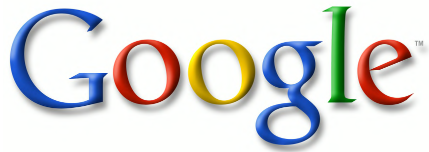

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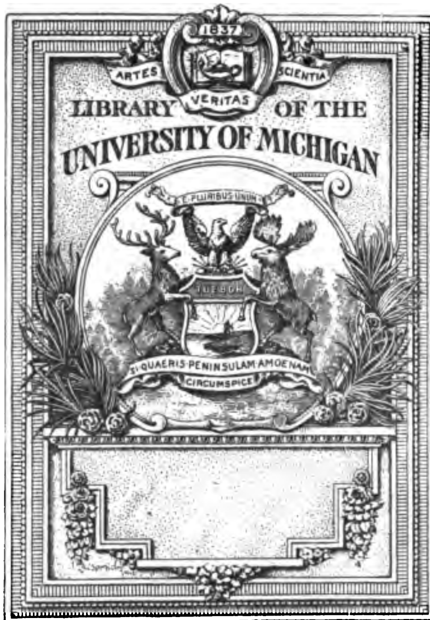
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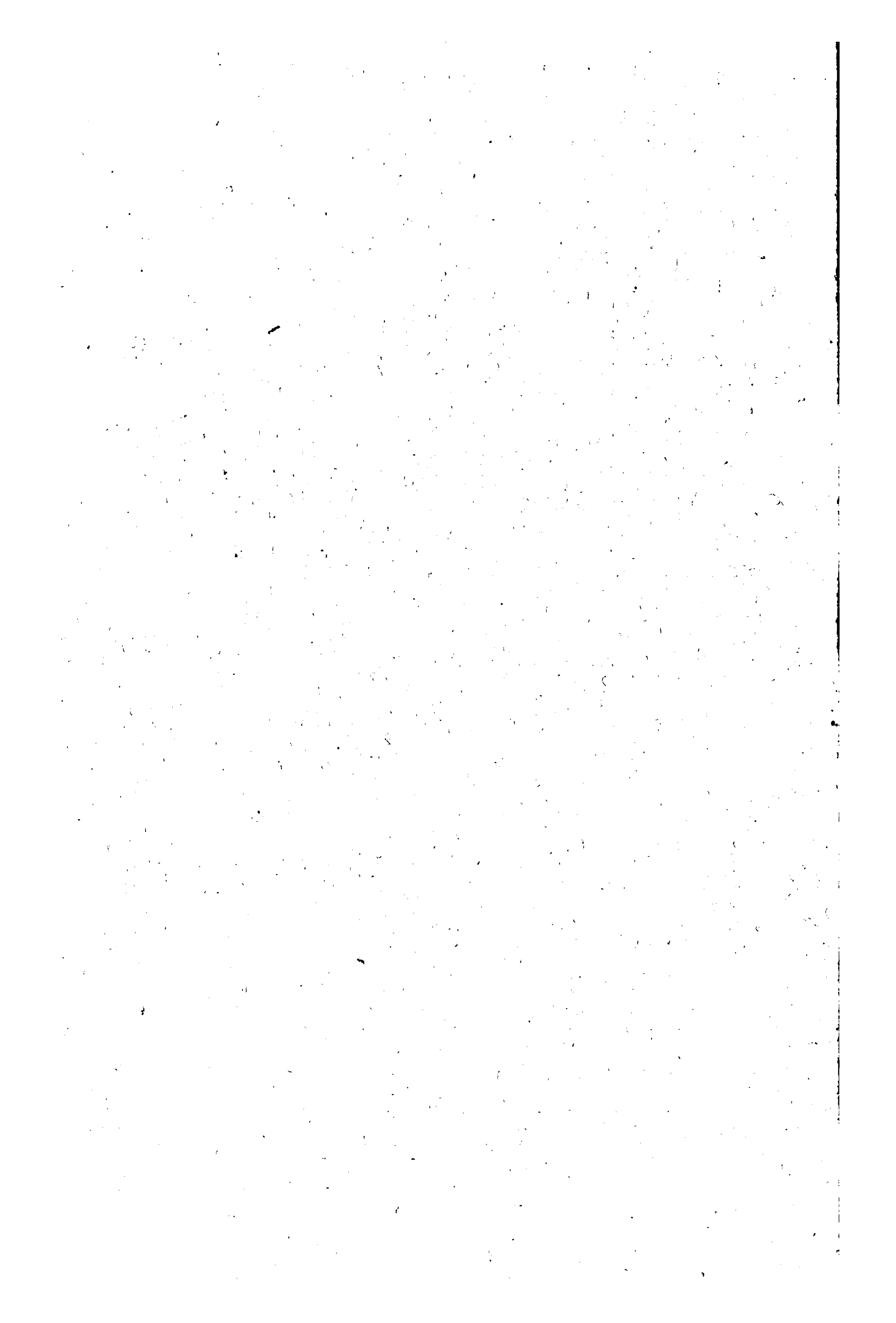

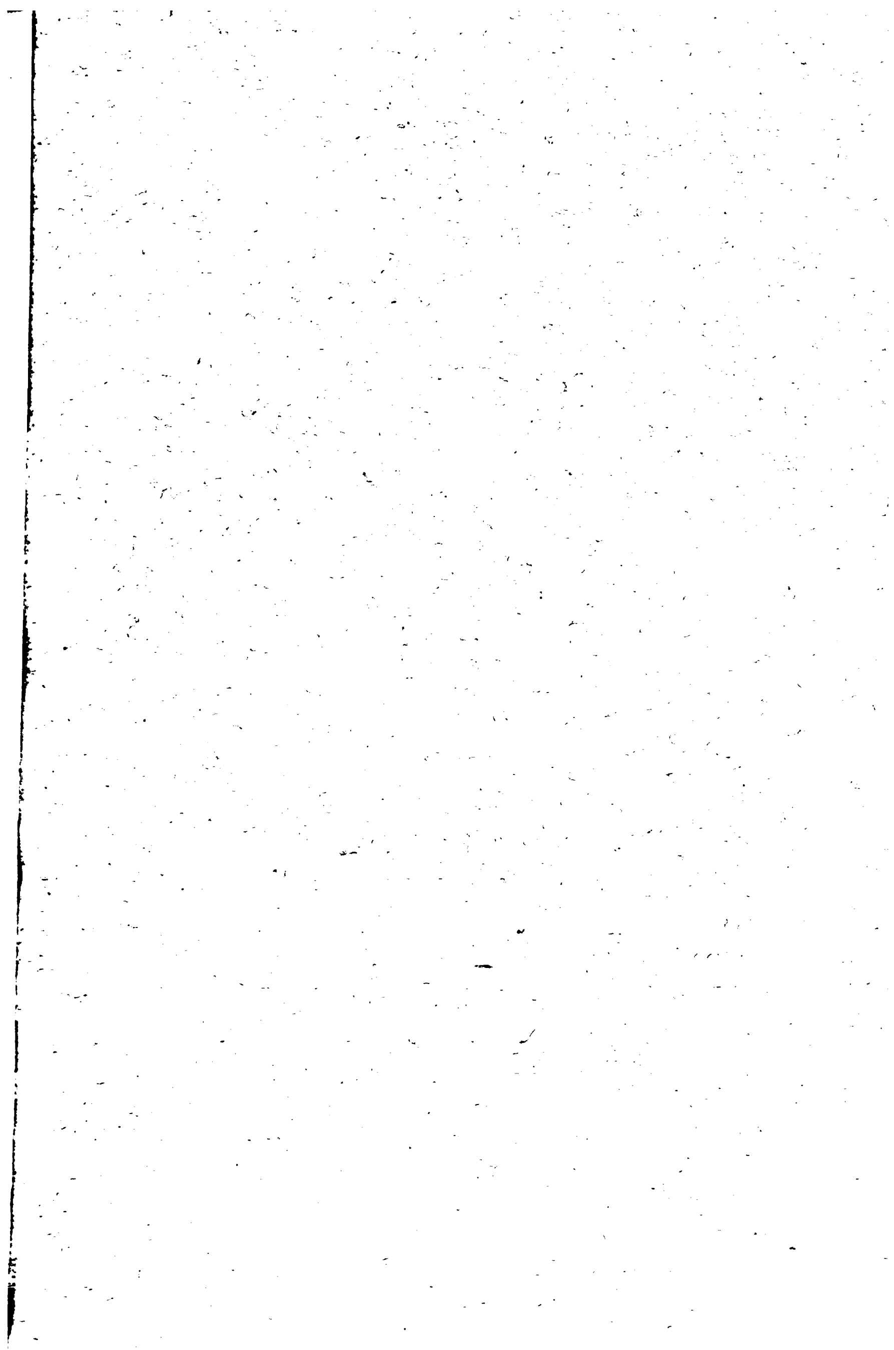

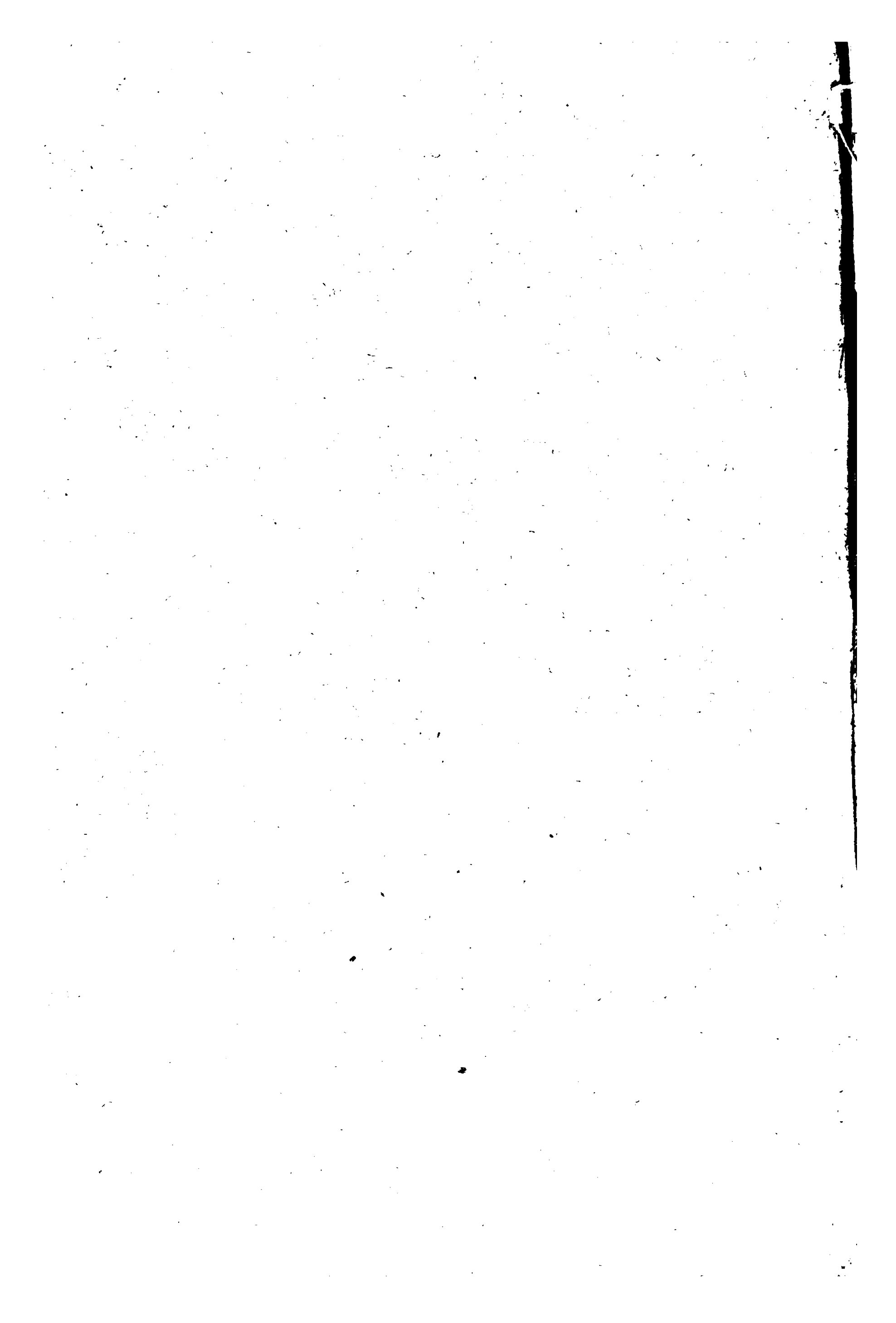

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ITALY

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MAKERS OF MODERN ITALY

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MAZZINI—CAVOUR—GARIBALDI

THREE LECTURES DELIVERED AT OXFORD

BY

J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.A.

NEW COLLEGE AND WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

LECTURER IN MODERN HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

1889

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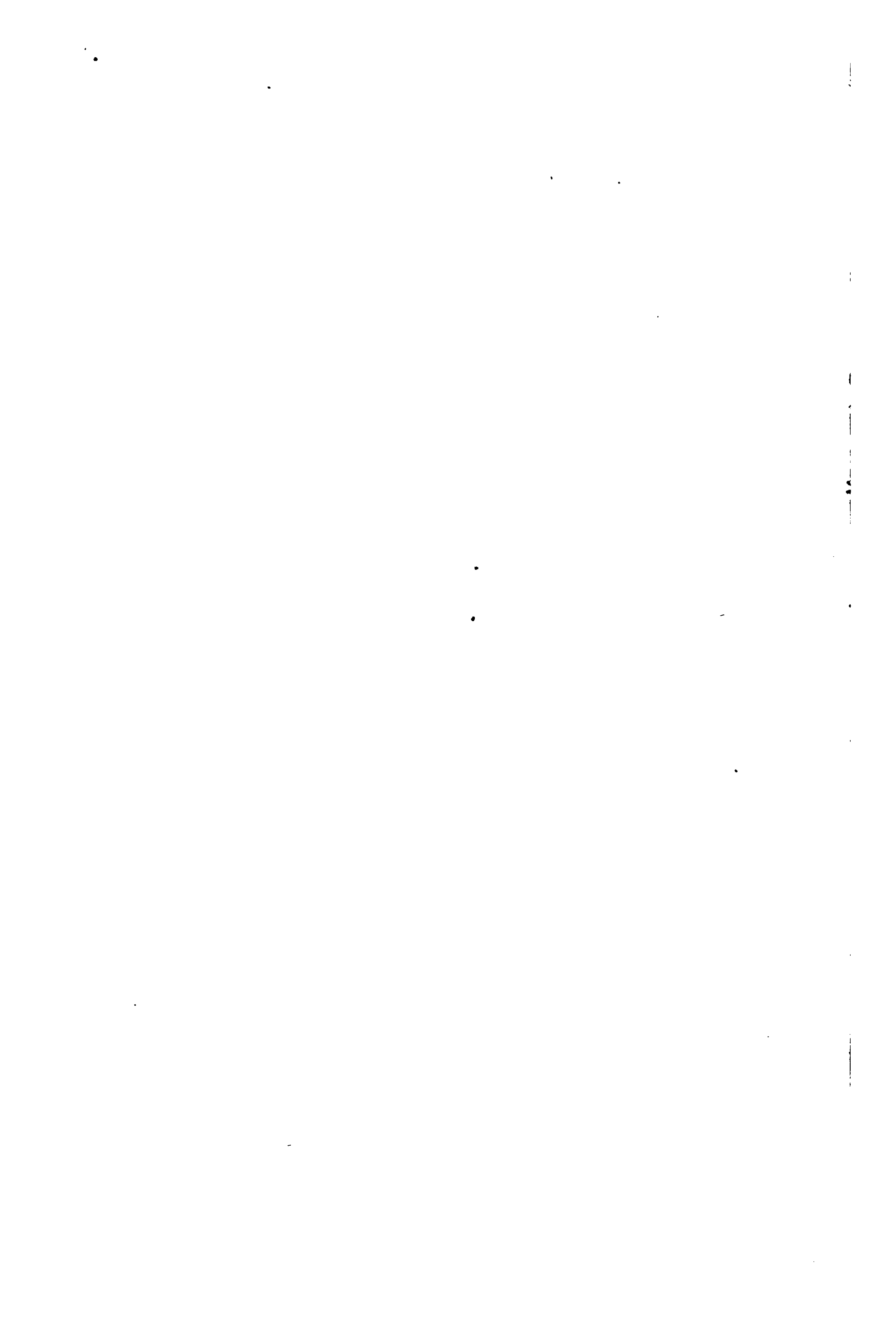
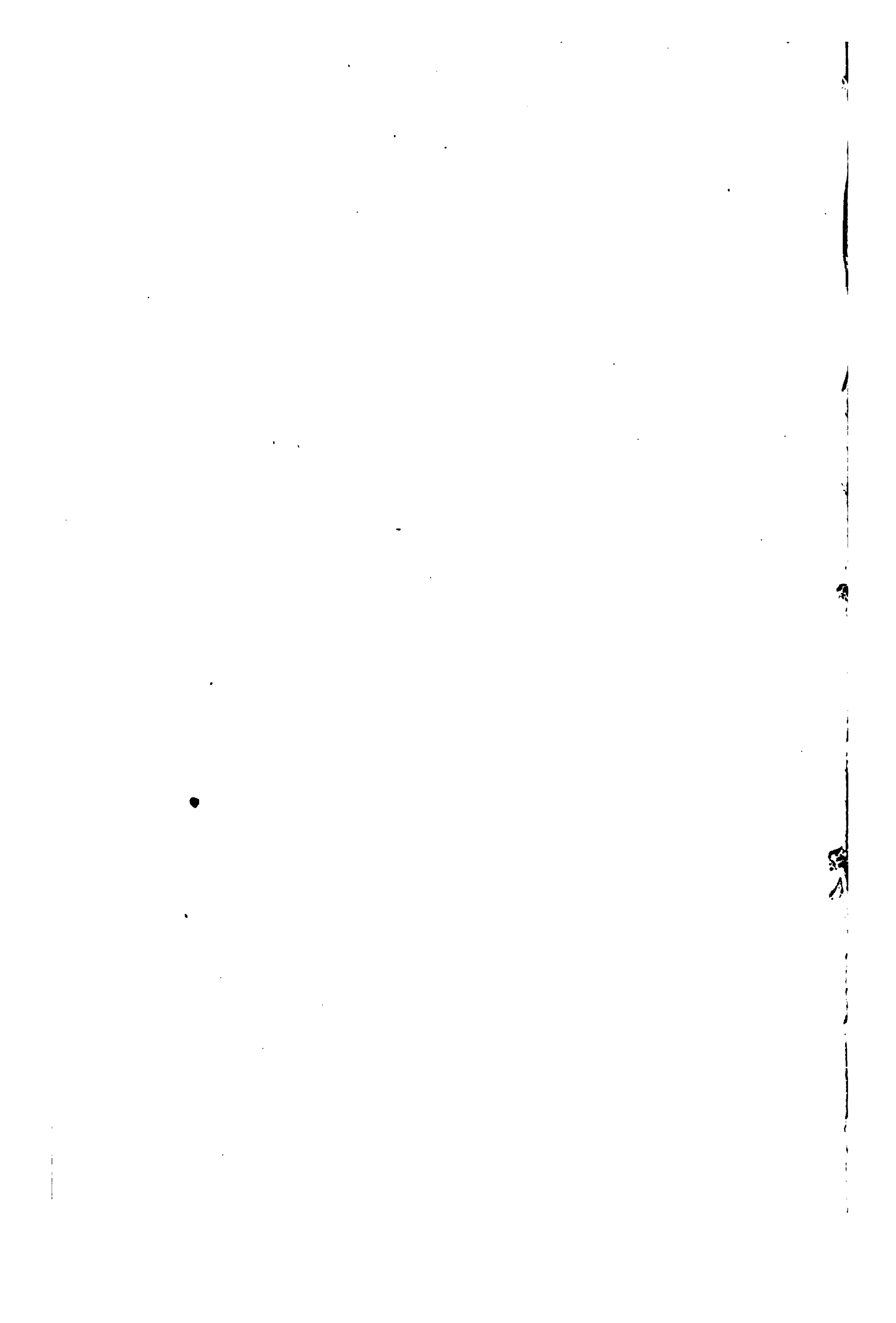


"'ITALIA UNA!' Now the war-cry rang
From Alp to Etna: and her dreams were done,
And she herself had wakened into life,
And stood full armed and free: and all her sons
Knew they were happy to have looked on her,
And felt it beautiful to die for her."

