect, of rank, of learning, and of moral courage had

you courage." September 24: Gabriele Manthonè, general of artillery; Giuseppe Siéyès, vice-consul of France. September 30: Ferdinando Pignatelli, prince of Strongoli; Mario Pignatelli, his brother; Niccola de Meo, priest; Prosdocimo Rotondo, advocate; Francesco Antonio Astore, advocate. October 1: Ercole d'Agnese, professor of literature; Filippo de Marini, marquis of Genzano. October 8: Domenico Antonio Pagano, advocate. October 10: Pasquale Matera, general of infantry. October 14: Felice Mastrangelo, physician; Niccola Palomba, priest; Antonio Tocco, captain; Pasquale Assisi, lieutenant. October 22: Giuseppe Riario Sforza, marquis of Corleto; Francesco Antonio Grimaldi, general of infantry; Onofrio de Colaci, marquis of Guisaco; Gaetano Morgera, priest; Giovanni Varanese, lieutenant; Luigi Bozzaotra, notary. October 23: Francesco Federici, marquis of Pietrastornina, general of cavalry. October 27: Vincenzo Troisi, priest and university professor. October 29: Francesco Mario Pagano, jurist, university professor; Domenico Leone Cirillo, physician, university professor—when asked his profession, he answered, "Physician during the kingdom; representant of the people under the Republic;" and to the judge, Speciale, "In your presence, O coward, I am a hero"—Ignazio Ciaja, man of letters; Giorgio Pigliacelli, advocate. October 31: Severo Caputo, professor of theology; Ignazio Falconieri, priest; Colombo Andreassi; Raffaele Iossa. November 9: Gian Leonardo Palombo, advocate. November 11: Pasquale Baffi, professor in the university of Greek and literature, librarian of the Academy. November 13: Giuseppe Guardati Benedictine, monk of Montecassino, professor of the university. November 19: Niccola Magilano, advocate; Niccola Maria Bossi, professor of the university; Vincenzo Russo, advocate—he cried, "Viva the republic! I am glad to die for liber——" The hangman strangled "liberty" in his throat. November 23: Antonio Ruggi, jurist; Melchiorre Maffei, merchant. November 28: Giuseppe Albanese, jurist; Domenico Bisceglia, advocate; Gregorio Mattici, magistrate; Luigi Bossi, advocate; Clino Roselli, engineer, professor in the military academy; Francesco Bagno, physician and professor; Vincenzo de Filippis, professor of mathematics; Giuseppe Logoteta, advocate. December 3: Niccola Neri, physician; Gregorio Mancini, advocate; Pietro

been annihilated, a Neapolitan people should survive to do and dare after the holy alliance triumphed, and when despotism held high carnival in Italy. One feels tempted to ask, had the enemies of the French Revolution in England been able to exterminate in a single English county "only" ninety flowers of English chivalry, military and naval officers, ministers of religion, professors of the universities, lawyers, physicians, and students, with more than 3000 of the rank and file—at the close of the eighteenth century—where would our vaunted liberty have found itself in the nineteenth?

It is no part of our task to follow the career of the mighty genius who, if citizen of France, was son of Italy, and who, inheriting her fixed idea of empire,

Nicoletti, lieutenant. December 7: Raffaele Doria, naval officer; Ferdinando Ruggi, naval officer; Francesco Conforti, priest, professor of history in the university; Vincenzo d'Ischia, lieutenant; Antonio Sardelli. December 12: Leopoldo de Renzis, baron of Montanaro, colonel; Niccola Fiorentino, advocate, professor of mathematics; Michele Granata, professor in the military academy. December 14: Carlo Mauri, marquis of Polvica; Carlo Romeo, captain. January 3, 1800: Giacomo Antonio Guazetti, poet; Marcello Cusebio Scotti, priest, professor of philosophy in the university; Niccola Ricciardi; Giuseppe Cammarota. January 18: Michelangelo Ciccone, priest; Niccola Mazzola, notary. January 21: Eleuterio Ruggiero, colonel. February 1: Gaspare Pucci, medical student; Cristoforo Grossi, medical student. February 8: Andrea Mazzitelli, Luigi de la Grenalais, Raffaele Montemayor, Giambattista de Simone, naval captains, who, under the admiral Caracciolo had fought to expel the English from Procida. They claimed to be beheaded, but were hung instead. Grenalais shouted to the crowd, "I see many of our friends; avenge us!" March 6: Carlo Muscati, advocata. March 18: Gennaro Felice Aruocci, physician. September 11: Luisa Molines Sanfelice, kept more than a year in prison, then hung after the birth of her child.

wrecked his own destinies and failed to make her one. The Italians, under the Cisalpine and Parthenopian republics, under the kingdom of Italy with Eugene for viceroy, under Murat in Naples, and without a pope in Rome, learned to esteem themselves, to glory in their own glories, to loathe the Bourbon, despise the papacy, and to regard with burlesque contempt the always-conquered, ever-humiliated Austrians. The war-bulletins of the Italian army formed their daily food. How they exulted that "Napoleon was surrounded by his Italian guard at the battle of Ulma," when with them "he entered Vienna;" that "at the battle of Austerlitz, the Italians (artillerymen) covered themselves with glory," "defeated the Austrian archduke at Caldiero," drove the Russians from Dalmatia. Then, on the field of Wagram, Napoleon said to his Italian legions, "My braves, you have covered yourselves with glory;" and again from Spain, "The Italian militia are covered with glory;" and when, with Palombini, from 20,000 Spaniards under Blake, they took two colours and twelve guns, Suchet, *rara avis*, wrote to Napoleon, "The success of this day is especially due to Italian soldiers," and the emperor exclaimed, "The Italians will one day be the first soldiers in Europe!" Truly they may be pardoned if people and poets believed that glory and liberty were synonymous.*