MRS. HAMILTON KING.

"But Italy, my Italy,
Can it last this gleam?
Can she live and be strong?
Or is it another dream
Like the rest we have dreamed so long?"

E. B. BROWNING.

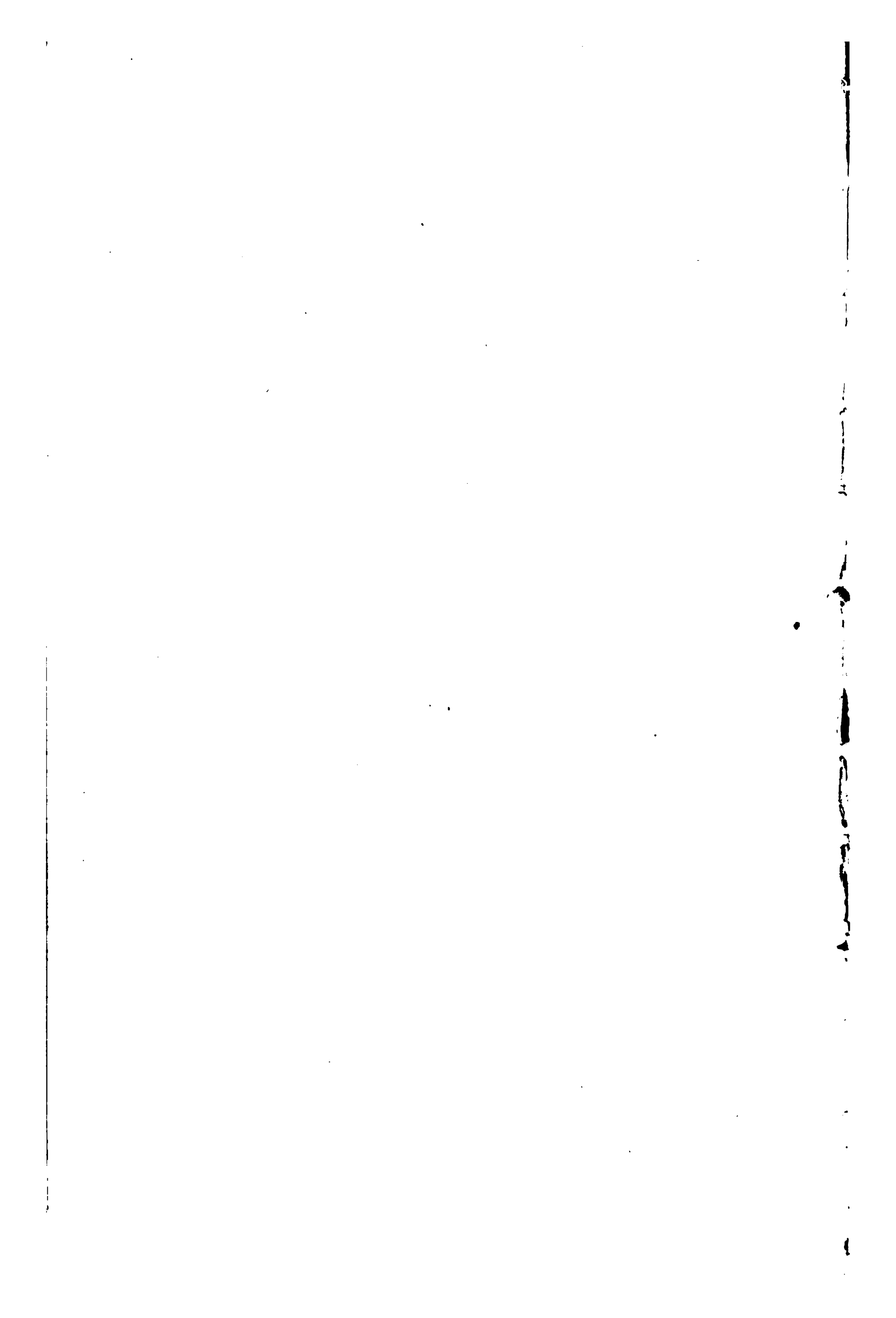


NOTE

THESE Lectures were delivered at the Summer Meeting of University Extension Students held in Oxford in August 1889. They are now published at the request of those to whom they were in the first instance addressed. It is obviously impossible to acknowledge fully in the course of a Lecture the obligations which the Lecturer has incurred to those who have traversed parts of the same path. But the names of most of those whose works I have consulted will be found in the Appendix. I take this opportunity of tendering to them my warm acknowledgments for much valuable assistance.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD,
August 1889.



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I

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

AUSTRIAN DOMINATION IN ITALY

In each of the great and well-defined periods into which the history of Western Europe naturally divides itself, it is not difficult to find some leading idea, some guiding principle, some dominant maxim of statesmanship, or some all-powerful institution which may serve to give a distinguishing characteristic to the age, and in relation to which particular events may be most conveniently regarded. By keeping this dominant principle or institution constantly in mind the student is enabled to see in the scattered and apparently miscellaneous events of a particular period a consistency and coherence which they may sometimes seem to lack. By following this method much is gained. Not only is the attention of the student directed to the broader and more important movements of the time, but particular events fall naturally into their true perspective. Thus in the centuries which succeeded the downfall of the older Roman Empire, European politics were dominated by the Holy Catholic Church; while the social life of the peoples was moulded under the all-absorbing institution of Feudalism—a system which was itself the product of the clash of Roman and Teutonic institutions. As we approach the close of the Middle

Ages we find ourselves still in the presence, still to a large extent under the dominating influence, of these great mediæval institutions. But they are no longer in the plentitude of power. Their meridian is passed; their commanding influence is undermined; new forces are pushing their way to the front. But even in their decay they are still the axis round which the politics and social life of Western Europe continue to revolve. By the end of the fifteenth century, however, the twofold unity of Church and Empire is definitely broken up, and from its ruins there emerge independent and more or less consolidated nations, owning no allegiance to the Emperor, and very little to the Pope. For the complete accomplishment of this development two things were necessary: the destruction of the disruptive power of the great feudal vassals, and the consolidation of the power of the national monarchies.

In the attainment of national unity some states were, I need not say, very much ahead of others. England, for example, compassed the realisation of her national identity as early as the thirteenth century; France and Spain not until the sixteenth; while other states, like Germany and Italy, have reached the same goal only within the last few years. Speaking generally, however, the national monarchies of Western Europe attained their zenith towards the end of the seventeenth century. It was then that Louis XIV could say with almost literal truth, *L'état c'est moi.* And what was true of France was true in less degree of other European states. The Monarchy absorbed into itself all the powers of the state. The ascendancy of the great vassals had been utterly broken through the active assistance, or the passive acquiescence, of the Commons; and the Crown, having absorbed the powers of the aristocracy, could without difficulty overcome the feeble resistance of the third estate. Representative institutions either, as in Spain, lost all vitality or, as in France, were entirely swept away. Thus Europe was prepared for what has been called with much

felicity the "administrative absolutism" of the eighteenth century. And while monarchs like Frederick of Prussia, like Joseph II of Austria, or Charles III of Spain, were busy in bestowing on their peoples the blessings of paternal despotism at home, is it possible to define the guiding principle of the international relations of their several states? I think it is. Speaking broadly, Continental politics were dominated during this period by two forces: the theory of the Balance of Power, and the dynastic interests of the individual kings. But the great social and intellectual upheaval at the end of the eighteenth century—an upheaval which found its most striking manifestation in France—wrought a tremendous revolution in the ideas of men, and ultimately in the policies of states. The French Revolution—to make use of a loose but convenient formula—bequeathed to the nineteenth century two great dominating ideas: the idea of the rights of man as man, and the idea of the rights of nationalities as nationalities. The working of these forces in the present century has indeed often been obscured—at times so much obscured that some have doubted their existence,—but in the main it is true to say that the one has controlled the internal policy, while the other has given the determining bias to the external relations of the several European states. When the philosophic historian of the future comes to write the history of the nineteenth century he will, it may be supposed, mark as the distinguishing characteristics of this epoch the acquisition of supreme power by the many for the government of all, and the consolidation of kindred and contiguous states, or rather bundles of states, on the basis of the vital principle of *Nationality*.

With the former development I have for the present no concern. It is the purpose of these lectures to examine in such detail as time may allow the most romantic, if not the most important and most striking, exemplification of the latter principle.

With the great work of Italian unification four names

will to all time be connected in inseparable association. For the moment I do not speak of the inspiration which the makers of modern Italy derived from the works of Dante and Alfieri, of d'Azeglio and Rossetti and Manzoni. The extent of their influence defies all common computation. It is my purpose to speak of the work of the men of action, of Mazzini, of Cavour, of Garibaldi; and not least of him whose coolness and courage, whose temperate zeal and whose unswerving honesty, whose clearness of vision and unfailing common-sense, gave consistency and coherence to the lifework of them all. I speak, of course, of Victor Emmanuel, the first King of United Italy.

And, first, we must ask, what was the material upon which these great builders had to work? What was the condition of Italy, political and social, after the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars in the opening years of the present century? For long centuries the idea of Italian unity had been buried with the past; even the name of Italy had almost entirely ceased to be whispered by men. In the Middle Ages great parts were played on the stage of European politics by the city states of Italy, by Venice and Genoa, by Milan and Florence, by Pisa and by Rome. But of Italy as a whole, as a nation, we hear and know nothing; it did not exist. "Since the fall of the Roman Empire (if even before it) there never has been a time," as Mr. Forsyth says with almost brutal truth, "when Italy could be called a nation any more than a stack of timber can be called a ship." As we approach more modern times even the republics disappear; the city states are absorbed into the hands of members of one or other of the two great families which so long controlled the fortunes of that "distressful country." Italy becomes simply the battleground of contending nations and intriguing dynasties. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, indeed, Italy enjoyed an unusual calm. It was the calm, however, not of quiet, placid happiness, but of a miserable inertia, of a hopeless torpidity of soul. Cut up into petty princedoms for the cadets of the Houses

of Hapsburg and of Bourbon, Italy lay beneath their yoke hopeless, emotionless, priest-ridden, and benumbed.

In the last years of the century this repose was rudely interrupted by the Napoleonic occupation. To Italy Napoleon went in name, and to some extent in fact, as a deliverer. Eventually, it is true, he imposed upon Italy a yoke heavier, it may be, than the yoke of Bourbon or of Hapsburg whom he had displaced, but a yoke not without its salutary effects. To the Italian, as to the other disordered princedoms of continental Europe, Napoleon was no doubt a scourge, a very disagreeable scourge, but on the whole a healthy one. For the corrupted courts which he invaded, for the petty thrones he overturned, it is impossible to feel one iota of respect, one scrap of sympathetic regret. In Italy, at any rate, he did nothing but good. He trampled under foot municipal jealousies and local prejudices; he reduced the political divisions of the country from fifteen to three; he constructed splendid roads and bridges—unifying forces of no mean significance. Before his overthrow he had rudely broken up the "ancient fixity of confusions which passed for government, and had aroused no insignificant forces of new social life. The feudal tenure of land, and with it something of the feudal structure of society, had passed away. The French civil code, and a criminal code based upon that of France, had taken the place of a thousand conflicting customs and jurisdictions. Taxation had been made if not light, at least equitable and simple. Justice was regular, and the same for baron and peasant. Brigandage had been extinguished, and for the first time in many centuries the presence of a rational and uniform administration was felt over the greater part of Italy."[1] At his approach, too, the Jesuits had once more fled, education was placed on a reasonable basis, and the Italians, roused from their frivolous and lounging habits, were taught to think and act like men. But above all, Napoleon, little as he knew it, little as the Italians realised it at the time, was the first for

[1] C. A. Fyffe, *History of Modern Europe*, vol. ii. p. 178.

centuries to evoke if not to create a sense, a consciousness of unity, of nationality, in Italy. As Mazzini himself has said of the Napoleonic occupation: "The intellectual rise, the rapid increase of national prosperity, the burst of fraternisation . . . are facts, especially in the period 1805-13, irrevocably committed to history. Notwithstanding our dependence on the French Empire, under political despotism and despite war, the feeling of nationality specially incorporated in our brave army elevated our souls, picturing in the distance the oneness of Italy, the object of all our efforts."

But for the moment the good seed was choked by the Restoration of 1815. At that time, as Prince Metternich with cynical truth observed, Italy was merely a geographical expression. It was the purpose of the Viennese diplomatists to restore, as far as might be, the *status quo ante* Revolution. They hoped to renew in Italy the dynastic *morcellement* of the eighteenth century. The states were once more parcelled out among the members of the Bourbon or the Hapsburg House. The Emperor of Austria, Francis II, helped himself to Lombardy and Venice; Marie Louise, an Austrian Archduchess, and sometime consort of the great Napoleon, was installed in the Duchy of Parma; Tuscany was given to Ferdinand III, also of the Austrian House, and Modena to his son Francis; Pius VII re-entered upon the temporal domains of the Papacy, while the Bourbons were restored in the person of Ferdinand I. to the throne of Naples and Sicily. The little republic of San Marino, looking sadly forth over the waters of the Adriatic, alone recalled the Italy of the Middle Age—an Italy divided but independent.

Looking, however, no longer to the past but to the future, the most interesting feature of the Restoration still remains to be noticed. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Dukes of Savoy had acquired Piedmont, and thus succeeded in straddling the Alps. Their geographical position, as the Prince de Ligne has cynically said, did not permit them to behave like honest men. Consequently by rather

tortuous, but in the main successful, diplomacy they managed in the eighteenth century to add the Royal Crown of Sardinia to the ducal crowns of Piedmont and Savoy; and never was a European war concluded, however remote the principal combatants might be, but the House of Savoy were able to acquire several of the towns of Lombardy, stripping it, as the saying goes, like an artichoke, leaf by leaf. Their position was still further strengthened in 1815 by the acquisition of the annihilated republic of Genoa. Such was the Italy of 1815, little better if at all than Metternich's "geographical expression." But for all that the Italy of 1815 was not the Italy of the ante-Napoleonic days. Strive as they might, the diplomatists of Vienna could not set back the hands of time, nor even "make things seem as though they had not been." They might, it is true, put back an Austrian here, a Bourbon there; they might annihilate ancient republics and carve out modern dukedoms; they might mark out with jealous care dividing lines which had been erased, and they might again set up boundaries which had been broken down; but they could not erase from the minds of the Italian people the new-born recollection of their ancient fame; they could not stifle, even with the bayonet's point, their newly conceived but none the less passionate longing for the realisation of their national identity. I do not know where you will find more accurate or more eloquent expression of this feeling than in the letter addressed, thirty years afterwards by Mazzini nominally to Sir James Graham, really to the English people.

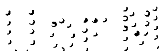
"There are over there (in Lombardy) from four to five millions of human creatures gifted with an immortal soul, with powerful faculties, with ardent and generous passions; with aspirations towards free agency, towards the ideal which their fathers had a glimpse of, which nature and tradition point out to them; towards a national union with other millions of brother souls in order to attain it; from four to five millions of men desiring only to advance under the eye of God, their only master, towards the

accomplishment of a social task which they have in common with sixteen or seventeen millions of other men, speaking the same language, treading the same earth, cradled in their infancy in the same maternal songs, strengthened in their youth by the same sun, inspired by the same memories, the same sources of literary genius. Country, liberty, brotherhood, all are wrested from them; their faculties are mutilated, curbed, chained, within a narrow circle traced for them by men who are strangers to their tendencies, to their wants, to their wishes; their tradition is broken under the cane of an Austrian corporal; their immortal soul feudatory to the stupid caprices of a man seated on a throne at Vienna, to the caprices of the Tyrolese agents; and you go on indifferent, coolly inquiring if these men be subject to this or that tariff, if the bread that they eat costs them a halfpenny more or less! That tariff, whatever it is, is too high; it is not *they* who have had the ordering of it; that bread, dear or not, is moistened with tears, for it is the bread of slaves."

And indeed at that moment the Italian people were little better than slaves beneath the Austrian yoke. For it was Metternich who maintained the petty despots on their thrones, and dictated the policy which they were bound to carry out. The Bourbon Princes and the Austrian Archdukes nominally reigned in their several principalities; in reality they were simply puppets, the strings of which were pulled invariably from Vienna. The history of the Neapolitan insurrection of 1821 will give you some idea of the extent to which an Austrian domination was imposed even upon the nominally independent states of Italy. The Bourbon Ferdinand of Naples had, on his restoration in 1815, solemnly pledged his word that he would respect the Constitution drawn up for Sicily by Lord William Bentinck in 1812. In 1816, at the bidding of Prince Metternich, that Constitution was annulled lest the example of Sicily might serve as a vicious model for the other princedoms of Italy. In 1820 a revolution broke out in Spain, and the insurgents suc-

ceeded in extorting from the King a liberal Constitution. The excitement spread to Southern Italy. The Neapolitan people, supported by the army, demanded from their King a Constitution on the model of that which had been conceded in Spain. The King granted the demands of the insurgents with apparent eagerness, fervently protesting his gratitude to God, who had permitted him in his old age to do a great good to his kingdom. Some days later the concession was ratified in the most solemn manner. The King having heard mass approached the altar, and in presence of the Court and ministers took his oath to the Constitution. Then fixing his eyes upon the cross he cried: "Omnipotent God, who with infinite penetration lookest into the heart and into the future, if I lie, or if one day I should be faithless to my oath, do Thou at this moment annihilate me." The King having kissed the Gospel, the oath was taken by his sons, and the new Constitution was publicly proclaimed.

Meanwhile Prince Metternich and his copartners in the Holy Alliance had been looking on with great uneasiness at the development of events in Southern Italy. It was no part of his policy to permit his vassal princes to make liberal concessions to their own subjects, nor indeed to take action in any way without his sanction. Not merely in Naples, but in many other states, there had already been manifestations of impatience at the policy of simple restoration which had been enunciated at the Congress of Vienna. The allied monarchs took alarm and assembled in conference, first at Troppau in Bohemia, and afterwards at Laybach. For this conference King Ferdinand set out in December 1820, having once more publicly announced his adherence to the Constitution to which he had sworn with such solemnity. Then comes the dénouement of this blasphemous farce. At Troppau and Laybach absolutist sentiments were completely dominant. The English Foreign Minister—the much maligned Lord Castlereagh—was alone found to protest against the atrocious doctrine that a change of government in any state gave the allied powers the right



to interfere—a doctrine which, as a recent historian has truly said, "would have empowered the Czar to throw the armies of a coalition upon London if the Reform Bill had been carried by force." As Lord Castlereagh pointed out to the Powers with admirable explicitness, England could never recognise the right of the allied sovereigns to interfere in the internal affairs of the several states. But, despite this protest, to Austria was committed the work of quelling the liberal movement in Southern Italy. King Ferdinand had no sooner got beyond the frontier of his own unhappy kingdom than he wrote to his brother sovereigns protesting that the concessions had been wrung from him by force, and that all his recent acts were null and void. The Austrian troops marched on Naples; the Neapolitan troops ran away; the King was restored; the Constitution was torn up; and the insurgent leaders were either flung into dungeons or promptly hung. Such was the way in which Prince Metternich galled the Italian peoples with the Austrian yoke from end to end of Italy.

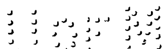
As it was in Naples so it was even in Piedmont, a state less dependent than any other on the nod of Metternich. When the Austrian troops had marched on Naples the liberals of Piedmont, conceiving that the moment had arrived for striking a blow in the cause of Italian independence, united with the malcontents of Lombardy with the object of flinging themselves upon the rear of the Austrian army. In the Northern movement, though it was the work in large measure of the Carbonari, there was nothing of hostility towards the Sardinian Monarchy. "Our hearts are faithful to the King, but we wish to deliver him from perfidious counsels. War against Austria; a Constitution like that granted in Spain; such are the wishes of the people." But the King Victor Emmanuel, though honestly inclined to concession in a liberal sense, was personally too deeply committed to Prince Metternich and the Austrian policy. In extreme bitterness of soul he laid down his sceptre in favour of his brother, Charles Felix. Meanwhile the Northern Insurrection hopelessly miscarried; the leaders

were divided; Charles Felix was away; one party was inclined to pass him over in favour of his cousin, Charles Albert, Prince of Savoy-Carignano; another was faithful to the legal King. And while the leaders disputed their followers were paralysed. The whole movement ended in complete collapse. The Austrian yoke was reimposed on Lombardy with tenfold rigour; the dungeons were crammed with prisoners; every movement, every action of an Italian native was watched with jealous vigilance, and tortures were applied to extort from the sufferers even the unspoken wishes of the heart. Who can wonder that in those dark days a dull despair fell even on the bravest of Italian patriots? But yet not on all.

> "Italia! when thy name was but a name,
> When to desire thee was a vain desire,
> When to achieve thee was impossible,
> When to love thee was madness, when to live
> For thee was the extravagance of fools,
> When to die for thee was to fling away
> Life for a shadow—in those darkest days
> Were some who never swerved, who lived, and strove,
> And suffered for thee, and attained their end!"

Of these brave spirits, who, in the dark days before 1848, looked on the sufferings and degradation of their native land in bitterness of soul indeed, but still with passionate and steadfast hope, there was none so sad and yet so steadfast, there was none filled with such lofty purpose and such pure enthusiasm as Joseph Mazzini.

Born at Genoa in 1805, Mazzini, like Cavour and Garibaldi, was a Sardinian subject. Even in childhood he was impressed with the misery and degradation of his country. In his early schooldays as throughout his life, it was his morbid fancy to wear nothing but black. "In the midst of the noisy tumultuous life of the scholars around me I was," he tells us, "sombre and absorbed, and appeared like one suddenly grown old. I childishly determined to dress always in black, fancying myself in mourning for my country." It was after the failure of 1821



that Mazzini first became conscious of the mission of his life. While walking one Sunday with his mother and a friend in the streets of Genoa, they were addressed, he tells us in his most interesting autobiography, by a "tall black-bearded man with a severe and energetic countenance, and a fiery glance that I have never since forgotten. He held out a handkerchief towards us, merely saying, 'For the Refugees of Italy.'" The incident, simple as it was, made a profound impression on Mazzini's ardent soul. "The idea of an existing wrong in my own country against which it was a duty to struggle, and the thought that I too must bear my part in that struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me. The remembrance of those refugees, many of whom became my friends in after life, pursued me wherever I went by day and mingled with my dreams by night. I would have given I know not what to follow them. I began collecting names and facts, and studied as best I might the records of that heroic struggle, seeking to fathom the causes of its failure."

Shortly after the completion of his university career Mazzini joined the ranks of the Carbonari, and thus definitely embarked on a career of political agitation. To him, as to many men of delicate perceptions and refined imagination, such a step was a great sacrifice. He himself spoke of it in after years as his "first great sacrifice." He had looked forward from his childhood to a literary career. "A thousand visions of historical dramas and romances floated before my mental eye—artistic images that caressed my spirit as visions of gentle maidens soothe the soul of the lonely-hearted. The natural bias of my mind was very different from that which has been forced upon me by the times in which I have lived and the shame of our degradation." But Mazzini saw, clearly enough, that the literary issues then at stake, as between the Classicists and Romanticists, important as they seemed, must be postponed to the solution of the vital political problem. "Without a country and without liberty we might perhaps produce

some prophets of art but no *vital* art. Therefore it was better for us to consecrate our lives to the solution of the problem, Are we to have a country? and turn at once to the political question. If we were successful, the art of Italy would bloom and flourish over our graves."

Were the Italians to have a country? That was the problem to the solution of which Mazzini consecrated his life. We may decline, I think we must decline, to approve the means by which Mazzini was compelled at first to work; we may loathe, as he loathed, the midnight machinations of secret societies like the Carbonari; we may despise the republican fanaticism by which his later work was unhappily disfigured, but we can never question, if we know anything of the man himself, his single-minded patriotism, or the lofty and sustained elevation of his moral teaching. And you must realise, if you would judge him fairly, the conditions under which he had to work.

> "It is death
> To speak the very name of Italy
> To this Italian people."

What wonder, then, that patriotism, which might under happier conditions have found a vent in constitutional agitation, was forced into unhealthy subterranean channels? No one ever despised or hated such methods more than Mazzini himself. But for the moment he was compelled to work with such tools as were at his command. Shortly after the July Revolution of 1830 Mazzini, having been entrapped by a Government spy into the performance of some trifling commission for the Carbonari, was arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Savona on the western Riviera. "The Government were not fond," so his father was informed, "of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings were unknown to them." After six months' imprisonment Mazzini was acquitted of conspiracy, but was nevertheless exiled from Italy.

Meanwhile the events of the "glorious days of July," as they are grandiloquently termed, had not been without

their influence in his native land. Under the influence of the Carbonari, insurrections simultaneously broke out in Modena, in Bologna, and in other parts of the Papal states. The new Pope, Gregory XVI, elected to the Papal throne in the midst of the insurrectionary confusion, and alarmed by the declaration of the insurgents that the temporal dominion was at an end, invoked the aid of Austria. Metternich, nothing loath, marched an army into Italy; the states of the Church were occupied and order was restored. Jealous of Austria's exclusive interference, the French Government despatched a force into Italy and occupied Ancona. The rival forces continued to confront each other in Italy for several years, but without further results of any kind.

Early in the same year, 1831, Charles Felix had been succeeded on the Sardinian throne by his cousin Charles Albert, a man who in earlier days had coquetted with the Carbonari movement. Mazzini, who was in exile at Marseilles, at once addressed to him his memorable "letter to the King." "The people," it declared, "are no longer to be quieted by a few concessions. They seek the recognition of those rights of humanity which have been withheld from them for ages. They demand laws and liberty, independence and union. Divided, dismembered, and oppressed, they have neither name nor country. They have heard themselves stigmatised by the foreigner as a helot nation. They have seen free men visit their country and declare it the land of the dead. They have drained the cup of slavery to the dregs, but they have sworn never to fill it again." Let the King champion the cause not merely of Piedmont, but of Italy. "All Italy waits for one word—one only—to make herself yours. Proffer this word to her. Place yourself at the head of the nation and write on your banner: 'Union, Liberty, Independence.' Proclaim the liberty of thought. Declare yourself the vindicator, the interpreter of popular rights, the regenerator of all Italy. Liberate her from the barbarians. Build up the future; give your name to a century; begin a new era from your

day. . . . Select the way that accords with the desire of the nation; maintain it unalterably; be firm and await your time; you have the victory in your hands. Sire, on this condition we bind ourselves round you, we proffer you our lives, we will lead to your banner the little states of Italy. We will paint to our brothers the advantages that are born of union; we will promote national subscriptions, patriotic gifts; we will preach the word that creates armies. . . . Unite us, Sire, and we shall conquer."

To this passionate appeal the King was deaf; his only answer was an order that if Mazzini attempted to cross the frontier into Italy he should be instantly arrested. But, though the King was deaf, the people listened, and flocked in their thousands to join the association which Mazzini had lately founded. This was the famous association of "Young Italy." Ever since his imprisonment at Savona, Mazzini had been pondering over a scheme for establishing an association which should take the place of the secret societies like the *Carbonari*. He disliked their methods and mistrusted their aims. Their creed was purely negative; they were the sworn foes of tyranny, the determined opponents of the existing régime in Italy. That régime they were resolved to overthrow; but they looked no farther. In fine, they had no constructive policy. This lack of an inspiring creed, a vivifying faith, Mazzini sought to supply in his association of Young Italy. The Carbonari movement had hopelessly failed, as it deserved to fail, though not perhaps for the particular reasons to which Mazzini attributed its failure. To Mazzini's thinking it had leaned too much on the support of the educated, influential classes. "Revolutions," he says, "must be made by the people and for the people. This is our word, it sums up our whole doctrine; it is our science, our religion, our heart's affection." But the *Carbonari* were not only too aristocratic, they lacked the machinery for simultaneous and concerted action, and concert and simultaneity are of the essence of successful revolution. They had no programme, no faith, no lofty

ideal. Thus the first duty of the new Association was to declare war on the existing idolatry of material interests; to convince the Italian people that "the sole path to victory was through sacrifice, constancy in sacrifice." They must begin with the education of the people. "Italy was materialist, Machiavellian, believing in the initiative of France, and seeking rather to emancipate and ameliorate the condition of the separate states than to constitute herself a nation. The country was regardless of high principles, and ready to accept any form of government, any mode of assistance, or any man brought forward with a promise of relieving her immediate sufferings. On my side I believed . . . that the great problem of the day was a religious problem." Here you see at once the strength and the weakness of the man. His passionate ardour, his unswerving faith, his lofty idealism—an idealism which revolted from the use of means other than those which he himself selected. It was on these lines that Mazzini drew up the statutes of the new association. "Young Italy is a brotherhood of Italians who believe in a law of Progress and Duty and are convinced that Italy is destined to become one nation. . . . They join this association in the firm intent of consecrating both thought and action to the great aim of reconstructing Italy as one independent sovereign nation of free men and equals." The means by which the end was to be attained—we may smile at the collocation—were "education and insurrection to be adopted simultaneously."

The expulsion of the hated Austrians was the first prerequisite. Since it was impossible to avoid a war, bloody and inexorable, the sooner it was attempted the better. Such a war must be waged by Italians and for Italy. No reliance must be placed on foreign governments or on the efforts of diplomacy. All thoughts of federalism, of independence without unity, must be laid aside. "Federalism would cancel the great mission of Italy in the world." *Young Italy*, therefore, is unitarian. "Never," said Mazzini to his followers, "never rise in any other name than that

of Italy and of all Italy." Mazzini himself was by conviction a stern republican, and the members of Young Italy were sworn to educate the Italian people in that doctrine. But there was to be no forcing of the deliberate conviction of the people. The ultimate form of government, when once unity had been achieved, was to be left to their own deliberate choice. The republicanism of Mazzini was of the truly liberal sort. "We shall," say the statutes, "we shall bow the head and accept any form of government chosen by universal suffrage, because it is the duty of individual opinion to give way before the voice of the nation." Such, in rough imperfect outline, was the political programme of Mazzini carefully elaborated in the statutes of Young Italy. You will find those statutes in the collected edition of his works.

The effect produced by these propaganda was immediate and profound. "From student to student, from youth to youth, confraternity extended with unexampled rapidity, and the same hands that smuggled the paper into Italy brought back such a multitude of names and adhesions as to astonish the little band of fellow-exiles who had undertaken with Mazzini the labour and the risk of the publication. The new association quickly became dominant from end to end of Italy." "It was," says Mazzini, "the triumph of *principles;* the bare fact that in so short a space of time a handful of young men, themselves sprung from the people, unknown, without means . . . found themselves thus rapidly at the head of an association sufficiently powerful to concentrate against it the alarmed persecution of seven Governments is, I think, in itself enough to show that the banner they had raised was the banner of truth." The "alarmed persecution of governments" was no empty phrase. In August 1832 Mazzini was decreed an exile from France, though for a whole year or more he continued in Marseilles, eluding the vigilance of the French police. In 1833 he went to Switzerland, whence he took part in the ill-starred and abortive expedition into Savoy. In 1836 even the Swiss Government was prevailed upon

to deny him further hospitality, and it was not till the following year that he found a home in the only European state which has never refused a home to political exiles. In 1837 he settled in England, which, as he himself has written, "became to me almost as a second country, and in which I found the lasting consolation of affection in a life embittered by delusions and destitute of all joy." From England he continued, amid the trials of deepening poverty, to direct the affairs of his association. But, great as was his influence, even in exile, his countrymen were by no means unanimous in the acceptance of his views.

Besides those whom we may term the Mazzinisti there were two other influential parties which, while sharing to the full Mazzini's longing for the realisation of Italian unity, sought to attain it by very different means. Of the party which began to look to Piedmont as the destined champion of Italian independence I shall have more to say in my next lecture. The other great party, the neo-Guelphs—at this time under the leadership of Gioberti—looked to the Papacy to put itself at the head of the national insurrection, and for a moment it seemed as though their hopes might not be altogether ill founded. In 1846 the old Pope Gregory XVI died, and Pio Nono was elected to succeed him. He began his pontificate by the issue of an amnesty, and the inauguration of some long delayed reforms. The neo-Guelphs jumped to the conclusion that the millennium had already dawned, and hailed the unhappy Pontiff as the Messiah of Italian freedom. "Seldom," as a modern critic has well said, "has history shown a more curious complication of false positions and inextricable dilemmas. . . . The new Pope took from the first a lofty view of his spiritual prerogative, but began his reign without a definite temporal policy. . . . He promised reforms, and was rewarded by calculated acclamations."[1] Mazzini had as little liking for popes as for kings, but never losing sight for a moment of the great end he had in view, he addressed to the new Pope a letter

[1] F. H. W. Myers, *Essay on Mazzini.*

pointing out to him the great mission which he might fulfil. He did win a fleeting popularity by protesting against the Austrian occupation of Ferrara. But his zeal for internal reform speedily evaporated, if indeed it had ever existed outside the heated imagination of the neo-Guelphic party. In Tuscany, however, and in Piedmont, considerable administrative reforms were carried out by the ruling Princes, to the immense delight of their peoples, but to the infinite chagrin of Metternich. King Ferdinand of Naples, the notorious Bomba, was almost alone in his obstinate refusal to grant any sort of concession to his people.

But every day the irritation was growing, every day the determination of all classes of Italians to realise the unity, and especially the independence, of their country was becoming fiercer and more intense. The general feeling manifested itself in a hundred ways. The scientific congress at Genoa, the agricultural congress at Casale, were in reality political gatherings under a thin disguise. At the congress at Casale a letter from Charles Albert of Piedmont to the Count of Castegneto was communicated to the assembled delegates. "Austria," wrote the King, "has sent a note to all the Powers, in which she declares her wish to retain Ferrara, believing she has a right to it. . . . If Providence sends us a war of Italian independence I will mount my horse with my sons, I will place myself at the head of an army. . . . What a glorious day it will be in which we can raise the cry of a war for the independence of Italy!" The enthusiasm aroused by this pronouncement was intense; the congress begged the King to place himself at the head of the Italian movement and unsheath at once the sword of independence.

Such, then, was the condition of affairs in Italy on the eve of the revolutionary year. The agitation for reform was universal, when news arrived that caused the idea of mere constitutional reform to be flung aside, and made men realise that the time had come for striking not only at the petty despots in the Italian princedoms, but at the giant powers by whom their despotisms had been so long

sustained. In the February of 1848 revolution broke out in Paris; the Orleans dynasty was overthrown, and the second Republic was proclaimed. In March the revolutionary fever reached the core of European absolutism. Convulsions took place in Vienna, so fierce that even the mighty Metternich was shaken from his pedestal and driven forth to share the exile of thousands of his former victims.

It seemed, indeed, as though the hour of Italy's deliverance had come. Already insurrection had broken out in Sicily, and even Ferdinand had been obliged to concede a Constitution. A month later (11th February 1848) the Grand-duke of Tuscany followed suit, and in March new Constitutions, on a parliamentary basis, were promulgated in Piedmont and in Rome. But the news from Vienna awoke aspirations of a more far-reaching kind. The joyous enthusiasm with which it was received in Italy was simply electric. Before the end of March the Austrians had been compelled to evacuate Milan; Venice had expelled her foreign rulers, and had re-established the republic under Daniel Manin; the Princes of Modena and Parma, the puppets of Metternich, had fled; while Charles Albert of Piedmont had placed himself at the head of the national movement and flung defiance at the Austrian Empire. Tuscany was not long behind. The Grand-duke himself published a stirring proclamation to the troops he sent to join the other contingents. "Soldiers! the holy cause of the independence of Italy is now to be decided on the fields of Lombardy. Already the citizens of Milan have bought with their blood, and by a heroism the like of which history affords but few examples, their liberty. Already the Sardic army moves into the field, led by its magnanimous King. Sons of Italy, heirs of the glory of their ancestors the Tuscans, cannot, must not remain in shameful ease at such a solemn moment. Fly, then, unite yourselves to the valiant citizens who as volunteers are ranging themselves under one banner—fly to the succour of our Lombard brothers!" Even the wretched Bomba was forced for the moment to simulate adherence to the universal move-

ment. No sooner had the Austrian yoke been flung off than all the northern states—Parma, Piacenza, Modena, Lombardy, and Venice—united themselves with the Sardinian kingdom by universal plebiscite. The union of North Italy under the hegemony of Sardinia, the expulsion of the alien, the beginnings of Italian independence, and even of Italian unity, seemed in an instant to have been achieved.

But the Austrian power was still too strong. Not even the enthusiasm of Garibaldi, nor the ardour of Mazzini, who had hurried back to enrol himself as a volunteer in the Garibaldian legion, could withstand the strategic skill of the veteran Radetsky. Charles Albert was forced to his knees; an armistice was signed, and the Austrian yoke was re-imposed once more on the whole of Northern Italy. Venice alone held out. In the spring of 1849 Charles Albert again renewed the war; but again he was crushed by Radetsky in the great battle of Novara, on 23d March 1849. On the evening of that fatal day the old King resigned his sceptre to his young son, famous to all time as the creator of Italian unity—Victor Emmanuel.

Meanwhile events had been moving fast in Rome. On the outbreak of the insurrection the Pope declared, after much vacillation, that he would not join the national movement against the Austrian power in Italy; at the same time he had placed Count Rossi, a man of liberal sympathies, at the head of affairs in Rome. In November Count Rossi was foully assassinated. He had essayed the hopeless task of adhering to a policy of moderation in times of revolution. The Pope in terror fled to Gaeta, where he placed himself under the protection of Ferdinand of Naples. Rome, left without government of any kind, was for the moment a prey to anarchy. But on the 9th of February 1849 the Parliament proclaimed the establishment of the Republic. Mazzini, having been elected a member of the Roman Parliament, hurried southwards to do his part in organising the government. His first sight of the sacred city filled his imaginative soul with a new enthusiasm. "Rome," he writes, ' was the dream of my young years,

the generating idea of my mental conception, the keystone of my intellectual edifice, the religion of my soul; and I entered the city with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. . . . As I passed through the Porta del Popolo I felt an electric thrill run through me, a spring of new life. I shall never see Rome more, but the memory of her will mingle with my dying thought of God, and of my best beloved; and wheresoever fate may lay my bones, I believe that they will once more know the thrill that ran through me then, on the day when the republican banner shall be planted, in pledge of the unity of our Italy, upon the Vatican and Capitol." The dream of the prophet is realised, but only in part. The banner of Italian unity is floating over Rome to-day, but it is the banner, not of a Mazzinian Republic, but of a liberal and well-ordered monarchy.