* Carlo Porta, the impersonification of Milanese satire and contempt of the Austrians, long before Beranger sang the glories of Napoleon in his *petit chapeau* and his *relingote gris*, ends a long toast in Milanese dialect—

"Ah refadi! . . . l'è vegnua
Finalment el bolletin;

During the retreat from Moscow, 17,000 Italians under Pino eight times sustained the attack of 60,000 Russians. Del Fante, with the royal guard, ever in the van, protected the passage of the rivers for Napoleon; then, Smolensko passed—ordering “stand still till death,” was killed with all his men. Arrived at the fatal Beresina, the Italians built a bridge for Eugène to cross. The Russians arriving, Ciavaldini spiked the guns, so that if “they could not fight for, they should not be used against, the emperor!” Had Napoleon then appeared in Lombardy, headed the new army which rallied round the mutilated veterans of the old; had he but listened to that great Milanese and true Italian, Duca Melzi, renouncing France and empire;—he might have saved himself and seen his son crowned King of Italy in Rome. But Napoleon “sinned against the ideas of the age,” and the Italians failed to seize their opportunity. When he was compelled to abdicate, Lombards, Piedmontese, Sicilians, Neapolitans, Tuscans, Genoese, and Romans

Finalment el s'è movuu
 Quell' omett del cappellin.
 Mœuves lu, liberann nun
 Da quij tóder marcaditt,
 L'è mò propi staa tutt'un:
 Oh che omon! l'ho semper ditt.
 Alla barba di pattan
 E de quij che ten de lor,
 Sbraggem donch coi tazz in man:
 Viva el nost imperator!”

For the poet, as for all Italy, “the little man in the little hat” had but to stir his finger and all would be free from the “*car*” *Todisch*,” the *pattan* (contemptuous phrases for the Austrians), hence all drink and shout, “Long live *our* emperor!”

had but to confederate their forces and to hold their own. This idea never occurred to them, and once more Europe settled their destinies according to the separate interests of the powers who had coalesced against Napoleon. By the treaty of Vienna (1815), the King of Sardinia was restored to all his former possessions, to which was added the republic of Liguria, despite the promises made by Lord Bentinck that its independence should be preserved. The entire kingdom of Venetian-Lombardy was handed over to the Austrians; the duchies of Modena, Reggio, with Massa and Carrara, given to Austrian princes; Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla to Napoleon's queen, Maria Luisa, because she was an Austrian princess; the grand-duchy of Tuscany to Ferdinand III. of Austria; the duchy of Lucca to a Bourbon. Rome and the Roman states were restored to the new pope, Pius VII.; Sicily was united to Naples under the Bourbons, and later deprived of her constitution, despite the promised protection of England; the Canton Ticino, though strictly Italian, annexed to the Swiss Confederation; the little republic of St. Marino left intact, even as the principality of Monaco. England retained Malta; Corsica was left to France.

Italy, so Metternich and Europe fondly hoped, was reduced to a geographical expression. Unjust, brutal, and treacherous as was that partition, at least it taught the Italians that "who would be free himself must strike the blow." It united them into one common hatred of Austria and Austrian satellites. By substituting

papal, Austrian, and Bourbon despotism for the free institutions, codes, and constitutions of the Napoleonic era, it taught them the difference between rule and misrule. Hence the demand of the Neapolitans during their first revolution (1820) was for a constitution; that of the Piedmontese and Lombards (1821) for a constitution and war against Austria. The Bourbon swore and foreswore, and the Austrians "restored order" in Naples. The Piedmontese, who had not concerted their movement until Naples was crushed—after the abdication of Victor Emmanuel I, the granting of the constitution by the regent Charles Albert, and its abrogation by the new king Charles Felix—saw the Austrians enter Piedmont, while the leaders of the revolution went out into exile.

But those revolutions and those failures were the beginning of the end. The will to be independent of all foreigners, the thirst for freedom, was universal; the very name of empire or of emperor was rendered ridiculous, reduced to a parody—in the person of Ferdinand of Austria. But one illusion remained—in the liberating virtues of France and the French; this had to be dispelled by bitter experience, and for it substituted the new idea of one Italy for the Italians, a nation united, independent, free, governed by a president or by a king chosen by the sovereign people.

The apostle of this idea, to which for fifty years victims and martyrs were sacrificed by thousands, was Joseph Mazzini; its champion, Joseph Garibaldi. By the genius of the former, the prowess of the latter, the

abnegation, the constancy, the tenacity, the iron will of both, all the populations of Italy were subjugated by that idea: philosophers demonstrated it, poets sung it, pious Christian priests proclaimed it, statesmen found it confronting their negotiations, baffling their half-measures. The "King of the Alps," compelled to abandon the artichoke theory, to look southwards as well as east and westwards, was forced to accept the "principle and its consequences," to realize that but two alternatives lay before him—to resist by brute force, to delay by treachery the "triumph of the idea," and so disappear, crownless and sceptreless, into chaos with his perjured peers; or boldly to merit and bravely to combat for the Italian crown, to receive it from the hands of a free people in empireless Italian Rome! Finally he made his choice and had his reward, and this marvellous unity of thought and action, this sacrifice of all secondary objects, of all personal sympathies or individual prejudices for one or other form of government, taught the powers who invented the Treaty of Vienna that there could be no peace in Europe until that monument of their terror, treachery, and injustice should be torn to shreds, the great principle of nationality recognized, the people of Italy left to shape their own destinies, to live their own life without let or hindrance or interference in their Alp-bound, sea-girt home.

JESSIE WHITE V* MARIO.

LENDISARA, October, 1888.