But the Republic of 1849, though shortlived was not inglorious. The Triumvirs, acting with the utmost moderation towards all parties, still laboured assiduously to put Rome in a condition to defend herself. The Pope, meanwhile, was engaged in ceaseless intrigues for the intervention of some foreign power by whom his authority might be restored. Eventually the task was undertaken, though not avowed, by France. Louis Napoleon, who had recently become President of the French Republic, seized the opportunity for conciliating at one stroke the affection of the army and the clericals of France. "It was not," says M. Thiers with brutal frankness, "for the sake of Catholicism, it was not for the sake of the Roman people, that we went to Rome; it was for the sake of France." In face of this new danger the Roman Triumvirate stood firm. But though Oudinot was once repulsed, the Romans could not hold out for long against a siege supported by 35,000 men. On the 3d of July 1849 Rome fell; the Republic was overthrown, and the Pope by the arms of France was restored to his temporal power. Venice, under Daniel Manin was still heroically standing out against the Austrians, but in August Venice, too, succumbed, and the triumph of

Austrian absolutism was complete. Once more the chains of despotism were riveted on the Italian peoples. Once more the timid Princes found courage, under the protection of their powerful patron, to creep back to their tottering thrones. But though to all outward seeming the Austrian rule in Italy was re-established in the plenitude of absolute power, yet in reality the system had received a shock from which it never afterwards recovered. The drama of Italian unity was hurrying on to a dénouement destined to destroy not merely Austrian despotism, but at the same time and not less surely the republican ideal of Mazzini. The consideration of this development for the present I postpone.

Nor is it necessary in this place to dwell on the subsequent career of Mazzini. His life mission, little as he knew it, was already fulfilled. To the further solution of the great problem, the importance of which he had been the first to realise, he could contribute nothing. The work must fall to other hands. The lofty idealism of the prophet must give place to the practical sagacity of the statesman. Mazzini lived indeed to see the consummation of Italian unity. But though the good time came for Italy at last, the manner of its coming was as gall and wormwood to the republican fanatic, wrapped as he was in ever deepening gloom as he saw the long-sought goal attained by the efforts of men he hated, and by methods he despised. The truth is, that there was in Mazzini more of the prophet than the statesman. It was his to inspire the workers with something of his own ardent temper, something of his own sustained and lofty zeal, something of his own enthusiasm—an enthusiasm always generous and pure, though somewhat rigid and confined. But though he had in full measure the brain to conceive, Mazzini had not the hands to execute a great and enduring political work. To my thinking, indeed, Mazzini is to be accounted great primarily, and above all else in this: that he was in the domain of Politics a great moral teacher; that, however mistaken his own methods, how-

ever paltry his own immediate or direct achievements, he did set before the statesmen, not of his own time only, nor of his own country only, but of all times, and all countries, an ideal, of necessity imperfect, but at least clear of all sordid and self-seeking aim.

And yet, idealist as he was, Mazzini was no mere dreamer of vain dreams; stern in adherence to the republican idea, he was no mere iconoclast, no fulsome preacher to the multitude of rights to be enjoyed without corresponding duties faithfully fulfilled. To him democracy was in no sense the rule of lawless mobs; but as he himself has put it in the noblest definition of democracy ever given to the world, it is the "progress of all through all under the leading of the best and wisest." To him the sole origin of every right was in a duty fulfilled. "If," he says in the Preface to his *Duties of Man*, "if you would emancipate yourselves from the arbitrary rule and tyranny of man you must begin by rightly adoring God. And in the world's great battle between the two great principles of Good and Evil, you must openly enrol yourselves beneath the banner of the first and ceaselessly combat the second. . . . It was because I saw these two lies —Machiavellism and materialism—too often clothe themselves before your eyes with the seductive fascinations of hopes which only the worship of God and truth can realise, that I thought to warn you by this book. I love you too well either to flatter your passions or to caress the golden dreams by which others seek to win your favour. My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist on proclaiming the necessity of virtue and sacrifice; but I know, and you too, untainted by false doctrines and unspoiled by wealth, will soon know also, that the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled." These surely are not the words, these are not the thoughts of a fawning demagogue, but of a pure-minded, God-sent prophet, conscious of a lofty purpose, clear as to his mission, self-devoted to the noble task of rescuing his fellow-countrymen from the degrading yoke of alien tyrants; of emancipating his

fellow-men throughout the world from the no less ignoble tyranny of selfish passions and of base desires.

"Wherefore then wast thou
Outlaw in every kingdom of the world
Except in England? England, thank thou God
For that cold shelter that thou gavest him,
For which he blessed thee, giving thee back love
For the long years of scornful disregard!
Was he not branded with all calumny,
Because he dared to teach the naked truth?
Christ's words were not a book for Sabbath-days,
But law of life and judgment of the land;
Not to be chosen, and pieced and dogmatised,
But lived up to, the whole and not a part,
Alive not dead, one spirit in new forms;
And lived as Christ lived, poor, despised, alone,
Apart with God and working miracles,
Not on the waves and winds, but on the wills
Of men, upon the hearts of multitudes,
The hidden germ of fresh humanities,
Of live confederations yet unborn,
The hidden founts of gathering river floods,
To bear one day the music of his name
Through lands of harvest to the boundless sea."

II

CAVOUR

THE LIBERATION OF NORTH ITALY

"To all outward seeming the triumph of Austrian absolutism was once more complete." Such were the words in which, last time, I summed up the results of the period, the events of which I was endeavouring to trace. Black indeed was the outlook for Italy in 1849 when Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, in the hopefulness of youth, took up the sceptre which his father in the disappointment of age had flung aside. The "Year of Revolution," at one time bright with hope for Italy, had come and gone and had left Italy even more hopeless than before. In Northern Italy the Austrian yoke was riveted more firmly than ever on her subject provinces; the vassal princes, the King of the two Sicilies, the Grand-duke of Tuscany, and all the lesser fry, were restored to their wretched principalities, determined to avenge by petty persecution the fright they had sustained the year before. Even Piedmont—the hope of liberal Italy—lay prostrate for the moment under the crushing defeat of Novara. To all seeming the work of thirty years and more had gone for nothing. Italy was no nearer the goal of unity, the goal of independence, than she had been when, in 1815, the Viennese diplomatists had carved out her dukedoms and parcelled

out her provinces like so many slices, as the saying goes, of a ripe Dutch cheese. She was still dismembered, still divided, still unfree, given over to a despotism that crushed the body and benumbed the soul. "The Pope clutches the soul of the Italian nation; Austria the body whenever it shows signs of life; and on every member of that body is enthroned an absolute prince, viceroy in turn under either of these powers."[1]

And yet was the Italy of 1849 in grim reality the Italy of 1815? Had the efforts of Mazzini and his disciples borne no fruit? Had the blood of thousands of willing martyrs been shed absolutely in vain? We can forgive an Italian of 1849 for thinking that it was so; but we should be hopelessly deceived were we to share the illusion. Look on the contrast for yourselves. The Italians of 1815 were willing slaves. Italy itself seemed to lie prostrate and benumbed. Not a sign of life, not an emotion, seemed to stir her torpid soul. But now Italy had at last awakened from the death-sleep of centuries. The insurrectionary movements of 1821, of 1831, of 1848, proved at least that the Italians were conscious of their degradation, that they had begun to dare to hope. Nay more, their aspirations had become articulate. "They desire," said one of them, "they desire to *live*—to live with all the faculties of their being; to live as God commands; to walk onward with the rest of the world; to have brethren and not spies around them; to have instructors and not masters; to have a home and not a prison" (Mazzini). Most of them had begun to long for freedom, and not a few to long for unity. To say the truth, the desire for unity was far less universal than from the writings of Mazzini you might suppose. Here and there, there were, no doubt, groups of Mazzinist disciples who could rise above the conception of provincial patriotism, and look beyond to the unification of the whole peninsula; but the universal longing, the pressing need that came home to every one, was not unity but freedom. It was

[1] Mazzini.

only as they gradually began to realise that the one was practically impossible without the other that the broader conception was entertained. Gradually it was borne in upon them that so long as Austria was supreme in Italy, no permanent concession in the direction of constitutional liberties could be wrung from the wretched despots like King Bomba, who moved only in obedience to the strings which Austria pulled. And thus it was that Neapolitans and Tuscans, Romans and Piedmontese, alike began to realise the truth which Mazzini was constantly enforcing, that a war, a "bloody and inexorable" war, with Austria, was the first necessary step towards the permanent acquisition of domestic liberties.

But more than this, the Italians had for a brief moment, in the spring of 1848, felt upon their brows the breath of liberty. For a moment a vision of the glorious future had been revealed in the spirit to those who might never see it in the flesh.

> "'Italia Una!' Now the war-cry rang
> From Alp to Etna: and her dreams were done,
> And she herself had wakened into life,
> And stood full armed and free: and all her sons
> Knew they were happy to have looked on her,
> And felt it beautiful to die for her."

And is this nothing? Is it nothing in a people's history that, after the sleep of ages, they have wakened into life? Is it nothing that the soul is free, even though the limbs be still fettered with the chains of degrading despotism? Nay, were there no other difference between the two epochs there was this—Mazzini had lived. The Italy of 1849 had seen Mazzini, had listened to his voice, had begun at least to lisp some of the noble lessons that he came to teach. Small blame to them if they could not read, much less understand and fully grasp, the great lesson of the solidarity of all mankind which he strove pre-eminently to enforce; failing this, they did at any rate learn to understand something of the sacred symbol of

"Nationality;" they could vow to consecrate their whole vital energy to the attainment of Italian unity. "Life," said the great teacher, "is a mission; duty, therefore, its highest law. . . . Each of us is bound to purify his own soul as a temple; to free it from egotism; to set before himself, with a religious sense of the importance of the study, the problem of his own life; to search out what is the most striking need of the men by whom he is surrounded, and then to interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely and unceasingly apply them to the satisfaction of the need. . . . Young brothers, when once you have conceived and determined your mission within your soul, let naught arrest your steps. Fulfil it with all your strength; fulfil it whether blessed by love or visited by hate, whether strengthened by association with others or in the sad solitude that almost always surrounds the martyrs of thought. The path is clear before you; you are cowards, unfaithful to your own future, if, in spite of sorrows and delusions, you do not pursue it to the end." Not a few of the younger men of Italy *had* grasped this splendid lesson; they had studied the problem of their lives; their choice was taken; their mission was determined; their path was clear; they had vowed to pursue it to the end.

The Italy, then, of 1849 was far other than the Italy of 1815. And the difference was due primarily, and in the main, to the lofty teaching of the great prophet. And yet in no respect was the improved condition of Italy in 1849 more marked than in the fact that Mazzini's ideal had been already shattered. Forgive me if I seem to speak a paradox. It is an eternal truth that life is only possible through death. For modern Italy to live it was necessary that Mazzini's ideal should die. "The Italy of his ideal," as Mr. Fyffe has said, "was a republic, embracing every member of the race, purged of the priestcraft and superstition which had degraded the man to the slave; indebted to itself alone for its independence, and consolidated by the reign of equal law. The rigidity with which Mazzini

adhered to his own great project in its completeness, and his impatience of any bargaining away of national rights, excluded him from the work of those practical politicians and men of expedients who in 1859 effected with foreign aid the first step towards Italian union." Mazzini, in fact, as I said last time, had done his work, all the work perhaps which a man of his temperament was capable of accomplishing for Italy. He had given to the practical politicians a goal at which to aim, but a goal which by *his* means might never have been reached. But it was not only the republican ideal which was shattered. The neo-Guelphic party—the party which "looked to a new and glorious Italy regenerated not by philosophic republicanism or the sword of a temporal monarch but by the moral force of a reformed and reforming Papacy," they too, I say, had been obliged to abandon their ideal. D'Azeglio had seen through this delusion as early as 1847, for in that year he writes from Rome: "I am convinced the magic of Pio Nono will not last. He is an angel, but he is surrounded by demons; he has a disordered state and corrupt elements, and he will not be able to combat the obstacles." The truth of his prediction was quickly confirmed. Pio Nono was a mild and kindly ecclesiastic, but utterly incapable of putting the Papacy at the head of such a mission as this, even had he realised its splendour or necessity. Gioberti himself, the sometime leader of the neo-Guelphic party, published in 1851 the *Rinnovamento*, a work in which he publicly proclaimed the abandonment of his former policy and clearly accepted the principle of a Sardinian hegemony as the inevitable basis of Italian independence. "Except the young Sovereign who rules Piedmont, I see no one in Italy who could undertake our emancipation. Instead of imitating Pius, Ferdinand, and Leopold, who violated their sworn compacts, he maintains his with religious observance—vulgar praise in other times, but to-day not small, being contrary to example."

Gradually, then, the hopes of all Italian patriots, of all Italian parties, whatever their special predilections previously

had been, came to be concentrated on the Sardinian monarchy; began to focus themselves on the young Sardinian King. And the traditions of the Sardinian dynasty, of the House of Savoy, were eminently favourable to the part they were called upon to play. We have already seen how they were established by rather dubious diplomacy in their subalpine kingdom. We have seen, too, that whatever of life there was in Italy in the eighteenth century was concentrated in this province. In the insurrectionary movements of 1821 and 1833 there was little, perhaps, to distinguish the action of the rulers of Piedmont from that of the rest of the Italian Princes. Certainly Mazzini had little reason for distinguishing between the despotism of Naples and that of Piedmont. And yet there was a feeling among Italian liberals,—and it was well grounded,—that the government of Piedmont differed in kind from that of the other States. The ruler of Piedmont was, at any rate, alone among Italian temporal rulers, a native—akin in speech and blood to the people over whom he reigned. But more than that, alone among Italian rulers, Charles Albert of Piedmont had, in the spring of 1848, granted a Parliamentary Constitution to his people of his own free will. And above all, he had been the first to unsheath the sword in the holy war of Italian independence, and to make Austria feel that powerful as she was she had to confront in Italy a people determined to be free, determined to be one.

On his accession to the throne in 1849 Victor Emmanuel was a young man of twenty-nine. The prospect for Piedmont and for Italy was far from bright, yet there was nothing of undignified despair in the attitude which he maintained in the negotiations with Radetsky for a truce with Austria. "Marshal," he said, "sooner than subscribe to such conditions I would lose a hundred Crowns. What my father has sworn I will maintain. If you wish a war to the death, be it so! I will call my nation to arms once more, and you will see of what Piedmont is capable in a general rising. If I fall it shall be without shame. My house

knows the road of exile but not of dishonour." The firm, determined character of the young King comes out clearly at the outset, and his honesty no less. "What my father has sworn I will maintain." Throughout life he was faithful to the promise. "All our efforts," he declared in the first proclamation he issued to his people, "must be directed to maintain our honour untarnished, to heal the wounds of our country, to consolidate our liberal institutions. To this undertaking I conjure all my people, to it I will pledge myself by a solemn oath, and I await from the nation the exchange of help, affection, and confidence."

From the purpose indicated in this solemn pledge Victor Emmanuel never swerved, and though the outlook was for the time being black enough, there was not a little encouragement, as we have seen, for the man who would look back and mark the path that Italy had traversed in the last few years. Nay, even the immediate past was not devoid of all encouragement. True, the campaign of 1849 had ended in unrelieved disaster, but for all that it marked a most important epoch in the history of the Italian movement. "It baptized," as Mr. Symonds has well said, "the cause of Italian independence with the best blood of Piedmont; it gave it a royal martyr, and it pledged the dynasty of Savoy to a progressive policy from which it never afterwards for a single moment deviated."

Meanwhile, amid the general reaction in Italy, Victor Emmanuel and his Prime Minister, D'Azeglio, set themselves with steadfast courage to reorganise the Sardinian kingdom and carry out constitutional reforms of far-reaching character. But they had first to deal with domestic disaffection, stirred up in Genoa by the republican irreconcilables who still followed Mazzini's lead. Mazzini and his friends did not scruple to impute to the Sardinian Government the basest treachery in connection with the events of the recent war and the still more recent peace. "Better Italy enslaved than handed over to the son of the traitor Carlo Alberto." Mazzini was utterly

intractable. Fortunately his work was soon to be taken up by hands more competent than his to carry it through to a reasonable consummation.

Undeterred by domestic disaffection, D'Azeglio and Victor Emmanuel went steadily forward in the path of reform. Their first difficulty was in connection with ecclesiastical affairs. In the little kingdom of Sardinia there were at that time 41 bishoprics, over 1400 canonries, and 18,000 people who had assumed the monastic habit. In fact, taking the whole population through, one person in every 214 was an ecclesiastic. Now this in itself is comparatively an unimportant matter. But when you recollect that in Sardinia the Church still claimed exclusive jurisdiction over all ecclesiastics; the right of affording asylum to criminals, and all the rest of the anomalous privileges of the mediæval system, you will understand the magnitude of the difficulty by which the Reformer was confronted. For a parallel situation in English history you must go back to the time when Henry II was falling foul of Becket by attempting to limit ecclesiastical jurisdictions in the famous Constitutions of Clarendon. Victor Emmanuel, like Henry II, was anxious to reduce all men to an equality before the civil law. The continued existence of the clerical courts in all the plenitude of power, the vast pretensions of the Jesuits to the exclusive control of education and the censorship of domestic morality were, however, utterly inconsistent with this reasonable and laudable ambition. Victor Emmanuel, profoundly anxious to avoid friction between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, despatched to the Pope, in the autumn of 1849, a special envoy—Count Siccardi. The Pope firmly declined to sanction any change in the relations between Church and State in Sardinia. "The Holy Father," said the papal representative, "was willing to please the King of Sardinia as far as going into the ante-chamber of the devil, but into his very chamber he would not go."

Despite this check the King, with the assistance of Siccardi, determined to push on the work of reform; the

Foro Ecclesiastico (or chief clerical tribunal) was finally abolished, and the privileges and immunities of the vast army of ecclesiastics were sensibly curtailed. The clerical organs thundered denunciations against the infidel King and his heretic ministers. Luckily for them a famous act of clerical intolerance just at this time immensely strengthened the hands of both the King and the ministry in dealing with the question. When the Minister of Commerce, Santa Rosa, died shortly after the passing of the Siccardine law, he was refused the last sacrament, though he was admittedly a man of blameless life, and though he died in complete communion with the Roman Church. Nothing could have better served the cause of ecclesiastical reform.

I have dwelt on this matter in some detail because it was of immense importance on two grounds. In the first place, it marks the beginning of the breach between the Roman Pontiff and the Sardinian King, the man who was destined to be King of Italy, and to establish the seat of government under the shadow of the Vatican itself. The breach thus created is not healed yet, and though the difficulties of the situation are gradually diminishing,[1] we still must recollect that for twenty years at least the contest between the Papal and the Civil power constituted the hardest of the problems which the makers of modern Italy were called upon to solve. On another ground the matter is important, since it served to introduce to Italian politics the great statesman whose name is peculiarly associated with this question, Count Camillo di Cavour.

During the debates on the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction Cavour gave strong support to the ministerial policy. It was only by timely reform, as he reminded them, that revolution could be avoided. "Do not think," he said, "that the constitutional throne will be weakened; it will, on the contrary, be strengthened, and it will implant roots so profound in our soil"—mark his prophetic words—"that when revolution again threatens us, not only

[1] The statement in the text must, I fear be considerably modified in view of recent events.

will the constitutional throne direct it, but that throne will group around itself all the living forces of Italy, and conduct the nation to the destinies which yet await it."

In the splendour and in the certainty of that destiny Cavour had a profound belief. The important support he had recently given to the Government claimed recognition at their hands, and in 1850 he joined the ministry of D'Azeglio as Minister of Commerce. His commanding intellect, his soaring but strictly honourable ambition, his unbending will and slightly domineering temper were already recognised. "Look out what you are doing," said the King to D'Azeglio; "Cavour will soon be master of you all; he will dismiss you; he will never be content till he is Prime Minister himself."

Born on the 10th of August 1810, Cavour was, like Mazzini, by birth a Piedmontese. His family belonged to the small exclusive aristocracy of Piedmont—perhaps the smallest, and certainly the proudest, aristocracy in Europe. One of his sponsors, it is interesting to note, was Pauline Borghese, a sister of the great Napoleon. Thus early did the connection between Cavour and the Bonapartes begin. Like other noble youths, he was educated at the military academy at Turin, and joined the army as an engineer in 1828. But the army was little to his taste. He had already begun to realise the abject condition of his native country, and to indulge himself in dreams for its regeneration. The events of the French Revolution of 1830 made a great impression on his mind—an impression which he communicated to his comrades with too much freedom to please the authorities at home. In consequence of his indiscretion he was placed under semi-arrest in the Fort de Bard; and, disgusted with the situation, he resigned his commission in 1831.

The drift of his political opinions about this time may be gathered from a letter which he addressed to an English friend in December 1829—

"I congratulate you sincerely on the happy change which has taken place in the policy of your Government."

(Referring, I suppose, to the Catholic Emancipation Act, carried by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.) "Whilst all Europe is walking with a firm step in the path of progress, unhappy Italy is borne down perpetually under the same system of civil and religious tyranny. Pity those who, with a soul made to develop the generous principles of civilisation, are compelled to see their country brutalised by Austrian bayonets. Tell your countrymen that we are not undeserving of liberty; that if we have rotten members, we have also men who are worthy to enjoy the blessings of light. Forgive me if I wander, but my soul is weighed down under the weight of indignation and sorrow." Cavour had already begun to take that profound interest in English politics which he maintained till his death. It is interesting to note that from this time onwards he regularly took in the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Economist.*

But Cavour was by no means content even with such admirable sources of information as these. He was bent on making a profound study of the political, the social, and above all the economical, questions which were then agitating both England and the Continent. Repeatedly we find him writing to friends in England for corn law statistics, for Government reports, for Parliamentary Blue-books, and so forth—a species of interesting literature which is not, I fancy, in much demand even in the most "forward" of free libraries in England. Studies such as these inevitably led him to institute comparisons between the steady and moderated progress of a country like England and the ignoble stagnation of his own unhappy fatherland. He followed the reform agitation in England with the closest interest, and hailed the passing of the Bill of 1832 as an emblem of hope for the liberal party throughout Europe—even for Italy. "And in the miserable position in which we are placed," he writes, "we need, indeed, a ray of hope. Pressed on the one side by Austrian bayonets, on the other by the furious excommunications of the Pope, our condition is truly deplorable. Every free exercise of thought, every generous sentiment, is stifled, as if it were a sacrilege or a crime against the

state. We cannot hope to obtain by ourselves any relief from such enormous misfortunes. . . . The voice of England alone can obtain for the people of the Romagna a supportable government, somewhat in harmony with the ideas and manners of our age."

After leaving the army Cavour devoted his energies to agriculture and the management of his ancestral property at Léri. At the first blush agriculture has small attractions for an active-minded man. "The *habitué* of the salon," as Cavour himself writes, "feels a certain repugnance for works which begin by the analysis of dunghills, and end in the middle of cattle-sheds; but if he can get over his first repugnance he will find much to attract him." For Cavour himself, who when he started could not distinguish between a turnip and a potato, the experience was of the greatest value. The monotony of the pursuit, moreover, was relieved by periodical travels, in the course of which he visited this country, Ireland, and Scotland. Here he pursued with the most ardent zeal the studies in social and political affairs which had so long engaged him. The condition of the poor, the working of the new Poor Law, the industrial wealth, the expanding commerce, and above all the Parliamentary Government of this country, all engaged his serious attention. Night after night the young Italian, destined to become the real founder of Parliamentary Government in Italy, was to be seen in the Strangers' Gallery, following with the utmost interest the debates, and making himself thoroughly conversant with the rules of procedure, the methods of conducting business, and above all, with the niceties of parliamentary tactics in the English House of Commons. To Cavour the experience thus gained was of course of incalculable value in later years.

Meanwhile he began about 1835 to contribute articles on the English Poor Law, on Communism, on Free Trade, on Railways, and on a number of kindred topics, to various journals and reviews. In 1843 he published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* an article on Ireland, distinguished by all his characteristic sobriety of judgment and sturdy

common sense. Shortly before this, in 1842, he had taken an active share in the foundation of the Agricultural Society of Piedmont, an association designed not merely for the dissemination of correct ideas on stock-breeding and chemical manures, but also to bring together all the leading men who held liberal opinions in Piedmont. These enlightened leaders had to advance with the utmost caution. In 1847 Cavour, in conjunction with Santa Rosa, Cesare Balbo, and others, founded a new journal, named the *Risorgimento*, for the purpose of disseminating constitutional ideas of government. The programme of the constitutional party at this time was brief but pregnant: "Independence of Italy, union between the Princes and peoples, progress in the path of reform, and a league between the Italian states."

In this programme there is, you may notice, a notable omission. It speaks of independence, it speaks of a league between the states, it points to federation; there is no hint of unity. And, indeed, at this moment Cavour and the Italian liberals were content to let the latter question bide its time. That unity would ultimately be achieved they were assured; but the first essential was independence. Hence the inveterate hostility with which this party was pursued by the Mazzinist enthusiasts. The Mazzinists regarded all compromise, all temporising, as being in itself a handling of the accursed thing. They never would realise that in politics and in diplomacy the half, as the Greek proverb has it, is often better than the whole. No man ever realised this truth more profoundly than Cavour. "Let us," he was wont to say, "do one thing at a time; let us get rid of the Austrians, and we shall see—*nous verrons*." At the same time he pushed on to the utmost of his power internal reform in Piedmont. "What is the good," he asked, "of reforms which lead to no conclusion and terminate nothing? Let us demand a Constitution. Since the Government can be no longer maintained on the bases that have hitherto supported it, let it replace them by others conformable to the spirit of the time, to the progress

of civilisation; let it replace them before it is too late, before social authority falls into dissolution amid the clamours of the people." Mark well those words; they would form a fitting text for the whole of Cavour's political career: "Let it replace them before social authority falls into dissolution amid the clamours of the people." Reform, primarily for its own sake; but, not less, to anticipate, to forestall, to cut the ground from under the feet of destructive revolution. That is the position of a true Liberal; that is the position of a genuine Conservative.

The demand was granted; a *Constitution* or *Statuto* was conceded, and in 1848 Count Cavour took his seat as member for Turin, in the first Parliament of Piedmont.

Thanks to the experience he had gained in England, Cavour was from the first the moulder of the Parliamentary system in his own country. But on his first entrance into active political life he was by no means popular. In times of revolutionary excitement wise and moderate men very seldom are. By the ultra-democrats—the noisy remnants of the Mazzinist party—he was regarded as a reactionary aristocrat; by his own order, on the other hand, he was shunned as a dangerous revolutionist. But by the rigour and ability with which he supported the Siccardian law for the abolition of clerical jurisdictions he managed to conciliate in time the respect of all moderate men.

Hence on the death of Santa Rosa he was, as we have seen, appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. This office gave him the opportunity of putting into practice those sound economical and financial principles which he had imbibed for the most part in this country, and in the truth of which he had so profound a conviction. He pushed on reform apace; he improved the internal means of communication, removed burdensome restrictions on trade, and concluded commercial treaties with England, France, Belgium, and other powers. His reforms enormously increased the industrial resources of the country, and rendered it more capable of sustaining the arduous part it had to play in the immediate future. But not even the

wisest can escape the reproach of fools, and after a brief official career marked by exceptional activity Cavour was obliged to retire. He took the opportunity thus afforded him of paying another visit to his friends in England and enlightening the best English opinion on the existing situation in Italy. It was indeed assuming every day a more and more critical complexion. The liberal and reforming policy of the Sardinian Government was beginning to excite the indignation of the reactionary powers. Austria and Prussia indeed had the effrontery to suggest to Victor Emmanuel that he would best consult his own interests by imitating the reactionary policy of the vassal courts of Florence and Naples, Modena and Parma. The King, in reply, courteously but firmly intimated to his distinguished advisers that he was master in his own house, that he in no way interfered with what other sovereigns thought fit to do, and that he desired on his part perfect liberty of action! The ecclesiastical situation was not less fraught with difficulty than the political. The debates on the Siccardian law had in fact raised the whole question of the relations of Church and State in Italy—a question everywhere and always thorny, but rendered in Italy a hundredfold more difficult by the existence of the Temporal dominions of the Papacy. Such were some of the many problems confronting Cavour when in 1852 he became Prime Minister of Sardinia. As to his immediate policy Cavour was perfectly clear. His programme is thus stated by himself—

"Piedmont must begin by raising herself, by reestablishing in Europe, as well as in Italy, a position and a credit equal to her ambition. Hence there must be a policy unswerving in its aims but flexible and various as to the means employed, embracing the exchequer, military reorganisation, diplomacy, and religious affairs."

There are, it has been well said, two qualities essential to a statesman—the one is prudence, the other is imprudence. Cavour possessed the two qualities in combination in an exceptional degree. He knew that in the affairs of states,

as in the affairs of individuals, there comes a time when rashness is the height of prudence.

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all."

Such a crisis had arrived in the history of Sardinia when, in 1854, the western powers embarked on the Crimean War. Realise to yourselves the position of Piedmont at this most critical juncture. One of many states in Italy, not the oldest, not the largest, not the richest, loaded with debt, prostrate beneath the recent recollection of a crushing military disorder, by no means on the best of terms with its immediate neighbours, and among the European "powers" practically unrecognised — this was the State which proposed in 1854 to join the western powers in the defence of the dominions of the Porte. The negotiations were protracted for months. Among his colleagues Cavour stood absolutely alone in advocating this seemingly desperate enterprise. To them the whole scheme was sheer insanity. But the King stood firmly by Cavour. The ministers were permitted to resign, and in January 1855 the memorable treaty was signed by which Sardinia pledged herself to go to the assistance of the western powers with 15,000 (afterwards increased to 25,000) men. "It was," says Massari, "a solemn moment for the King, and decided the fate of his country; that treaty was the fortune of Italy. To overcome so many difficulties the genius of Cavour was not enough, there was needed also the firmness of Victor Emmanuel, for without him the treaty would not have been concluded." I have quoted Massari's judgment, for it insists on an important truth, realised to the full by the King's devoted subjects in Italy, but not properly appreciated in England, viz. the immensely important part played at every great crisis in the drama of Italian unification by Victor Emmanuel himself. Here in the Crimean Treaty; again after the Peace of Villafranca; again in regard to the

Neapolitan question in 1861, and finally in the extremely delicate and difficult negotiation of 1870—in all these crises it was the courage and firmness and tact of the King himself which surmounted every difficulty and ensured success.

But in regard to Sardinia's intervention in the Crimea you may fairly ask—What was her interest in the quarrel, what right had she to interfere, what could she hope to gain in return for the risks she ran? Cavour himself anticipated the interrogation. In a great speech on the Treaty he showed that in possession of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles Russia would be irresistible in the Mediterranean. "But I may be asked," he said, "what matters it to us if Russia has the mastery in the Mediterranean? It may be said that that mastery does not belong to Italy nor to Sardinia; it is now the possession of England and of France; instead of two masters the Mediterranean will have three. I cannot believe that such sentiments can have an echo in this assembly. *They would amount to a giving up of our hopes of the future!* How will this treaty avail Italy?" he concluded. "I will tell you. In the only way in which we or perhaps any one can help Italy in the present condition of Europe. The experience of past years and of past centuries has proved how little conspiracies, plots, revolutions, and ill-directed movements have profited Italy. So far from doing so, they have proved the greatest calamity which has afflicted this fair part of Europe; not only from the vast amount of human misery they have entailed, not only because they have been the cause and the excuse for acts of increasing severity, but especially because these continual conspiracies, these repeated revolutions, these ineffectual risings, have had the effect of lessening the esteem, and even to a certain extent the sympathy, which the other nations of Europe once felt for Italy. Now I believe that the first condition of any improvement in the fate of Italy is that we should restore to her her good name, and so act that all nations, governments, and peoples should render justice to her great qualities. And to this end two things are necessary: first, that

we should prove to Europe that Italy has sufficient civil virtue to govern herself with order and form herself for liberty, and that she is capable of receiving the most perfect system of government known to us; and secondly, that we should show that in military virtue we are not inferior to our ancestors. You have already rendered one service to Italy by the conduct you have pursued for seven years, proving in the clearest way to Europe that the Italians are able to govern themselves with wisdom, prudence, and loyalty. It remains for you to render her no less a service, if not even a greater; it remains for you to show that the sons of Italy can fight like brave men on the fields of glory. And I am persuaded that the laurels which our soldiers will gather in the plains of the East will do more for the future of Italy than all that has been done by those who have thought by declamation and writing to effect her regeneration."

Never was prudent calculation more exactly fulfilled, never was rash resolve more fully justified. The conduct of the Sardinian contingent in the Crimea not only wiped out the disgrace of Custozza and Novara; it gave to Sardinia for the first time a footing among the "powers"; above all, it enabled her to take her part on terms of equality in the diplomatic negotiations which resulted in the peace of Paris.

The congress of Paris, to which Cavour was admitted, despite the protests of Austria, proved to be the turning-point in the fortunes of Sardinia and of Italy. In the English representatives, Lord Cowley and Lord Clarendon, and—a still more important matter—in the Emperor of the French, Cavour was assured of sympathetic auditors when he was at last permitted to bring the condition of Italy before the congress. For their information he described the condition of the several states in Italy, picturing the misgovernment of Naples especially, in the most repulsive colours. Lord Clarendon in consequence proposed remonstrance with King Ferdinand. But Cavour with characteristic courage, even in the presence of the

Austrian minister, impatiently brushed away all secondary causes and went straight to the point. The main cause, he said, of the state of things they all agreed in deprecating was Austria. "Austria is the arch-enemy of Italian independence; the permanent danger to the only free nation in Italy, the nation I have the honour to represent." Austria, on the other hand, despite the urgency of England and France, declined to hold out any hope of an amelioration of the scandal of her rule in Italy. After the congress, Cavour met Lord Clarendon and put the matter briefly thus: "That which has passed in the congress proves two things: first, that Austria is decided to persist in her system of oppression and violence towards Italy; secondly, that the forces of diplomacy are impotent to modify that system. See the consequences for Piedmont. With the irritation on one side and the arrogance of Austria on the other, there are but two alternatives to take: reconcile ourselves to Austria and the Pope, or prepare to declare war at the Court of Vienna in a future not far distant. If the first part is preferable, I must on my return to Turin advise my King to call to power the friends of Austria and the Pope. If the second hypothesis is best, my friends and I will not shrink from preparing for a terrible war—a war to the death." Lord Clarendon was sympathetic, but Cavour saw clearly that he was likely to get from England little else than moral support. He therefore prepared to pin his faith to the vanity and ambition of Napoleon III. "What can I do for Italy?" Napoleon had asked in 1855. Cavour told him frankly that he could do much, and moreover, showed him how it could be done. That interview was the foundation of the famous Franco-Sardinian alliance formally consummated some three years later.

During the next two years (1856-58) the relations of Austria and Sardinia became every day more strained. It was obvious that the situation could have but one issue. For the moment the good understanding between Italy and France, on which everything depended, was interrupted by the dastardly attempt of Orsini upon the Emperor's life.

The incident had another unfortunate result, as it served to embitter the relations between England and the Continental monarchies. The addresses of congratulation addressed to Napoleon teemed with insulting allusions to this country, whence Orsini had started on his fanatical errand. One such urged that "London, the infamous haunt in which machinations so infernal are planned, should be destroyed for ever." And Napoleon himself spoke of England as a "den of assassins." How far England deserved the appellation no one could judge better than Napoleon himself.

Notwithstanding, however, this untoward incident, Cavour and the Emperor had their famous interview at Plombières in the summer of 1858. The result of it was for the time a secret, though Victor Emmanuel was heard to say that next year he would be King of Italy or plain M. de Savoie. The speech with which the King opened the Parliamentary session of 1859 pointed in the same direction. The concluding paragraph, which has become memorable in history is said to have been inspired by the Emperor himself. "Our country," said the King, "small in territory, has acquired credit in the councils of Europe, because she is great in the idea she represents in the sympathy that she inspires. This situation is not exempt from perils, for while we respect treaties we are not insensible to the cry of anguish (*grido di dolore*) that comes up to us from many parts of Italy. Strong in concord, confident in our good right, we await with prudence and resolution the decrees of Divine Providence." The effect of this speech is described by Massari, himself an eye-witness of the excited scene, as simply electric. "At every period," he says, "the speech was interrupted by clamorous applause and cries of *Viva il Rè!* But when he came to the words, *Grido di dolore*, there was an enthusiasm quite indescribable. Senators, deputies, spectators, all sprang to their feet with a bound, and broke into passionate acclamations. The ministers of France, Russia, Prussia, and England were utterly astonished and carried away by the marvellous spectacle. The face of the ambassador of Naples was

covered with a gloomy pallor. We poor exiles did not even attempt to wipe away the tears that flowed unrestrainedly from our eyes as we frantically clapped our hands in applause of that King who had remembered our sorrows, who had promised us a country. Before the victories, the plebiscites, and the annexations conferred on him the crown of Italy he reigned in our hearts; he was our King!" Even after this declaration efforts were made by neutral powers, notably by England, to avert the coming war, but Austria insisted as a preliminary on Sardinian disarmament. Cavour firmly refused. In March he again met Napoleon in Paris. The terms of the alliance were finally arranged. On the 23d of April the Austrian ultimatum demanding immediate disarmament reached Turin, and within three days the Sardinian army was on the march for Lombardy. "It is done," said Cavour to some friends. "*Alea jacta est.* We have made some history, and now to dinner."

"People of Italy," so the Royal Proclamation ran, "Austria assails Piedmont because I have maintained the cause of our common country in the councils of Europe, because I was not insensible to your cries of anguish. Thus she now violently breaks the treaties she has never respected.

"So to-day the right of the nation is complete, and I can with a free conscience fulfil the vow I made on the tomb of my parent by taking up arms to defend my throne, the liberties of my people, the honour of the Italian name. I fight for the right of the whole nation. We confide in God and in our concord; we confide in the valour of the Italian soldiers, in the alliance of the noble French nation; we confide in the justice of public opinion. I have no other ambition than to be the first soldier of Italian independence. *Viva l'Italia.*"

On the 13th of May the King met at Genoa the Emperor of the French, "his generous ally," who had come to "liberate Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic." The two sovereigns went together to the front. For a month the allies carried all before them; on the 4th of

June they won the great victory of Magenta; on the 8th they entered Milan; and on the 24th they won the double battle of Solferino and San Martino—the crowning glory of a brilliant campaign. And then—the "magnanimous ally" stopped short. He met the Emperor Francis Joseph at Villafranca, and the terms of an armistice by which Lombardy was to be united with Piedmont, while Venice was left to Austria, were arranged. It is a barren task to canvass Napoleon's motives for this extraordinary step. Possibly, as Cavour afterwards believed, it was due more to the impulse of the moment than to any preconceived design. Enough to note the results. To the peoples of the subject provinces, to the Venetians, to the Tuscans, to the Modenese, above all, to the Romagnuoli, who had looked for speedy emancipation from despotic masters, the news came as a calamitous disappointment. Cavour at the moment could attribute it to nothing but treachery, calmly calculated and cruelly practised. Victor Emmanuel, though not less bitterly grieved and disappointed than his ministers, alone retained some measure of composure, some perception of the advantages already secured.

The anger of Cavour at the Emperor's treachery was unbounded. On learning the news he instantly departed for the Camp, and regardless alike of diplomatic etiquette and ministerial decencies, he showered reproaches indifferently on both the Sovereigns. He besought his master to repudiate the terms and decline to accept Lombardy under these humiliating conditions. On the King's refusal to accept this rash advice he immediately resigned and withdrew to his farms at Léri. This once only in his whole career did his feelings get the better of his judgment, and well may he be forgiven. Of his almost superhuman labours in the period just before the war the world, says his biographer Bianchi, will never know. But history in its justice will relate how in the midst of such a boiling over of violent passions, of mortal hatreds, of generous excitement, of storms and worries indescribable, he remained imperturbably serene, calculating the current events, and knowing how to master

men and things to hit the best opportunity for action. Though he held in his hand the fermenting revolution, never did he once depart from the course of patient moderation which alone could save the Italian question from becoming lacerated by the claws of the Austrian eagle in that last and most difficult period of the negotiations. His appetite for work was prodigious. At one and the same time he was President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of War, Minister of the Interior. He had a bed in the War Office, and during the night he walked in his dressing-gown from one department to the other, giving directions as to police regulations, diplomatic correspondence, and preparations for war, inflaming every one by his example of laboriousness and patriotism. "We have a government, a chamber, a constitution," the Piedmontese were wont to say; "the name for it all is Cavour." No wonder, then, that the breakdown of that which was especially his work—the French alliance—should have prostrated him.

But the King's judgment at this most agitating crisis was more sound than his. He was grieved to the heart by the turn events had taken, but he saw what Cavour failed to see, that by the victories of 1859 much had been achieved. "The political unity of Italy, since Novara a possibility, has become since Villafranca a necessity." The stain of Novara had been wiped out; Austria had been driven back behind the Mincio; Lombardy was united with Piedmont in a great subalpine kingdom; and, in the following year Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Roman Legations were annexed by universal plebiscite to this new kingdom of North Italy. Cavour recovered his spirits with a rebound, and after a few months' retirement returned to power. But his humiliations were not yet completed; Napoleon's bill had still to be paid. Even the little he had accomplished he had not done for nothing. The "little account" proved when presented, as sometimes happens in less important bills, to be a very big account. In view of the large accessions to the Sardinian kingdom

by the annexation of Tuscany, Romagna, and other provinces, Napoleon claimed the cession of Savoy.

The history of this most discreditable transaction—a transaction which has left an indelible stain on French diplomacy—belongs more properly to my next lecture. Enough to say in this place that the demand was perforce conceded. For all concerned it was a lamentable necessity; for the King especially it was "the sacrifice most painful to his heart" to have to surrender to the foreigner "the cradle of his race." The rage of the Mazzinists and of Garibaldi knew no bounds. To them Cavour was a "low intriguer," Napoleon nothing better than a "vulpine knave"; but all consideration of the justice of these epithets I must postpone. I must postpone also, as belonging more properly to Garibaldi's life, the last act in Cavour's political career, by which, thanks hardly less to him than to the intrepid volunteer, the kingdom of the South was united to the kingdom of the North, and Italy, her unity all but perfectly achieved, was free in glad reality from the Adriatic to the Alps.

Cavour's lifework was nearly done. He lived to see his master proclaimed King of Italy—an Italy that included every member of the race except the Venetians and the Roman subjects of the Pope. But he saw clearly that even then much still remained to be accomplished. Thanks to the sword of Garibaldi and the enthusiasm which he excited in the South, Naples was annexed to the Northern kingdom. But it had still to be assimilated. The people were lawless, traditionally opposed to government of any sort, restless and troublesome. Yet nothing would persuade Cavour to have recourse to what are called "extraordinary measures." He shrank from the least breach of what he regarded as constitutional government. Possibly he was on this point over sensitive. But if he was in error it was the error of a noble nature. Besides, parliamentary institutions in Italy—those institutions which Cavour had really created—were still on their trial. Little wonder that their creator should have shrunk from vitiating the experiment

by unnecessary interference with its course. "Anybody," he was wont to say, "can govern with a state of siege." The idea of its application to the Sicilies was the haunting nightmare of his last fatal illness. "No state of siege, no state of siege," he was heard repeatedly to murmur.

The other difficulty which Cavour left unsolved was infinitely greater, infinitely more intricate and permanent, and it was just such a difficulty as to demand for its solution, in especial measure, his exceptional abilities. The difficulty to which, of course, I refer, was that created by the attitude of the Papacy in the question of the Temporal power. I say nothing, for the present, of the hardly less difficult claim of the Church to the exclusive regulation of education. The problem is thus clearly stated by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1861: "There can be no question that the existence of an effective Italian power must involve a material modification in the condition of the Court of Rome. A King of Italy and a Sovereign Pontiff, both ruling, or laying claim to rule, over any considerable portion of Italian territory, are a contradiction pregnant with irreconcilable opposition. . . . The King of Italy can never become the supreme head of a national government so long as the Pope continues to claim temporal and sovereign dominion in the Peninsula, for the authority of the Crown would be exposed to perpetual antagonism within the pale of its own civil jurisdiction. On the other hand, it is also certain that to obtain from the Court of Rome the necessary concessions for obviating such collisions with the royal authority involves what may well appear the hopeless task of modifying the most tenacious and unrelaxing of human constitutions." Even the annexation of the Romagna to the kingdom of Italy in 1860 had not been accomplished without fulminations from the Vatican, which culminated at last in the once dreadful ban of excommunication. Victor Emmanuel was little inconvenienced by the papal anathemas, but as a loyal and even devoted son of the Church he was deeply hurt. You may read in Miss Godkin's admirable *Life* the noble, the tender appeal

from the King to the Pope, in which he prayed the Holy Father to sanction the act by which the peoples of the Romagna had with absolute spontaneity united themselves to the Italian kingdom, and to give his blessing to the holy work of Italian unification. The appeal was made in vain.

But Cavour, no less loyal than his master to the Church, never doubted that the further change must come with all its necessary consequences; that the new kingdom of Italy must eventually establish its seat of government in the ancient capital at Rome. "The choice of a capital is determined," he said, "by high moral considerations. It is the sentiment of the people that decides. Rome unites all the conditions, historical, intellectual, moral, which form the capital of a great state. . . . It remains to convince the Holy Father that the Church can be independent without the temporal power. 'Holy Father,' we will say, 'the Temporal power is for you no longer a guarantee of independence. Renounce it, and we will give you that liberty which for three centuries you have in vain demanded from the great Catholic powers. . . . We are ready to proclaim in Italy this great principle: *The Free Church in the Free State.*'"

"We hold," said Cavour, in one of his latest and most famous speeches (26th March 1861), "we hold that the independence and dignity of the supreme Pontiff, as well as the independence of the Church, will be secured by the separation of the two powers, and by a large application of the principles of liberty to the relations between civil and religious society." He next expressed a fervent hope that this change might be brought about by amicable arrangement with the Vatican. "But what," he continued, "what if, in circumstances as fatal to the Church as to Italy, the Pope should prove inflexible and persist in rejecting all terms? Then, gentlemen, we should still not desist from proclaiming loudly the same principles; we should not desist from declaring that whether or not an understanding precede our entry into the eternal city, Italy will no sooner

have pronounced the forfeiture of the temporal power than she will emancipate the Church from the State, and secure the liberty of the former on the amplest foundations."

Most unfortunately, as we shall see next time, it was not to be. Every advance on the part of the Italian Government was met by the inflexible, unvarying *non possumus.* But this was the dream in the contemplation of which the great statesman of Italian independence went to his eternal rest. Even his iron constitution succumbed at last to the superhuman exertions he had made, to the manifold and harassing anxieties he had undergone, to the alternations of exciting triumph and humiliating failure in which his last few years had been passed. The King was with him to the end. His thoughts, even in delirium, were still with the master he had served so faithfully, still for the country he had loved so well. "I will have no state of siege for the Neapolitans," he cried. "Li lavi, li lavi, li lavi!" Purify them, purify them, purify them. And then, with his last breath, to the attendant brother, "Frate, Frate, libera chiesa in libero stato."

Thus Cavour passed away on the 5th of June 1861. Well might the whole Italian people—from the King, who had lost not merely his ablest counsellor but his dearest friend, down to the humblest peasant,—well might the whole people be plunged in grief almost inconsolable. Well might they mourn for him who had struck off from their limbs the fetters of an alien yoke; who had guided them safely through the early stages—always difficult and thorny—of Parliamentary Government; who had not merely shown them the blessings of freedom, but had taught them how to use their freedom with moderation, with good sense, and—lesson most difficult of all to learn—with due regard to the liberties of others than themselves. "Italy a nation is the legacy, the lifework, of Cavour.[1] . . . Others have been devoted to the cause of national liberation. . . . He knew how to bring it into the sphere of possibilities; he made it pure of any factious

[1] Mazade: *Life of Cavour.*

spirit; he led it away from barren utopias, kept it clear of reckless conspiracies, steered straight between revolution and reaction, and gave it an organised force, a flag, a government, and foreign allies." It is no disparagement to Mazzini; it is no disparagement to Garibaldi; to say that neither of them could have done so much for Italy. And yet it may well be doubted whether Cavour himself could have accomplished all he did but for the assistance which indirectly he derived from the labours of men with whom he had nothing in common save an ardent patriotism, a passionate longing for the realisation of the national unity of their Italian fatherland. The Prophet, the Statesman, the Crusader, each was complementary in his lifework to the other. Possessed of widely diverse gifts, dissimilar in temper, and generally opposed in policy, but equal in abnegation of all selfish aims, equal in devotion to a noble cause, equal in the steadfast courage with which it was pursued, each will have his proper niche in the temple of Italian unity, for each contributed most precious gifts,—each freely gave his life and lifework—to the building of that imperishable fane.

III

GARIBALDI

THE UNION OF NORTH AND SOUTH

IT will be for your convenience, I think, that I should briefly recall the position of affairs after the exciting events of 1859. By the terms of the Peace of Villafranca Lombardy was to be united with Piedmont, but Venice, with the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, was to be retained by Austria: the fugitive rulers of the provinces of Central Italy were to be restored, and, in all other respects, the *status quo ante* 1859 was to be completely re-established. But the diplomatists at Zurich in 1859, like the diplomatists at Vienna in 1815, were counting without their host. "They seemed to think," writes Massari, "that they had only to declare that Leopold of Lorraine should go to Florence, Francis of Este to Modena, the Duchesse de Bourbon to Parma, and the Pope's legates to Bologna, Ferrara, Forte, and Ravenna. But the inhabitants had very different views." On the outbreak of the war these prudent Princes had all abandoned their several capitals, and had taken refuge either with the Austrian army or abroad. Provisional governments were consequently formed at once in Tuscany, in Modena and Parma, and in the Roman States; and deputations were sent to offer the allegiance of the several States

to Victor Emmanuel without delay. In the case of Tuscany, Modena and Parma, the matter was comparatively simple, but the action of the Roman Legations at once raised issues of enormous and far-reaching magnitude. Not merely did it raise the question, bristling with difficulties, of the relations of the new Italian kingdom and the temporal power, but it raised it at a time when the Pope and his temporal dominions were under the immediate protection of Italy's "magnanimous ally." The definitive settlement of the whole matter was, however, postponed for the time being to the conclusion of the peace. The preliminaries of peace suggested the formation, outside the enlarged kingdom of Piedmont, of an Italian confederation, under the presidency of the Pope, to which the Austrian provinces and the restored duchies were to belong.

No doubt, in the opinion of the rulers, such an arrangement was neat and satisfactory. Unfortunately it had one defect; it entirely failed to take account of the wishes of those who were most immediately concerned. The peoples were inflexibly resolved neither to go back under a despotic yoke, nor to remain practically independent and therefore powerless units, but to become the subjects of Victor Emmanuel, and take their place at once in the new Italian kingdom. "Italy," said Napoleon, in a farewell proclamation to the troops, "Italy henceforth mistress of its destinies, will have only herself to blame if she does not make regular progress in order and liberty." He had made it further understood that he would neither assist in nor permit the forcible restoration of the petty despots of Central Italy to their respective thrones. Now all that the people asked was to be allowed to mould their own destinies in accordance with Napoleon's hint. Each of the three divisions, Tuscany, the Romagna, and Modena and Parma, now united under the title of Emilia, proceeded, therefore, to elect representative assemblies, which in every case unanimously resolved upon union with Piedmont. The King promised to do all he could to procure the sanction of Europe to the scheme which they desired.

France was willing, on conditions subsequently revealed; England, under the government of Lord Palmerston, was entirely favourable. But the ways of diplomacy are tedious, and neither Cavour nor the King was anxious in so delicate a matter to act in defiance of its dictates.

The main obstacles, of course, were Austria and the Pope, the latter being infinitely the more serious of the two. Not even the efforts of the French Emperor, without whose support the Temporal power could not have subsisted for a day, could induce the Vatican to abate one iota of the claims it had so long sustained. Equally in vain were the remonstrances addressed by Victor Emmanuel to the Pope. His message was to the last degree dignified and dutiful. "A devoted son of the Church, I have always nourished," wrote the King, "a sense of sincere attachment, of veneration and respect, towards Holy Church and its august head. It never was, and it is not my intention to fail in my duties as a Catholic prince, or to curtail as far as in me lies those rights and that authority which the Holy See exercises on earth by Divine commission from heaven. But I also have sacred duties to fulfil before God and man, towards my country and towards the people whom Divine Providence has confided to my government. I have always sought to reconcile the duties of a Catholic prince with those of an independent sovereign of a free and civilised nation, both in the internal rule of my States and in my foreign policy. . . . These are dangerous times. It is not for me to indicate the safest way to restore quiet to our country, and to re-establish on a solid basis the prestige and authority of the Holy See in Italy. At the same time I believe it my duty to lay before your Holiness an idea of which I am fully convinced. It is this: that taking into consideration the necessity of the times, the increasing force of the principle of nationality, the irresistible impulse which impels the people of Italy to unite and order themselves in conformity with the model adopted by all civilised nations —an impulse which, I believe, demands my frank and loyal concurrence—such a state of things might be established

as would reserve to the Church its high dominion, and assure to the supreme Pontiff a glorious post at the head of the Italian nation, while giving the people of the (papal) provinces a share in the benefits that a kingdom, strong and highly national, secures to the greater part of Central Italy."

But no remonstrance, no petition, no advice could in the least degree shake the Vatican in the stubbornly consistent attitude it had assumed. Denunciations were followed by anathemas, anathemas by excommunication. But when the several peoples had once more pronounced by universal plebiscite in favour of a junction with Piedmont, not Tuscany only nor Emilia, but Bologna also and the other Roman Legations, were united in irrevocable bonds with the kingdom of North Italy. On the 2d of April 1860 the first Italian Parliament, representing a kingdom of 11,000,000 people, assembled at Turin. "The last time I opened Parliament," said the King's speech, "when Italy was sunk in sorrows and the state menaced by great dangers, faith in Divine justice comforted me and augured well for our destinies. In very brief space of time an invasion was repelled, Lombardy liberated by the glorious achievements of the army, Central Italy freed by the marvellous merit of her people; and to-day I have here assembled around me the representatives of the rights and of the hopes of the nation. . . . In turning our attention," he concluded, "to the new order of affairs, we invite all sincere opinions to a noble emulation that we may attain the grand end of the wellbeing of the people and the greatness of the country. It is no longer the Italy of the Romans, nor that of the Middle Ages, it must no longer be the battlefield of ambitious foreigners, but it must rather be the Italy of the Italians."

But in the midst of the general jubilation which so auspicious an event naturally evoked there was one discordant note. In one of the clauses of the royal speech from which I have already quoted these words occur: "In gratitude to France; for the good of Italy;

to consolidate the union between two nations that have a common origin, principles, and destinies, and finding it necessary to make some sacrifice, I have made that which has cost my heart dear. Subject to the vote of the people, the approbation of Parliament, and the consent of Switzerland, I have made a treaty for the reunion of Savoy and Nice to France." It was indeed a painful sacrifice. Was it inevitable? On the whole I am inclined to think it was, and that for two reasons: (1) I am convinced that Cavour and still more Victor Emmanuel would never have made the bitter sacrifice except in deference to inexorable necessity; (2) it was admittedly the sole condition upon which the "vulpine knave," as Garibaldi was wont to call Napoleon III, would consent to the aggrandisement, as *he* conceived it, of a neighbouring power. Perhaps too much has been made of this question. The provinces—or at least Savoy—were in all essentials French; they assented by plebiscite to the change of masters; Savoy could contribute little to the resources of the new kingdom, and its conduct on more than one occasion had almost justified Cavour's assertion that it was the Ireland of Italy. In the chambers, too, Cavour's majority was unbroken, the treaty being ratified by a majority of 229, more than four-fifths of the whole chamber.

But there was one man in Italy to whom the cession came as an overpowering blow, the man who by his brilliant achievement in South Italy was just about to rivet upon himself the attention of the world—I mean Garibaldi. "You have made me," he cried, "a stranger in the land of my birth."

Garibaldi, whose career up to this point I must now very briefly trace, was born at Nice in 1807, being, therefore, two years the junior of Mazzini, and three years older than Cavour. He was destined by his parents, humble but worthy folk, for the priesthood. But he preferred the sea, and for many years he led a roving and adventurous life. Like many of the ardent youths of Italy, he came early under the influence of Mazzini's teaching; joined the

association of "Young Italy," and from that moment consecrated his life with a simple-heartedness worthy of a mediæval crusader to the service of his country. He was engaged in the abortive expedition to Savoy in 1834, and was condemned to death, but managed to escape to South America. For the next fourteen years he was an exile, engaged for the most part in fighting the battles of Montevideo with the famous "Italian Legion," which he organised and commanded. The experience which he thus acquired of rough, irregular, guerilla warfare was afterwards invaluable.

In 1847 the news reached him in Montevideo of the great excitement which prevailed in Italy and the earnest expectation of a momentous crisis in the history of his native land. It was the moment, you remember, of the supremacy of the neo-Guelphic party, when the hopes of Italy were for a brief space centred on the Pope. Garibaldi and his colleague Anzani at once wrote to the new Pontiff to tender their allegiance, and to offer him the assistance of their arms. "If then to-day our arms, which are not strangers to fighting, are acceptable to your Holiness, we need not say how willingly we shall offer them in the service of one who has done so much for our country and our Church. We shall count ourselves happy if we can but come to aid Pius IX in his work of redemption. . . . We shall consider ourselves privileged if we are allowed to show our devotedness by offering our blood." That was the temper, the spirit of Garibaldi from the dawn to the close of his career—a spirit of simple-minded, pure-hearted, self-sacrificing devotion to his country's cause. No answer reached him from the Pope, but anxious at all risks (for he still lay under sentence of death) to be in the forefront of the fight, he sailed with a band of fifty followers for Rome.

He landed at Nice, his native city, on the 24th of June in the memorable year 1848, having already learnt at Alicante the exciting events which had taken place, and burning to be in the midst of them. Without delay he offered his services to the King Charles Albert, but the

offer was coldly received, and Garibaldi, therefore, went on at once to Milan, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by the citizens. From all sides volunteers flocked to the standard of the now famous warrior, and in a very short time he found himself at the head of 30,000 men. With this band, notwithstanding the signature of peace by which Charles Albert gave back Milan to the Austrians, Garibaldi continued a desultory but harassing campaign.

The appearance of this extraordinary army is thus described by an eyewitness (quoted by Mr. Bent): "Picture to yourself an incongruous assemblage of individuals of all descriptions, boys of twelve or fourteen, veteran soldiers attracted by the fame of the celebrated chieftain of Montevideo; some stimulated by ambition, others seeking for impunity and licence in the confusion of war, yet so restrained by the inflexible severity of their leader that courage and daring alone could find a vent, whilst more lawless passions were curbed beneath his will. The general and his staff all rode on American saddles, wore scarlet blouses with hats of every possible form without distinction of any kind or pretension to military ornament. . . . Garibaldi, if the encampment was far from the scene of danger, would stretch himself under his tent; if, on the contrary, the enemy were near at hand he remained constantly on horseback giving orders and visiting the outposts. Often, disguised as a peasant, he risked his own safety in daring reconnaissances; but most frequently, seated on some commanding elevation, he would pass whole hours examining the surrounding country with his telescope. When the general's trumpet gave the signal to prepare for departure lassos secured the horses which had been left to graze in the meadows. The order of march was always arranged on the preceding day, and the corps set out without so much as knowing where the evening would find them. Owing to this patriarchal simplicity, pushed sometimes too far, Garibaldi appeared more like the chief of a tribe of Indians than a general; but at the approach of danger, and in the heat of combat, his presence of mind

was admirable; and then by the astonishing rapidity of his movements he made up in a great measure for his deficiency in those qualities which are generally supposed to be absolutely essential to a military commander."

This guerilla warfare, though it failed to improve materially the political situation, succeeded in doing two things: it stimulated to an incredible degree the enthusiasm of the populations from which the volunteers were drawn, and it concentrated that enthusiasm on the intrepid hero who commanded them. Before the opening of the campaign of 1849 Charles Albert offered Garibaldi a regular command; but just about that time news came from Rome which caused Garibaldi—to whom as to Mazzini, and to Cavour, Rome represented the embodiment of patriotic aspiration—to fly with a band of 1500 followers to her defence. He was immediately entrusted with the defence of the frontier, which was menaced by the King of Naples.

Upon the strange contortion of events which brought republican France to the assault upon republican Rome I need not dwell; nor upon the heroism with which Rome was defended by Garibaldi and Mazzini. In May Garibaldi's legion covered itself with glory in the two defeats it inflicted on the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri. But the heroic struggle was already drawing to a close. "The situation," wrote Garibaldi, "grew more difficult every day." Just before the French troops, in accordance with the terms of the surrender, were about to enter Rome, Garibaldi himself, accompanied by his heroic wife and with a handful of followers, marched out of Rome, "resolved," as he says, "to take to the country and try our fate again rather than submit to the degradation of laying down our arms before the priest-ridden soldiers of Bonaparte." Dogged first by French and then by Austrian forces Garibaldi's little band crossed the Appenines, and then, after hairbreadth escapes, embarked at Cesenatico, meaning to make their way to Venice, which was still maintaining its unequal struggle with the Austrian forces. In the Adriatic, however, they were confronted by an Austrian squadron which compelled

them to put back and land near Ravenna. "I leave it to be imagined what was my position at that unhappy moment; my poor wife dying, the enemy pursuing us inshore with the confidence gained by an easy victory, and the prospect of landing on a coast where in all probability we should find more enemies." Many of the boats were taken, but Garibaldi with his wife and a few followers managed to reach the shore. Still they were pursued; many of his friends, including Uzo Bassi, were taken, and without a form of trial shot. Garibaldi himself escaped, but not till he had seen his wife expire in his arms. For four years he was a wanderer, but in 1854 he settled down in the island of Caprera, where for years he spent his time labouring as hard as ever he had laboured in his warrior days to turn the barren rock into a smiling garden.

But the events of 1859 once more brought the chief out of his retirement. Summoned by Cavour to meet him at Turin, Garibaldi, wearing as usual his loose red blouse and slouching hat, attended one morning at the palace and demanded audience of the minister. He refused to give his name, and the servant, alarmed by his uncouth and fierce appearance, declined, as a well-trained servant should, to let him in. Overcome, however, by his persistence, the servant went so far as to consult his master, though warning him against the importunate stranger. "Let him come in," said the minister, "it is probably some poor devil who has a petition to make to me." Such was the first meeting between the great statesman and the great volunteer. During the campaign Garibaldi added enormously to his reputation, and on its sudden, unforeseen conclusion he was hailed as a national deliverer from end to end of Italy.

We are now in a position to deal with the most splendid episode in Garibaldi's whole career, an episode, indeed, than which none more splendid is to be found in the annals of recorded history. I refer, of course, to the Sicilian expedition and the liberation of South Italy.

I feel it hopeless to attempt to convey to you even the faintest impression of the hideous yet despicable

tyranny under which the inhabitants of the two Sicilies had groaned for nearly half a century. To make clear to you the reasons for the peculiar detestation with which their present Government was regarded by the inhabitants of Sicily I should have to go back and trace the stages by which they were deprived of constitutional liberties, which they were the first of European nations to achieve. Such a task is altogether beyond the scope of this lecture. I shall content myself therefore by quoting some of the impressions made by this Government upon the mind of an eminently instructed, but at the same time eminently sympathetic observer in the winter of 1850-51.

After a visit to Naples in that year Mr. Gladstone addressed his famous letter to Lord Aberdeen. Three reasons induced him to take a step admittedly unusual. They are thus stated by himself: "First, that the present practices of the Government of Naples, in reference to real or supposed political offenders, are an outrage upon religion, upon civilisation, upon humanity, and upon decency. Secondly, that these practices are certainly and even rapidly doing the work of republicanism in that country; a political creed which has little natural or habitual root in the character of the people. Thirdly, that, as a member of the Conservative party in one of the great family of European nations, I am compelled to remember that that party stands in virtual and real though perhaps unconscious alliance with all the established Governments of Europe as such; and that according to the measure of its influence they suffer more or less of moral detriment from its reverses and derive strength and encouragement from its successes. This principle . . . is of great practical importance in reference to the Government of Naples, which from whatever cause appears to view its own social like its physical position as one under the shadow of a volcano, and which is doing everything in its power from day to day to give reality to its own dangers and fresh intensity together with fresh cause to its fears.

"It is not," he goes on to say, "it is not mere imper-

fection, not corruption in low practices, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe; it is incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, written and eternal, temporal and divine; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object; . . . it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance in the governing powers with the violation of every moral law under the stimulants of fear and vengeance; it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately by the immediate advisers of the Crown for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, aye, and even if not by capital sentences the life of men among the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined of the whole community; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as in a lower degree of physical torture through which the sentences extracted from the debased courts of justice are carried into effect. The effect of all this is total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law instead of being respected is odious. Force and not affection is the foundation of government. There is no association but a violent antagonism between the idea of freedom and that of order. The governing power, which teaches of itself that it is the image of God upon earth, is clothed in the view of the overwhelming majority of the thinking public with all the vices for its attributes. I have seen and heard the too true expression used, "This is the negation of God erected into a system of government."

It is impossible to follow in detail the minute evidence upon which the author bases this appalling but not, I think, greatly exaggerated indictment. You may read that evidence, together with an examination of the official

reply put forth in the name of the Neapolitan Government, in the fourth volume of *Gleanings of Past Years.*

Such was the condition of affairs in the kingdom of the Sicilies when, in the spring of 1860, Garibaldi heard that the standard of revolt had been raised in Palermo, in Messina, and Catania. He resolved to start at once for Sicily. What was Cavour to do? It was impossible for the Government to sanction an expedition for the assistance of rebels in arms against a friendly power; it was equally impossible to stop Garibaldi and detain his followers. In the fever of excitement which the news had created it was more than the newly-won crown of Italy was worth. Cavour took the only course open to him. Garibaldi and his "thousand" were allowed to sail from Genoa, while to the diplomatic world all responsibility for their actions was strenuously disavowed. Nay, so consummate was the acting of Cavour that the Mazzinians have always continued to assert that he spared no pains to frustrate the objects of the expedition.

Garibaldi waited for no leave. "I know," he wrote on his departure to the King, "that I embark on a perilous enterprise. If we achieve it, I shall be proud to add to your Majesty's crown a new and perhaps more glorious jewel, always on the condition that your Majesty will stand opposed to counsellors who would cede this province to the foreigner as has been done with the city of my birth." Garibaldi was followed by a Sardinian squadron. Its instructions were brief. "Try to navigate," wrote Cavour to the admiral, "between Garibaldi and the Neapolitan cruisers. I hope you understand me." Admiral Persano's reply was equally laconic. "I believe I understand you; if I am mistaken, you can send me to prison."

When it was known that Garibaldi had actually sailed, the excitement in the diplomatic world was immense. England alone, whose sympathies were now thoroughly aroused for the oppressed Sicilians, openly rejoiced at the turn events had taken. Garibaldi luckily was beyond the reach of diplomatic interference. A horde of

pirates, "desperadoes," "bandits," "dregs of the human race,"—such were the least opprobrious of the epithets bestowed on his devoted band. Cavour had to bear the brunt of the attack, but he was not dismayed. "Here things do not go badly," he wrote from Turin to Palermo. "The diplomatists do not molest us too much. Russia made a fearful hubbub; Prussia, less." Meanwhile Garibaldi's progress in the south was one series of triumphs. Sicily was conquered in a few days. Thence he crossed to Spartivento; drove Bomba into Gaeta; and on the 7th of September entered Naples. In a few days Garibaldi and his handful of followers had made themselves masters of a kingdom. It is an achievement which stands alone in modern history. No wonder that it took the world by storm: that Garibaldi was regarded rather as the hero of a mythical romance than an ordinary mortal of flesh and blood. But though all that the intrepid leadership of the chief and the unwavering confidence of followers could do had already been achieved, yet the difficulties were by no means over. Naples and Sicily were without a government. Garibaldi, therefore, was proclaimed dictator.

Meanwhile Cavour, alarmed at the rapidity with which the Sicilian kingdoms had fallen before the assault of Garibaldi; alarmed, too, at the growing popularity of the chief; alarmed, above all, at the news that Mazzini was in Naples, Cavour, I say, proposed to his parliament the immediate annexation of the newly-conquered province to the Italian kingdom. "Italy," he wrote to Persano, "must be saved from foreigners, evil principles, and madmen." He feared the influence of Mazzini's fanatical republicanism on the ingenuous mind of Garibaldi; he feared also that, flushed with their triumph, they would march from Naples straight on Rome. That step, as he well knew, would involve the instant intervention of the Emperor of the French. Such a disaster must be averted at all hazards, but how could it be done? The Italian parliament had approved of annexation, but would Garibaldi respect the vote? Garibaldi now demanded a confirmation of his own dictatorship, and

declared that he would not annex the provinces to the Italian kingdom till he could proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy in Rome. Everything was now at stake—the lifework of Cavour, the lifework of Mazzini, the lifework of Garibaldi himself. Cavour, in this supreme moment of his great career, was equal to the crisis. By a masterly stroke of policy the control of the movement was taken out of the rash hands of the knight-errants and confirmed in those of sober statesmanship. He decided to despatch a royal army to the Roman marches, and so to anticipate the dreaded move of Garibaldi. "If we do not arrive on the Volturno," he wrote to the Italian ambassadors abroad, "before Garibaldi arrives at La Cattolica, the monarchy is lost. Italy will remain a prey to revolution." Napoleon had given a modified assent to this step. "If Piedmont," he said, "thinks this absolutely necessary to save herself from an abyss of evil, be it so, but it must be done at her own risk and peril." Cavour accepted full responsibility, and early in September the Sardinian army was marching south. At Castelfidardo they met and completely routed the mercenary forces—for most part Irish soldiers, commanded by French officers—employed by the Pope, and directly afterwards they occupied Ancona.

At the moment when the royal troops were marching south, the Garibaldians were marching north. "If you are not on your way towards Rome or Venice before three weeks are over your initiative will be at an end." That was Mazzini's warning to the general, and the advice was sound. Luckily for Cavour, luckily for Italy, aye and luckily for Garibaldi, the King of Naples turned to bay at last and confronted him on the northern bank of the Volturno. On the 1st of October the battle of the Volturno was fought: the Neapolitans were scattered; *their* King took refuge in Gaeta, and so Garibaldi was left face to face with *his* King—Victor Emmanuel. In the mind of the single-hearted hero the brief struggle was past. When he met the King it was to lay down the authority he had perforce assumed;

to offer to his master the "new and brilliant jewel" he had promised for his crown. The day before the King's entrance into Naples Garibaldi had issued a farewell proclamation to the people. "To-morrow Victor Emmanuel, the elect of the nation, will break down the frontier which has divided us for so many centuries from the rest of the country, and listening to the unanimous voice of this brave people" (referring, of course, to the plebiscite which had just been taken), "will appear amongst us. Let us worthily receive him who is sent by Providence, and scatter in his path, as the pledge of our redemption and our affection, the flowers of concord, to him so grateful, to us so necessary. No more political colours, no more parties, no more discords. Italy one, under the King *Galantuomo*, who is the symbol of our regeneration and the prosperity of our country." On the 7th of November the King and Garibaldi entered Naples side by side.

And then, having thus introduced the King to the new kingdom which his sword had won for him, the simple-hearted chief, refusing all decorations, all rewards, went quietly away to his island-home in Caprera, knowing well that for himself, for all concerned, he was safest there. No wonder that the imagination of the world was touched, as it is rarely touched even by the grandest feats of arms, by this act of dignified and simple self-renunciation.

> "Not that three armies thou didst overthrow,
> Not that three cities ope'd their gates to thee
> I praise thee, chief; not for this royalty,
> Decked with new crowns, that utterly lay low;
> For nothing of all thou didst forsake, to go
> And tend thy vines amid the Etrurian sea;
> Not even that thou didst *this*—that history
> Retread two thousand selfish years to show
> Another Cincinnatus! Rather for this—
> The having lived such a life that even this deed
> Of stress heroic natural seems, as is
> Calm night, when glorious day it doth succeed,
> And we, forewarned by surest auguries,
> The amazing act with no amazement read."

On the 18th of February 1861 a new parliament, for the first time representative of all parts of Italy except Venice and Rome, assembled at Turin. Its first business was to establish on a legal basis the new kingdom, and to proclaim the King Victor Emmanuel II, by the grace of God and by the will of the nation, King of Italy. Yet with all the triumphant enthusiasm with which the proclamation was hailed, there still mingled the thought of Venice and of Rome—two gaping wounds, still unhealed, in the side of Italy. We have already seen how powerfully the mere idea of Rome acted on the imagination of Mazzini; how it spurred on Garibaldi, despite all the intricacies of a tedious diplomacy, to win Rome or die; how it had led Cavour less excitedly but with no less determination to declare that "without Rome for a capital Italy can never be firmly united." One must be Italian, one must feel Southern blood in one's veins, must have been educated in this glorious history under the painted wings of classic poetry, to comprehend all the influences that Rome exercises over the Italian mind. Those who wished to make Italy a monarchy, and afterwards denied her the capital which is hers by nature, did but construct a headless body.[1]

There was no man, no party in Italy, which did not fully realise this truth. Cavour felt it full as strongly as Garibaldi or Mazzini. But there was divergence between them as to means. Cavour was weighted by an official responsibility which the others never felt. He saw difficulties which they did not, and consequently he seemed to the more ardent spirits lacking in the enthusiasm by which all were, in reality, equally inspired. To Garibaldi especially the attitude of Cavour was exasperating, and a most painful scene in the first Italian parliament was the unfortunate result. On the 18th of April Garibaldi, in a most intemperate speech, attacked the great minister with the utmost bitterness. He declared, as he concluded an impassioned harangue, that it would be for ever impossible for him to clasp the hand of the man who

[1] Castelar, quoted by Miss Godkin.

had sold his country to the foreigner, or to ally himself with a Government whose cold and mischievous hand was trying to foment fratricidal war. Cavour was deeply hurt, but replied with marvellous self-control. "I know," he said, "that between me and the honourable General Garibaldi there exists a fact which divides us two like an abyss. I believed that I fulfilled a painful duty—the most painful I ever accomplished in my life—in counselling the King and proposing to parliament to approve the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. By the grief that I then experienced I can understand that which the honourable General Garibaldi must have felt, and if he cannot forgive me this act I will not bear him any grudge for it." At the urgent entreaty of the King himself the two men subsequently met, and a reconciliation was effected. Three months later the great statesman was no more.

Nothing, however, could shake in the least degree Garibaldi's resolution to make an immediate assault upon Rome. The ministries which followed the death of Cavour undoubtedly bungled; and rightly or wrongly Garibaldi was led to suppose that the Government would oppose his attack upon Rome in much the same sense that they had opposed his attack upon Sicily. Never had the ripe wisdom of Cavour been more indispensable. It was clearly impossible to allow a subject to defy the Government and act independently in a matter so difficult and delicate as that of Rome. Garibaldi persisted; he was met on the march to Rome by a royal army at Aspromonte, and his volunteers were scattered far and wide. Garibaldi himself was wounded, and carried a state prisoner to Varignano. The wounded chieftain was a terrible embarrassment to a Government already somewhat discredited. Garibaldi was, indeed, as Mr. Bent has said, "the idol of Italy, from the throne to the cottage; Italians worshipped him, but they did not know what to do with him." The enthusiasm aroused for him, reasoning and unreasoning alike, may be illustrated by an incident related by the same author. His room at Varignano was besieged by ladies of every degree,

anxious for the honour of ministering, in however small a measure, to the illustrious invalid. It was mentioned in one of the English papers that Garibaldi had said that the sound of an English voice did him good. Immediately there was a perfect exodus of English ladies anxious to satisfy his slightest whim. Among them was a worthy old woman from Reading, of quite humble circumstances, who set out with her daughter, with more zeal than knowledge, for Varignano. Their journey accomplished, they demanded permission to nurse him, to apply the soothing voice for which he had asked. Of course the permission was refused; the women could not speak a word of the language; they had spent all their money, and had to be sent home by the Government. Not, however, it is satisfactory to know, before they had spent a few raptured moments in the chamber of the sufferer, and had obtained a lock of hair and an unquestionable autograph.

After the general amnesty Garibaldi decided to visit England, to try and arouse among the English people a more definite and fruitful enthusiasm on the Roman question. Seldom, if ever, has such a welcome awaited a foreign visitor to England. I have been told by one who witnessed his landing at Southampton that the poor general's garments were literally torn to ribbons by enthusiastic admirers. The whole English world, official and non-official, quite lost their heads as well as their hearts. But there was one person of some count in Europe who was by no means well pleased at the reception accorded to Garibaldi in this country. How much Napoleon's annoyance had to do with the sudden departure of our guest is one of those diplomatic mysteries which may never be cleared up. Lord Palmerston repudiated the notion of official interference. Anyhow, the whole of his provincial engagements were suddenly abandoned, and Garibaldi left for home.

There was work in Italy ready to his hand. In 1865 the capital had been transferred from Turin to Florence—a stepping-stone to Rome, suggested by the French Government themselves. In the following year, 1866, Victor

Emmanuel concluded an alliance with Prussia, then on the eve of her duel with Austria. On the 20th of June Italy declared war on Austria. Both on land and sea Italy was badly beaten, but Austria was so utterly crushed by Prussia in the brief campaign which terminated at Sadowa that she no longer offered any serious obstacle to the abandonment of the Venetian provinces; and thus at last the foreigner was finally expelled from Italy, and Venice was united with the rest of Italy.

Meanwhile the Roman question, if not entirely solved, was advancing rapidly towards solution. As early as 1864 Victor Emmanuel had come to an understanding with Napoleon in the matter. "Of course," said the French minister, "in the end you will go to Rome. But it is important" (of course on account of the relations of the Government and the Catholic Church at home) "that between our evacuation and your going there, such an interval of time and such a series of events should elapse as to prevent people establishing any connection between the two facts; France must not have any responsibility." In September 1864 accordingly, France concluded a convention by which she agreed to withdraw her troops from Rome, while Victor Emmanuel engaged to respect what remained of the Temporal power. But the progress made or perhaps rather permitted by diplomacy, was too slow for Garibaldi. He had once more fallen under the influence of the extreme republicans, and in 1867 he declared that he would delay no longer in planting the republican banner on the Vatican. Between these hot-headed and fanatical republicans on the one side, the Italian ultramontanes on another, and the French Emperor on the third, the position of Victor Emmanuel was anything but enviable.

In the autumn of 1867 Garibaldi was suddenly arrested by the Government, but released on condition that he would remain quietly at Caprera. But meanwhile the volunteers under Menotti Garibaldi (the great chief's son) had advanced into the Papal States. The old warrior was burning to be with them. On the 14th of October he

effected his escape from Caprera, and managed eventually to join his son in the Romagna. Together they advanced on Rome, and won, after tremendous fighting, the great victory at Monte Rotundo. Meanwhile an army of occupation sent by the Government from Florence had crossed the Roman frontier, and a French force had landed on the coast. Garibaldi's position was already critical, but his resolution was unbroken. "The Government of Florence," he said, in a proclamation to the volunteers, "has invaded the Roman territory, already won by us with precious blood from the enemies of Italy; we ought to receive our brothers in arms with love, and aid them in driving out of Rome the mercenary sustainers of tyranny; but if base deeds, the continuation of the vile convention of September, in mean consort with Jesuitism, shall urge us to lay down our arms in obedience to the order of the 2d December, then will I let the world know that I alone, a Roman general, with full power, elected by the universal suffrage of the only legal Government in Rome, that of the republic, have the right to maintain myself in arms in this the territory subject to my jurisdiction; and then, if any of these my volunteers, champions of liberty and Italian unity, wish to have Rome as the capital of Italy, fulfilling the vote of parliament and the nation, they must not put down their arms until Italy shall have acquired liberty of conscience and worship, built upon the ruin of Jesuitism, and until the soldiers of tyrants shall be banished from our land."

The position taken up by Garibaldi is perfectly intelligible. Rome we must have, if possible, by legal process, in conjunction with the royal arms; but if they will stand aside, even if they will oppose, none the less Rome must be annexed to Italy. Unfortunately Garibaldi had left out of account the French force despatched by Napoleon III to defend the Temporal dominions of the Pope, a force which even at this moment was advancing to the attack. The two armies met near the little village of Mentana, ill matched in every respect. The volunteers, numerous in-

deed but ill disciplined and badly armed, brought together, held together simply by the magic of a name, the French, admirably disciplined, armed with the fatal chassepots, fighting the battle of their ancient Church. The Garibaldians were terribly defeated. Victor Emmanuel grieved bitterly, like a true, warm-hearted father for the fate of his misguided but generous-hearted sons. "Ah, those chassepots!" he would exclaim sometimes; "they have mortally wounded my heart as father and as king; I feel as if the balls had torn my flesh here. It is one of the greatest griefs I have ever known." Torn by anguish, he still maintained an attitude of unshaken dignity alike towards the French and towards his own rebellious sons. To the Emperor of the French he wrote an ardent appeal begging him to break with the Clericals and put himself at the head of the Liberal party in Europe, at the same time warning him that the old feeling of gratitude towards the French in Italy had quite disappeared. "The late events have suffocated every remembrance of gratitude in the heart of Italy. It is no longer in the power of the Government to maintain the alliance with France. The chassepot gun at Mentana has given it a mortal blow." At the same time the rebels were visited with condign punishment. Garibaldi himself was arrested, but after a brief imprisonment at Varignano was permitted to retire once more to Caprera. A prisoner so big as Garibaldi is always an embarrassment to gaolers.

But the last act in the great drama, the slow development of which you have with so much patience watched, was near at hand. In 1870 the Franco-German War broke out. The contest, involving as it did the most momentous consequences, was as brief as it was decisive. The French, of course, could no longer maintain their position as champions of the Temporal power. Once more, therefore, the King of Italy attempted, with all the earnestness and with all the tenderness at his command, to induce the Pope to come to terms and accept the position, at once dignified and independent, which the Italian Government was anxious to secure to him.

"Most Blessed Father—With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the soul of an Italian, I address myself now, as on former occasions, to the heart of your Holiness.

"A flood of dangers threatens Europe. Profiting by the war which desolates the centre of the Continent, the cosmopolitan revolutionary party increases in boldness and audacity, and is planning, especially in that part of Italy ruled by your Holiness, the direst offences against the Monarchy and the Papacy. I know that the greatness of your soul will not be less than the greatness of events; but I, being a Catholic King and Italian, and as such guardian, by the disposition of Providence and the national will, of the destinies of all the Italians, I feel it my duty to take, in the face of Europe and Catholicity, the responsibility of maintaining order in the peninsula and the safety of the Holy See. . . . Permit me, your Holiness, again to say that the present moment is a solemn one for Italy and the Church. Let the Popehood add efficacy to the spirit of inextinguishable benevolence in your soul towards this land, which is also *your* country, and the sentiments of conciliation which I have always studied to translate into acts, that satisfying the national aspirations, the head of Catholicity, surrounded by the devotion of the Italian people, should preserve on the banks of the Tiber a glorious seat, independent of every human sovereignty. Your Holiness, by liberating Rome from foreign troops, will take from her the constant danger of being the battle-ground of subversive parties. You will accomplish a marvellous work, restore peace to the Church, and show Europe, aghast at the horrors of war, how one can win great battles and obtain immortal victories by an act of justice, by one sole word of affection."

But the Pope still unflinchingly adhered to the position he had taken up. "I cannot," he wrote (11th September 1870), "admit the demands of your letter nor accept the principles contained therein. I address myself to God and place my cause in His hands, for it is entirely His. I pray

Him to concede abundant grace to your Majesty, deliver you from every peril, and render you a participator in all the mercies of which you may have need." However one may sympathise with the natural ambition of the new-born Italian nation to have its capital in Rome; however clearly we may realise, and it were the supremest folly to ignore, the insuperable difficulties which the papal claims involved; however much we may concur in the justice of the national demand,—it is at the same time impossible, and I hope not wholly inconsistent, not to feel a real admiration for the inflexible determination, for the unbroken consistency which maintained in all their integrity the claims of that sovereignty compared with which, as Macaulay says, the "proudest royal houses are but of yesterday;"—that sovereignty which "was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca."

But, however much of sympathy we may feel for the fallen Pontiff, our reason compels us to approve the King. A feint of resistance was made, but on the 20th of September the royal troops entered Rome, and the Tricolour was mounted on the palace of the Capitol. So soon as might be a plebiscite was taken. The numbers are significant—for the King, 40,788, for the Pope 46. But though the work was thus accomplished in the autumn of 1870, it was not until 2d June 1871 that the King made his triumphal entry into the capital of Italy.[1] "The work," said the King in the first speech he addressed to the parliament in Rome, "the work to which we consecrated our lives is accomplished. After long trials Italy is restored to herself and to Rome. Here where our people scattered for so many centuries, find

[1] The King had already paid a private visit to Rome at the end of the previous year (1870). A terrible inundation of the Tiber had taken place, and the King at once set off for Rome to demonstrate his sympathy with the distress of his new subjects. His conduct at this time won him the respect and affection of many of those who had been the staunchest adherents of the Temporal Power.

themselves for the first time reassembled in the majesty of their representatives, here where we recognise the home of our thoughts, everything speaks to us of grandeur, but at the same time everything reminds us of our duties. . . . We have arisen in the name of liberty, and in liberty and order we ought to seek the secret of strength and conciliation. . . . The future opens before us rich in happy promise; it is for us to respond to the favours of Providence by showing ourselves worthy to represent amongst the great nations of the earth the glorious part of Italy and of Rome."

My purpose is fulfilled. The work of Italian unification is now complete. Look back for one instant on the road that we have come, on the steps by which the goal has been attained. See the Italy of the ante-Napoleonic days, hopeless, inert, benumbed; without one generous impulse, without one hope, without one thought of the possibility of better things to come. See the Italy of 1815, moulded by the whims of the Viennese diplomatists; moulded on the effete and worn-out principles of the hardened, faithless eighteenth century; divided, dismembered, distraught; its peoples bandied to and fro; its provinces distributed; here an Austrian, there a Bourbon, but all equally degraded beneath the ignoble yoke of alien tyranny. Then look on Italy in the thirty years' agony before the year of revolution; her noblest sons in exile; her bravest patriots fretting out their souls in Austrian dungeons; her poets silenced and her art in chains. See the brief but splendid awakening of 1848; Italy free; Italy at one when "the war-cry rang from Alp to Etna;" when "her sons knew they were happy to have looked on her, and felt it beautiful to die for her." And then mark the era of diplomacy and statesmanship. Shall I essay the graceless task of appraising the comparative value of the work which, under the calm and even inspiration, under the temperate guiding of the King, the Statesman, Prophet, and Crusader, achieved for her who had the happiness to call them sons? The task has been once for all accomplished by a living pen. "Cavour had the genius of statesmanship — a practical sense of what

could be done, combined with rare dexterity in doing it, fine diplomatic and parliamentary tact, and noble courage in the hour of need. Without the enthusiasm amounting to the passion of a new religion which Mazzini inspired, without Garibaldi's brilliant achievements and the idolatry excited by this pure-hearted hero in the breasts of all who fought with him and felt his sacred fire, there is little doubt that Cavour would not have found the creation of united Italy possible. But if Cavour had not been there to win the confidence, support, and sympathy of Europe, if he had not been recognised as a man whose work was solid and whose sense was just in all emergencies, Mazzini's efforts would have run to waste in questionable insurrections, and Garibaldi's feats of arms must have added but one chapter more to the history of unproductive patriotism. While, therefore, we recognise the part played by each of these great men in the liberation of their country, and while we willingly ignore their differences and disputes, it is Cavour whom we must honour with the title of the maker of Italian unity."

Italy is free; Italy is one. We have followed in these last days her progress towards unity and freedom; we have been watchers, as Mazzini finely says, "over a mystery of dawning life, over the cradle of a people." In the presence of that mystery scepticism and unfaith as to the future are impossible; we have looked back honestly, we may look forward calmly—calm in the assurance that there is in store for Italy a future, not, be sure, without its trials, but at least not unworthy of the traditions of her far-distant past; not unworthy of the splendid achievements in times more recent of her several but divided states; not unworthy of the sons whose widely differing but convergent efforts have combined to make her one.

APPENDIX I

AUTHORITIES

1.—General Works.

Mr. Probyn's *History of Italy* (Cassells) contains a concise but readable account of the history of the Italian movement from 1815 to 1870. A still shorter sketch may be found in Mackenzie's *Nineteenth Century*, or in *A Century of Continental History*, by Mr. Rose.

Mr. Fyffe's *History of Modern Europe*, vol. ii., gives a good account of the movement down to 1848.

Gallenga's two works, *History of Piedmont*, 3 vols., and *Italy Present and Future*, 2 vols., may also be consulted, together with the same author's (*sub nom*, Mariotti) *Italy Past and Present*, 2 vols., and *Italy in* 1848, 1 vol.

The Articles in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on "Italy" (by J. A. Symonds) and on "Mazzini" and "Cavour" are admirably done, and may with great advantage be consulted.

Those who desire fuller and further information will find it in the following works:—

Cesare Balbo: *Sommario.*
Quinet: *Revolutions d'Italie.*
Reuchlin: *Geschichte Italiens.*
Colletta: *History of Naples.*
Romanin: *History of Venice.*
Horner: *A Century of Despotism in Naples and Sicily.*
Nolan: *The War in Italy* (1859).
Rimini: *The Truth respecting Italy and Piedmont* (1862).
S. W. Fullom: *Rome under Pius IX.*
Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia: results of his rule, by an Eyewitness.

Bersezio: *I Contemporanei Italiani.*
D'Azeglio: *I Miei Ricordi.*
Orsini: *Austrian Prisons.*
Silvio Pellico: *Le Mie Prigioni.*
Correspondence relating to the Affairs of Italy. Presented to Parliament, 1849.
Correspondence, etc. 1860.

Mr. Swinburne's poems, "The Song of Italy" and "Super Flumina Babylonis," and Mrs. Hamilton King's poem, "The Disciples," written at the request of Mazzini, should be read by all those who seek to realise the enthusiasm excited for the cause of Italian independence in England.

2.—SPECIAL WORKS.

(α) VICTOR EMMANUEL:—

Massari: *La Vita ed il Regno di Vittorio Emanuele.*
Godkin: *Life of Victor Emmanuel.* 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
Dicey: *Essay on Victor Emmanuel.* 1 vol.

(β) MAZZINI:—

Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. 6 vols. Smith, Elder and Co., 1864-70.

This work, which is in part autobiographical, is essential to a thorough understanding of Mazzini's career.

There is a good selection from his Essays published in the *Camelot Classics* Series (W. Scott), edited by W. Clarke; but two of the most important Essays, viz. *Thoughts on Democracy* and the *Duties of Man*, are not included in this edition. They are appended, however, to Madame E. A. Venturi's *Joseph Mazzini, a Memoir* (H. S. King). References may also be made to Mr. Myers's *Modern Essays;* to *Mazzini*, by Jules de Bréval (Vizetelly, 1853); and to *Un Roi et un Conspirateur*, by Auguste Boullier (Libraire Plon, 1885).

(γ) CAVOUR:—

Massari's *Life of Cavour* is the most elaborate biography, but in default students may consult Mazade's *Life of Count Cavour* (Chapman and Hall, 1877); or *Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour*, by William de la Rive, translated by Edward Romilly (Longmans, 1862); or Mr. Edward Dicey's *Memoir of Cavour* (Macmillan, 1861); or Hayward's Essay on Cavour in his *European Statesmen.*

(δ) GARIBALDI :—

Autobiography of Garibaldi, edited by Werner, 3 vols., recently published, is by far the best account of Garibaldi's career; but reference may also be made to Mr. Theodore Bent's *Garibaldi;* to Col. Chambers's *Garibaldi and Italian Unity;* or to *Recollections of Garibaldi*, by Elpis Melena (translated).

APPENDIX II

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE CHIEF EVENTS IN ITALIAN HISTORY

1815–1870

1796–1814.	The Napoleonic occupation of Italy.
1796.	Transpadane and Cispadane Republics established.
1797.	Cisalpine Republic.
1798.	Roman Republic.
1802.	The Italian Republic.
1805.	The Kingdom of Italy established by Napoleon Bonaparte.
1806.	Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed King of Naples.
1815.	The Second Peace of Paris—Redistribution of Italian provinces.
1815–1859.	Austrian domination in Italy.
1820.	Insurrection in Naples.
1821.	The Laybach Conference.
	Insurrection in Piedmont.
	Abdication of Victor Emmanuel I. in favour of Charles Felix.
1821–1829.	*The Greek insurrection.*
1823.	*French intervention in favour of Absolutism in Spain.*
1824.	Death of Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies.
	Accession of Francis I.
1827.	Mazzini (1805–1872) joins the Carbonari.
1830.	The "*July Revolution*" *in France.*

1830. Mazzini arrested for conspiracy and imprisoned, subsequently exiled.
Accession of Ferdinand II ("Bomba") to the throne of the Two Sicilies.
1831. Insurrections in Modena, Bologna, etc.
Mazzini organises "Young Italy."
Accession of Charles Albert in Piedmont.
Austrian occupation of Romagna.
1832. French occupation of Ancona.
Mazzini exiled from France.
1833. Failure of Mazzini's attack on Savoy.
1836. Mazzini exiled from Switzerland.
1837. Mazzini arrives in London.
1843. Vincenzo Gioberti publishes *Il Primato morale et civile degli Italiani.*
1846. Election of Pio Nono in succession to Gregory XVI.
Scientific Congress at Genoa.
1847. Reforms of Pio Nono, Duke Leopold of Tuscany, and Charles Albert of Piedmont.
Agricultural Congress at Casale. Charles Albert's letter.
1848. Insurrections in Sicily and Naples.
Constitutions granted to the Two Sicilies, Piedmont, and Tuscany, by their respective rulers (February).
Revolution in Paris (February 24). Fall of Louis Philippe. The Second Republic.
March Revolutions in Germany.
Constitution granted to the Papal States.
Revolt of Lombardy and Venice against Austria.
Risings in Parma and Modena.
Establishment of Venetian Republic under Daniel Manin.
Charles Albert of Piedmont declares war on Austria.
Victory of Radetsky at Custoza.
Assassination of Count Rossi at Rome.
Flight of the Pope to Ferdinand of Naples at Gaeta.
1849. *Revolt of Hungary against Francis Joseph.*
Charles Albert renews the war against Austria.
Defeat of the Sardinians at Novara (March 23).
Abdication and death of Charles Albert.
Accession of Victor Emmanuel II.
Establishment of the Roman Republic.
Mazzini a Roman Triumvir.
Rome occupied by the French (July).

1849. Venice retaken by the Austrians (August).
Absolutist reaction in Italy.
Massimo d'Azeglio becomes Prime Minister of Piedmont.
Reforms of Victor Emmanuel.
1850. Cavour (1810–1861) becomes Minister of Commerce.
1851. *Coup d'état of Louis Napoleon in France.*
1852. Cavour succeeds D'Azeglio as Prime Minister of Piedmont.
His Reforms.
1853. Attempted Mazzinist insurrection in Milan.
1854. *The Crimean War.*
1855. Intervention of Sardinia in the Crimean War.
1856. Cavour takes part in the Congress of Paris.
1857. The *Società Nazionale* formed under presidency of Garibaldi.
Mont Cenis Tunnel begun.
1858. Orsini's attempt to assassinate Napoleon III.
Interview between Cavour and Napoleon at Plombières.
Austria demands the disarmament of Sardinia.
1859. Victor Emmanuel's speech to the Piedmontese Parliament.
France and Sardinia declare war on Austria.
Victories of Magenta and Solferino.
Peace of Villafranca.
Lombardy united to Piedmont.
1860. Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Roman Legations united to Piedmont by plebiscite.
Savoy and Nice ceded to France.
Meeting of the first Italian Parliament (April 2).
Insurrection in Sicily.
Garibaldi's Conquest of the Two Sicilies.
The King's troops enter the *Marches.*
Annexation of Naples.
1861. Victor Emmanuel declared King of Italy.
Death of Cavour (June 5).
1862. Garibaldi's Insurrection.
Defeat of the Garibaldians at Aspromonte.
1864. Transference of the Capital from Turin to Florence.
Gradual withdrawal of French troops from Rome begins.
1866. *Austro-Prussian War.*
Italy declares War on Austria.
Austrian victories at Lissa and Custoza.
Venice annexed to the Italian Kingdom.
Withdrawal of the French Garrison from Rome.

1867. Garibaldi's expedition to Rome.
Intervention of the French.
Defeat of the Volunteers at Mentana.
Arrest of Garibaldi by the Italian Government.
1870. *Franco-German War.*
Rome occupied by the Italian troops.
1871. Rome becomes the Capital of Italy.

NOTE.—Foreign events which have a bearing on Italian History are printed in Italics.

THE END

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh*